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Spiritual Phenomena.

THREE REMARKABLE MATERIALIZING SEANCES IN PRESENCE OF THREE DIFFERENT MEDIUMS.

FIRST SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Not long since I attended an evening seance in Boston, the medium's husband and myself being alone present. A well-formed stout boy, apparently some twelve or fourteen years of age, was the first spirit that materialized. He intimated by raps and pantomime that his name was "Jim," and that many years ago he tended woolen carding-machines in a manufactory of mine. He came in his shirt sleeves, (without coat or vest,) and wore dark pants. His features and form were fully developed, and very distinct, but I failed to identify him. I have, however, no doubt had scores of "Jims" in my employ.

When the boy retired, my wife opened the curtain (that was hung across a partly-opened folding-door to darken a back parlor where the medium was seated,) and came out, beautifully clothed in white.

She soon gathered sufficient strength to approach and stand beside me. After making, as usual, a profusion of fine white lace, with which she enveloped her head and the upper part of her person, she placed quite a pile of the lace on and around my head, face and throat, and commenced manipulating those members, especially my throat, which was at the time a little inflamed and sore. This, as intimated, was designed to be a healing operation, in which the elements in the lace were said to enter as a part of the process. As was usual on such occasions my wife sat on my knee, with her arms about my neck, and tenderly embraced me, laying her head also on my bosom for some considerable time. The conditions of both the atmosphere and the circle were so good, that there was no discernible resemblance in my wife's features to those of the medium, which, with the color, texture and arrangement of her hair, together with her complexion (a clear brunette), were exactly as they were in the prime of her womanhood in earth-life. Her hands were (on this occasion) of natural warmth, as were also her lips, which were repeatedly and fondly pressed to mine as we exchanged kisses, as sensibly, warmly and naturally as were ever passed between husband and wife in earth-life. Before retiring, my wife walked in a circuitous route (to avoid articles of furniture,) to the further side of a centre-table, that stood beneath a chandelier, and essayed to reach the key of the gas-light, which after one or two efforts she succeeded in doing, when she turned on apparently all the gas, and withdrawing her veil showed me her face in full gaslight, shaded only by a newspaper; she then turned down the light to its previous gauge, and after a little while repeated the same operation of turning the key to and fro, and walked back to the front of the curtain. As she kissed me good night, and was about to retire, I asked her if she could not open the curtain and let us see the medium at the same time with herself. In answer to my query my wife intimated a wish to have the alphabet called, she at the same time standing in plain sight outside the curtain, with a hand placed against a panel of one of the folding-doors. On calling the letters she rapped out on the door with her fingers the word "soon." The raps sounded precisely like ordinary spirit raps, and accompanied the movement of her fingers.

My daughter Fanny (a blonde with very fine light curly hair) came next, and stayed out some time, embracing and kissing me as usual before leaving.

My daughter Anna was the next to come, her tall, striking figure and graceful, free and elastic movements being at once recognized by the gentleman present and myself. With scarce any hesitation she walked with a firm step to the further side of the centre-table, and at the first attempt reached the gas-key and to all appearances turned off and totally extinguished the entire light. She however immediately reversed and turned the key the other way, when, contrary to my expectation, the full light instantly blazed forth again, in which she stood for some considerable time, showing me every expressive feature of her beautiful face so distinctly that it was impossible I should mistake her identity. The dark color of her hair and brunette complexion were also in striking accord with those features when in earth-life.

As Anna was about to retire, I remarked to her that she seemed so strong that I thought she might show us the medium simultaneously with herself. Upon this Anna threw three several times the curtains apart their full width, and showed the medium to us each time, sitting in her chair a little on one side and back of where she stood. By my request the spirit next placed herself erect against the folding-door, that I might mark her precise height, which I did with a pencil on the panel of the door, and after the seance found it to be, by a tape-rule, exactly five feet four and one-half inches.

My daughter Gertrude, who, unlike her mother and sister Anna, was of light complexion and fine brown hair, was the next to show herself—greeting me on her coming and retiring with the customary kisses and other tokens of endearment. She, too, as her mother and sister Anna had done, turned on the light in full, that I might more fully identify her features, which seemed the more singular, as I tested her height as I had done her sister Anna's, and found it to be but exactly five feet. She, too, before retiring put the curtains wide apart and showed us the medium sitting in her chair.

My daughter Constance, a child of premature birth (or one, rather, lost in embryo), was the next to come. She is of the complexion of Gertrude, and very much like her in form and color of hair. She also turned the gas on in full and off again to its usual position, as her sisters had done, although on measuring her height I found it to be but five feet one and a half inches. Before retiring, Constance raised the curtain (instead of putting it aside as her sisters had done), and not only showed us the medium but permitted me to take her shawl in my hand.

Another daughter, who also passed away in embryo, came next. She was of a brunette complexion, with dark hair. She did not venture to turn on the gas, but permitted me to take her height, which was exactly that of her sister Gertrude, and also showed me the medium with herself. On retiring she kissed my forehead instead of my lips, as her mother and sisters had done.

My daughter Mary, who passed away at the age of twenty-seven months, came next. She was tall, slender and very graceful, and turned the key of the gas-burner without effort, although, as her sisters and mother had previously done, it was always turned at first in a wrong direction. This, I think, was not the result of accident, but in accordance with a law in the spirit phenomena that I have witnessed in other directions, which I think Robert Dale Owen somewhere in his writings partially explains. I think the mistake was made in accordance with a principle that enables many spirits to write from right to left with greater facility than from left to right, as is often the case, as if the power was applied from the under side of the paper. Mary was rather the tallest of all my daughters, being, by actual measurement, five feet four and three-quarters inches in height. She, too, threw the curtains apart before retiring, and showed to us very plainly the medium sitting in her chair.

Last of all came a spirit purporting to be a sister of my wife's, by the name of Agatha. I have but little doubt of her identity, although her features were not sufficiently distinct to be fully recognized by me. Before retiring, another female spirit (apparently a girl scarcely arrived at her teens) showed herself in company with Agatha, just within the folds of the curtain.

I asked that we might be permitted to see the medium at the same time with the two spirits. This was twice attempted, but not with full success so far as my observation extended, although the gentleman present said he saw the two spirit-forms at the same moment that he saw the medium. I, too, saw the medium and one fully materialized spirit-form at the same time, whilst what purported to be still another looked to me simply like a white garment flitting to and fro. After the seance was over, we measured the distance from the front of the curtain to the gas-burner, and found it to be in a straight line on the floor thirteen feet and four inches, and in the circuitous direction pursued by the spirits, something over twenty-one feet. We also took the height of the medium, which was five feet three and one-quarter inches. Standing where the spirits did, she was unable to reach the key of the burner by several inches, and said she always stood on a foot-stool to turn it. Either the medium's arms were not so long as those of my wife's and daughter's, or the latter had the power to elongate theirs when necessary.

SECOND SEANCE.

Whilst in New York last winter, I received the following letter from a Boston gentleman with whom I was entirely unacquainted, never, to my knowledge, even hearing his name mentioned before:

"Boston, Feb. 1st, 1879.

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD—At a seance I had a few days ago with a medium, your spirit-friends joined with mine in a request for me to write and invite you to attend a seance for spiritual manifestations. The medium is not a public one, but my acquaintance with many mediums for twenty-five years past, I think, justifies me in saying that this one is the most powerful and satisfactory of any I have known or read of. If you will do me the favor to call on me, I will give you further information. Our seances for materializations are held once a week only, and are strictly private, only three being present, including the medium, who sits with us. No curtains, no cabinet. Yours very truly,

I accordingly made arrangements to attend one of these sittings, and some weeks afterwards, for the first and only time, found myself in company with the writer of the foregoing letter at a materializing seance, at the rooms of the medium just alluded to. Two rooms (on a second floor) were used at the seance, the one being perhaps ten by twelve feet in dimensions, in

which the medium as well as the company sat (all with clasped hands), the latter consisting of two elderly gentlemen and myself. A light, shaded as is usual at materializing seances, stood on a table in a corner of the room, just to the right of where we sat.

An apartment perhaps twelve feet square was used for the spirits to materialize in. In this there was no light except what was admitted through two partially darkened windows that looked on a public street. There was a doorway between the two rooms directly in front of us, that was open during the whole seance, there being no curtain or other blind of any kind. There was only one other door in this room, which I bolted on the inside—after the medium had taken her seat in the circle—and I know there were no fraudulent contrivances, so far as my senses after a close examination enabled me to decide.

A very few minutes only elapsed after we were seated, when a materialized form, purporting to be the mother of one of the gentlemen present, walked out of the open door before us and conversed in an audible voice some time with her son. On her retiring a finely-formed Indian warrior came out, clothed apparently in dressed buck-skin, ornamented very tastefully with variegated materials of darker hue. He came close to us, and gave us full opportunity to examine his form and features. He certainly was to all appearance a genuine North American Indian. Occasionally he would throw himself gracefully at full length on the floor and place his ear close to it as if listening to hear the footsteps of an enemy, and then spring to his feet and dart forward as if fighting with tomahawk in hand and uttering war-whoops.

As the Indian was about to leave, I observed a female spirit, clothed in white, coming from the open doorway directly toward me, accompanied by a thick-set old man, clothed in black, and of an exceedingly sombre countenance, with a heavy beard. The female spirit claimed to be my daughter Mary, and manifested the like affection for me she is accustomed to do through other mediums, although I was not able to identify her features, which were veiled. She was also larger in person than she generally appears when she comes through other mediums. I felt sure that I recognized the old gentleman as Nathaniel Minturn (to which he assented), a great-uncle of my deceased wife. On my querying with him, he told me in audible voice that my daughter brought him with her, and that he "came from the church." I was struck with the latter expression, though at the time I did not probably comprehend its full meaning.

After my daughter and her old uncle had retired, a singular-looking tall form came to us wrapped entirely in a black surplice, or dress of like appearance. Approaching within a few feet of us, he lifted aloft a part of his surplice (as if with his extended hands) and, with his face still covered, commenced pronouncing in solemn, doleful tone, occasional snatches of some chant (apparently) or other Latin ritual of the Catholic Church. The idea conveyed to me by what I saw was that the spirit of the materialized form then present was very dark and unhappy in the other life, and I was not a little surprised to learn from those present that it was Archbishop Hughes, who I was told often came to the circle in other guise, and was really a progressed spirit. This I too had learned from more than one other medium through whom he has communicated with me. The thought was then impressed upon my mind that it was the mission of the gloomy spirit who said he came "from the church" to represent the creedal teachings of the Protestant churches, which led its votaries into comparative spiritual darkness, the countenance being rendered dark and gloomy thereby, though still visible, while the doctrines inculcated by the Romish Priesthood shut out all light from the souls of those benighted masses as was represented by the Archbishop, he being enveloped entirely from head to foot in a dark mantle impenetrable to the light. Since the seance where the above manifestations occurred, I have been told, through other media, that such was the lesson intended to be conveyed to us, and that the first spirit represented Protestantism, as its doctrines are inculcated in the pulpit, and the other Catholicism, as taught by the hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

My daughter Fanny came next, and like her sister Mary, threw herself on my breast, and fervently embraced and kissed me, expressing unbounded satisfaction in my coming there to meet them.

A niece of one of the gentlemen present came next, accompanied by her little child of some two years old. After the child had sat some time with its uncle, I took it on my knee, and petted it. On my telling the little creature that I would ride it "Jack horse" on my foot, as I used to my own children, it manifested pleasure, and smiled, as was observed by its uncle, and the medium who sat by my side. I then placed it on my foot, and tossed it in the air, as I repeated, probably for the thousandth time, the delightful melody, though no doubt distasteful to some dignified, "respectable Spiritualists" (whose ambition seems to be to sit next to the white throne when they go aloft):

"Hie a Jack horse
To Banbury Cross,
To buy little baby a plum;
When we got there
The trees would n't bear,
And so we came joggling hum."

As I finished the stanza I tossed the delighted child on its feet, when it started off with its mother, but remembering how often over "credulous ignorances" and "senile," "superannuated old fools" like myself have been imposed upon by fraudulent mediums and "rag babies," I called the child back, and again taking it in

my arms, I drew the veil from off its chubby little warm face, and kissed not only its lips, but cheeks again and again, and although the cunning little "fraud," purposely no doubt, with malice prepense and sinister intent, kept its eyes fast shut and "made blue go sleep," still I am willing to place my hand on the Good Book, and swear, before any court in heaven or on earth, that I believe it was not a "rag baby," but a real (flesh and blood materialized) spirit child.

My wife was the next spirit to come, accompanied by her brother, the late Lloyd Minturn. She manifested the same ardent affection as it is usual for her to do through other mediums; speaking fluently and very distinctly, as our daughters had done. Still her form was not so slender as it should have been to conform with its earth characteristics, or with that she generally appears in before other mediums. When spirit-laws are better understood, we may possibly be able to understand why these apparent discrepancies occur in spirit materialization.

It would fill many pages to narrate all that was said and done by my wife and daughters at this seance, so I will forbear, and proceed to speak of her brother Lloyd, who, unlike my wife and children, presented himself on this occasion so exactly like himself when on earth—in height, face, form, bearing, attitude, expression and clothing, that it would have been impossible that I should not have fully identified him on first sight. He stood back for some minutes with his eyes intently fixed on my face while my wife was conversing with me, and in an attitude—with his hands partly thrust into the outside pockets of his coat—that was absolutely unmistakable. He was a well-bred gentleman, as was exemplified on the occasion by his unobtrusive demeanor as he quietly stood in courteous attitude, politely waiting for his sister to finish her interview with me. He was dressed in a fashionable Broadway promenade suit, his coat, pants and vest being all made of a broad, cross-barred woolen stuff, and in the style of the day such as I perfectly remember seeing him wear on many occasions more than forty years ago. His dark whiskers and hair were none other than his own, as was the high beaver on his head. Lloyd Minturn was of the most fearless nature I ever knew possessed by any man, and of great pride of character, which characteristics were now marvellously expressed in his countenance and method of handling himself. He was a passenger on board the ill-fated steamboat, Henry Clay, that was burned many years ago on the North River, many perishing both through fire and water. He himself reached the shore in safety, when he immediately obtained a boat and rowed to the burning wreck and at great risk of life and limb rescued several of the passengers from death, receiving severe wounds in his endeavors, from which he never fully recovered. If I recollect right Mr. Minturn was the only materialized spirit that manifested at this seance who did not converse, and I feel pretty sure that the power of speech was thus dispensed with that he might the more completely exhibit his other personal attributes. At any rate, I feel as entirely sure that the materialized spirit I there saw was Lloyd Minturn, a brother of my deceased wife, as I do that I ever saw him in earth-life. For some time I tried on the occasion to induce him to tell me his name. He however persistently refused making any intimation of his proper identity until I remarked that I knew he was no other than Lloyd Minturn, when his countenance lighted up with an eager, delighted expression as he made several steps toward me, bowing his head in token of the correctness of my recognition, as he advanced.

A very intelligent, light-complexioned Indian squaw (apparently of mixed blood), called "Starlight" (a familiar of the circle), came next. She was tastefully clothed in variegated Indian costume, and wore a pair of beautiful moccasins made apparently of soft yellow buckskin and ornamented with rows of beads. She seated herself on the floor before us, and went through the motion of braiding some material, and made herself interesting in many other ways, chatting frequently in semi-Indian dialect.

Pete, a Virginia negro, was the last spirit that appeared on this evening. He was a familiar of the circle, and evidently its hero. His shrewdness and knowledge of men and things seemed to be without limit, whilst his courteous demeanor and bearing placed it beyond doubt that he had passed his earth-life in the service of cultured gentlemen, and had, as it were, become to their "manner born." No subject could be started that he seemed not able to discuss understandingly, whether it were Sherman's refunding the four per cent. bonds, the fame and pedigree of race-horses, or the quality of wines and liquors. His account of the Long Island Union Course races some half a century or more ago, in which the famous Eclipse was matched for a great sum against all Southern colts, was more graphic than any pen can describe. He seemed not only familiar with the name and speed of every horse on the course, but also with their owners, including Colonel Johnson, and all the boys who rode, not excepting the world-wide known Purdy. Pete acknowledged, however, that he himself was not a professional jockey or rider, but only a "rubber," who came to care for some of the Southern contestants on the course, and rub them down after each heat.

Pete's description of being once driven over one of the Alleghany Mountain stage routes by a famous driver by the name (I think) of Foss, was inimitable. The mountain road at the time was so covered with glare ice that it was necessary to keep the horses on a full run in descending, otherwise the stage might slide off perpendicular rock precipices a thousand feet or more in height. Pete said that so fearless and expert was Foss, that to show his dexterity

he purposely brought the wheels of the coach sometimes within two or three inches of the precipice. Pete also told us as a fact that although his hair was uncommonly curly for even one of his race, such was his fright on the occasion that when the stage spear on his head stuck out as "straight and stiff as a fallow candle." I forget, however, that in repeating Pete's undignified anecdote I may be wounding the tender sensibilities of some of the exquisitely nurtured would-be "leaders" of "respectable Spiritualism," and may, perhaps, be by them classed among "the diabolical" ones, for whom they seem to cherish such mortal antipathy—so I forbear.

At the risk, however, of shocking beyond endurance "respectability" and "leadership," and long-faced Orthodoxy in general, I must narrate a most extraordinary instance of the spiritual phenomena that occurred on this memorable evening in connection with the irreverent spirit Pete. I forget exactly in what connection our conversation happened to turn on the subject of ardent spirits, but on occasion of Pete's saying that he had a recipe worth five thousand dollars for the making of old-fashioned punch, I in a playful vein said that I should like to possess it. Pete told me in reply that I should not only give me a recipe for making the punch, but that if we would furnish him with the money to buy the necessary ingredients he would treat us all round with some old-fashioned punch of his own making!

This we agreed to do, and some change was put by each gentleman present into a little box or basket handed round by "Starlight" for the purpose indicated, amounting in all (probably) to less than a dollar. Thus furnished with the means of purchasing the materials for the punch, Pete departed, as he said, for "Young's," where his appearance would excite no special notice, the servants in that hotel being most or all of his race and color. I forget what transpired in the circle after Pete's departure, further than that "Starlight" remained with us until he returned, some ten minutes after, bearing with him a white quart pitcher filled with hot punch, which "Starlight" poured out for us in half-pint white mugs, handed her also by Pete. That the punch was both good and strong I had ample proof, as the half-pint that fell to my share (in which there were two half lemons floating, sensibly affected my head for some hour or more after I drank it. Before I had finished my mug, Pete called for the pitcher and mugs, that he might return them to their owner. I told him that I had not finished drinking mine, when he politely told me not to hurry, as he would take what was done with back, and make a second trip when I had emptied my mug. Strange as readers may think it, that this was a real spirit manifestation I have not the slightest doubt, as I know there was no possibility of any human being obtaining access or egress to or from the room without it being perceived by all the sitters present, whilst the only fire on the premises was in the apartment where we were sitting, and close to us.

One of the gentlemen in the circle mentioned to me that, on a former occasion when he happened to express a wish to have a little wine on account of a temporary ailment, (Pete and the medium being there present,) he was requested by Pete to take an empty goblet from off the mantel-piece and hold it behind him. He did so, and when directly after he was told to examine the goblet, he found it half full of the wine he had asked for. It is worth noting that Pete had not performed this "miracle" a century or two ago, as he would no doubt have then been burned by "The Church" for blasphemy in thus presuming to turn not *water* but *air* into wine; that is, provided the priests of the day could have caught him! On my asking Pete to explain how he obtained the punch, he told us that he materialized his form at Young's, and after getting and paying for the beverage, by an act of his own will, in less than a quarter of a second of time he was back to the seance-room with the punch all made to his hand. The punch was evidently composed of several kinds of liquors, which on my request Pete gave us the proportions in drops—something as follows, (though I do not remember the exact proportions,) say, ten drops of Santa Cruz rum, twelve drops of Jamaica, fourteen drops of Medford rum, sixteen drops of Bourbon whiskey and eighteen drops of old Cognac brandy. On my asking him the age of the brandy, Pete playfully said "It was made in the year *our*, when Adam was a rag baby and lived in a house shingled with panakes."

Tracing the hours these wonderful manifestations were transpiring the medium sat quietly by my side in the circle, never leaving her seat but on two occasions, when she passed for perhaps ten or fifteen seconds across the room where we sat and back to her seat, fanning the air with her hands as she went and returned, for some purpose that she herself did not seem aware of. Perhaps it was to convey mediumistic elements to the atmosphere. She seemed to take as much interest in the manifestations as any of us. From what I witnessed on this remarkable occasion, I am more and more convinced that we are on the very eve (as I have been again and again assured of late by many of our most intelligent communicating spirits, such as Parker, Channing, Owen, Edmonds, Lincoln, Joan of Arc, and others,) of the most wonderful outpouring of spirit power the world has ever witnessed, in which our spirit-friends so permanently that they can stand forth and address multitudes from the platform; show themselves at noonday in the air in close proximity to the earth, and walk side by side with harmonious individual friends in the streets of

[Continued on eighth page.]

Free Thought.

vouchsafed by nature to individuals of particu-

lar temperaments and constitutions, by means of which they may study the secrets of nature, may discover the action of the invisible ele-

ments, the life-forces of nature; therefore men

are not left without the means of studying nature's most intricate methods. Are the discoveries of the astronomer, the chemist, of value to man? Not less so are those of the clairvoyant. Are the telescope and the microscope products of art and of nature combined? So is well-directed, cultivated clairvoyance; and if men prize the former, and avail themselves of discoveries made by its means, they should no less prize the other and avail themselves of discoveries made by its means. Man has no more right to deny the discoveries made through clairvoyance than those made through the telescope or microscope, it ranking with these as a product of natural law, and therefore its discoveries not possible to be set aside. Man cannot truthfully say "We have no means of testing the truth of principles, of propositions relative to the action of nature's invisible agents." They may trust the revelations of the clairvoyant as well as those of the telescope, which latter they do not pretend to deny from want of personal observa-

"The educated clairvoyant may behold in the beams of the morning sun the grades of the electric fluid [or ethers] and their action upon each other; also the effect of that action. I can behold atmospheric atoms eliminating light, and he may behold that the effect of the rapidity of this action is the effect of heat; therefore he unavoidably arrives at the conclusion that chemical action of atoms of light produces an effect which is heat. Thus as he observes—as he perfects his clairvoyant sight by practice, by art—he may discover the most intricate processes of nature, and arrive at just conclusions concerning the methods and the results of these processes by the use of his reasoning faculties."—*Principles of Nature*, Vol. I, p. 249.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

THROUGH THE AGES:

O'er the swamp in the forest
The sunset is red

And the sad, reedy waters,
 In black mirrors spread,
 Are aflame with the great crimson tree-tops o'erhead
 By the swamp in the forest
 The oak branches groan,
 As the Savage primeval,
 With musket laid to the thigh
 O'er his huge, naked limbs, swings his hatchet of stone
 By the swamp in the forest
 Sings softly in gloe
 The stark forester's lass
 Plucking mat in a tree—
 And hairy and brown as a squirrel she is !
 With the strokes of the flint axe
 The blind woodland rings,
 And the echoes laugh back as
 The sylvan girl
 And the Sabre tooth growls in his lair ere he springs
 Like two stars of green splendor
 His great eyeballs burn

AS he crawls! 'Chilled to silence,
 The girl can discern
 The fierce yappings which thrill through the fronds
 The fern
 And the brown, frolic face of
 The girl has grown white
 As the large fronds are swayed in
 The weird, crimson light,
 And she sobs with the strained, throbbing dumbness
 of fright.
 With his blue eyes agleam and
 His wild, russet hair
 Streaming back, the Man travails,
 Unwarned, unware

Of the lily shape that crouches, the green eyes the glare.

And now, hark ! as he drives with
A last mighty swing
The stone block of the axe through
The oak's central ring,
From the blanched lips what screams of wild agony spring !

There's a rush through the fern fronds,
A yell of alacrity,
And the Savage and Sabre-tooth
Close in here fight,
And the red sunset smoulders and blackens to night

On the swamp in the forest
One clear star is shown
And the reeds fill the night with
A long, troubled moan,
And the girl sobs and sobs in the darkness alone !

In the glass-room blue-eyed Phemie
Sits and listens and sighs and sighs

To the gray-haired, pinched Professor droning to
class of girls.

And around her in their places
Flows of arch and sweet young faces
Seem to fill the air with color shed from eyes and lips
and curls.

And the leafy, golden tremor
Witches so the blue-eyed dreamer
That the room seems filling straightway with a force
green and old;

And the gray Professor's speech is
Heard like wind among the beeches,
Murmuring weird and wondrous secrets never quite
distinctly told.

And the old with thine life pages
Of the weird, illumined ages,
Trailing from earth's mystic missal the antiquity
Shun
Not six thousand years—but eras,
Of eons, disappear as
Cropping back our touch the system where the Hum
first began.
Centuries, as we retrogress, are
Diminuted to days, says the Professor,
And our lineage was hoary ere "Eve's apple-tree
grew green.
At what point may come I know not.

Logic proves not, fossils show not,
But his dim, remote existence is a fact beyond dispute.
Look! And from among some thirty
Arrow-barbs of quartz and chert he
Takes the blunt head of a hatchet, and the girls g
hushed and mute.
Old, he says, art thou, strange stone! nor
Less antique thy primal owner!
When the Fens were drained this arc was found bet
two forests sunk.
Underneath a bed of sea clay

And two forests this relic lay,
Where some *Allophyllon* Savage left in a half-he
trunk:

Does the old Professor notice
Large eyes, blue as myosotis,
Italised to him in startled wonder as those fateful wo
are said?

But for Phemie, through the trees in
Her dream forest, fact and reason
Blend with fancy, and her vision grows complete a
clear and dread:

By the swamp in the forest

As his life-headed hatchet
The wild Woodman swings,
But the hatchet cleaves fast in the trunk he has risen,
The Man stands unarm'd as the Sabre tooth springs.

—[The Century]

POEMS OF THE LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN
Edited and compiled by Giles B. Stebbins,
Detroit. Second edition, 264 pages. Boston
Colver Rich.

This work is a collection of poems, all having
for their theme the immortality of the soul.
The selections are from the best poets of

ages. One reading them cannot help being placed in a happy condition of mind at the peace and happiness which is in the future. The compiler is a Spiritualist in earnest, and of course a thorough disbeliever in the *hades* of the ancients. The work closes with three really good "transcendental poems," inspired by the spirits of Robert Burns, Theodore Parker and Edgar A. Poe. The book is nicely bound, printed on tinted paper, and is refreshing to wearied humanity.—*Lansing (Michigan) Republican*.

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possible, to the impression I received from Mr. Kid-
dle's letter in a late issue of the *Banner of Light*?

If we look at the real effect this book will have on the cause of Spiritualism, with its intelligent adherents as well as its many bitter enemies, the assumption lies very near that a hundred times more harm than good will be produced by it, and the suspicion is justified that its publication was the result of a scheme, a conspiracy of a band of enemies of our cause in the spiritual world, for the purpose of discrediting and ridiculing Spiritualism. That such a class of spirits exists, and

spear, Byron *et al.*, feel impelled to inspire some medium, unistically endowed epigone, they will certainly select an instrument adequate to reflect their present *crata* condition, even in an imperfect form, and not to show themselves at a level with terrestrial platitudes and glittering generalities. To prove this I may refer to similar communications, as Shakespeare's and Poe through Lizzie Doten, or Dickens's through Mr. Jamieson—communications which at least bear out the possibility as coming from the source claimed for them.

against facts which they do not understand at all, a Mr. K. has thus far understood only very imperfectly.
Yours very faithfully, Dr. G. BLOEDER
Brooklyn, N. Y., May 31st, 1879.

The Council of Nice.*

Here was a conclave[†] beside which presidential conventions, Berlin conferences, and even the latest Vatican Council, pale their ineffectual fires. The principal object of the Nicean Synod was to settle on a permanent

the mass of Christendom." It consisted of three hundred and eighteen members. Its exact duration is disputed. The better opinion is that it lasted a period of three months, from the 25th of May to the 20th August, A. D. 325.

Mr. Dudley has in this little book of one hundred and twenty pages contributed a valuable chapter on the golden volume of this greatest of the world's conventions and the choicest portion of the world's history. There is no attempt to raise the author above the theme, nor to crowd the eccentric speculations of a diviner against the collected wisdom of the ages. This, in the rarest, accessible and the most agreeable

studies are, in the comparison, mean and contemptible. These furnish the history of faith and the record of manly. Whoever, with a learned spirit, dives into depths of these studies, seeking the greatest of great men in the world's history, judged by the ear of ideas, of actions, of results, will find greatness, in Caesar or Augustus or Napoleon or Washington Bismarck, but the rather in a Constantine and a Chalmers, whose names are embossed in the world's history, ten times more than those of Napoleon. In a long period, wisely said of Constantine, "He considered the Council of Nice the bulwark of Christian faith and the memorial glory of his own reign."

1. *Staphylococcus aureus*

Various Historical Societies, Boston, Dean Manning

Illinois.
CHICAGO.—A correspondent writes from this city, briefly reverting in high terms of commendation to the work being done there by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and her guides. He also speaks highly of the *Spiritual*

control, shall you find the best impulses to go to that grand and perfect work, the brotherhood of man.

After the delivery of a poem the company dissolved, each one being well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

HERBERT
New York, Saturday evening, June 7th, 1879.

be studied and loved by the laboring
that of Jesus. To them he was prop-
and saviour; to them he was love and
to them he was light and life. He drew
them in their humblest estate; and
them near to him—to his very bosom
est embrace. He sat at meat with
in their cottages, and wept over their
We can see how a rich man might be
the teachings of Christ, but why any
ingman should be is passing strange.

tain a frontispiece descriptive of each part of the human frame. It is profusely illustrated throughout the entire work.
Cloth, \$1.50, postage 5 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

PHYSIOLOGY.
F. R. S.
A useful book, containing particular parts of the human system, with plates.

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
 The additions to the ranks of the believers in Spiritualism are constantly being made, but in spirit and private a way that the public gain in the rapidity with which this army of Truth and Liberty is growing. There is no public demonstration of an increase of numbers, as is the case with the popular church in which the accession of a new convert is prominently announced and his "taking in" made the occasion of a public ceremony. So the lovers of old creeds and a fossilized theology quiet their fears of a growing disbelief in their pet dogmas with a false assurance that this Spiritualism, this despised Nazarene of Christianity, if not actually dead is dying, or at most making but little progress.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.
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 ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.
 LUTHER C. COLBY, EDITOR.
 JOHN W. DAVIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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THE MISSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM is to enter into every department of life. To bring forth new and unexplored spheres of thought and action, to reveal the world to man and woman better, to teach them to have a right to the duties of the human man, that their lives may be pure and true, leading them up higher spiritualities.

Spiritualism and Morals.
 There is no way by which Spiritualists can so effectively commend and recommend Spiritualism as by faithfully living it out in thought, word and deed. Having learned to look with impatience, not to say scorn, on professions of faith as exemplified in the creeds, they are surely not to be content with merely professing faith in Spiritualism themselves. If they indeed believe in it they will make it manifest in the whole tenor of their lives and conversation. Merely to have become convinced of the momentous truth of spirit communion is of no practical use; it must be accompanied by daily evidence of the influence of such a conviction. When the heavens are opened, it is the Spirit that descends; and the Spirit will inevitably show where it has made its descent by the great change in the lives which it freshly and powerfully inspires. Faith in the great facts of Spiritualism is something more than a subscribing and consenting faith in the theories and systems called creeds, which engage only the intellectual faculties. Spiritualism is a belief that takes deep hold of the whole nature of the one convinced, mastering it so as to show that the entire individual life has been changed.

It is for so comprehensive reasons that Spiritualism includes in its care the cause of both private and public morality. No man or woman can indulge in habitually lax courses, whether of life or thought, and still be a genuine Spiritualist. No true believer in Spiritualism can be a slanderous tongue against his neighbor, or pursue the ways of infidelity, or hold the marriage relation lightly, or strive to employ his profession of faith for selfish advantage, or in fact do anything that the world—so called—approves against the condemnation of individual conscience. If there is anything whatever in this new revelation which is named Spiritualism, there is everything in it. It is something to fill the life with an entirely new purpose and meaning. It works with a regenerating force in every part of the being. It bids us put away evil thoughts, which bear fruit in evil deeds, and become pure and simple, innocent and holy in the sight of all. Only as it affects the life itself is it in any genuine sense Spiritualism. Men and women cannot believe in it and still lead immoral lives. It must make them more religious than ever. It can only publish itself by the work which it performs on the character.

Too much talking and wrangling and striving for leadership and mastery have conspired to keep the vital fact in Spiritualism more or less concealed, by thrusting it in the background. It is time that the matter be better understood. The rest is but husks when the full corn of the life is thrown away. What matters it whether this or that thing be done in the name of Spiritualism if its real meaning has evaporated or never been apprehended? Who is going to be persuaded into a better belief, one coming through knowledge, if he sees the effect only in increased indifference to morality, in a greater laxity of life, and in a course of action which practically ignores what the angels continually tell us is sacred? If there is to be no better fruit than this borne of Spiritualism, it is fated to pass into forgetfulness sooner than Old Theology with its merciless superstitions grip on the human spirit. The organization for which Spiritualism is now waiting with such eagerness is the organization of pure and exalted influences in outward and visible lives; of love and gentleness and charity in the intercourse of individuals; and of a belief in the constant presence of angels, in the words and deeds by which we all best proclaim our inward belief.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.—Henry G. Atkinson, F. G. S., writes to the London Spiritualist from Boulogne, France, May 24th, 1879, as follows: "Mr. John de la Montagne, late American Consul here at Boulogne, told me yesterday that on the 3d and 4th of this month he had a fearful dream, which was repeated, that a friend in New York was in great trouble; that he was pursued by a man (a judge) with the determination to kill him; and that he received a letter, dated the 22d May, from his friend, relating his anxiety and other circumstances precisely as in his dream."

We shall print next week another number in the series of Dr. G. L. Ditson's reviews of our foreign spiritualistic exchanges.

The Silent Advance.

The additions to the ranks of the believers in Spiritualism are constantly being made, but in spirit and private a way that the public gain in the rapidity with which this army of Truth and Liberty is growing. There is no public demonstration of an increase of numbers, as is the case with the popular church in which the accession of a new convert is prominently announced and his "taking in" made the occasion of a public ceremony. So the lovers of old creeds and a fossilized theology quiet their fears of a growing disbelief in their pet dogmas with a false assurance that this Spiritualism, this despised Nazarene of Christianity, if not actually dead is dying, or at most making but little progress.

Alas for them, worshippers in a temple made with hands, they will be brought to a sense of their situation not until the underpinning of their fabric has rotted away, and they find themselves and the steeple of their church one heterogeneous mass of rubbish in the cellar thereof.

An incident has just come to our knowledge which is but one of thousands daily occurring illustrative of the way in which converts to the angel faith are being made.

A medium of this city was called upon a short time since by a gentleman who introduced himself as a total disbeliever. "I know it is all a fraud," said he; "I know it is deception from beginning to end; and yet I would like to see something of these spirit-manifestations upon which a few over-credulous friends of mine base their belief in the ability of the denizens of another world to communicate with those of this."

He paused to give the lady an opportunity to make some response, but as she remained silent he continued, "Really, I do not know why I came here, but as I am here I should like a sitting."

The medium was greatly surprised at his remarks. That the gentleman was honest was quite evident. He did not profess to be what he was not. He was no wolf in sheep's clothing seeking the lambs of the fold; but, open-hearted, he approached the subject boldly and said what he thought concerning it. After some urging the lady consented to have her powers tested, and the two seated themselves, the gentleman at the same time reaffirming his skepticism and wondering what power could have placed him in such a position.

In a few moments the medium said, "I see a lady standing by your side," and then proceeded to describe a spirit-form so minutely that the gentleman hastily arose and exclaimed with considerable emphasis, "There, there! it's no use! it's just as I said! it's all fraud, and I told you so. The person you describe is an exact resemblance of my wife. If she stood before you you could not better describe her; but then she is not dead—she is living, and is hearty and well." Much more he said to the same purport; but all his assertions did not discompose the medium, who again and again declared such a spirit stood by his side.

"I don't want to hear any more," said the visitor; "you get a description of an individual from the mind of the person present—mine, for instance, in this case—then you go on to relate it as being that of a spirit. It's all delusion!"

As he was about to leave he offered the lady a dollar, but she refused to accept it under the circumstances. He passed into the hall; and as he did so the medium, controlled by some new influence, held up her hand and counted the thumb and fingers, saying as she touched each, "One, two, three, four, five," which proceeding the skeptic thought to be another evidence of fraud and exhibition of tomfoolery. The door closed. The gentleman walked leisurely down town to his place of business, and as he entered his counting-room was met by a clerk who handed him an envelope. It was a telegram. He broke the seal, opened the despatch and read: "Your wife died five minutes ago of heart disease."

This was a shock that nearly unmanned him. As soon as he could comprehend the fact his mind reverted to his experience of the previous hour. As soon as possible he went to the house of the medium, rang the bell, and the two again met. Supposing he had come for another sitting, she addressed him before he had an opportunity to speak, remarking, "I cannot, sir, possibly, sit for you again." "I have not come for that purpose," said he; "I have come to apologize to you." Then, grasping her hand, the strong-willed man burst into tears and said, "It is all true! It is all true!"

Astonished at the scene, she knew not for the moment what to say or do, but at length sufficiently recovered her self-possession to ask him to be seated. He then drew forth the telegram and read it, and it was found that at the very time she was describing the spirit the despatch was being written, and, as her counting had indicated, she passed from her earthly body just five minutes before.

And thus the work goes on. Not by words of appeal; not by learned arguments and finely woven theories; not by books and tracts; but by actual, real, tangible facts: facts that the simplest mind can grasp and the most highly educated be forced to accept as indisputable evidences of its truth.

The Banquet of the Commercial Club of Boston. In honor of the Commercial Club of Chicago took place at Horticultural Hall, this city, on Saturday evening last. It was a very pleasant affair. The party dined and wine, and then the intellectual feast began. The Mayor welcomed the Club to the Hub in felicitous remarks, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes poetized as follows:

Chicago sounds rough to the maker of verse;
 One cannot but have—(in small) some worse;
 If we were licensed to say Chicago,
 But Worcester and Webster would let us say, you know,
 No matter, we songsters must sing as we can,
 We can make some nice rhymes with Lake Michigan.
 And what more resembles a nightingale's voice
 Than the only tri-lingual, sweet Illinois?
 Your waters are fresh, while our harbor is salt;
 But we know you can't help it, it isn't your fault;
 Our city is old and your city is new,
 But the railroad men tell us we're growing than you,
 You have seen our girl done, and no doubt you've been told
 That the girls of the universe point it are rolled;
 But I own it to you, and I ought to know best,
 That this is the truest of all stars of the West.
 You will go to Mount Auburn—we'll show you the track;
 And can stay there—unless you prefer to come back;
 And Bunker's fall shaft you can climb, if you will,
 But you'll find like a paragraph praising a pill.
 You must see—but you have seen—our old Faneuil Hall,
 Our churches, our schools, our temples, our sample rooms, all;
 And perhaps, though the pilots must have their jokes,
 You have found our good people much like other folks.
 There are cities by rivers, by lakes and by seas,
 Each as full of itself as a dose of pills;
 And a city will brag as a rooster will crow;
 Don't your cockerels abroad—just a little, you know?
 But we'll show you how far you are from the boys,
 Men, maidens and matrons of fair Illinois,
 And the rainbow of friendship that arches its span
 From the green of the sea to the blue Michigan.
 June 16th, 1879.

The London Spiritual Notes (now published monthly) is rapidly winning public favor, as it richly deserves. It is well edited, and the reader finds much in its contents that is very interesting.

Care of the Insane.

This vital subject continues to be discussed in this and other States. A petition signed by many of the most prominent citizens of New York was recently drawn up for the consideration of the legislators of that Commonwealth, asking for an investigation of the entire system of insane-asylum management in the State. Men of the medical eminence of Drs. Parker, Clymer, Markoe, Sands, Seguin, besides many more, signed their names to the paper, which it is certain they never would have done if they had not believed all that was contained in the paper to which they affixed their signatures. The petition opened with the following expressive statements:

"There has lately sprung up a general and marked discontent in the public mind with regard to the management of our insane asylums. From the nature of the case, the internal mechanism of these institutions being more or less secluded from public scrutiny, it was not to be expected that the popular feeling could point to any special fault in the system as its cause. Like most popular movements, the agitation of the asylum question has, until quite recently, rested on isolated and fragmentary instances of abuse, rather than on the great systemic defects of which these instances were but the outcome. But within the past few years members of the medical profession, whose studies led them to investigate asylums, without bias or prejudice, purely in the interests of medical psychology and philanthropy, have made public charges against the system of asylum supervision and asylum management in this State which are deserving of notice. They merit special attention for the single reason, if there were no other reasons, that those now at the head of our asylums have been either unable or unwilling to answer their arguments or to disprove their allegations."

Lessons in Spiritualism.

The London Spiritual Notes for June says: "The paper read at the Discussion meeting of the B.N.A.S. on May 5th, was from the pen of Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., the London correspondent of the Banner of Light. The title, 'Object Lessons in Spiritualism,' sufficiently explains the intention, though it hardly indicates the wide scope, of the very interesting dissertation on which Mrs. Andrews entered. She has had long and varied experiences, especially with Dr. Slade, and her recital of these was a valuable addition to the facts already recorded in the practical history of the subject, as well as to the evidence for spirit-identity. The discipline of suffering, of which the paper contained a most pathetic reminiscence, drove Mrs. Andrews to seek for herself some evidence of the continued life of her lost one. She found it, first through the mediumship of Charles H. Foster, and afterwards through Henry Slade. Through the former she obtained the very words, in the same tone in which she had heard them from her son's lips immediately before the accident that removed him from her. Through the latter she again saw his form temporarily incarnated, and listened once again to the voice she had thought to hear no more. No wonder that Mrs. Andrews spoke strongly in defence of public mediums, and of the objective phenomena which she had witnessed under such complete conditions. The paper was of high literary merit, and was listened to with profound interest and attention."

Spiritualists, Support Your Periodicals!

The Texas Spiritualist, published monthly at Hempstead, Tex., by Charles W. Newnam, has the following earnest word to believers in the Spiritual Philosophy in its June issue. Its editor publishes a list of the Spiritualist weekly and monthly papers and magazines with which he is in exchange, and proceeds to say in connection that he is proud of the assembly, "comprising as it does a fine selection of religious literature as can be produced by any denomination in the world—elevated in tone, liberal in sentiment, and inculcating a high moral excellence."

"No Spiritualist," he continues, "should fail to be a subscriber to one or more of these journals. No Spiritualist can afford to stand still himself or permit his family to suffer for the want of that reading that will broaden and deepen their knowledge and keep them fully abreast with the progress of the age. It is not all of Spiritualism to know that our friends still live after death and that we can hold sweet converse with them, when we can find a medium. It is our duty, and our privilege, to develop ourselves, and our children, by reading spiritual literature, and by other means to acquire knowledge and experience of spiritual affairs, that we may always feel and know that our spirit-friends are with us, and that we may commence now and here to progress and grow nearer day by day to the supreme spirit of the universe, whom we call God. We give the list, not as an advertisement for the papers, but for the benefit of our readers, and believing that we could not better serve them than by inducing them to become subscribers to some of these spiritual papers."

Are there Judge Sewalls on the Massachusetts bench today? We should think so, if the account of the recent arrest and conviction of an old man and his son in Danvers is true. For awarding a premium of a cigar in pitching ball, when the pitcher hit the bull's-eye in their base-ball gallery, they were convicted under the law against gambling, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty-two dollars and imprisonment thirty days each in the house of correction, besides being required to first give bonds in the sum of one hundred dollars each to keep the peace for three years! As they have no money they will have to go to jail for three years! And at the expiration of that time they will be put in the house of correction for thirty days, and still be liable for the fine of fifty-two dollars! not paying which the authorities will again send them to prison. Here is a specimen of old-time New England blue-laws doubly distilled. How long will the people stand such nonsense?

A German correspondent writing from Texas informs us that he has perused the Banner of Light for several years, and considers it the "best reading" he receives. He also states that there are no mediums in his vicinity, and that Spiritualism generally is treated with scorn and derision. Being desirous, however, of establishing communication with his spirit-friends in his own family if possible, as an aid to that object he sends for the little work, "Rules for Forming Spiritual Circles." We trust he may be successful, and that good results will flow from his efforts.

Mr. William Eglinton has returned to London from Cape Town, South Africa. He is to pass an examination for registration as a Surgeon-Dentist. He will probably hold several sittings, privately, before his return.

Friends in New York State: Do not forget the claims of the Camp-Meeting to be held at Schroeon Lake, (Adirondack region) in September, C. F. Taylor, manager.

Number Three of PEXUMBRAL COGNATIONS, by John Wetherbee, Esq., will appear next week.

Opening Day at Onset Bay Grove.

A preliminary gathering of the friends most interested in the summer season at this home by the seaside was announced as a Basket Picnic, to be held on Thursday, June 12th. Many of the cottage owners have already taken possession for the summer, and were making ready for the entertainment of friends and summer boarders, and it was thought a good time for those who wished to purchase lots, or to see the place with reference to engaging quarters before Camp-Meeting time, to anticipate the season a little in enjoying a lovely June day in the woods by the shore.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

But the skies were overcast on Thursday morning and seemed to threaten rain, which Old Prob. himself sanctified in certain localities, and not knowing that Onset Bay might not be just one of the "localities" indicated, the people feared to go from home. However, when the Boston party arrived, and the bell announced a meeting at the stand, some two hundred persons were found assembled. Not a drop of rain fell during the day, but the weather was all that comfort could desire. President Williams greeted the company in a few pleasant remarks, announcing the preparations made for the ensuing Camp-Meeting, and then yielded the platform to Drs. Greenleaf and Storer, who were to make short speeches. Dr. I. P. Greenleaf in a genial and impressive manner considered the claims of this summer home to the character also of a Spiritual home, where friends who lived together for awhile as neighbors amid these beautiful influences of nature, and under the ministrations of the spirit of truth and freedom, might recognize the growth also from year to year of those fraternal sympathies and divine ideas which constitute a home circle in the spiritual kingdom. At the close of his well-elaborated remarks, he stepped down in front of the desk with an evidently premeditated purpose, which became apparent as two of the audience upon the front seat rose and joined hands before him.

AN OPEN AIR MARRIAGE SERVICE.

Mr. Southworth Loring, of Middleboro', and Mrs. E. S. Lewis, of Fitchburg, were the happy couple, and Dr. Greenleaf, in an admirable impromptu form of marriage service, led up gradually to the denouncement of his vocation as the authorized representative of the State, in pronouncing them "husband and wife—wife and husband—equals in rights, in privileges and in duties, by mutual choice, desire and promise, hereby acknowledged in the presence of these witnesses." Mrs. Lewis, the bride, daughter of Mrs. Apple, whose cottage was the first built at Onset, and who has become one of its most active pioneers, was, with her husband, congratulated by assembled friends, the congregation sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and Dr. H. B. Storer proceeded with his address:

He reviewed the attitude of Spiritualists before the world—as specialists they were committed to the affirmation of the reality of spiritual phenomena, the fact of spirit-communion between the mundane and supermundane spheres of being by signs and tokens manifold. Their duty was to facilitate the conditions of such communion so far as possible, and to defend mediums and mediumship from unjust attacks. But while studying and teaching the philosophy of spirit-life, as specialists, they also recognized the comprehensive claims of all earnest and truth-loving souls upon their fraternal sympathies and fellowship. We work with all who work for humanity. In our criticisms we attack not men but systems of error. The law of duty, written upon the mind and heart, revealed by intelligence and love in the constitution of human nature, is supreme, and we do not admit the validity or blinding authority of any law or commandment derived from any supposed revelation from a God outside of man. Here we join issue with the so-called Orthodox theology of the various sects. The sad tragedy which occurred just across the bay, at Pocasset, is a fearful commentary upon the malign influence of this central dogma of the popular theology. If poor Freeman and his sadly-afflicted wife, both of whom deserve our profoundest commiseration, had not believed in an outside God—a being whom they had been taught to believe gives revelations from the heavens to direct human conduct, that transcend and override all the laws written in the constitution and relations of human beings—they never would have violated the instincts of natural affection, and outraged the tender relationships of parents and child, by sacrificing the child of their love to the bloody Moloch of Orthodox superstition. Instead of condemning Freeman, the church-members who seek his life or demand his punishment should see that he is the logical product of fidelity to the doctrines and faith which they profess, and with which they are ignorantly poisoning the public mind.

Natural religion and natural morality were in process of evolution from the essentially divine nature of man, and the speaker closed with the hope that every day of the ensuing season, during which we are to be together, would bring its own enchantment to transmute not only the public teachings from this platform, but the daily social intercourse of our life among these scenes of natural beauty, into food for the soul—by which the Divine Image in each one of us may daily be revealed in greater perfection.

After the addresses the company dispersed to find excellent dinners prepared at the new hotel just erected by parties from Brockton, and by Mrs. Williams at her permanent residence.

Next week the programme of speakers for the ensuing camp-meeting will be ready for publication. Everything indicates the best meeting, in both quantity and quality of thought, yet enjoyed at this place.

That Spiritualism is creating, both by its phenomenal and philosophical phases of evidence, a profound sensation in the antipodes, is a self-evident fact, as any reader may see by reference to the numerous reports of what is going on in Australia which have appeared of late in the Banner of Light. As fruit of the prolonged public inquiry thus in process, three pamphlets lie on our table, entitled respectively (1) "MEDIUMS AND THEIR DUTIES," (2) "VAGABONDS AND THEIR DUTIES," and (3) "SPIRITS AND THEIR FRIENDS." The first named (1) comes to us bound in a cover of appropriate green, and is a work of some fifty pages; it purports to be the joint production of a half-dozen "philanthropists," (2) "who not for the sake of profit nor gain, but from a higher motive," so they announce, seek in this brochure to "lash one of the greatest impostures of modern times"; and its contents, as usual in such cases, present a flat loaf of dulcet ignorance, spiced with cant and ridicule and frosted with a delectable sugar-coating of appeals in behalf of "Religion" and "Morality" to please the theological palate. The other two pamphlets are devoted to replying to the foolish arguments, inane misstatements and general fallaciousness of the one just referred to; and present as authors the names (2) of Harold W. H. Stephen, and (3) E. Cyril Haviland—a trenchant article from the pen of the last named gentleman in defence of Dr. Slade having appeared not long since in our columns. A casual glance at the contents of both proves that the writers thereof have no fears for the safety of the cause under the attacks of the wisecracks with whom they have to contend. The discussion thus set on foot (however bitter the animus displayed on the part of the theological bigots thereabouts) will, we feel assured, in Australia as elsewhere, ultimate in a final advancement of the best interests of the New Dispensation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport Blandy, sister to the world-renowned "Davenport Brothers," will be in Boston June 19th, and will hold sittings at 31 Indiana Place; she will also give private sittings wherever her services are required. Her development is for the physical phase of spirit manifestations. She will also attend the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

Don't fail to peruse Bro. G. B. Stebbins's excellent letter printed on another page.

The Case of D. M. Bennett.

On our eighth page the reader will find a petition to the President asking that the pardoning power of the National Executive be put forth in behalf of Mr. Bennett, as it was in the case of Mr. Heywood—no logical reason existing, as the Boston Herald puts it, why he is not "as much entitled to clemency, as the author of the book" himself. This petition head should be cut out and pasted upon a sheet of paper, circulated for signatures, and sent to the office of The Truth Seeker, 141 Eighth street, New York City, at once. We give below a card from Mr. Green, the recommendations contained in which are also worthy of consideration and adoption:

WRITE TO THE PRESIDENT.

Every Liberal of the United States should not only sign and circulate a petition for Mr. Bennett's pardon, but should write to President Hayes personally, and call his attention to the great crime that has been committed, under the forms of law, against the freedom of speech and of the press. Ten thousand such individual appeals should be sent to the White House during the next ten days.

H. L. GREEN.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the battle of Stony Point, N. Y., will be celebrated on the 16th of July next, on which occasion definite measures will be taken toward erecting a monument to Gen. (Mad Anthony) Wayne, on the government grounds at that place. Among the interesting relics of the battle which will be produced on that occasion are the original letter of instructions sent by Gen. Washington to Gen. Wayne, respecting the plan of attack, also the letter written by Gen. Wayne only an hour before the attack, in which he says: "When you receive this I shall be no more." Full particulars of the projected monument may be obtained by addressing Henry Whittemore, Chairman Executive Committee, Wayne Monument Association, Tappan, N. Y.

Justice Miller has refused to reverse the decision of Judge Dumdy, of Omaha, in the habeas corpus case of Standing Bear and his little band of Ponca Indians, whom the military powers had arrested for the purpose of returning to the reservation in the Indian Territory, and the cause of the red man has achieved an important triumph, unless future legislation shall deprive the race of the right of expatriation, which this case accords to it. Standing Bear can therefore, it is presumed, go back to the home his friends, the Omahas, gave him, and to the plowshare which he left in the field when the war department apprehended his feeble company.

A prominent Spiritualist in New York City writes to us in a business letter as follows: "I trust your large and warm soul may be sustained by angel-power; and I know that there is a blessed reward and a triumph for you in reserve." Another gentleman, residing in Washington, D. C., says: "I am a constant reader of your good paper, and owe to it nearly all I know of late spiritualistic literature. I think its tone, spirit and matter all correct. It is my most welcome weekly visitor." The above are specimens of many encouraging words transmitted to us of late from those who appreciate our labors.

John W. Mansfield, of North Woodstock, N. H., makes some very sensible remarks under our correspondence, heading in regard to matters appertaining to spirit-control, which facts are but little known by even a large class of Spiritualists. As Prof. Brittan, of New York, has had a vast amount of experience with all classes of media, an essay from his pen upon the points eliminated by our correspondent would be undoubtedly very acceptable to the readers of the Banner of Light.

Saturday, June 14th, we were agreeably surprised at meeting at our office in Boston with that genuine journalist, uncompromising Spiritualist and whole-souled man, Fred F. Cook, Esq., of the Chicago (Ill.) Daily Times. Bro. Cook has already found time—in the midst of the multifarious cares incidental to his stirring vocation—to do much good work for the cause, for which all friends of the spiritual dispensation owe him a debt of gratitude.

The Committee having in charge that worthy enterprise, which is an honor to the head and heart of this city, viz.: the Poor Children's Excursions, are making calls for donations that the present season may be as successful as the last. Lovers of the young should cheerfully and generously respond. Subscriptions can be sent direct to the treasurers, Messrs. Peters & Parkinson, 35 Congress street, Boston.

Messrs. James S. Dodge and J. Manning announce that "Should the weather prove fair, the Spiritualists of Boston, Chelsea, Lynn and Stoneham will unite in holding a Grove-Meeting at Howard's Grove, East Saugus, on Sunday, June 22d. Lynn horse cars leave Boston, via Charlestown and Chelsea, at 8:20 and 9:20. Conveyance from Lynn to the Grove provided for."

Dr. Sarah E. Somerby writes: "The Conferences at Republican Hall, New York, will be kept up through the summer; there is a large attendance, and they were never more interesting than now. Spiritual experiences and mediumistic developments form the principal topics of consideration."

A firm and unflinching Spiritualist, writing to us from the West, says: "Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan and Mr. Epes Sargent are considered, all through our ranks, as the deepest and most philosophical thinkers we have."

It will be seen by his brief letter in another column that Bro. Harvey Lyman means to fully accommodate all please everybody who may visit the Lake Pleasant Camp-ground the present season.

Read the announcement on our fifth page concerning the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting to be held at Webster's Grove, Bonap, Ia., July 2d-26th.

Read the card of The Western Homestead magazine on our fifth page.

Grove Meetings at Lake Walden.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 On account of my business and with a desire to accommodate the Committee who have in charge the arrangements for the Poor Children's Excursions, I have waived my right to convene a camp-meeting at Lake Walden Grove the present season, but will, instead of the proposed camp, hold a series of grove-meetings at this place on Sundays, commencing the first Sabbath in July and continuing until the first of September. Able speakers have been secured, and everything will be done to make these meetings worthy of the patronage of the public.
 J. B. HATCH, Manager.
 Boston, June 16th, 1879.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

A very valuable friend and correspondent in New York writes: "I hope and desire to see the time before the 'Banner of Light' will have sixteen pages instead of eight." We have desired for a long time to double the size of this paper, but our patronage has been insufficient to warrant the undertaking. When Spiritualists as a class become more liberal than they are, particularly, the *Banner of Light* will be enlarged. But the prospect is not very encouraging in that direction at the present time, we are sorry to say. We may, however, publish a *Supplementary* at no distant day.

The human devil is actively at work in New York City. On the 11th inst. a respectable wealthy lady was brutally murdered and robbed, and a man and his wife were chloroformed and robbed in their chamber at Rutherford Park. Also great crimes in other cities are reported.

During a thunder-storm in Philadelphia on the 11th inst. lightning struck the pump-house of the Atlantic Refining Company at Port Breeze in the southern section of the city, causing a disastrous conflagration. The oil-refinery was burned, and rivers of burning oil carried destruction to other property, enveloping wharves and shipping. Loss nearly a million dollars. Sunflowers will keep off malaria.

The time is evidently near at hand when the large cities of the United States will be obliged to have mounted police and flying-artillery ready to move at a moment's notice, as criminals from Europe are daily landing on our shores. We are no alarmists, but the horoscope of the times indicates the most terrible evil aspect. Our courts are corrupt, laws loosely made and more loosely administered, and great wrongs are done in the name of law by the imprisonment and fine of respectable individuals without the slightest regard to justice.

It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the prevalence of violence in Texas, the sale of liquor is strictly prohibited in many counties of that State.

A judicious silence is better than truth spoken without charity.

Parties in search of a competent practical printer and a good writer, should address A. B. Griffin, of Orange, Mass.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Exhorting your fellow-men to virtuous deeds is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property he has left behind him? but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hath thou sent before thee?"—*Mahomet.*

ON THE LATE CONJUNCTION OF VENUS AND THE NEW MOON.

Of your twin splendors all the evening air
Appeared so glad, that other lights were none;
Save only Venus and Endymion!
Night wore of pearls, the heaven's loveliest pair,
Her fragrant beauty and her fairest fair,
As if to show, in absence of the sun,
How she could cheapen stars by wearing one
Upon her forehead with the crescent there!
Then lo! fair ladies, when you wish to shine
Brightest and best in beauty's glorious dawn,
Go not in riches of a diamond mine
Powdered all o'er, but choose a simple flower;
Wear but a rose in tress, and one great pearl
Like the moon's crescent on your brow, sweet girl!
Washington, D. C.

The recent Kansas cyclone killed fifty people, wounded over a hundred, swept away scores of houses and destroyed the growing crops. The result is distress, and though no regular call has been made for help, there is an appeal to the charitable in the mere statement of the facts. Mr. A. Williams, corner of Washington and School streets, Boston, will receive and forward any contributions that may be made for the sufferers.

An admiring correspondent of the *Investigator*, forgetful of its teaching, inadvertently remarked that the receipt of that paper thrilled his "soul" with joy. If the *Investigator* goes on thrilling the souls of its readers, they will at last come to believe that they have souls, and then the *Investigator* will find its occupation gone.—*Boston Herald.*

A number of prominent citizens have been privately discussing, since William Lloyd Garrison's death, a project for erecting a statue to his memory in Central Park.

The only capital punishment that no one objects to is the death of the mosquito. It is blood for blood.

Scarcely a minister in the land knows how to preach a sermon except H. W. Beecher. No matter whether one believes what he says or not—he never repeats himself, his language is exquisite, and it does one good to hear him. Why does he excel? We whisper it—but don't tell anybody—he is inspired by the angel-world. There is no doubt of it. Could mortal eyes see beyond the veil they would behold a profusion of spiritual flowers surrounding him while speaking.

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of her guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do you? Well, we have not anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

Black is never used at funerals in Russia, nor worn by mourners. It is only in England and America that people look as horrible as they can in order to advertise the death of a relative.

We acknowledge the receipt of two new pieces of sacred music: "Fold Your Arms Around Me Tighter," and "See that My Grave is Not Robbed."

The English have a new thing in the "Proleptos skitchee."—*Exchange.* Is it another Zulu disaster?—*Boston Post.*

An effort to rigidly enforce the sectarian doctrines of Methodism regarding the control of that institution, has caused the resignation of the entire Faculty of Williams College, Liberty, N. Y. The cultured officers, it is reported, would not yield to the ignorant dictum of the Pharisees having control of the enterprise; hence their withdrawal. Score one for the bigots of Oregon.

Two or three years ago the man who had predicted that in 1879 an ocean steamer a day would arrive at and sail from this port would have been deemed a crack-brained enthusiast. Yet this number has been nearly reached, the present week, five ocean steamers leaving and six arriving here.—*Boston Transcript, June 14th.*

W. J. Colville's Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, June 15th, a good audience (when the state of the weather is considered,) convened in Kennedy Hall, Boston Highlands, to listen to the remarks of Mr. Colville's guides on such topics as should be selected by vote of the people in attendance. The subjects chosen were "The Tree of Life" and "The Boundary Line Between the Two Worlds." The discourse occupied some three-quarters of an hour in delivery, and at its close half an hour was devoted to the answering of questions. The improvised poem was given on "The Tree of Life" and "The Night Time to Die" being also interspersed by Winona.

In the evening an able lecture was presented having for its theme "The Spiritual Significance of the Lord's Supper." The origin of the communion service was traced to ancient religious customs existing long before the time of Christianity. The effort was well received. Want of space prevented any attempt at an abstract.

Next Sunday afternoon the subject for the discourse will be chosen by the audience; in the evening Mr. Colville's guides will consider the following: "The Baptism by Water and by Fire—what do these terms signify?" The services will commence at 7½, and at 7½ p. m.

On Thursday night, June 26th, a course of week-evening lectures on Social Science will be commenced at this hall by Mr. Colville; a slight admission fee of ten cents being charged to defray expenses.

Mr. Colville is open to engagements to speak on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at localities within easy reach of this city. All communications of a business nature can be addressed to him at 8 Davis street, Boston.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ARMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, 100 West Washington street, commencing at 10½ o'clock. The public cordially invited. D. N. Ford, Conductor.

ARMORY HALL, HIGH STREET, CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, 100 High street, commencing at 10½ o'clock. The public cordially invited. Admission free. J. B. Hatch, President.

ETHAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 125 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and tests are held at this hall, 60 Washington street, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Excellent quartette singing choir.

SCIENCE HALL.—Spiritual meetings for speaking and tests every Sunday in this hall, 715 Washington street, at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M.

KENNEDY HALL, WARREN STREET, BOSTON HIGHLANDS.—Free Spiritual Meeting every Sunday, at 10½ and 2½ P. M. W. J. Colville, the lecturer, voluntarily under influence of his spirit-guides. The public are cordially invited. Week-evening lecture on Thursdays, at 8 P. M., followed by religious songs.

Amory Hall.—The question for to-day, "What Special Benefit do I Derive from my Attendance at the Lyceum?" was suggestive of many pleasant and happy thoughts, as given by the children and manifested in a selfish motive, but each for the happiness and welfare of the other. So should it be; the true lover of humanity only desires humanity's good. And only by a complete knowledge and understanding of individual circumstances and surroundings, are we prepared to manifest that noble clarity which suffices long and is kind. Let us strive to cultivate this estimable virtue, and so shall we be the more competent to impart it to the little ones entrusted to our care. The exercises were as follows: Overture, singing, responses and Banner March; answers to questions; piano solo, Nellie Thomas; recitations, "Both Sides," Alberto Kemp; "The Good Little Sister," Jennie Smith; song, "When I was Very Little," Jennie Lohr; reading, "Early Rising," Helen M. Dill; recitation, "Our Minister's Sermon," Jennie Dieckel; song, "Come Down, Gabriel," Mr. B. Perkins; remarks by Mr. Towle and Dr. Richardson; Wing Movements, led by Mr. Ford and Miss Dill; remarks by Prof. Milleson and Mrs. Maud Lord Mitchell; singing, and Target March.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, June 15th, 1879.

C. P. L. No. 1 Strawberry Festival.—The Lyceum Strawberry Festival at Amory Hall, on Wednesday last, afternoon and evening, was a grand success—thanks to the many friends of the Lyceum who so kindly donated for the purpose. After 4 P. M. the little ones began to flock to the hall, where they were met by some of the members and officers, who soon contrived plans for their special enjoyment, in which they indulged for an hour or two, when they were called from play to refreshment, to which they needed no second invitation. There was a bountiful supply and every one was fully satisfied. After partaking of the refreshments they resumed their play for awhile. In the evening the floor was cleared and the older ones had the privilege of dancing, and as the weather was moderate the pleasure was enhanced. At 12 o'clock the company dispersed with a hope that there may be many happy returns of this joyful day. Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec. Boston, June 15th, 1879.

Amory Hall.—Although the morning was disagreeable and rainy, yet the play meeting was filled with a good audience at the usual hour, and the groups were full in number. It is encouraging to the workers in this organization to feel that they are not alone in their labors, but that there are many who are not content with what is written, but who desire to see their presence, and who brave the elements in order to cheer us on in our efforts. The exercises consisted of the following: Overture by the orchestra, singing, Silver Chain Recitations, Banner March; recitations by Nellie Hewes, Addie St. Clair, Albert Rand, Minnie Clark; songs by Hattie Hill, Annie Hill, and the Southwick; duet by Lillie Wells and Bertha Hall. The exercises closed with a selection by the orchestra.

B. P. BURNICK, Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, Charlestown Dist., June 15th, 1879.

Lectures at Amory Hall.—Mrs. C. Fannie Allen commenced a series of lectures in the above hall to an appreciative audience on the afternoon of the 14th inst. The exercises were opened with vocal music by Mrs. Hattie Sheldon and Mrs. Elliot after which Mrs. Allen read a selection, followed by a lecture and poem subject given by the audience. The subject for afternoon was, "Do Spirits Out of the Body Depend upon us for Conditions in Advancing the Cause of Spiritualism." For the evening, "The Reward in Store for those who Lead a Pure and Upright Life." The people present listened very attentively, and much interest was manifested. Mrs. Allen will lecture in this hall the remaining Sundays of June.

J. B. HATCH, Manager.

Pythian Hall.—Notwithstanding the inclement weather last Sunday there were good audiences at this hall. The exercises in the morning took the form of a conference; and several very interesting experiences were related in regard to the faculty that some mediums have of seemingly going out of the body, and visiting localities at a distance. Messrs. Sande Crocker, Huyglue, the Chairman and others, taking part.

The theme for consideration in the afternoon, viz., "The Physical, Mental and Moral Perils Incident to Mediumship," called out a large variety of talent. Mrs. Dr. H. H. Allen, of Perkins street, East Overville, leading off in a trance speech, which was replete with good instructions and excellent thoughts, and was well received by the audience. Dr. S. A. Wheelock, Messrs. Abbot Walker, Crocker, Taylor, Miss Wheeler and Mrs. M. A. Eaton also took part in the conference. The general summing up of the remarks would indicate that there is much more sunshine than storm in mediumship, and the good will more than compensate for all the "perils" incident to it.

Messrs. Jennie Rhind closed the meeting with very valuable remarks upon "Charity and Justice."

By common consent, the same theme will be further considered in the conference of next Sunday afternoon, and all having valuable experience and instruction that can be of service to others are invited to come and take part in the speaking.

P. W. J.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

(Matter for this department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

Dr. W. L. Jack, who for the past several weeks has been visiting Greenfield, Amherst, Northampton and other towns in the Western part of the State, has everywhere met with excellent success as a medium and test-medium. Reports reach us of a renewed interest in spiritualism all along the Connecticut Valley. Let it overrun the whole country. Dr. Jack may be addressed for a few days longer at Northampton, Mass.

Charles A. Hitchcock informs us that Harry Bastian's visit to Pittsford, Vt., is postponed to the first or second week in July on account of business engagements.

Mrs. Cary C. Van Duzee, of Philadelphia, has so far recovered from her two years' illness that she is about to visit her parental home in St. Lawrence Co., New York, and those in that vicinity wishing to engage her services as a trance speaker can do so by addressing her at Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

The New York Lyceum.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: The New York Lyceum is to hold its annual picnic this season at Elm Park, in 93d street, a short distance west of 8th avenue. The Park has been engaged for Saturday, June 28th, and if the weather proves favorable, a most joyous time is anticipated. The grounds are very pleasantly situated, and their nearness to the city renders the excursion a most desirable one of day or evening. Dancing in the afternoon and evening will add its peculiar charm to the occasion, and afford its devotees an opportunity of enjoying themselves. The friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to join with us in making the day an enjoyable one. C. B. PERKINS, Cor. Sec. New York, June 9th, 1879.

A BUSINESS MAN WHO MUST SUCCEED.—In several of the large cities of this country there are a few business men who, having been kept constantly and familiarly before the people, men who, good names have not always been sufficient to protect them from business adversity, but have repeatedly succeeded in rising from the condition of failure to that of success. Among these men Horace Waters, long identified with the music trade, is a conspicuous example. Horace Waters & Sons, on May 21, made an assignment for their creditors, owing to losses and heavy expenses. This course was adopted because Mr. Waters believed it more honorable to make an assignment while he could pay for debts on the dollar than to go on and be obliged at a later day to compromise with his creditors. He does not intend to let circumstances keep him down, but he has given up all his property to his creditors, and will, while satisfying their demands, seek to retain the custom which he had acquired by 20 years of enterprise and fair dealing. He has made arrangements to do a cash business. He will furnish for cash instruments of precisely the same quality hitherto sold by the firm of Horace Waters & Sons, selling them at a great reduction from former prices. Those who send their orders to him, at 40 East 11th street, P. O. Box 229, he gives assurances that they will be cheerfully and faithfully executed, and that all who desire to make purchases on credit from him, will be treated with the same consideration. Mr. Waters has also signed over his private property to be held in reserve to meet any deficiencies. —*New York Weekly Times, June 4, 1879.*

On a forty-year endowment policy, issued at age 20, for \$100, if only twenty-five payments, amounting to \$200, are made, under the Union Mutual's policy and the Maine Non-Forfeiture Law, the insurance will be carried fifteen years longer without payment of further premiums; and then, at age 50, if the party is living, a balance of \$100 will be due him in cash. For the same number of payments, and within seventy-five dollars as much money, only 25 years and 354 days' life-insurance would be secured, under the ordinary life plan, which has heretofore been adopted by those whose object was to provide protection for their families at the lowest cost.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies, need Hop Bitters daily for nerve force.

A Spiritualist Camp-Meeting in the Northwest.—The Spiritualists of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota will hold their second Annual Camp-Meeting at G. W. Webster's Grove, one mile west of Bonair, Howard Co., Iowa, commencing July 24th, ending July 31st. Bonair Station, S. P. R. R., 11½ miles from Webster's Grove. The meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. J. H. Webster, who will conduct the meeting, and Mrs. Emma Tuttle will assist in making it interesting by her songs and recitations. A full and complete program is expected to be presented, and a general invitation is extended to all interested in the progress of spiritual ideas. They will also be carried to the residence of Mr. J. H. Webster, at Bonair. Let all who can, bring tents and blankets. The Spiritualists of the Northwest are desired, and a social party on the evening of the 31st of July. J. Nichols and E. L. Hilditch, of Chicago, W. White and W. L. Hilditch, of St. Louis, L. W. Webster, of Bonair, Committee of Arrangements.

Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting.—The Spiritualists of Philadelphia will hold a Camp-Meeting between July 15th and August 15th, 1879, at Neshaunoy Park, near the terminus of the Reading R. R., on the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, and about seven miles from the terminus of the R. R. Information given by S. P. Kane, Chairman of the Executive Committee, No. 160 North 14th street, or the Corresponding Secretary, No. 106 North 27th street.

For Sale at this Office: THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Devoted to Spiritualism. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 6 cents per copy. A Semi-Monthly Spiritualist Journal, published in North Weymouth, Mass. \$4 per annum. MIND AND MATTER. Published weekly in Philadelphia, Pa. Price 6 cents per copy. For year, \$2.50. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price \$3.00 per year, postage \$1.00. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price \$2.00 per year, postage 50 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism and Intelligence. Published in London, Eng. Price \$3.00 per year, postage 25 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Monthly Edition of the Transactions of Spiritualist and Psychological Societies. Published in London, Eng. Price 7 cents.

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THE FRANKLIN NEWS COMPANY, 11 Franklin street, Boston.

THOMAS MARSH, 30 Washington street, South of Boston, Mass.

T. O. STANLEY, Republican Hall, 55 West 23rd street, New York City.

G. D. HENCK, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

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BRENTANO'S LITERARY EMPORIUM, 20 Union Square, New York.

W. H. HENCK, 100 Broadway, New York City.

Other parties who keep the *Banner of Light* regularly on sale at their places of business can, if they so desire, have their names and addresses permanently inserted in the above list, without charge, by notifying Colby & Rich (publishers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston) of the fact.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line.

Agate, each insertion.

Payments in all cases in advance.

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

For Electrotype or Cuts will not be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Sunday, or by advance of the date where they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant.—Dr. W. J. Mansfield, Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. A. S.

A Public Reception Room, EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., is established at this office. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this Headquarters. Room open from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOSES, the well-known English partner, will act as agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. 4. For terms see card attached. Mr. Moses at his residence, Elm Terrace, Clarendon Road, Derby, England. Mr. Moses also keeps a list of the *Spiritualist and Reformatory Works* published by us. COLBY & RICH.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PICNIC AT Shawheen Grove, Ballard Vale.

THE FIRST GRAND UNION SPIRITUALIST PICNIC, at Ballard Vale, Shawheen Grove, in connection with the CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1, 100 West Washington street, Boston, will be held on Wednesday, June 25th, 1879.

Music by J. Howard Richardson's Orchestra. Extension train leaves Boston and Maine Depot at 9 o'clock. Other trains leave at 10, 11, 12 and 1, stopping at regular stations. Tickets, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. All stations above Melrose, tickets 25 cents. Spiritualists and friends from Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill will take regular trains, and afterwards be invited to take cars on this occasion.

Tickets from Lowell, 25 cents; Lawrence, 25 cents; Haverhill, 25 cents. Refreshments for sale at the Grove.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CAMP-MEETING of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts will commence in this Grove (Shawheen) on Wednesday, June 26th, 1879.

Music by J. H. HENCK, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo.

EDWIN D. RAUBENSTETTER, D. D. A full and complete program is expected to be presented, and a general invitation is extended to all interested in the progress of spiritual ideas. They will also be carried to the residence of Mr. J. H. Webster, at Bonair. Let all who can, bring tents and blankets. The Spiritualists of the Northwest are desired, and a social party on the evening of the 31st of July. J. Nichols and E. L. Hilditch, of Chicago, W. White and W. L. Hilditch, of St. Louis, L. W. Webster, of Bonair, Committee of Arrangements.

Dr. L. A. Edminster, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 202 Pine street, Providence, R. I.

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