

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. 21.

is meant by *spirit*, and what by *matter*?  
[To be continued.]

[To be continued.]



## Free Thought.

A FEW MORE FACTS AND REMARKS  
CONCERNING KATIE KING  
AND THE DIAKKA.

BY DR. C. BLOOM.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT:—Since you were kind enough to open to my occasional remarks about Spiritualism generally, and Katie King in particular, the pages of your esteemed paper (No. 11), it may not be amiss to state that my opinions about the character of the wonderful materializations of said spirit are fully shared in by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, who, only a few days ago, expressed himself very much pleased with my communications in No. 11 of the Banner. At the same time it affords me great pleasure to submit to your readers the below private correspondence of an intimate friend of mine, containing another testimony in confirmation of the wonderful materializing powers of Katie King, which, however, I shall have to accompany with a few further remarks in reference to my formerly expressed opinions.

Here, then, we have another testimony of the truth of the wonderful materializations of Katie King, perfectly trustworthy and the more glorious, as it would prove that these are not limited to England, but under the necessary conditions are equally real and accessible in this country. From a few points in the report of Dr. R., of Philadelphia, it appears that the materializations of Katie King, in that city, are even more complete and convincing than those observed and described by Prof. Crookes and others, in London; under the mediumship of Miss Cook. At Philadelphia Katie appeared in full form, while the two media, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, were not in the enclosure and not in trance, but fully awake, and in the midst of the circle; a fact by which some doubts, long entertained by Mr. Crookes about the simultaneous presence of the medium and the spirit, would seem to be successfully removed forever. A second important point in Dr. R.'s report is, that he attests that the light, through which Katie became visible and tangible in full form, was no artificial light, but one apparently coming from some illuminating source within the spirit form, and peculiar to this, and of a nature that no human art would be capable to produce or imitate.

But important and glorious as these facts certainly are, there is a drawback in them, concerning the character of Katie King, which cannot well escape the mind of the accurate and conscientious observer. It is this: In the reports given by the English spirit-journals, and reproduced in this country, we were told of a solemn and touching farewell scene of Katie King in London. In this, which occurred toward the end of May, Katie took leave from her medium, Miss Cook, and the sitters in the circle, in "a most affectionate way," when Katie said "she should never be able to speak or show her face again," that "she had had a weary and sad three years' life, working off her sins, in producing these physical manifestations," and that "she was about to rise higher in spirit-life."

In the face of these solemn declarations, even the firmest believer in the reality of materializations cannot help expressing his wonder how it was possible that Katie could again appear and materialize herself, in the most perfect manner, in Philadelphia, on the 9th of July. How are we to come out of this dilemma? In my opinion, by no other way than by assuming that there was some Diakkaism in either the London or the Philadelphia Katie King manifestations.

This does not detract the least from the weight and importance of both, since the London facts are established beyond cavil, and the Philadelphia facts in the above report could easily be attested to by the additional testimony of some others, or all of the members of the circle. But the doubts, referred to here, prove that there was some Diakka trick and lying—harmless and well intentioned as it may have been—somewhere. Either in the London or the Philadelphia manifestations. Was the Philadelphia Katie King the real and identical one that had appeared for years in London, and had finally taken leave of the human form forever? If this, why did she say so in London, in May, and afterward change her mind and reappear in Philadelphia in July? Or was this Katie King of the latter place a sham and a counterfeit? and why was this Diakka trick resorted to? If the intentions of the spirit materialized there were equally pure and honorable as those which moved the genuine Katie King, in London, to labor for three years with Miss Cook, why, then, assume the mask of another spirit? There, Mr. Editor, we certainly have some doubts and mysteries which would seem to strongly call for removal and elucidation.

I trust that the Banner of Light, which has fought so gloriously and successfully for the great truths of Spiritualism, will not underrate these doubts, but make them the object of further researches and communications in these pages. I would be happy to contribute to this end.

This friend of mine who had the good fortune to assist at a circle in Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., where Katie King made her appearance, has just given me a written description of the interesting event, in the following manner: I premise that my friend, Dr. C. R., since many years a practical investigator of Spiritualism, is a German Homeopathic practitioner, in said city, not only of the highest standing, but a man of literary renown. The circle was held in a parlor, on the second floor of No. 30 North 9th st. And now I will introduce my friend in the first person, and, as much as possible, with his own words:—

"When we arrived about ten o'clock, p. m., we found already a gathering of ladies and gentlemen, numbering altogether some sixteen persons. The media, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, were, as Dr. F. said, great miracle performers. The room of the séance was a parlor on the second floor, of moderate size, in the southwest corner of which a partition had been erected, with a door and two windows high up in it, or rather a couple of holes, closed by curtains on the inside.

The small closet formed by the partition, was, where limited by the white walls, likewise hung with dark curtains. A door leading from this closet into an adjoining room was firmly and thoroughly closed up with walnut boards an inch thick. There was, as we assured ourselves, by a close examination, no other inlet or outlet. After the lady medium had assigned their seats to the company, the door of the closet just described was closed and bolted on the outside. The media did not enter the closet, but remained familiarly in our midst, though next to the partition. A music-box was then set a-going, but as this produced no manifestations, the lady me-

dium intoned some song, which was joined in by the sitters in an undertone. And lo! at once the curtains of the holes in the partitions were raised, and several hands became visible. Soon a whole arm appeared, and as in salutation was waved to and fro in a graceful manner, whereupon several voices exclaimed, "Aha! that's Katie!" And it was not long before the amiable face of Katie peeped from the window. She asked, "Is Dr. Y. here?" The gentleman called for—who, as I must add, is a man of good medical powers, as Katie herself discovered in former séances—then approached the window, and shook hands with Katie.

His example was then followed by other members of the circle, who, one after the other, slowly stepped towards the window, and with all of whom Katie shook hands, and afterwards, as if blessing them, put her hand on the tops of their heads. I was, of course, among those, and ascertained that Katie's hand felt as natural and life-warm as that of any other healthy human being. She talked, too, repeatedly, from out of the window; for instance, she answered the question "How do you like the present company?" by "I'll tell you after awhile"; and later, "I love you all." At another time she said, "I feel now as natural as when I was in earth-life." Her voice sounded mild, somewhat whispering. This was, so to speak the first part of the programme. The windows of the parlor, which, on account of the oppressive heat, had been thus far kept open, were now closed, and on the question whether the light was too bright, Katie answered, "Make it a little darker." She was then asked whether she could not show herself entire, which was answered by, "I will try!"

After a short interval we heard that the bolt of the closet door which, as stated, was on the outside of it, was drawn back. The door opened, and Katie appeared, slowly moving her hands, as though saluting or detaching, and clad in a tasteful white robe and a mantilla of gauze or lace. Her waist was encircled by a belt, fastened with a gold clasp or buckle. At her throat appeared a gold cross or similar ornament. Afterwards she emerged entirely from the closet, sat down upon a chair next to Mrs. Holmes, and reentered slowly into the closet again. The question was then put to her whether she could not show us how she materialized herself, and was again answered by, "I will try!" After awhile the door of the closet opened once more, and we saw, in the right corner of it, a kind of a gray mist, or cloud, from which, within a short time, Katie's whole figure was developed in a wonderful manner. Her disappearance was similar; it was a gradual fading and dissolving. The white figure was not illumined by ethereal light, but had a peculiar bluish-silky and brilliant splendor that seemed to come from within. I do not believe that any mixture of earthly colors would be able to produce the same effect. The gold of the belt-buckle and the necklace appeared more golden than the finest gold."

## "PASSING AWAY."—A DREAM.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear—  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie together  
Asleep,  
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep.  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the bottom listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore?  
Hark! the notes on my ear that play  
Are set to words—as they float they say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell—  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour that filled my ear.  
As I lay in my dream, yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time:  
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing);  
And she held in her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told  
Of the lapse of time, as they moved round  
Slowly!  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo! She had changed: in a few short hours  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands, and  
flung  
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fullness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride.  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.  
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush  
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;  
And the light in her eye, and the light on the  
wheels.

That watched so calmly round above her,  
Was a little dimmed—as when Evening steals  
Upon Noon's hot face; yet one couldn't but  
love her.

For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay  
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day  
And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!  
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan;  
Sleeping and stilled was her withered frame,  
Yet just as busily swung she on.

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;  
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;  
The hands that over the dial swept,  
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept;  
And still there came that silver tone,  
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,  
(Let me never forget till my dying day,  
The tone or the burden of her lay.)

"Passing away! passing away!"

A PRACTICAL PRAYER.—A needy and suffering person made known his wants, the other day, to one of our citizens, who invited him into his house. Arriving there, the citizen requested the poor man to be seated, and he would retire to his closet and pray for him. The poor man looked in surprise and probably with some doubts as to the result, while the citizen, strange man, disappeared to his devotions. In a few minutes he returned, bearing in his arms some leaves of bread, a codfish, and several other substantial articles of food, saying, "Here, the Lord has answered my prayer, and sent you these things; carry them home."

The second surprise of the poor man was greatest, and as he took the good things, he told his benefactor, with expressions of gratitude, that he did not know when he could pay him. The other replied that there was nothing to pay, the things were sent to him and were his; take them and enjoy them.—Webster Times.

## Phenomenal.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS.

Though a person of little influence and limited acquaintance, residing in an obscure village in Western Arkansas, and on the frontier of civilization, I forward to the Banner of Light this statement of the phenomena I witnessed, in the month of May last, during a short time devoted to the investigation of Spiritualism.

While a stranger to almost every person in the city of Washington, a few days after I had arrived at that place I visited a medium, Mrs. Hattie J. French, residing at 1013 New York avenue. To her I was entirely unknown. I gave her no information as to my history, business, family, name or place of residence. She manifested some reluctance to afford me a sitting at the time, stating that she had just given one to a person who was in the act of leaving when I called; but after being told that I might not again have an opportunity to call on her, or on any other medium, she consented; and, while in her normal condition, informed me that the spirit of my mother was present. The medium then, after taking my hands in hers—both of us being seated in the centre of the room—passed into a trance, and was controlled by an intelligence claiming to be "Dew-Drup," an Indian girl, who gave me accurate descriptions of my mother and three sisters, also told me their Christian names and the diseases of which they died; and conversed with me on subjects and in a style strongly calculated to impress me with their identity, (the particulars of which conversation could, from its nature, only be interesting or important to me.)

These lady relatives of mine passed into the spirit-land many years ago; nevertheless their features, personal appearance, style of conversation, and events of which they spoke, are strongly impressed on my memory.

Through "Dew-Drup" they told me that they were delighted at my being an investigator of the Philosophy of Spiritualism; that for years they had often been with me; that my being left almost alone, in a new country—nearly all my relatives having gone, in early life, to "that side of the River"—had been, to them, a matter of solitude and grief; that often, in my deepest troubles and darkest hours, or while "poring over my books," they had been with me; that the object of producing the whole "family band," to my mental recognition, was that my earth-life in the future might be made happier, and that all fear of death might be removed from my mind, as well as that the true and beautiful Philosophy of Spiritualism might be conveyed to other minds through mine; and, to the end, that every doubt should be removed from my mind as to their identity, and as to the truth of the philosophy, they desired to give me a higher test, and proof as strong as any human being had ever received; that I should go to Dr. Slade, the (celebrated) medium, in New York City, and there, through his mediumship, they would materialize any one of my deceased relatives (above mentioned) whom I should mentally select, that I should not disclose the name of the spirit person, so to be selected, to any one, that all opportunity for fraud or collusion between the mediums in Washington and New York might be avoided; that the test should be open to no objection whatever, but should be convincing and overwhelming; that after their proposed plans were executed, I should publish a full statement of the result, as well as of what occurred in the presence of Mrs. French, in the Banner of Light and in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I responded that I was peculiarly unable to comply with their command (for they seemed imperative in their directions). They answered that I could get the money from a friend whom they designated, and that I should not suffer any pecuniary loss in the end. Not being willing to risk the small sum of money it required to visit New York, to obey the instructions mentioned above, in fact, doubting my ability to do so, I thought over the matter for several days, and concluded to interview the same medium again, and ascertain if my spirit friends, or the intelligences purporting to be such, would repeat the directions, and again called at the rooms of Mrs. French, had another sitting, in which, through "Dew-Drup," and also through an intelligence purporting to be the spirit of a Spanish lawyer, "Venita," I was again, in terms most positive, directed to visit Dr. Slade, in New York, and comply with all the directions received by me at a former sitting. I mentioned that I desired to see all my spirit relatives with whom I had conversed, and that I found it impossible to say which I would prefer seeing to the exclusion of the others. They answered, "Go to Dr. Slade; we will all show ourselves to you as we were on earth." I again mentioned my pecuniary difficulties, and the response was "You shall not suffer for money."

In obedience to their instructions I visited Dr. Slade; found him occupying rooms in a handsome and respectable portion of the city. I was the second visitor on that morning. An artist, of genteel appearance, and beyond the meridian of life, was his first. (This last named gentleman resides in Vermont, and had but recently returned from a long visit to Florence, Italy.) The artist had his sitting first. As he came out from the adjoining room, where it had occurred, he told me that he was a happier man, and a wiser one; that he had just seen the face of a wife "long lost." During the absence of the artist several other persons entered the front room, where I remained. Their manners, language and appearance indicated culture and intelligence, and like myself they were seekers of information concerning the new philosophy. I passed into the back room with Dr. Slade, who had come out of it with the artist. We passed through "folding doors," which, during the sittings, separated (while closed) the front and rear adjoining rooms.

The room in which I had the sitting was large, contained but little furniture, and had no "hiding places" for machinery, wires, or any thing of that kind. There was no cabinet in it. Dr. Slade not only allowed, but urged me to examine the walls, doors, and every part of it; and I did so to my satisfaction. We sat down at a small table in the centre of the room, and entered into conversation. He inquired what character of manifestations I desired. I declined to tell him anything except that, through a medium in a distant city, I had been directed, by my spirit relatives, to come to him, and that in his presence, and through his mediumship, they would materialize. He asked me several questions as to the number I expected to see, but I declined to answer any questions as to the

number or appearance of any of them. In fact, he asked me but few questions. I told him I had come there to put the matter to a test proposed by the spirits themselves. He stated that he did not like such tests. "All I can do, sir, is to furnish the conditions. Spirits often fail to do what they promise. Like persons in this life, they often over-estimate their powers. Now," he said, "if they fail, you will blame me." I answered that I understood fully his responsibility—that I had come of my own will, and would not censure him in case of failure. He then consented to give me the desired sitting, and placed at one end of the table a slender frame, consisting of two uprights cut roughly out of pine, about an inch in diameter, and extending about three feet above the top of the table. These uprights were joined at the top by a cross-piece connecting the two. This cross-piece was a little over a half yard in length, and its length was the distance between the uprights. From the cross-piece on the top of the uprights was suspended between them a piece of black cambric, which came down to about the top of the table. In the centre of this piece of cambric was cut an aperture, longer than wide, and sufficiently large to contain a human face and part of the bust. In fact it resembled an oblong portrait frame, hung by the side of the table, and above it. Over this aperture in the cambric he temporarily fastened his handkerchief at the top. It hung over the opening like a handkerchief suspended from the top of a portrait frame over the picture. I examined the slight frame-work, saw that there was no machinery about it, and no place for any in it, or about it, and saw that it made no connection with anything in the floor, and then we took seats at the table—I at the side opposite the frame, and he at the side to my left. The light of the room had been previously, and after the frame was set up, lessened a little by lowering the gas. It was not dark, however; all objects in the room were plainly visible in a softened light, like that of early twilight.

A single slate, with pencil attached by a short string, lay on the table, our hands were joined over the corner of the table, the pencil commenced of itself to scratch hard, fast and very audibly on the slate. The Doctor said, "They are here." He released one of his hands from mine, took up the slate, requested me to hold it with him, which I did with the hand just freed from his, and some force pulled the slate directly from us, not with a little power, but with so much I apprehended that it or its frame might be broken. We replaced the slate on the table, at the time rejoining the hands with which we had held it. Each then held the hands of the other. When the medium inquired if the spirits were ready to show themselves, if they could, immediately, as if in response, the suspended handkerchief hanging over the opening in the pendent cambric, was pushed, as if with a hand, and was held up, as if by a high wind blowing, toward us, exposing the aperture it had covered. I had every opportunity of seeing if that handkerchief was held up by any power, cognizable to mortal eyes, in their normal condition. The Doctor then took the handkerchief down; we rejoined our hands, and he told me that if any materializations occurred, I would see them in the aperture; and for a few moments we directed our attention to the aperture, while rapping, loud and frequent, was heard on the table, and about the room in various places, during this time. Something caused me to look up a little, when, to my astonishment, about two feet above the top of the frame, and to its left, there appeared, as if floating down toward it, the face of my mother. She wore an old-fashioned cap over her hair, with bows of white satin ribbon at the sides; the cap and bows were perfectly familiar; the face was lifelike. In a few moments it faded out into the surrounding light, then appeared again, remained a minute or more, giving opportunity to scan the features closely, then faded again into light "thin air."

At the aperture in the cambric came my sisters. One of them seemed to have some difficulty in making her face perfect; and while I could recognize the peculiar shape of the face, and familiar mode of wearing her hair, I discerned something over the upper part of the face, and that something seemed to disfigure one corner of her mouth. She came twice, showing the shadow over the upper part of her face and the same disfigurement of the mouth, which gave me some dissatisfaction, then faded out; and at my request to show me the face unclouded and perfect, she came in a brilliant light. Such a light I have never seen; and I was allowed, while holding the doctor's hands, to rise from my seat, lean over the table to within two feet, or less, of the face, when I saw that the supposed shadow was a black lace veil, falling diagonally across the upper part of the face, and folding naturally at one corner of the mouth, where there were some flowers worked on it. These flowers had caused the supposed disfigurement in the two faces first materialized. I could see the delicate network of the veil, the flowers upon it, and the familiar features and pure complexion beneath it, as plainly as though they had never known the destroying touch of the pale hand of Death. This face did not fade entirely out, but the features gradually faded from it. The material of which it was composed remained in the aperture, a bright spot, and was reconstructed into the face and features of another sister, of an entirely different style. The former veiled face was of a blonde; this was a dark brunette, with curling hair falling on her shoulders; her features, perfect, wore a smile of recognition. That smile came while I looked upon it, like a smile on a living face; then it faded like the others.

Then came another sister, who died in 1842, when I was twelve years of age. The face, as I remember it so long ago, was very accurately represented. It was very bright.

In fact, all were bright, all living faces. All wore familiar clothing. I could see the separate hairs straying from the curls. They were real, living beings, manifested in light, brilliant but mellowed. No words can describe it. No mortal artist ever blended lights and shadows so beautifully as I saw them in these living persons. If I saw them in earth life I saw them there, but that angelic light I never saw until that hour.

After these manifestations were over (the doctor and I still retaining each others' hands), my vest was pulled up and down by quick successive pulls; the moving vest I could see, and feel, and hear. They then, with a spirit-hand, patted me on the left side, under my arm; these touches were hard, rapid, loud. I could feel and hear each touch of the spirit-hand, and see the clothing moving under each pressure. All this and more occurred while the medium's hands were closely held in mine.

Dr. Slade then threw the slate on the floor, whence it was dragged from the left side, around the end to the right side of the table, and from the floor was thrown up on the table, directly toward us; it bounced six inches high when it struck the table.

After this, the medium, who had been, during the entire time, in his normal condition, passed into a trance, and was controlled by the Indian spirit, "Owassa." I was enjoined to publish what had occurred, and I do so in the consciousness that it may evoke from friends strictures on my sanity, and from enemies reflections on my veracity; but if this statement of facts causes any persons to investigate, intelligently, the beautiful philosophy to which your columns are devoted, it is well that I have obeyed. And one unwilling to endure the mild martyrdom of public censure for the good of humanity, is unworthy the high privileges which have been mine.

JOHN T. HUMPHREYS.

Fort Smith, Ark., July 25th, 1874.

## KERSEY GRAVES'S CRITICISM.

Candid criticism, inspired by a good motive, ever interests me; while sneers, cowardly thrusts and flippant blackguardisms, can hardly presume upon even a passing notice at our hands.

The passage that Mr. Graves criticises, in the Banner of July 25th, is not mine, but that of the Rev. Dr. Eitel, considered one of the best authorities in China upon original Buddhism. Here it is:

"Ancient Buddhism knows of no straining power. It holds out to the troubled, guilty conscience, no chance of obtaining forgiveness. A Buddha is not a saviour. The only thing he can do for others is to show them the way of doing good and overcoming evil; to point out the path to Nirvana by his example, and to encourage others by means of teaching, and exhortation, and warning, to follow his footsteps. 'Do good and you will be saved; this is the long and short of the Buddhist religion.'"

Mr. Graves's criticism, so far as it has force, hinges upon the meanings of the terms, "saviour," and "saviour." Dr. Eitel, it must be remembered, is not only a distinguished scholar, in a Buddhist country, but is soundly "evangelical"—believing in salvation by substitution, or salvation through the death, sacrificial blood, and vicarious sufferings of Jesus Christ. And in this sense he used the word "Saviour"—saying emphatically, "A Buddha is not a Saviour." Mr. Graves, disputing the position, takes the affirmative, and consequently assumes the burden of proof. We await the testimony. This must come, however, not from men who have sat in cozy European homes and wrote up Buddhism; not from men who have never conversed with native Buddhist teachers; but from the fountain heads—the teaching of Sakya, Gautama Buddha, from his disciples, and from the Tripitaka, the sacred Buddhist Canon. Dr. Eitel quotes largely from these sources.

Quite likely "a Tibetan," or a Chinese Buddhist, if asked by Mr. Hue who Buddha was, would reply, "The Saviour of men." And if further pressed as to what he meant by "Saviour," or how Buddha saved men, he would readily reply, "By enlightening them." The term Buddha means, "The enlightened."

Inasmuch as Mr. Graves has not read our "Letters of Travel," the inquiry arises how he "discovered that most of the historical facts cited in them can be found in our public libraries." These "Letters of Travel," by the way, are to be published this autumn, with important additions.

J. M. PEEBLES.

## MRS. ANDREWS'S SEANCES.

DEAR BANNER:—Dr. Cleveland has leased the Cascade House of John and Mary Andrews, for a term of three years, and is refitting it, and intends to make it a first-class house.

Mrs. Andrews, being relieved from all household cares, devotes herself entirely to her calling. Her séances are well attended, and the manifestations are strong, and much better than a year ago. I have attended sixteen séances this time, in all of which manifestations have occurred. Mr. Jackson (Mrs. Andrews's control), has appeared nearly every time, and has talked to us, giving us the best of advice. "Honto," a squaw, comes, and gives us many and strong tests.

In the dark circle spirit lights flit about in many curious curves; dear ones, whom we supposed dead, talk to and caress us, making their existence positively known to us by many proofs; spirit voices join us in singing, rising above all our voices with a very clear, distinct utterance.

In the light circle, the appearances are recognized by some of us, giving their names and many other words as tests, making it entirely sure that our dear ones are around us to watch over and guard us from evil.

On the 26th of last month, Dr. Cooper, of Kelloggsville, N. Y., and seven of his friends, myself included, had a private circle. We all were patted; "Honto" came in great strength and talked to the doctor, and in the light circle his old associate, Dr. Baker, who lived and died at Owasco, came and spoke to him in a clear and distinct voice for at least twenty minutes.

On the second of this month, Mr. Morris Keeler joined us in the sitting, this being the first time that he has been in Mrs. Andrews's circles since she left his house, two years ago. The manifestations were strong, especially the singing—his sister Hulda coming and shaking his hand with both of hers. "Honto" came, saluted him, and showed herself and pappose; his mother also appeared in the cabinet. I myself, fully believe that I have conversed, here, at different times, with my wife, who passed into the higher life sixteen years ago. To me, this knowledge is as certain as any I have.

JOSEFA CURTICE, Teacher,

West Winsted, Conn.

Cascade, N. Y., Aug. 12th, 1874.

HUMILITY AND MANLINESS.—In the course of his lecture on Religious Revivals, before the theological students of Yale College, at New Haven, Wednesday, April 23d, Rev. Mr. Beecher astonished his hearers with some original observations on the necessity of humbling one's self before the Almighty.

"I beseech you to avoid that kind of crawling, that prostration that takes the manhood out of a man. I do not think that God wants to have a man crawl before him like a worm. I do not think he is any more pleased to see that than you would be to see your children act so. I have a little dog at the farm that when I come home is so exceedingly glad that he lies down and squirms and rolls over on his back, so that I want to kick him. That same dog, although he is so affectionate, will steal chickens. Now, a dog don't know any better, but a man does, and it seems to me as if men think that if they humble themselves before God and stay all manner of scrouching things, that will fit them for the work. There is no manness in this. No doubt they have enough to confess, but God wants men to come to him as though they were his sons."

Honest, plain words best pierce the ear of grief.—Shakespeare.



## WESTERN NOTES AND ITEMS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

**A POLITICAL MIDDLE.**—Our conventions, parties and politicians in the West, are in what the farmers call a *middle*. It is a new word to us, but has a significant meaning, and may as well go into general use. Most of our leading politicians, of both parties, and many of the candidates, are under obligations to or controlled by the speculators, the National Banks, and other corporations, whose interest is in a restricted and unreliable currency in place of the people's greenback currency, and a quantity so restricted that interest to producers and laborers may be kept up to from ten to twenty per cent., that they may thereby get both the crops at their own prices, and the farms also when they choose to foreclose the mortgages. The great puzzle of the candidates and political party leaders is, how to keep and use the money, good will and influence of these speculators, and yet get the votes of the people to elect them. They have little difficulty in getting the nominations and controlling conventions in selections of candidates; but the resolutions and voice of the people are beginning to be plain on the currency question, and they demand a policy that shall work, in part, at least, in favor of the producers.

They begin to see the outrageous system of national bank swindling they are burdened with, which was only a temporary war measure, but which, once in operation, has become so powerful that the people cannot stop its robberies. We often ask the advocates of national bank currency, "What is your money to be redeemed with, suppose you fail to redeem?" and of course the reply is, "Greenbacks." But the President and the speculators want all the greenbacks taken up and destroyed because the people pay them no interest on that debt. We want to know what their currency is to be redeemed in when the greenbacks are gone. Of course it must be in Government bonds or nothing, and, in bonds, the holders of small sums must sell to speculators, at such rate as they will pay, to get quantities sufficient to get a bond. The whole scheme is another trap, well laid, to defraud the producers of this country; and, if we do not arouse to action in season, they will rob the producers worse than they have with our old system of local banks of issue. We must have FREE BANKING on purely national currency; no banks of issue nor deposit by special charter, but government depositories for the safe keeping of the people's money and free exchange of currency for bonds with low rate of interest, and *vice versa*.

How to keep the people quiet in the parties, and get their votes, and yet not offend the bankers and speculators, is now the puzzle of our western candidates for Congress. Once elected, they can manage better, for then they are soon out of reach of the people whose votes elected them, but never out of reach of the money and influence of the speculators.

We had a faithful and honest member of Congress from the district in Iowa, where I am writing (Loughridge), but he had offended the bankers and speculators of the district, and his party (Republican), by advocating in part the true policy of a people's currency, and, of course, had not stood by the President in the veto and hard money nonsense of his theory, and he had to be sacrificed for one whose views were not known to the people, but known to the speculators. We have witnessed this in several other instances. As soon as a man gets acquainted with congressional rules and obtains some influence there, if he is on the side of the people and against the speculators, he is at once sacrificed by party leaders, who are almost always in the interest and pay of the speculators for whom more than three-fourths of our legislation is enacted.

But there is another feature to this *middle* that must not be overlooked, as it is a terrible one to the people and the future, and will prove so unless soon checked. That almost omnipotent political organization, the Young Men's Christian Association, has attempted to unite with the money power, and with the aid of speculators to control the selections of candidates and election of officers, and thus to have Christian speculators, as far as possible, to fill all the offices.

We have had a fair specimen of this Christian legislation since the war, and our last Congress had twelve committees at one time investigating corruptions, something never known before, and which never would occur if the churches did not have an undue influence in the elections, as their partisans are far more corrupt and dishonest than the speculators. These two powers are at this time threatening the entire destruction of American liberty and American government, and, unless we soon arouse to action, we shall be utterly overthrown. The hearts and heads of the great body of the people are right, but they are so easily controlled by party and party politicians that they as often vote wrong as right, and as often directly against their interest as for it, and many, knowing this, stay at home from elections and do not vote at all, and hence, in that way, let the active politicians control the selection of their officers; and of course the speculators, who are always on hand, have a majority in Congress and most of the legislatures.

Church and speculators are largely united already, and both are enemies of civil and religious liberty, and both engaged in robbing the people of the products of their labor.

How far the present fall elections will serve to open the eyes of the people we cannot say, but hope largely, and yet confess the prospect looks now dark and forbidding—more mischief, more frauds and more investigating committees.

**NECESSITY OF VENTILATION.**—I hold that the breathing of impure air is a fruitful source of disease of the right heart occurring after middle age. How many people ignorantly favor its occurrence by confining themselves to closely-shut, non-ventilated, hot, stifling rooms, in which the carbonic acid has accumulated to two or three per cent. of the air they breathe! How many thus destroyed by being cramped, through the exigencies of life, to pass the greater part of their time in pits and manufactories where ventilation is defective, or in which the air respired is poisoned by noxious fumes and offensive emanations from the materials undergoing the process of manufacture! How many are falling victims to the poisonous influence upon the heart of the atmosphere of underground railways! What do these facts suggest? How are these evil results to be prevented? The simple answer is—Let the rooms in which you live be effectively ventilated by an incoming current of air filtered from all adventitious impurities, and so divided that no draught shall be felt; and by an out-going current which shall remove from the apartments the carbonic acid, carbonic oxide, sulphurous acid gas, sulphuretted hydrogen, and other noxious compounds, as rapidly as they are generated. Apply the same principle to public buildings, theatres, schools, manufactories, pits, and to all places in which people are accustomed to congregate. *—West Air and Heart Disease, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

AT REST.

BY AGAPE.

Lay her down gently,  
In her narrow bed,  
Where the bright sunshine  
So softly is shed;  
Near the dark river,  
Whose still, ceaseless flow,  
Shall sing low, ever,  
To the sleeper below.  
Let bright flowers blossom  
On the lowly grave,  
And o'er it the willow  
Its long branches wave.  
Here's rest for the weary,  
Here's end for her pain;  
The sad broken-hearted  
Shall ne'er weep again!

(From the Woman's Journal.)

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN.

(Air, Maryland, my Maryland.)

BY H.

Upon thy wave-girt shores, to-day,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Behold! the battle's stern array,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Firm in the front see Justice stand,  
While Freedom leads her shining band,  
The host of evil to withstand,  
Michigan, my Michigan,

We wait thy firm resolve to see,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Ten thousand hearts beat high for thee,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Arise! and arm thee in thy might,  
The ranks of darkness put to flight,  
Bring in the day—the glorious light,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

No tyrant summons thee to serve,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
No motive base thine arm shall nerve,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
'Tis woman's call to thee the strife,  
Her love alone inspires with life,  
To plead for daughter, mother, wife,  
Michigan, my Michigan.

Then haste! for her the sword gird on,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
Full soon the battle must be won,  
Michigan, my Michigan,  
And oh, may heaven the right defend!  
God, courage to thy true heart lend,  
And crown with victory in the end,  
Michigan, my Michigan!

—St. Louis, Mo.

## New York Items.

**DEAR BANNER.**—For several weeks past we have been having delightful weather here. Our lectures at Robinson Hall, and our Children's Lyceum are suspended for August. The wave of interest in Spiritualism is surely but gradually rising in our midst, and the attendance at lectures and at the Lyceum is increasing. During the Sunday evenings of July, we had full houses to hear the delightful lectures of Mr. Peebles.

Mr. Collier, of England, spoke at least twice. I did not hear his lectures, but they were pronounced excellent.

On the last Sunday, Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., an old friend and classmate of Mr. Peebles, and for many years a Universalist clergyman, gave us some most racy, off-hand speeches, full of wit, humor and pathos. Sometimes the people would weep, and sometimes make the house tremble with cheers. He is a thorough Spiritualist, and our spiritual societies should see to it that he is constantly employed on their rostrums. As a worker in the Children's Lyceums, I think he must be unequalled. As a missionary for building up Lyceums, establishing libraries for them, and helping on the cause of temperance and progress generally, he would be very successful. Will not some one glorify himself, as well as the cause of human up-building, by bidding him go forth on this mission, and then telling him to send in his bill of expenses for payment?

We have had two picnics this season, one of which was held at Pleasant Valley, on the Hudson, and was a decided success, and the other at Elm Park, on 92d street, in this city. The latter was less of a success, on account of the rain, but cleared about twenty dollars for the Society.

E. V. Wilson is to speak at Robinson Hall during September.

The Banner is doing nobly by publishing the essays of masterly writers on the subject of the Spiritual Philosophy and Phenomena, such as Prof. Wallace, Epes Sargent, etc. Prof. Wallace's words are enlightening all Christendom. He winds a web of logic and fact around the skeptics which they will find most difficult to get out of. A hundred thousand of these pamphlets should be set afloat, and, as you publish them they should not be. The people should send in one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, etc., for the work, with the order for you to send them as many as you can for the amount.

Dr. Brown-Séquard, in his late lectures on Nerve Force, in Boston, has made the attempt to put down animal magnetism, as he call it, and the New York Tribune advertises his lectures as a "Death Blow to Animal Magnetism!" These exquisite magnetic and spiritual forces are the media through which the glories of the higher life have been revealed to man, and by means of which multitudes of suffering mortals have been restored to health and happiness, where drugs have utterly failed; and yet this eminent but superficial medical man thinks he has demolished it, and proved that so many of us are deluded. I think his ideas can be overwhelmingly answered.

I have in press a handsome pamphlet, to be bound in tinted Bristol card-board, entitled "Vital Magnetism, the Life-Force, being an Answer to Dr. Brown-Séquard's Lectures on Nerve Force. The Magnetic Theory defended, and a better Philosophy of Cure explained; including also Numerous Quotations from Babbitt's Health Guide, embracing the subjects of Food, Sleep, Clothing, Baths, Rules for Magnetizing; Rules for the Family, Courtship, Marriage, etc." In this I aim to show, by incontrovertible facts, that a magnetic and fluidic element does exist—that by its means only can many of the most important phenomena of life be explained; and by its means many of the most stubborn diseases be cured without adopting the barbarisms of bleeding, blistering, burning with hot irons, cupping, leeching, using setons and poisonous drugs which have such terrible after effects, all of which destroy the very vitality which should be built up. Wishing to circulate this widely I have put the price at only twenty-five cents, or five for one dollar.

E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

437 4th Avenue, N. Y.

## Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

**ANOTHER REMARKABLE SPIRIT CURE.**—I wish to give the readers of the Banner the facts in relation to a most wonderful cure of my son, Willie Briggs, a lad about fifteen years of age. He had been severely afflicted for fifteen months with a disease of the brain and nervous system, so that the touch of knives and forks, spoons, writing on a slate, or any sudden, sharp noise, brought on terrible convulsions of his whole body, which may be faintly described by the words anguish and agony. His appetite was poor, and he slept about four hours each night. We consulted three of the most eminent physicians of Boston, who did him no good, but intensified their fear of permanent insanity.

Having heard of the cure of Mrs. Kate B. Hardwick, of Portsmouth, N. H., of insanity, by Dr. M. R. Fletcher, 35 Temple street, Boston, and Mrs. M. Sunderland Cooper, I consulted the doctor, who thought he could cure him. On Sunday, August 2d, the doctor and Mrs. Cooper called at our house, 36 Hancock street, for treatment; and the writing on the slate brought on convulsions, and it was feared he could not be kept in the room; but in less than half an hour he was cured, and heard the writing without the least emotion. The next morning he heard and made sharp noises, and played with knives and forks with impunity.

Our neighbors, who are familiar with the case, come in and rejoice with us over his miraculous cure. His appetite is greatly improved, and he sleeps about eight hours each night.

EVANS E. BRIGGS.

Mrs. M. G. Briggs.

Any person wishing further particulars of this case can see E. E. Briggs at 69 Hanover street, depot of Singer's sewing machine.

The above is strictly true.

M. R. FLETCHER, M. D.

Boston, August 14, 1874.

**LYNN, Aug. 12th.**—It is but justice for us to say a few words, in addition to what has already been published in the "Banner" commendatory to Bro. John Collier (late from England). We were privileged to hear him speak for us, Sunday, Aug. 9th, and although it is vacation time with our meetings, and a dull rainy day withal, there was a very good audience in the afternoon, and a larger one in the evening. All were well pleased with his style of speaking, and we can heartily recommend him to all societies wishing to engage an able, earnest advocate of Spiritualism. He is radical on all points of true reform, and we wish him success in his noble work.

Mrs. E. G. LAKE.

For the Rational Spiritualist Assn., of Lynn, Mass.

## New York.

**SPRINGVILLE.**—Sylvester Barnhart writes: "Eight years and six months ago I received a revelation of my future life, which introduced me to the science of Spiritualism. Previously I had been instructed in orthodoxy. I was prostrated with fever in the Marine Hospital in St. Catharines, Canada West, at the time I had the above revelation. I was unacquainted with what you term the philosophy of Spiritualism. Soon after my severe illness I came to the United States to remain."

At my residence of a family of Spiritualists I first saw your Banner, which I had the privilege of perusing, and I must say that I was delighted beyond measure in the solution of vital subjects therein expressed. Then I eagerly read "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," "Twelve Messages from J. Q. Adams," "Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter's Work," and a number of other works.

I have compared the revelation I received with the philosophy of Spiritualism, and find it the same in principle. I am now an advocate of the truth, and I need no further proof. We are all members in a limited school, each seeking to gain the experience of a true life here and hereafter. Through our experiences we gain everything that is necessary for our good. There is no necessity of holding up to humanity theories that are not true in life, for they always fall before facts. The facts are what the people need, and must have if they would progress in the right. Such a course you are striving to work out for the great body of believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism. In this village, among them is Stephen B. Gaylor, who has for many years battled against the dogmas so freely believed in by certain classes here. He has worked hard to impress upon the minds of the people the true duties of life. He has a good home. Robert Dygert is interested in the same philosophy. He is connected with Mr. James O'Friel, of New York, in a composition of ingredients for the construction of pavements, buildings, etc. It is an excellent article. I think it will prove beneficial to humanity. The introduction of it here at this time meets the general approbation of the people."

## Colorado.

**DENVER.**—Our correspondent, "The Cot-tager," says, Aug. 6th: "Since I wrote to you in February, I have, as you perceive, crossed the plains and prairies to this mountain metropolis. The view of the 'Rockies,' from this point, is simply grand, extending as far as the eye can reach from north to south, presenting an ever-varying, never-ending panorama; often gorgeous beyond description."

The population of this city is about sixteen thousand, and the general prevailing is to a great extent. The schools will continue favorable with those in the East—the buildings being fine structures and pleasantly located. The churches are mostly small buildings, and I am told, not over-crowded with spectators.

There is a large number of Spiritualists here with but a few workers. We have, during the past week, organized a Society and Lyceum, with the following officers: A. Bailey, Pres.; W. F. Peck, Conductor; Mrs. A. M. Lewis, Guardian; John H. Cotton, Jr., Secy.; Mrs. Julia Bright, Cor. Secy.; Mrs. Helen Smith, Treas.; Mrs. H. I. Schwartz, Musical Director.

Could we concentrate all the Spiritualists here, we would become a power in the land. Most of the papers here very courteously insert our notices. The Sunday Mirror is edited and published by Mr. S. G. Fowler, whose wife is a Spiritualist and a fine medium.

We have residing here Prof. Streight, the spirit painter and art medium, and Dr. Peter West, the medium who is locating mines, both so well known as not to require any comment at the present time.

We are hoping to build up a flourishing Society and Lyceum, and also, at no very distant day, to offer to the public a rostrum for free speech. It will require work, and the laborers are few. I trust, however, that they are equal to the task. There is one thing I would like to impress upon the minds of all the readers of the Banner, and that is, no person should come here for employment unless they have an engagement prior to starting, as there are hundreds, all the time, from all classes, unable to obtain positions, even for their better. Letters from our friends with words of encouragement, and addressed to our correspondents, would do us much good; we would like to feel the beating of your great hearts. Who will set the example? And in this connection let me ask, Would it not have a tendency to bind us in closer bonds of brotherhood, if Societies, Lyceums, and even individuals, would open a correspondence with each other, without any formal introduction? Who answers? No matter if you all speak at once, this time."

"In the lapse of the toilsome, thoughtful, self-devoted years that made up Hester Prynne's life, the Scarlet Letter ceased to be a stigma. Women came to Hester's cottage demanding why they were so wretched, and what was the remedy. Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might. She showed them, too, of her firm belief, that at some brighter period, when the world had grown ripe for it, in heaven's own time a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness."—Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.

## Spiritualism in Cincinnati—Materializations, etc.

The old advance guard of Spiritualists here remain firm and steadfast in their faith (knowledge), holding fast their integrity, and a rear guard is pressing forward and filling up the ranks of the army of progress. The causes are daily and perceptibly gaining ground here, and we can boastfully number many of the most intelligent and prominent men and women who are an honor to our city in the line of respectability. They are falling into the ranks of "liberalism" and progressive sentimentality, from the churches, from the ministerial, legal and medical professions.

The spirits have entered the Masonic Order and other secret societies, and a goodly number have accepted their teachings. Among other associations, and all classes of people, Spiritualism has found ready, willing and anxious investigators. The Press, with the exception of the Inquirer, has ceased to ridicule, while their columns have been filled with Professors Crooke's, Wallace's and other convincing communications. Having a wide-spread circulation all over this land, these articles have been read with more than ordinary interest, eliciting honest and earnest inquiry.

In June and July last Mrs. Hattie Wilson, of Waverly, N. Y., a worthy lady, and a medium of no ordinary pretensions, has been having a welcome home, during her visit here, in the mansion of Mr. Charles Graham, 13 Barr street, where she gave her marvelous séances to the wonder and astonishment of many skeptics. Her mediumistic powers are varied; her most prominent phase, however, is materializations. On these special occasions Mr. Graham's parlors have been filled with many of our best citizens.

On the evening of the 10th July I was one of a large number present at Mrs. Wilson's séance, among whom were several steamboat captains and professional gentlemen, and a goodly number of ladies. Mrs. Wilson was satisfactorily tied and several plasters placed over her mouth, covering all the lower part of her face from the nose to the lower part of her chin, and across the cheeks, her hands tied behind her, the palms placed; she took her seat on a low cushion in the narrow cabinet; the doors closed, and hands were shown and thrust forward from the opening for several moments before they were withdrawn, some with gold rings on their fingers. Her controlling genius was the spirit of her former husband, and familiarly called "Uncle Ben." He spoke clearly, in a masculine voice, and exhibited himself several times, moving his lips, turning his eyes and his face to the full inspection of every spectator, in the subdued gas-light sufficiently to show that he was no deception. As many as fifteen more faces of men and women were shown at the opening in the cabinet, some with smooth faces, some with full and long beards, brown, black and gray, which they would pull or smooth with their hands. Some spoke in audible whispers, others with apparent weak voice or mild tone, and some with perfect distinctness and intelligibility, while some could not, or did not, incline to speak.

I recognized two well marked, distinct, and familiar faces—one the daughter of Mrs. Graham, who passed on from Buffalo, N. Y., a few months since. Her parents, husband and child were present, and she spoke comforting words to them. The other was Miss Hannah Kelley, a maiden lady, of long suffering; she was a near relative of Judge Wm. Kelley, of Philadelphia. She was one with whom I was long acquainted, who left her suffering body a few weeks previous. She did not speak, but bowed to me, and kissed her hand in token of former friendship.

Each materialization was seen for several minutes, and some appeared several times, at the requests of persons present. A son of Capt. Porter, a young man, whose father had been drowned in one of our steamboats, manifested himself to his father several times, spoke to and gave him a written communication. The unexpected, sudden death of his young man, and his return under these peculiar circumstances, has made his skeptical father a Spiritualist.

A gentleman, formerly of Kansas, now in business in this city, feeling favorably inclined toward Spiritualism, attended the first night's exhibition of Baldwin's corpse. He came away (as he thought) completely convinced that Spiritualism was a fraud and its believers deceived, and he resolved to have nothing more to do with it. But learning from a young lady, of the manifestations at Mr. G.'s, he went, and there the spirit of a man presented himself, to whom he had rendered some favor while in Kansas, and assisted him on his way to Denver, Colorado. This man had died, or departed, about two weeks prior, which was known to Mr. Scott, but the thought of him was foreign to his mind. Said the spirit, "I am here to tell you, 'I know you!'" then the recognition was, to Mr. Scott, unmistakably and surprisingly wonderful. Many others were equally so, and a page could be filled with these convincing proofs which are well calculated to turn and overturn, upside down and inside out, the most stubborn skepticism. The cabinet doors were frequently opened, and the medium seen, tied and in a death-like trance, retaining the same position as at first, the atmosphere up in the ninety degrees, while she was cool in her own situation. To relate all the surprising occurrences of these séances would intrude too much on your space. Our cause is growing here daily. Spiritualism is not dying out in Cincinnati. Please herald this truth to the world.

DAVID H. SHAFER.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 7th, 1874.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Springfield, Vt., June, 1874, Alanson Sheldon, aged forty-four, died in the earthly body, and longed to depart. To his family he often expressed a wish that he might be released. With tears and regrets he bade fare thee well to his friends, and in such words as might be given through the lips of the writer.

From Chester, Vt., June, 1874, after a few weeks of earthly suffering, the spirit of Fannie, wife of Dea. Abel Putnam, was released from the earthly temple, aged 50 years. Friends of all faiths gathered in her dear home, when we saw and felt and heard in such words as might be given through the lips of the writer.

July 24, Horace and Rosalinda Glynn laid to rest the little and they called Clarence H., aged 9 months and 9 days.

They laid him by the side of kindred dust in Rockingham, and were hurried to their heavenly home by Gardner. May they realize the presence of their spirit dwelling, is the prayer of the writer.

From Danville, N. H., July 2d, the spirit of Sarah Tull-hill was released from earthly suffering, and we trust, was received by father and sister, who had preceded her. Her stay on earth was 38 years.

For thirteen years she suffered from an invalid. Possessed of a gentle and beautiful spirit, she has left many a token of her skill and taste for her home mother, and as she looks upon them they seem to speak in her of one that is now exchanging fading flowers in time for bright beyond. Friends spoke of her inability, of their loss, and filled the basket and her dear home with flowers on the day her form was laid away to rest, and were forgotten, and an angel mingled their tears in sympathy for the mother. She is not dead, but gone before.

From Rockingham, Vt., July 23th, Mary, wife of Walter Wright, in the 64th year of her earth life.

She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother and kind neighbor. Her loss will be deeply felt. She was one of the first to embrace the glorious doctrine of spirit communication, and it has ever been a source of joy to her. We shall miss her maternal presence, but she will be an angel visitor to her family and friends.

From Andover, Vt., Aug. 6th, Julia, wife of Jefferson Stoddard, in her 42d year of earth-life.

Although delicate in health, she ministered to the wants of her family with a loving mother's care. Five children are now bereft of a loving mother's gentle presence. I wondered not that friends and neighbors wept, for it is sad to see the little ones clinging to their weeping father. What but the thought that she will strive to watch over and guide them could now sustain him? May they all be conscious of her presence, and cherish her memory as sacred, and so live that she will love to be with them, will ever be the wish of

SARAH A. WILEY.

Rockingham, Aug. 10th.

From Mayville, N. Y., July 23th, Hephzibah M., wife of Daniel Tennant, aged 67 years and 6 months.

Early in life she joined the Baptist Church. About seven years ago she began to investigate the spiritual philosophy through the mediumship of her son, and soon became a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism. She was a true and devoted mother, and a true friend by the knowledge she had gained of the hereafter through the glorious dispensation of the nineteenth century.

[Notices for insertion in this Department will be twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty—twenty lines or less inserted gratuitously. No poetry printed under the above heading.]

## Children's Department.

(From Totty's Wedding Tour.)

## THE GIRL WHO COULD NOT WRITE A COMPOSITION.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S POSSIBILITIES.

BY ELIZABETH STUART FIELDS.

Continued.

"Furniture," sobbed Jem. "And poor, almost—and I've cost him so much—and there's a boy yet to come after me—and it seems as if I couldn't bear it to go home a fu—fool!"

Jem did not wait for the end of the term, so they told me, nor for the departure of the letter. She burned her compositions, tipped over the bulkhead of elements, packed her trunks and what home. Her father was making a coffin, when she walked, dusty and wretched from her long journey, into the shop.

"What did you come home for?" said he.

"Because I'm a dunce," said she.

"Have you told your mother?" said he.

"Yes," said she.

"What did she say?" asked the furniture-dealer, after a silence.

"It's no matter, sir, if you please," said the poor little dunce, after another. For her mother was a sickly woman, not a very happy one, and sometimes, to tell the truth—a cross one. She was mortified and surprised, and Jem was mortified and tired, and whatever welcome home she had had in the house, I suspect she found that in the store an improvement.

"Well, well," said her father, taking up his hammer again. "Never mind. Just run and get me those nails on the low shelf, will you? and never mind!"

But he said to himself, "So my poor little girl is stupid, is she? I'll see if I can't make one place for her where she'll forget it."

So it happened that Jem, after she left off writing compositions, used to run in and out of the shop so much. In consequence, two things came about. She did indeed very nearly forget the composition on leopards. And there will be another chapterful of her.

PART II.

"Jem has sent to Chicago for a declining chair!"

"What?"

"Declining-chair. I heard her. Yes, I did. You bet. Jem has sent to Chicago for a declining-chair."

Poppet climbed to the top of the Magee stove (the fire happened, fortunately, to be low), and sat there triumphant. Poppet's mother was resting on the mending-basket, and she sat there amazed.

If Jem had been a boy, she might have stripped the city of Chicago of its stock of "declining-chairs," and neither Poppet, nor his mother, nor the world at large would have given a second thought to it. But she was a girl. And Poppet and his mother and the world at large had given several thoughts to it before now. Indeed, they have given so many thoughts to it that Jem has got into the newspapers.

It was about an hour before Poppet came home to his mother, that Jem had taken the sign down, and looked herself into the store to cry over it. She laid the heavy board across a barrel, and tearfully drew her fingers through the gilt shade of the massive letters till their shine went out before her blinded eyes and

H. JASPER.

Furniture Warehouses.

went into sudden mourning as deep as her own bonny blue dress.

She had taken down the sign in a fit of impatient grief almost like exaction. It seemed to her as if there were a kind of positive personal wickedness in that sign. To hold up its bare face to the world, just the same as ever, and persist that H. Jasper kept furniture warehouses, when—oh, poor father! poor father! And there the bold-faced sign was drenched and forgiven in a flood of tears.

It was just a week that morning since he died. The funeral was over, the muddy ground was stamped over the last piece of furniture that H. Jasper would ever own, the house was swept, the sick room had gone to their own happy homes, her mother had taken to the mending-basket and untold accumulated stockings, and Poppet had played his first game of marbles, half-frightened to death, too, because he laughed in the course of it—with an Irish boy in the street.

Nobody but Jem had come to the store. Nobody, not even Jem, knew what was to become of the store. Nobody, least of all Jem, knew what was to become of herself.

"What becomes of me becomes of us all," she said to herself—and she said it, I must own, at the funeral. "I'm father now."

It did not seem to her that she had had any time to cry till she looked herself in with that sign; the funeral and the relations in light mourning and Poppet and her mother had kept her so busy. So for a while she sat and cried on the sign.

Nobody but Jem knew what comfort she and her father had taken in the ship behind that false persisting sign. Now she had run on the errands, and held the nails, and tacked the bindings, and chosen the chintz, and measured the moldings, and sawed the legs, and even helped to cover the lounges. How was she to have time to cry? And she ought to tell Jem to the old thing, Jem—"H. & J." or "Jasper & Daughter"—eh?" How he had told her that she knew how to strike a nail, and had an eye for a foot-rule, and hung a curtain as well as he did; and he hoped that Poppet, when he got through college, would be half as smart. How the mention of college reminded her faintly of Taurus, but very faintly, and she was sure that it did not remind him, and that made her very happy. What a help she had been to him, and how pleasant life had been! How suddenly and awfully help and pleasure stopped that day a week ago! How gratefully and darkly her two happy years came down with the old sign!

Ah, well! ah, well! Jem wiped up the sign and her eyes together. This would never do. She had cried ten minutes by the clock, and she could spare the time to cry no longer. Something must be done. H. Jasper had left no will, his furniture, an alling-wife, Poppet, and a daughter eighteen years old who could not write a composition.

"What will they do?" said all the relations in light mourning after they had got home. "If Jem had only been a boy!"

"What shall I do?" repeated Jem, dabbling the sign quite dry. "If I had only been a boy!"

"Let—Jem—



### To Book-Buyers.

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

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

In reporting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open to the expression of important facts of thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
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AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,  
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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC R. RICH, IS SENIOR OF LUTHER PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

### Kardes' "Book on Mediums."

One of the most remarkable works which have ever been issued in the United States, upon the subject of Spiritualism, since the advent of the phenomena at Hydesville, will be put forth from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, on or about the first of September next. The volume will be issued in a style commensurate with its importance, an idea of which may be gleaned from a perusal of its title page, setting forth, as it does, the wide range of matter treated:

"BOOK ON MEDIUMS; OR, GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATORS: Containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the means of communicating with the invisible world; the development of mediumship; the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritualism."

The utmost interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, greeted the appearance of this book in France, and there is every reason to expect that it will successfully appeal to the American public by the same engaging charms of novelty and interest with which it reached the hearts of Kardes' countrymen.

Whatever may be said in praise of this forthcoming work will fall far short of giving any realizing sense of its sterling merits. It must be perused—which, thanks to the faithful translation by Emma A. Wood, can be understandingly done—in order to be rightly weighed in the balance of individual judgment. The clear language of the author, and the painstaking method by which, in conversational yet argumentative style, he takes his reader by the hand, as it were, and leads him through paths heretofore undreamed of (if he be a skeptic), or but little understood before (if he be a confirmed Spiritualist), cannot be depicted in the limits of a passing notice. Read the book, therefore, on its appearance, that its terse statements of incontrovertible facts, its naïve style of expression, and the inductive unfoldments which thereby find flotation to the mind, may be fully appreciated.

### Church Taxation.

In the Connecticut Legislature there was recently an interesting discussion of this important subject, the speech of the greatest impressiveness having been made by Col. Tenny. It was replied to with such force and ingenuity as could be commanded, but Col. Tenny's arguments are reported to have carried fully two-thirds of the House with him. As The New Haven Union observed, "The idea of making all the people, whether church-goers or not, pay for the expensive and too numerous edifices of the different religious societies, is arbitrary and unjust. Better exempt the homes of poor men." The Hartford Times said that the argument of Col. Tenny was "sound and in no respect adverse to the true interests of religious denominations or religious worship." The vote was taken by yeas and nays, and it was interesting to witness the eagerness to vote No on the part of those who believed the bill to be just, in order to escape the imputation of "infidelity." We do not doubt that there were more than fifty members who honestly believed that church property should be taxed. Col. Tenny proceeded to say that the taxation of church property was of much greater importance than at first appeared. The bill offered was free from every taint of favoritism. It proposed to tax all churches and church property valued above fifteen thousand dollars, while the smaller and poorer churches would be released. If one religious society, therefore, had to pay more taxes than another, it would simply be because it had more property to be taxed, and by no means from any partial or invidious distinction.

The history of the case, which was given by Col. Cheney, is interesting in a sort of antiquarian way, but the necessity which might have long ago been pleaded for exempting church property from taxation cannot be urged now. There were, by the census of 1870, 901 churches in Connecticut, with a total money value of \$13,500,000, or an average of \$15,000 for each church. The total value of church property in the United States, by the same census, was \$354,483,581. Church property doubles every ten years. By the end of the century it would foot up nearly three thousand millions. The increase in church property is far more rapid than in church membership, which is a highly significant fact. The lesson is too important to pass unheeded. While the sum total of church membership is visibly decreasing, as well as the number of churches themselves, the value of churches is increasing in a geometrical ratio. To state it as plainly as

possible, while the churches of the country are increasing in wealth with astounding rapidity, they are relatively decreasing not only in numbers but in members. This is sufficient reason to show not only that church property ought to be taxed like other property, but that exemption from taxation is as unnecessary to the churches as it is unjust to the people. These less than one thousand churches should not be allowed to go on and absorb the common property without paying their share for its enjoyment and protection. Something should be learned on this subject from the experience and history of other nations. If ecclesiastical privilege is to grow at this rate, it will soon get beyond the power of both State and nation.

History tells us that in some of the countries of the Old World, one fourth, and even one-half of the property of the realm was exempt from taxation. At the opening of the French Revolution, two acres out of every five belonged to the Church. In Mexico, the revenues of the Church grew to be three times as large as those of the Government, and the latter was finally compelled to resort to the violent policy of confiscation. Whoever has read English history knows what Henry the Eighth did with the immense wealth of the monasteries. In all old countries, where exemption of church property has been the rule, poverty of the masses, bankruptcy and confiscation have inevitably followed. The heavy burden of exemption, let it be remembered, has to be carried wholly by the producing class, by labor and industry, where the weight of all taxation finally falls, while it is impossible to show that religious worship receives any benefit whatever. On the other hand, it shows a favoritism for ecclesiastical power and wealth that is dangerous to the rule of equality and democratic faith. And as church property is everywhere enhanced by reason of its relation to the government, it ought to be taxed for that simple reason. It is the government alone that gives it permanence and preciousness. Take away government protection and it becomes worthless. Let a mob destroy a church, and the city in which it stands is called upon to restore its value; yet such a church is freed from taxation, and enjoys what it has never paid for. In this very practical view, all churches ought undeniably to pay something to the State for the protection that gives them their chief value, and makes it permanent. It is unjust in a free government to require the State to protect property which contributes nothing in the way of taxes in return.

### Belvidere Seminary, N. J.

Prof. Herman Studer, a graduate of one of the best institutions in Switzerland, and a teacher of experience, has been engaged to take charge of the Scientific Department of Belvidere Seminary. This liberal school is open to both sexes, and will reopen the 16th of September, under new auspices and with most encouraging prospects for the future.

The Kindergarten system is to be introduced into all departments where it can be profitably used, and the study of the modern languages is to be made a speciality, native teachers being employed. Latin and Greek will also be taught by thorough and competent teachers. Music, both vocal and instrumental, will also be made a speciality, none but experienced teachers being employed.

Students, entering the junior department, will require four years to complete the full course; but elective courses in special departments, requiring but two years, can be pursued. Pupils graduating receive diplomas.

To ensure the health of the students, a Department for Physical Culture was organized and has been in successful operation for several years, giving great satisfaction.

Pupils graduate in this department after a course of two years, requiring careful drill.

For catalogues, address Misses Bush, Belvidere, N. J.

### "The Proof Palpable."

For some time past we have been giving, on our first page, regular installments of an able article (still to be continued) from the scholarly pen of Epes Sargent, author of "Planchette," etc., etc., and from various reports which reach us, it is evident that a lively public interest is awakened by it which will not fail to expand to a flood tide of welcome when the matter, having passed through our columns, receives its appropriate and permanent setting in book form. This essay by a close observer and keen analyst of the hour and its lessons is itself a proof within a proof. The facts, which are skillfully compiled by the author in support of his positions, come from sources of the highest credence and safest authority, and the arguments with which they are prefaced and followed, throw upon the undeniable occurrences the sure light of a cultured reason. No better evidence can be offered than this work by Mr. Sargent, that Spiritualism on both sides of the Atlantic, abandoning the mere defensive ground of a tolerated belief, is mustering its forces, through a deepening and multiplication of the phases of its phenomena, for a new, forward and aggressive movement, in the direction of demanding from the human intellect either a material solution for its wonders, or the acceptance of them on the ground claimed, viz: that they are the work of disembodied intelligences once denizens of material forms; and as such, incontrovertible evidences of our own immortality.

T. P. James, of Brattleboro, the "Edwin Drowd man," has started a monthly journal called the Summer Land-Messenger. The stories of Dickens are to appear in the paper. The first number contains the opening chapter of "The Story of a Hunchback's Pilgrimage," by the spirit pen of Charles Dickens. The paper has a neat appearance, and is issued from the press of O. A. Libby, Brattleboro. The price of the paper is one dollar a year. Address T. P. James, Brattleboro, Vt.—*Franklin County Mass. Times.*

We are in receipt of No. 2 of this new literary venture by Mr. James, the contents of which are of a very interesting character.

A correspondent, writing from Manchester, N. H., Aug. 17th, says:—"The Banner of Light is doing a noble work for mankind, and the light which it sheds will grow brighter and brighter until, like the rays of the sun, it will touch and renew every corner of the earth. May that time soon come; then indeed can the angels sing:—'Peace on earth, and good will to men.'"

See the call, on our sixth page, for the formation of a National Sportsmen's Association for the purpose of preventing the indiscriminate slaughter and wanton destruction of creatures used for the food or comfort of man.

### Katie King.

The present issue of the Banner may well be designated as the "Katie King" number, in consequence of the varied accounts that it presents of this wonderful apparition, which, firstly in England, through the mediumship of Florence Cook—and latterly in America, through that of the Holmes mediums—has awakened such a degree of public interest, and called forth such concentrated efforts, by scientists and others, to decide either the reality of the claims which she puts forth, or to fathom the mysterious means whereby she is made to seem to be, or exist.

On our second page, Dr. Bloede gives the experience of a highly respectable medical gentleman, of Philadelphia, at the Holmes séances; and on our eighth will be found the extended sketch with which Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, (published in New York City,) in its issue of August 22d, accompanies an engraving specially designed for its columns—said picture presenting a front view of the cabinet, Katie being delineated as standing before the open door, in full view of the people present. We now additionally offer the narration of what was recently seen and heard at the rooms of the Holmes mediums, by a gentleman whose statement receives endorsement below from one whose name is well known to our readers:

"I stopped on my way, at Philadelphia, and while there I saw the 'Katie King' manifestation, at No. 50 North Ninth street. There were about thirty persons present at the séance. The cabinet was a wooden partition across one corner of the room, the carpet of which extended to the extreme corner. There was a door in the partition and two apertures. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, the mediums, sat outside the cabinet, and next to it, and were both in sight all the time. It is necessary for you to remember that, and also that the room was light enough all the time to see distinctly the persons present about thirty. They sat in the form of a horse shoe, at each end of which sat a medium, which would be at each side of the cabinet. After some music and singing—about twenty minutes—we saw two delicate hands appear at the aperture over the door, then a face, rather dim, at the other aperture. After a short time, devoted to gathering strength from the circle, the door of the cabinet opened and a beautiful young lady, dressed in white, with a dark girlish and slippers, walked out into the centre of this circle, which was, as I said, in the form of a horse shoe. She had in her hands a bouquet of flowers, which she held to the nose of many of the audience. She spoke to several in a weak voice. She went into and out of the cabinet several times; finally, she retired to the door of the cabinet and disappeared, gradually, until only a bright spot could be seen on the carpet. In less than a minute she began to reappear, and in a short time walked out into the room apparently a veritable living person, a palpable as you or I; I think, for the time we saw her, that she was like us. I thought her person had a slight phosphorescent glow, because the shadows of the folds of her dress were very feeble, more of the character of a diffused light. The room was lighted by two windows and one kerosene lamp, dimly, to be sure; but you could recognize a person in any part of the room. I cannot conceive of what I saw being any trick; I know it was not, and you know what that means when I say it, and I am now a Spiritualist."

Gold Hill, N. C., Aug. 7th, 1874.

The above extract, from a letter just received, I thought was worth printing, as good testimony on this interesting subject of the materialization of human forms, veritable "apparitions" of the dead (?) The writer of the above is a man of education and a careful observer; like most men scientifically educated or inclined, he was skeptical as to a future life; but has the good sense to see that a demonstration of such a fact must come to us through the senses; the claim of divine revelation in the long ago is no evidence to the thoughtful mind of to-day. He has lately had his attention called to spiritual phenomena, and has had some tests that are unaccountable, except from a spiritual source, and now owns up to the fact; and he will stick, too, for he is one who makes up his own mind on matters of this sort, and his statement is perfectly reliable, not only as to the truth of what he saw, but reliable as coming from one competent of telling truthfulness from trickery. JOHN WETTERBEE.

The Boston Post of Monday, August 17th, says, at the close of a lengthy and favorable report of the opening of the Lake Pleasant (Mass.) Spiritualist camp meeting: "Yesterday [Sunday, 16th] there was an immense crowd present [estimated by the Boston Herald at from eight to ten thousand] extra trains being run from Worcester, Springfield, Fitchburg, Athol and Hopedale. In addition to these, a large number came in carriages from adjoining towns. The services in the morning comprised a stirring Spiritualistic address by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of Elm Grove, Mass., and a lecture in the afternoon by H. P. Fairfield, of Greenfield."

COLORADO.—I have waited for one of your regular correspondents to make some report of the cause of Christ in Greeley and elsewhere in Colorado. But as they do not, a word from me may not be out of place. Greeley numbers about 2,000 inhabitants, and receives instruction religiously from five orthodox churches, and a Free Church. But still this winter there has been no revival, and few, if any conversions. Skeptical sentiments have been widely disseminated, especially through a weekly Lyceum, and have been too cordially embraced.—*Corres. of a Chicago Baptist paper.*

The latter part of the above paragraph is easily accounted for. Our friend, A. Bailey, has been at work in Greeley of late, lecturing on Spiritualism. He has organized a Society and a Lyceum there, both of which bid fair to prosper and do much good.

THE LYCEUM, for August, has come to hand. P. H. Bateson, of Toledo, O., its publisher, has every reason to be proud of his achievements in the way of catering to youthful mental appetite. "Calla," Hudson Tuttle, G. W. Kates, and other well-known names, contribute to its table of contents, and the present number is fully up, in point of merit, with its predecessors.

Our sixth page Message Department treats, in the "Questions and Answers," of some of Dr. Hollick's positions in his work, "The Nerves and the Nervous," and speaks of the effect of long-continued sickness upon the spirit after physical disease, etc., etc. Miles Thompson on talks with a college "chum"; Jane Phillips, of Lewiston, Me., gives warning to her brother's family, and Alice T. Abbott, of St. Louis, sends message to her mother.

Colby and Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer for sale a well-printed pamphlet of some 72 pages, by the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure," etc., which bears for its title:—"AN EXPOSITION OF SOCIAL FREEDOM." Send for it. See advertisement on our 5th page.

A. E. Carpenter, referring to his article on the 8th page of the Banner of Light for July 4th, says:—"MR. EDITOR.—I wish you would state to the numerous friends who are writing to me concerning those materialized pills, that the patient is taking them, and she is already very much improved in health."

### Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

Our special reporter is very much indebted for this account of the first day's progress of the camp meeting, to H. H. Buddington, Esq., publisher of the Franklin County Times, and also of the Camp Meeting Guide, a neat little sheet issued from the news-stand, which contains all the information possible to be obtained concerning the orders of each day.

Lake Pleasant covers one hundred and five acres, and is three miles in circumference. It was called, in former days, Montague Pond. It was a favorite resort for pickerel fishing. About four years ago, George W. Potter, of Greenfield, bought the lake and some land around it, and planned to make it a popular resort for picnic parties. He made the first improvements, though his project was looked upon by many as impracticable. He opened the grounds for pleasure parties in 1872, by inviting all the old people of Greenfield to make an excursion there. From that time to this the lake has grown in popularity. Mr. Potter soon sold the grounds to the Vermont and Massachusetts railroad corporation, and they built the pavilion, speakers' stand, wharf, auditorium, and sank two wells upon the flat. Last year the grounds came under the control of the Fitchburg railroad corporation, by the lease to them of the V. & M. R. R., and C. H. Conner, of Fitchburg, was appointed Superintendent of the Vermont and Massachusetts division, and given the care of Lake Pleasant. Under his vigorous administration, covering as yet but a few months, the depot has been erected, and the restaurant at the water's edge, also. He has built the bathing-houses, cleared the ground on the bluff for the campers, erected a barn for stabling horses, sunk wells on the hill, and is continually adding attractions to the place.

Although rain occurred over a considerable portion of New England on Thursday and Friday, deterring a large number of persons from going to the camp, the commencement of the meeting, yet at this spot not a drop fell, and on the first day there were some fifty tents put up, and the grove assumed a busy and lively appearance. The grocery store and boarding tents on Broadway were in full operation. In the evening there was speaking in some of the tents, and on Friday the Fitchburg Band had arrived, to stay through the meeting. All through the grove the tents went up like magic, and the sound of the hammer and saw filled the woods. People came on every train, and the quantity of luggage at the station showed that people had come to stay. The dedicatory exercises took place from the grand stand at 1 P. M. President Beals made a pleasant introductory speech, which we give below in full. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It was with feelings of deep distrust in my own ability that I was persuaded to accept the responsible position of President of this Association.

It would have seemed more fitting and proper that some one who had had experience in taking charge of so large and intelligent an assemblage as this should have been selected on this occasion—an occasion which I believe to assist very materially in revolutionizing the thought and belief, not only of Franklin County, but the whole north-western portion of Massachusetts. Yes, and the waters of thought may, and probably will, extend to other States.

The result may prove like that of the people which is thrown into the lake: the ripples which follow, though small at first, continue to widen and expand, until they reach the furthest shore. This is the first Spiritualist Camp meeting ever held in this section of the country. This occasion is one fraught with immense interest to me and all mankind. The question, "If a man die shall he live again?" is, to the minds of many of us, settled before a doubt.

But there are large numbers in our land to whom this is an open question. And there are very many who have serious doubts about any existence beyond this life here; and you will find them both in and out of the churches. What a sad commentary on what is called the Christian religion.

But, my friends, my heart is overflowing with thanksgiving and praise to our Father and Mother God, that so many of us have been enabled to gather here to-day in this natural amphitheatre, formed by the side of this beautiful clear lake, rightly named Lake Pleasant, to establish new spiritual truth to the world; to give to the world the beautiful groves, but to take into our souls the inspiration which the angel world is giving us, through our silent communications, as well as that which is given us through the inspired lives of those mediums and seers.

The spiritual phenomena are now advancing with gigantic strides. The fact that spirits can and do materialize a form that is, for the time, as real a body to all appearance of sight and touch, as any one of ours, is a fact that has been demonstrated to thousands. And we have great cause to thank God, and take courage that such men as Professors Wallace, Crooks, Varley, and Robert Dale Owen have taken such pains to witness, under such carefully contrived tests, and have given to the world the facts that they have repeatedly seen the materialized form of Katie King and the medium at the same time. All thanks to them, and Katie King, and her noble band of spirits, for the patience they have shown us mortals, and the determination they manifested, to demonstrate this great and glorious truth.

The churches are fighting against all the facts brought to us by the spirits, with all their strength and power, just the same as they did when Jesus brought new spiritual truth to the world; just the same as when Galileo advocated the theory of the rotation of the earth; and also when the geologists exploded the idea of this world being made in one week.

But, notwithstanding their opposition, they are gradually, but perhaps unconsciously, yielding, point after point, and occasionally advocating some of their own theories, without, I think, realizing that they have come direct from Spiritualism. And this is just what we might expect. A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump; and the whole angel-world seems to be engaged in bringing truths to the children of earth.

As I look back seven or eight years, to the time when I began in earnest the investigation of this glorious gospel, and recall the manifestations of those days, and compare them with the manifestations of to-day, and note the great advance made, in almost every direction, I am almost in wonder that there are any left who have not at least commenced the investigation of these wonderful facts. And in view of them, is it any stretch of the imagination to believe that within the next eight years spirits will be enabled to materialize sufficiently to stand forth on the platform as tangibly as any one of us, and speak to the multitudes in clear ringing voices?

And, even then, there will be those who will refuse to go and hear them. They will choose darkness rather than light. They will believe that Samuel appeared to Saul; that Belshazzar saw the part of the hand that wrote on the wall; that Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus, Peter, James and John—events that transpired two to four thousand years ago—but will not believe that the same things are taking place in our own country, to-day, although testified to by hundreds of the best men and women of the land, and whose testimony would be taken in any court of justice upon any other subject. God pity them, and open those blind eyes.

Great pains have been taken to secure some of the best speakers of the country for our intellectual enjoyment. Finesingers have been engaged to delight the ear and soul with their music. Neither have those who enjoy the dance been forgotten. Excellent music has been provided for them, so that at suitable times they can engage in that fascinating and health-giving pastime. And ample provision has been made for all the natural wants of the inner man.

And now, my friends, it is my earnest desire that every one may have a delightful time, and that we may get great good to our souls. And in order that this may be the case, let each one of us have consideration for the comfort and happiness of others. Let each one of us strive to practice the golden rule as given by Confucius:

"Do not unto others that ye would not have them do unto you." And also as given by Jesus: "And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." By keeping these rules in mind, and practicing them, we shall all have not only a good but a profitable time, and shall feel, when we leave here to go to our homes, that it has been good for us that we have been here. Let us all carry away with us that which shall delight us, as ye live over in our memory the happy, pleasant times of this occasion. I welcome you, one and all, and cordially invite each one of you to join this Association, which you can do by calling on the Secretary at headquarters, and then take part in the selection of officers and committees for the next year. A meeting for that purpose will be held some time during the next week, of which due notice will be given. Again I welcome you to Lake Pleasant, and assure you, that if any effort on my part can secure you a pleasant, profitable, happy time, you will surely have it.

He then introduced John Collier, of England, who gave an earnest and eloquent address of half an hour, in which he appropriately dedicated the grounds in the following language: And now we have to dedicate this beautiful grove to the uses of Freedom, in the connection with the anniversary of an anecdote of Franklin and Voltaire. The great philosopher was on a visit to the poet, and, leading his grandson to the feet of Voltaire, said: "My son should kneel in the presence of this great man." The youth knelt and implored the poet's benediction. Voltaire placed his hands on the bowed head, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, pronounced these words: "God and Liberty!" And here, in the words of Voltaire, one of the world's greatest infidels, we solemnly, as in the presence of the angels, dedicate these grounds to "God AND Liberty." May this spot ever be the rallying point for Freedom, may it ever be a magnet, drawing hither the truest and noblest souls; may it ever be a centre whence shall radiate grand and inspiring thought; may it ever be sacred to the best interests of humanity—ever faithful to its dedication, "God and Liberty"—and to these sentiments all humanitarians will respond Amen!

In concluding, Mr. Collier said: Spiritualists and Liberalists, you are holding your first camp meeting and picnic at Lake Pleasant. I trust that, notwithstanding the present gloomy state of the sky, you will have pleasant weather notwithstanding; you will have a meeting, that you will enjoy, the pleasantest among you will be permitted to wander—where you will find the Committee pleasant in their behavior toward you, and that your amusements and surroundings will be of an agreeable character. And now I have the pleasant duty to perform of giving you, as a brother Spiritualist from the old country—from across the "big waters"—a pleasant welcome. May our meeting together, our association each with the other, and our parting, when the hour comes for parting—all, all be pleasant, and may we be able to look back upon this camp-meeting as one of the pleasant events in our lives.

At the close of his remarks Mr. Collier delivered an inspirational poem.

Then followed a short, witty and telling speech by Dr. Fairfield, which was greatly cheered by the audience. Mr. A. E. Giles, of Boston, followed with some sensible, sober remarks, and the meeting closed, every one enthusiastic in praise of the speakers, the grove, the lake, and especially the music. The band played at the opening, and adjourned to the pavilion where the young people joined in the merry dance for an hour before supper. Some of the mediums gathered at the tent of Harvey Lyman, on avenue A, where they had quite an exciting meeting, two of the mediums being entranced by Indians, and one of them giving a strong test to a gentleman from Deerfield who was quite anxious for something. Among the mediums present are Mrs. Nellie Nelson, of Boston, test and business; Willie and Susie Fletcher; Dr. G. W. McClellan; Mrs. S. B. Morse, Mrs. S. A. Norvell Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.; Miss E. Serino Sherwin, of Townsend, Mass.; Arthur Hodges, test and business; Dr. Davis, clairvoyant; Dr. Fairfield, clairvoyant; Miss Lizzie Crosby, test; Mary E. B. Atherton, public nurse and lecturer; N. Brown, White test. The mediums are located on Broadway and avenue A.

Friday evening the first old folks' dance came off. Charlie Sullivan, from Boston, led off the dance, supported by a company of Boston people, who had dressed themselves up in the style of the time of Gen. Washington. Charlie had on a powdered wig and knee buckles, and acted the old man to perfection. He sang two old men's songs, which caused roars of laughter, and he made his feet go to the "sound of the viol, just as he used to when he was young." His acting and singing were admirable. He is to be on the ground for a week, and there will be fun in the pavilion during his stay. Supporting Sullivan were Dr. McClellan and Mrs. Nelson as grandfather and grandmother; Miss Dunklee, as mother; Susie and Willie Fletcher, Mr. Mixer, Mrs. Starbird and Mrs. Lincoln, of Boston, and Mr. Clark, of Springfield, as children. The ladies had on high back combs, calash bonnets, big caps, ruffles, and all the old styles of a century ago.

On Saturday Rev. Rowland Connor gave an address on American religion. It was a thoughtful, earnest, and scholarly effort, and was attentively listened to by a large audience. The train from the camp brought a large addition to the campers. The music was as fine as ever, and a choir of singers added song to instrumental music. The dances came off in the afternoon and evening, large audiences attending, and the fun and the music were both irresistible.

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer for sale fine photographs (cabinet size) of Jennie Leys, who is just on the eve of her departure for California. Now is the time to purchase a good likeness of a popular reform speaker.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham paid a short visit to Boston last week. She appears to be in good health, notwithstanding her constant labors in the field for the past year in New York and Connecticut, as lecturer and test medium, where she has met with great success, almost always speaking to full audiences. She lectured in New Haven, Sunday, August 23d, and then returned to New York. Her permanent address is care of A. J. Davis & Co., 21 East Fourth street, New York City.

J. M. Peebles lectures in Baltimore, Md., during September, and in New York City during October.

Warren Chase lectures in Battle Creek, Mich., August 23d; goes thence to Downsville, Ontario.

J. Madison Allen spoke at Mattfeld, Mass., Aug. 6th, 9th, 13th and 16th; in East Wareham, Mass., Aug. 18th and 19th. He will lecture again in Mattfeld, Aug. 23d and 27th. He will engage for the last Sunday of August and the month of September anywhere in New England, if application is made at once. Address him at Mattfeld, Mass.

Prof. E. Whipple is engaged to speak in Troy, N. Y., the Sundays of September; in Salem, Mass., the Sundays of October. He is open to other engagements in the East. Address 888 Main street, Cambridge, Mass.

Moses Hull will address the Spiritualists of Boston, at Parker Fraternity Hall, on Sunday, the 23d inst., at three and eight o'clock.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend is now on a lecturing tour in Vermont, and on her return will speak for the Spiritualists of Boston, in Parker Fraternity Hall, the first three Sundays in November.

Mr. Henry C. Lull will lecture in Lewiston, Me., Aug. 23d and 26th; and will be absent from home during the last week in August. Will speak in Marblehead, Mass., during the month of September.

Elder Grant writes to W. F. Jamieson that he cannot meet him, in the proposed debate, at Lynn, for months to come. Mr. Jamieson will make engagements to speak in the East the months of November and December. He is engaged for the Sundays of January, 1875, in New Haven, Conn.

Dean Clark addressed the Spiritualists Union, of San Francisco, Cal., on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 24, his subject being "The Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield spoke at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Sunday, Aug. 16th; speaks in Springfield, Mass., at Liberty Hall, during September; in Putnam, Ct., during October; in Salem, Mass., during March, 1875. He would like to make engagements in the Middle and Western States for November, December and January. Address him, Greenwich, Mass.











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