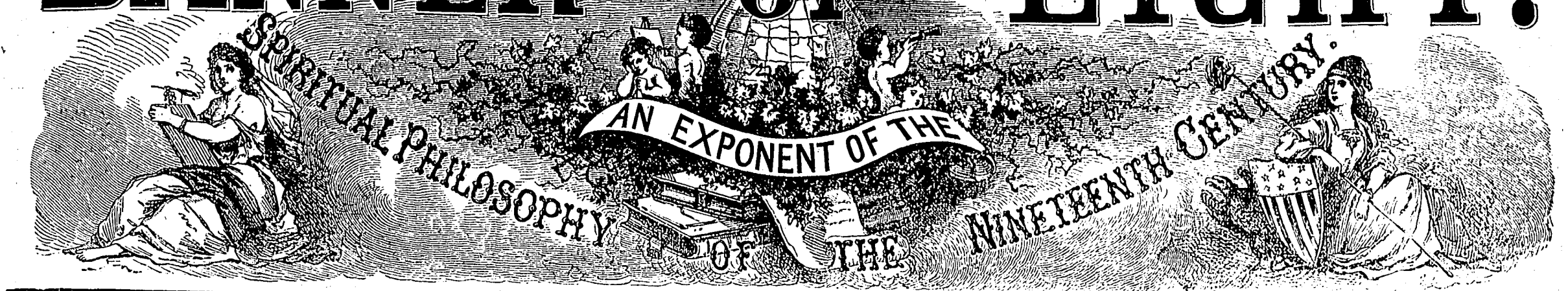


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Banner Contents.

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For the Banner of Light.

An Unwelcome Truth.

The expressions of delight in the principal journals of the country at the discovery of the alleged fraud perpetrated in Philadelphia by the Holmeses are frequent and jubilant. They are as remarkable for what they fail to say as for what they assert; for they indicate not merely that the writers are gratified that an imposture has been unmasked, but an ill-concealed exultation in the prospect that the entire movement characterized by the word *Spiritualism* will be promptly hastened to extinction. Among the many journals that have uttered their word of "wisdom" and sounded their note of "triumph" over the fraud, is the respectable and worthy *Harpers Weekly*. Too dignified and decorous to betray any knowledge of the subject for some years, the *Holmes* affair has been too delicious a scandal to be overlooked, and in its issue of the 9th instant it breaks silence in the following words:

"The effect of this exposure upon the performances known as Spiritualism will, of course, be decided. It does not indeed settle that it is all a conscious fraud, but, taken with the many other exposures which may have been made, it throws such an air of doubt and suspicion over the whole that it will be long before it can command any general interest."

The animus of this paragraph is clear. It was written in the belief and hope that a suppression of all interest whatever in the subject may at last prevail, and under the conviction that the blow dealt by the exposure is so heavy as to have stunned all general interest in it into permanent paralysis. The writer then goes on to say that the "machinery" requisite for the exhibition of the phenomena is always such as fraud requires; that they are always suggestive of imposture.

"The subject has been always covered with this cloud, not of mystery, but of apparent and vulgar fraud; nor is there any record of any wise word said or noble thing done, or of any service to humanity, in all the jumble of revelations and appearances, and signs and wonders, and doubtful women and cunning men, that compose what is known as Spiritualism."

The "subject" in question is extremely manifold in its phases, embracing, for example, significant raps, writing without visible hands, conversation in languages unknown to the speaker, the visible appearance of solid forms of human limbs connected with no body, the lifting of living persons and inanimate substances by no ascertainable machinery, the playing of musical instruments not automatic without the direct or indirect contact of human hands, the utterance of words without ventriloquism or the ordinary organs of human speech, and the sudden healing of obstinate maladies by the application of invisible and unknown remedies. All of these phases of the subject have been witnessed by thousands, though perhaps not many have been witnesses of all of them. The greater part of them have been witnessed in the full light of day. The conditions to the exhibition of the phenomena are not always "such as fraud requires, except in so far as the source of all such as are genuine is in all cases, a *supernatural* cause. The very first phase of the phenomena which arrested attention, namely raps, and the movement of physical substances, could be traced to no visible or tangible cause, and they came unasked. Of course in so far as this cause was intrinsically invisible, intangible and inappreciable by any one of the senses, its works were open to simulation by tricksters and conjurers. And that tricksters have often succeeded in palming off their false semblances of the phenomena, no persons know better than Spiritualists. They are as liable to deception in regard to the genuineness of the phenomena, as were the early Christians to imposition by apocryphal gospels and by fictitious miracles attributed to their Lord.

But that all of the many thousands of Spiritualists scattered throughout the civilized world have been mistaken in attributing these phenomena, confessedly originating in hidden sources to something other than trickery, is too preposterous an absurdity for any person to credit, who knows any thing of the manifold variety of the facts. That all of the phenomena could not originate in as many varieties of trickery not open to successful, overwhelming and final exposure, is evident from the fact that the faith of the believers in them rests mainly upon the steady occurrence day by day of phenomena similar to those in which they believe, and that the number of believers steadily augments. If the facts were entirely to cease, the multiplication of believers might be expected also to cease; for they are not organized in any society aiming merely, like the churches, at the winning of other believers. Whatever organization there is among Spiritualists is inspired by the sheer delight of communion in the belief in an unpopular truth.

I submit, then, that the "cloud" which has always veiled the subject is mainly one of attractive mystery, and not of "apparent and vulgar fraud."

The writer is apparently quite certain that there is no record of "any wise word said, or noble thing done, or of any service to humanity, in

all the jumble of revelations, and appearances, and signs and wonders, &c., known as Spiritualism." If that were so, it is no fault of spiritualists. The same objection would lie against any cause of wide-spread phenomena, over which man has no control, or but an imperfect one. For nearly twenty-four centuries men had believed in and dabbled with electricity, before any notable thing was done by it. But it does not therefore follow that all electricians who believed in that peculiar form of force before Von Guericke, Franklin and Morse were fanatics or fools. The cause of the phenomena of Spiritualism is not under the control of Spiritualists; and if its performances are somewhat antic and shocking to decorous bigots and hypocrites, Spiritualists are not therefore to be deterred from a familiar acquaintance with it; and if the cause is what they believe it to be, it is never likely to be governed by them. We should distinguish between that in which they believe, and what their belief prompts them to do. And here I again respectfully submit that the *tendency* of the spiritual belief is to produce more good deeds and more service to humanity than any other phase of religious belief extant in the world; for its fundamental inculcation is that one's happiness depends mainly upon the cultivation of sentiments of fraternity, justice and benevolence; and it enforces that doctrine by the assurance that our departed friends are exceedingly anxious in regard to the kind of moral character we form here before we come among them. No intelligent Spiritualist expects to enter "good society" in the after-life till he has mastered a clean soul. With all the fanaticism that has beset the spiritual movement, it has never been infected with a craze so portentous as that which turned the heads of all the early Christians, the apostles included, namely, that the end of the physical world was at hand in their own day; and its worst immoralities have not been so bad as those which polluted the apostle Paul's Corinthian converts, that is, sexual impurities, which were "not so much as named among the Gentiles." These are the excesses always incidental to the evolution of a new form of religious faith. And as to the "wise words" that have been evolved by the spiritual movement—with all the trash that has come to the surface in the ferment, the crudest of the utterances of the trance mediums have been quite equal both for wisdom and consolatory sentiment to the endless re-hash of the stale dogmas of the Christian pulpit. And though the respectable and cultivated people of the present day are too wise to exchange their traditions for the new gospel, the "vulgar" are made happier and better by accepting it. New truths and new gospels have no other recipients to welcome them than the vulgar.

"That some honest men and women," says the writer, "may have been consoled by believing that the spirit of a loved and lost parent or child, or husband or wife, has scrawled an initial upon somebody's arm, or a vague remark upon a locked slate, establishes nothing, and is no justification for knavish deception."

Has some Spiritualist said that a belief in such phenomena does justify knavish deception? Not one. But a widespread belief that such phenomena do occur without a knowledge on the part of the medium as to how they occur, establishes the fact that *not all* of this phase of phenomena are frauds; and if but a few of them are real, they establish the further fact, that a supersensual world exists in which persons live and move, of too subtle an organism to be appreciated by any of our senses. And in saying this I disclose the cardinal offence of Spiritualism.

It is first an offence to the general religious faith of Christendom. For in announcing the revelation of a supersensual world which is not supernatural, it seriously undermines that faith in all its principal tenets, and necessitates a revision of all its cherished notions, even that of the Deity. In the light of this new natural revelation, death, the resurrection, heaven, hell, and the functions of a redeemer, become only stages and aspects of one continuous and endless human life. Death and the resurrection become a birth; the judgment is a crisis in our moral career which may entail indefinite advance or indefinite retrogression, and which springs naturally from conduct; heaven and hell are extreme states of moral character with their incidental pleasures and pains, with which extremes the mass of humanity, neither in this life, nor in the degrees of the life immediately succeeding this, makes any acquaintance; the redeemer is simply the *knowledge of the truth*, applied according to the capacity of the individual soul; and the Deity becomes a mysterious agency with which we can no longer treat as with a person like ourselves. Of course the current of spiritualistic belief setting toward such a sea as this, if it succeed in absorbing the faith of Christendom, will sweep away like a flood all the magnificent appliances and "performances" of the churches employed in placating the Deity to secure a *post mortem* salvation. We earn salvation as we gain our bread, by hard labor, and the sedulous cultivation of sheer natural morality, and our innate elements of natural goodness. With this turn of the wheel it is the supernatural graces and the "imputed" righteousness won from another's merits, that become "filthy rags."

The religious people according to the fashionable standard fore-feel all this mischief in store for their faith with the advance of Spiritualism, but the vagueness of their apprehension strengthens the disgust with which they anticipate its triumph. Hence it is that all the sects, from the mother of harlots to the youngest of her daughters, believe, either literally or figuratively, that the devil is in Spiritualism. If mistaken in the literal sense, in the figurative they are right. It

is destined to be a worse adversary for them than their traditional and imaginary anti-Christ.

The fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism, therefore, that there is a supersensual natural world of human beings, which is steadily interpenetrating this physical natural one, and bridging the chasm that separates the two by concentrating upon certain peculiar organizations its ethereal auras, threatening as it does the practical abolition of death, and the fear of death—the Church's principal stock in trade—is of all doctrines the most unwelcome that can be presented to the devotee of the popular religion. The last judgment, in the way he expected it, he could manage to dodge by a diligent use of the Church's recipes for salvation; but a judgment that drops the ground of his faith from beneath him, and melts the heavens of his creed into mythic vapors, is one for which he has not bargained.

Spiritualism is likewise an offence to the man of science. His fundamental canon is that all events occur in conformity to law; and by law he means the recurrence of events in an endless series of which all the conditions are purely physical, and which implies the development of nature to a maximum limit which it can never pass, and from which it must retrograde. No phenomenon transpires, he believes, which cannot be exactly and entirely measured by an equivalent transformation of matter. But if phenomena occur which cannot be fully measured, and their forces accounted for by the transformations of ponderable and appreciable substance, as when heavy tables are made to vary in weight without an appreciable waste of the tissues of the medium, the savan's idea of law is proved defective. The Spiritualist tells him that his idea of law is too restricted; that he should open his eyes to the fact that phenomena occur, the controlling forces of which are evolved largely from *inappreciable matter*; that all the force exhibited in appreciable substance issues in the last analysis from substance that no one of the senses can apprehend. And thus the intervention of persons in our affairs, who are essentially and intrinsically inappreciable by the senses, that is *spirits*, is simply a fact in analogy with that by which a visible person moves his whole person by a volition. For though the discharge of force in the movement of a limb in walking, for example, can be measured by an equivalent decomposition of its tissues, the accumulation of the force prior to the discharge can never be accounted for by physical laws.

So though the intermeddled quarrel between Science and Religion is verging toward a final issue, the devotees of both, like Pilate and Herod, are only too ready to join hands in crucifying the adherents to the newly discovered truth; and both alike rejoice with loud shouts at every exposure of a counterfeit presentation of the spiritual phenomena. For a long time the current theory for the explanation of them will be fraud, and the Holmes' performances will be made to do duty for every phase. The scientific men, in their conceit will be lulled to sleep, believing that Spiritualism has now received its quietus, and that "it will be long before it can command any general interest," and the church people will delight in the spread of this skepticism, with a childish unconsciousness that the same spirit of doubt, unless confronted with the spiritual phenomena, must, in the end, sweep utterly away all faith in the resurrection of their Lord. For faith in the bare possibility of a future life is now on trial. There is no comfort for it in the current science; and if the spiritual phenomena are resolved into delusions, or into involuntary agencies of any kind, that life goes out in the discovery of the error, or at least all reasonable ground of belief in surviving death.

Knowing what the issue is and the great prize at stake, the Spiritualist can calmly work on in the development of the unwelcome truth whose cause he champions; and he can bear with like complacency the jeers of the bigoted savan, or the hatred of the prejudiced religionist, or the pity of "cultivated" scholars. The truth can bide its own time, and he can abide with it, and, if need be, bear many buffets in its behalf. It will, in the end, justify itself and vindicate him.

Washington, D. C., Jan., 1875. D. L.

James Freeman Clarke says: "We all have our Satans—each one of us a different Satan. Satan comes to one man in the form of idleness, and makes him waste day after day, year after year, until he has wasted his whole life doing nothing. Satan comes to another man as work, and makes him destroy himself in the opposite way by wearing out prematurely his brain and his body. He comes to another as Christian zeal, and the man becomes a bigot, full of fire for the Lord; but the Lord whom he serves is a God of wrath, a God who cares for trifles, a God who prefers sacrifice to mercy. He comes to another as charity, but it is a charity which tolerates evil and lets it alone, which has no edge to it, no courage; an indolent charity which is not loved at all, but only easy good nature. So he disguises himself as an angel of light, calling himself patriotism when he wishes to make nations hate each other; calling himself Christianity when he wishes to make men persecute each other; calling himself honesty when he wishes to encourage a man in his ruse and overbearing ways; and so on, changing himself into every virtue and every grace."

Since the civil marriage law went into force in Germany less than one-fourth of the Protestant couples married in Berlin have had the religious ceremony performed. The reason is that the new law makes the civil marriage obligatory, and many do not care to make a double expense.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins; or, Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

The lady left only this note to her husband:

"My dearest husband—my only husband, as I can truly say. I have read the enclosed note. I go where I shall bring no shame to you, and where he who claims me as his wife can have no power over me. Go to the London Post-office on Saturday and you will find a letter from me. Do not pronounce judgment against me till you shall have read that. Yours in life and death, ISABELLA."

Before the next morning dawned, the lady, her babe and Lisette were established in obscure lodgings in a part of London very remote from their former residence. Lisette had looked only for cleanliness—the appearance of poverty was desirable. She found what she wished. Here, under a feigned name they hid themselves, neither of them venturing out of doors during the day. Their landlady was a kind, motherly soul, who took great interest in the baby, and made the inmates of her humble home more comfortable than they had dared to hope. Isabella's first duty was to write her promised letter to Morton: It was no small task, and would have been almost impossible without the aid of Lisette. It will be recollected that the latter had acquired a better education than most girls who are trained in our fashionable boarding-schools. She was a good musician, could read and write and converse fluently in three languages, and had read aloud to her mistress many works of the current literature of the times. A part of the time, during their stay in Mississippi, she had written a journal in a sort of day book which she kept in her pocket. This aided her memory in respect to dates.

While the baby slept, these two women went over the past, living over again those sad, dreary years of pain and suffering spent on that lonely plantation. Lisette wrote it all out in a clear, neat hand. From that paper I have gleaned the facts for this story. I say gleaned, intentionally, for I did not take my pen to write a sensational anti-slavery story. Those days of slavery are past, never to return, and we do not wish to recall them.

The loneliness of a plantation house affords opportunity for a tyrant to use his power over the helpless, but not more so than the isolation of many a baronial hall in former days in England. Howitt, in his sketches of some of these houses, gives us stories of broken-hearted wives, and fair ladies who have died of slow torture, inflicted by stern husbands. The story of poor Amy Robsart from Lisette's story, leaving out many of its repulsive and horrid details, little daily insults to his wife, and petty cruelties to his servants that made their lives so wretched that death was a boon. Le Mark had inherited this disposition from his grandfather who was the terror of his household, and the abhorred of the high-minded, honorable men who governed their slaves with mildness and justice. Had these men, the neighboring planters, known of the cruel treatment which Richard Le Mark's wife received at his hand, they would have scorned him as he deserved to be scorned. Even those who placed their names on the paper which he sent to Morton would have spurned him with their feet. But the testimony of a slave could not be taken. Moreover, they dared not speak.

When Morton and Uncle Joe arrived in London, you can imagine their surprise when they found none but servants in the house. The lady, with the baby and servant, had gone away in a carriage, and had not returned. In his sleeping-room Morton found the note addressed to him. It explained nothing. It apparently admitted the claim of Le Mark. Morton handed it to his brother, and turned away with a firm, set face whereon despair was tracing her dark lines.

"Courage still! my brother; there is something beneath all this which we do not understand. I have an idea, we will write to the United States and get what information we can of Le Mark's life. Do you remember a Dr. Adams and a gentleman named Brightwood who once visited at Morton Hall?"

"I was in the University, I think, at that time." "Yes, perhaps you were; it is many years ago, before your marriage, I know, for my sister was a girl at home at the time. This doctor was a fine, genial fellow. We have kept track of him since, and have occasionally received a letter. He is Professor in a Medical University in New York. I looked up his direction this morning."

Morton was indifferent about the matter. Morton might write if he chose, which he did choose to do at once, and mailed the letter as soon as written.

"Now about meeting this fellow," he said. "He calls this evening."

"I will shoot him if he dares to enter the house," said Morton.

"No, no, you will not. Let us hear what he has to propose. He may prefer to shoot you."

"I believe he is a devil incarnate." "So do I, and therefore I have a desire to tear off the outside show of manhood, and get at the naked devil."

"Just as you please, only spare me. You cannot kill a devil, and I have an idea that this fellow is vulnerable to cold steel."

Had Morton known more he might have thought differently. Le Mark was punctual to his appointment. Uncle Joe met him, and told him the simple story of the lady's disappearance. It was evident that Mr. Melton was a gentleman above deceit. "You can do nothing here to help yourself," he said. "My brother married in the belief that the lady was a widow. When he learned that you had claims upon her, they separated—at least the lady has left, and we are as ignorant as yourself of her present place of residence. Good morning Mr. Le Mark."

Le Mark was checked. He came prepared for a scene, with loaded pistols in his breast pocket, and threatenings dire against Isabella.

Morton went daily to the Post Office, but no letter came until the appointed time. It occupies thirty pages letter press. I have read and re-read it myself. I have seen others read it with indifference for two or three pages, then tears begin to fall, and when it is finished, come hot, scathing words of indignation, and a prayer that the Lord would avenge the wrongs of the helpless.

Uncle Joe read it aloud, stopping every few minutes to brush away the tears, and say, "By St. George and the Dragon!" He was obliged to relieve himself by this addition to his patron saint. "By St. George and the Dragon!" I am glad I was ignorant of this when the fellow called. Such a man as that would have been cashiered in our regiment and sent to Coventry at once."

Morton was walking back and forth in the room while Uncle Joe read; his hands were clasped tightly behind him, the muscles of his face working with the anger that seethed and boiled within him. When Uncle Joe read of the child's death this anger gave way to pity, and the tears fell fast and thick.

"Poor, dear child!" said the reader, stopping to conceive, by the faint of using his handkerchief, some of his own emotions.

At the last, when Roso rushed out, poniard in hand, to rescue her faithful servant, from her angry master, Morton came near to Uncle Joe, his whole soul in one earnest, eager look, but his lips were compressed, nor did he speak, though Uncle Joe could not help stopping to exclaim: "By St. George! that was grand! In old Rome she would have been crowned with laurel!"

"Read on!" said Morton, sternly. "I dragged Roso away; I would not let her turn to look upon the lifeless body! In less than five minutes our horses were ready, and we, riding over a lonely road, through a long stretch of woods, with the moon obscured by clouds, now and then sending a fitful light to guide us. We rode all night. When we reached Vicksburg we went directly to Roso's cousin Osborn, who gave us money to cross the ocean. We made our way under many difficulties to Florence. This was two years before her marriage. From that time until now we have not heard from our old home. She buried it in our hearts as deep as we supposed our persecutor lay in his grave."

"What think you now of my wife—my beloved Isabella?" said Morton, as Uncle Joe laid the manuscript on the table.

"A true and noble lady! Did I tell you so before?" said Uncle Joe, taking off his spectacles to wipe them. "But here is a terrible complication of affairs," he added, planting his broad feet firmly upon the carpet, with his knees apart. I must think."

"And I must act!" said Morton; "I will see her before sleep!"

"As you love her," said Uncle Joe, "I entreat you to let her remain in her present place of refuge. Patience, Morton. With that strange, wonderful Lisette, who seems to be equal to any emergency, she is safer at present than with you. So, so, that is a quondam! Born a slave, reared by this Italian and his daughter! She unites the keen senses of an animal with the intellect of her Saxon father. By St. George! I am glad that I live in England, where the moment a slave lands his shackles fall! 'Order supper, if you please, Morton; I am hungry; I breathe more freely that we have had no personal contact with that fellow; and, Morton, my brother, it is hard for ye, *hard*, but it might be worse. Heaven holds a thunderbolt yet to punish that tyrant! Come! I smell good cheer; see! the doors are open! forward! march! The darkest day here, to-morrow will have passed away!'"

In vain Uncle Joe's pleasantry. He could not win a smile from Morton; but there was, after all, to use the words of his wife, a drop of honey

SAINT AND SINNER.

A certain holy anchorite
Who for himself a cave had made,
Comfortless, in the waste Thelaid,
Where, like a wild beast in his den,
He passed a long life far from men,
Untroubled by the hateful sight
Of woman—this old man austere
Fasted and scourged himself and prayed,
Renouncing all the world holds dear;
His sole thought being, day and night,
How to find favor in God's eyes,
And thereby enter Paradise.

He led this life three score and ten
Starved years, puffed up with sanctity;
"Who more a saint?" he thought, and then
Prayed God to show him what saint he
Should emulate to holier be;
Thinking, no doubt, like many now,
Who kneel self-righteously and pray,
That God would stoop from heaven and say:
"There is none holier than thou."

That night God's Angel came to him
(The sun at noonday would be dim
By the great light that filled the place),
And said: "If thou in sanctity
And in the growth of heavenly grace
Wouldest all surpass, thou must do more
Than fast and scourge thyself and pray.
Thou must be like, or strive to be,
A certain man; a poet he,
For he upon a pipe doth play,
And sing and beg from door to door."

He heard in great astonishment,
Arose, and took his staff, and went
Wandering the neighboring country round
To find that poet; whom, when found,
(He sat a-piping in the sun,
And sang what songs came in his head,)
He questioned earnestly, and said:
"I pray thee, brother, tell me now
What good and great work thou hast done?
What path that holy men have trod,
What fast, what penance, or what vow
Makes thee acceptable to God?"

As he heard to be so questioned,
He hung down his head as he replied:
"Oh, father! do not scoff at me;
I know no good work I have done,
And as for praying, well-a-day,
I so unworthy am to pray,
That, sinner, I have never tried—
I go from door to door and play
(You caught me piping in the sun),
Cheering the simple people there.
Who something for my hunger spare."

The holy man insisted: "Nay,
But in the midst of thy ill life
(For it is ill, as thou dost say),
Perhaps some good work thou hast done."
The singer then: "I know of none."

Within the hermit's mind a strife
Now rose—the Angel would tell
Whether it were from Heaven or Hell?
"How hast thou," to the poet then,
"Become the beggar that thou art?
Hast thou thy worldly substance spent
In riotous living—women, wine,
Like most that idle craft of thine
Who follow Hellward—sinful men?"

To whom the other, pained at heart,
But not a whit ashamed: "It went
Another way." "Was thus: I found
A poor, pale woman, running round
Hither and thither, sick, distraught
(It pains me to recall it yet);
Her husband, children had been sold
In slavery to pay a debt."

But she was comely to behold;
So certain sons of Babel sought
Her ruin, whom my God condemn!
Her, weeping, to my hut I brought,
And there protected her from them.
I gave her all that I possessed;
Went with her to the city where
Her wretched husband had been sold,
And her young children; found them there
And brought them back. You guess the rest,
For they are happy as of old.
But what of that? In Heaven's name
What man would not have done the same?"

The hermit, smitten to the heart
At the sad tale of that poor wife,
Wept bitterly, saying: "For my part,
I have not done, in all my life,
I thought so holy, so much good,
And thou art so misunderstood,
And yet thou makest no complaint;
And men, because I fast and pray,
While thou upon thy pipe dost play,
They call thee Sinner, and me Saint!"

—(R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner for January.)

Banner Correspondence.

Indiana.

JEFFERSONVILLE.—E. H. Green writes Jan. 1st: The following is a copy of the proceedings of the meeting of the Spiritualists of New Albany, at the session held Sunday, Dec. 27th. I adopt this method of returning my sincerest gratitude to the friends at that place for their kind expressions of confidence and esteem. We are now ready for the work set before us by our spirit-attendants. Who shall be first to call for our services? We recently appeared before a crowded house at Louisville, Ky., notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. We will speak and give séances there for several coming Sundays unless called elsewhere. We are ready to negotiate with societies or responsible parties who can give us assurance that we will be taken care of and sustained. Ordinarily we deprecate egotistical allusions, and will only add that no apprehensions need be entertained that we will, in any way, tarnish the good name of Spiritualism, or detract from the fair fame earned for it by the noble men and women whose energies have hitherto been directed for its advancement.

Whereas, We learn that Captain Edward H. Green, of Jeffersonville, Ind., a lecturer, and his wife, Lizzie Shirley Green, a clairvoyant, contemplating devoting their future energies to the cause of Spiritualism, and Whereas, They have been requested for the past two months, such valuable services to the cause in this place, causing many to see and recognize the truth as revealed by Spiritualism, in manner to wit: 1st, By the powerful, eloquent and persuasive address of Mr. Green, 2d, By the public séances given by Mrs. Green, at the conclusion of each lecture, enforcing conviction by the very fine tests she gives, we, therefore, the Spiritualists and free, independent thinkers of New Albany, Ind., in public meeting assembled, do, in justice to the above named parties, and in the interest of truth and free inquiry, Resolved, That we cordially and earnestly recommend Capt. E. H. Green, of Jeffersonville, Ind., as an earnest and able advocate of Spiritualism, and eminently worthy the position of a public teacher thereof. And, further, that we regard and recommend Sister Green as a truthful, sincere and honest worker in the cause, and one possessed of extraordinary powers as a seer. We commend them to the Spiritualists everywhere as valuable acquisitions to the army of co-workers already in the field. We do furthermore request the Banner of Light, Religious Philosophical Journal, Spiritualist at Work, and other papers friendly to Spiritualism and free thought, to give publicity to the foregoing in their respective journals. Done at New Albany, Ind., Dec. 27th, 1874.

Attest:
JOHN KEMBLE,
H. A. DEWEY,
JOSEPH WATTAM,
EDNA DENNIS.

Massachusetts.

HAVERHILL.—W. L. Jack, M. D., clairvoyant medium for the Philadelphia Circle of Light, writes, Jan. 11th, as follows: At this time of "apparent tumult" amongst some of the brethren in the cause of Spiritualism, comes the beautiful Banner of Light, freighted with peace and good-will to all mankind. Never has it been so truly welcomed as at this moment, for it is really a bright and shining star at this opportune moment, and imparts a healthful glow upon the many languid and drooping souls, made so by the waves of doubt which prevail in the usually quiet Quaker City.

Your last issue is a perfect gem, and each word in reference to the late disturbing element is appreciated. Spiritualism is not dead. All that was true in the days of David, Elisha, Christ and John, and all the other spiritual ones of the Bible concerning the spirit-world is true to-day,

thank God! and making itself more manifest than ever in our midst, despite the doubting thunders, whom we pity and yet love.

The cause of Spiritualism is making rapid strides in this city, and I am glad to state the fact that, in a certain shoe manufactory, some of the workmen have instituted a "circle," and have had excellent manifestations. I am informed that over five new circles have been inaugurated here since the first of December last, with good results. Mr. John Davis, a resident of Bradford, who does business in Haverhill, has for a long period held circles every week at his residence. He has fitted up handsomely a room expressly for this purpose, and dedicated it to the spirit-world and its intelligences. The movement is a success, and several mediums of good standing have been developed by this means. It is a credit to our cause and its future glory that such devoted souls as he are willing to work for the good of others.

There are several mediums here who hold private circles at their residences, and many good church folks are regular visitors, and some, despite their former prejudices, are making a bold stand for the truth. A church member last evening at my select private séance said he found great comfort, and was morally strengthened by investigating the proofs of an undoubted nature, of immortality.

Allow me to state, in request of Dr. S. K. Rich, of this place, that he recognizes the communication of an intimate and dear friend of his—who communicated through Mrs. Conant, as published in the message department—as true to life.

I am sorry to find some who are disposed to cavil (and, thank God! they are few), and say that only those from afar come to the Banner Circle; but that is, in plain English, false, as I have myself recognized many from adjacent places.

I will state to my many friends—from whom I have received numerous letters soliciting me to visit their cities and villages—that I am compelled to still further defer my visits, especially to Springfield, Hartford, and Bath, Maine, for the present, owing to my great success and still pressing business in Haverhill at my office, and hope at some future day to visit those places.

Maine.

LEE.—A correspondent writes: The attention of a Free-Thinking community is directed to a worthy and heaven-gifted lady, Mrs. J. H. Sawyer, who has been a medium of varied powers for eighteen years. The band of spirits who have her in charge are earnest workers for the good of humanity. She has been for many years doing her work in a quiet way, and always without compensation. Her spirit guides, and also her many friends, have frequently urged her to appear as a public medium, a beacon star to guide and help earth's erring children to reach a higher plane; heal the sick and soothe the suffering. Her spirit guides have at last induced her to comply with their wishes, and promised to stand by her in her labors as a public benefactor. Mrs. S. is a good clairvoyant and prophetic medium; can read the past and the future; examines diseases very accurately, and gives treatment where it is required. She possesses an obliging and sensitive nature, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who need assistance; but will, under no consideration, sit for the gratification of idle curiosity. She never refuses to assist the candid and sincere investigator. Mrs. Sawyer is also a good mechanical writing medium and trance speaker.

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A correspondent writing from this city under a recent date, expresses good wishes for the Banner of Light in the "new year," which has just begun, and gives a favorable report of the cause in his locality. Jennie Leys, Mr. York, Dean Clark, Mrs. Laura, Curry Smith and Miss A. B. Whiting, in due course have labored in the city, and a short time since the Lyceum held a very successful entertainment, both pecuniarily and socially. Christmas was also honored by the children and their friends, by the preparation, and sharing of the contents, of a "tree," singing, remarks by Miss Whiting and Mrs. Smith, and music by Mr. B. Shral, (the Lyceum's new Musical Director) and others, giving added pleasure to the occasion. The wing movements, or calisthenics, of the School are conducted by Mr. Kendrick, and its every department is reported as filled with energy and determination to achieve success.

SANTA BARBARA.—David Cotton writes Dec. 28th: Thanks to the many friends of progress in and out of the flesh, for the completion of the railroad of Liberal Spiritualism to Santa Barbara, and the arrival of Dr. J. L. York, of San Jose. He has just closed one month's labor here, which we hope will soon be renewed on his return from Southern California. The people seemed hungry for just such teachings. We had no idea of the liberal strength of this city until Dr. York, the candid, eloquent and earnest pioneer, came and kindled the compact call of progress. Jennie Leys, of Boston, came next to sow the seeds of Spiritualism, and we are expecting a rich harvest. We hope all the good lecturers and test mediums who visit the Pacific coast will have an eye on Santa Barbara. At present this city is one of the best fields for a good first class test medium.

Nebraska.

DECATUR.—M. G. Higley writes: I am glad that you take such an impartial stand in the Holmes affair. I think that Mr. Owen and Dr. Child were somewhat premature in their decisions in the matter. Let us give the mediums a chance to defend themselves, which if they fail to do, then it is time enough to cry imposture. I admire your attitude in the matter. The affair has done a good thing in turning the attention of the whole country to the subject of Spiritualism, which is now discussed at places where it never was before.

A Proposition to all Spiritualists.

It would of course be a cause of rejoicing to all true-minded Spiritualists if a systematic arrangement of vocal labor could be digested and established throughout the country by which the grand truths of our religion and philosophy could be carried into the homes and hearts of the masses, and thus enlighten millions on the subject who now know but little about it beyond what they have gathered from the distorted reports of the popular newspapers. And this very thing can be effected with but little effort on the part of all the working Spiritualists. Let state societies employ agents in different parts of the State to visit every live practical Spiritualist, and obtain his or her name to a written obligation to contribute one or two dollars to a general fund to be used to pay an itinerant State lecturer. And let the lecturer be instructed to collect those contributions as they become due. In this way more can be effected for the advancement of the cause than is now often effected by the expenditure of twenty-five dollars—that is, one dollar will accomplish more applied in this way than twenty-five can accomplish expended in the usual way. Who, then, will second the motion? Let all the true workers in each State (whether there exists a State organization or not) turn their attention to this matter at once, and resolve to do something effectual to advance the cause and get it in as flourishing a condition in each State as it is now in the State of Minnesota. Never in my experience as a lecturer have I found a more liberal and earnest set of Spiritualists than can be found here. I have received letters from different parts of the State expressing the highest appreciation of my labors delivered in those localities, which is an evidence that their whole soul is in the work, and that they do not attend lectures from mere idle curiosity.

As a question of importance which cannot be dispensed with will compel me to return to Indiana in the spring, I desire to effect an arrangement to lecture on my route home in Iowa, or Wisconsin and Illinois—the western part of

Indiana. Let the friends in those States write me for particulars and terms—and write soon. Address me, Long Lake, Minn.

K. GRAVES.

Mrs. Severance's Psychometrical Readings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having had my attention called to the unusual powers of Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White Water, Wis., by Prof. Wm. Denton, an eminent geologist, and a cultivated gentleman, who wrote me he had himself fully tested her, and found her to be "an excellent psychometer for character"—and further said: "When I saw her last she was certainly the most sensitive person to the sphere of individuals by letters, that I have ever seen, and I have seen none to surpass her since." I therefore wrote to her for a delineation of my character, and received in reply so faithful an outline (I being entirely unknown to the lady) and so remarkably true in detail, giving me several tests, indicating that it was my particular peculiarities with which she was impressed, that I think it but fair to her that it should be mentioned.

I shall take pleasure in personally answering any letters addressed to me (A. P., Cincinnati, Office Box 2,600) giving one or two facts that were sent me by Mrs. Severance, showing her unusual sensitiveness to the subtle influences imparted by the writer, and to which she is so thoroughly sensitive.

The Materialization Problem.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Banner of Jan. 9th appears an interesting article in relation to the materialization of spirits through the organism of Mrs. Compton, from the pen of Dr. H. B. Storer. I cannot doubt but what the doctor saw the spirits, as he states, but if all he says be true, it puts a new aspect or solution upon the laws governing the spiritual phenomena. He examined the cabinet, while the spirit of "Katie" was out in the room, and found not a vestige of medium or any thing. Afterwards he found the medium sitting in the chair, tied as he had left her. My experiences at Moravia and with the Eddys at Chittenden were similar to what Dr. Storer relates, with the exception of the material body of the medium being so spiritualized that it could not be touched by mortal hands. Can it be possible that the doctor was psychologized when examining the cabinet the first time? or is the body of the medium entirely spiritualized when the spirit is materialized?

If the Dr.'s statements be true, they are the most difficult ones to solve that have yet been made public.

Where could the medium have been at the time of Dr. Storer's first examination if the body was not fully spiritualized? If the Dr. was not mistaken, it solves many seeming mysteries, wherein the mediums have been accused of getting out of their tyings and performing the manifestations themselves. The manifestations seem to be more and more beyond the power of the finite to solve satisfactorily. Let us keep on investigating and obtain all knowledge possible.

A. S. HAYWARD.

E. B. Ward—A Man of Weight and Worth Gone.

Valuable lessons are to be learned from some lives. Men of weight, power and honor leave strong "footprints on the sands of time" when they pass on to the life beyond. Such a man was Elber B. Ward, of Detroit, who fell on the sidewalk on Griswold street, in that city, smitten down by his full strength by a blow of apoplexy, and passing suddenly away at the age of sixty-three years. The child of parents who went from the Green Mountains of Vermont to Michigan fifty years ago, and toiled steadily on in decent poverty, leaving only a good name to their children. This son was a steady lad, ready to dig and delve with the stoutest. Courageous, persistent and faithful, he was farm-boy, printer and sailor, captain of schooners and steamboats, doing more and better work for his employers than other men, and so became an owner of shipping, running seventeen steamboats on the lakes at one time.

He foresaw the wealth of forests and mines, bought pine lands and pioneered iron-making first of any man beyond Ohio, and grew to be a large owner in mills and furnaces at Milwaukee, Chicago, Wyandotte and Leland, Mich., and of mines and coal beds in Wisconsin, on Lake Superior and in Pennsylvania; of railroads, plate-glass works, saw-mills, &c. In executive force power to organize and capacity to manage large affairs, he was the king of all business men in the West. He greatly enjoyed helping the industrious to help themselves, and the skilled and competent to gain large success; was just and fair with the thousands in his employ, and so won their esteem and confidence that a host of working-men stood with moist eyes around his coffin. Broad sagacity, clear perception, persistence, honor and integrity, a knowledge of what men could do, a wonderful foresight and a courageous industry that baffled all obstacles ministered to a material success such as but few reach.

Through the rude days of his pioneer life, and the vast labors of body and mind he performed, no liquor or tobacco was ever used, and not even a glass of wine was ever offered a guest at his ample and hospitable table. He was a fast and true friend, an open and frank opponent, loving honor, and despising all tricks or meanness. Social and warm in his attachments, simple, frank and unassuming in manners and habits, he was tenderly thoughtful of the comfort and enjoyment of family and friends, and the largeness of his mental and spiritual presence made him the centre of attraction in every circle. A bold and sagacious thinker, he had rare faculty of getting the core and gist of an author by brief look at his pages, and gleaned the best thoughts in science and social and religious life, being thus a man of large information even although of scanty early education. He was a royal lover of justice and freedom, an abolitionist in those days, a voter for women-suffrage in Michigan last autumn. For years he had been a Spiritualist. This man, whose judgment was prized so highly, with his strong and steady nerves, his keen and clear perceptions, his large power, and long habit of close observation, his decisive rejection of cant and sham, all recognized in practical affairs by business men, heard, saw, felt, proved and believed, yes, knew, of the "real presence" of the departed. With thoughts too broad, and a soul too large for bondage to creeds, he saw the grandeur of the harmonious philosophy, and found there ample scope for his large mental and spiritual powers.

Among the valuable books and magazines in his library were the best works on Spiritualism, the able writings of Frothingham, Abbott, and others of the Free Religious School, and the Banner, the Journal and the Index were on his table. A man of strong character, with the human faults that go with such men, but with rare and noble excellencies that made him greatly prized

and useful, and lead many to feel the loss of his strong and vital presence. He had no fear of death, and once said to me, "I shall but get justice there, as here, and have more chance to correct my mistakes." G. B. STEBBINS.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, 1875.

Conversations upon Spiritualism.

ROCHESTER HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, JAN. 10TH.

The regular meeting of the Spiritualists' Union was again largely attended, and proved full of interest and profit to those present. The question suggested by the Committee was essentially, "How are Materializations Produced?"

Dr. H. B. Storer said he did not feel in a condition to submit himself to spirit-control, and had no special thought upon the question presented. He alluded to the fact that some weeks since the Union appointed a Committee to arrange for the reception of Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, on his arrival, and explained that, as Mr. Morse landed at New York, it had not been practicable to extend the proposed welcome. But Mr. Morse, he was happy to announce, was present this evening, and had at Beethoven Hall this afternoon delivered one of the ablest trances addresses to which he had ever listened. He expressed the hope that Mr. Morse would participate in the exercises of the evening.

The President, Mr. H. S. Williams, in behalf of the Union, expressed the pleasure they felt at Mr. Morse's presence, and invited him and Mr. Cooper, of England, to the platform.

Mr. J. J. Morse responded in a few well-chosen, impressive words, alluding to the circumstances under which he visited this country, and his sympathy with all assemblies of Spiritualists. He hoped to enjoy the pleasure of attending other meetings of the Union, and of making the personal acquaintance of its members.

Dr. Storer being entranced, the spirit said: We desire to say, in regard to the condition of the medium, that it was our hope so to possess him that we could address you on the subject. You will recognize that it requires a certain preparation of mind, not only on the part of the medium, but also of those who seek an answer to the question. If the growth of the body and the mind were better understood, we could better explain the phenomena. We cannot now do justice to the subject. We want a certain degree of preparation. The subject is being forced upon you all—first by the phenomena, and when the phenomena has become familiar, so the facts are known and undisputed, we shall be able to explain the methods employed.

At present, attempting to introduce the philosophy, while the facts are hardly understood, seems premature. First settle the question of fact, then the question as to philosophy.

The direction of your thought must be in the direction of atmosphere, or aura. Do not expect that the phenomena are, in fact, a total dematerialization of the medium, but the atmosphere or aura surrounding the medium is the element employed, of which are fashioned the bodies you see, but will find, in every instance, that the integrity of the medium's body is not destroyed. The integrity of the vital functions are interfered with, but not destroyed. The phenomena is produced by the inversion of the aura emanating from the medium as a centre. This centre may not be readily seen. The medium is always at the centre, but, to the eye, the medium may be at one side. If you will observe this, you will observe that no miracle is produced. The production of any part of the body is often the result simply of the elongation or extension of the aura which extends from the hand and other parts of the body. We shall by and by be able to make a clear statement. Until we can do so in a clear manner we do not wish to occupy your time.

Mr. J. J. Morse being entranced, the spirits said that, somewhat against the wish of the medium, they had assumed control to offer a few words. A illusion was first made to the experiments of John Dalton, late of Manchester, Eng., respecting the atomic theory of existence. The question of materialization, said the spirits, is, in our opinion, to be understood only in the light of these experiments. A spirit wishes to materialize itself. A single spirit cannot succeed in this unaided, others are needed to assist. These join in a band, draw near to the physical, psychical elements of the circle. In some cases the medium is used, in others the atmosphere from the circle is adequate. In the latter the exhaustion is limited, in the former it is great. Some times it is so great as to render it questionable whether it is justifiable.

It is first necessary to harmonize the atoms with themselves. When you recall who are brought into your circles sometimes, you can realize how difficult this work is. We then proceed to draw these atoms, and to form them into cells, using magnetic forces belonging to us. We weld them together and with the spirit to be materialized. All these cells are attracted to his organ, and, as they approach, the polarity of the atoms is reversed, and thus they become objective.

As is the harmony of the circle, as is the ability of the intelligence, as are the mental qualities of the spirit, so is the success. Any positive mind will project itself. The dematerialization is accomplished by the simple withdrawal of the wills, and permitting the atoms to return. Every person who has contributed to the result, experiences a decided drain. We would caution you against introducing any persons with organic diseases into such circles, as the weakest part is affected. It has been stated that the investigator has gone behind the materialized spirit, and lo! space is all that has been met, no brain, no head is felt. To speak in a jocular way, there were materialized spirits who had left their brains in the spirit world. Plunge your hand into the atmosphere, and you feel nothing, move it swiftly and you experience a sensation. That atmosphere is a huge fact, pressing upon you with great force. It is a fact as real as the earth. By becoming spirit-like beings you are able to discern spiritual things. The spiritual envelope is tangible, but the spirit behind that envelope is intangible. You cannot yet discern it. Until you are a spirit it is an unreality to you.

Judge Ladd followed in interesting remarks upon the same topic, giving the result of his own observations and experiments.

Dr. Storer, again controlled, spoke as follows: Chairman and my Friends: I intended to remain connected with the earth. I was not willing to think of leaving it, and I am glad to-day that I have not been required to leave it. Its interests are my interests, its progress is my progress, its people are my people, its God is my God.

I am interested in humanity, and wherever humanity goes there I go, wherever humanity stays there I stay. For I will not be separated from man. Those of you who know what it is to be identified with man, with his interests, with his thoughts, with his emotions; those who know what it is to be identified with woman, in all her interests with children and all their interests, know what it is to be identified with my spirit. For my spirit is one with every interest of man, woman and child. I could not leave them if I would. I would not leave them if I could. Your conversation is of that kind which interests me; interests me because I may say something—if not directly connected with the line of your remark, directly connected with all to which your thoughts tend.

I wish to say that your idea of the dignity of the nature which you bear, is not adequate to the fact. Your idea of what is possible to the human spirit is not equal to the fact. Man is a born sovereign. He is rapidly approaching a consciousness of his rights, rapidly growing to see that he is to be sovereign not only in this world, but in that vast universe which he cannot comprehend, of which he can have no commensurate idea. You think it a great thing to rule your fellows. You like to manifest the strength of your

will, and to exercise it in enforcing the decrees of your judgment. It is indeed a great thing to exercise the will. When it is exercised in harmony with the judgment it is noble. But your estimate of the will is not what it is destined to be when the forces now unregulated become absorbed into the one great force.

Depend upon it there is but one force, and that proceeds from the spirit. And from the spirit of man comes the energy called will which is to dominate all forces and last. You have heard that the saints shall inherit the earth. How I used to wonder what they would do. "They have enough to do. You have been told that the time would come when there would be no more death. Death is a bane. It is a scare-crow built up to frighten children. It is time every individual man and woman dismissed death, and from this time henceforth cease to speak of him other than as an incident in man's career, a personage necessary in man's life."

What I wished to say is this: That when the saints shall inherit the earth, they will be saints not by special favor of God, or miraculous change, but be saints in consequence of having attained wisdom and power. And this power will enable them to rehabilitate themselves in bodies, and walk the earth for purposes of use and instruction. Not only shall the earth be revealed, but all earths shall be revealed to the will of the intelligent spirit, so that the world shall revolve in space shall be investigated by direct contact, bodies being assumed for the purpose.

Now Chairman and friends, I am here to say that what I utter I utter from knowledge—that the physical universe, comprehending all worlds, is to be visited by the intelligent spirit for purposes of instruction and of use, simply because spirit shall control all elements and know the nature of all forces. And no prophesy, no dream of man is so wild, so baseless, as not by and by to be paralleled by the truth of what belongs to the immortal nature of man.

I thought, when the slaves were set free, that when liberty was declared we should have a democracy established—a Republican form of government, that should express all the protection that was necessary to be extended among the people. I now say that the forms of government—these changes—are simply results, simply manifestations of the governing principle which belongs to the individual man, and which, expressed through the developed intellect, will enable the man to become a law unto himself. Government and society will never be perfect until individuals can be harmoniously related.

Work on! work on! I shall never leave you in any real sense. Wherever I may be, whatever I may do, I shall be with you and work for you; and what I attain you shall attain also. This I affirm, and I give it from knowledge. I am triumphing over death. When perfect purity is attained, there shall be no death. Man, the author of the universe, one with the God within, will find himself immortal, because for him there is nothing but immortality.

Chairman, friends, your conversations will be profitable if you continue them in the spirit of earnest seeking, leaving the spirit of little children. It is perhaps unnecessary to give my name, but, as I am frequently called upon to do so, I say that now, as when on the earth, in my love of humanity I am always *W. Wright*.

[To one not a Spiritualist, the conviction must have been enforced by the peculiar events of the evening—either that Dr. Storer and Mr. Morse were consummate actors, and studied to convey the impression of external control by their own very halting, imperfect utterances; or that there was really an advent of a power outside themselves. Certainly the contrast in fluency, method and vigor, between their first or normal speeches and their later trance utterances, was most marked and significant. The last address was, in manner as in thought, distinctly that of Henry C. Wright.—Reporter.]

Materialization of Spirit Forms.

BY WARREN CHASE.

We saw a counterfeit \$20 greenback the other day, but have not yet found any person fool enough to use the fact of counterfeits as an argument for destroying all the greenbacks, nor an evidence that none were genuine. Why do not our National Bank monopolists use the fact as an argument for the destruction of greenbacks and the supplanting them with their system of supplying currency? It would be as good reasoning and argument as the Christians have in the case of detecting a counterfeit materialization to attack the whole system and deny all the genuine. Suppose the case of Katie King and all the other Kings were proved to be counterfeits, could that impair the fact that we have seen, felt and conversed with our old friend, Wm. White, and at least one other dear friend as well known as he was, and under such circumstances that we could not be thimposed upon, one a woman, the other a man with full, black beard, slinking hands with both and kissing the former, conversing freely and audibly with both in the presence of nine witnesses, one of whom at least knew Wm. White as we did, both appearing within five minutes of each other and with no cabinet but a place fitted up by us for the occasion, with no admission fee, and the medium in a strange place, visiting and not sitting for the public nor wishing to be advertised. Could you wipe this all out with a counterfeit Katie King?

We do not consider that the genuine Katie, who appeared so often in England, has ever been in the least impaired as a genuine, materialized spirit, whatever may have been found spurious in other cases. We do know that spirits can and do so far materialize their forms, sometimes in part, sometimes in whole, as to be tangible to all our senses, and a thousand counterfeits cannot impair that knowledge.

A FIFTY-DOLLAR BET NOT TAKEN.—The questionable statements recently made respecting Thomas Paine by Rev. Mr. Hildreth, bring to mind a similar statement made some years ago by a clergyman in Gilroy—Stewart I believe was the name—and the manner in which it was met, on the spot, by Mr. Rea, a venerable and highly esteemed citizen of that town, well known by many in this city. The minister, in the course of a sermon against infidelity stated, most positively and emphatically, that Paine was now being roasted in hell. Mr. Rea jumped up and said, "Pardon, I'll bet you fifty dollars he ain't there!" "Well," said the minister, "how shall we settle it, my friend?" "Easy enough," replied Rea; "you have made a positive statement, not of opinion but of fact; now prove it, and the money is yours. If you don't know it, and can't prove it, but only *surmise* it, take it back like a man!" The bet was not taken.—*San Jose Mercury*.

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A Coming Struggle.

During the last two or three years of his prolonged life, according to the statement of Rev. Dr. Osgood in a recent article in the New York Evening Post, the late ex-President Walker, of Harvard College was wont to give expression to his fears of an approaching conflict of a religious character, the combatants being Protestant and Papist. Of the increasing symptoms of such a struggle we have spoken more than once in these columns. They are too many to be overlooked or misapprehended. If anything should give men pause in the avocations of their daily life, it is the nearness of a peril like this, which men of the superior penetration of the late Dr. Walker are able to foresee with such clearness. We can get an idea of the struggle from the stir in English public opinion which is going forward at this moment.

An ex-Premier throws down the challenge to Papey, and it is taken up with courageous promptness by the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in England. The contest waxing warmer every day. It is easy to see that the heat of ill-suppressed passions is intensifying to break through the thin partition of what opens as a theological discussion, and that at the right time, which is ever one that nobody can foresee, it will burst forth with uncontrollable fury and sweep away by its power the very traces of religion itself. The feeling that is being aroused in England has been excited in Germany by Bismarck, and a young King cannot take the throne in Spain without being beset by the German Ambassador in Paris, to whom he pledges himself to manifest as little friendship for the Papacy in his government as possible. The excitement pervades the Continent from Vienna to Madrid, and it plainly prefigures the events whose threatening shapes are looming in the near horizon. As it is in Europe, so may it be in this country, too.

Let us consider what is being done to hasten it on. Protestantism has been steadily losing its distinctive feature of protest and dissent, and growing rapidly in the direction of conformity and obedience. It is fast changing over from freedom to power. The Church is becoming of more importance than the Bible on which it professes exclusively to build. Authority now forbids and punishes dissent in precisely the same spirit that ruled the time of Luther. An institution with religious aims has made those aims secondary to its own aggrandizement. Such a thing as freedom of thought is not tolerated in the Protestant churches, and if anybody refuses to believe it, let him test the truth of the assertion for himself. Consequently, having driven off the great and influential class in society, the Church has weakened itself by any warfare with Rome, and pursued the fatal vanity of accumulating property for the State to exempt from taxation, and of erecting costly edifices which are never filled.

Next to having thus made a close corporation of itself, Protestantism in this country now seeks to engraft upon the Constitution of the United States a provision compelling all citizens to recognize, acknowledge and support its own peculiar views of the Christian religion. This is an error that should be held unpardonable. It throws open to the Papacy the very opportunity it craves. Nothing could well be more lost to its ultimate purposes. The Papists would far prefer that the Protestants do for them what they are much too sagacious to attempt for themselves. Let the Protestants once succeed in carrying their point, blindly as they are driving at it, and in due course of time the situation will so change that their religious opponents will, under cover of a Protestant demand, convert the government into a Papist affair. It is as certain to come as that it will stimulate the struggle which is to precede it.

It is notorious that, in Europe, a statesman of the repute of Disraeli prophesies perpetually the influence of this conflict on the Continent as it must come also in Great Britain. Gladstone's recent pamphlet has roused the profoundest public sentiment on the subject. The question is put in Europe thus: Shall the spiritual or the civil authority be supreme in government? Austria, Italy and Germany have shown on which side of it they stand; and England cannot, if she would, stand aloof from the debate. Archbishop Manning, of England, declared so recently as last September that "there was undoubtedly approaching one of the mightiest contests the religious world had ever seen." Germany has by no means forgotten the devastating Thirty Years' War of the seventeenth century, and that is the reason why she contemplates the impending struggle, now greatly intensified from the old one, with a dread which is beyond her power to conceal.

The distinguished old Catholic, Dr. Dollinger, has publicly expressed the opinion that, as the Thirty Years' War was waged within the old German Empire as its theatre, so would the coming conflict be waged wholly within the confines of the new Empire. But nations have grown in-

to a closer brotherhood in the past fifty years, and it would be impossible for a war of this character to break out, as now threatened, in the heart of continental Europe, without dragging into it, by the irresistible force of the deepest human passions, the whole of that division of the civilized world. And as it spread to England, it would cast a lurid light across the Atlantic to the shores of our own country. Demagogues have consented to play into the hands of ecclesiastics, until they have unitedly succeeded in undermining that integrity of free sentiment by which all beliefs are equally protected, and in organizing a party which is to day industriously engaged in an effort to make the centenary of American Independence the birthday of American servitude. Do not the people soberly consider the approach of this stupendous danger?

The End Not Yet.

The investigations that have been going on in Philadelphia for several weeks past fully confirm our original impressions to the effect that Mr. Owen and Dr. Child had been altogether too hasty in their claims, withdrawing their emphatic testimony in regard to the phenomena through Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

Col. Oleott and other parties have recently had sittings, at which the most important and extraordinary phenomena have taken place under test conditions. The manifestations have been of the most satisfactory and convincing character.

At some of the renewed sittings Mr. Owen has been present with Col. Oleott, and it is not probable that he will have cause to reconsider some of his recent remarks prejudicial to the mediumship of the Holmeses. Mr. Owen will, we believe, do this frankly and fearlessly, for his one object is truth, and if he finds he has made a mistake, or done an injustice, he will be eager to rectify it at any sacrifice.

We are not prepared yet to give particulars. But we have the pleasure to announce to our readers that, at our request, Gen. F. J. Lippitt has gone to Philadelphia for the sole purpose of investigating this subject, and sending us all the information pertinent to the formation of a correct opinion. Those who know Gen. Lippitt need not be assured that he will go for the truth, irrespective of any past biases or commitments. He is a gentleman, in the best sense of that word, a man of culture, and a clear-headed investigator. Our readers will look with interest for his report, which we hope to have in season for the next number of the Banner.

Remarkable Verification of a Spirit's Promise.

On our sixth page will be found a brief message delivered at the Banner of Light Free Public Circle, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, on the 22d of October last, by a spirit purporting to have borne in earth life the name of "Conway." This gentleman, previous to his decease, had promised to identify himself for recognition by his friend Joseph Proctor, the well known tragedian, by the giving of a certain word, which was to be kept secret by the two for that purpose. Upon hearing that the message we have referred to had been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, Mr. Proctor was naturally interested to obtain the promised test, and for that purpose addressed a note to the chairman of the circle, Lewis B. Wilson, requesting him to inform the spirit that he was waiting for the word upon which they had agreed previous to his (said spirit's) demise. The following message (given at a subsequent date at the Banner Circle, in reply to this note,) and the letter of Mr. Proctor, fully convey the wonderful result, without need of added remark from us:

CONWAY.

That last word, Joseph, yes; go to Charley Foster and I'll give it to you. Conway.

Monday, Dec. 14.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been further informed that my old friend F. B. Conway had communicated through the Banner, requesting me to go to Mr. C. H. Foster, the test medium, to receive a certain word, which, a brief time before his death, he promised to give me in the significant Greek word "Eureka," when he could say "I have found it." Spiritualism, to be true, I have this evening visited Mr. Foster, and having written upon a small piece of paper, "I am here by your invitation, friend F. B. C., what was the promised word?" (the paper being closely folded, so that the medium could not possibly know its contents,) together with several other duplicate pieces of the same outward appearance, he pressed them on his forehead, and throwing the one towards me, containing the above interrogation, immediately wrote upon a piece of paper before him, "Eureka."

The promise was fulfilled and I leave the mystery for skeptics to solve. The arrangement of the word was to be kept an inviolable secret, and I doubt not that this is the first time it has ever been known to others than ourselves.

Several corroborating tests were given during the sitting, and the intelligence wished me to inform you of the result, and respectfully request you to publish his communication and the facts connected with it in your next issue.

Respectfully, JOSEPH PROCTOR.

Astor House, New York, Jan. 12th, 1875.

Dedication of the Paine Memorial Building.

We give below the official announcement (as published in the Boston Investigator, of Wednesday, Jan. 20th,) of the forthcoming festival in Boston, in honor of one of the world's reformers—not accepted in his day, but now receiving more and more of that respectful attention, on the part of humanity, which is his due:

"SPECIAL INVITATION.—As the time is approaching for the dedication of the Paine Memorial Building and Home of the Investigator, we would most cordially extend an invitation to all the friends of the movement every where, and especially those who have contributed to the project, to be with us on that occasion—Friday, Jan. 23rd, 1875. Let us have a full convention or mass meeting, in which we may witness a general reunion of Liberals, and not only enjoy a pleasant holiday in celebrating the anniversary of a great political and religious reformer, but devise measures for the better success of the Liberal cause.

The exercises at the anniversary will consist of addresses, songs, and music during the day, and finish with a grand ball in the evening. It is expected that Messrs. B. F. Underwood, J. W. Pike, Prof. William Denton, Miss Susan H. Wixon, Anthony Higgins, Jr., R. H. Rainey, Norwood Damon, Francis E. Abbot, Dr. H. B. Storer, John Davies, R. Burke, Dr. F. Tewksbury, J. Verity, D. M. Bennett, H. N. Stone, A. H. Wood, J. P. Mendum, Dr. H. F. Gardner, T. L. Savage, Horace Seaver, together with several other interesting speakers among the Liberals and Spiritualists will be present and take part in the exercises. The ball will be under the management of the well known and experienced Prof. Atwood.

Read the announcement concerning that valuable work by Epes Sargent, Esq., entitled THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY, which will be found in another column.

J. J. Morse.

In another column will be found a condensed report of the second address delivered at Beethoven Hall, Boston, by this talented English trance medium, who is referred to by the Boston Journal as "one of the ablest lecturers" among the Spiritualist advocates, and by the Evening Transcript as "a speaker of great ability." In addition to his discourse on the afternoon of the 17th inst., he answered the one question offered by the audience as to the best method of improving the faculty of intuition, by stating that as man's powers unfolded, and in proportion as he drew nearer to the spiritual and eternal, this faculty or spiritual sense would be, by itself, developed. Mr. Morse speaks and answers questions at Beethoven Hall on the afternoon of Sunday next.

New Movement in Worcester.

W. S. Bell, late pastor of the Universalist Society in New Bedford—but who has renounced all allegiance to church authority in matters of conscience—lectured by invitation to the Spiritualists and Liberals of Worcester last Sunday. A movement is being made to organize a society and invite Mr. Bell to speak for it. He is engaged in the Beethoven Hall course of lectures in Boston the second Sunday in February. For the present his address is care of this office.

Funds for Kansas Sufferers.

In response to the call for Kansas for pecuniary aid, published recently in this paper, we acknowledge the receipt of five dollars from Mrs. M. Conwell, and five dollars from Mrs. H. Converse, which sums have been duly forwarded to Mr. C. R. Morehouse, of Irving, who is a true Spiritualist, which is guaranty that funds entrusted to him will be distributed judiciously.

Travels Around the World.

As we predicted in a previous number of the Banner, this work by J. M. Peebles, treating of what he saw in the East, as well as embodying unique communications from ancient spirits, relating to the monuments of antiquity, is having an unusually rapid sale.

Spirit-Photography.

The "Personal Experiences" of Mr. Wm. H. Munster in Spirit-Photography, Parts No. One and Two of which we have printed, are very interesting. We are obliged to lay over Part Three until next week, on account of the great pressure of other matter. The Parts hereafter to appear will be published every other week, until completed.

A Nut-Shell Truth.

A cotemporary says: "Publishing is a bad business. Three million dollars were sunk in it in 1874. Only a few of the New York and Boston papers pay anything; nor are they likely to find better times in 1875. The cost of most newspapers is now more than they are worth."

Labor Reform League Meeting.

The Labor Reform League will hold a Convention in Cotton Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets, Boston, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st.

"The Nursery."

We hope that before the first month of the new year is ended thousands of parents, teachers and guardians will subscribe for that delightful little monthly for children, "The Nursery." It is published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, and sent postage free for \$1.00. It is charmingly illustrated, and the matter is such as will commend itself to every intelligent adult, whatever his denominational status may be. A specimen copy will be sent for ten cents.

We have been requested to correct a statement which recently appeared in the "Common Sense" newspaper, published in San Francisco, Cal., to the effect that Prof. S. B. Brittan had sunk his entire fortune in trying to establish his "Journal of Spiritual Science" on a paying basis.

The fact is that, by a series of misfortunes, he has, since starting his Quarterly, and independent of it, unfortunately lost his entire property, valued at over \$25,000, together with the house belonging to his wife; but having begun the publication of the Journal, he was unwilling to abandon the enterprise, and thus disappointed the expectation of his friends. Because of this condition of affairs a number of ladies, interested in the maintenance of Prof. Brittan's magazine, have published a circular, soliciting assistance from those who care to improve the periodical and other literature of Spiritualism. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Mary F. Davis, 24 East Fourth street, New York City.

Read this week's Message Department.

What is Magnetism? The Music of the Spirit World, The State of Vision, The Coming Conflict, and other subjects, are interestingly considered by the Controlling Intelligences; John Coleridge Weldeny, of Manchester, England, speaks to his friend John Harkins; Charlie Clevering, of New York City, sends a message to his father; Andrew Kilrowe, of Glasgow, Scotland, assures his mother that her friends gone before will "love her and watch over her, will wait for her at the golden gate, and bring her in with sweetest songs of joy;" Conway offers a word concerning materialization; Reuben Patten, of Peterboro, N. H., urges upon his kithred "the necessity of making themselves somewhat acquainted with the conditions of the life after death, and what is requisite to ensure happiness in that life;" Adela Bright, of Toledo, O., seeks to communicate with her father in Wanaken, Ill.; Shelly Barrett, of Liverpool, England, affords a test of identity to his father; and Betsey Page, of Pagestown, N. H., gives it as her experience that she would be happier in spirit life if instead of her being so fixed in credal ideas while on earth she had applied her energies to the relief of human suffering.

J. S. Dodge, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn., who is under engagement to lecture in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7th, will speak in Cleveland, Ohio, the previous Sunday, Jan. 31st. He will extend his trip East through the spring, and would like to speak before Societies of Spiritualists each Sunday. He will visit Washington before he returns. Address him for the present at 245 Second street, Memphis, Tenn.

The friends in St. Paul, Minn., who may be desirous of perusing spiritualistic and reform books, will find a choice assortment of our publications by application to the Liberal Library, in charge of Mrs. Marston of that city. Give the lady a call.

Collins & M'Leester, Letter Founders, No. 705 Jayne street, Philadelphia, Pa., forward us a finely printed and valuable compilation entitled "THE COST OF PAPER, Computed and Tabulated for the Printer and the Publisher, by Eugene H. Munday." The book will certainly be "cared for" by those for whose convenience it is designed, inasmuch as it will be of most unmistakable use to them.

Read the call of the Mediums' and Speakers' Convention at Laona, N. Y., on our sixth page.

We have received a report—which we shall hereafter publish—of the doings of the Spiritualist Convention held at Joslyn Hall, New Berlin, N. Y., Jan. 9th and 10th.

Books for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

THE MASULINE CROSS and Ancient Sex Worship. By Sha Rocco. A pamphlet of interest to searchers into the antiquity of the religious sentiment and its varying expressions among men. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street.

STORIES FOR OUR CHILDREN.—Lycium Series, No. 1.—An excellent gift for the little ones, containing fifteen fine stories and poems from the pens of Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Toledo O.: Bateson & Tuttle.

THE HEALTH EVANGEL. By George Dutton, M.D., author of a "Hygienic Manual," etc., etc.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Moses Hull & Co., 21 Newcomb street, Boston, have put forth (in paper and cloth binding) a collection of poems from the pen of Mattie Sawyer, entitled "MATTIE'S OFFERING." In addition to her own productions the author has appended five popular poems from other writers. The whole brochure is filled with tender sentiment, and the assurance that the earnest and the faithful will be contented with it. Those who have been pleased at camp meetings, conventions, etc., by the strains of this singer and improviser, will find most of their favorites on the pages of this volume, which is offered for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

WARLIKE INDICATIONS IN EUROPE.—The London Times of the 19th inst., contains an important editorial, going to show that a war cloud in Europe is already visible, from which we extract the following: "In the gloom surrounding us, one thing is perceptible: All men are arming. Germany is arming en masse, and surrounding nations, including the best part of the world, carry on their arms. Germany has a powerful army, Germany recognizes the stern necessity. What she has won by arms she can only hold by arms."

A French physician regretted the Paris siege, because it had killed off in a short time thousands of feeble persons, who would have otherwise lingered through years, to the great profit of the doctors.

Good advice—Rub your horse's bits smartly before putting them in his mouth on a frosty morning.

Gold-hunters are swarming all along the banks of the Merrimack, only to find . . . that they have labored in vain!

A correspondent writing to the Bowling Green (Ky.) Patriot says there has not been a murder in Clinton County since 1865, and in that instance the man was hanged.

Last Sunday was the anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand: the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot.

Frederick U. Tracy, for twenty-three years Treasurer of the city of Boston, passed on, at his residence in Chestnut street, on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 14th. Mr. Tracy was born in Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 24, 1812, came to Boston while young, attended the Boston High School, was for years employed in the South American trade, and finally entered into the discharge of the duties of the office he so long held, Feb. 14th, 1852, at the resignation of Mr. Dunn. He was a man respected in community both for fidelity to his public trusts, and the genial qualities which adorn private life. His funeral obsequies—which were attended by the governor of the State, the Mayor and government of the city, etc.—were held at the West Church, on Monday, Jan. 18th, Rev. Dr. Bartol conducting the service, and his remains were then removed to Mount Auburn for interment.

The editor of the Newport (Vt.) Express says that he will in the future publish nothing which may in any way displease any reader. "What a 'miracle' that paper will accomplish, remarks the American Newspaper Reporter.

Robert Dale Owen declares his faith in Spiritualism unshaken. "We don't see why it should be. If anybody had time to begin with, from events which were private rather than public, it is as with disbelievers ever, those who ridicule the most, know the least."—Merrimack Journal.

An honest dentist found in the Pine Tree State frankly advertised that "no pains will be spared in endeavoring to give perfect satisfaction," though his name is Gammon.

The date of running the first train through the Hoosac Tunnel has been definitely fixed at the 30th of January. Eleven thousand feet of track yet remain to be laid.

Girls should be warned of the danger they run in marrying railroad brakemen. An enthusiastic member of that fraternity, on being awakened the other night from a dream of an impending crash by a train, found himself sitting up in bed, holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted her head off in his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

The New York Express prints a letter from Honorable, Pa., which states a young woman named Crissy Harker, the daughter of a wealthy farmer at White Plains, a few days ago, under the influence of religious fanaticism, built an altar, then laid herself thereon and burned to death.

A decision of the celebrated "frame" case has been rendered. The value of the coin is still to be nineteen cents and three mills.

The steamer Georgia, Captain Angrave, owned by the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company of Quebec, chartered by the Portland and Halifax Steamship Company, from Halifax, on Tuesday, for Portland, went ashore at midnight, Jan. 13th, on the triangle near Tenant's Harbor, at the entrance Penobscot Bay, Me. The crew and passengers were saved. The pilot was decelerated by the lights.

A London telegram dated Jan. 15th, says: "The steamship Alice, from Cardiff for Constantinople, has been lost at sea, and twenty persons drowned."

Those who care to investigate Spiritualism will find the Banner of Light, published at Boston, one of the most reliable papers in the country devoted to that subject. For terms, etc., see prospectus in another column.—Norwalk (Ohio) Experiment.

Complaints come to us once in a while—not often—to this effect: "Why do you stop the Banner the instant the time allowed is paid for expires, when we intend to take it right along?" We would say a deliberately possible to these inquirers, that our newspaper-dressing machine is strictly impartial in its dealings with all. It never likes to drop any name, rather preferring to add new names continually; but, necessarily being the mother of invention, it knows full well that it cannot keep its machinery well lubricated and in perfect running order without pre-payments, and thus it wisely established this rule—when the time expires for which a subscriber has paid, the figures affixed to his name, on each number of the Banner, notify him of the fact. If he omits to renew previous to the date designated, the manipulator of the dressing-machine supposes he declines longer to be looked for the most interesting paper in the world. Thus you see, friends, the Banner mailing-machine is impartial to all.

When it gets cold enough to freeze alcohol, materialized spirits will be believed in by the general public. King's confession has made it altogether too warm for any such belief at present.—E. E.

What amount of value is to be attached to an affidavit sworn to by an *alias*? Yet this is the great "proof" upon which the secular press hangs its hopes and founds its jubulations.

A CHALLENGE.—A brief and pertinent article, Mr. Editor, from the pen of Robert Dale Owen, in last week's issue of the Banner, and copied from the Springfield Republican, concludes as follows: "I think it would be rather difficult for a second Holmes to pull the wool over my eyes: Due to the fact that I am a Spiritualist, and I know I do not recognize the necessity of Mr. Owen's resorting to a course of deception in order to counteract the anticipated course of deception of a second Holmes." Let Mr. C. continue to light upon and aboveboard, heretofore, whenever he may find cause to do battle. Honesty and truth will surely win.

A SPIRITUALIST.

A five-year-old boy in Portland, while in bed one morning recently, asked his mother if God could stand in the air. The mother replied that he could, and while reflecting upon the maturity of the boy and that the thoughts of God and heaven were absorbing his mind, her feelings can be better imagined than described when her son remarked that God could do more than a circus man.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: As an excited and interested man, high concerning materialization of spirits, and as many lose sight of the subject, and are testing the medium's honesty instead of the fact of spirit materialization, would it not be wisdom for Spiritualists to discourage holding out chances for materialization, for gain, until mediums are developed into such condition that manifestations appear without the possibility of a doubt as to their genuineness. There is nothing that will break the conditions of a séance so readily as distrust and want of confidence in the mediums, and until mediums are used and later on, when they overcome such obstacles, but little will appear that is satisfactory to a skeptical person. A. S. HAYWARD. Jan. 18th, 1875.

Rutland, Vt., was called upon last week to bear losses by fire amounting to \$100,000—a hotel, several stores, etc., being consumed. Incendiarism was probably the cause, as fires were discovered in three different places at nearly the same time.

The Pope's income in October was \$8,000,000 francs, counting presents and offerings of all kinds.

Russia lost 300,000 animals by the cattle pest last year.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which grateful acknowledgments are tendered:

A. Kyd,	\$2 R. Lowe,	50
Wm. Thompson,	1,000 S. J. Robbins,	30
D. J. B.	20 P. A. Johnson,	1.00
M. S. Burnett,	35 P.	50
J. C. Potter,	30 W. C. Cotton,	35
O. D.	50 M. L. Cole,	1.00
Mrs. N. S. Potter,	1,000 W. C. Buckingham,	1.00
Lucius Benham,	50 A. C. Leonard,	50
Mrs. E. B. Drew,	50 M. L. Cole,	1.00
Sarah Clay,	10 J. E. Hayward,	2.00
E. F. Steere,	50 S. B. Underhill,	50
Saml. Atwood,	35 Simon Acers,	70
William F.	15 Elizabeth Dull,	1.00
William F.	50 W. A. Johnson,	40
Samuel A.	40 C. Denning,	40
Andrew Ballard,	50 Mrs. E. Dolan,	1.00
Frederic Stowe, Mass.,	50 George T. Waters,	1.25
Dr. J. Beckwith,	50 Mrs. E. Dolan,	1.00
O. T. Ladd,	85 Joseph Story,	1.00
Alameda A. Fontaine,	1,000 William H.	1.00
Saml.	50 W. A. Johnson,	40
Chauncy Thayer,	35 P.	50
Ernest Sanborn,	50 Daniel Collins,	1.00
R.	100	1.00
H. Anderson,	50 Mrs. Cyrus Aldrich,	50
M. W. Whitwell,	45 H. D. Lyman,	1.50
Mrs. W. Burdgrave,	50 W.	1.00
Mrs. A. M. Stone,	1,000 John Adams,	85
A. A. Shaw,	35 L. Holton,	70
W.	35 Mrs. A.	70
M. H. Lowell,	1,000 C. Heath,	35
Mrs. Mary A. Dowitt,	85 E. C. Hart,	1.00

"God's Poor" Fund.

Since our last report in the Banner we have received \$20.35 for the destitute poor, and paid out to the same in that time \$11.50.

From J. J. H., Portland, Oregon, \$5.00
Mrs. J. B. Stearns, Boston Highlands, 5.00
"A. 5.00
S. of J. "O. W. H. B. S., 5.00
H. J. Horn, N. Y., 1.00
J. 1.00
J. 1.00
J. D., New Phila., 10

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases is necessary, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not used.

D. B. Williams, of Chicago, Ill., sends \$5.15 for one year's subscription to Banner for Sarah E. Williams, but neglects to give her address.

Dec. 12, - iteow

Message Department.

Each message in this Department of the Banner of Light is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

W. J. H. CONANT.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth here in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings

Are held at No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story), corner of Province street, every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the services, except in case of emergency. Under such circumstances the party should notify the Chairman, when permission will be granted to re-enter after the expiration of five minutes. Our reasons for this will be obvious to every reflecting mind. Disturbing influences produce inharmonious, and this our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have to doubt visitors will readily conform to our request in this particular.

The questions answered at these séances are often profoundly instructive, among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-rooms collected. Mrs. Conant requests no visitors at her residence on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

SKETCHES. Visitors have the privilege of placing sketches on the table for brief and long sittings. First write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, sealed it, and write your own address on the inside. At the close of the séance the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answer upon the table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be discarded.

Invocation.

Oh thou who dwellest in all that thou hast made, making each and every one of thy creations holy and sacred forever, from the grain of sand to the human life, we pray thee that we may so learn of thee through these creations that are as an open volume within our reach, that we shall gain that perfect love which casteth out all fear; that thy sons and thy daughters dwelling in the shadow of a mortal life shall, through this volume, learn to love and serve thee better, we do most earnestly pray. And since the age is drifting toward materialism, may this same materialism become a Jacob's ladder reaching to the heaven of heavens, over which thine angels shall ascend and descend perpetually, bringing messages of love and carrying them again from earth to heaven. So may matter, our Father and our Mother God, be so perfectly understood to be the vehicle through which thou dost reveal thyself to thy children, that it shall be sacred and holy in whatever form it is found. And we pray that thy children in mortal may no longer fear that they shall drift away from thee, since thou hast made them that will never depart from thee; and that love, which is perfect, now as ever, will bind them to thee, and finally draw them unto that heaven for which every soul is earnestly, in its own way, seeking. Amen. Oct. 22.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions to offer, I am ready to hear them.

Q.—What is magnetism?

ANS.—It is an element, or force, pervading and acting through all matter. It has been said to be the other half of electricity, but I have never yet seen any one who has been able to tell where the dividing line might be drawn. Electricity and magnetism, to my mind, are one and the same thing, but possessed of different qualities of powers necessary to the production of new forms of matter, new revelations from God the Father. Magnetism, by some, is understood to be the warm element in Nature, while electricity is the cold element. Well, I believe there is a truth in that, and that, through the action of this heat and cold, new forms of life are brought into existence, and Nature is kept in perpetual action.

Q.—What kind of music do you have in the spirit-world?

A.—We have all the various kinds of music extant on earth, but in so much higher form that I suppose some of you, on first listening to the music of the spheres, might be led to say, "Well, I never heard anything like it," and yet, as you get more accustomed to it, you will find that it is but the harmony of numbers that has an existence here on earth, with crude matter, as there, in a spiritualized state. Do we have vocal music? Yes; glorious and grand. Do we have instrumental music? Yes; we have all that you have, and much more; for you are not yet ready to receive those impressions concerning new musical instruments that will be given you, by-and-by, when you are ready to receive them; when there is any brain fitted to take in the idea and outward it again into some musical instrument, then it will be given. Lovers of music will find a glorious harvest in the spirit-world—the grand ultimatum of their desires here that were unfulfilled.

Q.—In what respect does the vision of a conscious medium differ from that of other persons?

A.—Visions are visions, under whatever circumstances they may transpire, and yet they are as great in variety as any other form of mental manifestation.

Q.—Can this state of vision be produced—and how?

A.—The aborigines claim that it can; that, by fasting and weariness it is produced. The Western Indians, when they desire to produce an ecstatic or visionary state, retire to some lonely place, build a fire, take no food, and keep jumping back and forth over the fire until exhausted nature refuses any further action. Then they lie down and fall into a visionary state. If they fail to get up and go to jumping again, and wait until Nature produces it. They tell us—these Indians do—there are certain organisms that are always able to produce a visionary state by this method; there are certain others who sometimes fail, but sometimes can produce it.

Q.—[By J. L. M.] "In Flashes of Light from the Spirit-Land," page 106, the controlling intelligence says that mediums are simply bodies that are sensitive to the od forces in the universe. What are these od forces? Are they not properties of the ethereal fluid, or are there other forces co-existent with, and all-pervading as the ethereal fluid, and which are unknown to science?"

A.—These od forces are but forces misunderstood—A part of the great pervading power of life that exists everywhere; that is found in the rock, in the rose, in the human body; that pervades all forms of matter; and yet in certain manifestations is not understood—becomes an od force, or force not understood—a something outside of the pale of human knowledge, but perfectly natural, nevertheless. Oct. 22.

John Coleridge Weldeny.

I died at a place in your city called Station

One, a little over four years ago. I had recently come from St. Johns, where I had been stopping with some acquaintances, because obliged to by sickness. I had a fever, I believe, termed typhoid fever. I was not so well over it, as I should have been to have travelled the distance I did, and taken on myself the fatigue I did, and so I had a relapse in the form of hemorrhage of the bowels, and being without means, I applied at that public place, and was taken in and sheltered, and died during the night. I was a native of Manchester, England, where I have a wife and two children, who are, to this day, in ignorance of my death, or my whereabouts. My name was John Coleridge Weldeny, and I have put in an appearance at this place that I may reach my wife and children, to inform them myself of my death, which is the reason of my silence towards them. I came to this country seeking for a brother whom I learned in St. Johns was in California. I had hoped to reach him there, but death interfered, and I was necessarily obliged to make a change. Now I am apprized that one of my friends and acquaintances—John Harkins his name—is acquainted with these things and is a reader of the paper through which I hope to reach my friends, and I ask of him to see to it that my letter or message reaches them, and I will do as much and more for him, at the first opportunity. Good day. Oct. 22.

Charlie Clevering.

How do you do, mister? My name was Charlie Clevering. I was nearly eleven years old. I've been dead about three months. I belonged in New York, sir. My father said if there was any truth in these things he should expect to hear from me. If there was any other life, and any way for the people of that life to send messages to their friends, he knew I would find it out and let him hear from me, but he didn't believe it; it was all humbug.

Father, you see I am here, or you will see, when you get my message, and Aunt Ann says if you had'n't been so thick-headed you might have seen me the night after I died, when I came to you, but you wouldn't admit it was me, and she says you were a coward about it—you were a little afraid. Now, father, don't be afraid this time, because I am so far off I sha'n't shoot you, but if you will go to some of the places where I can speak or write to you, or do something to let you know I am there, I'll show you that there's another life, and that I live in it. And now, in telling mother about it, don't scare her to death, because you know she's sick, and if you've got anything to tell that would excite her you'll do the wrong way to work; you know you do, father, you always jump at it so quick it scares her almost to death. Now, father, tell her softly about my coming back, and explain to her—but don't tell her till you are satisfied yourself—will you, father? Good day, mister. Oct. 22.

Andrew Kilrowe.

You dinna ken who I am, do you? My name when I were here was Andrew Kilrowe. I were born in Glasgow, Scotland. I live there. I die when I was thirteen years old. My mother waits day and night to hear from me. She knows I'll come, and so she waits. Tell her my father and my sister are here, and but for her would be happy; and when the good Lord takes her and joins us again, we'll be happy, we'll all be happy. Tell her we love her and watch over her, and will wait for her at the golden gate, and bring her in with sweetest songs of love. Good day, fiddle. Oct. 22.

Conway.

"To be or not to be" is now no longer a question of doubt with me. That I am, I am sure—quite as sure as that I was when struggling through the flesh, and striving to do my part on the great stage of a mortal life. Do I believe that ghosts can materialize themselves? Oh yes! More than that; for belief has merged itself into knowledge. I thought I settled the question to my own entire satisfaction, when here, negatively; but I have upset it, because compelled to by the keener power of knowledge overmastering doubt. Conway. Good day, sir. Oct. 22.

Séance conducted by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

Baptize thou us, oh Holy Spirit, with that baptism that shall inspire us to holy thoughts and holy deeds, that shall lead us to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to comfort the sorrowing, to enlighten the ignorant, to speak words of peace to those who are bowed down in darkness and doubt. And, unto thee, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Past, Present and Future Good, be all songs of gladness sung, forever and ever. Amen. Oct. 26.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—[By Dr. B. F. Clark, Boston, Mass.] Some spirits say that we must prepare for another war, in which men, women and children, will have to fight for their homes. Will the controlling spirit kindly inform us when and how such a state of things will be brought about, in this country, if at all?

ANS.—There are some persons in the body and out of the body, who are so unbalanced that they are at war with themselves, that they cannot see peace anywhere, and are perpetually predicting wars and discords which seldom ever come except within the sphere of their own lives. That there is to be a conflict of ideas, more severe than the world has ever known, I believe, because the world is ripe for it, and can no more escape it than you can escape any manifestation of Nature. It comes as a legitimate sequence of past conditions, and present and future necessities. There are some who believe that this conflict of ideas will be waged at the point of the bayonet, and perhaps at the mouth of the cannon, that blood will be shed, homes will be desolated, and hearts made sad. It is to be hoped that such a condition will not be reached, and yet it is expected by many who are not ignorant of these things that there are those in the spirit-life, and on earth, who, joining hands and forces will seek to avert such an evil, and to let all the expenditure of force be in words, and not in cruel physical contact. But, however, if the worst side turns up for mortality, you have the assurance, if you are true to your own soul's experience—you Spiritualists at least—that the Infinite powers of goodness, justice, mercy and love, will gain the ascendancy, and a glorious victory over error, over ignorance—politically, religiously and socially. So then, you have not much to fear if you are valiant soldiers of your master, God; but if you are cowards, then you have everything to fear, because the seeds of fear are within your own being and will be constantly bringing forth fruits. It is to be hoped that there are few cowards in the ranks of Spiritualists, or Radicals, or those who are spiritually enlightened in any sense.

stantly bringing forth fruits. It is to be hoped that there are few cowards in the ranks of Spiritualists, or Radicals, or those who are spiritually enlightened in any sense.

Q.—[By J. L. M.]—The teachings of the returning spirits seem to lead to the conclusion that the human race are continually growing more and more spiritual and more susceptible to spirit influence and intercourse, and the number of mediums or persons through whom spirits can hold intercourse with mankind increasing, and that the number of such is much greater now than it was in the days of Moses, Socrates or Jesus, and that some time in the distant future the number will be so great that the communications between the spirits dwelling in the physical form and the spirit-world will be as perfect and continuous as it is now, on this planet, between different continents, and that, practically, the fear of death will be, in a great measure, removed. Do the supernatural intelligences really hold these views?

A.—And the last enemy to be conquered is Death. Progress—that wave of growth upon which humanity is floating—is destined to take away the fear of death. But this, we are not only assured by the prophet but by our own observations, will be the last thing to be conquered, yet that it will be conquered, we are sure. Planets and their productions are constantly growing—growing out of crude conditions into divine and spiritual ones; and when they reach a certain spiritual altitude then communication between the two conditions of being may be said to be comparatively perfect; then your dead will talk to you face to face, will walk with you, will sup with you, will sleep with you, will be with you, only in a more spiritualized condition, just one grade in advance of yourselves. You will be enabled to see this thing, because you will have grown mediumistically and spiritually into it. You have been taught, by returning spirits, that you were all mediums—every one of you. Human life is necessarily mediumistic. Without that power, that gift of God, you would possess no right to immortality. Some of you have advanced further on the road than others, that is all; but as growth is the order, you all must grow. If you get not your growth in one human experience you return to another, and if not then, again you come back, and again, until you have gathered to yourselves those conditions necessary to your soul's highest condition of happiness. Oct. 26.

Reuben Patten.

My name was Reuben Patten. I belonged in Peterboro', N. H. I have been gone forty-eight years, and I return now to declare to my kindred who remain, that there is a life after death, and that there is a bridged highway between that life and this, and to urge upon them the necessity of making themselves somewhat acquainted with the conditions of that life after death, and what is requisite to ensure happiness in that life. That a belief in any spiritual creed will secure happiness is false. They only are happy in this spirit-world who are satisfied with themselves—with what they have done—and if, in looking over their past lives, there is a bad, black record against them, they can hardly be satisfied with that record—it is not human. So, then, the only way to secure happiness is to satisfy your own higher natures and be at peace with yourselves. I have kindred on earth who are in the church and they are constantly consulting their own souls with reference to the right and wrong of the thing; constantly at war with church tenets, and yet they remain there solely because they say, "Well, if we let go there we've nothing to depend upon. A poor dependence that—a poor dependence! You'll find it will give way under you the first time you undertake to rely upon it for support. Now, then, furnish yourselves with something better, and I shall not have come in vain. Good day, sir. Oct. 26.

Adela Bright.

My name, sir, was Adela Bright. I was eleven years old. I was born in Cincinnati, and I died in Toledo, Ohio. My father is in Waukegan, Illinois. I wish to reach him, if I can. My mother is in Toledo, and she mourns because of my death. She don't know that anybody can come back after they die, but I think if she did she'd feel happier about my going. So I want my father to first satisfy himself that I can come to him, and then take mother and show her what he has learned, and so comfort her and make her as happy as he can. That's what I come for. Good day, mister. Oct. 26.

Shelley Barrett.

Hullo! How do you do? My name was Shelley Barrett. I lived in Liverpool. I was thirteen years old, and my father's got a little idea of these things, and he said if I would come to some place in America and send some message from there, he should believe. Father, I know what you will want me to do—prove myself in every way I can. Well, I'll do my best. The last gift you ever gave me on the holidays was the works of the gifted author for whom I was named, and on the fly-leaf was written, "May my son aspire to the genius of the author, although he never reaches it." Now, father, that book was never here; nobody in this country ever saw it; I doubt if anybody outside of our own family knows anything about it; so if I don't come here to tell you about it, who does? There's a question for you to solve: Who does? If it isn't your son, who is it? Now, if you want me to come again, say so, and I'll do my best; but I don't like to come and feel that you'd rather I'd stay away. Good day, sir. Oct. 26.

Betsy Page.

My name was Betsy Page. I lived in Page-town, N. H.—it's a part of Hampton. I was eighty-seven years old. I tried to live an honest, upright Christian life, but I got so—so mistaken! I got so mistaken about things that I haven't got exactly right yet, and I've been gone between seventeen and eighteen years.

I believed in the Bible, and I didn't want any thing else to go to heaven on; but oh dear! oh dear! they do rob you of these things so, when you get into the other world, that you don't know where you are; you are poor, you are dreadful poor, I tell you. They take 'em right away, every thing you've leaned upon; you've got no Bible, no church, and no minister, nothing at all. I asked one whom I took to be an angel what I should do—who I should rely upon. "Upon yourself," he said. "Well," I said, "I never shall get to heaven, never, never in the world." "You will," he said. "I don't know as you ever will until you change in many things, but, my good woman, you must rely upon yourself—be your own saviour; nobody else can save you or serve you." So I've been trying to see what I could do all these years, and I've been told I must come back, and I must tell my friends that I'd been disappointed in these things. I

said, I never would, I never would, I didn't believe in this coming back business. I never would come. I finally had to come to it, and here I am. Now if I've done wrong in coming God forgive me, I say—if there is a God. I sometimes doubt it. I don't know. It seems to me as though the more you got acquainted with life the less religion you have. It looks so to me; or else the kind I had when here wasn't what it ought to be; perhaps that was it. But I've been trying to do the best I can, and I want my folks to know that as pious as I was, my righteousness didn't make me happy in the other life. I can look round and see plenty of folks that didn't make no profession of religion, better off than I am, better off than I am! I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. I think if I was back here again I would do different from what I did. Instead of spending my time reading the Bible and going to meeting—I don't know—I'd raise vegetables and give 'em to the poor. I think I'd do that. It seems to me that would get me nearer heaven than the Bible would. Good day, mister. Oct. 26.

Séance conducted by Father Fitz James.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.—Amelia Folsom, of Salt Lake City, to her mother, Cora Sturges, of Boston; Anna Cora Wilson, to her parents; Nina, to her people, the Knowles.

Thursday, Oct. 29.—Red Wing, Jennie Johnson, to her parents; Dugan Warner, to his brother.

Monday, Nov. 2.—John Ramsey, of the 23d N. Y.; Eben Howard, of Boston; John H. Smith, of Boston; Anna Cora Wilson, to her parents; Nina, to her people, the Knowles.

Tuesday, Nov. 3.—Rachel Tibbitts, of Boston; Aunt Ruth, to a family in Worcester; Mary Ella Bridges, of Newburgh, Conn.; to her mother, Timothy Riley.

Thursday, Nov. 5.—Margaret Gorham, of Boston; Zed Anderson, of New York, to his mother; Jennie Talbot, to her father in Fall River, Mass.; Bela Marsh; Alice Frazier, to her mother.

Monday, Nov. 9.—Adelaide King, of Philadelphia, Pa.; John Abbott, of Bangor, Me.

Tuesday, Nov. 10.—Thomas Croft, of Bath, Me., to her grandmother; Charlotte Gowing, of Northfield, Vt.; Thos. Sturtevant.

Thursday, Nov. 12.—John Calender, of Boston; Nancy R. Smith, of Boston, to her children; Harriet Tobitt, a Quaker lady, of Philadelphia; James K. Hill, from Gold Hill, California.

Monday, Nov. 16.—Ann Murray, to her brothers; Albert R. Baxter, of Boston; John Henry Denny, of New York; to his father; Aunt Phyllis Perkins.

Thursday, Nov. 19.—Mary L. Woods, of Auburn, N. Y.; to her father; John Randolph Watkins, of Galveston, Tex., to his father; Bella Gardner, of St. Louis, Mo.; Patrick O'Malley.

Monday, Nov. 23.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; Charles Carson, of Indianapolis, Ind., to her mother; Ezekiel Adams; Paul J. Smith, of New York City, to Richard Havelin.

Thursday, Nov. 26.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to her mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to her mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to her mother.

Monday, Nov. 30.—Elizabeth Carson, of New Orleans, to her father; Daniel W. Galloway, of New York; Katie Galloway, of Lowell, Mass.; Clara Paul, of Boston.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.—Lester Day; Nellie Williams, of Boston; John H. Smith, of Boston, to her mother; Willie Deland.

Thursday, Dec. 3.—Hyacinth; Lillian Page, of Buffalo, N. Y., to her sister; Tom Erleson; Sallie Harrison, of Leeds, Eng.

Monday, Dec. 7.—Estella Vance, of Richmond, Va.; John Hogan, of Boston, to his brother; Mary Wallace Hagen; Annie Parkhurst, of Worcester, Mass., to her mother; Benjamin Nathan; Andrew Robinson, to his brother.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—James Barrows, of Taunton, Mass.; James Johnson, of Boston; Susie Hyde, of Medford, Mass.; Ellen Carney, of Boston, to her brother; Joseph Burroughs.

Monday, Dec. 14.—Alfred Stiles, of Windsor, Conn.; Ella Stimpson, of East Boston; Ruth Perkins, of Salmon Falls, Conn.

Thursday, Dec. 17.—Elliza Dunbar, of Boston; George W. Watkins, of East Cambridge; Mary Godin, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to her parents.

Monday, Dec. 21.—James Colley Cartwright, of London, Eng.; Albro Wallace, of Hoboken, N. J.; Lillian Salvage, of Washington, D. C.

Thursday, Dec. 24.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Dec. 28.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Dec. 31.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Jan. 4.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Jan. 7.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Jan. 11.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Jan. 18.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Jan. 21.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Jan. 25.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Jan. 28.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Feb. 1.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Feb. 4.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Feb. 8.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Feb. 11.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Feb. 15.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Feb. 18.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Feb. 22.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Feb. 25.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Feb. 29.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Mar. 4.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Mar. 8.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Mar. 11.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Monday, Mar. 15.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

Thursday, Mar. 18.—John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother; John H. Smith, of Boston, to his mother.

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The Spiritualists of Western New York will hold their next quarterly convention in the Church at Laona, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Saturday and Sunday, February 6th and 7th. Laona is situated on the Dunkirk and Warren Railroad, near Dunkirk, from whence it is easy of access by cars. The friends in Laona guarantee hospitable entertainment to all attending, and kindly wishes the committee in extending a cordial invitation to all to attend.

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G. W. TAYLOR, Committee.

Convention in Michigan.

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