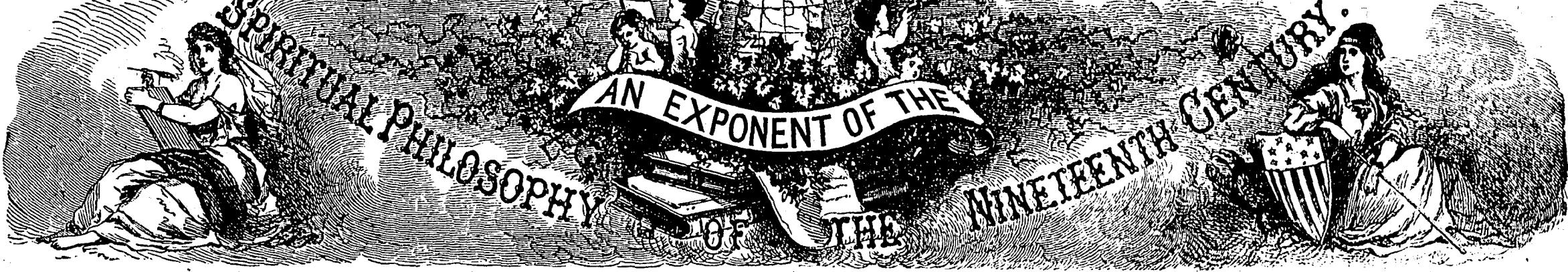


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The Camp-Meetings.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP; OR HOW IT STRUCK JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am somewhat poetic in my nature, so I often take a poetic view of things, though I do not run very easily into rhyme. I may be taking a poetic view of things now, when I say I think camp-meeting life is suggestive of "Summer-Land" life; perhaps I am thinking of Martha's Vineyard, with its multitude, while I am looking at the modest but growing camp of Lake Pleasant. Well, one shows the possibilities of the other. As the former surpasses the latter in extent and development, so does the Summer-Land surpass all, making all mundane scenes insignificant; nevertheless, I think camp-meeting life is in the line of Summer-Land life. Everything is entitled to a good light, and the popular artist flatters the portrait he is painting, which is wise and right. I have known the sun to do it sometimes even in photographs, so looking at a camp, it is admissible to forget the rainy days and the cold days, and the many other mundane disabilities; take it then at its best and extend it, and you will see what I mean by the expression, "suggestive of Summer-Land life."

The spiritualistic idea that our spirit friends, though invisible, gather where mortals congregate, that the "burning bush" and "Jacob's ladder" are indigenous institutions at a well-ordered Spiritualist camp-meeting, are associations that lift them into a more celestial picture than extent and numbers could possibly do without these invisible adjuncts. In a word, suppose Martha's Vineyard was spiritualistic in our sense, as one of these days it will be, or similar successes may be—for our truth is working into the religious body politic and tending it up to us more than one would think—then the poetic remark I have made will be clearer. One of course cannot have exactly what one wants just for the wishing, as we presume one can in that better world where we shall one day be, yet I think a thoughtful person will see in the ease and abandonment of forms, the open door, the hospitable manifestations, more of a resemblance to the heavenly style of things than they could from a Commonwealth Avenue, or in city high-life, with all its cost and grandeur.

Such was the thought that came to me when lately on a Saturday morning I stopped at the Lake Pleasant camp and took in the situation. The magnetism of the place was good, I felt it perceptibly; magnetism associated with persons or places impresses me always with the idea of invisible presences, "impalpable impressions in the air." I expect when I open my eyes in the Summer-Land I shall find the magnetism good, and I shall feel at ease and at home, and the cause of it be visible, and the general aspect be nearer a camp-meeting one, an "Oak Bluffs" spiritualized, than to the cities and villages of human life.

The railroad touches this Lake at its southwest corner, where we enter the enclosure by a descent of some dozen steps into an acre or two of low flat land lying between the bluff and the Lake. On one side of this level feature is the speakers' tasty stand, and from it, in a semi-circle, rises the land at a suitable angle for the seats which are arranged there, making it one of the finest natural amphitheatres I ever saw, and giving an auditorium of great capacity. On the top of this rising ground, about forty feet above the level place referred to, are a number of acres of high land, topographically picturesque, covered with grass and trees, and this is arranged in streets and avenues, along which are the tents of the campers, of all sizes and shapes. It is a comfortable looking place, and every one seemed to be enjoying it.

The descending entrance of which I have spoken does not seem to have been the "front door" of the place, for a few rods further there are one or two more pretentious ones, up flights of some thirty or fifty steps, landing one on the flat summit of this tented location. The railroad, as it strikes the Lake, strikes also this shady, grass-mounted hill, sloping steeply, and some forty feet high, on the top of which, as I have said when speaking of the auditorium, is the camp-ground. The road, instead of going around this hill, as good manners would indicate, makes a clean cut through it, and on the brow of the right side of this deep cut is "5th avenue," so called, where a row of tents open their eyes or mouths to the morning sun, and where the

litterer finds plenty of seats along the edge to watch the trains of cars come and go in the depth below, or if celestially inclined, to look at Mount Tobey, the great feature in the southeastern horizon, when the sun, does not command the station, or, as the poet says, the moon, which rises in cloudy majesty, does not throw her silvery mantle on the vale below.

I do not intend to convey the impression that this "5th avenue" was the aristocratic part of this semi-Summer-Land, for many of the finest locations were elsewhere. I think one part of the place was as good as another; no part could claim a display over another; roses, and decorations, and fancy names, everywhere abounded. Broadway, which was not especially broader than many other ways, seemed to combine taste with business; this was the "change," if there are "rallies" in the Summer-Land. On the corner, so that both streets mentioned can claim it, is the first cottage erected, a very pretty summer residence, just finished, by Mr. Lyman; others will very likely follow his example, so that next season there will be several of them. On the left side was the bookstore, with the "Banner of Light" shining on the counter. Mrs. Twing, located at the same place, seemed to be doing a rushing business; just below was Dr. Beals's hospitable tent, a double-decker, as it ought to be, as he seems to be the "Mayor of this city;" below him is the post-office, and other stations. Baxter, whose music and tests at the public meetings were marked features, seems to have floral tastes, also, and his decorations made his tent a bower.

Just below his, and opposite Dr. Beals's, was Mrs. Clara Dearborn's tent; her foreground was frescoed with flowers, which made a fine setting to her hospitable looking tent. Dr. Beals's lounge, and Mrs. Dearborn's red rocking chairs, both had fascinations for me, and I frequently brought up there, but in fact I was at home everywhere. The "saints" tried hard to make me feel like a great man, because I have correspondential connection with the Banner, but I knew my own measure, and like Grant, in Europe, I knew the flattering words were not intrinsic. It was the Banner that lifted me into notice; but as it is always pleasant to be thought clever, whether for one's merits or only associations, I thank it for the glamour or halo that it casts on me.

The mediums were very numerous, and if the camp had been a village, "Mediumville" might have been an appropriate name. I was glad of their number and of their success. I will not undertake to give their names, and their specialties, for I am not writing a report, that, as the Banner readers know, was ably attended to. I am only making believe artist, and painting a picture as the "thing struck me," so will not go further into details, though I had myself some pleasant phenomenal experience. E. V. Wilson and Mrs. Nelson seemed to have formed a partnership, and while I was there were drawing full audiences.

On Sunday (Aug. 19th) the number of people on the ground must have been very large. They came from all directions, and the large auditorium of which I have spoken was crowded. I think it must have held 4,000 people, who listened to E. V. Wilson's vigorous or muscular Spiritualism in the morning, and in the afternoon to Cephas B. Lynn. I feel as though I must say this of the young man: he has either grown amazingly in ability, or I have dwindled, for he was intellectually and eloquently a much bigger man than when I heard him last, a few years ago. I felt myself a mental dwarf by the side of him, and as I know I am at least as much as I used to be, I am happy to credit him with growth. I am always glad when I hear an inspirational speaker give evidence that he studies to keep up with the education of the times, so many are indolent, and their eloquent loquacity needs the sediment of thought that study alone gives. The influence of bright spirits illuminates a speaker; but the speaker himself has his work and study to do, or his flowing words are milk without any cream. The illuminated student never has to repeat himself. Theodore Parker, who was a first-class medium without knowing it, had no fellow to exchange with, hence preached every Sunday for fifteen or twenty years to the same audience, and did not then exhaust himself into thinness. I think there are but few of our speakers who could do that.

I could make a very long article on this Lake Pleasant affair by giving in detail some of my experience—some of it I may weave into my "Phantomatic Whispers"—but I have said, I think, enough to show how it struck me; and with the feeling I found there, and seeing the progress since it started, I am very sure it will grow into something far larger than it is now. It seems to be in a good location, with pleasant surroundings. There is a respectability about it that is creditable, and the large number who gathered on the Sunday I was present treated it as respectable, though a considerable portion of them were not Spiritualists. Some strangers I happened to talk with, certainly had heard words that will set them thinking; and I think it whole some for a man who has the average Christian ideas to get a chance to hear heresy eloquently uttered. I feel very sure one man I spoke with, who had been listening to E. V. Wilson, got some ideas into his head so that he will have no relish hereafter for his usual Sunday food; so I think this camp-meeting will be killing two birds with one stone—providing a semi-summer-land recreation for a large number of Spiritualists, and spreading words of vital truth among accidental hearers who will get light who otherwise would live and die in evangelical darkness; who would not go to a Sunday meeting to hear a heretic, but who will go to a camp for recreation, and, as my friend did, swallow wisdom without knowing it, and find himself a better and stronger and happier man for it. I expect Lake Pleasant Camp will grow in coming years, and "so mote it be."

The Reviewer.

Mad. Blavatsky's Forthcoming Work.

BY DR. G. BLOEDE

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As it has been my privilege to inspect some advance sheets of Mad. B.'s work, "Isis Unveiled," whose publication is near at hand, I cannot refrain from briefly stating the expectations concerning the whole, which these few glimpses are apt to arouse in any unprejudiced reader. What the book itself will be, I do not, of course, assume to predict; but I scarcely doubt that the short specimens I have perused will justify a reference to the proverbial saying, "ex ungue leonem," (from the claw know the lion). The pages with whose reading I was favored, though comprising not more than about a thirty-sixth part of the whole, satisfied me that the forthcoming book will be a standard work, so far as earnest and high purpose, deep and extended learning, extraordinary wealth of material, knowledge, clear and free thought, and adequate and masterly expression, are concerned.

Her work, says the authoress in the preface, "is the fruit of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with Eastern adepts, and the study of their science. It is offered to such as are willing to accept truth wherever it may be found, and to defend it, ever looking popular prejudice straight in the face." "It is an attempt to aid the student, to detect the vital principles which underlie the philosophical systems of old." "Its object is not," we read in another place, "to force upon the public the personal views or theories of its author; nor has it the pretensions of a scientific work, which aims at creating a revolution in some department of thought. It is rather a brief summary of the religious, philosophy and universal traditions, and the exegesis of the same, in the spirit of those secret doctrines of which none—thanks to prejudice and bigotry—have reached Christendom in so unutilized a form as to secure it a fair judgment." The spirit in which the work is written will appear, among others, from the following words: "We believe in no magic which transcends the scope and capacity of the human mind, nor in 'miracles,' whether divine or diabolical, if such imply a transgression of the laws of nature, instituted from all eternity. Nevertheless, we accept the saying of the gifted author of 'Festus,' that the human heart has not yet fully uttered itself, and that we have never attained, or even understood, the extent of its powers. Is it too much to believe that man should be developing new sensibilities and a closer relation with nature? The logic of evolution must teach as much, if carried to its legitimate conclusions."

The work will be essentially critical and polemical, since its principal aim is to destroy the poorly-founded pretensions of the old Church, as well as modern science, of having solved, or being able to solve, the enigma of life and the mysteries of psychology. We read in the introductory chapter, ("Before the Veil"): "We wish to show how inevitable were their innumerable failures, and how they must continue until these pretended authorities of the West go to the Brahmins and Lamaists of the far Orient, and respectfully ask them to impart the alphabet of true science." As the main foe to contend with, the authoress denounces the materialism of the present age. The introductory chapter ends with the following forcible sentences: "Deeply sensible of the Titanic struggle that is now in progress between materialism and the spiritual aspirations of mankind, our constant endeavor has been to gather into our several chapters every fact and argument that can be used to aid the latter in defeating the former. Sickly and deformed child as it now is, the materialism of to-day is born of the brutal yesterday. Unless its growth is arrested, it may become our master. It is the bastard progeny of the French Revolution, and its reaction against ages of religious bigotry and repression. To prevent the crushing of these spiritual aspirations, the blighting of these hopes, and the deadening of that intuition which teaches us of a God and a hereafter, we must show our false theologians in their naked deformity, and distinguish between dived religion and human dogmas. Our voice is raised and our plea made for enfranchisement from all tyranny, whether of science or theology." Of the thorny arduousness of her task, the authoress is fully aware, to judge from the formidable array of opponents she expects to arouse against her book, among whom she mentions the Christians, the scientists, the pseudo-scientists, the broad-churchmen and free-thinkers, the mercenaries and parasites of the press, etc. It is, however, to be hoped that the convincing evidence of the pure and ardent love of truth which will certainly appear in her work, will at least save her from sharing, as she expects, the cruel fate of the Roman gladiator, who, entering the arena, used to salute the emperor as "a dying man."

In the first chapter, the authoress places the reader "Before the Veil." This gives a brief exposition of the philosophy of Plato and his principle disciples, which, as she says, "as the most elaborate compend of the abstruse systems of old India, can alone afford a (suitable) middle-ground" (for their introduction). I quote from this part as referring to the much vexed question of darkness in spiritual manifestations, this passage: "Hence we may understand why the sublimar scenes in the mysteries, were always in the night. The life of the interior spirit is the death of the external nature; and the night of the physical world denotes the day of the spiritual."

The rest of this chapter is taken up by the

definitions of a series of certain terms, which, as the authoress says, will be used in a sense different from that familiar to the reader. I cannot forbear quoting a few specimens of this nomenclature, as illustrative of the exceeding wealth of the book. I choose such passages as have particular reference to facts or notions familiar to Spiritualists, and are apt to indicate where the authoress may have to expect opposition from some votaries of Spiritualism proper.

The brief but interesting disquisitions on "Aethroacy," (Levitation) "Aethroists," "Astral Light," etc., can only be mentioned. Under "Anthropology," we read: "The science of man; embracing among other things, Physiology, etc., Psychology, or the great, and in our days so neglected science of the soul, both as an entity distinct from the spirit, and in its relations with the spirit and body. In modern science psychology relates only or principally to conditions of the nervous system, and almost absolutely ignores the psychical essence and nature. Physicians denigrate the science of insanity psychology, and name the lunatic chair in medical colleges by that designation."

Under "Elemental and Elementary" Spirits—a highly commendable distinction—we read, "Elemental Spirits"—the creatures evolved in the four kingdoms of earth, air, fire and water, and called by the Cabalists Gnomes, Sylphs, Salamanders and Undines. They may be termed the forces of nature, and will either operate effects as the servile agents of general laws, or may be employed by the disembodied spirits—whether pure or impure—and by living adepts of magic and sorcery, to produce desired phenomenal results. Such beings never become men."

"They have been seen, feared, blessed, banned and invoked in every quarter of the globe, and in every age. Shall we, then, concede that all who have met them were hallucinated?"

"These elementals are the principal agents of disembodiment, but never visible, spirits, at dances, and the producers of all the phenomena except the subjective."

ELEMENTARY SPIRITS.

Properly, the disembodied souls of the depraved; these souls having at some time prior to death separated from themselves their divine spirits, and so lost their chance for immortality. Once divorced from their bodies, these souls, (also called astral bodies,) of purely materialistic persons, are irresistibly attracted to the earth, where they live a temporary and finite life amid elements congenial to their gross natures. "After a more or less prolonged period of time these material souls will begin to disintegrate, and finally, like a column of mist, be dissolved atom by atom in the surrounding elements." I have, in these quotations, italicized those passages which, in my opinion, are apt to become points of issue between the Spiritualists and Madame B.

At the same time I suggest that to avoid further confusion of "elemental and elementary spirits" it would be advisable to designate the latter by some other name, as for instance, "rudimentary." If they, as Madame B. assures us, are liable to be "dissolved," there must have been some deficiency in their germ, which would justify their designation as "rudimentary."

On Evolution, our authoress makes these highly appropriate remarks: "The development of higher orders of animals from the lower, modern, or so-called exact, science, holds but to a one-sided, physical evolution, prudently avoiding and ignoring the higher, or spiritual evolution, which would force our contemporaries to confess the superiority of the ancient philosophers and psychologists over themselves. The ancient sages ascending to the UNKNOWN, made their starting-point from the first manifestation of the unseen, the unavoidable, and from a strict logical reasoning the absolutely necessary creative Being, the Demiurgos of the universe. Evolution began with them from pure spirit, which, descending lower and lower down, assumed at last a visible and comprehensible form, and became matter. Arrived at this point, they speculated in the Darwinian method, but on a far more large and comprehensive basis."

An important declaration is found under the head of "Materialization." It reads:

"Materialization. A word employed by Spiritualists to indicate the phenomenon of a 'spirit clothing himself with a material form.' The far less objectionable term 'form-manifestation' has been recently suggested by Mr. Stanton Moses, of London. When the real nature of these apparitions is better comprehended, a still more appropriate name will doubtless be adopted. To call them 'materialized spirits' is inadmissible, for they are not spirits but 'ANIMATED PORTRAIT-STATUES.'"

Here a wide field of strife opens between the unveiler of Isis and the Spiritualists. A great many of the latter, at least, in view of the latest and most wonderful experiences of Mr. O'Sullivan in Paris, will be prone to contend that the forms produced through the mediumship of Mr. Firman must be more than "animated portrait-statues," supposing even that Madame B. should be prepared to demonstrate that the fable of Pygmalion may still become a reality.

"Soma." "This Hindu sacred beverage, answering to the Greek Ambrosia or nectar drank by the gods of Olympus," prompts the authoress to make the following spicy remarks: "Thus the Hindu Soma is mystically and in all respects the same that the Eucharist supper is to the Christian. The idea is similar. By means of the sacrificial prayers—the Mantras—this liquor is supposed to be transformed on the spot into real Soma, or the Angel, and even into Brahma himself. Some missionaries have expressed themselves very indignantly about this ceremony, the more

so that, generally speaking, the Brahmins use a kind of spirituous liquor as a substitute. But do the Christians believe less fervently in the transubstantiation of the communion wine into the blood of Christ, because this wine happens to be more or less spirituous? Is not the idea of the symbol attached to it the same? But the missionaries say that this hour of Soma drinking is the golden hour of Satan, who lurks at the bottom of the Hindu sacrificial cup."

The very vague and promiscuous use of the terms *spirit* and *soul*, causes the authoress to state this as her definition of them: Referring to the work itself, she remarks here only that "spirit" is the "Nous (vous)" of Plato, the immortal, immaterial and purely divine principle in man, the crown of the human triad, whereas "soul" is the Psyche or the *epithete* of the Bible, the vital principle or the breath of life which every animal, down to the Infusoria, shares with man."

Space and time forbidding, I must resist the temptation of making further quotations, but I trust that what has been quoted will impress the attentive reader of the Banner with the fact that the forthcoming book of Madame B. will, under all considerations, range among the most important contributions to the literature of the modern science of spirit, and be worth the attention of every thinking student of this. Whether the authoress will make good the proud title of her work, and this will prove a true "Unveiling of Isis, i. e., the lifting of the curtain from the inner temple of the mysterious goddess, and solve the enigma of nature and life, I am not prepared to say. I am satisfied, however, that it may tear some rents into the hitherto indestructible Veil, and allow some peeps into the sanctissimum of the Unknown. But not being an adept of the Esoteric Arcana of "theosophical wisdom," I would, in view of malevolent opposition, have preferred a less pretentious title for the meritorious work of our learned authoress. Although great things have been done since, nearly a hundred years ago, Goethe wrote his great theosophical poem, "Faust," I believe that to these very days, the days of "materialization," or "animated portrait-statues," remains true what that student of mediæval magic expressed, as the ultimate result of his studies:

"Mysterious even in open day,
Nature retains her veil despite our clamors,
That which she does not will not display
Cannot be wrested from her with levers, screws and hummers." —[Goethe, Faust, trans. H. Taylor, Brooklyn, Aug. 1877.]

THE RELIGION OF JESUS, AS COMPARED WITH THE CHRISTIANITY OF TO-DAY. BY F. A. BINNEY, author of "Where are the Dead?" "Californian Homes for Educated Englishmen," "Life Beyond the Grave," etc. etc. London: E. W. Allen, 11 Ave Maria Lane, E. C.

One of the best evidences of the healthiness of modern thought is to be found in the breadth and freedom characterizing religious criticism. Occasionally, however, freedom is apt to degenerate into license; then criticism becomes mere abuse. The conscientious objector to any system, if he himself be animated by a desire for truth, will never needlessly hurt the feelings of those with whom he disagrees. When Christian apologists object to their opinions and positions being criticised, we ought to find that objection based upon some valid ground, such as, for instance, resentment, naturally arising from the kind of criticism above alluded to. If, however, the criticism in its nature fulfills the conditions previously suggested, and it is then objected to, the observer is prone to come to the conclusion that the criticism complained of is mainly objected to because of its truthfulness. In such a case, our intelligent sympathies would be given to the critic rather than to the criticised. That truly inspired man, Andrew Jackson Davis, remarks in an address to the world which prefaces *Nature's Divine Revelations*, "Fear not, for error is mortal and cannot live, and truth is immortal and cannot die." Any attempt, then, to overturn truth will but rebound upon the promoter, while every effort to establish truth will ultimately be crowned with success. When we find, as is the case with the volume before us, a clear, careful and impartial endeavor to differentiate the false from the true, and to place before the world in an acceptable manner the intrinsic merits and beautiful truths of the religion of Jesus, every lover of spiritual verity will welcome such endeavor with pleasure, and will certainly not fail to profit by the author's labors. The volume is prefaced by an "Introduction," which occupies the first thirty pages of the book; it is further divided into two parts, having respectively eleven and ten chapters each. Part the first is entitled "The Religion of Jesus;" part the second has for its heading "The Christianity of To-Day." The author says in the opening of his preface that: "The following work is an attempt to prove a conclusion which has long since occurred to the author, and which is not in itself at all novel, namely: that the religion which Jesus taught is not the Christianity of to-day. Having the usual familiarity with the doctrines of modern orthodox theology, I for a long time never thought of comparing them with the texts on which they are based. After due consideration, it occurred to me, however, that a fair argument against the authenticity of modern dogma might be based upon many extracts from Christ's own utterances, without regard to the weapons of human reason which have been urged against it so ably by other and more competent writers than myself, in scores of bulky volumes. The plan here adopted has been to analyze the contents of the original record itself, and by judicious classification to show how much authority there is in favor of the view of Christianity expounded in the following pages, and how much—or rather how little—there is in favor of the Christianity taught in churches."

Anticipating some adverse criticisms, or at least the possibility of his opinions being misrepresented, the author further remarks in his preface: "It will be said that many passages of Scripture which I have interpreted in their literal

As a positive and unmistakable proof of his perfect faith and confidence in the convictions which he has held during the last twenty years of his life, he—only two days before his death—earnestly urged the members of his family to continue their researches and explorations after the truth, and in the same path in which he had derived so much satisfaction and contentment of mind.

The sentiments of the address as delivered by Mr. Bradford express the opinions and convictions of Mr. Townsend.

Foreign Miscellany.

Dr. Francis W. Monck's astonishing mediumship is attracting widespread attention. His sances are crowded. He has taken more commodious rooms, and his address is now 26 Southampton Row, High Holborn, London, W. C. He says in a published note: "I am now arranging to hold a series of weekly sittings at my rooms, with a select company of friends, and a second weekly series for the development of healing magnetism, and other natural gifts. Last week I had the honor of being the guest of Royalty, and am invited to be so again, in a few weeks, for a lengthened period." The Doctor delivered an eloquent address in Doughty Hall, on Sunday, Aug. 12th, at the conclusion of which he gave tests and healed the sick.

J. J. Morse lectured in Doughty Hall, London, Sunday, Aug. 19th. He is re-engaged for Oct. 14th and Dec. 30th.

Mr. J. William Fletcher, the American medium, gave a second lecture in Langham Hall, for the benefit of Mrs. Weldon's Orphanage. The lecture and lecturer were very pleasantly received, and Mr. Fletcher but confirmed the success of his first appearance there. He will continue to lecture on Spiritualism or on his recent travels in Egypt and Jerusalem.

Messrs. W. J. Colville and Wallis are kept busy, filling lecturing engagements. Mr. T. Smith and Mr. Westgarth have become developed as trance speakers.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science closed its annual session at Plymouth, Aug. 24th. From The Spiritualist newspaper's report of the proceedings we copy the following paragraphs, which have a bearing on Spiritualism:

"The lively proceedings at Glasgow last year, resulting from the introduction of the subject of Spiritualism at the Biological Section, as well as other discussions thought to be injudicious in the Economic Science and Statistics Section, induced the Council during the recess to appoint a committee to consider these matters. All that the Council has made public as to the results appeared in their Annual Report, read at the General Committee last week, under the presidency of Sir William Thomson. The following are the paragraphs in question:

"The attention of the Council having been drawn to the character of some of the sectional proceedings at late meetings of the Association, a committee was appointed to consider and report to the Council on the possibility of excluding unscientific or otherwise unsuitable papers and discussions from the sectional proceedings of the Association. The committee recommended that, in the rules for conducting the business of the sectional committees, the following rules should be inserted, viz.: (1) The President shall call on the Secretary to read the minutes of the previous meeting of the committee. (2) No paper shall be read until it has been formally accepted by the committee of the section, and entered on the minutes accordingly. The Council proposed that this alteration of rules should be carried into effect. The committee in their report further considered that some of the subjects brought before the section could not be considered scientific in the ordinary sense of the word, and that the question of the dissemination of section papers deserves the serious consideration of the Council. The Council have requested the committee to report more fully the reasons which had induced them to come to this conclusion, but the committee have not yet made a further report.

Thus all they have done having any influence upon spiritualistic papers is to secure that they, as well as others, shall be formally passed by the Committee of the Whole Section before they can be read. They further give dark hints to the more ardent reformers in the Statistical Section as to the possibility of their Section being closed altogether.

There are plenty of Spiritualists among the members here, and I do not think that there is anywhere in the British Association much prejudice against the phenomena. But the fact is, that already several subjects dealt with by the Association bring down anathemas from some of the local spirits, and they do not wish to take in hand other unpopular subjects before they have had time to grow sufficiently.

In Professor Carey Foster's opening address to the Physical Science Section, the name of Mr. Crookes was mentioned, and the speaker was stopped by the loudest applause he received all through his remarks. Probably this spontaneous mark of recognition of Mr. Crookes was due quite as much to the feeling that he had fearlessly dealt with a new subject which many have not yet the moral courage to handle, as to his discovery of the radiometer. Mr. Crookes is not here, neither is Mr. A. R. Wallace.

Thomas Walker, the trance medium who sailed with Dr. Peabody from San Francisco on his tour around the world, was at Dunedin, New Zealand, the middle of June, and delivered several lectures. The Otago Guardian, of June 15th, contains a full report of his second lecture, with the remark that "Mr. Walker sat down amid applause and expressions of approval," at the close of his discourse.

Death of one of the Davenport Brothers.

Mr. W. H. Davenport, one of the brothers whose performances (spirit manifestations) have created for them a world-wide reputation, died at the Oxford Hotel, King street, on Sunday morning, from pulmonary consumption. The brothers arrived in Sydney three weeks ago from New Zealand, where they had been giving a series of performances, but while there William Davenport broke a blood vessel, and came to Sydney under the advice of his medical attendants. He seemed to be recovering his health after his arrival here, and was in excellent spirits; but broke a second blood vessel again last Thursday week, and another one yesterday morning. This proved fatal. He was attended here by Dr. Mackay, who, however, with Dr. Halkett, held out no hope that he would ever recover, the disease having taken a firm hold of his system. He had been suffering from phthisis for some years. He leaves a young widow, having been married five months ago. His funeral took place yesterday afternoon—Sydney (N. S. W.) Evening News, July 3.

"The above in a few words states the departure from the field of labor of one who has (in company with his brother Ira) been instrumental in accomplishing a great and extended work during the brief term of years allotted him. Himself and brother have in years gone by appeared successfully before the kings, queens, and great ones of the Old World, and have created among them a marked impression, which has in some instances been outwrought in action; they have sowed seeds of truth in the minds of the common people which have borne fruit, in many cases, of more than an hundred fold, thousands having been converted through their mediumship to a belief in spirit-return, and a knowledge of the future life awaiting every human soul. The opposition, uncharitableness, and suspicion of the world have drifted by him like a cloud, and he has now gone to his reward in the land where all wrongs are righted. We purpose in the immediate future to enter into a more extended review of his mediumistic life-work.

Our Public Free Circles.

Three sances will be held next week—on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, at 3 o'clock p. m. On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 16th, an extra session will be held, for the accommodation of those who cannot attend week days.

We have received an article from Hon. Thomas R. Hazard, bearing on topics of interest, notably the materializing phenomena, the "Abe Bunter" case, etc., which we shall print next week.

Onset Bay Grove Association.

The first stockholders' meeting of this young and vigorous Association of Spiritualists since its inauguration, was held at the Pavilion, Onset Bay, on Saturday, Sept. 1st. About two-thirds of the stock was represented, which, in view of the distant residence of most of the stockholders, shows the interest felt in the development of this splendid seashore property. The President and Treasurer made reports, from which it appears that the Association has expended during the last six months, for buildings and improvements upon the lands, about four thousand dollars, and has also appropriated about the same amount to be expended during the next six months in removing all stumps from the avenues, clearing up more land and streets, building a permanent wharf, a headquarters building, for offices, &c., all to be completed previous to July, 1878. The first camp-meeting was shown to be a financial success, and the present financial condition of the Association decidedly satisfactory. There are about one thousand dollars on hand, and after paying all liabilities or debts now contracted, the Association will own their one hundred and thirty acres of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, and have remaining about five hundred dollars in the Treasury. It was voted to increase the capital stock of the Association to \$5000 by creating fifty additional shares of fifty dollars each.

Individual enterprise has also put about ten thousand dollars into the grounds, says our informant, and others are contracted for, to be built this fall.

The success of this movement thus far exceeds the expectations of the most sanguine, and gives increased assurance of the fact that the intrinsic beauty and natural adaptation of the place for a summer home will evolve a sea-shore village ultimately covering the entire grounds.

Next year it is probable that the camping season at Onset Bay will include at least two weeks in September, for the delightful autumn days are peculiarly enjoyable at the shore. The best fishing in the Bay is during September, and there is freshness and vitality in the air which invigorates the system more than out door life during the whole summer beside.

The Silver Lake Picnic.

The last picnic of the season under the management of Drs. Gardner and Richardson, came off at the above-named place Tuesday, Aug. 29th, and was attended by a very pleasant party. The inducements held out for the friends in this section of the State to again come together for mental and physical enjoyment were most ample on the part of the managers, and were faithfully carried out in every particular.

On the arrival of the forenoon train from Plymouth, the company gathered in force at the grand Pavilion, and the regular public exercises were introduced by Dr. Gardner, who made the opening speech, and afterwards presided throughout the meetings. Mr. E. V. Wilson then took the platform and gave a critical and satisfactory exhibition of character-reading, illustrating in an effectual manner his gifts of mediumship.

After the usual noon interval the company again assembled, and were further entertained by Mrs. Suydam, the wonderful fire test medium, whose performances have been frequently described at length in our columns, but are never witnessed without creating the liveliest interest on the part of the beholder. Miss Lizzie Doten followed in a brief but pertinent speech, at the close of which Mr. Wilson again took the stand and delivered an address two hours long, during which he gave a deeply interesting sketch of himself, his personal experiences, and the method of his development. Dr. John H. Currier closed these exercises by a few well-timed remarks, shortly after which, as the time of departure drew nigh, the friends wended their way to the station, and at the appointed hour took the cars for home. Though the day was one of summer's intensest type, the occasion proved to be one of pleasure and profit to all.

Giles B. Stebbins's New Work.

Concerning which we have made frequent mention of late, will be issued from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, on September 15th. We have no hesitancy in saying that those who in future days shall peruse the rich compilation embraced in this volume of POEMS OF THE LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN will endorse all to which we have hitherto certified regarding it, and will add much of a like or even stronger character in its praise. J. H. Harter writes to the Auburn (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser a brief epistle bearing on the forthcoming work, from which we extract the following:

"In early Autumn a Boston book publishing firm, Colby & Rich, will issue a volume entitled 'Poems of the Life Beyond and Within,' of which an advance copy is sent me. It is a solid and handsome book, a rare compilation of admirable poems, old and new, giving the idea of the Immortal Life. Its oldest selections are ancient Hindoo, its latest of the modern spiritual school, and between are Catholic and Protestant hymns and noble poems of many lands and centuries, with a few brief notes of explanation and dates. In these days of doubt and skepticism it will serve a good purpose, and some of its pages are full of peace for the sorrowing and bereaved."

Decease of Alvin Adams.

This gentleman, whose name is a household word in all parts of the United States, because of his prominence in a widely useful department of mundane business activities, passed on from his residence in Watertown, Mass., Saturday evening, Sept. 1st, aged 73 years. He was born in Andover, Vermont, on the 10th of June, 1804. The success of the wide and comprehensive system of transportation known as the Adams Express Company was in great part due to Mr. Adams's tact and management. His disease was known to physicians as hydro-thorax. He leaves two sons and one daughter. We have failed to see in any of the city papers which have chronicled his death reference to his being a Spiritualist in belief, but such is the fact, as we have had the assurance from him personally, during his life in mortal, and he has for years past taken occasion to practically prove the force of his faith through pecuniary gifts to assist media, subscribing liberally toward carrying on spiritual lectures in this city, etc.

The reader's attention is called to the annual announcement of the Eclectic Medical College of New York for 1877-8, printed in another column.

Something for Asthmatics to Notice.

A medical friend informs us that one year ago he had a patient—a trance medium—suffering from asthma in an aggravated form. After it had continued nearly a month, with only brief intervals of relief, the patient one day was controlled by his spirit guide, who told his wife that Hahnemann had visited him, and recommended the patient to drink freely of lime-water, affirming that this would cure him. The prescription given was two quarts of boiling water, poured on half a pound of quick or unslacked lime, and when cold and the liquid clear, the latter to be poured off and drank freely whenever there was any thirst. Should there be much repugnance on the part of the patient to drink it in its full strength, the directions were to dilute it with more water.

The lime-water was prepared at once and he commenced the use of it, and within three hours he was entirely relieved; but he continued its use for three days, gradually reducing the quantity taken.

He had no further trouble from asthma until a few days since, when he was again attacked with it; but lime-water was again prepared and resorted to with perfect success, for relief was obtained from its use within half an hour; and during the next two or three days he used it freely, and is now again entirely relieved.

Our informant states that another physician was also present when the lime-water was first administered during this last attack, and that he, like our informant, was both surprised and pleased with its rapid and salutary effects, neither physician having ever heard of its having been used before in asthma or any kindred affection. Whether it will prove equally efficacious with others remains to be seen, but we would recommend asthmatics to give it a trial and report results.

A Sheer Mockery of Justice.

England has another case of a trial before her magistrates for "using certain subtle crafts, means and devices, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose on her Majesty's subjects." This time the authorities of South Molton, in North Devonshire, have exhibited their stupidity. An old man named Harper, who was known as an herbalist and mesmerist, so the story goes as printed in the London Telegraph of a late date, was summoned to treat a woman who had been professionally "doctored" without avail by several "regulars." He came, at call, assuring her at the outset that "he did not know whether he could do her any good or not." The woman died, Harper was arrested (the regulars would not have been arrested had she died in their hands), and on a "palmistry" charge was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Even the Telegraph editor sees the absurdity of the case and remarks: "It is a serious question how far an old statute ought to be revived for the sake of repressing practices which it was never intended to prohibit. . . . It ought to be borne in mind that his (Harper's) patients seem to have sought him out willingly, and that, on the grounds on which he has been convicted, it might be possible to convict homeopaths, hydropaths, the gentlemen who manage total abstinence hospitals, and a vast number of other practitioners whose views on medical treatment have the peculiarity of differing, more or less, from those recognized by the Royal College of Physicians."

Another Spiritual Worker Gone.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, after a severe and protracted illness, passed to the higher life, from her residence in East Boston, Sunday, Aug. 26th. Over twenty years ago Mrs. Currier gave evidence of possessing the gift of mediumship to a remarkable degree. She became developed as one of the very best of trance speakers. Her natural gift of oratory and capacity of brain made her a fitting instrument for the use of the invisibles, and the able lectures given through her instrumentality, with an eloquence rarely equalled, made her one of the most popular delineators of the Spiritual Philosophy in the field. She has filled lecturing engagements in nearly all the principal cities in the Union. She returned to Boston after a very successful and laborious lecturing tour through the West, and delivered a series of discourses before the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists in November, 1867, to the very general satisfaction of her large audiences. But of late years she has been obliged to decline all invitations to lecture, on account of failing health. Her work has been well done, and her reward is sure.

At Last the Popular Science Monthly Gives a Hearing to Mr. Wallace.

We are glad to see that this excellent magazine, published by Appleton & Co., New York, is no longer open to the complaints we have repeatedly made of its publishing attacks on Spiritualism, but nothing in its defence. It gives in the fifth number of its series of supplements the whole of Alfred R. Wallace's review of Dr. Carpenter's late work on Spiritualism. We make this amende to our contemporary with much satisfaction, as his publication of Mr. Wallace's paper is an earnest that we may expect fair play at his hands hereafter, where Spiritualism is concerned. It is eminently an experimental science, though yet in its infancy, and as such claims the ready attention of all sincere truth seekers, whether in the positive or the mental sciences. Mr. Youmans will find, we think, that his present liberal course suits the demands of the age, and will not lessen the sale of his magazine.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten

Was to lecture in Cleveland Sunday, Sept. 24; Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 4th; Lincoln, Neb., Sunday, Sept. 9th; Salt Lake City, Wednesday, Sept. 12th; after which she will speak at San Francisco. Letters to be addressed to San Francisco, Cal. The statement made in our last issue that she was to take the ocean route to California was based on inaccurate information. We bespeak a kind welcome for Mrs. and Dr. Britten wherever fortune may lead them.

The editor of the Boston Evening Transcript published lately an editorial reviewing the revivalist Moody, the article concluding as follows: "He is no theologian, no philosopher; he is not even wise in the Scriptures. His crude and literal method of exposition is aimless. His doctrinal fundamentals are discredited."

The Gold Hill (Nev.) Evening News—Alf. Doten, managing editor—re-publishes from our columns Miss Lizzie Doten's fine poem delivered recently at the Highland Lake Camp-Meeting, entitled "The Workers Win."

Poor Dr. Carpenter.

One of Dr. Carpenter's arguments against Spiritualism is, that there was "a recent public exposure of the whole method in Boston (N. E.), by one who formerly practiced it for gain." This refers of course to the case of Bishop. How far this was an exposure our readers are well aware. It resulted in giving new confidence to Spiritualists and new strength to their cause, by showing the utter insufficiency of Mr. Bishop's attempts to explain the phenomena as the product of trick or illusion. If the story we recently had from New York is true (and we have not yet seen it contradicted), Mr. Bishop has admitted his medical powers, and has given up his rôle of exposé.

Keep on fighting Indians, Uncle Samuel, and by-and-by your treasury will be depleted. Land speculators, railroad traffickers, corn-operators, horse-dealers, and other avaricious persons, are evidently at the bottom of the whole scheme. The red man has as much right to his lands, and to live upon them in peace, as the white man has to his lawful property. If not, why make treaties with the Indians? Divine Justice will surely overtake any nation that lends its aid to crush out the weak, whether he be an Indian or a white man. The records of past ages all the way along verify this fact. The Indians of the Northwest are forced to fight, or starve, under the present "Indian ring" management. Gen. Sherman says the Indians should be annihilated. The voice of Humanity indignantly dissents from any such monstrous wrong. Secretary Schurz intends to unearth "the ring." It is powerful, Mr. Secretary, but we hope you will persevere, and not allow any white-washing to intervene, a la the "whiskey ring." But you will find the task a difficult one to manage, it is so thoroughly organized, so firmly rooted, and so many "respectable" white men have a pecuniary interest in it. Professor Marsh knows the whole story. He is authority. Consult him by all means.

Subscriptions for the new works on the Phenomena, Philosophy and Present Position of Spiritualism, which "M. A. (Oxon.)," our English correspondent, proposes to issue when a sufficient number of names is secured, will be received at this office. The author is a talented gentleman, and we do hope his work will have a large sale in this country. Those who intend to subscribe for the contemplated work in this country should send in their names at as early a moment as possible, in order that the author may know what to depend upon.

Brigham Young, leader of the Mormons, is dead. Dysentery took him off, at the age of 76. The management of the Mormon church has therefore passed into the hands of "the twelve apostles." Seven-eighths of his disciples are foreigners, many recruits coming from the land of flowers, where spiritual mediums are Lankestered, and justice farced.

Brothers Andrew Jackson Davis and Alfred E. Giles are rustication, among the granite hills and green valleys of New Hampshire. Whether their life-lines just now gravitate toward the trout brooklets or not, we are unable to say. May these earnest souls return to their homes with renewed health and strength.

Dr. William Britten begs to announce to his friends and patrons that his business in the manufactory of the Home Battery, &c., will be carried on as usual by Mr. Chas. Williams, electrical instrument-maker, 9 Court street, Boston, to whom all business communications must be hereafter addressed.

According to the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index, the Spiritualists of that town are giving a course of sances—held on the first Tuesday of each month—which are pleasant and well attended.

An account of the funeral exercises of Miss Helen S. Abbott, of Charlestown District, will appear in our next issue.

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

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

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M., on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. A. 11.

Change of Locality.

Dr. WILLIS may be addressed at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., until further notice. Jy. 7.

An Eminent Divine says, "I have been using the Peruvian Syrup. It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscles." J. P. Dinsmore, 36 Dey street, New York, will send, free, a pamphlet of 32 pages, containing a full account of this remarkable medicine, to any one sending him their address. 2w.S. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, \$2 and 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. 4w.A. 11.

DR. S. B. BRITTAN treats chronic diseases, especially such as are peculiar to the female constitution, by *painless methods*, using the best remedies known to modern pharmacy, together with Electricity, Magnatism, Medicated Vapors, and other subtle and psychological agents. Rooms at 232 West 11th street, New York. Patients visited at their homes when necessary. P. 3.

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

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy. 7.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh-st., between 5th and 6th ave., New York City. D. 30.

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. GRIFFITH, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Griffith at his residence, Warwick Cottage, 610 Park Road, Bow, E., London.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGEE, Booksellers, 12 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WELLS, JACKSON & CO., Booksellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. HOBBS, 23 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sales abroad, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Centre streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the *Banner of Light*, can call on Dr. HOBBS.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 826 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the *Banner of Light* for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Planettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Processes, Dr. J. A. Smith's Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. (Communications in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HELMAN & SONS, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.)

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. CHAS. S. SING, 111 N. 3d street, New York, has for sale the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritual and Reform Books, published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Room, 421 Broadway, and 4th avenue, and Remondin Hall, 53 West 34th street.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. E. M. ROSE, 36 Tremont street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light* and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1110 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT. WASH. A. DICKINSON, 706 N. E. street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT. W. PHILLIPS, 107 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 3d street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S BAZAR, 16 Woodland street, Cleveland, O., has for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

LONDON, ENG., BOOK DEPOT. W. H. HARRISON, No. 35 Great Russell street, London, Eng., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. He also receives subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*.

LONDON, ENG., BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C., London, Eng.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 44 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Banner of Light* and Reform Works, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., at all times he found there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON.

KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Spiritual, Progressive, Reform AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

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Any Book published in England or America, not on hand, will be sent by mail or express.

Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE Eclectic Medical College

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

FOR 1877-8.

No. 1 Livingston Place, East Fifthteenth Street.

Chartered April 23d, 1875. Organized, December 19th, 1875.

Whole Number of Graduates, '76, 20.

'77, 21. '78, 1, 100.

FACULTY.

ROBERT S. NEWTON, M. D., P. O. of Theory and Practice of Medicine, Otis.

Medicine and Surgery.

HELMAN, HOOKER, M. D., Professor of Special Medicine.

JAMES M. COMBS, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

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JOSEPH BODDES BUCHANAN, M. D., Professor of Physiology, Anthropology and Pathology.

WILLIAM WEAVER, Ph.D., M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Toxicology, and Pharmacy.

ALEXANDER D. GAILLARD, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

ROBERT S. NEWTON, M. D., Assistant Professor of Surgery.

GEO. W. ROSKOWITZ, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

JAMES BUTLER, Junior.

Lectures on Medical Jurisprudence and Medical Ethics will be delivered by a well-known teacher. 2w. Sept. 8.

TO LET.

A LARGE front room, with a smaller one leading from it, either furnished or unfurnished, in the new building, No. 88 Montgomery Place. Rent \$10.00 per month, easy of access, and eminently suitable for office purposes.

Apply for particulars to COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. July 21.

WANTED.

A PREPARED lady medium, without pretensions, able to diagnose and treat disease at a distance, manifest at Circles, lecture, &c., can make favorable arrangements at address, with full particulars. "BOX 41, New Brunswick, N. J." Sept. 8.—4w.

FRANK T. RIPLEY, Test and Business Medium, No. 7, Montgomery Place. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sept. 8.—2w.

DR. KIMBALL, Magnetic Test Medium, Office

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Circle, Free-Trade Meeting, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE N. RUDD, are reported and published each week in this Department.

We also publish in this Department the Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

These Messages are given in the presence of the members of the circle, and are published in the Banner of Light, for the purpose of giving to the public a true and correct knowledge of the character of the messages given, and of the progress of the work of the circle.

We ask the reader to note the fact that the messages given at the Banner of Light Circle, are given in the presence of the members of the circle, and are published in the Banner of Light, for the purpose of giving to the public a true and correct knowledge of the character of the messages given, and of the progress of the work of the circle.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE N. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father, we hold thee in the highest of flowers before us; we feel thy presence as the breeze wafts into us thy voice; we listen to thee in the thunder; we bow before thee reverently as we gaze upon the blade of grass and the beautiful daisy that grows at our feet. We know that thou art very near us, and we feel thy presence each moment of our lives. We gaze upon thee from the great heavens; we ask thee to come to us with the rainbow of promise; we ask thee to bless us, to guide, to guard us, and to keep us. We come, not simply as spirits from the spirit-land, but as individuals feeling our love for the children of earth, for individual spirits here on earth, wishing so strongly that we may clasp our arms about the loved ones, and draw them up to that heaven above, that they may see and know for themselves that God is love and that life is immortal.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—As in the instance of the telephone, several persons generally claim the honor of any great discovery. Are such inspirations given to each of the claimants simultaneously?

A.—Each individual who is progressively enough, and who is of the right organization, may claim the discovery of whatever comes to him. Many times we come from spirit-life and endeavor to impress upon some particular brain a discovery in science. Feeling sometimes that we may not have made it quite sure, we go to another, and perhaps another; consequently you find that throughout the country there are different individuals claiming a discovery at such and such a time, and you wonder to yourselves if spirits had anything to do with it; if it is possible that we can communicate the same leading light through half a dozen individuals. This is the fact.

Q.—[By a skeptic.] What would it benefit a person to leave the Church and its creeds and embrace Spiritualism?

A.—If he leaves the Church and leaves his creed, he leaves all behind him; he comes out free and perfectly easy, like the butterfly, which leaves the darkened cell and speeds forth into the beautiful sunshine, to bask in its rays and gather the sweets of the flowers. Then the butterfly comes, the raindrops fall, and the butterfly feels the full force of nature's argument against him, yet feels that his life has been bright and beautiful, and he has enjoyed it. So you can leave the Church and all its creeds; you can bask in the beautiful sunshine of freedom—freedom to look at anything which comes up to you; freedom which says to you, enjoy the present, enjoy all that there is in the future, all that is right; enjoy the love of the angel-world and hear its teachings, but like the butterfly, you have got a storm of opposition to encounter; the thunders of bigotry will assail you, the lightnings of social ostracism about you, and if you can withstand all, and feel that you have played your feet upon a rock, then you are right and true; but if you cannot, then you had better remain in the Church until the right time comes. To leave the Church is an important step, and we would have you well consider it. If you are not ready to receive the cold shoulder of popularity and the frowns of friends that surround you, you had better remain where you are, under the cover of theology. If you are ready to brave all the trials that come, you can stand forth, your head uncovered, with only the crown of God's salvation resting upon your brow, and in your hand carrying the cross that you are not for, because the cross is so beautiful.

Q.—Science has demonstrated the unity of force; will it demonstrate the unity of matter, and give us only one true element underlying all material forms?

A.—We do not know as we shall answer your question according to the scientific views of mankind, but we will answer it according to our views. When asked what force governs the material, we answer, the spiritual. Undoubtedly may bring forth another element; two material forces may bring forth a spiritual, or two spiritual forces may bring forth a material. Back of all the life forces which govern your planet, are spiritual forces. Even in the chemical world you will find there is a spiritual force, which is the uniting force of all things.

John S. Smith.

I have only a common name to bring. I don't know as you will be glad to hear it. It is simply John S. Smith. I have been gone away, or rather I parted company with all that manifested John S. Smith, in 1869, somewhere about the middle of October. I had first a fever, then it turned to consumption, and I left the form. I find myself on your platform, I hardly know how. I know there are many crowding here who feel that they have a better right than foreigners. I also know that this is an avenue for those who have no other means of communicating, consequently I feel bold to make my demands known. I have a sister in New Orleans that I would like to reach. I don't know as I shall be able to, but I feel that I can send an influence that will make her look for my coming, and when she reads my message I want her to understand that I am not dead, but that I am working for the great cause of truth; that I find my house not the best made house in the world; that I have had to hatch it and patch it, and to plant flowers round it. Let her use the powers that God has given her, and remember that if she hides her talent in a napkin, when she comes up here it will be required at her hand.

Daniel Dolan.

Oh, it's me mother, me mother I want to get to, sir, an' I'll be glad to come an' tell me story, right along, sir. [Yes.] An' how will I reach me mother? [We'll print what you say in the paper, and she may get it.] She works for a lady up at that big hotel, sir. It's not here, but it's in New York, sir; it's the Astor House; it's named after a big man that's no happier than I. Me mother washes for a lady that boards there, sir, an' she sometimes goes out an' gets your paper, an' me mother said "it told about the dead folks." She thinks it's a dreadful thing to talk about dead folks. Shure, she was talking about it, sir, but a few days before she died. She said if there was a death in her family she would send it if they could talk an' have it printed, an' she said, "Mother, if I go out, I'll just as shure come

back an' have it printed, if I can. Me mother's name is Margaret Dolan, me own name is Daniel, sir, an' I know the lady will tell me mother, if she sees it in the paper. She does not take your paper, sir, but she buys it, sometimes, an' when she sees an' Irishman's message in it she read it to me mother, an' asked me mother what she thought of it. Me mother thought it was "bad, dealing with the dead." I was sick, sir, I don't know really what was the matter with me. I was sick, an' I was in the bed an' I was that that killed me, an' they "waked" me, sir, but me mother had n't the means to give me all she thought I needed, an' she fears I am in purgatory for a long while. Shure, sir, if ye tell her I am as happy, an' happier than I expected to be, I'll be glad. I've met me little sister, sir. Oh, she was a nice little body as ever ye see—just as fair as could be made, sir. I know, sir, I'm not comely myself, but me sister was a comely child. Her name was Margaret, sir; we always called her Maggie. Shure, sir, if ye will say I was tuk bad in me head, an' I was about twelve years old, I'll be much obliged to ye, sir.

Alden D. King.

Mr. Chairman, I desire to have you record my name in your book as Alden D. King, who left his old body in Lynn, Mass., in 1869, and has been in spirit-land ever since. I was a member of the church at High Rock of the truly beloved ones. I want to tell them that I am not dead, but that I am still living, and that, much to my surprise, I was present at my own funeral. I thank them very much for their kind care, for all they did for me. I do hope that friends will call on me in private, and I shall be able to communicate with them and tell them many things that will prove to them that this great philosophy is true.

Austin Kent.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I feel that I owe you, and the proprietors of the Banner of Light, very much indeed. I have felt from the first of my going forth, a hesitancy about returning to this Circle Room. I felt that I was inadequate to the condition, that I could not speak as my full heart would gladly have me, that I could not bring the blessings I would, so I have stood aloof, and said, "There are many the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to untie." But I have been bidden to enter the Circle Room to-day, and I come I hope with a power whereby I may be understood.

It was my lot in life to be a cripple; it was my lot in life to be a sick man, and to feel all that the invalid feels when confined to his room, with a body too poor to use, and a spirit too large to be confined within the limits of a small apartment. Oh friends, I can never make you understand how the phantoms were clipped, how my soul longed for freedom, how I longed for the power to go forth into the world and say to every nation under God's grand canopy, there is such a thing as Spiritualism, and spirit return is a fact. These were words that came to me, that burned into my very soul, but I was powerless to utter them, and as I take possession of the individual placed in this chair, I feel that I cannot speak as I would, and yet the thoughts are burning, burning in my brain. I would gladly tell you how I enjoyed getting rid of that worn-out body and becoming free, free to act for myself, free to work and free to talk.

I thank every individual who ever gave me a kind thought, because they kind thought brought me strength. I thank every true-hearted Spiritualist who ever sent forth a blessing or said within his or her soul, "I pity him; I am sorry for him;" for just that emanation brought me power. Now while I am strong, while the body is laid aside, and I am only holding possession of my soul, I am glad and so thankful that I can make my message known.

Maybe I am too enthusiastic, Mr. Chairman; perhaps I am, but were you to change places with me you might not be able to keep your calm exterior; you would be glad to say, "Thank God I am free."

At last the days went by, and I was ushered into spirit-life, and I stand here on this summer shore, where I have received the kind hearted welcome of the same good spirits that visited me many times while I lay suffering and sick; for even then I closed my hands with dear beloved ones. I know this philosophy to be true; I did not believe in a "Will of the Wisp," but I looked up to the great mountain of salvation, and saw on its summit the beautiful image of him who suffered long and was ready to die for those that were needy. I know that I looked forward from that sick room to the great hereafter, that I beheld on the mountain-tops angels, men and women who lived long before man heard anything of the Christian religion. I know that I have touched the hands of those who told me much of the great and mighty past, and that I will learn much in the future, and come to earth with the knowledge I have gained.

Mr. Chairman, you at the Banner of Light have done me so many favors, and cared for me so much, that I can only say as I go hence, "God bless you." My name is Austin Kent.

Emeline Matthews.

Please say that Emeline Matthews called here. I am very much gratified at the way things are going on at home, and I trust that my dear sister will be happier far than she has ever been before. I hope she will not cast aside the present or the future, but will try to enjoy each in its season. My mother, and also my step-mother, are with me. We are joining hands, and we hope the time is coming when we shall be able to realize our own home. In fact, a dear good sister is standing by my side. Tell Esther that it is through her influence that she has taken the path she has. Ask her to please listen to the words we have to say. It will all be well. God bless my dear home. God bless sister Esther, who has watched over it through all the cares of life, who has suffered so much, who has had so many dark shadows placed upon her brow. Oh, may the bright sunshine grow stronger; may she live to reap the reward of the good seed she has sown.

George Lincoln.

My name is George Lincoln. I suppose I am distinctly related to President Lincoln, but it's so far off I don't know as anybody will find it out. I'd like to say to Martha and Henry they'd better not worry over Joshua, maybe he'll come back, maybe he won't. It's no concern of theirs. They'd better take care of themselves. I am rather of a positive character, Mr. Chairman. I don't know much about talking; I never talked in public before in my life; I never want to again. I don't know what brought me here, only I came in to look over things. I had a desire to say something, and the first thing I knew I was behind this woman. They said, "Put your hand on her head," and here I am, talking. Tell Martha that mother and I are having just as good a time as we know how. I've got a good, pleasant home. Tell me Henry had better not worry—everything will come out all right in the end. I know it's kind of rough now, but it'll be all right in the end. Tell Henry and Martha I do just about the same as I ever did. I often come and sit down there in the corner and read the newspaper. That's all I've got to say. If they know it's me, all right; if they don't I don't care. I'll see that my message reaches my daughter.

George N. Fisk.

Will you please say that George N. Fisk, who left this form in Indianapolis about seven years ago last August—somewhere about the middle of August—has found his way to Boston, and states that the measure is nearly full, and he will see that it is heaped up and over-running? He asks that he may be heard; if not, he will rap louder than ever before. The measure isn't lay it to the rats in the gall, but may know it's me. I was about thirty-seven years old.

Lucy Damon.

I wish you would say, Mr. Chairman, that Lucy Damon, of New Bedford, has called here, sustained by her husband's brother, Hosea, and

she wishes to be heard. I have something to communicate which I think will be of advantage to my boy Albert, also to my husband, if he will listen to me. If he doesn't wish to, then he can take the consequences. I am near them very often. I have laid my hand upon their foreheads; I have spoken to them many times. In fact, I influenced him to do just as he did. I thought it seemed strange, I knew it was for his benefit. I have been gone some years. I have the same interest in my family that I have ever had. I trust I shall be heard. I wish you would say that, having been used to braiding very many strands, I am using them now for his benefit, and hope that with the assistance of my brother Luther, I shall be able to make a strand which cannot be broken.

Seth B. Cushing.

I was attracted here, Mr. Chairman, by a magnetism which came to your building and was left in your circle-room. I didn't expect to communicate—it was the last thing I thought of; but being present here, I feel that I must embrace the opportunity and communicate. If anybody wants to read it, all right; if they don't, all right; I don't care. I don't want to look at it. Some people condemn because we don't say more of our spirit-homes. I've got a beautiful home. The house is on the hill-side; there's a beautiful, fine-spreading elm in front of it—an old tree, just such as I used to play under when I was a boy. I've got a great many flowers planted. I go up to my study—well, we sometimes call it the "Atlantic Study"—and there hold council with business men, because I was a business man myself. I've got a horse, and can ride on the avenues; one of them we call the "Clark Street Road," because it is beautiful and white; another we call the "Sandy Beach," because it leads along the great lake; another we call the "Forest of Beauty," because the trees are so beautiful, the flowers bloom so brightly beside the road; and we can climb a mountain, called the Mountain of Knowledge; I can sail on the lakes; I can take old Waukegan by the hand. I have a great many friends on earth. The other day a medium was in the old home, and I don't know why, but I was attracted to it, like a shot from a gun. As I stood there, it seemed to carry me back to the days when I was a boy and played there, when my father and mother were alive; they are both with me now—when my brothers and sisters and my poor little crippled sister were there. I seemed to realize for the time what it was to live in the spiritual, and yet be in the material; then it floated away from me, and I was in the spiritual again, and knew it was all right—all for the best. As I returned to my spirit-home, I met my sister Rebecca. She said to me, "Be of good cheer, brother; I am pressing onward, and in time I am going to bring to earth new facts. I want to teach my children that the soul is immortal."

I know most of her children believe it. I know her husband believed it before he left the form. I know his children by a former wife believed it, some of 'em. I don't know why, but there seemed to be a something which brought me here. I have friends, dear friends, that I would like to clasp to my heart and kiss their cheeks. Tell them I still live. I came here by the assistance of my sister Rebecca. My name is Seth B. Cushing.

Eben Simmons.

I have been gone away a great many years—I should think it was as many as fifty-five. I can't remember just how many—somewhere between fifty-five and sixty. You'd think I ought to know more than I do, I've been gone so long; I can't remember having any chance to come back. I had a horse once, and the side of my leg it pained me very much, and at last it got to be something worse, and they said the leg ought to be cut off. They didn't know so much as they do now, or they wouldn't have cut it off. I didn't live long after that. After I died I found I was alive! I had a good many friends, but I couldn't make any of 'em pay attention to me. There was Charlotte and Charles and father and mother and my sister Tamson—they would not hear anything I said. Finally they put me in a box and buried me. I've been a great many years here, but I couldn't get away from earth. My brother Charles and my sister Tamson, she and father came up here a good many years ago. Lord bless you! I've got so many friends I can't tell you half of 'em. I can't tell you how I got drifted in here. I came with Mr. Cushing; he is distantly connected with our family.

It was ignorance that put me out, and I had to outlive that. I ain't done much good, I thought. If I came here, I could do more good. The great trouble with my family is they loved money too well. I didn't stay here long—I didn't have much chance to do it. There's Charles, he stays there in the old chimney-corner all the time; and Charlotte don't care whether she ever gets out of the kitchen or not; and what shall I do to help 'em? Well, then, I say to 'em, "In heaven's name, stop! you've got enough; stop and take care of what you have got. Enjoy it and try to raise your minds above the groveling things of earth, and be good spirits." I tell Charlotte I remember her just as she was years ago, and just as young as I ever was, and I want her to be young too. I want her to look up and be happy, and not to look down. Tell her to make the best of what she has, and not to be worrying because she hasn't got enough. She's got enough to take care of herself and half a dozen more. Freeman says so as well as myself. My name is Eben Simmons. I'll see to it that my message reaches its destination.

Alice Wren.

I place my spirit hand across my eyes to shut out the view that comes to me of the last hours of my life, and yet through all the suffering, through all the darkness, there comes to me a sweetness and a beauty, and I gladly hold that as a power. I feel that it is all right. I was called from earth at an early age, when it seemed as though I might have done some work, yet I know that it is all right, and that my work will still continue in the spiritual world where I now have a happy home. Our home was a happy one when in childhood's hours we were gathered there—so large a company. Oh, many are the joys, many are the gleams of sunshine that come to me from the parental home; and yet I feel that it was all for the best. I can sing more sweetly than when I lived upon the earth-plane. I find more friendship, more liberty, more grandeur here in the Summer-Land than I ever expected to find on earth.

As I said before, I would shut out the last hours of my life, and I would cover them with brighter roses, could I do so. But it is past and gone. I have traveled in many lands, and I have seen many phases of life, from the most cultivated to the savage, and yet I sometimes think that the hand of fate was holding me, that it had to come, and I was to go out in that darkened hour. I am a native of New York State. I give my name as Alice Wren.

Charlotte C. Morey.

Sunshine and shadow have their day. We often find the stormiest day succeeded by the most beautiful and sunny one. We find oftentimes that shadow only points the way to brightness and to beauty. Life to me was one of those dark hours. Left early an orphan, with no friends to pity and no kind hand to guard, it was strange that when the tempter came and showed to me the sunning that I accepted it and turned my back upon the dark hours that assailed me from hour to hour. The lady who preceded me speaks of fate. I sometimes think there is a destiny that rules our lives from the cradle to the grave. In the lonely hours of sickness, when the midnight hour had been told by the clock in my sick room, I listened for the footsteps of a spirit-mother, and she came to my bedside, and laid her hand upon my brow, and whispered to me that when the darkness had passed, and the shadow of the valley of death had gone by, I would find a home, a haven of rest in the Summer-Land. I listened, and when in the morning

I told the friends, they said "I was only a dream. They said sickness had caused me to see that which my brain conjured up and called for, but I felt that it was a reality. I knew that I held that mother's hand, and though they blamed me, though they scorned and scoffed at me, yet I knew a spirit mother had pity on my wanderings, and that in the end I would all be right. There's a sister, Minnie, and there's a brother somewhere. She was as a sister to me always; I call her so to-day. I do say there is a destiny; but be strong and turn, ere it be too late. Share not my fate, but stop. I know I fulfill the promise which I made her long ago, some five years since, to return, and if possible to speak my word. Charlotte C. Morey, of Chicago.

Melvin Eddy.

I wish you would say that Melvin Eddy, of Woodstock, Maine, came back here—that I've got out from under the ice—although it makes me shiver when I try to come. Say I am all right, that I knew all about it, and I thought of everything in less than a minute; but I want no say. Say I don't care now—I don't want anybody to worry about me. I am going to get up here that's better than anything I ever did on earth. I do n't care a snap—it's all right. That's all.

Clara Augusta Morgan.

In coming this afternoon, I do not expect to provide tests for my people which may satisfy them, yet I want the privilege of coming here, and I have obtained it from my friends. I didn't go out easily, I assure you, sir. I was having a pleasant time—I was near the fourth of July. I was clothed with a light dress of thin material, and I was lighting matches for fire-crackers, when a shining caught my dress on fire, and it blazed up all over me before I could do a thing. Mother came to me and tried to put it out, but it was impossible to do it, and I passed into the spirit-world. It was hard for both father and mother to have me go, but it is all right with them now, and I have been enabled to go back to them several times. But there have been changes. The big fire came one time afterwards. I came to-day, sir, at the request of a lady who knew me and knew my people, and asked why I never came up to Boston and controlled at the Banner of Light circle. I know there are a great many waiting here that want to control. They understand it very much better than I, but yet I really wanted to come, and I want to send my love to the friends at home. I won't say one, but I say all—those who believe and those who don't believe. I want to state the roses round the dear loved ones as much as I can. I want to make them very happy if I can. It has only been a school to me. I have progressed further and faster than I possibly could had I staid here. I have been enabled to do lots for those that have come up here. Now I send my deepest love to those who dwell on earth. Say to them that I have clasped hands with each one as they came. I am glad to meet them each day. We have a glorious reunion every little while up here in spirit-life. I am taking music lessons. You know nothing of music on the earth-plane—you only have little glimpses of it. If you could come to our concert-room in spirit-life, then you would know something of music. You know nothing of life down here; it's much brighter and more beautiful up in the spirit-home. If the people of earth could only understand—if they could only realize how beautiful it is to die, they would n't mind dying. It isn't dying—it's only being born again. I think this must have been what was meant by being born again—being born into the kingdom of life and health and beauty, the great summer land; to talk and walk with the angels, and be able to learn all and everything; to visit different lands; to go to the planets, when you are strong enough and have not spiritual power enough, and see the spirits that inhabit those spheres.

My name is Clara Augusta Morgan. I passed out in Portland, Maine. There is a gentleman here whom I will introduce soon.

Capt. Henry C. Small.

I passed out from this life with cholera, a long distance from home. It's a dreary disease to come to, and it's a dreary way to go, and it brings a benumbing sensation to the forces at the close of life. Though we intensely suffer for quite a time, and the spirit, when freed from the form, looks back with compassion on the old body, and says, How glad I am to get out, yet it's hard to pass away from friends, from loved ones, with a disease that all fear, yet we must all go in some way—it matters but little how we break the shell and fly away.

I cannot do now as I would like for it's the first time I have controlled this medium. I have been coming here to-day by the young lady who preceded me. I find myself at this time forgetful, as I consciously sense some of the feelings experienced just before I left the form. I feel that I would like to have my friends know that I still live; and when the right time comes I will give them information that will be of use to them. Capt. Henry C. Small, formerly of Portland, Me.

Mary Robinson.

Please say that Mary Robinson sends her love to those who have asked her to come, and soon she will bring the friends that have been requested to come with her. You may say that Maria is with me, and that she's gaining fast. She has become a strong spirit; she is watching over her family, and doing all for them she can. She is not discouraged, though it sometimes looks dark, but with a willing heart and a strong purpose she is doing her work with a power. Say that the sweet sounds she used to sing she still sings; that the dear voice she had for her children still comes, and she will bring roses and brightness as soon as she can. I send this to my sister. I know she'll read it—she's watching for it.

Matilda Williams Bearse.

I want you to write my name on your book, Mr. Chairman, if you're a mind to: Matilda Williams Bearse. I come a good ways, and I don't know as I was a going to get a chance to speak when I got here. It's a pushing crowd, ain't it? It's hard work, along pretty well. I don't know how to hold on. I'm afraid I'll let go and tumble out. I aint used to it, nor I don't know what to do with it. I don't believe this is me, nohow. I don't know but I am liable for false pretences.

You can say it's me, and I come from down South. I went down there a good many years ago—to New Orleans. I went with Harry and Mary, and they said they'd take real good care of me if I'd go down with 'em. Now they didn't. They was tired of the old woman; they was glad when I died. I don't care if they do hear what I say. I said I'd haunt 'em, and I have. Every chance I could get I'd rap on the door; it scares 'em, and I'm glad on it. They'd no business to say they'd take good care of me, and then not do it; and when I died they said I was a cross old patch. I aint no crosser than any other old woman! Am I, now?

Well, now, how is it? This aint me and it is me. [It is you, but you are controlling and speaking through another body.] Lord bless me! Let me get out. I didn't know "it was meetin'." I didn't know there was anybody here but you and the lady—[Chairman and reporter.] I never spoke in meetin' afore. If they hear on it I can't help it. That old Quaker man [pointing to Seth Hinshaw's portrait] said I'd feel better when I got out. I was seventy-nine years old. I don't know what killed me, unless 'twas old age. They said it was consumption. If 'twas I had it a good many years. It was hard work to breathe.

George C. Williams.

Please say that George C. Williams has called here. I left New York City about a year and a half ago for California, and on my return lost my life. It is all well with me, and I am contented that it should be just as it is. I am not troubled about property, houses or lands; whatever comes is right, and I will not say one word. Though

they call upon me time after time, I will eliminate no individual.

Rebecca Whipple.

My name is Rebecca Whipple. I died in Cumberland, R. I. I have only a short story to tell. I would like to say to the friends that I am not dead, that that which they laid in the ground and thought was me was not me, for I left the old body and I stood beside it while they arranged it for the grave. I was there while the funeral services were going on, and remained close by while they carried it to the grave. I don't care anything about it now, I am not attached to it. I return to let my friends know that I can speak. I have been gone very many years—probably over thirty—almost half a life-time, and yet I have got so much to learn, and I shall have so much in the future to think of, that I feel like a little child.

William Albert Greene.

'Twas wild, 'twas dark, 'twas stormy, consternation stared at us on every hand; we saw not which way to go or how to stand; I cared not! Dark were the waters around us, while the lurid flames seemed to lap above us, but it matters not, for I am safe in a haven of rest. God knows I was trying to be true to myself, trying to be a good boy, that my parents might honor me. And now I come back that the friends that are left may still honor me, may still remember that I live, and that no fire hot enough to burn, no waves deep enough to engulf the spirit of William Albert Greene—God bless them. I am with them, and shall watch over them from now till the time of their coming to the spirit-world.

George Andros.

Please say that George Andros, of Boston, who passed away some ten years ago, calls here and asks that he may be heard; that the friends that knew him formerly will call upon him through some medium, where he may talk to them face to face. I was about forty-five years old.

John Salmon.

Mr. Chairman, I claim your indulgence this afternoon. I don't suppose that I understand this thing. I don't believe I do. They say the drowning man catches at straws, and that's the case with me. Now if I can make my family understand for one instant that I am here, and that I'd like to communicate with them, I shall be satisfied. I was a hatter, on North Market street, in your city. I have been gone a good many years—more than thirty. I got drowned in a bath—Don't you think that strange? But then, I have learned to look at it as a very natural occurrence, to realize that it was the way I had to go out. I don't care a fig about it, any more. I realize that you have a place where we can communicate. If any of your friends would be glad to speak with me, if they will go to some suitable person, I should be glad to talk with them. This is the only way I know of to advertise myself, as ready to open communication with my friends, that I may tell them what I hear and know and feel and see; and that I do know this Spiritualism for which you are working is a truth. I do know it, for an I not here and speaking? If I could not speak, then I might have some doubts. If I talk through humanity, surely I shall not dispute Spiritualism, shall I? And if that is true, then the Spiritualists are losing a great deal. Oh, turn your eye, for why will ye? In the depths of ignorance, superstition and bigotry? Wake up, friends, to the grand hereafter, and learn of this great truth of spirit return, I beseech you, in the name of our elder brother, Christ.

A. T. Stewart.

Life is beautiful, life is real, life is earnest; I can understand it now, but we are not free agents, Mr. Chairman. From the cradle to the grave, we are subject to influences that control us either for our benefit or to develop our evil tendencies. I can understand that from a child I have been guided by hands which gave me power and strength. I know that every dollar which I amassed was given to me through a spiritual power, and I only regret that that spiritual power was not made manifest to me clearly and truly, that I might have been able to work out the gift which God the Infinite bestowed upon me, and which it was my duty to unfold and to bring forth for humanity's sake. Yet I know that I was guided by a spiritual influence, and not one step did I take without hearing the "old voice," as I called it; not one rod did I walk without listening to that voice which seemed to speak from the very heavens above. Though I may not have believed this Spiritual Philosophy, in truth, in earnest, yet I knew that there was a power back of it, and I feel that there is a power to day which reaches not only through all America, but crosses the ocean and lands upon old England's shores, and again crosses the Channel and touches the very hearts of those who dwell there, so as to make them come out into the spiritual. I hasten the day when we spirits shall be no longer restricted to the use of mediunistic instruments alone, but shall be able our own selves to stand forth and speak the words of truth as they seem good to us. Money, I assure you, cannot bring peace to the soul. It may bring you a power in earth-life, but it brings you no power in spirit-life. You may call on your coffers in vain, you may bow down to your bank vaults and cry for pardon, but there is no pardon! Whatever you have committed in the flesh remains for you to work out in the spirit. Whatever may come to you, you deserve. Be true to yourselves as Spiritualists; unless you do, you deserve the frown of the world, or to be cast forth into the purgatory which the church talks about so freely. I tell you money never rests the soul. An intense longing comes over us after we have left our earthly tenement; we want to do some good, we want to be a power; and when we find some medium we can control, we are never satisfied until we have personated ourselves.

William H. Holt.

My name is William H. Holt. I got drowned, and I'm glad of it. I feel a sight better than that merchant does. As for money, I didn't have any; as for friends, I didn't have many of 'em. I've come here, but I don't know as you'll like to have me come, Mr. Chairman. Am I just as welcome as if I had a million dollars? [Certainly.] You're the first man I've seen lately that didn't care for the almighty dollar. They generally ask me to pay my fare, but you haven't asked it here; if you had I couldn't have come, for I have n't got a single copper. That rich man has got more to answer for than I have; he aint half so happy over his possessions as I shall be over what I left! What did I leave? Simply my old body and the clothes I had on, and half of those were stolen. When did I care? Not a bit. If anybody is glad of 'em, all right; if they aint, I don't care. If any of my friends in Portsmouth, N. H., want to hear from me let 'em respond.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

James Durand.

My name is James Durand. I died at the advanced age of seventy-eight. I was with my sister; her name was Rives, and she resided at Maplewood, New Jersey. It is said that men cease their noises when the monster Death claims them for his own, but I contradict the assertion. I no longer feel decrepitude. I am beginning to feel the glow of my youth. Death, I know, oftentimes masters the mind of the human, and why? Because he has been taught erroneously regarding the death of the body.

When death was creeping over my senses I knew not where I was going. Doubt filled my being; but still there was hope, and it was that hope, sister, that bade me go on and do the work

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN MONTHLY SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

MEXICO.

Notwithstanding the troubled waters of the ever unfortunate Mexico, her able exponent of Spiritualism, *La Ilustracion Espiritista*, (August number) has reached me in due time. And Sr. Don Gonzalez's rich, attractive magazine gives no evidence that the political turmoil surrounding him has reached his sanctum, for his pages are, as usual, aglow with all that is valuable to investigators in the realm of our faith and inviting to the scholar who would penetrate the deeper mysteries that underlie the mind's progress or degeneracy, its development in good or evil in the seemingly shadowy future.

The *Ilustracion* begins with a learned consideration of the "Doctrine of the Trinity," by Don Juan Cordo—its literary, historical and religious aspect. In the course of his remarks Don Cordo says: "From a historical point of view the dogma in question is a step backward in the career of progress. . . . Why reject the Olympus of the Greeks if you are to substitute for it the Olympus of the Romans? . . . Why condemn as absurd the *avatars* of Vishnu, yet proclaim the incarnation of the Divine Word? For what and why laugh at a God with three faces (although monstrous), to substitute for (God, with) one God composed of three Gods, an individual (that is to say indivisible) composed of three individuals distinct in themselves? Why condemn the adoration of the state and substitute for them a piece of wood? After referring to what has been established by religious councils the writer says: "Without doing justice to the true value of these venerable 'fictions,' we will cite as a simple contemporary appreciation of them a passage from a letter directed to Procopius by San Gregorio Nazianzeno, who presided at the Grand Council of Constantinople (A. D. 381): 'I have not seen one that has not done more evil than good, or had a good end; the spirit of dissipation, of vanity and of ambition dominates them, and he who among them proposes a reformation of abuses, runs the risk of being accused without correcting them.'"

Following the above are several pages devoted to communications through media. As a general thing more attention, more respect, is paid in other countries to such messages than is usual with us; and I think the reason is, that the assemblies devoted to spirit intercourse in Mexico, Spain, Belgium, for example, are considered as hallowed by the presence of divine beings; are opened with prayer and are conducted with proper solemnity and decorum.

Under the signature of "Fat," many sentences and paragraphs appear here worthy of consideration. I have space for only a few lines: "The cause of all the evil in the world, religious or political, is the resistance of the egoism and against the *paradise humana*, of interest against duty, of usurpation against right. . . . The Christ, not he of the fancies but of the philanthropists, is the most beautiful of all our lucid dreams. The Devil, that is to say the *potencia* real and personal of evil, is the most absurd of all the dreams of madness. The despotism of the *ignominia clerical* is the nightmare that still weighs heavily upon many a breast, but will be shaken off in the light of reason."

Here is also to be found one of the most complete articles, considering its length, that has for many a day appeared in defense of Spiritualism—an answer to an infamous tissue of falsehoods and snarls published in a new periodical called *El Evangelio Cristiano*. This *Evangelio* reiterates nearly all that our enemies have ever fabricated or brought to bear upon us—the arrest of Slade, the (supposed) Katie King fraud, the unreliability of the reports or statements of our prophets (charlatans), the unmaking of some of our trinkets, &c. The reply is truthful, dignified, unanswerable. The author's name is not given; it is probably by the editor.

The *Ilustracion* quotes from a French paper a wonderful account of the healing through spirit influence and power of one M. Danze, who had had his legs broken by a cart wheel. When the M. D. was called, amputation was at once suggested; but M. Danze's son, being a medium, recalled a friendly spirit, who said, "Do not consent to the operation; your father will be cured. I go to magnetize him spiritually, to give him strength to endure his sufferings, and I will operate upon him." The man was cured, and morally as well as physically.

The *Banner of Light* is also mentioned in the present number, and Dr. Brittan's interesting *folleto*, "Rational Spiritualism."

La Ley de Amor, of Merida, Yucatan, (July 10th and Aug. 1st.) has also reached me. A very sensible article from the "Circulo Peraltá" on the historical and present daily proofs of Spiritualism, opens the July number: "but it is impossible," as the writer says, "in so short a space to give all the arguments, demonstrations, evidences, &c., at command. The books of the Old and New Testament have their pages full of surprising spiritual phenomena, frequent apparitions, &c.; 'as also the sacred books of India, and of those of the most ancient religions.' The *Ley* also says 'that there have been established in our State various 'circles' for Spiritualistic studies.' From Tobasco have been received notices of the 'rapid advance of the consoling doctrine of Spiritualism.' At the 'circle' of *La Cruz* they have a valuable medium, a *somnambule lucida*, who has made some remarkable cures. The August number has a continuation of the communication above referred to, and something to say on primary education. 'The benedictions of Providence fall abundantly on those cities where attention is paid to education, to the instruction of children,' is a portion of one of its paragraphs.

SOUTH AMERICA.

El Eco de America, edited by the able writer, Dr. D. J. Augustine do Escudero, has so many inviting articles, barring those in redundancy devoted to the Roman Church, that one knows not where to begin or where to end. From Honduras, it says, comes a notice that every Central American citizen can exercise in that State any profession he has by simply presenting his diploma or title to the Secretary General of the Government of Honduras. Liberality of this nature, says the writer, contributes efficaciously to a union of the republics of Central America. Referring again to the assassination of President Dr. Juan Gill, of Paraguay, the *Eco* says: "He was a distinguished patriot, who loved his country with exceptional ardor, and in the most try-

ing periods gave an example of civic virtues worthy of imitation by his successors. Above all he was a good Paraguayan, who always defended the interests of his native land." From Bolivia come accounts of trouble caused by "a conspiracy of Communists, like that which took place in the city of Santa Cruz some five months since." In a communication concerning the "Effects of Luxury" occurs this noble sentiment: "All prosperity has its root in honor, in integrity, in good faith; for this we ought to educate our children in the fear of the Señor who is the source of all wisdom." Under *Seccion Varia* occur two notices of good Catholics who have achieved *Ma-onry*. The parties are the Viscount of Rio Branco, who has been a Grand Master, and Don F. de Asis Morales, a public prosecutor. Under the heading, "The most ancient church in the world," is the statement that in the city of Orleans, in Algeria, exists a Christian temple in which, from a raised inscription seen in the mosaic pavement of said church, *Opudum Tingetia*, is gleaned the fact that its foundations were begun in the year 321, about the time of the conversion of Constantine.

The *Revista Espiritista*, of Montevideo, contains some notable articles that cannot but add our cause very materially among the people of Uruguay. "The evil which we deplore comes from afar," is particularly worthy of attention, but space forbids extracts. A Mexican writer congratulates South America on the increase of its publications, by which the great ignorance and fanaticism which reign there and which the clergy for personal reasons do not care to abbreviate, will be lessened.

La Aurora, of Brazil, and *La Revista*, of Santiago de Chile, have also such communications as tend to enlighten and "defeat" all those individuals who through fear and ignorance are still found under the pernicious clerical yoke. Don Rafael Molina in the University has delivered a discourse demonstrating the truths of Spiritualism, as well as the heresies of the church of Rome, which has elicited much comment.

FRANCE.

The August number of the *Revue Spirite* has forty pages of important matter, from which I will try to select what will most interest the readers of the *Banner*. "The Romance of the Future" is one of those strange results which have no reasonable solution except through Spiritualism. M. Bonnemère's account of it is, in brief, as follows: "I saw quite often a lady, (designated) Mme. X., who, after great suffering which she was called upon to endure in 1851, was prostrated by a nervous affection which produced the most marvelous phenomena. Every night during her sleep her mouth became convulsively closed, and nothing could open it. About five o'clock, summer and winter, she arose, and, without hesitating an instant for an idea, a phrase, a word. It was an inspired flood, and it took me double the time to copy that it took Mme. X. to write it. Endowed with a wonderful lucidity, she would announce the hour when she could again speak—her teeth remaining clenched sometimes for sixteen hours. More than twenty-one thousand pages have thus been written in seven years of time. This includes fifty or sixty romances and novels; a treatise on Hygiene; a history of her life, her malady, her intellectual development; a theory of Liberty; an explanation of all the phenomena of Somnambulism; of Typology, of Spiritualism; a treatise on Natural Religion; a sort of new Genesis under the title of *La Planete*, mixed with medical consultations, formulas of pharmacy or perfume, and receipts of all sorts. Induced perhaps by the conversations of the day. In 1863 she wrote: 'I live two existences simultaneously, and what is singular is, that while I am myself, and while I feel that I am controlled by others, I have two very different characters. In my natural life I am the most feeble of creatures; in my hidden life (*ma vie cachee*) I am nearly (or quite) strong. In religion, that which I believe in the first is not at all that which I believe in the second. . . . Sometimes a month or two beforehand the name of a romance is announced to me which I am to write. . . . Sometimes, when writing, as a diversion from my sad souvenirs, I feel the presence of a friend dead a number of years since; I converse with him interiorly; it is a deep nature penetration of my being; I am as a sponge imbibing his thought. . . . In the future I may quote more from this long and strange history. It is to be continued."

M. Tournier, M. Constantine Delhez, M. Baptiste and others, have excellent articles in the present number of the *Revue*, but I must omit further notice of them to give a few lines to the interesting medium Amélie. Her mother, after supper, went to a drawer and opened a box containing four *cure-dents*, but they had disappeared. Amélie was called upon to consult the spirits: "Is it you who have taken the *cure-dents*?" "No." "Do you know where they are?" "Yes." "Tell me." "In the madam's dress." "In the pocket?" "No, in the wing." Looking I saw the *cure-dents* descend vertically along the upper corsage and disappear in the *rolant* below, where they were found hidden. At a glance in which the estimable and distinguished Mme. the Baroness von Vay took part, a violet was brought by the spirits from an adjoining room and presented to her, music was made, as it were, in the air, accompanied by castagnettes, materialized hands manifested to each, and direct writing was had, signed Maris.

On one occasion the writing said: "Mid yourselves of a spirit who is not good. (A spirit had frightened the ladies by loud raps.) Pray for him." In reply to a question: "That which you ought to do to be agreeable to us, to pray for all the spirits that surround you." It would seem also that while a small musical box had been wound up by Amélie's parents, another and larger one in a distant part of the room was made to go by the spirits. This has happened in my own family in presence of the Fox Sisters.

I must give a few words from an article by Prof. E. Bianqui on "A cure by magnetism—notes of Confucius. The science of which the spirits treat, and which is not sufficiently understood and cultivated by the European people, is more ancient than is generally supposed. It dates six centuries before Jesus Christ: Confucius was the founder."

BELGIUM.

Le Messenger of Liege (15th July and Aug. 1st) is at hand. With the present number a volume is completed, and accompanying it is a handsome title page (with *Lora la charite point de salut*) and an index. "Good Fortune," by Meline Constanteau; "Spiritualism in Montevideo," (notice above); "Catholicism before the time of Christ," (ever attractive and instructive) by Viscount de Solanet; and a reproduction of Mr. Epes Sar-

gent's letter published some time since concerning materialized hands in connection with what Mr. J. O'Brien, sculptor, has to say on the subject, constitute the more important features of the closing number of aforesaid volume. The "Activity of the Spirits," a communication from Allan Kardec, opens the August number of the *Messenger*; and as he, Kardec, very justly says: "Who better than the spirits can speak of their manner of being, the world of which they compose a part, the methods of their missions?" &c. "A cure by magnetism"; the letter of J. Simmons addressed to Prof. Lankester; a letter on a closed slate—extract from the Medium and Day-break; and the "Boy of Bruges," the young painter Fritz Vandekerckhove, whose wonderful pictures, painted when he was only ten years of age, so astonished the artists and people of Bruges, are the other attractive features of this little periodical. Dr. Peebles is also mentioned as again on a voyage around the world. Accompanying the *Messenger* is a catalogue of valuable books on sale at the bureau of said paper. Regarding the "Boy of Bruges," it seems that many insinuations and doubts have been thrown out by the ever-present malicious and envious in respect to the powers of the youth; but a generous French writer says: "The idea of mystification so miserably raised in Belgium finds no echo in France, where the merits and the originality of the works are recognized. No one has come forward to insult the father over the grave of his child. This is noble and generous."

SPAIN.

The August number of *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, has just been received. Don R. C. Berard is the first contributor, and he handles the opponents of our cause without gloves. He asks very pointedly of those who say that mediums accomplish everything by their own ingenuity and capacity: "When a medium emits ideas superior to and opposed to his own, when he writes in languages wholly unknown to him, on what foundation does their opposition rest?" But this is only a single thread out of a brilliant wood. Don Juan Bruner takes up the subject of "The immortal substance of the human organism," and makes a most interesting article, illustrating what he has to say by what the fables of India have been able to do, so graphically represented by M. Jaccoliot. A host of minor items grace the "Criterio"; but I must notice only a few: "The idea of re-incarnation justified by profane history," is one that takes up the subject from the time of Zeno—quoting the learned Bonnet and Ballanche, Pythagoras and others. The *Periplus* of Alicante publishes a magnificent poem on "Spirit and Matter." The *Revista* of Barcelona has a luminous article on "Spiritualism," from the pen of Sr. M. S. Murillo. Mrs. Emma H. Britten's voyage to Europe is noticed, in which she is called a new medium; an error, of course. Mr. J. W. Fletcher's kind reception in London is mentioned, and extracts made from the *Banner of Light*.

ITALY.

Since my last "Review" no periodical from the "land of song" has reached me. A Madrid paper, however, says that *Annali Dello Spiritalismo* (Turin), an interesting publication, speaks of the worthy medium Brunelli, as giving very satisfactory séances, producing tangible apparitions.

GERMANY.

The valuable exponent of our faith in Germany, the *Psychische Studien*, has also failed me. From another source I learn that one of its ablest contributors, Dr. Franz Hoffman, has just published a new work entitled "Philosophical Writings." As a professor of philosophy in the University of Wurzburg, (Bavaria,) he may be considered as amply able to do justice to his subject. He brings in review, in the work named, the philosophy of the most eminent writers on the subject from Pythagoras and Plato to Hegel and Hartmann.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.
EAGLE HALL, 56 Washington street.—T. J. C. C. every Sunday morning at 10 A. M. Inspirational speaking at 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. Good mediums and speakers at ways present.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Platform Society of Spiritualists holds a Free Circle with good, reliable mediums, every Sunday at 10 A. M.

NASSAU HALL.—A correspondent writes: "The meetings at this place were fully attended through the day and evening on Sunday last. At the morning circle Mrs. Maggie Folsom gave some of the most wonderful and convincing tests we have ever known, and which could not but convince the most skeptical of the truth of our beautiful philosophy. The most of these were recognized by those in the audience. Many excellent tests were also given through the mediumship of Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Standwood and others."

"In the afternoon excellent remarks were made by Mrs. Aggie Davis Hall, David Brown and others, which were listened to with marked interest and attention, after which, tests were given through the mediumship of David Brown, Maggie Folsom and others."

"In the evening, Lew Miller of Michigan occupied the platform and delivered one of his ablest and best lectures upon the subject of 'Woman, and her capacity and usefulness to humanity as a reformer.' Prior to the lecture, Mattie Strickland recited a well chosen poem, which was listened to with marked attention, and at the close was heartily cheered by the audience. The free circles are held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., and are becoming more and more interesting. Mr. Miller will occupy the platform every Sunday evening through the month of September."

EAGLE HALL.—Miss Annie J. Webster occupied the platform in the morning, and gave practical instruction in spiritual things, and was well received by those present. In the afternoon Mrs. Clara A. Field gave an interesting lecture upon three subjects furnished by persons in the audience. The lecture was able, and was listened to with marked attention throughout. Mrs. Sydnam gave an interesting exhibition of the "fire test" in the evening, which was preceded by a short address by Mrs. De Wolf. The meetings throughout the day were harmonious and interesting.

Bugle Notes in a Chamber of Death—No Apparent Cause.

A little more than twenty years ago a circumstance occurred which attracted considerable attention in Medford, and it certainly ought to be preserved from oblivion. A gentleman named Edwards, a painter by trade, became ill and shortly afterward passed to the higher life. It is said that previous to his decease he expressed a desire to return to earth and make his presence last about 11 A. M., and on the afternoon of the same day several friends were assembled in the room where the remains were laid out. Presently sounds were heard, which evidently proceeded from a bugle on a shelf in a closet near by. These sounds were distinctly heard by all persons present; and at the suggestion of a gentleman, who is still living in this town, the instrument was carefully examined. No apparent cause for the phenomenon could be detected, however. Mr. Edwards was an esteemed member of one of our evangelistic churches, and perhaps some of our acquaintances may be able to furnish additional particulars. I understand that Mr. Edwards had paid attention to Spiritualism, and was supposed to be a "medium" himself.

—Exchange.

INVESTIGATOR.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

In order to deserve a true friend you must first learn to be one.

The Jewish New Year, 5638, will commence on Friday evening next, and is one of the most sacred festivals in the Jewish ritual. The festival lasts ten days.

HYPHILITUS TRAMPS—Politicians.

Many prominent men in this and other countries died last week. They lie malnourished in the air caused by war, and sickness and death will in the immediate future be on the increase.

English crop reports are not very gratifying, according to the latest accounts.

I would say then, most emphatically, "Bring forward the young woman." The next word of yours is in her hands, and in ours only as we lift up hers. For us it is now the cheerful endurance of patient pilgrimage; for the young woman it is the struggle, step by step, for new footholds. The future of woman is with her, and not with us, whose outward falling shadows are so rapidly lengthening. —Prof. Maria Mitchell.

The Baltimore Gazette takes this view of the situation: "The naked question of expediency is reduced to this: 'Let the employer pay an employee such wages as will make him a loyal and devoted servant of the company, or to cut him down to the point of desperation and then hire soldiers to keep him in order?'"

They had a smart snow-storm on Mount Washington, 31 last.

Ye modern Constables! See liquor often sold; His nose it hath no smell! His pockets feel the gold.

A youthful Granger, about to be chastised by his father, called for his grandfather to protect him from the middleman.

When the average woman is engaged in the manufacture of wooden undershirts for the heathen of the torrid zone she has her lot in the struggle, step by step, for new footholds. The future of woman is with her, and not with us, whose outward falling shadows are so rapidly lengthening. —Prof. Maria Mitchell.

Glass slippers have been produced by the cunning artificers of Vienna. The slippers are actually woven of fine textile threads of glass.

I would not live always, I ask not to stay; So be it a green perch And was carried away.

THE EASTERN SCHIMMER—Turkey ahead.

BAND TOURNAMENT.—Prof. Alonzo Bond, of Boston, together with A. C. Kendall and H. M. Britton, officials of the New York and New England Railroad, carried to a successful conclusion, on Friday, Aug. 31st, a gathering of musicians at Highland Lake Grove, where some three thousand visitors attended, and some twenty bands were represented. A grand concert at the pavilion, dancing till ten o'clock P. M. at the large hall, (music by Bond & Dumbard's Band) and singing by the celebrated Swedish quartette, were among the attractions enjoyed.

Ex-President Thiers of France is dead. He was born in 1797.

We should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

E. L. DAVENPORT—BORN 1816, DIED 1877. Death came not as he thought he gave. Which came to the world-worried as a staff To strengthen and sustain—but after all The end was his noblest epitaph. Where art thou now, O Prospero, that erst Among us here thy revels high didst keep? It is the light of dawn, and thou art gone! Whose magic swayed all spirits of the deep. No, rather re-appear, purge! of earth. At radiant as the mighty brethren are Who were before thee! Those who wish to make an Allen lands, unknown of sun or star— And there in Shakespeare's great companionship The best of us who stand come, Now exiled on this barren borderland. And waiting for thy voice that calls us home. —Joseph Bradford, in Sunday Courier.

Out of good men choose acquaintances; of acquaintances, friends.

The prospectus of the *Banner of Light*—really the only representative journal of its class in America—appears elsewhere in this issue. Those who wish to make an investigation into the doctrines of which it so ably treats, can scarcely do better than subscribe for this paper. —New York Courier Star.

Several railroad smash-ups have occurred the past week in different parts of the country, with loss of life.

One of the simplest remedies for neuralgia is essence of peppermint. Bathe the part affected, keeping the hand over it. It will burn and draw, but not blister.

Health constitutes the happiness of the body—Virtue that of the mind.

INSPIRED BY RHUMATISM. I have a heavy pain to-day, From which I fain would fly away, Oh, that it must be so! But never, since such useless freight In spite of its acknowledged weight, Is somehow always portable. BRITANN.

If a boy makes a long speech, why is it like a gazelle's trot? Because it is not an adult-oration.

If we can't with the Indians of the Northwest we can cheat them into making new treaties which we shall repudiate as soon as we can. The red men never hear us at that game yet. —Ezra.

Hilliams says: I know of people so fond of contradictedism that it would not surprise me at all to hear them disputing with a guide-board about the distance to the next town.

Keep on good terms with your wife, your stomach and your conscience.

RETRENCHING.—The Prince of Wales.

REQUISITES FOR A NEWSPAPER MAN.—Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been trusted into regularly by posts, freight or paid for, or given in a friendly spirit to those who have striven hard for their hands and touched the public heart. —Charles Gildred.

A brain as flexible and elastic as steel, a memory as tenacious as iron, a temper as even as that of a saint, a digestion equal to that of an ostrich, and the endurance of an adamant, are the best "requisites for a newspaper man," we opine.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a bashful young farmer to his sweetheart. "No you ain't, John, for you have never hugged me yet."

The auctioneer with his little hammer has knocked down the "Church of the Holy Saviour," with all its belongings—vestments, ornaments, organs, everything. "Too much debt; couldn't be absorbed, so they dissolved. It's melting weather about now." —Chicago Alliance.

Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society? Because they are the least bare-faced.

Aloft on the throne of God, and not below in the footprints of a trampling multitude, are the sacred rules of right which majorities can displace or overturn. —Charles Sumner.

A lawyer's effects are apt to depend upon the number of his causes.

A lady who had repeatedly called her little boy to come in and say his prayers, was shocked by his asking, quite petulantly, "If God was in much of a hurry?"

Contentment abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear greater than you are, whether you are richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask once on becomes an instrument of torture.

A GOOD RULE.

"I will to walk with a cheerful heart, and never over my former call. With a friendly glance, an open hand, And a gentle word for all. Since life is a thorny and difficult path, Where toil is the portion of man, We all should endeavor while passing along To make it as smooth as we can."

Edwin L. Davenport, the actor, well known in England and America, died Saturday forenoon, Sept. 1st, at 11:55, at Canton, Pa.

Test your friends without compromising yourself. If they are faithful to your confidence you will be assured of their worth; if they prove false you will have suffered no injury from them.

A minister who had twice married the same couple—a divorce ensuing between the two marriages—remarked that he did not wish to add a re-pairing department to his business.

It has been officially decided that the reason why a law book is like a frolicsome ram jumping over a fence, is because they are both bound in sheep.

The following is J. B. de la description of latter: Latter is the joy of the soul coming to the surface to have a good time. The mule can't lift and the devil won't. Laffing is as natural as the measles, and almost as catching, but the man who will laugh when he don't feel like it is a grate toward to say the least, and may be a grate villain. Next to logic to prove things comes laffing, and the hardest man for anybody or anything to beat is he who luffs at everything!

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Abby N. Burnham spoke at Brant Rock Aug. 17th, to an appreciative audience. She will speak at Stafford Springs during the month of September. Present address, 18 Orange street, Boston.

J. M. Allen writes that he has "been scratching gravel," for some little time, in the sands of Jersey, among the luscious fruits of that country, in the hope of recuperating by the close contact with mother earth and sunshine—of getting an added stock of "earthliness" for use in the coming campaign which he proposes. He has given some lectures during his stay in Anconia. He spoke at the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Camp-Meeting, Aug. 12th, 15th and 19th; in Hamamont, Aug. 26th and 27th, and Sept. 2d. He proposes to go West and South again soon, accompanied by his wife, and will be pleased to hear from parties who desire their services for Sunday and week evening lectures and circles, at any convenient points on their route. Address at present, Anconia, Camden Co., New Jersey.

Frank T. Ripley will be glad to make engagements to lecture and give tests before public audiences at any place where his services are desired. His terms are reasonable. Address him No. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. B. Thayer, known as the "flower medium," formerly of this city, is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houghton, of Houghton Place, Highlands, where she will be very happy to receive her friends, and will give a few private séances. She intends spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke to the Red Ribbon Club of Allegan, Mich., Sept. 1st, and at a grove meeting, same place, Sept. 2d. He was at Alaska the 5th and 6th, and will attend the State Convention, at Rockford, 7th, 8th, 9th, being at Pininwell the 15th and 16th. Capt. Brown reports great activity at present in Michigan concerning the capse and its belongings. We shall print his letter next week.

C. B. Lynn may be addressed during September care of Thomas Lees, 16 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak in Eagle Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 9.

Decesse of Thomas Payson.

A correspondent in this city sends us the following paragraph:

"It is with regret that we have heard of the death of Thomas Payson, at Georgetown, Fla. For years he has been a devoted Spiritualist, quiet and unassuming in his work, but every ready to help on the cause. He built and gave Union Hall, at Davenport, for lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, employing and paying the different speakers from his own private purse. He was ever the friend of the true medium, and did much to encourage and bring out some of our best. He went to Florida about two years since, hoping by a residence there to benefit his delicate health. He died in July last at the age of 55 years. Many friends will regret to learn that they will see his face and hear his voice no more in the earth-life."

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