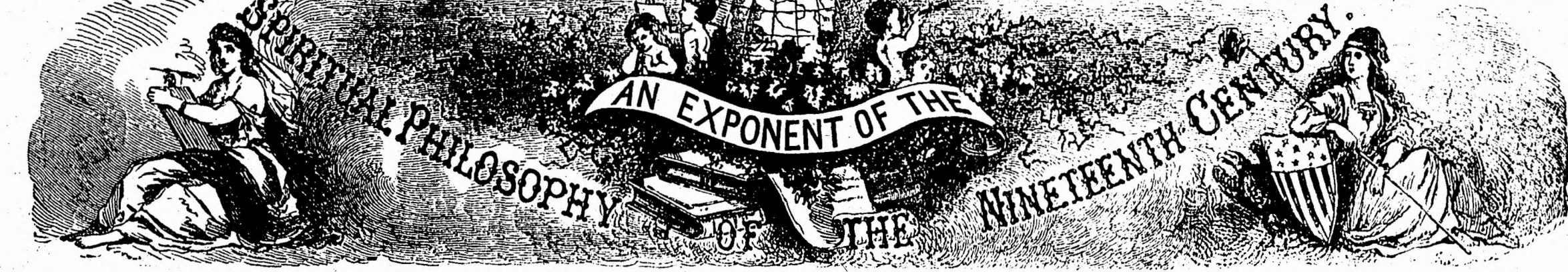


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Free Thought.

### CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Government surrenders its Judiciary. Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the Doctors of Medicine, to compel the People to Submit to their Malpractice and Extortion, under Pain of Fine and Imprisonment.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

#### PART VIII.

Lest some reader may suppose that the remarks I have made concerning the regular M.D.'s' medical practice are too severe, I will here introduce a little testimony bearing on the point, that is derived from sources that seldom fail to convict, viz., a confession of guilt by the parties it is charged upon.

Dr. Jamieson, of Edinburgh, affirms that the present practice of medicine is a reproach to the name of science, while its professors give evidence of an almost total want of true knowledge of the nature and proper treatment of disease.

"Nine times out of ten (says he) our mis-called remedies are absolutely injurious to our patients suffering under disease, of whose real character and cause we are culpably ignorant."

"Nine times out of ten" weigh those words well, doctor-ridden readers! For nine times out of ten, according to this distinguished physician of the old school of medicine, the money you pay your doctor is for "mis-called remedies" that are "absolutely injurious" to the health of the patient!

Again: Dr. Ramage, a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, in London, the highest medical authority known to the British schools, says: "It cannot be denied that the present system of medicine is a burning reproach to its professors. If indeed a series of vague and uncertain incongruities deserve to be called by that name."

"How rarely do our medicines do good! How often do they make our patients really worse! I fearlessly (the italics are mine) assert that in most cases the sufferer would be safer without a physician than with one. I have seen enough of the malpractice of my professional brethren to warrant the strong language I employ."

Three cheers for honest Doctor Ramage, whose love of truth thus compels him to expose the malpractice of his professional brethren in burning words which for that reason alone would lose their force if pronounced by outside commentators of the murderous practices of the Faculty.

In one of his lectures, Professor James Gregory is reported to have said: "Gentlemen, ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are for the most part staring nonsense." Three times three for Professor Gregory, the head champion in the list thus far. Only think, ye doctor-sticking gentlemen, one medical fact only proclaimed in the schools for every ninety-nine lies!

In one of his lectures, Dr. Campbell, physician-in-chief to the Pennsylvania Hospital, said: "Nature, Nature cures disease, gentlemen. Never forget that. When you get into practice and begin to prescribe largely, you will begin to overlook that fact, and to think that you, yourselves, and your medicines, cure. As soon as you do so, you begin to kill." Hoora! Hoora! The American Eagle clear ahead of both the Scotch Thistle and the English Lion, as it ever should be! Three times three and encore for Campbell, for thus hitting the medical nail so telling a blow plump on its head.

Only to think of it, "The very moment the doctor begins to give his medicines that moment he begins to kill."

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! for good truth-loving Dr. Campbell, "Physician-in-Chief" of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, the most renowned in America, for neither the writer of this, nor any other quack, to his knowledge, has ever ventured to charge quite so much truth against the profession as Dr. Campbell, standing as he does a head and shoulders higher in medical experience above his fellows, has done.

The foregoing sayings and confessions of some of the most distinguished physicians were compiled and published some years ago by D. C. Dake, M. D., with the remark that "he could fill every column of a newspaper with like testimony."

Here follows another equally convincing proof of the ignorance and intolerable impudence of the medical faculty, to which I might add scores of others of equal force:

An American student in Paris sends to the Medical Gazette the following report of the opening of a lecture by Magendie, the celebrated French physician and physiologist:

"Gentlemen, Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not Christians. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who

does know anything about it. Do not think for a moment that I have not read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, another such materia medica—*Zik bien! et apres!* What's the school about all that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier (God knows it was famous enough in its day) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary, and the doctors educated there knew just as much and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we can alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly, too, as we are approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease.

We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, Nature does a great deal; imagination does a good deal; doctors do a devilish little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one I followed the dispensary, and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, telling them know anything about it. . . . and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would feel a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged . . . *les timbales!*) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but Nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was a little mortality among those who received both bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

It is now some forty years since, that I chanced to be thrown frequently in company, at a watering-place, with three of the most distinguished physicians in North America, viz., Dr. Fung, of Quebec, who stood at the head of the profession in Canada, Dr. James, who stood at its head in Albany, and Dr. Francis, who stood at its head in New York. All were old, experienced and highly successful physicians in a pecuniary sense, at least, and all had retired from business. At the time, I associated with these distinguished men on friendly and easy terms. They were candid and truthful men, and one day I took the liberty to ask that they would individually tell me whether they thought human life or health was prolonged or protracted by the practice of medicine, or not? They each and all answered me deliberately, to the full and entire effect that though there were many experienced physicians who did do good, there were others who did harm, and that as a whole the profession might be wholly dispensed with without detracting from the average health and longevity of the human race.

And yet this is the fraternity that, with intolerable impudence, are now seeking, and in New York and elsewhere have succeeded in obtaining legislative enactments to compel the so-called free citizens of this country to swallow *ad infinitum* their poisonous drugs and nostrums, and to exclude from medical practice under severe penalties the angel-assisted physicians who have with-in the last quarter of a century been raised up and commissioned from on high to work in the cause of humanity, and whose real cause can be numbered by thousands to the one of those who persecute them."

The editor of the Religious Herald lets in a little light as to the manner of obtaining medical diplomas at the North, such as in New York places power in the hands of their purchasers to consign to prison all practitioners who have not the will or spare means to pay for a license to kill patients and fine and imprison Quacks! Says the Herald: "Only this very day, a medical student informed me that a college North had guaranteed him a diploma as Doctor of Medicine, upon condition that he would matriculate and pay sixty dollars. The Faculty would not require him even to attend the lectures; and as for examination questions, they would send them by letter, thus allowing him to consult his books or his friends to secure the proper answers. This is not a rare occurrence."

As if an echo to the above, says the editor of the New York Tribune: "The great mass of sick people are left to the treatment, as an eminent physician stated lately, of incompetent and ignorant young practitioners who go into the business solely to make money, who gain diplomas without study, and do or cut thereafter with as little true love for their noble profession as though they were butchers at work on a carcass, or tailors patching a coat."

I know several retired physicians who bear like testimony in regard to their profession as well as borne by these three distinguished doctors; but it may be worthy of remark that I cannot recall but two instances to my memory wherein I have personally known diplomated doctors of medicine to denounce the malpractice incident to the Faculty while they themselves were in actual practice, and I take pride in stating that both of these bore the same surname as myself.

I know of the one confessing that he had, in years past, through ignorance intensified by education, innocently caused the death of a hundred (or hundreds) of patients, by blood-letting and kindred malpractices—while the other, on occasion of a lecture, said:

"I have just received a letter from Dr. Benjamin Brant of New York, who writes:

"It is the United States Society of Allopaths who are endeavoring to obtain legislation to secure the monopoly of curing (?) or killing this people. There is a strong body of medical men opposing them—the Eclectics, the outgrowth of the Botanical doctors."

These Eclectics have number in the United States over eight thousand. They do not use mercury in any form, nor opium, nor tartar emetic, nor acetic. In fact the rule is to use no poisonous remedies whatever. I think this body of medical men will materially help to prevent serious legislation in favor of the Regulars, otherwise Allopaths. There Eclectics are everywhere; they are very economical in their habits, are becoming well educated and are vastly more efficient than the old school doctors, and in some locations have the greatest patronage. They are on the better road in their using no poisonous drugs than the public gain a great advantage, and after a time they will as a body perceive the advantage of purgation as the sheet anchor of eclectics. The Eclectics also abjure bleeding and leeches."

(I will just add in parenthesis in this connection that I never saw Dr. Brant but once. Nor did I ever derive either directly or indirectly, a thing's pecuniary benefit from his business in any way or at any time in my life. This I say to meet the objections of cavillers whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated and expanded to comprehend how men can act from other than selfish motives.)

ston of being solicited to assist in a society movement to put down quacks, indignantly exclaimed, "Why, all the knowledge of medicine we possess has been obtained from quacks!"

Said Byron, "Discover what will destroy life, and you are a great man—what will prolong it, and you are an impostor."

And so Goethe's Dr. "Faust":

"These are our health drugs that the careless countain 'Mid these green woods a three bright mountain lake. Worse than the very plague we have found. I have my self to thousands poison given. And heard their wailing wailed as they lay by heaven, Because with Nature strife he waged."

And so Napoleon, who shared with the Great Frederick of Prussia in his contempt for the medical schools, said to one of his own physicians, "Believe me, we had better leave off all of these remedies. Life is a fortress which neither you nor I know anything about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defence? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratories. Cautious (M. D.) candidly agreed with me that all your filthy mixtures are good for nothing. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, and cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopoeia."

In the year 1840 Samuel Dickson, M. D., delivered in London his ten world-wide, famed lectures, which were printed under the title of "Fallacies of the Faculty," from which I make the following pithy extracts: "So far as my experience of medical matters goes, few people in these times are permitted to die of disease. The orthodox fashion is to die of the doctor. As for the schools, at this very moment the whole regime of medical teaching is a system of humbug, collusion and trick."

Again, quoting Lord Bacon, "The studies of men in such places are confined and pinned down to the writings of certain authors, from which, if any man happens to differ, he is presently regarded as a disturber and an innovator."

"Every man who has by any way improved the practice of physic, has had to repent it. Harvey lost his business by discovering the circulation of the blood; Lady Mary Wortley Montague suffered in her reputation for introducing the small-pox inoculation; and Jenner, for a still greater improvement of the vaccine."

The D. D. joined in the cry against Jenner, declaring him to be the anti-Christ of Scripture, with some show of reason. I must be confessed, if indeed it be true, as is now alleged by many spirits of men in and out of the form, that both vaccination and inoculation so far from being benefits are really curses to mankind, inasmuch as the small-pox toxin in the natural way, is readily curable and proper treatment, whilst both kinds and small-pox, introduced by the usual process, convey into the system together with the virus other poisonous elements highly destructive of health and life.

Be this as it may, the treatment accorded both to Jenner and Mrs. Montague show, nevertheless, the evil animus of the Faculty just as significantly as if both discoveries were of the greatest utility. By-the-by, it would seem that the cow or kine pox was known before Jenner's time to be a prevention to the small-pox by the peasantry of Gloucestershire (where Jenner lived) when taken during the process of milking, but, says Dickson, "the wise doctors only looked upon it as a popular superstition," just as they now do on the "natural bone-setters," who are said to abound in England, and many other parts of Europe, although they are recognized only by that class of people who we are told in Scripture received the beneficent teachings of Jesus "physically."

Dr. Dickson remarks that he will not speak of Dr. Baillie's language during the years that superintending physician was in practice in London, but that after he retired to his country seat in Gloucestershire "he without the slightest hesitation declared that he had no faith in physic whatever!"

"Locke, Smollet, Goldsmith (all three physicians) held their art in contempt. Swift, Temple, Hume, Adam Smith—to say nothing of Byron, Hazlet and other contemporaries—were equally severe on its professors. Byron indeed anthematized it as the 'destructive art of healing.'"

"Dr. James Gregory, a man accomplished in all the science and literature of his time, was for many years the leading physician of Edinburgh; but he nevertheless held his profession in contempt," and "scrupled not to declare in his classroom, 'that ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts were so many medical lies, and that medical doctrines were for the most part little better than stark, staring nonsense.'"

"The rich patient (says the astute author of Lacon) cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician does the rich patient; and it is rather paradoxical, that the rapid recovery of the one usually depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other. Some persons will tell you, with an air of the marvellous, that they recovered although they were given over; when they might with more reason have said they recovered because they were given over."

"Says Adam Smith, the author of Wealth of Nations, 'The great success of quacks in England has been altogether owing to the real quackery of the regular physicians.'"

"Before the time of Francis the First, surgeons stanch the blood of arteries when they amputated a limb by application of boiling pitch to the surface of the stump. Ambrose Baré, principal surgeon to that King, introduced the ligature as a substitute—he first tied the arteries. Mary, the reward of Ambrose Baré, was hanged and hanged down by the Faculty of Physic, who ridiculed the idea of hanging human life upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test of centuries. In vain he pleaded the agony of the old application; in vain he showed the success of the ligature. Corporations, colleges or coteries of whatever kind, seldom forgive merit in an adversary; they continued to persecute him with the most remorseless rancor; but Baré had a spirit to despise, and a master to protect him against all the efforts of their malice."

"Could you only see, as I have seen," says Dr. Dickson to his students, "the farce of a medical consultation, I think you would agree with me that the impersonation of physick, like the picture of Garriek, might be best painted with comedy on one side and tragedy on the other."

An honest Quaker of the profession, who being very ill, had three doctors to attend him—Dr. Abernethy, Dr. Blundell and a physician whose name I forget. Each had his own notion of the disease; i. e. last mentioned having put a stethoscope to the chest at once declared the heart to be the seat of mischief. Dr. Abernethy, on the contrary, muttered something about the stomach and digestive organs, while Dr. Blundell, in the true spirit of a man mild-wise, decided that the patient was only 'hysterical.'

"Now the patient, though a Quaker, was a

humorist; so he ordered in his will, that when his body should be opened after death, his digestive organs should be presented to Dr. Abernethy, his heart to the stethoscope physician, and to Dr. Blundell his womb, if he could find one." Satirical Quaker, that!

[To be continued.]

## MEDIUMS VS. UTERO-MANIACS.

BY W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me through the columns of your paper, as a Gynecologist, to enter an emphatic protest against Prof. Frederic Marvin's suggestion that all mediums (males?) should be treated as utero-maniacs. To me it seems that the professor hazards his dignity as a member of the faculty of the New York Female Medical College, by his bombast and reckless superficiality. As a specialist in medical and surgical science, I have had over thirty-five years' experience and research in treating uterine diseases, and for the past twenty-two years have been the superintending physician and operating surgeon in a hospital established for treating exclusively pelvic diseases of females, and with the knowledge thus acquired, I feel warranted in saying that Prof. Marvin has not the slightest ground for his suggestion that female mediums are uterine invalids, or should be treated as utero-maniacs.

In my position as physician and surgeon, with extensive visiting, consulting and hospital practice, I am yet to see the first uterine invalid that has given the slightest expression of mediumistic powers. I see, I may well say, hundreds of this class of invalids annually, and presenting all the different phases of this type of invalidism. I am also familiar with all the various reflex disturbances caused by these diseases upon the organic domain, and have especially watched its reaction and play upon the nerves and mental system of the patient. I have seen it expressed in apprehensive nervousness, wakeful nervousness, hysteria, epileptic hysteria, epilepsy in its most direct expression—mania, in the morbid mind, the harmless, smirking, semi-conscious lunatic, the gibbering mad-woman, the frenzied fiend in the straight jacket, the nymphomania with her fever of sexual passion, and the despondent whose life terminated in suicide.

All these reflex conditions, I repeat, I am familiar with, and that such lamentable conditions as have been enumerated may arise by reaction, through the sympathetic system of nerves from disease of the uterus, and its appendages, is proven from the fact that when the disease is obliterated these reflex disturbances cease, and the patient is restored physically and mentally. And here let me repeat it, I have never seen a case where the slightest indication of mediumship, mental or physical, cropped out in the thousand and one reflex manifestations of the diseases considered. On the contrary, from my experience, to find mediums among uterine invalids, so far from being the rule, is the exception.

And again, allow me to give an airing to my egotism, by saying I fancy that I know something of spirit manifestations, and would be likely to recognize them should they give a medium of expression. Almost a quarter of a century ago (twenty-four years) I was one of a committee appointed by a Scientific Association, of which I was a member, to investigate and report to the Association the phenomena, and if possible the philosophy, of these modern miracles. The majority of the members took the ground that we might as well deny all human testimony as deny the existence of strange and marvelous demonstrations in spirit circles, and as no effect exists without a producing cause, there must be in these matters a why and wherefore. In the course of my investigations then and since, I have seen almost every known law in terrestrial physics set one side in the results denominated spirit manifestations, and without arguing the cause, I must acknowledge the effects, and think myself capable of judging whether uterine invalids and spirit mediums are identical.

In conclusion, allow me to throw down the gauntlet to Prof. Marvin, and say I am willing to publicly discuss with him, through the press or otherwise, the merits of his suggestion or proposition, that "all mediums should be treated as utero-maniacs." And lest he should feel that his professional dignity would be compromised by accepting the challenge, I will say that my position in the allopathic school as a practitioner and surgeon is legitimate in theory and practice. Waterford, Me.

## A Sin to Check Thinking.

Says W. H. H. Murray: "It is unwise, therefore, to check human thinking. It is not only unwise, it is a sin to check it. So far as I can voice the feeling of the churches, I would cheer it on. I plant this church, according to the manner of my ability and the quality of the inspiration given me, not upon the human mind as stationary, but upon the human mind in motion. I would not anchor it to any one position. Anchors we have; but they are kept on deck, and kept for emergencies of tempest. Sails we have; and these, and not anchors, shall be our symbols. Give me your minds, then, and let me weave them into sails, until this ship of ours, from deck to topmast, is sheathed with canvas, upon which the winds of God may blow and fill them with their invisible pressure, that it may be wafted forward into the future as upon the surface of a sea whose waves find no shore on which to break, until they crest themselves in music upon the end of time."

During a strong north wind at Virginia City after sunset the other evening, the summit of the mountain presented a very singular and beautiful appearance, the air currents whirling about the peak raising high into the air a long spiral streamer of snow, which, being lit up by the rays of the sun, had the appearance of a column of fire, making it difficult to believe that the mountain was not in a state of eruption.

## Original Essays.

### WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Presumptuous as I may appear to be in undertaking to define a term which has been so long and extensively used as that of *Spiritualism*, I find myself compelled to do so in order to be understood in treating of the subject which it designates. *Spiritualism*, according to Webster and other authorities, is "The doctrine in opposition to the Materialists, that all which exists is spirit or soul—that what is called the external world is either a succession of notions impressed on the mind by Deity, as maintained by Berkeley, or else the mere eluct of the mind itself as taught by Fichte." *Spiritualism*, according to the encyclopedists, is, "That hypothesis in philosophy according to which, 1. Everything is spirit; 2. The physical proceeds from the spiritual, and can be explained from it; 3. The human soul, in particular, is opposed to matter, or the physical phenomena can be explained from the soul." Such, prior to the dawn of Modern *Spiritualism*, was the limitation of the meaning of that misused term. *Spiritualism* was then used to designate a metaphysical doctrine or philosophical hypothesis. It no longer admits of such limitation, and barely admits of such application.

The word *Spiritualism*, as used and understood at this time, signifies no special doctrine or hypothesis, but is infinitely more comprehensive in its meaning. It signifies no particular scientific or philosophical theory, and no distinct theological system or form of religious belief. What, then, is its actual signification?

*Spiritualism* is that which relates to that class of natural phenomena which admits of no rational explanation as to their causation, other than the will and power of spirit intelligence exerted in their production.

If I am right in thus defining *Spiritualism*, then it is a subject eminently demanding positive, rather than speculative treatment. It is a branch of natural science, the truths of which can be reached only by patient, persistent and unprejudiced observation. These truths, like all other truths which constitute the aggregate of human knowledge, are within the reach of all who possess ordinary intelligence, and who desire to learn and are willing to seek them. They depend not on the opinions and practices of any class of persons who assume to expound and apply them, but are inherently the common reward of all who, with pure hearts and untrammelled minds, faithfully seek them.

I have been led into this train of reflection by the growing tendency of writers on *Spiritualism* to speculate, theorize and dogmatize in matters about the prime causes of which they can at most know but little. Not content to investigate, observe and weigh the accumulating facts of *Spiritualism*, and trust to time and experience to solve every problem these facts present, a host of would-be leaders, teachers and hierarchs crowd forward, proclaiming his, her or their right to direct the spiritual movement, and restrict its beneficent influence.

Scarcely has a quarter of a century elapsed since the first recognized communication from the world of earth-born spirits came unheralded and mockingly through the tiny rap to astound the people of the world; and yet, from this humble beginning, the spirit-power therein exemplified has grown and spread until the remotest bounds of earth have felt and recognized that power. And yet with this evidence of the Divine mission and authority of the spirit world, we see weak, ignorant, selfish and presumptuous persons ready to usurp that authority, and assume prerogatives on spiritual things which can alone rightly belong to infinitely superior spiritual beings. What do we know, what can we know of the future spirit-life, except as it can be demonstrated to us by the departed spirits, who once, like ourselves, were the inhabitants of earth, in physical bodies? Those departed spirits, emancipated from the selfish and debasing desires of an earthly life, refined, purified and exalted by conditions unknown to our present physical existence, return to the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage to manifest themselves to us who are journeying along the way they once passed over, and to impart to us the knowledge which their more mature experience affords. Do I beg the question when I say these spirit-friends return to direct us on the way of the eternal human life? If so, then is there an end of Modern *Spiritualism*, and some other term must be applied to designate the occurrences which have been called spiritual phenomena. If those phenomena are the result of other causes than the exertion of the will and power of earth-born spirit intelligences, then there is no ground on which to base Modern *Spiritualism*, and the term *Spiritualist* will not apply to those who so believe.

Who, then, are *Spiritualists*? Who are entitled to speak for *Spiritualism*, as being convinced of its truth? Certainly not those who, with the profession of faith in that truth on their lips, are laboring to prove that what are termed spiritual phenomena are not the work of supermundane spirit intelligence and power, wrought independently of mundane will, but the result of mundane psychic forces. Especially does the *Spiritualist* not apply to those who, inverting the order of nature, would subordinate supermundane knowledge and power to mundane, the open submundane control. As well might call and avowed enemies of Modern *Spiritualism* call themselves *Spiritualists*, as may those who, claiming to be *Spiritualists*, refuse to recognize in the ordinary manifestations of spirit presence



and intelligence the spirit beings who thus come to us.

The time has come when there must be a thorough winnowing of the accumulated mass of facts and theories which Modern Spiritualism has developed. The wheat must be separated from the chaff, and the result of the harvest realized, or a new sowing of that seed will be impracticable. As Spiritualism exists today, it is so enveloped in the chaff of theories and speculation that its golden grain is hardly perceptible, and does not avail to satisfy the famishing souls who crave its nourishment.

What, then, is the part of true wisdom? It is not to dogmatize, to dictate or speculate in spiritual matters. This has been the disastrous policy of mankind in the past, and to adhere to it now would be to repeat the fatal error into which superstitions fear and selfish ignorance betrayed the human race. Rather let us divest ourselves of every prejudice that prestige or custom has produced; let us place ourselves in the warning and vivifying rays of that light which, through the rifted clouds of earth proud ignorance, has at length reached us from the spirit world; let us watch, wait, observe and weigh each fact as it occurs, and when thoroughly imbued with the essence of that spiritual light, our actions, not our words, will teach the truths we have received. Mankind thus spiritualized will realize that the blessings of heaven may be enjoyed on earth; that no void separates the residence of angels and blessed spirits from our own; and that by the joint aspirations of the spirit world and of earth's inhabitants every cloud that has separated the two spheres of human existence will be dispelled.

Gratitude, eternal gratitude to God and his angel messengers for the tidings of great joy which Modern Spiritualism has brought to earth's children; all honor to their humble instruments, the honest, faithful and patient mediums who have devoted themselves to the work of demonstrating the Divine mission of their controlling guides; deep, heartfelt sympathy with all disinterested laborers for the propagation of spiritual truth, are the sentiments of

Yours fraternally,  
Burlington, N. J. J. M. ROBERTS.

## THE ELEMENT OF FEAR.

BY W. S. BELL.

"The eye of the blindfolded  
That fears a phantom devil."

Fear inspires man with religious sentiments, and manhood delivers him from his fears, and consequently, from his religion. In his savage state man worships, if he worships at all, fishes—storms, rivers, animals, and many other objects. He is naturally led to worship these because he fears their destructive character. His life is in danger, and he instinctively seeks to avert the peril, and gain safety—salvation. This element of fear may be found in all religions, from the lowest to the highest. We shall find it a power not only with the Pagan worshiper, but also a central force in the Jewish and Christian religions.

The Old Testament, which represents the sentiments of the Jews, displays all through it the common feeling of dread—the dread of an angry God. Jehovah was emphatically a God to be feared. He was swift to destroy his enemies, whether they were of the seed of Abraham or not. We read all through the sacred books of the anger of the Lord, the wrath of the Lord, the vengeance of the Lord. He destroys multitudes of innocent men, women and children, and is only appeased by sacrifices. He must have constant sacrifice. Christianity is but a modification of Judaism, and we find at its very core the motor power of fear. The Christian Devil is also an angry God. He permitted the Devil to destroy the peace and purity of the race; he must then be appeased, and nothing can satisfy his rage but the death of his son; but even with this atonement he will only accept a small portion of his children. He has provided a hell of eternal torments for the great majority of his creatures. He has appointed a Judgment Day, when he will accept the few who are chosen, and doom the millions to despair. Infants are to suffer the same eternal misery. Believe or be damned, is the essence of despair. "What is there for the soul if you do not accept me?" says religion.

Thornton has somewhere remarked, "The mass of mankind lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation." Another primary element of religion is ignorance. Most of mankind never pass beyond the limits of childish thoughts. They are born with predilections toward certain forms of thought; to these hereditary tendencies is added instruction concerning a few crude dogmas. In such a state man is simply helpless, and his very helplessness will incline him toward doctrines which inspire terror. The churches which appeal most forcibly to the passion of fear are the Catholic and Methodist, and in these denominations we find the greatest number of illiterate. Ignorance is the mother of devotion. It is not to the shame of these ecclesiastical organizations that they gather into their ranks the poor and ignorant, but it is to their shame that they seek to keep them in ignorance. To make progress is to walk out of the church. This is true of all churches.

Another source of power, closely associated with ignorance, is conscious helplessness. The fetish-worshiper felt himself helpless before the winds, storms, volcanoes, and other forces of Nature which threatened his life. Hence he endeavored to placate them by certain offerings and ceremonies. This elementary form of religion became definite among polytheists. Says Gote, in his history of Greece, "The minds of men were prone to the belief that what they were suffering arose from the displeasure of some of the gods, and as they found that the ordinary sacrifices and worship were insufficient for their protection, so they grasped at new suggestions proposed to them, with a view of regaining Divine favor."

Josephus speaks of the Jews much in the same manner: "They also endeavor to move the Gods—as they would the vilest men, by gifts and presents, as looking for nothing else than to receive some great mischief from them unless they pay them such wages." And this spirit of propitiating and of buying up the favor of God is still cherished by multitudes of comparatively intelligent people. A very large portion of the religious service of Christians is nothing less than an effort to placate an angry God. Verily, in its general use, is but little else than seeking to please God, and thereby find relief for its pent-up emotions.

The religious observance of Sunday and Thanksgiving Days is characterized by praise—an attempt to please. Our Fast Days spring from our conscious helplessness when evil or

misfortune of some kind has overtaken us. When war threatens or defeats us, when financial panics and crashes come, then we have Fast Days, and try to avert the vengeance of an offended God!

In consequence of the hard times revivals are now springing up in the great cities of the country. We have seen the same thing occur in times past, when there has been similar depression in trade.

In whatever order we may choose to place these elements, we shall always find that ignorance, helplessness and fear are the chief motives which lead men to observe religious worship.

Manhood is the attainment of knowledge and self-helpfulness, and the power and disposition to aid others.

## IS SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Is Spiritualism the religion of prophecy, or are we to look for another? That is to say, does Spiritualism so answer the demands of pure reason, so respond to the most exalted emotion, so minister to the natural affections, as to constitute it a virtual fulfillment of the prediction of a time when "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," will receive the universal assent of mankind? In brief, is Spiritualism a religion in any sense of the term? or is it (as is claimed by some) merely a newly-discovered branch of modern science?

This question has pressed itself upon me of late with increased force, because I learn from a letter recently received from London, that Dr. Sexton, in a public meeting called by the society which attends upon his weekly ministrations at "The Cavendish Rooms," said substantially, among other things, "That Spiritualism had done all it could do for him, it having merely been a bridge from Secularism to Christianity—a bridge over which he had been a long time crossing, but which he was now fairly over, nor did he halt in Unitarianism, that dead and unfruitful faith, if it could be called one. No," said the doctor, "I shall not mince matters at all, for I believe Jesus Christ to be the Eternal God," &c., &c.

Now Dr. Sexton has the reputation of being a sound scholar, as the world estimates scholarship, is himself a medium for spiritual phenomena, as are other members of his family, and has been a public teacher and advocate thereof, both by pen and platform, of more than common eloquence and power. And yet this scholar, this medium, makes public professions that he finds in the modern facts and principles revealed by the spiritual world nothing but a bridge which conveys him from the realm of personal intercourse and lands him at the feet of history, with a conclusion which seems to me at best to be but a scholastic commentary on history. But while conceding the perfect right of Dr. Sexton to follow the dictates of his own judgment and conscience in this matter, let us consider briefly the question which it raises. But first, what is religion? The term is used in a variety of senses, and in the last analysis it represents two ideas, viz.: faith in the unseen and spiritual, together with the natural emotions which that faith excites, and the theology, or word-form, whereby that faith and these emotions express themselves. Thus, like man himself, his religion may be said to have a body and a soul:—In this sense we use the term Jewish religion, &c., &c., and now in a like sense let us consider whether Spiritualism has any claim to be considered a religion. Certainly it has a theology—a body—as distinctive as that which separates Calvinism from Methodism, or Trinitarianism from Unitarianism. For example: According to Orthodox theology sin is a debt which another may pay. In Spiritual theology it is a blunder demanding personal rectification. With respect to the other life, two fixed conditions are affirmed by the one, while eternal progress is asserted by the other. Orthodoxy declares that revelation and inspiration—intercourse of every kind with the spiritual world—ceased with the apostolic age. Modern Spiritualism in very many instances signifies the living presence of these blessed realities.

Without further illustration these examples are sufficient to show that Spiritualism has a theology at least; a theology which rests on personal experience and observation of spiritual facts and principles; a theology as demonstrative as the foundation upon which it rests. And this is the body (so to speak) of the religion of Spiritualism. And it is a sound body, and soundness of body is always the necessary accompaniment of a healthy spirit; for the spirit, or emotional, or devotional, side of religion will be symmetrical or deformed, rational or irrational, in harmony with the theology or body in which it dwells. Now, it seems to me that those who deny the religious nature of Spiritualism, fail to perceive this inevitable correspondence between the duality of form and spirit, which constitutes the very existence of religion as a recognizable fact. Thus, the objector, seeing, for example, that Spiritualists sit dry-eyed while "the atoning blood" is mingled with the eloquence which flows from the orthodox pulpit, and stirs the believer's heart with emotions which find their expression in grateful tears, forgetting that there is no vicarious blood redemption in their theology, at once jumps to the conclusion that there is nothing in Spiritualism suggestive of the emotion of gratitude, thankfulness, prayer or praise. True, doubtless, there are many in whom these emotions are in abeyance; but it is the nature of Spiritualism and not the character of Spiritualists which is under consideration, and it seems to me that Spiritualism, by its revelation of facts and principles, is entitled not only to be called a religion, but what is infinitely better, the religion which, like the mathematics, is to find universal acceptance wherever it is understood. It has a character of universality, which is one of the tests of its truth. For the religion which is to bind mankind together in a common faith must extend far beyond the limits of sect. It must satisfy the reason as well as warm the heart. It must answer every demand of the natural affections; and instead of the futile efforts of the sects to "stamp them out," must show their natural subservience to the dominion of reason enlightened by science and experience.

There is no revelation of the future which answers these demands of the head and the heart with the fullness of Modern Spiritualism. It is supplemental, not antagonistic, to ancient Spiritualism in this particular; and if Modern Spiritualism be not a religion, then neither is ancient Spiritualism, for they are identical in kind, and alike profess to deal with the eternal interests of humanity. A system of facts and principles which has revealed to us a future which so honors human nature as to leave no natural faculty without its appropriate satisfaction; which welcomes us to partake freely of every truth in the

universe that is adapted to our taste in order that we may be wise, and puts the unreasoning instincts of our nature under the guidance of this wisdom in order that we may be good—if that be not a religion, or if to be wise and good is not to be religious, then I fall utterly to see any significance in the term.

R. T. HALLOCK.  
New York, March, 1876.

## "MEDIUMS AND SKEPTICS."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow another to join Mr. Hazard in appreciation of Mrs. Andrews's article on the above topic, though were you to give space to all who are thus appreciative, I am sure you would require at least an extra issue.

I have long contended that the greatest difficulties connected with this subject are with the investigators themselves. The "test" of spirit manifestation is in the character of that which is given; and not in the application of the investigator's ideas, which, if acquiesced in, by no means usually give satisfaction to the applicant. The latter is the method invited, ostensibly at least, by the operators in jugglery and legerdemain. Spiritualism is a science; and differs from the physical sciences only in regard to the fineness of the materials used, and the fact of their not being recognized by the physical senses. If it is a science, the fundamental facts in regard to its treatment should be the same; law rules as inflexibly in the spiritual as in the material world. Now, for instance, the science of telegraphy does not consist in the application of some "test" of an impracticable character, perhaps developed from the benighted brain of a Fiji Islander, but simply in the fact of the message having been transmitted. Give Spiritualism and its spirit-operators the same conditions demanded by science; that is, its own conditions, whatever they may be, and await results. When these are attained, then criticize them according to their character, as you do the results of scientific experiment, and let its truths stand for what they are worth, according to the demonstrations the spirit-world in their own way and time have seen fit as responsible operators to make. I have observed always present in every community where I have been, a superficial class who are totally incapable of weighing evidence, no matter howsoever ably presented—persons who can at any time shake the head in doubt, and believe said action to be genuine wisdom. Ignorant skepticism is to such unmistakable evidence of intellectual superiority over enlightened intelligence and capable appreciation of facts.

It is hoped the time will soon come when mediums will be able to stand up in the dignity of their mission, with the public sentiment of Spiritualists to back them, and in obedience to their spirit guides, refuse to be "run" by a class of persons whose entire aim often is to destroy the truth in any possible way that will pander to a mistaken public opinion. In saying this I would not be understood as degrading test conditions that are really such. Only this: that the nature of the test shall be determined by the spirit intelligences who do the work, and not by a class of persons whose only interest may be to act unfairly, for the purpose of crushing a truth to them distasteful.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## AN "ELEMENTARY."

BY F. O. HYZER.

I know one dark "Foe of the Threshold"  
Of Nature's vast temple of Truth—  
Not new with the first of my acquaintance,  
We met in my earliest youth.  
But little I knew of his methods,  
Man's nature to torture and blight,  
Till angels of wisdom descended  
To quicken and strengthen my sight.  
And but for their pure inspirations,  
That sundered his thrall from my soul,  
The wealth of my freedom immortal,  
To-day, would the demon control.  
All beautiful presences vanish  
Before his chill, poisonous breath;  
Even the soul's native path of transition  
He turns to "the valley of death."  
The heights of man's proudest ambition,  
He sweeps with his shadowy wing;  
He heedeth nor place nor condition,  
Excepteth nor peasant nor king;  
No wealth is exempt from his taxes—  
Even Church, who escapes in our land  
All tribute to State, here relaxes,  
And yieldeth her gold to his hand.  
Even Science—proud priestess of Nature—  
Pays tribute to his insolent claim,  
When auras forget her commission,  
In brooding and shielding their fame.  
And grimly he frowns on Parnassus;  
When Poetry wakens her lyre,  
To sing of the infinite vengeance  
And wrath of our Heavenly Sire.  
Nor deem the intangible horror  
To those who are boasting to-day,  
How wholly their spirits have vanquished  
And broken his terrible sway—  
Yet shrinking away from all semblance  
Of untried effort, wherein  
Lies the power by which our fair earth-sphere  
Her glory celestial shall win.  
I know not what other dark demons  
May dwell in the measureless air—  
The search of the Mystics, or Magi,  
I've not been commissioned to share;  
What tribes of the vast interspaces  
That lie in the Infinite Mind,  
What legions of terrible races  
In vapor the chemist may find,  
I do not presume to conjecture,  
Since wherever Truth I explore,  
I find that legitimate judgment  
The evidence goeth before.  
This merciless tyrant, who haunteth  
Our lovely terrestrial sphere,  
To man most malignant, and nearest  
The omnipotent, is FEAR.  
To find this unscrupulous demon,  
We never have need to resort  
To Theurgist, ancient or modern,  
To crucible, lamp, or retort;  
For however his form may be varied,  
From monster gigantic to elf,  
The diligent searcher will find him  
Coiled up in man's love for himself!  
Baltimore, Md., 1876.

## The True Principle of Taxation.

"The universal cause acts not by partial but by general laws." That this is the perfect rule of Divine government, but few will deny. By parity of reasoning, the laws that are instituted by man should, so far as the finite can partake of the infinite, be patterned after the Divine order.

A board of insurance directors will tell us that God's lightning is as like to fall on the spire of the church as it is on the gambling saloon, and hence the same premium that is asked to insure, all other things being equal, the one is demanded for the other.

Property of every kind is so made and vested in the individual by virtue of law. What the law recognizes as property government is bound to protect and defend within the common meaning and limits of the law, whether it be a building dedicated to the worship of God, or a gambling-saloon or grog-shop devoted to the service of the devil. The midnight robber who enters and plunders the one of its dice or its gin, is equally amenable, under the law, with him who enters and steals the chalice from the other.

And so with all other property, including seminaries of learning and charitable institutions, that do not belong exclusively to the public. From public property it is self-evident that no available revenue can be obtained; nor should any be attempted, as it must inevitably result in a loss to the government of the cost of collection.

Apparently, there are no causes of hardship, growing out of the misadventuring administration of the laws of the infinite. How, then, can man expect that the finite laws of his making shall work better results?

If God in his infinite wisdom has ordained that greater good must emanate, in the aggregate, from universal than from partial laws, how arrogant in man to suppose that he can, in the framing of his finite system of civil government, guard against abuses that must, in the nature of things, ultimately outweigh the good results that are sought to be obtained by special enactments!

It has been well said that "power is ever stealing from the many to the few," and the testimony of all past history, sacred and profane, is stereotyped with evidences of the fact; and that whenever individuals or corporations have acquired, or been trusted by the people with irresponsible power, they have been sure in the long run to abuse it; and how wise has this truism been merely to be verified than in church history, especially since the date of its union with the State in the seventh century.

This was simply a union between king and nobles, with Pope and priests, by which the engine of government was run for nearly a thousand years, almost exclusively for the benefit of the two estates; the commonality or third estate being treated by both the others as beasts of burden created for their use.

It is true that universities of learning were established in different kingdoms at an early date, but then these were appropriated solely for the education of the temporal and spiritual rulers of the people, the last named being utterly denied the first rudiments of education, and even put to death for the crime of reading the Scriptures.

Nor was their condition greatly benefited in England, after the noble and baronial orders were crushed by the reign of Edward the Third, more than half the national domain from the hands of the clergy, into whose possession it had for centuries previous been subtly passing through the revenues obtained from untaxed church property and the death-bed bequests of well-served wealthy sinners.

Nor again was the condition of the common people greatly altered for the better when Henry the Eighth and his successors added the papal tiara to their kingly crown, and lorded it over the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, (that in the language of prophecy were torn from the ten by the little horn or power that came up last,) in the two-fold quality of priest and king, as typified by the lion and the unicorn on Britain's escentheon, "fighting for the crown."

Even in our day nowhere in England is to be found such inveterate oppressors of common school education as is manifested by the Bishops in the House of Lords, some of whom possess incomes compelled by force of law from the unwilling hands of the working classes vying with the richest princes of the East in magnitude.

Such, too, have ever been the evils resulting from a union of Church and State in every age of the world, even in our own country, and up to the time when that greatest light of the age, the but little learned Baptist minister, Roger Williams, was inspired from Heaven to utter the sentiment, "That a flourishing civil State may stand and be best maintained with full liberty in religious concerns." A sentiment which will yet, even though the people of Rhode Island, where Williams's experiments were first essayed, should prove recalcitrant to this trust, continue to resound from human lips until every vestige of ecclesiastical and kingly tyranny shall be annihilated throughout the world.

And where in our midst do we find the chief foes of the education of the people at large, on which all honest and thoughtful men admit hangs the destinies of our country? Where but as ever in the bishops and ecclesiastical rulers of the church.

Under the plea or pretence of establishing charitable institutions, whole blocks in the best streets of our cities have been stolen through the action of the officials they have hoisted by the suffrages of their ignorant worshippers and dupes into office, whilst throughout the length and breadth of our land the subtle, crafty emissaries of a foreign priestly power are moving heaven and earth to pervert the common fund we have provided for the free education of the whole people, irrespective of race, religion or condition, into channels that will best conduce to keep the future suffragists of the country in stolid ignorance of all that relates to the science of civil and religious freedom, and pledge their first and foremost allegiance to a foreign ecclesiastical despot, whose bishops are even now not only openly threatening and denouncing our form of government, but throwing out from their pulpits both covert and open threats of otherwise is immaterial.) to effect the destruction of our Republican institutions.

Forbid it, high heaven! Let us not even hesitate to include in our laws a general provision, taxing private seminaries, hospitals and charitable institutions; for departure from principle, even for the best of purposes, seldom or ever occurs that may not, as in the instance of the blocks ceded by a neighboring city, he made a precedent of by designing bad men in power, for the opening of a door for the admission of the worst abuses. Let us complete what old Roger Williams so nobly began, and perfect our own Constitution, requiring a complete separation of Church and State, and of the State from all private enterprises, for our forefathers never intended the government they founded at so much cost of blood and treasure, should be other than a shield to protect the people, and not a sword to compel unwilling citizens to support institutions with which they have no personal connection and perhaps but little sympathy. Let us make a clean thing of it, and let all property that is made so by law, be equally protected by the law, and made to contribute alike for the maintenance of law,

whatever may be its character or the uses it is applied to.

If anything that is now made property by law should become an unbearable nuisance, annihilate it by law; but until then, tax on the same plane the church and the gambling saloon, the private school and the grog-shop, the hospital and the bowling-alley, and depend upon it enough new almoners will be raised up to pay all the extra imposts that may be levied in consequence on deserving institutions.

Vanduse, R. I. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

## "Seek, and ye shall find," but not in a Sect.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last winter, while speaking in a large town in the West, I spent some hours with a lady and her husband, and our conversation was of such mutual interest that I have since had it in mind to write them a letter on the topics we talked of. At last it occurred to me that an open letter in your Banner might meet their case, and that of others in like condition. Of course no names are given, and I will only say that these persons were of more than ordinary intelligence, culture and influence, and their fine house gave evidence of elegant tastes and refined habits. If this reaches them, they can understand and appreciate it, and it may convey a lesson to many others.

Yours truly, G. B. STREBBINS.

DEAR MADAM—Possibly you may remember the hours of conversation with yourself and your husband at your house the past winter, and thus accept in the same kindly spirit which ruled in that pleasant visit, a few frank words suggested by what then occurred.

I well remember how you said to me, in substance, "I belong to the church; strong and pleasant social ties hold me there; I utter my views, and am still well treated. I enjoy my friendships," and then you added with great feeling, "I hardly believe anything I hear preached; it fails to satisfy me. I would give the world to believe in the future life, to feel and know it, but I cannot. The old proof, Christ's resurrection, is nothing to me, and I get nothing in its place. If I could only have evidence of Spiritualism, it would be precious and priceless to my soul, and I should want to tell all the world of it." I cannot doubt the sincerity of your feeling or utterance at that time, but do not your position and surroundings hinder that emotion of the hour from being a ruling habit of thought and life?

I can appreciate the pleasant friendships you enjoy with good women in your church, and doubtless you have some liberty of expression with them and with your clergyman, but such words of depth and power as you spoke to me, such expressions of the emptiness of church forms, and the shallowness and emptiness of its dogmas, would disturb the peace of Zion, and make your position trying and insecure. Think of this a little, and unless I greatly err, you will see that you cannot and do not say half you feel to your church-people, and that such partial tolerance as you enjoy comes largely from the fact that they dislike to lose you, and would miss the money you generously pay them.

You pray in spirit for light from the Life Beyond, but how much do you really seek? Take half the time and money you devote to your church, and search for the beautiful facts of spirit-presence and communion, through mediums, books, journals like the Banner of Light and others in our country and in Europe, and thus realize the truth of the New Testament word, "Seek, and ye shall find." This much for outward proofs, for the internal evidence, the soul's intuition, that comes clear, triumphant and divine, when creeds and dogmas are set aside, and one learns to listen to the still small voice within. Possibly you are chilled and kept in the realm of existing things by reading the works of skeptics; for I know that in these days, many people who are truly Spiritualists, study Huxley, Tyndall and their like.

These writers help to break up dogmatism and bring the reign of law, but they are purely inductive in their methods, know nothing of spiritual science, leave out the most important factor in the pursuit of truth, the soul's intuitive powers of discovery, and so tend to a materialism, which is in the very heart of the church. Spiritualists have served you all they can, and it is full time for you to see beyond their range, to discover spiritual things by the use of your own spiritual faculties, to feel and know of immortality by what your own soul says, and then to test that inward witness by the facts of Spiritualism. So tested, it shall stand strong and firm, the very Rock of Ages.

The Orthodox church lives to-day by the prestige, the aid and comfort given it by persons like you, who do not believe its dogmas. Let each seek quit it, and it would soon totter to its fall, its ministry go unpaid, its temples deserted. Do you render any service to humanity by your position? Were it not better for natural religion, for freedom and spiritual culture, that the old shrines fall, and the new temples of God and humanity take their place?

Is it not highest duty to be true to one's self? and is such truth found in any friendship with sects or churches, in the cardinal doctrines of which one does not believe, in the preaching from whose pulpits one falls even to find proof of immortality? These questions you alone can answer for yourself.

Possibly social trial and personal discomfort might trouble you, but not sorely, thanks to the growing charity of our time. What if they should? The "peace which passeth understanding" comes only with fidelity and spiritual culture. Well said the Greek Pythagoras, "Better to live lying in the grass, confiding in divinity and in yourself, than to lie in a golden bed with perdition." As for Spiritualism, the proof palpable of the future life, it is not the idle fancy of a few weak minds, but a great and growing power, coming in fit time. In its outward aspects it stands on a solid basis of facts, strong as that of any science, and its loyalty to intuition opens the way for charity, fraternity and progress, the sifting out of error, the outgrowing of wrong, the attainment of a warmer and larger life on earth.

The tenderest sympathies and affections, the grandest scope of reason, conscience and judgment, the highest and divinest hopes and aspirations, are all met and all act in harmony in the light of the spiritual ideal of life here and hereafter. May all that has come to any of us (and more) come to you as you obey the wise precept, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." With best wishes, truly yours,

GILES B. STREBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., March 16th, 1876.

MATERIALISM'S LAST AGONY. DOES MATTER DO IT ALL? A Reply to Professor Tyndall's latest attack on Spiritualism. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Colby &itch.

Those who have read "Peculiar," "Planchette, or The Despair of Science," or "Proof Palpable," need no other introduction to Epes Sargent. Suffice it to say that Professor Tyndall in the Popular Science Monthly of December, 1875, stooped from the dignity of a scientist and took upon himself the rôle of a blackguard. He seems to have labored under the conviction that Spiritualists could be ridiculed out of their senses; that ridicule from the pen of a learned scientist, though he had not spent one hour in the investigation of Spiritualism, would weigh more with the masses of their own eyes and ears would to what they had seen and heard.

In this instance, at least, the learned professor was mistaken. Spiritualism is a Banquo's Ghost, and it refused to "down" even at the bidding of the "brave gauc" champion. His essay in the hands of Mr. Sargent found its place in the flames. The anti-Spiritualist, with Tyndall at his head, can only use the doleful language of "ye ancient tyrants." Behold we are but as grasshoppers before this man Sargent.

Of this everybody will be convinced who will invest five cents in money and one hour's time. An hour cannot be better than in reading this pamphlet. *Full's Occult.*

The mammoth telescope projected in Paris, has occupied twenty years in making and mounting. The tube is twenty-three feet, four inches long, and weighs 5,201 pounds, and the mirror is 42,724 inches in diameter. For strength and nicely the machinery and other appurtenances are unrivaled.

"Acres covered with quivering flesh!" In reading aloud this phenomenon in nature, a little girl in New York exclaimed, with unforgotten consternation: "Do you think there has been war in heaven, mamma?"



A THREAD OF SONG.

It was only a broken chord of song  
That sang the day,  
Over and over in my heart,  
And always in the same sweet way—  
Always beginning and ending  
Like a tenderly-spoken "Love, good night!"  
And ending in glad and loving strains,  
Like a morning psalm when the world is bright.  
And the hours of the day were woven in  
By the music of the haunting song,  
That, somewhere out of the vanished past,  
Sent forth its witchery clear and strong;  
Sounding akin to the song of birds,  
When the sky is flushed with the coming dawn,  
Yet as the thoughtful hour which comes  
When the last red light of day is gone,  
Beautiful echo that drifted back  
From the far-off shore of the long ago,  
Over the wide and rugged waste,  
Where never the wind of gladness blow,  
Bringing the color of wildwood flowers,  
The laughing song of the mountain rill,  
The green, glad fruits where the cowslips grow,  
And the gleam of water calm and still,  
Singing alone in the twilight still,  
Who-e mantle covers the earth with grass,  
My heart is touched, and my eyes grow dim,  
As the glow of the sunset fades away;  
And I feel the presence of heaven quite,  
That out of the shadowy regions throng,  
And I know they have crossed from the further shore  
On the slender thread of the sacred song.  
—D. M. Jordan, in Church's Musical Visitor.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Earlier Manifestations—Corra L. V. Tappan.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a matter of history, it may be well to say that the first spiritual manifestations in Milwaukee, Wis., made their appearance in a few months after the country was started by the "raps" through the mediumship of the Fox family. A young girl of ten years of age, daughter of a Mr. Loomis, a member of the Congregational Church, was the medium, and the manifestations through her seemed to me to be fully equal to those in the Fox family.

While returning from a business trip to New York, I first heard, on a steamer on Lake Erie, an account of the strange doings at Hydesville, which seemed to me so preposterous that it was not worthy of a passing thought. On my arrival at Milwaukee, my partner in business, Dr. J. S. Douglas, asked me what these stories in the papers relating to the doings in Hydesville, meant? I replied that I knew no more than he did about it, but if he thought best, we would consult a Mrs. Lowry, an excellent clairvoyant. Accordingly, we called upon her, and without naming our object, induced her to submit to be entranced. We then directed her attention to these strange accounts, and requested her to state what she saw, and to explain the nature of the phenomena. After being in a deep trance for a full quarter of an hour, she gave us, in an animated manner, an account of what she witnessed; that spirits had, indeed, found a method of communicating with the friends they had left behind, and proceeded to state that we were on the verge of a great awakening of the human mind; that the time had come when immortality could be demonstrated to the very many skeptics in and out of the churches, and ere the nineteenth century closed, the knowledge of a future life, and its nature, would be fully known and understood over the whole earth. It was truly an eloquent description, and made a profound impression both upon the Doctor and myself. Mrs. Lowry was then a member of the Methodist church, and in her normal state fully indoctrinated in its teachings.

Before awakening her from the trance, I asked her if we should have the same manifestations here, and how soon, and in what family? After a few minutes she said that they would appear here soon—it seemed to her within a week—and named the family, at the corner of Main and Oneida streets.

Feeling deeply impressed with the importance of testing the correctness of her utterances, I determined to call on the family at the end of one week, being well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Loomis. Mr. L. was a mason by trade, and as I had a job for him, I had a good excuse for calling. I found only Mrs. Loomis at home. During that interview I asked her if she had heard of the strange doings near Rochester, N. Y., giving her a brief account, as I had read in the papers. She had heard of nothing, "But," said she, in an excited manner, "Doctor, I am so glad you have come. We have not been able to sleep for two nights past, because of raps and loud thumpings on the door and sides of the house, and my husband has utterly failed to discover any one about the house, or any clue to the strange noises."

This, you may rest assured, startled me, and awakened a strong determination to probe this mystery. I said to her that I was surprised she had not made known to some one the trouble she was in. She replied that she dare not do it, as "the people would call the house haunted, and we should have no peace." I then said to her that she had nothing to fear, and described to her as nearly as I could the method that the Fox family used to talk to what claimed to be spirits; and I wished she would, if the noises came again, speak pleasantly to them, and see if they would answer by the raps. She said she would, and I left. The next morning Mr. Loomis came to my office early, and said: "Doctor, you must go to my house immediately; all our children who have died are talking to my wife, and she cannot do any work she is so excited." I said to him I could not come until evening, and then I would bring three or four friends with me. At evening I called with Dr. Douglas and two other gentlemen. On entering I introduced the gentlemen to Mrs. Loomis, and was about to take my seat when there commenced a perfect shower of tiny raps on the carpet all around my feet. I said, "What does this mean, Mrs. L.?" She replied, "My children who have died have come back to us, and they are now saying 'good-evening' to you." I, of course, responded most cordially. On that evening the manifestations were as astounding to us all as I have ever witnessed since, and I made up my mind fully that night before sleeping, that as an honest man I would examine into this matter, and if I found it to be true that I would have the satisfaction to say to my brethren in the church, "Come and rejoice with me. Immortality is now demonstrated, and now we can have the pleasure of convincing all skeptics of a life beyond the grave." Judge of my astonishment when our pastors were the first to turn the cold shoulder, and then commence a system of persecution unequalled by anything I had ever before witnessed.

But I have trespassed too much upon your time. I have had a desire to place upon paper such facts in the early history of Spiritualism as may be of service to those who are earnestly and honestly investigating. Allow me a few words more.

A few months after the first manifestations in Milwaukee, I received a line from my old friend, Dr. E. M. Joslin, residing then in a small town

named Lake Mills, in Wisconsin; relating a remarkable case of mediumship in a young girl between eleven and twelve years of age, daughter of a Mr. Scott of that town. Being fresh in the new work, and zealous withal, I went sixty miles to see the case myself. I found the town in commotion and great wrath in the churches because a little girl was turning so many from their old beliefs by her eloquence and the utterances of great truths. I spent three days there, and requested her mother to bring her daughter to Milwaukee. In a few days she came, and crowds came to listen to her eloquent teachings—some to believe and others to go away confounded. In a few days her mother took her to Buffalo, and there she was first introduced to the public rostrum, and since that time has electrified the civilized world. This little girl is now Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan—then known as Cora L. V. Scott.

Yours truly, JAMES P. GREVES.  
Riverside, San Bernardino, Cal.

Test Seance with Mrs. Hardy.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During my recent lecture course in Boston I was invited on the evening of Jan. 4th to attend a seance at the rooms of Mrs. Hardy, No. 4 Concord Square, at which were present Dr. Gardner, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mr. Morse, the writer of this, and Mr. Day, your reporter.

On Sunday forenoon, Jan. 24, I was present at a discussion in Paine Memorial Hall, in which Mrs. Hardy's materializations were the topic of controversy. A goodly number of those present took the ground that the thing was a fraud, and their reasons, so far as I could learn, were "because it is a fraud." With this class everything in Spiritualism was humbuggery. Without asserting either position, having never seen anything of the kind, I attempted to show the inconsistency of several of the disputants, and the frailty of their negations. To add further weight to what I said at that time, I will, by your leave, lay before the readers of the Banner an exact report of what happened in my presence during the before-mentioned seance, leaving each one to draw his own conclusions. Between 7 and 8 o'clock P. M., the company entered the room in which the sitting occurred, dispersing between 9 and 10 o'clock. A frail board stand, evidently nailed together for the purpose, was produced. In the centre of the top was cut an aperture about 4 by 6 inches. The four legs of the stand were made of inch board about 3 feet long and 3 inches wide, and so frailly did they support the stand that several efforts had to be made to bring the centre of gravity within the base. When the pressure was at last brought to bear upon the hinges by which the legs were fastened to the leaf, it was tolerably steady and secure. Over this entire stand was drawn a dark cloth cover sewn together at the corners to snugly fit the shape of the stand, and form it into a dark cabinet. On the side occupied by the medium a slit was cut, extending from the floor up two-thirds of the way to the top, and folded, when she sat there, so as to form a V-shaped aperture. Upon the top, and directly over the aperture in the wooden top of the stand, a straight slit about 6 inches long was cut. In the opposite side from the medium, or side toward the company, another slit was cut, but was unused during the sitting, and was pinned up. Beneath this cabinet a cloth was spread, and the pall of paraffine placed upon one side of it, while beneath the other lay a pillow. The object of the cloth was, doubtless, to save the carpet from the drippings from the pall, but why the pillow was there I cannot at present surmise. I made a diligent search of pillow, pall, cloth and stand for concealed apparatus, etc., but found nothing.

The medium was snugly tucked into a large bag of mosquito netting, the opening of which was pinned around her neck by Miss Doten in such a way that she could not remove a hand without the knowledge of the company. The lights were lowered a little, but not to darkness, and the audience engaged in agreeable conversation for something over an hour. A ring that Dr. Gardner hung by a cord through the opening in the top, with the expectation of having it taken into the cast, but which was not realized, began to be drawn in. By request I took hold of it (the string,) and had it pulled from my fingers. One, two and three fingers alternately appeared at this opening. They invariably looked white, as if covered with paraffine, and had in their movements a peculiar immobility in certain directions, as if fearing while removing the slit to twist or bend the cast they were forming. Raps were frequent, and replied in the most rational method possible to every interrogation. A message was spelled out to the effect that the medium's hands, which were resting in the light upon the top of the stand, be covered. At last the work engaged upon was reported done, and as some one (I do not know who,) lifted the stand and cover, a well-taken cast of a hand was seen upon the pillow. How it came there is the question to solve. Certainly Mrs. Hardy could not put it there in her situation. At least I am baffled in attempting to impute its presence there to her. After the cast was taken we had another sitting, this time with the bag removed from the medium, and each of the company seated by the table. The same hand (or similar ones,) appeared again, and several of us were touched by them. I waited an opportunity to feel one in my palm once, but failed to procure it, hence cannot definitely state the sensation produced upon me by the contact. Raps were again heard, the position of which I attempted to locate with a tumbler for a stethoscope, but being inexperienced I failed. Three bells were rung successively, and at another time a handkerchief was pulled from my hand with considerable strength and dexterity. Of course it will be understood that the corner of the handkerchief hung through the slit to the dark interior of the cabinet.

At the close of the seance I reexamined everything, even down to the carpet and floor, and tried to run my hand through the aperture while sitting where the medium did. I could neither put foot nor hand through without bending far back for the former, and stooping far forward for the latter. None of these attitudes were assumed by the medium, to my certain knowledge. By actual measurement upon the spot I found myself taller than she is, and my arm much longer than hers. This being my first sitting I cannot be expected with so small an amount of data to make an induction, but consider myself safe in saying that I cannot think Mrs. Hardy herself produces these results. I would like to be able, as in my scientific work, to vary every condition, and determine exactly just what is and what is not necessary to produce them. I could thus eliminate all false conditions, and find the most favorable.

I am anxious to see the time when we can give the exact laws governing mediumship

and the exact physical causes of all necessary conditions. This will place us on the purely scientific grounds we are now reaching toward. Before such a day arrives, a set of fearless and unscrupulous workers and mediums must join efforts, not caring where facts lead them. Their souls must be devoted to truth, not a pet theory. There are some devoted workers in the field now longing for that day to come, and I believe you, Mr. Editor, to be one of them.

Fraternally yours,  
R. G. ECCLES.

Materialization Through the Medium Mott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If you will allow me space in your columns I will give my experience of twelve days with J. H. Mott, of Memphis, Mo. I went to Memphis an entire stranger, and gave my name to no one whatever. The first night we held a seance, I was called for by name, and on going to the cabinet I was informed that it was the spirit of a young lady, a cousin, who died some eight years ago. She gave me unmistakable tests to prove her identity. She also said her brother was present, and in a moment after her disappearance he materialized, and I saw and recognized his features and voice. We talked of matters which I knew were unknown to any one present. The second night my father materialized. He told me circumstances appertaining to my child life which could have come from no one but my parents. Next came my grandfather, who also was perfectly recognized. He told me of matters concerning himself which before were unknown to me. My uncle also came and was recognized, if I can recognize anybody. My mother next came and gave me such tests as would satisfy the most skeptical.

For twelve days and nights I was constantly with Mr. Mott and his family, and setting aside the peculiarities common to good mediums, he is a quiet, honest man, and one of the best and most satisfactory mediums in the world. What ridiculous nonsense for scientific men to wisely attribute these convincing phenomena to "psychic force," "psychology," "unconscious cerebration," and the like! What a wonderful psychology, indeed, that cannot only make me believe that I saw and conversed, night after night, with those who are so near and dear to me! But what further makes me believe is, that at this moment I have in my possession the writing given me from the cabinet written by these same spirits.

This is a simple statement of facts as they occurred, and a man who could doubt the truth of our glorious philosophy in the face of such overwhelming facts must be a skeptic from mental organism, and doubt his own existence.  
South Pueblo, Col. W. E. MARVIN.

More from Pateman of Bridgeport.

(Correspondence of the Hartford Times.)

Bridgeport, March 4th, 1876.  
Seeing a policeman at the depot reading a manuscript to a friend, and being told that it was one of the latest productions of the "medium" Pateman, I obtained a copy of the document, and enclosed it to the Times. In order to appreciate the significance of it, the circumstances must be known. Mr. Pateman is a journeyman tailor, and a cripple. His singular "materializations," produced against the resistance of his own will, were described in the Bridgeport Farmer six or seven months ago. This manuscript, of which I enclose a copy, was written last night. It is apparently a new form or phase of his mediumship, and the message is less notable for any original or important utterance combined in it (for better performance in that direction can be obtained without going to the spirit-world for them) than for these two facts: (1.) It was written in the signal-language of the telegraph operator; (2.) Pateman, as can be proved, does not know a word or a letter of that system; and of the four persons who were present in his room when he was seized with this controlling impulse not one could read a single word of what he wrote. It was dashed down with amazing rapidity, on the first piece of paper he could get hold of—a sheet of brown paper. Taking it at once to the telegraph office, a lady operator at once read it off, and the signature proved to be that of Frank E. Curtis, a former operator in the Bridgeport office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and who died two years ago. It is addressed to his wife:

PAID FROM THE ONE I LOVE.  
They say we are severed forever—  
Our paths in the future must part—  
Ah! what shall I know again never  
The peace that once dwelt in my heart?  
I met thee when life was the brightest—  
The world a picture to me—  
When my laugh it was over the lightest,  
My heart full of innocent glee.  
I loved thee, my days passed in dreams—  
Dreams of success, joy and delight—  
I said, surely love on me waits—  
I thought of no dark coming night.  
Alas! for the fast-falling tears I  
Oh, weep for my dream that is over!  
Alas! for the cold, cheerless years  
The lost, I shall know never more!  
FRANK E. CURTIS,  
Through Christopher Pateman, Bridgeport.

Mundane Astrology:

Or, the Renaming of the Heavens, judged from the Positions of the Planets at the time the Sun enters Aries, being March 20th, 1h., 2m. A. M.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In the map of the heavens for the above time, the 22d degree of the sign Sagittarius ascends, and 14 degrees of the celestial sign Libra is culminating; Jupiter is in the 12th, the house of private enemies of the nation; the moon is in the second house in sextile of Jupiter and the sun; the spring opens with fair weather, calm, serene winds; Jupiter is retrograde in 2 degrees of Sagittarius and just past the square of Saturn.

Before this, I look for unpleasant revelations of some neighboring nation.  
The people will be disappointed through the conduct of the Government, which will be very busy in trying to set itself right in the eyes of the community, but will find it difficult to tread an even track. The nation will be disappointed through the conduct of those members thereof who put themselves forward as the champions of progress and reform. But the monitors aloft proclaim that the end of the discovery of injustice at the War Department is not yet. I look for more unpleasant news from the seat of Government early in the month of April.

Let those born from the 19th to the 25th of February, May, August and November, beware of their health, and live temperately.

I look for serious accidents, fires, murders and explosions under ground, about the end of March. April comes in with unsettled weather, followed by wind and rain, and an unhealthy atmosphere generally. Much sickness will prevail. About the 10th and 11th, cold rains, followed by thunder-storms and hail until the 15th; 17th and 18th fairer, with light showers. From this to the end of the month, changeable and varied. The month goes off fair.

Railway accidents abound, and danger is threatened to those on the seas. Travelers had better be careful on the following days: 1st, 4th, 5th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 26th.

There will be an improvement in the commerce of the nation.

The afflicted position of Saturn bodes trouble to the building trade generally; yet toward the end of summer, affairs will improve.

An ill feeling will exist about the middle of the month between this nation and Spain, and some serious talk will be the result.

Mars has an evil aspect of Jupiter. I fear an outbreak of a dangerous nature, and a great conflagration in Philadelphia; great dissatisfaction

among members of the Government, and secret intrigues of the opposition.

Persons born about the 5th of August in any year may expect to lose relations; those born the end of February will suffer illness and pecuniary difficulties.

May, from the 1st to the 31, rain, cumuli; from 4th to 10th, passing showers, lively winds, followed until the 15th, by very unsettled weather, cold rains, &c. The 17th or 18th, look for electric phenomena and earthquakes. From this to the end of this month, lowering aspects, and increase in the bills of mortality.

This month will benefit the hay crop some; fires and murders will abound. Herschel coming to a square of the sun will make the prisons pretty full; explosions and unprecedented disasters in mines; great excitement in Washington early in the month about postal regulations; Jupiter retrogrades back into Scorpio, benedicting the banks and the exchequer of the nation. Persons born about the 5th of May will lose relatives, and suffer in honor and credit; those born the 17th and 28th will lose money, have ill health, get into lawsuits, and may suffer imprisonment if not careful. It will be a bad month for fires, especially in the northwestern portion of the States. The days noted for unpleasant events taking place in this month are: first, 4th, 6th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. June opens with threatening weather, but warm, followed until the 14th with fine, breezy, and also stormy weather, then a few days oppressively hot, followed by variable weather, and the month ends with a falling barometer.

The aspects in operation this month forebode much sickness among the people, many sudden deaths from heart disease; in New York and Philadelphia riots and unruly passions will manifest themselves. Mercury's affliction with Mars indicates notable robberies; and I caution the good people of New York to be on the alert to prevent and extinguish fires; also not to expose themselves too much to the sun's rays, as there is danger of many cases of sun stroke. Four planets retrograding this month shows a bad time for health. The month will also be notable for the death of an eminent divine, religious discussions, fires in the cities, discussions and scandals.

The planetary indications are evil for those born from the 26th to the end of February, and from the 28th of August till the 3d of September in any year; see to your health, for to many these will be the last days of earthly existence.

Good days generally for business are the 1st, 3d, 5th, 14th, 21st, 23d, 24th and 25th—all the rest are evil or indifferent.

The eclipse of the sun March 29th will, according to Ptolemy's doctrine, affect the places where it is visible for five years and two months. This eclipse falls in the first face of the sign Aries—which threatens all those countries within the line of its obscuration, and they will suffer from tumults and war; men in power will be perplexed and suffer much; the crops will be affected, and farmers will have losses in sheep and large cattle. Mars is on the meridian at Washington, hence the government will have trouble. Great drought and an excessive hot summer will be experienced in North America and Canada.

C. L. JACKSON, Astrologer,  
March 19th, 1876, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

LAUTMAN DAYS.

(To M. F. E.)

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Red springs the eye  
As autumn days decline,  
And from the brilliant sky  
Less flood of light shines  
Its airy lustrous line.  
The gossamer displays,  
And faintly breathes the pine  
In autumn days.  
And solemn is the hush  
That on the heart doth fall;  
And of all birds the thrush  
Alone is mused.  
The sparrow on the wall  
Shivers in pallid rays,  
And the frog has ceased its call  
In autumn days.  
But oh! the life, the life  
That summer poured around!  
The merry, ringing strife  
In wood and sky and ground—  
What a chorus what a buzz  
Of beauty there was found  
In summer days!  
'Tis gone! you hear no more  
The bee hum in the flower;  
Nor see the swallow soar  
Around the hoary tower;  
Nor the shrieking swifts devour  
The distance of their plays;  
'Tis now the voiceless hour  
Of autumn days.  
Brown little owl that hauntest  
That aged, giant tree,  
And thy small wisdom vauntest  
In one-note minstrelsy,  
What is become of thee  
And thy summer night displays?  
Dost thou, too, southward flee  
In autumn days?  
The hoopoe's hollow shout  
And blaze of coloring  
Went with the cuckoo out—  
Mere memories of spring.  
Even the quail has found her wing,  
Nor for the reaper stays;  
She dreads the sickle's ring  
In autumn days.  
And all the friendly faces  
A-come and a-going,  
The young ones in their graces,  
The old ones grave and knowing,  
Who made these haunts o'erflowing  
With mirth's electric blaze,  
Such bliss are not bestowing  
In autumn days.

The mothers, girls, and wives,  
Like the honey-laden bee,  
Are away into their hives  
With the men-folk o'er the sea;  
And 'tis surely time that we  
Should gather up our strays,  
Nor here sit lonesomely  
In autumn days.  
So, soon the daily walk  
Through heather and through woods,  
And the evening musings and talk  
When the lamp's radiance floods  
The hall, and dog-winds scud  
Without o'er naked sprays,  
Will be a dream that broods  
O'er autumn days!  
Lo! her banner of all dyes  
Nature, in gorgeous show,  
Hangs on the forest rise  
Where the cherry's crimson glow  
Gleams to the vale below,  
And shouts through all our ways,  
'Tis time for you to go  
From autumn days.

'Tis time ere burst at length  
The mountain rains and hails,  
And the torrents in their strength  
Rush roaring through the vales;  
Their shock the bridge assails  
And our flight in midway stays;  
Friend pent up friend bewails  
In autumn days.  
Anon, and this will be  
A dream, like all the rest  
Of the life that fondly we,  
Here pilgriming, possessed,  
But the lasting and the blessed  
We must gather yet in guests  
That know no passing guest  
Nor autumn days.

Tyrol, Oct. 10th, 1875.

\*A favorite Tyrolean dith.

—Atlantic Monthly for April.

\*Eliza Burritt was once a blacksmith; now he can drive a strange dog out of his yard in thirty-three languages.

Banner Correspondence.

Maine.

NORWAY.—Mrs. R. Lombard writes: I have been very much interested in the articles written by Thos. R. Hazard concerning the persecutions in New York by the medical faculty. They are after my own heart, and my spirit responds amen to every word.

Many years ago I had a darling baby boy. One day I called on a sick neighbor, and while there the doctor came to see his patient. He observed that my child had a cough, and said that he would give it something. I took the medicine, went home and gave it according to directions. In one hour after giving it, the child appeared in the agonies of death. It revived a little, but passed over after a few hours of dreadful suffering, which haunted my mind day and night for a long time. I told a lady who assisted me during that trying scene, that I believed it was the medicine and nothing else that killed my child. She said she knew it could not be; that she was not afraid to give it to her babe if I would let her have it, which I did, thinking that I might be mistaken. One evening, not long after this, my husband called at this lady's house, and found her walking the floor, wringing her hands, and exclaiming frantically, "Oh, dear! I have murdered my child. I was told that the medicine killed one child, and I ought to have known better than to have given it." Thereupon she took the vial containing the fatal drug and dashed it against the bricks of the open fireplace, saying, as she did so, "I shall never kill another child." She then took the child from the cradle, which to every appearance was struggling with death, and yet, to the astonishment of all, in about an hour the child was better, but it was a long time before it entirely recovered from the effects of that poison, which the learned M. D. called "Ipecac." The dose administered was only half as large as that which my child had taken.

Dr. J. R. Newton, of San Francisco, and Dr. A. S. Hayward, of Boston, are sending their heavenly magnetism broadcast, and it is doing great good even in this vicinity. Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis is very correct in his diagnosis of disease by lock of hair, &c.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Mrs. M. Symonds, 1005 Wilcox Avenue, writes: Mrs. N. Longene can tell how much I am indebted to the dear old Banner, or with what pleasure I welcome it to our residence. To me it has brought glad tidings of great joy. I will tell you why. I hold the Banner in such esteem. In July, 1875, I had a very severe fit of sickness, caused by a large fibrous tumor, and said to be incurable. In September my physicians informed me I must give up all further hopes of ever getting well; and from that time till January 23d, 1876, I suffered everything but death. Then it was I saw an account of Dr. C. Lord and H. Thomas Lee's healing institute, and determined to consult them. I sent for Dr. Lee; he called, and after holding his hands on my head for a few minutes he told me all my symptoms and located my disease, and said he could cure me. He gave me a treatment, which so much reduced the size of the tumor that I sat up in bed and dressed, my feet, and before that I had not been able to sit up or stand on my feet for a long time, and had suffered such intense pain I could not get on or sleep. And now, after one week's treatment, I am well and about my work, saved from an untimely grave, and without taking any medicine! Now, if there is any poor suffering mortal who has a tumor or a cancer about him, I must say, do not wait one day, but send for Dr. H. Thomas Lee, of 420 Madison street, Chicago, and be healed.

New Hampshire.

MT. VERNON.—Miss N. R. Batchelder says: Received your postal, which reminds me of my subscription. I was intending to send soon, for I need spiritual food as much as food for the physical, and the "message department" I prize highly. I love the dear old Banner of Light—long may it wave, in its glorious work for humanity and the spirits—and am willing to add my mite for the furtherance of the cause. Nine years I have been a Spiritualist, and am proud of it. Enclosed you will find ten dollars—three for one year's subscription of the Banner of Light, three for your message department, or free circles, the other four dollars for "God's Poor." They are our brothers and sisters, and left to us to be cured for.

Kansas.

RIDGEWAY.—John W. Little writes as follows: For ten years I have been leading an active life as a minister in the Church of the U. B. in Christ. But now having been developed with the gift of healing, and receiving other evidences of the truth of Modern Spiritualism, as a divine revelation from God and the angels, I cannot speak otherwise than what I know to be the truth. I thank God I am now able to throw off the yoke of bondage and announce myself an avowed Spiritualist ready to enter the field as healer and speaker. As soon as the work is opened up to me I desire communications from friends wishing such help. Please to address me at Ridgeway P. O., Osage County, Kansas.

To the Liberal-Minded People of America.

A proposition has been made to place in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, a bust of Thomas Paine. The first practical step was taken by the Liberal League of San Francisco. At one of its meetings the idea was suggested and at once acted upon. A subscription was started, and a request sent to the Liberal League of Philadelphia that it should appoint a Committee to receive subscriptions and take in charge the general business of procuring and placing in Independence Hall a bust in marble at the earliest possible period. Such a Committee has been appointed, consisting of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, President; John S. Dye, Secretary; D. Y. Kilgore, R. Wallin, and Miss Mary Pratt. Subscriptions have been made in various parts of the country, and it is anticipated that the needful work will be pushed forward rapidly. The movement has already been too long delayed, and there is no time to be lost. The whole cost will not exceed twelve hundred dollars. This comparatively small sum can and should be raised within ten days. A free offering quickly made will accomplish the work.

Fellow Liberals, but one word by way of exhortation. Notwithstanding the faithful efforts of those who have labored to vindicate his reputation, for a century the name of Thomas Paine has rested in obloquy. Rigidity and superstition have done their worst. The time is propitious to inaugurate a return to justice. The heroes of the Revolution are summoned to the front to receive the honors of this Centennial year. It will be deep disgrace to the Liberal cause if the time passes and the memory of Paine is not vindicated. His great services in behalf of American liberty cannot be questioned. Nor are they, though they have been studiously kept from the knowledge of the people. There is no record of a more unselfish devotion to truth than his life affords. Had he listened to the advice of protecting friendship to withhold his pen from its attack on religious authority and superstition, many of us would have passed into history more revered and honored. But to his mind, liberty included freedom of thought—the right to think—which the Bible-worship of the Christian church everywhere invaded. His courage was no less conspicuous here than in the battle for civil freedom. But how different the result to his present fame the shameful story of his long persecution alone can tell. But why multiply words? It is unnecessary. It is time to act. We are assured that the responses to this appeal will be numerous and effectual. Let no one hesitate to send an offering, however small. Let all contribute according to their means; but remember that whatever is done, it is necessary that it should be done quickly!

Contributions may be sent directly to Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, 605 Walnut street, Philadelphia, or to the Editors of the Banner of Light, the Investigator, The Index, and the New Age.



### 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.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

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

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,  
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COLBY & RICH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, Editor.  
ISAAC R. RICH, Business Manager.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all business letters to ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

While we are not, like so many a writer, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generation of men come and go, and he who is wise who can in the light, reverse and think back to the past, and see the light in his own individuality. Prof. S. R. Britton.

### Our Thirty-ninth Volume—The Outlook.

The readers of the Banner of Light have in their hands, with the present issue, the first number of the Thirty-ninth Volume, which marks the opening of the Twentieth Year of its existence. It would be gratification in us, as its publishers, not to proclaim the profound satisfaction with which we are allowed to contemplate this measure of success for the paper. It is through many vicissitudes and not a few tribulations, and in the face of the sharpest opposition—often times more keen and determined from those within the ranks of Spiritualism than from those without—that we have steered our steady course with what skill it was given us to employ, while worthy contemporaries have foundered and disappeared in the pecuniary sea which has brought the BANNER over so far successfully. To us, and to the kind-angels that have ever been ready to lighten our labors when conditions rendered it possible, belongs of right the history of the past of this journal; upon us, and upon those same spirit friends and guides depends the continued success of the present; with the Great Ruler of Life rests the allotment of the unknown trials or the bestowal of the welcome triumphs which are veiled in the mysteries of the future.

The growth and development of Spiritualism, like the expansion of other new revelations in the community, bring out the fact that there are many minds which, becoming convinced from unmistakable indications that it is to be a power in the land, struggle eagerly to connect themselves with it in such a way that they may gather the harvest for themselves which laborious and self-sacrificing pioneers have planted and tended for the general good; and in their case the same selfish sentiment which draws them into the new movement governs them in all they aim to accomplish. Some of this class of individuals, relying on a real or assumed superiority of the intellectual faculty, are to-day throwing side-glances of contempt at the varied phases of phenomenal Spiritualism which are the foundation and support of the spiritual faith and philosophy, and would rejoice to break the hold which trance and physical mediumship has on the popular estimation, in order that their own speculations may set aside the testimonies furnished by the higher intelligences. But such eleventh-hour converts have a great deal to learn; and one of the first things to be commended to their attention is, that it was not human ingenuity that inaugurated the spiritual movement. The original impulse came from the other side, and it is but reasonable to believe that it is sustained by the same power, and will continue to be so sustained. The true life-giving power to advance the new dispensation must flow in, as at the beginning, from over the border.

The Christian Church, whatever else it is willing to give up, like hell-fire, eternal punishment, and such other inventions and spinings of the ecclesiastical brain, holds fast to its faith in the miracles—the phenomena on which its belief rests secure. To it all other matters are speculation and theory, human ambition or individual conceit. Cannot Spiritualism take so plain a hint from the faith which it came to more broadly and deeply establish? Those who hope to close the book of the Spiritual Revelation of the century at this stage of its personal, and to fasten on its lids the brazen clasp and seal of a narrow, personal creed, are destined to be awakened sooner or later to their fatal error, and to learn, as hundreds of aspiring minds have learned in the last twenty-eight years, that Spiritualism refuses to be held in human hands and to acknowledge any mere man master. Any individual, or association of individuals, who may permit himself to aspire to the supreme leadership of the movement, must therefore expect to fail disastrously in his efforts to secure such a presumptuous aggrandizement. It was not for so meagre and pitiful an end that the new revelation was made to the race, and it is certain to be closed when feeble mortals aspire to bestride it as a hobby for self-glorification.

The occasion makes proper what might otherwise not be necessary, namely, that we should say to the readers and friends of this journal that, as in the past, we shall continue in the future to uphold with what power may be given us the rights of the spiritual media, and shall endeavor to present to our readers, from week to week, a true and intelligent transcript of all that is occurring, at home and abroad, for advancement of the cause to whose service our devotion is pledged. And it is our hope that in the future, as in the past, we shall receive from our patrons the endorsement of a hearty pecuniary support, without which the arm of the newspaper press is nerveless.

To our mind, the promotion of the highest welfare of the human race is the chief end and aim of the whole spiritual movement. Our bark, freighted as it is with so many rich hopes, is

steered for the port of peace, of good will, of recognized human brotherhood. We are bent on doing what we may to hasten the inauguration of the era when no professed faith shall be held too sacred for candid and searching examination; when there will be no temporizing in religion, law or politics; when unqualified honesty will always and everywhere be respected, and erasing unmanliness and shuffling deceit will be objects of universal detestation; when to strip the livery of the court of heaven from the back of hypocrisy will be regarded as no sacrilege when to tell the poor, the oppressed, and the down-trodden that they are men, God created, God-sustained immortals, will be looked upon as no stirring of the slugs against another; when to thunder the one eternal truth in the ears of the powerful of earth at the behest of the spirit world will not be considered disorganizing; when to believe indeed that God is our Father and our Mother, and that all men and women are bound to us by the tie of an eternal relationship, will not be charged on the one hand as infidelity, and on the other as license; when equal laws will operate upon all, the rich and the poor, the humble and the exalted; when virtue in rags will challenge respect before successful fraud in costly apparel; when those whom God has blessed with abundance will take honest poverty by the hand without insincerity or assumption, and when individual worth will be estimated not in dollars, but brotherly love and charity are the accepted standard.

It is to this high ground of advancement that the spirit-world would have mankind one day attain, where justice is a fact rather than a theory. To hasten the dawn of so glorious an epoch we have labored and striven as strength was given us in the past, and we shall continue without faltering to join our efforts with those of the unseen ones who are ceaselessly striving to lift the world out of the bondage of creed, superstition and error. We know full well that the course we follow has been, and must continue to be, beset with difficulties and dangers, but immortal Truth is the polar star in our heavens, Angels are our counselors, and Reason is at hand at all times to determine our position and direct our way.

### Mrs. Hardy's Mediumship Conclusively Proved.

If ever mediumship has been conclusively and triumphantly vindicated, it has been in the case of Mrs. John Hardy; and yet, as will be seen from a statement in another column, signed by five persons, all of them undoubtedly sincere, and some of them good Spiritualists, there are those who think they have detected her recently in small, contemptible frauds, while sitting in New York for the phenomenon of the spirit hand molded in paraffine.

Candor compels us to declare, after carefully reading the statement referred to, that it presents no one justifiable fact for the swift and harsh judgment prejudicial to Mrs. Hardy's honesty, at which the signers seem to have arrived. They make no one strong point. They give us a string of trivialities, as if they supposed that in the aggregate these might amount to something; but, in the face of the great, conclusive experiment repeatedly tried in Boston, by which the molded spirit-hand has been irresistibly proved, the little suspicions—for such they seem to be, rather than proofs—promulgated, no doubt, in perfect good faith by our New York friends, dwindle into insignificance. It would seem as if incredulity were just as likely as credulity to lead us to give weight to mere chimeras and trifles in the investigation of these curious phenomena. Persons who go to a seance predisposed to detect suspicious circumstances can almost always be accommodated, however guileless and passive the medium may be.

As for the stories of suspicious movements, cut stockings, bits of slate pencil concealed in the hair, and irreconcilable weightings of paraffine, truly we think our New York friends ought to have waited and looked further, before allowing circumstances like these, "trifles light as air" to an experienced investigator, to so bias their minds as to be converted into "confirmation strong."

We received last week, too late for our Saturday's issue, a telegram from New York apprising us of this "great exposure" of Boston's trusted medium. Having witnessed the full and satisfactory proof of the paraffine mold, under complete test conditions in Mrs. Hardy's presence, we possessed our souls in patience, and were not greatly disturbed by the threatened statement. It came to us on Saturday, and our readers can now see for themselves what it amounts to. We think that the signers will live to realize that they have been over-hasty in their praise-worthy zeal to expose frauds in Spiritualism. They have fallen into the same error that our friend Robert Dale Owen fell into when he unconditionally repudiated the phenomena through Mrs. Holmes on insufficient grounds. We commend the motive that prompts these swift denunciations; but at the same time we lament the absence of that calm, patient and persistent spirit of inquiry which might render them superfluous.

On Sunday evening, March 26th, it was proved to the satisfaction of a large audience assembled at Paine Hall in Boston, to whom the fact of the New York bill of particulars was made known, that Mrs. Hardy was nevertheless a genuine medium for the phenomenon of the materialization and molding of the spirit-hand. Whether the suspicions awakened in New York were justifiable or unjustifiable, they were reduced to utter insignificance and worthlessness by the experiments of Sunday evening. Accounts of these were published in the Boston Herald, Journal and Post of the next morning, all favorable to the medium's honesty and the fairness of the test. We commend to our readers the Herald's report of the affair—also extracts from that of the Journal—which they will find in another column.

One word of advice to investigators everywhere before we close: Do not be too eager to condemn well-accredited mediums because, in your zeal for the truth, you may hit upon a few queer or suspicious circumstances. Do not think you must at once rush into print. Wait and study, and try to realize the fact that if there are frauds in human nature and in spirit nature, there is also much that is genuine, noble and grand. Do not convert every little trivial occurrence into a proof of imposture. Conceive it possible that there may be palliatory circumstances. Should a foot come up through the opening of the table when you are expecting a hand, do not jump to the conclusion that it is the medium's foot, but wait till you get satisfactory proofs that hands come also, and in such a way that no act or trick on the medium's part could explain it.

We are willing at all times to warn the public

against convicted impostors; but the more the field of our experience in these phenomena enlarges, the more convinced we become that in nine cases out of ten where a genuine medium has been charged with fraud, the suspicious circumstance has been the result of genuine spirit action, and the medium was guiltless. As for Mrs. Hardy, the past is secure; her mediumship has been thoroughly tested; and ten thousand such statements as that of the New York dissentients would not affect the question one jot.

When the first Atlantic steamship arrived in New York, we lost all interest in the ingenious and plausible reasons given by Dr. Lardner and other philosophers, why such an experiment could never be successfully accomplished. And so the reasons given for setting down Mrs. Hardy as a fraud, will, we think, have little interest now for the well-informed among our readers. We tender them our apology for the space we have given to the subject. In this we were actuated rather by courtesy to the signers than by a sense of the importance of their communication. Still there is a lesson in it which we hope all persons will ponder before magnifying trifles into proofs, favorable or unfavorable, when investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism.

### Complimentary Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

In our issue for March 25th was published a letter bearing the joint signatures of A. J. and Mary F. Davis, two most worthy workers in the liberal field. They have for some years past devoted their energies to the dissemination of spiritual literature at their bookstore, No. 21 East 4th Street, New York City, but it is a fact, from the stern logic of which there is no escape, that such enterprises are in the main very far from remunerative. We have received information that Mr. Davis has recently attained to the age of fifty years, and in view of the important services rendered by this gentleman in times gone by, through which much has been accomplished toward the advancement of free inquiry, and the broadening of knowledge of demonstrated immortality among the people, we have decided, without consulting him in the least degree, to make a call on the generous-hearted in the spiritual ranks to suitably acknowledge, by a pecuniary testimonial, the attainment of Bro. Davis's semi-centennial birthday.

Who will assist in the good work of making up a really handsome sum to strengthen the hands of this staunch pioneer, so that he may be able to financially sustain himself in the face of the present stringent times?

The BANNER heads the list with \$100.00  
"A. E. G." (whose letter we give below) 100.00  
sends a check (\$2.00) for 5.00  
Friend H., Boston, 10.00  
From an old friend, 10.00  
Mary R. Tucker, 10.00  
S. Lyon, 3.00

A. E. G.'S LETTER.  
DEAR MR. COLBY:—That suggestion of yours in the last BANNER (i.e., that of March 25th) that the friends of Andrew Jackson Davis should give to him a pecuniary testimonial for his services in the shape of a handsome bouquet of greenbacks, is excellent, and I hope it will receive an emphatic and favorable response. Who that knows A. J. Davis does not love him, and who that loves him would not gladly bestow on him and his needed kindness, so far as it may be within their power? That he and his helpmate, Mary F. Davis, would be glad to receive and probably need a more liberal patronage in carrying on their bookstore in New York, is very evident from their letter of Annual Thanks and Solicitations, which also appears in the same number of the BANNER.

I have occasionally met with some people who have supposed that Mr. Davis had realized quite a snug little fortune from the extensive sale of the many books he has written and published, but I do not believe that it is so. I was quite surprised a few years ago when I was credibly informed that the united incomes of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, from the profits of his books, receipts of their lectures, and from all other sources, did not exceed seven to nine hundred dollars per year, and sometimes even fell short of that sum. Certainly that is not a large income for two persons to live upon in the vicinity of New York City. During the last three years he has been out of the field, and has received no income from that source, and in view of his earnest appeal for an enlarged patronage, I doubt whether his book business, in these hard times, has been especially profitable.

You, Brother Colby, have seen that little shop of his, about sixteen feet square, where he carries on his book business at No. 24 East Fourth Street; but did he show you his living-room? Once when I was in New York, I called upon him, and was quite amazed when, opening a rear door of his shop, and ushering me into another room of about the same size, he gave me to understand that it was there that he and Mary carried on their household. There was a neat cook-stove, a plain bedstead and bedding, a table, a few chairs, and some other simple furniture. That back room served as their parlor, bedroom, kitchen and dining room—all in one.

Are all reformers ever to be pecuniarily poor? I see that subscribers, monetary testimonials, and public benefactions are not unfrequently made in behalf of eminent progressive workers. A few years ago, the abolitionists did themselves honor, and a golden deed of kindness to one of their workers, when they raised quite a fund (wasn't it about thirty thousand dollars?) for William Lloyd Garrison. Now, Brother Colby, you are generous and quick-witted in many things, but has it popped into your head that in this Centennial year occurs also the semi-centennial birthday of Mr. Davis? From his Autobiography, or Magic Staff, it appears that he was born August 11th, 1826. Would it not be a good plan for the Spiritualists to raise a fund for the benefit of A. J. Davis prior to his next birthday? Would not many persons, who have been instructed and redeemed from spiritual bondage by his writings, be delighted to contribute to the fiftieth Birthday Fund for A. J. Davis? Let not such a movement be limited to the United States. Let his friends, both the rich and the poor (each in proportion to their means), in Great Britain, Germany, Russia and other countries, in fact, wherever the light of Modern Spiritualism has dawned, have the privilege of uniting together in giving to him a substantial token of their gratitude and love. If you think well of the idea, please give it a voice in your columns, and don't permit Mr. and Mrs. Davis to say nay to it, even if they want to. For my part, I should feel that I was anything but grateful, were I to depart from this life without attempting in some way, otherwise than by mere words, to thank Andrew Jackson Davis for the immense benefit that his writings have been to me. By the way, please add the enclosed post to the bouquet you are gathering for him, and much oblige,

Yours truly, A. E. G.  
Hyde Park, Mass., March 27th, 1876.

Since the above was put in type we have received the following

REPLY OF MARY F. DAVIS TO OUR PROPOSITION.

To the Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT:  
DEAR FRIEND: It was with intense surprise and deep emotion that I read your editorial in the BANNER of March 25th, written in behalf of my dear companion, and entitled "Complimentary Donation Fund." In his name I thank you for its friendly and appreciative words, and for the generous spirit that prompts you to lead in the proposed benefaction. To one who has ever stood ready, from early youth, to mature manhood, to "lend a hand" toward the advancement

of his kind, there can be nothing more welcome than the voice of a comrade sending words of cheer and blessing across the rugged pathways through which are traced the lonely pathways of "Nature's Divine Revelations" accept with grateful and heartfelt for speech your present assurance of recognition and friendship.

Nevertheless, it is his earnest request that your benevolent proposition be withdrawn. Through your noble journal Spiritualists have already been called upon to give assistance to various needy and worthy persons and objects. To these let their donations still freely flow. As for us, by methods of industry, by simplicity of life, and by the benefactions of certain "tried and true" and dearly beloved personal friends, we have been enabled both to live and to give. If lingering sickness or remorseless disaster overtake us, we shall have need of such assistance as you generously propose. Until then we will "still bear up and press right onward" in our efforts toward self-support, doing each day "the duty which lies nearest," hoping that even in the lowliest sphere of toil and business we may so think and feel, and act and speak, as to benefit our fellow-humans. For "whether we live or die we are Humanity's."

In conclusion, let me say that your frank and friendly presentation of this personal matter to your readers, who are also our friends, leads me to state as frankly, that the author of "The Harmonical Philosophy" has a strong desire to be emancipated from both the ownership of his stereotyped plates, and the publication of his list of books. Could this end be consummated, I know it would be to him a great relief and gratification. It may not be amiss to tell you that his only property accumulations during the past thirty years consist of his stereotyped plates, and his only income is derived from the very moderate sales of his several works. If some plan could be devised whereby his plates and copyrights might be sold for their actual cost and value, for instance, to the BANNER OF LIGHT Publishing Company, he would be at once permanently relieved from pecuniary pressure, and set at liberty to enter upon any other work for which he might feel the leadings of inspiration.

Cordially and gratefully yours,  
MARY F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J., March, 1876.

Of course due deference to the choicely and delicately worded wishes of the party referred to, as conveyed in the above letter, demands that we proceed no further in the project of the Complimentary Testimonial, the inception of which we announced last week. The amount already attached to the fund, \$228, will at once be sent by us to the address of the gentleman in whose honor it was tendered. We are, however, informed that many of the friends had it in mind to respond to our call, and to them we would suggest the propriety of forwarding what they had intended to despatch to our address, direct to Mr. Davis at 24 East Fourth Street, New York City.

### Spirit Messages—Aid the Free Circle Fund.

The following communications will be found on the sixth page present issue: Through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, Baltimore, Rosalie Bennett, of South Brooklyn, speaks of her experiences in spirit-life; Emma Collins, wife of Dr. Collins, U. S. Army, returns to bid her friends and acquaintances "rejoice rather than sorrow, for the grave holds me not; the spirit is free;" Kate Morton, of East Madison Street, Baltimore, assures her husband that his kindness in her long sickness will never be forgotten; Fannie De Wolfe Pinkney, of New York, calls upon her friends to "read the written words of one who speaks not from death, but from life, with all her inner senses quickened;" and Frederic Rudolph, of New York, a suicide, details his feelings and position in the new sphere of being into which he was self-introduced.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. Rudd, at the Banner of Light Public Free Circles, Boston, "Grandfather George" offers opening remarks; Mrs. Conant reiterates her continued interest in the work to which while in earth life her best energies were untiringly devoted; Mrs. Dr. Adams, who died in the Butler Asylum, Providence, desires to speak to her children, especially her son Charles; Norman Lyman, of Hartford, Ct., wishes to talk with his friends; James Riley proclaims that he is busy and comfortable in his present state of existence; Frank Rounds, Norton, Mass., sends a message to his mother; "Old Dan" forwards a word of greeting to J. Landon, of Dover Plains, N. Y.; Theodore P. Bowker, of Boston, Pineknay Street, thanks his friends for the efforts they made in his behalf; Daniel Safford, of Boston, presents a message which we personally recognize from acquaintanceship with him while in the form, and gives expression to some remarks which it would be well for Spiritualists to consider at the present time; Frank—utters words of comfort to his mother; Sally Matthews, of Bristol, Ct., informs "Esther" that all is well with her; and Dr. Mann closes the seance with good wishes for all.

We have thus furnished a full page of spirit messages for the perusal of the public. As we are now at the expense of remunerating two mediumistic instruments, and as our public circles held in the Banner Building are free, we hope those kindly disposed in the premises will assist us in the good work by contributing to our "Free Circle Fund." All moneys received for this purpose will be acknowledged in these columns and strictly devoted to the object named.

"What is Spiritualism?" (which we print in this number of the BANNER), is an excellent essay, by that earnest and devoted Spiritualist, Mr. J. M. Roberts. He says, with much truth, "As Spiritualism exists to-day, it is so enveloped in the chaff of theories and speculation that its golden grain is hardly perceptible, and does not avail to satisfy the famishing souls who crave its nourishment." He then pertinently asks, "What is the part of true wisdom?" and has a ready answer as follows: "It is not to dogmatize, to dictate, or speculate in spiritual matters, . . . but rather to divest ourselves of every prejudice that prestige or custom has produced." And he closes his inspired essay with a most beautiful and appropriate tribute to "the honest, faithful and patient mediums, who have devoted themselves to the work of demonstrating the Divine mission of their controlling guides."

Wonderful tests of spirit-power have been given the past week through Dr. Slade, the medium, who resides in New York City. And so the spiritual work goes bravely on, notwithstanding the opposition it meets from a skeptical mind. Dr. Slade, it is expected, will visit St. Petersburg in October.

"Rights of Mediums . . . and Rights of Philosophy," is the title of an Original Essay by DR. JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN, of Kentucky, which we shall place before our readers next Saturday.

Mrs. Stewart's seances at Terre Haute, Ind., have been suspended for a while, but will be resumed again April 10th—so we are informed.

### Northwestern Indians.

The argument for removing the Indian Bureau to the War Department is that the Indians will in that case be in no danger of being cheated; an argument that concedes the whole body of objections that have been urged against the dealings of the Government with the Indians, which is simply that they are cheated and swindled, and goaded into war. Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, has recently demanded justice for the red man in a communication to the New York Times, the basis of which is that the Government has never been in the habit of keeping its promises with the tribes. He gives some illustrations of his statement. One is this: the Sioux of Minnesota sold eight hundred thousand acres of their reservation to the Government. The treaty provides that none of the proceeds of this sale should be appropriated to the payment of Indian debts, unless they had first been agreed to in open council. But no such council was ever held, and after waiting for their money four years they were put off with an offer to settle the whole claim for \$15,000.

The United States has repeatedly professed itself ready to go to war with Great Britain rather than surrender its claims to a strip of territory that formed a disputed boundary line; what, then, is the difference if the Indians, feeling themselves cheated and insulted, are ready to take the war path for defending their claims, with a case so plainly made out in the black-and-white of a treaty. The whole of the money due the Sioux was taken for alleged claims, with the exception of some eight hundred dollars. When they assembled to receive their annual payment the traders told them the money was stolen. For two months longer they waited for it, in a state of hunger at that. Some of their children, they said, had been starved to death. After that came the Massacre, though no explanation like the present one by Bishop Whipple was given of its cause. Now let us read what the Bishop tells about the treaty that gave them the Black Hills region as a reservation:

"No possible plea can be made against their title, except the plea of the footpad who places his pistol to your breast and says, 'Might makes right.' The expedition of Gen. Custer was made in clear violation of a nation's law. Gold was discovered. At first we were ashamed to violate our own treaty. The noble men who made that treaty for us honestly tried to keep white men out of the Indians' country. It was impossible. The Black Hills swarmed with miners. We shall have another Indian war, and spend some millions of dollars to swell the hundreds of millions already spent in Indian wars. Many of our brave officers and soldiers will lose their lives in a war which brings to them no glory; many a home will be destroyed and innocent people murdered by massacre. It may be too late, but I believe there are men in America who even now can secure peace. It will cost us some hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it will cost much more to carry on this war."

And now come additional dispatches from the West—from Fort Fetterman—(a very appropriate name)—which give us the information that "Gen. Crooke's victory over Crazy Horse's band of Indians was a complete one, as many of the Red Skins who escaped must starve, as all their provisions, ammunition, etc., were destroyed." Here is *Christian warfare with a vengeance*. 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."

### The Case of M. Leymarie.

The Spiritualist (London, Eng.), of March 17th, says the total number of signers to the English petition for the pardon of this persecuted brother amounts to eleven hundred. The following despatch also appears in its columns:

THE PERSECUTION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN PARIS.  
The Report from the Court of Cassation to the Procureur Général has not yet been made, though several weeks have elapsed since the rejection of his *poursuite*. These *rappports* are generally made in three days. The question of the prison to which M. Leymarie will go, and of the interval of time allowed before going to it, cannot be settled till after it is made. We hope to find a somewhat less hostile spirit in the next Government than in that of M. Buffet. J. L. O'SULLIVAN.  
Paris, March 10th.

### The Boston Investigator and Mrs. Hardy.

The venerable editor of this able materialistic journal attended the test seance at Paine Hall last Sunday night, and in the course of an article thereon in his issue for March 29th, thus expresses himself:

"In the evening Mrs. Hardy gave her experiment of what is called a spirit mold from paraffine, of a hand. It was the best performance of the kind yet witnessed, and we must and will do the lady the credit to say that she (or somebody for her) is improving in her occult art. The paraffine or wax was enclosed in an iron box, which was opened in about an hour, and there was the mold of a hand—what seemed to be a lady's hand, and rather a handsome hand too. It was curious anyhow, however caused."

### Re-opening of the Banner Free Circles.

On our sixth page will be found the first installment of messages received at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Rooms, through the organism of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, of Providence, R. I., unconscious trance medium, who has been secured to fill the place made vacant by the demise of Mrs. J. H. Conant. The seances thus far held have been favored with large audiences, and the work of the medium and her controls has awakened much interest in the minds of those attending. The circles will be continued on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, commencing at precisely three o'clock, until further notice, and the public are cordially invited.

We have received a copy of ANT MAGIC—which is just published—through the courtesy of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. The new book is splendidly gotten up as to typography, but we have not had time as yet to judge concerning its contents.

Recent tests have proved that the reports of fraud brought against Mrs. Stewart's mediumship are quite as unreliable as those brought against Mrs. Hardy's.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen, the New-Harmony (Ind.) Register says, has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his literary labors. He intends to sail for Europe about June 1st.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is the best paper extant to advertise in, as it circulates all over the world.



## Peebles on the Wing.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, the lecturer and author, is again pilgrimage, and the Banner of Light will publish exclusively his observations while abroad. No. 1. of the series—"TRAVELS IN THE LANDS OF THE AZTECS AND TOLTECS"—will appear in our forthcoming issue.

In a private note Bro. Peebles says, "Safely across the restless Gulf waters and over the Mexican mountains by a superb railway, soldier-guarded, I was dropped down yesterday in the capital of our sister Republic. To-day I visited the cathedral, calendar stone, sacrificial altar, cedars planted by Montezuma, Aztec ruins, Gen. Gonzales (a distinguished Spiritualist), and Maximilian's castle on the heights of Chapultepec, where poor Carlotta planted her gardens and then became a maniac. One of her 'maids of honor' is a firm Spiritualist; to-morrow I expect to have the pleasure of an interview with her and her brother, and then I am off the next day to the pyramids." "My principal stay will be in Yucatan, where there are ruins, grand and magnificent, never yet explored."

## The Twenty-Eighth Anniversary

Of the advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated with interest and success in Boston, and at various points in the United States, on Friday, March 31st, reports of which services we shall furnish next week.

As a fitting continuance of the jubilant exercises the management of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, state, that many applications having been made to them for aid for the suffering poor, in order to more fully meet the demand, this organization has decided to give an entertainment at Rochester Hall, on Saturday evening, April 1st, the proceeds of which will be devoted to charitable purposes. The Dramatic Club connected with the school will bring out a play, entitled "The Quiet Family." This, together with music, tableaux, etc., will comprise a fine programme for the entertainment of the public on this, the day following the anniversary.

It is also announced that on Sunday, April 2d, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn has kindly consented to remain in Boston, and will give two lectures, afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the Lyceum.

## Debate between Dr. Sexton and Mr. Charles Watts.

Arrangements have been completed for a debate to take place at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, between Dr. Sexton and Mr. Charles Watts, on April 6th, 7th, 10th and 11th. The subjects are as follows: 6th and 7th, "Is Secularism sufficient to promote the well-being of Mankind?" Mr. Watts to take the affirmative, Dr. Sexton the negative. 10th and 11th, "Is Christianity of Divine Origin, and adapted to the Real Wants of Mankind?" Dr. Sexton will take the affirmative, Mr. Watts the negative.

Dr. Sexton, so it is reported, is about to embark on an enterprise to be called "The Church of the Lord."

## Gone Home.

M. M. Ellis, so long known among the fraternity of spiritual believers as the father, and for the greater part of the time business agent of the celebrated and reliable girl medium, Laura V. Ellis, passed to spirit life, from his residence, 389 East Worthington street, Springfield, Mass., March 18th, aged 53 years. His physical disease was the result of congestion of the brain combined with pneumonia. It has been the lot of this translated brother to aid in doing in the past much pioneer work in the phenomenal field for Spiritualism. He has now passed on to receive the merited reward.

## Illness of Dr. W. L. Jack.

We regret to learn that Dr. Jack, the well-known reliable medium and excellent medical clairvoyant, is obliged to withdraw from the further prosecution of his office duties until his health warrants their resumption. He is now seeking recuperation from overwork and recent indisposition. When able, he will resume his medical practice at 60 Merrimack street, Haverhill, Mass., due notice of which will be given through these columns.

The complacency with which such journals as the New York World speak of the decadence of Spiritualism is amusing to those who know the facts. Decadence indeed! A few years ago, Mr. D. D. Home seemed to be the greatest medium extant; now there are hundreds; the phenomena through whom make those, for which Mr. Home was famous, dwindle in the comparison. Never was interest in the marvels of Spiritualism so wide-spread and intense as it is now.

We received last week a pleasant call from S. B. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was on a visit to Boston in connection with his duties as member of the Centennial Committee on Fine Arts. Mr. W. is a firm Spiritualist. He has been a constant subscriber to the Banner from its establishment to the present time.

The Spiritual Magazine (London, Eng.) for March, reprints in full the able reply of Eves Sargent, Esq., to Prof. Tyndall, which has created such profound interest on the American side of the Atlantic, and copies of which in pamphlet form are for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Nothing is so fatal to the progress of truth as indifference and stagnation. All this questioning and opposition, these attempts to discredit powerful and well-known mediums—may they not be prompted by the spirit-world to prevent our lapsing into apathy and inaction?

The Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, who, under the signature of M. A. (Oxon), has written able in defence of Spiritualism, has put forth a pamphlet "On the Trans-corporeal Action of Spirit," in which the theory of the "double" is defended. He quotes largely from Mrs. Hardinge-Britten.

An interesting account of the earlier manifestations in the West is given in a letter by James P. Greves, Esq., in which allusion is made to the early days of the now celebrated trance medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. It is published in the present number of the Banner.

We are glad that recent developments in Massachusetts are leading its law-makers to take action toward providing more strict rules in the process of committing persons to asylums for the insane. There is need enough of reform in the premises.

Read Giles B. Stebbins's really good letter of advice, which may be found in this issue of the Banner.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

While opening our new volume to-day, we cannot refrain from sending congratulations to all our readers on the rapid growth of the Spiritual Philosophy. We thank all those who have strengthened their hands in the arduous duties we have had to perform during the past thirteen years with purse and pen and voice; and we still look confidently to them for further aid and encouragement, that the pages of the BANNER may grow in grace, in power, in usefulness, until the peoples of earth shall arrive at a full knowledge of the divine truths of SPIRITUALISM.

More about the Edlys, from Mr. A. E. Newton, will be printed in our next issue.

An Englishman has analyzed the causes of railroad accidents, and comes to the conclusion that human weakness is responsible for 41 per cent. of them; defective signals for 25 per cent.; defective road-work for 15 per cent.; and defective rolling stock for 19 per cent.

A Rejoinder to Mrs. Deaton, from Mrs. Louisa Andrews, will appear in the next number of the Banner.

The birthday of the German Emperor was celebrated, March 23d, with great enthusiasm, especially in Berlin. Messages of congratulation were received by Kaiser Wilhelm from Queen Victoria, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Italy.

Leap year reading of an old proverb—*La femme propose, Dieu dispose.*

The members of the Irish Rifle Association have unanimously voted to invite the National Rifle Association of America to compete for the championship of the world.

The revolt in Mexico appears to be spreading.

It was a Concord man who spent an hour trying to open a postal card.

The man who was kicked by a horse yesterday (Monday, March 20th) was the greatest sufferer by the equine knuckle.

George P. Rowell & Co. report that during the week ending March 18th, fifteen newspapers were established, and twenty-five stopped publication. The former comprised eleven weeklies, one daily and three monthlies; and the latter twenty weeklies, one daily, one semi-weekly and three monthlies.

That which opposes right must be wrong.

"Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring, Happiest season of the year, Haste then, my friend, and bid him bring, A bunch of Carrots and a bunch of Carrots."

A powder-boat was sunk off the South Boston flats in the gale on Tuesday, March 21st.

Tarantula, in Syria, where the apostle Paul was born, has been ravaged by a \$700,000 fire. Rats gnawed matches, and ruin reached shops, bazaars, churches, and dwellings.

In England, they tell how Sankey walked up to a grenadier, and taking him affectionately by the belt, said, "Young man, I like you as a soldier, a soldier of heaven."

"Old 'un," returned the grenadier, "you're a long way from your barracks, anyhow."

Heavy snows are impeding the movements of the Herzogian insurgents, but refugees are expected to arrive soon. Sicily is closely besieged by the revolutionists, and famine starves the Turkish garrison in the face. Mukhtar Pasha recently lost 120 men killed and many wounded in an attempt to raise the siege.

A tear which troubles Uncle Sam—the Mexican frontier.

The British House of Commons has passed the bill making Queen Victoria Empress of India.

Never be caught bel-knapping.

Tribute to the President of the New York Theosophical Society.

BY THE OLD COLONY BARD. Men seldom in their tastes agree; Each has some special fancy; Here stands the cult of Chivalry, And there, of Neotony.

But now and then we note a pen Of comprehensive feather, Like the great Ovidian's, which joins The specialties together.

Plymouth, 1876.

The Opera House block in Scranton, Pa., was burned Thursday, March 24th, involving a loss of \$150,000.

The hall of truth rolls right on, and had men fall like tenpins in a bowling alley.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has lectured 120 times during the last lecturing season, and has realized enough to pay off her \$10,000 debt, incurred by the bankruptcy of the Revolution. The last dollar of this obligation was paid last week.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

Woman suffrage is pretty firmly established in the Congregational churches of Connecticut. A circular inquiry having been recently issued from the old Litchfield church, 127 out of 232 churches that were heard from reply that they allow women to vote. The Massachusetts Legislature has vetoed it.

"Centennialia" is the latest name for the Quaker city.

The brig Hattie Eaton, of Boston, Captain James P. Cook, from Cienfuegos for Boston, went ashore on Gerish Island, off Kittery, recently, and seven lives were lost, the first mate only being saved.

Lord Byron never recanted his liberal views, that we are aware of, nor did Thomas Paine ever regret that he wrote the "Age of Reason."

By the explosion of about four hundred pounds of powder at the monastery of the Brothers Company, the northern section of New York City, Wednesday, March 22d, four men were instantly killed and six or seven others seriously injured.

"The grasshopper blossoms sweetly on the edge of the Minnesota snowdrift," says the Graphic.

The city of Worcester advertises for sale the farm of Stephen Foster and his wife Abby Kelley, the old-time abolition lecturers, and more recently prominent advocates of woman suffrage. The cause is the refusal of the husband to pay his taxes while his wife cannot vote.

A boiler in the Union Pacific Company's rolling mill at Laramie City, Kansas, exploded March 23d, wrecking the south half of the mill. About twenty men were in the mill at the time, and nearly every one was killed or wounded. The boiler was carried through the stone wall of the mill and landed a quarter of a mile away on the prairie. All the killed had families. The wounded were carried to the hospital. The damage to the mill was fifteen thousand dollars.

The muster-roll of prisoners at the New York Tombs was blank on Monday for the first time in five years.

The third examination for women by Harvard University will be held in Boston or Cambridge, as may be determined. In the latter part of May, under the charge of the Woman's Educational Association of Boston, and will be of two grades—a general or preliminary examination for young women not less than seventeen years old, and an advanced examination for young women who have passed the preliminary examination and are not less than eighteen years old.

The Haytian Insurgents have captured Jacmel, and general alarm pervades at Port-au-Prince.

"E. P. C." writes, "I am entirely satisfied with your management of Patie Hall, and as I am sure that it could not be in safer hands, I cannot see any reason for the unusual completion of the New York Truth Seeker." "There is no reason for them, and there never was; but some people are like the dog in the manger, who would not eat the hay himself nor let the horse eat it. They are constitutionally ugly."—Boston Investigator.

We have known Mr. Josiah P. Mendum (the party alluded to above) intimately for over forty years, and a true and more trustworthy man in every respect we never knew. The late attacks upon his veracity by every honest Liberal, therefore, should be frowned upon by certain selfish people, in the name of a Spiritualist saying this of an infidel will seem, to some at least, singular; but we must tell the truth and defend an honest man.

The dykes protecting Herzogian Holland, have been swept away, and the town completely isolated. Hundreds of houses have disappeared, and six thousand persons are homeless.

Gen. Molke has left Berlin for Italy on a six-month furlough.

March 25th was the anniversary of Emperor Dom Pedro II. taking the oath of fealty to the National Constitution of Brazil. The occasion was observed by ceremonies of great splendor, and there was a general holiday.

The storm of Saturday, March 25th, was very destructive in various sections of New England, more particularly in Rhode Island and Connecticut, where dams, mills and bridges were swept away by the flood indiscriminately. At Burrillville alone, the estimated damage to property will

amount to \$200,000, while in Connecticut the loss will exceed that sum. Seven lives are reported lost in Eastern Connecticut, and a large number of mills and bridges are utterly ruined. The damage in Western Massachusetts will reach upward of \$100,000, and in other parts of New England the destruction of property is quite extensive.

The German poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, was buried at Cassel, on the 21st of March. He was a most remarkable man of letters, and the grave was attended by many leaders of the People's party.

The large boat factory of Chaffin & Coburn in Hopkinton, Mass., was destroyed by fire at four o'clock Sunday morning, March 26th, involving a loss of \$200,000.

Reports from Washington indicate that the British government may refuse to surrender Winslow, the fugitive, under the extradition treaty of 1812, preventing thereby his return to this country.

During the freshet on Sunday morning, March 26th, the water rose higher in many places in the New England valleys than it has for fifty years. Among other disasters Moses Pond, in Clinton, burst its banks, and the overflow left ruin and desolation in its track.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

W. S. Bell left this city last week, to fill lecturing engagements in the West. His address for the present will be care of E. D. Stark, 18 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio. We cordially recommend him to our Western friends as a sound, able and eloquent expounder of the living truths of the New Dispensation.

Warren Chase will lecture in Clyde, Ohio, April 6th; in Lakesville, O., April 16th; in Geneva, O., April 23d; in Akron, O., April 30th. Address addresses for May, Alliance, O., or till further notice.

Mrs. N. M. P. Fox, (formerly Nettie M. Pease), has again entered the lecture field, and will respond to calls not too distant from her home. As a speaker, she is favorably known in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and several of the Northern States.

Mrs. F. C. Dexter has removed to 48 Tremont street, Boston.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers Hyder has been engaged recently to speak in Dover, N. H., and has given excellent satisfaction. She would like to make engagements with other parties that need her services. Her address is Haverhill, Mass.

P. C. Mills has been giving a course of lectures at Conway Center, N. H., occupying the Town House every third Sunday during the past week. He writes: "There is an interest and feeling here, and I have faith to believe we shall have something to awaken the people during the Centennial year."

Giles B. Stebbins spoke at Sturges, Mich., March 31st, at the spiritualist anniversary meeting. He is to lecture in Detroit Sunday, April 2d, where a like meeting will be held, the hall being in use there on the 3d.

The interest in the New Haven (Conn.) meetings, under the ministrations of W. F. Jamieson, continues unabated. The New Haven press report his discourses.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. A. holds his sessions every Sunday morning at Rochester Hall, 720 Washington street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. J. H. Havel, Conductor; Julia M. Carpenter, Sec. Secy.

The Ladies' Aid Society will further invite to hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on the afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

LYNN HALL.—Free Public Circles are held at this hall, No. 3, Walnut street, every Sunday, at 8 o'clock, and 2 P. M., by many of the best and ablest mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. Admittance invited to attend.

Rochester Hall.—On Sunday, March 26th, the names of those who participated in the exercises of the Children's Lyceum were H. B. Johnson, May Potter, Florence Hall, Jenny Miller, Ernestine Edridge, May Cotto, Linwood Hickok, Carlo Hale, Rosa Shuman and Nellie Thompson. Singing by Miss Harrington, Miss Adams and Mr. Lull. The school was fully attended, and the session an enjoyable one. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Secy.

The attention of the reader is especially invited to the essays, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" by R. T. Hallack, M. D., on our second page, and "The Element of Fear," by W. S. Bell, on the same page.

De Witt C. Hough is reported as giving at present fine manifestations of the physical type at the séance parlors of his mother, Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, No. 216 North 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Parties intending to visit the Centennial Exhibition, and desiring a quiet place to remain a few days or weeks, can be accommodated at the Belvidere Seminary.

Children will be taken for the summer and receive every care and attention. Terms moderate.

Address: J. L. BUSH, Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J.

Several hundred pamphlets given away. Address me at New Haven, Conn.

W. F. JAMIESON.

Convention of Spiritualists at Gasport, N. Y.

The next quarterly convention of the Spiritualists of Western New York, will be held at Kirtland Hall, Gasport, Niagara County, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, April 8th and 9th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M. respectively. The friends of Gasport and surrounding neighborhoods join the committee in extending a cordial invitation to all who would learn the gospel of Spiritualism, and aid immortal men and women in preparing better conditions through which this gospel of humanity may be impressed to the world. Any who may not be gratifiedly entertained can leave behind at one dollar per day, during the Convention, at Kirtland Hall.

J. W. SEAYEN, Committee.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR, Secretary.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 6 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoöscience and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCE. London, Eng. Price 6 cents.

THE RELIGIOUS-PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism, published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Issued fortnightly at Chicago, Ill. E. V. Wilson, editor. Price 5 cents.

VOICE OF ANGELS. A monthly journal, edited and published by spirits. Published in Boston. Price 10 cents per copy.

THE CHURCHMAN. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.

THE LANCET. 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.

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, fifteen each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, and advance each insertion.

Advertisements in all cases in advance.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminster street. Diagnosing disease by voice of lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail.

Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2519.

SPRING DEBILITY, languor, lassitude, and that low state of the system peculiar to the spring-time of the year, are immediately relieved by the PERUVIAN SYRUP, which supplies the blood with its vital principle of life-energy—iron—infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system. Being free from alcohol, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent. Sold by all druggists. Pamphlets free.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors, Boston.

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will almost invariably give relief.

MR. AND MRS. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock P. M.

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

On and after Dec. 20th, Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIAMS may be addressed care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. He will be at the Sherman House, in Court Square, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., commencing Wednesday, Dec. 20th.

Mrs. J. W. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physicist, 100 W. 50th st., New York. Ap. 1.

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## Message Department.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to the next world. Whether for good or evil, consequently those who pass from the earth sphere to the spirit world, should be careful to leave a good name behind them. All express as much of truth as they perceive, or know.

### MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANCKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danckin, of Baltimore.)  
During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danckin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

### A Card.

Letters are received almost daily from Mrs. Danckin, asking for special communications from the spirit friends of the writers. It is a great pleasure to every heart that such a medium exists, who has been able to give to the world such a large amount of truth, and to the spirits who would not have been satisfied through this channel, but who have been able to express their communications.

Mrs. Danckin is a devoted and loving medium through whom the spirits speak, knowing the heart of what is said, and having no other choice of the spirits, that it would be weak and indolent; sometimes a movement or word by someone in the circle may attract my attention while I am writing, and the sound may be distinctly heard. All these causes very interfere with our work, and render it more or less imperfect; but usually we are free from all such conditions, and the "Messages" go to the Banner just as they were given by the spirit.

A message was given to J. M. Frank, of Connecticut, not long since, and some of his family who were highly esteemed friends, Dr. H. B. Wagon, that, while the message was given, they all knew Emma Danckin, who was named by the spirit, that it would be the name of one in whom Mr. Frank was interested. Now this was a case where I did not catch the name accurately, but wrote as the spirit came to me. It is rarely the case that a name is made by the spirit after the communication is given.

We have received many authentications of the messages, and if the persons to whom they are sent were not afraid of criticism and unpleasant comment they might be made public every week. We have ample evidence that the Message Department is doing its work well.

WASH. A. DANCKIN.

Baltimore, Md., March 28th, 1876.

### Mrs. Danckin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Continued.)

BY WASH. A. DANCKIN.

The spirit of Rosalie often came to us, and it was one of the great pleasures of our lives to watch the unfolding of the spirit as it grew in knowledge and power, in the new world to which it had been translated. During the civil war she gave us frequent accounts of the coming conflicts, and sometimes with accurate details of events, as confirmed by subsequent reports from the seat of war.

On one occasion she said to me, "Make a note of what I now tell you. Joseph (her brother) will be taken from your earth in a very brief period." Supposing him to be in command of one of the gunboats at Key West, I asked, "Will he be taken off with fever on the Florida coast?" "Ask me not by what means; I have told you all that I am now permitted to reveal."

Knowing how fatal the fevers sometimes were on the coast, I took for granted that if this prophecy was fulfilled it would be in the manner I had suggested; but it soon passed from my mind, and I gave it no more thought. Some few weeks after I picked up an evening paper, and there saw in glaring headlines the explosion of the boiler of a gunboat, at Chester, Pa. The first named among the killed was Joseph Cahill, the brother of Rose, who was about to take command of this new vessel, and it was on the trial trip the explosion took place. Why she could not, or did not, give me the particular time or mode of this transition, I cannot tell; for at other times she had been quite minute in relation to matters that did not concern her so closely as this.

Her brother was very much devoted to her. He admired, as well as loved her; and after he had been a short time in the spirit world he came to me with great feeling, and through Mrs. Danckin's lips, reproached me for having drawn his sister away from under the influence of that church (the Roman Catholic) to which all her family adhered. He said that in the spirit world they were gathered under the protection of that Power which had shielded them from evil when on earth, and the family group was not complete without his darling sister. I asked him if he had seen his sister? "Oh, yes, I have seen her, but she is not with us," I asked, "How did she appear?" "So radiantly beautiful I had to veil my vision in her presence." "Then," said I, "Joseph, she at least has received no detriment by being drawn from under the influence of the ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH."

### Rosalie Bennett, South Brooklyn.

Is this a school for scandal, or is it a school that takes away scandal? I am an inquirer after treasures that have been hid away from mortal sight and hearing.

My name was Rosalie. I was the wife of Robert Bennett. I died very suddenly. It comes to my mind that it was in January. I was fifty-four years old. I lived in Union street, South Brooklyn. Now the strangest part of my story is this: after the body was laid away, and the spirit had gone to its reckoning, I found a home in some respects like the one I left, only with this difference—there's not so many sorrows, not so many harrowing cares, not so many perplexities. Still the mind will come back and search in its home for those I left behind—will try to make them recognize that I am about. That, however, is not always done, and I am told I must be content and wait with patience, for time will develop all things for my good and theirs.

This, I am told, will tell the tale of life instead of death. If so, God speed it.

### Emma Collins.

I am the daughter of Kurzon Haseltine, wife of Dr. Collins, U. S. Army. I died in Lunas, near Santa Fe, New Mexico. This is not original with myself—I mean this speaking—for I do not understand it, but I am told that others will.

I had the realization of meeting others that I knew were dead, and that gave me confidence to pass over this bridge and make known to my friends that though I died far, far away, still Delly, the merciful of all our souls, hearts and brains, has given me this divine privilege of coming back and talking through a stranger.

Though new, it is pleasant. In this land I've not yet seen the slightest indication of death, decay of impurity or of olden age. Look which side you may, the picture presents something more

beautiful than the human mind can conceive, or human words can express. The glowing colors, the beautiful tints, the infinite changes are beyond the reach of human conjecture.

You did, oh Death! hold me in your embrace; but it was not cold, it was not chilling, it was not even startling. The eyes of the human closed on the vale below, and the eyes of the spirit opened upon scenes of heavenly beauty.

And now she that was gone from the midst of friends and acquaintance, returns on the wings of love, to bid them rejoice rather than sorrow, for the grave holds me not; the spirit is free, with all its enhanced conditions, and this is to be forever and forever.

### Kate Morton, and the Priest.

My name was Kate Morton. I've left behind me two children, a son and a daughter. Too young were they to miss the blessing of a mother. My illness was of long continuation. The kindness of my husband can never be spoken in words, but oh, kind and tender husband, it is not forgotten by me.

The shades of night came not, for a torch was held by angel fingers, and I found my way into that heaven of rest where I had been taught, no troubles ever could enter; but, alas! I was mistaken—for they came and go, they see and know all those who sit at their firesides.

How beautiful it is to die, when you have full assurance of your Redeemer's love—that love that can never die, that never fades.

This, if those in kindred with myself shall read, will seem strange, for I knew not of the power of spirits to communicate; nor is it in accordance with the public teachings of my church.

My form was carried to St. John's Church, and there a requiem for the repose of my soul was given, and oh, how beautifully has it lit the path to an eternal life! Husband, rear my little ones in the faith, and let them die, as I did, in the church.

I do not know but a strangeness will pervade those I have left behind when they see this, but I could not resist coming to let them know of my realization of happiness.

I was a resident of East Madison street, Baltimore, but my native place was sweet, sweet old Ireland.

[With alarm:] Harken to what the priest utters. He says I've committed a wrong, trampled under foot the rights of the church and the peace and the glory which the requiem cast over my soul. Is it wrong that I have done? Strike it out, if I have. I would not offend the good father. I'll speak to him. "Oh, father, my soul is light and buoyant; there is no darkness in my path—all is bright and beautiful." [The priest then controlled, and with some vehemence said:] "Cursed be the child who passes from under the rule and domination of the church. How dare you leave the protection of the holy church and place yourself among heretics and infidels? Did you not know that the beautiful peace that the holy Virgin Mother had cast around your soul would be lost forever among heretics and schismatics? Go back and hide your head in shame and sorrow, and in time you may be forgiven for the sin you have committed. And now, sir, [addressing the chairman] I think your time and talents might be better employed than in leading silly women and weak-brained men away from the protection of those whom God has consecrated to the guidance of his fallen children. If you have abandoned the light, and truth, and beauty, that has come in orderly succession down through the appointed servants of Him who founded the church upon a rock, and choose to wander amid the mazes of a perilous philosophy—go; but take the counsel of one who has authority to speak—go alone. Do not drag others into the perdition that awaits you." [Chairman—Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?] Ans.—I do not condescend to hold argument with heretics. It is for me to counsel—for you to obey, or pay the penalty in the hereafter.

### Fanny DeWolfe Pinkney.

Fanny was my name—DeWolfe. I was the wife of Walter Pinkney, the daughter of Wm. DeWolfe, of Hackensack, N. J. My residence was Madison Avenue, New York.

To feel as if you were going to a country where all were anxiously awaiting your coming; to see the inner doors thrown wide open; to hear the voices rolling "Come, come up higher, for there is a place prepared for you by the angels." Under such conditions why should I deplore the change, or ask the immortals to give me back my mortal life. However dear, however deep I may have loved, however strong my attachments for earth and earthly things, I bid them adieu after having tasted of the joys of heaven.

Read, friends, the written words of one who speaks not from death, but from life, with all her inner senses quickened—not in strife, but in that grand duality of life that makes us love the human race.

Culture, harmony, virtue and truth are all the handmaidens of the Great Eternal, who sits not upon a throne dealing out judgment to the just and the unjust, but who permeates every atom of matter, whether called animate or inanimate. He is ever with us, from the beginning to the end. This wonder-story has to be learned. You have to see its beauty before you can appreciate its worth. Once having found it you will diligently work to make it known to others.

### Frederic Rudolph, New York.

She [the spirit who brought him to the medium] says I must first give my name. Frederic Rudolph. I was twenty-four years old. I was a clerk in the firm of Brown, Scott & Duane, New York. Now comes the miserable part of my story, spoken by the lips of a dead man who once trod the earth familiarly, and held daily intercourse with men.

I loved life with all its pleasures, all its follies, but an hour came—fatal to me! I shot myself through the head. I had thought upon it; I weighed it deliberately; I determined to do it; it was done. I see now how foolish an act it was. I have tried to bury memory, but it will rise and bring in vivid light before me the errors of my life.

I had held an honorable if not an eminent position, and now I was without employment. My mother was an invalid, and I became disheartened. I said to myself, it is better to die than to live and struggle and battle with the world.

I have a brother whose name is George; he manufactures organs on Water street, New York. George, oh, brother George, the body has paid its tribute to the earth from which it came, but oh, where dwells the immortal spark of life?

I was a coward. I acknowledge my cowardice in destroying that which was not mine—that body which was only loaned to me to dwell in while I was on earth—through which I was gathering the lessons of my lower class to fit me for advancement in the schools above; but I did not stay the time allotted me, and now I stand hungry; now I am thirsty; now I am naked, without any one to feed me; no one offers me drink; no one brings garments in which to clothe me.

I know that I am a creature of infinite possibilities; then why, oh Creator, place me on earth, give me power to take my own life, then close me out from thy kingdom? When have I wronged? I've only wronged myself; then why deal so harshly with me? Why not pity me, and send some one to comfort me? I sink lower and lower—darker and darker! Is there no mercy for me?

Mother and brother, should you ever read these lines, let a tear of pity and sympathy fall for me.

### Resumption of the Banner of Light Public Free Circles.

#### MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE A. RUDD.

(of Providence, R. I.)

The Well-known Trance Medium.

These Circles for spirit communication will be held regularly on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, and reported verbatim each week.

### "Grandfather George."

Mr. Chairman and Beloved Friends—Allow us, as a representative of our medium's band, to congratulate you on the reopening of this Circle Room, which has been closed for a time. We welcome you in the name of the former Chairman, Mr. White, whose portrait adorns your wall; who, although a resident in spirit life, is still a co-worker with his mortal friends of the Banner of Light—still with his warm heart full of interest and love for the glorious cause of Spiritualism. We welcome you in the name of her who stands beside us to-day, and who once occupied the position which our medium now fills; the lady who, though frail in body, yet nobly stood in the front of the battle, breast the trials of life, and worked on and on to the end, and who to-day has no less interest in this glorious cause than when she was with you in the form.

We come before you, not supposing that we can be to you what she has been, but we bring our medium to-day that we may do the best we can, for before us stand the waiting multitudes who have, for the last few months, felt so impatient because the avenue through which they could return to beloved ones was closed to them. They believed the old post-office doors were never to be again unlocked. They were sad, for they feared that the train which had so long traveled on from their world to this had been thrown from the track and could never be replaced.

It was our purpose to give you something of a sketch of the life of this medium, and then to allow the influences that we see present to speak. It is many years since we first took control of the instrument that stands before you. We might say that our first lecture was given through her at the age of eight years, and you may be surprised when we tell you it was given in the neighboring city of Charlestown. Her father was a soldier in the navy-yard. She made the acquaintance and gained the friendship of a noble-hearted sailor, who had, I am sorry to say, faults that too many sailors have, and when on shore many a time had the little child climbed on his knee and begged him, in the name of the mother who had gone before him to spirit-life, to stay his hand and come back to the path of duty. Then, one day, seeing him in the company of another friend entering a low groggery, she sprang like an impulsive child after him, and, seeing the glass of liquor on the counter, she cried out, "Stop, George! come away! leave this place!"

The scowling looks of the man behind the counter, and of the men gathered there, gave her no fear. She was in earnest; a mother's hand was on her head; and again she appealed to her friend to leave and go home. The bar-keeper's wife endeavored to divert her attention and draw her from her purpose by offering her some picture-books. Among them chanced to be a temperance tale—the story of a drunken pig—wherein an intemperate mother is shamed out of her folly by the remarks of her little child comparing her to the poor, staggering creature. This story fixed the child's attention, and glancing over it, she began to read it aloud, in a clear voice, and in a fearless, unshrinking manner. Then, turning to the man who kept the shop, she said, "You are making hogs of these men! you are doing wrong! God will not love you! you are sending these men to hell, where you are yourselves going—all of you!" Picture to yourselves what could have been the feelings of these men as they looked on the little child. A warm-hearted Irishman exclaimed, "Touch her not! she's a holy child! God has spoken to her!" when, turning to her friend, she led him from the room, followed by all the others, and not one drop of liquor passed his lips from that time forward.

This was the first lecture given through our medium. From childhood she has been clairvoyant and clairaudient. Indeed, she was one of the earliest developed mediums; but being in the meshes of the church, and marrying a church-member, she gave up the public exercise of her medium powers. About fifteen years ago she and her husband cast off the shackles of theology, and since that time she has been working in almost every phase of mediumship pertaining to the mind. And now, at the request of Bro. White and others, we have brought her here to fill this place as best she may.

Never has she refused to do our bidding, and we trust that we shall be able to do something for the influences that surround us to-day. May we bring to you some loving words, some kind thoughts, that will make you happier and better. They call me, always, "Grandfather George."

### Fannie A. Conant.

Beloved Friends—I feel to-day to thank you for the many friendly faces that I see here—familiar ones, too. It is pleasant for me to sit again in this chair, to see you gathered here for the old-time circle. I have no regrets now that I left the earth. I was willing to get away from the old body—it was best I should; but when I entered spirit life, it was hard for me, for a time, to believe I must still continue the work of a medium; but each day has grown brighter, pleasanter. I know that I shall still continue to love you all, to be with you in the spirit if not in the form. I find some difficulties in controlling which all others have found. I used to feel sometimes that spirits might do better, that they might speak easier, but I find now, although I have come to my friends, and have shown them my face, and let them feel my materialized hand, yet still there are difficulties, and I find to-day that it is hard to feel natural in a body not your own.

But, my friends, it is indeed myself, clothed in a spiritual body, and therefore I am still with you, still here, to work for truth and the cause of Spiritualism.

### Mrs. Dr. Adams.

Excuse me, sir. Is this the general post-office? Well, I have something I want to say, if I can say it well. I know of no other way to reach the parties I desire to communicate with, although I have tried several times. I died in the Butler Asylum, in Providence. I was driven into insanity by anxiety of mind; but I can see and understand that, could I have been in reach of some good, strong medium, I would have been saved; yet, as it was, nobody could save me. My mother was a medium, but I could not have her with me, although I begged earnestly, without effect, that she might be sent for. I feel, to-day, lonely, alone, as if I could not reach anybody, but I want to say to John Demerit of Boston that there is a duty for him to do, that there is a

work that he had better take hold of if he would have the approval of his own conscience and the approval of the spirit-world. Tell him this earth is not the only life. It may be but the beginning. In the spirit-life there may be something more.

I know that my friends will not care to have me come thus publicly, yet I see no other way to reach them. I long to go to my children. I want to talk with my boy, Charlie. I would like to talk to my daughter, Viola. She is in a good place, and you tell her that we want her to stay where she is.

My boy's name is Adalbert Palaski Adams. My sister Edna was with me when I went to Providence, to my friends there. I would like to say to my friends Mrs. Morse, and to my friend Mrs. Calder, that I thank them for all they did for me.

I feel the pressure on my brain, now, that I felt when I burned these papers up. I cannot help it; it's all over now. I was strong as I could be to the last, but could not withstand all that came. I've been helped here to-day by Dr. Webster, a brother-in-law of mine, who passed away a long time ago by drowning. Again I want to say to John Demerit, do your duty like a man.

I was a female physician when here—Mrs. Dr. Adams. I thank you, Mr. Chairman; I wish I could have done better. If you should be carried to the insane asylum, maybe you would not do any better than I have done; yet I don't blame my friends a bit; they could not help it; I was very violent. I know something of this spirit-world before I went away. I saw a medium in Foxboro' at one time.

### Norman Lyman.

I am an old man. I'd like to say to my friends that I've got something to tell them, if they will go to some medium. I went out very suddenly; I was eighty years old. I try to impress them, but I can't make out much. I wish they would go to a medium and talk with Norman Lyman, of Hartford, Conn.

### James Riley.

Fath, sir, is there room for folks like me to come? I'd just like to come for a while—I'd not detain you long. I s'pose the crowd will have the best of me; I'm James Riley, at your service. Yes, sir, that's my name, every time.

Fath, sir, it's many a long day since I went away, but... well, I'm not used to talking and having anybody tell what I say. Never mind, it's just as well, I s'pose. I was going to say, I am pretty comfortable now. I've been busy ever since I went away. It's most twenty years ago, sir. I s'pose you think I might have learnt better manners before this, but I haven't. I s'pose I ought to feel chaste to come forinst so many gentlemen and ladies, but I want to have me just as well as the rest. Fath, I'm here, and I can't help it. Well, sir, I want out rather strangely. I use to be round Boston, sometimes. There was a church down on Franklin street, sir. Now do you mind where it was? [Yes.] I had a row with the parast there, one time. Fath, I went to the Episcopal church. I went there to see how I'd like it. I liked it pretty well, and I was fool enough to tell of it, and somebody was fool enough to tell the parast, and the consequence was I got a scolding. I scolded back again, and we had a grand old row. I believe I got hit, too. Shortly afterwards, whilst eating a hoss, I got a clip on me head, and had to be carried to the hospital, and that was the last of me. So they had it that I was cursed by the parast. Diva a bit of it. I'd risk all his curses, if the hoss had kept his huf down. Since I've been over here, I been working at new work. Fath, I know there's a great deal of good in the philosophy of Spiritualism. I know there's a great deal of underground work in the philosophy of Catholicism, and I've been working with the spade, and the shovel, and the pickaxe ever since I've been a spirit; and I thought I'd come here and see if there was n't a pile for me to dig over here. I am looking now after the post-offices, and newspaper offices, for I have a liking for these places.

I was talking the other day with a mon in Bristol, Conn., and I told him that if he'd pay a visit to a certain editor I'd like to go with him at about nine o'clock in the morning. Now this editor was a godly sort of a mon. He felt as though he was a pretty good sort of a mon, but he wasn't very disposed toward Spiritualism. Fath, the mon told me to carry me pickaxe and shovel. So I went and felt round about his brain. Pritty soon he got frisky, and he begun to fool with the mon. Then I blowed a good cold blast at him, and he begin to look round to see where the air came from, and he says, "Is the window open here?" Fath, the little mon shook his round head and said he could n't see any window open. Then the editor said, "Where does all this air come from?" and the other replied, "I don't know, but I feel it." So we blowed at him quite a little time, and almost scared him, and since then he hasn't blowed Spiritualism so much as he did before; he has been more inclined to hear about it.

Now, sir, if there's anything I can do for you here—if there's any place you want cleared out, I'll go for it; I've brought my pickaxe and shovel to see what I can do. Well, I'll say to you, God bless you, and the devil, too! James Riley, at your service, sir.

### Frank Rounds.

Can I send my mother a letter, sir? [Yes.] Well, I want to tell her that I come down here, you know, and that I found I could get in, and I thought I'd like to tell her she must n't worry about things as she does, (she worries a good deal,) and that it'll all come right. And tell her pretty soon I'll bring a medium to see her. Tell her I've got my cap, and I've got my blue coat and brass buttons. Grandma is here, too. She ain't going to talk any, though. Don't know as I ought to come, but then I wanted to. My father don't believe much in Spiritualism, and I don't know as he will like it, but I wanted to come and tell mother it's most as cold as it was when I went away. I'll tell you how to direct my letter. Tell her that I am good, that I come with grandma, and that I was a little scared, but not much. She'll know who Eugene is—I won't call him anything else. Tell her I'll bring the medium to see uncle, pretty soon, some medium, I mean.

You may direct to Mrs. Dr. Rounds, Norton, Mass. It'll go all right. I am Frank—her little boy.

### Old Dan.

I am a stranger here. I don't know any of you. I would like you to say to Jed Landon, of New York State—Dover Plains—that Old Dan has been here, and that I sympathize with him in these hard times. Tell him I hope he will open his house to some spirits except those bottled up in the bar-room. Tell him not to get discouraged over his last trial, but try it again. I think I see that he will. Tell him I got drowned, I am sorry to say, going after some rum. He will know who I am. I promised him I'd come here sometime. Good day. I wasn't always feeble, but 'twas rum that made me so.

### Theodore P. Bowker.

I ain't dead. They used to say that dead men didn't tell any tales, but it's dangerous to live now-a-days. I come, because many of my friends have said if there was any such thing that I could come back, they wished I would try it on. I want to say to my friends that I thank them for the efforts they made in my behalf; that I tried to bear up the best I could, but 'twas a little too much for me. I was more sinned against than sinning. I am better satisfied than I was when I first came up here, because the old post-office has had a good overhauling. I haven't done with it yet. I've got something to do by-and-by, although I don't mean to be revengeful. But as my friends have so often wanted me to say a word, I thought I'd try it, and say to them just what I have said, that I was more sinned against than I sinned, yet I've got through with it, and I find I am just as happy as those that belonged to the Orthodox church. I am trying to be honest to-day, at any rate. I am trying to sift to the bottom some matters for my wife.

I came here to-day at the invitation of old Father Streeter. My name is Theodore P. Bowker. I went out from Boston. I lived on Pinckney street. I was a clerk for a good many years in the post-office.

### Daniel Safford.

Friends—it gives me much pleasure to be able to say a word in favor of the cause of Spiritualism, although I was an unbeliever in the phenomena when here, knowing but little about them, and caring still less. I was a stanch member of the Orthodox church; yet since my entrance into spirit-life, I have become aware that while here I was a strong medium, and that by the power of that mediumship I was often carried and directed where there was suffering, that I might alleviate the wants of the sufferer.

Many of the friends that knew me in earth-life may be surprised to hear of my name in connection with Spiritualism, yet I never failed to receive a truth when that truth was made plain to me. I never yet failed to do an act of kindness when I was able to do it. I was an active worker, having been able to establish or to leave one church with the pastor and to establish another. I felt my religion; I endeavored to live it, yet I know and realize to-day that the love and love of God had for more beauty in my eyes than the wrath of God. I am aware I was influenced more to speak of the love of God than to hold up the terrors of the law. To-day I am a Spiritualist. I want to work for the promulgation of this great and beautiful truth, but I would have Spiritualists talk less and work more. I would have them band together in one strong band true to themselves and true to the cause of truth. I would have them feel that each individual, no matter how small he or she may be, has a work to do. It is of no use to say "Lo! here is God," or, "lo! there is God," for God is in your midst. That angels are with you, I am well aware.

Before I passed out, in my last few hours, while I seemed shrouded in darkness, in one sense, I believe I saw my angel friends. I know I did; for they have told me so.

I was a self-made man. I was a hard worker. I gained what wealth I had by labor, hard labor, and I endeavored to do what good I could with it, feeling it was only entrusted to my keeping to do what I could for the cause of religion; and to-day, as I come in your midst, I find there are those here with whom I have sympathy, and I feel that I would like to do something for your cause.

I am glad, Mr. Chairman, that your Circle Room is open again. I am glad we can come. We may try your patience; there are many of us here.

I would say to those who knew me in the form, who may say, "This doesn't seem like Daniel Safford of Boston,"—I would say in reply, When you leave the form, and take hold of some other brain, you will find a difficulty in manifesting like yourselves, even as I do. But I am here; and as in the past, so in the present and in the future, I work for God and humanity.

### Frank.

It's been all dark! but there ain't any hell; there ain't any devil, either! Yes, there is a lot of 'em! I don't know how I came here. I didn't mean to come. Everybody said I would go to the devil. And my mother! Oh! how many nights she has watched for me! and I promised her I never would drink any more—and I didn't mean to—but I got into bad company. It's all over now.

Will my mother get this? I would like so much for her to know that I am sorry that I didn't do as she wanted me to. I couldn't help it. I've learned that it was born in me. Are we to blame for what is born in us?

I don't want to give my name, because my friends don't want to have me. I know my mother will get this, and I will say that I have been sorry every day that I didn't do as I promised, yet there seemed to be something that kept me and held me with an iron chain.

When I see my mother at night, and hear her weep, when I can see now, as I do, how many weary hours she watched for my coming, I feel—though I never expected to go anywhere and speak in public—as though I would like to go to the whole world and beg young men everywhere to leave the intoxicating cup, for they have got mothers, as I have.

When I was brought home, oh! how sad she was! She was calm, but she was sad. She said, "Oh, yes, I have expected, I have thought you would be brought home dead." If she had scolded about me, I should n't have felt so bad. The neighbors said they always knew I would go to the devil, but I haven't. I've found good friends who have taken by the hand, and I hope some day I can go to my mother, and she will know that I am an honest boy, and am trying to be good.

I was on the beach with a young friend, and the horse ran and threw me out—I will own it, I had been drinking—threw me out and broke my neck, threw my friend out too. He was more drunk than I, and I suppose that's the reason why he didn't get his neck broke. It's easy to laugh at these things; but oh! my mother, if she only knew how sorry I am! My name is Frank—was Charles—the friend who was with me.

—was Charles—I will go with this, and see that my mother gets it. I am a country boy, and I don't know how to talk in public. If it hadn't been for mother I shouldn't have tried, but I want her to know that I am a good boy now, and I am getting to be happy, sir.

### Sally Matthews.

I don't know as I can make myself heard or understood, but I want to tell Esther that it's all well with me. Emeline is with me this afternoon, and is helping me. I was ready. It is all as they've told us; they will be with me before many years. Don't be lonesome, Esther; brighter days are in store for you sometime.

Sally Matthews, of Bristol, Conn. Say I liked the funeral services.

### Dr. Mann.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen and Ladies—Perhaps I owe you an apology, but you will bear me witness that the elements—not the "elementaries," but the elements at this place are new to us, that is, to our medium, not to the influences, and as we are more or less affected by new conditions, we have



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# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1876.

## Mrs. Mary H. Hardy, the Paraffine Mold Medium: Is She Reliable? The Doubts of the New York Friends Most Effectually Ruled Out by Her Late Victory in Boston.

It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain that we place before our readers the following narrative: pleasure at the brilliant victory which we believe the spirit-workers have truthfully attained for the vindication of one of the oldest of Boston's mediums for the mental and physical phases of manifestation; and pain at the inconsiderate haste with which the signers of the article given below—some of whom have been valued personal friends of ours for years—have sought to dash in pieces the reputation of Mrs. Hardy, while they have lost sight of the experience met with by so many would-be expositors of the spirit phenomena in the past. In another column we have expressed ourselves fully, and have defined our position and opinions without reserve; therefore nothing further is necessary than that the present sketch should proceed in the style of a narration of events, leaving the unbiased reader to form his (or her) opinion as to whether the conclusions arrived at in our editorial—which most unconditionally endorses Mrs. Hardy—is not borne out by the facts.

Before commencing this narrative, however, and at the risk of being looked upon as repeating what we have said elsewhere, we desire to call the public attention to the fact that mediumship and spiritual manifestations are now positively demonstrated entities, and as such, deserve, in all justice, the treatment due to the labors and trials which have been put forth to prove them so. It is true that dishonest media and fraudulent manifestations have been occasionally detected, but the genuine phenomena are now so widely prevalent, and increasing daily, that Spiritualists have a right to demand of all persons who accuse media of fraudulent practices, that they furnish incontrovertible evidence of their charges, before they be considered worthy of attention or respect. It is time that charity should do a more perfect work—time that the skepticism which manifests itself by *slandering* these sensitive men and women, through whose evidences of immortal life are now being received under conditions of such extreme delicacy, was rebuked by every lover of truth and fair dealing.

Last week, when too late for use in our issue of the 25th, we received the following surprising telegram:

NEW YORK, March 21st, 1876.

To Banner of Light:—Please publish this week, that we will send you, a statement for next issue, giving good reasons for denying Mrs. Hardy's integrity in matter of paraffine hands. We are well known Spiritualists.

BRONSON MURRAY,  
THOMAS K. AUSTIN,  
MARGARET Z. AUSTIN,  
ELVINA ANN LANE,  
J. DE FOREST HULL,  
LITA BARNES SAYLES.

To this we, on Saturday, returned the appended, in reply:

BOSTON, March 25th, 1876.  
Bronson Murray, 238 West 52d Street, New York City.

Cannot answer in regard to publishing your statement until we reach it.

CORRY & RICH.

So earnest, however, were the signers of this document for its first appearance in the Banner, that, unable to maintain silence, they—through our valued friend Mrs. Sayles—"moved on our works" on Monday following with this message:

NEW YORK, March 26th, 1876.

To Lita Barnes Sayles, 9 Montgomery Place:

You have received the statement. Will you print it this week? Reply.

LITA BARNES SAYLES,  
110 West 42d Street.

And in view of the triumphant success of the night before in Paine Hall, we forwarded the subjoined:

BOSTON, March 27th, 1876.

Lita Barnes Sayles, 110 West 42d Street.

Yes, Mrs. Hardy was completely vindicated here last night.

LUTHER COLBY.

The following is the report concerning the fate of which so much anxiety was expressed on the part of its progenitors, and which is here printed rather in deference to the ladies and gentlemen who prepared it, than on account of any particular weight contained therein:

STATEMENT CONCERNING MRS. HARDY'S SEANCES IN NEW YORK FROM MARCH 12TH TO 19TH INCLUSIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Our telegram of the 21st to the Banner will have struck to many hearts the same dismay we ourselves felt as the following facts forced their accumulated testimony upon us during this last week spent by Mrs. Hardy in New York, and we shrink from the duty, which as Spiritualists who have become cognizant of these circumstances, is incumbent upon us.

Mrs. Hardy gave her first seance of this course at Republican Hall, in Thirty-third Street, before the First Spiritualist Society of New York, upon Sunday evening, March 12th. It was upon the whole considered quite satisfactory to the majority present, and the press gave several good notices of the same, although Mr. Austin has a piece of dry cotton wool picked out from the mold produced on that occasion, upon its being exposed to the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin having previously invited Mrs. Hardy to visit them during this week, a seance was held in their house upon Tuesday evening, when about thirty people were present. A small pine table was previously prepared by Mr. Austin, measuring eighteen inches in width, and about four feet in length, with an opening across the centre into which a board or leaf was so closely fitted that, although it could be removed with one hand, it would require both to replace it. The pall containing the paraffine and water was suspended from the frame of the table in such way that while the pall was under the table, the other arm, supporting the nicely balanced weights, was outside, in full view of the audience, passing through a slit in the black glazed muslin bag which enclosed the table and contents, and which was of sufficient depth to overlap itself upon the top of the table, where it was thoroughly secured by pins on the opposite side from the medium. The seams of the muslin bag were sewn by a lock-stitch machine, and over the table were thrown blankets to exclude the light. Mr. Austin had some colored paraffine which he desired to use, but it was declined.

It was proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Austin to make their seance arrangements before Mr. and Mrs. Hardy entered, but in this water they failed. No light was allowed in the room, and only a moderate amount from an adjoining one, as the spirits complained that the conditions were not favorable. Very soon a slight motion of the outside beam of the scale was increased to such a degree as to throw the weights from their place, which naturally attracted the gaze of all to this point, except that of Mr. Austin and two other gentlemen, who were intent upon the fact that Mrs. Hardy frequently introduced her left hand under the blanket, and finally the motion of the outside arm of the scale became so attractive to

her, that she rose many times, and leaned over the table to observe it, but never failed to pass her left hand under the blanket at the same time. The last time leaning over, a violent motion to the outside beam indicated the same to the pall within, and on the instant a light "thud" was heard, as of some substance dropping inside upon the carpet. The left hand of Mrs. Hardy was withdrawn, and the blanket, previously left rumpled, was now carefully smoothed out, and it was soon indicated that the work was finished. Upon removing the blanket, Mr. Austin found the muslin pinned differently upon the top of the table from what he had left it, and having, in the spot where the left hand had been hidden, a strained appearance; and the middle board was found displaced. A paraffine mold was lying upon the bottom of the bag, and a little under the edge of the cold water bowl.

Wednesday evening, as Mrs. Austin and Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were about to a seance at the home of Mrs. Hull, Mr. Hardy being quite in advance, and Mrs. Hardy next in crossing the street, Mrs. Austin, who was last, saw a paraffine mold lying in the gutter, where Mrs. Hardy had just passed. She exclaimed, "Why, there's a paraffine hand!" and Mrs. Hardy, returning quickly, crushed it, and in so doing broke it, and both ladies picked up the fragments. Mrs. Hardy scolded her husband for being so careless about "carrying that bag," he "ought to know the top was liable to spring open, and now perhaps there would not be paraffine enough to form another to-night." Mr. and Mrs. Hardy had, just before leaving Mrs. Austin's house, denied to her and to another lady that they had any paraffine molds with them.

Mrs. Hull, at this seance, used an extension dining-table, with a slight opening in the centre. But the medium failed to obtain a mold. The seance, to the great gratification of the coverings of the table, which consisted of a linen floor-cloth laid beneath and brought up securely around the whole, with table covers above, to exclude the light, and which was arranged by Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Sayles and Mr. Murray; and secondly, excused, after our dropping the covering upon the side of the table next her, as desired, on the ground of her "great fatigue of previous night," &c. On this occasion, Dr. Hull, who occupied a favorable position during the materializations, declared to Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Sayles that he assuredly saw two or three times, when Mrs. Hardy professed that spirits were showing hands; and a lady who sat by Mrs. Hardy's side felt the vibration of her chair, and saw a movement of Mrs. Hardy's dress and handkerchief at every presentation of purported spirit-hands at the opening. We had also spirit-writing upon slates, when Mrs. Hardy desired all persons to write without a pencil. Present, thirty people. The lights were very dim.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Lane, and Miss Lane, her daughter, called upon Mrs. Hardy, at the home of Mrs. Austin, and both ladies saw a seance of paraffine mold materializing beneath Mrs. Hardy's dress, and which, upon being informed, she hastily concealed, and declared them mistaken. During this evening, Mrs. Austin having arranged a small table with paraffine and bowl of water, all within a netting or bag—the position of the seams of the bag not being noticed—heard, as also did Mrs. Lane and Miss Lane and Mr. Murray, a rubbing and scraping under the table, and afterwards saw a mold inside the netting, with its thumb detached, and claimed by Mrs. Hardy to have been formed by the spirits from said paraffine. Mrs. Austin's niece, who was sitting at the table, upon looking beneath during the materializations, saw Mrs. Hardy's foot manipulating the ball, &c. Light was abundant for distinguishing each person in the room. Nine only were present.

On Saturday, the 18th, Mr. Murray received a package of paraffine from Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Sayles, which was designed for that evening's seance with Mrs. Hardy at the home of Mrs. Hull, and taking it to an apothecary near by, had it accurately weighed, and the weight, which was one and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois, marked on the wrapper. Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Sayles kept this secretly until the evening, when it was shaven up in their presence, and before them and Mr. Murray and others, was placed in a pail, and hot water poured upon it. A table about three feet square was enveloped, with paraffine and water-bowl, in the netting bag used by Mrs. Austin at her Thursday evening seance, but the seams of the netting bag were placed at the ends of the table, and beyond the reach of Mrs. Hardy. No mold was forthcoming, and Mrs. Sayles assisted Mrs. Hardy to hold a slate for spirit-writing, in explanation, to be done, as usual, without a pencil. Mrs. Sayles saw her carry her hand to her head, ostensibly for the purpose of arranging her hair, both before and after such writing. She saw the form of Mrs. Hardy's hand, through one of the corners, and move as the writing progressed, and return to commence the second and third lines of the communication, and motion with each faint tap which announced the writing finished. Mrs. Sayles held the slate six or eight times. The writing was always done across the corner near Mrs. Hardy's hand, and never out of her reach. Mrs. Sayles once lifted the cover a little quicker than was anticipated, and saw Mrs. Hardy's first fingers and thumb above the corner of the slate, which was not, however, supposed to be noticed by her. Mr. Austin and others, in reading the writing, once saw a double formation of the letters, and were puzzled. After the close of seance Mrs. Hull picked up, and preserves, a bit of slate-pencil, one and one-quarter inches in length, having one pointed and one jagged end, and which was lying on the carpet, over which place Mrs. Hardy had been sitting.

The "spirits" desired us to place Mrs. Hardy, instead of the table, &c. In the netting, to which we assented, they declared they could not otherwise make the mold. In tying the netting bag about Mrs. Hardy's feet, Mrs. Sayles thought she saw about seven beads behind Mrs. Hardy's shoulders, in which she was entirely baffled by Mrs. Hardy, who shrugged the fullness over her right side and firmly grasped it, with one seam in her right hand, before sitting down.

Mrs. Sayles carefully brought down the table cover to the floor on the side next Mrs. Hardy, while others looked after the exclusion of light from the other sides. She found, upon coming again to Mrs. Hardy, that the whole cover on that side was lifted and laid over her lap. The lights were required to be so low as to be of no avail in the back parlor, at the extreme rear of which Mrs. Hardy sat, facing her audience, all the light allowed being from two burners in chandelier of front parlor, partially turned off. No one was allowed within a semi-circle of five or six feet from the table.

The mold was soon declared finished, and upon being quickly examined, (by a novice, as it happened,) another bit of dry cotton wool was found within the crevice of the wrist, which Mr. Austin has, with the first, in his possession. This table, &c., was then placed aside, and we resorted to the same table used Wednesday evening for spirit materializations. Mrs. Hardy first seated herself at the end of the table, which was built with a heavy standard, opening in the centre, but soon the "spirits" found it necessary to change seats, until Mrs. Hardy was placed on one side, and opposite the opening, when about the usual manifestations took place.

After the dispersal of the company Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Sayles found the paraffine cool enough to roll up and turn off the water, which they did, laying back the paraffine till Monday morning, when the bits adhering to the pail being also detached and placed with it in the wrapper formerly used. Mr. Murray took the package, and had it weighed on the same scales, when it balanced exactly at one and one-quarter lbs. avoirdupois, the same as before the seance. He also received the paraffine mold or glove from Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Sayles, and found its weight to be two and one-half ounces avoirdupois. The apothecary performed the weighing in each instance.

Mrs. Austin was unconsciously annoyed with bits of cotton wool about her carpets while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were with her. Upon Sunday, the 19th, she saw Mrs. Hardy's stockings, worn the previous evening at Mrs. Hull's seance. At a distance of about two inches below the toe they were cut across the sole, and left open.

You can draw your own inferences from the facts we state. We subscribe our names to verify what is attributed to us severally in this statement.

BRONSON MURRAY, 238 W. Fifty-second St.

ELVINA ANN LANE, 66 Park Ave.

MALLIE A. LANE, 66 Park Ave.

THOMAS K. AUSTIN, 418 W. Fifty-seventh St.

MARGARET Z. AUSTIN, 418 W. Fifty-seventh St.

J. DE F. HULL, 140 W. Forty-second St.

LITA BARNES SAYLES, 140 W. Forty-second St.

New York, March 23d, 1876.

As a counter-vail to the above statement, the following from the pen of the husband of the medium so fiercely attacked is eminently appropriate:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to give you a brief and exact history of each of the paraffine mold seances held by Mrs. Hardy during her late visit to New York City. Bronson Murray—or any other individual who was present at these seances—is respectfully invited to deny this statement, if it can be done consistently with truth.

No. 1. Public seance at Republican Hall, already reported and endorsed by the New York Herald and Sun, at which seance Mrs. Hardy was completely enveloped in a fine netting bag, fastened tight around the neck, this bag being thoroughly examined by a committee—appointed by the audience—both before and after the seance, and pronounced whole and intact. Mrs. Hardy sat in the light, as she does at all her seances. Result—a mold of a hand under the table, the cast of which is now in the possession of Mr. Newton, President of the Society.

No. 2. A parlor seance at the residence of Mr. Newton, 128 West Forty-third Street, Mrs. Hardy enclosed in a bag as before, examined by the audience, and pronounced whole and intact. Result—a beautiful mold, claimed to represent the hand of Oliver Johnson's wife. Seance pronounced perfectly satisfactory by all present.

No. 3. A gratuitous seance at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Austin, No. 118 West Fifty-seventh Street. About twenty-five persons present, among whom were Prof. Van Derwile and Stephen Pearl Andrews, who sat in front of and in touching distance of the table. At this seance Mr. Austin had, unbeknown to any one, prepared a bag made of black cambric, in which he placed the table he had made for the occasion, bringing the top of the bag up over the sides of the table, and fastening it together tightly on top; then a second layer of thick cloth was drawn over that, reaching to the floor all round. After sitting one hour and a half, result—a full mold of a very large hand under the doubly secured table, the cast of which is in possession of the Austins. All present declared themselves satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena except Prof. Van Derwile, a materialist, and who is said to be one of the greatest critics and skeptics in New York. He declared that he was positive, under the circumstances, that Mrs. Hardy could have had nothing to do with the depositing of the mold, but that it might have been secretly brought in by Mr. Austin when he put the bowl containing the water under the table!

No. 4. A parlor seance at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Hull, 141 West 42d Street, Mrs. Hardy having left home just from a sick bed, in order to fill her New York engagements, if possible, and having now sat three nights in succession under crucial test conditions, especially the last, at the Austins', the invisibles declared she was too weak and debilitated for them to use for a mold production, and the medium, in lieu thereof, gave the company one of her usual seances for the showing of hands and other physical manifestations, which appeared very satisfactory.

No. 5. A gratuitous parlor seance on East 12th Street, before a company of some thirty people, among whom were Dr. Simmons, Madam Whiting, and other members of the Theosophical Society. At this seance the table was enveloped in a netting bag, the mouth of which was securely fastened by Dr. Simmons and others, then covered with other cloths. Result—a perfect mold of a hand found under the enclosed table.

No. 6. A second gratuitous seance at the residence of the Austins, before a small company, among whom was Mr. Bronson Murray, who himself, by request of Mrs. Hardy, completely enveloped the table in his own way with a netting bag, tying the mouth of the same, and placing it on the opposite side of the table from Mrs. Hardy, then covering the same with other cloths. Result—a mold of a hand, now in possession of the Austins. At this seance, also, Mr. Murray and the Austins professed themselves perfectly satisfied of the genuineness of the manifestation.

No. 7. Parlor seance again at the residence of Mr. Hull, Fifty-fifth Street. Mrs. Hardy at this seance was again enclosed in the bag, this time to the neck by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Sayles. Result—the mold of a hand found deposited under the table. The bag on this, as on every other occasion of said seances, was most critically examined both before and after the seance by Mr. Murray and Mrs. Sayles, and others, and pronounced perfectly intact, not a hole or break to be found. More than this, Bronson Murray, at the Spiritual Conference held at the Harvard Rooms, on the Sunday afternoon following, and fresh from these very seances with Mrs. Hardy, gave an extended account of them, and expressed himself highly pleased and thoroughly satisfied with the genuineness of these manifestations, with the proviso that the paraffine used at the last seance had not yet been re-weighed.

To sum up: Here we have six seances, at each of which either the table or the medium was securely placed in a bag by the company; each time the bag examined by the company before and after the result, and pronounced whole and intact, and each time the mold of a hand found under the table, each time the medium sitting in the light, so that every motion could be observed by the company. For myself, I carefully abstained from approaching the table, or medium, or having anything to do with the arrangements at any of these seances.

If I have not given an exact and truthful account of these seances, will Mr. Bronson Murray and his coadjutors show wherein? If I have done so, allowing Mrs. Hardy might have forty molds about her person, how, in the name of common sense, could she deposit them under that table? Will these critics answer?

I think that these parties will yet live to deeply regret the attitude they have taken toward a truthful and honest medium, who is daily proving to the world the genuineness of her manifestations.

JOHN HARDY.

4 Concord Square, Boston, March 27th, 1876.

The straightforward account given below, from a witness of Mrs. Hardy's powers while in New York, would seem to be of no mean degree to that of the would-be expositors, in whose document the "ad captandam vulgus" style is too apparent to be mistaken:

NEW YORK, March 15th, 1876.

To whom it may concern:

To-day, while my family (four adults), with Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, who have been guests at our house for several days, were eating lunch, raps were distinctly heard, apparently on the dining-table, which is a heavy walnut extension, and on the floor immediately beneath the table, and twice on the sole of my foot which was placed on the floor. I not only heard but felt these raps on my foot. At the suggestion of one of my family, the table (with the dishes and lunch still upon it) was pulled apart so as to leave an aperture of about one and one-quarter inches in the centre. Over this opening an ordinary drinking goblet was placed, immediately the goblet was turned upside down, it was replaced by me; in less than one minute it was raised at least two inches from the table, and danced around on the end of what appeared to be a finger protruding up through the opening in the table. This dancing continued for several seconds. A plate of cake was then placed over the opening, and immediately the cake was thrown from the plate, piece at a time, and thrown in various directions around the table, the plate remaining stationary all the time. I then put my hand under the table, when instantly it was grasped by something that felt like an ice cold hand, and a feeling like someone scratching my hand was perceptible. A wine-glass half-full of water was placed on a napkin, on the floor under the table, three feet

away from either Mr. or Mrs. Hardy. In less than three minutes the raps were again heard. On examining, I found the glass empty, but could find no trace of the water, either on the carpet or napkin. I then held my hand under the table, eighteen inches from the floor, and two feet from the glass. In two moments the glass was passed into my hand. All the above occurred while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy's hands were on the table in plain sight, and in our dining-room, with the full light of day.

The above statement I am willing to vouch for under oath.

A. H. AUSTIN,

Superintendent Asbestos Fire-Proofing Co., New York City.

Becoming aware of the action of the New York Spiritualists, Mrs. Hardy—who was already announced to give her crucial test seance in Boston on the evening of the 26th—despatched these words to the purpose to Dr. H. F. Gardner, manager of the People's Spiritualist Course:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 24th, 1876.

To H. F. Gardner, 57 Tremont Street:

I shall sit on Sunday evening if I am not a corpse. Will experiment at the hall Saturday eve.

Following up her telegram, Mrs. Hardy made her appearance, though weakened by sickness, in spite of the driving storm of Saturday last, held a trial seance with the wire box at Paine Hall, Saturday evening, in presence of Dr. Gardner, Dr. Storor, Miss Lizzie Doten, and several representatives of the press, and concluded the triumphant vindication of the full legitimacy of her development as a paraffine mold medium on Sunday evening, March 26th. So honest and excellent are the reports contained in the Monday issues of the Boston Herald and Journal given below that we shall attempt no description of the scene—preferring that the matter should go before the world of investigators clothed in the language of the secular press—merely premising that the box used was the one so minutely described in the Banner of Light for February 26th. We consider the successful seance by Mrs. Hardy, under the severe conditions amid which it was achieved, to be one of the most important triumphs of mediumship which has been attained to since the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The following is the full report of the Boston Herald:

MRS. HARDY'S SUCCESS.

Paraffine Mold of a Hand Produced Inside a Locked Box—A Puzzle for Skeptics to Consider.

Paine Memorial Hall was last evening filled with a respectable and intelligent audience, drawn together to witness the production of paraffine molds under the most rigid conditions that could be devised consistent with the circumstance that the medium should be near to where the work was performed. For this purpose, Dr. Gardner had a box made, inside of which the vessels containing paraffine and water could be placed, and while being securely locked therein, be yet in sight from the outside. For this purpose, four black, and one red, square legs of a table, were placed at such distances as to form the corners of an oblong box some three feet long, two feet wide, and about three feet high. A bottom of thin board was securely nailed on to narrow bases secured to the four posts also by nails. Above this, a piece of stout wire netting, with meshes about one-half inch in diameter, was nailed, going around the corner posts, and the ends secured on one of the posts by cleats nailed on the outside. Above the wire was a boarding to the top of the box, the two side boards being pierced with auger holes about five-eighths inch diameter and made quite close together. The top of the box was formed of wood, the outside or surrounding margin of which was securely nailed to the posts and side pieces. The middle of this cover was composed of two movable hinged covers or lids, one of which when closed was secured by bolts, and the other provided with a lock, the bolt of which went into the bolted cover adjoining. The whole affair, when locked, could not be penetrated from without by any substance larger than a man's finger.

About twenty minutes of 8 o'clock Dr. Gardner stepped upon the platform and announced that Mrs. Hardy, the medium, who had traveled in the rain on Saturday night to reach Boston to keep this engagement, was on hand, prepared to make the test required of her. It was not certain, owing to the fact that she was in a physically weak condition, in consequence of recent illness, that anything could be produced, but the trial would be made. A committee, consisting of Mr. S. H. Morse, sculptor; State Detective Knox, and the writer of this article (all avowed skeptics in spiritual phenomena), was invited to examine the box, and take charge of it during the performance. A bucket of melted paraffine and a bucket of cold water were placed inside the box, the former within two inches of the wire side next the audience, and the latter toward the rear corner at the left. Two narrow pieces of board, about six inches longer than the box, were hinged on to each side, joined with the surface of the wire, and the object claimed for this contrivance being that it would keep the cloth cover clear of the sides—a necessary condition. The cover was of dark cloth, and while being made to fit on to the top, fell down to the floor all around. On one side, that next the medium, there was a vertical cut or slit in it, reaching nearly up to the top. All being prepared, the medium came on to the stage, took her seat behind the table and facing the audience. The light was then turned partially down. The influences did not seem to respond very readily, at first, but after a while it was apparent to attentive ears that something was going on inside the box. For the first half hour, however, little seemed to be accomplished. It was then discovered that the condition as to darkness was not what it should be, and a shawl was added to the spread over the box, and the light lowered, so that a dreamy twilight pervaded the hall. Then the work began in earnest, if one were to judge by the noises and apparent movements inside the box.

In a little over an hour from the time Mrs. Hardy took her position at the box it was announced that the work was finished. The lights were then turned on. The committee uncovered the box, and found on the bottom of the box, and leaning against the cold water pail, the paraffine mold of what seemed to be a man's right hand, but in a collapsed condition, like a soft glove that had been flattened out. In falling three of the fingers of the soft mold had become doubled up, and a portion next to the little finger was broken or abraded. The audience pressed forward eagerly to see this mold; when it was announced that if the audience would go back to their seats and wait, Mrs. Hardy would allow herself to be tied in a sack, and produce another mold under cover in her usual way. This was readily agreed to, and the committee enveloped the medium in a sack composed of netting, which was secured around the neck. The melted paraffine and cold water pails were placed under a cloth in front of her, and the lights turned down, but enough light remained for every person in the hall to see that Mrs. Hardy sat bolt upright in her chair. In about fifteen or twenty minutes it was announced that the "influences" had concluded their labors, and on the cloth being removed it was found that a more perfect cast of what was evidently the same right hand as made the former mold had been produced. But it was also lying on the floor alongside the cold water pail—before removing the cloth in the last performance, the writer noticed Mrs. Hardy's ear-rings had been placed thereon, having been taken from her ears after she was secured in the sack.

The second mold produced, though somewhat collapsed, was much better than the first, the form of the little finger especially being quite perfect. In regard to the casts produced, while it was evident that in the last one Mrs. Hardy did not get her hand through the netting, in the case where the box was used it was quite clear to the committee that she could have had no direct agency in producing the cast found therein. It is barely possible that the mold found inside may have been doubled up and put in through one of the holes; but how could it afterwards be

flattened out as it was found? If the cast was not produced outside the box—and if it was, how could it be got in?—it must have been produced within it. There was no appearance of machinery or contrivance to produce it, and no way to work such machinery that could be concealed. If it was a trick, it was a most wonderful and ingenious one. If it was not—and the writer candidly confesses he could detect nothing of the kind about it—what was it?

In the performance of this test, under such strong conditions against fraud, Mrs. Hardy may be said to have fairly proved her pretensions to a strange and startling power of mediumship, and to be at least entitled to the credit of good faith and honesty in what she has done until it can be shown that others of themselves can do it, and how they do it. If others do it, and can or will give no explanation of how they do it, then the thing remains as much a mystery as it is at present. At the close of the performance Dr. Gardner said that there were several thousand dollars pledged to any skeptic or scientist who would produce molds of paraffine under the same conditions. A dispatch from New York was read announcing that some parties in that city had pretended to discover evidences of Mrs. Hardy having produced molds at her seances there by fraud and jugglery, and that the story, which was evidently the result of a conspiracy to injure her, was to be published in the papers of that city this morning.

As certain portions of the Boston Journal's account necessarily go over the ground of the above, we extract the following points only, that the reader may gain an idea of the extremely fair and liberal tone in which the whole is written:

"There was a hall full of people, and of an exceptionally good class, to witness the manifestations. Dr. Gardner, who has been running a course of Sunday evening lectures at the hall, conducted the affair, and the committee to whom the audience referred all special examinations consisted of Mr. Thomas Kerwan of the Herald, and Mr. Knox of the State detective force.

After a half hour's sitting with the lights turned half way down it was found that the 'influences' working within the box' did not have things to their suitings, and it was discovered that there was too much light. The part of the hall near the medium was darkened still more, but not so that she could not be distinctly seen by everybody. In another half hour, the time being occupied by a pianist and Dr. Gardner, who alternately entertained the audience with music and general remarks, the lights were turned fully on, and the committee proceeded to find out what had been accomplished by the mysterious agency. Between the two pails on the floor of the box was found some paraffine molded in the exact form of a glove, but flattened so that the front and back adhered. It was also bent and doubled in parts as a glove would be taken off and thrown down carelessly. Dr. Gardner had hoped to have received a shape into which plaster could be poured so that the impression of the hand and making the shape could be obtained, and the audience consented to wait a second test. This was conducted under other conditions, the box being set aside and a temporary frame placed around the pails so that the black cloths could shield them from the light. The committee then placed the medium in a net bag and fastened it about her neck, thus securing her feet and hands.

Shortly before ten o'clock it was announced by the 'spirits' that their work had been crowned with success, and the cloth was removed. On the floor was found a mold similar to the first, but rather smaller and more perfect. In some portions of the glove could be seen water circulating, but most of the shape had flattened. Dr. Gardner stated that these gloves could be heated and forced open, and that the investigators would have an opportunity to examine plaster casts taken from them. He claimed that these molds would show the veins and cuticle of the hands making them, as that fact had already been demonstrated.

Legendation had been insinuated by some in accounting for the phenomenon, but he would give any one a thousand dollars to produce like results under the same conditions in a sitting of twenty hours. He begged scientists to investigate this phenomenon, which afforded a field of vast importance to them. The audience was given an opportunity to examine the shapes and also the paraphernalia, and great wonderment prevailed. Spiritualists who have 'the gospel of knowledge, not of belief,' looked upon the result as quite a triumph."

## New Publications.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY.—We have received from Horace King, Thompsonville, Ct., the Eastern agent, numbers 9, 10, 11 and 12 of the new and revised edition of this deservedly popular work. The contents of the parts just come to hand are highly interesting, and a fine map of the Pacific States adds additional value to the installment. The book is certainly the best in the market as a "ready-reference" for the use of the people. The four numbers bring the reader to "CARE." A forty page specimen copy with map sent to any applicant on receipt of twenty cents. Address Mr. King as above.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April—H. O. Houghton & Co., corner Beacon and Somerset Streets, Boston, publishers—is rich in the variety and attractiveness of the reading matter furnished. Whoever would peruse a sketch dealing as a tragedy and sweet as "songs in the midnight" about torments of "H. H. Houghton's" "At Lutzen," the death of Gustavus Adolphus; G. P. Lathrop treats of "Early American Novels"; W. D. Howells continues "Private Theatricals"; H. E. Scudder details interestingly "The Siege of Boston"; and other prose articles of merit are not in its pages; William Howitt, Bayard Taylor, O. W. Holmes, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, &c., give choice poems, and the departments of "recollections," "art," and "music" deserve attention.

A. WILLIAMS & CO., 23 Washington Street, (corner School) Boston, furnish us with SCHUBERT'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICOLAS for April, which they have on sale. "Yale College," "Is there a Subterranean Outlet to the Upper Lake Region?" and "Bees and Tables," constitute the principal pictorially treated attractions of the first-named magazine. Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" comes in an untimely end, but Hart's story is further continued, and much interesting matter, prose and poetic, is given. ST. NICOLAS has a neat frontispiece, "The Strawberry Girl," and among its attractions (many of the articles being finely illustrated) may be reckoned "How a Grizzly Tree Obed Rollins," "The Boy Emigrants," "Queer People," and "America's Birthday Party," which last is an excellent exposition of the Centennial by Frank R. Stockton. The children cannot fail of being delighted with this number. By the way, this popular magazine has extended its sphere to England, and is creating a marked impression there.

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