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### Spiritual Phenomena.

JOTTINGS ALONG THE WAY—THE EDDY BROTHERS, ETC.

BY J. M. PEABODY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

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

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

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

THE EDDY BROTHERS.

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT IS SAID.

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

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY AT THE EDDYS—SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS.

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

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

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

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

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

THE TRIALS OF MEDIUMS—TALK WITH A SPIRIT.

In Old Testament times mediums were called

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ever pursuing—ever seeking to become."

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

LEBANON AND THE ENFIELD SHAKERS.

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

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

After tea, a party of brothers and some thirty

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

COLEBROOK AND CANAAN.

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

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

J. M. PEABODY.

Colebrook, N. H., August 13.

A SEANCE AT MRS. GUPPY'S.

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

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

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

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

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

Again we sat in darkness. By rapid communication was established, and we were told to draw back the curtains and pull up the blind of the back window. During the opening of the window a message was given, "I will show myself on the window." Through the window a considerable degree of light entered the room, and objects outside were plainly visible. Col. Greek and Mrs. Hardy sat nearest to the window. Then Mrs. Guppy, on Mrs. Hardy's left, and Mrs. Richmond again on Mrs. Guppy's left. The writer sat right opposite to the window behind the Countess in the second circle. We sat wondering what would be the result, as the opportunity of more distinct observation, from the light faintly reflected from the front of the figure. After the séance a gentleman demanded to know what kind of a room was over the window at which the figure appeared. He was told to go up and see. He did so. It was a spare room for odds and ends, and he could find nothing therein to account for the female form at the window. Even if a confederate had been up stairs, how could he have known the exact time at which to lower the figure opposite to the window?

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

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

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



ted down the hole in the table to the spirit pretty freely, had her nose pulled at one time by the materialized hand, which repeatedly launched forth to the elbow in its endeavors to reach Mrs. Guppy. A fly was handed by the spirit through the opening, which was identified as a manifestation of a person and occurred, which we have space to record, and must content ourselves with specimens.

The request was made that the spirits grant a piece of the tree which formed the sleeve to the spirit hand which appeared so frequently at the table. Mrs. Guppy's work was back to work, and she was not to be a part of the seances. Mrs. Guppy then cut two pieces of fabric from the sleeve worn by the materialized spirit. This she used both hands, holding the lace with the left hand and using the right with the right. One of the pieces is here figured by a photographic process. It is technically described by the ladies as net.

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

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

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

Mrs. Guppy, besides receiving her mediums generously, gives her visitors a sumptuous repast, after the manifestations are ended. Fruits and other of nature's simple bounties are not absent. The Countess at the head of table and the lady on her left were discussing what they had better wish for on being offered white currants for the first time this season. The writer on the Countess's right, was also partaking of the fruit, and suggested that the wish should be "success to Mrs. Guppy's Seances." This sentiment was not "drunk," but "eaten" in nature's unpolished village, and followed by all round that hospitable board, as it would not doubt have been by you, dear reader, if your good fortune had placed you in that happy group.—*London Medium and Psychical, July 16.*

#### THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WALSHBROOK.

##### SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Respectfully, GEO. W. SEIFERT.

Lock Box 100, Lincoln, Neb.

## Banner Correspondence.

### California.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Tobacco.**—Tobacco, for cost about twenty-five per cent more here than in the East.

We have no chinch bug, few grasshoppers, no mad dogs, no fly nets for horses, no musquitoes, no lightning rods, no fever and ague, no poor houses, no deaths from stroke or tornadoes, no snow-storms, little frost, no ice to cool our lemonade, no sleigh-bells, no sleds for the boys, no wooden mittens, and no skates.

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

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

### Kansas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Missouri.

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

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

### Vermont.

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

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

### Utah.

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

### Florida.

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

### Iowa.

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

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

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

T. P. H.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TO THEODORE PARKER.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Free Thought.

### REPLY TO "WHO SEIZED (P) SENECA."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

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

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

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

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(From the New York Tribune for August 30th.)

## THE IMMORTAL LIFE.

A NEW VIEW OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA—A CARD FROM COL. OLCOTT.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Sir: A most scholarly, dignified, and friendly review of my book, "People from the Other World," which appeared in the Tribune of July 13, opens with these words: "The student of necromancy will find nothing more marvelous in the works of Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Nostradamus, Paracelsus, Girolamo Cardano, or any other distinguished authority on the arts of magic, than the wonders which are related with such naive simplicity and good faith in this remarkable volume."

Permit me to join issue with you, by saying that in the works of these Occultists will be found the very thing which the student will search my volume for in vain, namely, a philosophy to account for the strange phenomena of the ancient sages and our modern mediums. If I had been familiar with those authorities when I wrote that book, my treatment of the subject would have been quite different, for I would not then have had to grope my way blindfold toward the truth, and be so constantly vigilant lest I should fall into a bog at either side of the path.

What I say of my own book applies equally to all others upon the same subject that have come under my notice. I have looked in vain these past twenty-five years in Spiritualistic literature for anything worthy of the name of a philosophy. I have watched the varying phases of the "manifestations" in the hope of seeing the elucidation of some law to explain their occurrence, and reconcile me to the same. Together with all other sensible men, I have deplored their puerile, absurd, and often repulsive character, and been shocked at the disgusting fallacies of free-love, affinity, and individual sovereignty to which they have given birth. My incredulity as to the return of heroes, statesmen, generals, and marshals of the







## Witchcraft Workers.

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## Immortality Demonstrated!

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message, to recommend the transfer of Indian affairs to the war department.

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

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## Spirit Messages.

For the Banner of Light.

## Inspirational Messages.

ADDRESS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THE LATE MRS. J. L. T. BROWN, OF NEW YORK, TO THE COMPILER, THOMAS H. HAZARD.

MY BELOVED HUSBAND—I am as much alive to your personal wants as I ever was. I was dead and buried to you, but I was alive to myself all the time, and I did not find myself lacking in any single point of feeling or trait of disposition that I had whilst on earth. Dear husband, talk to me as you would if I was sitting in the chair by your side. I am as fond of you as I ever was, and I am as devoted to your interests as ever. I often think I would be glad to have you with me, and it seems as if it was time that you were with your family here, who are now a goodly collection. I wish you could see our dear Anna. She has come out from her confinement, and is as well as usual, and is as useful in her peculiar appointments as you could desire. She goes back to earth and sees to all who are in her circuit, and continues to give as much real comfort as she can to any other spirit. You are a good man, and I am sure you will find the right road to get to me, and you may find me as happy as almost any spirit who reaches these spheres can be.

DEAR FATHER—Mother could not get herself collected to give you all that she wished. But, being a little more in rapport with this medium to-day, can tell you that this is near to Christ—ma, and that we do not forget that our friends need us, and we love to go to see them, and I find you in excellent condition and enjoying your self after your own way. You may be sure that I am as close to you as any of the others, and can get to you any time you wish for me. I intend to manifest myself to you soon. You shall see two stars instead of one—I and mother. I can control you so that you may find me for yourself. You are not the first one who tried to get sight of spirit-planes, and who had to wait and wait, and seemingly all for nothing, who afterwards found all the developments that they desired. I want to make you a good medium, and I can tell you that you are a good medium, and give you an insight into our beautiful spheres, and let you see how much our home here surpasses anything that you or we ever had on earth. I would like to make raps for you, but I cannot. I am awake to all that can make my present life as exalted as the great universal provision of love ordains. I will sleep to night by your side, and keep off any symptoms of apoplexy.

I come to-day filled with great joy, my beloved father. I have had an interview with you, and am still under influence of your graciousness, too exquisite to relate in words. It is like the love in a mother's heart, the joy of a bride, all sweet felicities combined. I cannot describe with what ecstatic ambition I am filled to climb on and toward all altitudes of virtue that I may be like him. He is bright in diameter, there being a deep halo around him of diamond-like lustre. None penetrate this aura. He goes into spheres of sublimity magnitudes than any except angels. His features are more beautiful than any artist's effort of man could ever conceive, much less portray, and his voice has power to penetrate the heart's depths. He works incessantly, and never allows the waste of a minute, and every word that falls from his mouth is a missionary achievement. We do not worship him, but we love him and endeavor to be like him.

Dear father, I can understand what is meant by a man being the kingdom of heaven within him. It is given him to be a kingdom within him, to forgive every enemy, to strive to do as Jesus did, and to revile not in return when provocation renders silence almost impossible; it is to be tolerant in the midst of intolerance, and to look to the interests of the orphan nor let the widow want.

Dear father, when this beauty of inspiration again descends upon me, I will come and tell you something of the present life of Jesus.

I am your affectionate daughter, MARY.

I am with you my son, and you must not imagine that I could ever desert you, although scores of other spirits may come between us, and if Fanny and the children are more apt to communicate with you than I am, let not this make you doubtful of my love. I am your mother. This is sufficient attestation of affection; the relationship guarantees devotion. I am too seriously earnest in my endeavors to edify you to allow myself to be trifled with, and I cannot dare to flatter you, and to promise more than I can feel certain can be effected. You are so much better than many who profess to be Christians that I am proud of the name of man for you. I want you to be loved for yourself, not through selfish motives. I know that you judge of things after your own ideas, and do not conform to the set opinions of partial cliques or popular sects. I shall always endeavor to come between you and undue influence, and try to prevent the errors of misconception of truth which some have experienced. I am justified in speaking plainly, for am I not your mother? You must not confine yourself at home, but should stir out sometimes, and amuse your mind as well as exercise your body. I am now in a good position, from which I can disseminate light to the benighted. I am your own dear mother, MARY P. HAZARD.

I cannot call you friend until you have first told me that you recognize the Trinity, and I wish to remind you of the Trinity, and of her early religious instruction, and to warn her not to leave the church which was mother to her. I am her Aunt Ellen.

I have come after the medium's call, not before. It is not necessary in some instances for any question to be asked of a spirit, or for any call to be made. The presence of the individual brought within the sphere of the medium being sufficient to attract and to assure rapport with the spirit. But, again, there are spirits who do not at any time or under any circumstances come near to the material plane, and stand outside of the inner sphere, and cannot be brought contiguous to a medium. Under this condition, it is necessary that each should be called for personally, in order that the prevailing guide may induce the auricularies into conjunction with the outside or celestial spirits, and in turn be able to transmit their messages to the medium, who again, through oral or mechanical means, translates for spectators. I am one who has reached the height from which I cannot again descend personally into the material sphere, cannot control a medium, but must be inquired for, and when found, through the agency of the medium's guides, will report myself. I am Paul, who has been styled by men the orator. I preached Christ and him crucified, but I did not preach, as I have been erroneously said to have done, that man was originally depraved, that nothing within his constitution was good, and that he worked up for his salvation. I myself was a man whose spirit was at times operated independently of matter or of corporeal structure. Such among you are now called mediums, or those who come into intermediate relation with spirit and matter. I saw the spheres, for I visited them. I communed with intelligences who instructed me in the science of soul. I was prevented from relating my experiences to man because it was not the time in the life of the human race to be told that the eternal truth to be admitted by men, the subtle, naked truth was to be covered under the theory of atonement until the generations had fulfilled the time of moral superstition—had finished the penance of self-imposed ignorance. I obeyed the law of time, and was silent as to what I saw in the seventh heaven, and successfully down through each sphere backward to earth. I am not compelled to be mute at this

time, I can reveal the fact that man as spirit is the same that the man was in the flesh, except that he is divested of the carcase of flesh. The silver that runs through the ore is none the less silver after it has been through the refining fire. The late metals drop from it and leave it as it is, without hindrance or cumbersome just as the carcase drops from the vital principle when the transformation called death takes place, which is in fact the condition necessary for the development of the spirit.

I am saved through a conscientious observance of the laws of right as I understand them, and not through the blood of Christ, which is good only as far as magnetic conditions are induced by the ordinances which faith in it imposes. I see here that men everywhere may advance or retard their own progress by their own deeds, and that although Christ is exalted far above millions, it has resulted from his own pure life and adaptations of spirit inspirations while occupying a sentient phase of existence. I know that we all aspire to one grand centre which is called Jah, or God, and that by the love-pivot on which we turn we are directed to the sublime heights; yet have never, from amongst the billions of souls, seen one who has believed the great Head. I give you the law which is engraved on the judicial books of heaven, which governs the spiritual and regulates the social status of us all, which is, "Do to thy neighbor as thou wouldst be done by."

I thank you for the interest which you manifest in mediums. They are the windows through which we may project light to the ignorant, peace to the miserable, security to the faithless, and satisfaction to the doubtful. I pronounce upon this mediumship emphatically. It is to overcome superstition, to denounce Pantheism, to dissolve sectarianism, and to help all. In am the so-called St. Paul.

I know that the birds build nests and lay eggs and raise young, that lambs play, that serpents crawl, that eagles soar, that doves coo, that man crows, and that angels attract, yet I had rather that you understand one single rule in your own life than to be able to couple together in your own mind, the science of matter, or the religion of theology. The rule is "to know thyself," to understand your own motives, and to see your aims. I will help you to gain such perfect mastery of yourself that you shall be glad of the day that sent me to you.

MY DEAR FATHER—You have had many visitors, but I will come in here to say that I am just as eager to make myself known as ever, and that if you go to Moravia again I am so glad that I have means through which I can impart to you items of intelligence instructive in themselves and suggestive of higher ends than mere physical phenomena can ever present. I am always eager to learn and as willing to impart to others. I give you as much of my combined elements, magnetism and spirit-electricity, as is necessary for you. You have so many friends among us that it is impossible for you to become lonely or isolated; we would turn a better eye upon you than to shake the bed on which you lie if we all came at once; but we cannot all conveniently assemble at the same time. Father, my dear father, Uncle Joe would have been killed on the ice if it had not been for grandmother. She is striving to take good care of him. She wishes you both to fill your full life here on earth.

I went to you on New Year and gave you some slight electrical touches which I was almost certain you perceived, but that you did not wish that you did not recognize me. Oh, I do wish that I could walk before you all so as to be known. Mother is so beautiful, so holy and so sweet that you would almost take her for something which you must worship, could you behold her. I am happy and delighted, I am so rejoiced that I can speak here. I am your darling ANNA.

I have been greatly disappointed. I wished to write and tell you all about the great procession of spirits which did not reveal the Father on the first of January. The medium has been and still is too ill to do much for us. She came near to the golden gates, and the influence moved her away for awhile. I ask her guardian mother's permission to write a little, while she is feeling somewhat rested from the fever.

I know that there has been a great shaking of faith upon your planet in regard to spiritual manifestations, resulting from the defectiveness of the medium, and that many spirits have been grieving at the failure, and feel in their grief at most ready to give up the knowledge and comfort that years of experience have afforded them. They do not hear in mind that one attested fact should outweigh a thousand frauds. The circumstance does not disturb a mind among us. We know that credulity sometimes leads men into great error, which makes it necessary to bring a sudden crisis upon proving the fallibility of mediums, and the resorts of spirit to make plain the truth and nothing but the truth.

I know that your belief in the eternal progress of the soul is based on a rock which no impostor of any kind cannot shake, therefore I do not attempt to verify the truth of our assertions. I only exhort you to believe in God, and in his power to fulfill all righteousness within you—that through the opposing phalanx of human influence which beats against your hopes and best, and sweetest wishes, your arms uphold you in your everlasting progress, and that through whatever means, whether by spiritual meditation or personal supervision, the same omnipotent hand arranges for you—for all. The better the man the better the provision, because the equity of heaven does not allow that inequalities shall exist. It would not do to dress a laborer in fine linen and broadcloth, neither would it be suitable for the unlearned guest to take precedence at a feast.

A man must be virtuously experienced in the science of goodness or virtuous action, and its practical application, to enable him to stand faithful and firm for the truth in every emergency.

MY DEAR HUSBAND—The day is propitious, the hour is suitable, I am ready, and the medium is willing, so without your consent I desire to be presented in the name of mercy to those who come within your radius of influence and are grieved. It is my mission to revive men by which I can comfort a poor man or woman. I acknowledge no law that could set a barrier between my disposition to console and the object to whom my pity might be directed. It is the freedom from artificial restraints, the foolishness of society's whims, which separates a woman from her sister who happened to have been unfortunate. There is nothing to prevent my fulfilling my desires toward bringing myself into rapport with hearts that long to break through the veil of astricism, and be recognized as deserving of love and recognition. Many women through the most adverse circumstances have been thrown into conditions at which their sensibility recoiled, yet which the public opinion would wall around them forever as sufficient to keep them away from the sweet ways of virtue and home comforts forever after, though their hearts nobly resumed the course of virtue and nobility. (Now this is my husband! The heart which can be noble against all temptation to err is rare, and when the soul arises from the rocky bed of mistake and error, and longs to cling to the white robe of peace and be covered in the soft folds of love again, it should be drawn into these conditions by all.

I am an evangelist in this direction, and as such operate. I have just returned from San Francisco, where there was a woman, noble in heart, lofty in aspiration and beautiful in form, who, when a girl of ten years old, was launched on a sea of accident. She was compelled into a life disobedient to her instincts, and when at eighteen she found a friend in such circumstances made her life desirable, the woman suddenly turned against her because her husband had become enamored of the girl. So she fled, and dropped fainting in the door of a church. I controlled the man who was preaching to words which abounded with the hope that Christ would have instilled into the despairing mind—

I afterwards learned that my brother had a dangerous fall on the ice as indicated.

and it saved her, darling husband. She was saved to a consciousness of good that was in her, and she will yet be a light to her unfortunate kind on earth, and a grand spirit in the future, leading souls to the true fountains of self-respect. But society is cruel—cruel! I am your own FANNY.

## Everlastingly Enfranchised—A Brave Spirit Released from Bondage.

At Newark, N. J., on the 15th of August, after a very protracted and painful illness, HARRIET MARIA, wife of CHALMERS PAYSON LONGLEY, of Northampton, Mass., calmly bade adieu to this world, and cheerfully accepted her passport to the Morning Land, where there is no night; whose inhabitants never say, "I am sick," and where death—the last mortal struggle for immortality—comes no more forever.

Mrs. Longley was born on the 26th of November, 1830, and was translated at the age of forty-four years, eight months and nineteen days. Thus, in the summer of the year, while the earth is covered with the manifold symbols of abundant life, and all Nature is aglow with the inspiration of God, this earnest, aspiring and unselfish spirit terminates her elementary studies on earth, and is worthily promoted. All life is a school, and the subject of this notice may be said to have belonged to the excellent class in this world. And now, at the end of her preliminary course—marked by a varied experience, and crowned with the full developments of life's summer time—she is admitted to the great Home University of the Heavens.

Though Mrs. Longley assumed no public relation, and had no desire for recognition beyond the quiet sphere of her domestic life, she still possessed a great independence of thought, remarkable executive force, and inherent strength of character. These attributes gave her a strong individuality, and were active enough to have won distinction for their possessor in the more ambitious walks and pursuits of life. But while they were not required in the discharge of any public duty or obligation, her life afforded other occasions for their exercise. For years she was a great sufferer from disease; but she disputed the approach of the enemy, step by step, battling all the while with a firmness and heroism seldom equaled by men of the most unyielding nerve and invincible resolution. The exhibition of her courage—which was little less than sublime—was replete with instruction and reproof. When disease became complicated and threatened the speedy destruction of the frail body, she still calmly grappled with the hydra, day and night, with such unflinching resolution and supra-mortal energy as stayed his progress. With her own hand she seemed to hold the balance of life; and for weeks her will kept its empire. It was not that she feared death, but because she was intensely individualized. Her love of life was strong; this world was precious in her sight; and so great was her vital and mental tenacity that her fearless spirit could not readily relinquish its hold on the body, or resign the conscious possession of its earthly temple.

In our experience as a clergyman and physician—and as a man who cannot be indifferent to human suffering—the writer has been called to the bedside of many dying persons, but never before witnessed such a contest. The struggle was long, severe, and at times painful to behold. It was but natural that such a life and death struggle should unsettle the faculties and derange the functions of the mind. For several weeks the state of normal consciousness, strictly speaking, was the occasional exception to the rule; and with this sad derangement came the great trial of those who had the care of the patient. In this painful ordeal her husband was almost constantly with her, and his affectionate devotion was exhibited in the indulgence of every desire, and the tender and nameless attentions of a love that was faithful unto death. During those days and nights when the restless spirit wandered, dense clouds obscured the reason, the naturally radiant countenance was a mournful blank, and we were all made to realize that

"The only prison that confines the soul,  
Is the dark habitation where she dwells  
As in a noxious dungeon."

But through all the long conflict, when the uncertain light of the mind, ever and anon, shone out through the drifting clouds, the strong marks of her individuality were still clearly manifested. Alike in the fierce tempest of painful and delirious sensations; and in the brief pauses in the storm of conflicting emotions, her self-reliance remained. It was firm even when the world was passing away. On one occasion when there seemed a momentary cessation of the conflict, and the patient was sufficiently lucid to warrant an inquiry into the state of her mind, her husband asked her how she felt, and what she believed. It was at a time when doubtless to the patient the external world seemed unstable and partially obscured by the eclipse that darkness the vision in the last hours of mortal life. Mrs. Longley did not appear to regard the first part of this two-fold inquiry as of any particular importance; but to the concluding portion of the same she responded with singular emphasis, and in words to be remembered. With a grave and thoughtful expression, she answered in a firm voice: "I believe in myself and God!"

Some three months since the writer made a professional examination of Mrs. Longley's case, and then expressed the positive conviction that the patient could not possibly live through the month of August. Three weeks before her death, we were strongly impressed that she would depart on a Sunday, and between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and midnight. This conviction was openly and repeatedly expressed, and was the subject of familiar conversation in the family circle. The writer even remarked to the patient, that should she finally leave us on Sunday, we might recognize a singular fitness in the relations of the event to the time. She seemed pleased with the suggestion, and spoke with remarkable cheerfulness of thus entering upon the great Sabbath of her immortal rest.

These impressions were verified by the event. It was on Sunday, August 15th, immediately after the sun passed his meridian, that a sudden change occurred in the pulsation and respiration of the patient. It was soon manifest to all that the process of the spirit's separation from the body was surely going on. At length, when the limbs were cold and motionless, the eyes fixed and glassy, and every faculty seemed lost in a total eclipse, leaving not the slightest indication of either sensorial sensibility or external consciousness, Mr. Longley—desiring to elicit some further and more consoling expression—made one last and earnest appeal to his wife, which seemed to call the parting soul back to its earthly relations. "Do you know us, Maria?" he inquired; there was a visible struggle and the answer came—

"Yes—all." Another question of greater moment succeeded the first, and was answered, "Are you happy?" "Perfectly—good by—let me go."

And thus, at the close of the Sabbath, came the change. It was at the sweet and solemn hour of vesper, that the Angel of the deep sleep entranced the pale sufferer by his magic spell. Scarcely perceived the drawing of the final breath, so noiseless and peaceful was the last moment. And when at length all was still, we could but gratefully recognize the merciful Providence that, in the last trying hour, restored reason to the vacant throne of the mind; rolled up the dark curtain from life's evening horizon, and sent the clear light of the spirit-world through the rifted clouds, to illumine the darkness, and to glorify the end of the life on earth.

S. B. BRITTAN.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Charlestown, August 20th, Charles E. Hartshorn, aged 25 years.

A few days previous to his death, of which he was in the last stages, he was a man of strict moral integrity and sterling worth, a devoted and loving husband, a kind, affectionate son and brother, a respected member of the church, and a firm believer in spiritual communion. As his remains rested in the casket, wreathed with floral offerings, it was almost impossible to realize that he had realized that his spirit had taken its departure. He looked as though he was in health, peacefully resting in natural sleep.

His wife, Mrs. Hartshorn, a sister and brother, and many other relatives and friends, who will miss his earthly presence, but who look upon the exchange as being the result of natural law.

His wife, Mrs. Hartshorn, a sister and brother, and many other relatives and friends, who will miss his earthly presence, but who look upon the exchange as being the result of natural law.

The body that contained the spirit was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery for interment.

From Vineland, N. J., July 4th, after a long and very painful illness of dropsy and heart disease, Sister Della Wadleigh, aged 61 years.

Sister Wadleigh was born in Worcester, Mass. Her parents were Wesleyan Methodists, in which faith she was reared, becoming a member of the church in early life. She with her husband, Mr. Wadleigh, lived in New York City, where she came in contact in after years with mediums, through whom light dawned from the upper spheres, and became a believer in spiritual life. She with her husband moved to Vineland, in 1866, where he is now left to mourn the loss of her physical presence, but most sincerely believes that her spirit returns to greet and bless Sister Wadleigh. She was a woman of rare natural ability and good culture. The writer was called in February to prepare a will for her, and she was so kind as to give me a full and complete history of her spiritual journey to the better life, she giving directions to have the file of the dear old lady's life, and the various mediums through which she had been in contact with the spirit-world, to be given to him for judicious distribution. In my absence the funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. H. C. COTTON.

From Osseo, Minn., July 15th, D. H. Shepard, aged 57 years.

Deceased was a native of Vermont. In early life he removed to Michigan, thence to Minnesota. He was greatly respected by his friends, and was a man of many virtues. His house was a home for the missionary of progress, of whatever name. He was by nature skeptical, and was not easily won to religious subjects. Spiritualism was true, but the evidence in his case was wanting; this came, however, in his last sickness. The day before he died, he was in a state of great mental distress, and was waiting to welcome him home. The funeral services were conducted under the auspices of the Osseo Church, and remarks were made by Rev. C. O. Thomas and the writer.

From Piqua, Ohio, August 20th, of softening of the brain, Philip S. Fay, aged 63 years.

He was a veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, ever faithful to his highest convictions of right, and unflinching in his pursuit of it. He ever lived so fearlessly that enemies dared not scorn, and friends loved and praised him.

From Central Falls, R. I., Aug. 21st, Mrs. Beasley, wife of Richard Beasley, aged 59 years.

The deceased was for the last eighteen years of her life a firm believer in spiritual communion, and her family—husband, one son and two daughters—were cheered by this light, a faith which they shared with her. The day before her death, she was in a state of great mental distress, and was waiting to welcome him home. The funeral services were conducted under the auspices of the Central Falls Church, and remarks were made by Rev. C. O. Thomas and the writer.

From Sherborn, Mass., Aug. 11th, Mrs. Eliza E. Tilton, aged 73 years and 3 months.

After a long and painful illness of many months, her spirit took its flight from its earthly tabernacle to the spirit-world. Her death was well timed, and may she reap the reward which she has earned.

From her residence in Warren Co., Iowa, Mrs. Catherine Hammon, aged 63 years.

For over twenty years she had been a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and up to the time of her last sickness had lived up to its teachings, and when the time came to lay off this earthly form and put on the garments of the higher life, she passed through the ordeal of death firm in the faith that in the great hereafter she would see her family and friends.

From Norfolk, Mass., Aug. 25th, Mrs. Mary Ann Searle, aged 60 years and 4 months—after six years of suffering (paralysis). Fifteen months previous to her death she was not able to speak so as to be understood.

From Newton, Mass., August 12th, George E. Trowbridge, aged 4 months and 13 days.

Services by Mrs. H. E. Wilson and the writer, music by Miss C. Hastings and Mrs. E. Brackett.

From East Boston, August 18th, Nettie W. Keap, aged 14 years and 9 months.

Only four months since I was called to attend her father's funeral, and on one brother remains of a family of six children—all gathered home to rest by the source of consolation. Nettie looked forward to meeting her father and mother with calm resignation, and her last request was for me to officiate at her funeral. May the ministrations of the heavenly Father be ever a comfort and relief to all who are united in the love of God.

From Ruggles street, Boston, August 21st, John H. Sweet, aged 8 months.

One little sister remains to comfort the sorrowing parents.

From Harvard, Mass., August 21st, John N. Taylor, formerly of Boston, aged 31 years.

By his change a fond, devoted wife is left alone to mourn his loss. May she be comforted by the assurance of his presence in spirit, and that she will meet him again. During his sickness his father, step father, wife and sisters were indefatigable in their efforts to relieve his sufferings. His funeral service comprised first an invocation by the Baptist minister, and then a prayer by the Congregational minister, and then an address by the writer, after the Brotherhood of Old Fellows.

Ordinary notices not exceeding fifty lines published gratuitously. For longer notices or for notices required for advertising purposes, a line of apoplexy average ten words. Thus by counting the words, the writer will see at once whether he has exceeded the stipulated number of lines, and is requested to remit accordingly.

## PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Eighth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

Notice is hereby given that this Convention will be held in the city of St. Paul on the 17th, 18th and 19th of September, 1875. Arrangements have been made with the railroad companies to the effect that those going to the Convention, persons wishing to avail themselves of the reduced fare will call for Convention tickets at their respective depots, and will be duly recognized. Arrangements have been made to have present good, reliable test mediums. No charge will be made for the use of the Convention hall or for the use of the Convention hall. Arrangements have been made with the hotels to accommodate those coming to the Convention at reduced rates. It is respectfully understood that this is to be a Convention of Spiritualists, having no affinity with social freedom or any of its branches.

This Association is fully alive to the fact that there must be a distinct demarcation between the demoralizing and degrading influence of social freedom that has endeavored to attach itself to the body of Spiritualists, and the high-toned and elevating teachings of the new philosophy. So then, with a united front, we say to any and all those who are not in accord with the doctrine of social freedom, you are not invited to our feast.

St. Paul, Aug. 27th, 1875. GEORGE W. ALKOTT, Sec'y.

Iowa State Camp Meeting.

The Second Annual State Camp Meeting for the State of Iowa will be held at Fair Grounds, near Des Moines, Iowa, commencing the 22nd, and ending on Sunday, the 28th of September, 1875. It is hoped that the friends of Spiritualism will come with their tents, and make this meeting, like the one at Iowa Falls last year, a good meeting and a grand success.

Arrangements will be made with the railroad to carry at reduced rates as usual.

DR. C. P. SANFORD, Manager.

Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists of Northern Wisconsin in the Spirit-ualistic and Liberalistic of the great West, Greeting:

We would invite all believing in free speech and thought

to meet with us in convention in the village of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, on the 24th, 25th and 26th of September, 1875. The speakers engaged for the occasion are John Collyer, (late of Eng and Co.), and Eliza Wadleigh. The kind friends of Oshkosh have generously offered to entertain all free as far as they are able. Come, then, every free-thinker, and show the world that Spiritualists are not sleeping.

Wm. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Association.

The Annual Convention of the American Free Dress League.

Will be held at Lincoln Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 15th and 16th, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M. The first object of the League is to protect and adorn the human form without constraining any organ, and that the style imposed by fashion and the high interests of humanity, this League invites the friends of general well-being to meet with it and reason together on the nature and removal of existing evils in dress, hoping to elicit truth and advance the idea of individual choice and kindly tolerance in forms of costume.

able speakers will be present, and full freedom given in discussing questions germane to the subject. Entertainment near the hall at reasonable rates. Editors please copy. Inquirers address

M. E. TULLOCH, Philadelphia, N. J.

The New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists.

Will hold its Annual Convention on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th, at Stockport, N. H. The speakers engaged for the Convention are: All are invited to attend. A general time is expected to be held at the State Fair, present and hope to make this the largest and most interesting meeting we have ever had. For order Committee, or to the Secretary, Dr. SYLVESTER WOOD.

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