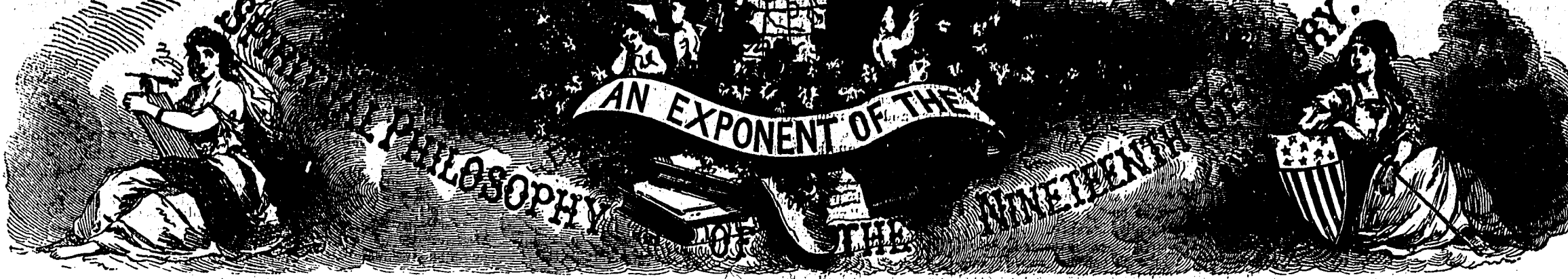


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In response to your kindly-expressed request for some account of our brief vacation trip abroad this season, we send you these hastily-written notes—for your eye only, or for those of your readers, as you may elect.

The places visited are, of course, more or less familiar, by personal acquaintanceship, or otherwise, to many of your readers; only for those, however, not thus familiar are these lines written.

Bidding adieu to loving friends who came to see us off, and accompanied by *ma fille Belle*, Mrs. Bond and Miss Sadie, we took the steamer *City of Chicago* from New York, Aug. 17th, and after a most agreeable passage, save in its length, we landed at Alexandra dock, Liverpool, Aug. 28th. Most of the way was as pleasant sailing as you and I have ever had in our crossing Long Island Sound. Among our passengers were typical Americans, Englishmen, Australians, Cubans, Canadians and Japanese—a motley family, most of whom mingled fraternally together.

During the trip a concert and entertainment was given in the saloon of the steamer, in behalf of orphan children of shipwrecked seamen. The American artist Inman being on board, and he having painted several interesting sketches, by way of souvenirs, as his contribution to the affair, these were sold at public auction. As we happened to bid the highest price for the first selection, we were afterward unplussed to hear our name seriously proposed as Chairman, to which, on being elected, we promptly declined in favor of the Captain; but it was decided against us; and so with the best grace possible, we accepted the inevitable. Our experience at Conventions, Camp and other meetings, etc., stood us in good stead on this occasion. Remembering the current report attached to certain good Senators, we did not hesitate to confess that like a true American we had bought our position with our money! Among the participants may be mentioned Mrs. Bond, who, after her first rendition, had to respond three times. Considering that she was still suffering from a late attack of senility, hers was a most generous contribution. It was no less odd than pleasing to us to overhear the passengers say, "Whoever thought that that quiet, bright-faced little lady had so much power in her?" The affair netted about one hundred dollars.

Liverpool, with its seven miles of solid masonry in the shape of wonderful docks, enclosing a surface of about forty acres, exhibits one of the chief characteristics of Englishmen. From Liverpool to Chester is but about an hour's ride. The river Dee here helps to form as charming bits of landscape as the eye seldom rests upon. Here we had our first sight of English ruins. St. John's Chapel, and none more picturesque can be seen anywhere. Beautiful and shapely in their decay, the clinging ivy covers their time-blackened surface in colors of richest green. Chester presents the best specimen in England of the old Roman walls, which are yet in excellent preservation, and apparently good for ten centuries more. They surround a goodly portion of the city. They are reached by a flight of stone steps, and can be traversed for a mile or more. Here is also seen a noted building that escaped the great plague, since ornamented with an appropriate inscription; also the house wherein King Charles I. once held his Parliament, and near which he is said to have stood and witnessed the defeat of his troops. Here, on a Sunday evening, we attended service in the famous Cathedral, so hoary with age, yet perfect in its lines of structural beauty, and withal so rich in its ecclesiastical associations. It is something to attend religious services in a church within whose walls has been offered practically the same service for one thousand successive years; and all emotional natures bear witness to its impressiveness.

Taking a carriage, we drove to Eston Hall, the country residence of the Duke of Westminster, who is said to be the wealthiest nobleman in England, whose park is some seven miles square. We were shown, for a fee, through the gardens (kept in order by the constant employment of fifty gardeners) and through the apartments, where royalty is occasionally entertained with more than princely munificence. Wherever the expenditure of money could possibly suggest itself, here it had been done with lavish hand, always keeping

ing in view the harmonious proportions of the artistically ornamental. From here we drove to the home of Gladstone, upon whose estate are the ruins of Hawarden Castle, which, in connection with the "grand old man," is annually the shrine of many thousand visitors.

A three hours' ride by train took us through a richly fertile country to Leamington, a fashionable Spa resort much commended by Hawthorne. A carriage drive of five miles through yet more picturesque scenery and we were at Kenilworth, famous in history and story, if not in song. On our way we pass Stoneleigh Abbey, the residence of Lord Leigh, whose flag betokening his Lordship's presence at home was flying from its topmost tower. His estate, we are told, is thirty-five miles in circumference, and his stables, built of stone, accommodate seventy-five horses. At Kenilworth we climbed over the magnificent old ruins, recalled its wonderful history, and from its heights enjoyed the beautiful landscape spread out on every side; thence to Warwick Castle, situated in the midst of a rural paradise—a perfect picture of earthly loveliness. After strolling through the courtyard, the grounds, the summer conservatory—which contains the celebrated Warwick vase, found at the bottom of a lake in Tivoli, near the Emperor Hadrian's villa, and which was presented by Sir Wm. Hamilton to the Earl of Warwick—we entered the Castle, and with a guide at our elbow inspected its apartments. The limits of a letter forbid even the mention of its long and rare list of curios, each rich in its old-time associations. Rooms here are devoted to life-size portraits of historical personages, by Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Salvator Rosa and other great painters. In the State Bed-room was the bed, made up as when used, with the upholstery, furniture, etc., which belonged to Queen Anne, and in which three of England's Queens—Anne, Elizabeth and Victoria—had slept. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" were the words that found expression on our lips as we lingered in this State apartment. Warwick Castle, though one of the oldest baronial castles in the kingdom, is in a state of perfect preservation, having been fully restored. One can readily understand how impregnable it might have been made in the past in time of need, and how long it might have withstood a siege.

Stratford-on-Avon was our next destination, the well-known birth-place, home and burial spot of Shakespeare. We were quartered in the Shakespeare Inn. Each room, instead of being numbered, is named for one of Shakespeare's characters. My companions found rest in King Lear's rooms, while my own bore the name in large letters—"Timon of Athens." The walls of the rooms are ornamented with good engravings of scenes from the plays. One finds it difficult to satisfactorily analyze his feelings as he stands within the room wherein was born the babe who is credited with being the author of the most marvelous writings ever penned by human hand. Touching this matter, however, our own deepest convictions, after a score of years of thought and study upon the subject, are, that Shakespeare was but a mask conveniently used to cover the real author. This, however, is not the place to give reasons for our convictions relative to this question; suffice it that they are potential in all particulars.

From Shakespeare's birthplace we went to his burial spot. From the entrance to the churchyard we walked through a beautiful avenue of high-arched mulberry trees to the church door, where, upon reaching through the iron gate, ringing a bell, and each paying a sixpence to the attendant, we were admitted within its walls. Its interior has a quaint aspect, but no special beauty, and we at once directed our steps to where the famous inscription of blessing and malediction marks the resting-place of what was mortal of William Shakespeare:

"Good friend for Iesus sake forbear,
To digg ye dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Richard Grant White, the Shakespearean critic, says: "Tradition assigns these lines to the poet's own pen." Considering the unusual depth of Shakespeare's grave, reported to have been seventeen feet, the prayer and curse upon his tombstone may have special significance. Near by, in a niche in the wall, stands a bust of Shakespeare, placed there years after his death, but when, or by whom, is not known, nor ever was known by any of his family. It has but little resemblance to the ideal pictures of Shakespeare which everywhere abound.

At Oxford we visited Christ Church College, founded in the eighth century; also Merton, Trinity and Maudlin Colleges, where at the latter we strolled along "Addison's Walk"; thence to the Bodleian Library, with its wealth of autographs, manuscripts, illuminated books, etc., the accumulations of hundreds of years; then were driven to the spot where Bishops Ridley, Latimer, Crammer and other martyrs were burned at the stake.

Our next stopping-place was London—ancient, vast, historic, wonderful London—a veritable world in itself. Here we rested, if constantly visiting the many places of interest can properly be called resting, for a couple of weeks. Taking apartments at a private hotel, we fell under the guiding care of American friends, residents of London for the past ten years—the gentleman a prominent Colonel in the Union Army, and his amiable wife, a specially gifted lady medium, whom we had known at home. Their kindness to us, individually and jointly administered, was as considerate as it was unremittent. Settled at home, as it were, for a while at the West End of London, armed with a special letter from the State Department

at Washington to the American Consuls and other officials in Europe, in case of need, and piloted by our American friends, we visited the chief places of interest here under favorable auspices. Forty odd closely-written pages in Belle's journal tell the story of our doings in London. In carriages, in hansoms, on top of public omnibuses, by underground railroads, etc., we became acquainted with the streets and buildings of the city.

The great collection of historic buildings known as the "Tower of London," must be seen to be appreciated. Every step of the way taken within its enclosure brings you to some memorable spot. The first, and under which we pass, is called Middle Tower; crossing the moat, we pass Byward Tower, on the left of which is Bell Tower, where Queen Elizabeth was confined by her sister Mary. Just beyond is the Queen's House. One of its windows looks into the Council Chamber in which Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators, concerned in the Gunpowder Plot, were tried and condemned. Adjoining this is the little garden where Raleigh was allowed to walk during his long imprisonment. On the right is the Traitor's Gate. At the steps under the archway is where prisoners were usually landed when brought here by boat. Among such were the Duke of Buckingham, Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, the Earl of Essex, and Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Bell Tower. Immediately adjoining this is the Wakefield Tower, circular in form, two stories high, and dating back to 1238. In a recess in the site of the chapel where King Henry VI. is said to have knelt at his devotions, and the spot where he was stabbed to death. In the centre of the room is an immense iron cage which contains the Crown jewels, regalia and various equipments of solid gold necessary for coronation ceremonies. Beyond the Wakefield Tower is the White Tower, begun in the reign of William I. Here are the steps under which the bones of two princes were found. A narrow stairway leads to the Banqueting Hall, now filled with armor fantastically and artistically arranged. Leaving this building, in front of the Waterloo Barracks, where the soldiers were on parade, and crossing Tower Green, most inappropriately named, it being a granite-paved courtyard, and the place where female prisoners were beheaded, we came to Beauchamp Tower. This was a convenient place for the retention of State prisoners, and numerous are the inscriptions found scratched upon the walls of the names of noted personages once confined here.

But not to dwell too long upon these historic scenes, we finally left this notable place, walked up Tower Hill, through Great Tower street, and over London Bridge. The swarm of humanity here constantly crossing and re-crossing resembles two processions in motion. Passing the Bank of England and the Mansion House we came to St. Paul's. From the narrow streets surrounding it one fails to get a good idea of its wonderful proportions; but once inside, how its vastness impresses you! Just before entering this grand old cathedral we were the happy recipients of our first batch of letters from home; so the first thing to be done was to seat ourselves, and while one of us made known their contents, we seriously questioned whether any congregation convened within the walls of that sacred old edifice ever listened to its service more intently than did our little party to the reading aloud of these home messages! St. Paul's was then duly inspected. In its crypt lie buried a long list of notables; among others Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the Cathedral; Benjamin West, the artist, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson, each of the two latter in a magnificent bronze sarcophagus, from trophies captured by them in battle.

The British Museum has a Circular Hall covered by a dome of glass and iron 140 feet in diameter and 106 feet high, which hall alone has accommodations for 300 readers, each being provided with a comfortable seat, a folding desk, a hanging shelf for books, pens and ink, a blotting pad, and peg for his hat. It also contains 80,000 volumes, all in sight. Its collection of books, antiquities, manuscripts, autographs, etc., is probably unequalled anywhere else in the world.

One day was devoted to Hampton Court Palace, a good half-hour's ride by rail from London. Hampton Court is the largest, and in certain respects the finest, of the Royal Palaces in England. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1515, and here he frequently entertained Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon; and here for two or three days he once entertained the French Ambassador and the whole of his retinue of four hundred gentlemen in a most sumptuous manner. In 1527 the Cardinal presented the Court and all of its contents to Henry VIII. as a free offering. It was a favorite place with that monarch, and with others down to George III. Since then it has been divided into apartments—now has over one thousand rooms—and is the residence of connections and friends of the Queen. These are all supported by the people, and those living here are known as the Court paupers! Space will not permit any allusion to its many items of historic interest. It was here, however, that we were shown the alleged largest grapevine in Europe—planted in 1708; its greatest girth at present is three feet, and its principal branch one hundred and fourteen feet in length.

A red-letter day was spent at Windsor Castle, the principal residence of the Queen. It is a full half-hour's ride by fast train from London, and merits a paragraph. Scouring tickets, on our arrival we were, in company with others, soon shown through the several State apartments, which, in size, proportion and decoration, are beyond criticism. They fill the bill. The first was the Van Dyck room, filled with paintings by that artist—one of himself, by himself. The next was called the Zuccarrelli room, because nine of the fourteen pictures were by that named painter; thence to the State ante-room, the ceiling decorated by Verrio; to where the Queen's Jubilee presents are displayed; to the Waterloo room, used as a ball room. Many of the pictures here are of those who were in action at Waterloo. The next is the Grand Reception room, decorated in white and gold. At one end is a beautiful Gothic window of plate glass. The walls are hung with Gobelin tapestry of the most brilliant hue; the story represented here is that of the Golden Fleece, or Jason and Medea. St. George's Hall, or the Banqueting room, came next, two hundred feet long and thirty-two feet high. In the Queen's Presence Chamber and the Audience Chamber, Verrio has exhibited his wonderful skill in ceiling-painting to great perfection. These walls are also decorated by tapestries representing scenes in the life of Queen Esther. After the general public were dismissed then diplomacy found play. Our American Colonel approached one of the Queen's upper-servants and requested to be shown certain other rooms. This was respectfully declined, with the information that they were private rooms, to which the public were not admitted. "I know it," coolly remarked the Colonel, "but I have a special order here from the Queen!" At the same time slipping a sovereign into the servant's hand. "Ah! that makes a difference; come this way," said the official, and calling an under-servant, directed that we should be shown through all the other rooms. Thus we visited the large and small dining-rooms, stood at the table where the Queen sat when she gave a lunch during the previous week in honor of the marriage of her daughter to the Earl of Life; then through the Crimson, Green and White rooms respectively—the most beautiful yet seen. Down stairs we went into the kitchen, where all the food is cooked for Her Majesty; into the Gold Pantry, where dishes of every description, made of solid gold, are kept—between nine and ten tons of table adornment; were shown the gold font in which all the royal children are christened, etc. As the Queen was then entertaining the German Emperor and the Shah, the guide informed us that many of the finer and larger pieces of gold service were temporarily absent.

Thence we went to the servants' hall, where one hundred and eighty sit down in the evening when the Queen is at the Castle. Along the walls of the corridors are cases of well-bound books—the servants' library. Our guide then put us in charge of a librarian, who escorted us through the Queen's private library. The first room contained valuable prints, etchings, etc., by Raphael and other celebrated artists. In another room, in glass cases, were books that had belonged to Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, a book printed by Caxton and a copy of the first printed Bible, etc. Looking from the windows here, the views are unexcelled for beauty. In St. George's Chapel, our next halt, is a beautiful monument to Princess Charlotte, designed and erected by Victoria. This Princess would have been Queen, had she lived, instead of Victoria. The monument represents the body of the dead Princess as prostrate on the slab, over which a shroud is thrown, only one hand being visible. Around are grouped her attendants, kneeling and weeping. Through curtains which cover an archway comes the spirit of the Princess to receive her child, which an angel is holding in her arms. In the chapel proper lie buried Henry VIII., his wife Jane Seymour, and an infant child of Queen Anne. It is here that Queen Victoria attends worship when staying at Windsor. On leaving the Castle, we drove by Eton, renowned for the many great men educated there, past the famous colleges, till we came to Stokes parish, where, in the quaint, picturesque churchyard, we saw his grave and stood beside the yew-tree under which Grey wrote his immortal "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It was near this place, too, that William Penn used to live, Stokes Park having once been his property. For good and special reasons we write his name with a sense of deepest respect and filial gratitude. To his guiding care and considerate counsels, extended to us in ways diverse as well as direct, through all the years of our life, we hesitate not to publicly acknowledge our innumerable obligations, and pray, as to a loving parent, for their continuance.

Returning to Windsor through the Park, we were driven along a perfectly straight avenue three miles in length, lined on both sides with a double row of venerable trees, back to the Castle, thence by rail to London.

After this manner we visited the Tomb of England's worthies—Westminster Abbey, Parliament Buildings, Kensington Museum and Gardens, the Albert Memorial, Queen Victoria's elaborate tribute to her husband, the Prince Consort; the Inns of Court, and Madame Tassaud's establishment; the remains of York House, the birthplace of Lord Bacon, Gray's Inn, where he had chambers, the Hall where he died, and saw the tree which he planted three hundred years ago; Goldsmith's grave; the "Old Curiosity Shop," immortalized by Dickens; attended the theatres, listened to a concert, heard Spurgeon preach, and Sims Reeves sing—preferred the latter. The theatre visited was a little gem; the decorations were light, dainty yet elegant; the seats spacious and comfortable. Ladies did not wear their hats, and the result was a great improvement over our American custom. Programmes have to be purchased. Instead of male ushers there are polite maids, in white caps and aprons, and who, between the acts, serve coffee and loaves when desired.

A brief call at 15 Southampton Row found Brother Burns, of *The Medium and Daybreak*, characteristically busy. Though his quarters are limited, he evidently does a large business in his line. An active man, deeply interested in all matters pertaining to Spiritualism, our visit, though necessarily brief, was a very pleasant one, and only lack of time prevented its repetition.

Leaving London we took train for Harwich, and thence by steamer across the North Sea to Rotterdam. Here everything was strange, quaint, unique—the Dutch scenery, windmills, vessels, the costume of the women, short skirts, wooden shoes, white muslin caps, which are kept on the head by a peculiar gold wire ornament of pyramidal shape; the houses, high and queer shaped, the streets, canals, markets, the use of dogs for horses, etc., all interested us greatly. From here we proceeded to Antwerp and Brussels, stopping at each city, and visiting its chief points of interest. Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is said to be a miniature Paris. Whether so or not, it is a very attractive city. Its lace manufactories are the delight of the civilized world; its *Palais de Justice* is one of the finest buildings in Europe. Much of the scenery from Brussels to Cologne reminds one of the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. Our hotel rooms at Cologne overlooked "the Rhine," and gave us our first glimpse of this time-honored river. Arriving here in the evening, and seeing from our windows the stone bridge, the bridge of boats, the lights from the town opposite and those on the river, with the full moon overhead, made a picture not soon to be forgotten. The streets here are the narrowest yet seen, while the sidewalks in many of the streets can only be traversed in single file. The Cathedral here is the one objective point to the tourist, an imposing edifice of pure Gothic architecture. We attended a morning service, and enjoyed—the singing of the boy choir. From Cologne we went to Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven. Here we took the steamer for Mayence, and spent the entire day on the Rhine, the day of a lifetime. The river, the scenery, the mountains, villages, castles, vineyards, and all else that enter into the attractions, have too often been described at length for us to dwell upon them here. This portion of our trip was rendered additionally pleasant by meeting with fellow travelers from near home. From Cologne to Mayence, or rather from Bonn to Bingen, covers the distance most desired to traverse in order to enjoy the renowned scenery of the Rhine; other portions of it are quite flat and uninteresting. Byron writes:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine;
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And vales which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these
Whose fair white walls along them shine."

Heidelberg, our next stopping-place, is reached by rail. Its situation, its history, the beauty of its surroundings, etc., have genuine charms for the tourist and man of letters.

Founded in 1228-53, for nearly five hundred years it was the capital of the Palatinate. Its celebrated university, the third oldest in the kingdom, and the cradle of Science in Southern Germany, has in regular attendance one thousand students annually. The walls of the famous castle are among the most extensive and magnificent ruins in Germany, and their history one of the saddest. From the Molencur, about one thousand feet above sea level, and two hundred feet higher than the castle, one gets an admirable view not only of the castle, but of the surrounding country. In the immense cellars of the castle we saw the "Great Tun," or cask, built in 1750, and capable of holding 283,000 bottles of wine. It was used to receive the wine tax, which was paid in kind.

From Heidelberg to Baden-Baden. This is one of the most fashionable watering-places of Europe, and formerly one of the most extensive gambling-places on the Continent. Of late, however, this element has been lawfully suppressed. During "the season" the springs attract many visitors; the Kursaal becomes alive with interest; while the band plays during the afternoons, the colonnades and open squares and cafés are thronged with people pleasure-seeking. Its drives and parks are famous for their beauty and romantic situations. The pine-clad hills of the Black Forest shelter the town from the heat or cold. The presence here of the Shah of Persia and his suite, prevented our reaching Strassburg (the fortified capital of Alsace, captured by the Germans from the French in the Franco-German war of 1870-71) in season to witness the movements of the celebrated clock at high noon, in the yet more celebrated Cathedral. Its architectural beauty, imposing size, its vast interior, its fine stained glass windows, etc., are favorably known the wide world over. Amid a jargon of foreign tongues at the station, just as we landed, it was equally pleasing as surprising to hear our name called aloud in "English undelled" by one whom we recognized as an old acquaintance from Boston, whose presence for a few minutes gave excellent opportunity for our talking maver to unlimber.

[Concluded in next issue.]

The great bell of Hung-wu, which has long lain half buried in the ground, has at length been lifted by foreign machinery and hung in a pagoda built of iron by a foreign firm. According to prophecy, this bell was never to be lifted until China had entered upon a new career of prosperity.

THE SPELL OF HOME.

BY MRS. LINCOLN.

Where the air was perfume laden
Mid the golden orange leaves,
And the jasmine and the roses
Climbered o'er the eucalyptus,
And the trailing mosses fluttered
In the zephyr's gentle way,
And the breath of ocean billows
Reached the couch they spread that day,
Lay a stranger, pale and weary,
Waiting for the "summons home";
Gazing far, to memories turning,
Thoughts to fancies' spell would roam;
And the frail one watching, waiting,
Yearned for home "mid former skies,
With a heart-ache and a longing,
Tears suffused her wistful eyes.
Then she quickly bade them summon
Special train to bear her hence;
She would reach the dear old hearthstone;
Yes, she would be carried thence.
Sparing neither time nor money,
Duty first on their way,
And a special train was chartered,
And they bore her home that day.
Faster, faster, whirled the coaches;
Faster still, with lightning speed,
Till the engineers grew dizzy,
But to danger paid no heed.
Who can tell what she was thinking
As the whirling, flying train
Rushed with roar of desperation,
That she might see home again?
Did she see the fond, brave faces
For her sake the tears restrain—
Make the dear old home like Eden
For the dying one again?
Home again! What joyfulness sweet,
One more glimpse of scenes so dear;
Faces, forms, each room and object,
Came with vision bright and clear.
Faster! faster! onward hasten,
Let the train fly on its way,
And they reached her pettion,
And they bore her home that day.
Spell of home; how strange its meaning,
Thrill of love, dimly sweet,
Temple where the heart can worship,
Parting here, at home to meet.

THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

[This interesting series is contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT exclusively, by one of the earliest and ablest writers on Spiritualism and its history; and constitutes, as it proceeds, a biographical tribute—drawn from the memory and notes of the author—to men and women publicly known in the opening days of the Cause, the surpassing value of which to present and future Spiritualists cannot well be overestimated.—E. B. G. L.]

J. J. MAPES, LL.D.

The Witness-Power of a Learned and Well-Earned Reputation; The Remarkable Gift Bestowed on His Wife by the Invisibles; The Law of Progress, etc.

In any new movement, whether religious, political or social, the sound of titles is agreeable. Is this pleasure felt because of a repose we are accustomed to place in mental power, or that which represents it, or is it from the belief that distinction in letters or science gives one ability to recognize truth, and thus the truth-seeker justifies himself through another in holding fast to new ideas in spite of popular scorn? "Observer" was inclined to believe the former, and welcomed the accession of a new name known to the world of science as a real power—a force to be relied on, an evidence of strength and progress.

It was with great pleasure, therefore, that "Observer" learned that the clear and explicit writer on Spiritualism, under the cognomens of "Phœnix" and "Old Spiritualist," was none other than Professor James J. Mapes, LL.D., known to the scientific world as President of the Mechanics Institute; Vice President of the American Institute; Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the National Academy of Design, New York; Professor of Chemistry as applied to the useful arts in the American Institute; member of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York, and of the National Institute, Washington, D. C.; Honorary Member of the Scientific Institute of Brussels, and of the Royal Society of St. Petersburg, and of the Geographical Society of Paris, and of many of the Horticultural and Agricultural Societies of Europe and America. He was also editor of *The Working Farmer*, published in New York City.

He was an Agricultural Chemist, and justly famous for his learned articles on "Isomeric Compounds." His writings had within their external and scientific truth a basis of progress and higher revelation. He was a personal friend of Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, and like him was inclined to give to facts their weight, and always endeavored to analyze them on the material basis.

"Observer" was naturally gratified when a friend desired to make an appointment for an introduction to this renowned Professor. The cordial manner, the hearty good-will of this true gentleman are well remembered. His face was aglow with good feeling; his genial smile lighted his features; in fact, his spirit seemed to force itself outside its tenement, and give spiritual power to every look. Yet he was possessed of a fine physique, and one would believe him a "good liver."

He talked most freely of the singular phenomena that had first called his attention to the facts of Psychic Science. He found it necessary to write for public journals under an assumed name, when the subject was spiritual phenomena, for this was thirty years ago, and positions were lost and reputations staked by a public avowal of interest in the scientific experiments that a few learned men were making that proved a new force in nature, or a new adaptation of the laws of nature.

His voice has in later days been frequently heard through the organism of Mrs. Richmond, under his familiar name "Phœnix." "Observer" wonders whether it requires courage for a man of position and attainments, who has passed from the material to the spiritual plane of being, to stand in public and utter through another his higher thoughts.

In talking of his own experiences he said he commenced his investigation that he might redeem his friends and associates who were "running to imbecility." His patience in pursuing his researches was truly commendable. He had promised to sit for twenty evenings, and although evening after evening nothing occurred, yet he persisted, and on the twentieth the full reward came. Raps occurred everywhere about the room; a guitar was played without visible hands, and there were movements of chairs, etc., all proving a force that had been abiding by its law through all the nineteen séances of disappointment, to present itself as a vital, intelligent power, full of sympathy, versed in science, prophetic, consistent, truthful. His honesty and fearlessness in pursuing investigation seemed to open to him new fields of discovery; he searched a wonderful realm of unexplored science, and his reward was suggestions leading to new truths.

The members of the circle, nearly all of whom were men of science, became advocates of Spiritualism. They continued their meetings for several years.

Prof. Mapes spoke with the greatest satisfaction of the mediumship of Cora Hatch, now Mrs. Richmond, through whom he had received in private marvelous scientific answers to his questions. He was a good listener, and wished

to learn of the experiences of others. But the greatest pleasure was evinced by him when he spoke of Mrs. Mapes's experience. The Professor had remarkable conversational powers, as also had other members of his family. Mrs. Mapes had a timid, self-deprecating spirit, and felt deeply her inability to express the thoughts that surged through her brain. In her earnestness, she uttered this petition: "Oh! beloved spirit-friends, give me some gift whereby I can express to others the thoughts of beauty that press upon me for utterance." Soon after, she was passing through the drawing-room, and saw a box of water-colors and implements for painting. She had never handled a brush, and knew of no talent possessed by herself for artistic work; but she felt a sudden impulse to try her hand with colors, and she carried the materials to her room, and began at once to paint; most delicately and artistically, flowers that would do credit to any artist. She executed several thousand, and in each one she saw some spiritual significance underlying their external beauty. The finish of these works was marvelous, although they were done with great rapidity; the delicate veining of leaf and petal sometimes was revealed only under the microscope, as one would look for the hidden beauty of a flower under a glass; yet all was done with such rapidity and with such dash that there was no appearance of hesitation or tampering with color, but a bold, free hand gave great effect to every stem, leaf and petal. This gift was a great delight to the Professor, and he was proud of every new picture from her hand.

Few of the readers of the present day are familiar with the writings of Prof. Mapes, for, like many other good things, they are to be found in unused volumes of science or progress. Therefore, we cannot do better than give a short extract from a summary of his remarks before the American Institute, Dec. 6th, 1856, and published in *The Working Farmer* of January, 1857, upon the subject of "Isomeric Compounds":

"It is well known that there are sixty-four substances known as primaries, and that of these all things in nature are composed. These primaries are all found in the original rocks, which by their debridation formed the soils. Hence they are all to be found in the soils. They are also probably all to be found in plants and animals, but not all in any one plant or animal. These primaries are sometimes found in progressed conditions, and combined with each other. Thus the substances known as carbonic acid and lime are found in the marble and in chalk. Chemists say that these are Isomeric Compounds, and that they are alike in composition. Thus the analysis of a piece of Parian marble, or of the chalk cliffs of England, will give alike as results, carbonic acid and lime, and in the same relative proportions. Notwithstanding the apparent similarity, as shown by analysis, their weight is different, nor will any amount of grinding render the powdered marble as light as that of the chalk. There is no treatment which can be given in common to both of these substances which will render them equally valuable as food for plants. Nature's laboratory seems able to create differences which escaped the chemist....

"The chemist will tell us that marble-dust, the lime used by the Westchester farmer, and the chalk cliffs of England, are all of the same composition, and are Isomeric Compounds, and many have supposed that their effects would be alike. The plain truth is, that every time one of the primary substances originally from the rock and then from the soil enters a growing plant and becomes a part of it, it has progressed, and in a manner which analysis alone cannot recognize; and when from the decay of the plant the primary has again returned to the soil, it is rendered capable of being absorbed by a higher class of plant, which in its turn, by its decay, renders up its primaries fitted for a higher assimilation....

"The magnesian rock at Hoboken contains veins of carbonate of magnesia. Treat this with sulphuric acid, and crystallize it, and the result will be sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts). Take this to a chemist; let him analyze it: he will pronounce it sulphate of magnesia; and if carefully made, he will find it pure. Use this as a medicine, and, if it does not take life, it will cause griping so as to give great pain in addition to its action as a cathartic. Dissolve these crystals in water, and recrystallize them. Do this one hundred times, and take them again to the chemist for analysis, and he will again inform you that it is sulphate of magnesia, and does not at all differ from the first crystals he analyzed; but use it as a medicine, and nature will inform you that the continued recrystallization has progressed the primaries it contains; that it will now act as a cathartic without griping at all.

"For more than a century a medicine has been manufactured in London known as Pulvis Jacobi, or James Powders. For a long time its composition was a secret. The medicine, however, was in general use, and large quantities were annually sent to the East Indies by the East India Company, for the use of its medical department. It was very effective in the treatment of fever, and its action always found to be uniform. The Messrs. James, the original discoverers of this medicine, died, and their successors, of the same name, from philanthropic motives, made known the composition, and the recipe for its manufacture found its way into the pharmacopœia. It was said to be composed of phosphate of lime and oxyd of antimony in certain relative proportions, which were stated. James Powders were soon manufactured by every apothecary, as well as by the immediate successors of the original discoverers. The East India Company advertised for proposals to furnish them with medicines, among which was a large quantity of James Powders, and a large and respectable chemical manufacturer of London named a lower price for this article than that named by the Messrs. James themselves. It was furnished and sent out. The medical department reported that it failed entirely to produce the usual results. The company refused to pay the bill, and a suit ensued. Many of the first chemists of England, including one of the Messrs. James, made analyses of this article, and gave evidence that it was the same composition as that made by the Messrs. James.

"It appeared in evidence that the new manufacturers had calcined the phosphate of lime-rock from Estramadura, and then combined it with the antimony, as directed; that the Messrs. James made their medicine by calcining the bones of oxen, and mixing the phosphate so obtained with oxyd of antimony. Every chemist, Mr. James included, believed and stated that there could be no difference in the effect of these two medicines; that after the Estramadura rock was calcined, and the

bone was calcined, the results were alike, and the verdict was given in favor of the manufacturers. The Company, however, sent out a new quantity, manufactured by the Messrs. James, and, unlike that made from the Estramadura rock, it was found to be efficient. Thus it is clear that men, like plants, can only assimilate during the process of digestion such primaries as are sufficiently progressed for their use.

"This hypothesis of the progression of the primaries has at least much to support it. It shows truths in nature which both the laboratory and the microscope have failed to perceive."

From this quotation it is readily perceived that Prof. Mapes was a man of progress and of learning, and we may well rejoice in his present interest in human advancement.

"Observer" was most hospitably entertained in his beautiful home in Newark, where he exhibited his grounds, and explained his processes of culture with such enthusiasm of manner that he led all to foresee the time when the desert should blossom as the rose, and man become the creator of new forms of beauty. Let us turn to the pages of our Diary and find if the impression he made is of present interest:

"May, 1857.—A new star in our heavens! A new light in our sky! To talk with a learned man is worth a month in college; to talk with one both learned and progressive is elevating and ennobling. To-day Prof. Mapes led me to see more clearly than ever how universal is the law of progress, and I felt as if sometime I might be able to solve some of the problems of nature and spirit. But I also felt how grand is the human intellect when it is obedient to a gentle heart. To be affable, kind, generous, hospitable, is not that greater than to be a Professor? But to be both, that indeed makes a man. I am very glad I have lived this day, if no other days come, for my hope has been strengthened, my faith confirmed, my aspiration uplifted."

OBSERVER.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A. S. Hayward writes: "While at Lake Pleasant last August a reliable lady informed me of a remarkable cure of Mrs. Ripley, who is eighty-eight years of age. I did not doubt my informant's word, but thought it best to have the statement from the lips of the lady herself. I therefore called upon her at Lake Pleasant, and to my astonishment found she was a patient of mine several years ago, also claimed that she had received benefit from my magnetized paper. She was willing to relate the facts of her being benefited, and did so. 'I had been ailing,' she said, 'for nearly one week with a bilious affection, and while I was fully awake, about eleven o'clock p. m., I distinctly saw the face and hand of a young lady, whom I took to be a niece of mine in spirit-life. She placed her hand under my head, raised me up readily and passed me a tumbler about one-fourth filled with a white fluid, which she put to my lips, and I drank it. I had a peculiar taste, and I commenced to feel better from that time. In the morning she felt as well as usual, and said to her daughter, 'I am going to get up, dress myself and eat breakfast.' The daughter expressing surprise at this new resolution of hers, the mother told her of the benefit she had received from the source above described. Mrs. Ripley informed me that she had in several instances received like benefit from the spirits, and seemed to be delighted that they could come to her while alone in the manner just stated. She considers this to be all spiritual in its nature, and talks about it in a common-sense manner. No one who knows her doubts her statement, or the fact of her sickness and subsequent cure."

She met with an accident some months ago, and spirit aid was the only relief she could obtain, and to-day she feels grateful that she is able to be about in as comfortable a condition with her injured limb as she now experiences in her advanced age.

The case is well known at Lake Pleasant, and this statement can be corroborated by all who know the lady."

ONSET.—Mrs. Eva Cassell writes: "I would like to express a few thoughts concerning our Harvest Festival, which took place the 28th and 29th of September, and which, under the direction and decorative taste of Charles W. Sullivan, was the most successful celebration ever held at Onset."

Many seem to imagine that this Harvest Celebration is simply for the pleasure of departed Indian braves—that they may return to earth again, and dance and halloo, and enjoy a good "powwow." Is this really so? No. The Harvest Festival is intended as a large peace-council, where the red and white races may join the right hand of fellowship—brotherhood. Years ago Dr. I. P. Greenleaf saw clairvoyantly herds of spirit Indians who gathered every fall during the Harvest Moon, to celebrate their feast on the grounds of Onset. He was greatly impressed with this fact, and finally instituted our own Harvest feast, in recognition of the presence of these spirit braves, and that the white and red man might join their forces in peace and harmony. From the very first, it was intended that this Harvest should be conducted in a dignified manner, befitting the character of those white and red men who were supposed to join hands in our council and uphold its dignity. As upon our platform on the 29th were seated Col. Crockett, Dr. Richardson, Mr. Baldwin, and other faithful workers in the cause of the Indian and human brotherhood, on the 28th, Mrs. K. A. Tingle, Henry F. Gardner, William White, Henry C. Wright, and many other grand and noble souls. These represented the white chiefs in the earthly and spiritual peace council, while "Lone Star," "Elsie," "Eagle," "Wannemucca," "Sunshine," "Lotela," "Prairie Flower," and other Indian controls, represented through their mediums the red braves in our peace council. Every person in our audience was not expected to stand up and make a speech, then why should every Indian control desire to jump up and manifest through his or her medium?

Now this yearly celebration is not a powwow; it is a Peace Council, where no white or red man is expected to speak or manifest unless he can do so in a manner befitting the occasion. When our white people open their halls, and celebrate a yearly event or anniversary, inviting the public to come and enjoy the services, do they not place upon the platform the best talent they can procure, that the public may be edified and instructed by what they hear? And when we celebrate our Harvest Moon, and invite the public (reporters among them) into our hall, we should try to place the best speakers and Indian controls we have before the public."

FITCHBURG.—A correspondent writes Sept. 30th: "Never have I listened to discourses more earnest and profound, or of more vital importance to rising generations, than was my privilege on Sunday, Sept. 28th, at Grand Army Hall. The lectures of Mr. William E. Leathers, of this city, although but recently appearing as a public worker, is destined to meet with marked success. His subjects, 'The Science of Life,' and 'The Science of Life Uneducated,' to the Vital Detriment of the Rising Generation,' prefaced by appropriate texts from Scripture, were handled in a truly scientific manner, and brought to the surface many of the hidden causes of the physical degeneracy of the day."

His remarks were interspersed with illustrations drawn from real life, which appeared touchingly to the hearts of his hearers. The beautiful tribute he paid to pure and noble

manhood and womanhood, urging all to guard well this jewel, was indeed eloquent; especially did he urge the fathers and mothers to more fully realize the responsibility which rests upon them, and to make better use of the great educational advantages of the time to bring about a better and healthier race of beings."

In closing, he urged all to study the life and teachings of Christ, to become more Christlike, to have more charity for the fallen, and to accept kindly the truths he had given them. Mr. Leathers is a firm Spiritualist, and an ardent advocate of its teachings. A very pleasing feature in connection with these lectures was the inspirational singing, Mr. Leathers accompanying himself at the organ. Especially deserving of mention were the songs "Angels Voice," "Touch the Hand Strings," and "The Vagons of Life," which were beautifully rendered.

Societies desiring the services of an earnest and eloquent speaker on the popular themes of the day will do well to address Mr. Leathers at his home in Fitchburg, Mass."

Maine.

MORRILL.—Zadoc Shibles writes: "Reading with interest in THE BANNER, from week to week, reports of what the people are doing in different parts of the country for the furtherance of our grand philosophy, I write a short report of what is being done in this part of the old Pine-Tree State."

It is unnecessary for me to say anything about our grand camps, as they have been fully reported. But I am glad to say that the spirit awakened in our community by the inspirations of the speakers at them does not cease at the close of those meetings. At the Etna Camp we secured the services of Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass. Sunday, Sept. 15th, his guides addressed a large and attentive audience at the schoolhouse in Sears-mont. The 22d he spoke in Montville, giving us a grand lecture, the principal feature of which was the comparing of eighteen hundred years of Christianity with forty years of the rational religion of Spiritualism. I think the most skeptical must have found much food in this lecture for thought. The lecture was followed by tests, which were recognized in every instance. Sept. 29th Mr. E. spoke in the town of Liberty. He is a young medium, worthy of being constantly employed in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism, and we wish him every success in the pursuance of his grand work."

KENDUSKEAG.—"C. W." writes: "On renewing my subscription, I do not feel that you really need an expression of appreciation or encouragement from even the humblest of your much favored readers—since a consciousness of honest effort is sure to bring its own just reward. So I will only indulge in a word of kindly criticism with many who style themselves Spiritualists, and in some way are found advocating the claims of Spiritualism."

You are aware of the ignorance and consequent bitter prejudice that has existed in the past, and though to a much less extent, still exists against the philosophy of Spiritualism, while there has been in the past comparatively little, and in the present much less prejudice against the philosophy of nature. Now it seems to me to be the first duty of all advocates for the newer forms of truth to seek, as much as possible, to remove all obstacles in the way of its acceptance."

It is getting to be better understood that Spiritualism proper is simply a fuller and clearer recognition of the higher unfoldments and relationships in nature, or, in a larger sense, Spiritualism is Naturalism; and this view is held by many of our best thinkers and speakers of to-day. I am heartily glad that the pollywog is fast losing its tail; that the *ism* must soon drop off, and we shall need to learn only of the philosophy of *life*, and that all nature is one grand old science-room, in which every mode and form of life is a spirit-phenomenon, through which the Infinite God, the soul of the universe, becomes materialized."

New Jersey.

BURLINGTON.—"R. B." writes: "Neither Spiritualism nor Spiritualists can die. They are immortal. Even in the conservative old town of Burlington are a few of them, and they have spread the light in some degree, though not as much as they could wish."

On Sept. 18th Henry Turner, formerly of Louisville, Ky., and well known among the Spiritualist workers of that city now, and for several years past a resident of this city of Burlington, reached his seventieth birthday, hale and hearty. The event was celebrated by a gathering of friends from his own city and from Philadelphia, and the house rang with merriment. Music and play and the advent of the donkey, with his many tails, made our old friend forget his years. Abundant good cheer for the physical man was enjoyed by all, and about midnight the guests departed for their homes, well pleased with their evening's entertainment, and wishing their host and his wife many happy returns of the day."

WEST BERGEN.—Writing from "The Home," "M. F. W." says: "For some time I have been deprived of the pleasurable duties connected with the Secretaryship of 'The Home,' but if secular pleasure hath slept, the enjoyment of its benefits spiritually has increased ten-fold! As I lie here, looking out on the beautiful greensward, this sunshine so new, and so much brighter for the days of flood and darkness just ceased, I cannot but contrast my own days of pain all these months, and ask the BANNER to chronicle my perfect faith in the unseen forces. While doctors 'agreed to disagree,' and death was deemed necessary through an operation, how wonderfully have given me their strength, and in all these months have not deserted me. But for much that has been fulfilled through this same spirit agency I would not, I feel sure, be here sharing all that is given of tender care and devotion."

This 'Home,' once called 'The Martha Washington,' is under the supervision of the New York Ladies Society of Mercy, and is supported by the psychometric readings given Wednesday of each week at Columbia Hall at 2 p. m. by our zealous President, Mrs. K. A. Tingle. Hereafter Mrs. Tingle holds forth from this same platform every Sunday afternoon in addition to her Wednesday ministrations. Her power seems stronger than ever, and it is hoped she will allow the public to see and hear more of its exercise. Her tests would convince the most skeptical, for her controls never fail to furnish something that sets at rest forever the doubting mind. The nominal entrance fee, twenty-five cents, entitles the visitor to all the blessings the spirit is so happy to use the medium for; but back of that is the tender provision and loving support her faithful work thus yields unto this 'Home,' and many outside the fold whom she deems in need of a helping hand."

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—W. L. Hughes writes: "The First Church of Spiritualists opened its regular season Sunday, Sept. 1st, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tying being the speaker. During the summer months conference meetings were held every Sunday, presided over by William Flemming Esq., one of the oldest and best-known Spiritualists hereabouts; Mrs. Ella M. Stephens, wife of C. L. Stephens, Vice-President of the Board of Trustees, being the principal speaker. Mr. Lindsay was present every Sunday, and gave tests. This gentleman is recently developed, the first conference meeting in June being the first time he ever gave tests. He gave from ten to twenty-five tests every Sunday, all of which were instantly recognized by those they were given to."

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates were with us the last week of August, and ministered to our spiritual wants on the 24th and 27th of that month. Good audiences always greet those two workers in the Cause. The morning meetings were well attended, and the evening meetings were crowded; members had to stand outside in the hallway. The people of Pittsburgh never grow weary of listening to 'Ikabod,' her control. He

occupies all the time at the Thursday evening entertainments, giving tests. So well known has he become, that members of orthodox churches attend in large numbers, and prominent members of the Baptist Church, one prominent Presbyterian minister also attended them."

Mrs. Emma J. Nickerson ministers to us during October.

Spiritualism is growing; having for its corner-stone knowledge, it is building upon a solid foundation, and must increase in power and strength until it dissolves all creeds and doctrines of man, and gathers all mankind into the fold of divine truth."

Iowa.

CLAY.—J. Reinhard Alter writes: "The prospects for organizing a Spiritualist Society at Stuttgart, Ark., are very hopeful. I would like to correspond with parties interested, and shall be at Stuttgart after Nov. 1st. For the present my address is Clay, Iowa."

Haslett Park Camp, Michigan.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
My time was so perfectly taken up while at the camp, it was impossible for me to send to the BANNER OF LIGHT any report of the camp at Haslett Park, Mich.

Since last year's camp there have been many improvements made. Quite a number of new cottages have been erected, many dangerous trees cut down, the grounds thoroughly cleaned, a walk from the depot to the new steamboat landing made, which, by the way, is nearly half a mile in length. There have also been improvements on the pavilion, and other work which was more than essential for the comfort of the campers.

Frank C. Alger opened the meeting Sunday, July 25th, giving two lectures, morning and afternoon, also on Tuesday and Thursday. Frank C. Alger spoke the second Sunday, also Tuesday and Thursday. J. Clegg Wright was with us the third Sunday. He gave very valuable lectures on Mediumship Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. His work while there cannot be measured by words; all I can say is, they who have never heard him should avail themselves of the first opportunity. Mr. and Mrs. Little were with us the two remaining days, and as usual, Mr. Little gave us his best in the musical line, which was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Little never did better, and she always does well. The last Friday was Memorial Day. The services were varied and of an interesting character. Mrs. K. A. Tingle, who has acted as a medium for the exercises, twenty-one names were read of those who have ascended since our meeting last year. Mrs. Graves was with us from first to last, rendering valuable aid in the difficult cases, and giving several lectures, which were enjoyed by her many friends, as was also her poetry, though she did not give us as much of that as her friends desired. Mrs. Woodruff, of South Haven, assisted Mrs. Little in the exercises. Twenty-one names were read of those who have ascended since our meeting last year. Mrs. Graves was with us from first to last, rendering valuable aid in the difficult cases, and giving several lectures, which were enjoyed by her many friends, as was also her poetry, though she did not give us as much of that as her friends desired. Mrs. Woodruff was with us the last ten days, and her presence carried harmony wherever she went, as usual, she has the gift of saying the right thing at the right time. Her lectures were replete with spiritual and elevating thoughts."

Order of exercises was as follows during the camp: Every morning at 10 o'clock we held what was called "A Reading Circle." An author was named, from whose works selections were taken. These were read, and a discussion followed. The books of Bellamy, Emerson, Ruskin, and others of a similar kind, were read. These meetings were of an educational kind, and of great interest. The mental growth that has resulted from these classes within the last three years is surprising. Afternoons, when there were no lectures, we had a conference; if a lecture, then a conference in the evening."

There were various entertainments during the Camp: dances one night in every week; a Children's Progressive Lyceum every Monday afternoon—last year it was held every Tuesday, but as it was not only on the children but on all, we held it but once a week. We had about three hundred regular campers. Our Sunday audiences ranged from three to four thousand people. When it is considered that we have no Sunday trains, no hotels, and that nine miles distant, it is readily seen what the work of this camp is, and the country it covers."

The last Saturday a business meeting was held, and an organization completed, which takes a great load from Mr. Haslett's shoulders, as he has assumed all the responsibilities for the last three years, tired of all the speakers and mediums, and paid them; if there was not enough taken in from gate fees paying them from his own means, he was employing a man the year round to see that the grounds were kept in order, and hiring a man, and enlisting the services of his wife, to keep Lake Hotel, and attending to the business of the camp. Mrs. Haslett working all the year round in various ways, preparing the grounds, as he has assumed all the responsibilities for the last three years, tired of all the speakers and mediums, and paid them; if there was not enough taken in from gate fees paying them from his own means, he was employing a man the year round to see that the grounds were kept in order, and hiring a man, and enlisting the services of his wife, to keep Lake Hotel, and attending to the business of the camp. Mrs. Haslett working all the year round in various ways, preparing the grounds, as he has assumed all the responsibilities for the last three years, tired of all the speakers and mediums, and paid them; if there was not enough taken in from gate fees paying them from his own means, he was employing a man the year round to see that the grounds were kept in order, and hiring a man, and enlisting the services of his wife, to keep Lake Hotel, and attending to the business of the camp. 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Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels and words low,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Shall live forever.

Patience is so like fortitude, that she seems either
her sister or her daughter.—*Aristotle, N. C. 34.*

Our thoughts are odors, and we cannot seal them
So close with action but they will creep out;
And delicately-fashioned souls will feel them,
And know them sweet or vile, beyond a doubt.

Good deeds fall dead if selfish causes guide them.
Good words fall flat that but from lips have birth;
And eloquent and noble seems, beside them,
The silence or inaction of true worth.

—*Letitia Wheeler Wilcox.*

Liberalism consists less in giving profusely than in
giving judiciously.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by rain;
With banners by great gales incessant fanned;
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And sturdy oxen harnessed to thy wain!

Thou standest like Imperial Charlemagne
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benediction o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

On the outside of things seek for differences; on the
inside for likenesses.—*Gassius at Truth.*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

—*Pope.*

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Surprising Manifestation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A year ago I had the pleasure of attending
the first séance held by Mrs. Hattie C. Stafford,
and in a note to THE BANNER, giving a brief
description of it, I stated that her séance gave
promise of advanced mediumship.

By this it was not intended to compare her
with other mediums, since no just comparison
can be made between them. Taking the place,
as she did, of two of the most wonderful medi-
ums that I have ever known—Misses Helen
and Gertrude Berry—with an audience com-
posed largely of old and warm friends of the
above-named mediums, her position was an
embarrassing one, and no doubt more or less
affected the results. The séance, however,
proved to be a good one, indicating phenomena
of an unusual character.

As I had never before had an opportunity to
study the development of a new medium, I
have followed her séances with a good deal of
interest, not only noting carefully the external
manifestations, which have been very
marked, but also the strong individuality of
character and mental force which some of the
forms have developed.

There has been, from the first, a series of re-
markable materializations outside of the cabi-
net, appearing, under varied conditions, in all
parts of the room—in the center, at the sides,
and often behind the audience, some twenty
feet from the cabinet. Sometimes they seemed
to come up through the sofa, or through the bot-
tom of a chair, appearing and disappearing in
the same place.

I was present at one of her séances Thurs-
day, Sept. 20th, 1889. My seat was at the ex-
treme end of the circle, about twenty feet
from the cabinet. Among the wonderful things
which occurred was one which created no
little interest: Near the close of the séance,
there were rappings upon my chair and the
moving of objects behind me, indicating the
presence of an unseen force. While this was
taking place, Bertha came from the cabinet,
and reaching out both hands asked me to rise,
saying that some one was trying to come up
under my chair.

This attracted the attention of the audience,
whose mental excitement was directed to that
spot. After waiting a short time, and nothing
appearing, Bertha said it was of no use to wait,
as the strong mental and magnetic force ex-
erted by those present had made it impossible
for the form to materialize.

She returned to the cabinet, and we all sup-
posed that further efforts in this direction were
given up; but a few minutes afterward she
came out very quietly, and in a subdued tone
said she would like to speak to me. I rose and
stepped toward her, when she turned me round
and pointed to my chair. As I looked I saw a
faint light on the carpet, directly under the
chair, which increased until it filled the whole
space, then slowly rose, carrying the chair with
it, until there stood before us a fully material-
ized female form, with the bottom of the chair
resting on the top of her head, and the legs
and hands extending down to the shoulders
and chest. So completely did the form fill this
space that it required considerable effort to
remove the chair!

This occurred in full view of the greater part
of the audience, and under conditions pre-
cluding the possibility of any deception. That
the form had all the muscular development,
solidity and mental character of real life, I
know, for I walked with her to the cabinet,
and talked with her until she disappeared.

I have had exceptional opportunities for
studying and investigating materializations at
this place, having been permitted to approach
when the light first appeared, and to encircle
it with my arms until the form was fully de-
veloped, and in all cases have found that it
rose at right angles from the plane from which
it started, no part of the form being at any
time horizontal, leaving no room for deception
by the use of dark draperies.

It is well to state here that there is some-
times connected with the outside materializa-
tions what appears to the skeptic evidence of
fraud. The audience is usually arranged in a
semi-circle extending nearly to the cabinet.
This enclosed space is filled with the concen-
trated mental and magnetic forces of the sit-
ters, as varied and conflicting as their indi-
vidualities. It is therefore very difficult and
sometimes impossible for these beings to clothe
themselves in this atmosphere.

I have elsewhere stated that Bertha informed
me that these beings were more or less organ-
ized in the cabinet before they passed out to
the place where they became visible by taking
on a materialized form.

Those who are at all familiar with the laws
governing materialization will understand the
negative atmosphere existing outside of the
circle is essential to the success of this phase
of the phenomena. In private circles, com-
posed entirely of harmonious elements, the
conditions are somewhat different, and the
spirits can take on a solid form in any part of
the room.

The density of these organizations passing
from the cabinet, varies with the strength of

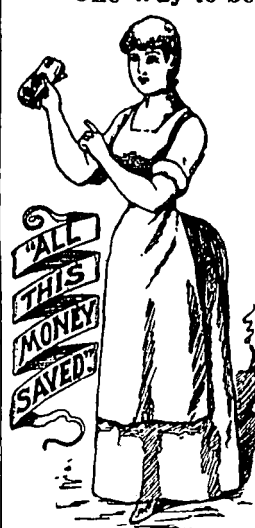
the control and the magnetic conditions of the
atmosphere; they are sometimes, though not
often, sufficiently dense to be visible, moving
as a shadow gliding over the carpet. From this
has originated the charge that they were con-
federates coming out covered with dark drap-
ery, and by throwing it off, appeared in white
wherever they chose. The absurdity of this
charge is apparent to any one who is at all fa-
miliar with the phenomena.

My experience, covering more than four hun-
dred séances, many of them held under test
conditions, has satisfied me beyond a question
of doubt of the existence of these beings, and
I know of no subject demanding a more thor-
ough and honest investigation, or one that in
the near future is more likely to change the
whole fabric of social and religious thought.

While Mrs. Stafford's séances are replete with
external manifestations, the higher tests com-
ing from the mental force and individuality of
some forms are still more remarkable.

E. A. BRACKETT.

One Way to be Economical



Is to use "Sweet
Home" Soap and Bo-
raxine for all wash-
ing and cleaning pur-
poses. You will save
time and strength by
it, and your clothes
so washed will be
white and beautiful.

The finest fabric is
not injured by Bo-
raxine, and in all de-
partments of house-
keeping its cleaning prop-
erties are WONDER-
FUL. Each of J. D.
Larkin & Co.'s Great
Bargain Boxes con-
tains one hundred
cakes of "Sweet
Home" Soap; and to
induce people to give
them a trial, they
throw in, gratis, six
packages of Bo-
raxine, some half dozen
varieties of exquisite
toilet soap (three of
each), Modjeska Tooth
Powder, perfume and
shaving stick; and the price of the whole is so
moderate (only six dollars) that the purchaser
is surprised at their liberality. Send J. D. Lar-
kin & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., a postal card with
your name and address plainly written thereon,
and order a box. Remember, the soaps manu-
factured by the firm are not to be compared
with the common, worthless stuff which is too
frequently sold as first-class; and they ask no
money from you until you have given their
goods a thirty days' trial. Could anything be
fairer than this?

October Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—An interesting feature is an ar-
ticle by the late deceased Maria Mitchell, detailing
"Reminiscences of the Herschels." A portrait of
Miss Mitchell, and a picture of her observatory at
Lynn, accompany it. Illustrated articles—three of
them—upon practical branches of modern education
as viewed from different points, treat of Manual Train-
ing in the New York and Philadelphia Schools for
Teachers, and the Workingman's School and Free
Kindergarten of New York. George Kennan conducts
his readers to the "East Siberian Silver Mines," and
the Lincoln Papers treat of Blair's Mexican Project,
the Hampton Roads Conference, and the XIII. Amend-
ment. Mr. Cable contributes "The War Diary of a
Union Woman in the South." In the line of stories is
"The Longworth Mystery," showing a knowledge of
newspaper life. Maurice Thompson gives an amusing
dialect sketch, "Ben and Judas." "The Old Bascom
Place" reaches its conclusion. The frontispiece is
a portrait of Molière as Caesar. Several fine poems en-
rich this number, including touching expressive ver-
ses "To a Dog's Memory," by Louise Imogen
Guiney. The supplementary departments are super-
latively excellent in contents. New York: The Cen-
tury Company. Boston: Dammell & Upham, corner
School and Washington streets.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The opening
article is an entertaining one upon "The Romantic
Beginnings of Milwaukee," by Roy S. Stoughton, illus-
trated with portraits of some of its founders. This is
followed by an account of the settlement of Georgia,
showing that it was originally a free colony, even
when New England was deriving profits from the im-
portation and sale of the native Africans. The near-
ness of the fourth centennial celebration of the dis-
covery of this continent gives interest to an account
of the celebration of the third in Boston and New
York a hundred years ago. Other attractive articles in
this number are: "A Trip to Niagara in 1835," "Finan-
cial Condition of New York in 1833," and "Kings,
Presidents and Governors of Georgia, 1732-1889." New
York: 743 Broadway.

THE QUAKER.—A finely suggestive frontispiece,
entitled "Old Letters," introduces an attractive and in-
structive variety of contents. The three interesting
serial stories appear in new chapters, and a favorite
writer contributes a six-page story, "Aunt Jane's
Nieces." "Rosa's Poem" is a story in one chapter by
K. E. Joyce. A timely and serviceable article upon
"Cruelty to Children," by David Buxton, is worthy of
an attentive reading as an incentive to action against
the crime to which it relates. New York: Cassell &
Co., 104 Fourth Avenue.

THE THEOSOPHIST (September).—H. S. Olcott,
in the opening article upon "Centres of the Theosophi-
cal Movement," sets forth and replies to "exceptions
to certain ideas" of his advanced in the June num-
ber, by Mr. Judge of New York. In the course of
which Mr. Olcott says: "It was I who proposed the
formation of the (Theosophical) Society, who had all
the early burden of guiding its infant steps, and who,
after the collapse of the original legislative scheme of
Rules and By-Laws, had all the executive responsi-
bility." "Sound, Speech and the Logos" is the sub-
ject of the next paper, and on succeeding pages are
"Aphorisms from the Sanskrit," "The Age of Patan-
jali" and "A Shin-Shu Catechism," the Shin-Shu sect
being, it is stated, the wealthiest and most active of
Japanese Buddhism, having twenty thousand mem-
bers. Madras: The Proprietors. Boston: For sale by
Colby & Rich.

THE BIZARRE. NOTES AND QUERIES.—With the
usual variety of information for the curious is given a
reprint of a publication of nearly a hundred years
ago, entitled "A Remarkable Vision. Showing the
Sudden and Surprising Appearance, the Celestial
Mien and Heavenly Conversation of the Departed
Spirit of Mr. Yeomans, Late Student at Yale College,
and to which Mr. H. Goodwin, his Friend and Class-
mate." Manchester, N. H.: S. C. & L. M. Gould. For
sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

PSYCHIC STUDIES.—The October number of this
monthly has for its principal theme "Magnetic, Men-
tal and Spiritual Healing," which Mr. Morton treats
in a very consistent and rational manner, discoun-
tenancing the methods of those who would ignore the
assistance of spirits in effecting cures, and claiming
that "all healing practiced solely by the exercise of
mental processes of action, whether it be called Men-
tal, Christian Science, Faithism, or Mediumship, is
Spiritual Healing." San Francisco, Cal.: Albert Mor-
ton, 210 Stockton street. For sale by Colby & Rich,
Boston.

"If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?"
The world-wide reputation of Prof. Alfred
R. Wallace as one in the foremost ranks of
scientists imparts an added strength and value
to the clear elucidation and masterly advocacy
of the truths of Spiritualism given by him in
his lecture having for its theme, "If a Man
Die, Shall He Live Again?" published in a
pamphlet of twenty-four pages by Colby &
Rich, and supplied at the very low rate of 5
cents a single copy, thirteen for 50 cents, or
thirty for \$1.00. Let it do its work—buy it and
circulate it.

Annual Meeting.
The Vice-presidents of the Spiritualists will hold
their annual meeting on Oct. 24 and 25, at 400, W. A. R.
Hall, and are being made to make the occasion a grand
one.

SECOND EDITION.

A REVIEW

Seybert Commissioners' Report;

ON

WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE.

By A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

A Member of the Pennsylvania Bar, Author of "Leaves
from the Diary of an Old Lawyer," "Court and
Prison," "Dr. Crosby's Calm View from a Law-
yer's Standpoint," "Work in an
Eagle's Nest," etc.

This able and comprehensive work should be read by every
thoughtful man and woman who has heard of the Seybert
Bequest. Hon. A. B. Richmond, the author whose influence
as a criminal lawyer, and high reputation as a writer, will
at once ensure the confidence and attention of the reader,
has in this volume replied to the "Preliminary Report of the
Seybert Commission," with a soundness of logic, a keenness
of perception, a breadth of thought and clarity of perception
such as the importance of the subject demanded. He deals
his blows at the unfairness, injustice, prejudice, unkindness
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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

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Still Another.

A pulpit discourse was uttered on Sunday, Sept. 23d, by Rev. Mr. Blackburn, of Lowell, on "The Doctrine of Spirits," which naturally invites the attention of those who believe in spirit-communion. His text included the familiar scriptural injunction to "try the spirits." He said with perfect truth that spiritual existence is older than material existence, since there can be nothing material without thought back of it. Admitting spiritual existences, he asked what is our relation to them. First, he answered, it is that of unbroken interest, inasmuch as death does not break the spiritual ties that exist between heart and heart. Second, these spirit-beings are interested in the affairs of the world, which the discourses styled God's kingdom, as if it were at all necessary to assert that God's kingdom is everywhere.

He thought it not at all impossible for spirits to return and commune with us, and he further knew that it had been done. He then proceeded to enumerate such returns from the pages of the Old and New Testaments. But he protested that none of these spirits came "in the darkness of the seance." The appearance of the well-known spirits in the presence of Jesus he pronounced "so unique as to establish no precedent for the return of spirits to us." That is simply the assertion of Mr. Blackburn—nothing more. As mere testimony, if it were otherwise of any value, it would be of none from the fact of his being a thoroughly-interested witness. Beyond these instances named in the Bible, of the return of departed spirits, he said he had no evidence whatever that there is existence beyond the grave.

Then comes up the question, how do we account for what are called "spiritual manifestations"? Mr. Blackburn wanted to "deal kindly," but he thought there were a few things that ought to be said. He considered that the character of the manifestations discredited them: They occur either in a dim light or in darkness, and under other conditions that prevent fair investigation; many of them can be accounted for on scientific grounds, and more will be; no great truth or discovery has come to the world through them; they have not led to a lofty morality; the works of the best of the leaders "read like a jumble of incoherent words"; and the slate-writings are unworthy of being put in type, and much of them "are absolutely immoral." True Spiritualists will at once be able to take the foregoing for all it is worth. They can readily see the ignorance, the prejudice and the hostility that are displayed in these utterances.

He admitted, or rather had no doubt, that "demons can and do perform the acts of the circle and the dark room." He knew that they took possession of men in past times, and that they do now. He averred that there is no revelation of the dark room which may not "logically be attributed to the devil of the day of Christ." Now for your convincing logic, Mr. Blackburn. While he does not deny the fact of what he persistently and purposely calls "Spiritism," he does deny that "the spirits of the dark rooms are the spirits of departed men or of God's hosts." The "God's hosts" expression is one of the several shibboleths of ministers everywhere. They know no more what these empty phrases signify than we do, and in fact know nothing at all about it.

"Show me"—exclaimed Mr. Blackburn—

"one single utterance of a returned spirit worthy a redeemed soul, and we will investigate." What he means by a "redeemed soul" is, of course, nothing more nor less than a spirit that will come and talk up a church creed, and that, as we all know, no emancipated spirit was ever known to do.

A correspondent in Lowell, Mr. Edward S. Varney, upon the delivery of this discourse by Mr. Blackburn, addressed a criticism of his views to the public through the columns of one of the papers of that city. He replied to the latter's assertion that the Bible gave no hint of spirit-return in the future, that neither is there any hint in it of the wonderful inventions of the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, or the telephone, which have so revolutionized the methods of civilization. He thought it would be more rational to admit, as another Lowell minister felt compelled to, that "God's word is not confined wholly within the Bible." As for the "silly speeches and drivelling rhymes" which Mr. Blackburn alleged to be the characteristic of spirit-communications, Mr. Varney readily admits that chaff is mixed with the wheat of truth, and that such is the rule, in a measure, in every cause, Christianity included.

But he rightly insists that justice demands that every cause be judged by its virtues, not by its defects. If it be true, as it is, that an undeviating law of nature demands darkness during the germinal growth of the seed, or in the arranging of chemical combinations, why is it not equally necessary that many spirit manifestations should occur in partial or total darkness? But a great many more of the phenomena occur entirely in the light, among the chief of which is trance mediumship, which has convinced thousands upon thousands of the reality of spirit communion by evidence which none could refute. Over against Mr. Blackburn he puts Prof. William Crookes of England, a man of science who is at least as much entitled to speak for science as Mr. Blackburn is for theology, or the creeds. Mr. Crookes says, on his side, that science has utterly failed to successfully refute the spiritualistic hypothesis of mediumistic phenomena. By facts incontrovertible, urges Mr. Varney, Spiritualism has earned the right to answer affirmatively the question of the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The Land of Dreams.

The very fact that we are all so ready to call it Dreamland suggests that it impresses us as much with being a reality as anything else in the experience of our lives. It is no more a mystery than the land which is known to us through our senses, for even that no one can demonstrate the actual existence of. None can say whether it is at best not more apparent than real. The land of dreams may be no more a debatable land than the one which we deem the land of reality. At the present time there is an unusual amount of attention being bestowed on it, and all the phenomena relating to it are being collected and collated with great pains and care. The question is, whether there are not certain existent laws, relating to dreamland as well as to the life of our open sense, a knowledge of which will tend to enlighten us as to the nature and functions of our spirits, and reveal to us what has heretofore been wrapped in mystery. Mrs. Hemans apostrophizes the land of dreams as "spirit-land"; and the poets are apt to be wiser in their intuitions than those who vaunt their acquaintance with the science of material things. Yet it may be the highest form of science, after all, to say that the land of dreams is but the land of the spirit free from its embodiment.

It is the custom, we are aware, to refer dreams to physical causes, and especially to impressions vividly received by the mind during the day; but that seems as yet to have determinedly settled nothing on the subject. Dreams themselves may be wholly new experiences of the spirit, and not mere reproductions of what is past. It is in this sense that they have a new and strange meaning for us. An intelligent contemporary refers to this class of dreams as exceptional and striking, and styles them the purely impressional or spiritual dream; suggesting that from some rare equipoise of physical forces the spirit is enabled to look out and discern the future, to see the path it is to traverse, the scenery and people with whom it will have to do. It perceives, says the writer, clearly certain situations awaiting it, yet as types rather than as the identical events. And a highly impressive occurrence is related as its illustration, which it characterizes as an instance of "a distinct spiritual impression of a future event that had not come within a year of the range of the usual horizon of life—an event that seemed to be shaped and waiting out in the future, and which prefigured itself as destiny." The interesting thing is to discover the laws of interpretation for the dream-world. Whether all things in connection with these subtle phenomena are speculative or not, is something which man is yet to be apprised of. But there can be no question about the pure spirituality of them all.

Plain Talk by Gen. Crook.

The advice given to the graduating class at West Point, this summer, by Brig.-Gen. George Crook, who is well known everywhere as an expert in all that relates to the Indians, is of the soundest and wisest character. He dwelt on this topic more than on any other single one in his address, because he knew that it was of present practical interest and importance above every other. He told the young graduates from our military academy that the Indian's nature is responsive to a treatment which assures him that it is based upon justice, truth, honesty and common-sense. It is not impossible that, with a fair and square system of dealing with him, "the American Indian would make a better citizen than many who neglect the duties and abuse the privileges of that proud title!"

Addressing himself personally to his young hearers, Gen. Crook said: "It will not doubt be the lot of many of your number to serve with or near the Indians, and to such I say that too much care cannot be taken in your daily association with them. Make them no promises which you cannot fulfill; make no statements which you cannot verify. When difficulties arise, as they occasionally will, endeavor to be so well informed of all the circumstances of the case that your action may be powerful and convincing because just and impartial. Let the Indian see that you administer one law for both the white-skinned and the red-skinned, and that you do this without regard for praise or censure, and you will gain his confidence because you have shown yourself worthy of it. The rest will be easy. Do not expect too much at once, and do not lose courage or patience on

account of backsliding. He should be encouraged to work and to save; the man who works and saves is fast leaving an angry behind him. You will find that the Indian has no right which our people are compelled to respect. The benefit of laws which protect the white man is not extended to the Indian. Even the courts are closed to him, and to secure him common justice and protect him from outrage will frequently require all your intelligence, courage and energy."

Could the situation of the Indians and the relations of the white race to them be better stated? Here we have the case clearly set forth by one who knows it from personal study and experience.

The "Regulars" Forever!

It will not do to turn the leaves back on which is recorded the dogmatic wisdom of the doctors' fraternity, and the more intelligent of them do not care to do so themselves, for their story of experiment and empiricism always ends at the same place, which our own Dr. Holmes declared to be know-nothingism in healing. What was so wisely asserted, argued and defended by them in years past, is to-day abandoned without a syllable of explanation or apology. The worst of it is that they are obstinately unwilling to concede that there has been any advance, but prefer that the people should be blindly ignorant of the fact that what doctors not long ago set up as their gospel manual they now discard as rubbish and nonsense. Their strong aversion to acknowledging any progress in the healing art is obviously due to their fear that it would be a confession of short knowledge and fallible wisdom.

The Railroad Gazette—to illustrate the foregoing observations—recently published the protest of the Royal College of Bavarian doctors, made in the year 1835, against all travel in cars drawn by a locomotive, alleging that the tendency of so rapid a movement was to produce among the passengers the mental affection known as *delirium furiosum*. The doctors insisted that even if travelers were willing to incur this risk, the government should at least protect the public! This protest was discovered only a little time ago in the archives of the Nuremberg Railroad at Furth. Fifty years' experience of railroad travel fairly entitles every one to enjoy a good loud laugh at the superior wisdom of the doctors. It was a Dr. Lardner, too, as all will no doubt remember, who declared with the utmost positiveness that no steaming vessel could ever cross the Atlantic ocean, for the reason that she could not be built big enough to carry a sufficiency of coal. It is the same with the doctors on all subjects with which they deal.

Yet it is a matter of notoriety that they are organized and organizing in a compact body for the purpose of controlling legislation in their own exclusive interest. They even presume to enact penal statutes against all sorts of healers who do not possess one of their own certificates, learnedly called diplomas. As a Washington paper remarks, they are rising up as one man against the growing disposition of people to "rely on the Lord" rather than on their prescriptions.

One need look no further than to the very recent introduction of Dr. Brown-Séquard's Elixir, which was going to rejuvenate age and restore weakness of all kinds to coveted vigor. No sooner was the new discovery announced than it created as great confusion among all the doctors as the firing of a gun-barrel loaded with fine shot would create in a flock of pigeons. The flutter was both immense and intense. The rank and file did not know what to do or how to take the new discovery. They could not presume to ignore it, far less to condemn it or treat it with contempt, for it came to them with the authority of the name of one of the most distinguished of their own number. It threw them all into the wildest state of bewilderment—some denying and some defending—from which they have not yet begun to recover.

The truth is simply this, the Washington paper well sums up: until the limits of knowledge are reached, and all the causes of disease and possibilities of cure are demonstrated, this war of opinion must go on. Whether disease is purely physical, or mental and ephemeral; "whether the specific remedy lies in pills or in prayer," is too large a question to be relegated to the decision of any privileged class of men, even though they possess diplomas and represent a variety of conflicting schools. It does not yet appear that the regulars in the medical profession have acquired such sacred privileges that they are in a position to laugh at other systems of practice, or to take any legal measures for the propagation of faith in their own conflicting theories, treatment and diagnoses. Nevertheless, this is just what they set up to do: They assume to be possessed of a knowledge of the only way to heal, which fails as often as it succeeds, and then they demand the legislative power to punish by fine and imprisonment all who do heal without first having secured one of their own C. O. D. certificates. This ought to bring on the *delirium furiosum* on the part of the public a great deal quicker than riding on railroads at the highest rate of speed.

The Remonstrance

On our eighth page tells its own story, as also does the article by "Anti-Monopolist" in another column. This remonstrance is the one referred to by our correspondent as having already been printed in THE BANNER, and received general signature at the summer camp-meetings.

The BANNER OF LIGHT has for the past fifteen years used its columns and its influence for the defense of medical freedom in Massachusetts (and other States as well). It has in this direction done much earnest work, of which its subscribers and the public can have but faint conception, and it stands ready to do more in support of this grand, but now imperiled, principle of human rights—that of choice as to one's medical adviser.

Readers of the Remonstrance which we publish this week will, if citizens of Massachusetts, please cut it out, paste it upon a sheet of paper and endeavor to obtain as many signatures as possible among their adult neighbors and friends, both male and female. These signatures should be written plainly in ink. When such rolls are full, let those who have obtained the names hold these instruments till the session of the General Court, when due notice will be given in THE BANNER as to what use is to be made of them.

¶ We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of George T. Albrow, on page five. It has been under the care of Mr. Albrow that such mediums as Helen C. and E. Gertrude Berry, Hattie C. Stafford and many others have been developed into the world.

Intuition Before Reason.

The agnosticism of Prof. Huxley is criticised by Rev. Lyman Abbott in the August number of the *North American Review*. Dr. Abbott thinks that term depends on various things for its real meaning. For instance, if agnosticism means merely a protest against the self-conceited dogmatism which assumes to be in possession of all knowledge, then he wishes to be classed among the agnostics himself. Spiritual knowledge has its limitations. To this Prof. Huxley is understood to assent. But his habit, as we all recognize it, is to employ the term to signify the bald and bare belief of materialists and atheists, who hold that nothing can be believed which cannot be proved. They argue that nothing can be known but through the reason. With this view Dr. Abbott declares that he has no sympathy, and in this sense of the word he entirely disavows any right to the title of an agnostic.

Prof. Huxley really assumes more himself, in trying to establish his ground, than he accuses others of assuming who recognize the existence of the facts included in the unlimited domain of instinct and intuition. If we knew no more from childhood to age than comes to our consciousness through the slow and imperfect processes of reason, we should go through life with a far more fragmentary experience than we do. If all our knowledge and experience came to us only through the exercise of our logical faculties, the sum of it would be too meagre and unsatisfactory to be reckoned among the available assets of our mortal life.

On the other hand, it does not become the man of religious faith to be too positive and dogmatic about it. Belief is necessarily limited by the very conditions of existence. Our deepest and clearest intuitions are subjected to the limitations that accompany our being. The horizon of spiritual things has its boundary, though a continually widening one. We at least may know, and know certainly, when we are right and when we are wrong, and that is a light to guide us in safety, whether our inner vision grows more extended or not. No boasted agnosticism can touch the instinctive wisdom that dwells sovereign, though silent, in the human heart.

A Delightful Month.

October has been called the western, as June is the eastern, gate of the year. Considering the amount of wet we have had all summer, it is reasonable to suppose that the present month of October will be a dry one, which is the condition most congenial to pleasant atmospheric experiences. Never is a lovelier moon overhead than the silvery moon of October. The woods are painted with all the colors to be had in nature's marvelous workshop. It is a delight to stroll across the pastures and follow the winding roads at this particular season. The air is itself a tonic. Whichever way the eye turns, it meets pictures that art cannot rival. Every sound falls on the ear with a sadly pleasing cadence. The distant waters gleam in the chastened sunlight like the revelation of a far-off land. A smoky haze hangs over the hills and meadows. There is an element of melancholy in all sights and sounds which is indescribable. No one can tell what it is that holds him in such a state of fascination, but all are ready to confess to its power. October is the month to enjoy in the country, where its associations abound.

"The Quick and the Dead."

Mrs. Rives-Chanler, the author of the much read and talked about novel, "The Quick and the Dead," some time since had a dream, the outcome of which may serve as a fit subject of inquiry by psychical researchers. Mrs. Chanler's pianist, Prof. Pabst, was lying dangerously sick in New York, and Mrs. C. felt anxious for the result. While in this state of mind, she dreamed, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, that he came to her to give her the usual instructions on the piano, and told her that he had a new dance he wanted her to bring to the attention of her husband. He then read off to her the different figures and movements, all of which became deeply impressed upon her mind. She related her dream to her husband the next morning, telling him of the different movements in the dance as her vision saw them. He noted them down, and the result was the beautiful waltz "La Reve," which society will probably go wild over this coming season. Singular to relate, Prof. Pabst died the night of the dream, and the dance is dedicated to his memory.

Timely and Pertinent Questions.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

We copy the following from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and endorse it in full. It is high time that all true Spiritualists took action in this important matter:

"Is your knowledge of Spiritualism a comfort and a benefit to you? If so, what are you daily doing to repay the obligation? How much has Spiritualism cost you in dollars and cents for the past twelve months? In figuring it up, don't count in what you paid to go to camp-meeting, or to attend a seance; those items are not properly a part of the account. How much have you done to promote lectures in your vicinity, how much to sustain Sunday Lyceums for the young, how often have you gone out of your way to alleviate the physical needs and the heartaches of those poor and worthy Spiritualists whom you must know? Have you paid your publisher for his arduous efforts, or are you in arrears for your paper? In a word, how much better off is the world because you have lived to see another summer pass?"

¶ A party summering at Brattleborough, Vt., made a search of neighboring graveyards for odd epitaphs, and report many interesting finds. At Vernon were epitaphs without number, and some of them without end. Here is one on a person who had died from being vaccinated to prevent the smallpox:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
A son of Mr. Ames Tule,
And of Mrs. Julia Tule, his wife,
Called Jonathan, of whose frail life,
The years all summed (how short the account),
Scarcely to fourteen years amount.
Born on the twelfth of May was he,
In seventeen Hundred Sixty-Three.
To death he fell a helpless prey,
April the fifth and twentieth day,
Quitting this world, we trust for Heaven.
But 'his spirit' fled on High.
His body mouldering here must lie.
Behold the amazing alteration,
Effected by inoculation.
The means employed his life to save,
Turned him into a grave.
Full in the bloom of youth he fell.
Alas! what human tongue can tell,
The Mother's Grief, her Anguish show,
Or paint the Father's heavier Woe,
Who now no more offering has
His ample fortune to possess,
To fill his Place, stand in his Stead,
Or bear his name when he is dead.
So God ordained. His ways are Just,
The temple crumbled into dust.
Life and the world were bubbles are,
Let loose to these; for Heaven prepare.

¶ Frank C. Algerton has taken rooms at 14 Ashburton Place, Boston. See advertisement.

Seance with Dr. Stanbury.

Mr. Gilbert Harriman, of Canaan, Vt., called at our office October 1st and exhibited the result of a sitting with Dr. J. Stanbury, which he declared to be eminently satisfactory to himself and family. The manifestation took place at the residence of Dr. S. in Boston on the above date. Mr. Harriman stated that two slates were thoroughly cleaned in his presence, to obviate all suspicion as to their "previous preparedness." Two rubber bands were drawn around the pair, and they were placed on the table; Mr. Harriman's hand rested upon them during the entire time until he saw them opened.

In about half an hour—during which Mr. H. received communications written on separate slates, etc.—the bands were removed from the pair first mentioned, and upon one of them was found the portrait, in oil, of a pretty young lady, having upon her forehead a brilliant white star; long, curling, fair hair swept down over her shoulders. Her eyes were blue; she wore what appeared to be a necklace of pearls; was clad in white, fleecy robes, and the details were remarkably well toned and wrought by the invisible power which had produced the picture.

Mr. Harriman was then informed through Dr. Stanbury's mediumship that it was the likeness (bust) of a daughter of his in spirit-life, Mrs. Harriman, who was present at the sitting, receiving also this (written) message:

"Yes, mamma, it is your own darling Edith. I was permitted to come because you did not mention me, and because the guide said I might. I will now be perfectly happy. Always keep it for my sake. I will come through some other medium and tell you more about it."

Mr. Harriman and his wife recognized the picture as a correct representation, as far as complexion went, of a young child of theirs who passed to spirit-life at the age of two years. Regarding the genuineness of the production of the picture, he said to us: "I know that slate [the one on which it appeared] was clean, if I know anything. The slates never left my sight during the whole operation."

The next day this gentleman returned, and called our attention to something which he had not himself noticed until he left this office—viz: that in the lower corner of the picture, beneath the right shoulder, was to be traced the word "Edith," thus showing that the spirit had really given her name with the picture, though it had not been discovered until some time subsequent to the seance.

Peace and Arbitration.

A meeting was held in this city last Sunday evening in the interests of international peace and arbitration. It was under the auspices of the American Peace Society, whose delegates to the recent Peace Congress of the three Americas in Paris were present, and addressed the audience. Rev. K. B. Howard, one of the delegates, said the meeting in Paris was a success, and awakened so much interest in the subject that it adjourned to meet July 30th of next year.

The speakers last Sunday evening, in addition to the returned delegates, were Rev. A. A. Miner, Francis B. Gilman and Hon. Robert Treat Paine. Mr. Paine said:

"Peace be to all the world! We meet here to-night in the interest of peace. Now that slavery has passed away from our land, and other great causes remain to arouse the interest of the whole world and all nations, which surpasses in importance the cause of peace? We are not wasting time in gathering here to counsel and resolve bravely to help this cause forward. The day has come when the powers that work for peace are growing strong, and only need to take open counsel together to grow stronger. In the great World's Fair now being held in Paris, with its one hundred and sixty-seven congresses, which of them all, on the whole, surpasses in interest the universal Peace Congress, attended by delegates from all parts of Europe and America? I have not yet recovered from my thrill of surprise when Rev. K. B. Howard described to me how the delegates you met at Paris showed that they looked to this country as the one which should take the lead in the example and championship of peace. Why should this country make a brief treaty with every other country binding both to submit any controversy to arbitration, before going to war?"

"Two great causes command the attention of all the world: The improvement of the condition of the masses of the people in comfort, culture and character, and the establishment of peace between the nations of the earth by recognized agreements to arbitrate before war."

Spontaneous Phenomena in England.

A small colliery village in England, known as High Littleton, is at present the scene of a series of disturbances much resembling those at Stratford, Ct., in the early days of Modern Spiritualism, and of frequent occurrence since. The *Bristol Mercury* advises students of "the night side of Nature" to visit the locality and investigate.

The first demonstrations of invisible powers were made about two months since. They were silenced by keeping a light burning. A fortnight after they recommenced, and so alarmed the family that a neighbor was called in, who at once went upstairs and cried, "Come on! I am ready for you!" The challenge seems to have been accepted on the instant, for a chair sprang toward him, and the fender abandoned the hearth. The furniture was reëdified, but no sooner was the light removed than chair and fender again betrayed their independence of physical law. Similar performances by unseen powers entertained some parties and frightened others; and at last reports the exhibitions continued, and what to the lookers-on was inexplicable remained so.

LINCOLN FORESEES HIS MISSION.—Rev. Dr. Haney, a Methodist minister, of Canton, Ill., recently stated that the Rev. Peter Akers held a meeting near Springfield some years before the war, and one day Abraham Lincoln and several other lawyers of Springfield drove out to it. Father Akers spoke that day on "The Sin of Slavery," and predicted that in a few years "God would wipe out the crime of crimes in blood." The sermon was generally made light of, and in returning home the lawyers laughed and joked about it. Lincoln, however, remained silent and grave. His companions asked him: "What do you think of Brother Akers's sermon?"

Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: "Well, I confess I have never before been so deeply impressed by human utterance. I have never thought we should have war over slavery or any other question. But those utterances to-day seemed to come from far beyond the preacher. They came to me as real and awful prophecy. More astonishing than all, and you may laugh at your will, I seemed to be thrilled in my very soul with the conviction that I am in some way to have a tremendous responsibility in that coming and awful war."

TWO SINGULAR INCIDENTS occurred in Detroit of late in connection with the birth and demise of a child of a Polish woman by the name of Susan Molafsky, which will serve to strengthen the faith of those who believe in signs as premonitory of coming events. Mrs. Molafsky informed her neighbors that a short time before the birth of the child whose demise she was then bitterly mourning, she dreamed she and some friends were looking at the sky, when she saw a white object in the air fly around and gradually descend until she saw it was a white dove. It flitted its graceful rounds shorter and shorter, until it landed to her face and lit upon her shoulder. In a few days her child was born.

About a week ago Mrs. Molafsky had another remarkable dream, but this time the snowy-white dove took its departure from her shoulder, and, fluttering around and around, ascended higher and higher until lost to sight. She thought nothing more of the occurrence until the death of the child recalled the two dreams.

Will A. Mansfield, the slate-writing medium, has just been doing some good work for the cause in Cleveland, O. He is now located in Chicago, at 47 Campbell Park, where he will remain the entire winter; devoting forenoons to a course of special study in the languages, and afternoons to his gift as a medium.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham has returned, and can be found at her old address, 430 Tremont street, Boston. See advertisement.

J. W. Fletcher can be found every Friday and Saturday at 17 Somerset street, Boston. See advertisement, 7th page.

Message Department.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

J. A. SHELLHAMER, Chairman.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-Longley will occupy the platform on Tuesday evenings for the purpose of allowing spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on the mundane plane, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Miss E. B. SHELLHAMER, an excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoon under the influence of her guides give to the public an opportunity to send words of love to their earthly friends, which messages are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not agree with the teachings of the Bible. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully accepted by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 17th, 1889—Questions Answered by Spirit S. B. Brittan.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q.—[By Willis Miller, Chesaning, Mich.] Will the constant drilling in the earth for natural gas cause, in time, disastrous results, as predicted by scientists? Such as rending the globe in pieces, and causing it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies, or causing that portion of the earth's surface where the drilling is most prevalent, to fall in, leaving an immense chasm, bringing direct disasters to the section and its inhabitants? And will this drilling be prohibited by stringent laws?

A.—This is a matter that I have heard discussed among scientific minds in the spirit-world. Although your friend, Mr. Pierpont, hardly claims to be a scientific mind, yet to my thinking he is one, and as I have heard that spirit express himself upon the subject while in discussion with other minds on the other side of life, his ideas have appealed somewhat forcibly to my understanding. Although I have not myself perhaps given the matter so much thought as has he and other spirits, from what I have learned from my friend and from others associated with him, I should decidedly say that the constant drilling of the earth's surface, in order to extract minerals or gases, or for whatever purpose, will in time cause disastrous effects in those localities where this engineering work is going on.

The friends do not seem to think that there is danger, if it be continued, that the planet will fly to pieces, but they do decidedly believe that there will be great depressions of the earth's surface, collapses, so to speak, of portions of the earth, so that in the vicinity where such a collapse should occur there might be a great disaster, such, for instance, as the swallowing up of a village or hamlet. This seems to be a very serious thing to contemplate, one that should engage the attention of your scientists on earth; they should study the subject, and give the matter ventilation.

It seems to me, from what I have heard discussed in the spirit-world, that especially where the earth is drilled and bored, in order to obtain gases and oils, and such substances, there will be a depletion of the vital force of the earth. I am told that these oils and gases, which man is so eager to extract from the bowels of the earth, form an essential part of the economy of nature; that they supply electrical and other vital properties to the soil, to the earth itself, and thus assist it in affording to mankind the various forms of vegetation and means of subsistence which the earth conceals. Now if these oils and gases are extracted, and the earth is drained of these vital forces, there will be of course a depletion of vital strength; there will be then a condition of weakness of the earth, so that while you may have to fear a collapse or depression occurring in certain localities, you may also anticipate a diminution of power in the earth, which will result in a weakened degree of vegetable growth.

I do not feel qualified to express myself clearly upon this subject. I would rather some other spirit had undertaken it; but I can see the point, and I can understand how it is possible for man, in his eagerness and push to find all that he can gain from the earth's bosom, to rob the planet of those very qualities which it requires for giving the best forms of sustenance, health and growth to the animal and to the human kingdoms.

Q.—[From the audience.] Was there any spiritual influence employed in ushering Jesus into this life, and was there any special mission assigned to him on earth? In what way can he be said to be the Son of God and Saviour of the world, as claimed by his followers?

A.—Yes; and I speak with authority, because I have seen records in the spirit-world concerning this subject; so I say there was a special influence at work at the time Jesus, the man of Nazareth, was brought into this world as an incarnated spirit.

Did he have a special mission? Undoubtedly. I am not of those who do not believe in the mortal existence of the Nazarene, who declare that his life was a myth. To my mind, he lived in Judea—a human being, born of mortal parents; but he came into the world under peculiar conditions; his mother was for a long time previous to the birth of the child overshadowed by spiritual intelligences, she being a highly sensitive individual, who could feel the presence of the spirit, and, in a measure, respond to it.

Was there anything miraculous connected with the birth of Jesus? I should say, no; no more of a miracle occurred when that child was born on earth than occurs every time a human being finds expression through the laws of maternity. This child came to the world attended by spiritual influences, because they knew his was a spirit that could be easily acted upon by themselves and others; they knew that he was one whose personal presence would be highly magnetic, and would draw to himself those who felt his power. Those who did feel the magnetic vibrations of his presence were the lowly, the sad and the afflicted, because his magnetic influence was largely imbued with sympathy and with spiritual love; there flowed out from him, in waves, an aura of light, and it mingled with the atmospheres of other individuals, those who needed it and could assimilate it with their own; they felt its uplifting power, and were blessed by it.

What was the mission of the Nazarene to the world? To comfort the lowly, to strengthen the weak, to give hope and consolation to those that mourned, and especially so in that section of the country where he appeared, because it was a time of hopelessness for the lowly, because there were those high in power who considered caste and distinction of all importance, who paid but little attention to the spiritual wants, to the mental requirements, the inner natures of those they considered beneath them. The Nazarene came, he was attended by spiritual intelligences, he brought light and strength to those who most needed them, and health to those who were sickly and weak. This magnetic aura, manipulated by spiritual attendants, flowed out from him, bearing healing on its wings, so that it helped the blind to

see, raised up those who were prostrated upon beds of sickness to a condition of health, and gave assistance to all those whom it reached. I believe, as do thousands upon thousands of spirits in the other world, that the Nazarene was simply a human being, tender, pure-minded and loving by nature, highly spiritualized, a sensitive medium, especially endowed with those attributes which attracted to him, high and pure-minded spirits, who felt the need of bringing strength and assistance to the world. The Christian church has claimed Christ as its Saviour, its Messiah, its message-bearer. It has done this through its misconceptions of the life and the mission of the Nazarene, but if it would follow in its teachings the lowliness that was there put forth, if it would follow his example in the highest light in which it is arrayed, and do unto others always as it would be done by, if it would take the sinner and the publican, forgive them the wrong they have done, and assist them to the right, it might well call the Nazarene its Saviour and its guide; but until it does this thing it has no right to claim that life as its exemplar and its divine guardian.

There is very much more that might be said in relation to this subject, but I have not the time to-day, and I think our friend Pierpont could do this better for you.

Q.—[By Inquirer.] What is meant by nerve-aura, by which people and spirits are able to work mentally on others at a distance? Has it any connection with "mind-reading"?

A.—Mind-reading is the power of the spirit to come in rapport with the spirit or mind of another individual, and to sense or perceive what is passing therein. You converse audibly with a friend, and receive his opinions in exchange for your own. You, as a spirit, may come in rapport with another individual to such an extent as to exchange opinions with him mentally, without the vehicle of speech. This is the transmission of thought from mind to mind, and really that is all that mind-reading is. When the spiritual perception of an individual is awakened and practiced, he may be able to sense what is passing in the mind of another, without any visible point of contact between the two in outward life.

Your correspondent wishes to know, What is nerve-aura? Certain nerve-forces, so called by scientists, are generated by the action of the spirit upon the mortal organism. These nerve-forces, I claim, as do many other spirits, are generated along the spirit-aura, and are in part in the organic form of the individual, save as it is acted upon by its indwelling spirit. When the spirit is withdrawn, and the body is dead, so called, your physicians, surgeons and scientists may search with scalpel and knife and other means of investigation for the nerve-forces that have animated the individual in life, but in vain; they are not to be found, because the generation of these has ceased; the spirit has withdrawn and taken upon itself another body, through which it will create these nerve-auras, or forces, and perform its work.

Nerve-aura is an emanation from the nervous system of an individual. This emanation is of a vaporous character, but it is a substance; it can be seen and weighed and handled, and I believe the time will come when scientists will discover it and be able to test its quality, even while in this mortal form. This nerve-aura is sometimes seen by those of very delicate vision, or by clairvoyants. It appears to them like a misty, vaporous substance surrounding the individual, and they describe it as such. This nerve-aura is potential, is imbued with vitality, is indeed that which keeps the individual in health and permits him to make use of his powers of locomotion and of the senses. It is acted upon by de-carinated intelligences, who find a surplus of it in certain individuals, and it is utilized by those intelligences in reaching mortals. It becomes to them a vehicle of expression; by its aid they can form an attachment, between themselves and the instrumentality they employ, and thus come into direct contact with the earth and its inhabitants. This, briefly, is what I believe the nerve-aura to be. I am very willing that any physician or scientist should consider my remarks and reply to them.

Lotela, the Indian Maiden.

How do, Tony brave? How do, everybody? 'Spose you want to see Lotela. Lotela wants to see you. Want to tell White Fawn and her medly, and all the other good people. Lotela ever and ever so much obliged for the pretty flowers. Lotela came 'cause she wants the people to know she's round, and we want to have these meetings go on in good shape. Of course we do. I tell you what I come for specially, to send love to everybody.

Albro, brave, how you do? There's the Mason square. She's real nice, and Sunshine's awful bright.

There's been a young squaw round here all the afternoon that wants a few words very much indeed. Pierpont chief told her to come Friday, but she said she never could wait till then. She calls herself Jennie Hale, and her friends are in Taunton, this State. She particularly wishes to say, "Ella, do not, I implore you, take the step which you contemplate taking next winter. I feel if you do it will bring only disaster to your life. Be patient a little longer, and we will do our best to bring sunbeams through the shadows that have been pressing upon you. I bring you love, not only from myself but from other dear friends of yours who are in the spirit-world. Your mother, especially, wishes to be remembered to her child, and will do all that she can to lighten your burdens and make your pathway straight." The spirit says her friend will see the message in your paper, and cannot fail to understand it. As this spirit comes she appears about twenty summers old. She has been in the hunting-grounds four or five years.

Flora Gibbs.

A little girl here gives the name of Flora Gibbs. She was seven years old when she went away. Her mother's name is Susan, and she lives in the West—in Cleveland. She feels that she is all alone, and sometimes thinks she cannot live, she has so many hard things to bear. The spirit wants her to know that her little girl comes to her, and that she is never alone; some good friend is with her all the time; if it is not one it is another. This little girl has something good to say to the little squaw. There is one she thinks she is never going to see again, that she will see inside of a year, and she will find things not so hard to bear after all for the sunshine will begin to come.

Joseph B. Hall.

An old brave gives me his name that I used to see sometimes and talk with—Joseph B. Hall. He lived at Presque Isle, Me., and says he claims the old State of Maine now as much as he ever did, as he has seen many that come with him. He wants to send his love to all his friends, and especially to his family, and tell them that he has tried to make his presence known, and he anticipates doing a good work by-and-by in connection with mortals. He says Frank is with him, and sends greetings and love, too. He is learning a great deal from Frank in the spirit-world, and he finds that instead of the father being the teacher of the child, the child is the teacher of the father over there, which is just as it should be, when the young mind is more advanced than the elderly one. He has only come to-day to give greetings and love to his friends, and let them know he still lives, and that Spirituality is as dear to his heart as ever. He wants especially to tell Colby chief he has been to see him in his sanetum, and he brings him a heap of love. By-and-by he will give the private message that is looked for, and that he most specially desires to bring.

Mr. Albro said: "Will you remember me to the brave? Yes. He has been to your council, has n't he?" He says he saw his Kitty at the council. She is here now. He says a good many people say: "A big fraud." He knows better.

Good moon. Wants to tell the people in these circles where spirit answers questions, if anybody in the council wants to ask a question put it right on the table, in writing, and the brave will read it off and the spirit will answer.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 20th, 1889.

Elbridge G. Johnson.

When in the mortal form I did not understand that we could come and communicate in this way. I consider it a great privilege. I always felt that our loved ones were not far away, as the churches taught. I find now that heaven is but a step, comparatively. It will be said by many they would not have supposed that that man would have come into this hall and given out a word. Many, while dwelling on earth, cannot believe it possible that after putting off the garment of clay they would be able to return, and speak publicly. If I could have come into communication with my loved ones privately, I should never have ventured to speak to-day; yet I could not refuse the invitation which was extended to me here to let my friends know I was not dead.

I shall be remembered in Newton as a prominent cattle-dealer. I often felt, while living here, that if I gained heaven it would be a great thing. I find to-day, as I am able to speak to you, dear friends, that your lives here build your homes better. This has been said many times; do not believe it; do take our word for it; we will not cheat or deceive you. Build your homes well while you have the opportunity. Elbridge G. Johnson.

Frank A. Noble.

This is a strange place for me to come into and think of reaching my friends, but I have learned in the few months since the accident happened that I can do so.

I went out of life very suddenly. I was a fireman on the Chicago & Grand Trunk road, and a collision sent me out into another country. I have no fault to find and no regrets about the matter. I do not come to complain. I only desire to reach my dear parents and friends in Port Huron.

How many times I have heard them say, "Since I passed out, 'Oh! why did it happen?' Do not attach blame to any one."

I am very thankful to the friends who showed me so much respect after the exchange of words, for I know many of the boys, many of the railroad men, and also of the Order, came to pay respect to me.

I am very happy in the spirit-home that I have found. Oh! do not mourn me so much, for it only hurts me as I come. I feel crushed in spirit when I see the tears drop. I would not return to stay, but I would like very much to come into private communion with my own dear living friends. I could say many things that I do not feel free to speak of in public, and I could speak through some channel, I shall be able to speak with them in a way that is entirely satisfactory. For in a little while through some one in contact with them, the door will be opened that I may free my mind, as I used to do when I came into my own home. I know I shall be remembered at Port Huron. Frank A. Noble.

Dehilla Archer.

Oh! how good it is to think that we shall all be reunited in that beautiful land where no trials and no heart-aches come. I suffered much before passing away, but dear friends sympathized with me, they sorrowed for me, and pity went out from their hearts to me. I did firmly believe, before throwing off the mantle of clay, I should find the loved ones that had passed on, and that I should have a sweet communion with them, day by day and hour by hour. Many times as I have stepped into the Lyceums I have felt that there were more invisible than visible ones present. I know I shall be remembered in Cleveland, O., and also by many friends in distant places. I have often visited them since I left the form, and have heard my name spoken at times. I know how much they miss me at home; nothing can be told me. I visit the home often.

In heaven there are no vacant chairs, no good-byes are spoken. I am waiting patiently until the time when the family will be reunited. For nearly five years I suffered with what is termed a cancer, and terrible it was to bear. I wish them to know at home that I did not suffer in passing over.

I heard these words spoken: "I think for the last few hours she has not been conscious," but I was. I knew everything, I heard every word, as they took my hand, as they placed the hand across me, as some loving touch was laid upon my forehead. When I heard the summons to enter the Better Life it was a welcome one.

I am happy, dear friends, but I would love to come into communion with you privately when there is an opportunity. I merely ask this one favor; grant it to me, dear ones at home: listen to some little sounds or manifestations we may give you, to let you know that I am there. Dehilla Archer.

Stillman Morton.

I don't feel old, by any means. I feel first-rate. I hardly think it can be much over a twelvemonth since I put on the new garment. It may be, for I never took my watch with me. That time I felt young, although ninety-one years were rounded out to me in earthly life; and I hope, Mr. Chairman, it was a life of usefulness. I hope, sir, that the world has been a little better for my being placed here.

Oh! how gladly did I welcome the Angel of Life as he came and tapped gently at my door. I made myself a solemn promise, I should say, more than a quarter of a century ago, that when I did leave the old body I surely would come to this place and give a message, and that is what I am doing for and to. I think it is one of the grandest institutions that you have in your good old city of Boston. I won't except one; for from the first that THE BANNER began to give out light to mortals, I availed myself of the opportunity of taking a copy, and you must know I have read of many of the spirits who came to send messages to their loving friends on earth. Although I was so well advanced in years, and realized the infirmities of age, I hardly feel the weight of thirty years as I now make the attempt to speak to you.

In Vineland, N. J., I am not forgotten, by any means, nor in Battle Creek, Mich., which was my former home. I have many friends, too, scattered in different States, and I visit them quite often.

I am very happy in my spirit-home; but remember, through the laws of attraction we are drawn back here to earth. I know they still remember the old gentleman they used to speak of so many times in the spirit-world. I feel thankful I have left a monument behind me. I know I might have built a little better one, and through progression I hope to build better than I have done. I did not read this paper for so many years, Mr. Chairman, without gaining in knowledge. I feel that I made some advancement here in regard to spirit-return, and in spirit-life it has been of great help to me. I might have learned more. Don't think, dear friends, you are ever too old to learn, but gain all the information you can, and you will look back hereafter with thankfulness because you did learn.

Elizabeth Dawson.

I have stood here in your meetings many times before your doors were closed, hoping I should be able to speak, but I failed. Oftentimes we do not know just how to do our work; we must learn to control the organism, take control of the vocal organs, and gain permission from the Spirit Chairman; we cannot come haphazard.

I hope the few words I may say will reach some loved ones yet dwelling in your city. I know they will feel glad when they come to understand that I hold an interest in them still; for, mortals, you all need our influence for good as we come to you. How little you realize the influence that we bring to you. Many times I have heard people make the remark: "I cannot see anything they do for me." No, dear friend, you cannot see it, but you may know from the results of their work, that their influence for good somewhere has been of benefit to you. Then do not speak thus, for the spirit is sensitive at all times, and after the exchange of bodies it is more sensitive than it could be here. Then be careful in your remarks, for we feel them; for you must well understand we have all of the five senses more perfect than they could be in the mortal. It

is the spirit that feels; it is the spirit that is happy; it is the spirit that is unhappy; the body is merely the casement that contains the jewel. Our spirits are many times crushed by hearing remarks from mortals, and it repels us instead of giving us help as we come to manifest to you. Then, I say again, be charitable; and I would repeat it; for in this life there is not charity enough given out from one to another. Oh! how cold it seems when an uncharitable person comes near us. We sense it more fully than you do here.

I hope you will bear with me for speaking thus. I know there are those who will read this who will understand why I have spoken so much concerning charity in regard to what should be spoken. I often have stepped into other halls, thinking perhaps they might just call my name, but I have turned away with a disappointed feeling because I could not make my presence known. We do not come to reproach, or to blame. We come to give you some kind advice, that you may learn a little more of the beyond. Elizabeth Dawson.

Ethel Grant.

I do wish to have dear mamma know that I do come. She feels a great many times that I am not far away from her, but then papa will say to her: "Oh, no! do not be so foolish as to think she comes to earth. I hope the dear child is in heaven." Why, papa, heaven is only a step from you; and why do you say that? It hurts mamma's feelings a good many times. Dear mamma, do not be so much for me, for I am happy. I am attending school, and I form acquaintances with the dear children in spirit-life, and when I knew I could come so easily to your home, or to my home—for I do not like to say yours—I thought then, mamma, you would not cry for me; but I know you say you miss my little form. I come to you every day. Grandma says it is every hour; but it doesn't seem to me quite so often.

I see some people here from Chelsea, and I guess they'll know who I am when I tell my name.

I want mamma to know I have come, and Aunt Clara. She really isn't my aunt, but I always called her so, and Grandma says it is all the same. Aunt Clara loved me dearly, and sometimes she cries for me too. [To the Chairman:] I don't see, sir—can you tell me what makes people cry so for us, when they are coming where we are some day? [Because they miss you.] I don't think that is anything to cry for; they are coming where we are some day.

I want to tell mamma about my dolly. We have such beautiful lovely dollies where we are. Oh! there's Flossie Kenard going down the aisle. I didn't know her when I lived here, but I've learned to know her over there.

These flowers are beautiful, but I guess ours are sweeter than yours. Don't think I don't wish to thank you for these, for I do love the flowers dearly, and I like to see them here, because many times when we come the flowers are with us.

[The spirit turns to Prof. Longley:] I want to thank that gentleman for the music. I am much obliged, sir, for the song, and sometime I'll bring a lovely lady to you in spirit. Perhaps you won't see her, but you can just think of her.

I want mamma to know I don't have any trouble now; I ain't sick any, and I feel happy. Sometimes mamma wonders if I am lonesome. No, not at all. I have such sweet music, and I'll have the birds and the flowers and the children.

[To the Chairman:] You won't forget to put what I say in the paper, will you?

I want to tell mamma when she goes into the other room, and she hears a little sound, she may know that it is Ethel. My name is Ethel Grant. I want you to send the paper to my papa, because he don't believe that spirits come here. His name is Sidney Grant. I guess when he gets that he'll have enough to think about. He'll know I am not dead. He loved me just as much as mamma, only he can't understand how we come back here.

I don't want them to go to the mound and cry. I'm not there. I never went down there at all. I was at home before they were from what they call the funeral.

Pamela Chaddock.

The children! the blessed children! The Master said, when upon earth: "Suffer little children to come unto me." He loved them, and why should not we also love them? But I really feel sometimes, as I enter earth, that many forget there ever were any children, and try to make them adults. Do not forget your children, dear friends.

The dear child, dear friend, how we love them! Mother has often said to me: Pamela, I feel there would be no heaven if there were no children here. Oh! love the little innocents, for you know not how soon the stem may snap, and the little bud fall and be borne away from you.

As I look down into the audience, I see the beautiful children wending their way back and forth, laden with flowers, and three or four of them cluster around an elderly gentleman who sits on the left. I know it is the attraction of his spirit that brings them.

Fifty-eight years did I dwell in the form, and as the Angel of Life called me up higher, I saw beautiful spirit-children before my spirit was freed from the form, and it was a welcome sight.

I would say to them at home, in Aniston, Ala., that I have not lost any of my interest in them. I know my message will reach my dear husband, and I am content in your paper, for I loved to look over the papers myself, while dwelling in the form.

It has been said many times, if we can bring you one thing, why not another? The Great Father himself has given this power to us; to some he gives one talent, to some two and to some five. Question not his work; he doeth all things well. Be satisfied with what is made known, dear mortals; you are not in a condition to have everything that spirits may be able to bring to you.

I have not been an inhabitant of the spirit-world a great while, but I find I have learned a little since passing over, and there is much more for me to learn. I have often felt, while dwelling here, that if spirits did return to earth, in some way I would give my friends manifestations that they might know I was present, and I feel that I shall be in time able to do that. I am interested in those I have left, not only in kindred, but friends. I had true friends; everything was done for me that kind hands could do.

I am happy in my spirit-home, but I cannot be satisfied until I make them know I have come to give them some proof of immortality; then, I feel that a part of my work will be done. I was the wife of Col. W. H. Chaddock. Pamela Chaddock. I am thankful that there are channels we are able to speak through. God bless the mediums.

Charissa Morse.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord." These words were spoken a long time ago, when the body was borne away. I knew not of spirit-return. I had been taught by orthodoxy that there was a place for the righteous and a place for the wicked. I found, on entering spirit-life—which was many years since—the reality very different from what I had been taught here. I feel thankful to the great God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, the first cause of all causes, that we are permitted to return to our loved ones. Many of my kindred have crossed the portal termed death. I found, on entering spirit-life, there is no death; it is merely a change from one form to another.

I have visited this place a great many times. At first I was brought here by an Indian guide, who said to me if I came here the pale-faces would put down what I would say in what he termed scratches, that they might know I was not dead; but an active spirit. When they said to me the spirit could return to earth again and come into communion with the loved ones that it left dwelling here, I could not believe it. I thought some evil spirit must be deceiving me. I have found it true, in these many years, as I have been attracted back to earth, I often feel we should leave out the word back, for we come so easily, and there is only a step between you and us, dear friends.

I hold to this part of my teachings still: we had better lead the best lives we know how; be kind, be gentle with the erring ones, for

there are none perfect—not one, as the Master said when upon earth. I have often thought, as I have seen others wending their way here into this hall, if they could speak I did not know any reason why I could not. I made the attempt once with this lady, and once with another medium that was here; but I failed both times; then I had to return and try to learn a little more how to control one in the flesh. After that it was very easy to come and make my wants known, as the gentleman in his kindness permitted me to speak to-day.

I am anxious to have them know in Franklin, Mass., that I have returned. I know this will be said: "I don't believe a word of it." Then let me ask you to inform yourself on these matters while you are on this side of life, and you will not have so much to learn on the spirit-side.

How strange it seemed at first, for I believed in a personal God. You may ask me if I also believed in a personal devil, and I answer in the affirmative. I find now that God is seen in all nature; that every blade of grass and every little flower tells you of his wondrous power. When you speak of the other personage, or of evil—for devil means evil—I say, dear friends, shun it. God has endowed you with reason to know good from evil, then you have no excuse for evil doing. Go according to the dictation of your spirit and you will at last reach one of the mansions God has promised in his good word.

I am happy in my spirit-home, but I found a great deal to learn on entering there, and I have much more to learn, for it is a life of learning, a life of activity.

I think I shall be remembered in Aekworth, N. H., although it is some time since I passed away with a cancer. I am not here to tell you of my sufferings; the dear Father God gave me grace to endure all that came. Charissa Morse.

Lemuel Shaw.

I know, Mr. Chairman, I shall not be forgotten in your good city, of which I was an inhabitant many years ago, I could hardly tell you how many. I think you have certain citizens here that will remember me. I feel like speaking right to the point, and telling you I did not believe in spirit-return. As I have many times said, creeds, dogmas, sects are of no real moment; it is the life you lead that determines your future; therefore what is the use of all the isms of the day? It would take a larger brain than I ever possessed to tell. I see no need of them. From my standpoint religion means to do good and to be good. That is what St. James defined it, if I am not mistaken.

I want to ask you where you will find one mortal who lives up to the standard of doing just as he would be done by. I think we all come short of it. Self comes in a little. But I am not here to preach you a sermon, by any means.

I wish it to be known that I have returned, and that I am ready to speak the truth boldly. I have never met a spirit who was not willing to come into this hall and speak when the right time came.

My father, mother, grandfather and grandmother believed in the church, and therefore, as you might say, so did I. I find now the church is all right, and a good institution, but there are many who creep into it who had better be placed outside.

Bear with me, Mr. Chairman, for speaking so pointedly. I find it is better to do the best you know how, and to think a little more for yourself instead of another man thinking for you.

They will say, why, I have thought he would have spoken so much to the point in public. And I should not, sir, if I had not found it a fact that it is better for us to investigate and find the truth while dwelling in the flesh. I am very glad that this institution exists, and say: God bless every one connected with it. Open your doors, as you have done here, free, as they tell me, for every one; but you always have God's poor with you; then do not forget, as God gives you in one hand, to reach out the other, for as it was said, when the Master was upon earth, the poor are always with you. I know it will be asked by some: Did I live up to that? As I said before, we come far short of doing what our reason tells us it is best to do. I am very glad that our words can go forth to the world, for they may have weight with some, although others may say: "I do not believe." You do not know whether you do or not until you investigate. Lemuel Shaw.

Sally Snow.

When I passed away, Mr. Chairman, I did not understand anything of this coming back and speaking through another, although I was taught in my younger days that spirits hovered around us generally. Now, I see they always have with you. I know it will be asked by some: Did I live up to that? As I said before, we come far short of doing what our reason tells us it is best to do. I am

things I would say to you, dear old friend (for I loved you as a brother), if I could meet you privately; and I do ask this one favor, that you may come together through some medium in your surroundings, that I may talk more freely than I can in public.

They tell me this is Boston, but it makes very little difference, for I know your paper goes to London. I am sure of it, for your Spirit Chairman, who stands on the right, God bless him! tells me so. I will speak more plainly when a private sitting is granted me.

My old friend's name is Webster. He has asked me, mentally, never to call his name, but you are none the wiser for it. Sydney Davidson, of London, England.

SPIRIT MESSAGES
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.
Sept. 27. Charles Richards; Joseph C. Collins; Rosina Baker; William A. Dunkley; Mrs. A. H. Hatt; Alice Crane; Harriet Eliza Roff; Willie Houghton; Horace Morrell; Mary Soper; Maria Shepard; Caroline Murphy; Mary Sweeney; Frank A. Allen.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SPIRIT'S BIRTH.
BY MRS. ELIZA A. MARTIN.

Like a wanderer weary and worn,
And struggling for breath;
Out from the old to the new,
To follow, through death.
With feelings and passions untouched,
Looking back as I go,
To the old life that gave me so much
Of joy and of woe.
Yet all like an intricate web,
With the dark and the light
Softly blending, before me outspread
Ethereal and bright.
Each shade had a place of its own
No other can fill;
Each perfectly fitting the whole,
For so was His will.
The color I struggled to change
With passion and tears,
The color I bled in the rain
And sunshine of years,
Is the beautiful part of the web;
The color so rare,
That before my rapid gaze is outspread
No wonder and fair.

Oh! spirit-life, so grand in its completeness,
Amazed—I'm lost,
Oh! wondrous life, so full of love and sweetness
To one storm-tossed—
Storm-tossed for years upon a treacherous ocean—
How welcome rest;
Yet looking backward o'er life's wild commotion
I see I've been.
The love I lost I found in angels' keeping,
And later grown,
And he for whom my secret heart was weeping
Calls me his own!
Oh! spirit-life, so grand in its completeness,
It stands confessed—
Oh! wondrous life, so full of love and sweetness,
Here's rest, sweet rest!

Boston, Mass.

In Memoriam.
Mrs. JANE C. ABRAMS passed to spirit-life, Sept. 15th, 1880, from St. Louis, Mo., at the home of her son-in-law, Charles J. Osborn—in the seventy-ninth year of her age. She was for many years an earnest believer in the Harmonical Philosophy and spiritism, and, through the trials of a long and useful life, it has ever been to her a blessed comforter and help at all times. She possessed a lovely nature, and her aspirations, on snowy pinions, soared far into the heights into the spiritual realms, and drank in from God's pure fountain fresh truths and inspiration. "The world was her country," and all of God's children were her brothers and sisters.

Unmindful of self, she gave her life to her children, the jewels of her heart—especially one of the fold over whose earthly shroud the curtain of night had fallen; but through her spiritual vision it was given her to behold friends and scenes beyond our mortal ken. Spirit-physicians came to ease her suffering with their presence and skill.

With her true friend, A. J. Davis, she leaned upon the "magic staff," and it smoothed the way over stony places, leading at last into the shining pathway, even to the heavenly portals. While upon a bed of pain, she saw loving friends around her—father, mother, husband, brothers, sisters and dear children—waiting to receive the weary spirit and convey it to their home above. Of a lovely young niece (who had recently passed away), and of whose death she was not aware, she said: "Haidie is here, a beautiful spirit in shining robes of white." "I might wish to stay longer for my children's sake, but, as it cannot be, I will go home to my spirit mother." "Spiritualism is well to live by, but better to die by."

Though the sun of her earthly life has gone down in the crimson West, with its whispered good night, soon in the glorious Summer-Land will the angels bid her good morning. Loving, gentle mother, faithful, tender friend, farewell! In the hush of the twilight hour, while nature is dreaming, will we await thy coming from the spirit-home.

M. P.
Springfield, Ill.

MILTON A. HYDE, of Mumfords, N. Y., has been the world for seventy-two years. He was among the earliest advocates of Spiritualism, and a regular patron of the BANNER OF LIGHT from its inception. His influence has led many to the light, and impressed all who knew him with the gentle force of a royal nature. He stood by the Cause in its infancy when conviction weighed against the world. With his loyal companion and children he has been the only light in a community wedded to creeds for nearly forty years! Yet he never swerved, nor attempted to hide his light. So amiable was his nature, and so exemplary his life, that he was honored and loved by all irrespective of religious differences.

Thursday, Sept. 20th, we laid his deserted form to rest, while the windows of heaven were opened, and the dew of love distilled upon the aching hearts sweet prophecies of a higher life. Spiritualism is the healing balm in all such trials. The Baptist minister—who was a warm personal friend of the arisen brother—joined us in the solemn rites by reading from Paul, and prayer; and he accompanied me to the cemetery, and spoke in high terms of his friend Milton A. Hyde— notwithstanding his strong religious prejudice against our faith. Spiritualism is good to live by, and glorious to die by.

May its tender and cheering light sustain the family as they walk beneath the veil, and look longingly toward the hidden dawn. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
From Reading, Vt., Sept. 22d, Alvanor Wilkins, aged 60 years and 11 months.

He had been in failing health for a long time. He was highly respected by neighbors and friends as a man and a citizen; he had been for many years an earnest believer in Spiritualism. His funeral was largely attended. His son took place in the funeral procession, and an aged mother from his home (having been brought from the distant West); Mr. F. Hubbard, of Tyson, Vt., officiated on both occasions, and gave words of consolation and assurance of spirit rest.

The deceased leaves a widow and two children—Mr. W. H. Wilkins, formerly of Vermont Association of Spiritualists, and Mrs. Mary Morgan, who resided with her parents, and who with her mother gave the kindest care to the invalid. May he in spirit bless them in life's sad hours.

Mrs. S. A. JESSEN DOWNS.

From Middletown, Ct., Sept. 23d, Mrs. Jane P. Peckham, wife of Nathaniel Peckham, aged 85 years.

Mrs. Peckham was a spirit medium upward of thirty years, and was instrumental in convincing many of a continued existence beyond this life and giving consolation to those who mourned the departure of friends to that sphere of life whither she herself has now gone. Says one of her friends in an appreciative notice of her transition: "This life has lost one of its brightest beacon-lights, and the life beyond has now a greater attraction for us than ever before."

OOK.

From Clinton, N. Y., Oct. 3d—at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. O. B. Williams—Della Strong, widow of the late Prof. Charles Avery, in the 50th year of her age.

Advertisements.

Most Wonderful Spirit Powers

BY A HAND OF VERY EMINENT SPIRIT PHYSICIAN,
For Treating and Curing Diseases of Mind,
Women and Children, mostly without Medicine,
THEATRE, 177 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
TREATMENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS, WITHOUT LOSS OF
Strength or Curative Power, Address

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P. O. Box 1125, Lowell, Maine. THIS HEALING MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT, &c., has successfully practiced this system for the past 27 years. A TREATMENT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS, WITHOUT LOSS OF STRENGTH OR CURATIVE POWER, ADDRESS
Diagnosis of the person's disorders, if curable, &c. Prescriptions of needed advice and remedies, and one or more powerful magnetic healing papers, letter or other article, printed or written.
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J. A. SHELHAMER,

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Office 8 1/2 Bowditch Street, (Room 5,) Boston, Mass.
WILL treat patients at his office or at their homes, as desired. Dr. S. prescribes for and treats all kinds of diseases. Specialties: Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lung, Liver and Kidney complaints, and all Nervous Disorders. Consultation, prescription and advice, \$2.00. Moderate rates for Medicines, when furnished. Magnetized Paper \$1.00 per package. Healing by rubbing and laying on of hands. Parties wishing consultation by letter must be particular to state age, sex, and leading symptoms. Liver, Anti-Dyspeptic, Liver and Kidney, or Strengthening and Soothing Pills, 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1.00.
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Letter address care of BANNER OF LIGHT. 13w* Oct. 5.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS

May be Addressed until further notice,
Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease psychically. He claims that his powers, in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching psychometric power.
Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.
Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others have failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars, with References and Terms. Oct. 5.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

STILL heals the sick! Spirit, Mind and Magnetic Cures at a distance through Mrs. J. R. NEWTON, P. O. Station G, New York City. 13w* Oct. 5.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that she will visit her friends in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits, character, and future life. She claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.
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DR. J. R. NEWTON

STILL heals the sick! Spirit, Mind and Magnetic Cures at a distance through Mrs. J. R. NEWTON, P. O. Station G, New York City. 13w* Oct. 5.

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

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SOUL READING,

Mediums in Boston.

JAMES R. COCKE,

Developing and Business Medium,
ALSO
Clairvoyant Physician,

No. 1581 Washington Street,
(Third door north of Rutland street.)
Sittings daily from 9 A. M. till 8 P. M. Price \$1.00.

Unequaled Advantages.

DR. COCKE gives special inducements for Medical and Magnetic Treatment by the month.

Development of Mediumship a Specialty.

SIX PRIVATE SITTINGS FOR \$4.00 IN ADVANCE.

CIRCLES.

Sunday, at 11 A. M., for Development and Tests. At 3 P. M., for Psychometry and Tests.

JOHN W. FLETCHER,

Trance and Medical Medium,
16 SUMNER STREET, BOSTON,
FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS,
ALSO
Independent Lecture Bureau.

HATTIE C. STAFFORD

WILL give Sittings at No. 55 Rutland Street Sundays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., also Wednesdays at 4 P. M. GEORGE T. ALLEN, Masseur. Oct. 5.

FLORENCE K. RICH,

178 Tremont Street,
Trance, Medical and Business Medium. Consultations in advance, if possible. Sittings by letter given. Oct. 5.

Mrs. A. Forrester

WILL give Trance Sittings daily, also Magnetic and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 181 Shawmut Avenue, near North Street. Do not ring. Sept. 28.

S. HAYWARD, Magnetist, 156 W. Brook-

St. Street, evaluates diseases, &c. his healing gift when medicine fails. Hours 9 to 4, other times will visit the sick. For 18 years he has had signal success in cures with his powerful Spirit-Magnetized Paper 2 packages by mail, \$1.00. Oct. 5.

MRS. M. J. BUTLER will receive her pa-

tients on Wednesdays and Thursdays from 9 to 12 A. M. at her residence, on Longwood Avenue, Brookline. Longwood cars pass the door. No arrangement for interviews at the sick. W. S. Butler & Co. can be made for patients. Sept. 28.

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Trance and Developing Medium. Sittings daily. Circles Monday, Thursday evenings, and Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. 815 Tremont Street, Boston. 1w* Oct. 12.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant,

OF SCOTLAND, Business Psychometrist and Trance Test Medium. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Circles every Sunday and Tuesday evening at 7:30, also Friday afternoon at 2:30. 20 Bennett Street, Boston. 1w* Oct. 12.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman,

MUSICAL, Test, Business and Writing Medium. Circles 1 to 4 P. M. 7 P. M. Thursday, 2 to 3 P. M. Saturdays. Sittings by letter \$1.00 and stamp. Examination by letter of hair, \$1.00. 212 Main Street, Charleston. 2w* Oct. 5.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TEST and Business Medium. Office Banner of Light Building, 8 1/2 Bowditch Street, Room 5. Hours 9 to 5. Oct. 5.

Spiritual Sittings Daily.

CIRCLE Sunday evening at 7:30, also Thursdays 3 P. M. Readings given by letter from photos for \$1.00. MISS E. JOHNS, 126 Chandler Street, Boston. 1w* Oct. 5.

Mrs. Alden,

TRANCE MEDIUM. Medical Examinations and Magnetic Treatment. 45 Winter Street, Boston. Oct. 5.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Trance Medium, removed to No. 16 Boylston Street, near Tremont (one flight). 4w* Oct. 5.

MRS. K. E. FISHER, Magnetic and Electric

Physician, 63 Pleasant Street, corner Shawmut Avenue. Magnetic and Massage Treatment, Electric and Medicated Baths, also the celebrated Colorado Sulphur Baths. Aug. 24.

MRS. E. B. STRATTON,

WRITING MEDIUM. Hotel Garfield, Suite 4, West Rutland Square, Boston. 4w* Sept. 21.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Vapor Baths. No. 111 Tremont Street, corner Loomis Hall, Boston. 1w* Oct. 12.

MRS. C. H. LOOMIS-HALL, Business Psy-

chometrist and test medium, diagnoses disease, sends prescriptions, and writes by letter. Sittings by letter \$1.00. Answers six questions on business by mail, 50 cents. 128 West Brookline Street, Suite 2, Boston. 1w* Oct. 12.

MISS L. BARNICOAT, Lecturer, Test, Medi-

cated and Magnetic Medium. 173 Tremont Street, Boston. 1w* Oct. 12.

MRS. H. DEAN CHAPMAN, 147 Tremont

Street, Room 8, Boston. Medium for the sick. 3w* Oct. 5.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,

Waverley House, Charlestown. 1w* Oct. 5.

ASTROLOGY.

PROFESSOR KARL ANDERSON.

ELEGANTLY furnished room, 8 1/2 Bowditch Street, Room 5, Boston. Chaldean, Arabic and Egyptian Astrology. Nativities, \$2.00; written 6 horary questions and 1 hour's consultation, \$2.00; written 3 questions and 1 hour's consultation, \$1.00. According to the strictest rules of the Ancient Sciences only. Hours from 9 to 6. 1w* Oct. 5.

IT IS A SIN TO BE SICK.

WE tell you why in our NEW BOOK. This Book we suggest to every man, woman and child, and follow its suggestions, and you will find long hours of suffering, and long days of sorrow, and long nights of pain, and long years of trouble, and long lives of misery, and long deaths of agony, and long eternities of pain. Send your name at once for our "PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill. free to all. Oct. 5.

NEW MUSIC.

BY C. P. LONGLEY.

"ONLY A THIN VEIL BETWEEN US." Song and Chorus. Words and Music by C. P. Longley. Price 25 cents.

"WHEN THE DEAR ONES GATHER AT HOME." Song and Chorus. Words and Music by C. P. Longley. Price 25 cents.

"HOME OF MY BEAUTIFUL DREAMS." Song and Chorus. Words by Miss M. T. Sheehy; Music by C. P. Longley. Price 25 cents.

"CHILD OF THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE." Song and Chorus. Words by Eben E. Bedford; Music by C. P. Longley. Price 25 cents.

"WE'VE ALL MOVED AGAIN IN THE MORNING LAND." A National Temperance Ode. Words by Mary L. Sherman. Music by C. P. Longley. Price 25 cents.

Beautiful Home of the Soul. 25 cents.

Come in thy Beauty, Angel of Light. 25 cents.

I will give thee my heart. 25 cents.

In Heaven We'll Know Our Own. 25 cents.

Love's Golden Chain. 25 cents.

The Beautiful Home Over There. 25 cents.

The Golden Days are Left Ajar. 25 cents.

Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair. 25 cents.

We're Coming, Sister Mary. 25 cents.

Who Sings My Child to Sleep. 25 cents.

Mediums in Boston.

Mrs. Abbie K. M. Heath,

TEST, BUSINESS AND MEDICAL MEDIUM,
ELECTRIC AND MAGNETIC TREAT-
MENTS, \$1.00.
Private Sittings 1 to 4 P. M. Terms \$1.00.
Circles Sunday evening, 7:30, and Tuesday at 3 o'clock.
Send the kind things to all the world!
Write your full name and age, ask me ten questions, en-
close \$1.00 and stamp, and address me at:
Hotel Simonds, 207 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.
Sept. 28.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Magnetic and Inspira-

tional Medium, 1666 Washington Street, Boston. Oct. 5.

MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Me-

dium. Sittings daily, 208 Tremont Street, Boston. Oct. 5.

SUMMERLAND,

The New Spiritualist Colony

OF THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Located in the Most Delightful Country and Climate

On the Globe!

Building Progressing Rapidly.

IT has long been the desire of many Spiritualists that a

Spiritualist Colony, or place of pleasurable and educational resort, might be located at some convenient point on the Pacific Coast—a place where the Spiritualists of the world could meet and establish permanent homes, and enjoy all the advantages, not only of our "glorious climate," but of the social and spiritual communion that such association of Spiritualists would insure.

Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beautiful city—a spot overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which form a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road to San Francisco and the East.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Orrego Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where the bathing ground exists as can be found anywhere. A beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

The size of single lots is 2500 feet, or 25x100 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$20. \$25.00 which is donated to the town. By building four lots, price \$120 a frontage of 50 feet by 125 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., and securing a front and rear entrance.

Pure spring water is now conveyed to the entire tract from an unfading source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head. The object of this Colony is to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land and so good has sold for by the acre. The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost other than recording fee, if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton St., San Francisco, Cal.

OR TO

H. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

