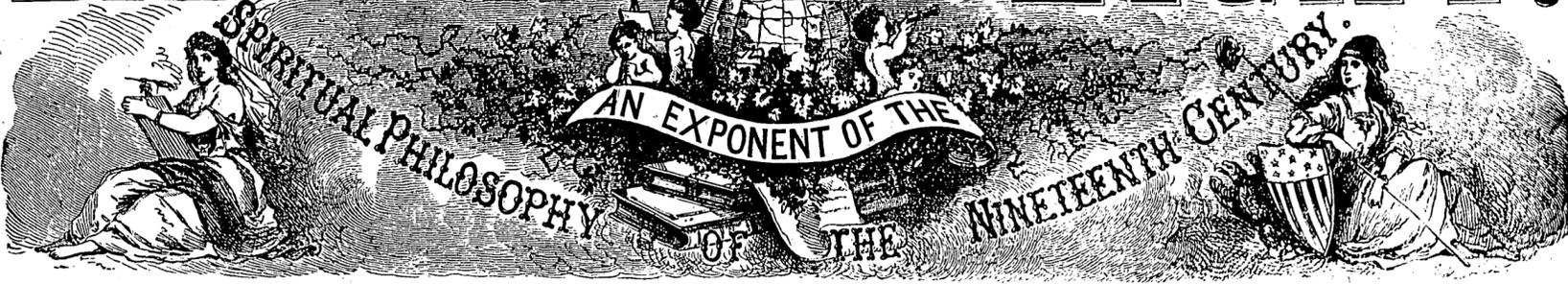


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Biographical.

MRS. FRANCES H. GREEN M'DOUGALL.

BY S. B. BRITTON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The removal of this noble woman from the field of her earthly labors is an event that calls for something more than a passing notice from the American press. It is seldom we have occasion to record the departure of one so distinguished for independent thought, eminent ability as a writer of both prose and verse, and for all the gentle and ennobling attributes and qualities which at once refine, exalt, and dignify human nature. Her example is a mild reproof and a strong incentive to the weak and irresolute; at the same time it is a severe rebuke to the indolent and the unworthy. With a disposition admirably tempered by thorough culture and mature reflection, a loving and hopeful philosophy of life—softened and sweetened by every tender affection—she was yet invincible in her resistance of every form of evil. With a sympathetic spirit that listened with tearful emotion to every tale of suffering, she combined a supreme love of justice and humanity, and an intense hatred of oppression and cruelty, rendering her firm and forcible as she was gentle and forgiving. For the honary superstitions of the past, and the gigantic wrongs of the world—for all tyranny and tyrants—Genius had placed in her hands the scourge of Nemesis. At the same time she was an earnest and true Reformer, in whom the stern virtues of the Puritan were charmingly modified by every womanly grace and the divinest charity. I may not hope to do justice to such a character within the limits of this article, but I must reverently pay my humble tribute to her memory.

Mrs. M'Dougall was born in Smithfield, R. I., about the year 1805. She was the daughter of Mr. George Whipple, and her ancestors were among the early settlers and most distinguished families in the State. While at a tender age her father, by a series of misfortunes, was reduced to poverty, and the little blue-eyed Fanny was left to support herself by her own industry, and to depend on such means of improvement as the common school and occasional hours at home. She labored and studied early and late, with a cheerful and hopeful spirit, always making the most of her limited opportunities. Her rare natural endowments soon became apparent to all intelligent observers. More conspicuous than the retentive memory, which enabled her to grasp the principles and details of whatever she read, were the illustrations of that creative power which is the distinguishing characteristic of genius. The first fruits of her prolific mind were short poems, in which she displayed a delicate sense of beauty and harmony; and as early as 1830 she attracted public attention by her poetic contributions to the papers in her native State.

Miss Whipple's first venture in the shape of a book was the life of Eleanor Elbridge, a colored woman. It was a great success, more than thirty thousand copies having been sold. Her strong interest in the laboring classes determined at once the subject and object of her next volume, "The Mechanic," which appeared in 1841. This book was extensively noticed by the New England press, and highly complimented by Mr. Brownson, in the *Boston Quarterly Review*. In the same year she contributed to the Rhode Island Book a poem entitled, "The Dwarf's Story," a gloomy conception, embodied in a composition revealing great depth of passion and power of expression. In 1842 she edited and published the *Wampanoag*, a journal devoted to the interests of labor, and the special improvement of the people engaged in the productive industries of the country. "Might and Right" followed in 1844. It was a history of the origin, and a discussion of the facts and circumstances, of the attempt at revolution in Rhode Island known as the Dorr Insurrection. She subsequently contributed to many periodicals on subjects commanding the wide range of polite literature, popular science, and constructive art. Among these various contributions to the press—in which she displayed an unrivaled versatility—we recall her papers in *The Nineteenth Century*, an elegant quarterly magazine conducted by Charles Chauncy Burr.

In December, 1847, *The Universalist and Spiritual Philosopher* was started at New York by an association, under the editorial management of the present writer. The new journal was devoted to a spiritual rationalism; a philo-

sophical exposition of the psychological phenomena of all ages, and the application of natural principles to the relations and interests of individual and social life. It was a phenomenon in journalistic literature, and its appearance occasioned a sensation. Mrs. M'Dougall, then Mrs. Green, became one of the largest and most important contributors to the new paper. She was deeply interested in the enterprise, and at once sought a home in the editor's family, where she remained for several years in the most intimate and friendly relations. She was never weary in serving others; and during all that period she never, by so much as a word carelessly spoken, disturbed the social harmony, or otherwise diminished the respect and love with which she was regarded by every member of the household.

Mrs. Green wrote with great freedom of thought, and diction, and was neither limited in her themes nor the method of their treatment. When the subject involved important principles; when it took hold of great human interests; or presented poetic aspects, she was often truly inspired. Her mind was full of light, and her pen became a tongue of fire, illuminating whatever it touched. Sometimes a mere question—like the rod that smote the rock in the wilderness—seemed to strike the living fountain of her inspiration. Now and then, a single remark would produce an effect as instantaneous as the falling of a spark into a magazine. We have a remarkable instance of this in the production of her "Song of the North Wind," a poem of about one hundred and fifty lines, in which the force of strong words and the whole metrical movement suggests the blasts of polar skies and the grand march of the tornado. This poem was composed one evening early in March, 1848. The writer of this had just returned from his office at the close of the day. It was a cold night, and the wind was blowing a gale from the north. On entering the door I met Mrs. Green, whom I thus addressed: "Well, Fanny, the Spirit of the North Wind is having a grand rehearsal to-night. The rhythmical movement is rapid and powerful, and the music full of startling *crescendos*." Starting suddenly, as if moved by an electric shock, she made no reply, but rushing up stairs, disappeared. In an hour and a half she returned with the poem complete and ready for the press. My observation, made without premeditation, suggested the theme, and instantly the invisible powers of the air swept over her soul, waking the strings of her lyre to the stately numbers of this boreal march. It was no "ill wind" that produced such a result; it was rather a *divina afflatus*, that gave to the inspired poet a power of expression, majestic and free as the wild blasts which cradled her Muse. Boreas rehearses his victories on land and sea. I will here extract portions of this grand anthem:

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.
From the home of Thor, and the hand of Hun,
Where the valiant frost-kings dived the sun,
Thou art, like a coward, slink away
With the spectral glare of thy meagre day—
And through in beauty, peerless night,
In her robe of snow and her crown of light,
Sits queenlike on her icy throne,
With frost-flowers in her nearly zone—
And the late Aurora, floating free,
Round her form of matchless symmetry—
An iris'd mantle of roseate hue,
With the gold and hyacinth melting through;
And from her forehead, beaming far,
Looks forth her own true polar star.
From the land we love—our native home—
One mission of wrath, we come, we come:
Away, away, over earth and sea!
Unchained and chainless, ever free!
As we fly, our strong wings gather force,
To rush on our overwhelming course:
We have swept the mountains and walked the main,
And now, in our strength, we are here again:
To beguile the stay of this wintry hour,
We are chanting our anthem of pride and power:
And the listening earth turns deadly pale—
Like a sheeted corser, the silent vale
Looks forth in its robe of ghostly white,
As now we rehearse our deeds of might.
The strongest of God's sons are we—
Unchained and chainless, ever free!
We have looked on Hecla's burning brow,
And seen the pines of Norway low
In cadence to our deafening roar;
On the craggy steep of the Arctic shore:
We have walked with the meteor's whirling flood,
And curbed the current of human blood,
As nearer, nearer, nearer drew
The struggling bark to the boiling blue—
Till, resistless, urged to the cold death-clasp,
It writhes in the hideous monster's grasp
A moment—and then the fragments go
Down, down to the fearful depths below!
But away, away, over land and sea,
Unchained and chainless, ever free!
We have started the pining avalanche,
And seen the cheek of the mountain blanch,
As down the giant Rime came,
With a step of wrath and an eye of flame;
Hurling destruction, death and we
On all around and all below,
Till the piling rocks and the prostrate wood
Conceal the spot where the village stood;
And the choking waters vainly try
From their strong prison-hold to fly:
We haste away, for our breath is rife
With the groans of expiring human life!
Of that hour of horror we only may tell—
As we climb the dizzy and we ring the knell;
Away, away, over land and sea,
Unchained and chainless—we are free!
Old Neptune we call from his ocean caves,
When for pasture we danced on the crest of waves;
And we heap the struggling billows high
Against the deep gloom of the sky:
Then we plunge in the yawning depth beneath,
And there on the heaving surge beneath,
Till they toss the proud ship like a feather,
And Light and Hope expire together;
And the bravest cheek turns deadly pale
At the cracking mast and the rending sail,
As down, with headlong fury borne,
Of all her strength and honors shorn,
The good ship struggles to the last.
With the raging waves and howling blast
We hurry the waters to their final crash,
And the foaming floods to frenzy lash;
Then we pour our requiem on the billow,

As the dead go down to their ocean pillow—
Down—far down—to the depths below,
Where the pearls repose and the sea-gems glow:
Mid the coral groves, where the sea-fan waves
Its palm wand o'er a thousand graves:
And the insect weaves her stony shroud
Alks o'er the humble and the proud:
What can be brighter than we,
The strong, the chainless, ever free!

Among Mrs. Green M'Dougall's prose contributions to the *Universalist* were stirring papers especially addressed to her own sex, in which she exposes the superficial character of American female education, and uncovers the vain and false motives that influence the lives of many women. She strips the soft draperies of fashionable indolence from those who wear them, and reveals the scars pride left when it rifled the bosom of its divine affection. She severely chastises the bejeweled fair ones who either coldly turn away from the fallen sister, or remorselessly trample on every poor unfortunate whose name is woman. We select the following passage from an article on Literary Women:

"Let us pay less attention to external decoration, seeking rather that 'inward adorning of the mind which gives to woman her true beauty, and that intellectual vigor which imparts her real strength. . . . A wrong motive is still left at the root of female education, and its present consequences are quite deplorable. . . . The same motive which softens down the graces and the smiles of our young ladies into a burlesque of all that is natural, bends the knee of the bright-eyed Georgian, in the seraglio of the Sultan, and points the electric plagues of the fair Circassian; and I know not that the principle has higher dignity here than there. Do not misunderstand me. I neither condemn the wish to please, nor quarrel with the art or the power of pleasing; for both are natural, and therefore right. I only deprecate the motive and the power which paramount to every other motive of grace and higher incentives to action. . . . Let us not waste time by idly talking of our rights or our capabilities, but put the whole matter directly to the testing process, by commencing, each one of us, the work of self-elevation."

Mrs. M'Dougall's example was not less impressive than her speech. She practiced her principles with a blameless integrity. She regarded life as a serious matter, and never treated its interests and responsibilities lightly. The following extract will suffice to indicate the earnest manner in which she was accustomed to treat fashionable women:

"Ask for the definition of the word Lady, and you are answered, it is a female who, being placed wholly above the necessity of labor herself, may command the labor and services of others. What a dignity is here coveted! No less than that of complete uselessness. Now in these cases the greatest danger is not in mere idleness, but in the natural activity of the mind may cause its development in wrong directions. Surely very little moral consistency or dignity of character could be expected of one to whom the highest motive for excellence is to get a husband and a fine establishment! . . . To this end our young ladies are taught all that can fascinate—all that can charm the senses. . . . They must dance gracefully, and glide more voluptuously through the spiral mazes of the waltz. The fair rounded arm makes a fine contrast with the dark rosewood of the glided harp; and the belle must learn to murmur her Italian love sonnets with a more liquid and tender enunciation. The advantages derived from these superficial graces and accomplishments are soon discovered by their possessor as well as by her less fortunate companions. Even before she has left the nursery the theme of her beauty and probable conquests is rife in the mouth of every friend and visitor of the family. She will certainly make a great sensation in 'coming out,' and all her hopes, all her dreams, all her efforts, point to this as the Rubicon of Life.

Strength and self-reliance are supposed to be incompatible with the power of seduction. Whether physical or mental power is implied, it is not presumed to be the attribute of a lady. Thus woman is made the mere parasite of man. She loses her own identity. In a vast majority of cases—in fact almost universally—she becomes hardly conscious of a self-dependent existence. She is made the mere appendage of her father, her husband, or her brothers. We have heard the story of a woman, the tender, graceful, clinging for support around Man, the lordly, majestic oak, until woman absolutely forgets that she is invested with the power to stand alone, if need be, endowed by Nature with all the physical, mental and moral energies of a self-dependent and self-accountable being."

In the interest of Abandoned Women, Mrs. M'Dougall's plea is eloquent and powerful. She appeals to a numerous class of her own sex in a manner which must cover many a fair cheek with a blush of shame, while she applies something like a lash of scorpions to the shameless authors of their ruin. The following will illustrate the spirit of the whole:

"For the honor of the sex, for the holy love of Virtue, for the crimson blush of shame, let it no longer be said, that Woman, by making the disgrace of a single wrong inexorable, shuts out the female sinner from all hope of reformation, while at the same time she takes the libertine, upon whose guilty soul is wrought the crimson stain of that victim's first crime, into the sacred confidence of her bosom friendship! Let it no more be said that the personal sanctity of woman is sullied by the slightest contact with the vicious of her own sex, while it receives no blessing from the closest union with the vile and profligate of the other. Let us hear no more that pious and holy women—tract distributors, leaders of classes and prayer meetings, and members of benevolent associations—come into our churches flaunting in the garments from the making of which their own criminal vanity and covetousness has abstracted the price of virtue! Then and there to strike hands with the destroyer! Such women are accomplices in his crime. They may envelop themselves in the robes of ten-fold sanctity, but through all the dark plague-spots will appear, the crimson stains of imolated Purity, the martyred Life, that was folded in every plait and wrought in every seam! Let Woman interpose the majesty of her Medusan shield, not to terrify but to protect the fallen, and let her transfer her smiles and favors from the seducer to his victim.
But there is a better feeling in regard to this subject springing to life among us; thanks to the sainted Thomas Hood for his 'Bridge of

Sighs, and his 'Song of the Shirt,' which have wakened tender and mournful echoes, now thrilling millions of bosoms, which, but for those sad strains, might never have known the wrong. Thanks to Eugene Sue, who has given us such vivid portraits of individuals of this class. Through these we get nearer to the human hearts that lie throbbing in their great anguish, deep sleep, beyond the wreck of virtue, and the broken fragments of happiness and hope. Does not the image of the gentle and tender FLAUTE DE MARIE stand out amid the depths of prostitution and blackest crime, to rebuke with its angelic sweetness the doubt that there may be good—even there? Does it not invest the whole sisterhood with a kind of sanctity—the sanctity of human nature—the sanctity of Womanhood—which, however low its possessor may have fallen—however guilty she may be—is still divine?"

In 1848-9 Mrs. M'Dougall and the present writer were associated in the editorial management of the *Young People's Journal*, a monthly magazine designed to popularize Science, Literature and Art. To this work she was the largest contributor. While thus employed, three cantos of her *Nanantunnoo*, a Legend of the Narragansett, were published in Philadelphia. This poem is every way remarkable. It exhibits the fruits of a careful study of the Indian character; a strong and intimate sympathy with Nature; a quick and accurate perception of the elements of beauty and the laws of poetic expression; great all sense of thought and speech; at the same time it reveals a strong imagination, and powers of description which determine her place in the front rank of American poets. It can best justify this opinion by extracting a passage from the poem.

A SUMMER MOON IN NEW ENGLAND.
"Stillness of summer moonlight over hill,
And deep overowering wood, and creek, and stream,
Spread forth her downy pinions, scattering sleep
Upon the drooping eyelids of the air.
No wind breathed through the forest, that could stir
The lightest foliage. If a rustling sound
Escaped the trees, it might be nestling bird,
Or else the withered leaves were turning back
To their own natural places, whence the wind
Of the last hour had flung them. From afar
Came the deep roar of waters, yet subdued
To a melodious murmur, like the chant
Of sailors, as they take their morning rest.
A tremulous motion stirred the fragrant south,
Coming to wake her with renewed bliss,
And from their stilled stems an utterance came,
So delicate and spirit-like, it seemed
The soul of music breathed, without a voice.
The anemone bent low her drooping head,
Murmuring the absence of her true love,
Till the soft languor closed her sleepy eye,
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Her shorter poems are very numerous, and highly diversified in respect to the nature of the themes—presenting many forms and phases of metrical equipment, illuminated by a loving faith and a genuine inspiration. The following stanzas are from

A SONG OF WINTER.
His gathering throng of snows
The winter king, as yet, is not a king;
And, flash! with light and gleam, below
Was the real one that bound him.
He went abroad in his kingly state,
By the poor man's side, by the palace gate.
Then the ministered winds, on either hand,
The music of frost-days humming.
Flew fast before him through all the land,
Crying, "O Winter! Winter! Winter!
And they sang a song in their hoarse, hoarse voices,
That made the heart of his king quiver.
For it spoke of strength and it's life power,
And the mighty will that moveth him,
Of all the years of the world before,
And the great hearts that would him,
Of olden times, when the world was young,
With the joy of love and the flow of thought.

To our author's fine sense and delicate appreciation every object in nature had a voice, and revealed some phase of essential beauty and the divine life within. Her philosophic theology resolved all forms of evil into temporary conditions to be removed in due time by the outward development of the absolute good. This is beautifully expressed in the following verses from

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG.
Off to the bank where the wind thy me blows,
And the fragrant heart is so young;
We'll drink from the heart of the virgin rose
The nectar that flows so young.
Fragrant for the heart of the early dawn,
Murmur in praise of the beautiful morn.
We heed not the nattering "chattering" spar,
Though we linger not there the longest;
We extract honey without a fear,
For we can discern the strongest.
In the rank of the golden-bellied bee,
We know where the drops of nectar dwell.
Our Father has placed naught in vain,
Though in some the honey is weaker;
Yet a drop in the reservoir will be found,
To comfort the earnest seeker.
Praise Him who giveth us our daily food,
And the love that ineth all this good.

To the foregoing extracts from Mrs. M'Dougall's writings in prose and verse, I will only add a single stanza from

SHADOWS OF SPIRIT LIFE.
There came a sound, as if from the vibrant air,
Worked with the tide of strange new life;
That seemed diffusing sweetness over where—
As perfume, light and music were set free.
From flowers and sunshine, and all the ministry
Of joyous birds, and beauty in all forms,
Had overpowered the earth, as rainbows after storms.

Mrs. M'Dougall was divorced from her first husband early in life—for reasons that left no shadow on her own fair name. For many years she lived alone, with her Muse and the living creations born of her own beaming imagination. She spent the greater part of her life in New England and New York. We do not remember the date of her removal to California, (it must have been about the beginning of the civil war,) where she married Mr. M'Dougall, with whom she lived on terms of mutual confidence and respect to the close of her long and useful life of some seventy-four years. Her late residence was at Merced, in the county of the same name; but her death occurred while she was on a visit at Oakland, near San Francisco. Since establishing her residence on the Pacific coast, she has been a frequent contributor to the spiritual press.

Her papers published in the two volumes of Britton's Journal were admirably written and greatly admired. She has probably left several volumes in manuscript, of which we shall know more hereafter.

Mrs. M'Dougall's last published book, entitled Beyond the Veil, was very recently issued from the press of D. M. Bennett, of New York. It purports to be a narrative of Paschal Beverley Randolph's observations of the Spirit Life and World, while under the guidance of Emanuel Swedenborg. Our dear friend entertained no doubt that the gifted but erratic Randolph was the chief source of her inspiration. I have read the book, but as I have no space for a review, I will not here express my judgment of its peculiar claims. While the style is often marked by the strong individuality of the poetess, the book contains some things we cannot accept, and which probably did not command her own acquiescence. There is, however, abundant evidence that our departed Sister was inspired from her childhood. Her life was singularly pure, while her splendid abilities and earnest labors were devoted to the noblest human uses. She always stood for the Right whatever the impending peril. In something more than an Imaginary sense, she was truth itself endowed with personality. With a nature so unassuming and unselfish—yet aspiring in every worthy sense—and a record with no stain to mar the crystal whiteness of her fame, she was quite as likely to be truthfully impressed as any one of the seers and mediums, at whose feeblest utterance a multitude of unreasoning worshippers bow themselves in deepest reverence.

We cannot disguise the fact that Mrs. M'Dougall had genius and learning sufficient to have endowed at least a dozen such popular story writers, essayists, and poetsasters as do most to promote the graceful art of genuflection. In the galaxy that illuminates the literature of New England she was a star of no inferior magnitudes. Nor was this all. She was born not only to shine, but to strive for the victory over wrong. In this life-long struggle she displayed great moral courage and patient endurance. During her whole literary career, of nearly half a century, she was the consistent friend of the poor, the oppressed and the fallen, ready for any work that might inspire their hopes, strengthen their hands, and smooth before them the rugged ways of life. Few, indeed, have made such personal

sacrifices for their principles, and especially for Spiritualism. Had this noble woman consecrated her time and talents to the church, her name would to-day have been a household word all over the continent; her unselfish work a sacred memory; and even Spiritualists might have recognized her genius and purchased her books. She stands by my side while I write this; and it may be, under her guidance, I go away in spirit to the far Pacific coast to behold the closing scene in the earth-life of that strong but gentle spirit. The white-robed angel of Peace is there. No terrors people the soft shadows of life's evening twilight. No forms of ill linger by the portals of the everlasting Day. Bright visitors, arrayed in purple and golden splendors, are there. No hearth-stone is ever wholly deserted, and no scene of mortal conflict occurs without silent witness. In the life of the spirit, each pure affection, every living thought, and all noble deeds, take form and are perceived to exist as vital forces and objective realities. In that far-away dwelling, by that bedside, around the dear one ennobled by her own life-work, and purified by the ministry of Angels, other forms of light and beauty appear to consecrate the solemn scene and the sweet memory of our friend.

Another published account I have seen states the material to have been "barlutan."

Mr. John Pickering, referring to this, says in his statement: "It has been stated that a quantity of barlutan was found at a moment when Mrs. P. was endeavoring to conceal it. Also that a false mustache was found. These statements are both untrue. Not a shred of barlutan was seen by any person that evening, the nearest approach being a small piece of the netting." Mr. Fletcher, in his reply to Mr. Pickering, says: "White barlutan or mosquito netting was found on her person, as were whiskers and other paraphernalia, such as is generally found on frauds of this description."

The Lowell Times, in another account in its issue of July 18th, says: "As to what became of the short trousers worn by one of the male forms, it is hard to say. They were doubtless secreted about the person of Mrs. Pickering, and as the committee of ladies did not thoroughly examine Mrs. Pickering, either before going in or coming out of the cabinet, they were not discovered." (What, let me ask, did the "other paraphernalia" consist of?)

The Times says that after the seance Mrs. Pickering was asked many questions in regard to the matter, some of which she answered, while others she turned a deaf ear. She claimed to have as much power as any other medium, and said she could materialize. When asked, point blank, if she was not a fraud, she declined to answer (How impolite in her!) "She seemed to think herself a very smart woman, as she undoubtedly is, and seemed to glory in the fact that she had successfully mystified so many. Her answers exhibited keenness and shrewdness, and she might successfully contend with Mrs. Jenks in the ability to lie and swear to it."

Mr. Fletcher's account of what occurred after the seance differs from that of the Times. Mr. P. said in my parlour: "If you won't address me further, I will open up." (Who was the witness here?) "She said part was fraud and part genuine." "When I first went into the business it was all genuine, but when I found how much I could help I have sometimes done so." Being asked if she didn't put the things found in Mr. Goward's chimney there, she said: "I put part of them there, and part of them I did not." She said: "I am not a Spiritualist. I never said they were spirit forms; I never saw one," etc., etc.

Mr. Pickering, in his statement in the Banner of Light, differs from both the Times and Mr. F. He says: "It having been reported that Mrs. Pickering and myself have admitted that the materialization of spirit forms at her seances have been frauds, and that Mrs. P. confessed that she had in these matters deceived the people, I write this to inform you that all such reports are untrue, and that all similar reports relating to Mrs. P. her seances and myself, are equally so." I could probably fill columns of the BANNER with statements from the various accounts that have been published of the Lowell and Westford alleged exposures, equally at variance with each other as the above, which might be alleged as a sufficient reason why I did not consult with the parties in those places before I went to see Mrs. Pickering. But, nevertheless, this was not the cause of my omission to visit those places. I did not go to Laconia to ascertain whether what Mrs. Pickering's accusers alleged was true or not, viewed from their own standpoint, but to test her mediumship in my own way. Before I left Boston I repeatedly declared that I was satisfied everything I had seen charged might in the main be true, and yet the medium be entirely innocent of intentional fraud, and I remain of the same mind still. When I arrived at Laconia I learned that Mrs. Pickering was staying at her father's, some four miles in the country. I called the day after my arrival to see her, and had an interview with the family of perhaps an hour, her husband being present. During that time, so far as I remember, I did not ask a question directly bearing on the alleged exposure, though I may have done so. My object was to arrange for a seance, which Mrs. P. consented to favor me with, and arranged to come to a relative's of hers in Laconia the next day, and stay a few days to accommodate me. The thermometer was nearly in the hundreds, and the weather exceedingly unfavorable for manifestations. In two seances, however, notwithstanding this and the feeble state of Mrs. P.'s health, I witnessed several real, genuine spirit materializations, including the exhibition of two forms of my most intimate family connections, that I know the outth of every man and woman in Lowell, Westford, or elsewhere could never convince me were fraudulent representations. In averring this I do not mean to cast any reflections on the veracity of the individuals who were present at the seances in Lowell and Westford, where the alleged fraudulent manifestations occurred. Under the conditions, these were at Westford just such as I should suppose might have occurred, viz., genuine spirit materializations, but marred by the interference of mischievous or malignant spirits attracted to the circle by its inharmonious, and the presence of certain individuals whose minds and souls were bent on obtaining falsehood rather than truth. At Lowell, from all the accounts I have seen, I should think most probably that mischievous spirits yet in the body, apart from Mrs. P., were the authors of most of the trouble, aided, perhaps, by kindred spirits out of the forms.

It seems necessary, from some unexplained cause, that most really good materializing mediums should pass through the fiery ordeal of "exposure" to perfect them for the work assigned them by the angels. Mrs. Pickering is now added to the long list who have been

WHY I DID NOT GO TO LOWELL AND WESTFORD.

I learn by letters and otherwise that I am censured by some individuals for not having gone to Lowell and Westford, and gathered the "baton facts" in the alleged Pickering exposure before going to see the medium at Laconia. I answer:—

First—That it never occurred to me that it was necessary I should do so, nor until after my return to Boston was I aware that my presence was desired at either of those places.

Secondly—That I had already seen lengthy accounts of the alleged exposure, and could have no reason to suppose that any new facts of importance could be elicited should I stop at those places.

Thirdly—Because the statements of parties in different journals were so conflicting in particulars that I was satisfied all of them could not be relied upon.

Take such as these, for instance: The Lowell Times's statement says: "She (Mrs. Pickering) arose as if unconscious, and made an effort to pass three or four yards of white muslin, which had been used in her manifestations, to her husband," etc.

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called upon to suffer, and, like most of the others of the class, including Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Hull, the Holmeses, the Blisses, and others, I expect to witness her yet rising, Sphinx-like, high above the position she has hitherto occupied in the mediumistic ranks. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

July 28, 1878.

Since the foregoing was written I have received the Lowell Times of the 30th of July, containing the following editorial:—

"We have received a somewhat lengthy communication from Mr. Thomas R. Hazard, a well-known Spiritualist, in regard to the Pickering exposure, with a request that we publish the same. We have given the statements of Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, Mr. Fletcher, Mrs. Abbott and others, in this matter, and must decline to publish that of Mr. Hazard. He brings forward no new or important features, and the communication is simply a fault-finding article written by an old man who has been completely mystified by the wiles of Mrs. Pickering, the Spiritualistic humbug. The testimony that Mrs. Pickering is a fraud is strong enough to convince any fair-minded person, and a man's judgment must be clouded indeed if he remains unconvinced after the two exposures which took place in this vicinity."

I will just here remark that an editorial appeared in the Lowell Times of July 18th, criticising a communication of mine that appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT of the 13th of July. The "lengthy communication" referred to above was simply a request of mine, made to the editor of the "Times," to permit me to use his columns to remove any injurious impressions the readers of that paper might have imbibed in consequence of the unfair use that had been made of some passages in my communication that had appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT by the editor of the "Times." There was no attempt on my part to enter into the general merits of the Pickering controversy any further than was absolutely necessary to meet my personal grievances. I also requested the editor of the "Times" to extend to me the courtesy of returning my communication should he decline to print, which I thought, under the circumstances, almost an impossible alternative. Whether Mrs. Pickering is a fraud or not has little or nothing to do with the object set forth in my communication. To have my meaning, in the first instance, so grossly misrepresented and garbled as it really was by the editor of the "Times," one might think was bad enough! But then, again, to suppress and retain my application to have the mistakes corrected, and then misrepresent the whole character of that document, also, even more grossly than the other, is, in my estimation, sinking journalism to a depth of infamy lower than, it is to be hoped, it has ever before descended, either in this or any other country on earth, unless, peradventure, it may be in the instances of the "Times" namesake in Philadelphia of Bliss notoriety, and the mendacious Chicago organ of the "Immortal Twenty-two."

T. R. H.

The Camp Meetings.

Onset Bay Camp-Meeting.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Dr. H. B. Storer.)

"There is beauty all around," and from the seats on Bay View Grove and the wooded banks of the Boulevard, the view on Monday evening, 12th, was exquisitely beautiful. The moon's eclipse was successfully performed according to programme, and as she slowly emerged from the dark shadow the beams of light fell upon the gently rippling water, throwing a belt of silver across the Bay.

Miss Lizzie J. Thomson, assisted by Frank L. Union, entertained a delighted company at the auditorium in the early evening, with really excellent and versatile readings; while at the Pavilion the dance went merrily on; and later into the bright and peaceful night, too beautiful for sleep, parties sailed out upon the Bay or sat chatting beneath the trees.

On Tuesday, 13th, the masters of the yacht fleet having invited the Association to a sail down the Bay, about one hundred and eighty persons embarked in the vessels named as follows: "Ella Maria," Capt. Hinckley; "Texas Jack," Capt. Swift; "Little Anna," Capt. Bassett; "Glen," Capt. Parker; "Whoo, Emma," Capt. Bumpus; "Rambling," Capt. Berry; "Della," Capt. Burgess; "Flying Cloud," Capt. Savary; "Maggie," Capt. Cahoon; "E. ma," Capt. Baker; "Stella," Capt. Rider; and "Lottie," Capt. Burgess. The breeze was light, but just enough to carry the fleet pleasantly along without sickness to those on board, and after a two hours' sail the company landed at Bassett's Island and dispersed to explore the contents of their lunch baskets under the shade of the cedars, or to pick berries, which grow here in profusion. The boatmen did everything in their power to make the occasion pleasant, and received the cordial thanks of the party. Mrs. Bird, of Brockton, trailing for bluefish from one of the boats, caught a young shark, a regular man eater, which with assistance was hauled into the boat. The breeze increased on the return trip, and the fleet made quick time, and notwithstanding an occasional dash of sea-water over the bows, and some seasickness, the excursion was highly enjoyed by all.

During the previous week, several admirable lectures were given, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham discoursing upon "The Interest of Spiritual Beings in Earthly Pursuits," a subject suggested to her by the audience, followed by an inspired poem, "Is It Up Hill all the Way?" Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, introduced by the President as one of the oldest and ablest speakers upon spiritual themes, lectured upon "The Twofold Nature of Man."

Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., for many years a public medium and lecturer, has spoken frequently with excellent appreciation, her lecture being filled with logical arguments and practical suggestions of real value.

On Tuesday P. M., Aug. 6th, the Conference meeting was presided over by the Treasurer of the Association, Walter W. Currier, Esq., of Haverhill. He regretted to break the spell of the evidently pleasant social intercourse going on among those gathered on the seats, by a call to order in preparation for the regular exercises, as he knew how valuable and important is this free interchange of thought and feeling among those who come here as strangers, grow into warm and appreciative friends.

After singing by a volunteer choir, led by J. Frank Baxter at the organ, Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, stepped upon the platform, and in a whole-souled talk interested the audience upon the subject of intrinsic moral worth and spiritual growth as necessary to entrance upon spirit life, which was replete with good counsel and admonitions.

The choir then sang "Shall we know each other there?" when Mr. Baxter was asked if he had seen anything spiritual that he could speak of. "Yes," he said, stepping to the front. "I have seen something, but whether the picture will be finished or not I cannot say. As Mrs. Brown was speaking I saw a scene on the water, and there appeared three large initial letters—G. A. L.—but I know not whether I can get more. "Attica says there is a young lady here that has been in spirit-life about one year; she was

about twenty-two or twenty-three years old; she says that "when the 30th day of the present month comes it will be the anniversary of my entrance to spirit life." My father was F. W. Kingeman. They called me Etta in Bridgewater and Wareham, but my name was Mary Etta.

"I see that same vision of a ship, and see a man lying on a couch; two or three men come in and approach him, and shake him as though trying to awake him, but they say 'no, he is dead.' This man must have been seventy or eighty years old; he was a pilot on the northern coast, and passed away on a shipboard in a stateroom. George A. Luce is the name, and he is well known in Marion." [Recognized.]

"The spirit of a little child comes, (Willie is given), and says 'mama.' Now he shows himself as about twenty years old, and says, 'well, mother, your Willie is almost a man now. Think of 1838 and then of the fall of 1878; the anniversary of my entrance to spirit life will be celebrated; we will find a way to celebrate it.'"

"A lady in the audience seemed to recognize the child, but Mr. B. said he thought she was mistaken; he thought it was for some one else; and turning half around he gave the name of Randall. Mrs. Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Fitchburg, said that Willie was her boy, and the name Randall was hers by her first marriage. The dates were all correct, as stated by Mr. Baxter. "There is a man standing before me; I see a court-room, and the date June 11, 1853. Fred W. Crocker." [Recognized, as Clerk of the Court for Barnstable Co.]

"Well, here is an old lady nearly eighty years of age. Who knows Mrs. Polly Hudson?" "I hear the name of Monk. There is another name that comes with this. It sounds like Raymond—Leon Raymond's stay at the Camp numerous tests were given, others of which I will forward—but the peculiarities of manner in which they are received and presented greatly heighten the effect of the tests, as well as demonstrate their impromptu character.

On Tuesday night the heavens gathered blackness, and the storm broke in a deluge of rain upon the thrifty earth. Now came the test of courage to shelter the dwellers in tents. On the whole but little annoyance was experienced, yet they who were fortunately housed in cottages large or small realized a sense of comfort and security against the elements which tents do not afford. Rivers ran down the sloping avenues to the Bay, and formed miniature pools in every depression. But when morning dawned in beauty, and the sun shone forth, behold, the dry land appeared; for this sandy soil drinks freely and rapidly, and mud is impossible.

Your reporter acknowledges in behalf of the Banner Headquarters a beautiful bouquet of flowers, all cultivated at Onset Grove. W. W. Currier, Treasurer of the Association, has compiled the following Directory of the Cottages, Tents, and their occupants at Onset:

- Major C. F. Howard and family, cottage No. 12 South Boulevard.
Dr. H. H. Brigham and family, cottage No. 14 South Boulevard.
Simon Butterfield, cottage No. 18 1/2 South Boulevard.
Capt. Alfred Nash and family, cottage No. 19 South Boulevard.
P. Greenleaf and family, cottage No. 20 South Boulevard.
Dr. S. Appin and family, cottage No. 21 South Boulevard.
Mrs. C. M. Robbins and family, cottage No. 91 South Boulevard.
Nelson Huckins and family, cottage No. 133 South Boulevard.
Nelson Huckins, Lodging House, No. 134 South Boulevard.
Domenico Hall and family, cottage No. 136 South Boulevard.
Mrs. Lydia H. Stuber and family, cottage No. 137 South Boulevard.
W. W. Wilcox and family, cottage No. 138 South Boulevard.
P. Lobbarron and family, cottage No. 124 Ocean avenue.
M. V. Tilson and family, A. J. Blackman and family, cottage No. 72 West Central avenue.
Mrs. Melville A. Clayton and family, Auburn, New York, cottage No. 67 West Central avenue.
W. H. Houlton, photographic saloon, No. 64 West Central Avenue.
Sarah M. Low, Louisa Washington, Onset Bay Laundry, No. 48 West Central Avenue.
C. M. Huggins and family, cottage No. 22 West Central Avenue.
Ira O. Blackwood and family, cottage No. 23 West Central Avenue.
Fred R. Thayer and family, cottage No. 24 West Central Avenue.
Cyrus Peabody and family, Warren, H. I., cottage No. 68 Prospect street.
Edmund Y. Johnson and family, Warren, R. I., cottage No. 67 Prospect street.
Mrs. S. Smith and family, Barrington, R. I., cottage No. 68 Prospect street.
Miss M. P. Winton, Miss S. and R. Nickels, Stoneham, Mass., cottage No. 82 West Central Avenue.
Chas. D. Marcy, Boston, Mass., cottage No. 83 Prospect Avenue.
Albert Berry, South Yarmouth, cottage No. 90, corner South Boulevard and O. set Avenue.
Albert Berry's supply store, No. 80, corner South Boulevard and Onset Avenue.
W. W. Currier and family, Haverhill, Mass., cottage No. 86, corner Prospect and Onset Avenues.
Oscar C. Perkins and family, cottage No. 204 Onset Avenue.
Dr. H. B. Storer, office Union Square.
President H. S. Williams, office Union Square.
Mrs. L. A. and A. H. Baker, restaurant, Prospect Park.
Steele & Walcott, mammoth dining tent, Union Avenue.
Mrs. Thomas Williams, cottage No. 211 Union Street.
Mrs. S. S. Chase and family, cottage No. 215 Union Street.
H. Hinds and family, cottage No. 216 Union Street.
Joseph Whittemore, paint-shop, No. 73 Prospect Street.
Aldrich, Union Square.
W. H. Currier, Prospect Park.
Thomas Frost and family, cottage No. 87 Prospect Avenue.
A. H. Richardson and wife, Mrs. Amos Stone and wife, Mrs. Joseph Donahue, two tents Association Square.
Mrs. H. V. Trison and family, tent No. 219 Union Street.
G. W. Currier, Prospect Park.
Mrs. W. Currier, tent No. 219 Union Street.
Albert Berry, two one-half cottages, No. 90 Onset Avenue.
Albert Berry, one-half cottage, No. 87 Prospect Avenue.
Albert Berry, tent, Prospect Park.
Mr. H. H. Turner and wife, frame tent, No. 206 Onset Avenue.
P. Lyons and family, tent, Park Street.
Mrs. S. L. Hayes and family, tent, Park Street.
Mrs. Young and family, tent, Union Street.
Mr. S. Hubbard and family, tent, Union Square.
Mrs. M. A. Carns and family, cottage No. 1 Wabun Square.
C. W. Knox, cottage No. 2 Wabun Square.
L. V. Flint, E. M. Odrirk, Baldwinville, New York, cottage No. 3 Wabun Square.
Henrietta Bullock, cottage No. 4 Wabun Square.
Mrs. Jennie Bullock, Mrs. Eldridge, cottage No. 5 Wabun Square.
David Brown and family, tent, Prospect Park.
P. M. Whittington and family, tent, Prospect Park.
W. H. Beale and family, tent, Prospect Park.
Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury, Vt., tent, Prospect Park.
F. D. Morse, tent, Prospect Park.
L. S. Handy and family, tent, Prospect Park.
Mrs. L. M. Thayer, tent, Prospect Park.
Mrs. Moore, tent, Prospect Park.
L. A. Baker and family, tent, Prospect Park.
Mrs. E. M. Shirley, tent, Hotel Grounds.
Gibbs & Lewis, Hotel Grounds.
Police Headquarters, cottage, Hotel Grounds.
Mrs. A. P. Howes and family, tent, No. 137 South Boulevard.
Mr. Cushing Bird and wife, tent, on Williams Reserve.
Theodore H. Loring and wife, tent, on Williams Reserve.
H. P. Bird and family, tent, No. 133 Ocean Avenue.
Mrs. Irving Howard, tent, No. 133 Ocean Avenue.
N. Huckins, tent, N. S. 134 South Boulevard.
W. W. Currier, lodging house, No. 74 Prospect Street.
W. W. Currier, three tents, No. 75 Prospect Avenue.
Major Thomas Griffin, tent, No. 77 Prospect Avenue.
Mrs. Emily B. Brown, Mrs. E. N. Tanner, Providence, R. I., tent, No. 69 Prospect Street.
Wm. H. Whitwell and wife, one-half cottage, No. 81 Prospect Avenue.
Mrs. A. P. Howes and family, tent, two tents, No. 84 South Boulevard.

Written for the Banner of Light. SOULS IMMORTAL.

BY ISAAC G. BLANCHARD.

TUNE: "Shall we meet beyond the river?"
Souls immortal, heed the counsel,
Store not all your treasure here;
To the country where you're going
You can take nor gold nor gear.
Purity of thought and purpose,
Love, that draws the humblest near,
Truth, that like a wayside fountain,
Gushes free, and sweet, and clear—
These, the only lasting treasures;
These, unlike your earthly store,
Will not perish in the using,
But by use grow more and more.
He alone is rich who has them,
He who has them not is poor;
Oh, remember! Oh remember,
Soul-wealth only can endure.
Lobsters have claws, and thereby hangs a tail.

TO BOOK-KEEPERS. The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large stock of books...

SPECIAL NOTICES. Notice of the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Banner of Light...

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE. No. 9 Montgomery Street, corner of Proctor Street, Lower Floor.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS. THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, No. 100 of BOSTON STREET, BOSTON.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, No. 2 AND 4 HAMBURG STREET, NEW YORK.

COLBY & RICH. PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS. The Editor of the Banner of Light...

THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT. I have received your letter of the 21st inst. regarding the article on Spiritualism...

What Spiritualism does for a character.

The grave objection against Orthodoxy is that it has no standard of character that its followers will follow...

Now Spiritualism has had to pass the fire of criticism about the influence it has on character...

No doubt there are faults in both media and believers, since all are but human; no doubt some of the accusations raised against Spiritualism are really well taken...

Spiritualism gives us freedom to live. We need to realize that we have to make the present beautiful, and not lose the beauty of the now because of futures coming on...

Then Spiritualism gives a new world, real and reasonable, to the soul-life. It answers the want of humanity, to compass which all the otherisms deny...

It is said that the "truly good" Alpaths of Illinois are not happy, though their protective law has been passed...

Prof. William B. Carpenter as an Authority.

The self-elected dictator on spiritual topics whose name heads this paragraph has peculiar mental characteristics, at least, we think not one among our patrons will deny...

Henry B. Allen.

On our sixth page the reader will find a letter from George A. Fuller, concerning the new project into which that worthy lecturer has embarked with the celebrated physical medium...

We wish Messrs. Fuller and Allen every success as they canvass the country through, the one bearing the oral message of the Spiritual Philosophy...

Dr. Babbitt's "Light and Color."

This work, which is already creating so much interest in all directions, has a large amount of information for physicians and other thoughtful people...

The Day of Problems.

Spiritualism was early denounced as only another of the isms, and thought to be thus dismissed to the care of oblivion...

But neither Church nor State can hope to escape from this test which every age imposes upon its ability...

There is no use in hoping, as many people do—who even pray for it, also—that this cup may be suffered to pass from us in the present age...

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better than has ever been known, as there certainly is in this age of the world, the demand will assuredly be met with a corresponding supply...

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The Poor Children's Excursions.

At the opening of the season we announced that preparations were being made by generous citizens in Boston and vicinity for a continuance...

It had been arranged to give eight excursions to Highland Lake Grove, provided the funds were found sufficient...

Somewhat to the Point!

The Interior, published in Chicago, evidently experienced recently a religious sensation of the true Pecksniffian character...

Fourth Edition now Ready.

The steady demand for "Views of Our Heavenly Home," by A. J. Davis, has made it necessary to print another edition...

There can be no reasonable doubt that the trouble which we are now having with hostile Indians is primarily due to the bad faith with which the agents appointed to look after their interests have treated them...

Here is more evidence of the casualty of white men toward the Indians of the Northwest, placed before the public in terse language...

In another column we publish from the London Spiritualist of the 21st inst. a graphic account of "the passage of matter through matter..."

We are informed that the notorious T. Warren Lincoln, alias "Mansfield," etc., etc., held a séance recently, in the town of Nantucket...

VERIFICATION.—John Danforth, Esq., of New London, Ct., informs us that the spirit message of Willie Langdon, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin...

Mrs. D. Metcalf informs us that the spirit message from Elias Bullard, of Holliston, Mass., printed in the Banner of Light May 18th...

Malcolm Taylor, of Chicago—one of the well-known duo of mediums, "Bastian and Taylor"—was married, August 15th, to Mrs. R. E. Schermerhorn...

Edwin Gill, writing from Australia, June 11th, to the London Spiritualist, says: "I am glad to tell you that that noble woman, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, is drawing crowded houses at the Opera House, Melbourne..."

A bill allowing women to vote in school meetings, passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives recently, it having previously passed the Senate by a vote of 9 to 31...

Fifth Revised Edition of the "STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMERLAND," by A. J. Davis, is just in from the press...

Dr. Cook, editor of the Dublin University Magazine, is a firm Spiritualist. His wife, who has recently written a work entitled "An Innocent Stammer," which we understand is meeting with great success...

The Spiritualists are organizing in Australia under the title of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists.

Read Henry Lacroix's Paris letter on our third page.

Vaccination Unjustifiable.

Dr. William Hycheman, an eminent London physician, prints an important article in the Medium and Daybreak, on vaccination, from which we take the following extract:

"Almost every day of my life children are brought to me suffering severely from vaccination in form of cerebral and gastric complications, persistent vomiting, intractable diarrhoea, severe convulsions, bronchial irritation, and loathsome eruptions of a syphilitic or serofulous nature..."

I have attended numerous cases of small-pox, both with and without previous vaccination, and I solemnly affirm that in an extensive practice of forty years' duration, at home and abroad, I never lost an unvaccinated patient by death in the whole of that period!

The Fortieth Anniversary

Of the release from prison (where the legally entrenched bigotry of the day succeeded in confining him,) of the venerable Abner Kneeland was celebrated Sunday afternoon, Aug. 18th, in a feeling and proper manner at Paine Memorial Building, Boston...

Rev. Mr. Murray, of this city, is in Canada eating soup by the gallon. Hear him: "Speaking of soup reminds me, Why can't we Americans make soup? We can't. Our soups are heavy, sluggish, stagnant. They drag you. They blot you. They make you feel like a puddle of lard water..."

On our sixth page will be found the announcement of the Saranne (Mieh) Grove-Meeting. The notice of the Secretary, dated August 13th, arrived at this office Thursday, Aug. 15th, too late for insertion last week...

We are informed that the notorious T. Warren Lincoln, alias "Mansfield," etc., etc., held a séance recently, in the town of Nantucket, in the course of which his fine summer suit came in contact with a number of questionable eggs...

VERIFICATION.—John Danforth, Esq., of New London, Ct., informs us that the spirit message of Willie Langdon, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin, and printed in the Banner of Aug. 3d, is correct...

Mrs. D. Metcalf informs us that the spirit message from Elias Bullard, of Holliston, Mass., printed in the Banner of Light May 18th, is characteristic of the man, and all true with the exception of an error in the name...

Malcolm Taylor, of Chicago—one of the well-known duo of mediums, "Bastian and Taylor"—was married, August 15th, to Mrs. R. E. Schermerhorn, proprietress of the Spiritual Home at Cascade—Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, performing the ceremony...

Edwin Gill, writing from Australia, June 11th, to the London Spiritualist, says: "I am glad to tell you that that noble woman, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, is drawing crowded houses at the Opera House, Melbourne, leaving scarcely standing room. Every Sunday night there are nearly four thousand persons present..."

A bill allowing women to vote in school meetings, passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives recently, it having previously passed the Senate by a vote of 9 to 31. This is the first substantial legislative victory won by the women suffragists of New England.

Fifth Revised Edition of the "STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMERLAND," by A. J. Davis, is just in from the press. It will be remembered that the "Stellar Key" is Part I. of the "Views." These companion volumes are selling remarkably well.

Dr. Cook, editor of the Dublin University Magazine, is a firm Spiritualist. His wife, who has recently written a work entitled "An Innocent Stammer," which we understand is meeting with great success, is a fine trance medium.

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Read Henry Lacroix's Paris letter on our third page.

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Message Department.

The spirit messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circles...

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life...

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but forthrightly in the presence of those who do not depart with laborer's reason...

The life of the departed is given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circles...

RE-OPENING OF THE BANNER CIRCLES.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles will be re-opened on Tuesday, Sept. 4...

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLED SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will now listen to whatever questions are before us...

Q.—Do they realize, on their entrance into spiritual life, that they have passed through the trials and troubles of an earthly life?

A.—We never forget our loved ones; we always love them and send our affections to them...

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lover of horses. I delighted to train them, delighted to pet them and feed them. I died very suddenly...

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best you can, that's all that is required of you. Now I'm not a learned man, I am a poor old darkey...

And if the Government isn't careful they will make trouble for it in its treasury. That's all I've got to say. Please say it's from old Uncle Jim.

Julia A. Withrow. I ain't much over nine years old. [To the Chairman.] Can I send a letter direct, even if I can't think of writing one?

Alma U. Skinner. I wish you would say that Alma U. Skinner, of Montno, Ill., called to tell her friends she still lives. Dear ones, I shall be glad to meet you.

Dr. Loring. I have not been gone a great while, but I feel it my duty to return to earth and speak as the spirit gives me utterance. I know something of the workings of the spiritual world.

William P. Allen. William P. Allen, of Chicago, formerly of Portland, wishes to be known as an individual spirit. I am myself, and as soon as possible will meet those who have called upon me.

Charles H. Dunbar. I wish you would say that Charles H. Dunbar, who has been gone some fifteen years from this life, returns again and speaks to a brother of his.

Aaron. Far back over the ancient tide of life I wandered. Those were strange days. Then the world looked differently from what it does now.

John Whitridge. From Rhode Island, John Whitridge, in my eighty-second year, who I should attempt communicating with the denizens of earth.

Susan B. Smith. I wish you would say that Susan B. Smith, of New York City, called. I did not always live there.

Farrar Crane. I have been gone some years—I can't tell you just how long. I have frequently been able to manifest myself to my friends.

Charles Champlain. Please say that Charles Champlain, who has been gone but a little while, came to Boston to-day wondering what he should find.

and then comes the buoyancy of life, then comes heaven and the companionship with angels. I would not return if I could. I would have stayed on earth, for I did not know that heaven was so beautiful.

Now, grieve not, mother or father, or any one, over the decayed body. Look not in my grave, for I am not there; look above and beyond, and you will find me in the stillness of the night.

James Clark. I was 51 years of age; lived on East Forty-Third Street, New York, and died of Bright's disease.

Many men think that death is terrible. Not so. The transition from this life to the other is very beautiful. The rest we enjoy is so calm, so peaceful when the rest on the other side of life, we scarce can realize that we ever were mortal.

MESSAGES THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD. Ellen Connors; George W. Evans; Mary Lavette; George Watson; Edward Darling; William B. Ashford; Frank M. N. Nancy B. Sinclair; Maurice Aborn; George Dubois; Polly D. Damon; Uriah Blake.

MESSAGES THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN. John Patten; Mary Hills Claver; James Charlot; Elizabeth Barry Darley.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts. MONTAGUE.—George A. Fuller, writing from the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting grounds, under date of August 10th, says: "Last winter and spring my time was all taken up lecturing in New Hampshire, where I found the people ever ready to listen to the truths of Spiritualism."

After a rest of a few weeks at my home, where I could enjoy the quiet influence of farm-life, and the communion of the good and great minds of all ages through the medium of my library.

Friends of Human Progress. The Twenty-third Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists for the year 1878 will be held at Grand Rapids, commencing on Thursday, August 29th, and closing on the 1st day of September.

Maine Camp-Meeting. The Spiritualists will hold their Camp-Meeting at Etta, Fenwick Co., Maine, on the 29th and 30th inst. commencing on Wednesday, August 29th, and closing on Thursday, August 30th.

Passed to Spirit-Life. After an experience of 21 years on earth, Belle Wheeler, of Litchfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., passed to a new and better life.

Michigan. PORT HURON.—N. B. Starr writes: "God bless the Banner of Light for the many stand it has taken in defence of the poor, persecuted media of our day, who are being subjected to the accusations of the wicked and deepest charms."

New York. WESTFIELD.—Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing writes as follows concerning the suspicious appearances sometimes observable at séances for the materialization phenomena: "Had I seen the first time at Mrs. Seaver's in Boston what I saw the last time, and had gone away without the supreme task I received, I should have thought her sittings unreliable."

From Abington, Mass., suddenly, Mr. Nathaniel B. Bennett, aged 71 years 2 months and 6 days.

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under control, and a facsimile of the medium at the aperture! So I have made up my mind, as have many others, that oftentimes the demonstrations are only the echo of the circle, and that the deep desire to prove a humbug on the part of attending skeptics often brings to pass those unpleasant resemblances, and that the skill power is sometimes so great in the circle that mediums are unconsciously drawn into the snare, and led to personate from its very influence over them."

Pennsylvania. ATHENS.—Mrs. T. R. Davis, in renewing her subscription to the Banner of Light, after taking exceptions to Mr. Poole's articles on "Trance Mediumship," says: "We should surely not make up our minds to injure them in word or deed. They are called by the spirit world to do their work in this world. The 'trance speakers' are wholly in the hands of the invisible, so when we blame them we should remember we are throwing blame on the inhabitants of the higher life who come to teach us. Each one teaches what he believes to be truth, laying no claim to infallibility."

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Ohio. MANTUA.—A. Underhill writes: "The yearly meeting of the Spiritualists of this section of the Western Reserve was held on Sunday, Aug. 4th, in a beautiful grove at this place. It was a fine day, and the people turned out almost en masse. Though in a rural district, it was estimated that about two thousand persons were present. The once Rev. A. J. Fishback was the principal speaker, and was listened to with the deepest interest, as he unfolded the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, as well as the teachings of those who came from the other shore. Mr. Fishback is a gentleman of education, an orator, and fully comprehends the magnitude of the subject. Few men are better fitted for the rostrum, by their requirements, and full-souled devotion to the cause they espouse. The meeting was a decided success. Mr. Fishback is speaking every Sunday to large audiences at Warren, O., at Newton Falls, at Garrettsville, and will be at Mantua Station the first Sunday in September. He is engaged for six months, to speak in the places named."

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