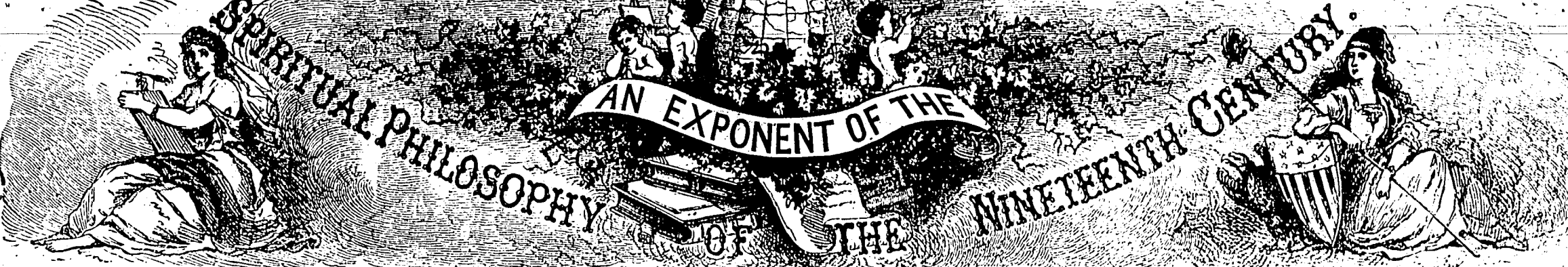


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## The "Poet of the People."

### WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

A Lecture Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 4, 1874, by  
GERALD MASSEY.

I begin with my own facts, because they are more to me than anybody else's facts received on hearsay. Indeed, if I had not known certain things were true and real, I think I never could have believed them at second-hand, no matter what the amount of testimony might be. I may say with Horatio, "Before my God I might not this believe, without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes and ears." Dear me! how I doubted, and doubted in presence of the phenomenon itself! In truth, it seems to me that I only arrived at belief by doubting and doubting until I doubted my doubts. I feel it stated that Prof. Agassiz saw at one single glance the whole thing as an imposture. It took a great wrench to lift me out of the old ruts of thinking. I did not reach any present conclusions for years.

It has been remarked on as an oversight of Shakespeare's, that he should have shown the great skeptic, Hamlet, as positively doubting the continued existence of the soul, just after it had been revealed and demonstrated to him by the spirit of his own father, who came to prove his own identity by word of mouth and to unfold the secrets of both worlds. My own experience leads me to look on this not as an oversight, but as one of the poet's profoundest insights. He knew how hard it is for many to accept those facts of the spiritual, even though—as was said of old—even though "one came from the dead." The only facts I shall make use of are those that I recorded just as they occurred. I will answer for most of my facts with as much certitude as Mr. Crookes can for his. I speak in all sincerity, meaning exactly what I say, and do not doubt that the truth, truly spoken, will ring true on the conscience of all true souls.

Some two-and-twenty years ago I was invited to see a young clairvoyante read without the use of the eyes. So little did I know of the subject, that when I was asked to hold the eyelids down, whilst she read, I left my fingers as far apart as possible, so that she might see through them if she liked. I did not wish to prevent her reading. Possibly my intended kindness told in my favor, for that clairvoyante became my wife, and her first consciousness of meeting me, I found afterwards, was when she was in the magnetic trance. I was indignant at the treatment and the torture to which I thought she was subjected to gratify people's curiosity, and it ended in our running away from it. I afterwards found that this reading by some abnormal vision was a fact, however unbelievable. She had manifested the power from nine years of age. I have seen her read so hundreds of times, and convince hundreds of people, including men like Brewster, Hallowell, late Earl of Carlisle, and the present Duke of Argyll and Bishop of Winchester. Many persons were prepared for the phenomena of Spiritualism by what they saw of her clairvoyance.

The speaker then detailed at some length the various methods which himself and others had taken to prevent the lady from reading in this manner, and the uniform failure of such plans, and specified several instances of the remarkable clairvoyant powers possessed by her, which in time broadened to the shores of a wider development in mediumship, and then proceeded in touching language to refer to his departed daughter and the sickness of his wife:

The loss of a peculiarly dear little child had preyed on the mother's mind. "This was our 'wee white rose of all the world.' Also the brain had been injured in childhood by ignorant persons. Indeed, a spirit once said to me, 'She is one of those who receive the mortal wound before birth!'"

I take it that was a part of the conditions. The partition which divided one kind of consciousness from another was very thin—the mind would waver at times. I am satisfied, though, that a great deal of supposed insanity is only a disordered kind of somnambulism, as will be seen when the subject comes to be treated from the spiritual side. You may remember what Charles Lamb says of his poor sister's brilliant, witty talk: when her mind wandered, as we say, it was incomparably better than that of most sane people. When the aberration became most apparent, if I could only induce the magnetic trance I found there was no such thing as insanity of soul, however the brain-consciousness might be arrested. There was serenity and clearness in the depths of the spirit-life, while the troubled life of the brain ran on a river of oblivion above; so that I saw how in madness, idiocy, under chloroform or in infancy, the spirit that is eclipsed for the time being and shut in darkly from us may have its lucidity and be fed with light from that spirit-world to which it is united, with which it communicates through life, and into which we pass in death with an internal waking.

I am bound to admit there were times when I could not mesmerize, that the mind has been righted again in response to prayer. You see I did not know there was any natural law opposed to such a possibility, and no doubt was very much in earnest. Our knowledge and recognition of the impossible is often just the thing that prevents the possible.

In the year 1853 this mental illness took a bad turn. For seven days and nights it had been permanent. Doctors insisted that I must put her away. Hitherto I had held out against them, for it seemed to me that I knew so much more of the case than they did.

But now I wavered. I could not get her mesmerized, to consult her. One Sunday night I held a consultation with the Doctors. They insisted on her removal. I said I would decide next morning. I got to bed about 11 o'clock, having given my wife some medicine; put out the light, and lay down beside her. She was still violent, but, in spite of that, I heard a strange noise at the foot of the bed. At first I thought it must be her feet pushing the hot-water bottle against the foot-board of the bedstead. At length the noise arrested her attention, and she blamed me for not keeping my feet still. I told her it was not me. This seemed to steady her mind somewhat in a listening and fearful attitude. The noise again began, and increased. I got a light and removed the hot-water bottle. The sounds still went on. My wife drew up her feet instinctively from the bed-foot—for, by this time, the sound was partly as though a rat were gnawing the mattress, with an occasional sound as of a dog's tail whisking the foot-board. I thought perhaps one of the dogs was in the room—no, I did not think so; I tried to feel that it might be so. My wife insisted that one of the dogs was in the room. We called, and I got out of bed to look. There was no dog—nothing to account for the noise. I turned up the bed and mattress at the foot to search. There was no explanation there. I returned to bed again. The noise began anew—a scratching, scrabbling sound on the board, with an occasional slight rap, in which the sound culminated, or made itself out more perfectly. My wife screamed that she could not stand it, and would not lie in the bed any longer. I tried to quiet her—for the sounds were quite enough for me to attend to. I bore it for some twenty minutes after being convinced that it was produced by neither of us. Once indeed, I wondered whether it was possible for thieves to be in the room underneath with an electric battery, trying to occupy our attention by shaking our bedstead electrically while they robbed the room. I invented all sorts of natural or unnatural explanations. The sounds continued. Then I called the servant, to see what effect the sounds would have on another person—not a poet, but of cool and unimpaired temperament. I did not tell her *why* I had called her. She thought it was because her mistress was worse. She sat down and leaned beside the bed. The sounds came again louder and clearer. She passed through a similar stage of wonderment, looked at me, as she said afterwards, to see if I were frightened, and, finding I was not, she did not see why she should be; and so she did not bolt and leave me.

The servant's mother was then called; but the fact produced no effect upon the continuance of the sounds. Mr. Massey was by this time convinced that they proceeded from some other source than a mortal one, but could not seem to attach them, on account of their groveling nature, with spirits according to his conception of such beings. If a spirit were making these noises, he thought it must be one of a low kind, and therefore mentally bad; it became several times, but to no effect.

Finally the spirits rapped, and he, by requesting them to give three taps for yes, obtained from them the information that his daughter Marian and his wife's mother were present, though the visible, and had come to help his wife's head. Strong physical phenomena supervened, the bedstead being rocked, and the feet of Mr. Massey being "heaved up with force." After which he says:

My wife, who had leaned back, now rose up white and rigid and straight as a corpse might rise from a coffin, with the fixed, staring eyes, not yet able to pierce the grave-gloom, but bursting through it. When quite upright, the face lighted: She leaned a little forward, looking over the bed-foot, and in a weird, intense whisper said, with an ineffable smile, "Mother, Marian!" and then sank gently back on my arm, and soon lay breathing softly, with two tears stealing out of her closed eye-lids. Spiritual presences, apparently recognizable to her as persons, had succeeded in putting her into the trance condition. In this state, consciousness began where it left off a week before; all was blank between, as was shown by her first question. Of what we had passed through that night, she knew nothing. The noises began again. "Oh, what's that?" she said. I told her what had occurred. We continued the conversation a long time that night. The upshot of the communication was this: I was not to put her away on the morrow, though she would be worse than she had been yet, and on the following Sunday night she would be permanently better. And at ten minutes to twelve o'clock on that night week she was comparatively well. Thus in all likelihood she was saved from spending some years in a madhouse. That purported to be the object of what I now consider the spiritual world audibly breaking through, to communicate intelligently with me; proving, in doing so, that invisible beings could see us, hear us, talk with us, help us.

From that time forward he had plenty of proofs of the possibility of spirit communication, among them being the raps carried to a greater perfection of telegraphic signification—a species of planchette, and the visions and descriptions by his wife. Among other remarkable things given him, was a written communication relating to Müller, the railway carriage murderer, who was captured on this side of the water, and was undergoing his trial, said communication citing facts to show that he was not fully responsible for the homicide. On the strength of this, the speaker sent a communication to the London press calling attention to these circumstances, but, as it happened, it was published in only one of the papers, the News, but the writer did not learn of its appearance until long afterwards. However, Müller was found guilty and hanged, and after his death came to them in spirit, and thanked the lecturer for the pains he had taken to save "his poor neck."

The aid which the speaker had received from the invisibles in unraveling the mystery attaching to Shakespeare's sonnets—through the mazes of which neither the medium or Mr. M. had any intellectual clue—was to him simply wonderful, and to it he bore willing testimony. He had frequently in pursuing the work been referred by the spirit to books, thoroughly unknown to the medium or himself, and on searching up the volumes, had found therein the corroborating proof promised.

The speaker then related a story concerning his experiences at a new residence whither he had just removed—said narrative being of a nature akin to the various "haunted houses," the stories of which, so frequently of late have filled the columns of the secular press.

Before the passing away to the spirit-side of his wife, he formed an agreement with her that raps should be made upon the clock, where none had sounded before, and subsequent to her decease raps were heard in abundance. On his first sitting with the medium, Home, a spirit took possession, purporting to be his wife, and said: "Oh, Gerald, when I turned on my left side to pass that night, and had got through, I could not believe it. I kept on talking, and thought you had gone suddenly deaf, as I could not hear you answer me." That was exactly what had occurred: with me on this side of death. I kept on talking and she did not hear. I have no doubt but that truly represents the continuity of consciousness in death. There is no death. There is no break—no cessation of motion: It is like the top when we say it stops—that seems to stand still when it spins perfectly.

It is not my purpose merely to tell you a wonderful story, or I might have filled my lecture with personal details. But I would rather set people's brains at work inside the skull, than see their hair standing on end outside of it.

Since my first gropings in the darkness of this subject, light has dawned on me more and more, and the facts have gone on unfolding their meanings until the presence of the spiritual world is to me as real as that of the natural world: the unfeigned darkness has unveiled a living face. I have felt the touch of spirit-hands with nobility within seven yards of me, and have had my own hand impelled to write messages without any volition of mine.

Standing on this side of my facts, how should I care to argue with those who stand on the other to assert they can't be true? Where is the use of arguing, when sheer ignorance of the subject is to be the base of our opponent's reasoning, and his fundamental assumptions are false, which are: that he sufficiently divines the relations of mind and matter in the life which is known, so as to say that these things are impossible to their relationship in a life that is to him unknown?

Sergeant Cox will tell you that this sort of abnormal action implies a new force in Nature: he calls it "Psychic Force." But our "Psychic Force" friends do but touch physically the veriest fringe of the phenomena. They have but made a study of one ripple, registered on the sand by the great ocean that is out of sight.

I know that Mr. Crookes has seen a thousand-fold more than he can scientifically demonstrate to others. If the force be spiritual, as we contend, it follows that physical science can only deal with that registered record in the sand of the ripple passed away.

The speaker then paid his respects to Dr. Carpenter and the "unconscious cerebration" theory, giving the subject caustic treatment; cited the fact that the mesmeric phenomena, once ignored by the scientist, were now brought forward to explain away those of Spiritualism, and said: But it is too late. Our scientific opponents.

"Like the blindest chariot-wheelers, are first still to be near, but never to be first."

When a medium goes into the trance condition now, we presume it to be under spirit-influence. A spirit is the magnetizer. You will find, by the Bible, that this is an ancient form of mesmerism. "Where is the angel Uriel," says Esdras, "the angel who came to me at the first?" for he hath caused me to fall into many trances. And as I was speaking these words, behold, he came unto me, and looked upon me, and, lo! I lay as one that had been dead! At other times the hand is used in this spiritual process, as it might be in magnetism. The hand of the Lord, that is, of some spiritual presence, came upon the head of the seer, Elisha, and he saw and prophesied.

When the fact of the power of the mesmerist over his subject was called to mind, we could see what a vista of possibilities—seemingly limited only by the communicating power, and the receptivity of the medium—was opened, if we

came to accept as a fact that a spirit, an inhabitant of another world, could become the magnetizer. There was such a thing as "unconscious cerebration" of thought. Half our mental life was passed in the process of this drawing from the wells of the world unknown. But, so far from this "unconscious cerebration" furnishing an argument against Spiritualism, it was one of the most vital proofs of its truth, the brain being shown to be not the cause of action, but merely the agent of the spirit's will. The spirit itself, said the speaker, dwells and lives a life of which, we on the outside catch only the shadows of its motions on the curtain—the lightning of its presence, flashing through its cloud.

Unconscious cerebration is simply an automatic motion of the brain in signifying the wish, or will, of the spiritual consciousness; and the brain is not the cause, but the means, of the external consciousness. Here we may get a glimpse of the spirit's living on, even though the brain becomes unconscious in sleep, feeble with age, decayed by disease, or destroyed by death—the sun shining on after it has set, and gathered to itself the rays that once illumined and warmed the world of sense. His experience was like living in a kind of half-way house, having windows in it, through which one could look into two worlds. We did not know our own mental life anywhere as beginning, but only as becoming. There was an undredged ocean in our mental world which had no bottom. Deep as we might plumb, we could not sound it. There is illimitable continuity. It was because the "mere" physicists failed to appreciate the world of spiritual causes that they had no beginning, no origin for phenomena; they tried to commence with the atom which had no existence as a postulate, and ignored the subtler phenomena which preceded such supposed atom. Plato was right when he proclaimed that man was a plant not of earth, but of heaven; as the tree which drew by its leaves from sun and dew the power to send down its roots into the earth, so man, rooted for awhile in the natural, drew from the spiritual world his true soul sustenance—he existing at the same time a denizen of the two worlds, which blended in his being, and between which he was the only division.

Spiritualism claims to have established objective communication with this veritable world of being, which had been subjectively whittled away to a vanishing point by Metaphysics and Theology. Through our magnetic mediums it used to murmur strange things to us—like one talking in a dream. But now we can get at it, as it were, in the waking state, and know the force behind the veil of matter in a mental form as Intelligence, Affection, and Will.

It is difficult to demonstrate to those physicists—who are the only fossil specimens on earth, I think, of the petrified soul—that we are living spirits; difficult to prove the existence and presence of spirits, *visible* of us to those who have not realized a spirit within us. Still, it is impossible to fully discuss natural laws apart from spiritual causes: the two are indissolubly bound up together. You cannot treat the natural by ignoring the spiritual; you cannot isolate the most material man, like a metal in a non-conductor, so as to be sure the spiritual world is not brought to bear in the production of certain phenomena. In man it is with the natural and the spiritual as the Hindus say of the melon: you can hold a melon in one hand which contains seven handfuls of seed. And such is the spiritual relationship here to the natural facts.

I think it is greatly owing to our dim and distant conception of a spirit-world that it seems so impossible for our spirit-friends to be near us and to communicate with us. Our ideas have been so limited to the more visible relations of time and space. Metaphysics have so disputed all spiritual reality. And then, What? spirit? we say or think, trying to feel the texture of it, as if to see how much it would sell for, and mentally figure it forth from the sense-perceptions, and realize it in a material form. We conceive of spirit as attenuated matter, forgetting that no attenuation of matter will ever arrive at spirit. In doing thus, we are somewhat like those English people who, when in a foreign land, seem to fancy the more they make their own language un-English, the more it must be like the language spoken there! The only starting-point, I think, is this: We are spirits here and now; spirits in a material form, but not, spirits because of this shape.

And in trying to conceive of spirits out of the present body, I don't think we can do better than remember what constitutes us as spirits in the body, which is this: a man's real, spiritual self is his *will* and his *affections personified*. Take a man's *love*, for example; you cannot know that by weight, or texture, or material presence; can only know it by its own manifestations. Yet love is a real existence, whether it embody itself to us or not, and where it may not manifest itself to us publicly, will do so by many secret ways. Or take the will of man, or, better still, the will of woman. We cannot see it in itself;

can only know it by its signs. But this *love* and this *will* are the very being that live on as the crystallized, immortal self called a spirit; not likely to be commonly visible to us in the sense, though very real and quite near to us still. In fact, nearness would be the most natural manifestation of love directed by will in whatever state of existence it found itself.

I prefer, then, to think of spirits as human affections more distinctly personified, increasing in their power as they increase in the intensity of their life, just as I prefer to think of God as "our Father" to all chemical ministrations of His nature, or metaphysical mysteries of His attributes. We know this *Will*, this *Love*, will find another fitting form of embodiment, because they have proved it to us again and again, and are always ready to prove it by the *will* coming back to us and demonstrating the continuity of the *love* in person; not only influencing us in the secret places of the soul, but with a presence palpable to the commonest senses.

Thousands ignore the spiritual world because, as they think, it is so far off—out of sight with them being out of mind. But once in presence of our facts, and fully possessed by them, you cannot adopt the ostrich policy, and try to get rid of the other world by sticking your head in any sand-hole of this!

You lose the power to self-delude. With shallow forms of faith, believe!

Let men but truly realize that the better angels of themselves, whether in the shape of a loving wife, or mother, or child gone before, can see them still, are with them still, and try to get nearer to them than ever they could in this life, that they look to their sins and failings, their worldliness, smugness, with rebuking eyes, divinely grave, filled with their larger, purer love, and they must take thought and strive not to turn them away when they seek to draw nearer their mission of comfort and errand of love; they would try not to do that which would make them sell their eyes in anguish. They could not continue the life of selfishness that darkens round their souls like the black cloy of the ink-fish, and rises up between them and their darlings, to sully their unimpaired brightness, and put them out as the darkest midnight may put out the stars!

You dare not finger thoughtless-ly in the palace or the hovel of sin if you felt the spirit-touch upon your shoulder, of the whisper at your ear of a voice you know. "I'm glad my poor dead mother does not know what I have come to," says some wretched outcast who thinks the ache was all over for her when the grave-soil covered up the bowed frame and broken heart from human sight. But my friend! she does know, and sees more than ever, and suffers with the strength of a thousand dead breaks for that miserable but dearly-loved daughter!

You may remember the wreck of a large steam vessel some years ago, called the "Central America." She had about five hundred people on board, the greater portion of whom were returned miners from California. They were coming home from El Dorado, bringing their treasures with them. They had sailed terribly to accumulate their wealth, and now they were going to invest it and live sumptuously and dwell at their ease.

Often and often their eyes turned to the bags of gold-dust, with a golden sparkle of delight. But, says the account, as the storm continued, the gold was *lost* and *less thought of*; and when it became evident that they might at any moment go to the bottom, men pulled off their belts of treasure, and opened their bags of gold, and scattered their riches on the cabin floors, telling those who liked to take it, for aught they cared. Full purses containing two thousand dollars were lying untouched on sofas. Carpet-bags were opened by their owners, and the shining stream poured forth on the floors. One passenger opened a bag, and dashed about the cabin twenty thousand dollars in gold-dust, and told any one who wanted to gratify his greed to take it; but it was left untouched as the veriest dross. A little while before, he would have struck down any man who had dared to touch a single grain of it! The other world had looked closely into their faces, and greatly changed the relative value of things. In its immediate presence, the glittering hoards were the veriest trash, and unobtainable from the other dust of earth. When the ship was fast sinking a life was desired, and boat after boat put off to save the women and the children. These were all that could be rescued. Fathers parted from their children, husbands parted from their wives, with a resolute resignation. They saw the women and the little ones push off in the boats; there were no boats for them. Nevertheless, not one of these rough gold-diggers rushed to snatch at the last chance for saving himself. All selfishness had died out of them with the other world in presence. Each heart knew its own bitterness—each was busy with its own peculiar sorrow. A last look at the boats vanishing forever in the distance—a last silent prayer to God above, but no sign of selfishness was seen or heard, with death within arm's length of them and staring close into their faces. As the last boat put off with its precious freight, the ship went down, head-first, to the bottom; but those hardy, bronzed fellows had first touched bottom, and in that trying time their manhood rang heroically true.

I think that Spiritualism must have partly such an effect upon those whom it really and truly lays arresting hands on, for the other world to look across into their face. Surely if the other world once demonstrates its immediate presence in life as well as in death, the result must be living and life-long—once brought home to us in

[Concluded on eighth page.]







after this pyramid was built. He wants to talk to you. The top of the morning to you, Jamme!"

A change, owing to inharmonious conditions, the entrance is spasmodic. How the Arabs stare! It is difficult to keep them at a distance! But listen—another spirit has taken possession. What dignity in the attitude! and what a deep-toned voice:

"Traveler, you stand now upon the summit of one of the world's wonders—a mountain of stone rising from the sand. I once lived under these skies, veiled in a mortal body. The same majestic river rolled through the valley but winds, storms, shifting sands and maddened convulsions have changed all else. This pyramid, upon which I often gazed, was even then more a matter of tradition than history. It must have received its final cap stone full six thousand years since. Our time was measured by ruling dynasties. My years on earth seem now like a half-forgotten dream. Story words have faded; islands have risen from the ocean; continents have disappeared; thronged cities have perished; conquering kings have been born, ruled, died, and been forgotten; but this Titanic monument of the desert still stands in stately solitude. And yet nothing earthly is immortal; this piled pile of composite, of granite and of porphyry is slowly, surely crumbling. Only the undying soul, the templed pyramid of divinity within, is eternal. See, then, oh stranger and pilgrim, that every thought, deed, and word, a living stone, placed in the spiritual temple you are constructing—is polished and fitted to its place with the master's mark."

But you wish to know the purpose of this, the oldest of the pyramidal structures. The aim was multiform. Carefully considering the constellations, the position of the North Star, and the shadow cast by the sun at the time of the equinoxes, it was built upon mathematical principles, to the honor of the Sun-God that illumines and fructifies the earth; built for the preservation of public documents and treasures during wars of invasion, and built as a store-house for grains during famines and devastating floods, with that mystic *offer* in the center, as an exact measure for the world! A universal system of weights and measures, a universal currency, and a universal government were Utopian theories of the ancients before my period of time. This pyramid was not built by forced toil and at a great sacrifice of life, but by gratuitous contributions, the servants of the deity doing manual labor. There are seven granary apartments in the structure, with shafts leading from each to the common granary of the center, now called the King's Chamber. These shafts have, not yet, to my knowledge, been discovered.

During long rains and terrible floods, ancient Memphis was twice swept away—once even to its walls, with all its inhabitants, in a single night. Convulsions of Nature and terrible floods were then common. Immediately after one of these, this pyramid was commenced, requiring more than a generation in the construction. It was completed before the great flood and the wars of the shepherds king.

Once in my time the water rose and rolled over the very apex of these stones. It rained forty-five consecutive days; and while torrents swept down the Nile valley from the south, heavy winds from the Mediterranean drove the water up the country, piling wave upon wave, till this structure was completely submerged. But, though thus buried in the flooding waters, the treasures and well-filled granaries remained to feed, when the waters subsided, the famishing people who had fled southward to the hilly country. There seems to be less water upon the face of the earth now than then. Liquids are becoming solids, and change in every department of being is doing its destined work. Only pyramids of truth, constructed of immutable principles, are eternal.

*Chesopse*, the great king of the world, died in Thebes. Embalmed by the priests, he was placed, after a time, in a pyramid as a mark of honor, for having conceived and planned a monument serving as the savior of his subjects. Finally, he was gilded, or deified—*Ramesses the First*; and the Sphinx, that calm, watery, unreadable face, now mutilated by a degenerate people, was designed to hand the outlines of his physiognomy down to posterity. I must leave. Stranger from a foreign country, do well the work appointed you, that when ashes and sands claim their own, you may be prepared for the fellowship of those ancient spirits of whom you seek counsel.

We have reported this Egyptian spirit's ideas and words as best we could. Take them for what they are worth, making history, hieroglyph, and reason, the empire of decision. Powhatan, the good Indian spirit, came, and, noting the waning away of the aboriginal tribes before a merciless civilization, said they went down like setting stars, to rise into the better conditions of the Morning Land.

Descending from this dizzy height, we explored the passages and the inner chambers; a description of which, with Heliopolis, Alexandria, the Rosetta Stone, and the trip to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, shall be forthcoming.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN CALIF.

The Angel of Spiritualism has sounded the resurrection trumpet of a future existence in all lands. Madame Blavatsky, assisted by other brave souls, formed a Society of Spiritualists in Calro about two years since. They have fine writing mediums, and other forms of the manifestations. They hold weekly seances during the winter months. Madame Blavatsky is at present in Odessa, Russia. The lady, whose husband keeps the Oriental Hotel, is a firm Spiritualist. She forwards her name as a subscriber to the Banner of Light. Fired with the missionary spirit, I left a package of pamphlets and tracts in her possession, for gratuitous distribution. "And as ye go, *blush*," was the ancient command—

Alexandria, Egypt.

#### BEATA MEMORIA.

December 14th, 1873.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Lo! sorrowing deep, too deep for tears,  
Stands Science, shorn of strength to day;  
Her keen eye paled with brooding tears,  
Her lip blanched with dismay,  
That he, her lover without guile,  
(Oh! that it must be he!)  
Lies prostrate, blinded to her smile—  
Her faithful Agassiz!

Nor yet is only Science grieved—  
Another form of fairer grace,  
With head bowed down as one bereaved,  
Yells, too, her radiant face;  
'Tis Truth, who held him loyal, true,  
Nor spares her kindly tears,  
Through mourning not as others do,  
Since clear, beyond the years,

She sees the rounding of his hope,  
The glory of a patient life,  
That, bound within no narrow scope,  
Is victor in the strife.  
But Science owns no certain faith,  
Like Truth, to make her free;  
'Tis hard to yield, she saith,  
To heaven our Agassiz!

—N. Y. Evening Post.

A mine of Epson salts has been discovered in Minnesota. The sanitary advantages of this mine to the State have been ascertained in an epistle from a tombstone in Cheltenham churchyard, England.

Here lies me and my three daughters,  
Brought here by using Sedlitz waters;  
If we had stuck to Epson salts,  
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

## Free Thought.

### WETTERBERG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

VII.

"All things are engaged in writing their history. The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

"Such was the tenor of my thought, as the light of day had faded into twilight, with Denton's new and interesting book (the second volume of the "Soul of Things") in my hand, which for an hour or two had fascinated me, and with its suggestions had tarried with me in this sort of semi-feverish. This is no uncommon condition for me to be in when the circumstances are right—a sort of atmosphere of the "Soul of Things," rather than the "body of things." It is an after-work to put the abstractions—if I may so call them—into readable shape; and the quoted lines with which I preface this "Night Thought" came to me as a concrete expression, and I said, "How true!" As it will necessarily give the tone to what I propose to write, let me say, then, in the language of the Professor's book and of the above quotation, I propose to "speak to the intelligent."

If a stone, or a piece of coal, or clay, carries with it its history, and matter has its story yet to be read, so that we know to-day more definitely of ancient Egyptian lore than Herodotus did, who gazed on the Pyramids two thousand three hundred years ago, by the better interpretation of hieroglyphs and the lessons of paleontology, we shall—on unborn humanity will—by what the Professor calls the "soul of things," know more of the infancy of matter, or its primordial story, than is now conceived of.

Shall the boulder tell its story to the apt, and the human body not? Shall the gifted take the stone and sense its story, and find it has intelligence and memory; and take the human hand, and not sense that? We all know there are those who can read the latter—if not with exactness, sufficiently so to suggest the possibility; and that is the direction the "soul of things" is now leading my thought. My written letter, anonymous name, lock of hair and dollar enclosure have reported me so truly to myself, that I have said, or felt like saying, as the woman of Samaria did, "Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did." As the stone carries its history, so the human being carries his; to be sensed when the interpreter appears. *Can bones?* does any one say? We will pause to reply, unless what follows may happen to answer the question.

Very close to this sensitiveness that obtains these impressions by handling the stone or the man, is mind-reading, which to some explains the "spiritual manifestations" without the aid of spirits. Surely, if a man holds a stone and reads its experience, the power psychometric must read also a man, be he ever so mute or "cute"; and, says the doubter, the spiritual test is only the old stone telling its own tales. This "mind-reading" is the last refuge of the honest skeptic; and I own it is very hard to tell where mind-reading ends and spirit communication begins. I am sure there is an invisible, intelligent power that can read our thoughts, but it will not explain Modern Spiritualism. There is so much proof among the "honest seekers after truth" in this connection, that some communications are not mind-reading, that they are obliged to say to this (if you choose) general communicating intelligence, whatever it is, ever claiming to be the living spirit of a once human being. Your affirmation is not disproved by any of the solutions offered by churchman, scientist or skeptic, or any one else.

Saying this much, let us go back to the suggestions arising from this "Thought on the 'Soul of Things,'" not merely on the power of telling by handling or sensing the "history of our clay," or material composition, in its distant and perhaps ante-human quarries of fish, fowl, flower or stone; but the real man, a sensing of this spirit as well as the matter of man. Is it possible for our secret, unspoken thought to be read? If thought, then wish, then motive; if one, then all. I see the objections and unpleasantness of answering this question in the affirmative; yet affirmatively I think it must be answered. What a revelation, do you say, it would be, if all our thoughts were read as on a printed page? Verily; but we must all follow where truth leads, for all that.

All modern Spiritualists have had more or less proof of intelligent and elaborate as well as categorical answers to mental questions. I freely own I do not like the idea, and wish it were otherwise. A man's house is his castle, but it is more or less open to invasion nevertheless; but as the psychometrist senses the stone's antecedent associations, so must he the associations which have made any man bodily what he is; that is, the sensitive invades the sanctum of the man, at least occasionally in the form, and that seems to be testimony in favor of the fact that the "body of things," the presence chamber of the soul, is not secret from the inquisitive spirit. This point is where the thought in connection with the book referred to has brought me, and my own experience, as I have already intimated, corroborates the affirmative position; and the fact that I live in such a glass house has made me cautious how I indulge in air-castles, if they are unmanly or weak, coveting and feeling adapted to higher positions that I would blush to say seriously to my intimate friend. I check myself in my thought sometimes, as I would if I was talking aloud to myself and discovering that I was not alone, and feel a blush, if invisible. So that when I am alone, in the general sense of that word, I feel not only that there may be, but ten to one there are spirit-listeners who may know better what I say and think.

I was lately at a circle (I call up this incident of many, because it is fresh) composed of a few friends; the medium held a slate on end upright with the thumb and finger. As the room was light we could see he had no hand in the manifestation. Just behind the slate lay on the table a pencil—nothing between it and the wall. We were severally requested to ask mentally a question, each in our turn, which we did. The pencil rapped the answer on the back side of the slate, sounding like a telegraphic apparatus, which the medium apparently translated, and every answer was intelligent, full and adapted definitely to the question; the question generally being repeated audibly afterwards by the questioner, which in every case justifies the above statement. I will now relate my own questions and answers for the sake of illustration. I said (mentally, of course), "Is Mr. B. present?" (I had reason to suppose so from some antece-

dent manifestations). "Yes," was the answer. I then asked, "Is the matter that I am giving so much attention to worth pushing, and with a prospect of success?" "Yes," said the spirit, "by all means push; unless you do we are powerless to aid you." I asked then (I own this question smelt a little of the shop, and the late panic, but I wish to be literal as well as truthful), "Will I get a discount at the bank to-morrow?" The spirit did not say simply yes or no; it said, "John, your mind seems to be still on money; yes, you will get the discount."

Now these intelligent answers could not have been uttered except the invisible had an exact knowledge of the several questions, which were not written or uttered aloud. Now let me add a comment or two on the answers; you will see there is something more or less than mind-reading. In reference to the last question, I did not get the discount; I did not ask for any, and I had no idea at the time of asking for any. If there had been mind-reading, and the spirit had had self-respect, it would have said most likely, "Be serious, if you wish an answer." The answer that I got proved two things: 1st, that the question as worded mentally was perfectly understood by the answering spirit; 2d, that spirits are no more infallible than men.

In connection with the foregoing, let me write out another late experience—at least it happened within a year. I was sitting in my library one Sunday afternoon, writing; a sudden thought came into my mind that I would do a certain thing; the more I thought of it, the more I pressed I was that it was a duty. I dropped the train of my writing and became absorbed in this late thought, which was to discharge a moral obligation, not a legal one—an expensive one to do. As the cost became accentuated, probably as it is human and natural, I began to say, I will not forget it, but now is not the time; gradually it comes to me in a sort of undertone, what I would expect under the same circumstances, supposing a change of cases, and say to myself, Yes, I will do it at once, and that was finally my determination. Later in the same day I was reading the Banner, and noticed in it that Mrs. Hardy, the medium, would give her last public circle that evening. As soon as I saw that notice, I said, I will go, and it being about the hour, I went at once. Soon among others, comes a spirit who knows me, and said, "John, I think it ought to be done." Says I, "What have you reference to?" "You know," said this spirit friend, "what you were thinking of doing when you had the papers on the table at home." "Oh," says I, "you were there with me when I was alone, and knew of what I was thinking." "Yes, I was," replied the spirit, "and I want you to do it—it is right." The spirit in the above communication mentioned the name of the party to whom this disposition of mine had reference, which I have omitted. In this connection, it is enough to say, I did it the next day, and it cost me to do it three thousand dollars. I told it no quicker for the request of the spirit. I had made up my mind to do it, and was able to do it. To make this more intelligent to the reader, I ought to say that this was the payment on a bond given by this party in good faith, but unwisely, which was of no benefit to me. I received no money by it; in equity or otherwise owed nothing; done by this party under a misapprehension, and under good management there need have been no loss; the man thought he was doing me a favor, and was the loser by it. He had never hinted to me that a payment would be made, or acceptable, and the subject had not been in my mind before that afternoon for a year or more.

Some may say this was only a happy thought, that might naturally come to the mind of an honorable man—well, that is true. Some will say that being under the influence of the thought when I went to Mrs. Hardy's, it was perfectly natural for a sensitive medium to be impressed by my thought—well, that is true, too, and possible. The spirit, who was the friend of both of us, may have been present, but there is no proof of it; it might have been somebody else, or nobody at all, a myth of my own creating; all this may be so. But is it not a strain to think so, if one has had proof that the departed can and do at times communicate? I will not argue the point; I am speaking in the words of my text, "to the intelligent."

I am inclined to think that, in my library alone, that spirit friend may have jogged my memory and my conscience. The spirit, even if it had succeeded in getting my attention to the idea, could have affected nothing unless my inclination was in harmony with duty; so I am still to have the credit of doing the duty, as much as if it was spontaneous; and I don't know but it is the same thing—who knows what is spontaneous, and what is not? We do not know how much or how little we are influenced or impelled in everything that we do. One thing is certain: we can be moved only in the line of our biases; if we are moved devilward, it is because we have the devil (figuratively speaking) in us; so every man is responsible for his bad acts, and entitled to the credit of his virtues.

What I have stated in these incidents of my experience will show an intimacy between spirits, or some spirits, and our private affairs; that, in shutting off the "mortal coil," they have not shuffled off their interest in the issues of this life, or the affairs of the world, and are to-day unseen but not unfeeling factors in the grand or small activities of earth.

I have not preached a sermon in this "Night Thought" from Denton's text, the "Soul of Things" only the suggestion that a stone, or a fossil, or anything else carried its history indelibly with it, and had a way of telling it if we knew how to listen, led to the further thought that man's body, or material organization, had the same power of "speaking to the intelligent" otherwise than audibly, and the spirit of man was and must be more open than the body of man, and the freed spirit was the better or perfect "sensitive," who could read more or less all of us, and admitting this, must of necessity be working with, or for, or against us—that is, we are not what we seem, but that we are part of that which is around us and invisible to us. I have in noble a further thought that the naturally blossoms from this, and when the conditions are right, I will put it into form, and so, in some "Night Thought," the subject will be Obsession, of which the world is full, and this "Night Thought" will be the porch to that. I do not use the word "obsession" in an offensive sense, but, when elaborated, it may prove to be a form of selfish life, which is so common that this world to-day may be said to be full of it, and it may be equivalent to, or at least an approximation to, "Reincarnation," a subject that troubles people some—but it is equivalent to Obsession, and so I would at it, it will appear rational. But I must not steal the thunder of the next "Thought."

## Banner Correspondence.

### Charles H. Foster on his Trip Around the World.

SACRAMENTO.

WEDNESDAY—Lake—Wednesday, Dec. 24. Heavy snow covered the ground, and was still falling. We arrived at Ogden in the morning of the Union Pacific Railroad in time for supper, then left on the Central Railroad, owned entirely by Sacramento and San Francisco. You then miss the comfortable Pullman "sleepers," and have to put up with narrow not-roomy ones instead. Snow-sheds for miles; it seemed as if they would never end; but it not for them we might never have seen the capital, the beautiful building, I mean. Too much cannot be said in its favor; it is grand indeed, built after the pattern of the White House. The State Library in the building is a tempting room. One ought to enjoy the poets there with such pleasant surroundings—the beautiful view of the green city and well laid out grounds with grass as green as May time, and the trees whispering softly in your ear. "We have no winter here, but do our duty all the year."

Seven hundred miles of winter, deep snow—"beautiful snow"—hanging so gracefully on the evergreen limbs of the pine—then to all so suddenly leave the winter-land and enter into the summer-land—the land of the Sierras that Miller sings so sweetly about—to really see flowers, and feel the warm, balmy, tropical, sensuous air; it seems like a glorious transformation!

Climate much improve as we near the more civilized country. Observing servants, with their clean white aprons, one is reminded of the houses of the sunny South, which in its prime. Climate is quite a curiosity, with its cheap little houses, where the occupants live on sixpence a day.

Is not this truly a wonderful and mighty power, that, through one man, can, in a few hours, move a whole city? When we arrived—the legislature being in session—but one theme seemed to engross the public's politics; that corrupt science (poor word for it) which seems to demoralize all who become contaminated with it; notwithstanding, in two days the tide was speedily turned, and solid things and Foster (the medium) were the excitement and talk of the city.

The morning papers, after their accustomed cheer, concluded to come and see the "performance." The next morning they came out in a very candid, fair manner, and acknowledged the truth. The preachers then were "called upon" to give the editors a little heavenly advice, and, through their inspiration, informed them it was all from the Lord, and that the Lord's angels could only be in this room at the present moment, and bear the remarkable evidence that the spiritual world was falling out to the three prominent gentlemen present, they would in ten minutes have more proof of an after-life than they ever have or ever will get out of their creeds. I could give you page after page of tests given daily, but I know your readers are familiar with them from letters of the past. At the same time now taking place, the gentlemen only wrote the first and last names of the spirits they wished to hear from; but in every instance, the medium gave the middle name correctly, leaving conclusively that writing the names is only a form, simply to let them know in this spirit-land whom they wish to communicate with.

Gold and silver only are in circulation. They have less respect for greenbacks here than in Southern Texas. It seems odd at first to one from the East to see the express collectors and other business men, hugging their treasuries of coin about the streets. Surely currency is much more valuable.

Saturday we leave the Great State House and the warm-hearted and generous people of Sacramento, and try our fortune down the bay in the city of gold and good things generally.

Have just picked up the San Francisco Evening Post, and to confirm what I have written about Mr. Foster, will quote what it says from a Sacramento correspondent:

LETTER FROM SACRAMENTO, Dec. 24th. SACRAMENTO, Dec. 24th. EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE. The principal topic of conversation in Sacramento just now, is not the Sebastopol, Foster the spiritualist medium, who has been in San Francisco some years ago, has his quarters at the Orleans, and is for the moment more talked of than Booth, and spiritualism has overshadowed the question of who shall be senator. The whole record of an man in ten view on Sunday and everybody is going to see him. He is doing a big business, that the three best next door, and his receipts cannot be less than \$250 a day. He certainly does many astonishing things, and succeeds in convincing nearly everybody that he is really in communication with the spirits of their departed relatives or friends. Every where people are talking of Foster, and the believers in the truth of spiritual manifestations are receiving a large accession.

Mr. Foster has sown some good seeds. We leave them in this baleful clime, believing they will yield an hundred fold.

GRACE C. BARTLETT.  
Sacramento, Orleans Hotel, Dec. 14th, 1873.

#### Dedication of Liberty Hall.

DEAR BANNER.—The dedication of the neat, pleasant and capacious hall, so generously donated by our good brother, Harvey Lyman, to the Spiritualists and free thinkers of Springfield, took place Thursday, Dec. 12th, and they have now an excellent place of meeting, without the fear that some outside Young Men's Christian Association influence can move them from it.

Liberty Hall, dedicated to free thought, and occupied by "The First Free Religious Society of Springfield," a Society formed legally, according to the statutes of the State of Massachusetts, we trust will long stand a monument to testify to the high heart of this liberal donor, and a beacon light to religious liberty in this city of many churches. The busy bands of the ladies of the society, assisted by some of the gentlemen, were successful in their decorations of wreaths, festoons, mottoes and flowers, that the morning of the 12th was bright and disagreeable as it was outside, opened upon a bower of taste and beauty inside, that was exceedingly refreshing. Through the kindness of a liberal-hearted florist, here, a noble free-thinker, whose name unfortunately I cannot call to mind, but who contributes each Sunday an acceptable floral decoration in the shape of a magnificent bouquet, the platform was a garden of tropical ferns and plants, while the table was a nest of exquisitely-basketed flowers, covered by a beautiful bouquet, so elegant in its material and arrangement that every pulse felt a thrill of pleasure as it took its place and cheerfully crowned the beauty of the hall. An excellent attendance, in spite of the exceedingly stormy and disagreeable weather outside, testified to the interest of the people in the dedicatory exercises.

The morning hours, from ten to twelve, were fully and interestingly occupied by a dedication poem, for the occasion, written under influence and delivered by Mrs. S. A. Smith of Athol, Mass., who, by first starting out into public life and who will doubtless become a successful worker in the cause; a short speech, profound in thought, in regard to Formation vs. Creation, by Mr. Waite, of Holyoke, Mass., also a young speaker, and one who gives much promise of future usefulness; an exceedingly neat and appropriate Essay, written for the occasion and delivered by Mrs. Ellen Goodell Smith, of Philadelphia, and a few pertinent remarks from Foster and Sister Blake—the session being closed at intervals with singing by the excellent choir, which, I am happy to say, will be a permanent fixture of the meetings. The hearty applause all through the exercises testified to the appreciation of those present. Two hours were then devoted to creature comforts at the hospitable homes of Springfield's whole-souled men and women, and then the time from two to five P. M. saw the hall again filled with an earnest audience. After some splendid music by the choir, and the reading of an inspirational poem by the self, J. M. Butler, and an excellent dedicatory discourse, interspersed with very interesting descriptions of his Eastern travels, which was

listened to with the closest attention from beginning to close. After more music, I followed with a few remarks upon the necessity of combination against religious limitation to free thought. After more delicious music, Mrs. N. Nelson, of 551 Washington street, Boston, who, with Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, ably represented the "Hub" upon the occasion, was controlled by "Maggie," so well known in her spiritual circles, and addressed Bro. Lyman for a few moments, affecting and earnestly, thanking him and his good wife (who, by the way, is one of humanity's true souls) in the name of the spirit world for the generous donation of the Hall. A short conference followed, when all adjourned to prepare for the evening festivities.

A brief concert, in which we were favored with some exquisite singing, preceded the social dance in the evening. Bro. Lyman led off the first set with Sister Nelson, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell," until twelve o'clock closed both the day and the evening.

All are grateful to Bro. Lyman, and a good feeling generally prevails in the society. The first Sunday in November, which is the anniversary of the birth of our Father and our Mother, saw large and interesting audiences. Mr. Denton will, of course, be successful this month, and I look with pleasure and joy to return in January, after my December engagement in Taunton. May many more through the country follow in the generous path marked out by Bro. Lyman and his noble wife, may we all.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 24th, 1873.

### Mrs. M. S. Townsend and Jennie Leys in Philadelphia.

Our sister, M. S. Townsend, was with us during the first two months of the lecture season, October and November, and truly do we feel that her ministrations have blessed us, falling upon our spirits like the dew of heaven, watering the seeds of love, purity and charity, that they may spring upward and bloom into newness of life and action. Surely should we be thankful for the blessed light and glory of Spiritualism. To be conscientious workers with our Father and the angels, is a holy privilege that we should appreciate and sanctify by the grandest and noblest that we are capable of living, developing the divine principles within and leading humanity into a realization of its own sublime destiny, its nearness to the higher and holier life, where angels stand with helping heart and hand to bear us upward and onward.

Through such teachers and mediums as our sister does, the light beam upon thousands of hearts. May we bless and help them all in the performance of their mission. While we realize that this divine light is shining at the dawn of every soul, yet the messengers of the angels may fill the clouds that cloud the soul's glory above, and thus become God-appointed mediators through which to draw his children nearer unto him.

In the beautiful daily life of our sister we see this nearness to the Father portrayed by her love and charity toward all humanity, and thus we are drawn very near her. The angels of peace and love have descended upon her life, and through the crucible of suffering has she been purified and strengthened in the work given her to do. May she be ever faithful to the holy trust.

During the present month we have listened to the burning eloquence of our brave sister Jennie Leys, who, touched by the blazing warmth of divine love, holds us in silent rapture, while with tender pathos her angel guide points to the mountain peaks whereunto our glorious religion will lead us if we embrace its breadth, depth and height, unfolding all the great needs of suffering humanity within its divine power and mastery. We must not rest satisfied that the Kingdom of Heaven has been revealed to us, but through these "Gates Ajar" let us help the angels lead the weary and heavy laden, along the shining corridors, and learn of the angelhood of humanity through the "leading of the nations."

May all mediums and Spiritualists cherish most sacredly this high noblest bestowment upon us, not as special *privileges*, but as the development of natural law. For our readiness for this gift from the altar of God's holy temple let us give thanks, and endeavor to prove worthy of the precious charge by dispensing broadcast the blessing it holds for humanity.

L. A. SCHOFIELD.

Philadelphia, Dec. 25th, 1873.

#### An Explanation.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—You write me that a correspondent wishes to be informed whether the son was present at the seance when the "Spirit Advice of a Mother to Son," published in the Banner of Nov. 22d, was given, and if not, he wishes to know the full particulars. In answer to his queries, I will just repeat that the medium whose hand wrote the advice (Mrs. Burton) lives at No. 111 West 19th Street, New York; that she is a Southern lady of refined education and culture, who never knew the *semblance* of poverty before the late civil war, after which her family were reduced to such straits to obtain wherewithal to sustain life that it is more than probable she would have succumbed and passed away from sheer deprivation, were it not that ministering angels (whose presence had when in prosperity neglected, or not been aware of) came to her assistance and pointed out a way by which she could earn with her hands and pen a sufficiency to support nature until they could do something better for her. By degrees she became developed into a most remarkable *writing* as well as *speaking* medium, to which was superadded still another phase, that of drawing the walls of her rooms being at this time garnished with many highly interesting paintings, consisting of portraits and groups of human faces, purporting to represent noble characters, sages and other representative types of various races and nations, some of them of great antiquity.

I began occasionally to hold seances with Mrs. Burton some three years ago. Before she could possibly have known any thing of my ancestry, a communication was addressed to me that purported to come from the spirit of my mother. It was such as I might reasonably expect my mother would have written, had it not been confirmed, as it was, by a signature embracing her Christian name in full and the initial of her maiden name.

Living far away from New York, and being seldom there, I requested Mrs. B. to sit occasionally for spirit-communications for me, and send what came to my address by mail. This she has been in the practice of doing for twelve months past, I remembering her the same as if I were present at the sittings. The "Spirit Advice of a Mother" was received in this way, and transmitted to me with several others obtained at the same seance, from different attending spirits.

If your correspondent has any doubts of its being dictated, as it purports, by a spirit mother, I would recommend him to call and hold a seance with Mrs. B. herself, when, if his mind is free from captiousness and willful perversity, (which is sure to reflect upon the mind of the medium,) I think what he witnesses in her presence will very much shake if it does not entirely remove his doubts as to its spirit verity.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Louisiana has become the larger cotton State, producing this year 1,200,000 of the 3,000,000 bales raised in all the south. To accomplish this the cultivation of sugar has been largely abandoned.



## To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, we have a fine stock of books, including the following: *Spiritualism*, *Revelation*, *and Miscellaneous Works*, to which we invite your attention.

Orders are supplied by mail, and we prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the *Banner of Light* at a discount. We also have a large stock of books on *Spiritualism*, *Revelation*, *and Miscellaneous Works*, to which we invite your attention.

## Banner of Light.

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## William Howitt's Letter.

The reply of this well-known Spiritualist to the circular inviting his cooperation in drafting a constitution for a "National Association of Spiritualists," and to act with the Council, was written while he was in the Tyrol and making preparations to take up his winter's residence in Rome. He frankly regrets that he cannot comply with the request contained in the circular. He says that for nearly twenty years he has been an avowed adherent of the truth and the infinite benefits of Spiritualism, and during this long period he has witnessed with increasing wonder the amazing rapidity of its advancement, "overturning all opposition and opponents, regardless of all obstacles, insensible as it seemed to all contempt, persecution, misrepresentation and slanders." Like the sun, like the wind, like the ocean, it has rushed on with a force steady, sublime, irresistible.

And he pertinently asks, "Were these amazing Spiritual conquests effected through the means of National, or other Associations? Was it necessary for men to combine and counsel, and struggle for these superbly accomplished ends? There were no such combinations, there were no general Associations of Spiritualists. The progress was the sole work of the Great, Invisible Spirit, calling forth from individual hearts and intellects the necessary thoughts and actions, as the sun calls forth the flowers and harvests of earth. *Has this spiritual power, then, no other signs of its divinity?* I am not aware of it. There is no other fact of spiritual diffusion that can be compared with it. Christianity itself, with its most marvelous conquests, equalled not the rapidity and the extent of its expansion. It has continued its many millions, it has flown with wings of lightning over both the old and the new worlds, of which the early Christians knew nothing. It has scattered round the globe the heavenly seed of wonder, of conviction, and revival; the sublime faith of the immortality of our race."

Then he inquires, in almost a vein of irony, "And is it this unparalleled, this evidently divine aid that you are inflicting to encourage, direct and protect? Is it this most grand and imperial fact of history that you are now intending to take under your care? Do you imagine, does any man imagine, that you can add fresh force to this power that you can enlighten its friends and restrain its enemies, more than it has done through its invisible aid only—and that the real spirit of a Spiritualist corporate body can add to its operations the elements of a more decided success? Can you give fresh wings to the wind, fresh impulse to the waves of the ocean, add fresh speed and brilliancy to the light? But Spiritualism is light, the light of the universe; it is the wind of God's spirit; it is the ocean of God's power. It is as clear as the sun that it is one of those sublime elements that no hand but that of its Creator can wield—that needs no conductors or associations of men for advance to its ends." This is spoken in the elevated spirit of John himself.

Now see how Mr. Howitt deals with the proposal that he shall personally bear a part in the plan for advancing Spiritualism by organization and consequent authority. "So far from thinking myself of coming in aid, banded with others, to the rescue or the triumphs of this mightiest fact of history, I do not even ask myself whether I am satisfied with its progress. I can only follow with admiration and thankfulness to God, its career of glorious energy and victory of development."

"I have no fear of any coming of Spiritualism. I have no fear of its slanders or distortions. I have none of any injury from the press, or pulpit, or scientific tribune. But I have a serious fear of its friends." The noblest cause may be deeply wounded in the house of its friends. And therefore this wise word of caution.

Next he comes upon the principle itself of organization, and see with what a frank and hearty fearlessness he meets it: "Are we, then, come to the day of combinations and associations for the advancement of Spiritualism? Believe me, that the day of combinations on any great religious or psychological cause is the foundation of its troubles. The day of combinations is the day of divisions. It is not I who say it—it is history. And he goes on to recite what has happened to the Jewish Government and to Christianity, leaving out from the latter account none of the scenes of blood, the delusions, inquisitions, national massacres, and the effect of State associations for controlling and, therefore, obstructing the work of Wicliffe, Colman and the Lollards, shown at this day in the existence of the confused and chaotic rule of Dissent. His words search the memory of those who profess to the slightest familiarity with history.

"God forbid," he adds, in a noble impulse, "that Spiritualism should undergo the afflictions from the combination of its friends, yet it probably will. These things beg in the best intentions, but they speedily run into the most melancholy results. The first framers of asso-

ciations may be earnest, self-sacrificing, devoted men; but are soon succeeded or superseded by men of a different stamp: men of selfish ambition, who seize on organization as a means of ruling. Hence come assumptions, dictations, crosses, the iron boots and thumb screws of spiritual domination." "For my part, I am far from assenting in any such scheme, as an individual. I enter my solemn protest against it, and my solemn warning of evil that, sooner or later, will assuredly spring from it." "I thought God must heavily that I have lived in the glorious time of the persecution and contempt of this Church of the latter ages, whilst the ambition have had no desire to set themselves about it, but have allowed it to go on in its own divine strength; and I, for one, shall stand clear of any attempt to supplement what cannot be supplemented. I desire to dictate to no one and will accept of dictation. My only desire is to stand by me as a private soldier in the ranks of that countless, universal host, visible and invisible, which is now marching with victory on its banner over a free earth."

These are golden words, fit to be framed in pictures of silver. They apply to the very sentiment, a restless one always, that licks in the minds of so many Spiritualists, and invites them to efforts for establishing associations and organizations on a similar scale with ecclesiasticalism of every shade, which are inevitably to dictate effects and dispense authority. We have persistently protested from the first against the growth and crystallization of such a sentiment, and protest with the same sincerity and earnestness still. This is a free spirit which our cause embodies, and, therefore, let it not be cramped or forced into a condition of servility by any consideration or combination whatever.

## Gerald Massey.

Our report of the opening lecture of this English "Poet of the People" will be read by all with deep interest, in another column. It is almost amazing to note the innumerable way in which the press and the self-styled literary society of Boston greet this true son of genius, seeing that he is an open and avowed Spiritualist. But for that, they would throw up their hats and shout. They had discovered another Robert Burns. To be a Spiritualist is hardly daring enough to suit the Brahmins of Boston, who therefore lift the nose, point the lips, roll the eyes, and wonderingly about, and draw up the skirts, folds with an affected diffidence. It is just as well, however, Massey's songs will be none the less for the popular heart for all the assumed superiority of such people.

A hundred years hence, or less, Gerald Massey is the very poet and character over whose centenary these same extra-fine folks will be likely to be drinking their wine and speaking to their poets at Parker's dinner table. That is the way with the world. But, thank Heaven, Massey is a man, as well as a poet, and he is not afraid to make unequivocal utterances. It is a treat to hear him discourse of his religious faith, even as it is to repeat those songs of his which go so straight to every human heart. Literature is a living thing; these fools would make it a fashion. It is God-endowed singers like Massey and Burns that create it; increase it; give it life and meaning for the world; not the mousing owls that frequent the twilight of libraries, peer at the book-titles through premature eye-glasses, and declare that they really live in the world at all outside the world of worn-out books.

## Church Burning—Was It the Judgment of God?

Now the tables are turned. It is a long time indeed that has no ending. When the Great Fire of 1872 consumed the *Banner of Light* office, a virulent virago of a preacher, who was at the time striving to make trouble for everybody in Boston, improved the occasion in his pulpit, or on his platform, to impress the public with the belief that the event was neither more nor less than an angry stroke of Divine Providence, which would never omit to improve so excellent an opportunity to sweep the special object of its hatred out of existence. We replied to the reverend slanger as soon as our "resurrection" took place, and invited him to enter upon a few comparisons, for which of course he had no sort of a stomach.

We now call his attention to the fact of the destruction by fire, on Sunday morning last, of the Clarendon-street Baptist Church, of this city; just as the people were going to worship, too! What does our slanger say to that, now? Come, Mr. Divine, this thing is about as broad as it is long, and it is time you looked at it from the other side. Why is not "Providence" just as angry with a Baptist Church as with the *Banner of Light* office, to destroy one equally with the other by fire? Tell us why, if you know the secret, and you profess to understand the whole mystery of the plans of Deity. Is it not time that intelligent and sensible people ceased to enter to the idiosyncrasy of such preaching as Fulton represents, and paid no more regard to his superstitious interpretations of God than they would to the Chinese Joss, which might be set up before them?

## The Harbinger of Light.

Reaches us regularly from its enterprising publisher, W. H. Terry, 26 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, and is full of spiritual fire and earnestness. Articles on physical phenomena, at Sandhurst and elsewhere, accounts of social reunions held at the Rites Orderly Room and other places, encouraging reports from the Stawell Children's Progressive Lyceum, correspondence from J. M. Peebles, remarks on the decease of William White, extracts from lectures, excerpts from the English Spiritualist Press, narrations of the doings of Dr. Sexton, Charles H. Foster, Emma Hardinge, etc., etc., together with much matter of a purely local interest, combine to make up and render the table of contents of the last two numbers of this antidotal brother in the faith a welcome guest at our table.

## Words to the Point.

This is the way a secular contemporary shows up a class of clerical adventurers which is growing "painfully" numerous in these days: "There is nothing like the assurance of a high-toned beggar. Newman Hall, who is traveling through the United States for money to build an extravagant tower to his new meeting-house in London, for which his own people are not inclined to furnish the funds, is one of the best specimens of the class. He lectured in Pittsfield the other night and pocketed \$200 for his hour's talk, leaving the society which engaged him \$50 in debt. Then the next morning he took up a collection for his pet project, after preaching an advertisement."

## "Dinna ye ken the Master ance had Seed of an Ass?"

It is related of an eminent Scotch divine, who was remarkable for his eccentricities, that being desirous that a certain member of his flock should be honored by election to some petty place in the gift of the parish, he lost patience at the candidate's repeated refusal to accept, based on the ground that he thought himself unworthy to fill the office; so that, at last, when the election had been duly proceeded with, and the party declared chosen, the worthy shepherd seized the unwilling sheep by the coat-skirt as he was making a final appeal to be excused from serving, and pulling him down into his seat with emphasis, ejaculated in a testy tone: "Sit down, man, sit down—dinna ye ken the Master ance had seed of an ass?"

A similar "mood" on the part of their "Master" seems to exist today in New Zealand, else it is utterly beyond the power of our comprehension to decide for what reason the members of the Presbytery of Dunedin obtained their call to preach, for an organization which presents to a greater degree the characteristics of this "mood" animal is hardly to be found. In an issue of the *Banner of Light* published not long ago, we noticed the fact that John Logan, Esq., an esteemed citizen of Dunedin, had been brought before this council of bigots on charge of having lent the countenance of his presence to the lectures of that "arch apostate," James M. Peebles, while "The Pilgrim" was in that city, and now it seems by files of the *Evening Star*, which have just reached us, that this body of *ass*, after due and sundry vibrations of their longitudinal auricular appendages, have decided upon the excommunication of Mr. Logan. We predicted that the gallant effort of this gentleman to fight out the battle of free thought and speech *against* the church could have but one result—that of his expulsion, but it is cheering to note the covert irony, and in some places hearty scorn, which he presented to his "Presbytery" on hearing its verdict. He herewith presented a few points raised by him in the document, which is to go before the Synod of Otago and Southland—the next step in the theologic machinery. The italics are our own:

"The Rev. Dr. Stuart [Mr. Logan's pastor] has frequently said from the pulpit, and that truly, that any fool was bound to a wise man by questioning him; how much more, therefore, may questions tend to confound when put by a *clerk* body like the *Dunedin Presbytery* on subjects which their members should make their *own* study, and to which should which they have *no* special *power* given to them. Questions were put to me—the most profound and deep—and which I venture to say even the angel Gabriel could not answer in a rational manner, although he had all eternity to do so. Yet I was called upon to answer them on the spur of the moment. The questions were put, I am satisfied, in order to entangle me in my talk."

I have not been guilty of any offence against Church law or any other law, nor did the Presbytery even attempt to show that I was guilty of any offence against the law of the Church. In giving my opinion generally of the lectures of the Rev. J. M. Peebles and Dr. Dunn of *Otago*, it was on the side of *charity*, of which there is *not* very little in our Churches. I do not hold that any opinion was infallible."

After going on to state that thirty years ago he had been taken into the Church of Scotland, and that he had been chosen as deacon, though it was fully understood that he "did not agree with the constitution of the Synod of Otago and Southland," he thinks he "should not be expelled on imaginary grounds, and without a moment's warning," and utters a melancholy truth concerning theologic Christianity generally, when he says:

"From what I know of the state of the Church, I am *glad* that at present it is *not* a *men* of *moderate* *advanced* *ideas*—*men* *such* *as* *myself*."

The temperate haste with which the members of the Dunedin Presbytery endeavored to hustle Mr. Logan out of their fellowship is somewhat satirically looked at in the following paragraph of his documentary appeal to the Otago Synod. Hear him:

"I am left in ignorance of what I am to report. Is it for having said on a platform with Messrs. Peebles and Dunn? or for giving my opinion that they were Christians, and doing a great Christian work? or for saying, 'I am unable to weigh divinity as in a balance, and give the relative proportion of the divinity of Christ and of Moses, or am I only to report of my sins in general?'"

The narrow-minded ecclesiastics, who rule the machinery of church government, cannot of course appreciate the noble position taken by Mr. Logan, or understand that indeed their great need, to keep themselves coupled with the age in which they live, is a progressive spirit which shall render it possible for "men of moderately advanced ideas" to remain inside their limits. Therefore they resort to proscription, which cannot fail to expel from their threshing floor the wheat, (the men of free hearts,) and leave them only the empty straw—those who remain merely because of social compulsion or ignorant dependence. So much the better for Truth, which gathers all such church exiles into the abounding storehouse of its love.

## The Boston Post on Gerald Massey.

The following liberal language is used by the above-named journal, concerning Mr. M.'s *début* as a lecturer in Boston before the Music Hall Spiritualist Society, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 4th:

"Mr. Gerald Massey, the well-known English poet and lecturer, made his first appearance in this city yesterday afternoon at Music Hall, where he was welcomed by a large, intelligent and appreciative audience. He spoke upon his favorite theme of Spiritualism, giving the first of a series of four Sunday afternoon lectures upon the subject. 'Why am I a Spiritualist?' Previous to the address the excellent quartette, consisting of Mr. Metzger, tenor, Miss Vase, soprano, Miss Thomas, alto, and Mr. Turner, bass, rendered with fine effect the beautiful hymn, 'O, for the wings of a dove.' Mr. Massey was introduced shortly before 3 o'clock, and as he stepped briskly forward to the desk he appeared a man in the early prime of life, of about the average stature, and rather more resembling perhaps an American than an Englishman in generally favorable impression. His voice is clear and full, his ideas clearly and fluently expressed, and his delivery at times rose to the height of genuine eloquence, and called forth hearty demonstrations of approval on the part of his auditors."

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11th, Mr. Massey will continue his engagement before the Music Hall Society by "An Inquiry concerning a Spirit-World revealed to the Natural World from the Earliest Times, by means of Objective Manifestations; with an Identification of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

Mrs. C. H. Wildes has resumed her sittings, after a few months' rest, at No. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

## Highway Robbery.

There is a peculiar something connected with this crime which has made it the special object of legal enactments in the past of all nations. Owing to the laxity of our present system in Massachusetts, the recurrence of it is multiplying with fearful speed. Scarcely a daily paper is issued which does not detail a case, and hardly a night passes wherein some person is not forcibly deprived of his property on the highway. When arrested, the punishment of the guilty parties is merely nominal. Why, it seems as if the scenes of brigandage which so curse some of the countries of the Old World were about to be repeated in the New. Only a few nights since a peaceful vendor of milk, while riding home, after dark, to his employer, was suddenly set upon by two armed ruffians, and robbed of some eighteen dollars, a part of his receipts. He fortunately found, during the struggle, a chance to draw his revolver, (is this instrument to become in our city and vicinity the chief hope of safety?) and by one or two shots, which unluckily took no effect, frightened these ghouls away, thereby saving from their clutches one hundred dollars which he had in another part of his clothing not yet investigated by them. It is time for the citizens of Boston, and residents of other portions of the State, to move in the matter. Let the Legislature now in session be flooded with petitions for the enactment of a law whereby the penalty of highway robbery shall be placed at least fifty years in the State Prison. In fact, although we instinctively recoil from capital punishment for any offence, yet in this particular case we would welcome a law punishing highway robbery with the death. Murder—execution for which we have always combatted—is frequently committed in abnormal states of the mind, or under the pressure of circumstances which wind the perpetrator in a crushing, maddening grasp tighter than that of the East Indian anconda; but the highway robber (or robbers) who seeks the shelter of darkness, solitary places, or late hours of night to ply his nefarious trade, does so with malice aforethought, in willful defiance of all law and right, to the determined injury of his fellow-men and the spread of general distrust and alarm in the community. Let us have some legal relief from the "powers that be."

## England's Trial.

A day of reckoning is approaching for England, and indeed of all other men of foresight. In the much-criticized political speech of Disraeli at Glasgow, he made reference to what was visibly looming up in the near future for that nation. After commenting on the policy which obtains in reference to the administration of the affairs of Ireland, he proceeded to consider the relations of England to the continent, and to point out the perils which were multiplying for her there. He declared that a general conflict was at hand on the continent, which was certain to precipitate general confusion and embarrassment.

He said it would begin as a conflict between the spiritual and temporal powers of Europe, between faith and free thought. And he did not scruple to say that civilization would encounter serious perils, if the parties to the conflict were to be Papacy and the Red Republicans. He warned England that when this conflict was opened, Ireland would take an open stand against her, and therefore that England might as well be making herself ready for the event. For himself, he fully believed that this contest is nearer at hand than many supposed, and so he thought Scotland would have to be appealed to for succor in England's straits. When statesmen like Disraeli announce an impending conflict of such a character and on such a scale, it may be believed that they already feel the ground rocking beneath their feet. It is too apparent that the European upheaval cannot be far off. A glance merely at Spain and Prussia and France will satisfy the least reflecting of the truth of the observation.

## "Died by the Visitation of God."

As an instance of the high glee with which anything is seized which can be used as an argument against spirit communion, it is only necessary to cite the fact that the British press is in justification over a paragraph, headed "Sudden Death of a Spiritualist," which is handed from one to another as a sweet morsel, but which has met with an appropriate answer by the English Spiritualist papers. It appears that at a séance held at the Athenæum Assembly Room, Birmingham, on Sunday evening, Benjamin Hawkes, after making a speech relative to his phenomenal experiences, suddenly fell dead, upon which the meeting dispersed in confusion. At once, the good Orthodox coroner's jury, anxious to point the terrible sin which to their minds attended all countenancing of spirit séances, either on the Sabbath or any other time, returned the verdict which hands this article, although a correct *post mortem* examination revealed a natural cause—syncope apoplexia—for the decease, and friends of the man related their knowledge of symptoms in his case of which this sudden departure was the logical result. The ridiculous prominence given to this instance is only another example of the action put forth in the proverb by the drowning man concerning the straw—substituting the word Church for man. Church members suddenly die, yearly, in prayer meetings and during service, and parsons ditto, in their pulpits. *Do they die by "direct visitation of God" as a punishment for their being in these places?*

## Bible Marvel-Workers.

Elijah Myrick, writing from Ayer, Mass., under date of Nov. 23d, 1873, thus speaks of Allen Putnam's new work:

"DEAR FRIENDS OF THE BANNER—You have my sincere thanks for calling my attention to that concise review, 'Bible Marvel-Workers,' by the veteran investigator and advocate of truth, Allen Putnam. It is no extravagance to say it is the most complete and lucid examination of the hitherto mystical subject ever written. Scripture records of spirit manifestations are viewed by the light of, compared with, and confirmed by Modern Spiritualism. Irrelevant phrases, which pervert right meanings, are replaced by the pertinent and intelligible. It cannot fail to interest any candid reader. Surely the 'mysteries of godliness' are (being) finished."

This work is mailed to any part of the world by Messrs. Colby & Rich, Book Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The call for the Massachusetts Radical Peace Society's Convention will be found on our eighth page.

## A Sensible Catholic.

"An Irish Catholic" writes the *Herald*, proposing the withdrawal of the Bible from the public schools on a somewhat different, and a decidedly broader ground than that usually presented. He says he advocates and advises the step for the reason that it makes the excuse for the formation of sectarian schools. He reminds the Irish Catholics of the country that it is these same denominational schools in Ireland that have caused the children to grow up to manhood strangers to one another, and consequently that no power was able to unite them for their country's welfare. The writer thinks that fully ten-fifths of the Irish Catholics of the country favor this idea, and he appeals to all liberal Americans to unite with them in providing so simple and effectual a method of composing a troublesome dispute, and securing the most desirable results on the score of patriotism, as well as religion and morality.

Over against this good piece of sense is Father Phelan, of St. Louis, who makes a perfectly blind opposition to the public school system, claiming that the schools rob the workshops of their industry, unfit for manual labor, and lead to crime. Now this is sheer nonsense. Of course we do not hold that the mere diffusion of knowledge, or its rudiments, is a preventive of crime, or a pledge of public morality; but it is silly to deny that the more intelligent a person is, the better laborer or mechanic he may become, and the more likely to take a high place socially, and as a citizen. This is something gained certainly, and a great deal. The *Sunday Herald* of this city very justly condemns such preposterously bigoted teachings as this of Father Phelan, and says that "they strengthen the prejudices of Protestants, and excuse the assumption that Catholics mean to retain power in their church by keeping the masses ignorant. Intelligent Catholics, who are warm friends of education, should rebuke so pernicious a doctrine, and show that their church does not necessarily rest upon any such foundation. A Phelan on one side, or a Fulton on the other, can do more mischief than a hundred wise clergymen can repair, but children who go to school together are not likely to judge each other by the creeds of their parents."

## Which?

Let the candid reader peruse the following utterances of two of the leading Boston dailies in reference to the decease of Prof. Agassiz, and decide which view is the most warranted by reason, common sense, and the soul's inherent aspiration toward the principle of immutable justice. The *Boston Traveller*, in contemplating the services wrought by Agassiz in scientific fields, thus mournfully ends its editorial:

"He [Agassiz] died before his noble faculties had felt failure, and so was saved from those evils that must belong to the last drags of life. Yet we do not the less regret his death, for, apart from all other causes of sorrow, must be *this* sorrow, that so much talent, so much *power*, so much of *skill* to apply experience, to the *teaching* of men, should all have gone out with a breath, *deceitfully* by the jaws of darkness."

On the contrary, a line from the *Boston Journal* declares that "Death seems less like death since Agassiz died," and from this, as a text, "A. W. S." in the Index, discourses as follows: "A beautiful truth seems somehow hinted in these casual words. What a great waste Nature would appear to be guilty of, did she fling to the heedless winds such an amount of intellectual power as had accumulated in the brain of this man during his lifetime! Of knowledge in these premises we have nothing [but the writer could obtain it if willing to give heed to the demonstration, furnished by Spiritualism, of the soul's continued progress beyond the change called death]; but we do cherish the mighty expectation that *whatever* *gets* *lost* *started* *on* *the* *path* *of* *progress* *is* *not* *lost* *ever* *to* *be* *turned* *back*, *but* *to* *proceed* *right* *on* *forever*."

## Sealed Letters at the Banner of Light Free Circles.

We wish it distinctly understood that sealed letters forwarded by mail to our address, and intended for answer through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, cannot receive attention. The idea of answering written communications at Mrs. C.'s séances originated in the fact that, in the early days of her ministrations, many parties present felt too diffident to ask questions before the company, and so were allowed to place their queries, written on folded slips of paper, before the medium, for the consideration of the controlling intelligence, and this habit gradually broadened from the asking of general to personal questions under a sealed envelope. We therefore repeat that we wish it hereafter understood that no letters can be considered for *parties* *absent* from the circle, as the privilege is intended wholly and only for those who are present at the time of the holding of said séance.

On the sixth page will be found a message from Capt. Fry, of the *Virginus* steamer, who was recently shot in Cuba. According to his story, the Spaniards were right in shooting him and others. John Neal, a carpenter, hailing from Portland, also communicates. He says the resurrection of the spirit body from the natural body is beautiful. He repudiates the "final resurrection" of "old physical body in toto." Ellen Harrigan, because she left two little children in the *ex* life. She requests a sister to take care of the *as* father, she alleges, does not do so properly. Gilbert Townsend informs us that he lost his earthly body at the great fire in Chicago. Eldridge Sparrey, of Australia, gives a very interesting idea of the spirit-world, as seen from his standpoint. Lizzie Farnsworth, thirteen years of age, reports dying from Elizabethport, N. J. Irene Parker hails from Lawrence, Mass.; was an operative in one of the mills there; wishes to communicate with her sister Sarah. Lincoln Stebbins, nine years old, who says he lived in Springfield, Ill., talks indeed like a child of that age.

NASSAU HALL, corner of Common and Washington streets.—Next Sunday, (Jan. 11), James H. Hartley, M. A., will lecture at Nassau Hall. Subject in the forenoon, "Here and There;" in the afternoon, "The Song of the Bells." Mr. Hartley is from London, (England,) and comes highly recommended as a lecturer on Spiritual, Phenomenal and Philosophical, Social, Scientific, and Literary subjects.

At the close of his engagement at Vineland, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 29, 1873, the following resolution was passed by the friends there:

Resolved, That the Friends of Progress in Vineland take pleasure in commending Mr. J. H. Hartley as an excellent practical worker in the field of reform; that the active interest he has manifested in helping to make our Lyceum Societies attractive, together with his friendly and brotherly discourses from the platform during the past two months, have given him a warm place in our hearts; and through his gentlemanly warmth among us he has won a high place in our esteem.















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