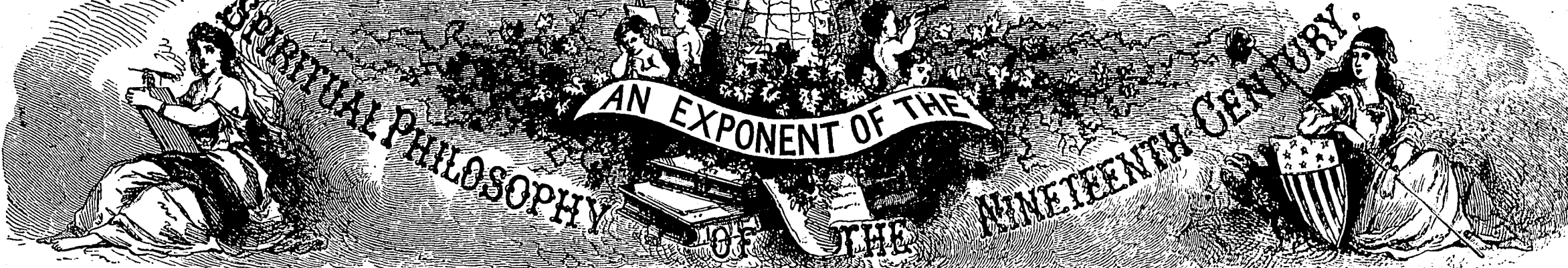


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NO. IV.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Safely, snugly in Melbourne! After being locked up in floating prisons for some ten thousand miles at sea, it is joyous to stretch our legs on terra firma. We reached Sydney from Auckland, New Zealand, Oct. 24th. It is several days' sail from Sydney to Melbourne. The oceanic voyage thus far has occupied fifty days—quite long enough to make the land intensely lovely.

These Australian sea-coast cities are large and flourishing. Sydney is less American than Melbourne.

It was in April, 1770, that Capt. Cook, on a voyage of discovery in the Southern Seas, entered a haven near Port Jackson, to which he gave the name of Botany Bay, in honor of Dr. Solander, an eminent Swedish botanist accompanying him. The settlement started well, and for a time was made a depot for English criminals. But, the harbor proving unsafe, the site for a city was thought ineligible.

Further cruising in the vicinity discovered through an inlet called Port Jackson a most magnificent harbor. Soon a canvas tent was erected, and sites for buildings marked out. A young town made its appearance. The fleet speedily removed from Botany Bay to this port, now named Sydney. It is ten miles from Botany Bay. The harbor at Sydney is considered the finest in the world, with the exception of that at Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

For many years Sydney was the capital of the Australian continent, and frequently termed the "Queen City of the Pacific." The city numbers about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

In Sydney, Spiritualism has no organized foothold. Speaking in general terms, the tone of the city is conservative, self-opinionated and gold-clutching. These are not favorable to angel-ministry. There are, however, a goodly number of investigators, and some avowed believers. Among these is the Hon. J. Bowler Wilson, a member of the Colonial-Legislature. In his home may be seen the Banner of Light. The Rev. Dr. Stanley, formerly a Unitarian clergyman, Mr. Gale, connected with the Post Office Department, and others, are deeply interested in the subject of phenomenal Spiritualism. The call is for test mediums.

The Rev. Mr. Pillars, the Unitarian clergyman of Sydney, and student of Martineau, upon whom is an opposer of Spiritualism. We had only an hour with him in his library. His church flourishes at a "poor, dying rate." His reputation for independent, radical thought should make him tolerant and favorable even to Spiritualism.

The parks, recreation grounds and botanical gardens are among the first places of resort to which strangers direct their steps. These gardens are clothed with plants and flowers from every known part of the world. They comprise about forty acres, sloping down to and fringing the harbor. Tropical foliage and fruitage gladden the eye through all this portion of Australia. Oranges do well. The trip to Parramatta, some fifteen miles from Sydney, is delightful. It can be reached by road, rail or water. Here may be seen the mansions of the aristocracy. We were indebted to the Rev. Dr. Stanley for a fine drive about the suburbs and down along the harbor. The Rev. Dr. Lang, an English churchman, and student of the Polynesian races, showed us many attentions. Promising to visit Dunedin, New Zealand, we shall return by way of Sydney, and lecture there upon Spiritualism.

We must now turn backward to the spiritual diary kept, and embody the gist of the communications received.

* * * Repairing to the berths assigned us on the Idaho, Aaron Nite, immediately entrancing Dr. E. C. Dunn, said in substance: "On this voyage, stretching in the distance, we cannot only speak to you face to face, but can fix such an electric atmosphere around you as will add to your comfort and spiritual growth. The two spirit circles, ever a unit in purpose, are all present. Our combined power you well understand, and yet the laws of Nature are our masters. Should your bodies go down to rest on coral reefs, we shall be present to welcome and minister to your resurrected spirits."

The Doctor is entranced now without a muscular spasm. Often not aware of himself of having been entranced, the thread of conversation is taken up precisely where left previous to having been psychologically controlled by the spirits.

Sept. 12th.—Have suffered all day from sea-sickness. The only sure remedy is dry land. Just at sundown the mirthful Michael O'Brien came. He is an Irish spirit, and a pupil of the circle. Gravely he said, "Ireland was once a great country. I have heard my countrymen speak in spirit-life. Surely they are eloquent. The 'Round Towers' that you've puzzled your brains over, were built before the Christian era by a people from Asia. They were fortresses of defense. From their summits stones were hurled down upon the heads of attacking enemies. Degenerate remnants of the Aryan race are yet found in the southwest part of Ireland. The cross, claimed to be connected with those crumbling towers, referred to Phalissu rather than anything Christian. These are big words. I get them, and faith the ideas, too, from these old long-haired fellows around you."

Sept. 13th.—No séance. The ocean never rests.

Change is not death—only a hiding of that which was. The kernel concealed, the corn-blade appears.

Time is what? A series of conscious impressions, and all are equally aged. Each is pivoted in the centre of eternity. Causes are before effects; so are souls before bodies. To affirm that bodies make souls is only paralleled by the position that ignorance is the source of knowledge. In dream and trance, memory sometimes so dispels slumber that the conscious soul recovers recollections of its descent and destiny.

"The stars all night at my window,
Look in with their calm, clear eyes;
But mine is a bluer welkin,
Mine is the brighter skies,
And the gap that seems so abyssal
To me in my waking hours,
In my dreams is a living present,
A summer-land of flowers."

Sept. 14th.—To-day Perasse Lendanta controlled the medium. He is an Italian spirit, profound and peerless. Among other things he said, "We are now passing over mountain ranges towering up from the bottom of the ocean. These lofty, rocky eminences serve somewhat to hold the waters in check and render them 'Pacific.' This ocean has no such raised plateau across the bed-surface as has the Atlantic. Owing to its uneven depths and rough volcanic ridges, it would be difficult to cable."

His elucidation of the atmospheric and electric stratifications above us were singularly philosophical. It is impossible to fully report him. I expect to find a history of him in a Florentine library. He must have flourished near the close of the Middle Ages—that period which elapsed between the decline of ancient learning and the revival. The Dark Ages are said to have ceased about the year 1400. They terminated, however, at various times in the different countries of Europe. The destruction of feudalism, the invention of printing, and the discovery of America by Columbus mark the general period of resurrection from the darkness of the Medieval Ages.

I find that this spirit, Perasse, is perfectly familiar with the histories of Petrarch, Tasso, Dante, Ariosto, and other Italian literateurs. Dante's ideal of the old Latin poets was Virgil, much of whose fame was owing to the fourth "Eclogue," interpreted by church fathers as a prophecy of Jesus Christ. Virgil quoted Livy and Lucan to prove that gods and angels had wrought spiritual manifestations through mortals during all the ages of antiquity. The Sibylline Oracles should be more extensively read by American Spiritualists.

Sept. 16th.—The ocean monotonous; permit us to put down some pickings.

Among our passengers are two of royal lineage—the Princes Augustus and Philippe, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. They are social, genial, cultivated men.

A clergyman in Oahu told us that, when making his European tour, a few years since, he met Stanley, the "Herald reporter," in the Isle of Syros. He was there engaged to be married to a young Greek girl. The day, the hour, were fixed upon. He was putting on the "groom-suit," when a brother of the lady stepped in hurriedly, saying, "You can marry my sister upon two conditions: you must deposit ten thousand dollars in the bank to her credit, and you must live on the island." Stanley did neither—but did make sluggish Britons wince in finding the lost Livingston.

While before leaving America, I received a letter from Jesse Shepard, the musical medium, dated St. Petersburg, Russia. He had been successful in his "concerts—tickets, eight dollars. The Sunday previous, he had played before the Imperial family, in the Grand Theatre. He had met but few Spiritualists, and thinks there are not many in the Russians. He was engaged to be married to the Countess de Varikoff. This will interest the people of St. Louis.

Joseph Barker, who traveled extensively through our country, a few years since, as an "infidel lecturer," is now a Christian preacher in Yorkshire, England. Spiritual manifestations proved to him the reality of a future existence. He has subscribed to no creed—is not sectarian—but labors with the "liberal Methodists."

Governments do not allow everybody to represent them abroad, nor everybody to coin money. Why should they allow everybody—the scrofulous and the syphilitic-diseased—to propagate? Coining children, conscious beings, for immortality, is no trivial matter. The ancient Spartans selected those who should be parents.

Among the tombs of the early Christians, military titles are very uncommon—only one-half per cent.; while among Pagan epitaphs, they abound at the rate of five and one-half per cent. The primitive Christians did not fight. "Put up thy sword" was the command. After our six hundred battles between the North and the South, the difficulty had and has to be adjusted by arguments, legal reasons and votes.

Besides being barbarously unnatural, shaving, scraping the countenance with a razor, is a neuragic, bronchial affecting performance, admitting of little palliation. Why not shave away the eyebrows, and even the hair, Chinese-like? And then, what a sight—a man with a naked face!

Louis XII. ascended the French throne at the age of nine. He was pale and beardless. His courtiers, famous for their apple-like qualities, rushed for the barbers and became beardless also. The venerable Counsellor Sully refused to shave as he had done under the reign of Henry IV. The face-scraped courtiers made merry at the attorney's ancient appearance. Sully, bearing their jests for a time, coldly said to the king, "Sire, when your father of glorious memory consulted me upon important State affairs, the first thing he did was to send away all the apes and buffoons from his

Court." The listening French dandies were silent. At this period the system of cropping was carried even to animals. Accordingly when Marshal Bassompierre was released from a twelve years' imprisonment and returned to Court, he observed, "The greatest change which I see in the world, is that men have lost their beards, and horses their tails."

Sept. 16th.—Our captain is a silent, stern fellow, and our vessel, originally a propeller, rolls constantly. It is not fit for a passenger steamer. Every "pleasure hath its snare."

Sept. 17th.—The spirit, Aaron Nite, controlling, said: "Arbitrary government does not pertain to the spirit-world. It is wholly an earthly institution. Occasionally the purposes of undeveloped spirits are thwarted by destroying their magnetic conditions. But government in no way belongs to the higher spheres of the immortal state. Each spirit is perfectly free to pursue the great soul-purpose of his existence. * * * Circles have their uses. Much of the failure and many of the false teachings connected with them result from lack of order, system, conditions and right aims on the part of individuals present. Those peopling both sides the river of death blunder in this matter. Spirits are as blameless as mortals. They should insist on order, sincerity, harmony; and then the séances should be held at regularly appointed evenings and hours, with the same persons occupying the same room. The doors should be kept shut. You should not sit in circles. They are serviceable only for physical manifestations, and then by way of concentrating the magnetic forces. Some get a mania for circles. They then injuriously affect the nervous system. The science of spirit-control is yet in its infancy on your earth. * * * Your spirit-friends know whenever you think of them. You affect them negatively, they think positively. Some of the circling-band are ever with you."

Sept. 18th.—Aaron Nite again controlling, said: "Those failing to make the right marks along the pathway of human life have to retrace their steps after entering spirit-life. There is a band of explorers with us. They are properly naturalists. Some of them are very ancient spirits. * * * We are now passing over the ruins of a grand old city, which had vast suburban forests. The petrified remnants indicate a likeness to the mammoth trees of California. They were an enlightened race. The people lived in stone houses, and were engaged in mechanical and pastoral pursuits. They were the progenitors of your American mound-builders. Were your clairvoyant eyes opened, you would this moment see under debris, sands, and sea-plants, the scattered remnants of a long-forgotten civilization. As volcanic isles and lofty mountains have been thrust up from the ocean's depths, so islands and continents have sunk mid commotions unknown to earthly history. The sinking of the New Atlantis continent nine thousand years before the Platonic period, as mentioned by Plato, Solon, and the Egyptian priests, is no myth."

Sept. 19th.—Our crew is a conglomerate republic constituted of Germans, Irishmen, Austrians, Italians, Englishmen, and Americans. It is a school for studying human nature. There must be a clown in every play. This time it is an Englishman, bound "round the world." He grumbles, wears a cricket cap and waistcoat, and his clothes "hang" on to him generally. The passengers make him the butt of their jests. He excites my sympathy, for really he is sensible, thoughtful, and has a head brimming with statistics, mathematics, and geographical knowledge. True, he has enormous feet—the dreamy fellow! Seriously, I admire a large foot. Little shoe-patched feet exhibit a most shabby vanity. The immortal Humboldt, when a boy, made bad work "picking up chips," his feet covered so much door-yard territory. As extremities, feet and brains should bear the symmetrical relations of exact balance.

Sept. 20th.—Overboard went a hat. It broke the toll of the hour. Did the winds reason? What do men use hats for—those tall, silken, stove-pipe, cylinder-shaped hats? "Fashionable men wear them." Granted. So fashionable men gamble, chew tobacco, drink "tangle-foot" whiskey, get fashionably drunk, after which they fashionably commit. Is it wise to run with hares, hunt with hounds, and follow fashions? Indians in the West, and Polynesians in the Pacific, have no bald heads. Why is it, oh ye bald-headed multitudes? These natives, taught by Nature, let God's sunshine and cooling breezes fan their bare heads. Is there not much to be learned of "savages?"

In Christ's Hospital, the "blue coat school," London, founded by Edward VI., the boys, even the seniors, all go bare-headed. This was a condition of the endowment. And though they thread city streets in the hottest weather, there has never a case of sun-stroke been known among them. * * *

Reaching Melbourne by the steamer Hero, we found a committee, Messrs. Terry, Carson, Rev. Therman, Standford, and others, waiting at the wharf to welcome us. At the residence of Mr. McIlwraith we were served to a fine dinner, and then, with a party of the friends, commenced strolling about the city. The streets are wide, buildings fine. The outlook thus far is interesting and promising. We are to have a reception on Friday evening in Masonic Hall.

Melbourne, Aus., Nov. 11th, 1872.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—The widow of President Madison once said to me, with all that grace of manner which distinguished her as a republican queen, that she remembered the day (in Richmond, Va.) when she was the only woman, in a congregation of a thousand, who dared to listen to a Unitarian sermon. Rev. John Pierpont was the preacher.—E. E. Hale.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE SOUTH.

Remarkable presentation of the phenomena through the mediumship of C. H. Foster of New York City, and Mrs. Hollis of Louisville, Ky.; Demonstration of the mental phase in the lectures and writings of E. V. Wilson, D. W. Hull, Rev. Samuel Watson, et al.

Clearer information concerning the glorious knowledge of immortality vouchsafed to our day and generation through the revelations of Modern Spiritualism, both in the physical and philosophical phases of its operations, is being gradually spread throughout this region of our country, notwithstanding the severity of mediums and the peculiar difficulties with which the cause is obliged to contend in a new field. In addition to the work accomplished by the various resident media, Lecturing Committees and Associations, we receive cheering information as to the good which has followed the recent labors of several itinerant missionaries of the spirit-world in this section, such as Charles H. Foster, Mrs. Hollis, E. V. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Watson, Moses, and D. W. Hull and others. We present a series of extracts from the columns of the secular press, where these workers have scattered the seed of future harvests.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.

This gentleman, in addition to the séances given in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and other places in vicinity, extended his visits to Evansville, Ind., and the Daily Journal published therein, after hastening to wash his hands of the whole matter by declaring that "in the so-called revelations which modern Spiritualists, grounding their faith in the idea that the soul, separated from the body, can hold communication with the beings of this world, we have no lot or part," proceeds to say:

"But hostility to the philosophy will not prevent our readers from considering the manifestations or facts as related in the following article, and arriving at their own conclusions."

Last evening a gentleman in high standing in this city and the writer were invited to a private séance at the Sherwood House, given by the noted test medium, Mr. C. H. Foster, of New York. There were only three persons alluded to in the room at the time of the sitting, and everything was done in a brilliantly lighted apartment.

The appearance of the medium, the phenomena (so often described in our columns) occurring at his séances, etc., are given by the reporter. From his account we have space for but two manifestations of spirit intelligence occurring at this test sitting:

"Interview with the Grandfather.—A piece of paper was then put under the table, upon which the grandfather wrote his name in quite distinct characters. The distinguished disbeliever then asked upon the paper, which was afterward folded by him:

"Are you here with us?"

The answer came by writing, the medium moving the pen before us upon the table, as follows:

"I am here with you, and would like to speak with you."

The next question was, "Is Willie with you?"

The answer came as before. "We are happy to inform you that dear little Willie V.—your aunt's little boy—is with me, and very happy. He is much grown."

The remarkable thing about this reply is, that Willie's name was written in full, and had not been mentioned or written before that time; neither had any reference of any kind been made to "Aunt Mary," whose son little Willie had been in this world. These things it was impossible for the medium to have guessed by anything that transpired in the room, or from what had been written upon the paper, that Mr. Foster saw the writing, which was impossible.

The next question upon the concealed paper was, "Do you ever come near us?"

Came the answer: "Yes, I am near you much of the time, and watch you very closely."

Again was asked of the grandfather: "Can you tell where grandmamma, mother and Aunt N are?"

ANSWER.—"Your Grandmamma, N— and S—are here in Evansville." Here the names were given just as the grandfather had been accustomed to speaking them in life—the first name of each person. These names had not been written in the question, nor any reference made to them.

The writer then tested the medium by writing names of living persons, and in each case the fact of their existence or death was made known.

It now came the second spirit interviewer's opportunity, and he wrote the name of his deceased father among others upon the slip, folded them and placed them on the table.

The medium did as before, and said that this spirit's name would appear in letters of blood upon his hand. He held his open hand just below the drop light, and gradually the color in the centre of the back of the hand began to gladden, one by one became swollen, and finally there were the letters, "W. T.," in blood red upon it. He held it there until the color had entirely disappeared, and the natural hue restored to it. He then placed a paper upon the table, and "W. T." was again written upon it.

The interviewer then asked on paper concealed and folded up, "When did I last see you?"

The answer came, "1854," which was pronounced correct.

Aside from the phenomenon of the discolored hand, is the strange revelation of this date, which the interviewer states was not known to a single person in Evansville, his father having died in that year near Cincinnati. Other questions were given him as to a brother who died in infancy, and the proper reply was returned.

The visit of Mr. Foster to Lexington, Ky., may be considered as highly successful, judging from the inevitable signs which follow such victories over credulity opinion—viz: villification, slander, etc., the Lexington Daily Press indignantly speaking in plain terms concerning the conduct of "a certain organ in this city," which insulted "in the grossest manner some of our most moral and respectable citizens, and their wives and daughters, who dared to exercise the right of private judgment by interchanging views

and opinions with that gentlemanly medium, Foster, when he was here."

Nashville, Tenn., was stirred to its inmost, by the presence of this remarkable medium. The Republican Banner, of that place, bears witness that he was exceedingly well patronized by those "eager to test his power to invoke and communicate with spirits"; and after stating that the medium gave numerous indications of his intercommunication that were inexplicable to his subjects," thus proceeds:

"Human knowledge has in the main an absolute basis, and carries its proofs as far as it can pack the burden. When the thread of things actual is drawn out to the end, here comes in, in the mind of nearly every man, a clearly defined sense of the fact that there is something yet. The precise dividing line between the tangible and the intangible is itself a thing quite intangible, and we know not when we reach it. Once entering the field of speculation, the mind goes into the strange regions, with all its faculties in healthy action, all sensitive to impressions, with the reasoning powers (apparently at least) duly awake, and yet impotent to solve the problems presented at every step."

The eye, the ear, the senses seem to discover things, but reason refuses to conspire against herself, and can only blindly wonder, or charge her allies, the senses, with deception and treachery. Now, many of those who visited the Spiritualist (Foster) yesterday, testify that their senses positively repelled any idea of deception, and refuted clearly any charge that a deception was practiced. They will tell you, with the same honesty that they will talk of ordinary things, that there is a border-land."

They speak candidly of a mediumistic knowledge of this spirit-world, and give you the impression very positively that they know something of what they speak. Well, the faith is a beautiful one, poetic in the eyes of some, dangerous according to many, but, so far, "murderous" to none. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The Daily Union of the same city also gave full accounts of his doings while there.

While in Nashville, the spirit of bigotry, ever on the alert, endeavored to silence the lips of Mr. Foster by an action against him for the practice of "necromancy." In order to give the true "local coloring," we subjoin the account entire from the columns of the Lexington (Ky.) Daily Press of Jan. 11th, evidently a free and fearless paper:

CROSS SUPERNATURAL.

Foster's Case—How the Nashville people dealt with him.

The question of necromancy has been tried in Nashville, Tenn., and in the nineteenth century, too. We can't make out what provoked the arrest of Foster, but certainly that city has more reason to apologize than we have here for another offense. We consider this the greatest blunder, or at least one of the greatest blunders, of the age. We do not know that every person can see this fun in the matter; but the fact that, in this age, a man can be arrested for necromancy, and that a newspaper in the city where that occurs can discuss the matter seriously, or partially so, appears to us to be one of the best jokes out.

We quote from the Nashville paper, "The Republican Banner," how the thing occurred, and we believe it furnishes one of the best samples on record of superstition reduced to a fine point. "Recorder Duling, having called upon the city attorney for an opinion as to whether Mr. Foster was subject to be required to pay a license, received the following yesterday, upon which the Recorder, of course, concluded to push the matter no further:

To S. A. Duling, Recorder of the City of Nashville:

In the matter referred to me for my opinion relative to the right and power of the city of Nashville to inflict a penalty upon Charles H. Foster, under certain sections of the ordinances of the city, I have to say that I have examined the questions with some care, and am satisfied that Mr. Foster cannot be convicted under the city ordinances for several reasons, one of which, however, is to me quite sufficient, namely:

The State of Tennessee not declaring such practices as are specified in the city ordinance referred to as misdemeanors, nor inflicting any penalty nor prohibiting such practices, the city of Nashville has no power to do so, and the ordinance is therefore a nullity. Other reasons might be assigned, but it is not necessary to do so, as the above reason settles all difficulty.

The city has no right to make that a crime which the State has not made a crime.

Respectfully,
PLAYEN MARTIN,
City Attorney.

We are certainly glad to see the matter take the turn it has, for while we are in favor of the right away, at the risk of being called a provincial town, we are rather sensitive of having Nashville afraid to have a man who dares himself as a gentleman exhibit a power of which he does not claim to be supernatural, and show the workings of a spiritualistic faith, which, whether right or wrong, is embraced by no mean number of people in this free and enlightened country. It very probably seemed to some that the proposed interference with Mr. Foster, as a medium, was a thing simply ridiculous, and we have heard it suggested that such a thing could not at any time have been seriously contemplated."

Though this question has been tried in a city of comparative insignificance, so far as population is concerned, it is destined, we believe, to reflect a good deal of importance on the spirit of the age. Had Foster been burned, or hanged or gibbeted, in accordance with the spirit of the statute under which he was arrested, there would have been a furor on this continent compared with which the great "unpleasantness" itself was a mere trifle. We commit laughably foolish things now and then, but an outrage upon humanity, liberty of thought, or common decency, is one of those things, in spite of all our absurdities, which we can't tolerate."

At Memphis, Tenn., the efforts of this medium were crowned with a remarkable degree of success, the Appeal pronouncing him to be a man of brains and intellectual vigor, and no metaphysical "slouch." Several most extraordinary proofs being given its representative, concerning the existence and power to communicate of disembodied intelligences, he thus moralizes:

"Spiritualism has a hold upon the world. It will neither be sneered down, laughed down, nor cursed out. Its votaries are numbered in private by the hundred as compared with those who confess it in public. So says a Spiritualist, and so we begin to think. Whether it be what its pro-

lessors assert, or of the devil, as many good people insist, or is to be accounted for on the score of legendary or supernatural influences, as hard-headed skeptics will have it, or is the result of electrical influences or magnetic power, we are not prepared to say. This we do know, from an interview yesterday with Mr. Foster, who is now stopping at the Clayton Hotel, that there is something in it, at present beyond our powers of analysis or ability to explain upon any known hypothesis of science.

The Memphis Avalanche of Jan. 12th, noticing the throng of people attending the sittings of Mr. F., remarks thus concerning "How clergymen follow Saul's footsteps."

"During the day several clergymen interviewed the spirit world, apparently unimpaired of the Scripture injunction some of them have been fond of quoting: 'Seek not unto them that have familiar spirits,' etc., which only adds another to the evidence that the world moves. After all, they are perhaps only making 'the communion of saints' a practical verity instead of a mere form of sound words."

Mr. F. next went to New Orleans. From the report of the Times of that city for Jan. 16th, the following extract is made:

"To say that Mr. F.'s revelations were astonishing, would but poorly convey the entire truth; they were, so far as the known laws of physical and vital forces are concerned, absolutely miraculous. The initial of what purported to be a spirit friend, not yet announced, appeared in plain red characters on the back of Mr. Foster's hand when the hand was held in open view, and the full name was written in pencil on a piece of paper held under the thumb."

Without going into personal and particular details, we could not convey, even in a remote degree, the convincing assurances which came directly from the inner sense and moral consciousness of the writer and his friend. Such things must be seen and felt to be appreciated and understood. * * *

We know that during his mediumship last evening facts were related and information imparted not known to any person present."

MRS. HOLLIS.

The Memphis Appeal devoted considerable space to the sittings of this lady while in that city. "At one of the circles" in the course of a dialogue between the sitters and the "clair, many voices" of the spirit Jimmy, the following compendium of our philosophy regarding "unhappy spirits" was rendered:

"A man dies devoted to drink or tobacco, he carries those dark cravings into the spirit-land. Not being able to satisfy such appetites, he suffers in all the spirit-land is not a pint of whiskey or a plug of tobacco; so with the baser animal desires. But even the spirits in this somewhat mitigated sort of hell are not hopeless. They are encouraged to progress in virtue by the law of the universe; the lower spirits are instructed and led on by the higher."

The editor further states: "All this and much more was related by the spirit Jimmy in the most natural and mortal sort of way. Meanwhile the medium ever and anon would make comments and remarks. It was veridicalism, it was most masterly performance."

At this sance Rev. Mr. Watson (author of "The Clock Struck One") was present.

During the course of the exercises, his spirit son, Allen, spoke as follows (as per report):

"Father, the spirit of your old friend, Mr. Parsons, is here, and wants to speak to you. Mr. Watson—My dear son, tell Bro. Parsons I shall rejoice to get a message from him. What does he wish to say?"

"Spirit—Father, Mr. Parsons says you must stand firm to the truth; you must not deny it. Mr. Watson, with great solemnity, Mr. Parsons, my dear son, I will stand firm for the truth. I will die for it, if need be, and esteem it a privilege to do so."

"Spirit—Father, Mr. Parsons says, twenty years hence, whether you are in the body or out of it, you will rejoice and be proud that you have been a pioneer of the great truth of Spiritualism. Stand firm for it, father."

Mr. Watson, with great solemnity, I will never falter. If need be, I will die for the truth, my dear son."

Mr. Watson had not a doubt, but that he was conversing with the disembodied spirit of his son."

A materializing sance held by Mrs. Hollis next day, at the house of Mr. Baldwin, on Jefferson street, was also highly successful.

E. V. WILSON.

This gentleman is doing much to advance the cause in the South and West by his logical and earnest remarks, and the surprising accuracy of his descriptions of spirits present at halls where he has occasion to speak. The Lexington Daily Press, of Jan. 17th, gives a lengthy report of his services on Thursday evening (16th), from which we make a few extracts.

"The library building" was comfortably filled with an audience composed of thinking men and women of the city gathered to hear Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Chicago, Ill., discuss the interesting question of Spiritualism—interesting because so little understood. In the audience we noticed a couple of our most eminent divines. * * *

Beginning his remarks, he announced himself a radical in the strictest sense of the word, though not abusive. He next declared his firm belief in, and adherence to, the doctrine of Spiritualism. While he is a Spiritualist, he is at the same time a firm believer in the Bible, drawing therefrom his views and theories on Spiritualism. To use his own expression, he believed more of that book than most preachers do, differing from them only in the conclusions drawn. Mr. Wilson advocates the theory that the mind is the best of man, and that while the body moulders and returns to Mother Earth, the soul lives on and enters into another new life. While he believes in the Bible, he denies that he is a Christian, that is in the sense in which a Catholic would disclaim connection with the Methodist Church, and vice versa.

In support of the spiritualistic theories advanced and advocated last night, he quoted quite a number of passages from Holy Writ, dwelling particularly upon the history of Saul and the Witch of Endor. * * *

In the New Testament he drew largely from Revelations and the writings of Paul to prove the existence of spirits and the ability to exercise mediumistic powers. * * *

Leaving the Bible for the time being, he asserted that the powers of mediumship displayed by the Witch of Endor are being daily exercised in this age of improvement, and to prove his assertions he entertained his audience at some length with a revelation of incidents from his own history. Many of these instances and illustrations were full of interest, and the impressive manner of their relation detracts not one whit from that interest. * * *

The most interesting portion of the lecture—albeit all was interesting—was the wonderful exercise of his clairvoyant powers before the audience. If we are not mistaken, he gave nine different exhibitions of this unique attribute, and of the entire number only two of them failed, and one of these, dating eight years back, was not remembered by the gentleman who was the clairvoyant's subject. * * *

His evidence of his ability to speak of the past, and speak with accuracy, rests the idea of "mind reading." We have heretofore been skeptical upon this point, but last night we were convinced that once at least there was no "mind reading" or exercise of psychic force."

The same paper thus speaks of his efforts on Sunday, Jan. 19th: "Mr. Wilson discoursed to small but interested audiences yesterday morning and evening at the Opera House. As a speaker he is forcible and grammatical, and if not always logical is at least psychological." It pub-

lishes a challenge for discussion from Mr. Wilson to the Clergy, or others desiring, on the proposition:

"Resolved, That the Bible, King James's Version, sustains modern Spiritualism in its phases and teachings."

DANIEL W. HULL.

Is reported by the Avalanche of Jan. 6th as commencing on Sunday, 5th, a course of lectures at the Memphis Club Hall, in which in the morning he treated largely of the topics "discussed in the controversy that had arisen out of the publication of the book entitled 'The Clock Struck One.'"

In the evening he spoke of the "Good of Spiritualism." During the continuation of his course, Mr. Hull issued a challenge to the clergy in the Avalanche of Jan. 13th, for a discussion as to the correctness of the terms "demonology" and "necromancy," as applied by them to Spiritualism. The Rev. Dr. Graves, of the Baptist Church, coming out through the columns of the Appeal against Spiritualism in general and Charles H. Foster in particular, Mr. Hull, in the same paper for Jan. 14th, personally challenged him to discuss, or to acknowledge himself before the citizens afraid to meet the advocates of our philosophy on the public platform; but up to date of our last advice no clergyman in Memphis had taken up the gauntlet. In this connection we refer the reader to an interesting article on the position of the

REV. DR. SAMUEL WATSON,

author and publisher of the "Clock Struck One," which will be found on our eighth page.

The good cause is going on nobly both east and west, north and south; while here and there a disciple may even cast down, or another be apparently unduly exalted, yet the general force of the liberal movement now going on is to bring all to an harmonious level, whereon shall be laid the foundation of that temple of universal love for humanity whose builder and maker is God.

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT MORAVIA.

DEAR BANNER—Having been on a visit of two weeks to Moravia, I wish to say a few words in regard to my experiences there. During a part of my stay the manifestations were less powerful than they have been at times in the past, owing, in a great measure, to the exhaustion of the medium from over-exertion and the extreme heat of last summer, during which time she took no rest. It cannot appear strange to any rational person that those who go to Moravia for a day or two, or, as many do, for only a few hours, expecting to see their spirit-relatives or friends, should very often come away disappointed. The circle-being formed, as it is, of constantly changing and often very inharmonious elements, and the medium suffering from the twofold drain of daily labor in her household, and exhaustion inseparable from her long and frequent sittings during the past most trying summer, it is astonishing that, with these hindrances, she continues to prove herself one of the most wonderful mediums for materialization ever known.

It is not my purpose to enter into minute particulars as to what was witnessed during the various sances at which I was present. Spirit-voices sometimes joined in our singing, water was sprinkled upon our faces, and names unknown except to those addressed, were whispered distinctly in the dark circle. The spirit-face of a lady appeared at one of the sittings, and called by name her sister who had just arrived. This spirit also spoke softly, but distinctly, the words, "Murder!" "Murdered?" "May God forgive him!" "Three years ago the body of this young woman was found, under circumstances which left it doubtful whether her death had been accidental, or whether—as some suspicious marks about the throat seemed to indicate—she had been murdered."

A man showed himself at our last sitting, giving his name as Freeman Kelly, and saying that he had just arrived from the "voice was distinct, though not loud, as he uttered these words, and added, 'Let all men know that these things are true.' No one in the circle recognized the name, but, on making inquiries since my return, I find that a person bearing this name, and whose appearance, judging from descriptions given by those who knew him, was that of the face we saw, passed away here in the spring."

I cannot attempt to give a detailed description of the phenomena we witnessed in various sittings. This you will probably receive from other sources; but I wish to call attention to the fact that, when conditions are, from necessity, so often violated as in these circles, when the medium has been unable to devote her strength exclusively, or even chiefly, to the exercise of those powers which she possesses in so remarkable a degree; and when the circle is composed of strangers who are often hurried, fearing to miss the next train, many of them unreasonable and irrationally exacting—altogether most discordant as elements of what should be a harmonious whole—it is fully for those who go to remain a short time, perhaps only a few hours, to complain because they fail to get what they desire."

With such a heterogeneous company, many of them quite ignorant on the subject, and with no one authorized person to control the action of those forming the circle, what can be expected? Is there any one knowing anything of the governing laws of spirit manifestation who doubts that these failures, so often the occasion of dissatisfaction and complaint, are absolutely and essentially inevitable? If faces always showed themselves to every one who desired to see them, like soldiers answering the roll-call, there would be grave reason to suspect that, either on this side or the other, there was a manufacture of manifestations to order—a state of things extremely unsatisfactory to all, leading even those who see deception on this side to be impossible, to believe (as some have persuaded themselves to imagine) that, on the other, certain active and ingenious chemists are busy making up, by some process known only to themselves, faces to represent those of any spirits who are asked to show themselves to friends in the flesh. The very failures tend to prove the reality of what is seen. No one can feel more annoyed and disheartened than the medium herself does, when, after sitting for an hour or more in the dark, close cabinet, and failing to get what satisfies those who flock to her from all parts of the country, she has to meet discontented faces and hear disparaging remarks. How utterly irrational and absurd to demand that she shall unfailingly supply phenomena of this nature, as if she were practicing legerdemain, and had control over all that is essential to the production of certain results!

As for Mary Andrews herself, I never saw any one in whom straightforward, independent integrity of character was more manifest and unmistakable. Nature never yet molded an im-

postor from such stuff as she is made of. But all who go to see her, as a medium, must judge of her by her mediumship, as no one investigating Spiritualism should take anything for granted which can be tested. Let what is witnessed every week at Moravia speak for itself.

During my stay in this pretty village I met Dr. C. T. Hulm, a trance medium, through whom most wonderful and convincing tests were given. Beside what I myself witnessed, a gentleman of high standing and great intelligence, who has for a long time been a most faithful and critical investigator of spiritual phenomena in all their varied forms, told me of tests which he considered most remarkable and satisfactory, obtained through Dr. B.'s mediumship.

Although I did not see, during my stay, the faces of those I most desired to look upon, so much was given me in Mrs. Andrews's circles—beside the unlooked-for and astonishing tests of spirit presence and identity obtained through the medium above mentioned—that I should be ungrateful indeed were I to complain because something was withheld. My experiences during the pleasant fortnight spent in Moravia were such that I shall always recall them with a feeling of gratitude to those gone before, whose love is holding the heavenly gates ajar, and to the mediums, without whose aid we could not approach the opened portals of the happier land.

L. A. HOBBS, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OIL, WELCOME THE ANGELS!

BY CORA VAN DE MARK.

Oh, say not they're gone from the circle
That cherished and loved them so well!
'Twas only the casket that perished—
The mortal which crumbled and fell.

The spirit, with all of its beauty,
In sympathy oft lingers here;
Impatiently waiting to give you
Its message of hope and good cheer.

For love has a magnetic ladder,
And many, since Jacob of old,
Have seen the fair angels returning,
And listened to truths which they told.

Then open your hearts to God's sunshine,
And glorious blessings you'll win,
If you'll heed the sweet song of the children,
And "let the good angels come in."

They'll soothe you when sickness o'erpowers,
And sorrow knocks loud at your door;
They'll bring you rare pictures of beauty
From homes on "the Evergreen Shore."

Oh, don't mind the power of the angels,
But know that the Infinite Mind
Has showered on his children more blessings
Than mortal has ever divined.

You'll learn there's a practical meaning
Attached to those words of the song,
If you'll open your homes to the dear ones,
And welcome the angels throng.

Rochester, N. Y.

Letter from New York City.

DEAR BANNER—I have left the Quaker City, and am in Gotham; and, according to custom, I will sketch you a few items pertaining to the spiritual movements in Philadelphia and in this city. In the former city, the Society of Spiritualists which meets in the hall corner of Spring Garden and Broad streets, is evidently in a healthy and, I should judge, growing condition. Dr. H. T. Child, the President, by his untiring energy and ceaseless labors, has done a great deal to make the meetings a success. He fulfills his duties with credit to himself and honor to the cause to which he is devoted.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend filled the desk during the month of December. Her earnest words in behalf of the unfortunate and downtrodden taught the fine audiences that gathered to hear her, lessons of unbounded charity and angelic love. Experiences, deep and bitter, teach us the true philosophy of life. Through the dark valley of sadness and suffering this dear sister has walked, and thus become eminently fitted to preach the beautiful gospel of sympathy and love. The people manifested their appreciation of her by giving her a benefit soiree, which was well attended. During the evening, she was presented with a beautiful ring. The presentation speech was made by an Indian spirit, through the mediumship of a young lady who is being developed as a physical medium. I attended one of her sances, but the manifestations at that time were principally rappings, which came very loud in response to our questions. The medium's guides declare that spirits will soon be able to materialize themselves in her presence.

My wife and I visited Dr. Slade's a few days ago, and for the first time I saw a materialized spirit. We also witnessed the slate-writing, and had the accordion played while I held it in my own hand, when both of Dr. Slade's hands were on the table before me. A chair walked up to the table from the other side of the room, and my chair moved away from the table, with me on it (two hundred pounds, nearly); spirit hands touched mine and enmeshed me, and all the things were done which have been so often and accurately described in the Banner at different times.

Two forms appeared, one of which my wife recognized as her grandmother, and the other we did not know. Both faces were not more than three feet from us, and we had the best opportunity of observing them. The manifestation was produced in such a way that it did not leave the slightest doubt in our minds of its being a genuine spiritual manifestation. The materializing was wonderful and beautiful beyond the power of description.

Dr. Slade is convincing hundreds every month of the reality of spiritual intercourse. May he live long in the body to exercise the beneficent gifts with which Nature has endowed him and the loving angels have brought to fruition.

Thomas Gates Foster closes his year next Sunday, during which time he has lectured for the Apollo Hall Society. Every one speaks in his praise, and I presume that they will show their appreciation of his labors by engaging his services for another year. Bro. Foster's health is very good, and he bids fair to remain in the body for a long time, to bless humanity with the grand inspirations, so fraught with truth and wisdom, which Prof. Dayton gives to us through his organism.

Mrs. Stoddard and her son, Master Hough, the physical medium, have been giving cabinet manifestations here before large audiences, creating great excitement and much discussion. The public seem to be very much puzzled about the way things go on inside of the cabinet after the light has been secured in wire nettings, waxed cords, &c.

Thus, in different ways, the spirit-world is at work in this great city, causing agitation and giving demonstration of its presence and power.

A. E. CARPENTER.

5 Clinton Place, N. Y., Jan. 12th, 1873.

AN APPEAL TO SPIRITUALISTS IN BEHALF OF THE WRITINGS OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

I ask of you, fellow-citizens, children of the same Heavenly Father, journeying toward the mansions of the spiritual world, to, for a few moments—if you are troubled with any such infirmities—lay aside prejudice, preconceived opinions, and the spirit of sect or party—a very difficult thing, I know, for most men to do—and to consider for a short time the claims of the Swedish seer to your attention, and compare them with those of modern seers and mediums, and then judge for yourselves. For the truth we should all seek, for the truth alone can make us free from the mistakes of ignorance, the snares of bigotry and sectarianism, and the dominion of evil. It is of no moment to us that we should be able to confirm ourselves in our present views; for, although it should gratify our vanity, it might do us great harm; but it is of vast moment that we should seek and find the truth, and be able to see truth in the light of truth, and to live in accordance with it. Those truths and that system of truth are the most important to us which will lead us to the best and highest life.

It is a glorious maxim which Swedenborg proclaimed when he declared that "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good." It is not to arouse the spirit of controversy, which is latent in every man, that I write these pages, for such a spirit judges and condemns opposite views before it understands them; no seer after truth should do this, and no truly wise man will do it.

Emanuel Swedenborg, the seer, a native of Sweden, lived and wrote the wonderful revelations contained in his writings about a century ago. He was one of the most celebrated philosophers of his day; well and thoroughly educated in his youth, he devoted his life and best energies to philosophical pursuits; and the application of scientific principles to the mining and business affairs of his native land. He wrote extensively on the economy of the animal kingdom, and the animal and mineral kingdoms, and a goodly number of his philosophical works have within a few years been translated into English, and are found to contain the germs of many of the discoveries of a later date. His writings show that he was accustomed to observe closely and watch patiently, and carefully, and to draw rational conclusions from the operations of Nature. With a mind thus trained and disciplined by study, and an active life of usefulness, at the age of fifty-seven years he commenced his spiritual writings; and for over twenty-seven years he claimed to have open intercourse with the spiritual world; to see, and converse with spirits and angels face to face, as man converses with his fellow-man here, and that daily, not in a state of sleep, but of most perfect wakefulness; claims which, when we consider their length, breadth and duration, no other man does or ever has made, or can make with any show of justice. Although written a century ago, long before the appearance of modern Spiritualism, there is scarcely a phase of the latter which is not noticed and described in his writings; and of much of it, the underlying philosophy is given; yes, far more than this, the most wonderful events, even revolutionary changes, are carefully described as they occurred in the spiritual world, and were witnessed by him at the time he wrote; and whole kingdoms in the spiritual world are described, of which modern mediums as a general rule evidently know little, and have apparently seen less. What has astonished the writer more than anything else, is the aptly and neglect with which the writings of this grand old seer have been regarded by the great mass of Spiritualists; and to affectionately and earnestly call their attention to them, is my sole object in writing this.

Even the sectarian enemies of Swedenborg have never questioned his intelligence, his honesty or truthfulness, for his life was blameless; with them he was insane, or a visionary, who was himself deceived by his imagination. No intelligent Spiritualist should or can for a moment justly harbor such objections without first reading his writings, for to do so would be to condemn his own faith, and justify the blind opponents of that faith in their opposition to it.

In one respect—to which I desire especially to call the attention of the reader at this point—Swedenborg stands out boldly as the prince of seers. The son of a clergyman, reared and educated in an Orthodox church, busy with literary and scientific pursuits up to the very hour of the opening of his spiritual vision, we would reasonably have expected that the faith of his fathers, and preconceived ideas, would have colored his writings and revelations; but in no respect are his doctrines in harmony with those in which he was educated, or with those which prevailed at the time he wrote in the religious world around him. The doctrines inculcated in his writings do not agree with those even in the least particular; and Swedenborg expressly teaches that the First Christian Church had come to its end through evils of life and an entire falsification of all doctrines. How wonderful that a man should be able to so perfectly lay aside his preconceived ideas, and to sink himself, as it were! And although he spent his time and money freely in writing, printing, and circulating his works he did it anonymously until near the close of his life, when, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, his name was published on the title-page of the "True Christian Religion," simply: "By Emanuel Swedenborg, servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." He did not desire men to receive the revelations made through and by him on his authority, but they were to be received because they are perceived to be true. Such were his views.

No man who has ever read Swedenborg's writings can, for a moment, question but that, if there is any truth in Spiritualism, or if any man has ever had intercourse with spirits and the spiritual world, either recently or in the Bible days, Swedenborg surely had; and it would seem that his writings are entitled to a respectful consideration from every one, especially from Spiritualists. A philosopher by nature and long practice in the natural sciences, even his spiritual writings are philosophical and beautiful beyond comparison; order and system reign supreme. The laws of the spiritual world; the resurrection from the dead; the state of man after death; the association of spirits with men; spiritual vision and conversing with spirits; the relation which the deeds of this life have to the state of man after the death of the body; spiritual influx, and the correspondence between natural and spiritual things—are all explained, illustrated and demonstrated with a power and force which, it is safe to say, have never been surpassed in any particular; and which have in the past carried and are to-day carrying conviction to the minds of thousands who have never witnessed any of the spir-

itual manifestations. No attentive reader of his writings doubts the possibility of spiritual intercourse, or that the present manifestations are from spirits, for they most wonderfully confirm his statements of the laws of the spiritual world and of spiritual intercourse.

JOHN ELLIS, M. D.

14 West 27th street, New York City.

BURIAL OF MAUD.

(Maud Merrill, aged twenty, was killed on Tuesday night, and on Thursday her body was carried to Greenwood Cemetery from the undertaker's shop at the corner of Carline and Bedford streets. Mr. Bennett spent much of the morning looking for a clergyman to officiate at the funeral. He experienced great difficulty. Many to whom he applied positively refused when they learned the character of the girl. It was not until noon that Rev. A. J. Romburg, of the North Baptist Church, at Bedford and Christopher streets, was secured. Mr. Bennett refused to disclose the names of the clergymen who had declined to attend the funeral.—N. Y. Sun.)

In the still and solemn midnight came the snow-flakes whirling down,
Spreading out a fleecy mantle over all the sleeping town;
On the palaces of grandeur, on the hovels dark and low,
Like the breath of God, impartial, rolled the ripples of the snow.

O'er the halls where Dives feasted, o'er the dens where paupers starved,
O'er the spires, to heaven uplifted, with Christ-embellishments carved;
Through the avenues of fashion, through the alleys sick with crime,
Falling on the polished marbles, falling on the filth and slime.

Then, a cry so wild and fearful rang across the atmosphere,
That the sudden-wakened sleepers hushed their beating hearts to hear.
Now again red-handed Murder, through the stormy depths of night,
Harled a sinful soul, unshriven, out upon its starless flight.

Thus the rays of morning lingered on a brow so young and fair,
That the pure recording angel wept as he beheld it there.
Who may tell what fierce temptation, who may tell what waves of strife
Surged about the soul departed from the terrors of that life?

When they brought the erring woman to the Christ of Galilee,
Fiercely clamoring for vengeance, boastful scribe and Pharisee,
Spoke he not in accusation, but in mild, reproving tone:
"He that hath no sin among you, let him cast the signal stone."

Are they wiser than the Master? Are their souls more free from soil?
Prating of their priestly mission to the hardened sons of toil?
Grand in stately peroration, eloquent in sounding phrase,
Sleek and fat, yet always craving—shepherds of these later days?

Yet, forsooth, that she was sinful; that her hopeless life went out
In the midst of nameless evil, at whose sight the demons shout,
None might say a prayer above her—none might even stoop to say
To her sisterhood about her, "Cease from sin, and learn to pray."

Ah, those Pharisees of Judah! Ah, those old Judean scribes!
How we wrap our mantles round us, breathing scorn on all their tribes!
Thanking God that we are Christians; that our charities are great;
That no Lazarus is lying hungry at our outer gate;

That, although we build our temples quite as high and grand as they,
We are not like money-changers, selling doves for triple pay;
That we pay our tithes contented, print our names to wondrous schemes,
For the unconverted heathen, running wild with savage dreams.

Yet when morning breaks eternal on the shore to which we tend,
And the glorious which surround us, like unstable vapors rend,
It may be that clearer visions of our earth-life may unfold,
And the good we cast behind us, grasping for the shining gold.

HENRI H. FENTON.

The Mass Meeting of the Spiritualists of America.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I think it well to make known what success I am meeting with in procuring signers to the call for a mass meeting. It is desirable also that the fact of the call being proposed should be generally known, so that as large a number as possible shall be obtained as signers.

The mass meeting will only be a success provided the interest in it is general, and the attendance large. I hope, therefore, that every person who thinks our cause is in need of the united action of the masses will forward their names to my address, so that I can attach the same to the call.

The following are the names of those who have already signed: G. W. Kates, P. H. Britt, Jr., A. Pittman, T. C. Falnstoeck, Cincinnati, O.; Albert Stegeman, Lamila Stegeman, Allegan, Mich.; Miss Lizzie Keyser, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten, Boston, Mass.; Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.; P. T. Johnson, Ypsilanti, Mich.; William B. Falnstoeck, Lancaster, Pa.; Thomas Haskell, West Gloucester, Mass.; Seward Mitchell, Corvill, Me.; F. P. Baker, Topeka, Kansas; Jimima M. Webster, Harrisville, Ohio; Rev. T. H. Stewart, Dr. J. S. Brown, Dr. G. W. Carpenter, Kendallville, Ind.; Hon. William Dickenson, Rome City, Ind.; James William S. Prentiss, Prairie Town, Ind.; Hans Hall, Lagrange, Ind.; P. B. Randolph, Massillon, O.; George M. Taber, John P. Allen, Mrs. S. J. Lewis, S. T. Russell, Mrs. Ruth Peet, John W. Carson, Wm. W. Lewis, Mrs. M. A. Henry, Springfield, Ohio; Job Smith, Hallsport, N. Y.; Daniel White, M. D., Carlisle, Ill.; Noah W. Parker, Tipton, Ind.; Wm. Jordan, Port Huron, Mich.; J. H. Garretson, Richland, Iowa; O. S. Poston, Harrodsburg, Ky.; S. A. Thomas, Camden, Ind.; George C. Waite, Holyoke, Mass.; Amos Benton, Dr. J. Bradley, P. V. Herzing, H. Bieber, St. Marys, O.; G. G. Parrott, J. M. Hussey, Wm. Hamilton and M. Nichol, Mendon, O.

The above are sufficient to make a respectable call, but are not enough to insure the result desired—an attendance at the meeting of the masses of believers in Spiritualism.

The conditions now existing in our ranks in regard to organization and interest in the general and local work of our cause, make demands for something to be done to arouse us into greater activity. The results of this mass meeting will be probably vital to our interests; therefore, considering it as already a fixed fact, let us have a general interest manifested in its deliberations, so that its results will not be the will of a few or a clique, but the positive will of the whole body of believers in Spiritualism.

Yours, &c., G. W. KATES.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The object of religion is not to make a man better than his neighbor, but better than himself.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but faith in spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at FRANKLIN HALL, 55 WASHINGTON STREET, on TUESDAY EVENINGS, at 7:30 P. M. and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Hall will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. These lead to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

SEALED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the Seance the Chairman will return the letter to the writer.

It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by writers must necessarily be brief, the spirit addressed always writing its answer or answers upon the envelope containing the question or questions. Questions should not place letters for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

John Pierpont, on Napoleon.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—By request, I shall have a few words to say concerning the lecture delivered in Music Hall, last Sunday morning, [Jan. 12] upon the death of Napoleon the Third. My interrogator informs me that the reverend gentleman who officiated there at that time, compared this spirit to a rotten sun that had been hoisted into the firmament, to diffuse the seeds of death and desolation everywhere. Certainly the reverend gentleman did not make use of very choice language to convey his idea. I am also informed that he charges Louis Napoleon with being a libertine, a gambler, and of taking part in all those dissolute vices peculiar to France. Provided this were true, which I deny, it certainly can do no good to fling it out before the world. There is altogether too much of a lack of charity everywhere for the clergy to indulge in any such denunciatory lectures upon the dead, or, rather, upon the ascended living. I am also informed that his closing sentence was something like this: "But the Emperor is dead; therefore let us draw the veil of charity over his faults." Strange contradiction! one worthy of an unbalanced mind, instead of the clear-headed gentleman who uttered the sentence. The faults of Louis Napoleon are patent to every well-posted American—there is no need of preaching about them, no need of talking about them from pulpit or rostrum; they are well known. Now, since they are, and since his virtues are not so well known, methinks it would be better to ventilate that which is in darkness. Certainly, during the reign of Louis Napoleon a great stride has been made in the arts and sciences of France; perhaps this may be owing to the loose morals of its ruler. It is also certain that he has done more toward improvements in public buildings than any other ruler before him. It is also a well-known fact in France, that he has done much toward bringing about a better condition among the poorer classes; perhaps this, also, comes in consequence of his loose morals; but never mind, it is a positive good, and therefore we should accept it as such, no matter if it comes from the Orthodox devil. And last, it is a fact eminently patent to the spirit-world, and to many of the leading minds of Europe, that Louis Napoleon has done more toward bringing the people up to a standard where they can be governed by Republicanism, than any other man living. It is true, we do not believe they are fitted to be governed in that way, at present, but during his short reign he has done much in that direction. He has taught them the first principles of liberty—no matter if he ruled them with an iron hand, he has taught them this; he has sown in their hearts a desire for a Republican government. He has begun in their understandings more of a realizing sense of what France has need of than any ruler that has preceded him. And yet, all this the reverend gentleman, speaking at Music Hall, last Sunday morning, seems to have forgotten, while the ages will hand it down as a thing not to be forgotten, as a bright star in his earthly existence. I make no attempt to cover his faults. I could not, if I would, for he had such a way of exhibiting them to the world, that neither friends nor foes could cover them up well. This charity, which is so much preached about, and so little understood, is but just beginning, through the efforts of the spirit-world, to assert its rights, and you may be sure that the door of the other life will not be closed until this mantle is so large, so beautifully woven, that it will form a shield for all humanity. This showing up of the faults of another, does not heal them, does not cure them, does not wipe them out; it only causes them to increase, to grow larger, to be magnified. Nature does not work in that way. If she has a rotten potato-ball, she keeps it under ground; she doesn't allow even a shoot to come forth. It is a pity we could not all pattern after our Mother Nature—it would be better for us.

Message by Theodore Parker.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—With your permission I shall occupy the time usually occupied in answering questions, in throwing whatever light I may be able to throw upon a matter which seems to be in darkness to some minds. Some time ago it was thought best by the band of spirits guiding and guarding these Seances, and the Message Department of the Banner of Light, that each spirit presiding on any occasion should attach their name to the Seance of that day. For example: "This Seance was conducted by Theodore Parker," or by "Father Fitz James," or by "Cardinal Cheverus," or by "John Pierpont." Whoever presided on that occasion should have special charge of the events of that occasion—should be held responsible for those events—for the coming of each spirit—for the truths or falsehoods inculcated in the Answers to the Questions, and for

all that might be done upon our side during the Seance. This was done in order that the outside world, the investigating public and yourselves, might know who to refer to in case anything went wrong at any time—in case any spirit uttered that they should not be uttered, and in case there was any fault to be found, it might be found with the Presiding Intelligence of that day.

Now this matter, at that time, we set so plainly before the public that they who read our remarks or heard them could hardly fail to understand them, even though they were children. But it seems that *Science, Christianity*, and what is claimed to be Common Sense, have misunderstood the position entirely, and now we will endeavor to again throw some light upon the subject.

Those persons who have any fault to find with whatever transpires during this Seance must direct their inquiries or their fault-finding to me; my name will be given at the close of the Seance. So, at any other time, you have the privilege, as church members would say, of "church-manning" me. I stand responsible and sponsor for all the acts that may be perpetrated through the medium, who is totally unconscious, and cares no more for what is going on at this time, and knows no more of it, than these walls; therefore I would, at this time, say to *Chatterboxes*. Whatever you have to say upon the subject at issue, direct your inquiries to me, and not to my medium. When you do, you will receive a proper answer, but not till then. And this I say to all others who may contemplate opening such issues. We anticipated just these side issues when we inaugurated this plan. It was done to defend our medium, whom we are determined to defend under all truthful circumstances. Should she prove unworthy of the trust reposed in her, we should not hesitate to set her aside, dearly as we love her; but while she holds the just position toward us, that she now holds and always has held, we shall defend her against all these underhanded attacks that are being made from our pretended friends. We throw such friendship back in their faces. It is of such a quality that we do not need it—we do not want it. I have said that we foresee these side issues which have come up; therefore we inaugurated the plan of appointing a special guardian for each Seance—of referring all things to them that transpired during said Seance.

Now *Science* comes in, and says: "This never ought to have been done; no name ought ever to have been given as having the guardianship of these Seances." Well, that is his wisdom, not ours, and he is responsible for the amount of ignorance contained in his words. So *Science* finds fault, and attacks our medium instead of the proper party, and our medium is obliged to look into the matter, to be informed upon the subject, and to ask numerous questions, ere she can get at anything like what is meant by these arrows of ignorance. Were she left unguided—had we not the strict guardianship over her that we have—she would fall powerless at the first stroke of these enemies, so incapable is she of coping with them in any direction. But protect her we shall, and we now give this warning to those individuals, who, under the guise of friendship, throw out these attacks, make these side parties, that unless they, in the future, mind their own business, and let ours alone, we shall dispose of them with almost a single word. We have the power; our world is the world of causes; and although they consider us weak, and financially, so far as the Banner of Light is concerned, we are weak—but spiritually it never was stronger than it is to-day, and its editor, that staunch old veteran for truth, is ready to defend us as we are ready to defend him. Now, then, have a care. We want to be at peace with you; but an inimitable peace is worse than war; therefore we give you the truth in these matters. If you have anything to settle, settle it with us, and not with our medium. We shall deal fairly with you, though you have dealt very unfairly with us. Though *Science* makes assertions, and then declares that it never made them, and throws the lie back in our faces, yet we shall deal fairly with *Science*, and be true to the trust reposed in us by those higher than ourselves.

Jennie Johnson.

How do you do, Mr. Chairman? My father wanted me to come and tell what the spirit doctors thought of my mother. They think she is doing nicely, and will soon be quite well, Jennie Johnson.

Joseph Veazie.

I come to tell my wife that her time on earth has about expired. I am waiting for her, and I want her to see to it now, while she can, that she leaves a good record behind her. Don't overlook everybody else, wife, in looking at Joseph; mind that. Don't overlook everybody else. Do just by him, and just by others; if you don't, you will be sorry when you get here. There is a clearer light in this life than there is on earth—we see the mistakes we have made in the earth-life vividly in this, interable, hideous shapes.

Be patient; and when the angel comes to conduct you home, you won't have to go alone, as I did, for I shall be there, and shall cross the stream with you, and give you all the strength you need. I am Joseph Veazie.

Invocation.

O Father and Mother God, we dedicate the services of this hour to thee, praying that, in the future, they may shine like stars of the first magnitude, and may find a setting in thy crown of glory, which is the rule of eternal truth. Amen.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear.

Q.—[From a correspondent.] Members of Christian churches are often heard speaking of the surety of meeting and being with Christ when they change this life for the immortal. Are their hopes delusive, or does Christ, like other spirits of centuries past, visit those who enter the spirit-life in these days?

A.—The worshippers at the Christian shrine will not in all things be disappointed; and it is not at all likely that they will be disappointed in this, since Christ is a very genial spirit, loving the society of those who love him, mingling freely with the high and the low, the ignorant and the wise; and wherever there is a work of love to be done that he can do better than anybody else, there he is. Now, then, if they love this man, Christ—not the ideal Christ of the Christian Church, but the simple Nazarene, the Spiritualist of ancient times—they will doubtless find no difficulty in meeting him and communicating freely with him.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—My attention has been

called to the needs of the children of the freedmen of the South—these little waifs that are left without any earthly protection—who have only the guardianship of angels, and the loving kindness of those who have gone thither, hoping to aid them; but this aid, as you are well aware, can come only by and through a material basis. These little children need clothes, need something to eat, need homes, need to be educated. Some of them are the children of staunch Unionists; who, till during the late civil—or rather un-civil—contest, some of them are children of those who rebelled against the Constitution and the Union; but no matter—they are children, and therefore demand the exercise of kind thoughts and kind deeds from North and South, East and West. I am aware that there may be many before me who may say there are objects of charity nearer home. So there are. Do you attend to them? I hope you do. But to those who may feel disposed to give a nite in this direction we make our appeal, and ask that inasmuch as the Angel of Benevolence may touch your hearts, you will respond to that touch, if it is only in laying one penny upon this table, which will be received by one present, and properly applied, to the use of these little children. One penny is all we ask. If you can afford it, and are pleased to give them more, we shall be pleased to see you giving more. Remember, the angel teacher, Christ, who was the mouth-piece of wise intelligences, once said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto me." So, then, in the name of this brother of yours and mine, this Jesus the Christ, this friend of little children, we ask that you will do what you may be able and disposed to do for those who have nobody to do for them.

Sept. 30.

Alice Chase.

My name was Alice Chase. I lived in Chicago. When the fire was there, I got awfully burnt, so I died; and my mother got burnt, too, but she lived, and she'd be glad to hear from me, but I won't tell her that I'm alive; and that I'm pretty happy now, and that I go to school, and that when she comes and father comes, I shall be so glad. And George has grown up real big—he's real big. He isn't a baby now. And won't you say that Aunt Adams sends her love, and wants to know of mother if she sits up that cake yet? [Will she understand that?] Yes; I understand it, too. Aunt Adams said she was a cake, and she made it out of some kind of earth, and she put plums in it, and she made it look real nice. Mother asked her to make it, to send away to somebody she didn't like. Mother never thought she didn't like that lady. She was a poor lady; she used to be rich. She was going to get up a donation for her, and she asked Aunt Adams if she wouldn't send something—make a nice loaf of cake, and send it over to our house. The things were going from our house. She made that nasty old loaf of cake, and sent it over. Mother found out about it, though, before the things went, and she sent word to Aunt Adams that "that cake was so nice, she thought she'd keep it for her own table." Now Aunt Adams wants to know if it is all ate up yet. I hardly think it is. [A pretty good story!] Well, it is true, every bit of it. Aunt Adams said she didn't know of any way by which she could identify herself better than that way. [You didn't give your age.] Didn't I? Mother used to say I was a awful old child. So you can say at the bottom of my letter that I am ninety now.

Sept. 30.

Josiah Carver.

There's a call come from some of my family who are left here, for one of the number who have gone to come back and communicate. I have come in answer to that call. My name was Josiah Carver. I lived in Boston, and died in Boston. I died thirty-three years ago, and I was seventy-two years old. I had a paralytic shock. Now, I don't know what is wanted of us. There is quite a nice family of us in the spirit-world, and we would, any one of us, be glad to communicate with whoever has made the call; but we do not exactly know what is wanted. Perhaps it is only to know whether there is an open door between this and the other life. [Hadin't you better request them to call upon some medium?] Yes, if they will do that, we will some of us be there and respond, certainly, if we are able to, and I think we shall be, some of us.

Sept. 30.

Caroline Bailey.

I wish to find and communicate with my son, Stephen W. Bailey. My name, Caroline Bailey. When I was called to change worlds, I was living in Boston, near what was then called—if I remember right—Craie's Bridge. I died of cancer. I have many things of importance to communicate to my son, which I do not care to speak of here, so if he thinks it worth while he will give me an opportunity to speak to him in a more private way, and I shall give him advice about many things that will be of use to him. Good-day, sir.

Sept. 30.

L. Judd Pardee.

To the dear friends who were with me in my last sickness and changing hour, I have this much to say: that my soul goes on continually to you in thanksgiving and in love. For the loving kindness you bestowed on me, you know in all my walks in spirit-life, wherever a thing of beauty or of power presents itself to me, I think of you, and wish you were there to share my joy. I know that, like all the believers in this glorious philosophy of the day, you are still seeking for light, more light; and so, as your most humble servant, I have been looking round to see what I could do for you in that direction, how I could give you more light, how I could minister unto your soul-needs, and I find that if you will gather yourselves together one evening in seven, sitting yourselves to directions that will be then and there given—in a short time we shall be able to materialize ourselves to your touch, and to your sight. And I think, by receiving that peculiar class of manifestations, you will be lifted up nearer to that spirit-world—that truth which is all about you—than you ever were before.

Yes, Katy, I propose to show myself to you, through your own mediumship. So sit for it, and see what comes. L. Judd Pardee.

Sept. 30.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Spring Flower."

Invocation.

Oh, thou, whose light shineth in through the darkness of our ignorance, thou who art never absent from any one of us, accept thou our poor praises, and hear thou our prayers. Thou who hath guarded and guided us through all past eternities, whose loving care watcheth over us in the

present, and who, we believe, will care for us in the future, let us understand thee. We pray thee that our ignorance may be speedily overcome by thy wisdom. We pray thee that the star of thy truth may shine so brilliantly that we shall know thy way, and stumble no longer. Oh, thou Infinite Spirit, baptize us anew with thy love and thy power, and send us out among thy sons and thy daughters to preach thy gospel of truth, to do battle against error, and to fight valiantly for that which we believe to be right; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Oct. 1.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—[From a correspondent.] Will the controlling intelligence be so kind as to give his views of the formation of the Western Continent? Did it separate, when in ascending fluid state, from the Eastern Continent, as the shores of each indicate? And when the Western shores stopped moving, were the mountains forced up to their present height, and caverns formed leading into the Gulf of Mexico, through which water passes, near the interior heated part of the earth, causing what is called the Gulf Stream?

A.—That theory is one which finds special favor among a certain class of scientists in our world. Your speaker is in favor of it.

Q.—[From the audience.] Can you give us any idea with reference to the extent to which Eastern nations receive and understand our Spiritual Philosophy?

A.—It is the entire basis of their religion, of which it forms all the fundamental points. Without it, their religion would be no religion at all. Communion with their dead covers all the ground religiously with them.

Q.—Does this belief or knowledge prevail more extensively in those portions explored by Europeans, or in those which they have never visited? A.—It is most extensively known in Asia and Africa.

Q.—Among what peoples in Africa?

A.—The Kaffirs have an abiding faith in the return of their dead. The Kaffir will tell you, "My brother is with me. He is dead, but he walks with me, and he talks with me!" And the dead brother becomes to the Kaffir a guardian angel, for the Kaffir believes that when his brother has passed through death, he will enter the realm of truth, and will never deceive him. So whatever the dead brother tells the Kaffir is held sacred by the Kaffir, and depended upon.

Q.—Has the Kaffir race descended from a more powerful and enlightened race, or are they now progressing upward?

A.—The majority believe that they are on the ascending scale. Your speaker has never formed an opinion upon that point.

Q.—There are, in this city, certain specimens of Burmese idols, which seem to show great skill in sculpture amongst those who may have produced them. Did they understand the science of phenology as we have it? If not, how were they able to select such perfect forms?

A.—Yes, they certainly did understand it, and much better than we ever did, or do at the present day.

Q.—I saw some Egyptian heads, some time since, of very perfect form. Were they true to the life? And, if so, must they have represented a highly enlightened race. Is not that evidence of it?

A.—Well, in special directions they were highly enlightened; but in general directions they were not so enlightened as this race. Oct. 1.

John Brown.

One who was present at my death scene sends me word that he would be glad to hear from me. Taking it for granted that he has told the truth, I have made the effort to come here, and have succeeded. I was, to your late civil war, what John the Baptist was to Christ; and as the voice of the Lord God came to him—so says the record—so the voice of my God spoke to me. He obeyed, and lost his natural life; I obeyed, and lost mine; but neither he nor I are disposed to question the wisdom of forcing us into the front ranks. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord" came to me as it came to John of old, and I have never had a single regret that I took the course I did.

I know well what my interrogator wants to know. It is this: Whether or no I am not sorry for the course I took. Oh no! no! no! I am not sorry; and whether I still believe in the prophetic words I uttered a few moments before my death. They were these: "You will pay for this, as for all other acts of injustice and violence, most dearly. Before a quarter of a century shall have rolled over the South it shall be desolated, without a single habitation to mark where civilization once has been." Do I still believe it? Yes, with all my soul; for none knows better than I that the hydra-headed monster is not dead. He lives to breed war and pestilence, to sow seeds of discord, and to bring about those conditions that will finally culminate in desolation. It is not that I will it, but God wills it. The spirit of prophecy goes in the mental atmosphere, and settles upon those souls that are most sensitive to its presence. Now, in your mind, my friend, you say, "Did I believe in your prophecy, now that I have the power to do as I please, I would abandon the South, and make a home in the West." Policy would dictate such a course, my friend; but it may so happen that the great God has need of you for an instrument through which to perfect his designs. If that be so, you will remain in Virginia.

I am glad that this new light has found way to your soul; I am glad for your sake, as well as for the sake of the cause. Though you may never become an avowed advocate of its truths, yet you may be a something that God has need of. John Brown, to Daniel Sainborn.

Oct. 1.

Jennie Ellery.

I am Jennie Ellery, of Plainfield, N. Y. I was thirteen years old. I died of fever last month, and I wish to communicate with my mother, who is at present at Peekskill, on the Hudson. My mother says that her religion gives her no comfort concerning my death. If she could know that I was in a world where there were homes and home comforts, and that I had found a home there and was happy, she would be reconciled to my death. Mother, dear, your religion is all false, every bit of it. It has never told you a single truth, not one, about our life, certainly; for we have homes, and we meet our friends, and we love us just the same as they did here, only better, if anything. We have schools; we have places of amusement; we have everything that is beautiful, and we have all that we need. I am living with Aunt Jessie. She has her little girl with her, who died a baby, and she's now nearly as old as I am. We are very happy together; and Uncle Si—he lives with us, and the place is

more beautiful than anything they ever had here, where they live.

The minister said at my funeral that I had gone to Jesus. Well, it is hard to tell what he meant by it, but he conveyed the idea to my mother that I'd gone to live with Jesus. I've never seen him but twice. Then he came into our school to give us lessons in moral philosophy. What would he want with me? He never knew me here. I never knew him; I wouldn't be satisfied to go to live with him; I know he's good; he's a beautiful spirit; all the children love him; but we'd rather go and live with somebody we know.

Now, mother dear, be satisfied about me. You know Aunt Jessie would take good care of me; you know she had a good home here—she loved to have a good home, and she loves it just as well here. We have everything pleasant, and when you come time to come to us, we'll meet you, and we'll have such a jolly time as you never had before when you get free from this world.

Now don't cry any more, but just be happy about me. Tell the minister, when he talks to you, that you know more about it than he does, and you don't want to hear anything from him until he knows more than he does now. Good day, sir.

Oct. 1.

Wilhelm Schneider.

[The spirit could not speak English, and a gentleman in the audience was called upon to interpret.] My name is Wilhelm Schneider. My father lives in Berlin, and he told me to come to America and speak.

Oct. 1.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Fannie Jackson Stebbins, of Chelmsford, to her mother, Susan Brown, and to her sons, Nathaniel Pierce, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his son in Boston; Eben Smith, of Dennisport, Mass., to his wife and seven young ones, of Boston.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Capt. Chase Pease; George Scheff, of Boston, to her mother, John Bruce, of Seawest; Countess Alina Krug, of Berlin, Prussia.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—John Mills, of Boston, Mass.; Sir John Franklin, John Ryan; Charlotte Elliot, of West Philadelphia, Pa.; Stephen J. Woods.

Thursday, Oct. 10.—Joseph B. Frost; Emma Demsey, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Sam. A. Way; Thomas J. Clarke, of Providence, R. I.

Monday, Oct. 14.—Hudson Tuttle Crane; Zachary Taylor; Elizabeth Cassell, of Alfred, Mass.; Horace Greeley.

Tuesday, Oct. 15.—Dr. Dwight, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Minnie Strong, daughter of Capt. Wm. Strong; Samuel Rogers, of Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.—Anna Melleg, of Chicago, Ill.; John W. Dearborn, of Haverhill, Mass.; Horace Greeley.

Monday, Jan. 16.—John W. Dearborn, of Haverhill, Mass.; George W. Nevins, of East Boston, to his family; Elisha Warrington, of Brunswick, Georgia, to her mother; Thomas McCadden, of Boston.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Katie Leeman; William H. Bush, of Terre Haute, Ind.; Annetta Ames, of Lynn, to her mother; Dennis Harrison.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.—William Carter, of New York; Bridget Chase, of Boston; John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Thursday, Jan. 23.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Friday, Jan. 24.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Saturday, Jan. 25.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Sunday, Jan. 26.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Monday, Jan. 27.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Tuesday, Jan. 28.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Wednesday, Jan. 29.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Thursday, Jan. 30.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Friday, Jan. 31.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Saturday, Feb. 1.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Sunday, Feb. 2.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Monday, Feb. 3.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Tuesday, Feb. 4.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Wednesday, Feb. 5.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Thursday, Feb. 6.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Friday, Feb. 7.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Saturday, Feb. 8.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Sunday, Feb. 9.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Monday, Feb. 10.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Tuesday, Feb. 11.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Wednesday, Feb. 12.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Thursday, Feb. 13.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Friday, Feb. 14.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Saturday, Feb. 15.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Sunday, Feb. 16.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Monday, Feb. 17.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Tuesday, Feb. 18.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Thursday, Feb. 20.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Friday, Feb. 21.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Saturday, Feb. 22.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Sunday, Feb. 23.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

Monday, Feb. 24.—John D. Ambrey, for Louis Napoleon; Marcela Scott, to her husband; Allan Kardec.

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