

### Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"Jottings Along the Way"—The Eddy Brothers, etc., by J. M. Peabody; "Séance at Mrs. Guppy's," by J. M. Peabody.

SECOND PAGE.—"Things As I See Them," by Lois Walbrook; "Banner Correspondence," "Throw Phyllo to the Dogs," "To Theodore Parker," by William Brewster; "Reply to 'Who Seized (?) Seneca?'" by Florence Heardley; "The Immortal Life," by Henry S. O'Neil.

THIRD PAGE.—"Our Birds," by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown; "The One-Stringed Fiddle," by Mrs. K. K. Beecher; "The Way to Do It," "New Jersey State Convention," "Poem—'Sounds of the Summer Night,'" by Ben P. Shillaker; "Spiritualists and Liberalists' Camp Meeting—Lake Pleasant," "A Spirit Message Verified," by J. B. Adams; "Where are the Mighty Dead?" by James Fingler; "List of Spiritualist Meetings."

FOURTH PAGE.—Leading Editorials on "Camp Meetings no longer 'Orthodox,'" "A Serious Social Matter," etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs, Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—"Inspirational Messages," "Evening in Enfranchised—A Brave Spirit Released from Bondage," by S. B. Britton; "Obituary Notices, Convention Calls, etc."

SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston;" Book and other advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—"Pearls;" "Review of the Banner of Light's Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges," by G. L. Dison, M. D.; "Charles H. Foster in Philadelphia," Mrs. M. J. Lord, etc.; "Miss Lizzie Bates on the Eddy Mediums, etc."

### Spiritual Phenomena.

#### JOTTINGS ALONG THE WAY—THE EDDY BROTHERS, ETC.

BY J. M. PEABODY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Not "dog days," but golden days, are these up in Colebrook, N. H., where I am lecturing the present month. Born, and spending my early years along the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, pleasant and even beautiful to me are these neat, quiet New England villages. The recent rains have given the hills and pasture-lands the hues of the emerald, while the Connecticut Valley with its waving grasses and grains, and mountain scenery in the distance is absolutely magnificent.

When first, starting from home I met several parties going off into rustic vagabondage and annual summer-jazziness. In New York, I called upon Dr. Babbitt and other friends. Dr. Babbitt's Chart of Health, just published, is really a gem; and should adorn every home, to be studied if not memorized.

Friday, reached Troy, N. Y., clashing the hands of the Starbuck's, Waters, Browns, Wilburs, Kelseys, and other devoted workers. The Trojans commence their Spiritualist meetings again the first Sunday of September. Here we met Mrs. M. A. Halsted, and her daughter Theresa, both zealous workers in the New York Society and Lyceum. They were on their way to the Eddy Brothers in Vermont. Accompanying them we reached Chittenden Saturday afternoon. There were present some forty or fifty; and among them, believers and investigators, Spiritualists and Shakers; a quiet gentlemanly-appearing reporter of the Boston Herald, his friend, recreating and resting from college studies, and the Rev. A. Gage, a Universalist minister of Lewiston, Me. This clergyman, a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, is decidedly an outspoken Spiritualist. Let none say hereafter, "All the clergy are cowards."

THE EDDY BROTHERS.

Before me lies a copy of the Banner of Light, containing a letter from my pen, dated Lowell, Mass., Oct. 7th, 1865. In this communication, describing the Eddy Brothers, I said: These mediums are modest, unassuming, and unpretending, utterly uneducated in the arts and wiles of the world. When confined as securely as a skeptical committee could tie them, music would be heard upon several instruments at the same time; and all, too, while tied so tightly that the blood partially ceased to circulate. \*

During the materializing of faces, a young man sitting on the seat with myself, spoke out somewhat excitedly—"That's my uncle, it certainly was!" Again he shouted aloud—"That's my uncle, William Livingstone; he bowed to me!"

In a subsequent letter to the Banner I mentioned a prophecy made by the controlling spirits of the Eddys, assuring us that in a "few years spirits would be able to control the aural envelopes of mediums and the elements in séance-rooms as to materialize the whole form and speak in audible voices." Similar prophecies were made through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, Dr. H. B. Storer, and several others. These prophecies have since been fulfilled—literally, unequivocally fulfilled in different parts of the country.

Meeting those Eddys, for the first time, some fifteen years since, I then and there fully satisfied myself that they were mediums. Attending their séances in Buffalo and other Western cities several times afterwards, and then investigating again, something like a year since, all confirmed what, to my mind, required no further confirmation—the genuineness of their mediumistic gifts! One evening last week, after several Indians, Mrs. Eaton, the "Witch of the Mountain," and four Shaker spirits, clad in the Shaker costume, made their appearance; the spirit-mother of Mrs. Packer and Mr. Pritchard came out arrayed in white. Conversing a few moments with these, her children, standing by her side upon the platform, she requested an introduction to the audience. Stepping forward, they introduced her. And then, while standing by the side of their spirit-mother, each holding a hand and looking alternately into her face, each solemnly declared, "This is our mother!" These people occupy a fine social position in Albany, and are well known to your regular and able contributor, Dr. Dison. The question, therefore, is, Could not these people, while handling, distinguish their mother from William Eddy? If this retired merchant of Albany, Mr. Pritchard, does not know his mother, who does? If he, and other

members of the family cannot trust their own senses—their own eyes, whose can they trust?

WHAT IS SAID.

"They are cut and churlish," said a visitor, while lounging under the shade-trees that front the door.

Effects have legitimate causes. Whatever else the Eddys may be, they are not hypocrites. Their mediumship, converting such determined skeptics as Dr. Miller, of New York, Judge Haynes, of Tennessee, and other noted persons, is established. Elder F. W. Evans, of Mt. Lebanon, and other persons of note, are also competent witnesses of the mediumistic powers of the Eddy Brothers.

As yet there is much of the weird, the inexplicable in mediumship. All should carefully study the hermetic philosophy. America is getting just a smattering of the occult sciences, so well understood by the Gymnosophists of India and the Hierophants of Egypt, prior to the reign of the first Ptolemy. While purposely avoiding expressing any opinion as to the plane or spiritual status of the controlling intelligences at the Eddys, I feel free to say that spirits allied to the magnetic conditions of earth often personate other spirits. The law is, the nearer the earth the more power over material substance. The chemistry of the spheres—who can fathom it?

Some visiting the Chittenden mediums get little satisfaction, no tests, nor even a glimpse of their friends gone before; while others, and I may say a large majority and apparently the most skeptical, are often recipients of the most convincing tests, as well as a satisfactory sight of those they had mourned as dead. "Why, how is this?" Aye, that's the question. How difficult to seize and probe those psychic forces! Invisible minds control these phenomena, and control them as they will. Let us tread cautiously, prayerfully, remembering the Pythagorean maxim: "The sage thinking much speaks but little."

Considering the slimy insinuations, the wanton abuse, the contemptible lies and slanders retailed about these mediums—the scars I yes, the scars they wear upon their persons as seals of their mediumship—I really wonder that they have patience, or even a shadow of faith in humanity remaining. "Touch not mine anointed," say the Hebrew Scriptures; "and do my prophets no harm."—Chron. xvi. 22. Some naturally talk gold about other people, others talk silver, and others dirt. It was a disciple of Swedenborg who declared that the "tattler outranked the murderer; while Edgar Poe said: "To vilify another is the readiest way in which a little soul can attain passing greatness. The crab might have never become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel!"

SUNDAY AT THE EDDYS—SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS.

To the truly enlightened all days are holy, and all hours fit seasons for worship. True aspiration is worship—is genuine prayer. At the usual Sunday hour for religious worship the Eddy visitors and a few of the neighbors assembled in the large séance-room, where we held a most interesting meeting. The music, if not classical was cheering; and though there were present Spiritualists, Shakers, Universalists, Methodists and skeptics, there were no jarring nor discordant words uttered. The speakers were Elder F. W. Evans, Rev. A. Gage, Eldress Antoinette Doolittle, P. C. Tomson, Wm. Whittenmyer, a lady poet from Texas and others.

Leaving the spiritual exercises and phenomena of the séance-room and retiring to the street, we saw in the sunlit-heavens a physical phenomenon seldom, and so far as I know, never before witnessed. At this clear, midday hour, there was a brilliant ring circling the sun, and afar in the south a rainbow, the reflection from a part of this circle. To the right, and seemingly above this bright prismatic circle that surrounded the sun, there was a shimmering silvery circle intersecting the one that girdled the sun, and in the distance, a reflection from this silvery, yet exceedingly radiant circle. Think of it—three circles, two of them intersecting, and all for some two hours visible; together with a beautiful rainbow-appearance, and yet no rain nor even a rain-cloud in sight! Elder Frederic, (the Daniel of the hour), briefly interpreted "these signs in the heavens."

Strolling away in groups during the day, to Honto's cave, Santum's grave, old Indian Council-fields and other localities, all convened in the evening for a combination séance and conference. William Eddy retired to the closet for entrancement. After the usual singing, materialized spirits, coming forward one by one, occupied a part of the time, and the different speakers the other portion. The "Witch of the Mountain," purporting to be the daughter of the biblical Belshazzar, and other spirits, spoke earnestly and feelingly. Their teachings were fraught with exhortations to the spectators to live lives of justice, purity, and self-sacrifice. All the utterances of the evening, whether from the lips of mortal or spirit, were earnest and spiritually edifying.

It remained for the nineteenth century—for Sunday, August 1st, 1875—to witness in a séance-hall spirits and mortals standing upon the same platform, and advocating the divine principles of the spiritual philosophy! Has not the "Judgment-seat?" are not the apocalyptic books opened? is not the harvest already ripe? has not the new cycle commenced? and may not "Believers" sing the chorus:

"And the reapers shall come in their turn  
And gather the ripe and the true;  
With spiritual fire the harvest they will burn,  
That the heavens and the earth may be new."

THE TRIALS OF MEDIUMS—TALK WITH A SPIRIT.

In Old Testament times mediums were called

"men of God." In another country and at a later period the most gifted among this class were denominated "mystics." In all ages they were the watchers on the tower—the sentinels upon the hill top, and the palms that caught the first gleams of the rising sun. To-day they are the message-bearers that bring tidings from our loved ones who have passed through the western sunset-gate into the morning-land of eternity. Mediumship, having its uses, is subject to abuses. It is not to be trifled with. Few are organically fitted for it.

That it is exhausting is generally conceded, spirits using the odic auras and nerve-forces of their subjects for the production of the manifestations. Physical mediumship is the most called for. Normal mediumship is a higher phase, and yet the least studied. Genius is but another name for inspirational mediumship. To inductionists—to dwellers in the outer temple—physical mediumship is the most satisfactory, because affording tangible proofs of a future existence. Mediums of the right stamp will not object to reasonable and even such crucial tests as honorable and right-minded persons may suggest. Gold is brighter from being tried in the furnace. Genuine mediums giving their whole time to the exercise of their gifts should be both protected and liberally sustained. This was the custom in Egypt, and also among the ancient Greeks. To trick, to deceive in mediumship, is not only foolhardiness, but heaven-daring sacrilege. It is in fact trifling with the soul's dearest affections, and trampling upon all those sacred relations that pertain to immortality. And this remark is as applicable to diakkia—to juggling spirits—as to mortals.

The Harmonical Philosophy is not based upon the physical manifestations. These are but the hints, the incidents along the way. If the Eddys, the Slades, the Youngs, the Comptons, and all others, should be proven tricksters, it would no more jostle my faith in Spiritualism than the storms and whirlwinds disturb my belief in the immutability of law or the infinite harmony of the universe. I have the witness within myself. Angel hands often touch me, and the "still small voice" cheers me along the uneven pilgrimage of life.

While in my library-room a few weeks since, reading the ancient Plotinus upon the "Subordination of the beautiful to the useful," I fell into a quiet, abstract state of mind, and the spirit Aaron Knight stood as consciously in my presence as did ever a mortal. During a conversation that can never fade away, I remarked, "It does not seem possible that you are so real, so materialized."

"I am not so much materialized," was the ready response, "as you are for the time being spiritualized and conditioned to sense my presence."

"But I did not know that you were such a glorified being."

"I have never fully revealed myself to you through my medium. Modesty is with us a virtue. I have but just entered the Pantheon of progress; the infinite stretches before me in golden radiance."

"What is the effort—the motto in your sphere of existence?"

"Ever pursuing—ever seeking to become."

"This sentence, so succinct, continues to ring and reverberate in my soul's council chambers. The spiritual is the real."

LEBANON AND THE ENFIELD SHAKERS.

Leaving the Eddys, after an evening's séance, for Rutland, our coachman, owing to the intense darkness, upset the carriage, pitching all five of us pell mell into the ditch. As there were no bones broken it was considered a "striking" episode—nothing more. Give me the rolling ocean for safety. Reaching Lebanon early the next day, we were soon very comfortable in the pleasant and cozy home of Mr. Durant and his excellent family. Here is harmony, peace, rest. Mrs. Durant is an excellent medium. Florence, just home from a western academy, is a diamond. Her tongue talks itself, while her eyes fairly glitter with brightness and intelligence. Mr. and Mrs. Durant had recently visited the Eddys, and were charmed with the manifestations. So were the spirits that control this estimable lady. It was truly refreshing to hear Mrs. Halsted and Mrs. Durant talk of the manifestations, for there was soul, feeling and enthusiasm in their conversation. Mrs. Halsted preferred Horatio's séances, others William's, and so were different tastes satisfied. Whenever spiritual meetings are held in Lebanon, Mr. Durant has to assume the responsibility. In too many localities the few have to bear the burden.

Thursday, accompanied by Mr. Durant, we visited the home of the Enfield Shakers, and a delightful village it is, nestling by the shores of a crystal lake. Shaker settlements are comparable to spiritual oases dotting the desert lands of earth. As vice secretly pays homage to virtue, as heaven is more inviting than earth, so all Shaker homes should be made so spiritually artistic, so spiritually beautiful as to attract to their embrace even those who "dwell in the tents of wickedness." This was our thought when we saw the Enfield farming-fields, the handsome lawns, the capacious buildings, the garden, yellow, purple and crimson with flowers, the music-room with organ and piano, and listened to the singing of songs; that, first sung by the resurrected one hundred and forty-four thousand in the heavens, were inflowed to the different mediumistic minds constituting these communistic fraternities. All the Shakers are Spiritualists.

After tea, a party of brothers and some thirt

sisters, walked about in the garden, and then down by the lake-side, where the music of voices mingled with the music of the rippling waters. In the evening there was held a public meeting under the lead of Elder Abram Perkins, who inspirationally composed the song, "God is infinitely able." The Rev. S. C. Hayford, formerly a Spiritualist lecturer, now a Universalist clergyman, took part in the meeting. He is still a firm believer in the ministry of angels. In the morning I visited a Shaker medium—visionist as they often term those among them endowed with spiritual gifts. This sister often leaves her body and travels in the world of spirits. Her delineations of life among the angels are as marvelous as beautiful. A band of sisters gathered at the gateway singing us we left. The echo of their music still lingers—sweetly lingers in our memory.

COLEBROOK AND CANAAN.

These northern New England villages, a little distance apart, are truly inviting in the summer-time. "The Spiritualists here are not numerous, but substantial and influential. Mrs. A. P. Brown was their first speaker—and subsequently Mrs. E. A. Paul, both giving excellent satisfaction. The orthodox editor of the Colebrook Sentinel, whom to see is to pity, is terribly excited just now about Spiritualism. He raves! But Spiritualists, Universalists, Adventists, and Free-thinkers, all feel tender toward him, knowing his many and truly painful life-failures. Sour and dry, the poor man needs lubricating, anointing with the oil of wisdom. As an individual, I like him—bless him—and have faith in his final salvation; because the bible encouragingly assures us that "The Lord preserveth the simple."

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.

As a fact—a science—a philosophy—it was never better. Not as an organization—not as one grand army; but as an enlightening power, a diffusive leavening principle, it's marching on unto victory. The truth is always safe. The deliberate thinker has no anxiety as to its final triumph. It has an absolute existence unharmed by traitors, untouched by impostors, unaffected by the belief or disbelief of men. It cannot, as Bryant sings, be "crushed to earth." The faith of a few of its votaries may be temporarily shaken; they may be beguiled from their steadfastness, or entangled in the meshes of the psychological, peopling this or the other side the river of death; but, prodigal-like, they return again to their Father's house. Theological husks do not satisfy. Forms are but flitting shadows. Gentile society is too often a sham, while the most respectable churches are but warehouses for exhibiting the latest fashions. The times call for men and women all adams with truth. Speak, then, the divinest thought of the soul. No matter what the people say. Jesus, says the apostle, "made himself of no reputation." It is not reputation, but character, that endureth forever. Spiritualists need organization, order, harmony—more charity, tolerance, devotion—more consecration, enthusiasm, religion! Call me enthusiast, fanatic, dreamer, if you will; still the dream, the hope, the knowledge of a present angel ministry, I carry in my soul as a seed of heavenly planting. Already it is rooting, budding in a million hearts, to ere long blossom and bear immortal fruitage. Discipline awaits all. Swift feet press toward the goal.

"Everywhere I see a cross,  
Where'er the sons of God have breath;  
There is no life except by death."

The future is not only fair and golden, but rainbow-crowned. J. M. PEABODY.

Colebrook, N. H., August 13. P

A SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

One of the most general demands of the present day is to have a séance with Mrs. Guppy. During the last few years we must have received hundreds of applications as to whether we had any influence to secure a seat at her circles. Since her return to London and the opening of her present residence a few weeks ago, we understand Mrs. Guppy has booked some hundreds of names, the owners of which have begged to be allowed to be present at one of her séances. The privilege is a great one to many who are interested in Spiritualism, and though we are pretty well acquainted with all that the spirit circle has hitherto produced, yet we responded to Mrs. Guppy's invitation with renewed interest, in the hope of witnessing something of more than ordinary importance.

If Mrs. Guppy were the appointed and well-paid agent of the movement, she could not more signally devote herself and her means to the promotion of Spiritualism. Almost nightly she has séances, at which the best mediums assist, and attended by eminent persons of this and other countries, who otherwise would not have any opportunity of witnessing the manifestations of Spiritualism.

From the high social position and well-known public character of some of her visitors, who are in the habit of investigating Spiritualism under the auspices of this lady. A list of the personages with whom she has met in the spirit-circle would present an argument for Spiritualism which would astonish the public, who have no idea of the extent to which not only Spiritualism but active mediumship has permeated modern society, from royal families downwards in the social scale, so called.

Pass westward along Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner, where the colossal statue of the Iron Duke stands on his elevated pedestal; follow the road leading close by the side of Hyde Park: There is the Albert Memorial on the right and the Albert Music Hall and International Exhibition on the left. Further down toward Kensington on the left hand is Victoria Road, the house No. 43 of which, standing amidst a bower of trees, is the residence of Mrs. Guppy. Our visit was on Wednesday of last week, July 7th, being Mrs. Guppy's first séance with Mrs. Guppy. Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening the company assembled in the drawing-rooms. Soon

after the last named hour arrangements were made for holding the séance by shutting and drawing the curtains of the front windows to exclude all light. Mrs. Guppy invited her guests to make free with the place and examine it thoroughly, referring to enable them to do so with perfect freedom. This was the signal for a bit of pleasant, "looking for the ghosts," and though the task was thus rendered more amusing than laborious, yet it was done so well as to preclude all distrust from that side of the question. The doors were locked and the circle formed in the back room. "Here we are thirteen again," said Mrs. Guppy; "a lucky number—we must suppose, we have had it repeatedly, and got good results." Ten sat round the table, and three toward the front room in an outer circle. Communication was established with the spirit guides by means of raps. We were told to wish—to wish for different kinds of fresh-water fish. "Oh, no, no, no, they will spoil everything," someone exclaimed. "If they bring them, what will they put them in?" "In that china basin," was suggested, pointing to a rare piece of crackery elevated into a conspicuous position on the top of the piano. The virtuous present laughed at the thought of making a fish-dish of such a fancy article, but a gentleman present placed it on the table with alacrity, and there it stood with graceful expectancy. Col. Greck, with a pencil and paper, noted the names of the fishes wished for. But we were most of us so little acquainted with the finny tribe that the demands were not numerous. Large fishes were objected to, as they might not find suitable accommodation in the rare bit of china on the table. One said minnows; another, gold-fish. Capt. James chose gudgeons, as he said afterward, because of the difficulty of conveying them any distance alive. Mrs. Richmond demanded craw-fish, but in her attempt to do so could scarcely remember the name, it was so long since she saw any of them, and that in the far West. She was not aware whether such a fish existed in this country. The light was put out, and almost instantly the rattle of a small can with a bow-handle, or a small tin-pail was heard. Mrs. Hardy said she felt something pass over her head. Slip, slop, slop! Something has been poured into the basin. The light is struck. Eager eyes peer from all sides on to the centre of the table, and there in about a pint of water are two minnows dead; two gudgeons alive and brisk; two gold-fishes swimming about, and the craw-fish, an ugly black thing with spines and claws like a lobster, also enjoying the functions of motion. None of the specimens seemed to be more than three inches long, the craw-fish being about that length. The can or pail which brought the water and its live contents could nowhere be found. The basin was removed to the front parlor, and all were occupied with the thought that the identical fishes asked for, and no more, had been deposited in the circle as above described. If it was a trick, how did the trickster know that just these fishes would be asked for, especially gudgeons and craw-fish?

Again we sat in darkness. By rapid communication was established, and we were told to draw back the curtains and pull up the blind of the back window. During the opening of the window a message was given, "I will show myself on the window." Through the window a considerable degree of light entered the room, and objects outside were plainly visible. Col. Greck and Mrs. Hardy sat nearest to the window. Then Mrs. Guppy, on Mrs. Hardy's left, and Mrs. Richmond again on Mrs. Guppy's left. The writer sat right opposite to the window behind the Countess in the second circle. We all sat wondering what would be the result, the form of appearance, had not been stated. When there waiting the bell was rung and moved about under the table. It was heard first in one place, then in another, and ultimately came to the Countess. Soon an object like part of a skirt was seen on the outside of the window toward the right-hand top corner. It came downward in a diagonal direction and had the appearance of a woman's dress. It did not come far enough down to show the face, and no feet were visible at the bottom. The blind was pulled up to the utmost, and again the face descended, and Mrs. Hardy, who occupied the best position for observation, declared that she saw a face. She was very much startled by something. The writer occupied a very unfavorable position for discerning this apparition. Nothing was seen distinctly but an outline against the window. These intimations under the window would have the opportunity of more distinct observation, from the light faintly reflected from the front of the figure.

After the séance a gentleman demanded to know what kind of a room was over the window at which the figure appeared. He was told to go up and see. He did so. It was a spare room for odds and ends, and he could find nothing therein to account for the female form at the window. Even if a confederate had been up stairs, how could he have known the exact time at which to show the figure opposite to the window?

The window was again closed to exclude all light, and the spirits desired the use of the music-box. It was brought from the front room by one of the sitters and placed on the table. The spirits immediately moved it about the table, started it, stopped it, and wound it up. This was done repeatedly during the evening, the winding being performed at one time with great vigor.

In a very short time a powerful perfume was smelt like that of syringa. Flowers were suggested by this fact, and the Countess asked for roses. She soon had a handful. The lady in the outer circle was favored in like manner, and the writer was pelted with moss roses, which he picked up and handed to the lady on his left. Others got flowers, some of which were found to be white-lilies, the fragrance of which were apparent to the sense of smell. Some water was also sprinkled over the circle.

The voice of "Willie," Mrs. Hardy's spirit-guide, was next heard, saying, "We'll come now;" and instructions were given to admit the proper degree of light. The lighted candle was placed in the front room and shaded with the chair. All objects on the séance table were plainly visible to those who sat round it. Mrs. Guppy's table has a round hole in it toward one side. This hole is covered with a lid. The table-cloth was turned back. The lid lifted up, and the hole was found to be opposite to Mrs. Guppy. The hands did not manifest well at first, as there was no coring to the hole, so that the light streamed down into the space underneath. Mrs. Guppy tore a slit in her handkerchief, and placed it over the aperture, and the hands soon appeared at the fissure thus made. Various sitters put their hands in at this opening, and felt the spirit's hands. The bell was rung by them under the table, and shown at the slit in the handkerchief. The handkerchief was now removed, and at Mrs. Guppy's request, a fine, white light was given by the spirit from under the table. This was present to Mrs. Hardy. Mrs. Guppy, who chat-



ted down the hole in the table to the spirit pretty freely, had her nose pulled at one time by the materialized hand, which repeatedly launched forth to the elbow in its endeavors to reach Mrs. Compton. A fly was handed by the spirit through the opening, which was identified as a manifestation of a person and occurred, which we have not space to record, and must content ourselves with specimens.

The object was made that the spirits grant a piece of the tree which formed the sleeve to the spirit hand which appeared so frequently at the apartment.

Mrs. G. P. P.'s work basket was resorted to for a pair of scissors. Mrs. G. P. P. then cut out two pieces of fabric from the sleeve worn by the materialized spirit. It is noted that she used both hands, holding the lace with the left hand and using the scissors with the right. One of the pieces is here figured by a photographic process. It is technically described by the ladies as net.

A variety of experiments were performed, to show the strength and dexterity of these hands. The spirit took hold of a fly by the stem, and pushing the top through the opening in the table, switched it about so dextrously that no one could grasp hold of it. Externally the spirit seemed to be taken hold of by various others in succession, and though they pulled with considerable force, yet the spirit was more powerful than they.

The dance terminated with presents from the spirits to some of the sitters who had not been specially favored with manifestations. Colonel Greek got a fly, and it was announced that something was to be given to Mr. Burns. He reached over the table to receive it, when an object like the end of a walking-stick was seen to elevate itself slowly through the hole in the table. "Is that a stick with which I am to castigate my little people?" asked Mr. Burns, at the same time taking hold of it. The surprise of all may be imagined when it was found to be a magnificent spoke of lilies. Nine buds and nine full-blown flowers on one stem, much larger than any that had been brought into the circle that evening.

"Oh," said the gratified recipient, "the fragrance of love and purity of purpose will do much more good than a stick. I will apply to them that of which this superb flower is the emblem." The end of the stem appeared cut in an oblique direction with some blunt instrument. The flowers were quite fresh, but the wounded stem indicated that the plant had been cut for some time—perhaps a couple of hours or so. That flower is being preserved, and when the process is concluded it may be seen by visitors at the Spiritual Institution.

Mrs. Guppy, besides receiving her mediums generously, gives her visitors a sumptuous repast, after the manifestations are ended. Fruits and other of nature's simple bounties are not absent. The Countess at the head of table and the lady on her left were discussing what they had better wish for on being offered white currants for the first time this season. The writer, on the Countess's right, was also partaking of the fruit, and suggested that the wish should be "Success to Mrs. Guppy's Sciences." This sentiment was not "drunk," but "eaten" in nature's unpolished village, and received by all around that hospitable board, as it would no doubt have been by you, dear reader, if your good fortune had placed you in that happy group.—*London Medium and Psychical, July 16.*

#### THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WALSHBROOK.

##### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

"They cannot be taken," says the skeptic. "That which the human eye cannot see, cannot cast a shadow." Is it our shadow that is produced upon glass or paper by the photographic art? I think not. A shadow falls in an opposite direction from which the light comes; but here the light is in front of the object, as it also is the instrument by the aid of which the likeness is taken. A shadow is produced by the interception of the light, and so is a likeness in part; but the shadow is the back of the intercepted light, while the likeness is formed by its intensified action as it is thrown back from the object and concentrated by the lens of the camera.

"Ah," says the skeptic, "we have you there, for that which cannot cast a shadow, cannot reflect the light."

Perhaps, upon a close analysis of light we find that it is complex. There is a portion of it which the artist calls the chemical ray, which will not pass through orange-colored or yellow glass. Strictly speaking, then, it is not light, but an element that goes with though not inseparable from it, which is really the agent used in the process of likeness-taking; and this through its chemical action upon other chemically prepared material.

Now admitting that this chemical ray is necessary to a full clear light, is an integral part of it, if it alone is intercepted, will the lack of it give us a shadow? Take an orange-colored piece of glass, and holding it between the sun and some object upon which it is shining; see if it casts any more of a shadow than glass of the common kind will. I hardly think you will find that it does. You will find, also, that a lens constructed of orange-colored glass could not be used in taking likenesses, for it would shut out this chemical ray, and without its action upon the chemically prepared plate within the camera box no likeness can be produced.

Now if spirits can clothe themselves in an element which will intercept and throw back upon the lens of the camera this chemical ray, why cannot their likenesses be taken by the same law that ours are? There can be nothing to prevent but a lack of the element with which to envelope themselves, or a lack of the knowledge of how to use it.

Give mortals the assurance that there is an element which if found and applied will produce as important results, and what can prevent the finding and the application thereof; and think you that those upon the other shore are less persevering or less likely to succeed?

#### Mrs. A. B. Severance.

I would respectfully call the attention of all sufferers with disease in any form to the wonderful psychometric power of Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White Water, Wyalusing County, Wis. Through this gift I have found relief from six years of suffering with asthma, serofula and catarrh. My cure was brought about in the most gratifying manner, her directions being of the simplest possible nature, with no expense whatever for drugs. Parties afflicted, desiring to know more in particular about this lady, in regard to the manner in which I was cured, can address me, with stamp, and I will cheerfully give whatever information in my power.

Respectfully, GEO. W. SEIFERT.

Lock Box 100, Lincoln, Neb.

## Banner Correspondence.

### California.

**SANTA BARBARA.**—This county is located in the southern part of California, on the coast, near a group of islands of the same name, and has become noted for its equable climate, attracting thousands from their northern homes to spend their winters where "December is as pleasant as May." Since Dr. Logan, President United States Medical Association, recommended Santa Barbara as the best sanitarium on the continent, our hotels and private houses have usually been crowded to their utmost capacity by the throng of invalids who are flocking to our evergreen shores.

**Climate.**—Our summers are mild and pleasant, the mercury ranging from seventy to eighty, and seldom reaching ninety. The evenings are pleasant, and the nights always cool. Our winter months are warm and genial, like May and June of the East, frost is seldom seen, and every breeze is freighted with fragrance from our flower gardens.

**Soil.**—In this portion of the State the soil varies from black clay, called adobe, to a light sandy loam, formed from decomposed tertiary rocks, of which our mountains are composed, and is remarkably productive, yielding sometimes wonderful crops of corn, barley, wheat, potatoes and alfalfa.

**Water.**—The water is generally pure, not so cool as in higher latitudes, and easily obtained from wells, springs and mountain streams. In flat land on the coast, near the level of the sea, it is sometimes brackish, but in all such cases pure artesian water is usually found at considerable depths.

**Irrigation.**—In this and the adjoining valleys we have learned that deep and thorough cultivation, so as to save and recognize the usual force, even inches of rain falling on the soil, is the key to the surface. Eventually underground irrigation through wooden and earthen pipes for horticultural purpose will be popular.

**Fencing.**—The law restrains stock, and crops require no fencing.

**Productions.**—These valleys are well adapted to the production of apples, pears, peaches, plums, melons, apricots, pomegranates, almonds, olives, English walnuts, oranges, lemons, limes, figs, grapes, wheat, corn, barley, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, and honey. Full-grown almond trees should yield from seventy-five to one hundred pounds of nuts, worth from twenty to twenty-five cents a pound. One hundred trees are usually set to the acre, and should yield from fifteen to twenty-five hundred dollars worth of fruit per annum, in favorable seasons, when in full-bearing. Oranges, lemons and limes do quite well.

**Fruit.**—There is a plenty of fruit for present purposes, but if our population continues to increase at its present rapid rate, within ten years there will be very little natural timber, and people will have to use the prunings from their vines, fruit and ornamental trees, or burn petroleum, which flows from springs abundantly, that hundreds of barrels are daily running to waste.

**Titles.**—Land titles are generally settled, and founded on United States patents which have been issued to confirm old Mexican and Spanish grants.

**Hot Springs.**—There are a number of hot springs in the mountain canyons that have become quite noted for their healing qualities, and are usually thronged to the full capacity of their hotels. Senator Morton and thousands of others have bathed there, and recommended their mineral waters.

**Social.**—There ought to be good for the lamented Rev. Dr. Thomas states that it was composed of the cream of other communities.

**Restraints.**—The Spiritualists always engage the best hall in town, and usually have full houses whenever lecturers of note happen this way. The Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopal denominations, each have an organ church, and employ able-bodied men to do their Sunday talking.

**Schools.**—Santa Barbara boasts of a fine young American college, with buildings that cost sixty thousand dollars, a Spanish Catholic San Francisco college, in a flourishing condition, a St. Vincent school for young ladies, an excellent system of public schools, and an able corps of experienced teachers.

**Household.**—In this vicinity, and about all other mountain towns in the State, small towns are held at from one to three hundred dollars per acre, according to quality, location, size and improvement.

**Cheap Homes.**—Recently several colonies have been formed, and one is now forming for the purpose of purchasing new land in beautiful little valleys near the coast, where unimproved ranches, as good as any that have yet been settled, can be purchased at from five to ten dollars per acre, on easy terms and at low rates of interest, with a view of subdividing and selling the same as vineyard has done, making their own town, schools, public halls and churches, so that one thousand dollars will go as far as two or three usually do in securing a new home.

**Lumber.**—Rough lumber in town usually sells at twenty-seven dollars per thousand, and other grades in proportion.

**Wages.**—Labor is well rewarded in all departments, especially found in home service, who usually receive from twenty-five to thirty dollars a month, and cannot be retained long even at that price, for the rich old bachelors are apt to promote them to the position of housewives. Mechanics receive from three to five dollars a day, and farm hands from twenty-five to forty dollars a month.

**Tolls, Wages, &c.**—cost about twenty-five per cent more here than in the East.

We have no fly nets for horses, no musquito-bars for our beds, no lightning rods, no fever and ague, no poor houses, no deaths from sunstroke or tornadoes, no snow-storms, little frost, no ice to cool our lemonade, no sleigh-bells, no sleds for the boys, no woolen mittens, and no skates.

We have fresh vegetables, new potatoes, ripe strawberries, ripe fruit fresh from the garden every month in the year, and always an abundance of spring chickens and beautiful flowers.

Those coming to this coast should bring only what they can pack solid, cannot sell for two-thirds its value, and will need after they get here.

O. L. AMOTT.

Cor. Sec. Com. on Imm. Cal. State Grange P. of II.

### Kansas.

**MANHATTAN, RILEY CO.**—A. M. Burns writes: Until very recently I was not aware that there was so much liberal sentiment in this materialistic region. I regret that I cannot say more advanced or spiritualistic. I found three hired men in one establishment of this stamp, whom I had previously set down in my own mind as sectarian. This discovery led to further developments in that line. We have not lectures enough here—none for some time. C. F. Fanny, A. L. J. M. Peckles, T. B. Taylor, and Wilson and E. V. Wilson have been here; but living nine miles from my post office, I heard only the two Wilsons. The meetings are generally over before investigators in the country hear of the appointments. Many of E. V. Wilson's tests were "stunners." He would let subjects "germinate" Spiritualism" alone, he can always draw a "big house" here. The people here who go to a spiritual meeting, want to hear nothing but the spiritual philosophy of dissonance; with very few exceptions the mass are behind the age, and everything pertaining to Spiritualism is misapplied. I will give one example: Some time ago a spirit, through a medium, stated that this year the banks of the rivers would be full of water, and somewhere the West there would be a great storm, property would be destroyed and perhaps lives lost; but it could not tell what particular section the storm would pass over. The story got among the Christians, then into the papers, with the church addenda that there was to be a storm at Manhattan, which would

destroy the town, &c. Now these Christians think they have a "great lake" on the Spiritistic altar. I might have said that the storm "took place" as predicted, but the editors were not asked to correct the report as to location, under the belief that no correction would be made by them.

The mass of the people here are under the influence of the preachers, and hear nothing on theological or spiritual subjects but what comes from their lips. These preachers take good care to engage in a public discussion with a Spiritualist. If they did, their hearers would learn how Christianity originated; the kind of moral weapons used to spread the gospel; and that all the Christian ceremonies and sacraments were borrowed from the so-called Pagans. This the preachers could not endure. It would ruin "their occupation" if their hearers should learn that Christianity adopted "the only way toward heaven" by which they can reach that place, from the Brahmins. That the life of Jesus is nothing but the life of Christa repeated. They could not give anything original; even the murder of the children by Herod was cribbed from the story of the murder of the male children by Kansa, the ruler of Madura. The miraculous conception, the dreams, the worship by wise men, is stolen from the worship of Christa by Nanda and the "holy persons." Christa's feet was wiped by woman's hair, also Christa washed his disciples' feet. Christa was transfigured, so was Christ; but enough of this.

They had to borrow the idea of the creation of the world, and Adam and Eve, from the Hindu creation and the creation of Hadima and Heva, long before the Bible account of Noah's flood; and the ark is stolen from the sacred story of Vaidiavata's flood and the big "ark" he built under the direction of Brahma, and into which he took the seeds of plants and a couple of all animals, as had been said by the Hindus.

Even the Bible story of Cain's father going to murder him is plagiarized from the record of Adigara, who was commanded by Brahma to offer Viasbhagana, but was afterwards ordered to "cut the victim's hands" and offer a "dove," not a goat, in his place.

Sacrifice, confirmation, purification, confession and baptism, are all borrowed by the Jews and Christians from the Hindus.

I thank Mrs. L. E. Mason, of Baldwinville, Missour, for the "Question Settled," "Dawn," "Strange Visitors," and a large file of the Banner of Light, for circulation among the people here, all of them postage paid by Mrs. Mason. Such acts of generosity in order to enlighten the human race, really deserves commendation. Also thanks to Hudson Tuttle, as well as some unknown friend, for J. B. Angels book—perhaps Mr. A. himself. They are "going the rounds" of the neighborhood.

### Missouri.

**PLATTSBURG.**—Mrs. Emma Lively, medium for the Circle of Truth and Love, writes: "We have organized a circle here, and so far have done a great deal of good. Many are anxious to come and investigate. The people here are all of the Orthodox school, and many that you would think well versed in the bible know nothing of it save a chapter here and there; and in their conversation will repeat many things that their preacher has said to them. But when I tell them of our beautiful philosophy and of our dear friends coming back to us in spirit, they are so astonished that they keep asking me for more information. There are but few Spiritualists here, and I am the first medium who ever visited this town. Since we have commenced our circles one Methodist minister has become a convert, and is now a good medium. When I was in Leavenworth I held open circles every night for one year. I have visited a good many other places. Every day we can find something to do in this good cause. I can never tire in helping others to see and understand our religion. I have been a worker for two years, and something new and good comes to me all the time. I am a clairvoyant, test and trance medium, and hope to do much more good."

**KANSAS CITY.**—A correspondent writing from this place, Aug. 30th, speaks highly of the mediumistic work which is being done there by Mrs. M. M. Jameson.

### Vermont.

**UPPER FALLS.**—Mrs. S. A. Jesmer writes, August 11th, as follows: To-day I made my second visit to the Alford Place, West Windsor, Vt., to examine the spirit autographs on the walls of the house. The pictures were visible, which I saw there on my former visit. An aged uncle, that departed this life over one year ago, whose features I could not mistake, he having been an inmate of my father's house since my infancy; the hair and beard all showed distinctly, and was clearly to be recognized. There are also at a neighbor's house the same kind of pictures on five windows, four in a row on one side, and one on the other, which have made their appearance within two weeks. The prediction, made through a medium, that others would appear, seems to be in a fair way to come to pass, for we noticed colored spots on the glass in different windows similar to those in which the other pictures appeared, but which were always clear before.

Hundreds have visited Mr. Alford's, and also Mr. Taylor's, his neighbor. The skeptical behold the strange phenomenon as well as believers in Spiritualism. I told these pictures are constantly changing, showing that they have not always been there, or that the glass was always stained, as has been alleged by some who have not been eye-witnesses of one of the great spirit manifestations of the day.

### Utah.

**SALT LAKE CITY.**—C. Fannie Allen writes, Aug. 18th, from this place, speaking in terms of the highest praise concerning the professional service wrought for her by William Walker, of that city, medium and astrologer, who, formerly a Mormon, has now obeyed the call of his guides and taken up the cross of public mediumship. She further says: "I leave with regret many friendly hearts in California. When health has permitted, I have had pleasant and successful visits to the Pacific coast, and find that the Pacific coast is like a true friend, and the more you know of it the better you like it."

### Florida.

**FERNANDINA.**—A correspondent writes, Aug. 19th, that Dr. D. S. Webster has just established in that city a Mental and Magnetic Cure, where he will attend to the calls of the suffering, and where evening circles for tests and spirit phenomena will be held. This institution is announced as the only one of the kind known to exist in the South.

### Iowa.

**WASHINGTON.**—A correspondent, writing from this place recently, speaks highly of the test and clairvoyant developments of Emma Lively, a resident of that place; says she has decided to take the field as a public medium, and will go wherever desired.

#### "Throw Physic to the Dogs."

In his last Annual Report of the "Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind," Dr. Samuel G. Howe says: "The general health has been good. There has been no epidemic, no severe accident, no case of fatal illness in the household." "The household" consists of nearly two hundred persons, which presents a most remarkable instance of health that I was at a loss to account for, until I read the report through and found it stated in the latter part that only twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents had been paid during the year for "medicine and medical attendance." This it seems was not enough to destroy the life of a single patient.

T. P. H.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TO THEODORE PARKER.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The right, the just, the free, the true,  
The man of noble mind and  
With soul like flowers and heart like dew,  
These were thy claims for all mankind.

Thou wert upon the mountain's brow  
And saw the country far ahead,  
Thy hands did bring us grapes that grow  
Where God thy prophet-spirit led!

Oh wondrous man! oh earnest soul!  
I love thee more than maidens bright;  
Thy words and deeds like music roll,  
To teach our hands and hearts to fight.

I love thy voice so full of grace,  
And poesy's charm so rich and deep;  
I love thy brave and manly face,  
And in my breast its image keep.

I love thy life so fair and bold,  
So full of promise for our kind;  
I love thy words as writ in gold,  
And all the glory of thy mind!

Within my heart I hear thee speak,  
And straightaway love the living right;  
The bonds of slaves I fain would break,  
And men in freedom's love unite!

To other worlds thy soul hath gone,  
To bask in some more perfect bliss,  
And yet thy spirit still lives on,  
And works eternal good in this!

God hath not left us in the dark,  
With ought of truth to guide our way;  
Such souls as thine like morning mark  
The march to noon and perfect day!

He sent thee, Parker, in our need,  
To plead the cause of progress dear,  
And show that words when wrought in deed  
Could bring the earth's redemption near.

My soul admires thy manly love  
For men of low or high degree;  
I wear the dress thy spirit wore—  
The robes of true nobility!

I live for men and truth and God;  
I live like thee to bless the earth,  
And walk the way thy footsteps trod,  
To righteousness, and peace, and worth!

We do not weep the change called death;  
Thou hast ascended into life;  
The warrior parts with docting breath,  
But ne'er with honor's holy strife.

And thus thou art a spirit still,  
And wilt our spirits bravely guide;  
Like thee we enter life with will,  
And fight the fight whate'er betide!

Oh, may thy voice be heard around,  
And 'neath the world with love of right,  
Until the heart of man is found  
Arrayed in angel love and light!

## Free Thought.

REPLY TO "WHO SEIZED (P) SENECA."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was surprised to see in your issue of the 24th July the following assertions made by Professor Anthony concerning the question of the seizure of the spirit Senece, at a séance held for materializations by Mrs. Compton, of Havana, N. Y., last winter. He says, "I did not lay ruthless hands on the spirit-form." Near the close of his article the learned Professor says also, "Mrs. Compton therefore knows from the lady herself who it was that seized her." He evidently believed the form before him was Mrs. Compton, and in seizing Mrs. Compton, did not of course lay ruthless hands on the spirit-form. It seems singular, indeed, that the lady in feeling the texture of the spirit's dress, should have felt it so hard that the spirit had to pull away from her with quite an effort. "The spirit-form did not shrink all away, but returned to the cabinet in full possession of its powers." Perhaps the learned Professor will be kind enough to enlighten us as to the manner in which he became possessed of the knowledge that the spirit returned to the cabinet in full possession of his powers? The spirit returned to the cabinet doubled down in the form of a half-shut jack-knife, uttering a howl that was unpleasant to hear.

Again the Professor says, "We did find blood on the medium's face and collar and hands; but the blood on her face bore unmistakable evidence of having been wiped off, no, on by the hands. There were streaks near the edge of the hair and around the neck, and also around the wrists that showed very plainly how the blood came there, and the nose had certainly been bleeding at the left nostril, which was sufficient to account for the origin of the blood." The medium's face was covered, literally covered with blood, but uniformly as if it had oozed from every pore, her hands also and her wrists were covered with blood in like manner. Her lace collar, that reached three or four inches below her throat, was bespattered with blood, some of the spots as large I think as a Mexican dollar; and there were no streaks near the edge of the hair, nor around the neck, nor yet around the wrists, neither had the left nostril been bleeding. The Professor has undoubtedly forgotten that he stoutly persisted in the assertion at the time, that it was not blood that was on the medium's face, but paint. The only daughter the medium had sitting in the circle, was a little girl of twelve years, whom I requested to fetch some water with which to clean the blood from her mother's face; she ran down stairs, and was so frightened that she could not tell what she had been sent for.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more distinctly visible. I have spoken thus confidently, because I was present and saw and heard for myself. I washed the blood from the poor woman's face and hands and made her a couch of quilts and pillows on the carpet, as the spirits would not allow her to be removed from the room, and we watched by her three mortal hours before consciousness returned.

The Professor says again, in speaking of the lady, "She reached forward and seized Mrs. Compton's basque." Hundreds of persons who have attended those séances could testify that Senece never came out in a basque. The idea is simply ridiculous. Let some one suggest to Senece, or any other Indian brave, that he come out dressed in a lady's basque, and he would reel it as an insult. Senece always comes out in his red blanket, and when the lights had to be kept low, as was sometimes the case on account of the weak condition of the medium, he would, when requested "to realize," as he called it, a white blanket in which he could make himself more







### To Book-Buyers.

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

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

Imported from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between the articles and the communications of the Book Trade at usual rates. Our catalogues are sent free of charge to all who send for them. We cannot undertake to forward the varied shades of opinion in which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province  
street, Lower Floor.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 115 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.  
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the BANNER OF LIGHT should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, Editor, at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHERS' HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

### Camp Meetings no Longer "Orthodox."

The evangelical church is nothing without the fact multiplying evidences on every hand which go to show that a tidal wave of liberalism is now pulsing among the people, lifting men up from the shoals of bigotry upon which they have been so long stranded; and nowhere is its existence more clearly demonstrated than at times when the multitudes assemble in any place outside of the respective church edifices wherein they are accustomed to worship. The clergyman who can keep his flock always under the magnetic presence of his eye, perchance in the seats or beneath the roof where their fathers worshipped, can for a time, aided by the bias of their early education, and their fears of social ostracism, successfully combat the action among them of this disintegrating element; but so sure as the sheep escape, even for a day, from their old time limits, and assemble under the open sky at the camp meetings, whose surging thousands at Martha's Vineyard and elsewhere have made glad the hearts of the various Methodist and other committees of management, a spontaneous fire seems to run through all hearts, the restraint of dogmatic assumption drops like a riven chain, manhood and womanhood, and their duties stand revealed in the true light of reason, and the crowds shrink back like spectres of the night.

The clergy, at least that portion of it which is progressive at heart (and there are some so circumstanced in its ranks), acknowledge the existence of this divine fire of universal brotherhood, and do not offend the ready ears and sensitive souls before them by absurd reiterations of ancient dogmas, but strive to fasten their attention on the living duties of to-day as preparatory steps to those that are to come in the other life; but the "hard-shelled" Ephraim, fearful for the fate of their goddess Diana, join in the shout of the conservative ministers, who are now condemning the camp-meeting system as not good for the church or the cause of religion. Hear the recent wail of the Churchman, an American Episcopal organ:

"We are sure that to the outside world the effect is to make the religious part of it [the camp meeting] simply one among the attractions, to confound the camp exercises with the fishing and sailing and croquet, and to put all upon the same level of mere excitement. The religion will not stand the strain. It will be looked upon as a spectacle. It cannot be fervent, for it will have to be devoted. Conversations must be managed with an eye to effect. Spiritual appeals must suit the occasion. The old, rough, but hearty summons to repentance must be suppressed, for the world can't take them. Instead, mellifluous, sensational preaching, and carefully prepared music will be the order of the hour, and the hotel keepers and agents and railway companies will get the management; and all will be pleasant, but the religious part will be where?"

The real difficulty is that the religionists of the Churchman stripe are made to perceive in a clearer light at the camp meeting than anywhere else, that this sentiment of liberalism is indeed increasing among the people, and that their hearers will not stand as in the past the hell-fire preaching which they are pleased to denigrate "the old, rough, but hearty summons to repentance." They are therefore fain to cry out that the camp meeting system has had its day of usefulness for religion, and must now be laid on the shelf. The clergy may dash in pieces the mirror that shows them this unpleasant fact, they may abandon to the Spiritualists and liberals if they will the custom of holding out-of-door meetings, but such a course will not help their fast failing cause. The tide of intelligent inquiry is coursing among the masses, and "the religion" that "will not stand the strain" of the proper demands of modern life and thought, will be swept into merited oblivion.

### Aid for M. Leymarie.

Our readers will, we trust, not forget the needs of the cause in France, which as we have demonstrated unmistakably of late, has been called upon to stand up in the person of M. Leymarie, editor of *Revue Spirituelle*, before earthly "principles and powers," and give reason for the faith that is in it. M. Leymarie has been put to great expense in the course of these trials, and it behooves the Spiritualists of America, who have not as yet—thanks to the more liberal public sentiment which distinguishes this western world—been called upon in any great degree to feel the force of governmental opposition or legal prosecution, to aid our suffering brother in France.

To that end the Banner of Light donates one hundred dollars, and we hope those who read this paragraph may feel called upon to swell the amount to good proportions. Any sums sent us for the purpose will be at once acknowledged publicly in these columns, and forwarded to M. Leymarie's agent, F. Agramonte, 406 West 28th street, New York City.

D. M. Bennett, editor of that able and liberal journal, *The Truth Seeker*, of New York City, announces that having obtained what he considers to be convincing evidence of its truth, he has become a convert to Spiritualism.

### A Serious Social Matter.

If insane asylums and retreats exist at all, it is by the permission of the people through their authorized legislation; hence the presumption is that they exist for the service of the public, and not specially to enable a few persons to abuse their power and accumulate money. For many years past, however, the popular attention has been directed to the extraordinary practices which are shown to be customary within the walls of these licensed institutions. From one end of the country to the other complaints have arisen that the occupiers of these places are, in many instances, confined there against their will, that the most barbarous cruelty is practiced upon the inmates, that the protests of those confined are suppressed by violence, and that superintendents are in the habit of making money off of the hard necessities of the sufferers.

The very name of an insane asylum has come to be synonymous with cruelty and violent treatment. People who once felt a relief to know that there were secure places with promises of timely aid for parties so unfortunate as to be overtaken with mental maladies, are now becoming skeptical of the whole system in consequence of the exposure of so many abuses, made in diverse parts of the country. They question whether the care of the insane would not be more prudently assumed by friends at home than by brutes in these insane retreats, especially in cases of melancholia and the milder types of dementia. Such cases might be helped by the right treatment, but by violence and brutality never.

But this hesitancy about committing an unfortunate relative or friend to the superintendent of a retreat has to give place to the general wrath and indignation over the stories which have of late years reached the public ears from within the walls of these dreadful prison-houses. There is a feeling fast rising and collecting itself among the people, that it would require but a slight pretext, at the right time, to put to fearful service against these social Bastilles and those who are responsible for so many of the wrongs done within them. The public is not to blame for it, because it is these abuses which have excited it. But it is every day becoming more determined that these things shall be investigated, and that by some means or another they shall be ended.

One day it is a case of barbarity on Long Island; another day in Washington; a third, at St. Louis; and almost every day somewhere. Cattle are not treated as the insane are in many of these retreats; and besides this, the instances are common of the forcible abduction of husbands, wives, parents, and other relatives, on the false plea of insane conduct, for the purpose of getting an uncomfortable obstacle out of the way; or, what is more common, of putting hands on property of the incarcerated persons are possessed. Let us all stop talking of our boasted civilization so long as such things are possible. The first whisper of such practices should start investigations in which every sane member of the community is interested personally. There must be no pause till this damning abuse is made impossible.

### To the Spiritualists of the United States:

Do you desire the Banner of Light enlarged and afforded at the present price of subscription? If so, will you unitedly bend your efforts in the direction of INCREASING OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST sufficiently to warrant the necessary extra outlay on our part to accomplish so desirable a result?

It must be remembered that the Banner is the oldest Spiritualist journal in the world; that it has passed through many fiery ordeals; that its proprietors have worked patiently and long to place it on a firm basis; that they have given to it the best years of their lives; and that they have endeavored to perform their arduous duties conscientiously. The truths it has eliminated are mighty, and the inhabitants of the world have felt and are feeling the influence it has wielded for the good of the human race in the uprooting of error and superstition and bigotry, in order that liberty, justice and truth may take their place.

Spiritualism is the grandest religion vouchsafed to humanity, and it is with great satisfaction we can record the fact that it is firmly planted in the hearts of millions to-day all over the civilized world, and is still expanding with a force no antagonistic power on the globe can impede.

All this, however, has been achieved through tribulations innumerable. Being based upon the everlasting foundation of TRUTH AND RIGHTNESS, its devoted disciples have persevered, and to-day they are blessed with the knowledge that their efforts have been crowned with success. Let us, then, still persevere in the good work, and we know of no better method of doing so than to expand our spiritual literature, to the end that all peoples shall be fully convinced of the truth of *spirit intercourse*, and likewise that *immortality* is the grand ultimate of all things.

The Editor of the Cape Ann (Gloucester) Advertiser, who has been on a pleasure trip in New York State recently, thus speaks of Dr. Willis, whose name is well known to our readers:

"Saturday morning, again in carriages, we bid a hearty good-bye to our amiable and kind-hearted hosts and drive through the pretty village of Watkins to the steamer Schuyler, Capt. W. T. Dey, for a sail the entire length of Seneca Lake to Geneva. As we step on board, all are introduced to the gentlemanly superintendent of the line, Com. D. P. Dey, who kindly accompanied the party, and also to Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, a well known Boston man, who owns a glen and cultivates a vineyard on the shores of the lake, and from which, as we say by, we receive a handsome salute. The Doctor owes his present health to the grape cure, and his residence here was brought about by nervous prostration and a severe hemorrhage; and he told us it was remarkable the quantity of grapes one can eat and the vast improvement arising from their unstinted use. Seneca Lake is a serene sheet of water, forty miles long by from two to five miles wide of great depth and clearness, being in some places over one thousand feet deep and averaging three hundred feet near the shore. Persons drowned in this lake never rise to the surface, and the water is too cold for bathing, yet it never freezes over entirely. Beautiful cascades come in view as we sail along, and numerous vineyards and pretty settlements dot the shore."

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Foster celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, on Friday evening, September 3, 1875, at their residence, 10 Winthrop street, Bunker Hill District, Boston. A pleasant array of friends attended, several valuable presents were proffered, and the exercises held were of marked fitness.

Lois Walsbrook's new work, "NOTHING LIKE IT: OR STEPS TO THE KINGDOM," is now ready for delivery at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

### The Indian Ring.

It is owing to the existence of this unhallowed band of plunderers that the famous "peace policy" in the administration of Indian affairs has failed miserably. This Ring, as corrupt and shameless as any that ever existed in the country, has captured the Administration at least to the extent of compelling it to silence and a passive attitude in reference to its plans. The letters of Mr. William Welsh distinctly disclose the fact that the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Delano, ordered the Indian Agents not to communicate to the Missionary Association Superintendent the information which was at once vital to the effective prosecution of his work, and unsafe for the Ring to let go out of its possession.

This single circumstance fastens the responsibility for the failure of the President's "peace policy" upon the Indian Ring; and even more clearly connects that Ring with the Interior Department. The Department's treatment of Prof. Marsh from the time he made known Red Cloud's complaints, according to his promise to that Chief, is not less convincing of the fact of that connection. The story is thus made a straight and consistent one, and the American people very naturally revolt at it. As Delano and Cowen began with browbeating the Peace Commissioners, so they began with Prof. Marsh. There has been perfect method in their conduct, and the Department has at no time been out of harmony with the Ring. Nor is Mr. Delano as yet disturbed in his official position.

Cannot the President clearly see, from these letters which Mr. Welsh has made public, that Mr. Delano and Mr. Cowen are responsible for the nullification of his peace policy? And if so, is he willing to show to the country that he cares more for them than for that much-boasted policy? The people certainly believe that he does, so long as he follows the course he is pursuing. Let him say no more about the failure of that policy, especially in the way of regret, since he does nothing even to show his disapproval of those who were plainly the authors of its defeat. The very fact that Mr. Welsh abandoned the place which had been assigned him, where he could do the most service for the Indians, proves that he was thwarted by the power in the Interior Department. Also that it was done for a specific purpose. What the object was, recent disclosures, but partially made, sufficiently apprise us all.

The Commission which is getting ready its report on the charges of Prof. Marsh, was in fact selected by Secretary Delano himself, and the character of its expected report can scarcely be inaccurately foretold. There are five men on it in all; first, they were selected by the person accused, and second, they were clothed with no more power than any other five men to obtain information. They have taken none but voluntary testimony, and they have notoriously been in the hands of Indian contractors. The few officers of the army who were summoned to testify were given plainly to understand that nothing was wanted from them which it would be inconvenient for the Commission to handle. People will declare the whole thing a farce, which it is. The Commission already makes complaint of having been prejudged, conscious of its shortcomings. Some day the whole story of this Indian business will be told.

### Written for the Banner of Light. SWEET REST AT LAST.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Sweet rest at last—  
At last the hands are folded  
Upon a pulseless breast,  
And a soul tired of earth's great burden weary,  
Hath found sweet rest.

Sweet rest at last—  
A long and faithful worker  
On life's broad, beaten road,  
Reaching the confines of a life immortal,  
Lays down her load.

Sweet rest at last—  
No longer thorns are pressing  
Upon a care-worn brow,  
But from the heavens a fadless crown of blessing  
Rests on it now.

Sweet rest at last—  
No more earth's fretting discord  
Disturbs the holy calm,  
But angel choirs chant to the list'ning spirit  
Their peaceful psalm.

Sweet rest at last!  
We clasp our hands in silence  
And only hope to be  
Sometime with those who enter at the portal  
And heaven to see;

Sometime amid the realms of fadless beauty,  
Earth's toils and sorrows past,  
Find, with the dear ones who have gone before us,  
Sweet rest at last.

We have received from the publisher, J. D. Sawyer, Galveston, Tex., a volume of some two hundred pages, wherein are collected many of the songs which were so popular among the Confederate soldiers during the recent civil war. The eye glancing along its pages will readily perceive the well-known names of, "There's Life in the Old Land, Yet," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Wearing of the Gray," "The Conquered Banner," etc., etc. The songs are instinct with the spirit of the troops for whose encouragement they found a voice, and some of them in a humorous vein—as "The Brass-Mounted Army," etc.—depict troubles which existed not only among the Confederate, but also among the Federal forces. Perhaps the most touching thing in the whole volume is the poem reciting the action of Maj. Gen. Patrick Clernunne, at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., who, seeing an old friend of his, a captain of infantry, marching into the fight with bare and bleeding feet, at once dismounted and obliged him to accept of his (the General's) boots, then mounted without them and rode into battle, intimating that he should need boots no more! He was almost immediately killed after this episode, thus making his words true. Was it obedience to an impression from an unseen power which prompted his generous deed?

The Biography of Mrs. J. H. Conant is a work of absorbing interest, and is full of passages replete with tender pathos and elevating sentiment. Those desiring to peruse the work will find it for sale at the Banner of Light bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. The same remarks will apply with equal force to that excellent work, "Flashes of Light from the Spirit-World," which was compiled from the utterances of the Invisibles through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, by Allen Putnam, Esq.

### Physical Mediums and the Banner of Light.

We printed last week an extended account of the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, of Boston, which was given through the columns of the New York Sun by Col. H. S. Olcott, whose researches at the Eddys and with Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Compton have given him much prestige with the public as a keen observer of facts and phenomena. But we submit that like all the rest of humanity, is liable to err, and in some points may depend, in making up his narratives, upon the statements put forth either by the mediums concerned, or by their friends. At least such a state of things appears to be indicated in the article referred to, as during the past week we have received, in consequence of publishing it, a personal visit at our office from Madam Barker of the Deacon House, Boston, who, during her call, earnestly denounced the effort to connect her and the said Deacon House, by name or otherwise, with Mrs. Thayer, whom she most decidedly objected to be ranked with, on account of highly suspicious circumstances which she says attended Mrs. Thayer's stances at that house—circumstances and discoveries which finally led to her (Mrs. T.) leaving the premises. Any one desiring to know more concerning the matter can apply in person to the Madam at the Deacon House, where she still resides.

While we do not assume to judge between the respective reliability of the statements of Col. Olcott and Madam Barker, yet it would seem by Madam B.'s narrative that in copying that of the Colonel we have been led into an error.

The public media, especially the physical, frequently call upon us themselves or through their friends to announce the results of their stances to the people, and as a matter of news we have always complied, at least in so far as our space would permit; for we have ever tried to be the faithful defender of the persecuted exponents of spirit return in all phases of development, and if in the past we have made errors at any time, they have leaned "toward mercy's side" in behalf of these mortal channels for invisible communion. We felt that the keen blasts of skeptical ridicule and churchly bigotry were severe enough upon them, and should not in all fairness be supplemented by covert scorn and derision or open censure and denunciation among the Spiritualists themselves. But we submit we have rights in the case, and hereafter we are determined to editorially endorse no physical medium as genuine unless we shall personally test that medium under satisfactory conditions. We do not set up any claim to supremacy among Spiritualists by saying this; we have ever and shall always aim to be an impartial chronicler of current events; but hereafter, when we speak of mediums whom we have not personally tested, we shall do so in an impersonal manner—that is, we wish it understood that we give the facts concerning them as related to us, but that we cannot be expected to endorse or vouch for their genuineness, in that we have of them no individual knowledge.

### Woman Suffrage in Wyoming Territory.

The Laramie Sentinel bears, under a late date, the following testimony in favor of the operation of woman suffrage in this part of the country:

"To us the novelty has worn off, and we have had time to coolly estimate the results. There are those who can remember the condition of things here six or seven years ago, and can compare them with the present; and, though we might differ somewhat as to the causes which have produced this change for the better, yet we shall be able to agree upon a few facts. We never had a term of court here, held in a decent and comfortable place, with its proceedings marked throughout with decency and decorum, and divested of everything pertaining to levity and blackguardism, till our ladies were summoned to attend and participate in it. We never had a grand jury here who boldly and unflinchingly held to investigate offences against decency and morality, and hunt out and bring offenders to punishment, till we had a grand jury composed largely of ladies. We had had several terms of court, but had scarcely been able to convict or punish a single criminal for any crime, however heinous, through the medium of those courts, till we got juries composed largely of women. We did not have a single election here without drunkenness, rowdiness, quarrelling, fighting and bloodshed, until our wives, mothers, sisters and daughters were permitted to accompany us to the polls. We well remember the time when many a man stayed away from the polls, losing his right of citizenship, rather than encounter the danger and rowdiness he must meet in order to exercise it. But all this is changed. Our elections go off as quietly as any other social gathering, no matter how heated a political campaign may be, or how important the issues at stake. And we all point with pride to the result, whether or not we agree as to the cause which has produced it."

### The Beldyere Seminary.

Dr. G. L. Ditson, of Albany, N. Y., writes concerning this liberal school:

"The excellent 'prospectus' of the Beldyere Seminary has been sent to me. I have always understood that under the supervision of the Bush sisters this seminary had obtained a gratifying and well-merited success. Now, with Dr. S. B. Brittan as President, and with other able assistants, it must take high rank among our universities. Aid in money and material is solicited, and certainly at this high toned yet liberal New Jersey institution may be most advantageously contributed; for no purer germ lies at the heart of the nation than that which can here start in its virtuous growth and go on to its grandest development. Perhaps I may be allowed at this time to thank the Faculty for honoring my name with a place among those of the distinguished persons elected as an Honorary Board of Advisors."

THE BETTER WAY, by A. E. Newton. The Christian Union says of this little book:

"The author does not write at length, his book containing but fifty pages, but in this limited space he treats delicately, fearlessly, convincingly and quite thoroughly the subject of the relationship of the sexes. There are but few men and women so wise and pure that they cannot find needed inspiration in this little volume, while for the mass of humanity—excluding no class on account of refinement or intelligence—it contains information and warning which are urgently needed."

For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

On our second page will be found, under head of Banner Correspondence, a letter from Mrs. S. A. Jesmer concerning the wonderful pictures which are represented as appearing in West Windsor, Vt., upon the windows of the houses of Messrs. Allard and Taylor. These "spirit-amortypes," as they have been called, are vouched for by numerous parties, and their coming is creating the most vivid interest.

On the eighth page of the present issue the reader will find a letter from the pen of Miss Lizzie Doten, concerning her experiences at the Eddy homestead, Chittenden, Vt.

### Witchcraft Workers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your notice of Mr. Allen Putnam's forthcoming book upon Witchcraft, quite justly leads your readers to anticipate a very instructive and interesting work; but please let me say, who has read the advance sheets, that he found therein a continuous and rather effective effort to show that the people in witchcraft's day were far less extensively under the sway of credulity and infatuation than prevalent explanations of old time mysteries imply. This new expounder maintains, essentially, that, even amid the terrific scenes of witchcraft, his fathers were accurate perceivers of transpiring facts, logical reasoners from facts and creed combined, and philanthropic enforcers of law. You however say that "he makes it as plain as a demonstration that it is—witchcraft—was but the appearance of Spiritualism among a superstitious, bigoted and unenlightened people." He certainly sought to make it apparent, and on fair grounds too, that they were not vastly more under the sway of superstition and bigotry than we moderns are; he however does show them to have been *unenlightened*—yes, most decidedly unwilling to have witchcraft's awful devil gain and permanently occupy a homestead on their soil.

It is not surprising that almost omnipresent thought and speech in reference to hangers of witches made you let some adjectives slip from the pen which one who accepts Mr. Putnam's view should no longer apply to people about whom he wrote.

Cambridge, Sept. 1st, 1875.

### English Items of Interest.

Our cotemporaries across the Atlantic are full of matter going to show that neither is the cause asleep in England, nor are its advocates wanting in earnest zeal for its advance.

The annual conference of Spiritualists under the auspices of the British National Association, it is announced in *The Spiritualist*, will take place this year in London, in the early part of November.

Mr. Hutchinson found that he could not continue his local journal at Cape Town, Africa, so says the *Medium and Daybreak*, and therefore abandoned it after a few issues. He has now built a fine hall capable of holding several hundred people, and he is anxious for a lecturer or medium to visit the Cape and promote a knowledge of Spiritualism. It would be a good plan for any medium visiting India or Australia to call at the Cape.

On the 12th of August, Mrs. Elizabeth Guppy, the celebrated physical medium, (widow of the late Samuel Guppy of Calcutta and Bristol,) was united in marriage before the Registrar, Kensington District, with William Volekman, of Dances Inn, Bishopsgate and Stratford. Count and Countess de Wimpfen, Mrs. Margaret Fisher, and Hannah Warrill, were witnesses to the marriage. Mrs. Guppy-Volekman is the name whereby this lady desires to be recognized.

News of Dr. Marx. Numerous inquiries will be glad to learn that Dr. Marx is now on his way to Vienna. He expects to return to London about the end of September. He has been among the Moors, in Africa, in pursuit of his mission. Re-crossing the Mediterranean, he has visited the chief towns in Spain, where he has held séances, at which the physical manifestations and communications have been of a very remarkable character. In this way Dr. Marx has been doing a great work among the people, who stood much in need of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, rather than the dry, abstruse philosophy of the metaphysicians. — *Medium and Daybreak*, Aug. 20th.

We regret to state that Mr. John W. Wentworth, of Brighton district, a contractor and master mason, fell, on the 3d inst., from the staging of a church he was building in Newton, the distance to the ground being one hundred feet. He is thought to be fatally injured. He is a well-known and respected citizen of Ward 19, and was to some extent identified with the old town government. For years he has been unwavering in his belief in the Spiritual Philosophy.

M. T. C. Flower, Chairman Executive State Board of the Minnesota Spiritualist Association, writes Sept. 1st:

"Will you please call the attention of the spiritualistic public to the following, viz., that persons coming to the Annual Convention, on their arrival at St. Paul should repair to the Commercial Hotel, where will be found a person to assign them quarters at the several hotels which have consented to reduce fare to \$1.00 and \$1.25 per day. Convention will be held in the Unitarian Church, Goodrich street."

Some writers on Spiritualism are prone to attack the devotees of Science in a most unmeasured way, a course in which, when all things are considered, it appears to us, the facts will not bear them out, as science has really accomplished a great work in liberalizing the world. Truly says *The Spiritualist* (London, Eng.): "Had it not been for the discoveries and influence of the scientific world, we Spiritualists should now be all roasting at Smithfield [for elsewhere] as witches and warlocks."

Read the article on our eighth page wherein the mediumistic labors of Charles H. Foster in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Maud E. Lord in the West, are interestingly commented on by correspondents.

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have just issued a new edition, revised and corrected, of "THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS," by K. Graves. Send for a copy—it is worthy the most extended reading.

As will be seen by their advertisement on our 7th page, Mr. J. Willie Fletcher and Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher have returned to their rooms at the Banner of Light building, and will be pleased to meet their patrons and friends as in the past.

See Dr. O'Leary's advertisement on our fifth page.

BABBITT'S CHART OF HEALTH. By E. D. Babbitt, Dr. E. D. Babbitt has prepared a chart of health, a sort of guide-board to suggest the way to physical vigor. It is mounted on rollers, and is about thirty by forty inches, more so as to hang up and call only the account of the type is large, and can be read many feet away. It is sold at the very low price of sixty cents, postpaid. — *Herald of Health*.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS.—We have received a copy of Mr. Kersey Graves's book by this title, and we are free to say it is an important acquisition to the Liberal literature. It contains a list of sixteen different saviors of man who were crucified hundreds of years before the existence of Christianity, but it is an exhaustive examination of the entire subject of Christianity, showing conclusively its pagan origin. The work is a very interesting one, and should be in the hands of every truth-seeker. — *D. A. Bennett's Truth Seeker*.

For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

There has been a murder even in Hell Gate, Capt. Lawrence, master of a schooner, being killed there by his mate, a week since. Not even the sacredness of the place could save it. — *G. C. Hazewell*.



## Immortality Demonstrated

Gate, Capt. Law-  
d there by his mate,  
s of the place could

It is reported that the President intends, in his next message, to recommend the transfer of Indian affairs to the war department.

A cat with twenty-five toes is one of the present attractions of Boston.

CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents.  
THE PIKRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED LIFE. Published in New York. Price 30 cents.  
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly Memphis, Tenn. H. Watson, Editor. Price 15 cents.  
SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Monthly. Published in New York City. Price 20 cents.

MR. STANFORD MITCHELL, MR. J. H. ALDEN.  
CHURCHES, Sabbath Schools or Lecture Committee  
making arrangements for Concerts or Sociables,  
secure this Quartette on favorable terms. Address  
J. H. ALDEN, No. 7 State street, Boston  
Sept. 11.—4w

Price \$1.25; full gilt \$1.50; postage 10 cents.  
For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLLETT & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

**EVERY READER OF THIN PAPER**  
**SHOULD** send address on postal card for 16 pp. Circular  
 of "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE." Nearly 30,000  
 copies already sold. Contains information that no man or  
 woman can afford to be without. Agents wanted on salary  
 or commission. Address COWAN & CO., 8th street, N.Y.  
 May 1.-52wls



**RATIONAL  
REVIEW OF THEOLOGY,**  
As founded on the fall of man. By M. B. Craven. Price  
5 cents, postage 2 cents.







