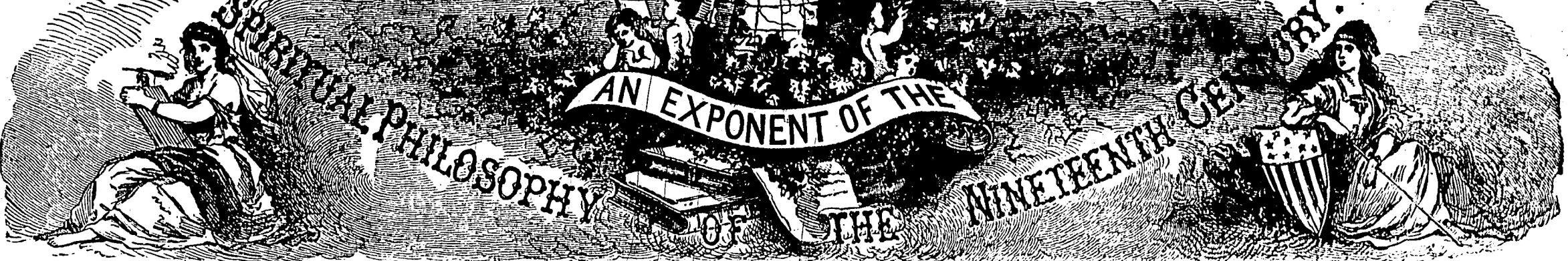


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXI.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.

NO. 20.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
LINES TO ONE AFFLICTED.

BY E. L. PAIGE.

The earth, the air, the sea and sky,  
The beautiful works of Nature are;  
All blend in perfect harmony,  
And form this glorious world so fair.  
The dwelling-places of men—the home  
Of all these wandering children here—  
A school where slowly they prepare  
For duty in a higher sphere.

Each weary scene through which we pass  
Is fraught with lessons rich and rare;  
One day 't will all be shown to us,  
And recompense shall come for care.  
Not one lone tear, not one dark hour,  
Through which we weary mortals come,  
That shall not bring some added power  
To gladden when we've wandered home.

Then filled with joy supreme and high,  
Beholding all life's tortuous path,  
Far distant shall each storm-cloud fly,  
And hushed affliction's iron wrath.  
Cool shadows cloak the blazing way;  
Our pilgrim feet shall gain the land  
Where smiles the Father's tempered day,  
And Eden's flower-wreathed vales expand.

## Free Thought.

DEFINITE PROPOSALS.  
TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN PROGRESS.

"Faith without works is dead."—Ancient Spiritualist.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS—In a previous article I offered some suggestions respecting the duties and obligations of those who seriously entertain the Spiritualist Rationalism of our time. That our ideas of human nature and its relations are destined to exert an important influence on the civil policies of States and to fashion the religious eclecticism of the future, I have little doubt. It may be difficult to comprehend the power that is lodged in our hands, much less have we attempted its practical application in any one of the chief interests of life. We are still looking after signs and wonders. As a community we think too much of mysterious sights and sounds—too little of fundamental principles and earnest work. Facts, to be sure, furnish the material illustrations of a scientific philosophy; but ideas have produced the greatest revolutions in human affairs. The governments of nations, and the religious systems of the world are but the organic forms of ideas. When the popular thought outgrows the existing constitutions, laws and rituals, then comes a period of revolution—peaceful or forcible, as the case may be—that recasts the institutions of society.

In such a period of transition we are called to act our part in the drama of history, to what end we shall know hereafter. The age is distinguished for the boldness of its conceptions, and we know that ideas are the silent forces that move the world. This truth is either overlooked or but dimly discerned by the multitude. The curiosity-seekers—a company that no man can number—seldom have any clear perception of principles, or any capacity to estimate the weight of ideas. It is not altogether creditable to our intelligence, that so many among us are merely interested in the constant recurrence of the phenomena they may have witnessed a thousand times. Such people remind us of the believers in some of the smaller so-called miracles of ancient times. There are men who imagine they see more of God in the mere history of one blasted fig-tree than in all the living trees on earth; but we recognize the divine presence in the living rather than the dead. Many professed Spiritualists are ready to go anywhere, at any time, spending their money freely, to see a table mysteriously turned upside down—perhaps for the fortieth time—when they would neither spend an hour in a rational effort to comprehend the philosophy of the fact, nor invest a single dollar in the practical application of the truth to any human interest. But the affections of men may possibly be inverted; and it is certain that there is confusion in the social state. If we have fairly achieved our own equilibrium, we may be profitably employed in looking after those who have wandered from the truth and fallen by the way. To merit recognition among reformers, we must see that we are not standing on our heads, and take care that society, of which we constitute a part, is "right side up" in its most important relations.

It is a standing objection to Spiritualists—I am sorry to say—that they are doing little or nothing to help the world along by improving its institutions. Many people regard us as an army of iconoclasts, determined to invade the domain of their religious faith, and chiefly employed in demolishing the cherished images of all sacred things. There is an excuse, if not a justification, for this inference. We may, however, disabuse their minds, and so vindicate the justice and beneficence of our aims as to silence and convince all opposers. I am reminded that it is sometimes necessary to remove the ruins of old structures, and to plow up their very foundations; but we must not rest in this as an end. The true reformer will go to work to realize the vision of Whittier:

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled;  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Expanding from the ruined Old,  
I saw the New."

During the last twenty-five years, we have been doing a lively business in demolishing old theological dogmas and infidel speculations. We have been overturning the popular idols in the temples, revising the saints' calendar, pulverizing the ancient superstitions, and grinding up the very bones of the gods. In this, we have displayed unusual industry and audacity; but, in justice to ourselves, we should now pause in a work that inevitably quickens and strengthens

the destructive propensities. In the prosecution of this business, we have reached the bounds prescribed by reason, and need not go beyond. The image-breakers may now have leave to retire and make room for the peaceful artisans, who come to fashion the structures and to mold the institutions of the New Age. Let the Waster rest from his labors while we record the advent of the Builder.

Hitherto we have not witnessed the success of any organized effort to illustrate our principles in actual life. The intense individualism that obtains among us has prevented their practical application on any comprehensive scale. In this respect our movement has thus far been a failure not less conspicuous than the want of unity among the different churches. The self-styled Evangelical denominations in Protestant Christendom do sometimes unite for the furtherance of certain common objects in which all are interested. And have we no similar aims and ends in view, no kindred sympathies to bind us together, no sacred interests wherein all are concerned? Have we no philanthropic plans for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate classes, no heartfelt desire for the perfectibility of the human race? Are we prepared to make no liberal sacrifices for the wide diffusion of spiritual truth, or otherwise for the common welfare? May we not have "the unity of the spirit" in an unselfish devotion to the principles of reciprocal justice? Shall we not work together to bring out the lineaments of the Divine Image in the universal Humanity? The patient or bears his end of the yoke, and draws his part of the common burden without using his horns to gore his fellow. And shall it be said that there are so many acute angles, rough corners, and sharp points in our individual developments, that we cannot work together without crowding and scratching each other? Surely, the field is immeasurable; time and the world may not limit our aspirations; there is a season for every generous purpose under the sun; all around us are incentives to high thought, and opportunities for illustrious deeds.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since the present writer commenced the publication of the first Spiritualist paper ever issued from the press. It was near the close of 1847 when the first number of the *Universalist* appeared. It was like a burning brand cast in among the combustible elements of an old magazine, and the thunder it awakened was not the smothered kind. Following the first appearance of the periodical evangel, a period of nearly eighteen years was devoted to spiritual journals; the development of the early literature of the movement; and earnest controversies with the sectarian church, physical science and popular skepticism. Those were years of uninterrupted toil, demanding constant sacrifices on the part of the public defenders of the new faith and philosophy. It was a protracted struggle against adverse circumstances; and at length our own varying fortunes forced a suspension of the work for a season. Our interest in the truth never diminished; but amid the gloom that so often gathered and deepened about the scenes of our retirement, it has been a light and a joy. And when, one after another, dear, familiar voices were hushed, it made heavenly music in the silence of the soul.

For several years I have been waiting in the hope that some strong mind might communicate the impulse to the people, and open the way for a more complete expression and practical realization of the truth that shall yet free the church and the world. While distrustful my own capacity for such a work, I have long been watching for an opportunity to return to the congenial sphere of my earlier labors—a field that is now "white for the harvest." To-day I am not wanting in significant intimations that the time and the opportunity are at hand. A quarter of a century has witnessed a silent but powerful revolution in the minds of men. We hail the promise of corresponding changes in our institutions. The laws require essential modification; the democratic system of government must be perfected by the political emancipation of woman; the boundaries of science should be made to embrace the soul, its relations and its functions; faith waits to be delivered from the foul dominion of superstition, and we shall learn at last that earnest work is effectual prayer. After long experience and patient waiting for institutional reformation it seems to me that the time has come, when the propagandism of our principles and ideas should assume a concrete form in our institutions. Entertaining this view I trust that my action will not be regarded as premature in now submitting the following propositions:

1. It is proposed to organize, in the city of New York, a Stock Company with an adequate capital, for the purpose of founding a Publishing House and Ware Rooms where the more important works on the main questions that concern the normal development of the body and mind, the proper education of the young, the philosophy of the true life, and all rational progress, will be published and sold. Among the works projected will here specify a series of volumes, of similar size and style, under the general title of the STANDARD LIBRARY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE, which will embrace Choice Selections of the best things, in prose and verse, that have appeared since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, carefully edited with critical observations and explanatory notes. Also, Original Contributions from the most advanced minds in this country and Europe, including Scientific Disquisitions; Philosophical and Moral Essays; Critical Reviews; Biographical Sketches of the Seers and Reformers; with portraits; Artistic Illustrations of the powers of Spirits over the elements, forms, and phenomena of the Material World; Popular Speeches; Poetical and Musical Inspirations, &c. Thus the best thoughts of the most enlightened and liberal minds will be brought together, properly classified, handsomely illustrated, and preserved in a popular and enduring form. The

series will constitute a complete Standard Library, adapted to the present and future necessities of the free, progressive minds of all classes and countries.

2. It is proposed to publish a QUARTERLY JOURNAL, devoted to the discovery and exposition of the subtle principles, intricate laws, and curious processes of Nature; the more extraordinary and significant phenomena of the Human Mind, and the veiled mysteries of the Spiritual Universe. These subjects—with whatever else belongs to the department of Psychological Science—will be discussed in a dispassionate, rational and scholarly manner, with a view of promoting a faith that is more closely allied to science. Thus we may do something to make Religion really philosophical and Philosophy truly religious.

3. It is proposed to establish a National Association for the advancement of the Occult Sciences. It is well known that the present American Scientific Association persistently excludes all subjects not intimately related to physics. By thus restricting its researches to the sphere of physical objects and phenomena it aims to confine the conquests of science to the Material World. This grovelling tendency of accredited science and scientific men has been freely illustrated by the facts of their history. When, some years since, Professor Henry—at a meeting convened at the Smithsonian Institute—was requested to read a brief notice of a lecture on the facts and principles of Spiritualism—a gentleman who had already acquired a reputation at home and abroad—he put the notice under his feet with an air of supreme contempt. Nor were the expressions of this scornful indignation confined to the treatment of men who had no special claims to indulgence. When the late Dr. ROBERT HARRIS, one of the most eminent members of the American Association, asked the privilege of being heard in a statement of his own observations and experiments—at its session in Albany, in 1856—his request met with a stern denial from men who were not worthy to be his peers. Professor Pierce insisted that if there were any such physical phenomena as were described, they must be attributed to *legerdemain*. Professor Davies expressed his profound respect for the gentleman from Philadelphia, but, at the same time, manifested a determination to stop his mouth; while Dr. Winslow—a volcanic light of the scientific world, in a state of fearful eruption—had the audacity to propose the consideration of the subject at a special meeting to be convened "in the first lunatic asylum!"

Among such men the profound and vital questions in which Spiritualists are most deeply interested can never be fairly investigated, and for this reason we propose the organization of a new Association that shall neither misrepresent the essential spirit and the true interests of science, dishonor its most venerable exponents, nor attempt to degrade the American name by imposing arbitrary restrictions on the freedom of thought.

4. In connection with the objects and institutions already suggested, it is proposed to form a Spiritual Historical Society, the immediate and ultimate purposes of which shall be the collection—from every part of the continent—of concise accounts of the more important occurrences and peculiar developments, in each particular locality; the number of believers and other desirable information, to be preserved in the archives of the Society, and with a view of furnishing, from authentic sources, the materials for a comprehensive and philosophical history of the new Reformation.

5. It is further proposed to found a Public Library, Reading Room, Portrait Gallery of eminent Seers, Spiritualists and Reformers, and a Museum of the curiosities of Spirit Art and Invention. The authors and publishers of Books and Periodicals, having relation to Spiritualism and all cognate subjects; the Mediums who write in foreign and unknown tongues; the Artists who draw and paint under the control of a super-terrestrial influence; and the Spirit-taught Inventors whose models are already in the Patent Office, will, doubtless, furnish such contributions to the Library, Portrait Gallery and Museum, as will at once render them objects of peculiar interest and important means of instruction.

Breadth of thought, patient research and manly independence are eminently becoming the treatment of grave questions; and yet in nothing are we more deficient than in conscientious but fearless criticism. We have numberless teachers who have no just claims to scholarship; dispirited, who engage in controversies without so much as knowing what constitutes an argument, and whose limping logic would exasperate the patient ghost of John Locke; essayists, whose course of elementary instruction in their vernacular was sadly neglected, and who, like certain ambitious children, use many large words in doubtful relations; philosophers without wisdom, who not only do not know how to state a proposition in philosophical terms, but do not appear to have even mastered the simplest definition of the word; metaphysical speculators, without any capital in the business, whose writings, expose the reader to an attack of vertigo; poets, who never had the first clear conception of the laws of metrical composition; gentle natures, always pregnant with mental phenomena, bearing flowery disquisitions, and with mild rhapsodies breaking out, here and there, like the efflorescence of roses, but containing nothing for the mind to subsist upon. And then, our historians remind us of the people who manufacture *providence*, by throwing both corn and cobs into the same hopper. That we may do no injustice to the honest miller by our comparison, we must note the fact that he really does grind whatever goes through his mill. There are also multitudes of uneasy souls, unwilling to learn by patient study, but itching for instant notoriety. These mistake fanciful facts, and sensations for ideas, and they need a vermifuge.

Well, mother-wit is a good thing, especially for those who really possess it; culture, too, is as good for brains and thoughts as it is for souls and plants; and, on the whole, we see no good reason why philosophy should have the "blind staggers," or literature go slipshod into polite society. The office of public instructor is one of great responsibility, and no person should undertake the heavy and the fine business of literature, science and art, who is either wanting in the ability, the industry or the patience to do his work honestly and well. When this suggestion shall have become a deep and general conviction we shall have a less number of teachers, but those that remain will be qualified for their work.

I am sure that no public or private interest is likely to be infringed in the pursuit of the objects herein proposed. There need be no conflict among the true friends of the same cause. Every sincere and earnest man and woman is not only entitled to the utmost freedom of thought and opinion, but each has an inalienable right to embody his or her ideal in the best form that the mind may conceive and the hand fashion. Indeed, the world most needs an *entire record of our convictions in our work*. Those who will be associated with this writer are not especially identified with any clique or party among Spiritualists and Reformers. We have outlived the era of theological dogmatism and theoretical hair-splitting. We have no idea of realizing the grand harmonious expression of human nature in a ceaseless repetition of crochets and quavers. Our conception of that harmony covers the scale of the divine life on earth. The principles of our faith and philosophy are broad and liberal, and our own particular aims and plans shall be no less catholic and comprehensive. We shall, therefore, gratefully accept the fellowship and cooperation of all friends, of both sexes, who can come—in the spirit of fraternal sympathy and mutual concession—to the aid of our enterprise.

Some time will necessarily be occupied in perfecting our plans. When we shall have completed our organization, the Stock Subscription Books will be opened in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco, and, possibly, in several other places. In the mean time we shall be pleased to correspond with those who may be disposed to aid in the accomplishment of the work before us. All such persons are cordially invited to address the undersigned at their convenience.

EXTENTS OF PROGRESS! The occasion and the time for action are here and now. The angels of the Christian Apocalypse were the apostles and teachers of the churches. The heavens descended when the truth was spoken. Let us not materialize the grandest spiritual realities. We need no longer wait for an archangel to come down from the zenith, in visible shape, to stand like a Colossus on the sea and the land. Already the heavens are opened, and the trumpets of the angels are the voices of the Reformers.

S. B. BUTLER, M. D.  
106 Clinton Avenue, Newark, N. J.

## THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

BY JOHN HARDY.

It is said of the old prophet Elijah, that, when in trouble on a certain occasion, he wished to commune with the spirit-world; and the phenomenal manifestations of "a great wind," "after the wind an earthquake," "and after the earthquake a fire," "and after the fire a still, small voice"—passed before him in succession; but the prophet recognized the presence of God only in "the still, small voice."

During my brief experience in investigating the subject of communion with spirits, I have had opportunity, in a number of instances, to note the superior power of "the still, small voice." On two or three occasions, when Mrs. Hardy, through utter exhaustion from frequent sittings, was, to all appearances, just on the brink of "the shining river," and gave no heed to calls in a loud tone, she would answer, instantly, on my speaking her name in a whisper. Recently I was called, for the last time, to the bedside of a dear sister, who had been unconscious a number of hours, and from which state she never rallied till the final separation. Her weeping children, wishing to hear that loved voice once more—once more to be recognized by their dear mother, raised her head in their arms, and, in the most endearing accents, called: "Mother! dear mother! do speak to us once before you go!" But it was of no avail; she failed to recognize the tender call. I also spoke her name in the usual tone, but received no response. It then occurred to me that Mrs. Hardy had heard the "still, small voice," when louder tones were not heeded by her; and I accordingly called my sister's name several times in the lightest whisper, my lips almost touching her face; still there was no response. But mark the sequel: Mrs. Hardy had been visited by the spirit-form of Mrs. Morgan—my sister—on four occasions since her departure, as distinctly and as tangibly as when in life. Mrs. H., on these occasions, was in her normal condition. On the fourth visit she came, she presented herself in the "séance room"—opening the door, entering the apartment where the medium was seated, and taking a chair opposite her. They conversed some minutes together, "as a man talketh to his friend," and among the questions propounded to her by my wife was this: "Were you conscious of what was going on around you while lying in the stupor?" and her reply was: "I heard John trying to call me back." I had never informed my wife as regards my calling her at all; and my theory is, that, though perfectly unconscious of other sounds, her spirit heard and recognized the "still, small voice," given in the gentlest whisper. Perhaps it might be beneficial to have the experiences of others on this point.

Isinglass quarries are operated in Heard Co., Ga.

## IMMORTALITY PROVED.

BY THE  
TESTIMONY OF SENSE:  
In which is Contemplated the Doctrine of  
Spirits, and the Existence of a  
Particular Spectre.

Addressed to the Candor of this Enlightened Age.

BY ABRAHAM CUMMINGS.

SECTION III.—CONTINUED.

TESTIMONY IV.

Testimony of Capt. James Millar.

August 7. Mr. Blaisdel came to my house, and desired me to go to his own, where I might hear and see for myself. He also went to Capt. Samuel Simon's with the same request. Capt. Simon and his wife, S—B— and N—G—, who were there, came with him to my house, and we all went to Mr. Blaisdel's. When we had been there some minutes, Capt. Simon, by desire, prayed. His prayer was immediately followed by a knocking, and we all went into the cellar. Mr. Blaisdel asked what was wanted, and who it was. It answered, "I was once N. H." I asked, "How was man made?" "Out of the dust," said the voice; "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. You have the Bible, and that is God's truth, and do you abide by it. Love God and keep his commandments." After some conversation with Mrs. Simon and others, she said, "I must go," and we heard no more. It was now broad daylight, the outer cellar door being open, and utterly impossible that any living person should be there but those whom we could see and know. The voice was about six feet from me.

August 8. I went to that house with many people, among whom I observed much disorderly behavior. The spirit spoke but little, and I returned with a resolution to go no more to that house on such an errand.

August 12. Just before daylight, I heard singing, as I lay in bed, approaching to my house. Presently, by my leave, my house was filled with people, and I heard knockings on the floor. By the desire of certain persons, I went into the cellar with Capt. P—B—. After some discourse of the voice with him, which I understood not, I heard sounds of knocking near me. I asked, "What do you want of me?" It answered, "I have come to let you know that I can speak in this cellar as well as in the other." "Are you convinced?" I answered, "I am." "Now," said the voice, "the company must be solemn and stand in order before your door; I am going to appear. Now, do you remember that I was once N. H.?" We went up and complied with her direction, and I saw a personal shape coming toward us, white as the light. By the Spectre's order, as I was informed, Mrs. Butler went toward her. "Lydia," said the Spectre, "you are scared. You must sing." Then she sang an hymn. The spirit came almost to us; then turned, and Mrs. Butler with her, and went several rods toward Capt. Simon's, and appeared to take her by the hand to urge her on farther, and disappeared in an instant.

Mrs. Butler returned and informed the company—as I was told—that, if they would walk to Mr. Blaisdel's solemnly as to a funeral, the spirit would walk with Mrs. Butler behind them. The company did so. But I, being far forward, saw nothing. Mrs. Butler had expressed her unwillingness to go to Capt. Simon's, and was excused, as she afterwards told us.

JAMES MILLAR.

TESTIMONY V.

Of Mrs. M. G.

On the 11th of August, 1869, about two hours before daylight, while I slept in Mr. Blaisdel's house, I was waked by the sound of knocking. I got up, and, with about twenty others, went into the cellar. There I heard such a voice speaking to us as I never heard before nor since. It was shrill, but very mild and pleasant.

Mr. Blaisdel, in addressing the voice, said that several persons (of whom I was one) had come from a distance to obtain satisfaction, and desired that she would tell us who she was and the design of her coming. She answered, "I was once N. H., and after I was married, I was N. B." After much conversation upon the design of her coming, she appeared to us. At first, the apparition was a mere mass of light; then grew into personal form, about as tall as myself. We stood in two ranks, about four or five feet apart. Between these ranks she slowly passed and repassed, so that any of us could have handled her. When she passed by me, her nearness was that of contact; so that, if there had been a substance, I should have certainly felt it. The glow of the apparition had a constant tremulous motion. At last, the personal form became shapeless, expanded every way, and then vanished in a moment.

Then I examined my own white gown and handkerchief, but I could no more see them than if they had been black.

Nothing more being now seen or heard, we were moving to go up, when the voice spoke again, and desired us to tarry longer. We did so, and the spirit talked with us another hour, even till broad daylight. She mentioned to us the ill-treatment which Mr. Blaisdel's family had suffered by reproach and false accusation, and told us that they would, on her account, be more despised and ridiculed in time to come than they had been already.

Her discourse concluded by a solemn exhortation to the old, the middle-aged and the young. The present life, she said, was but a moment, in which we must be renewed, or be miserable forever.

In her address to the youth, she observed that it was now the Lord's Day, and that we must retire to our homes, read the Bible, pray, and keep the day holy. It was then she uttered these lines of Dr. Watts:

"He had said that Mr. Blaisdel's family could not raise the spirit anywhere but in their own house, as several have testified."



"This is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead.  
Why should I keep my eyes closed,  
And waste my hours in vain?  
After speaking much more which I cannot re-  
member, she sang praises, and left us.  
Her notes were very pleasant. Her words were  
in no higher style than common, yet were they  
exceedingly impressive. MARY GORDON.

TESTIMONY VI.  
*Testimony of Mrs. Sally Wentworth.*  
On the 21 of January, 1860, Hannah Blaisdel  
came to Mr. Butler's house, and informed me that  
the extraordinary voice which they had heard  
had declared itself to be that of my sister, and  
that I must go to her father's house.

I told her to her face that I did not believe it.  
The next day, I received the same message by  
three other persons, two of which belonged to two  
other families, and returned the same answer.  
Nevertheless, to give satisfaction, Capt. Butler,  
Mr. Wentworth and I went with them to that  
house. Capt. Butler and I examined the cellar  
with a candle, and in a few minutes after, Lydia  
and I went down there. Capt. S. and some  
others went with us, but none of them stood be-  
fore us. While I held Lydia by the arm, we  
heard the sound of knee-knocking, and a voice  
answered, the sound of which brought  
fresh to my mind that of my sister's voice, in an  
instant. But I could not understand it at all;  
thought it was within the compass of my embrace,  
and, had it been a creature which breathed, it  
would have breathed in my face, and I had no  
impediment of hearing. But Lydia told me that  
it said, "We must live in peace, and be united."  
Then we came up, but Capt. S. with Lydia  
and others, went down again. I passed through  
the room which led to the cellar, into another  
room; and there I was much surprised when I  
plainly understood, by the same kind of voice,  
still speaking in the cellar, these words: "I am the  
voice of one crying in the wilderness, and this is tes-  
tified by several others who were with me."  
From this time, I cleared Lydia as to the voice,  
and accused the devil.

August 8th, I was there again with about thirty  
others, and heard much conversation. Her voice  
was still hoarse and thick, like that of my sister  
on her death-bed, but more hollow. Sometimes  
it was clear, and always pleasant. A certain per-  
son, did—in my opinion, very unwisely—ask her  
whether I was a true Christian. The reply was,  
"She thinks she is—she thinks she is. She is my  
sister."

August 13-14, I heard the same voice in the  
same place, and did then believe it was that of  
my sister. She talked much with Capt. S., and  
exhorted the people. Mr. Sp. asked her  
if I believed that she was my sister. The answer  
was, "She believes now." By the direction of  
the spirit, we went to Capt. M.—r, but I never  
saw her.

Before I reached home that morning, the whole  
affair to me appeared a delusion; for she had said  
that she must go to two houses, and went to but  
one. My real sister, I trust, is incapable of false-  
hood. Her countenance, expressive of heavenly  
peace, consoled me in her last hours.

Some time after this, Mr. Butler brought to me  
from the Spectre the private conversation which  
I know I had with my sister—in her lifetime, at a  
certain hour when we were alone together, and  
which he declares he never knew before, as a  
token that I was her sister. It is true, I had  
never revealed it to any person, and I do not be-  
lieve that my sister ever did; but could not some  
evil spirit hear that conversation, and afterwards  
personate my sister, and reveal it to Capt. Butler?  
For what purpose should my sister become visible  
to us? There was certainly no dispute nor diffi-  
culty in my father's family, or that of Mr. Butler,  
which could be any reason for her coming.

SALLY WENTWORTH.  
Mrs. Wentworth had now an opportunity to  
hear the voice of Lydia and the voice of the Spectre  
in the same time and place, that she might  
have the best advantage to judge whether or not  
there was the least agreement between them. And  
that Lydia had never learned to utter two  
voices in the same minute, the one her natural  
voice, the other the dying voice of this woman's  
sister, appears from the certainty that, through-  
out all the time of the Spectre's last sickness and  
death, Lydia was two hundred miles distant from  
her.

When Mrs. Wentworth heard in the east room  
that sentence of the ghost, "I am the voice of one  
crying in the wilderness," this was the only time  
in which the ghost uttered those words for that  
day, as several witnesses (nem. con.) declare.  
Hence it follows that this was the exact minute  
when Capt. Simson, in the cellar, within eight  
feet of the voice, and free from deafness, heard  
only a sound, while they stood by him un-  
derstood the words plainly. (Compare this with  
a sentence in Test. 4, 24 part.)

The reality of the token appears from the un-  
doubted veracity of Mrs. W., her inflexible opposi-  
tion, and the oath of Capt. Butler, the reputed  
dupe of the whole business.

TESTIMONY VII.  
*Testimony of Mr. Jeremiah Bunker.*

On August 9th, 1860, I went to Mr. Blaisdel's  
where there were about twelve people.

After hearing the discourse of the Spectre, she  
appeared before us, and disappeared, several  
times. She came close by me and three or four  
others several times, so that each of us could  
have handled her. The personal shape, when it  
disappeared, first changed to a substance without  
form, and then vanished in a moment where it  
was; and after a short space, the full personal  
form appeared again in a moment. These changes  
I observed several times. I thought then, and  
ever since, that the whole was a deception; for I  
cannot see how there could be such a clear per-  
sonal shape where no living person was. She  
was in the shape of a person as much as any per-  
son could be.

THE SECOND PART PRESENTS THE ATTESTATION OF  
those who favor the cause, or at least have not  
appeared openly against it.

TESTIMONY I.  
*Testimony of Mr. Abner Blaisdel.*

May 20th, 1860, The Spectre conversed with  
three of my family. To dispel their fears, she  
introduced her conversation by these words: "I  
have come again. Be not afraid; I will not hurt  
you."

That is, that they heard the same words.  
There was not only this similarity in voice, but the same  
phrases which she was accustomed to use, and which were  
peculiar to her in her lifetime, she uttered now, as several  
of her intimate acquaintances have informed me.  
She had come several times before, as the preceding tes-  
timony shows. Five months before this, Mr. Blaisdel's son P.  
and his sisters were sent by the ghost to a house where sev-  
eral young people were met for amusement; not for this  
purpose, but for terminating a difference between them and  
one of that company. The ghost strictly charged them to  
go and return in peace, and to abstain from all appearance  
of evil. The property of this small group appears by its  
concordance with the events which followed. But as it  
stands isolated before the eyes of pride and folly, how  
despicable it must appear! Had such eyes looked on when  
the first silk-worm was formed, it would have appeared a  
trivial and unimportant thing. As the heavens are  
higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your  
ways, says the Lord, and my thoughts than your thoughts.  
It would be very strange indeed if a messenger from heaven

you. I did not come to hurt you; I am a friend  
to you all." One of them answered, "I cannot  
help being afraid." "You need not be," said the  
Spectre—"you need not be. I never did hurt  
you, did I?" "No," it was answered. "And I  
shall not hurt you," said the Spectre. "Put your  
things in place." Conduct as formerly; for nothing  
will hurt you."

To Capt. Butler the Spectre said, "Be kind to  
your wife; for she will not be with you long. She  
will have but one child, and then die." It was  
now that the Spirit sent a token to Mrs. Hooper,  
her mother, by which Mrs. Hooper declares she  
must have been her daughter.

August 6th, I had for some time heard that my  
father was sick, but had since received no news  
from him. I ventured to ask how my father did.  
"He is in heaven," said she, "praising God with  
the angels." I afterwards found, by other means,  
that my father died seven days before this. He  
lived two hundred miles from me.

When she was at this time, the voice sounded  
in the air further and further from us, uttering  
these words: "I am in heaven, praising God and  
the Lamb, with angels, archangels, cherubim and  
seraphim. Glory, glory, glory to God and the  
Lamb. I am going, I am going, I am going to  
Christ."

August 8th, About thirty people came to my  
house. That night the Spectre had much solemn  
conversation with them on religious subjects.  
Mr. N. H. expressed his desire to handle her,  
and she gave him liberty. Sometimes the in-  
imitable voice would sound ten or twelve feet from  
us, then close to our faces, then again at a dis-  
tance; and these changes were instantaneous.  
After broad daylight, the outer door being open,  
when we could plainly see each other, the voice  
spoke to us all, and said, "Let any one who  
pleases come and handle me; for Christ says that  
a spirit hath not flesh and bones."

Some person then said to Mr. H.—n, "Now, if  
you want to handle her, why do n't you go?"  
Then he crowded through the people to the  
place where the voice was still speaking, and  
said, "I find nothing here to handle."

August 9th, 1860, We placed ourselves in order,  
according to the direction of the Spectre; and a  
white appearance, at first very small, rose before  
me, and grew to a personal stature and form. It  
stood directly before Capt. Butler, while he and  
his wife stood beside each other. I saw him put  
his hand on the apparition, and I saw his hand  
pass through it. Then it vanished. There were  
now about twelve persons here.

On August 11th, she discoursed with about  
twenty persons, of whom I was one. "I come,"  
said she, "to warn you against sin; and if there  
is not a change before the soul leaves the body,  
you will be forever miserable."

After the Spirit had spoken many things of  
this nature, Mr. U. expressed his desire to see  
her. "You shall see me," said she; "I will ap-  
pear to you all." She appeared and disappeared  
before us several times, and talked while she ap-  
peared. She came close to us, and some said they  
saw the child in her arms. My son P. observed  
it, and said, "Her child is now in her arms." "So  
it is," said she—"so it is."

When it was daylight, she told us that this was  
the day when Christ rose from the dead; that it  
was God's precious time, and must be kept holy,  
and that she must return to carry on the work of  
praise; and then sang praises, and left us.

Next morning, while I was at work in my field,  
I was told that the Spirit had sent for me. I went  
into my house, heard a voice, but saw nothing.

This voice, which declared itself to be N. H.,  
said, "Call for my parents, P. S. S. C., his wife,  
and others, who appear to you to know Christ,  
that they may hear and see; for they will tell the  
truth." I performed the errand, and those per-  
sons came, with more than forty others, that  
night. I went into the cellar, and asked who  
should come. "They must all come," said she;  
"leave not a soul behind." I gave the informa-  
tion, and they complied. The Spirit first asked  
her parents whether they believed she was their  
daughter; and they said, "Yes." "Do you want  
to see me?" said she. And they said, "No." She  
asked her father if he was ready to go with her,  
if the Lord should call him. "I am afraid I am  
not," said he; "but the Lord can make me will-  
ing." "That is right," she answered. Then, after  
conversing with her mother in a very affecting  
manner, she said to both, "You were my dear  
parents once; but now you are no more to me  
than others." Then to Capt. P. S. she said, "You  
have become hard against me." "So I have,"  
said he; "do you love Christ?" "Yes, I do,"  
said she—"yes, I do." P. S.—"Then you love me."  
"Yes, I do." Do you not remember that, soon  
after I was married, you told me that I was mar-  
ried to G. B., and how happy I should be if I was  
married to Christ; and I said I was not, but I  
wished I was?" P. S.—"Yes, I remember it very  
well." "Now I am married to Christ," said she;  
"now I am married to Christ—now I am married  
to Christ."

"You used to meet with us at my house, and  
once, at the time of a certain prayer, I observed  
you to be much affected." "Yes, I was," said  
she, "and the Lord was then breaking my heart."

Then she spoke to her mother, and said, "I never  
knew that you experienced a change of nature  
before you died, and I should be glad if you  
would tell when you experienced it." "It was,"  
said she, "when I lay upon my death-bed." Then  
she spoke to her parents, and reminded them of  
the conversation which had passed between them  
at that time respecting the loss of her child.  
"That it was," said she, "that I received my  
change."

After much other conversation, which I do not  
remember, the Spirit said to us, "There is one of  
this family who is not here." Some person asked  
if we should go and call him. She said, "No; I  
am going where he is. They say I can appear  
nowhere but here; but I mean to convince them  
that I can appear in other places. I must appear  
before you all this night, and go to the next house,  
and to another. You must all go up, and be  
ready to walk with me. But you must walk in  
order, two and two, solemnly, as if you were fol-  
lowing a friend to the grave; for the Lord is a  
God of peace, and not of confusion. Sing a  
psalm as you walk, and I will walk with Lydia  
after you." We all went up, and, in about an  
hour after, we heard the token, and placed our-  
selves before the door; and, hearing it again, we  
walked on to Capt. M.'s, and the Spirit knocked  
under his floor. He and my son went down, and,  
after conversing with my son, she told Capt. M.  
who she was, and the purpose of her coming to  
his house, and asked him if he was satisfied; and  
he told her that he was. Then she directed him  
to go up and tell the people to stand in order be-  
fore the door, and she would appear before them  
in the field. They did so, and she appeared to  
them, and disappeared, as some of them informed  
me. By her direction, we walked back to my  
house.

After much other conversation, which I do not  
remember, the Spirit said to us, "There is one of  
this family who is not here." Some person asked  
if we should go and call him. She said, "No; I  
am going where he is. They say I can appear  
nowhere but here; but I mean to convince them  
that I can appear in other places. I must appear  
before you all this night, and go to the next house,  
and to another. You must all go up, and be  
ready to walk with me. But you must walk in  
order, two and two, solemnly, as if you were fol-  
lowing a friend to the grave; for the Lord is a  
God of peace, and not of confusion. Sing a  
psalm as you walk, and I will walk with Lydia  
after you." We all went up, and, in about an  
hour after, we heard the token, and placed our-  
selves before the door; and, hearing it again, we  
walked on to Capt. M.'s, and the Spirit knocked  
under his floor. He and my son went down, and,  
after conversing with my son, she told Capt. M.  
who she was, and the purpose of her coming to  
his house, and asked him if he was satisfied; and  
he told her that he was. Then she directed him  
to go up and tell the people to stand in order be-  
fore the door, and she would appear before them  
in the field. They did so, and she appeared to  
them, and disappeared, as some of them informed  
me. By her direction, we walked back to my  
house.

By her direction, we walked back to my  
house.

By her direction, we walked back to my  
house.

By her direction, we walked back to my  
house.

house in the same order; and then I saw her  
plainly, about thirty feet from me, in the form  
and stature of a person, white as the light, and  
moving after us like a cloud, without ambulatory  
motion.

ABNER BLAISDEL.  
I have discoursed with all these persons, ex-  
cept two or three, whose names are mentioned in  
this testimony, and they all attest to almost all  
the facts which are here related, as being known  
to them.

TESTIMONY II.  
*Testimony of Miss Mary Card.*

I am not only a witness to many things in the  
preceding relation, but I further declare that, on  
August 13th, about two o'clock in the day, while  
Mr. Blaisdel was gone for evidence, the Spirit  
knocked, and M. M. and I went near to the place  
of the sound, and asked what was wanted.

The Spirit answered, "I have come—I have  
come. Make room, for I am coming among you." I  
pleaded that she would not. "I must—I must,"  
said she; "do n't be scared." I answered, we  
were poor, sinful creatures, and could not help it,  
and again earnestly entreated her not to come.

I now saw her plainly appear in shining white,  
and she asked me if any person in the house  
wanted to see her. I then called on Miss P. C.,  
who in the same hour had said that, "though she  
had heard the voice speak, she would not believe  
it was that of a ghost." I asked her now to come  
and see her, and she did. "Now," said the ghost,  
"satisfy yourselves. Here I am—here I am; sat-  
isfy yourselves." Miss P. C. answered that she  
was satisfied. The ghost then spoke several  
other things, which I cannot remember.

TESTIMONY III. MARY CARD.  
*Testimony of Miss Margaret Miller.*

I was present at the same time, and heard all  
that is here declared by Miss Mary Card. I saw  
the apparition, and heard her speak at the same  
time.

MARGARET MILLER.

TESTIMONY IV.  
*Testimony of Capt. Paul Simson.*

January 31, 1860, I was at the house of Mr.  
Blaisdel. His son P. desired me to go with him  
into the cellar. I went down with him and his  
two sisters, and Mrs. C. M.

I heard a rapping, and asked in the name of  
Christ what it wanted. I heard a voice consid-  
erably loud, but could not understand it; but some  
who were present told me that it said, "I am the  
voice of one crying in the wilderness. Prepare ye  
the way of the Lord; make his paths straight.  
Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call  
upon him while he is near."

After some silence, it rapped again. I spoke to  
it in the name of Christ, and said, if there was  
anything it could utter for peace, to utter it. It  
answered, "I am not to be trifled with. I am not  
to be trifled with. I am not to be trifled with."  
Peace, peace, peace."

Then they all went up except Lydia and my-  
self, and I held her by the hand. She was much  
terrified, and said, "I feel so, I cannot stay. I  
must go up." "Stay awhile," said I; "perhaps it  
will speak again." "I cannot," said she, and be-  
gan to urge me away. I consented; and when  
we had come up, she told me what I had myself  
perceived, that the cellar began to grow light  
when the voice was uttered, and that she heard  
a rushing noise.

Some time after, I was in the same cellar with  
a number of people, and heard a plain voice,  
clearly understood by others, but not at all by  
myself, though as near to it as others, and free  
from deafness. The voice appeared to me in-  
imitable.

August 8th, I was there again with thirty oth-  
ers, and heard the conversation of the Spectre  
with several persons. Mr. N. H. mentioned his  
desire to handle her. "Handle me, and see," said  
she; "for Christ tells you that a spirit hath not  
flesh and bones."  
Mr. T. U. said, "If you are a happy soul, inter-  
cede for me." The reply was, "None but Christ  
intercedes." "There are among us," said Mr. U.,  
"several denominations of Christians: Presbyter-  
ians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists.  
Which of all these are right?" The voice an-  
swered, "There are good and bad of all these  
sorts for the elect's sake."

In August 13-14, while I was at the same house,  
the Spirit informed us that she could not speak  
freely in the night of August 9th, because the be-  
havior of the people had been so rude, but ex-  
pressed her joy in discoursing with Christians.  
"You know," said I, "a thousand times more than  
any of us." "Yes, I do," said she. Mr. Blaisdel  
told me, "You stand too near her." Then I  
asked, "Do I stand too near you?" "No," said  
she; "stand as near as you please." I felt sur-  
prised, and said it was a wonderful event. "Yes,"  
the Spirit replied, "it is a wonderful event, indeed.  
Do you not remember what you told me, just  
after I was married—that, if I was married to  
Christ, how happy I should live?" "Yes," I an-  
swered, "I remember it very well." She exhorted  
the young people, and told them that without a  
change they would be miserable.

After this, the Spirit expressed her resolution  
to convince us that Mr. Blaisdel and his family  
were clear of the evils alleged against them.  
"They say I am a witch and a devil," said she;  
"and they said that Christ was a devil." The  
Spirit said other things, which I remember not.

At last she told them she was about to appear  
in order to convince them. Then, by her direc-  
tion, we went up, and, having prayed together,  
and heard the token, we walked on to Capt. M.'s,  
singing the eighty-fourth Psalm. I was one of  
the foremost of the company, and did not see it  
then; but the greatest number of those who were  
behind me said they saw it plainly.

When we were at Capt. M.'s house, we stood in  
the field while Mr. Butler, in great fear, walked  
with the Spirit before us a few rods toward

These words were heard by eight persons.  
This answer she now denies, but owns she saw the ap-  
parition.

These outlandish wanderings were some of the first  
words which the voice uttered, and they appeared strange  
to us all. They appeared void of instruction, impertinent,  
and utterly unprofitable to anything which was seen, re-  
membered or expected among us. None were then trifling  
with her; all wondered, and many were solemnized. Nor  
was there any remarkable contention among us. But after  
her speaking so much in a by-place (a cellar) sepa-  
rate from the common dwelling of man, like John 11:27  
the wilderness, has offered us. If her paths were the Lord's,  
instead of making them strait, we have made them crooked  
by misconception, misrepresentation and falsehood. While  
the ghost was then speaking, one of the company was near  
the door, and resumed the people out of the Scriptures  
with what contempt and ridicule has the ghost been  
treated on account of the marriage! Therefore, "I am not  
to be trifled with" was pertinent. What violent con-  
tention, occasioned by her messages, appropriate the terms  
"Peace, peace," or "There must be peace," as she more  
plainly said to another person, about the same time.

Here we see that the direct answer was entirely avoided.  
It was no design of her mission. We have the Bible, by  
which we can see the angels must be tried. To the law and  
to the testimony. If they speak not according to this word,  
it is because they have no light in them, from whatever  
ground, and profess to come. She accordingly took this  
ground, and resumed the people out of the Scriptures  
as the standard of truth by which she would be tried.

It was matter of trial to some Christians among us, that  
the Spirit should thus associate with one who never gave  
any evidence of piety; but the Spirit informed them  
that her husband was the Lord's, and would repeat before  
she left the world.

Capt. Simson, and then returned and told us  
that we must walk back, two and two, to her fa-  
ther's house, singing, and the Spirit would follow  
us back. We did so. Mr. D. and I walked be-  
hind all, except Mrs. Butler, in order, if possible,  
to see the apparition. When we had walked  
about fifteen rods, I saw a white appearance for-  
ward of us, to the left hand. As we passed by it,  
it fell in after us, and walked with Mrs. Butler.

Mr. D. and I turned and looked upon them, and  
heard them talk. We walked a little way further,  
stopped and looked upon them, and heard them  
talk again; but they spoke with no low a voice  
we could not understand them. The spirit ap-  
peared in personal form, white as snow, about as  
tall as Mrs. Butler.

It was now daybreak. I turned my eyes from  
the object, and in half a minute looked toward it  
again, but it was gone. Mr. D. then told me he  
saw it disappear.

PAUL SIMSON.

TESTIMONY V.  
*Testimony of Mr. Samuel Ingalls.*

August 13-14, 1860. I was at the house of Mr.  
Blaisdel in the evening, with about forty people;  
we went into the cellar with a candle, which discov-  
ered to us the whole cellar, so that no person  
here could be concealed from us. The light being  
put out, we heard a knocking. It was spoken to,  
and a voice shrill and pleasant, like what I never  
heard before, answered (and talked with us). Mr.  
Downing asked her if she knew him. She said,  
"Yes," and called him by name three times. She  
often uttered her sentences three times. He asked  
the Spirit if she had ever been at his house. The  
answer was, that she had been there once.

Capt. P. S. said, "You know as much as a thou-  
sand of us." "Yes, yes," she answered, "but it  
will not be long before some here will know as  
much."

Mr. Blaisdel asked the Spirit when she experi-  
enced her change. She answered that it was on  
her death-bed; and then uttered the words,  
"Glory, glory, glory. Alleluia, alleluia."

After some silence, some person asked the  
Spirit, "Are you about to leave us?" She an-  
swered, "I must go when Jesus calls. I must  
appear and walk with you this night; but you  
must walk in order. I will walk behind with L.,"  
and told us that she had walked with her before.  
"If you do," said Mrs. Butler, "I shall faint  
away." "No," said the Spectre, "you shall not  
faint again," and then said to the people, "If she  
faints again, do n't you believe me."

Mrs. Butler never fainted after this. We went  
to Capt. M.'s, and stood there. Mrs. Butler  
walked—as I was told she was before ordered—  
several rods from us; and I saw something ap-  
pear white, by her side, but no personal form. I  
heard Mrs. Butler say that, when the Spirit was  
with her, and talked with her, she was not so  
much afraid as when she expected her coming.

SAMUEL INGALLS.

TESTIMONY VI.  
*Testimony of Mr. James Springer.*

August 13, 1860. After much conversation with  
the Spectre, she told us that she must talk and  
appear at the house of Capt. M., because he had  
reported that she could not be anywhere but at  
Mr. Blaisdel's house. "And L. must walk with  
me," said she, "that you may all see that she is  
one person and I another."

We walked in order to that house, and I saw  
the Spirit as plainly as ever I saw any person. I  
saw the Spirit appear and disappear several times  
that night.

A part of this testimony is lost.  
[To be continued in our next.]

She had several times fainted before.  
"Do n't you believe a word of all that I have told you,"  
say some who heard it.

**Banner Correspondence.**

**Illinois.**

BLOOMINGTON.—John S. Scribner writes,  
June 26th, as follows: It may be of interest to the  
readers of the Banner of Light to hear from this  
part of the "moral vineyard," so I propose, with  
your consent, to say a word or two. Our city has  
a population of about eighteen thousand souls,  
and noted for its enterprise and general "go-a-  
head-ness" and liberality in all business pur-  
suits peculiar to the locality. We have of this  
population a large share of "liberal" religious  
people, and quite a good many outspoken Spiritu-  
alists, though of this latter we have not quite so  
many perhaps as we should have had if there had  
not been a fusion of the liberal elements of the  
people some years ago, which resulted in the for-  
mation of the Free Congregational Society. Still  
I think great good has come out of the fusion,  
though not so much perhaps as would have result-  
ed from a bold, unmasked organization of  
Spiritualists; however in this I may be mistaken  
—it is simply my notion of things.

We have fine, well organized churches of the  
various denominations, which do, in their way,  
a certain work that is necessary to be done. Among  
the number of churches is the "Free Congrega-  
tional" church or society, referred to above, vul-  
garly known as the "Broad Gauge Church," be-  
cause of its comprehensive and liberal articles of  
association, the chief of which is that each mem-  
ber has a right to believe as he or she may elect,  
and to do all the good and as little harm as pos-  
sible. The society has a minister, talented, and  
popular, and is doing as good a work as can be  
done in the sphere of action in which he is placed.  
Still there are those who are not content with  
the brilliant and eloquent sermons that emanate  
from the pulpit, and long for the more spiritual  
productions that come from the gifted lecturers  
of spiritualistic faith; and while, as previously in-  
timated, we have no regularly organized spiritual  
society, there are many of our people who be-  
lieve in the philosophy and many who are "search-  
ing for more light" on the subject. I know of  
several circles, which meet two or three times a  
week each for investigation and development.  
Some of our best citizens are from some silent  
cause, becoming interested in this great system of  
spirit-intercourse which all believers prize so  
highly.

I have been agreeably surprised to find men  
and women, in good standing in some of the Or-  
thodox churches, "making inquiry" in circles,  
concerning the life beyond. The great question,  
"If a man die shall he live again?" has not been  
answered, to the satisfaction of many, by the  
popular religions of the day, and the people will,  
if they can, get that answer, and nowhere in the  
purgatory can that be obtained, to the satisfaction  
of all, save through the channel provided by the  
Great Father, who has made it possible for dear  
friends, in and out of this sphere, to communicate  
together, and thus answer in the affirmative the  
question propounded.

We have among us several good test and clair-  
voyant mediums, and more are being developed  
who do not care, perhaps, to have their names  
made public, but who are doing, in a quiet way,  
a vast amount of good, contributing much toward  
satisfying the minds of investigators. We have  
also several healing mediums located with us.  
The most prominent of those who have thus done  
the angels' work is Mrs. Dr. Mary Lewis, who  
came to this city about two years ago, since which  
time she has effected many cures of the most ob-  
stinate cases. There are numbered among those  
who are, and have been, her patients, many of the  
best citizens of this place and adjoining towns,  
some of whom have certified in print to the ef-  
ficacy of the treatment received from her hands.  
She is a noble woman, doing a noble work, and  
with the blessings of her angel troupe, she does  
succeed.

Miss Helen Grover, too, we are proud to claim,  
though she is absent a good share of the time, and  
is now in Philadelphia, playing her ready hands  
to the great work she has undertaken. This sis-  
ter has been in the field of healing and lecturing

comparatively but a short time, yet she has done  
and is doing a fine work, and has succeeded be-  
yond our most sanguine expectations. May  
heaven bless all these noble workers who have  
cast their lot with the advance guard and have  
so much to contend and battle with. Surely their  
reward must be great.

And now, dear Banner, I fear I have written  
more than may be profitable, but one word for  
you, and I have done. I am indeed rejoiced that  
you have stood up so nobly and fearlessly for the  
cause of Spiritualism these many years; you took  
up the cause in its infancy, and have done battle  
through good and evil report, and you have es-  
tablished the philosophy as well as yourself in  
the hearts and minds of many thousands of peo-  
ple, and to-day you witness both a success. May  
heaven bless you in your future efforts for the  
right.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—A correspondent writes July 21: A  
little episode occurred in our "good city," on  
the evening of July 21, which I think deserves a cor-  
ner in your columns. I presume it is well  
known to you that the Spiritualists of Lynn  
have held regular morning "circles" and con-  
ference meetings at their hall during the past "sea-  
son." But perhaps it is not so well known that



## Autobiographical.

## A Brief Narrative of the Life and Experience of Marcus R. H. Wright.

I am sorry to feel the necessity, dear reader, of taking my pen in my own hand to write concerning myself. The only justification which I can offer for so doing is the fact that my experience during the past three years and six months, has been so remarkable and so absolutely beyond all ordinary understanding, that I reluctantly accept the task of writing a comment upon myself.

Hume, the author of the History of England, says in his introduction to that scholarly and voluminous work, that "it is hardly possible to write concerning oneself without manifesting arrogance and self-esteem." While I am much inclined to agree with this too commonly verified statement of the great Scottish annalist, I hope in presenting a brief narrative of my personal realizations in life, to avoid any serious fault of this nature; although I must confess that I hold a very strong attachment for the person who is the subject of the following abbreviated biographical sketch.

I was born in the village of East Victor, Ontario County, in the State of New York, on the seventeenth day of December, 1831. My father was a clergyman, but closed his ministerial career when I was a mere child. He was a somnambulist from his birth, and during his early life frequently arose from his bed at night and wandered in sleep. This peculiarity of mind was inherited, to a greater or less degree, by all of his children.

The writer is somewhat reluctant to acknowledge himself an *absentee*, not because he is scrupulous about fathering his own nature, but for the reason that to lose oneself in reflection, so to speak, or to be called stupid and forgetful, is many times unpleasant; and moreover this state of mind is inimical to success in the pursuit of business, or those duties and occupations of every-day life which require close application and executive thought.

In my younger days, I was, as I well remember, a most incessant and annoying questioner, and was forever thinking upon subjects which were far beyond my ability to comprehend. During hours of sleep I was made the recipient of many singular dreams and beautiful visions, and I was often both surprised and delighted as a result of their vivid and extraordinary character.

As I advanced in years, these became more frequent and more impressive. I wondered why it was that the mind during moments of repose should be able to grasp thought, establish ideas, experience emotion, or hold to reason and observation. I could not but think myself a very singular person to be always traveling about nights in my slumbers, visiting with friends, or meeting with strangers, being engaged in some sport or quarrelling with my boyish companions, getting into some bee's nest to be stung by the soldierly little honey-gatherers, or what is still more unpleasant, seeking refuge from enormous serpents which I often met with in these midnight rambles of the spirit.

I was convinced that I was the object of strange solitude somewhere, and as I had what the good folks at home called the "nightmare," on several occasions when I was really quite well, I concluded that my mind was played upon by some psychologic process.

I was inclined to accept the idea of the presence and protecting care of some unseen being or intelligence, whose influence, while it was always experienced as more or less emotional, was ever palpably realizable to my sensitive nature. I was prompted to do this, and urged to do that, all by a process of *impulsive feeling*, and when I obeyed these precedent inclinations, I usually met with the most perfect success in my various labors and undertakings.

Speaking of my own characteristics, I hope the reader will be able to pardon me for any seemingly unhappy statement which I may make while cross-questioning myself. I have to say, and that much against my own wishes, that I am and ever have been very troublesome to myself. I suppose this is a general peculiarity belonging to human nature. "The weight of the body," it is said, "and the needs of life, are the burden of the spirit and the soul's remorse."

My mother often reminds me that when I was a boy I always insisted upon whistling in the house, and would have all the honey and good things to eat. In my studies I was not altogether inapt; yet I greatly despised going to school. I loved a caravan, circus, theatre, or any other kind of a show, and almost invariably attended them when I could command sufficient means. Perhaps it was for this reason that in after years I became myself a showman and traveled for a living.

My natural inclinations have ever led me to be strictly honest, but in this—differing not materially from others, I presume—I have to confess that the "struggle for existence" has occasionally frustrated my better desires, and left me a choice in favor of a service to wrong doing. No intentional design, however, to follow in the pathway of unrighteousness, or to pursue a mischievous purpose in life, was ever awarded in my personal ambition or experience.

My life has been very happy at times; at others full of cares and misery. From observation and reflection I have become fully satisfied that the "judgments of the Almighty," as found and paid in the struggles and trials of life, are foreordained in creation, and abetted by the activities of matter and mind under the influence of fixed and eternal laws. My nature has ever rebelled against abuse and discord in any realizable sense, yet I have ever admired a free and trenchant jocularly. I have found in my contact with the world that "truth and veracity," as expressed in the words, dealing and conduct of men, are always more to be depended upon—and this is a sad comment to make upon human sympathy, kindness and benevolence—when money and pressing individual needs are not involved in their manifestation.

To be myself as others have to be themselves, has been and is the constant purpose of my being; and in this, at the same time, I can only add that I never have, and never can, recognize aught in human character or conduct so gracious or commendable as the qualities of goodness, honesty, sobriety, manliness and true personal worth—any divergence from the practice of these standard virtues, resulting, in my judgment, in self-delusion, individual distress and unhappiness.

Although my joy has often been alloyed with pain, and my wants have found refuge in needful mancoverings and unpleasant contention, I have seldom transcended the rigid limits of conventional desire, or wished for aught at the expense of the feelings or interests of others. My own hands and calculating forces of mind have enabled me to gain a tolerable sufficiency for the maintenance of myself and those who have been dependent upon my efforts for aid and the comforts of life.

In my own way I have undoubtedly been more or less obstinate and unyielding, as a free-thinker and advocate of somewhat unpopular opinions;

yet I think that I can safely say that I have not often thought to molest the adjuncts of felicity, as secured to others, through the sources of their own peculiar mental realizations, hopes, aspirations, joys, confidences, or more positive and reliable knowledge, as founded upon observation, reason, and practical or scientific demonstration. As I have been poor and cast about by ill-fortune, so have I been benefited by the trials and troubles which I have had to encounter. As I have culled joy from sorrow, so have I received lessons of wisdom from the distress and discomfort which I have experienced. As I have found the "humanity of man" less genial than I had believed it to be in my younger days, so have I unforgettingly hoped that the law of Divine Justice might, in the future, commend us to some more exalted and satisfactory state of being.

I have been called a Pagan for writing and publishing "The Life and Moral Axioms of Confucius." I have been called an "Atheist," an "Infidel," because of an acknowledged disbelief in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. I have been called "insane" for accepting the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy as fundamentally true. I have been called "mischievous" as a consequence of my showmanly characteristics, and all to gratify the mental foibles, whims, prejudices and self-flattering views which pertain to a bantering intelligence among men.

Little regarding such opinions—opinions which result from impulse, hatred, dominant peculiarities, educational bias, popular inclination or conformable habit, I have endeavored to walk in the pathway of righteousness without selfishness or pretence, and have tried to emulate a worthy manliness in life, however much I may have fallen short of fulfilling my obligation to an elevated ideal standard of individual perfection, or have derided a timely provision in my better personal interest.

The most singular features connected with my personal experience are those which belong to the *spiritual side of my nature*. My love for and contemplations upon the subject of a future life have met with a most singular reward. The principal facts I will here state for the benefit of the reader, and particularly those who may be interested in the study of mental phenomena.

When I was a boy only eight years old, my only brother, whom I devotedly loved, and who was six years older than myself, gave me a back-handed blow with a heavy ball-club across my eyes and the region of the perceptive faculties of my mind. I was felled to the ground, blind and senseless, and was at once carried into the house from the garden, where we were together with a fellow-companion, were engaged at play.

Several days elapsed ere I fully recovered my vision. My mind was injured. Time passed along; the circumstance was soon forgotten. I was young, and the vivaciousness of my youth prevented my thinking seriously of the matter; yet the effect of the injury which I had received was such that I could sense a change in the capacity of my memory.

Six years subsequent to the occurrence of this event my brother died, leaving me, the youngest child of my father's family, to mourn his untimely loss, and, in after years, to become the responsible agent of many household cares. My attachment to him, notwithstanding his decease, seemed not in the least degree cut off or forgotten; but a constant yearning and aspiration to reach a knowledge of his condition or state of being, inspired my thoughts and carried my reflections away, in fancy, to some heavenly realm, as I inferred, wholly beyond my ability to comprehend.

For many years after my brother's death it seemed to me as though I could sense his presence, or realize his nearness, through certain strange feelings and influences which descended upon me, as if to guide my efforts, or put me on my guard against personal mistakes and misfortunes. Indeed, I was the recipient of many evidences which tended to support a belief, in my mind, in the commonly received doctrine of "guardian watchfulness" and "angel ministrations." I was the subject of most singular impulses, and was many times compelled to yield to a sense of joy or sorrow, of anger or distress, of devotion, fear, hope, fervor or wretchedness, in a manner and at times almost wholly unaccountable.

In 1847 I began to investigate the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and soon became convinced of their supermundane origin. In company with the Rev. Charles Hammond, of Rochester, New York, I visited the Fox Family, and listened to the "mysterious noises." Subsequently my father's residence was made the place of some remarkable demonstrations. At a still later period a medium for "physical manifestations"—than whom I have never seen a better—came to our house and remained in our family for several months. Upon this occasion I gained access to testimony concerning Spiritualism which encompassed nearly the whole subject in its external aspects.

In 1863, and immediately after the death of my father, I moved west and settled in Middleville, Barry County, Michigan, where I still reside. It was soon after locating in this place that, through a circumstance, I was thrown into the condition of trance, from which I did not fully recover within a year and eight months. During this period I passed through an experience in mental training which was as truly distressing at times as at others it was pleasant, agreeable and instructive. My mind was actually caught and imprisoned in psychology, by a wary guardian spirit—even a brother—who came in answer to my long continued desire to teach me the "art of letters," to instruct me in regard to his present state of being, and to aid me to a more perfect understanding of "Nature and her laws."

My mental faculties were played upon, during my waking hours, without cessation, even as a pianist would play upon his favorite instrument. So fully did the spirit possess control of my nervous system and thoughts that for months it seemed to me as if my body and brain were *actualized* in the very life and intellect of some unseen deity of the air. Every feeling, every desire, the emotions of my mind, every sense and ability which I possessed, was pushed into activity, or masked and unmasked in a series of realizations wholly beyond the power of language to express. I was compelled to utter words, sentences, prose, poetry, and language which I did not understand, for weeks and weeks together. A powerful pressure rested, at such times, upon the top of my head. A current of mental elements, from my invisible magnetizer, descended upon and entered the various labyrinthine of my brain, grasping its very atoms, as if by an astrigent power, and causing it to act in a manner conformably to, yet very different from, its natural movements as appointed under the directing influence of my own will.

Gradually I began to hear a "still small voice" uttering words in my mind. This speech, or conversation, although given without vocal sounds, was the same in articulation, in every modulation of expression, in its address to the consciousness

ness of hearing, as affixed in the soul, as that given by oral communication. Thus I could sit and listen to persons speaking to me from two worlds at once. The one was natural, the other spiritual. The one was sonorous, the other a silent yet conformable reverberation of thought and words. Both were the same in their effect, and gave the same result to my understanding.

It was not until many weeks had passed, and I had endured much pain and suffering, that my spirit hearing became perfected. I lost forty-one pounds of flesh in the transition to this singular state of mind. The pressure upon the top of my head became so great at times that I was obliged to wear a heavy mask for protection. In this I became very angry in spite of myself, and abused the agents who so persistently diminished over the action of my senses. I honestly confess that I harrowed up the "king's English," and forgot every "Christian precept" while in this peculiar mental state.

The spirits gave me a punishment which greatly distressed me. While being educated, I was likewise being cajoled. I knew my own *flirt*, but was unable to gain relief. In my passion I concluded that I would respect the spirits no longer. I was sad and subdued. In my anxiety I took up my pen and appealed to Andrew Jackson Davis for advice and counsel by letter. An ominous silence reigned. One day, several weeks after, I received a letter from Mrs. Davis. It was a pleasant comfort, but not my relief. At the time to which I allude, I would have torn the heavens down over my own head had I been possessed of power, to have gained my freedom from spirit-control.

Dear reader, did you ever see a tunnel? I mean a thing which is in nearly every household, and which is used to convey liquids into jugs, decanters, barrels and smaller vessels. Imagine a tunnel set upon the very top of your head, and somebody unseen pouring the contents of indescribable mentality into your brain and understanding for weeks and weeks and months without cessation. This was my condition most of the time while awake; when I slept I became entranced, and my mind was carried into visions, the beauty and grandeur of which it would be impossible to describe.

Fifteen weeks after my note to Mr. Davis I was in a measure released from my sufferings. The laws of mind, the origin and destiny of man, the spirit-world (its place and position), and the future of the departed, were questions which had been answered to my entire satisfaction.

Thus the brother whom I had loved in my youth had spoken with me from his immortal home—had taught me by a severe lesson not only that his life was by Nature made eternally secure, but that to converse with me in open freedom of utterance, was a reprehensible offence against certain established principles of his being. His life was, however, mine in a degree to comprehend. I gazed through the darkness folds of outer Nature, and beheld an aerial state of existence. My brother lived, but he was greatly changed. A secret was on his lip. Why had he come back to speak with me? It was a knowledge which he had gained by watching my mind in its workings during many years, that the blow which he had given me by accident with the ball-club in my youth had left a lasting impression upon my mind. One day, as I sat musing upon my singular individual experience, he very kindly spoke to me and said:

"We are living in quiet and peaceful enjoyment in the *Re-mem-oir* of the superior realm. Your sisters Caroline, Jannett and Julia, together with myself, have remained in our respective aerial *Jot-tans* during most of the time since our departure from the terrestrial sphere. Sometimes we have wandered for a season over the heights of the atmosphere to view the various *Taces* and nations of the earth, but usually the home of our past worldly cares, friendships, attachments and devotion, is the sacred *Suzzyland* place to which we are confidently bound in the performance of guardian duties."

"I come back to you, my brother, through faith to a principle of mind not understood by men. The unfortunate blow which felled you to the ground, and which temporarily deprived you of your consciousness when a boy, gave me cause for distress when I became a spirit. Some four years after my entrance into the bright realm of immortality, a friend and companion in whom I trusted, pointed out to me in the movements of your mind a *deflection* in the power of memory which was caused by that unhappy circumstance. My soul bowed down in sorrow when I realized what I had done, and I vowed that I would serve you with greater freedom for the *sad fate* which resulted from a blow."

"It was not this alone, however, which induced me to speak with you. There are still other reasons which time will reveal. Be peaceful, quiet, happy, kind, generous and just, and you will be more contented and better blessed in mind. Do not make too many demands upon our condensation. When we deem it wise or needful, we will aid you. The spirit is a law unto itself. A familiarity with men is, by us, justly hampered by the ban of *mystery*. The light of our wisdom may not dawn upon the human world in a century. The felicitous privilege of existence, which we inherit—being unknown—is generally regarded as an insecure expectation by the self-wise of the earth. The turbid power of wealth, and the distinctions which money purloins from justice, are a sad comment upon human intelligence and practical righteousness, and a source of sorrow to the angels of heavenly spheres. In time the people of the earth will become better enlightened concerning us and our condition of being. It requires, however, more years to effect such a mental change among men than even the wisest prophets may foreknow. The work of reformation is slow, but sure. The enthusiastic and over-anxious are ever liable to meet with unlooked-for reverses and disappointments."

"To thee, my brother, there is no death: you hear my voice, and I answer to your call. Give yourself peace."

In concluding this sketch concerning my personal realizations in life—which of itself is necessarily brief and imperfect—I have but to add that, as I was born an *absentee* in mind, so by the aid of another have I attained to the condition of *natural clairvoyance*—am a seer with my eyes open, and a visionist with them closed, or when sleep attunes my senses to repose.

In all this I feel not different from myself. As all persons enjoy their own felicity of life, so have I the pleasures and displeasures of mine. Perhaps I am the only play-boy who ever wandered up and down the earth as a showman, to eventually become the subject of a marvelous phenomenon of mind; to be able to listen to and speak with the "immortals," as a "man speaketh with a man," to be able to read the thoughts of others, or answer mental questions across a room or hall with accuracy and freedom.

It is now three years and better since I first listened to the speech of spirits. I have suffered much as a subject of psychology in unseen hands, and while I am not disposed to berate the good-

ness or wisdom of the departed, I am inclined to question the propriety of many things which are done by them, and I cannot see why they should escape the right results of logical consideration wherein their acts, statements or manifestations conflict with truth, are abusive of human confidence, or patronize a *jeu d'esprit* in avoidance of our righteous desires, sincerity and love.

As a result of my experience, I have but to say that I am ever ready to serve the world of humanity or the dwellers in spirit-spheres, in any way that may seem "wise and well," for I have no personal prejudices to gratify in life; but to be or become the subject of caprice, deceit, or petting from sources earthward or super-terrestrial, I cannot, and will not. As I have provided a wisdom in my own defence in dealing with men, so in dealing with the denizens of higher realms, I have found it needful to debar a hasty judgment in favor of the *paranormal* of spirit powers.

I hear the voice of a spirit-brother, and listen to the words of angel ministers in aerial life. I know where they live, why they live, and how they live. The law of Nature is perfect. The round of eternity is ours. While, in the language of the beloved apostle John, I would recommend every anxious soul to "try the spirits," as also to exercise ample discretion in all matters pertaining to belief, I would say, let us not go astray of that "divine light of mind" which promotes our personal happiness through self-effort, advances our knowledge of the future through reason and reflection, or opens the way to immortality through actual understanding.

## TEN YEARS AGO AND NOW.—VALUE OF FREE MEETINGS.

DEAR BANNER.—We are in the midst of summer heat, which even the pure breeze from our broad blue river hardly mitigates. A few evenings since, at a circle, a spirit said, through a medium, "It is too hot to say or do much, or for grave mental effort; let us be happy and cheery a little while, and then separate for the rest and coolness you all need." Good advice, whether from a spirit in or out of the body; yet your work must go on, in heat or cold alike; your "Banner" must bear a fresh and living inscription each week. Let all your readers remember this, and appreciate your toils in hot rooms far up stairs through these burning days.

Looking over my old papers I find a letter to you written years ago in this same month—"A Month in the Western World of Free Thought"—giving some details of several meetings attended. I have just been over about the same ground, and it may be well to note the changes ten years have wrought. At Waterloo, N. Y., I found the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends not quite so large, owing to removals and changes in the near population—but riper in thought, broader in scope, and with less prejudice against it. At our Sturge yearly meeting the numbers have increased, and the frank and earnest expression of the views of each speaker, without controversy or carrying criticism of different opinions, was especially valuable and interesting, while the interest of the audience, and the spontaneous utterances of many men and women, gave life and variety to each session.

Such an enthusiasm put me in mind of a Methodist gathering, but were lifted up into the realm of rational freedom and spiritual growth. A *comparative* entertaining of the idea of spirit-presence and intercourse, with some feeling on the part of those who may not quite accept the facts that they may thus entertain "an angel unwelcome" in the home, and the spontaneity to such an extent, and reach the people as they are never reached where a different spirit prevails, and a due balance of criticism and intuition is of signal value.

At Farmington, twenty miles west of here, I was not able to attend an excellent grove meeting, where our friend, George W. Taylor, of North Collins, N. Y., spoke from the depths of a true and brave and tender soul, as he always does, and others took acceptable part. But I know there has been growth to that region, and the views of Spiritualism and the advocacy of reform have taken kindly root in that Quaker soil. The same two days was at Farmington, among the hills of Southern New York, a thousand feet above Lake Erie. The great trees on a sloping hillside gave cool and delicious shelter from the sun; far away stretched beautiful valleys, with hills clad in richest green, varied with forest and field and farmhouse, rising up in great billowy swells, and the blue mountains in the dim distance, and in the grove were met a goodly company of men and women, fresh and strong in spirit, from their farms and dairies.

It was indeed well to be there; for these people are receptive, intelligent and thoughtful, and meet to renew their strength and increase their wisdom for the better conduct of life. This is their second yearly meeting, with promise of more and better in the future. It is good to be present, and to speak with great acceptance words of value and rich in spiritual significance. On the whole, there is encouraging improvement in the character, conduct and influence of these meetings. Of course, there is room and need for change. Sometimes there is a tendency to spiritual sensationalism, and the surface, and the desire to reach interior life and earnest thought, but we can only live and learn how best to use our freedom. I am more than ever impressed with the value of these free meetings, while I see that the task of getting them up is no light one, to be entered upon in hippant mood, as a sort of spiritual recreation for the passing hour, but needs sagacity, earnestness, wisdom and consummate skill. And a yearly or quarterly meeting in some grove or hall often has wide and growing influence, and acts as the leaven to a region of wide extent. So long as they can be vital and earnest, let them be kept up; and when they cannot, we may look first to ourselves for the causes of their declension.

I hope in the coming month to attend two or three more such meetings called by the Spiritualists of our State; and among the means of education for the people such as shall fit them for the high tasks of freedom in the near future, these gatherings are of highest importance, inasmuch as they help to lay bright the foundations for spiritual growth and character and conduct.

Truly yours,  
G. B. STEPHENS.

Detroit, Mich., July 13, 1872.

## LIST OF LECTURERS

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person not a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.]

JAMES MADISON ALLEN, Greenfield, Mass.  
MRS. A. AMPLITT, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, Dayton, O.  
MRS. N. K. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Detroit, Mich.  
C. ANNIE ALLEN, will speak in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. A. A. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt.  
MRS. E. A. HADDOCK, will lecture in Portland during July, August and September. Applications for the ensuing fall and winter to be addressed care Mr. Thomas, 231 Washington-st., Boston, Mass. Mr. Thomas can only take engagements in the Eastern States at present.  
MRS. J. O. BARKER, Glenham, N. Y.  
MRS. E. B. BROWN will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. J. B. BROWN, will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, address, 225 West Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 67.  
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. A. BROWN, will lecture in Putnam, Conn., July 29. Address in New York, N. Y., care Dr. A. Clark.  
MRS. WILLIAM BRENTON, will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.  
MRS. ABY N. BURHAM, Ipswich, care Dr. C. Bunkey, 225 West Randolph-st.,



Downloaded from <http://ajphaphysocpharmacology.phapublications.org/> on November 10, 2015

**Alpena, Mich.**

**Dr.** E. V. Wilson recently visited Moravia, and saw nine immortals from the Summer-Land, five of whom were fully recognized by him. Amongst those visible was his spirit-mother.

**Dr. J. R. Newton in Cleveland.**  
Dr. Newton, the healer, is meeting with such success in Cleveland, Ohio, that he has decided to keep his office open there until August 16th.

### Illinois.

**Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis**

Desires us to inform the public that he will be in Boston August 7th, 8th and 9th, at No. 11 Dover street, where he may be consulted in regard to all diseases of the blood and nervous system, etc. etc. The Doctor claims. especial skill in treating epilepsy, paralysis, cancers and scrofula in all its forms. He has had extensive practice in New York City for several years, where, we understand, he met with remarkable success in the treatment of the various diseases which frail humanity is heir to.

So says the London Medium and Daybreak for June 28th. Any brother or sister desiring to assist Mr. Powell can forward funds to the office of the Banner of Light. Said amounts will be acknowledged in our columns, and sent to the suffering brother. See Mr. P.'s advertisement in another column.

By a private letter from the above named gentleman, we learn that he has given up his engagement with the Louisville Society, and has decided to settle his family in Vineland, N. J., the first of August. He is therefore open for engagements for the coming year. As Mr. H. is everywhere popular as a speaker, all that is needed, on our part, is to inform lecture committees that a possible.

60

The above is the title of a new volume of poetry now in press, (as will be seen by reference to advertisement in another column) to be issued by London, England, by our invalid brother, J. Powell. Those who desire a copy of this book and care to help a worthy brother in his hour of greatest need, will never regret having sent a price (\$1.00) to Mr. Powell's address, 179 Copthagen street, Caledonian Road, London, N.

Nothing can be hid long, in this age, from researches of enterprise and science. The burning equator and the frozen poles alike must give up their secrets.

**New York Lyceum.**

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York, at a session held at Apollo Hall Sunday, July 14th:

*Whereas*, The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York has levied on the children of New York City a sum of Sixty Six dollars, donated by Bro. Blaisdell and Simmons; therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Lyceum, through its officers and leaders, hereby tender to the said Blaisdell and Simmons their heartfelt gratitude for this generous manifestation of their love and assurance that in the years to *come* that are to come to us all, the memory of Bro. Blaisdell and Simmons will remain ever green in the oaks of our hearts.

*Resolved*, That copies of the aforesaid proceedings be furnished to the friends of Light and the American Spiritualist for publication.

(Signed) C. I. THACHER, *Conductor.*  
MRS. A. E. MERRITT, *Guardian.*  
TITUS MERRITT, *Treasurer.*  
E. O. TOWNSEND, *Secretary.*

**The Great Test Medium,**  
Charles H. Foster, is still in town. His rooms are located at 18 Bolwell street. The spiritual manifestations through him are as convincing as ever. Those who would converse with their loved ones "over the river," should lose no time in visiting this medium.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. George W. McClellan, magnetic physician, now making a short tour through the eastern part of Maine, will return in two or three weeks; will then make a tour through New Hampshire, Vermont and the northern part of New York, on his way to the Pacific Coast, where he will remain permanently.

Emma Hardinge-Britten lectures in Portland, Maine, during July; in Ogdensburg, Watertown and adjacent places, N. Y. during August. For week evening lectures during August, apply to Mr. J. B. Armstrong, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Mrs. Britten lectures at Worcester through September, and Manchester, N. H., during October. For winter engagements address Emma H. Britten, 231 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, trance speaker, is on her way to California. She expects to arrive in Nevada about the first of August. She desires friends in Virginia City and on the route through Nevada, to make arrangements for her to lecture Sundays and week evenings. Address her at once at Ogden, Utah, care of John A. Jost. She would also like to speak on the route from Ogden to Nevada, along the Union Pacific Railroad.

N. Frank White, having returned from a successful lecturing tour West, will accept engagements for August, September and a part of October, in the East. Application should be made at once to his address, Seymour, Conn.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson is touring for the present at Mil-

A. E. Doty, of Sison, N. Y., is doing good and effective work in his own way, in attracting the attention of those who have had no previous knowledge of the beauties of the spiritual philosophy.

Miss Jennie Leys, of Boston, lectures for the Spiritualist Association of Plymouth, Mass., Sunday afternoon and evening, July 21st.

Miss Susie A. Willis will not go West during September, October and November, as before announced. Parties East desiring her services will apply immediately. She spoke in Hartford, New London and Plymouth, Conn., during June. She will speak the third Sunday of July in South Eastern, Mass.; the fourth in Gloucester; the second Sunday of August in Belmont, and will attend the Harwich camp-meeting.

Lottie Fowler, the American medium, is still giving satisfactory séances in London, Eng.

Mrs. Britten's lectures at Temperance Hall, Portland, last Sunday, says the Leader of July 13th, were well attended, notwithstanding the intense heat. She speaks again Sunday at the same place.

Mrs. Mary J. Wentworth is lecturing in the eastern part of Maine, in towns "where," she says, "there is not much organization, but more union than in some larger places," and finds the people "rich in charity and spirituality." Her labors will produce good results.

Thomas Gales Forester spoke in Troy, N. Y., during the month of June. We learn that his lectures were more than usually interesting and acceptable to the Spiritualists and liberal minds of that city. He will resume his labors in New York City.

W. F. Jamieson is now in Chicago. He writes that the city is being built at a rapid rate, with more elegant and substantial edifices than before, and thinks it will be one of the most beautiful cities of the world. He spoke five Sundays (June) for the Spiritual Society of Clyde, Ohio; the first Sunday of July, at Lotus, Ind.; and will speak at the Schoolcraft (Mich.) grove meeting the 11th of August; is engaged also by the Palmsville (Ohio) Society for the Sundays of September. Permanent address 139 and 141 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.

✂ The London Spiritual Magazine for July is for sale at our counter. Its contents are of the very first order of talent, and the matter of deep interest to humanity. It is surprising to us why the Spiritualists of America do not subscribe by the thousands to this excellent exponent of their faith. There is something-unaccountably mysterious and radically wrong in the lukewarmness of Spiritualists generally in regard to the patronage—or, rather, lack of patronage—bestowed upon journals devoted to their cause.

Father De Smet, the Jesuit missionary, is writing a series of papers on his experience among the Indians for the Catholic Review.















