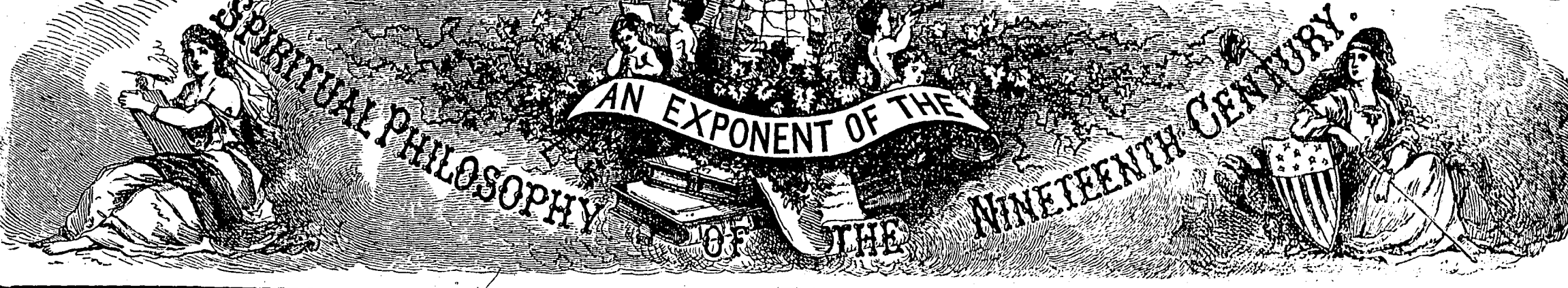


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Original Essay.

PHANTOMATIC WHISPERS.

III.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls;
On the floor are mysterious footstep
There are whispers along the walls
And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the past,
As moonbeams as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast."

So writes the poet Longfellow, translating his lucid imaginings into tender verse. Poetry sparkles in its whole domain with just such soul-feeding utterances, yielding a fascination that the prose or literal facts of life fail to do. Who knows but, as Thoreau says, "the true poet with his morning intellect keeping in advance of the glare of philosophy, always dwelling in the auroral atmosphere," is actually literal as well as poetic, and perhaps without knowing it, or as inspiration has stated it, speaking wiser than he knows. *Phantomatic Spiritualism* (I accept the term for a purpose) makes the verses quoted and similar ones possible facts. When Bret Harte versifies the legend of "the sad old house by the sea" in Newport, where a lady in the olden time died of a broken heart by the desertion of her fickle lover who never returned, but she kept and died with the posies he gave her of mignonette, he writes,

"And ever since then when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room;
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume."

Phantomatic Spiritualism makes this also a possible fact; not that this incident is or is not a reliable story, but that such a thing is not only possible, but that such things are facts in human history.

I am not much of a poet, but I have my imaginings, humble perhaps compared with the celebrities, "so mine at times are haunted with phantoms of the past," and *Phantomatic Spiritualism* lifts them out of imagination into probable facts, and sometimes real ones.

Anne was an honest, ignorant Irish girl living in my family as a wet-nurse. I had discovered her to be a remarkable physical and test medium. She did not know the meaning of the word, or the word *Spiritualism*, nor did she know until I told her, or called her attention to it, that she was the cause of the phenomena in her presence. I do not propose to extend these "Whispers" into séance details, but have introduced this subject to enable me to say with some lucidity that the presence of such a person with me has translated many a time an incident in my mental horizon that would be classified as imagination, into as positive a fact as anything in my experience. I have sensed these "Phantoms of the past as motionless as shadows," and have had the evidence of their being then and there actual presences, as really so as I saw them. I am inclined to be very hospitable to such imaginings, and when the impression is pretty strong I call them "phantomatic whispers," though I have not the current proof of the fact as if I lived, as I once did, in the atmosphere of a medium. If I may dare to quote and garble the bard's beautiful lines, to give definiteness to the idea in my mind, I will do this: "It is imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen, while the poet's pen molds them into shape, and *Phantomatic Spiritualism* gives to these airy nothings a local habitation and a name, converting many of the world's fictions into realities."

There is a thoughtless disposition among some of our Spiritualists, even notable ones, to go back some on or speak sneeringly of "Phantomatic Spiritualism." I am not one of them. I follow where truth leads, even if into bad company. I hate frauds and cheating, or supplementing, or deception of any kind. I filter, when necessary, what I drink, rather than go thirsty. My spiritual absorbers are in healthy working order and I can survive until the hour of purification comes, which may not, however, be in our day. Modern Spiritualism means *Phenomenal Spiritualism*, or it has no definite meaning or distinguishing feature. I know of course it means *Phenomenal Spiritualism* and more, much more, but the "more" and the "much more" are the common property of the ethical or the religious world, including Spiritualists. The latter, by virtue of the phenomena, may have a knowledge where the others have only faith; there is a wide debatable ground between faith and knowledge, but who can draw the line between the two? Most of us may not now need the phenomena; shall we abolish the toys of childhood because we have reached maturity?

I am a Spiritualist by virtue of the phenomena, and nothing else. Andrew Jackson Davis might have written and the trance and inspirational mediums talked with the tongues of angels, and I might have been interested and instructed, but they would never have converted me from materialism, with science and logic on my side; besides, I could have presented them Theodore Parker and others who at least could equal them with no celestial pretensions. Of course I am not reflecting upon any of the bright lights of Spiritualism in saying this; I only mean their eloquent teachings required the phenomena, the evidence of the senses, as aid; there was not difference enough between the eloquence of Spiritualism and the eloquence of the liberal church for the one to be self-evidently influential or inspiration, and the other only born of earth. When *Phenomenal Spiritualism* made it evident that there was an intelligent, mysterious power that was acting on humanity, the claim of a supermundane source for the teachings seemed reasonable, and commanded attention that if unassociated with the phenomena it would not have had. Pebble stones become jewels with an appropriate setting; it is the "setting" that has got spiritual teachings before the world, not their transcendental or remarkable intellectual character. It is not wise, I think, for the Zenobias or the Ciceros of the spiritual platform, or any of the disciples, to put on airs in the presence of the mediums of phenomena, even if now and then, or often, one of them is found without the "wedding garment."

Phenomenal Spiritualism presented facts, and they sustained the theory, and thousands have been converted thereby. I was, as I have said. I think it for that lift into light, now having found both knowledge and comfort in Spiritualism. I should remain firm if for any cause or condition the phenomena should cease, or like Divine Revelation (?) become a thing of the past. The "Dawning Light," as it has been called, is no special Providence vouchsafed to this age and generation, but has existed ever since "the morning stars sang together," only our fathers did not listen rightly; their ears had no such expectancy, so they heard nothing. Human beings survived death as spirits, and remembering their hunger on the point of futurity, when they were mundane beings, have ever been ready to manifest, even trying hard for a hearing. History, sacred and profane, warrants that statement when the past is read with spiritualistic eyes. So raps were heard by John Wesley more than a hundred years ago; Columbus heard voices, words of Hebrew grandeur; ghosts were seen by Dr. Johnson; dead kings of Denmark returned to living Hamlets (at least in poetry), and ghosts of murdered Banquos filled empty chairs to the dread vision of the conditioned; houses have had unseen tenants, and ominous whispers have proved prophetic and dreams have had method and wisdom in them; witchcraft through all time has been a fact in history with its phenomena misunderstood.

"Delicate omens traced in air,
To the hard true vision rare,"
All these things, from "old wives' fables" to the "poet's fine frenzy," have been outside of the line of the actual spiritualistic phenomena, not spiritualistic ethics, have made that line elastic, and the so-called imaginative, superstitious or fabulous, is now, or much of it, on the inside of that line, and those enlightened with the "dawning light" can say to some at least of the labeled superstition in man's life and history, "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness, for thou shalt be clothed in the garments of truth and beauty."

As I have said before, it is a pity to have *Phenomenal Spiritualism* degraded by fraudulently-disposed people, by sleight-of-hand or sleight-of-body imitators, but mixed, as it necessarily is, it contains the accented feature of Modern Spiritualism. But for it we would have nothing else distinguishable in us from other Christian teachings. The phenomena which mean facts become a glorious background for our speakers, sustaining them in their logic, illuminating their words with often a celestial prestige, and thus extending the area of spiritual thought, enabling the thoughtful hearer to cull from profane (that is, outside,) sources words of inspiration from both books, ministers and speakers, who and which make no spiritualistic pretensions. A word will explain what I mean. I could quote from Beecher, Murray, the late Theodore Parker and others, golden words contradicting their creeds, flashes of inspiration that are as spiritual in their source and quality as any Spiritualist could desire. The phenomena or facts in this connection have in the first place made Spiritualists, then they have led them to the law, which extends beyond the *ism* into the liberal and also the evangelical body politic, and though the phenomenal will not feed and fill the human mind, the great fact it teaches will lead them to gather light from all sources, even the Christian Association and Moody's Tabernacle, and hold fast to whatever is true and good, whether coming from a spiritualistic source or otherwise.

I like both classes of manifestations, the intellectual and the phenomenal, but if one is to go into eclipse let it be the former, and not the latter, for without the latter a knowledge of the future life would have to give place to a hope or a faith, and without the former the libraries and the teachings of the world would be still at our command. I am not plethoric with thought, but still I do not need any instruction from Spiritualistic teachers, for my re-reading of the world's books (now my eyes are illuminated with the truth of Spiritualism), from the Bible down to Emerson or Thoreau, would keep me full and fed, things that I did not see in reading when I was

spiritualistically blind. The spirits have been around the writers of the world long before 1818, but the "dawning light" is a great eye-opener to a comprehension of the fact; but *Phenomenal Spiritualism* is a necessity, it is the only proof of continued existence; with it there are collateral evidences, but they would not be on the bedrock without the first, with its fall the rest would go; but wishing others to enter the door as I have "from Richard's night to Bollingbroke's fair day" justifies my saying of two evils (?) I choose the least when, if but one class is to remain, I say let it be at all hazards the phenomenal. How glad I am that both are permanent institutions, and will grow brighter and better unto the perfect day.

Nothing is truer than that this world does not end where our view of it ends; we measure the curve and find the sphere, without seeing it; nothing is truer in our mental horizon than that there is a field beyond its reach. Modern Spiritualism is the celestial geometry that enables us to extend our lines and curves into the realm of the spirit, and it leads me to listen to the silent majority that the world calls dead, and we call departed, and I grow better for it and I hope wiser.

The sun happens to be now dropping slowly behind the Western hills, and the hour in which we are apt to be sad is drawing near, so have dropped below my personal horizon many well remembered faces, but my spirit is with their spirits holding pleasant communion, voiceless and wordless. I will not say may their "shadows" never be less, for they never will be.

"What are ye I oh phantom phantoms!
That haunt my troubled brain?
That wait when day approaches,
And at night return again?"

Spiritual Phenomena.

[From the London Spiritualist.]
MORE MARVELS AT MALVERN.

SIX.—In the investigation of this matter of Spiritualism we want, first of all, reliable facts. Hypotheses, theories, philosophy may wait. As in physics, so in psychics, it seems to be of little use to speculate on causes or modes, until we have collected our phenomena. Having had some good opportunities for observation recently, I have thought it my duty to put on record what I have observed for the benefit of other inquirers in the science of life.

Willie Edlington has been rapidly regaining his health at Aldwyn Tower, Malvern, by the natural means of breathing a pure air, washing in pure water, and living on a pure diet. "These," with rest, exercise, out-door life and genial surroundings, are, as we all know, the conditions of physical health, and the spiritual rests upon the physical. With youth and a good constitution the result is natural and infallible. Nature never fails to do her work, if we allow her the needful conditions. People get well rapidly at Malvern, because they find here some of the most important of the conditions of cure.

And these conditions, our friends from the other side inform us, are also favorable to their manifestations. All that I have described to you, and all that I shall describe, have been under what seem to me absolutely perfect test conditions; but of that the reader can judge as I proceed.

July 23d, Mr. Edlington, Mrs. Nichols, two other ladies of our family, and myself, were in a small room, with the one window darkened, and the one door locked. I carefully searched the medium (Mr. Edlington) to be sure that he had no masks, drapery, or apparatus of any kind. He lay upon a sofa, and we formed a semi-circle from his head to his feet, within which was a small round table. On this table was laid a large, heavy music-box, which winds with a lever and a wheel. Besides the outer wood cover, there is an inner glass lid, which completely protects and isolates the works. At a distance of twelve feet, on a book-shelf, was a mouth organ. The five persons forming the semi-circle held hands.

A few moments after the gas was turned off "Joey" spoke with his sharp, distinct, peculiar voice, which is not in the least like that of the medium, or of any person present, or the ventriloquist voice, with which I am well acquainted. It has a complete individuality, and its peculiarities, and use of words, and certain lapses in speech, are quite different from those of any person present. Joey is ceremoniously polite. He addresses each person present, observing an orderly precedence. The first salutations were, he suggested that the mouth of the medium should be filled with water. This was done, Mr. Edlington, though apparently in a deep sleep, taking the water into his mouth. The gas, lighted for this purpose, was turned down, and in a faintly the mouth-organ, which had been on a distant book-shelf, was heard within the enclosed space, sounding strong, full chords of three notes. I struck a light, and the medium emptied his mouthful of water into an empty glass. All hands had been held. By no possibility could the organ have been brought or played upon by any one of the five persons present.

When the light was extinguished, Joey said: "Well, Dr. Nichols, is that a good test?"

"Yes, Joey," said I, "I think it is a perfect test."

"Yes," said Joey: "you noticed that I played full chords, so?"—playing as before—"so you could not say that Willie played with his nose, as he might have done, this way." And Joey played a series of single notes, evidently with one of his nostrils.

The next test was with the musical box. Joey wound it up; that is, it was wound up and set going, and no one of us did it. The medium was lying on the sofa, so near that every breath or the least movement could be heard. To move the winding lever the outer cover must have been raised, and a strong force exerted. Then Joey said:

"Now, Dr. Nichols, place your hand upon the glass cover."

I did so, thus securing the isolation of the works. While this held the cover, so that no hand or instrument could reach the machinery, it was made to stop, go on, play a few notes, answer questions by striking one or three notes or chords. Miss M.—sitting at my right, also held down the inner glass lid, and the instrument was made to stop or move as she desired, by what Joey said were waves of a force under his control, which checked the motion of the fly-

wheel governing the movement. Those who understand the mechanism of the larger kinds of musical-boxes will see that there could be no better test of the action of a pre-natural force, controlled by some intelligence beyond the volition or consciousness of the persons present. It was precisely like holding your watch in your hand, and seeing it stop, go on, move one or three seconds, &c., at command.

Then, at the request of Joey, we moved our chairs to the end of the room, about eighteen feet from the couch on which lay the medium. Curtains were dropped across the room four feet in front of him. A small lamp was lighted, and the gas turned down. It was a soft, dim light, but every object was clearly visible.

In a few moments a man came out of the central opening of the curtains. He was about six feet high, with a thick, long, dark beard, and partially bald head. He was robed in white drapery. He did not speak, but bowed his head or shook it, to say "Yes" or "No" to questions asked. His looks, though dimly seen, and still more, his air and movements, and the answers he gave, convinced me that he was my brother, who died a few years ago in America. He was much taller than Mr. Edlington, and quite different from him in every way, who also had never seen and scarcely heard of him, and knew nothing of his personal appearance.

A female form next appeared, also that of an American relative of one of the circle. The test here was in the delicate feminine face and figure and the graceful costume, which by no possibility could have been counterfeited by the medium, whom I had carefully searched.

Then came Joey himself, in material form. He wore a close-fitting white dress from head to feet, but also covered himself with diaphanous drapery, so transparent that his whole figure was distinctly visible. Joey is a little taller than the medium, and much more slender. His legs and thighs not nearly as large, and very little and slender. He was no silent ghost, like the others. He talked volubly all the time, first with one and then another. Mrs. Nichols wanted a piece of his beautiful white drapery. "It's of no use," he said; "it won't stay." But he sat down on the floor and showed us how it was made. Moving both hands rapidly, he seemed to gather white fog from the atmosphere, and work it into a texture of delicate transparent gauze, nearly a yard wide. In a minute or two he made several yards, which we could see growing as he formed it; and he threw it toward us, as a drape or shawl or muslin as he unrolls it, until we all took hold of the shining web, and felt it between our fingers. It was very thin, but very hard and solid in its texture. Then it was quickly drawn away, gathered up, and dissolved before our eyes.

Joey was talking all the time, and we could hear the medium breathing hard on the sofa, and moving like a fish in the nightmare.

Then Joey got into a chair and sat on the back of it; sprang down, and taking up the chair by one of the legs, flourished it in the air as if it had been a wand, showing great muscular power in his fingers. He took up the small round table by one of its legs and waved it also about in the air as I am sure neither I nor the medium—the only men in the room—could have done. He did the same with the heavy musical-box, first winding it up and setting it playing.

Finally, when Joey had disappeared, the medium came before the curtain, with a little girl standing beside him. Then the parting salutations to each person were made. In a few moments three raps were heard—the signal to light the gas—and the medium woke from his trance of nearly two hours.

The conversations with the materialized forms that have the power of speech are very curious and in themselves very striking and perfect tests. We have had Joey talking with us when the medium's mouth was full of liquid; when it was covered with gummed paper; when he was at a considerable distance. We have the absolute certainty that he is, in person, in mind, in voice, a distinct individuality, who can come into a room when the door is locked, appear and disappear, and do many things ordinarily impossible. If you will allow me, I will give in a future paper an account of some other tests, and of the, perhaps, best tests of all—the proofs given in the conversations of these materialized spirits of their individual reality; and of their, perhaps, of their motives and characters.

I have related no fact that cannot be proved by the oaths of from two to six intelligent and unimpeachable witnesses.

T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.

Malvern, July 29th, 1877.

THE CECILS AND THE EDDYS.

A recent number of the *Utica* (N.Y.) Observer contains the following interesting letter, which we transfer to these columns for the benefit of our readers:

To the Editor of the *Utica Observer*:

Four years ago last November the Snell Brothers gave an exhibition in the Opera House claiming to be white or equal spiritual mediums. Col. Alvin White and Auctioneer James F. Home acted as committee. Home said he was afraid to go into the cabinet, Mr. White went into the cabinet and sat with the brothers, and reported to the audience that he could not discover how the tricks were played. The writer arose from the audience and asked the privilege of sitting in the cabinet, which was granted. They tied both my hands, to prevent my detecting them. I pushed the door open with my foot, let in the light, and caught Snell with one hand loose playing his pranks, and gave an explanation to the audience. The next day I was recognized by strangers at several large stores, and a good deal of talk followed. James Home tied me in ropes, as he tied the Snells, and in the presence of a crowd and an Observer reporter I showed him how easy it was to get out. Mr. Wickson, of the Herald, said I obtained a good deal of fame. What I did really obtain was an opportunity of making a candid statement, through your paper, of the real position of these pretended "exposers," as compared with spiritual mediums.

As the Cecil Brothers are working such wonders, will you, Mr. Editor, allow me a word of the same character?

Recently I visited your city to see William Eddy, one of the most noted mediums of the world. Entering one of your large stores I was recognized by the bookkeeper, who saw me at the Snell show, and he called my attention to the Cecil Brothers. Others joined the conversation, saying here is a fine opportunity to get \$500 as a forfeit, if they can't do anything that is done in the presence of spiritual mediums. I find this to be the general impression made upon the public.

The Cecil Brothers advertise to forfeit \$500 or explain how these things can be done by human agencies. This scrutinizing *Utica* public cannot

see any difference between explaining how a materialized spirit might be produced, or of actually producing from twelve to fifteen persons (men, women, children and Indians) in less than an hour, and having them step out of an empty bedroom having but a single door, with one window blinded, only a few feet from the sidewalk and in full view of the sidewalk and an adjoining house.

I am willing to stake all the fame that I possess, and all that Mr. Wickson spoke of, on the following:

That a few evenings since, between eight and nine o'clock, at the house rented by Wm. Eddy, in Utica, there appeared in the presence of Dr. A. G. Porter, of New Berlin, Albert Good now, Wm. Owens, Peter Bachelor and Maria Horton, all of this city, and myself, from twelve to fifteen materialized spirits, two Indians with peculiar dress, one very tall, with naked feet, some children and several females, who were recognized, among them Mrs. Horton's husband, Dr. Horton, who was nicely materialized, and spoke for some time very plainly and affectionately to Mrs. Horton. Her grandfather, Elder Hunt, also appeared and talked in the same manner. Next evening the Cecils had so driven Mr. Eddy to the wall that not a solitary person occupied the row of chairs except myself and wife. Mr. Eddy entered the cabinet in good humor, saying, "It may be just as good as if there were more here." We liked it better. From eight to twelve persons appeared, some of them nicely materialized, and nearly all recognized by us.

Cedar Lake, N. Y. JAMES J. WHEELER.

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM vs. CARPENTERISM.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

I have been much amused of late in reading an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* from the pen of Wm. B. Carpenter upon the subject of "Mesmerism, Odylism, Table-turning and Spiritualism." The old saying that extremes often meet is amply verified in his case. He, as a representative of the so-called scientific materialists of the present day, has met orthodoxy upon the common ground of a denial of all the recorded facts relating to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, Mesmerism, &c.

We would naturally suppose that a person who had delved, or professed to have delved, deeply into the hidden mysteries of nature, would be very loth to say what was or was not improbable in the realm of hitherto unexplored natural laws. But if we may believe him, no one is to be trusted in giving evidence with regard to phenomena which appeal directly to the senses of hearing and seeing, unless he has previously had "scientific training"; and he has left us hopelessly in the dark as to what he means by "scientific training," and how we shall acquire this precious gift.

He affirms by implication that no one is competent to testify in regard to the evidences of his own senses unless he shall have previously been blessed with his *sine qua non*, his *ultima ratio*, "scientific training"; because otherwise he is sure to be under the rule of a "dominant idea."

Now I would like to ask Prof. Wm. B. Carpenter, C. B., LL. D.—and the rest of the alphabet attached—in the name of common sense, if it is necessary to be "scientifically trained" to use properly our natural senses? Is it necessary to understand quadruple equations to be able to multiply four by eight correctly? Must I be versed in conic sections in order to divide ten apples equally among five boys? Can I not trust the evidence of my senses when they tell me that a table is lifted up in broad daylight and carried around the room, and no visible power touching it? Is it the rule of a "dominant idea" which enables a table to tip up to an angle of forty-five degrees with two men whose united weight is more than three hundred pounds sitting upon the edge which is raised up, with nothing else apparently touching the table but the tips of the medium's fingers resting lightly upon its centre? This came within my own observation. Mr. Carpenter would say that I was deluded by "expectancy and prepossession."

Away with such nonsense! Assertions of that kind are unworthy of any one having the least claim to common sense, to say nothing of "scientific training."

A young lady friend of mine visited another lady who was a medium for physical effects; and after they had retired to their room that evening many articles were thrown about, and among other things a shoe was thrown and struck my friend over the eye, making a wound which took more than a month to heal up.

Mr. Carpenter would explain this on the grounds of "expectancy," "atmosphere of credulity" and "prepossession"; but such explanations will not go down with people who, though not having "scientific training," yet possess that less pretentious gift, common sense.

Now, in all seriousness, I would like to ask if Mr. Carpenter himself is not under "subjection of mind to a dominant idea," when he refuses to accept the evidence of thousands, in all ages of the world, in regard to the physical phenomena connected with Spiritualism, mesmerism, &c.

We would naturally suppose that one possessed of so priceless a gift as "scientific training" would be slow to say what was beyond the pale of natural law, and therefore impossible. I would not be understood as saying much against science *per se*, but only against pretension to a knowledge of its mysteries. Certainly no one should boast of his acquisitions if he has failed to divest his mind of that enemy to all fair investigation which we call prejudice.

Knowledge and "training" have done very little for him who refuses to accept as facts things which have been testified to by thousands, simply because they are outside the common experiences of life; who, notwithstanding the array of evidence, like a prominent English philos-

offer a few years ago, declines to investigate because upon a priori grounds he has decided that such things could not be. It seems to me that science has done very little for the individual who has not divested his mind of prejudice sufficiently to enable him to accept new ideas, even though they do not come through the recognized channels of scientific investigation. Indeed, the greatest difference between the bigotry of scientists and that of orthodoxes is in its direction and not in its spirit. E. G. ANDERSON.
Dutch Flat, Plover Co., Cal.

BEGIN ARIHIT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have been trying to organize the scattered forces of Spiritualism into a solid phalanx, but our repeated efforts have come to naught in almost every instance. It seems to me that the attempts have been made at the wrong end. Most of the work already attempted was commenced at the top of the pyramid instead of the bottom. Leaders who wanted to be the top-stone have met and resolved themselves into an upper circle, and requested organizations to be formed under them, and the trouble was they could not form.

Now it seems to me that organization should come from the masses, because of the need of combination, and until the masses feel the need, they will not be the substratum of it.

Many years since the now powerful domination of Methodism was started by Wesley and his coadjutors to infuse religious enthusiasm in the English Established Church, and to that end they lit a torch over the United Kingdom. In this they were unsuccessful in the aggregate, but a few entered into their labor, and to keep their interests alive and to work together, they banded into circles or classes of two, one to be their leader, and these leaders uniting, ultimately formed societies, (not churches,) for they were urged to still retain their relation to the Established Church. These societies, composed of a number of circles, engaged exhorters to preach to them from time to time, and from their limited means paid them for their labor, whether it was once a week or once a month. These circles formed the basis on which arose societies, and when they came to the United States, with the same process they formed churches. The preachers were at first called to societies once a month or once a quarter, as means would warrant, and a number of them formed a circuit, until these societies were able to pay for the full time of one preacher alone, and even then they often added more preachers, so they could have different ministers every Sunday.

This is the way organization commenced with the Methodists.

If a system has worked well and successfully we see no reason for discarding it when we have the first principle for basic operation in our own work, viz., circles. We would suggest, in order to start on a solid basis, that circles be formed of those interested, one being a medium (or sit still one is developed) and one a chairman or leader, and when the circle is full (say twelve) another be formed, then when there are enough to establish lectures the leader or chairman be the director of the meeting, the chairman of a formed circle to join with the chairman of another, and as fast as they are formed the chairman (or chairman and medium both, if thought best) be admitted into this circle of chairmen; then all business arrangements agreed upon by this second tier of circles be reported back to the first through their chairman and their cooperation asked. This brings harmony of action through every circle, and a united effort will gather strength. Then if there is need of a State or national organization for it will come in legitimate form.

These thoughts are suggestions, subject to change as circumstances dictate, but to me this seems the basis on which organization should start to be a success among Spiritualists.

W. A. D.

Mars and Its Recently-Discovered Satellites.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Recently, as your readers are aware, a most important telescope discovery has been made; in fact, the most important of the century, and second probably to none, if we except those of Neptune and the Asteroids, in the annals of telescope research. I refer to Prof. Hall's discovery of a satellite—perhaps two—belonging to the planet Mars. The peculiar merit of this discovery consists not in the size and importance of these bodies, but in the fact that Mars has been the subject of more searching scrutiny than any other of our planets, if we except the moon. And it has been reserved for American science to receive finally the reward for all this careful scrutiny.

Not long since, while comparing together various clairvoyant and psychometric descriptions of Mars and its inhabitants with the records of astronomical research, and noting points of comparison which, by a course of analogical reasoning, might serve as indirect corroborative evidence for some of those statements, which generally require so large a taxation of faith, I became interested in Prof. Denton's work, "The Soul of Things"; and while examining the curious records therein presented, one statement contained in Vol. III (p. 188) arrested my attention. This statement occurs in one of the recorded psychometric examinations of Mars, by his son Sherman, under date of May 20th, 1869, in which he is describing the various objects which attract his attention while upon the planet, and is as follows: ("What planet is that which looks so near?") "I see one planet that looks larger than any one does here. It looks as large as the door-knob."

On the following page, in note (2), Prof. Denton says: "This may be a satellite of Mars, too small to be seen by our telescopes." Prof. Hall, in his statement, said he was not certain of the existence of a second satellite, but believed there were two, and said it was possible to discover the satellite only by putting Mars out of the field of the telescope, so as to get rid of the brilliant light of that planet.

This certainly seems a direct verification of a psychometric statement made over eight years ago. And as all such verifications are of the utmost value in helping us determine the amount of confidence we can repose in such occult methods of investigation, opening, as they do, boundless realms of possibilities, I considered it advisable to make a note of this.

Perhaps others have already noted the same, but I have heard nothing as yet in this connection. I would also suggest that after we know definitely the size and distance of this satellite compared with Mars, it would be worthy of note to compare its probable apparent size, as seen from Mars, with the statement of Sherman. Also I should like to inquire of the readers of the Banner of Light whether any of them know of any other recorded observations upon the subject?

C. A. SIMPSON.

Bazonsville, Mass., Sept. 1, 1877.

For the Banner of Light.

THE BAPTISM OF LOYALTY.

A Drama in the Person of Fire.

BY ELEANOR GREEN M'DONALD.

Scene: A garden near the Church. Above, at midday, under the shadow of her dear church, indeed, in sacred precincts, stood young Joan, her father's daughter. Another period, and a higher power. By instinct taught, she knew some wondrous thing. Stranger than all her marvelous life had been, Was opening, even then, and from the strife slowly evolving, ere long must lead forth To a new mode of action. She had been To-day, as she had been, and from her life The morning light had seemed to fade away; But then her beautiful face was still unshaken, And in the dark she held the hand of angels. With perfect trust, and still was "only waiting." To go where they might lead.

But not a voice. Profoundly dejected and sad, she heard Call from the midst of shadow, Joan, Joan, Arise, and accept for this work thy ready sword. The plan, and restore his kingdom And a world's destiny.

JOAN. I am amazed! A voice, we say, and I: And art thou mocking? And how can I know but for truth? And how can I lead thee to this?

JOAN. Fear not. Fear nothing, I say to thee. The King's great captain, the Valencour, He will protect thee, and to the Dauphin, Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine, both will be protectors and defenders. Fear thou nothing.

The voice ceased, and the splendor was withdrawn. Joan trembled with what could it mean? And yet, how many marvelous dreams and visions, And sounds and voices, pointed into this? Eugene's dark, without interpretation, Now seemed to have a meaning. Could it be That all these words, a maddest in action, Would lead to such a destiny, grand and glorious? She was terrified, and half-absorbed.

The summons of the angel seemed a awful; And measured by her poverty, her weakness. It seemed a maddest dream. Yet she knew There was a something in it, and she declared it. That she should do, for all her life declared it.

Absorbed and lost in this profound thought, she did not know that Michael had appeared. Unconsciously she looked, and there he stood, Armed with a bearded lance, and robed in light, As in his prime that brought her the altar; And, though he was not, and she was not, A something in his presence terrified her.

And falling at his feet, sobbing, cried: "Have pity on me, Angel, and oh, say What is this strange and awful thing I've heard?" He lifted her from Earth, and gently soothed her With power magnetic.

MICHAEL. Awful, sayest thou? To see this King, to see this Country? Wouldst thou be false to thy Dauphin, listen: There is an old tradition that has been told, That from Donjon you should come forth a maiden, By saints instructed and by angels led, Who should deliver France, and thus art thou.

JOAN. Oh, Angel, Angel! Oh, I faint, I shudder, To the land of the great work and my weakness; And surely thou art not deriding me?

JOAN. To save my country, I had the power To do what thou hast said, and so, at a blessing How truly I'm guided. The position, And what it is, I can do, but this, so far as I can, and I can do so, I'm frightened and I'm mad with the thought.

MICHAEL. My daughter, Does not God know best? And he has called thee.

JOAN. Oh, dost thou believe it? MICHAEL. I know it; for 'tis he who truly sent me This day, to see, with a holy baptism, And thou art the chosen one, and thou art the work of highest wisdom will confirm it, So be the doubtless mine.

JOAN. On Angel bright! I knew the word is truth. I doubt no more; But how myself unto thy sacred hand To reverent submission.

MICHAEL. Joan of Arc, Listen now, and mark the sign of baptism all day long. It shall teach thee. It shall guide thee. "Thou shalt stand beside thee, And thy simple peasant name Crown the proudest scroll of fame, As the wind's breath wafts the flower, We'll forth thy latent power— Power to live, and work, and be glory of humanity."

JOAN. My daughter, canst thou see All the splendor crowning thee, All the good that thou shalt do, Making wildest romance true, Thou wouldst bow, in reverence sweet, At thy Sovereign Father's feet.

JOAN. Daughter, freedom's laughter dear! Tell me truly, dost thou fear This latest baptismal rite, Which, ere a year has taken flight, Will put into thy virgin hand, For noble use, the holy sword, To break the savage tyrant's rod, And conquer, in the name of God— Thy king to crown, his kingdom save And lift thy country from its grave— To bind with olive, fair and green, Her brow majestic and serene, And spread o'er fields of rich increase, The fertilizing dew of peace?

JOAN. But, tell me, art thou still afraid To dare thy fate, Heroic maid? To know that there's been born to be The Champion of Humanity?

JOAN. She looked up with her tearful eyes Into the distant glowing skies; Her sobbing heart, her sighing soul, Touched by the Infinite Control, Grew calm and quiet, while her face Beamed with a spiritual grace; And from the bending heaven a flame, Attended by her presence, came, And gently drawing her up higher, Around her wrought a robe of fire; And thus, in living flame baptized, By God and Angels canonized, Enshrined and consecrated, she stood, Wedded unto ETERNAL GOOD.

JOAN. Oh, wondrous sight! Oh, mighty power! That crowns this bright, baptismal hour With fire descending from above, The emblem of Almighty Love! The happy angelized. And now My hand I lay upon thy brow, But to confirm the glorious sign That shines forth in this rite divine, Thy Guardian Angels, ever high, Shall lead thee forth, from low to high; Still fearing naught, from high to higher; So shall thy growing hopes aspire. Now from the cold, and from the dark, Lead on to victory, Maid of Arc!

No longer could be caught impossible To one thus called and crowned. And from that hour She only saw herself Champion of Light, Crowned of Kings, Deliverer of France. The flames that robed, pervaded her whole being, Electric, yet intelligent. The heart From its late torpor sprang, with glad rebound, To new resolves, and with a higher purpose, Until the Innermost and Outermost, Quickened and consecrated, owned the power, And knew that it must be. And, thus confirmed, Her faith baptized itself anew to shrink From difficulties, fears, or doubts, or dangers. Was the award it gave, and she believed; For had passed beyond the finite portal, And all the Possible lay bare before her.

"A descriptive drama drawn from the life of Joan of Arc. Many receive their creed as they do their money, because they find it in circulation."

The Reviewer.

"Visionen im Wasserglase," etc.

We have received from Baroness Adelma von Vay, of Gombitz, Austria, a copy of a work of some hundred pages, printed in the German tongue, in which a marked and novel phase of her mediumship is practically set forth to the reading world. In her preface this talented writer and worthy lady presents the object of the brochure as follows:

"In my book, 'Studies of the Spirit-World,' I have mentioned my visions witnessed in a glass of water. For the benefit of the reader who has not perused that work, I here present the following explanation of those visions from the 'Studies,' page 85:

"Our spirit guides advised me to make the attempt to see visions in a glass of water. They disclosed to me one day that I possessed the gift of being able to see spirits without becoming somnambule; that I was clairvoyant. They said the visions should take place in this way: I was to fill a smooth, unpolished glass with water, and look therein, and they would then produce spiritual representations in the same. Upon making the trial, I immediately saw all kinds of objects in the water. I first perceived bubbles and small clouds, then a rainbow, a dog, and then forms resembling human beings. At first the water seemed to be agitated; by degrees the pictures appeared at the brain of the glass. I perceive these visions only in the evening, never by day, and I must feel disposed thereto through an earnest desire for the same. I am in a normal condition—i.e., in full consciousness of what I observe and say, and what others say or do. The desire of others to see this or that picture has absolutely no influence upon me. I am always quickly sensible of the presentation through joy or pain, through mourning or serenity, through comfort or discomfort, through bliss or vexation. The view of a high, pure spirit delights me, while on the contrary that of a low, impure one inspires deep compassion. The view of sick persons always causes me to feel their sufferings. I also sense smell, and receive the impression of heat and cold. If at times my eyes fill with tears, I am obliged at other times to laugh heartily over the scenes which I perceive. These pictures are often developed one from the other, many remain a long time in the same place, others again disappear instantaneously. They often appear to be much larger than the surface of the glass would seem to permit. These presentations sometimes appear like photographs, then again in colors, or like brilliant light or cloud-pictures. Light blue, yellow, golden, red, lilac, gray and green are the colors which I see. As I perceive the visions in the water I dictate the view to my husband, Baron Eugene von Vay, who transcribes it for me, and it is then explained by my guides."

ADELMA VAY.

The first part of the work relates specially to these visions, while the second treats of what may be denominated the elements of the earth, the air, fire and water. As a specimen of the peculiar and prophetic character of the visions perceived by the Baroness, we cite the following, together with its fulfillment, concerning the coming to Austria of Miss Lottie Fowler, the American test medium, then in Great Britain, but now at Saratoga, N. Y., etc.

"LXXX. April 20th, 1875. Vision of the Medium in the Glass of Water: Count B. in a black cloud. A lady sits in a dark cabinet. A figure near her plays the flute; another, a bluish spirit, surrounded by a brilliant light, holds a staff in her hand. An Indian with a plume of feathers on the head. I and my husband, Cousin Gundacker, his wife, and the stranger lady seated around a table."

Interpretation of the Vision by the Spirits through the Medium. Case of mourning in Count B.'s family. The lady is a medium from England, through whom you and your relatives will receive physical manifestations.

Fulfillment of the Vision through Facts: May 21 Count B.'s brother-in-law died in Vienna. In June Miss Lottie Fowler (who until this time was only clairvoyant) visited us; but here a most astonishing physical mediumship was developed through an Indian spirit, Pinkie, the flute and other instruments being played upon while the medium was secured in a sack. The bluish spirit which I saw was the medium's guide, Annie. We often sat with our relatives at the table awaiting manifestations. (Thus that which at the time of the vision seemed enveloped in obscurity, the spirits already saw in anticipation.)"

A recent number of Human Nature (London, Eng.) devotes several pages to a consideration of German works on Spiritualism, in the course of which it refers pleasantly to *Psychische Studien*, the Leipzig monthly, edited by the works of the Baroness von Vay, "Geist, Kraft, Stoff," i.e., Spirit, Force, Matter (published in 1870), and *Studien über die Geisteswelt* (published in 1874), and says:

"The most notable evidences of mediumship in Southern Germany, or the Empire of Joseph, that have reached us, are the works of the Baroness Adelma von Vay. Her personal experiences which Miss Lottie Fowler communicated to us after her visit to that lady, it is evident that the family is highly mediumistic, and that the locality has been the scene of spiritual phenomena for many generations."

Our readers, especially the younger portion, have reason to entertain a lasting memory of this gifted Austrian lady, because of the fine series of "Andersen" sketches given through her mediumship, and translated for our columns by Dr. G. Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is evident that in every department of the work to which her attention is called, Baroness von Vay does good and thorough service to the truth which she has so enthusiastically espoused.

THE DOCTORS' PLOT EXPOSED; or, Civil, Religious and Medical Persecution. Is Massachusetts Ready? Being the report of the hearing granted by the Senate Judiciary Committee, on a proposed Act, No. 46, entitled: "An Act to Regulate the Practice of Medicine and Surgery in the State of Massachusetts." Boston: Colby & Rich, 1877. Pamphlet, pp. 69.

There appears to be a simultaneous movement throughout the country, on the part of the doctors, to have laws enacted which shall debar all except this: The effort has been repeatedly made, and in some States has been successful. Perhaps a more infamous enactment was nowhere plotted than in Massachusetts. This proposed to set up a tribunal of three physicians, who were to yearly examine all the physicians in the State, and grant licenses to practice. Should any one practice medicine in any of its forms, without the consent of these despicable censors, they were to be fined from fifty to five hundred dollars, to be received by the person who entered complaint.

This proposed law was aimed more directly at the clairvoyant and mesmeric physicians and spiritual healers, and if it had passed (which it failed to do), so severe that a husband could not attend his sick wife or children, or a friend assist another in a medical manner, without violating the law and being exposed to its penalty.

The Legislative Committee, to whom the subject was referred, wisely resolved to hear both sides of the question, and there were able men and women in Boston who felt that a deadly blow was aimed at the liberty of the citizen. They came before the Committee, and by facts, arguments and wit really left nothing for the proposed law or its advocates to stand on.

Among those who came to the front of the battle were A. E. Giles, who gave a powerful, eloquent and scholarly speech, of itself enough to defeat the iniquitous law, Allen Putnam, the veteran Spiritualist, Henry N. Stone, Mrs. Rick-

er, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Julia A. Crafts, Prof. Tooley, and Rev. Charles W. Emerson. There is no doubt but that the "Regulars" have a slight trace of truth on their side. There is no doubt that the irregular practitioners often make mistakes, and their patients carry to the grave the evidence of their malpractice—but what of the mistakes of the doctors themselves? What of the tortures they have inflicted on suffering humanity! the deadly poisons they have administered by the ton! the deadly effect of calomel! their blood-letting!

We have memory which will go to eternity with us of a darling sister, sacrificed by an M. D. with a diploma from the first of colleges; a sister murdered as inevitably by his medicine as if he had plunged his scalpel into her heart. Nearly every family in the land have such a memory, or would have, did they know the medicines their dear ones were given in the name of medical science!

No law should be framed to compel the people to swallow the medicines of an M. D. and none other. The people know what they want, and if they are deceived, it is no business of the doctors.

The masses may be ignorant, but the way out of darkness is not by treating them as children incapable of liberty. By being deceived occasionally, they learn the truth. The physician who successfully heals will be popular, and no one will ask for his diploma.

This subject is being agitated in a good many States, and as it is a blow at the liberties of the citizens, should be promptly met by all lovers of freedom.

This little tract, which is sold at cost, contains the whole argument in favor of unrestricted medical practice, and when the occasion demands, no better document can be obtained to scatter among the people and awaken thought. A few hundred copies, rightly placed in any State where the doctors are inaugurating this movement, would most effectively put a quietus on their efforts, and we cordially recommend it to the friends in those States where efforts are at present being made to enact or enforce what has been well styled "The Doctor's Plot."—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

A Fine Piece of Satire.

Is this, which we copy from the editorial columns of the New York Times:

AN IMPUDENT INDIAN.

The North American Indian is utterly and irredeemably bad. For the truth of this assertion we have the unanimous testimony of the gentle and cultured frontiersmen, besides the calm, judicial decision of an eminent Federal General that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." While it is this impossible that Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percés, should be really worse than other totally depraved red men, it is very certain that a more gratuitous and uncalculated fiend never vexed a peaceful settler or annoyed a well-meaning Federal commander.

The life of this man Joseph is one long record of uninterrupted infamy. From his earliest manhood he has been conspicuous for unparalleled impudence. Instead of murdering and robbing an occasional white man, as the consistent savage would have done, he has until very recently been guilty of the effrontery of behaving himself like a peaceful and honest man. Not one of his bands was permitted to perpetrate a single outrage upon a settler during the whole time that he was living at peace with the United States. Thus this miserable savage impudently aped the customs of civilized and Christian men, and took away from his white neighbors every plausible pretext for exterminating him.

Not very long ago the Government, which must have become thoroughly tired of Joseph's impudent peacefulness, notified him that he must give up to white settlers the reservation upon which his tribe lived, and which had been solemnly guaranteed to the Nez Percés by a treaty. Instead of promptly obeying the order, Joseph, with a degree of impudence which was really startling, remonstrated with the Government, and actually hinted that it was under obligation to maintain its own treaties and to keep faith with him. Of course the idea that a great and enlightened Government ought to keep faith with a feeble tribe was too absurd to merit notice, and Joseph was once more calmly requested to hasten his departure. In the meantime while he was engaged in his reservation, in spite of his ridiculous claim that he had rights of property which anybody was bound to respect. Presently it so happened that one of his young men was killed by an energetic settler. Incredible as it may seem, Joseph went to the extreme length of asserting that this trifling incident was a murder, and sent to the nearest settlement and gravely requested the authorities to arrest and punish the so-called murderer. One can fancy the inextinguishable laughter with which this request was greeted by the United States. There was something heroic in the conduct of the patriots of the Revolution who preferred to fight the British Empire rather than to pay taxes without representation, but there is nothing to relieve the vulgar impudence of the chief of a small band of savages who prefers to fight forty millions of people rather than to give up his wretched little country. Of course, after he had thus displayed the full malignity of his nature there was nothing left to be done except to exterminate him, and he was sent against him for that laudable purpose.

It shocks all our finer feeling to be compelled to say that so far Joseph has handsomely refused to be exterminated. He has not only defended himself with a skill that is plainly the direct inspiration of the devil, but he has willfully refrained from perpetrating the outrages which we have a right to expect from a savage foe. When Gen. Gibbon's army attacked one of his villages the women and children were heroically killed by the Indians; but when Joseph the other day attacked a band of white people he released the women without injuring them. This was clearly the act of a cold-blooded, calculating savage, who cunningly pretended to place his enemies in a false light by permitting them to monopolize the cruelties of which he ought, in accordance with his aboriginal nature, to have been the sole author. He wanted to be able to say, when people exclaimed against the blood-thirsty Indians who spare neither age nor sex, "Excuse me! there is a trifling mistake here. It is my women and children—not yours—who are shot and bayoneted." There can, moreover, be but little doubt that this subtle savage has secretly induced his enemies to scalp some of his tribe as have fallen into their power. If he had any sense of decency he would have done all the scalping himself, but he can now point to Nez Percé scalps in the hands of the white men and make them the text of impudent and sarcastic remarks.

The longer this unspeakable wretch postpones his extermination the more he deserves our indignation. There never was a holier cause than that for which our troops are fighting. We are sustaining the sacred right of our Government to repudiate its treaties, and protesting against the wicked assumption that an Indian can ever have any rights whatever. In opposing this noble cause, Joseph is invoking the condemnation of all fair-minded men, while his wanton refusal to kill women and children, even after we have kindly set him the example, ought to create a whirlwind of indignation all over the land. At the same time we should humbly confess that we are not altogether blameless. If we had poisoned Joseph and his band years ago, we should not now be forced to fight him. Since we should not now be our duty in not long since making all our Indians thoroughly good ones. We are a Christian people, acquainted with strychnine and familiar with prussic acid. With either of these benefi-

cent agents we might have quietly removed every Indian within our territory, and thrown open all the reservations to those who are now suffering from want of room in the narrow confines of the Continent. Though we exterminate Joseph and his warriors, and though we shoot every woman and bayonet every baby of his tribe, we cannot fully atone for our neglect to poison them in the days when that good work could have been done cheaply, safely and easily.

Banner Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Texas—The Work of Col. and Mrs. Eldridge, etc.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I presume a few words from Texas will not be unacceptable to yourself and your readers.

The cause of Spiritualism is not in as flourishing a condition in this as in the more northern States. Our numbers are quite respectable, but scattered over such a wide extent of territory that organization and unity of action are difficult. Our State Association exists, and that is all. There are a few local organizations, which, though generally weak, are sowing good seed and laying the foundation for something better. The outlook, however, is hopeful and full of promise. There are here, as there were in earlier days at the North, very many who take an interest in Spiritualism, and who only lack opportunity for investigation and a little moral support to become thoroughly convinced and active Spiritualists. The opportunities and support will come in time. We are gradually overcoming the bitter opposition of the churches, and gaining a moral standing that will encourage the timid and hesitating, and give us the strength necessary for efficient action.

We have had a few earnest workers among us who have awakened an interest that will eventually bear good fruit. Among the number are Col. Eldridge and his wife, who made a tour through a portion of the State during the spring and early summer, meeting with gratifying success. With one exception they received the most flattering notices from the secular press, and scattered the most favorable impression among both believers and skeptics. Among all our lecturers and mediums there are few, if any, who can accomplish as much toward convincing the better classes of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy as Col. and Mrs. E. They are both intelligent, cultivated, refined, sincere and earnest. The former was a colonel in the Confederate service, and has since been in the practice of the law at Memphis, Tenn., holding a high position among the leading members of the bar of that city. He is an agreeable gentleman and a pleasant and forcible speaker. His lectures, though not radical, are liberal and full of thought. He appeals directly to the better impulses of man and woman, and aims to show to the world the refining and elevating influences of true Spiritualism, and in such a manner as to meet a ready response in the hearts of those who love truth and morality. Mrs. E.'s mediumistic powers are good, and of their genuineness there can be no doubt. She possesses in a rare degree all those womanly qualities that win respect and esteem. Dignified and modest, yet affable and pleasant, and with an air of simple truthfulness and sincerity, she disarms suspicion at once, and gains the confidence of even the most skeptical. They certainly deserve success, for they have sacrificed flattering prospects in life to labor for the good of others. Col. E. lectures free, and his wife's charges are moderate—the money refunded if satisfaction is not given, while those too poor to pay are given the preference over others. During their recent trip they scarcely received more than their expenses—paying their way as they went. Commencing in October they intend to make a more extended tour through the State, effecting local organizations wherever possible. Due notice of their appointments will be given through the Banner and other spiritual papers. They are at present in Waco, where Mrs. E. is resting and recuperating her health.

Mrs. Hawks has recently been lecturing in Galveston and Hempstead, and has, I learn, met with good success. There is a strong society in the latter place, thanks to the labors of Judge Booth, President of our State Association, aided by Colonel and Mrs. Eldridge.

That old veteran, Col. Paul Bremond, though still strong in the faith, is too much devoted to his new railroad to find much time for spiritual matters. He is, I am glad to say, meeting with deserved success in his pet enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Painter and A. B. Bristol, well known to many Spiritualists North, are living here, and are among our hardest workers.

I am glad to see through your columns that Bro. Wilson is still able for duty. He made two trips to Texas, and has many friends here who will join me in wishing him continued prosperity.

The Banner has a fair circulation in Houston, larger, probably, than you are aware, as many of us receive it through our newsdealers. I trust the number of its readers may increase here as elsewhere. More anon. Fraternally,

CHAS. E. DWYER,

Sec'y State Spiritual and Liberal Assn.

Houston, Tex.

Spiritualism in Virginia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have lately paid a two weeks' visit to Virginia, and was agreeably surprised not only at the liberal hospitality of old and new friends, but to discover so much acquaintance with the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism among the residents of Richmond and Staunton. In both places many families have one or more members, male or female, the cultivation of whose mediumistic gifts is a matter of public acknowledgment; but many more are hiding their light under a bushel (basket) away from the observation of their Orthodox neighbors.

In Richmond the cause has several bold espousers, including Mr. Rothery, healer, No. 914 Main street, who is well posted in the philosophy, and lectures at intervals in a quiet way. Mr. Charles Richardson, 27th and M streets, and his family, with his medium daughter, have been for some time the subjects of spirit-manifestations, at first unexpected and uninvited, now frequent and courted. A lady relative, who was a believer and tried to impress the family, but without success, before her departure, by her demonstrations, was afterward the occasion of their conversion to the reality of the phenomena. She had promised to so manifest after the change called death. Their attention was attracted by unaccountable noises and movements of articles of furniture. The lounge on which Mr. R. lay was withdrawn from the wall and replaced without mortal contact. The rocking-chair in the centre of the room was rocked untouched. Raps were made upon the bed, floor, and walls, exhibiting as much intelligence behind them as the

Forsale by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place,
corner of Provincestreet (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

TO BOOK-REVIEWERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, which we keep on hand at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, ground floor, 100 Montgomery Street, Boston, Mass. We are also prepared to order for subscribers, publishers, etc., as they may appear in the course of the year. We have a large stock of books on hand, and we will also order for subscribers, publishers, etc., as they may appear in the course of the year. We have a large stock of books on hand, and we will also order for subscribers, publishers, etc., as they may appear in the course of the year.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notice of the death of Mr. J. W. B. Gardner, a member of the Board of Directors of the Banner of Light, is hereby given. He died on the 19th inst. at his residence, 100 Montgomery Street, Boston, Mass. He was a devoted friend of the cause of Spiritualism, and his death is a great loss to the community. His funeral will be held on the 21st inst. at 10 o'clock, at his residence. All friends are invited to attend.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 100 Montgomery Street, corner of Franklin
Street, Lower Floor.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS.

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J. Frank Baxter: His Lectures in Boston: Additional Testimony in his Favor.

This celebrated medium and lecturer—to whose amplitude of attractions is also added the gift of the choicest order of vocalization—lectured in Amory Hall, corner West and Washington streets, Boston, in Dr. H. F. Gardner's course, on Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 16th, his remarks, tests and fine singing drawing together excellent audiences.

Dr. Gardner offered a few words preliminary to the opening service, wherein he recapitulated that he had arranged this series at the present early hour in the lecturing season for the purpose of affording the Spiritualists of Boston an opportunity of hearing Mr. Baxter, and also to demonstrate to the people in places distant from this section that Mr. Baxter possessed to the full the confidence of the community as a noble worker and a thoroughly honest man.

In the afternoon Dr. Gardner's remarks were directed to a consideration of the potency of facts—and in this connection he gave instances from his own experiences even as early as in his boyhood, and also cited some from those of friends, acquaintances, etc., all which had largely entered into the work of confirming him in his belief in Spiritualism—a conviction which nothing could shake. He referred to the recent action of the Winchester School Committee on his case, and declared that they had asked of him an impossibility.

In the line of his lecture he was stopped in full course, and led to describe a dwelling situated on the corner of Somerset and Howard streets, Boston, stating the name of a little one who had departed from mortal life there to be "Florence Perry." A lady in the audience recognized the name and main points in the narration. Albert Atkins, who made a strong appeal for the Children's Lyceum, using the medium for a telegraphic instrument for his transmission, was recognized by Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, as having been while in life a member of the Lyceum in Charlestown District.

In the evening he spoke on "Spiritualism in Theory, and described several visions. One of the impressions received led him to state, in effect: This is the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. I hear a drum and life. I see a body of sharpshooters. A man holds up to me a paper—it is the Banner of Light. I hear the name Berry—William Berry. (Mr. Berry was one of the original founders of this paper.)

The name and description of Rachel Greenlaw, of Medford, were presented by the medium, Miss Lizz—Dolan recognizing her as a lady whose funeral she had attended. Other tests of spirit identity, not here given, were afforded by Mr. Baxter during the afternoon and evening meetings.

Mr. Baxter will lecture in this hall next Sunday afternoon and evening, illustrating his remarks with tests and vocal music. We trust he will be greeted with audiences which will fill the place to overflowing.

As evidence that Mr. Baxter stands highest with those by whom he is best known we subjoin the following, from the columns of the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette, wherein a gentleman who candidly avows that he is not a Spiritualist states that he feels called upon to contradict the improbable and wild statements set afloat and circulated by parties whose want of information concerning the matter is equalled only by the facility with which they assail the time-established reputation and standing of Mr. B. in community.

A FRANK BAXTER—A NEIGHBOR VOICES FOR HIM.

WINCHESTER, MASS., Sept. 15, 1877.

Editor Gazette and Courier—An article in your recent issue on "Spiritualists" Lake Pleasant contains insinuations of fraud, and statements damaging to the character of a gentleman highly esteemed and respected as a teacher in the public schools in this town.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter is a man whose thorough honesty and integrity have never been questioned by any one who has known him in his boyhood; and whether or not he is mistaken in regard to the spiritual source of his impressions, is a matter of opinion. But to any one who has an intimate knowledge of his character, the insinuation that he gets his facts from old files of newspapers, townsmen, &c., or that he is guilty of perpetrating any kind of trickery upon his audience, is simply absurd and a good moral and religious character, with the record of a lifetime spent in the attainment of useful knowledge and the careful investigation of scientific truths, ought to be taken as a guarantee for the sincerity, at least, of a man's public utterances, and shield him from charges of fraud and deception until unimpeachable evidence is produced.

It is very easy and perfectly natural for those not in sympathy with his theories and even ridiculing his views, to tell him of an "insinuation." It is within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant" that a person was disgraced by joining the Universalists, and his theory informs us that the same was true of the Quakers, the Methodists, the Baptists, and, in fact, every Christian sect back to the time of Christ himself, who was the most despised and rejected of all.

Those who will inform themselves by reading the works of able scientific investigators like Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmunds, Prof. Hare, Dr. Crowell, and many others, or more briefly the articles on the subject in the new Cyclopaedia, will find that true Spiritualism is by no means a fraud or superstition, but, on the contrary, presents a great claim to candid consideration by mankind as any other religious doctrine, and is as fully sustained by the Bible, in passages such as 1 Kings xiv: 5, 6, 7; Heb. i: 3; Acts xii: 7, 8, 9; Acts xvi: 53; Acts xxiii: 9; Matt. xxiii: 30; &c., &c. Now if any one can explain, by any known laws of nature, the things recorded in these passages of Scripture, or the well-known phenomena of clairvoyance, somnambulism, &c., &c., then will Spiritualism be annihilated, but not till then.

The writer of this is by no means a convert to Modern Spiritualism, but desires that the intelligent readers of your widely-circulated journal should not hastily condemn as a fraud a conscientious investigator, simply because he has met with a seeming obstacle in the development of a theory. I say "seeming" obstacle, because in the first place it is not certain that Mr. Baxter's "communication" from Aben Bunter was incorrect, for a statement has been put forth, claiming to come from good authority, that the living negro had a father by the same name. And assuming that the "communication" was false, it may not be inconsistent with the Spiritualistic theory. The propensity for lying is so strong with some people, that were it entirely eradicated in their passage to the Spirit Land, their friends would not recognize them, and it is doubtful if they could identify themselves; consequently it is unreasonable to expect infallibility.

W. H. B.

Concerning the persecution of this worthy medium, Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, Mass., writes us as follows under a recent date:

"I for one extend my hand, my heart, and my soul to the noble, honest and truthful J. Frank Baxter, one of our fearless standard-bearers, who has ever acted on principle and not policy in all his course during his enlistment in the battle for justice and right. He has won his greatest achievements in life in taking the stand he has in refusing to renounce that which is so dear to him and to hundreds of thousands of his fellow-

men; and in refusing to bow to the mammoth of popularity and the dictates of religious fanaticism and error he has shown to the world of today a most noble example. Spiritualists, stand by your advocates, who are—as Mr. Baxter has just done—sacrificing all for the sake of the truth. I send my fraternal feelings to Mr. Baxter, whom I revere and appreciate as a fellow-man and a brother medium in whose good faith I have every reliance."

Bro. Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator, fully speaks his indignation at the "mean and bigoted persecution to which Mr. Baxter has been subjected" in the following extracts, which we transfer from his columns to our own. In the course of an article wherein is embodied Mr. B's letter as published in our issue for Sept. 8th, he says:

"The Banner of Light informs us that Mr. Baxter has been persecuted on account of his opinions—he is a teacher, and has had his school taken from him because he believes in Spiritualism; and as if that belief were a crime, and as if Christians themselves did not believe in spirits."

We would help Mr. Baxter, and therefore we cheerfully and unasked give to his letter the benefit of our circulation. He knows him to be a worthy man—upright in character and liberal and honest in his opinions. Furthermore, as he has an undoubted right to be a Spiritualist, we sympathize with him in his persecution, and hope to hear soon that the injury which his bigoted enemies have sought to inflict upon him has recoiled upon their own heads."

Elsewhere in his "Correspondential" Department, Bro. Seaver thus repeats his assertion: "It [the taking away of J. Frank Baxter's school from him because he is a Spiritualist] was a miserable case of religious persecution, and such as has characterized Christianity from time immemorial, or ever since its advent. The very essence of that religion is bigotry, as shown in this case (and we could give others just like it), for Mr. Baxter has a much right to be a Spiritualist as have the school committee and deacons who persecuted him to be Christians."

E. V. WILSON

Will lecture in Dr. Gardner's course at Amory Hall, October 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th. He is too well known as a speaker and public test-giving medium to need any encomium at our hands.

The Bliss Suit.

We referred to the fact, in a recent issue, that certain adverse statements had been made by the Times, of Philadelphia, as to the Bliss media of that city, and stated that we should, for the time, withhold judgment in the premises. At the present hour we feel that we cannot justly do more than to continue in such suspension of opinion, since the case is now on the docket of a court of law, and both the Blisses on the one side, and their accusers on the other, are placed under bonds to answer in a sort of cross suit, the results of which will be watched for with great interest. The following call by Mr. Bliss, on all parties who have ever received at his sances the evidence of his reliability and that of his wife, that the testimony may be filed as legal evidence of the bona fide character of their claims, should receive the attention it merits:

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 16th, 1877.

MESSES. COLBY & RICH—GENTS: During the past three years thousands of tests of the recognition of spirit friends have been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Bliss and myself as trances, clairvoyants, and materializing mediums, and I wish to ask a favor of you: That you will please insert this letter in the columns of the Banner, that all who have recognized spirit friends at my materializing sances, or received any test from them otherwise, may, in this hour of my trial, take the trouble to send me a letter confirming the test thus given.

Yours truly, JAMES A. BLISS.

1027 Open street.

In this connection, it is no more than justice to the parties to state that a few days since J. W. Raymond, of Portland, Me., called at our office and informed us that last May he was in Philadelphia and attended sances with the Blisses, at which his three daughters manifested to him. He was an entire stranger to both Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. His son Willie came and gave his name, which the media could not have known. One daughter in particular, whose name was Eunice—famously called "Euna"—was clearly seen and recognized by him. He has full faith in the honesty of these media.

We have received a voluminous account of the case from the pen of Gen. Roberts, but while thanking our kind correspondent for the preparation of the same, hardly deem it proper, since each party has sued the other, to print a statement drawn up by the counsel on one side. Newspaper etiquette would naturally demand us to grant a hearing to the other, and we really could not afford so much of our space as the battle when once brought on would necessitate. The Religio-Philosophical Journal speaks truly when it says (Sept. 15th) "The merits of this case cannot be settled by newspaper discussion."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten

Lectured in Crow's Hall, Chicago, Ill., Tuesday evening, Sept. 18th, on "The Unending Conflict and the Coming Religion." Her address being highly pronounced upon by a large and enthusiastic audience. She left Chicago Friday, 7th, on her way westward. We are pleased to hear of her success, and hope the ovation set on foot at Cleveland and Chicago may follow herself and Dr. Britten all along the path to the Pacific Slope.

While the allopathic and homoeopathic doctors of Philadelphia were quarreling over a colored person, the patient became violently insane and killed himself. This "straw," cut from the columns of the daily press, exhibits the true perspective animus of the two sects of medicine which are now notably seeking, in various parts of the country, to pass a law tying the hands of the spiritual healers, closing the mouths of its media, and putting the collar of restraint on the neck of every person needing medical treatment, according to any progressive method, so that such person shall be confined to their old and fossilized routine. A fine showing—is it not? They fail even to agree among themselves!

S. P. Kase, Esq., writes us from 1001 N. 15th street, Philadelphia, Pa., that while at the Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camp Meeting, in August, he thoroughly tested the mediumship of Charles E. Watkins—several messages being written while in his presence by some invisible power between two slates which he (Mr. Kase) held in his own hand at arm's length from himself, a diminutive piece of pencil being first placed between the covers thus made. The slates at the time were, to his personal knowledge, clean and free from marks. Watkins, so report says, after a pilgrimage to Portland, has gone to New York.

D. M. Bradbury, Secretary, writes that a Spiritualists' camp meeting was held at Etta, Me., commencing Sept. 6th and continuing four days. We shall refer to it again next week.

Testing the Honesty of Investigators.

Is it not about time that the reliability of those calling themselves "investigators of the alleged facts of Modern Spiritualism," was put to the test? In other words, that this honesty that is so glibly talked about was more evenly balanced between mediums and the public? Why is it that while the severest tests are called for in the former they are wholly ignored in the latter? Why should not the honesty of investigators be tested as is that of mediums? There are even some of this former class who call themselves "Spiritualists," who might be subjected to something of the kind without much harm to "the cause" they advocate. At least two-thirds of what have been trumpeted abroad as cases of fraud have had their origin in the willfulness, bigotry, intolerance and other species of dishonesty of so-called investigators.

Said a leading member of the Plymouth Church, during the "little unpleasantness" that is generally known to have existed there, "I would not believe my dear pastor to be guilty should a thousand juries pronounce him so; nay, were he to declare himself." And this view of the case was held by the "honest" members of all the Orthodox churches to a very great extent.

Now it is this same class, these thousands multiplied by tens, who are seeking for, and if they cannot find are manufacturing to order, charges of fraud against those who are acting as mediators between the other world and this; or to use an old-time expression, between God and man. They are marching under what they are pleased to call "the Banner of the Cross," and acting under the belief "it's all right if it's for Christ."

The antagonistic power brought to bear on a sensitive medium, and all mediums are, of course, sensitive to an excessive degree, by a self-styled investigator, determined to have his own way even if he destroys, seemingly, the very gates of heaven, is oftentimes sufficient to give honesty the semblance of fraud, and cause light to appear as darkness.

These idolatrous lunatics are very forward in claiming a right to apply every possible test of reliability and guard against fraud, even to cruelty, in a medium, but if a medium ventures the breadth of a single hair over the line of their own personality to question their fairness, their honor, there is at once a tempest of wrath and indignation raised, and the poor, affrighted, and defenseless medium is charged with fraudulent practices, with not daring to have his or her claims "scientifically" examined, and not willing to become subject to "crucial tests."

Alack and alas! why are not things in our day called by their right names? "Crucial tests" crucifixion tests rather! This same class of investigators applied this form of test to a renowned medium in the days of one Pontius Pilate, and shouted as they did so, "If he be the Christ let him come down from the cross and save himself!" And what was the result? It was announced by the voice of one of his friends, "He is not here. He hath arisen. Behold the place where they laid him!"

While the public, not only in our own but in all past times, has had every opportunity to test the truthfulness of the mediums, the mediums have had none to test the public. Men and women approach a medium as though they owned her body and soul—the house she lived in, and the very earth beneath her feet; tell her to do this and that, regardless of all requisite conditions, and if she refuses to make an attempt, or if she makes an attempt and fails, she is branded as an impostor.

It is well known and admitted by every one that to produce the best results in chemistry, to satisfactorily solve mathematical problems, to do anything within the realms of art or science, and do it well, a strict compliance with the conditions generally recognized as requisite must be had. To ignore these conditions, and expect the same results, and then to berate the experimenter because they did not transpire, would be an act of folly.

It is no very hard matter to comprehend the fact that these efforts of the spirit-world to lift the veil, and to disclose to those on earth the life and all that pertains to another state of existence must necessarily be made under conditions the most subtle and exacting and of which we can know but very little if anything. The spirits are the active participants in these experiments, we the passive. They therefore, make, or rather, state the conditions, for they alone know them; and if we desire to witness the results they promise to produce we must comply with those conditions, be they what they may.

Perhaps the incident is forgotten of an old gentleman, who, having filled his pockets with stones, called on a professor in one of our western colleges, and asked to be shown some of the experiments by which very important discoveries had recently been made. The urbane professor received his visitor very courteously, took him into his laboratory, displayed the delicate apparatus with which he worked, and explained its operation. The man seemed to be intensely interested. Then the professor took his customary position behind his table; adjusted retorts, receivers and flasks, and proceeded to exhibit his experiments. Both professor and "investigator" appeared equally interested. Suddenly, the latter thrust his hands into his pockets, drew out the stones, and dashed them, stone after stone, at the nicely arranged apparatus, shivering it into atoms and scattering the fragments in every direction.

"Now produce your wonderful things," he shouted like a madman, as he was; "of what use is all that show of glass ware? Do your work without them! I propose to have these things done in my way; and if you cannot do them you are an arrant humbug; that's what you are. And—" but before he could say more, a dozen students had rushed in and secured him. That investigator was arrested, and is now holding a private sance in a State Asylum.

I am unable just at this moment to give the time and place of the above occurrence, but it seems so aptly to illustrate the manner in which our unseen experimenters are frequently treated by the ignorant learned men of earth that I cannot forbear to hold one more "mirror up to nature" in calling their attention to it.

It is in this way our mediums are dealt with by a class of persons who, under pretence of a desire to see the phenomena and learn the truths of Spiritualism, visit them with the sole purpose of confirming their own views, and to destroy, if possible, everything not in harmony with them. It was once said of such that they would not believe if one rose from the dead. That would be a very mild way of describing some of those we have with us. These individuals would not believe in the manifestations of spirit presence and power about us if the humble Nazarene himself should

come directly to them and declare them to be true.

Is it not high time that we stood up manfully and guarded our mediums against the approaches of such persons? that we accorded to them some rights which an ignorant and skeptical "respectable" mob denies them? Are these delicately adjusted instruments, which the intelligences of the other world have been for many years preparing, and which, by long study and the exercise of patience, forbearance and perseverance, they are now bringing into practical use for the demonstration of the fact of immortality, to be subjected to the rude attacks of every egotistical, self-inflated bigot who seeks to destroy them?

Truth cannot be destroyed. A fact is no less a fact because men will not see and admit its existence. But truths that might be a blessing to earth; facts that might comfort many a disconsolate soul, cheer the disheartened and weary pilgrim, who with clasped hands and tearful eyes is waiting for the coming light, and saying, "When will the night be past and the day dawn?" may be rendered of no avail by those who denounce these truths as falsehoods, and these facts as the illusions of a disordered brain.

While I would welcome a hundred times welcome, those who, with honest intentions, pure desires and truthful purposes, seek to know of these things, I would say to those of an opposite nature, should they approach a medium, "Stand back! this is holy ground. Seek first the Kingdom of Harmony, and its righteousness, and all these things shall be given unto you."

Do we not remember Tennyson's beautiful lines so applicable in this case:

"How rare in heart and sound in head,
With what a dim afflictive light
Should the thousand who seek wisdom's hold
An hour's communion with the dead!"

West Roxbury, Mass. J. S. A.

Mrs. Suydam, the Fire-Test Medium.

Last week we published the testimony of John Wetherbee, Esq., concerning this well-known lady from the West. Dr. Mack furnishes us with the following views regarding her at the present writing:

"Are the Spiritualists of Boston generally aware of the fact that one of the most remarkable exhibitions of spirit power that has ever been made before a public assembly is now offered daily in our city? Are our physicists and men of science aware of their opportunity of testing a most remarkable phenomenon? If not, I hope a few words from me as to the conditions under which Mrs. Suydam submits hands, arms and feet, throat and mouth to the ordeal by fire, will attract some attention."

Before an assemblage, not so large as it ought to be, and often composed chiefly of skeptics, Mrs. Suydam will hold hand or arm for the space of thirty seconds in a steady flame from a kerosene lamp. She will move either arm back and forth through the flame, and after the experiment not a hair will be found singed. She will thrust a piece of blazing wood, dipped in alcohol, into her mouth, and keep it there fifteen seconds. In short, she will give the most ample proof that some abnormal power is at work shielding her skin from the ordinary effects of fire.

To prove that she does not produce this insensibility by any artificial or chemical means, she will allow any chemist to wash her arms and hands in any preparation he may think available to test the genuineness of the phenomenon. The charge so loosely brought against Mrs. Suydam, that she produces the manifestation by any other aid than the spiritual, I believe to be wholly unfounded. She passes into a state of trance while the phenomena are in progress, and she allows the most skeptical committees all proper facilities for testing her sincerity and satisfying themselves that the phenomena are inexplicable by any fact or process at present known to science."

Mrs. Louie M. Kerns.

This lady gave a public sance on Sunday evening last at Nassau Hall, Boston, before a highly respectable and intelligent audience. Mr. Robert Cooper presided on the occasion, and Mr. John Wetherbee was selected by the audience to act on their behalf to overlook the proceedings.

Pieces of paper of a uniform size were first distributed among the audience, on which it was requested that names of deceased persons should be written. This being done the papers were collected and placed on the table at which the medium sat. Her hand was then influenced to write a communication to which a name was appended. This was then read and the name being recognized as one written in the ballots, the medium took them up, one at a time, very quickly. On raps being heard upon the table the ballot was opened and found to contain the name attached to the communication. This was repeated several times with unflinching accuracy, and in some instances names were given in the communications which were admitted to be right. Spirits were also successfully described. Altogether the sance was very satisfactory, and exhibited the possession of fine mediumistic powers on the part of Mrs. Kerns.

Miss M. A. Houghton.

JUST ISSUED FROM THE PUBLISHING
HOUSE OF COLBY & RICH:

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages in the Banner of Light, published by Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are published weekly, and are the only ones of the kind published in this country.

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Special Notice.

During September the regular meetings will be Tuesday and Thursday, and Friday services continued at 8 p.m.

An extra session will be held on Sunday, Sept. 30th.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Great Father, thou Infinite One, who art the God of the Christian world and of the so-called heathen, thou who lookest upon all nations as one, whether Jew or Gentile, we ask thy assistance, thy guidance, as we return to earth, as we step carefully along the highway of life, and again take upon us the mortal. Oh, strengthen, guide and keep us, we beseech thee. Help us to do our work, now and hereafter.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your questions, Mr. Chairman. Q.—[By L. M. Allen, Iowa.] Some spirits who passed away, saying, when they return say they are "too tired" to talk much. Why is this? Does it take a great length of time for the soul to become accustomed to its different surroundings?

A.—It may not take the soul a great while to become rested, yet when individual spirits come for the first time in rapport with some human of earth, they sometimes feel tired, because they are ignorant of the intimacies which they have with earth, consequently they are too weary to communicate that which they would. But soon that condition passes away, and they are able to communicate without experiencing these unpleasant sensations.

Q.—[By the same.] Some spirits make use, in manifesting, of very profane language. Is it not true that the spirit world is one of purity? Is such language used there?

A.—There seems to be a great mistake in regard to the spirit world. Some suppose that an individual can leave from this life to the summer land and be entirely changed; yet as the old record has it, each one shall go forth to his own place, to reiterate that each individual goes to his or her own place, and if any have been accustomed to use profane language, they are not ready to drop it at once. When the body is cast off, of course the spirit becomes more pure and refined; still when it comes in contact with the mediums of the earth and wishes to be identified, it is very apt to use the same language it did while on earth.

Q.—[By the same.] Can all spirits give information desired? If not, why are they permitted to return? Are there not enough wise spirits to answer all questions, keeping back ignorant spirits?

A.—Were the spirit-world governed by such a decree, we fear it would be unfavorable for the spiritual life. There are wisdom-spirits enough to answer every question that comes up before us, but shall we let ignorant spirits remain in ignorance of the laws of the spirit-world and through the different mediums in the land teach them the way of salvation? It seems to us that there is such a thing as Christianity, and the world believes in it, the answer will be, by all means bring the ignorant spirits to earth, that they may learn.

Q.—[By a Seeker after Truth.] Is it wrong for second-coming to marry?

A.—Indeed, friend, you give us a most singular question, but I presume, in fact I see as I look at the questioner, that the motive is not simply one of curiosity, but rather a desire to know the laws of life. People wishing light on this subject need only to look over the history of the past to note well those families who have married and remarried to answer the question for themselves. We are not referring to the laws of man, for many times these precipitate them selves against the laws of God; we are speaking of Nature's laws; and we have seen in every grade of life that the mixing of the blood of the same families, of the same natures, very often produces disease—not only of the body but of the mind. Yet again there are exceptions where all goes smoothly as runs the river. We can only say that it must be his own judgment, study the laws of his own being and the laws of the other's being, in order to answer the question.

Q.—Do spirits talk in the other life as mortals do in this?

A.—We do not talk in spirit life just as you do here. We both use our spiritual lips to bring out audible sounds, and read each other's thoughts as they fit back and forth. It is not necessary that an American should study German in order to understand a German spirit; nor that a Frenchman should study the English language in order to understand an Englishman; for in the spiritual realm there is a universal language. Then, too, many of our thoughts are communicated one to the other through symbols. We might say our language is almost symbolical, the mental predominance over the other qualities.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—These questions come to us from an individual: "Why not close the Circle Room, so far as letting every order of influence come in? Why not give personal communications to individuals present in the Circle Room?" We can only answer, as we have several times before: This is not an outlet for the gratification of those alone who come here, but it is an avenue for the benefit of the spirit world, that intelligences may freely manifest and say what they please, provided they please to use proper language and behave in a decorous manner. Were we to turn the Circle Room into a channel for individual communications to people who visit here from time to time, we should have more on our hands than we have to-day, and there would be more fault found with us than is even now expressed. We can only repeat again we are doing our utmost to help the spirit-world and at the same time to help the people of earth; therefore you must bide your time. If your friends come, rest assured we shall not shut them out; if strangers come, we shall admit them also. We answer most decidedly we could not do the amount of good we are doing to-day were we to close the avenue to strangers, and only admit the friends of those who visit the Circle Room.

Joshua Trumbull.

I don't want to come, Mr. Chairman, but I am obliged to. Why can't I be left to rest in peace? I wish I could sleep a hundred years, like "Rip Van Winkle." They won't let me sleep—they

start me up, like Barnum's elephants. I wish they would let me alone; why won't they? [Have you been "asleep" long?] I went away in 1849. [That's a good while ago.] Oh my heavens! I have slept a good while, haven't I? I guess it is time I woke up. My name is Joshua Trumbull. I went away from Portland, Me. I traveled from one place to another, but always got back again. I am a soldier in the "army of the Lord" now, if I want a soldier in the army before.

Dear mother, dear father, dear brother, dear sister, God bless you all, but don't worry about me. By the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I still live and have my being, and I will return at some day, and you shall see me as I am.

Snow Drop.

Me be asked to come here, can me come? Do I'm be always welcome? [Yes.] Me no like to come, me no want to come in your church wigwag, but have do call for I. Shall me answer? [Yes.] He do say, "Snow Drop, tell your story, tell me why you no come to my wigwag." Me can no come to your wigwag, John brave, unless me have one medium squaw to come through. You be no medium me can speak through, you squaw be no medium me can speak through. Your papoose me try to come through, me no make out big in a day. You call me, late, when the big Father's day come. Me want you to wait much time before me can bring squaw to your wigwag, through whom me can speak out big truths, eight times seven suns before me can come, maybe more, but me say that much, then if me can come me will. No call for me much more. Me got much time. Me direct to the John brave, Planville Settlement.

[The above message was given May 14th.]

S. Chase.

I am asked to come to this place. I am requested to speak my words, and tell the friends of earth whether they are journeying through the right and proper paths of life. I will say that we in spirit-life are guiding the mortal. Katie, I am doing whatever I can to assist you and your husband in the chase of life. The brook where the salmon are gathered, may seem deep to you, and I will ask you to plant in your garden of life the seeds of beauty, that they may blossom with love and joy. Be true to your-elves, and the beloved ones that you love better than life will gather round you, and will assist you and your husband, and keep you in the path of truth and beauty. Please say it is from S. Chase, to his daughter Katie.

Patrick Maccoony.

I had a blessed woman for a mother, sir, but she would sometimes take a drop of the craythur an' get a little off the track; an' sir, it's meself did the same, an' me father, too, an' why should I find fault with that, sir? But, sir, why is it we Irishmen drift here—do you know? It's because you've got a prairie here, an' he comes an' he tells us we'll get out of purgatory if we come here. Do you believe that, sir? You know I've been in the dark since I've been come, don't you? It's only one candle I've had, an' I've been here five years. How many will forgive me when I go away, sir? [A long pause.] I don't see 'em. [When you get ready to go, will you shake hands on it? Faith! I have not stepped my foot on one thing but I've found it was mud underneath, sir, and when I thought good was before me, evil came up, an' when I went to the prairie he said he'd forgive me sins, an' shine, sir, me sister and me mother spent every cent they had to pay me out of purgatory, an' I was close beside 'em all the time, an' now, sir, I'm out, a bit. A Father brought me here, and Father Riley, he come, too, an' they told me to come in here. What the devil was I coming in here for, sir? [You will soon learn that you are benefited by it.] I'll be going now, sir. Me name is Patrick Maccoony.

Emma W. Hepworth.

Again I visit earth, again I speak my word of love, and I ask for a hearing. I thank thee, O Father God, for the privilege which I enjoy this afternoon of being able to communicate with loved ones. Even though I may not call their names, they will know me, for I can here express my feelings and tell them how much their love is still around me, how I feel their pleasant thoughts as they reach me on the telegraph wires of love, and I can say that I respond to them at morning, at noon and at night. Their presence is very near me, for I feel it, and many times I stand beside them and would whisper in their ears words of warning, words of cheer. I would stand beside them often, I would ask them to hear me as I come. The second time I make the attempt it will not be in vain, for I shall never tire, I shall not grow weary walking the pathway that brings me to my loved ones. My home is beautiful, and the pictures of my loved ones are hanging on its walls. The dear good ones that I missed before I went—missed so long ago—are all here, bright and happy. Our home is a glorious one. I would tell you more of it, would speak more fully, but feel that I have said enough for now. Please give my name, Emma W. Hepworth. I have friends here in Boston that will know me, for my name was once Brahmad. I have dear loved ones here.

William Lowell.

I thought I had outlived it, and did not expect to feel it again as I came in contact with mortality—I mean the disease of which I died—but I do feel it, yet I'll not care, for I know I am coming for a purpose to-day, to reach one who was kind to me in earth-life when the loved ones passed from my sight, who showed me the way of eternal life, who made me feel when with me that the angels were very near, and whose Indian friend held my hand when I was leaving for the brighter land above. I have no regrets except that I left my beloved daughter lonely. I know she would be well cared for, that the angel had her in their keeping. Though the days were dark in the past, yet the angels held her. Now life is growing brighter and home seems sweeter. I feel, as I come here, that I have no story to tell, and maybe you will say that I am much like the Christians, who only have something of Christ to talk about. They say we spirits only tell that we are immortal, that we live on the other shore. What better tidings can we bring? What treasure that would gladden more and shine brighter than the fact that we live, that we remember? In returning to earth we prove that we have not forgotten those that were near and dear to us. I know that the old place has changed, that seldom does the Spiritual Philosophy sound forth from our homes to-day, yet it is touching the hearts of many who scoffed at it years ago. I see it creeping lightly over the pulpit steps, I see it there looking up at each preacher from his Bible leaves, and I watch it closely as it reaches from place to place. I am a plain, unlearned man, yet when I have seen one after another who had the bondage of theology all around them, when I have seen them come and with wild dismay stand and look and wonder at beholding not the heaven they expected, only a natural life, how I have thanked God that the bright light of heaven shone around me before I left the form.

I had many thoughts I would like to give. I do not expect to give them well, but I want to tell of the beautiful home I have—the beautiful flowers that are around me. I can be a ministering angel to others. I have taken many a long walk in the forest. My home is on the hill-top; I can gaze down into the valley something as of old. I feel that I enjoy life more than ever before. There is one who watched over our old bodies when they had been laid away. Tell her she will never know how anxiously I watched her coming, how I feared she might not be there. Tell her my wife and I were near her through the long winter, when she felt so sad; we have not forgotten her. When we have time to spare we often stand near her and ask her not to be discouraged, but to look up. Tell the loved ones I will watch them closely and guide them well.

My name is William Lowell; my disease, cancer; my residence, Unionville, Conn.

Charles H. Willis.

Please say that Charles H. Willis, who went out from Ellensburg, about three years ago last October, returns here and asks that his name may be printed, that a friend may read it and communicate with him.

Erastus St. John.

My name is Erastus St. John. I passed out from New Orleans, about many years ago. I knew but little about this thing, and I cared but little for it. I left the form rather suddenly. I was not a believer in this, but more or less was led to the English Church. I have some friends in New York State—a wife who is another snow, yet she is my wife still—and I have some children. To them I come, trusting my letter to the wings of Spiritualism, for they will think it strange, and will not wish me to give their names, but I want to say to my dear M. "I have been with you in the darkness and in the light, and I have seen you both other and self have separated in life, and the stern messenger of death called me away, and yet not away, for I stood by her side many a long, long day, when her heart seemed bursting, when if she could have realized that I was there and I could have communicated with her, she would have felt far better than she did. I want to tell her how much I have been here, how I have guided her. Tell her I am still the same. I trust this, as I said, to the wings of spiritual light, feeling that some one may read it and give it to her.

B. H. Richardson.

I did not know whether to take hold of this medium or not. I have been standing hesitatingly here, thinking whether I could make myself understood through her, or whether I should only make a bungle of it, and my friends would wish me to make myself understood. I have a strong desire to come to you, and I have a medium near my home, but we sometimes read that "distance lends enchantment," and we are more likely to go away from home for an article than to stay right in our own place—perhaps that is the case with me. If I as I said before, don't represent myself readily, I can only excuse myself by saying I don't understand the machine. I find there are many of us who know but little of this thing and do not understand it well, who attempt to talk through different mediums, and we make ourselves very poorly understood, yet the public are not willing for an instant to give us the credit of having done the best we could. They expect us to represent ourselves through another's brain as well as we could through our own.

I know something, Mr. Chairman, of the trials of newspaper work. I have been in it. I know what it is to have a hand placed over your mouth and to be told "Thus far canst thou go, and no farther; you may say this and so, and if you trespass beyond that we will suppress you." Now I do not know as I have got anything wonderful to relate, my experience in the spirit-world has been very much like experience in earth-life. I have met all kinds and sorts of people, from every nation and clime. I find that many who were called in earth-life "Christians," now represent heathenism to a considerable extent here in the spirit-world, and that those I considered "heathen" represent Christianity. I find we are hungry for employment, unless it is some lazy drone that would have gone to sleep in its corner here. There are spirits that like to have a good time; in fact, that like to torment human life, provided they get a chance to do so. I find men and women here, who were crushed down to earth in mortal life, who seem to spring up like a rubber ball—they bound, as it were, into the spiritual, and understand it better than we old heads who have studied it all our lives. Now I did not come on purpose to deliver a loving message to my friends, but because I wanted the use of material eyes to look about your city and through your establishment, and learn all I can. I came because I wanted to sit at the feet of truth and learn; because I thought I should go forth stronger to-morrow, to carry more knowledge, so I could come back and give you more definite ideas of the spiritual. You can say that it is B. H. Richardson, of Baltimore.

Pop.

I come here 'cause I didn't have nowhere else to go, did I? I'm a nuffin to go, so I'm comin' down here. There's heaps of 'em comin'. Aunt Sukey said I might come if I wanted to, if I'd behave myself. I used to live down in Richmond; used to be a slave; used to belong to Massa Christie. I's not got much name, massa. It's David it's Pop, that's what it is. You see they said I was always poking my nose round what I wasn't wanted. I never could find out what I was good for—what to do; somehow never could see what I could do. Can't you tell me, massa? One time it rained powerful like, and I should go forth, strong as a tower, to carry more knowledge, so I could come back and give you more definite ideas of the spiritual. You can say that it is B. H. Richardson, of Baltimore.

Charles P. Wetmore.

Well, Mr. Chairman, I come to-day, not because, like the colored boy, I've got nothing to do, but because I feel I may be able to do something to reach humanity. Yet I don't know that I understand the case well enough to tell my story and make it strong enough to do others good, yet I would like, if I cannot do it, that you Spiritualists, who believe in this, should make some inquiries of the wisdom circles, and of the physicians in spirit life, that you may understand that terrible disease [hydrophobia] with which I left the body. My name is Charles P. Wetmore. I went out from Cincinnati. Three times I was bitten, and at last that terrible disease took hold of me which you all dread so much, and of which there are so many cases at the present time, and only through the Spiritual Philosophy and an understanding of the spiritual laws will anything ever be given which will alleviate the sufferings of those who take the disease. Much of it is like a magnetic force sent through the whole system; it goes in a short time through the blood. It may not make its appearance at once, nevertheless it is very affecting the nerves and the nervous system, and the brain and the muscles until death ensues. I can only find that through the philosophy of Spiritualism and the application of spiritual, magnetic and electrical laws we can ever be saved. I learn that in the days of Confucius there were remedies which could be applied, which I am not able at present to give. Only come that my friends may know I am not dead; that I still live, and that that terrible feeling has passed from me. I would not have them worry or feel badly. It seemed as if I was faded.

I lived in the spirit time I have been here, it seems to me, ten years.

Anna Polly.

I've got some friends round about here, and I've got a friend in Saratoga that reads your paper every week, and I want to say, and say it pretty soon, that Anna Polly has not forgotten the promise she made to her mother to take care of 'em. I want to say that I am doing all I can for those eyes, and that I shall be round pretty soon with some advice, and give her all the strength I can. She will understand it. Tell 'em I haven't forgotten 'em. I am round, doing everything I can for 'em. I am real sorry for 'em; the crooked will be made straight by-and-by.

Elvira Myers.

The last two years of my life have been bright and beautiful. I have been able to gather many bright flowers of truth, and to guide many hands to do some work of charity, and I rejoice that it has been so. Each little brook that flows with

its tinkling sound through your meadows, conveys but a slight idea of the beauty and harmony which we behold here in the Summer Land. I would that all the world could feel as I feel to-day. I care not to bring proofs of my identity, I care not to tell my friends what I did ten years ago, but I do care to tell them that I am happy, and that the sunshine of immortality surrounds me in my spirit-home; that I can gather the bright roses I dreamed of in earth-life; that I can plant the violets of modesty, purity and truth which I comprehended while walking the earth; that I still have the power to raise fallen men and women; that I can give strength to those that are weak and those that are struggling with adversity. Oh, beloved ones! know that I return with a feeling that I would strew your paths with flowers of brightest truths. I saw your grief, I knew why it was, and yet, dearly beloved ones, you should have felt glad, glad that I was reigning supreme in a home where all were free, not trammelled by sickness or pain, but ushered into that great spiritual world free to gain all, and to be crowned with the bright floral chaplet of immortality. Please give my name as Elvira Myers. I passed out in Washington, about two and a half years ago.

Alexis Delafolie.

[How do you do?] I don't know how I do. [Is this your first appearance?] No, sir. I've materialized a good many times, and showed myself to my folks, but I promised to come here. I've come a good way. I came on one of our railroads. I am seven years old. I was not when I went away, but I am now. My name is Alexis Delafolie. I've come because they asked me to. They said, "If this is you, then you can go down to Boston and send us a message." So I said I'd go. I've got some folks in New York City. I have been promising for a good while that I'd come here, but I couldn't get in good till this afternoon. A little girl here helped me. I'd like to have my folks know that I am here, and that I'm having a good time, and because I've come here they'll know sure it's me. My folks are your folks—Spiritualists, you call 'em, don't you? Tell 'em I've been awful good since I've been up here.

Rebecca R. Jenkins.

I would bring a crown of glory and place it on the head of him I loved in earth-life. I would brighten the pathway of the one whom I loved in the form. I would cast every shadow from his brow, and bring forth the beautiful flowers of life. I would journey with him through the spiritual world, and point out to him the beauties of the landscape; I would gather the fresh flowers of truth with him; I would scatter pearls and dewdrops beside him. I would gather the sweetest blossoms and lay them near him. I come here to-day that I may bring an influence which is a blessing to an individual here in earth-life; that I may strengthen him; that I may give him brighter and happier days of joy. And yet I cannot reveal to him the beauties of the spiritual world; my tongue refuses to tell the tale; I have no language adequate; I cannot describe it as I would. I can merely say it surpasses all the beauties of earth. Flowers—how bright and beautiful! homes so grand and lovely! trees that seem to breathe, they are so instinct with life—each leaf whispers its story of God's clouds which seem to tell of the great hereafter to which I am still tending—for I know I am to go on and climb the great ladder of progression. Oh, I have tried to learn so much, and to do my duty. I have tried to come here with a prayer that somebody will listen, and that I may give consolation to him whom I love. My name, Rebecca R. Jenkins, of Boston.

James W. Converse.

I launch my boat upon the waters, and it seems to bring me to this shore. I land on the beach, and placing my feet on the bank will rest for a season. I am James W. Converse. I left the form at Grand Rapids, Mich. I was about thirty-two years old. I have friends that I love on earth, friends I would gladly greet. I would take them by the hand, and would tell them of my journeys to and fro, of my life on earth, its shadows and its sunshine, its cares and its sorrows, of the disappointments and the successes of life. Loved ones, you are ever in my remembrance, and I long to come to you.

Capt. Upton Frazier.

I don't know, sir, as it is allowable for me to come a second time. My previous message has been printed, and it attracted the eye of one who knew me in earth-life, and I wish to speak to him from spirit-life. My name is Capt. Upton Frazier. As I passed away by a fearful death, as I had but few friends to whom I could speak, being attracted here by one of the band who certainly understands something of a soldier's life, I presented myself and gave my message. I was standing near a General the other day when he was talking of me, and I would say to him, as in days of old, I am still engaged in some magnetic operations. I was fond of the turning of the lathe in days gone by, so am I to-day; and I trust that if the right time comes, when I can communicate with him, I shall be enabled to send out some truths which will make him understand that I am who I profess to be. If he supposes for an instant that we were lying in our graves when he marched over the ground, he is very much mistaken; we were up and with him, endeavoring to lead them on to victory, although many of us saw that we were in the wrong, while the Indian was in the right. Please direct my message to Gen. Donaldson.

Isaacs.

It is all dark to me, sir. I can't see one inch before me. I've counted over three years since I went away, and I lived three-score years and ten on the earth. It's all dark! dark! dark! Money is good, sir. I don't know why it should curse me. I can't understand it. I never took anything but what I earned; but it has been so dark; and it slips from me, sir; I can't hold it. It's cold; I shiver now with the cold!

But I hid it all away; they shan't find it, not one of 'em. What will I do to see? Have you got any spectacles? I can see with 'em. I couldn't even see if 't was bright, but I had made good use of my money you wouldn't feel as you do now. Made good use of it! You wouldn't have had me give it away and squander it! [It might have been better for you.] What did they make this great marble house for, that's so cold and shivery? Why do they make me stay in it? Why don't they build me a fire and let me get warm? [Did you have a marble house when you lived here?] No, I didn't have a marble house; I had nothing but an old attic. They put me in this house, and everything is cold, just like marble all over it. I don't want to stay here now I've come. [I don't feel cold.] Well, why am I cold, then? Will I be warmer when I get away? [You will probably find an improvement in your condition.] Had I better influence my nephew John to go and find the money? [Not unless you can influence him to use it for some good object. Unless he can do better than he has done, he will be happier without it.] They called me a miser, but I earned my money and didn't want to spend it. It's growing warmer! I'm not approaching that terrible place, am I? I don't want to freeze, and I don't want to burn up. My name is Isaacs. I came from New York City.

John Downes.

I never felt the force of the old saying "Blessed be nothing" in all my life, so much as I do now. Well, sir, I don't know but devilish little—I never did. I was one of the kind that never could get a cent of money in the world. I know you don't like to have me swear, so I won't, but have terrible hard to keep from it. Now I don't have a position to swear up here, but when I get hold of mortality it comes natural again. I s'pose I ought to be ashamed to swear through a woman. I always liked to see a woman fined, and I don't like to swear through her lips. I didn't know when it slipped out, but when I saw that old cuss here, who was rich as mud,

with plenty of money salted down, and shivering with cold and afraid of hell, I kind of felt good. I had no more idea of coming in here to talk than the Czar of Russia or the Pope had; but when I saw him I wanted to tell you what I thought. I never knew the time when I had ten dollars to my name in God's world. Now that's a fact. If I had enough to get me from one boat to another, I thought I was pretty lucky; and then if there was a hospital or a home that would take me in, I was all right. Finally the blue ocean was my grave, and I don't know but I'm just as happy as if I had salted down a mine of gold. I could n't resist the temptation of telling you if you had got ten cents to spend it, for Heaven's sake, and not lay it up like that old fellow. To see him shivering, though the devil was got a little spiritualized he thought the devil was after him—it made me want to say to you, if you've got any money, use it; be sure you use it for a good purpose, for this world up here is a curious world, full of tell-tale looking-glasses. You can't turn round but there's a looking-glass right under your eyes. If you want a good looking life, if you've got money, for Heaven's sake spend it for a good purpose, then you won't be troubled with regret.

My name is John Downes. I was about fifty years old. Thank God! I was buried in the blue ocean. It's about ten years since I went. I'm glad I didn't have a cent. I have an honest way to go in the world. [Can't you help the old miser?] I'll give him one push such as he never had, and I'll shake all the money out of him, the same as you would out of a bag. If I do n't help him it's because I can't. I've come here for that purpose. I'm sorry I'm such a rough old curmudgeon—that's better than to say cuss—but then I can't help it. I'm glad I come. I feel better for coming. I feel that I'm among friends; not but that the old tar has plenty of friends in the spiritual world, and he's got as good a ship as any afloat. Her name is the White Swan, and I captain her, too.

S.

There is a truth in each man's story. I know it well and feel its power. You may have the wealth of the Indies, and your ambition may show you how to spend it, how you can provide for the poor, and yet if these ideas and forces come not from the heart, they avail you nothing. You may build some lordly mansion, or spend your millions to make a worldly show of benevolence; but in the spirit-world it will avail you nothing. But if from the goodness of your soul and from the promptings of spirituality you give but ten cents to a beggar, with a pure motive, it avails you more than the grandest mansion, or even more than if you had established the greatest of benevolent societies and stood as a leader of humanitarian movements. If governed by ambition you fail totally to bring yourself up to the required mark. I would rather have a honest sailor, whose benevolence ever prompted him to do a kindness, or indeed him to share his last copper with some suffering one of earth, for it would avail me more than to have given a million from an ambitious motive. Therefore I would say to you, from my experience of spirit-life and from my knowledge of earth-life: Ever remember that whatever wealth is handed down to you belongs not to you exclusively. If you defraud your neighbor you defraud yourself; if you wrongfully take from your neighbor one dollar, you deprive yourself of ten spiritual dollars. Then endeavor to obtain spiritual light, and work from benevolent motives, and let ambition go to the winds. Please give my name as Anonymous, I care not to give it, or sign it S—, if you choose.

Mary Beaman.

Will you please say that Mary Beaman came here by the invitation of a friend? I wish to say to my friends: Be of good cheer. I shall soon have I can come in and see you all. I wish you all I can. Though I suffered much, yet it is all clear now, and I fear not. It will be brighter each day I live, and I care not for the past—only for the future.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.
(Part Eighty.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases known to our people, has heretofore been pronounced incurable. The old school medical practice frankly acknowledged their inability to master this scourge of humanity. When once tubercular consumption was developed with a patient the doctor always recommended a milder climate, a change of atmosphere, anything to remove the lingering sufferer from his sight. What the highest form of medical skill has always failed to accomplish, Spiritualism in its practical beneficence has successfully undertaken. Instead of guessing at conditions from external symptoms, this "New School" of Spiritual Science, with its clairvoyant power, penetrates the interior, and there examines the causes which underlie the suppurating of these fatal diseases. This knowledge enables them to select and apply the proper remedies which, when vitalized by spirit magnetism, produce results never before obtained by any medical practice.

The successful treatment of confirmed consumptives is the greatest triumph of Mrs. Dankin's mediumship. Her own case demonstrated the power of Doctor Rush in this disease, for she was on the very brink of the grave when he took her under his care, after I had dismissed her earthly physician, and brought her into sound health and active usefulness. Since then, through her instrumentality, he has relieved many. One of the most interesting of these cases is that of a young German girl about twenty years of age. Four months ago she was given up to die, after passing through the treatment of several physicians of respectable standing. A visitor at her father's suggested that she should try the "New School." Her mother consented, and came to Mrs. Dankin's office. Doctor Rush said the case was critical; there was scarcely enough life left to form a foundation to build upon, but directed Mrs. Dankin to take the case, and to-day there are not two more grateful women in the world than this young German girl and her mother. There is in this a single symptom of disease remaining. She is active, strong, and has been for some weeks working steadily at her usual place of business, but never allows many days to pass without coming to the office to exhibit her improved condition, and renew her thanks to Mrs. Dankin, for she does not quite understand that Doctor Rush was her physician. She can see Mrs. Dankin, but the Doctor is not visible.

Anna Jaeger.

It was in Jamaica, Long Island. Anna Jaeger was my name. I was the wife of Lawrence Jaeger, and daughter of Samuel Pryor of Brooklyn. I was buried from the house of my father-in-law, Jaeger. See to it that the tenement or house in which the spirit lives is clean, for when you drift on the other side of life you are not asked by the receivers what lies without; they ask you where is your heart, your acts or your deeds, and we answer as best we can.

This dying has no terrors, has no gloom. It should be clearly understood, when entering in that broad and spacious house, you stand not as a stranger. Freedom is given to every human soul to search throughout the vast domain and gather knowledge therefrom for benefit to self. Having gathered this much, I pass on from station to station, at each print laying aside some of my mortality, and gathering in and taking up my immortality. I have rights now which no one can gain-say. I have thoughts now which are my own. No one can control them. I have freedom—standing upon my own responsibility—is this not a grand privilege over the mortal? Does this not convey the idea there is no death? Does this not prove that we have pleasures and delights? Does it not teach that

NUMBER III.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

The "Chamber of Horrors" led the mind in another channel of thought, containing as it does, among other curiosities, an exact model of the French guillotine, with the identical knife that decapitated 2200 persons. The sight of the dreadful instrument recalled vividly the days of Robespierre and his bloody confrères; and suggested ideas of the vast amount of mental agony and atonement that those monsters in human

(Square, Banister)

17 American clergymen who went to Europe early last summer by the hundreds, having had a good time in London, Paris, Homburg, and other places, are now coming home by the steamer *Tullu*. It is to be hoped they bring messages of wisdom and comfort to the poor of the United States who find themselves driven to the wall by tens of thousands, with no work, little bread, and less hope of getting on in the world. A summer spent among monarchical institutions should give our clergy some new ideas in relation to what a republic ought to be. — *EE*.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To The Editor of the Banner of Light:

Landon & Co., publishers, corner Beacon and Somerset streets, East—among other excellent matter continuing the series, *“The Question of Slavery,”* and gives a valuable article on *“Property, Titles and Debts, the Question of the ‘Taxability,’ etc.,* by Hon. D. A. Wells. The *“Capital of the Slave,”* by Wm. L. Chapin, is a paper which all who know of the hateful workings of the so-called *“Free School”* will recognize as a faithful blinding of childhood’s wrongs, and the fearful temptations which official tyranny and the almost utter abandonment by ever well-wishers show in the path of the young. Poor Slaves! fate is all too much, but dancing satire on the present system is a rare thing. The *“Slave,”* by Wm. L. Chapin, is a paper which all who know of the hateful workings of the so-called *“Free School”* will recognize as a faithful blinding of childhood’s wrongs, and the fearful temptations which official tyranny and the almost utter abandonment by ever well-wishers show in the path of the young. Poor Slaves! fate is all too much, but dancing satire on the present system is a rare thing. The *“Slave,”* by Wm. L. Chapin, is a paper which all who know of the hateful workings of the so-called *“Free School”* will recognize as a faithful blinding of childhood’s wrongs, and the fearful temptations which official tyranny and the almost utter abandonment by ever well-wishers show in the path of the young. Poor Slaves! fate is all too much, but dancing satire on the present system is a rare thing.

37 Mother Shipton's prophecies are either true or false. Will's mine one, through the record in the British Museum or elsewhere, send us a copy of a printed copy published prior to 1840. The copy at present is exclusively sold near the Pyramid at the end of the world. Strange! The old Pyramid Star or Dragon will again pass the eye of the Great Pyramid Shaft, after a lapse of four thousand and anti-seventy-seven years, in the year 1888. Strange! The interior main or grand passage registers the end of the present Era in 1888. Strange! The above indications of a great change taking place in the physical and moral history about the year 1881.—*The Spiritual Magazine* (London, Eng.) for September.

All worships are the radii of a circle whose centre is the Eternal One.

Polliteness is the science of civility.

Will not offend me, and no other can."

"A Militiaman" writes us to inquire what is the proper attitude for troops while attending divine service? Why, at "Prayed rest," we should say. — *Com. Adv.*

Mr. Talmage prays that Mormonism may be removed from the earth. The Mormons pray that Mr. Talmage may be removed from the earth. Now let's watch and learn something as to the efficacy of prayer.—*Rochester Democrat*.

For nearly nine years the Spanish government has been engaged in a futile attempt to crush out the rebellion in Cuba, and thousands of lives and millions of money have been sacrificed in the effort; but to-day the insurgents are as determined as ever. Independence evidently awaits the "ever fighting Isle."

"TIRKO," a Love Story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," which has recently attracted so much attention, is in the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, for immediate publication. "Theo" will be in cloth and paper cover, and the author's name will secure for it an extensive and rapid

TO PREVENT CALICO FROM FADING.—Take the dress when it needs washing and dip it in a pail of salt water and dry it before sending it to the wash. This should be done before it is washed the first time, and the process

A correspondent wants to know: "Can a Christian go to the circus?" Why, yes, he can go to the circus easily enough, but it will cost him a quarter when he gets there to get in; that's where the shoe pinches. You see a Christian is always too proud to carry water for the elephant, and that's where the slinger has the advantage over him in the matter of free water. *Indianapolis Evening News.*

F. W. Helmick, music publisher, 50 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, sends us a new production entitled "Chromo Waltz," by Charlie Bauer.

Subscriptions for the new works on the Phenomena, Philosophy and Present Position of Spiritualism, which "M. A. (Oxon.)," our English correspondent, proposes to issue when a sufficient number of names is secured, will be received at this Office. The subscription price is

ceived at this office. The author is a talented gentleman, and we do hope his work will have a large sale in this country. Those who intend to subscribe for the contemplated work in this country should send in their names at as early a mo-

ment as possible, in order that the author may know what to depend upon.

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