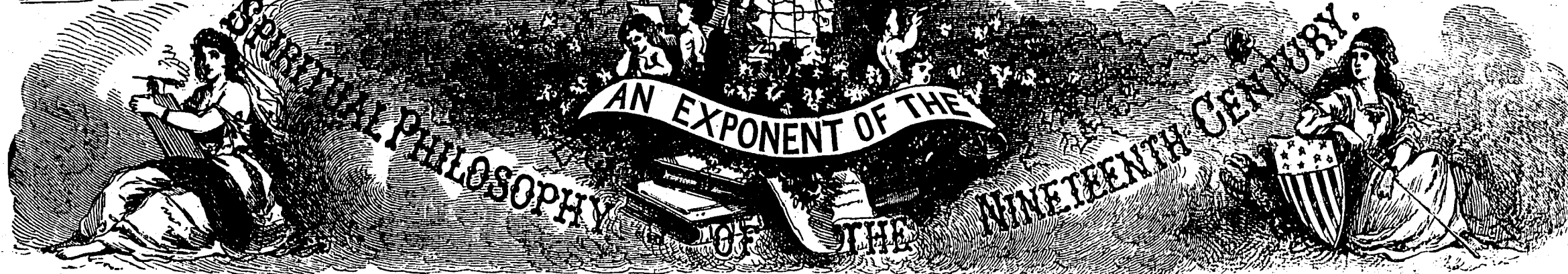


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"Solar and Spiritual Light," a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.  
SECOND PAGE.—Poem—"I Wonder," by Thomas S. Collier; "Experience of a Medium Giving Séances under Conditions Demanded by Skeptics," by John Hardy; "Interesting Home Correspondence," "Dedication at the Hillside Bazaar," by R. W. Hume; "Concert by Spirits."  
THIRD PAGE.—Poem—"On an Intaglio Head of Minerva," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Jottings along the Way," by J. M. Peabody; "Wayside Notes," by Warren Chase; "Vermont—Eighteenth Annual Convention of the State Spiritualist Association," "List of Spiritualist Lecturers."  
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial articles: "The Great Indian Battle," "Social Tyranny," "The Case of Annie Eva Fay," "Complimentary Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis," etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Short Editorials: New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danahy and Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd; "Obituary Notices," etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Parais," "The New Movement—Convention of Spiritualists at Philadelphia," "Materialization," by A. S. Hayward; "Brief Paragraphs," etc.

## The Rostrum.

### SOLAR AND SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, May 7th, 1876, at Chicago, Ill.

[Reported specially for the Banner of Light.]

It was the dying Goethe's last expression, "Light, more light!" and the winged soul, enshrouded in its earthly tabernacle, forever beats its wings against the prison bars of sense, crying out as did Goethe in the hour of his dissolution. But not the soul alone thus yearns and cries. Science has revealed that every atom becomes vocal with the great yearning of the earth. No wonder, then, that in the ancient time, before burnished altar and gilded shrine, men worshipped the symbol of the sun. No wonder that in Egypt Osiris was enthroned in the mighty citadel of the sun's splendor, whose light gave birth to all forms of being. No wonder that Ion, the sacred city of the sun, was held to be the place where the veritable Deity sat enthroned by the radiance and splendor of the temples there. And no wonder that the Mussulman at eventide, as he hears the chiming of the bells over mosque and tower, falls prostrate and calls upon the name of Allah, as he sees the burnished orb sink into his fiery bed.

Such magic is there in the very spectacle of Nature's luminary, that even without science the world is constrained to adore. What does it become, then, when by spectroscopic analysis each separate fibre and particle of the universe is revealed as having somewhat of connection with the rays of the sun, and when the various hues are separated that form the single ray of light, and the red and yellow and blue are divided into their intermediate shades, and the entire strength of a single ray of sunlight is placed upon the table before your vision? What wonder, then, that the man of science becomes almost a materialistic worshiper when he perceives that one subtle beam of light has such power that, piercing through vast spaces, distances incalculable, it descends into the poor man's cellar and draws the dark bulb from out the corner into shoots of white flame, and sends the atoms yearning toward the sunlight? What wonder, if in the prisoner's cell there be a grain of wheat scattered by some careless hand, and through one crevice in the darkened wall there penetrates a single ray of light, that wheat bursts its sheath, and the tender blades rush forth to meet the actuating flame, and, all ablaze, the banner of spring unfolds beneath the prisoner's eye? What wonder when, with subtle analysis, it is discovered that each separate vibration of light bears within its infinitesimal needles a thousand possibilities, and that existence leaps into birth by the very presence of one sunbeam?

There are fishes in the Mammoth Cave without eyes, because there is no sunlight there. Nature intends what she does. What is the value of eyes with no light to see? And this brings us to the subtler proposition that the sunlight itself, by various possibilities of creative power, has actually fashioned the eyes that are to see and helped to create the external senses that are to perceive its presence. You do not discover it? The diamond is hidden away beneath the mountain, buried in a distant period—carboniferous, no doubt—crystallized into flame; the sunlight's piercing ray is imprisoned there for a million years, and when some hand cleaves the stone in twain, behold the light of many centuries! You do not perceive it? Coal tar is the blackest substance on earth; in it there is no semblance of light. No one would ever suspect it of having seen the sun's rays; but many thousand years ago, when a mass of fiery flame or a dark pool, revolting and opalescent, it received the sun's rays and imprisoned them within its darkened breast. Behold now by process of chemical science the most brilliant colors are extracted from that black mass, and that which was seemingly without hue or ray of the sun, becomes as many-colored as the flower-garden which you admire to-day.

This is the sun's work. Imprisoned there, these sunbeams have waited for the magic interpretation of science, for the key to unlock the doors of their long-barred prison-house. Nothing has color or shape in the earth or air that has not sometime been exposed to the sun's rays and held a portion of them in solution; and one of the great problems of this age is what force there is in this subtle and powerful influence that awakens all things into bloom, and lies slumber-

ing for countless ages until the hand of science extracts power and beauty and usefulness therefrom.

No wonder that the ancients worshipped at the shrine of the God of Day. The pencilings along the sky to-night were but the faintest work of the many-fingered Deity. Behold how he piles and weaves, setting in motion all the minute shuttles of life, and by subtle processes known only to life and himself weaving for the lily a white crown and for the rose its heart of red—or by difference in vibrations. Here is the note A; a little deviation gives A flat. Deviations in the motion of the sun's rays paint along the breast of the lily the whiteness, and over there on the rose the redness, and yonder the blue on the violet; and every object in Nature absorbs that which is fitting and suitable by infinitesimal processes of vibration. No painter's brush, no power of engraver on wood or stone, no delicate carving of alabaster, marble or cameo, can convey the infinitesimal processes that all the time vibrate upon the earth in power and potency from the sun's rays. Not only the living rays of this day that are still held in solution in the atmosphere wait for the flowers to absorb them at night, but the potency of past suns that millions upon millions of years have been heaping up the treasures of the light and loveliness in the earth, wait for man to extort therefrom usefulness, lessons of science, of art, and of power.

You thought it great when out of the atmosphere came the power of lightning to send your messages. You thought it great when out of the great masses of fluid flooding the earth the motor-power of steam was evolved. But what shall you think when out of the imprisoned rays of the sun, that have slept for centuries, another motor-power shall be born greater than steam, swifter than the lightning, even the same power that lifts the leaves of the lily and sways the branches of the giant oak? Whatever cause in Nature has strength to awaken from inertia the sleeping mass into bloom, to cause the oak to upspring from the sod, and by endosmotic action the sap to circulate through fibre and vein without any recurrence by the same process, can cause the movement of the mighty mechanism and the wonderful workings of looms that shall weave the fabrics that you must wear, and wings where-with you may cleave the spaces in your flight.

To-day in England a distinguished man of science\* has stumbled, as the world thinks, upon the solution of the power of light itself without solar heat; and this was achieved when he was testing the manifestations of Spiritualism with a view to discover what influence the rays of light might have upon materialization and other manifestations, when, behold! he found in a vacuum a sufficient repellent power to move a wheel of his own construction in a single ray, not only of solar light, but of the light of an ordinary lamp. If this be the case, then, with artificial light, and on so small a scale, what must be the power felt within those mighty convulsions that wave upon wave and vibration upon vibration are forever pouring over the world?

Sunlight itself is not a substance, but is the vibration of subtle essences that exist in the atmosphere. The light is the result of such vibration. You are aware that outside of the earth's atmosphere there is no heat; in all probability to human vision there would be no light. The solar light must have atmosphere to act upon, and it acts upon the atmosphere in a direct line, is refracted or reflected according to the object which intervenes, and finally is absorbed into all the opaque bodies which the earth contains. Outside of the atmosphere it is not light nor heat, but it is the great, breathing, vital soul of the solar universe, whose pulsations are only felt where there is a pole or centre, just as the beatings of the heart are felt in the body where the arterial or venous systems have a pole or valve. These pulsating points are the planets and other heavenly bodies.

Space goes smoothly on with her wonderfully intricate processes supplying the great force which the sun is to spend upon the planets, and giving breath which the all-pervading rays of the sun would too soon consume if there were no means of replenishing them. What you term space is the atmosphere of the worlds. What you term light is the consuming vital force or magnetism whereby the force is converted into the thousand forms of existence, and whereby every leaf and tree and fibre becomes a portion of organic life.

Thus while chemistry has attempted to solve the original properties that constitute the rays of light, and while spectrum analysis has revealed a certain degree of the effects of those rays, and certain substances which constitute the coloring matter, the process of vibration has not yet been fully revealed, and it remains as a portion of the most interesting feature of scientific investigation to show that a certain number of vibrations of a single atom acted upon by the sun's rays will produce red, a certain other number will produce yellow, a certain other number will produce blue; and that the same atom can pass through all those changes of color without changing its intrinsic elemental existence; that, this being the case, all seemingly fixed colors are only so by reason of being stamped at the exact time of the vibration; hence the red rose, the white lily, the blue violet, are photographs caught at the very time of the vibration, and stamped upon leaf and flower when the particular atom by attraction was drawn thither. The rose, and lily, and violet, have not only a chemical property and action which produces this color, but they are stamped at precisely a given point of vibration, and is stamped, upon the flower.

\* Professor Crookes.

This is why the rays of light are held imprisoned in gems. This is why the amethyst and sapphire, the emerald and topaz, have each their different hues caught in the crystallization when the ray of light was in that particular state of vibration. This is why substances that are not suspected of containing any imprisoned sunbeams hold in solution vermillion, the bright emerald green, and various other colors that can only be extracted by subtle processes.

Thus the whole of Nature becomes an immense photographic gallery, in which one after another of the impressions of the sun's rays have been stamped rapidly and in quick succession, covered again and again with new pictures and new forms of life, but never once losing any portion of the original shade. The green goes off and the tint becomes scarlet, because the sun's rays have been eating away the subtle substance which formed the attractive property for the green, the mingling of the blue and yellow flame; but after all the tint becomes red, and fades into golden and brown, and then you think it has passed, but sometime out of the debris, when the earth's records shall be disinterred, the chemist will show you that every sunbeam has been preserved, and the very color that was supposed to be dead may be placed upon the artist's table.

Thus Nature, by various processes, reveals the fact that, whatever the creative forces may be, that which is relatively created produces its own image, and the power of its own creation stamps its existence first upon the atom, then upon the leaf and tree, and finally projects itself and seeks for the sunlight by the property of kindred atoms. The red rose, the white lily, the blue violet, the yellow buttercup, do not simply absorb those rays from the sun that is shining on them the particular day that they burst into bloom, but in the roots of that red rose are imprisoned the rays of a thousand red roses that in atomic combination have slumbered, and in subtle processes have waited for the recognition of the kindred ray and the kindred vibration. In this way the sun has produced its own conditions upon the earth, has awakened the propensity in every atom to call for its kind, and in every germ to ask for the particular ray that belongs to any special genus or class. The sun has awakened the propensity in the visual organ to see, has pencilled the fine walls wherein the light is imprisoned, and has woven tissue cell and fibre of the optical organ out of thousands of myriads of sunbeams that have been refined and triturated through organic processes, until at last the man awakens with eyes to see the day and calls for the sunlight, the longing for which was imprisoned there.

Oh, they that are born blind, with what yearning do their souls beat against the imprisoned sight and go out in melody and song, in poetry and prayer, and fine feeling through sensitive fingers, to find something that will answer for the sight! The light cannot penetrate there. Should there be souls born morally blind, we trust, by some process equally as compensating, Nature has provided avenues 'wherewith' the spirit can express the goodness within.

If thus the light weaves on the earth the garment in which she shall again adorn herself; if the sun's splendor, more ancient than all the ages computed by man, has prepared the plate of life for the impression of each succeeding picture; if the most ancient of deities, *Nox* (night), was overcome and subdued by the splendor of the sun's rays as Jupiter or Jove, as God or Lord, and from that vanquishment there sprang up the numerous progeny of worlds, and from the worlds the numerous forms of life; and if, as you contemplate the vast radius of the sun's splendor from the nearest planet, Mercury, to the furthestmost yet undiscovered, there still is pulsation and vibration that reaches with exactitude and certainty, and moves in spiral or direct lines to the intent and purpose of fulfilling this wonderful work; and if you remember that the sun has long ago stamped his image upon every atom of those worlds, and that he holds them by the entrilling power of that magnetic chain established ages ago; if you remember that every atom moves by the permission of his light and vibrates by the consent of his power, though held in planets by the lesser attraction; if you remember that these processes go on a million times beneath your feet every moment and you see it not, what wonder that the great pulsating heart of the universe is held enthralled by that subtle force of which science has yet learned not the name, and which, in encyclopedia and dictionary, and according to scientific authorities, is variously denominated the power of the sun's rays acting upon the earth's atmosphere? What power? Who knows?

If away from the light of time and disconnected from material senses, you stood upon the sun, you would see nothing of this great splendor; you would feel nothing of this wonderful heat that throbs and pulsates through all space; you would only know that there is a great power of light and magnetism, whose seething and foaming forever kindles into flame the atmosphere around that orb. You would only know that—devoid of physical sensation—it would seem as the rushing of many million pinions, or as the great roaring of many thousand voices, or of countless seas; but light there would be none; heat there would be none. You would not be consumed. The most delicate hair from a maiden's head or the gossamer wing of an insect would not be burned there. But the motion makes the heat and light, and at that centre they vibrate to motion. You know that if you strike one end of a line of upright blocks or pins, the one at the remote end would fall, leaving all the

intervening ones standing. So the light and vibration there travels all along without enkindling this space, but when it finds a responsive atom upon the earth or any other planet, there is the same corrosion of light and burning or heat, and this is the way light and heat noiselessly and yet with wondrous power perform the great work of the world. This is the way that the millions of shuttles ply to and fro in the great looms of life, weaving forever the mysteries and beauties that are around you; and if rainbow tints the sky or the evening is aglow with splendor, you only know that the vision recognizes it, as if in some past eternity the eyes had seen and the mind had conceived of rainbows and sunset skies forever. Such is the mystery of *remembrance of atoms*, that they force their consciousness upon your very spiritual nature, and make you think you were born in the sun's rays thousands of ages ago, and have vibrated forever, until at last, in the very pupil of the eye, in the iris of a human organization, you see yourself reflected and imprisoned at the same time.

This is somewhat of an outline of the minutest portion of what the sun can do. The sweeping of the planets, the motion of the heavenly bodies, all spring from this vast centre.

If this be the power of solar light; if that which is material, and has material effects and auxiliaries, can thus perform such wonders in silence and in darkness; if out of sight of the sun's rays the seed can hold the germ for thousands of years, and then at last recognize its kindred sunbeam and burst into beauty and loveliness, what shall we say of that other light, that spiritual radiance, that without matter and time and space reveals such vast wonders that the mind pauses and cannot even approach the threshold thereto? If the sun with the splendor of his beams passes out of sight and is missed from your horizon, and you pale moon, the reflection of his rays, seems but as the departed ghost of the wondrous God of Day; if all of beauty and harmony, of singing bird and awakening flowers, depend on his ministrations and presence; if darkness itself is but a prophecy of sunlight, and the imprisoned germ incubates in silence because of the expectancy of day, what must it be with the soul? Do you think this creative power abiding in the sun's rays sufficient to account for the material processes going on in this system, and behind it in suns upon suns, and planets that wheel and burn? The exact statement of the fact that you and I can tell that these things take place, proves a vaster light and a loftier soul. You are greater than the sun and vaster than the worlds and systems that eternally move. Unconsciously and without a thought these rays perform their purpose, here, and you and I can sit even imprisoned here, or enthroned upon the light, and count the vibrations and tell whereof they are made, and see that they keep time to the great heart of the Deity that beats in silence but vibrates into flame whenever it touches a soul.

You do not believe in God? The coal tar seems to bear no evidence of light, but the subtle chemistry that awakens the brilliancy knows that it only requires the kindred flame to reveal that even in that darkness dwells light. You do not believe in spiritual centres of light? The very germ that waits, refusing to burst into bloom until the kindred sunbeam hurries by, proves the prophecy of the soul in a spiritual centre. You could not even have a thought of Deity, a wish for immortality, the yearning for it, unless the verity exist. You would be fishes in the Mammoth Cave of life without hope of immortal eyes if there were nothing to see. Nature never makes these mistakes. The blind know that they have other senses, and that their blindness is accident; but creatures that never are to see have no possibility of eyes. Souls would not have. There would not even be the glimmering of the light in the prisoner's cell; there would not be the faintest longing rippling along the shores of time for immortality, if God's hand had not been upon the soul, and his sunlight had not shone there thousands of years ago. If the atom is stamped in the great mint of life with the sun's rays, and holds them there, never forgetting, never swerving, until they are revealed by the activity of kindred rays, cannot the soul, by its consciousness and prophecy, see that even the darkest and most benighted consciousness has an imprisoned sunbeam of God somewhere, and that it only requires the subtle moral and spiritual chemistry of life to reveal that ray? Take courage, souls. The great central orb of day is an atom of dust, is a speck and flame that expires, compared to the light that shines for you. The worlds are nothing; they pale and sink into insignificance, and are as flakes of snow compared to that prophecy which is revealed to your spirits by the analysis of a single ray of light; for if these splendors be so great, and these powers that have no consciousness are alive with prophecy, what then are these yearnings of the soul? What then the prophets and seers, the poets and sages of time, that have not only revealed the actual sunlight of the spirit in their lives, but have given to the earth the condensed and compressed sunlight of thousands of years of spiritual growth? Take courage, feeblest of human intellects, faltering upon the verge of doubt and confusion, uncertain as to whether the mind lives or no. If out of the flame from the darkest substance there comes the bright vermillion and the green, showing that the sun has been there, so out of the pitchy darkness of thy life the bright crucible of the spirit may reveal the evidence of God's presence, for the prophecy has been spoken, and the seed has been sown, that shall liberate those imprisoned thoughts within.

This spiritual sun because of its vastness and infinitude shines with no human light, and with no radiance that can be compared with your orb of splendor. You cannot even contemplate the sun. It is only the idea of mathematics that gives you its distance. It is only the speculative operations of the mind that give you its place and size. How then shall you give to infinitude its location and central point, save that the vibratory and corresponding point is here in your individual acts and thoughts of spiritual centres and suns? The universe is the centre and circumference; and whatever soul has risen above time and sense and matter, basks in the light of infinite rays. These material expressions are but the outer points or loopholes through which the spirit peers into outer darkness called life, and catches a glimpse of the rainbow of nature and rides off on the horse of materialism into annihilation. Turn your steed the other way, and from whence you came are rainbows that have no name—flashes of thought, lightnings of spiritual truth, hopes that uplift the world and relieve it from darkness of which you have no conception. The wing of the butterfly captivates the senses, and proves to the mind of the superficial observer that there is no spirituality. Upspringing from the dust, the butterfly held as a worm all the rays in solution and all the possibilities that made wings and the coloring, yet felt and knew nothing of it. Oh, worms creeping in the dust, imprisoning the sun's rays! the magic ray unwinds, and eternity reveals that all possibilities have been stamped upon the mind and spirit, and even as science wrests from nature these hidden treasures, the spirit by searchings, by the crucible of trial, by external torture, by existence in contact with dust, finds out its own radiance and splendor. Jupiter is no fable, sitting enthroned amid the lightnings, and ruling the world; the god of the earth and the heavens. The soul that is enthroned in humanity, and in the spaces above, is stamped with the image of that eternal sunlight that unfolds from violet to blue, from blue to yellow, and all the way along the wondrous spectrum of life, until at last the purest flame is revealed in the pure whiteness of God's own soul, and each spirit bears the impress of his copage.

There is no need to talk about immortality. There is no need to prove the existence of spirit. There is no need to tell about God. One ray of sunlight contains the prophecy and the fulfillment. One atom of dust reveals the hope of the world, and God has written his gospels in stronger letters than those that man has fashioned, stamped them upon tablets of stone not revealed alone to Moses, but all the tablets of the earth beneath you, and the sky above you, and the vibrating stars in the spaces contain them. Your soul is greater than these. The light of his truth, the glory of his splendor beams in, and if there be but one little germ in the darkest corner of the mind, the light glimmering through the crevice in the wall will find out that germ and prove to you your immortality. If there be but one flower bud waiting and languishing within the prison that holds you, the light of that spiritual heaven shining all the time and revealed through angels and ministering spirits and men, will finally search out that one expectant hope and kindle the flame of immortal life. Have we time? Can we afford to wait? Isn't the world grown too old? Will the spiritual light ever make anything of man? Do you know how long the sun has waited for the single rose that will blossom in your garden this year? Do you know how long the great many-fingered orb has been playing and weaving to make the lily that grows by the stream? Why, ages that have no number—beyond chaos, beyond night, beyond all that the mind can conceive, the great, patient, laboring orb has thrown off his children from his breast and waited for their recognition.

God can afford to wait. Eternity is long. The children of his hand are not lost. If they are obscured in time and sense he waits, and some soul leaps into bloom and flame; they prophesy, the seers and the sages are born, and these lead the others on. He can afford to wait even through the long length of weary years and lagging ages. If there be a single pulsation, a single vibration, then eternity is fulfilled.

Oh, Central Flame! Oh, Abiding Light! Oh, Power without a name, greater than Osiris and Jove; greater than the sun, greater than the night and day, and space and time! Behold gleaming through these eyes, not the sun's rays of the outward life, but another and a spiritual sun hidden by time and sense that leaps out tonight to meet this one wave of light while the angels wait it heavenward, and the spirits wait it southward, until at last God knows that the souls planted long ago in time and sense upon earth have blossomed into a living flower.

FROM SUNSET TILL DAWN:  
I stood on the brow of the hill, To the west  
The sunset glories were tenderly pressed,  
And out of the golden evening breast  
Pushed up upon wave of amethyst,  
Mingled with glories and sapphire flame,  
Whence sudden pulses of glory came.  
Each pulse was a petal of rare delight,  
Unfolding, fashioning, to the enraptured  
Soul, having formless shape and impalpable form,  
But a presence distinct and a coloring warm.  
(But I heard men while the west wind caressing  
The flowers along the hillside,  
And the feet of the evening heather-bells pressing,  
Changed the flush of their fold to a silvery tinge,  
Gray and silver and deep-tinted violet blending  
Into silence and shadows and space—beating  
Into silence and shadows and space—beating.)  
Then the flower manilla that came to my bosom  
Unfolded and grew to a beautiful blossom:  
Each pulse was a petal, my soul was the flower;  
Its fragrance was song—oh, wonderful flower!  
I had but a harp I would sing to the west  
Such music as never yet left my breast.  
An angel flow from the west so golden,  
Bearing a harp so quaint and olden,  
His strings with myrtle and olive entwined;  
He struck straight to my spirit and entered its portal,  
Entranced itself there—this bright angel immortal.  
Then I sang, and my singing was sacred and tender,  
Full of fervor and fire and wonderful splendor—  
Such music as soothes the heart of sorrow,  
Such sounds as human life seldom can borrow,  
Waking to life and to hope on the morrow.  
Oh, pitiful heaven! oh, spirit of pleading!  
What manifold love is for earth interceding!  
I hear low sounds of the world's heart—beating!  
Oh, Earth! Golden harp! oh, Mother so golden!  
Thy spring shall return, thy gray hair grow golden;  
The wrongs that oppress thee shall evermore cease,  
The wars that have rent thee shall blossom to peace,  
Thy fetters shall fall, bringing hope and release.  
(Meanwhile all the amethysts silver-gray when  
Of heather and sky were merged into space;  
The line of the distance that slumbered between  
Was lighted and thrilled, a wonderful face—  
The face of the new dawn pressed low on the moor,  
And parted the clouds by the moon's distant door.  
(Chime on, heather-bells!)



## Written for the Banner of Light.

## I WONDER.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

I wonder if beyond the shining spheres  
Of sunlight lying all about this life,  
Our souls will listen to sad, mournful songs,  
And be much given to strife.

I wonder if within that glorious heaven,  
We hear so much of, that our hearts are drawn,  
The love that our earthly life is given,  
Some sweet breaths of its home?

I wonder, if when we have crossed the river  
That flows between this life and that to come,  
Our earthly friendships will soon be severed,  
Through all eternity.

I wonder if the hands that now are clasping  
Our own so lovingly, will be so clinging  
Or will they then, new hope and new love grasping,  
Our feet lead from them thence?

I wonder if God's heaven is far above us,  
So far we cannot see its glory light?  
And are the sleeping ones who here did live,  
Highly with Him in sight?

I wonder if, when sorrow we are feeling,  
The hands that touch our hearts with aching pain,  
Are not their voices still their revealing  
The joys we are to gain?

Oh, my story that doth so close unfold,  
We have of death no fear, no chilling dread;  
The soul says there is no grave yet built for those who  
Wait, yet are not dead.

Beyond the river all so sweetly flowing  
About this earthly life of toil and care,  
Who knows the land, or what it may be showing,  
How dark it is, or fair?

But yet God's love has here so blessed our lives,  
We cannot think that in His own land,  
Both greater love and knowledge he is giving,  
With ever last and best.

There souls, by earth's death parted, come together;  
And the love proved for, that earth could not give,  
Makes all the seasons full of many weather,  
No cold souls there can live.

I wonder much come riding on our souls' story,  
And yet I know the future can but prove,  
A home where worth and knowledge leads to glory,  
And glory leads to love.

## Free Thought.

## EXPERIENCE OF A MEDIUM GIVING SEANCES UNDER CONDITIONS DEMANDED BY SKEPTICS.

BY JOHN HARDY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is well known, by those who have experienced to any extent in the phenomena of physical manifestations, especially materializations, that the condition of darkness, partial or total, is absolutely necessary in order to obtain the strongest and best results; and that in about the same ratio that this condition is departed from, will the results be weak and unsatisfactory. It will not only take longer time to obtain a certain result, but the manifestation will be less perfect, less substantial. However unfortunate or unpleasant this fact may appear to the honest investigator, still it is a stubborn fact; consequently while sitters at these seances are persistently calling for a greater amount of light, the influences through whom we are indebted for any and all such manifestations, demand the condition of darkness. Mediums of the development of "Maud Lord," and many others, can get scarcely anything except in total darkness. Others, while admitting subdued light in the seance room, find it absolutely necessary to isolate themselves from the sitters, either by cabinets or screens, especially when the manifestations are the production of "flowers," "molds," or materializations; and to the persistent demand of the attendants of seances for different conditions in the way of light, these influences from the other side yield very reluctantly, if at all, and when they do so, unless the medium is very strong as a medium, and in good health, and the sitters quite harmonious, and in sympathy, the manifestations unavoidably will be quite unsatisfactory.

"Old Spiritualists" may talk or write very wisely of what the conditions ought to be, of what this or that medium ought to submit to for the sake of the "dear cause," or the "dear public," and "can't see" why this or that condition of theirs should affect the manifestations, or the medium. Yet if these gargers are not mediums themselves, what do they know about it? Nothing, absolutely nothing; and when they assume the role of dictators to either the invisibles or mediums—"standards of the Ark of the Lord"—they have sadly misconceived their vocation, and have got that lesson yet to learn.

It has now been about three years since Mrs. Hardy became aware that the phenomena of materializations could occur through her mediumship, and this was made known by accident, viz.: by being touched by the invisibles while holding the slate under the table for writing. This, on our making conditions suitable, was followed by fingers being thrust up through an aperture in the table, then hands, wrists and arms; during this time Mrs. H. was often informed by the spirits that they could materialize full forms through her, if she would make use of "screens," or "cabinet," but the medium had heard of the bitter experiences and persecutions of the "Davenport," the "Eddys," Mrs. Andrews, and other cabinet mediums, and she shrank from the ordeal, and kindly but firmly declined. "If you materialize through me, you must do so while I am in sight of the sitters." "I had rather get one finger while sitting with and in sight of the company, than a whole form while isolated from them." This, of course, was rather a snub to the spirits, a sop thrown to the "dear skeptical public," and henceforth cabinets, screens, and darkness, as far as the medium was concerned, were abolished; but the invisibles, anxious to use this medium, compromised the matter, by having their workshop completely darkened during the seance, and the seance-room darkened for from five to ten minutes at the commencement, and in this way seances were held for some months, obtaining hands and arms only; they could not give forms unless they had the whole body of the medium to work from. So much was lost by catering to the demands of the wise ones. How much was gained by either the medium, or the "dear cause," we shall see.

The materializing of these hands, with the medium and her own hands always in sight—hands of various sizes and colors, arms and wrists often beautifully dressed with various kinds of material, such as cloth, silk, and lace, pieces of which have often been cut therefrom, in sight of all; hands on which rings have been put on and taken off by members of the circles scores of times; hands which have taken bells from the hands of the sitters, vigorously ringing them, often three at once, then returning them to the giver, all

this going on under the above conditions, in the light—have been the order of these seances for three years, and have been witnessed by hundreds. Again recurs the important question: "What has either the cause or this medium gained by encroaching on the conditions of the spirits, and yielding to those asked for by skeptics?" Why, this much: the medium to-day is belied, and insulted, by persons who are endeavoring to make the public believe that the very manifestations described above are performed by the medium's "toes!" And these persons call themselves old Spiritualists!

As these seances continued, our critics began to object to the short interval of darkness at the very commencement. "It looked suspicious." "Why have the room darkened for a moment?" So this point was yielded, and for nearly two years the room has not been darkened at the seances for a moment but what every object therein, including the medium, could be distinctly seen. Did this satisfy "No. Driven from every other point, came the "toe" theory, as above. Finally the medium, still endeavoring to satisfy all, if possible, prepared a pillow-slip, and at the beginning of the seance would have some ladies, selected by the audience, encase her feet and limbs tightly in this, while every other part of her body was in sight. Still the hands would show themselves up through the table. Yet these honest souls were unhappy. The medium stood before them no better than those mediums who defied their skepticism, and sat in cabinets, or total darkness.

Then came the "mold" development, this medium successfully obtaining the molds of hands, feet and faces, this phenomenon occurring in any house, any room, and in public halls, before large audiences all over the country—obtaining hands pronounced perfect counterparts of human hands in every outline and detail by the most competent artists—hands of various shapes and sizes. And out of the hundred thus obtained, scarcely any two resembling each other, none resembled the hand of the medium. This point of itself is sufficient to annihilate the theory of fraud.

The condition under which these molds were obtained, always in the light, seemed for a time to nonplus these skeptics; they could not see how or where the fraud came in; but then, was it not possible for the medium, or some accomplice, to prepare the mold, secrete it about the person, and then manage in some way to slip it under the table, though the eyes of the whole audience were upon her?

"I have it," says Prof. Denton; "here is something that will settle the matter: we will obtain a pair of nice scales, and we will weigh the vessel containing the liquid when ready for the seance, then we will re-weigh it after the mold is obtained, and we will have this weighing done by a committee appointed by the audience; then if it is found that a sufficient weight is gone from the vessel, commensurate to the weight of the mold, the thing is settled." Well, the medium at once consented, and this new test was adopted, and carefully applied, not secretly, slyly, not by partisans of the medium, but in every instance by a committee appointed by the audience, and attended to in sight of all, then and there. This test has been applied before large audiences in public halls, in Boston, Charlestown, Portland, Me., Baltimore and Washington, and some ten times at parlor seances, and each time the committee have announced to the audience that the vessel had sustained a loss equivalent to the weight of the mold, the sittings lasting from fifteen minutes to half an hour, the weight of the molds averaging about two and a half ounces, "Troy."

The experiment was a success; still the doubters were unhappy. Possibly the medium might in some way manage to abstract the hot liquid from the pall with her feet! and hide it somewhere. "I have it," says investigator; "if she will only sit in a bag, in the light, and succeed, it will be a crusher; the thing will be settled."

The medium demurred, did not like the idea of facing an audience in a bag, but finally consented—yielded again. The weighing test as a crucial, satisfactory test was found a success no longer. So a sack made of cloth netting was at once provided, in which the medium was enveloped, the mouth of which was tightly fastened around the neck, by a committee appointed by the company, who at each seance examined the sack both before and after the result. This same sack has been thus used at about twenty seances, including five at New York, and on every occasion examined as above and pronounced whole and intact, not a single person having claimed that the seams had been tampered with, or the least opening found; and at these seances the medium could be distinctly seen by all present.

So this sack test, also, was eminently successful on every occasion mentioned above, a mold having been obtained each time; and, because successful, ceased to be satisfactory to these captious doubters, and they commenced to clamor for some greater test, something more crucial. True, they did not say, "Come down from the cross," or "Make bread of these stones," then we will believe; but they did demand that these molds should be obtained within a box made of wire netting and wood, thoroughly bolted and locked with two locks; and to this test, also, though contrary to the advice of her guides, and her own impressions, drawing as it did fearfully from the nervous forces, she reluctantly consented, and, after a number of failures and some unimportant results, finally met with a most unquestionable and triumphant result, by obtaining, at several seances, the molds of whole and complete hands. See report in full of the Epes Sargent committee, published in the Banner of Light, May 27th, 1876.

This last severe test we consider and receive as a most triumphant vindication of the medium, in the matter of obtaining molds, from the slanderous attacks of her unscrupulous enemies, thanks to the dear ones on the other side, and thanks to her staunch friends in the form who have so nobly stood by her, through this recent bitter persecution.

Such is a brief outline of the experience of one medium in attempting to satisfy skepticism, by yielding to conditions imposed by them. If these mediums now springing up all around us, both in this country and in Europe, see anything pleasant in this picture—if they wish to be slandered, insulted and maligned, if they are ready to sacrifice health and put in jeopardy their mediumship, then let them try this same experiment.

Of the "Elliott Bible," translated into the language of the ancient Indian tribes of New England, but sixty copies are now in existence. The last one that was sold brought \$1150. The only living man that can read it is J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford, Conn.

They don't say a man is intoxicated in England. Oh, no! He has only "been contributing to the revenue."

## Banner Correspondence.

## California.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I trust it will be of interest to you and the host of readers of your valuable journal to learn how the good work is progressing in this far west city by the sea.

The San Francisco Spiritualists have a legally incorporated society, which is now in a more united and flourishing condition than at any former period. On Sunday mornings the Children's Progressive Lyceum occupies the hall; its sessions are well attended, and the school is meeting with great success under the conductors of Mrs. Dr. H. J. French and Mrs. Lavesna Matthews, guardian of groups, assisted by an earnest corps of efficient leaders.

In the afternoon the conference and mediums' seance attracts audiences that completely fill the hall. We have a large number of excellent mediums who take active part in these seances, and numerous tests of spirit-presence are always given, investigators being compelled to acknowledge that the proofs of spirit-presence and intercourse are beyond question.

On last Sunday a very pleasing incident took place which I think worthy of note. After the opening song Mr. W. M. Rider stepped on the rostrum and said he had been selected by members of the society to perform a pleasing duty, and proceeded to say that Mrs. Lavesna Matthews, the President, had been a most faithful and devoted laborer in the work of the society, as presiding officer and pianist and musical director, and as the life and soul of the Children's Progressive Lyceum since its organization, several years since; and that by her intelligent labors and unflinching faithfulness she had won the love and respect of the entire society. They, therefore, desired to manifest their appreciation of her services by some fitting token of esteem and high regard, and they had caused to be manufactured a very beautiful, heavy pendant shield, of pure gold, with the following inscription: "Presented to Mrs. Lavesna Matthews, by the San Francisco Spiritualists, for meritorious services, June 11th, 1876." Mr. Rider's address was very happy and fitting, and elicited the warmest applause from the audience, who seemed pleased and rejoiced at the beautiful recognition of Mrs. Matthews' faithful labors.

Mrs. Matthews stepped forward, apparently deeply moved by the entirely unexpected demonstration of kindly regard, and said: "My friends, this is such a surprise that I am unable to find words to express the thoughts that my feelings would utter, or that I think the occasion demands. To say that I thank you so deeply expresses the emotions of my soul, that they seem almost a mockery. I will say this, however, that this gift, though valuable in itself, exquisitely beautiful in its workmanship, and fully appreciated by me, still is not half so valuable as the sweet assurance it gives of your earnest cooperation in the work in which we are engaged; not half so precious as the kindly feelings and kindly regard you have manifested in your bestowal to me of this beautiful memento. This gift, with time, will pass away, but the sweet memory of this hour will not pass away, but will live after all things perishable have faded from our sight. For this reason, from the inmost depths of my soul I thank you."

After Mrs. Matthews took her seat Mrs. Dr. H. J. French, one of our very best mediums, stepped on the rostrum, under spirit-control, bearing in her hands a wreath of flowers, and said: "The angels too, desired to manifest to Mrs. Matthews their love for her and appreciation of her untiring devotion to the good work, in adding to bring heaven and earth in close communion, and they wished her to accept from them these blossoms, emblems of beauty, purity and love."

For the past year the rostrum has been occupied, on Sunday evenings, by very acceptable speakers. Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has been the lecturer for several months, and is about to commence another series of discourses. We have also had Mrs. Cora Tappan, Mrs. Belle Chamberlain, Mr. J. L. York, C. Fannie Atiyu, Mrs. Lois Walsbrooker and others.

We have among us many of the best mediums, who are doing a great work in demonstrating the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Among these I may name Mrs. Dr. Hattie J. French, Mrs. Lavesna Matthews, Mrs. A. M. Pickering, Madam Maynard, Miss Clara Mayo, Mrs. Ada Lloyd Foye, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, Mrs. M. A. Cummings, Mrs. Kerns, and a host of others. I learn that in many families connected with the different churches of this city there are as good mediums as can be found anywhere, and that the pastor of one of the principal churches of San Francisco admits, in private conversation, that he often holds converse with his spirit-daughter. The heaven is among the people everywhere. We are endeavoring to "open wide the door and let the angels in," and we find them as ready and anxious to come to us as we are to have them.

A. W. ALLEN,  
Sec'y San Francisco Spiritualists' Union,  
78 Natoma street, San Francisco, June 24, 1876.

## Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Dumont C. Dake, M. D., writes: "Spiritualism still continues to awaken a lively interest among the saints and sinners of this progressive and plucky city. Many are being led to investigate the glorious truth of spirit-ministry. We have quite a number of excellent mediums, who are giving remarkable tests and good facts. The rostrum is all aglow with the inspired eloquence of Mrs. Tappan and Susan Johnson, while the Times often publishes columns after columns, reported verbatim, as delivered by our speakers, thus carrying instruction to thousands who otherwise would remain in darkness. There are those who will read the Banner and other liberal papers, who would not go to a spiritual or liberal lecture. The press is indeed a giant in these days, whose mighty power is rapidly liberalizing the whole world. This city is highly favored and blessed with liberal editors and papers. Brick Pomeroy is located here, and his Saturday Night is a religious, radical, rich, and rare thought. The Illinois Philosophical Journal, with Hon. S. S. Jones at its head, is the leading exponent of Spiritualism that is issued and edited here in the West, and has a very large circulation. The Argosy, edited by Mr. and Mrs. H. N. F. Lewis, has just put in its appearance, and is devoted to choice literature, general information, and the Spiritual Philosophy. Mr. Lewis was for many years the editor of the Western Rural. The Argosy will undoubtedly have a good circulation. I find many readers of the glorious old Banner, whose hearts are warmed and gladdened by its weekly perusal. I shall never forget with what wonder and delight I perused its richly-laden pages when I first became an investigator in Spiritualism. It was to me as the compass to the mariner, and guided my frail bark safely to the harbor of peace. I was a humble student then, and am a careful student now, diligently investigating the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy; and my experience is similar to thousands of others who have been safely piloted o'er life's broad sea of thought. The one grand mission of the Banner and other liberal papers is that they can preach to the multitude principles and not men—universality and not individuality."

## Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—A. S. Hayward writes from this city, describing the new bell and clock for Independence Hall, presented by Mr. Henry Seybert: "The bell is composed of a mixture of eighty per cent of copper, and twenty per cent of tin. It has metal in it from cannon used in the revolutionary war by the British and Americans at the battle of Saratoga, and from cannon used both by the Northern and Southern armies at the battle of Gettysburg. The bell is seven feet high, measures twenty-three and a half feet around the lip, and weighs thirteen thousand pounds. The clapper is nickel plated and burnished, weighing three hundred pounds. The hammer, which will strike the bell, weighs two hundred pounds. The bell was manufactured by

Maneely & Co., of Troy, N. Y. The clock was manufactured by the Seth Thomas Clock Company of Thomaston, Conn. The dial plates are nine feet in diameter, being two feet larger than those on the present clock, and the clock will run for eight days without stopping. The pendulum rod carries a cast iron ball of five hundred pounds, the rod and ball weighing together seven hundred pounds.

The donor, Mr. Seybert, has probably spent more time and money in investigating the Spiritual Philosophy than any other person in the United States. He is a persistent, fearless advocate of its teachings, and at this time I desire that his religious belief should be made known to the public."

Another correspondent, writing from Philadelphia under date of July 1st, says: "Charles Foster, an old Spiritualist of this city, passed to spirit-life last week. He was mediumistic, and latterly unfortunate in his earthly career. That his spiritual home may be more for his best good and advancement, is my earnest wish."

## The Philadelphia Convention.

Shall we meet in convention at Philadelphia? Is the question that Judge Holbrook is asking. Yes, why not? comes from all quarters. It will be pleasant for kindred in faith to look into each others' faces, listen to the words that will be said. By the interchange of thoughts come mental and spiritual strength and great riches. There are objections to be considered. "Certain noisy ones, with oneism; certain ones with all isms, with no regard to the fitness of things, will rush to the front." &c. Very likely. Was there ever a great gathering without this class? And did the fact ever deter good and earnest souls from coming together? The abolitionists will remember their struggles with the noisy ones; the women suffrage conventions have not always been noted for order; but no one dreamed of refusing to hold meetings on that score. I greatly mistake the genius of the heavenly hosts if they are not able to hold the bells in abeyance; and the moral power of Spiritualists, if there is a lack of strength to check the turbulent element that may be at the convention. Persons holding convergent views will come together, and each may desire to give the uppermost thought expression. One's best, divinest thought may seem pernicious to another. What of it? One must be weak indeed who cannot bear a little heresy.

Judge Holbrook, who sees the lions in the way, writes: "Chief of all it will be a good time to declare our freedom from the dogma of the ages, that 'priests rule by right divine,' as we have declared our freedom from the dogma that 'kings rule by right divine,' and have maintained it these now one hundred years; that, as in government, each man is a sovereign and is the equal of every other before the law, so in religion each man is a priest and is the equal of every other before God—which, upon our honors, we will maintain by the world which is around us and the world that is above us."

There may be some at the convention who hold honestly to the "divine right of kings," and want to say so. Will the good Judge hold back his curse for the king, or refuse to listen when one of our English friends has his say for his country and Queen? "Each is a priest and all are equals," therefore one may not draw lines for another, or declare what is heresy or what is sound Spiritualism. What we want is tolerance. If the spirit of love and charity go and abide with us, all will be well; if we go to the convention full unprepared for war, the war-spirit will bring to us destruction. H. F. M. Brown.

National City, Cal.

## Arkansas.

JONESBORO.—J. A. Meek, M. D., writes: "Thinking that perhaps some of your many patrons would be pleased to hear from this wild region, I have concluded to give you a synopsis of the spiritualistic movement in our midst. A little over two years since I delivered my first lecture on the subject of Spiritualism. Before this, the people generally were profoundly ignorant of the whole subject; even the ministers of the different evangelical denominations appeared as much in the dark in relation to the matter as their benighted and superstitious followers. My lecture was the first upon the subject to which any of them had ever listened. At first they were startled, confounded, and totally unprepared to meet the issue, and I began to think that I would have things entirely to my own liking, but they finally aroused themselves to a full sense of the situation, and began to organize their forces in opposition to the new light. All in the evangelical churches have united in this effort, except a few of the leading minds, who seem inclined to follow the advice of Gamaliel. A goodly number are embracing the new gospel. I lecture every Sunday, and have subscribed for as many papers, magazines, and books as I am able to buy, which I have distributed among the people. There is a hungering and thirsting after spiritualistic food upon the part of the people, but still the most of them are unable to procure such food. Will not some of our more highly favored friends at the North send us spiritual books, papers and magazines for distribution? Here is a vast missionary field, and much good can be accomplished in this way. Many of our friends at the North have books, magazines, tracts, papers, and periodicals, which, having read they have no need to retain; they could send the same to us, and such a contribution would be most thankfully received."

## Minnesota.

ST. PAUL.—M. T. C. Flower writes, June 28th: "I wish to call the attention of the Spiritualists here, and especially the members of the State Association, to the fact that the Executive Board have been exceedingly fortunate in securing that eloquent orator and wide awake Spiritualist, A. J. Fishback, as missionary, who is entering upon his work with very flattering prospects. Brother Fishback will hold grove meetings anywhere in the north or northwestern part of the State where his presence may be desired by the friends, during July and August, and up to the time of the meeting of the Annual Convention, which will be held in September. Parties wishing the services of the State Missionary for grove or other meetings, can reach him by addressing him care Commercial Hotel, St. Paul. And now to the Spiritualist friends throughout the State I would say Brother Fishback is a gentleman above reproach, and upon the rostrum gives out a power for the dissemination of truth which carries conviction to the hearts and consciences of his auditors; his soul is in the cause. I would appeal to the friends throughout the State to strengthen and hold up his hands in the great service in which he is engaged. If they will do so, I am assured that we shall witness such a revival of our cause as has not at any previous period been met with in our State. And I would further appeal to the friends to make every effort to be at the approaching Annual Convention, and let us make it the great meeting of the State."

## Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.—C. L. T. Atwater, magnetic healer, writes July 2d: "I thought I would send a line to let the friends know we were still alive in this place. We have no organization here, nor do we have 'stated preaching,' but there is a strong undercurrent toward the light of Spiritualism among the common people. Mrs. S. A. Rogers-Heyder has been spending some two or three weeks here, and her time has been well taken up. She was at our house four or five days, and gave sittings to quite a number of our friends, and all were well satisfied with her."

## Colorado.

ESPERANZA.—John London writes under a recent date, painting a pleasant picture of this part of the continent, and the advantages it offers for settlers, among which may be noted the following: Mild and delightful climate; pure water; wood and timber plenty; soil fertile and produc-

tive; land absolutely free; cattle live fat without fodder all the year; pasturage unlimited and free; wheat the best in America; no venomous insects; no climate diseases; asthma, bronchial and pulmonary difficulties sure to be cured; no fever and ague.

## Iowa.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—A correspondent writes that Mr. John Horn, a respectable and worthy citizen of that place, was forcibly seized and sought to be entrapped into an insane asylum, not long since, because he allowed himself to act as agent for the sale of Doubleday's "Spiritual Revelators." He, however, escaped from the clutches of bigotry, and is now more determined than ever in his advocacy of Spiritualism.

## Dedication at the Hillside Home.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Believing that it may interest your readers, permit me to call attention to the opening of a new hall, which I attended on Wednesday, June 28th. It is situated on the grounds of the Hillside Home, at Carversville, Bucks Co., Penn. Mr. A. B. Bradford presided, and the exercises commenced at 3 o'clock p. m. with a chorus sung by a full choir of singers of both sexes, assisted by a piano accompaniment, all under the leadership of Mr. Demorest. After the singing, Elvira Wheelock was introduced, who read the following lyric with marked success:

## THE DAWNING.

BY R. W. HUME.

The darkness of the ages past  
Is rolling fast away;  
The light of scientific truth  
Is heralding the day.  
The spirits of another world  
Have in these days their flag unfurled.  
Far from its gleaming folds  
Oblivion error lies;  
The list of pride and power  
Beneath it falls and dies;  
Its folds in vain would glory roll,  
Gleaming afar from holy pole.  
The body-fettered slaves  
Beneath it find no more;  
The mental bondsmen too  
Shall burst their prison door;  
With chains unbound, from shackles free,  
The world shall shout its jubilee.

No more shall Mammon rule  
The nations like a fiend;  
He scepter shall no more  
And no man kiss the rod.  
His scepter shall cease his power to own,  
Nor kneel again around his throne.  
Free from all priestly rule,  
And bound no more to creed,  
The peoples shall extend  
Their hands from shore to shore;  
With arms unbound, from pagan stand,  
Arm linked in arm, a living band.  
The human unit then  
Shall understand no more;  
The woman and the man  
Shall know no cruel war.  
Equal in power, in right and place,  
They'll herald forth a nobler race.

Daughters and sons of toil  
Shall hear the glad sound;  
Our gospel a free and hearty  
And rolls the world around.  
Without a price, without a fee,  
Come forth, and cheer the true hierarchy.  
The darkness of the ages past  
Is rolling fast away;  
The light of scientific truth  
Is heralding the day.  
The spirits of another world  
Have in these times their flag unfurled.

This was followed by an address from Mr. A. B. Bradford, the orator of the day, setting forth vividly the conflict that is now going forward between scientists and credulous religionists, but asserting that between true religion and science there was no war. In his peroration he alluded to the building of the hall, gave it its title "Excelsior," and after authoritatively stating the purposes to which it had been dedicated, viz.: for free discussion, lectures and harmless amusements, paid a merited compliment to Mr. W. R. Evans, the builder and proprietor, for the services he had rendered to humanity by its erection. Loud applause followed as he took his seat.

Brooks' arrangement of "Excelsior" was then sung in a masterly style by Mr. G. V. Demorest and Prof. Beans, assisted by a piano accompaniment by Miss Doane. Your correspondent was then called upon, and made a few remarks expressive of his joy on the occasion. The session was concluded by another grand chorus by the band.

In the evening the hall was again crowded for a dance. While the young folks were prouetting in the main body of the building, many white heads could be seen on the platform and in the gallery looking at the graceful evolutions going on beneath them with delight. Surely the name "Excelsior" has been well applied to the building, for its course must be upward, and, as it has been, by the love of the human beings surrounding it.

It is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Heath, who have leased the Hillside Home from Mr. W. R. Evans, to open a school here in the fall. As they are both Spiritualists of many years' standing, Liberals both inside and outside of our fold will do well to take the fact into their serious consideration. The most lamentable shortcoming of our halls present is the absence of little feet in them that ought to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Heath, at great sacrifice, may be said to have opened here a station on the royal road of progress—a place where Spiritualists, Liberals and Reformers can meet and hold communion. They intend also to make it a home where our children can receive a pure and proper physical, intellectual and moral education. Is such a home needed, and ought it to be sustained? To these questions but one reply can be given, and surely it ought to be made in deeds as well as in words.

Very respectfully,

R. W. HUME.

Carversville, Pa., June 29th, 1876.

## Concert by Spirits.

Henry B. Allen, of Waverly, N. Y., (better known as the "Allen Boy," a spiritual medium of considerable reputation, has been creating quite a furor in private circles in this city during the past week by his wonderful spiritual manifestations. Last evening he gave a sort of spiritual concert at the residence of Latham Gardner, 68 Jones street. Twenty-five ladies and gentlemen joined in the circle. The room in which the seance was held was very close, and the heat was oppressive and exhausting to the medium. In front of the medium stood a small stand, on which lay a dulcimer, a tambourine, a guitar, several bells, a trumpet and a pan. The carpet had been taken up and the windows had been darkened. After joining hands in a circle the lights were extinguished, when a hymn was sung, "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home" were then played upon the dulcimer in a charming manner, claimed by Mr. Allen to have been played by the spirit of his wife. There were both gentle and boisterous spirits, whose dispositions were expressed in the way the musical instruments were handled. The guitar could be heard distinctly floating around the room, occasionally touching the ceiling and continually playing some sweet air. Then the fan would impart relief to the sweltering circle. One spirit named Tone, a colored man, created considerable amusement by his antics on the instruments. The dulcimer, weighing thirty pounds, was lifted several times during the evening from the table in the centre and carried over the heads of the circle to the rear. Each of the visitors had an opportunity of sitting next to the medium, when a spirit hand, or something else, would rub the head or thump the breast. The rubbing of the head could be distinctly heard all over the room. Occasionally lights could be seen floating around the room. Upon the whole, it was a mysterious entertainment.—*Rocheester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle, July 4th.*

When investigating the phenomena of electricity passing through a very rarefied atmosphere, and when the light produced was so feeble that in a dark room, and at midnight, the eye could detect nothing, I have been able to get good photographs of the phenomena, which were totally invisible to the eye, because I could expose the sensitive plate for forty minutes to the cumulative action of this feeble light, thus showing that what was otherwise total darkness to the eye was, in reality, only light, too feeble to stimulate the retina.—*O. F. Varley, P. R. S.*



DE S. WHEELER, 97 South 41st street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
E. M. JULIETTE YEAW, Northboro', Mass.  
DR. CHAS. YEAKLE, Lykens, Dauphin Co., Pa., lec-  
tures on Temperance and Spiritualism.  
MR. J. L. YORK, San Jose, Cal.  
MR. and MRS. J. YOUNG, Boise City, Idaho.  
DR. JOHN S. ZELLEY, Inspirational, Germantown  
Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ We have received a cheerful-looking vol-  
ume of four hundred pages—tinted paper—en-  
titled THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM, wherein  
E. V. Wilson, the seer, compiles from his twenty-  
five years' experience as a medium a remarkable  
array of tests of individual existence after death,  
so-called, going to prove beyond a doubt the  
reality of persistent life for humanity. Those  
desiring the book will find it for sale at the Ban-  
ner of Light Bookstore, 9 Montgomery Place,  
Boston.

☞ A thrillingly interesting pamphlet, en-  
titled A TALE OF LIFE; OR, THE BROKER AND  
HIS VICTIMS, has just been issued by E. V. Wil-  
son, and is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Mont-  
gomery Place, Boston.



## To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

By going deeper into war, and we shall certainly lose deplorably in men and money.

The Boston Post speaks out and says: "This is the sad fruit of the nation's own wrong doing." It refers to the "greed and folly of the Government, which violated its pledged word with the Indians and led to this conflict as a natural result." The Boston Herald says: "It is to be hoped that the terrible calamity that has befallen the country in the massacre of General Custer and his brave troops, will lead to an entire revision of our Indian policy. The manner in which these wards of the nation have been treated has been disgraceful to the last degree, and no time should be lost by Congress in relieving the errors of the past by an entire change in the methods of dealing with them."

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1876.

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, 19 NASSAU ST.

COLBY &amp; RICH.

LITHOGRAPHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

L. H. COLBY, EDITOR.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the

Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to

L. H. COLBY, at the above address, or to ISAAC B. RICH, at the above address, or to ISAAC B. RICH, at the above address.

While we recognize no man as master, and take no book

as an authority, we most cordially accept all great

men as lights of the world. The generations of men come

and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent

and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own

individuality. Prof. S. R. Britton.

## The Great Indian Battle.

And Custer has fallen, fighting the Sioux in their own territory, and along with him fell his two brothers, a brother-in-law, and a nephew, together with his entire command of five companies, fighting desperately to the end. They rashly attacked the Indian camp of two thousand lodges on the Little Horn. Three hundred and fifteen brave and gallant men charging a force of from 2500 to 4000. The Sioux were mounted, and armed with muskets. They took every gun of the slaughtered troops from them. It was bloody, bloody work, the fruit of falsehood, deceit, and wrong. While we profoundly deplore this destruction of so many lives, we shall not let any measure of sympathy blind us to the iniquitous course that thus exposes to violent death gallant men, whose lives are worth more to their country in another kind of service. In this battle, which is destined to become memorable in the history of Indian warfare, fifteen commissioned officers were killed, and the whole command under them.

There cannot be much question that Gen. Custer was goaded by a spirit of pride, and perhaps another feeling still, into undertaking rashly what, under different circumstances, he would have entered upon with greater deliberation and prudence. He had been disgraced by the President by being stopped on his way West to take command of the general expedition. Instead of leading it, he was permitted only to assume a subordinate position with his regiment. It was while leading five small companies of men against the very heart of a camp two miles in length, and bristling with three or four thousand mounted Indian warriors, that he met the fate which almost any one might have predicted. There is what men might call a strangeness in this result. It was Gen. Custer who, by his glowing description of the Sioux country, first attracted the foot of unlawful emigration thither; and it is he who is among the first to pay the penalty of his own wrong.

We did not venture to prophesy favorably for the whites in regard to this Indian war, after the conflict between Gen. Crook's command and the Sioux warriors at Goose Creek. We then entertained the fear that this Big Horn expedition against the Sioux was not going to turn out well for us. The true result of that battle has never yet been given satisfactorily to the public. Our views were very much like those of the New York Herald on the subject, which said that the opinion was fast gaining ground that these military expeditions into the Sioux country were "a mistake, and a very grave one, as well as a great wrong, and likely to precipitate a general Indian war, to be more properly called a general Indian massacre." The Herald added that "the tribes thus attacked, on what they have the most solemn right to consider their own territory, will not only carry on war against the United States troops sent against them," but will "surely proceed to exterminate frontiersmen and their families, and to retaliate in every barbarous way upon the defenceless whites within their reach."

And we could not better cast our own thoughts on this whole business into expression than by using the reflections of the Herald, as it continues to deal with the subject. It acknowledges that "the record of past Indian wars shows that they are fomented by fraud and wrong, and that they are prosecuted entirely in the interest of the frontier towns and of the army contractors, whose advantages in the providing of transportation, teams, storage, &c., are as numberless as they are lucrative; and that it is by the fortunate individuals holding such contracts, and by the organs they control, that parties of Indians, legally hunting on the ceded lands west of their own reservation, are called 'predatory parties of savages'—while other bodies of Sioux, moving on their own territory, are pursued and attacked by the military as 'prowling bands.' The combination which controls contracts and manufactures outrages," says the Herald, "is as responsible for the present state of irritation among the Indian tribes as it is for the auriferous fables about the Black Hills which have already cost hundreds of lives to the country."

We repeat that we most profoundly deplore the killing of that gallant young General, and the sacrifice of his body of brave men; but there is something to be considered back of that, and we rejoice that the more intelligent journals of the day, without regard to political views, are bringing out the points of the matter in their true and strong light. While they mostly admit that the country is now launched on a long, bloody and exceedingly costly Indian war, they do not hesitate to hold it sternly up to its responsibility in this matter. We go further than they do, and call for a cessation of this fighting right where it is. We cannot hope to save honor

by going deeper into war, and we shall certainly lose deplorably in men and money.

The Boston Post speaks out and says: "This is the sad fruit of the nation's own wrong doing." It refers to the "greed and folly of the Government, which violated its pledged word with the Indians and led to this conflict as a natural result." The Boston Herald says: "It is to be hoped that the terrible calamity that has befallen the country in the massacre of General Custer and his brave troops, will lead to an entire revision of our Indian policy. The manner in which these wards of the nation have been treated has been disgraceful to the last degree, and no time should be lost by Congress in relieving the errors of the past by an entire change in the methods of dealing with them."

There exist the strongest reasons for the belief that the present Indian war has been brought about from no other motive than to make still larger appropriations necessary, out of which Administration favorites could secure fat contracts and more of them." The Boston Sunday Times says that "Gen. Custer and his gallant men have been sacrificed at the shrine of that stupid and dishonorable policy which regards treaties with red men as of no account, and then sends a handful of brave soldiers to deal with the exasperated warriors in the fastnesses of what they regard as their own sacred territory."

In closing this article we deem it our bounden duty to present to the reader the following statement made by Indian Inspector Vandever, of the Red Cloud Agency, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in Washington, giving as it does the true key to the causes operating for the production of this sad occurrence:

RED CLOUD AGENCY, June 30th, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—Unless you visit this Agency in person, and witness the number of Indians actually attending at the Agency, it would be difficult for you to conceive the little dependence that is to be placed in the reports that are constantly being forwarded to Washington in regard to the wholesale departure of the Indians. Fort Laramie is nearly ninety miles distant from the Agency, and yet they affect to know over here more about the affairs of the Indians over here than the Agent or any one else. About a month ago a mail carrier was killed on the road between the Agency and Laramie; since then the carrying of the mails between the two points has been discontinued. About the same time some herds of mules were stolen between here and the Platte River, on the Sidney road, and that mail line has been abandoned. For more than a month there has been no regular communication and no mail between the Agency and the railroad, and the chief information received by the public in regard to the Agency came from Laramie and Cheyenne, and was founded on the vaguest kind of rumor or deliberate falsehood. As an example of the kind of stories that are being put about, and the little dependence for them, I will mention that when on my way here a few days ago, I met a company of returning Black Hills miners and camped over night with them at Snake Creek, fifty miles south; they informed me that two days before they came by the Red Cloud Agency, and there learned that a large number of Indians, five or six hundred, had just returned to the Agency from the north, bringing a number of wounded Indians with them, supposed to have been engaged in a fight with Gen. Crook.

Immediately on my arrival here I set about inquiring into this matter, and after full investigation I found there was not a grain of truth in the story told by the Black Hills party. I presume, however, this canard was given out by the party on their arrival at the railroad, and that by this time it has been extensively circulated in the papers and credited as true. The fact is that the great body of Indians at these two agencies are loyal and true to the Government, and are trying to keep the peace. None of the leading men have gone out since the recent troubles began, and very few of their young men. The Cheyennes, who do not properly belong here, and ought to have been compelled long ago to return to their own region, have committed most, if not all, of the depredations since the first expedition of Gen. Crook to the north, and the excuse they offer for it is that they were first attacked. Only a few days ago the Sioux held a great festival or sun dance somewhere between this and the Spotted Tail Agency. An immense number of Indians were present and participated, and particularly the warriors and men, young and old. I am credibly informed and believe that seventy-five per cent. of all the able-bodied Indians of these two agencies were there. After the dance a talk was had among themselves, and the question considered whether any of them should engage in hostilities with the whites at the present time. Red Cloud and Spotted Tail especially harangued the multitude and exhorted them to remain at peace and wait until the Great Father should have come over to arrange about the Black Hills. These great chiefs and others have used their utmost influence to hold their people at home, and they have succeeded. Those who have gone out are the unruly ones, and there are no more of that kind among these Indians than among the same number of whites. Give these Indians fair play, treat them with the same degree of justice that we would treat civilized beings with, and they will be friends. But if provocation after provocation is heaped upon them, they will be compelled to fight.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
W. M. VANDEVER,  
United States Indian Inspector,  
Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

## Social Tyranny.

We have recently seen a paragraph going about the papers to this effect: that if a young man goes astray, his friends, if he happens to have any, gather about him to rescue him and restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, perhaps by the very one for whom his friends are so solicitous, she receives the brand of society, and is driven away from the path of virtue and prevented from returning thereto. Her betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities, unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

There is a world of truth in this statement, that judges the standards of our modern society fearfully. No greater moral wrong could be done. In most instances the one who suffers is the one who has been misled, yielded to her faith in false promises, and buried her sense of purity and right in the bosom of an early and sincere love. Why ought she to be the one on whom all the penalty is laid? She goes through life with a social brand upon her, an outcast, a leper, a pariah, while he, her real betrayer, is welcomed freely into the same society that contemptuously discards her, and his fault is practically forgotten as soon as he would have it. People persist in talking of honor in connection with man's dealings with woman; what of honor can be left to the heartless scamp who can pass on and leave his victim enduring a perpetual persecution of whose poignant sufferings such as he can never begin to conceive? Has society a right to re-

spect when it sets up anything like this among its recognized standards?

Here is a seriously practical matter. It is not altogether one of sentiment and emotion. One party to a mutual wrong is followed through life with the anathema of society, and the other is received into its favor as freely as if he had never committed an error. Yet if woman be, as is often alleged, not merely the ornament, but the life and inspiration of the social state, why should she in such a case be made, by the edict of that same society, the sole sufferer? Worse than that, why should her punishment attach to her reputation while she lives, and her single slip be remembered against her long after the one who caused it has gone his way and achieved his purposes without feeling the slightest inconvenience from his early fault.

Every one, of course, sees the cruel inconsistency of such social statutes and judgments as this. It is altogether arbitrary, and outside of reason. It does not tend to vindicate the cause of virtue and to establish it more firmly, for it punishes relentlessly one party, and freely lets the other go. Is it not time that the edicts which such a society thunders forth from time to time be set aside as of no special claim to respect? If a sound and sweet social state can be based on rank injustice, it will be working a miracle such as the world never saw. Here is one of the plain reasons why society is so badly corrupted, and, except materially, makes so little progress; it rests on falsehood, on pretence, on injustice. It is because one is strong and the other is weak, and the strong one prevails. The female sex should no longer be chargeable with perpetuating an injustice which works such fatal mischief to themselves.

## The Case of Annie Eva Fay.

In our last issue we referred to the action of Judge Donohue in New York, concerning the case of the lady whose name heads this article, ruling that under the existing statutes she must pay for a juggler's license if she continued longer to hold seances in that city. With regard to the principle involved we can have none but feelings of the deepest condemnation for a course which seems to open the doors to an indiscriminate persecution of those media who are developed for the presentation of the physical order of manifestations; but concerning the claims of the lady herself to be considered a genuine medium, the opinions freely expressed to us by our correspondents are varied and widely conflicting. When Miss (or Mrs.) Fay was in Boston we did not attend any of her sittings, because we have in the past had a sufficient experience with H. Melville Fay, with whom she is associated—or at least her handbills have been so worded as to read "Mrs." Fay—but notwithstanding this we gave both sides of the matter by printing an endorsement of her reliability from Prof. Crookes, and another by John Wetherbee, the same being crossed by the testimony of Mrs. Carpenter to the deceptive nature of the claimed phenomena witnessed at her seances, she (Mrs. C.) stating that she could herself duplicate them all without spirit aid. Not only this witness as to the medium's alleged duplicity appeared in the field while she was in Boston, but we were met in the street by a respectable and well-known merchant of this city, (who is also a prominent Spiritualist) and assured that he had detected Miss Fay in deception concerning one of her phenomenal exhibits, and had warned her that if she made use of that particular "trick" again he would expose her to the public—and she is reported to have discontinued this item in her seances while she remained in Boston.

Concerning the letter of Prof. Crookes, we would say, parenthetically, that though we had the original from the hands of Robert Cooper, to whom it was addressed, and though it has never left our office from the time of its first reception to the present moment, a verbatim transcript of it, in Prof. Crookes's handwriting, was printed by the new process in the New York Graphic, in connection with Bishop's alleged exposure of her seances; and when we (also Mr. Cooper) wrote to the editor of that journal asking whence the letter was obtained, in order that we might be freed from all suspicion of complicity, that functionary refused to notice our application in the smallest degree. This is to us a most surprising and inexplicable circumstance.

If it can be clearly proved that Miss (or Mrs.) Fay has made use of jugglery while she has claimed the sacred gift of mediumship, and ascribed her deceptions to the same, then we shall as far as she is concerned add our endorsement to the action of the Judge above referred to; but if, on the contrary, the Spiritualists of New York are satisfied in their own minds that she is indeed a bona fide instrument for physical manifestations, we hope they will rally around her and make hers a test case.

## Decesse of H. Augusta White.

We are in receipt of a letter from J. H. White, Ottawa Lake, Monroe Co., Mich., from which we take the following extract:

"I have just received intelligence that my sister, Mrs. H. Augusta White, has passed from this to the real life. She left the form in Brooklyn, N. Y., the 27th of June. She has been a believer in Spiritualism for ten years. She has suffered greatly for over a year. Sometime previous to her expected departure she was blessed by seeing and conversing with her spirit mother and sisters, who encouraged and prepared her to take on the new life. . . . Oh, what a joyous thought to know that there is no death—that there is merely a veil between us and the real world; and that our dear sister waits to welcome us to the better land. In the light of this divine philosophy I can truly say: 'Farewell, dear sister; I am happy to know that you have made the change, for your sufferings have been extreme for years; our separation will be but as a moment of time in comparison to the years in that other life toward which all are hastening.'"

## The Centennial Congress of Liberals.

The Congress met in Philadelphia, according to call, on Saturday, the first day of July, and continued through the second, third, and the fourth. There were about one hundred and fifty members and delegates present. Mrs. C. Kilgore was elected the temporary presiding officer. Speeches were made by Mr. F. E. Abbot, editor of the Index, and President of the National Liberal League, Mrs. Kilgore, Mr. James Parton, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Page, Mr. Kilgore, Mr. Mills, and others. Mrs. Kilgore also read a fine paper on "Democracy." The speeches, resolutions and discussions are reported as being interesting and important.

The Ballot Box is the title of a neat quarto issued monthly by the Toledo (O.) Woman Suffrage Association. It is an able exponent of the cause in whose interest it has been brought out, and well deserves the attention of the public.

## Complimentary Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

We desire to call the attention of Spiritualists, Liberals and Reformers to the Pecuniary Testimonial which some of the friends of Andrew Jackson Davis are endeavoring to raise for his benefit.

His great work, "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS," was given to the world before he had attained his twenty-first year. Since that time he has written and published more than thirty volumes, some of them on the Harmonical Philosophy, and all of them on matters of profound and universal importance to mankind.

While his health permitted he was prominent as a public speaker and teacher. For the last two or three years he and his companion, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, have supported themselves partly through the assistance of personal friends, and partly from the proceeds of their small bookstore in New York. But the times are hard now, and his book business does not yield to him an adequate support.

His friends believe that the world is the better for ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS having lived in it. Many reformers and benefactors of their race while living, have endured hardships and poverty, who after their death have been honored with costly pageants, "storied urn or animated bust."

Will not the friends everywhere of Andrew Jackson Davis—those who have been benefited by his writings and teachings—esteem it a privilege to participate in giving to him an ample pecuniary testimonial of gratitude and good will while he is yet with us in the earth-life? His fiftieth birthday occurs on the 11th day of next October. Let all who can make this year memorable both to themselves and to Bro. Davis by forwarding a generous contribution for his benefit.

Post-office orders, checks and drafts payable to his order may be sent to him at No. 24 East Fourth street, New York, or to either of the officers of the committee.

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman,  
1268 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
C. O. POOLE, Cor. Sec.,  
140 West 42nd street, New York, N. Y.

## EDITORIAL REMARKS.

In the June number of "Psychische Studien," Mr. G. C. Wittig refers to Andrew Jackson Davis as superior as a "seer" both to Boehme and Swedenborg. There is no autobiography of a seer in the world's literature, he thinks, which can be compared, for example, to Davis's "Magic Staff." But splendid as have been Mr. Davis's contributions to the cause of truth in his writings, we think he deserves yet higher admiration for his noble, pure, harmonious and self-denying life. Let it be remembered that the anniversary of his birth takes place the 11th of August, and that his numerous friends mean that their expressions of regard shall take the form of pecuniary contributions, large or small, according to their means. We hope that thousands who have been benefited and drawn to the light by Mr. Davis's writings will be prompted to take this opportunity to manifest their obligation, or at least to offer some slight though substantial token of their respect. Many encouraging examples have been already given, and some have come from foreign countries. Let America show that she can prize and care for her own.

## Property in Private Letters.

A writer who dates from Washington, D. C., sends to The Index of June 22d a letter on the Blaine-Mulligan affair, from which we quote the following:

"It is not often that my wrath is stirred by a newspaper paragraph, as it was on taking up the last Index, and reading the comments of R. C. on the Blaine and Mulligan episode. The charge of 'dishonorable conduct' is there made against Mr. Blaine for getting some business letters from a man who never had any business relations with Mr. Blaine, and who had no lot or title of right to the possession of the letters, any more than he carried to a pawnbroker's shop, or puts wherever he thinks it will do the most good. If there is one thing settled in English law, or one principle that is fortified by the decision of American courts and juries, it is the absolute inviolability of a man's private correspondence."

This is all true. It has been repeatedly decided that private letters belong to the writer, and are legally reclaimable by him or his heirs. The notion that a man has a right to retain or publish your private letters, in opposition to your demand for their restoration, is wholly wrong. In the case in England of Purdy vs. Burton before Judge Manleyver, the plaintiff sued the defendant for the recovery of certain private and confidential letters addressed to the latter. The defendant responded that as the letters disclosed the fact of an improper intimacy between the plaintiff and a certain widow, debarred from matrimony by her husband's will, he had a full right to use the letters as he saw best for the cause of morality. The judge ordered the restitution of the letters, and denounced the defendant's plea as "presumptuous, base and Pharisaical—in a word, Pecksniffian," calling him a traitor, for exhibiting letters so manifestly private, and a thief, for holding on to what he was bound in honor and in law to restore. He ruled that private and confidential letters belong always to the writer, and that only the law has the right to the custody of them if it is claimed that they reveal criminality. The defendant, in setting himself up as an arbiter on this question, and withholding the letters, had gone against law, equity, and honor, and merited a severe rebuke. The sympathy of the court was manifested in a *sursum* of applause at the judge's words.

## The Whereabouts of English Workers.

J. J. Morse is lecturing in the Provinces, with excellent success.

Arthur Cöliman is giving seances at Mrs. Woodford's, 90 Great Russell-street, W. C., London.

Willie Eglinton is in Somersetshire.

Dr. Hitchman is speaking in Liverpool.

Lottie Fowler is still holding sittings for the

Séance Committee of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

Dr. Monck has been doing a remarkable work at Leigh and elsewhere by his physical manifestations.

Florence Cook Corner (of Katie King memory) arrived with her husband at Shanghai, China, June 10th.

We are informed that Mrs. Maud E. Lord is giving continued satisfaction by her seances in Philadelphia, Pa., and that many skeptics have been convinced of her truthfulness and reliability by attending the circles. Mrs. Lord has accomplished great good for the cause wherever she has been; she is a medium eminently calculated to act as a pioneer, through the directness of her manifestations, and the friends in the Centennial City, who have acquaintances in whom doubt is strongly developed concerning the modern phenomena, cannot do better than to take them to witness a seance held in presence of this worthy instrument for spirit-communion.

## Treating the Insane.

In the incessant thronging of other conventions and meetings around the great Centennial Exhibition, the conference of the managers of insane asylums is by no means to be overlooked, for there is certainly no modern question fraught with a deeper interest than is that which concerns the treatment of mental maladies. The most of the time of this conference was spent over matters of a business character, yet in the course of the discussions much was said on one side and the other about the employment of anodynes in the treatment of the insane, and much, too, about the policy of permitting patients to return home to their friends before being thoroughly restored to health and reason. The custom of crowding insane patients into almshouses also came in for its share of treatment at the hands of the conference.

But what has come to be called the cottage system of treating patients was not brought up at all, and we are surprised that it was not. That system, borrowed from Belgium, and which has been adopted, to a certain extent, at Worcester, with marked success, seeks to separate patients and individualize them; a plan that has sense and reason on its side, and cannot be resisted at its introduction without a suspicion of an opposite interest. It has so far been demonstrated, by actual experience, that this attempt to win back persons afflicted with insane delusions to the simple, natural and tranquil atmosphere and ways of domestic life has succeeded in a remarkable degree in promoting rapid recovery, and rendering it permanent. It has had so much success, in fact, as to shake the old system of massing patients in large buildings and isolating them in a body from their kind. Insane complaints require classification as much as any other.

## Prophetic Words.

In our issue for April 1st, at the close of an article concerning the barbarous treatment by the whites of the Northwestern tribes, we expressed ourselves as follows. The warning was of course unavailing, but have not subsequent events proved its truth? "Is it any wonder that Indians take to the war-path under such circumstances? There is a just God who rules over all, and his justice will compensate the red man as well as the white or black man. The Indians are His children, and He will, for every wrong done these wards of the Government through selfishness, visit full punishment upon the nation—and in a manner it little dreams of. Mark our words well, ye in high places. Beware, lest ye fall!"

## A Step toward Organization.

By reference to the report of our special correspondent, in another column, it will be seen that the initiative toward organization has been taken in Philadelphia, the new enterprise being denominated "The National Convention of Spiritualists." We are pleased to see that the paramount necessity of local societies upon which to base a National Association, was so fully discussed and openly acknowledged during the meetings.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE DOCTRINE OF HEREDITY.—A little genealogical sketch is given by the Manchester, England, Courier which is a strong argument in favor of the doctrine of heredity, now considerably talked and written about by the philosophically inclined. A man named Fish, notorious in England at present on account of his murderous record, is said to be a descendant of J. Marco Fieschi, an Italian who in 1835 attempted the assassination of Louis Philippe, in France. He escaped to London, where he subsequently made a rather dark record. One of his daughters was married there to Orsini, whose history is in excellent keeping with that of his father-in-law. The woman, however, was left by her husband, and subsequently gave birth to a son who was placed in the Blackburn workhouse under the name of Fish, his mother having assumed that Anglified form of her father's name. From the workhouse Fish was taken by a barber named Bramhall, with whom he learned his trade. His crime, for which he is so execrated, was the brutal murder of a little girl.

BEAUTIFUL AND CONCISE.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's father-in-law died at Peoria, Ill., recently. The funeral services were conducted by Col. Ingersoll himself, no clergyman being present. At the house he made the following remarks:

"To fulfill a promise made a year ago, it is necessary for me to say a word. He whom we are about to lay in the earth was gentle, kind and loving in his life. He was ambitious only to live with those he loved. He was hospitable, generous and sincere. He loved his friends and the friends of his friends. He returned good for good. He lived the life of a child, and died without leaving in the memory of his family the record of an unkind act. Without assurance and without fear we give him back, as it were, to Nature, the source and mother of us all. Friend, husband, father, fare thee well." At the grave, just before the coffin was lowered, Col. Ingersoll spoke as follows: "With morn, with noon, with night, with changing clouds and changeless stars—with grass, with trees and birds, with leaf and bud, with flower and blossoming vine, with all the sweet influences of Nature, we leave our dead. Again, farewell!"

A. de Bourbon, writing us from the Hague, recently, expresses great pleasure at the anticipated trip to Europe of Dr. Henry Slade, and hopes—as also do the members of the Society Oromase (with which he is connected)—to meet this powerful American medium in Holland. "I am happy," says our correspondent, "to be able to tell you that our holy cause has a great spread on the continent of Europe. It is certainly the most pacific religion that ever took place, as regards revolution, etc., on earth. The great problem has been solved by the grace of Him for whom we have no name! The President of our Society, Oromase, is, for this year, Mr. C. W. Piepers, officer in the Dutch army, and all things concerning spiritualistic matters should be addressed to him, 50 Denneweg, the Hague, Holland."

Mrs. A. J. Dunlway, editor and proprietor of the New Northwest, has accomplished much for the cause of woman in Oregon. She has established a vigorous and able journal, in which, beside her editorial labors, she is now writing a serial story; she is almost constantly engaged in traveling and lecturing in all parts of that State, making an effective canvass for woman suffrage; sustaining herself and her journal by her own unaided purpose and energy. It seems as if Oregon would precede Massachusetts in giving the ballot to woman.

It will cost us \$200,000,000 before the present [Indian] war is ended.—National Republican. Well, who is responsible for it?—Post.



**Remarkable Cure by Dr. J. R. Newton.**

We are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Stanton, No. 18 West 21st street, New York City, wherein she acknowledges herself to have been cured by Dr. Newton of a most distressing malady. The circumstances attending the cure—which was performed without money and without price—are as follows: A few weeks since the lady was attacked in the middle of the night by a severe pain in one of her ears, which rendered her almost frantic. When morning came, she sought an excellent physician of the old school, who made use of instruments, and told her, after the examination, that something was growing over the drum of the ear, which he would endeavor to remove. He could not in the course of a few days do so, and the pain was insufferable.

Urged by some of her friends, the patient visited Dr. Newton, who at once told her (without any conversation about it on her part) of the seat of her trouble, and said she was in great danger of permanent deafness, but that he could restore her. He then gave her a treatment which at once caused the severe pain to cease; a subsequent treatment removed all soreness from the ear, and she has had no further annoyance from it since. She says, in conclusion:

"In the Doctor's cures he particularly states that deafness is one of the most doubtful drangements of the system to cure, for which reason I am the more anxious to speak of my particular case. To be in one instant entirely cured of a pain that had nearly crazed me for days, appears wonderful and worthy of all praise."

**The Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Highland Lake Grove.**

As will be seen by reference to our fifth page, the time has now arrived for the opening of the camp-meeting at this new resort, under management of Drs. H. F. Gardner and A. H. Richardson, whose successes in the manner of out-door gatherings in past years have been many. The place where the meeting is to be held possesses numerous natural advantages of a high order, and the skill of man has added thereto to a surprising degree. The New York and New England Railroad have done all which it is reasonably possible to accomplish in the way of appointments to the Grove, and there is every indication that the meeting will be a grand affair. Parties from a wider extent of country can reach this ground than at any place yet made use of, on account of the connection of divers railroads with the N. Y. & N. E. line, and the almost general reduction of fare on routes leading thither. We wish the enterprise every success.

Honorary Membership of the Society of Spiritist Researcher at Buda-Pesth, of which the Baroness Von Vay is the liberal patroness, has lately been bestowed upon Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mr. J. N. T. Martineau, Mr. Alexander Calder, Mr. Algernon Joy, Miss Lottie Fowler, Miss Kishlingbury, Mr. Christian Reimers and Mr. W. H. Harrison, as an acknowledgment by that society of the services rendered by the above ladies and gentlemen to the cause of Spiritualism. *The Spiritualist, London.*

Epes Sargent, Esq., of Boston, has been chosen an honorary member of the above-named organization. We have received a document appointing us to a like position, and we return to the Society and the Baroness our respectful acknowledgment of this friendly action.

Cora L. V. Tappan has concluded her engagement with the Spiritualist Society which meets at the corner of Green and Washington streets, Chicago, Ill. That her lectures during her presence there have been eloquent in delivery, is the testimony of her hearers, and that the reports thereof have proved to be valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism, we think our readers will vote unanimously. We have yet on file others of her discourses, which we shall print from time to time.

We have been appealed to by several mediums in New York, who regularly hold test and business circles, to give them information as to whether they are in danger—under the ruling of Judge Donohoe, in the case of Annie Eva Fay—of fines or any legal trouble for continuing their seances. We cannot see that such meetings for tests, etc., come in the least within the meaning of the statute—indeed we are of opinion that the Judge has stretched his authority in making the ruling at all.

We are in receipt of No. 2, Vol. I, of The Coöperative Journal of Progress, which is issued by a company of the same name at No. 4 Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky. Of this worthy exponent of the principles of the American Coöperative Union, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, with whose name as a fearless writer and profound thinker our readers are already widely familiar, is editor, and that is enough to bespeak for it a hearty welcome everywhere.

A correspondent writing to the London Medium and Daybreak, from the Island of Jersey, concerning the lectures of J. J. Morse in that locality, remarks: "The British Press, one of the leading papers here, states amongst other things, 'All that need be said is, that from the speaker's standpoint he firmly, and in logical sequences, gave forth his utterances, and, whether agreeing or otherwise, all ought to acknowledge that the spirit and style of the address were admirable.'"

Annie Lord Chamberlain, of Chicago, we regret to say, has found it necessary for some weeks past to rest from her arduous mediumistic labors, and for that purpose has made her home in Northern Michigan. She has now returned to Chicago, but writes us that ill-health still prevents the answering by her of many business and friendly letters received at her office. In view of her illness she asks her correspondents to exercise patience awhile longer.

Several of our spiritualistic friends, who have just returned from the Philadelphia "Exhibition," with one accord pronounce it "fearfully hot" there. They report the mercury at 102-9 in the shade. We advise those who are still there to hurry home to attend our camp-meetings, where they can cool off by the splendid lakes beside which these social and instructive gatherings are soon to be held.

Albert Frost, late agent of the Eddy Brothers of Chittenden, Vt., is connected with the Elm Avenue Hotel, corner of Elm avenue and 41st street, Philadelphia, Pa., where he will heartily welcome any of the Spiritualist friends who may visit the Centennial. He will be pleased to give them all the information they may desire concerning meetings, mediums, &c., in the city.

Dr. Mack, according to reports in the English papers, is doing a very gratifying work at this time in London, healing the sick by the laying on of hands.

On Sunday afternoon, July 9th, Mr. William Seaver (the brother of the editor of the Boston Investigator) was buried from Investigator Hall, and the exercises were appropriate to a Liberal funeral. It was the first occasion of the kind in the Palm Building, and the attendance was very large. Mr. Frank W. Jones, assisted by a number of friends, kindly furnished the singing; Mr. John Davies read in a very superior manner Bryan's celebrated funeral and philosophical poem, entitled "Thanatopsis;" and Mr. Seaver, Mr. Mendum and Mr. Verity offered remarks adapted to the occasion. The casket was decorated with floral tributes, and the last look being given, the remains were conveyed to the hearse and taken for interment to Mount Auburn, where, before they were placed in the receiving tomb, Mr. Seaver said:

"Here, in the peaceful shades of Mount Auburn, surrounded by the quiet and gentle influences of Nature, and where our mother and Henry repose, we leave you, William, in your final resting-place; and even if no marble monument should be erected to your memory, you will have a better and worthier memorial in the loving hearts of those who knew you best. Once more, and for the last time—farewell."

We concur in the following pithy sentences printed editorially by Bro. S. S. Jones in the Religio-Philosophical Journal for July 15th:

"We deeply feel the importance of a united effort in promulgating the great truths which the angel-world is devoting its time and energy to imbue us with. As the soil, sunshine and showers do not produce the desired harvest without human culture, so to insure the rich harvest of spiritual knowledge—the Philosophy of Life—the most positive energies we are capable of bestowing upon the subject will be required as a guarantee of success."

M. Milleson writes: "I speak in Greenfield, Mass., Sunday, July 16th, and will be at the Montague camp-meeting, with my paintings, August 9th. I am here at the home of Dr. J. Beals, and find congenial friends. I desire while I am in this State to do all the good I can, and hope that I may have many opportunities to speak, and illustrate my discourses with spirit-pictures."

A. S. Hayward writes from Philadelphia: "There is a great want of consistency in not allowing citizens to enter the Centennial Buildings on Sundays, and at the same time inviting some of the 'big guns' to visit them—also in employing men to work on the engine and machinery that they may be in a suitable condition to run on Monday."

On another page of this paper may be found an account of a seance recently held in Rochester, N. Y., in presence of Henry B. Allen, familiarly known as the "Allen Boy Medium." We tested his powers, several years ago, under conditions so perfect that not a shadow of doubt subsequently existed in our mind in regard to his mediumship.

Dr. A. H. Richardson has closed his office at 38 Monument Avenue, Charlestown District, for the present, and will devote his energies to the advancement of the camp-meeting about to be inaugurated at Highland Lake Grove. His friends and patients will find him at the grounds till after August 9th.

No. IV. of J. M. Peebles's interesting series concerning his trip to the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs will appear in our next; the same issue will contain an able review of Dr. Hammond's position, from the pen of E. D. Babbitt, D. M.

Dr. Ditson's Review of our foreign monthly Spiritualistic exchanges has been received, and will be published in our forthcoming issue, together with much other original matter of interest to the general reader.

We want many more subscribers to the Banner. Surely Spiritualists, of all people in the world, should scatter broadcast the seeds of truth which are presented in the journals devoted to their cause.

At a seance recently held by Dr. Slade, a message was written inside a double slate (the frames of which were screwed together), the visitor being seated on it at the time. Where's Dr. Hammond?

Read the report of the eighth annual convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association, which will be found on our third page.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. Burns, publisher of "The Medium and Daybreak," London, Eng., is sick and in trouble.

A new edition of RAYLETTE, by P. B. Randolph, is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

Hull's Crucible is now issued regularly each week at 730 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

**Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.**  
Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham will deliver an address at the Lake on Aug. 16th. Mrs. Brigham has been so long before the public that all who read this will endorse the opinion that she is one of the most sincere and persuasive speakers in the field. She will undoubtedly have a large audience.

**Harwich Camp-Meeting.**  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
The Spiritual Camp-Meeting at Nickerson Grove, Harwich, Cape Cod, will commence on Tuesday, July 25th, and close on Monday, July 31st. Excursion tickets good until Aug. 2d. Full particulars soon.  
W. B. KELLY.  
Harwich Port, June 29th, 1876.

The Graphic suggests "extermination" as the true solution of the Indian problem. Why not try justice and fair dealing first?—*Boston Post.*

**Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.**  
J. William Fletcher will be in Stoneham July 18th; at Palm Hall, Boston, July 23d to 30th A. M.  
Susie Willis Fletcher will sail for America the last of July or first of August. Will open rooms for the public investigation of Spiritualism Sept. 1st.  
Henry C. Lull lectured Sunday morning, July 9th, at Investigator Hall, Boston, his subject being the "Human Mind in its relation to natural and spiritual laws."

Dr. Samuel Maxwell, formerly of Chicago, has removed to 222 North 9th street, Philadelphia, where he will receive calls to lecture and attend funerals within reach. Will also receive the sick, and treat them, with the aid of the healing hands of his wife.

Capt. H. H. Brown has located at Rockford, Ill., where he will speak every Sunday, at Grand Army Hall, till September 1st. Will be pleased to receive calls for week evening discourses and to lecture before out-of-door gatherings. Address him Box 1028, Rockford, Ill.

J. M. Peebles is speaking in Philadelphia. His address till first of September is Hammon, Atlantic County, New Jersey.

**Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:**

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.  
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zolistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.  
THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science. London, Eng. Price 5 cents.  
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 6 cents.  
THE LITTLE HOSTLER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.  
THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Issued fortnightly at Chicago, Ill. E. W. Wilson, editor. Price 5 cents.  
THE CRUCIBLE. Published in Boston. Price 5 cents.  
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents.  
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents.

**Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.**  
ROCHESTER HALL.—The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. John Raymond, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.  
RAYMOND HALL.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 172 North Street, (near Court Street), Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The exercises consist of speaking and tests by different mediums. Admission free.

**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, *Agate*, each insertion.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**—Thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 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.**—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by lock of hair. And thousands have been cured with vegetable remedies, magnetized and prescribed by her Medical Band.

Diagnosis by Letter. Enclose Lock of Patient's Hair and \$1.00. Give Age and Sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

Specimens for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address: C. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. Take Grove Hall and Dorchester horse cars. My 13.13w\*

**Tonic.**

Every one, at times, feels the necessity of some restorative of the vital powers, depressed by mental or bodily exhaustion. In such conditions, not every one, instead of flying to the alcoholic or medicinal stimulants, which must be followed by depression equal to their excitement, reinvigorates his deranged system by the natural tonic elements of the PERUVIAN SYRUP. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Heating and Developing, office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Jy15.4w\*

Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy1.

Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. P. 19.

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. J.1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 301 Sixth st., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Jy24.-4w\*

**Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.**—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to over-estimate the benefits resulting from the use of Campbell's Royal Food, the new diet for children and invalids. 2w-July 8.

**DEAFNESS RELIEVED.** No medicine. Book free. G. J. WOOD, No. 3 Cross-st., Madison, Ind. June 3.—4w\*

**NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.**  
J. J. MOISE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring for sale the Banner of Light and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, may address him at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

**PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.**  
DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 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 at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual Meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RHODES.

**HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT.**  
A. ROSE, 58 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**ROCHESTER (N. Y.) BOOK DEPOT.**  
WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

**ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.**  
D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

**CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.**  
LEES & HAZARD, 15 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., have for sale the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale by Colby & Rich.

**ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.**  
MRS. M. J. LEAGAN, 62 North 6th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.**  
A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. If—Nov. 1.

**ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.**  
B. T. C. LEAGAN, 62 North 6th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.**  
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1000 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT.**  
At No. 319 Broadway street (stairs) may be found on sale the Banner of Light, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also, "The Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual Meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RHODES.

**AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.**  
And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 44 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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**ANNUAL CAMP MEETING**

OF THE  
Liberal Spiritualists of New England

Will be held at HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE, Norfolk, Mass., commencing July 15th and closing August 10th, 1876.  
All who believe in Liberty, (not anarchy,) Equality and FRATERNITY, are invited to join us. This Grove, of over fifty acres, with its spacious buildings for speaking, dancing and bowling, has no equal in New England. Good board for board or meat, may be obtained on the ground at reasonable rates.

As far as practicable, these intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp equipments. Tents may be secured on the ground by letter or in person to DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, Mass. The most prominent Spiritualist and Liberal lecturers will address the meetings. The following are the lecturers. Among those already engaged are Professor DENTON and Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, who will speak on Sunday, July 23d, and on Monday, July 24th. FRANK S. HARLOW, who has been engaged to furnish the music. Several of our most prominent Business, Test and Healing Mediums will attend this Camp Meeting.

**TRAINS.**  
Leave Boston and way-stations for the Grove daily at 7 and 11:15 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. From Norwalk, Williamette, Putnam, and way-stations passengers will take the daily morning train. From Providence and Worcester and all way-stations on the Providence and Worcester Railroad take the morning train for the Grove direct. From New Bedford, Falmouth, Lowell, Fitchburg and way-stations the morning train will leave at 7 A. M. and 11:15 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Tickets good from July 10th to August 9th inclusive, from all points on the above routes, at greatly reduced rates, may be obtained at the railroad stations.

**SPECIAL TRAINS.**  
On Tuesday, July 25th and Aug. 1st, and Fridays, July 28th and Aug. 4th, Special Platte Days, a special train will leave Boston at 9 A. M. Returning leave the Grove at 12:30 P. M. and 5:30 P. M., stopping at way stations, thus giving all who desire an opportunity to enjoy an evening in camp, and attend the speaking, dancing, etc.

**SPECIAL SUNDAY TRAINS.**  
Sundays, July 23d, 30th and Aug. 6th, trains leave Boston at 12:30 P. M., stopping at all stations, P. M. Express 12:45 stopping at all stations. Returning, leave Grove at 5:30 P. M. From Putnam, Conn., a special train will leave at 6:30 A. M., stopping at way stations when signalled, returning will leave Grove at 5:30 P. M. An admission fee will be charged to all persons entering the Grove on Special Platte Days and Sundays, except those holding tickets. Extra charges for refreshments. For particulars in regard to trains, fares, etc., see R. R. posters in all stations on the above routes.  
H. F. GARDNER, Manager.  
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TEST and Developing Medium. Sittings, \$1. Seances every Thursday afternoon. Hours 11 to 12. 25 Sawyer street, from Monday to Friday. July 15.

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Private office every evening at 8 and Sundays at 3 o'clock. Advice and healing the sick from 8 to 12 A. M. Written communications on receipt of \$1 and photograph. Address: SPIRITUAL CONGRESS, 1201 Calhoun street, Philadelphia, Pa. 2w—July 15.

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**PROF. LISTER, ASTROLOGER,** 319 Sixth avenue, 44 years' practice, 27 in Boston. Send for a Circular. Address all letters P. O. Box 423, New York. July 1.—1st

**MRS. A. J. JOHNSON, Magnetic Physician.** Address: 111 West 27th street, New York. Office hours from 2 to 6 P. M. 4w—June 24.

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Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature, and embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit-World, by Thomas Faloe, through the hand of H. G. W. Medium.  
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Treats on Diet, its Influence upon Civilization, Effects of certain articles of Food in use among civilized and savage nations, and of certain Beverages and Stimulants in common use among the American People; "The Social Evil"—Remedies for it, etc. Price 2 cents, postage free.

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