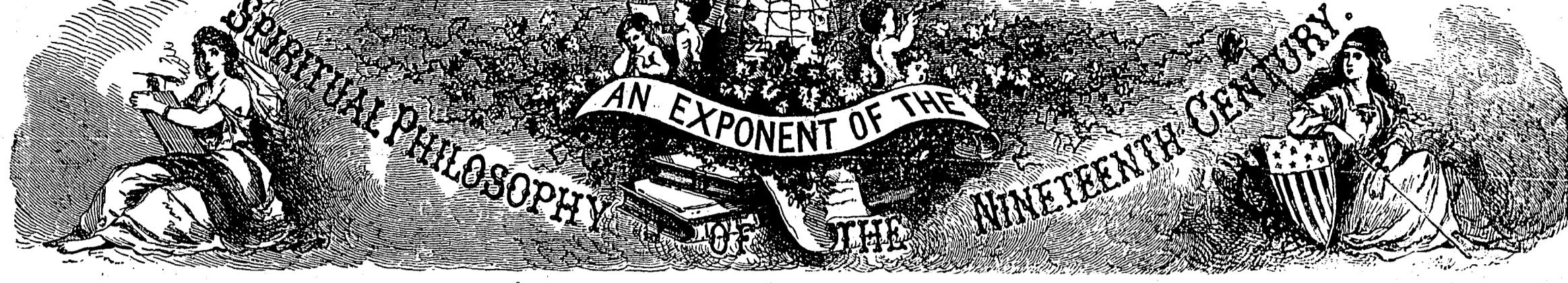


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLI.

{ COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

{ \$3.15 Per Annum, }  
In Advance.

NO. 25.

## Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: The New Nation.  
SECOND PAGE.—Foreign Correspondence: Incidents of Travel, Material and Spiritual. "Materializing Possibilities." Spiritual Matters in Brooklyn.  
THIRD PAGE.—Banner Correspondence: Letters from Michigan, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Oregon, Colorado, Pennsylvania, and Minnesota. An "Insective" Idyl. Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Notes. Obituary Notices, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—Alvin Adams: His Work in Moral, Old and New, J. Frank Baxter: Tyranny of Dogma, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Horsey Trials, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department:—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd and Mrs. Sarah A. Daneskin. A Spiritualist Funeral.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—At Home with Fire. J. Frank Baxter. Mrs. M. B. Thayer. Foreign Miscellany. Brief Paragraphs, etc.

## The Rostrum.

### THE NEW NATION.

A Lecture Delivered by a member of the Spiritual Congress through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hitchcock, at Chicago, Illinois.

(Reported especially for the Banner of Light.)

"Behold, I make all things new."

From the councils of your nation who have risen, not by ambition, not by human flattery, not by the voice of their fellow-men, but by merit in their places in the spiritual world—from those who still keep watch and ward by the gateways of life, with divine meditation contemplating the earthly state, and with highest hope looking forward to the future, I am appointed to speak to day. I have no lofty words of eloquence, I have no gift of speech such as some have who control this instrument, but speak the truth. My words are those of conviction, and whatsoever I may say it comes not from outward love of display, but from inward consciousness that a voice to the nation and of the people may be of value from the spiritual standpoint of existence.

I consider that the people of this country do not sufficiently prize their privileges. I consider that they do not understand what it means to live in possession of the three-fold armor of liberty, which encircles them and protects them from invasion from all the civilized and barbarous world. I consider that the privilege of existing beneath so free a system of laws is such that, if he who reads the law of the ancients can judge aright, all who possess that privilege would bow in thanksgivings, would hold their right as a sacred and priceless gift, and would, rather than sacrifice it, do all things even to the end of living each moment a life of justice and righteousness. Clad in this three-fold armor, the Republic stands to-day the guerdon of hope for the world. Clad in this three-fold armor, stronger than the mail of ancient warrior, stronger than the triple steel-clad armor that in ancient Greece and Rome protected the patriotism of those loved lands, stronger than Egypt's mighty hosts, is this system of invisible law that holds every human being in the hollow of its hand and protects even the unborn babe and the gray-haired sire.

The foundation of the Republic was, in itself, almost a miracle. The adaptation of the laws under a constitution that might only be altered by the united voice of the people, and the three-fold division of the government into the executive, judicial and legislative departments, fashioned in themselves a protection and a strong barrier against the encroachments of individual ambition and of the selfishness of combined bodies of men. But like all nations under human administration the highest is not appreciated; that which is possessed is not understood, and it is only when war, devastation, ruin or slavery creeps in that men understand the true meaning of the word Liberty, and appreciate the blessings that they possess.

Above all things the right of religious freedom, that for which the centuries had groaned, that for which seas of blood had been shed, that for which massacre, torture, inquisition and imprisonment had long existed, that for which saint in dungeon cell had pined, and the votary of a new faith had, going heavenward mid flame and fire, sought to attain—that yours, has been yours almost from the beginning, and is the priceless boon above all others in the great jewel of your national existence. I wonder that men do not pause in the daily routine of business and pleasure, in the headlong pursuit of the wonderful god of gold, to stand upon this, the altar of their freedom, and praise God every day. I wonder that in the mad whirlpool and pursuit for high places of emolument and trust, men do not pause with reverent and uncovered heads waiting the voice that shall call them to the possession of power, instead of rushing madly where angels might fear to tread. I wonder that beneath this very dome [Snow's Academy], that is starry and typical of the ensign of your nation's freedom, men do not consider that they take their hearts and lives in their hands when they learn what it is to become fully endowed with the privileges of citizenship in this land. And it is not in political sense that I speak of this; it is not with reference to any external process, any law-making or law-executing process that is familiar to those politicians who look upon the surface of things and see in the ballot box only a means of power, and in the high offices of the government only places for self-aggrandizement. It is not with the superficial view of those who glance at the rights and privileges of American citizenship merely from the standpoint of selfishness and the aim of individual ambition, merely because it protects their property, their individual rights, their freedom of speech and their liberty of conscience. It is because that beneath the eye of heaven, and unfolding even as forests unfold from the soil that is around them, this nation is the mighty outgrowth of the nations that have preceded it, is the flowering out of civilization, the unfoldment of the perfect rose of life beneath the hand of God; and he who wantonly destroys its bloom, or takes away from the fairness of its beauty, becomes a coward and a slave in the consciousness of those who understand the meaning of the rights of men. It is not because won with great suffering and heralded with long line of torture the seeds of this nation's freedom were planted in victory; it is not because that after a century some of the evils incident to a new government have been wiped away by the baptism of blood; it is not because the heroes and sons of your own land have risen up to defend it against an old-time foe whose new offspring came forth in their hideous deformity upon your soil—it is not because of this; but it is because of a vast spiritual strata that has risen above the earth and fashioned a super-government therefrom, that in its turn yields to the nation and to

mankind the harvest of spiritual growth. It is because the ripening fruits of your civilization become the germs of future civilizations and of invisible kingdoms, whose voiceless words and soundless speech make vocal the air above you with wonderful prophecies and fulfillments.

All children born in this country, all children that reach the age of maturity upon this continent should be taught, as a portion of their daily religion, the lesson of this government; should be made to feel that the freedom of the people depends upon them and their choice in life; should be made to know that the intelligence—that invisible something that penetrates all the atmosphere, that makes this morning glorious in the sight of every living creature here—that this intelligence constitutes the safeguard, the bulwark, the salvation of this government and people.

I am well aware that the time may come when each human being shall exist above law and shall be conscious of the divine possession of the individual right of Justice. I am well aware that a nation or people may exist upon earth that shall not depend upon any bulwark of human law, upon any legislative, judicial or executive department for their freedom; but I am also well aware that the three-fold form of government you possess to-day may become exalted and typical of the Divine government, and that never, if you were to wait a thousand years, could you frame a form of law that would in itself comprehend the divine government of man above the law. And this is why I speak to you to-day with a voice not simply of warning and of external recognition, but with a voice of somewhat of prophecy. I see in the nation that which you, perhaps, cannot see. Nearness to the sun blinds the vision, and those who are afar off may behold its brightness without shrinking. I have been in the dazzling light of this sun myself. I have seen its dazzling glory lurid with the blood-red flames of battle. I have wept with you over the heroes, the sons and sires of our own soil slain for the sake of freedom when the nation was nearly a century old. I have with you stood at the helm endeavoring to prevent the ship of state from running upon the shoals and quicksands of ambition, warfare and ruin. I have seen what policy has done even in the midst of the greatest peril and danger, sacrificing the nation to individual wish and ambition. I have known that unless there was an unseen, unless there were a superior power, unless other minds than those of earth governed and directed, the ship of state must have been wrecked; and I have known that it was no merit in you or in me; I have known that it was not because of our firmness, our greatness, our freedom from yielding to temptation nor our lack of selfishness, but because we were the right instruments in the proper place and time to do the bidding and wield the power of the Most High concerning this nation. And now I know that it is not what any man can do in your midst, though he rise up with the voice of a prophet, and though he speak and wield the power of eloquence of a law-giver. I know behind the scenes of outward life spiritual laws must have their sway, and that you are governed, as all are beneath the infinite, by those spiritual laws. And I see that the new nation which is to rise above that which is debris and seemingly corrupt, is a nation of spiritual recognition; that the blindness of vision and the external prejudice and materialism which have crept into life have robbed mankind of that consciousness of spiritual guidance which our forefathers possessed, even though it sometimes led them into bigotry. I believe that a new existence of spiritual life recognizes in the government a power of religion in all things connected with human administration—a power of spiritual law that shall bind men together, not by force of external circumstances, or advantages of civilization and commerce and trade, and a community of human interests merely, but by a higher law of human brotherhood that existed in the minds of the patriots who first framed the foundations of this government, and once more sprung into being when the life-blood of the nation was flowing and the foundations of human liberty were threatened with destruction.

All the time and every hour, where the Atlantic washes the shore and where the Pacific washes the shore, there is a voice going up from this nation that bids the people of the earth hope and look forward to ultimate freedom. All the time while you are contending with petty differences and factions here, in the far Orient—the people that have long been persecuted and oppressed look to this nation as their final safety and hope. All the time when Italy went through the severest of her many severe struggles, and Garibaldi held the sword of freedom like a flaming fire above the nation, and when Italy waited for a king that could not descend to make her a republic, even then Italian patriots looked to this country for the hope of their own freedom; and in a voice of prophecy, crowned by the life of that wonderful prophet, Mazzini, she spoke the word of freedom and blessing to her people. All the time when Russia was groaning beneath the serfdom of years there was a warning voice that made the Emperor know that the time had come to release them from bondage. All the time when France has been desolated by warfare, rapine and ruin, she has ever felt in her innocent soul that across the watery wave there was a sustaining voice and an uplifting power. All the time when Great Britain's sons have been toiling for the bare privilege of existence and daily bread, she has known that her noblest sons have spoken in behalf of human rights and human freedom, and the right of man to toil and earn his daily bread and receive that bread, because of the nation that was smiling across the water; because of the great lily of lands that Jay smiling and fair beneath the hand of God; and all the time, her own children silent, the voice of the world has praised this land and helped her to reveal herself to the eye of heaven.

And now that this hope exists and is imperishable, and now that the wailing nations throng thither, and the shores receive them with outstretched arms, and the fields smile up with their glad fruition of harvest to those that had no bread, I say this nation were worse than Rome, worse than Egypt, worse than down-trodden and betrayed France, worse than all the millions of power beneath the sun if she did not smile back her thanksgiving to heaven, if she did not wipe from her record every stain, if she did not uplift her hands to heaven and ask that her feet might be guided forever in the pathways of truth and justice.

I speak to the souls of humanity to-day, not for country; not for the sake of the strip of land that stretches far from sea to sea; not because of the love of pride and patriotism—these I have outgrown. I am no longer of any nation. I do not recognize any place beneath the sun that is dearer than any other place, nor do I know that this spot of land called America is of more value in the eyes of heaven. I do not recognize you as fellow-citizens any more than the remotest being of the remotest island of the sea; you are my brethren

and they are my brethren. But I recognize here the opportunity, the blessed privilege that man has to become what God intended him to be in the way of life and in rectitude and government. I recognize that here each human being may expand and unfold in the wonderful fields of liberty and justice until he shall lean his brow against the very hand of God and not be afraid nor ashamed.

I have seen our risen statesman since he came out from the world of your existence and praises, our glorious Summer, risen to his own place in the Spiritual Congress, not because of his individual greatness, but because of the light of truth and justice that led him on through all the years of his ripened manhood; and despite the imperfection which all possess, and despite the irritability of the later years, and despite the corruptions of place and power on earth surging around him, I see him now as a spirit, crowned by the deeds of his life, grown glorious in the words that he has spoken for mankind. And I say if this be the flower of the government, and the people blessed of all others on earth, why may we not have all politicians like this man? Why may not every child be taught to love truth for its own sake and justice for the sake of mankind, to refuse power and place for ambition's sake, and only accept it as a divine trust from the hand of God? And why may not every son of American soil read this history and learn what he may become?

I see the new nation. Its tremblings and forebodings are all around you in the air. The puppets which men use for party power, the playthings of temporary ambition, are to be swept away, and the new nation shall be born of the great heart of the people, shall be a portion of its life and its throbbings, and no man shall have place or power that is not beloved and honored and trusted in your midst. I see the tendency of this time, the storm sweeping over you, the rubbish cast away into the fiery furnace that burns not with literal flame but with the consuming fire of the judgment of God. I know that out of this fire shall arise new-born hopes and prophecies of a people disenthralled and redeemed from selfishness and pride, looking forward to the highest and noblest conquest, the victory over self and the expression before the eyes of men of all that light with which God has endowed them.

I see the new nation. Its tremblings are in the air; and instead of bickerings and scornings and pride, I see the nation's congress assembled on behalf of the rights of the nation and all that is for the welfare of humanity, and all that shall lay the foundations for coming generations of time are builded and laid while every superfluous stone is cast away and every idle word dies ere it is spoken. I see the new legislators in their places; they are fresh from the hearts and minds of the people; they have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. They are willing to serve, and they know that they must serve their country faithfully. I see the new executive department—not men corrupted by political contest—not those who have waded through combinations of place and power with ambition corroding their hearts and lives, but risen from the midst of the people, the off-spring of your own lives, the fruition of the blessed firesides of the land, called from their places of private trust to the loftier position of public trust, that they may wield the affairs of the nation in simplicity and purity.

I see the judiciary when the last of the old laws shall have faded away—the risen sons of your own soil who have learned to know the law of the land as a righteous text-book, and to interpret it according to the highest standards of human justice and liberty, crowned with laurels not won from the bleeding hearts of those whom they have persecuted, not won from criminal courts where they have sent victims tortured into the world of souls; but from the just interpretation of laws of equity, where each human being is adjudged to be equal in rights and privileges with his fellow being, and no law is evaded, and none are condemned without justice. And I see your sons and maidens, with full knowledge of their rights and privileges, rising up in the new nation, hand-in-hand together, teaching philosophy, expressing the law of the land which freedom is wedded to earth even by the light of divine freedom.

I hear no more the clanking chains; I see no more the dismal dungeon; I hear no more the voice of those that violate laws which are fashioned perhaps not in their favor. But I see that every man is made beautiful by the sunlight that gleams upon him from his fellow-men; and even as this orb of day beautifies all upon which it shines—beautifies the streets and the darkened ways and the alleys, and even the dim chambers where in silence and poverty some human being has waited for this light, so will the light of the nation, like a sun, shine upon all and in their darkness illumine them, bringing them out of all corruption and corroding need. And I see that every human being in this blessed land, that has for its counterpart and prototype the land which I now inhabit, will feel the tremblings and thrillings of that higher life, and will know that it is not the flower, and not the tree, and not the external form, but the spirit of it and the life of it that is valuable to the soul of God; and that even as we speak the word which we have learned in our high estate, so will you each speak the word to those that are less favored than yourselves, and all become teachers, prophets, preachers in this new dispensation of light and harmony.

The laws of the nation shall no longer be separated from the laws of life. Religion shall not have her separate ways, silent and alone, set apart for special obligation and praise; but the sanctuary shall be wherever there is labor for willing hands to do and pathways for willing feet to tread. I shall see a religion in this new nation that shall blossom out into its laws, not by arbitrary hands nor power of law-making, but by the lives of those who are there called upon to perform their duties. And I shall see that the shedding of blood has not been in vain, and that the tears have blossomed out into flowers, and that there has risen from the disappointment and embittered hopes of many bad men the fruition of lofty praise and higher love of good and godly men.

I shall see that this will come not because men of themselves have appointed it, but because the sun shining all the time upon the earth will bring forth the fruits and flowers, the germs being implanted there by the hand of the Infinite. And so, as the divine sun of truth shines upon you, my friends, down through the Congress of Spirits that wait in silence and in prayer for the fruition of justice on earth, down through those hosts of mighty minds that uplift beyond fear and praise and human power, wait with voices of benediction and with souls attuned to human love, for you to recognize their presence, wait for you to emulate their lives, wait for you to answer back unto their voices, and wait for you to reveal to the eye of heaven a nation that shall be pure white, even as is that nation of souls to which they have risen and where they sit pouring their words of wisdom down

through corridors of souls, until at last the sound reaches the earth—it is but one voice, a voice of praise.

"Behold, I make all things new!" The winter is passed; the flowers come again. The graves of your dead loved ones blossom with new life and hope. The nation's dead are transfigured; they bloom in fields of immortal praise, and out of the flowering of their lives, out of the bloom and fruition of their magnified existence you are expected to gather the song of fragrance, the triumphal march of glorious deeds and the blessed baptism that shall fall upon you and yield its blessing to the harvest of the nations of the world.

#### THE LILY LAND:

Out of the red and gold of heaven,  
Crimson with sunset dyes,  
Where clouds of light were swiftly riven,  
And a clash of fresh blue skies  
Was studded with full many a gem,

Behold, I saw a diadem,

Not made of stones of dazzling light;  
Not fashioned of the ruby, bright,  
Nor of the diamond, snowy white;  
But fashioned of the lives of men;  
Fashioned of deeds and thoughts, as when  
They rise from out their darkness here  
And earn a space in that bright sphere,  
To set their lives with sun-bright gold,  
So that all tongues that e'er had told  
The tale of life, might find it there,  
All beauteous and surpassing fair.

Out of the heaven of blue there sped  
A spirit, swift as thought of the dead;  
Swifter than lightning in its course,  
Swifter than love's sweet shaft, discourse  
Of music, or the light-lance, fair,  
Whose barbed point cleaves morn's brooding air,  
It fell upon the ocean wide,  
Where cool the nurturing waters glide.

Behold, this thought expanded grew

Until a space of white and blue—

Was made upon the waters wide—

A flower bloomed there, even as a bride,

Beneath God's hand it grew

Beautiful—bathed in dew,

Its petals reaching far and wide,

The waters girt on each side

Its wondrous leaves, and evermore

Rippling upon that flowery shore,

The voice of peace and music came,

Chiming like bells of starlit flame,

Oh, lily blue, brighter, more fair

Than lotus flower of fabled Nile,

Wonderful is thy glistening, rare,

All wonderful thy potent smile;

Uplift thy petals red and white,

Lift thy blue chalice to the light,

And let God's flowers shall unfold

Within thy crown of purest gold,

Gems that no coronet can hold!

I looked—the lily of all lands

Expanded beneath heaven's hands,

And unto her came every soul

Bowed down by sorrow's sad control;

And when they saw, their tears were gone,

And chains were given, and no man

Of anguish thrilled upon the air,

The lily lay surpassing fair,

And all the burdens cast away;

And all the tortures and dismay

No more enwrapped the soul in pain,

But changed into delight again.

I looked, and lo! beneath the sun,

Upon the earth there was but one

Land of all lands, and only one;

The petals, reaching far and wide,

</div

## Foreign Correspondence.

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL.

NO. 11.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.  
"The knight's bones are here,  
And his sword stands by him;  
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

'Curiosity, perhaps, more than devotion, induced an early visit to Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers and poets, heroes and heroines, kings and queen of England. I own, likewise, a feeling of indefinable reverence for antiquity, which exists to some extent in the minds of all, engendered in some through early training and association, whilst with others it remains more or less prominent, proportioned to the spirit in which they have studied the history of past ages. History is said to be Philosophy teaching by example, and to the external or surface perception this is true. But to the intuitional and spiritual minded there is yet another page of history, which, although an illuminated record, is unperceived by the many, and appreciated only by the few. In some histories the distinguishing features of this inner life of the actors in any age become most apparent, and from such the most lasting impressions are received and the profoundest wisdom gathered. From such lives, whether of high or low degree, we learn that "history assumes its adequate significance only when regarded as a grand intellectual and moral method, a continuous demonstration of which Divinity constitutes the premises and Divinity the conclusion." Recognizing, as we do, the divinity and immortality of the race, looking upon all past outward manifestations as but incidental conditions under the law of universal progress, esteeming the past as but a stepping-stone to the present in the world's history, and the present but the legitimate precursor of higher conditions in the future; and, too, knowing that the actors in the ages gone before are now actors amid brighter conditions and fairer skies, we could stand amid the monumental dust of the so-called good and bad of other years with far different feelings than if, when we looked upon their graves-stones we believed their fate to be irreversibly fixed and their opportunities for advancement ended forever. True, standing in this great mortuary magazine, gazing upon the tombs of kings in close proximity to the epitaphs of those who deposed them, the remains of rival philosophers, poets and wits lying side by side, or those of the holy men who have divided the world with their dogmatic and ecclesiastical contests in the name of the Man of Peace, we could but reflect with sorrow upon the petty spite and sectarian bitterness of the olden time, while are, alas, repeating themselves even to our day, in so far as advanced public sentiment outside of ecclesiasticism will allow. But our gloomy reflections were modified by the thought that, through the operations of the divine in nature, these warriors and belligerent churchmen, together with all the blood that has been shed, may have been but means to an end, that they worked wiser than they knew, and that through their errors and wrongs, in part at least, we are the recipients of the freedom of the nineteenth century. And when, too, with the mind's eye we could see around us many of those whose storied urns we were gazing upon, and feel the influence of some in closer sympathy with our inner natures, we could but realize how true it is that—

"All human souls are kindred! Through the bars  
Of Country and of Sect, they shake with hand;  
And even 'twixt the yawning jaws of death,  
They message of the glad and cheer."

The date of the founding of Westminster Abbey upon what was originally Thorney Island, is well-nigh lost in the twilight of tradition and legendary lore. Some attribute the building of this venerable pile to King Sibert, of the East Saxons, A. D. 616; others to the British King Lætus, A. D. 184; and some date back to even an earlier period. It is related that in the year 1231 there was a lawsuit between the monks of Westminster and the minister of Rotherhithe, in Surrey, on the opposite side of the river Thames, as to the title of the salmon caught in this parish; the plea of the monks being that *St Peter* himself had given them the title of salmon caught in the Thames at the time he had consecrated their church. Be that as it may, however, what is deemed, I believe, authentic history in England, dates the *rebuilding* of Westminster Abbey back to A. D. 1065, under the direction of Edward the Confessor, or Priest King, as he is sometimes called. He died in January, 1066, in the painted chamber of the old palace at Westminster, only a few days after the dedication of the Abbey Church which he had entirely rebuilt, and which was only completed just in time to receive his body.

We were very fortunate in our visits to the Abbey to meet with Mr. L. Berrington, one of the vergers, and a guide to the royal tombs. He is a gentleman of intelligence, well versed in the duties of his present calling, and wilfully exceedingly affable and obliging. Most of the local information obtained during our visits to this venerable structure was derived from this gentleman, for which he has our sincere thanks. His conduct to strangers, as far as our experience goes, is in very favorable contrast to the verger we met at St. Paul's Cathedral. The latter was certainly wanting in courtesy, and more obviously independent; I am sure, than the Archbishop of Canterbury himself would have been.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor is surrounded by the tombs of no less than five English monarchs, viz., Henry the Third, Edward the First, Edward the Third, Richard the Second, Henry the Fifth, and their respective queens. Near this shrine are placed the Coronation Chairs. The principal, and largest of these chairs, was made by order of Edward the First, in which the sovereigns of England have been crowned for six hundred years. Under the seat of this chair, and supporting it in part, is the famous stone—on which the kings which ruled over the Scottish men received the crown, "until the time of Robert the First, and on which the kings of Ireland were previously crowned. The Scots, it is stated, have made many ineffectual attempts to regain this stone. The other chair was made at the time of the coronation of William and Mary. The shrine of the Confessor is but a wreck of its former magnificence, when, according to published records, "it glittered with its thousands of jewels, studded with fifty-five cameos," besides many gold and silver ornaments, which need not be mentioned. To this shrine the remains of the Confessor were carried on the shoulders of Henry the Third and his brother Richard, king of the Romans, in 1269; and it is

stated that an Irishman and an Englishman were miraculously dispossessed of devils on the occasion! The Confessor died, as I have said, in January, 1065, and was first buried before the high altar, where William the Conqueror erected a handsome tomb over his body. When he was promoted to the Calendar of Saints in 1163, "Thomas à Becket translated him into a new and precious Shrine"—where his remains continued undisturbed until Henry the Third, as stated, removed them to the present spot. Among the *miracles* attributed to this wonderful Priest King—wonderful, certainly, for the day in which he lived, and doubtless a good man for his time—was that of curing, by laying on of his hands, of the glandular swellings in the neck, since called King's Evil; and after his decease many extraordinary cures are said to have been wrought at his tomb. This "*miraculous gift*"—or rather this medium power misunderstood—increased his reputation to that extent that he was invoked as a saint long before he was canonized. How much more rationally can the Spiritual Philosopher account for these cures; and indeed for the numerous similar manifestations occurring all along down the centuries in the history of that remarkable institution, the Catholic Church? And with what profound interest do we read the history of this wonderful organization—both written and monumental—as we are enabled to catch glimpses of the inner life of the past; and are thus empowered to perceive, intuitively at least, the struggling efforts of Truth for practical appreciation! And, as we realize the duration of the conflict, and the continuity of effort on the part of man's spiritual nature, in its warfare for supremacy over the materialism and the misdirection of the ages, how the pulsings of unfledged gratitude and unalloyed happiness thrill every portion of our being! And with what renewed energy and cheerfulness should we press forward in the pathway marked out for our day and generation—the glorious privilege of cooperating with the angels in the ultimate canonization of the entire race!

But "the miracle of the world—the glory of its style and age"—as it is termed by an English author—is the tomb and chapel of Henry the Seventh. It must be seen many times to be even partially appreciated. It is certainly the most perfect and wonderful specimen of its peculiar style of architecture I have ever witnessed. Ornament riots in the minutest detail, and in the utmost luxuriance. The cultured Washington Irving wrote of this chapel that "the very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb!" which is as true to-day as when he wrote; whilst its roof seems "

"Erectly poised and scooped into a thousand cells,  
Whose light air shade repose."

The tomb itself—with its metal statues and casts in alto-relievo, its effigies, said to be likenesses of Henry and his Queen Elizabeth, together with its mixture of Roman arches and decorations—is exceedingly beautiful in natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery. Indeed, the chapel and its tomb—exhibiting so gorgeous a display of the architectural and artistic skill of the fifteenth century—are wholly beyond my powers of description.

Besides this chapel of Henry the Seventh, and that of Edward the Confessor, to which I have referred, I think this venerable Abbey contains about ten others; and wherever the eye gazes, it rests upon the monument or tomb where repose the mortal remains of distinguished personages, who have shaped the destinies of England for centuries past, and whose memories she has chosen thus to commemorate. To the right of the two chapels named above, is the exquisitely wrought tomb and effigy of Mary, Queen of Scots. The effigy is reputed to be a likeness of this beautiful but unfortunate lady. On the opposite side is the gorgeous tomb and effigy of her murderer, Queen Elizabeth. Here likewise are the remains of Mary, the sister of Elizabeth, who preceded her on the throne, and whose jealous fears kept Elizabeth so long imprisoned. Their bones repose side by side as peacefully as if naught had disturbed the current of their lives. Let us hope that their spirits have long since ceased from tumult, in the Land of the Beautiful, where royal honors and monumental marble avail not; and where we trust they have long since been forgiven by those who suffered from their cruelty in the earth-life.

But I need particularize no further, for fear of becoming tedious. I next visited the transept to the right of the Abbey as you enter, facing the altar—the transept long known to the world as the "Poets' Corner." And here, indeed, does one feel like uncovering the head and doing reverence to the mortal remains of those bright souls whose immortal productions have done so much to illuminate the globe. With what mingled emotions did I recall the varied delights and unalloyed pleasures those who bore the names I was reading had given to my mind during all the experiences of the past, and who have done so much to enrich the literature of the ages! As I stood in a trance-like reverie amid these monuments of departed worth, it was imagination or was it a higher faculty in which I seemed to see a succession of brilliant beings, far more beautiful than I had ever conceived them to be in the form, gazing upon me as if they would speak, but remaining silent, their feet, as it were, slipped in the violets of peace, and their brows crested with a halo indescribably beautiful, whilst their countenances were eloquent with the smiles of ineffable joy! And as the vision passed me by I felt that these great souls, whose poesy and wit, whose genius and whose erudition have unitedly instructed and beatified mankind, are indeed

"Immortal by a double prize:  
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies!"

And I felt, too, that such benefactors of the race need no sculptured marble, no chiseled urn, no gilded wreath, no wordy epitaph, for their books, their glorious books, are their monuments!

Near to the nave of the Abbey, Mr. Berrington, to whom I have referred, pointed out a monument which is not without interest, as upon it is to be seen the initials of one whose name is familiar to many of the present day. It is the monument of Isaac Casaubon, a Protestant gentleman, who, it seems, was persecuted in France, and in consequence fled to England. He found a friend in King James the First, and also in Isaac Walton, the author of the "Complete Angler." M. Casaubon died in 1614, and his monument appears in the Abbey. Isaac Walton, some years after, upon the occasion of a visit to the tomb of his friend, scratched his initials and the year of his visit upon the slab.

I was exceedingly interested in a cloister or room, into which I was introduced by Mr. B., at the left of the high altar, behind which is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, of which I have spoken. I stood in the room in which William Caxton set up the first printing press in England, and where he printed quite a number of his works! This took place in A. D. 1480, by the permission and under the patronage of Edward the Fourth, to whom Caxton had been introduced and recommended by Abbot Jno. D'Esterney. Being a practical printer myself, and loving the profession, as I told the verger, it was with profound emotion that I gazed around this now vacant cloister, where "the art preservative of all arts" received its first impetus in this country. And who shall say that the influences proceeding from this little room, and ramifying through the interstices of the Anglo-Saxon mind, have not done more toward the civilization and elevation of mankind than all the intoned services and dogmatic sermons that have ever been uttered from all the chapels and pulpits of the grand architectural temple in which we were standing?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

One other historical reference and I shall close. The verger kindly conducted us up a narrow, winding staircase of stone, into a comparatively small room, which he told us had not been opened to the public for some years, and at any time but seldom. Here we were shown the effigies in wax of Charles II., the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Nelson, two or three of the Ragged Regiments of Westminster, and Queen Elizabeth. They are said to be admirable likenesses, and, clothed in the gorgeous, but now fading and decaying apparel of the age in which these persons lived, they certainly looked very lifelike. As I gazed upon the almost speaking countenance of that wonderful woman, "the maiden Queen," as she is sometimes called, I could but recall, with an intensity of interest, the eventful and magnificent character of the era in which she reigned! Never before in the history of the world did great men spring up so numerously; whilst a new religion was permanently established as among the mighty crowd of incidents that marked the history of the century in which she lived, and in the grand development of which, with all her faults, she so materially aided. In looking upon the stern expression which age and the constant habit of command had given to her countenance during her later years, I could very readily imagine the truth of the expression attributed to her in the anecdote so familiar to American ears, in connection with the execution of the Earl of Essex. I repeat this anecdote briefly, for the sake of an addition which I have just met with in a parlor edition of "Old England," which I have never seen before, and which will doubtless be of interest to some of your readers. It will be remembered that when Catharine, Countess of Nottingham, believed herself dying, she sent to Queen Elizabeth, desiring that she might see her in order to reveal something to Her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming Lady Nottingham told her that while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death he was desirous of asking Her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favor, the Queen having given him a ring, which, being sent to her as a token of distress, might entitle him to her protection. The Earl, it seems, threw the ring from his prison window to a boy, directing him to carry it to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham and a friend of his lordship, who attended upon the Queen, and to beg of her that she would present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, an enemy of the Earl. He forbade his wife to carry it, or return any answer to the message, and insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Queen, not hearing from her former favorite in the manner prescribed, signed his death-warrant, and he was executed. The Countess of Nottingham having made this discovery on her death-bed, begged the Queen's forgiveness. But Elizabeth answered, "God may forgive you, but I never can!" and left the room with great emotion.

Thus much, doubtless, is familiar to all. Now follows the addenda to which I have referred. In 1561, when Mary, Queen of Scots, married Darnley, she sent to her cousin Elizabeth of England a diamond ring in the form of a heart, in token of the event, and of her affection. The ring was accompanied by some Latin verses, which have been translated as follows:

"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart;  
From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part;

"Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine;  
It is thine and thy breast as this heart of mine.

"When thou art sick, this ring doth wear;

"Superior fairness still the figure bears."

That was the ring presented by Elizabeth to Essex; that was the ring given by Essex to the boy, and which being kept back by the Countess of Nottingham, induced the Queen to allow her favorite to "perish," in what she esteemed his "pride"; and that was the ring returned to Elizabeth at the time of the fearful revelation of the countess, and which subsequently passed into the hands of the successor of Elizabeth, and the son of the unfortunate Mary, James the First. During the reign of James, Sir Thomas Warner served as his Lieutenant of the Tower, and was likewise active in establishing several of the West Indian Colonies of England. James presented this ring to Sir Thomas as a peculiar mark of his favor. The same ring remains in the family of Sir Thomas to the present day. They have placed it upon their shield of arms, with the motto, "I hold from the king"; and it is kept in the strictest custody at the present time, as the most valued of all the family heirlooms. It consists of a plain circle, of a size to fit the thumb, and of a heart formed of a rose diamond.

SPIRITUALISM.

I have said nothing as yet with regard to the condition of Spiritualism in England, or with regard to the Spiritualists whom we have met. I prefer not giving a too hastily-formed opinion, whether favorable or otherwise. Most of the mediums and many of the Spiritualists, I am told, are absent from London for recreation and health. Consequently I have not had sufficient opportunity for correct judgment. Besides, the health of both my wife and self has been such as to forbid our attending the meetings that have been held since we have been here, except in two instances, at one of which I delivered a short address, as you will see by the Medium and the Spiritualist. This much I will say, however, that we have met with the most unremitting kindness and courtesy since our arrival. I intend respecting all length in this respect in my next letter.

THE VERGER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Before closing I desire to state that Mr. Ber-

rington, the intelligent and courteous verger, to whom I referred, intends visiting the United States at no distant day. He designs exhibiting a very large collection of illustrations of the wonders of Westminster Abbey. From having filled his present position thirty-six years, together with his other requirements, he is better capacitated, perhaps, than any man living, to present and explain such a collection. I trust he may have a kind and profitable reception in our country.

Fraternally yours,

THOS. GALES FORSTER,

*London, Eng., Aug. 19th, 1877.*

MATERIALIZING POSSIBILITIES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Banner of the 1st Inst. under the above caption contains the printed report of an inspired lecture pronounced recently in Chicago by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, which I think ought to be prized by intelligent readers at tenfold the price of the types had they been cast in pure gold.

I have listened to and read many inspired and other discourses and theoretical essays on the but little understood subject, but never have I met with anything at second hand before that so fully came up to the estimation of the *modus operandi* of spirit materialization that I have arrived at through many years' patient and careful observation of the facts as they transpire in the presence of different media. To my mind the following terse sentences, that are contained in Mrs. Richmond's lecture, convey a correct idea of the process resorted to by our spirit friends in order to make their forms visible and palpable to us: "A spirit is present at a given séance. Partly from atoms surrounding the medium and those who are present, but chiefly the medium, who gives off what is known as psychic force, or nerve aura, this spirit attracts sufficient to make that spiritual form a tangible appearance. If there is a photograph desired it requires much less materialization than for the human eye, because a photographic sensitized plate is much more sensitive than the human physical organization; but if it is for the human eye it requires perhaps two or three degrees of these accumulated atoms."

How exactly does this agree with the experiences of careful investigators of the phenomenon. I have now in my possession, a spirit-photograph that was taken many years ago, when the art in both spheres was in its infancy. It is but a shadow in comparison with others I have that were taken at later periods. In the first named, the eye is marked by an indistinct blur; in the latter, the organ of sight is clear and perfect, whilst the features and form are as fully developed as those in a painted portrait.

So again, when spirits first began to materialize so as to be seen, I used seldom to perceive other than faint, ill-defined forms, which exhibited themselves for moment, and then vanished like fleeting shadows from sight.

At a later period, through well-developed mediums, spirit-forms presented themselves quite plainly, with their eyelids closed and the organs of speech so little materialized that they remained dumb, or lisped only in uncertain whispers.

Still later, they came with open eyes, but so imperfectly materialized that the pupil could scarcely be discerned, whilst the voice, though sufficiently audible, was unnatural and ill-toned.

Now, though as a general rule the eye is not fully materialized, it is far more distinct than formerly, and on some occasions as fully developed and perfect as any in earth-life, as I have witnessed on several occasions; so, too, John King at the Holmes séances, and Robert Stickeley at Mrs. Boothby's, stand forth like real men in the midst of their respective audiences, and with their materialized spirit vocal organs ring forth, in tones strong and clear as ever fell from the lips of Webster or Clay, the truths of Modern Spiritualism to an unbelieving world.

To this perfection has the science of spirit materialization progressed during the half-score years or so since it made its advent among men; and from all I have heard and learned on the subject from the spirit-world and otherwise, I feel emboldened to say it is my verdict that the earth will not complete *ten more revolutions around the sun* before our spirit-friends will walk visibly and palpably by our side on the streets and highways, and the hundreds of glorified spirits—like Fox, Fenelon, Wesley, Channing, Parker and Pierpoint—will be able to descend in their own proper materialized spirit-forms, and from the rostrum and pulpit harangue, as in days gone by, the multitudes of repentant unbelievers, who now in their blindness make the grand truths of Modern Spiritualism themes of scoffing and derision!

Before concluding permit me to say that I think the theory of "the double" is all sufficient (apart from the explanation given by the spirits) to meet the requirements involved in the controversy referred to in your columns concerning the spirit of Abe Bunter and the medium Mr. J. Frank Baxter. I think I have held converse through mediums with the spirits of many persons who were still in the earth-form. For instance: some ten or twelve years ago I made a conditional agreement with a casual acquaintance who lived in the far West to meet him in Boston during a week that he proposed staying in that city before he returned home. It so happened that I did not go to Boston until some days after the proposed time of meeting had expired, and, supposing the gentleman had returned home, I did not trouble myself to inquire for him.

It so chance that some few days after my arrival in the city I attended an evening séance with a medium who lived in rooms somewhere high up in Shawmut Avenue, during which, among other spirits, one came claiming the name of my quondam acquaintance, to whom no other person in the circle responded. Neither did I, further than to remark that I knew a gentleman of the name, who was living, but no one that had passed away. A man present there remarked that a person of that name was staying at a boarding-house in or near Court street. Next morning I called at the place and found that my friend had not left the city. In answer to a query of mine, he said that the evening before he had been thinking of me and wondering why I had not been to see him. It was probably at this juncture his spirit found me out in Shawmut Avenue, as Bunter might have found Baxter at Lake Pleasant. THOS. R. HAZARD.

*Sept. 3d, 1877.*

When Jefferson was our Minister to France, he once entertained at his house, with some other Frenchmen, a Dr. MacMahon. During the conversation some one denied the rose and said, "I am an atheist." He was one of Voltaire's friends; he was Dr. Franklin's physician. He was an ancestor of the President of France, one of the pillars of the republic.

The boon which has been so long sought

from English universities by women has come at last unexpectedly. The Scottish University of St. Andrews announces that in the month of June, 1878, it will hold an examination in arts for women to confer on successful candidates the degree of Literate in Arts (L. A.) Thus the world moves.—*Woman's Words.*

CHARLES R

**Banner Correspondence.****Michigan.**

**BATTLE CREEK.**—Captain H. H. Brown writes: "Since the season became favorable our State has been the field of grove meetings, and as many as we have had, their number would have been increased had there been more speakers in the State. For myself I have had three or four calls for every Sunday of late and other speakers report to me the same in their case. I regard this as a most happy sign. The reports from all these meetings are excellent."

Our meeting on the 26th of August, at Schoolcroft, in regard to numbers, certainly was the largest held this year, and I presume the largest for three or four years, in this State. Full three thousand people were present in the beautiful hard-maple grove. Nothing occurred to mar the complete harmony of the occasion. Probably one-third of the audience were entirely ignorant of our philosophy. Great good will be the result of this gathering.

Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of this city, Secretary of our State Association, gave a very fine original poem upon 'The Conditions of Angel Communion,' which received many commendations.

Mr. and Mrs. Steedman, of Allegan, and Miss Pierce and Mr. Jordan, of this city, furnished the lighted music, while Bro. M. C. Vanderoek, of Allegan, sang three of his original songs. Bro. V. was developed a few years since as one of our speakers. A year ago he suffered the amputation of a leg, and his usefulness in the lecture-field is for a time impaired; but his guides have assisted him in his rare gift of song. Four of his songs have been published; three by the firm of Ditson & Co., Philadelphia. They are full of inspiration, and should be popular with all lovers of pure sentiment. His 'Life's Golden Morning,' and 'Roll on, Kalamazoo,' ever waft me nearer to my angel home when I hear them. Liberal friends cannot put thirty-five cents to a better use than to send to him for one practical work done."

**Ohio.**

**ANTWERP.**—We desire to call the attention of the liberal public generally to the fact that M. K. Wilson, of Danville, Ill., formerly a resident of this place, being a man of ability and leisure, has spent two years in looking up what we know or can know of the Christian Bible, the character of the church fathers and Christianity before the time of Christ, also the Pagan and Christian Bible compared. The result of this study he has embodied in six lectures (together with other lectures on kindred subjects if desired), all of which he will give to any society or community of friends for just such sum as will meet his traveling expenses. Bro. Wilson is a genial gentleman of more than ordinary worth, and none will have occasion to regret having made his acquaintance or welcomed him to their homes. This we feel justified in saying after an intimate acquaintance of upwards of fifteen years.

THOS. WENTWORTH, J. S. CHAMPION, DANIEL WENTWORTH, R. B. CHAMPION, ALBERT WENTWORTH, GEO. W. CHAMPION, OBED F. WENTWORTH, THOS. J. CHAMPION, A. J. CHAMPION.

**New York.**

**CUBA.**—Dr. H. P. Fairfield writes: "I think there is a place or state for everything in God's double universe; there is nothing lost; everything has a somewhere, and—manifests itself in the development of its life. All feed on or commune with God; the fool and the philosopher partake of the earthly and heavenly bounty—the pious Protestant and the righteous Spiritualist. But the Protestant rejects the truth of spiritual communion, and clings to the letter or symbol, which expresses quite a different thought or lower idea of God, humanity and heaven."

How narrow and ignorant are those who would bind all men to one mode of thought and worship! 'God is a spirit,' said Jesus. Life, then, is the manifestation of the spirit, and God is all and in all, with ample provision for all the intelligent creatures that he has created, and individuals and society will manifest themselves according to the moral food they choose and the development they have. If the animal nature predominates, the manifestation will be correspondingly low and selfish. But if the spiritual nature is cultivated and predominates, then the results will be generous, God-like in spirit, peace on earth, good will to man. Such are the thoughts and feelings that I receive to-day from the spirit of Sylvester Judd."

**Massachusetts.**

**DUXBURY.**—Mrs. A. Hinckley writes, Sept. 3d: "I have been a Spiritualist for twenty-seven years. I have met with quite a number of mediums during that time. Last March a young man was directed to this place by spirits for our spiritual good, and we have had a great many superior tests and lectures through his mediumship, given in circles only. He has never been before the public as yet, but we think he is fully competent if he had a little encouragement. He is perfectly honest and truthful, and fully imbued with right principles, and wishes to do every one good. He is often controlled by a small Indian boy, who is very witty, and has given us many interesting facts. Then again, we have had lectures from those who were wise and highly educated when they were inhabitants of this earth. This young man's name is Daniel Caswell, and his residence is at No. 9 Hancock street, Bunker Hill District, Boston. He left us for his home last Saturday, and I feel it to be only right and just that the public should be made acquainted with him. We have received great good from his sojourn among us."

**Oregon.**

**HALSEY.**—Miss Dora J. Ray writes, Aug. 15th: "Spiritualism is progressing on the Pacific slope. Our village has just been visited by Dr. E. W. Shortridge, of San José, Cal. He delivered a series of lectures here which were well attended considering the busy time of year. He is an excellent speaker. I think if a few more such and some good test-mediums would come here they would do a great deal of good and be paid for coming. The lectures delivered by Dr. Shortridge have created some excitement, and caused some to think more about the consistency of Spiritualism. If a good test medium would come here and hold seances I think there would be quite a number of converts." The people want tests of spirit-power."

**Colorado.**

**GEORGETOWN.**—R. O. Old forwards us a letter under a recent date, from which we make the following extracts: "The well-known test-writing medium and 'Spiritual Post-Master,' Dr. James V. Mansfield of New York City, has visited our mountain town and left, one and all of the friends regretting his stay could not have been longer with us—particularly as many persons who had, before the Doctor reached here, expressed a desire to have a 'sitting,' did not even see him: this more, perhaps, because it was not thought other than that his visit to Georgetown would extend beyond three days, than on account of business that could not be laid aside for a few hours."

It was refreshing to have so noted and celebrated a medium as Dr. Mansfield visit us, the result of whose coming to the cause in our midst—derived from the coming of his peculiar mediumship—will be good. Among those to whom he gave sittings there was but one who appeared to doubt the genuineness of his power, and but one who expressed himself as believing the phenomena witnessed explainable as mind-

reading, while all others receiving answers to questions addressed to departed friends and relatives—questions that under all the circumstances of each sitting it was impossible for the Doctor to know anything about—declared them one and all to have been answered, and so correctly as to prove the grand and unanswerable fact of spirit communion. I myself addressed four questions to friends and loved ones in the other world, to which answers at once came that were entirely satisfactory, at least to me, and that with ordinary explanation of their meaning to any one would seem to be convincing."

The last evening of his stay in the place the medium stopped at the house of the writer. "At the Doctor's kind suggestion that the friends should be invited to listen to some personal spiritual experiences of his on this occasion special invitations were given to about thirty persons to be present, of whom twenty-five availed themselves of the opportunity and attended at our home—a *conversation* the most intensely interesting resulting. The Doctor's personal experiences, as an intercommunicant between two worlds, have indeed been remarkable. For nearly thirty years he has been convincing the skeptic and confirming the doubting of the reality of the beyond, and that continued existence is the absolute inheritance of all, thereby affording comfort and solace to thousands of the stricken ones and heavy-laden of earth, even to measurably lifting, by the announcement and proof, the burden of error and superstition from off the shoulders of humanity."

**Pennsylvania.**

**PHILADELPHIA.**—William Winner writes, Sept. 3d: "The Keystone Association of Spiritualists, meeting at Circle Hall, No. 403 Vine street, (where their conferences and séances have been held for several years,) on Sunday, Sept. 2d, made choice of officers for the current quarter, or fall season. Joseph Wood was elected President, and William Winner Secretary and Treasurer. The Association has continued to meet during the hot season, and part of the time the assemblies were fairly encouraging. Within a few weeks we have added séances to the ordinary exercises of the Conference, and the evidences of spirit communion have been of the most satisfactory and cheering character. The exercises of Sunday were very interesting. Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duze, a trance medium, favored us with an address that evidently pleased the audience."

Shall we not, in view of the grand and glorious work in Conferences such as that at Circle Hall, commend to our brethren and sisters everywhere to organize such like institutions, knowing that where two or three are gathered together in harmony of desire and purpose the spirits will manifest themselves?"

**Minnesota.**

**REPORT OF MISSIONARY WORK IN MINNESOTA FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1877.**—Our labors began for the month of August at Luverne, Rock Co., where we lectured the 1st, 3d, 4th and 5th, receiving for the same \$17.50, expenses being \$5.00; the 6th and 7th at Washington, Nobles Co., receiving \$14.00, expending \$11.75; the 9th at Jackson, Jackson Co., receiving \$4.00, expending \$7.00; the 12th and 13th we delivered three lectures at Fairmont, Martin Co., receiving \$15.00, expending \$2.50; and on the 14th we spoke at Park's school-house, Martin Co., receiving \$1.50. Total receipts \$52.00; total expenses \$26.25; net receipts \$25.75; whole number of lectures eleven.

Here my work was brought to a sudden termination by a severe attack of bilious fever, from which I had not recovered Sept. 1st.

THOMAS COOK, State Missionary.

**AN "INSECTATIVE" IDYL.**

Oh, for some pup-pup-pup-pup-power,  
To catch the fuf-fuf-fy!  
That every bub-blub-blessed hour  
Mum mocks my angry cry.  
He bub-bub-buzzeth when I read;  
With tickling cue-cue-creep  
Across my face with madning speed  
He crawled when I sleep.

He bites me on the nun-nun-nose,  
And buzzes in my ear;  
His lazy huh-huh horn he blows,  
That tickles me to hear.  
Forth from the syrup he cue-crawls,  
With sticky fuf-fuf-fet;  
In liquid sweetness oft he falls,  
But oh, he is not sweet.

He is no fu-philosopher,  
Selenes is not his meat,  
And yet he huh-huh, as it were,  
Air-pumps in all his feet.  
No dud-dud-dud dud doctor he;  
For every aggravation  
His only treatment seems to be  
Cue-counter irritation.

He does not pup-pup-pup-pup-preach,  
But all these dreamy days,  
When saint or sinner he can reach,  
He pup-pup-pup-pup-preys.  
Oh, wretched fuf-fuf-fuf-fy!

I'd like to smite you hip and thigh,  
And shut off your bub breath!

—Robert J. Burdette, in the *Burlington Hawkeye*.

**Sound Views.**

A Texas gentleman, in a letter written to a friend in this city—from which we have been permitted to make the following extract—thus expresses his views of the "new departure" organization project so keenly agitated in certain quarters, not long since:

"May you long enjoy your 'home laziness, books and magnetized sanctum.' But there is a trouble in the 'Books.' Since the horizon of my mind has been extended by the Spiritual Philosophy, I find I have to read all books over again, so much is seen and comprehended that was not seen and comprehended before. Does this occur with you, too? It seems to me we must have re-reading of all our literature, from the *Mosaic record* to J. S. Abbott, there is so much that has been tabooed by students, as wild, imagination, which will prove true. A generation or two may have to elapse before this can be done, but it will come. Meantime I am sorry to see this cry about organization so wildly rampant. It will only show our weakness and delay our advance. The majority of what we call Spiritualists are only half converts. Their belief in the old is only somewhat shaken; and the latent force of life-long teachings and habits still operates strongly. Even you and I feel it in ourselves. Then, too, what does Spiritualism teach? Nothing but the golden rule which has been taught from Brahma down. I do not see how we can build a new religion on that."

**SINGULAR PREMONITION OF DEATH.**—On Tuesday, Aug. 17th, Roscoe Hurd of West Lebanon was drowned. The Great Falls Journal says: "Mrs. Hurd had been spending a few weeks at Ogunquit for her health, accompanied by her daughter Ella and Roscoe, the youngest son, fourteen years of age. Last week Mr. Hurd had a very singular dream. He seemed to see Roscoe slide from the rocks and be engulfed in the waves. So vivid was it that he could not get rid of the impression, and last Saturday went down to the beach to see if all were safe, and when he came away cautioned them over and over again to be careful. At 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon this terrible dream had its fulfillment. Roscoe had fixed a comfortable place for his mother to lie down on the shore; cheerfully saying that he would be back soon, he went in bathing with a small boy ten years old. While playing on the rocks he slipped, and an undercurrent took him beyond human help."

The Philadelphia clergymen who are denouncing the opening of the Exhibition on Sunday have the remedy ready in their own hands if they will only use it. Let them preach better sermons.

It was refreshing to have so noted and celebrated a medium as Dr. Mansfield visit us, the result of whose coming to the cause in our midst—derived from the coming of his peculiar mediumship—will be good. Among those to whom he gave sittings there was but one who appeared to doubt the genuineness of his power, and but one who expressed himself as believing the phenomena witnessed explainable as mind-

**Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Notes.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This camp-meeting has been a great success, large numbers of people being in attendance at all the meetings. The tent was filled with greater facilities afforded for rest, enjoyment and instruction at grove meetings than in any other way during the summer months, propose holding a series of such meetings whenever the friends' programs will furnish a stage properly seated.

Let the friends awaken to the importance of keeping their spiritual armor bright, and let us show the hosts of evil that we can keep the van of progress moving on.

If the friends will do their part in providing the place, we will do ours toward giving them an enjoyable and profitable meeting, relying on the generosity of the lovers of truth for our remuneration. Address,

**PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.****To the Spiritualists and Free Thinkers of the North-West.**

The undersigned, owing to the greater facilities afforded for rest, enjoyment and instruction at grove meetings than in any other way during the summer months, propose holding a series of such meetings whenever the friends' programs will furnish a stage properly seated.

Let the friends awaken to the importance of keeping their spiritual armor bright, and let us show the hosts of evil that we can keep the van of progress moving on.

If the friends will do their part in providing the place, we will do ours toward giving them an enjoyable and profitable meeting, relying on the generosity of the lovers of truth for our remuneration. Address,

C. W. STEWART, General, Wts.  
J. O. BARRATT, General, Wts.

Congress of Women.

A Fifth Congress of Women will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, October 10th, 11th, and 12th, in Music Hall, the daily sessions beginning at 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M. and 7 P. M.

JULIA WARD HOWE, President.

ALICE C. FLETCHER, Secretary.

Madison, New Jersey.

**New Books.****SOUL AND BODY;**

or,

**The Spiritual Science of Health and Disease.**

BY W. F. EVANS,

Author of "Mental Cure," and "Mental Medicine."

It is a Book of deep and genuine Inspiration.

Designed to teach its Seminal Spiritual Principle.

Spiritual Influences and Forces the Appropriate Remedy.

The Fundamental Principle of the Cures wrought by Jesus, and how we can do the same.

The Influence of the Spiritual World on Health and Disease.

The Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse.

How any one may converse with Spirits and Angels.

The Psychology of Faith and Prayer.

This work is a reproduction in a scientific form of the *Phrenopathic Method* of Cure practiced by Jesus eighteen centuries ago, and still practiced in the spiritual world. It is *scientifically religious*, but not *theological*. It is clear in thought, eloquent in style, and the profoundest problems of philosophy and medical science are solved. The work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the minds and hearts of the world.

Clotk, 40 cents, postage 1 cent.

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

**THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE,**

AND

**Christian Spiritualist.**

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Spirit Intercourse by an Episcopal Bishop, Three Ministers, five Doctors and others, at Memphis, Tenn., in 1855.

BY THE

R. E. S. SAMUEL WATSON,

Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Truth is mighty, and will prevail."

Price \$1.50, postage free.

THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE;

Being a Review of "CLOCK STRUCK ONE," and Reply to it; and Part Second, showing the Harmony between Christianity, Science and Spiritualism.

BY REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

"THE CLOCK STRUCK THREE" contains a very able review of the first book by a master-mind, and a reply to the same by Dr. Watson.

Clotk, 40 cents, postage free.

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

**William Denton's Works.**

**THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRIC DISCOVERIES AND DISCOURSES.** By William Denton, F. R. S. In two volumes. The first volume, containing the exceedingly interesting work on the four degrees of the Magnetic State, Hypnotism, or the electro-therapeutic method brought back to its true position in the magnetizing process.

The distinction between simple Magnetic Sleep and Somnambulism.

The different conditions of Somnambulism, independently of the state constituting Lucidity properly so called.

The historical analogy between Magnetism and Spiritualism, and their reciprocal influence.

These essentially important points, barely, if at all, touched upon in heretofore existing works, would alone suffice to justify its publication.

Having a large stock of this valuable



**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!**

GILES B. STEBBINS'S NEW WORK IN PRESS.

Admirers of that fine book, "CHAPTERS FROM THE BIBLE OF THE AGES," as arranged by this talented compiler, will, we feel assured, be pleased to know that

COLBY &amp; RICH, NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE,

Boston,

have in press and will issue on Sept. 18th, a New Book of some 270 pages from his pen, entitled,

POEMS OF THE LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN.  
Voices from many lands and centuries, saying,  
"Man, thou shalt never die."

Convincing rhetoric, elevating thought and uplifting sentiment are embodied in choice metrical diction, and typographically engrossed, in a high order of the art, on the tinted pages of this work.

The voices speak grandly, and to the point, and are drawn from a widespread throng of witnesses, viz.: "The Hindoo Veda," "Mahabharata," "Persian Sufi," "Homer," "Virgil," "Euripides," "Derzhaven," "Goethe," "Miss Lizzie Doten," "Mrs. Barbauld," "Mrs. F. O. Hyzer," "Emma Tuttle," "Belle Bush," "Florence Percy," "Whittier," "J. G. Clark," "Mackay," "Massey," and many others.

The book will be offered at a price to suit the times, and deserves the most extended reading.

**Heresy Trials.**

In Scribner's Monthly occur some very just thoughts on the above subject, with a brief review of their history by way of illustrating them.

The whole thing shows plainly that what is heresy for one generation is orthodoxy for its successor.

The magazine referred to reminds us that when Mr. Pynchon, of the Massachusetts Colony, wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that "Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath, commonly called hell torments," the authorities deposed him from the magistracy and publicly burned his book in Boston Market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton, of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, "to write an answer to the book." Mr. Pynchon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy; and now if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house.

Another instance is that of Robert Breck, who wrote, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, "What will become of the heathen who never heard of the gospel, I do not pretend to say; but I cannot but indulge the hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who act up to the light they have may be saved." To have uttered that sentiment was such a breach of orthodoxy that the writer was arrested by an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offence with which he was charged was "high treason, not only against the King of England but the King of Heaven." How like children and fools these theological wise-aces act, and no less so in our time than in preceding ones. The orthodoxy of to-day will be nowhere after a few years, when Gov. Rice, Ex-Mayor Cobb, Fertilizer Horsford, and other lesser lights will be entirely extinguished.

**Vermont Spiritualist Convention.**

The Convention met at Northfield, Sept. 8th, at 9 A. M. Mr. Middleton and others expressed themselves as favoring steps toward a more permanent legal organization of the Association. Mr. Crane, Dr. Ingraham, of Manchester, N. H., and other members made remarks of an interesting character. At the opening of the regular services the house was well filled, the speaker being Mrs. Matthews, of Springfield. Dr. Storer, of Boston, followed, and urged the importance of organizing Children's Progressive Lyceum. At the afternoon session the church was filled. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Hawes, Middleton, and Gould, was appointed to examine the legal standing of the Association and apply to the next Legislature for necessary amendments. Addresses were made by Mrs. Tanner, and Dr. Greenleaf, of Boston. At the evening session an address was made by Dr. Storer.

During the session remarks were made opposing the proposed amendment recognizing God in the Constitution, some speakers claiming that it would disfranchise Jews, Spiritualists, Unitarians and Liberals, also vigorously opposing the new law in Vermont, limiting the practice of medicine in Vermont, limiting the practice of medicine in it, and urging its repeal. The exercises were appropriately varied by songs and music.

Joseph Kinsey writes from New York City, under a recent date, that he not long since attended with pleasure one of Mrs. Boothby's materialization séances at her residence in Appleton street, Boston. In the course of his letter he says: "I was fortunate in meeting there one of my friends from Cincinnati, Mrs. Guilford, who was spending some time with Mrs. B. to get the benefit of her séances, and who expressed herself in the most assuring manner of the wonderful appearances at this gifted medium's circles. Mrs. Boothby told the writer that she had been criticised for not inviting or admitting every one to her parlors, but that she had been severely injured by the presence of wonder-hunters and sight-seers, whose coarse natures rendered it a severe trial for her to be in their presence at all, and she thought she had as much right and as good reason to exclude such persons from her presence, as refined persons had for objecting to the society of rude individuals, whose physical tenements were the vehicles of unpleasant or dangerous ailments. In which view I heartily concur, and think Spiritualists should sustain such mediums from the censure so often indulged in against pure-minded persons who are giving their lives to this good cause."

Our friends, Andrew Jackson Davis and A. E. Giles, have been of late "doing" the mountain regions of Maine and New Hampshire with intense satisfaction. When their climbing in search of health is accomplished, they purpose to settle for awhile to enjoy it in Hyde Park, Mass.

J. V. Mansfield, the sealed-letter answering medium, has returned from his Western trip, and can now be found at his office, 61 West 42d street, New York City. Read the testimony of Mr. R. O. Old, concerning him, under "Banner Correspondence."

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

Vol. 41 of the Banner of Light is drawing to a close, being completed in one number from this date. Thankful for past favors, we yet earnestly desire that the friends already receiving the Banner will not only RENEW THEIR OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS, but that each will make the effort to SECURE FOR US ONE ADDITIONAL PATRON for the current year. We request those of our patrons whose time expires with the present volume, but who intend to renew, to forward funds as soon as possible, in order to spare to our clerks the additional labor of taking out and then rearranging the names in the mailing-machine.

**A Cheap Book!**

By reference to our eighth page an announcement will be seen which sets forth that Colby & Rich, Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, offer that wonderful work, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood, completed by the spirit-pen of Charles Dickens," which on its appearance created so profound an impression, at the surprisingly modest figure of \$1 per copy in cloth, and 50 cents in paper. The book contains 488 pages, and will be sent post-free on the receipt of price.

**The Religio-Philosophical Journal,** Of Chillicothe, Ill., starts out with its issue for September 15th upon a new volume—XXII—under the able and efficient headship of Col. Jno. C. Bundy, assisted by J. R. Francis, and other able writers and correspondents. We wish this concurrent of the cause in the West a prosperous future, and feel sure that its conductors will ever (as in the past) be found working for human good and the advancement of liberal thought and spiritual unfoldment among the people.

**Foster in Troy.**

Charles H. Foster is at present giving to the New York Trojans a taste of his remarkable quality as a test medium, and all accounts are to the effect that his success is as great and the satisfaction of his patrons as complete as ever in the past. We believe Rochester claims him when he leaves Troy.

The past week has been a remarkable one, in point of visitors from abroad, in the history of the Banner of Light establishment. During it we have had the honor of pleasantly meeting with or receiving the cards of Miss Kislingbury, Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists, 38 Great Russell street, London, W. C.; Eng.; Mr. C. W. Harrison, and Mr. J. J. Ashworth, (Seedley) of England; Mrs. E. L. Saxon, of New Orleans, La.; and M. Hawks, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn., husband of the celebrated medium and speaker, Mrs. Annie C. Torrey Hawks.

A half-fledged "Professor" by the name of Henderson is, according to his poster, which we have just received, exposing (?) the "bonified tricks performed by" "mediums" in New York State, and mourns piteously because no one can be found to "except" his challenge. We should say if there is any "exposure" in this case it is of the fact that somebody is shockingly ignorant of "the King's English"—and ignorance and assurance, it is well known, are a pair which mostly go hand-in-hand.

On Sunday, A. M., Sept. 2d, the "Spiritual Association of Shreveport, La." took possession of their new and spacious hall, hitherto known as the Emanuel Hall, in the Smith building on Spring street. Col. Eldridge, of Memphis, was present and delivered a brief address that profoundly impressed all who heard it.

By her card on our fifth page it will be seen that Mrs. Annie C. Torrey Hawks has returned from her lecturing tour, and can be found by parties desiring her mediumistic services for the next three months at her home, 206 Union street, Memphis, Tenn.

It will be seen by reference to the notice to that effect in another column, that the Children's Sunday Lyceum will be held hereafter in Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington streets.

Read the report of the funeral obsequies of Miss Helen S. Abbott, the whilom Guardian of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Clarendon District, which will be found on our sixth page.

Read the advertisement of "Mrs. H. S. L." on our fifth page, concerning the new pamphlet addressed by Spirit-Henry S. Lake "To the Priests and the People."

**Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.**

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Sutton, N. H., Sept. 30th, also Oct. 7th, 14th and 21st.

George A. Fuller lectured at Croydon Flat and Croydon East Village, N. H., Sept. 9th, and will speak at Sunapee Sept. 16th. He has only a few more Sundays to remain in New Hampshire. Parties desiring his services must address immediately at Newbury, N. H.

T. B. Taylor, M. D., (author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down,") who has lectured acceptably in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chillicothe and other points in the United States, would like to make engagements to speak during the fall and winter. Dr. Taylor is a regularly educated physician, and has also received a thorough mental training, which while he was in the church raised him to a high position in its ministry. He may be addressed at No. 31 West State street, Trenton, N. J.

William Denton commenced a series of six lectures at Phoenix Hall, Rockland Mass., Sunday evening, Sept. 2d, his subject being "The Sun and the Interior Planets." Sept. 9th he spoke on "The Moon, the Exterior Planets and Comets." The course continues as follows: Sept. 16th, "The Law of Progress as Illustrated by Astronomy and Geology;" Sept. 23d, "The Stars;" Sept. 30th, at 2½ P. M., "True Manhood;" Oct. 7th, "The Gospel of the Nineteenth Century." Prof. Denton has added to the attractive power of his eloquence the illustrative aid of the stereopticon and oxyhydrogen light, and has in his collection some of the finest views ever exhibited in America. His lectures cannot fail of being intensely interesting.

A. S. Hayward, vital magnetic physician, has visited Provincetown, Hyannis, Barnstable and Yarmouth recently. Mr. Richards, of the Barnstable Patriot, speaks of him in the following words: "We can from personal knowledge and easily recommend him as a 'square dealing' man who possesses a wonderful healing gift."

Mr. Henry C. Lull, inspirational lecturer and test medium, would like to make engagements to speak for awhile to enjoy it in Hyde Park, Mass.

J. V. Mansfield, the sealed-letter answering medium, has returned from his Western trip, and can now be found at his office, 61 West 42d street, New York City. Read the testimony of Mr. R. O. Old, concerning him, under "Banner Correspondence."

speak for societies during the fall and winter. Keep him busy, as he is an able speaker. His address is 943 Washington street, Boston.

Mrs. Louie M. Kerns, spirit medium, will hold a public séance on Sunday evening next at 8 o'clock, at Nassau Hall, Washington street, Boston. Admission fifteen cents. Mrs. Kerns is clairvoyant and clairaudient. She will describe spirits, giving their full names, with written messages (sometimes *fac simile*) accompanied by the celebrated ballot test.

Mrs. M. Hardy Perkins (as will be seen by her card on fifth page) has returned to Boston, and can be found at No. 4 Concord Square.

Mrs. Clara A. Field, lecturer, business and ballot-test medium, whose advertisement appears on our seventh page, has recently removed from West street to more commodious quarters, and can now be consulted at No. 17 Hayward Place, Boston (off Washington street, near Globe Theatre). She would like to make engagements to lecture anywhere at reasonable distances from the city. The ballot-test séances, with which she illustrates her addresses, have never failed to awaken the deepest interest in the audiences witnessing them.

Dr. W. L. Jack has returned to his office in Haverhill—No. 60 Merrimac street—where he will be pleased to see his former patrons and patients. He will hereafter be in Boston two days in the week during the coming season, for professional purposes.

**Donations**

IN AID OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE CIRCLE MEETINGS.

From Almeda A. Fordham, Industry, Texas, \$2.00; Mrs. E. B., 25 cents; A. E. G., \$2.00; Wm. Armington, Watchemoket, R. I., 85 cents; C. R. Morton, 50 cents; Rachel J. Brancher, Chestnut, Ill., \$1.00; Friend, Petaluma, Cal., \$2.00; Nathan Crosby, East Brewster, Mass., 10¢; Daniel Colins, Standing Rock, D. T., 40 cents; Simon Ober, Philadelphia, Pa., 50 cents; M. P. Baker, Putnam, Conn., 50 cents; Eliza McLellan, Kalamazoo, Mich., 40 cents; E. C. Welsh, Grangeville, Cal., \$1.75; a Friend, \$1.00, J. K., \$1.00; A. Randolph, Somers, Mich., 40 cents; a Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10.00; Dan Shaw, North Abingdon, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. Moses Burnham, Essex, \$1.85; P. A. Cornell, Central Village, Ct., 85 cents; N. D. Green, Dalton, Pa., 50 cents; Jas. Shumway, Philadelphia, Pa., 40 cents; J. O. B., Boston, Mass., \$5.00; a Friend, Portsmouth, N. H., 50 cents.

Friends, you have our sincere thanks for your kind efforts in helping sustain our Free Circles.

**Donations for God's Poor Fund.**

Received since last acknowledgment:

From Mrs. E. B., 20 cents; James U. Stewart, 50 cents; A Friend, Alton, Ill., \$5.00; Theodore Shaw, Spanish Ranch, Cal., \$2.75; Joseph Dimock, Pocasset, Mass., \$1.85. We tender thanks in behalf of the beneficiaries.

**Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.**

AMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner West and Washington streets, commencing at 10½ o'clock. The public theater, 10½ o'clock, the hall will be open for the meetings of the Lyceum at 9½ o'clock on Sundays Sept. 16th and 23d, and 7½ P. M. These discussions will be illustrated with singing and the giving of tests. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Manager.

EAGLE HALL, 68 Washington street.—First Circle every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Inspirational speaking at 10½ and 1½ P. M. Good medium and speakers always present.

ROCHESTER HALL, 730 Washington street.—The Free Phalanx Society of Spiritualists meets a free circle every Saturday evening at 8 P. M. Good reliable meetings always in attendance. Lecture next Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock by Mattie Strelekan.

Rochester Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum held its second meeting since the summer vacation at this hall Sunday morning, Sept. 9th. The services consisted of the regular programme, as detailed in the Guide, together with the following exercises of a literary nature: Reading, Mrs. Hattie Wilson; song, Jennie Miller; recitation, Jessie Bicknell; piano solo, Helen M. Dill; song, Jessie Shuman; piano solo, Carrie Shuman; song, Florence Danforth; remarks by Dr. John H. Currier and Mr. Albee.

This Lyceum will hereafter hold its meetings at Amory Hall, corner West and Washington streets. On Sunday next the first session in the new place will occur, at which time prominent speakers will be in attendance, and the hall will be formally dedicated to the purposes of the school, and the good of Spiritualism generally.

NASSAU HALL.—A correspondent writes: "On Sunday last the meetings at this place were unusually interesting. In the morning the hall was crowded with interested listeners to the wonderful tests given through the mediumship of Mrs. Maggie Folsom, Mrs. Nelson, David Brown and others.

At the afternoon circle excellent remarks were made by Mrs. Aggie Davis Hall, and many tests which were verified by persons in the audience were given through the mediumship of David Brown, Mrs. Stanwood, and others.

Louie Miller spoke in the evening to a very good audience, who received his remarks with unusual attention.

The meetings heretofore convened in this hall will be future held in Rochester Hall, where the free circles will be continued every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and 1½ P. M. On Sunday evening next, at 7½, Mattie Strelekan will occupy the platform."

The Eagle Hall meetings, so writes a correspondent, were unusually interesting last Sunday. In the morning, owing to the illness of Mr. E. D. Keene, the (advertised medium), the meeting was turned into a conference, which Mr. J. Frank Baxter being present was called upon, and responded with several of those fine songs with which he has delighted so many thousands. Mrs. Clara A. Field delivered two very excellent discourses in the afternoon and evening, which were replete with good instruction, upon some of the vital principles of pure Spiritualism, and were listened to with rapt attention. Mrs. Field will speak in the above named hall next Sunday afternoon and evening."

Dr. William Brittan begs to announce to his friends and patrons that his business in the manufacture of the Home Battery, &c., will be carried on as usual by Mr. Chas. Williams, electrical instrument-maker, 9 Court street, Boston, to whom all business communications must be hereafter addressed.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

Each line in *Agate type*, twenty cents for the first and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**—Forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

**BUMBLEBEE.**—Thirty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

**Payments in all cases in advance.**

**\* For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.**

**\* Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date when on they are to appear.**

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**CLAIRVOYANT.**—For Diagnoses send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street.

A. II.

**PSYCHOMETRY.**

POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their destiny. I can also tell your past life, and predict your future. Any person who has been a victim of this sort will please send me their handwriting, age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, with stamped and addressed envelope.

JOHN B. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Jan. 17, 1877.

**PHYSIOMETERY.**

TREATS the sick by laying on of hands and clairvoyant prescriptions. Will diagnose the disease of both sexes and remediate it. May also treat the dead. Aiding in past life, in the event of

## Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Office, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported verbatim and published each week in this Department.

We also wish on this page reports of spirit messages given at work in Boston, etc., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

These messages have been sent to us with the character of their authorship unknown, whether for good or evil purposes, so that we pass from the earth-plane to another, developed state, eventually passing to higher ones.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these messages, that does not comport with his or her reason. All are saved, not lost, as they perceive it now.

**At** the time of the messages given at the Banner of Light, the author of the messages from the spirit-world, who is unknown to us, writes, "We expect to receive many who will not even recognize the party of light, as they have never had the time to learn of us; but we are here to help all." The messages of the spirits who are called at these stations are often proponed to individuals during the interview. These read to the entire audience, before the Chairman, are sent in by the author of the powers selected.

**At** Mrs. Bright's, 100 Newbury-street, L. W. WATSON, Chaperone.

## Special Notice.

During September the regular circle days will be Tuesday and Thursday, (admitting Friday,) & saturdays commencing at 3 P.M.

Extra sessions will be held on Sunday's Sept. 16th and 20th.

## REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Special Session Sunday, Sept. 20.

## Invocation.

Our Father, thou who art all the world with thy presence, thou whom we fail to find yet know art near us, as the world sings its song of home and we know that it is a truth, so may we, as we come from the Summer-land, sing our songs of love and truth, and may the children of earth be comforted and strengthened thereby. Oh may we ever bring strength, may we ever bring power and understanding of the spiritual to earth. May we touch the hearts of mortals, and may they respond to our call as we say to them, "Come up higher, come up nearer to the angel-world; live nearer to the spiritual; be true to the innermost teachings of your souls." May the children of earth be made happier, be made purer and stronger by our coming to earth again to-day.

## Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT** — Mr. Chairman, we are ready for whatever questions may be offered.

**Ques.** — What is thought?

**Ans.** — We can only give our idea — that it is the action of the spirit of a mortal upon the brain, and the sending forth of that thought is really an inspiration.

**O** — [By A. W. San Francisco.] Does progression in spirit-life commence soon after the death of the body, and continue on and on to all eternity?

**A** — We know of no stepping place to progression. We know that the moment we cease to breathe in your world and commence breathing or living in the spiritual world, that moment there is an onward step for us, we are freed from the infirmities of the old body, we fly, as it were, on the wings of love, to those climes where we can touch the spiritual, where we can feel its power and unfold all that belongs to our better natures. Yes, progression ensues immediately from the birth of the spirit into spirit-life; and yet let us say that progression commences from the birth of the spirit into the earth plane, for if you note the progress of the baby up to manhood you will see there is a step forward each day — and death, as you call it, is only one step beyond. Life is really progressive; it continues on and on and on, but we cannot see to what ultimate, but we know we have all eternity to progress in when we become spiritual beings.

**O** — In this state of being the differences in talent and other material advantages are very marked. Some are highly favored with cerebral development and are the ones to be envied; others are as conspicuously deficient, and from longer subject to phrenological or other developments, do they stand on the same plane as to ability and capacity for enjoyment? — How is this favoritism to be accounted for?

**A** — In the earth-life there are many individuals who, if they had had the advantages of cultivation, of education, would spring forward and astonish the world; but they are hindered about by the circumstances of earth, and their powers are curtailed. Yet, the spirit never ceases to chafe in its house; it longs to emerge from its old home, to grow stronger and grasp those truths which it only sees glimpses of. When those individuals enter spirit-life they call unto themselves wisdom-spirits that have long watched over them, and being freed completely from the dominion of the old body, not needing the pecuniary supplies to sustain it through education and the refinements of earth, they at once progress onward and upward. If you could stand upon our shore and view many of the poor waifs that have been cast here, and compare them with those that have had every advantage in the earth-life, that have been surrounded by the honest and the most beautiful relations of being, you would be astonished to see how far they have progressed beyond such favored ones. Yes, friends, you may live in a hotel here, but if your spirit is strong and large and you can comprehend much beyond you, when you get into spirit-life there will be no one to say, "Thus far and no farther." There will be no one to tell you that unless you have bags of gold you cannot grasp knowledge, for knowledge is free here. All we ask is the desire. If you bring us that desire, you can learn all that there is to learn. When you have studied for one twelvemonth there and think that you have gained some wisdom, so vast will be the field beyond that you will say, I have only mastered *a*, now give me *b*, and so on until you have compassed the whole alphabet, and still there will be more to accomplish. There is no favoritism in spirit-life; all individuals are treated justly, according to their capacity. They go to their own place; they land in their own homes; they are surrounded by that which is best for them, that which they draw to themselves. All of you are making your conditions in spirit-life today, are making your homes; step by step you are building your conditions there. There are some who are ever asking, Shall we be our individual selves when we get there? Yes; and remember, if you would have your garments shining with brightness, if you would have your life surrounded by all that is beautiful, do right here, be true to the inner teachings of your own souls. Remember that "curses, like chickens, come home to roost," and when bad thoughts come to your soul, learn that they may, as you utter them, rebound and make you sad in the future.

## Controlling Spirit.

Again, friends, we welcome you to our Circle-Room. A year has rolled around since we greeted you before; we again say we are glad to meet you. Our interest in the spiritual life has never abated, our feeling to do what we can for humanity has never grown less. We feel, as we look on the upturned faces before us, that you, too, are interested in the immortality of mankind, that you, too, are glad that the certainty of the life beyond is established. We know that you join with us heart and hand as we gather from the byways and lanes, the dark places and the high places of the spiritual world those who wish to communicate with friends on earth, and

we bid you realize the significance of our coming back as we do to our established circle here. It means something more than that some shall come and deliver a message. Friends, here in this life, it means something more than the mere saying "I was born in such a place, I died with such a disease, I was aged so-and-so." That is not the whole story, but it means this: here is a free platform on which we spirits can stand; no matter how low an individual's condition, no matter how dark his earth record may be, he is sure of a welcome. While on the earth I never endeavored to do what I could for this institution, for this paper. As I said before, my interest has never abated. I still love the cause. I still love the old Banner, I want to see it wave over the heads of Boston people always; I want to have them strengthened by contact with the spiritual; I want to look back, *one year* from today, and see you stronger than ever. Rest assured that my love, my power will ever go out for the benefit of the spiritual cause, and while I am not seated here as our friend sits, yet in spirit-life there is another circle room, there is another circle where I may be called to do my work as I was wont to do it while here in the form.

## Philip Wilson.

Mr. Chairman, I am something of an old man; I've come a good ways to look into your room to-day. I belong out in Minnesota. I have been gone some years—almost ten, I guess; it was in the month of February, I know, that I got out or died. I supposed I was to sleep until Gabriel should sound his trumpet! I believed in "the resurrection of the body and life everlasting," but I find that we are resurrected the very moment we cease to breathe. It seemed strange to me when I found it so, and I felt sometimes as if I would like to speak to those whom I used to know, and tell 'em that the life everlasting begins at the birth of the spirit into spirit-life; but that heaven begins here below, and if you want to reach it you've got to live lives of usefulness and truth. I was true to my religion. I ever tried to do the best I could, and I know that acted up to the light that was given me. There was not so much required of me as there is of you people, for you've got a higher light and a brighter one, a larger one; and because you have you shouldn't set it up and say the little candle God has given to some individuals is good for nothing. If you have got a bigger light you must be thankful for it. I am sure I am thankful I've got a larger light and can come here, and I want it to shine; I want 'em to know where I belong, that Philip Wilson still lives. Now I know life is eternal; that the immortality of man is sure; that we remain not in the grave. We begin life as soon as we cease to breathe here—in fact we never die.

## George I.

Mr. Chairman, I come here at the request of my sister, who peruses your paper from week to week. She has asked if I would come and speak to her; not but that I have spoken to her through mediums from time to time, yet it seems to be her pleasure that I should visit this Circle-Room. I don't like to send my letters through the public press, yet if it will benefit her, or cause her to believe more confidently than she now does, I certainly am willing to do so. It is many years since I came to spirit-life. I left my home when quite young for a visit away—I was going toward the South. With the facilities for travel which we had at that time it was quite a journey; much more so than for you to cross the Atlantic to day or to visit California. It was not many hundred miles for me to go, yet my mother, brothers and sisters felt that I was going a long distance away. It was with sorrow they bade me go. When I was going I felt, as I had added to home something of a presentment; I had a feeling that it was for the last time—that something was to take place before I should return. I did. I left my body and returned only in spirit to find my friends bathed with tears, with sad hearts, looking at various little mementoes that had once belonged to me. I remember well when this same sister had a picture taken, how the tears flowed? — thought of me, giving it a sad expression. — It has been called upon from time to time through different situations of sorrow and suffering. I have been with her and have endeavored to manifest myself. My mother, who stands beside me, joins with me in love to sister Phoebe, and says, "Remember I visited you—my letter went through the post-office safely. At your request I now assist my boy George to come." I ever love my friends. I have welcomed to this shore many of them, and I have never ceased to be interested in earthly things because I am a part of earth, therefore I care not entirely for sake of it while I have dear ones here. I long to guide them to help them. Some of them I cannot touch. I may touch a brother that I have. I love him very much. I may say, "William, I am near you, I shall be with you from time to time;" yet no answering thought comes to me, for he hears me not. I may speak to him of one he loved as well as himself, of that dear one, that dear child, yet he hears me not. Though I may say to him, "I am certainly with you, as assisting you, I cannot reach him; yet maybe as I come from time to time, and send our letters through your general post office, we may at last touch his heart. I send this to my sister Phoebe II, from George I. I know she will understand it.

## George Roberts.

I don't suppose it is hot here, but it feels hot to me. I don't understand it. I didn't feel the burning, the heat, nor anything until I got here. Now I feel it. It is hot, the flames are coming, the steam is there. I won't stay, I'll only say that George Roberts, who lost his life by burning at Lyon's Falls, near the terminus of the Black River Canal, comes here. I'd like to talk, but feel so bad I can't. I wish my friends would let me come. I can't talk now, sir. I'd like to stay longer and tell more. [You'll do better next time.] Can I come again? [Yes.] It is dreadful to be burned to death.

## Rev. Gardner Baker.

Surely the Lord is good, his name should be praised by all on earth! Let me give thanks to the great Father of All that I still live and that I can manifest through another individual, that I can cause lips to speak that which I would gladly speak. Were I here I would praise God for every power that he has given me, for all the strength for all the days, the many days that he permitted me to live on earth. I would gather strength to do my duty in the life where I now find myself. I have been gone, sir, from your life but a short time, only a few weeks. I found as I landed on this shore suddenly that there was no death, that what seemed so was simply a change, like the blowing out of a candle, which another breath could almost rekindle. As the candle of life went out, as I said before, suddenly I found myself standing by my old body! I realized as they gathered round who were to perform the last offices, I felt their sadness; I was still my self, I longed to speak to them; but if I spoke ever so loudly, they answered me not. On meeting those here who understood these conditions they invited me to your Circle-Room, and it being Sunday, to-day, I felt that if I came here my voice should not go out for wrong, I would have it go for good. I would praise God for every breath he has given me. I would thank him for all the brightness of life. I would have you all live pure and holy lives, that you may feel the beauty of the life everlasting when you have got rid of all there is that is earthly. I know that whereas I speak once of the earth earthly, to-day I speak from the spiritual spirituality. realize that this life is an earnest one. I may be disappointed in my conception of this life—I know I am; but I know that there is a strength, a purity which I feel in my soul that will give me a power to learn of this great life hereafter. I feel that I have not got through with the earth— that I shall be able to return and minister to my dear ones. I would like to have you say that Rev. Gardner Baker, from Watertown, who passed out from the "Thousands Island Park," but a few weeks ago, calls here and sends his love to all his friends, and wants them to feel

that he is alive and will do all for them that he can.

## W. L. Newbury.

Mr. Chairman, I have only a brief message to give. I would like to say to my friends who have so many times within the past few weeks wished that I was on earth and that I knew what was going on with my affairs, how they were being dealt with, that I am on earth. I know that is not the whole story, but it means this: here is a free platform on which we spirits can stand; no matter how low an individual's condition, no matter how dark his earth record may be, he is sure of a welcome. While on the earth I never endeavored to do what I could for this institution, for this paper. As I said before, my interest has never abated. I still love the cause. I still love the old Banner, I want to see it wave over the heads of Boston people always; I want to have them strengthened by contact with the spiritual; I want to look back, *one year* from today, and see you stronger than ever. Rest assured that my love, my power will ever go out for the benefit of the spiritual cause, and while I am not seated here as our friend sits, yet in spirit-life there is another circle room, there is another circle where I may be called to do my work as I was wont to do it while here in the form.

the many, have to perform my work. Through that work I gain my unfoldment spiritually.

## Samuel Mount.

I do not anticipate making so long a communication as the one who came before me. Samuel Mount is my name. I was sixty-eight years old. I lived in Brooklyn. My residence was on Fleet street. The wave of time, not of eternity, swept over me and at last the messenger came and made me follow, which I did with no reluctance whatever, for I knew there was a sunny side of life for me in that kingdom where the angels dwell.

There is freedom here—no chains or fetters. I can pass from point to point without being harassed by circumstances. Now comes the thought to myself: why do men fear death? When theology pictures all things beautiful in heaven, still the Christian always feels a sense of doubt concerning his passing through the "valley" and the "shadow." This should not be. Man should learn whence he came and whether he must go. I am so satisfied with the change, even if one breath would bring me back and encease me in the flesh, I would say my.

Those whom I loved I still love. Those whom I protected still I protect; because they feel me or see me not, let them not doubt my truth and sincerity. This is not mere figure of speech, but a manifestation of life beyond the grave.

## Anonymous.

More swift than the antelope, more buoyant than the bird, I passed from one point to the other, and now I stand in the midst of the ghostland, where I have met kindred and friends who knew me and welcomed me. Though divided from my kind and tender wife, still it is well, for now I am receiving my reward and can fully comprehend upon what platform I am standing.

The ghost land is no shadowy plain, it is a positive reality of realities, where, after having become educated, we know by the eye and clasp of the hand those whom we knew in days gone by. Strange! it is not, that we should fade and then revive! But this is no dream. The shortness of my earthly life gave but little time for strong impressions. I had rather have lived longer and been a comfort to my father and mother; but the decree went forth: "not for this life, but for that life which is forever and ever."

I have no experience in this mode of fashioning words and sentences; however, I have made the attempt, and have done the best I could under the circumstances. Grief for having died has no lodgment within, for all things pertaining to life on this side are so superior in beauty, so exquisite in taste, that I would not exchange for it.

Once a mortal, now an immortal, with power to come and go, to be with those whom I have left behind to console and to cheer; for I am not lonely, I have companionship within myself.

I withhold my name, for reasons good at the present. They're not being believers, but strong doubters, if given it might breed dissatisfaction.

The coming has been an advantage to me, if it proves none to them. Farewell for the present.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

JENNIE S. RUDD.

MESSAGES RECEIVED LAST WEEK:

Clark Lawrence; Joseph Doolittle; John H. Ford; Maria Haskell; Lucy May; Mary Thaxter; Matthew Grant; Thomas Keay; Oliver S. Chapman; Mary E. Vane; Joseph Leavitt; Augusta A. Currier; William Brightman; Julianne Meacham.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

Joshua Trumbull; Snow Drop; S. Chase; Patrick Ma-

rina; Emma W. Hepworth; William Lowell; Charles H. Wil-

iams; Erastus St. John; R. H. Richardson; "Pop;" (a col-

or boy); Charles P. Smith; "Anty Polity;"

Eliza Farnham; Alice Deafontaine; Isabella Jenkins; James W. Converse; Fenton Frazer; Isaac John Dowdes-

W.; Mary Beaman; Samuel Wool.

(Owing to our limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.)

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Anna Jaeger; Sarah Richards.

## A Spiritualist's Funeral.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Tuesday, Aug. 28th, 1877, Helen S., only daughter of Mr. John G. Abbott, of Charlestown District, after years of patient suffering induced by heart disease, gained her immortal freedom. When public lives went through the mortal world, she honored them with public tributes, as they deserved. When quiet scenes pass silently on, we are often aware how grand a work they may have accomplished—how they may have blessed and benefited the world in a finer, higher sense. "True life and spiritual life, indeed, to the generally recognized." It may occur that we are privileged to pay a tribute to a so recently departed and yet so worthy to be known as the dear friend who has just passed to the higher life. Hers was a strong, earnest soul, capable of a wide sphere of action—a mind naturally gifted, intellectual and spiritual, uttered in all its earthly career by a weak, pain-stricken frame. Yet did this patient soul bear its cross so cheerfully, so heroically, that her presence was like rare sunshine; and to those who knew her best she was most dear.

A few years ago the inevitable messenger, who "loves a shilling mark," took from this family a son, who had just completed his college course, to whom, with his superior talents, finished education and perfect health, the future looked hopeful and brilliant. Around this young man we may well suppose bright hopes and ambitions clustered, and this ordeal was trying, especially to the delicate sister who had been his playmate. But realizing that the life so promising to earth would continue with added power in the better world, they mourned not about those without hope.

A little white, and suddenly, by that dreaded, swift-com ing power, paralysed, the faithful mother was stricken. The loving eyes were closed, the willing hands were folded, and she passed on to her reward.

Then the strong spirit of the sister and daughter rallied the weak frame, and bravely sought to fill that mother's place, while closer drew the bond which held together this narrow home-circle. Well and faithfully did the gentle girl fulfill woman's grand mission of making home pleasant. Nobly and truly did the father and two remaining brothers devote their lives to her comfort and happiness; and it seemed to them to be a joy to be with her, to be near her, and to converse with her, seemed to me like standing in the outer courts of heaven. For hers was the glorious trust, the lofty rest, the infinite calm of a soul that understood un

## Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

## SARAH A. DANSKIN,

Physician of the "New School,"  
Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office, No. 70½ Saratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil and medium of Dr. Benjamin Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

She is clairaudient and clairvoyant. Reads the interior condition of patient, whether present or absent, sick and well. Has treated the sick with scientific skill, which has been greatly enhanced by his fifty years' experience in the world of spirits.

Application by letter, enclosing Consulting Commission Feo, \$2.00 and two stamps, will receive prompt attention.

## The American Lung-Healer,

Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. DANSKIN,

Is an unflattering remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION has been cured by it.

Price \$2.00 per bottle. Three bottles for \$5.00. Address WASH. A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md. March 31.

## DR. J. R. NEWTON

Now heals only by means of magnetized letters. His power in this direction has so largely increased that he does not require to see the patient. However great the distance, the results are wonderful. By personal treatment, a description of the disease, \$1.00 required. In most cases one letter is sufficient; but a perfect cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized letters must be sent at \$1.00 a sheet. Send P. O. order or registered letter. Post-Office address, Utica, N. Y.

Aug. 21.

## Dr. F. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed for further notice

At Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Dr. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are far superior to those of any other physician. Scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance.

Dr. WILLIS has special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases.

Dr. WILLIS is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp.

Send for Circulars and References.

July 7.

## SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and of their past and future changes in past and future life; physical disease, with present and future what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the innumerable married.

Address, 100 Washington St., MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,

Centre street, between Church and Prairie streets, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

New Life for the Old Blood!

## INCREASE YOUR VITALITY.

"The Blood is the Life."

## DR. STORER'S

## Great Vitalizer,

THE

## Nutritive Compound,

Should now be used by weak-nerved and poor-blooded people everywhere, as the best restorative of nerve-cells and globules ever discovered.

Mild and soothing in its nature, the feeblest child can take it. Great success in its Nutritive power, the worst forms of disease right from the root.

Send for it to DR. H. B. STORER, 29 Indiana Place,

Price \$1.00; Six Packings, \$6.00.

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

Gold in New York City by J. R. NICKLES, 697 Broadway, cor. 4th st.

HULL &amp; CHAMBERLAIN'S

## Magnetic and Electric Powders.

Great Nervine, Regulator, and Blood Purifier.

A COMPLETE AND RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE, PURELY VEGETABLE.

The MAGNETIC POWDERS cure all Positive or Acute Diseases. The ELECTRIC POWDERS cure all Negative or Chronic Diseases.

1 Box.....\$1.00. 6 Boxes.....\$6.00.

Sent by mail.

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

## SPIRIT PICTURES.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MATERIALIZED SPIRIT OF KATIE KING,

Taken in London, Eng.—Dr. J. M. GULLY being her companion on the plate.

PHOTOGRAPH OF VASHTI, THE SPIRIT INDIAN FRIEND OF MRS. J. H. CONANT,

Medium of the Unseen Light Public Free Circles—the Medium being her companion in the picture.

Price 60 cents each.

For sale by COLBY &amp; RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

THE

## Boston Investigator,

The oldest reform journal in publication, will enter upon its Forty-Seventh (47th) Year on the 23rd of April, 1877. Price \$3.00 a year.

\$1.75 for six months.

8 cents per single copy.

Now is your time to subscribe for a live paper, which makes all subjects connected with the happiness of mankind. Address J. P. MENDUM.

Investigator's Office, Palme Memorial, Boston, Mass.

April 7.

## PATENT OFFICE,

46 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of Instructions.

April 14.—out.

## PHYSIO-ELECTRIC

## MEDICAL COLLEGE.

NEXT SESSION begins October 1. Progressive and Scientific Doctors and Students of Medicine wanting Scientific for most Diseases and Legal protection, address W. NICELY, M. D., Cincinnati, O. 5th—Sept. 1.

## SPIRITUALIST HOME.

FIRST-CLASS BOARD AND LODGINGS, by day or week, at 329 Tremont street. JOHN HARDY.

Sept. 16.

## FOR SALE.

ODGING HOUSE of 19 rooms, refitted and nicely furnished, and done in first-class business, known as the Spiritualists' Home, 49 Beach st. MRS. A. M. COYLE, 4th—Aug. 25.

\$3 KNIGHT PLATED WATCHES. Cheap in the known with fine Watch Free to Agents. Address A. COULTER &amp; CO., 125 Clark st., Chicago, Aug. 11.

## NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH,

CONTAINING seven sections on Vital Magnetism and Illustrated manipulations, by DR. STONE. For sale at this office. Price \$1.25 cloth-bound copies, \$2.50 postage 18 cents. July 7.

\$2500 a year. Agents wanted. Business legitimate and safe. Address J. WORTH &amp; CO., 1,000 Main street, St. Louis, Mo. Aug. 11.

## SPIRITUALIST HOME,

46 BEACH STREET, Boston, Mass. MRS. A. M. COYLE, Proprietress. Aug. 25.

## GONE HOME!

To Guide us in our Earthly Way." Song, the words by Lizzie DOTEN, the music composed by R. COOPER, and dedicated to Luther Colby, Esq. By the same author, "The Bright Celestial Shore," &amp;c.

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

R. SPALDING, Jobber and Retailer in Silver-Plated Ware, Watches, Chains, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Yankee &amp;c. &amp;c. Chauncy street, Boston.

Also Samples &amp;c. Dowd &amp; Co., Bristol, Conn. June 2.—J.

## RATIONAL

## REVIEW OF THEOLOGY,

As founded on the fall of man. By M. B. Craven. Price 25 cents, postage 1 cent.

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

5 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c, and 3 ct. 65 stamp. Samples &amp;c. Dowd &amp; Co., Bristol, Conn. June 2.—J.

## Mediums in Boston.

## Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Those desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medical and health directions for treatment, extra.

July 14.

## Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M.D.

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN:

Also TRANCE MEDIUM, Specialty: Curing Cancers, Tu-

berous &amp; Female Complaints. Examines at any distance,

Boston, \$2.00. Also Midwife. Magazine \$1.00, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Suite 5.

DR. H. B. STORER'S

New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

Mrs. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Medical Clairvoyant.

WE TREAT all forms of Chronic Disease with remark-

able success, by direct applications to the nerve centers

of the spine, and by our New Organic Remedies, Re-

sident Detergent and Nutritive.

Cure guaranteed. All names, age and sex, with full

directions for treatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore.

Dec. 25.

## HEALING

## By Laying On of Hands.

By DR. J. MACK, who has recently returned from a

Very successful tour in Europe, and is now located at

No. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston, for a short time only,

where he will receive patients for treatment.

A description of the service, \$1.00, extra.

A complete letter is sufficient; but a perfect

cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized

letters must be sent at \$1.00 a sheet. Send P. O. order or regis-

tered letter. Post-Office address, Utica, N. Y.

Aug. 21.

## DR. J. R. NEWTON

power in this direction has so largely increased that

he does not require to see the patient. However great

the distance, the results are wonderful. By personal

treatment, a description of the disease, \$1.00 required.

In most cases one letter is sufficient; but a perfect

cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized

letters must be sent at \$1.00 a sheet. Send P. O. order or regis-

tered letter. Post-Office address, Utica, N. Y.

Aug. 21.

## Mrs. Maggie Folsom,

Spirit Medium, will, until further notice, give Medi-

cal Examinations at the Beachcom, on the Boston,

River, Boston, and Lynn Railroad. Train, \$1.00, 15

Mrs. Susie Nickerson-White,

TRANCE and MEDICAL MEDIUM, 130 West Brook-

lin street, St. Elmo, Suite 1, Boston. Hours 9 to 4.

Aug. 18.

## I. P. GREENLEAF,

Medical Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician,

One at 8½ Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston, Mass.

Sept. 1.

## MRS. E. B. CHASE,

MEDICAL, Test and Business Medium, No. 7 Mont-

gomery Place. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Medical Settings

free to the worthy poor.

## MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

MEDIUM—Test, Medical and Business—136 Castle st.,

Boston, 2nd floor. Tuesdays, 10 to 12. Sundays 2 to 9.

Aug. 4.—9.

## DR. KIMBALL,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Chronic and Acute Dis-

eases successfully treated. Office 33 Boylston street,

Hours 9 A. M. until 6 P. M. 2nd—Sept. 8.

## MR. HENRY C. LULL,

Business and Medical

Clairvoyant. Rooms 943 Washington street, (cor. Indiana place,) Hours from 9 A. M. to 2 to 5 P. M.—Open

to Patients and Miners, Speculators, &amp;c. 10th—Sept. 14.

## FRANK T. RIPLEY,

TRANCE, Test and Business Medium, No. 7 Mont-

gomery Place. Hours from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Sept. 2—2.

## FANNIE C. DEX

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

## At Home with Fire!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Attending the Banner Circle on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 1st, I heard that Mrs. Suydam, the "fire-test" medium, was to give a séance at Eagle Hall in the evening, and I went to see it. It was very satisfactory, and far better and different from what I expected. She very thoroughly and quite permanently held her hands and arms in the hot blaze of a kerosene lamp, also manipulated burning alcohol, breathing it into her mouth. She did enough of this to have blistered or roasted flesh under ordinary circumstances.

After she had finished (and the committee of skeptics had stated what any one in the room could see was the fact, that neither her flesh, nor even the small hairs on the flesh, experienced in the least degree any disturbance by the operation), a person claiming to be a Spiritualist, whose name was said to be Moore, arose and said the whole thing was a fraud; he afterwards qualified it, as his opinion—the rudeness of the attack being based not on any knowledge of Mrs. S., but wholly on the fact that people had advertised and performed more wonderful fire tests, such as holding live coals and melted lead in their hands, and putting it into their mouths, and other fire manifestations, intimating that spirits had nothing to do with it, but that it was the result of chemical protection; when this speech was followed by an animated but agreeable discussion by quite a number of the audience. Finally a man by the name of Butler, who said he was not a Spiritualist, but had some knowledge of chemicals, said he would like to come prepared to test the lady on some occasion for his own satisfaction, and would like to bring with him some experts and doctors. This was agreed to by Mrs. Suydam, and Tuesday evening, (4th) was fixed for the séance, and a very intelligent-looking audience gathered on the occasion, Mr. Butler appearing with a number of chemists and doctors, who by general consent took charge of the exhibition. Dr. Thayer, a well-known city physician, was requested to examine Mrs. Suydam's arms, and he did so minutely, and pronounced them perfectly healthy and natural, and he could detect no chemical application on them. Mr. Butler then bathed her arms and hands in some solution that would annul any chemical effect, and Mrs. Suydam then washed them with soap and water, and wiped them dry, Mr. Butler providing the materials.

Mrs. Suydam then deliberately took the hot glass with both hands from the lamp, held it steadily in her hands, and then laid it on her cheek and neck, with apparently the same effect as if it had been on blood warm. She then put her hands into the flame and kept them there, drawing her arms slowly through it, allowing it to run up through her extended fingers, turning her hand slowly without withdrawing it, allowing the flame to run through the fingers the other way.

The exhibition was as remarkable as it was satisfactory, and was unanimously and enthusiastically applauded. Remarks were made by several persons, and the discussion was quite animated. Every one was satisfied that the thing was fairly and actually done, but the how was quite a problem. The committee did not seem to think the spiritual claim good; they not being Spiritualists, that was a matter of course. Mr. Butler, who seemed to be the "boss" of the evening (I ought by practice he could do all that he did), while saying so, his first attempt to remove the glass (which was some degrees cooler than when Mrs. S. took hold of it) made him jump, and the audience smile, he thought the carbon, or smoke of the high flame, possibly became gradually a protection to the skin, and then proceeded to put his hands in and out of the flame, not as Mrs. S. did, to stay and be at home in the flame, but as any raw operator would, moving them all the time, and not in the flame two consecutive seconds. Still, he thought by practice he could do all that the lady did. At this point he remarked that he had perceived something that smelled of burnt hair, and looking at his hands, he found his tritling manipulation of the flame had burned all the small hairs off his hands. It was the testimony of the committee, including Dr. Thayer, and the experience of any who chose to examine, that after Mrs. Suydam's protracted association with the same flame, and also the manipulating of an aliochotic flame, not a hair on her hands or arms was singed.

This was so evidently a success, and the astute observers were so at a loss to explain it, that the closing discussion was quite scientific and respectful; even Mr. Moore, though disbelieving its spiritual claim, seemed inclined to apologize for its rudeness, as some considered it, on Sunday evening. A full report of the remarks would be interesting reading, but I have confined this article to the simple details of the "test," but one remark which Dr. Thayer made was so true, and from so intelligent a source, it is worth noting independent of the séance that I have attempted to describe, which is this: The doctor said he did not say he was not a Spiritualist; that the study of material science, physics, tended to make people materialists, and he had had doubts of a future existence, but as he had grown older he had become satisfied that man was immortal. Most of you here, said he, seem to be Spiritualists. Let me say to you that one-half of the brain of Boston is very hospitable to Modern Spiritualism, one-half of the brain of this city receives the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism with a good deal of tenderness, and many more would own up their belief than do it by admitting being a Spiritualist they did not seem to be approving manifestations that are silly, degrading and fraudulent; that when the subject is purged from tainted associations many would be openly with you of culture and science who know it roots in truth, but do not wish by identification seemingly to endorse the doubtful or discreditable.

Mr. Moore, whose action on the previous occasion had been the cause of this second and interesting meeting, said at the close of Dr. Thayer's remarks, that they were the truest and most sensible words uttered during the discussion. I am of the same opinion with Dr. Thayer, that more people are hospitable to Modern Spiritualism than belong to its body politic, but I do not applaud the *Nicodemus*; I follow where truth leads, and take its consequences. I am sorry to be associated with "trifles," or to be in the company of frauds, publicans and sinners, but when a thing is true, I am there, in duty bound, for truth will endure—the barnacles of error will in time wear off. I wish the uncounted "hospitality" that Dr. Thayer refers to would come to the front and help cleanse this new and hopeful truth.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## J. Frank Baxter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to explain more fully in relation to some spirit tests given by Mr. Baxter, which are beyond the "obituary and grave-stone notices," which, to the minds of the majority of the managers of the secular press, afford a cheap solution of all the tests of spirit identity given through this medium, and others, whose development is on the mental plane of the spiritual phenomena. The tests given to Gile B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich., and published in your Camp reports of the proceedings at Lake Pleasant, show the fallacy of the idea that these tests, given by Mr. Baxter, are the result of previous preparation. He could not have known beforehand who was to be present at the meetings, therefore arming himself with special information was, as far as utility was concerned, out of the question.

The Springfield Union reported that a Western railroad accident test was given. "The victim was recognized by several Spiritualists, but no name was furnished." This was a mistake, as the name was given in full. The facts cited by Mr. Baxter were as follows: There is a spirit standing over a man [pointing to Mr. Marsh, of Charlestown]. His name is Joel Wood. Mr. Marsh said, "I do not know him." But soon after his memory was refreshed and he said he was well acquainted with Mr. Wood, but did not know his first name. The following day he came the second time, and gave minute particulars of how he was killed and the time he lived after the accident; also of his funeral and his burial at West Acton. Cephas B. Lynn, who was present, said that he attended the burial, and it was his first funeral service. Joel F. Wood was his full name, which he gave the second time, but he was always called Joel Wood. Mr. W. for many years was an engineer on the Fitchburg Railroad, and left some nine years ago for a situation on a railroad in Ohio, and there met his sad fate, which was so vividly seen and described by Mr. Baxter.

If these particulars were from memory, Mr. Baxter is the greatest wonder of the age, to say the least; but another case, (where no chance for the exercise of memory came up) that I was personally knowing to, puts his honesty as to spiritual gifts beyond suspicion of deception and duplicit in my mind.

In regard to the negro spirit that has caused such a commotion, I will say that Mr. Angell, of the Hoosac Valley News, was present at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting when the information was given, and informed me that he wrote the obituary notice; and to my mind some negro spirit controlled Mr. Baxter, and gave the information more to remind Mr. Angell of his mistake, and as a joke, than from any serious consideration. This case resolves itself into this solution: That all information given by spirits is no more or less reliable than the spirits are who give it.

A. S. HAYWARD.

A correspondent writes us from New York City to the following effect, thus verifying one of the messages given through Mr. Baxter as reported in the Banner for Aug. 25th:

"I see in your 'Notes from Lake Pleasant' a number of tests through J. Frank Baxter—among others one from Dr. John E. F. Clark, of this city. I knew Dr. C. as well as any one, and the account given by Mr. Baxter is truly excellent. Dr. C. lived at No. 81 (old number) West 26th street many years, with his aged mother and one sister. One sister was the wife of Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston. One evening, on returning home from Dr. E. Guernsey's house, he took a severe cold, and in less than three days he passed on to a more useful and natural sphere, well beloved by all who knew him. He was the poor sick one's friend. Never refused a call where he could go. During the time I know him he had an impediment in his speech, which to me accounts for the feeling in Mr. Baxter's throat. He was a working Spiritualist. I well remember the vision he had and told me of. The age was correct."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While reading over J. Frank Baxter's protest of his innocence in regard to the "Butter" case tears rushed to my eyes, and I felt impelled to write you a little incident that has just happened to me. I feel sure that there is some law governing these things that we none of us yet understand. I have an only sister living at Winchester, the same place in which Mr. Baxter resides. About a week ago I had a very singular dream. I thought I was in an upper room of my sister's house; that I passed out of the room into the passage way, and caught her little boy just as he was falling down through what is called the well of the stairway, which would have precipitated him from the top to the bottom of the house, a distance of three stories. I thought my sister came out, saying, "Oh, he could have fallen only the distance of one landing!" I thought I drew her to the stairway, and pointing impressively with my finger, we both looked down through the well, scanning the whole dizzy height; but I thought I had saved the child. And now comes the strangest part of the story: Three days after, my sister came to Boston to see me. She was looking pale and anxious, and her first words were, "Oh, sister, little Herbie has had a dreadful fall! three days ago he fell from the top to the bottom of the house, through the well of the stairway. I took him up, for dead, but by some unaccountable means he is comparatively uninjured."

Her first words on finding the child had been, "Oh, he could have fallen only from the first landing!" but it was afterwards proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the child had actually fallen the whole distance, not only from his own statement, but from his little brother and sister—poor little frightened spectators of the dreadful accident.

And now arises the question, What saved the child's life? Was it my own wrath or doubt? or was it the spirit of our own dear mother that bore him gently down this dizzy height and then flew on the wings of her love to me, to give me the vision that it was mother that saved the little one? Or was it the sympathy existing between two sisters, that the very words that she uttered on finding the child should have been imprinted on my mind?

MRS. A. GREENWOOD.

Boston, Mass., Aug., 1877.

## MRS. M. B. Thayer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Friday evening last I had the pleasure of attending one of the remarkable séances of Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium.

Mrs. Thayer having been absent from Boston for nearly two years, I was anxious to know whether her manifestations had undergone any change or assumed a new phase. I found they had not. They are the same as formerly, retaining all their marvellousness and power.

The séance took place at the residence of Charles Houghton, Esq., where Mrs. Thayer is at present staying. Instead of being engaged, as skeptics might suggest in roving Janamis Plain in search of ferns and flowers for the purpose of her séance, Mrs. Thayer, we were assured, had been at home all day. If therefore remains to account for what occurred—the production of flowers and birds in a closed room.

Some twenty-five persons were seated round a large dining-table, the medium occupying a position midway on one side. She sat with her hands resting on a flat piece of cork and her head covered with a silk handkerchief. The company were requested to place their feet flat on the floor, and to rest their hands on the table and to sing. After a short interval of darkness, a strong wind was felt, and Mrs. Thayer asked for a match to be struck in order to see if anything had taken place. This was done, and on the table, by the dim light afforded by the match, were seen a pigeon and some green leaves. The match having burnt out we sat in darkness again for some little time, singing as before, when strong breezes were again occasionally felt, but nothing more served to indicate that anything was being done. A light was at length struck, when another pigeon was found on the table and a fine display of flowers of various kinds. There were roses and lilies, pansies and pinks, ferns and

grasses, and a long piece of English ivy, and one plant with earth around its roots as if just taken from a flower-pot. The bringing of these things by an invisible agent is wonderful enough, whether they may have been brought from, but the getting them into a closed room adds considerably to the mystery, and is a problem for materialists to solve.

Mrs. Thayer's sances are not only very wonderful, but are a beautiful manifestation of spirit power, and have been the means of convincing hundreds of skeptics that there is something in the world besides matter. When in Philadelphia she held a séance at a church in the presence of church members, and demonstrated to their satisfaction the power of spirit over material substances.

After spending a short time in Boston, it is Mrs. Thayer's intention to visit Washington, where she will probably be located for the next few months.

ROBERT COOPER.

## Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. J. J. Morse lectured before a large audience in Doughty Hall, London, Sunday evening, Aug. 23d, on the subject of "Religion: its Needs and Nature." Near the close of his remarks he said:

"However much the question of immortality may be doubted, rest assured that it is a reality, and that you will find it out for yourself sooner or later. A life of blessedness is very pretty to look forward to, but a path of goodness would be a much better thing to commence here, and now, than to wait till the hereafter presents itself. For such a life is begun to be led, for it is said—'By their fruits ye shall know them.' It man be the same in the next world as he is in this, that which produces a life of blessedness now must, perforce, continue to do so; if this were not so, he would utterly change on passing into the next state, and all the ties and sweet memories of the gone-by would be sundered, and lost from view forever. Sorrow and despair would take the place of hope and progression, and life would have to be begun over again."

Mr. Joseph Skipsey, a poet and clairvoyant of considerable local notoriety at Ashington Colliery, in Northumbria, Eng., is developing as a trance speaker. Writing concerning him, Jas. Nicholson says: "Judging from the short speech addressed to me personally through his guide, I should say that he is likely to become a first class medium for inspirational speaking, and the more medium should always be consulted, and the most conclusive tests were usually given spontaneously by the spirits."

The guide of Mr. Colville assured the audience that developed spirits were far more anxious to produce manifestations under strictly test-conditions than any mortals could be, and if persons would only meet together with high and noble motives when they seek intercourse with the spirit-world, they would draw around them such spirits as would afford them proof conclusive beyond description of the genuineness of the phenomena. If mediums were really discovered to be impostors, then they should most certainly be exposed. But in the majority of cases physical mediums were persons easily influenced by those around them; and by giving them healthy and pure surroundings you will hear little or nothing of trickery and imposture."

"Saunders's News-Letter" (Dublin, Ireland), contains a favorable account of a private séance; the writer expresses his surprise "that any one can be found who thinks he knows all the mysteries this world contains, or who thinks the elucidation of such facts unworthy of a philosopher." Dr. and Mrs. Slade, and Mr. and Miss Simmons are now at 61, Rue d'Arlon, Brussels. Mr. Riko, of the Hague, and some of the local newspapers, printed the assertions made at Bow street by Messrs. Maskelyne, Lankester, & Co.; but although members of the best society in Holland and Belgium have had séances with Dr. Slade, the said assertions have not been borne out by the forewarned investigators witnessed.

Dr. and Mrs. Slade, and Mr. and Miss Simmons are now at 61, Rue d'Arlon, Brussels. Mr. Riko, of the Hague, and some of the local newspapers, printed the assertions made at Bow street by Messrs. Maskelyne, Lankester, & Co.; but although members of the best society in Holland and Belgium have had séances with Dr. Slade, the said assertions have not been borne out by the forewarned investigators witnessed.

It is often lamented that the female teachers in our public schools change station, because they have school to be married; but I believe that this is far from being the case.

"The large number of waters in dingy wells, the chime of distant bells, the rustling of garments, By night wings stirring; the droning hum of bees In gardens where the honeysuckles climb;

"The garden's where the honeysuckles climb;