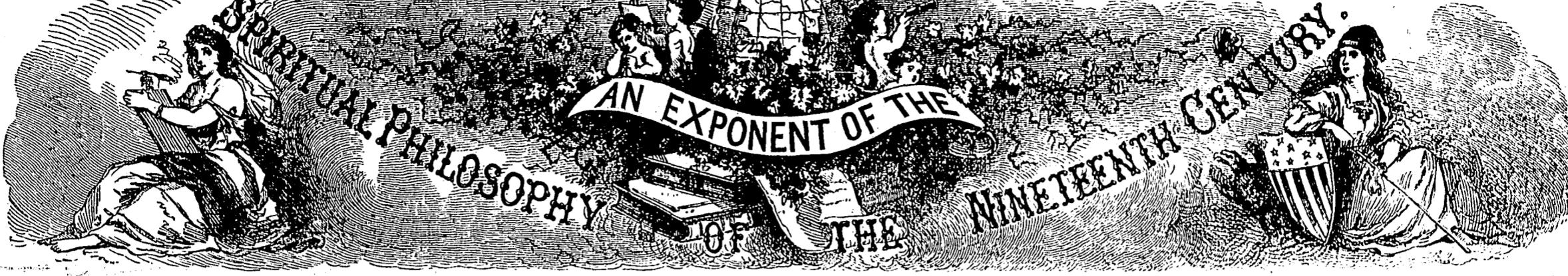


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Written for the Banner of Light.

**DEATH AND LIFE.**

Wrecked upon a stormy sea;  
Blackest darkness over me!  
Roar of thunder—lightning's flash!  
Chilled and wounded by the dash,  
As the wrathful billows flow  
O'er the soundless depths below;  
Battling with those waves for life,  
In a fierce, unequal strife;  
One last prayer for rest and peace—  
"Bid, oh God, this tumult cease!"  
Then a silence, long and deep,  
Mute despair and quiet sleep.  
  
Where am I, and whence this light?  
Summer-Land with beauty bright.  
Like an eagle, free and strong,  
Winged for flight I float along  
Over fields of purple bloom,  
Filling ether with perfume:  
Conscious power with sweet repose  
Into all my being flows.  
Loved ones round me—oh, how sweet!  
Lost and mourned again to meet!  
Am I dreaming? What is this?  
Joy in fullness! Glory! Bliss!  
No more sea and no more strife—  
This, oh this indeed is *Life!* A. E. P.

**The Bostonian.****THE NATURE AND LOCATION OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.**

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

J. J. Morse, the eloquent English trance speaker, delivered the closing lecture of his engagement before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" at Beethoven Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 31st. Though a driving snow storm at that time prevailed, a good audience assembled to listen to his discourse, and frequent applause was aroused by the telling points brought out by the Controlling Intelligence. Two songs by the fine choir, the reading by Mr. Morse of Gerald Massey's poem "Press On," and an invocation, prepared the way for the general address. The theme chosen for consideration, he held, was of interest to all classes of minds, except, it might be, those persons who felt so attracted to and satisfied by the grandeur and glory of earthly conditions, that they did not feel the necessity of surviving after death, of unending grand possibilities than they had ever conceived of, or of living in a world nobler than this, where they could attain by development to a higher and more harmonious growth; this class embraced what were generally termed infidels, atheists, rationalists, and kindred names. Their philosophy, which sought to rule out of the problem of existence the vital fact of a world to come, and to demand that all our energies should be centered in this, was good in one sense, in that the monstrous pictures of impossible happiness on the one side, and horrible despair on the other, which the clergy of the past had painted concerning the next stage of being were calculated to repel mankind, and that in default of other evidence than that adduced by the churches the materialist struck closer to reason than the credist; for much better would it have been for the theologians to endeavor to render some practical service to mankind, than to indulge in air-drawn speculations. But other evidence did exist than that of the churchman, and in the light of the revealed facts that there was another world; that man in that world was similar to man in this; that the two worlds physical and spiritual were interblended, the philosophy which sought to confine our efforts to this primary physical stage of being proved itself to be false, since it was the much wiser course for humanity to strive as far as possible to attain to a knowledge of the conditions of the next, that it might be able rightfully to understand the relations of both worlds to each other.

Where is the spirit-world, and what is its nature? was a question which was rising with greater force than ever in the human mind of today, and orthodoxy, which claimed to be infallible, unable to give any light upon the important topic, was fain to essay to borrow from that Spiritualism which it affected to despise, the coveted knowledge.

In his discourse on the previous Sunday points had been developed going to build up a full conception of man as an immortal being, and the conclusions then arrived at were that he was mentally, spiritually, and as far as his own nature was concerned, the same man in the next stage of being as here; therefore a necessity existed for a world or location wherein those peculiarities could be manifested and those needs gratified, just as they were on this planet. The speaker claimed that that spirit-world was as natural as the physical. The tendency of matter, as had been said in the previous discourse, was toward refinement, and each grade of its development was higher than the preceding, till man stood as the result. But that spiritualization of matter did not cease with the production of man; the continued action of the material elements which gave the *me* within him scope for its manifestations, did not stop with those manifestations, but the process of sublimation and deposition went on, whereby certain atoms too refined to join the physical and yet not a part of the spirit *per se*—but drawn toward it by its superior power of attraction—were made to constitute the robe of immortality which at death the physical body gave up to be the body or vehicle of the interior *me* in the higher life. But the powers of matter were not there exhausted; the same physical material forces were at work there as here, and thus the impossibility of final annihilation was shown. There was a grade of life below man—

the animal, which upon its own plane produced results which only differed from the human in the want of the reasoning facilities, etc.; and this grade was also engaged in the evolution of sublimated particles, which took the upward path toward grander possibilities. Those who were shocked at the idea of spiritual elements existing in animals were reminded that said animals were the result of Creative Energy, and that Creative Energy not being disturbed or dislodged because the animal possessed some of its elements and attributes, man, who was also a result of said Energy, need not be troubled by the fact. These sublimated elements, thrown off by animals and men, were evolved out of their physical structures, and as those structures were built up of the elements around them, we might say that these spiritualized atoms represented the ultimate condition to which the material elements were capable of attaining. All these atoms retained the qualities and properties inherent to them while in the physical structure, and thus from every human form and every dying animal, flowed forth contributions to that great stream of imponderable elements which was perpetually piercing, in its outward march, the atmosphere of our planet. These outgoing atoms were thrown off from the physical plane of earth's circumference at the equator by reason of the most rapid revolution of our planet at that point, but they did not go off "rayless and pathless" into the spaces, but the globe having its spiritual as well as physical side, they were retransferred by its spiritual centre, and formed a zone, a girdle of glory around the grand old earth, at a distance of about sixty miles from the surface on which we stood. Cohesion and chemical affinity were at work among these atoms, which were not dead, but were replete with the very power of life, the very spirit of Deity, which, residing in the humblest atom as in the most towering genius, was certain to produce results. Therefore this zone was full of life, grandeur, beauty and use—the next world was a living world, instinct with the Divine Energy which reposed within it.

When the spiritual body was completed there was still a refining process at work, and the march was still onward. Wherever there was motion there was life; the idea of the inertia of matter was, to the spiritual understanding at least, an exploded one. Since the elements which went to make up the various physical forms which yielded their treasures of sublimated atoms, had been drawn from this world, therefore, in accordance with the law of the correlation of forces, the elements of all things that had ever had an existence in this life must find their duplicates or counterparts in the spirit-world. The Divine Mind ever outwrought itself in orders of beauty and use, and therefore in that state of being yet to come, all the grand characteristics of the present were to be found, though in a still higher form; there trees waved their vernacular branches; streams raised their rippling song; rivers flowed beneath the resplendent smile of a beaming sun; flowers shed their rich perfume; the air was musical with the song of birds; and towering mountains lifting upward from the glory which bathed valley and plain, lost themselves in the grander glories beyond and above them. Everything was natural, for the spiritual was the most natural side of existence—each condition or object was fitted for the enjoyment of those who would find special pleasure in it, and harmony and peace settled like a benison over all. This sort of heaven might not suit the religionist who hoped for a miraculous New Jerusalem for himself, and a blazing hell for his neighbor, but it was in harmony with the law of nature—it was a substantial reality, and fitted to the needs of all finding existence therein. The soul which was filled with pleasure at the glory of the present world would find itself "in paradise" if suddenly conveyed to the Christian's unnatural Paradise, and condemned to sing homas to the Lord until hoarsa!

The nature and location of the spirit-world being thus somewhat defined, the speaker desired to push forward to an inquiry concerning its inhabitants. Some minds, who readily acknowledged the fact of free entrance to that glorious land, on the part of those whom they considered as right-doers, were ready to exclaim against the admission through its portals of criminals, the soiled and stained from life's battle-field, the victims of untoward circumstances, who often suffered for the shortcomings of many others—those whom the world had banned and striven to trample under its feet—lest they should bring contamination into that holy place. In this connection the speaker called attention to the fact of how immaculate the world judged itself to be, and how ready people were to assign bad places to somebody else, and to claim the good ones for themselves. But when these protestants entered into the republic of souls they would find that in every department was an operant law; the soiled and stained did not immediately enter into a bright and radiant condition; a developing process was necessary in order to render them presentable; but just as soon as their aspirations took the right direction, and their desires were led into the right channel, just so soon, metaphorically speaking, the hand of God was thrust down into their darkness, they were placed in the light of higher conditions, and were taught that progress was the law of life for all mankind! Into the first, second or third (the highest) condition of this zonal life—according to their states of development at the time—spirits naturally gravitated at physical decease; the law of harmony was operant, and each condition was typical of the grade of being existent therein, which was not always the case on our planet. There were no inharmonious relations "over there," because they were all based upon that which was natural and right.

Beyond this zone was there any other condition of life or being? Yes—for though a long period of time would be required to exhaust the possibilities of this zone, that period would bear but a small relation to the almost inconceivable fact of eternity. The work of progressive unfoldment still went on, and hand in hand with it matched the eliminatory processes necessary to afford an opportunity for its manifestation. From the life of this zone, as it were, a subtle exhalation constantly went forth which in due course produced a second, which educated a third—which three constituted the zonal spiritual world pertaining to the planet earth. Humanity was constantly migrating from one stage or state to another, each one being an advance upon the last, but the whole being bound in harmonious relationship, in accordance with the law of the correlation of forces which was true in the spiritual as in the physical world.

But this third zone would be exhausted in time. What then? The same process of elimination would go on, the sublimated atoms contributing to the formation of a solar zone—the legitimate ultimate and fulfillment of the prophesied written in matter—and in the womb and ages yet to be, other spheres of spiritual life would arise,

pulsing with creative energy, nearing their circuit around the heart of God himself, and proclaiming "The hand that made us is divine!"

The question had frequently been triumphantly propounded to the speaker by those who thought they embodied in it a wonderful amount of penetration as to why, if these things had an objective existence, the human eye was not able to perceive this nearer zone, and mark its conditions. And to this query he replied that the atmosphere of earth, which pressed to a certain degree upon every portion of the human frame, the gases, the force of electricity, and many of the most important agents of life, though strictly material in their nature, were so sublimated as to be beyond the perception of the mortal eye. If that eye could not detect their presence in this world, how could it hope to take cognizance of that which was even more sublimated than they? The sun which shed its beams into space, did not send all his rays to this earth; there were other and intermediate conditions surrounding that sun which demanded their share, and the proportion of light which our earth received was that which was fitted to its needs—not more; the spiritual world stood between it and our earth, and absorbed just as much of the spiritual elements of that light as it required for itself, and transmitted the residue to this planet. Though mortals might be practically unaware of the existence of this spiritual world, because of the inability of the general senses to perceive it, there was, however, power in man which surpassed the range of the telescope or microscope—a sense in man which enabled him to grasp the unseen—clairvoyance, by which the spirit was enabled to rise superior to surrounding conditions, and reveal new glories to the race; and matched with the revelations of clairvoyance came the positive evidence offered in the same direction by Modern Spiritualism, the grandest gift which any age had ever received.

In ending his discourse the Controlling Intelligence returned his thanks to the friends who had given him their kind attention throughout his course of lectures, which had now drawn to its close. He had striven to do his best in the elucidation of the problems offered for consideration, and would take with him pleasant memories of the demonstrated appreciation which had followed his efforts. He then proceeded to answer some of the written queries offered by the audience. At the conclusion of this part of the exercises, Judge J. S. Ladd, of Cambridge, arose in the audience, and presented the following resolution, which was immediately and enthusiastically endorsed by the people:

Resolved, That the thanks of this assembly be presented to Mr. J. J. Morse and his spirit guides, for the series of very eloquent and philosophic discourses delivered by them to this society.

Mr. Morse, in response to this unanimous expression of gratitude, stated that he was glad that his beloved spirit guides were included in the Judge's resolution, for if they had not been, he (Mr. M.) would have moved an amendment to that effect. He desired to add a few words to express his sincere thanks for the resolution, and for the individual kindness by which his stay had been made so pleasant. His reception in Boston had perhaps been one of the greatest triumphs to which his public mediumship had attained in the course of a five years' experience of unusual success. After a fine song by the choir the meeting adjourned, many present improving the opportunity of bidding this popular lecturer a personal farewell.

**MATERIALIZATIONS AT THE MOTT SEANCES.**

KIRKSVILLE, Mo., Jan. 5th, 1875.

I enclose to the Banner a letter from my friend, Judge Frank Tilford, of Salt Lake City, who came to Memphis (Mo.) last month a skeptic in regard to our beautiful philosophy, but as an honest investigator, and went away, after attending four séances at Mr. Mott's, firm believer. His experience is valuable.

Yours truly, E. B. BREWINGTON.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Dec. 28th, 1874.

E. B. BREWINGTON, KIRKSVILLE, Mo.—Dear Sir: I visited Memphis, Mo., attended four séances at the residence of Mr. Mott, and, pursuant to promise, will now speak of what I saw, and the conclusion which I reached. My observations were made on the nights of the 14th, 16th, 17th and 18th insts. The first night the manifestations were not as distinct as I expected, and although they left on my mind the impression that they were superhuman, I did not then have a fixed conviction that they were of that character. On the night of the 16th the medium was handcuffed and fastened, and every precaution adopted to guard against fraud. The manifestations were more distinct and satisfactory than at the previous séance, and I was forced to the conclusion that I stood face to face with the spirits of the dead, heard their voices, and felt their touch. Thus three senses united in their evidence and pointed to the same conclusions. The last two séances confirmed these opinions.

In addition to the materializations, I had a communication written on a slate, held against the bottom of a chair, the little girl, daughter to Mr. Mott, holding one end of the slate, and I the other end. The communication was from a party who died at Salt Lake City last June under peculiar and very terrible circumstances, and referred to a conversation between the deceased and myself, in our last interview, just before his death. The slate manifestation admits of no controversy—and I defy philosophy, science or human ingenuity to explain what occurred upon any other hypothesis than that the spirit of the dead wrote what was written on the slate. Everything that took place on the nights of the 16th, 17th and 18th insts., you will find fully, and from my acquaintance with the writer, I can add, truthfully reported in the Chicago Times of the 26th of December—at least, I suppose it has been so published, not having seen the paper yet. I am glad that I went to Memphis, and I am delighted beyond measure at what I saw and heard there. I came away a happier, and, I trust, a wiser and better man. My mind now rests with entire confidence in the faith of the immortality of the soul.

I think that in sober earnestness we can now say, with St. Paul, "Oh Death, where is thy sting—oh Grave, where is thy victory!"

I am yours truly, F. TILFORD.

The individual is but the sum of his ancestors, with some slight and generally superficial modification; and it is true of all mankind, as of any particular race, that you have only to scratch the surface to discover the primeval savage.

The man that offered a chromo for every fish that will take the bait belongs in Gloucester.

**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 XII.****Doing Penance.**

In a quiet little hamlet of the Rhenish Alps two women and a baby live such secluded lives that they seem to themselves to belong to another world than that in which they have heretofore lived. Their home is humble, but healthy and comfortable. There are two rooms to the house, and a little garden without, which is carefully tended, and filled with such flowers as grow in that region. A couple of goats browse near, and a baby carriage of wicker work stands by the door. High mountains rear their great rough heads to the north of the cottage, while the little house itself looks down on mountains below. It is a long, steep, dreary road that leads to this refuge—no travelers care to ascend, and only mountaineers and herdsmen are content to live here. But years before this time two Italian refugees found a quiet home, far from the political violence which rent their own fair land. Isabella's father had often told her stories of his life here, and it was so woven into her childhood with fairy tales and lullaby songs that she had often resolved to visit it. Now it occurred to her as a safe place in the storm which had come to darken her life. She was fortunate enough to find the very house her father had lived in. She obtained it for a small sum, caused a few repairs to be made, and settled down, as she told Lisette, to live for her baby. She found a few old books which had been left by her father and his friend, and one kind peasant woman brought her a guitar which had once been owned by one of the two wanderers. Through Lisette's contrivance they managed to make life endurable. She sallied out at times, returning with little luxuries not found in the hamlet, such as white bread, a few oranges, worsteds and silks for embroidery, fine cloths for baby's wear. It was a quiet, peaceful life—no better could be asked for a young mother with a babe. The child thrived on the goat's milk, which supplied what its mother could not furnish, and became strong and rugged from being kept out of doors all day, and deprived of the thousand little delicacies which make the petted child of the city so effeminate. The mistress was thankful for this refuge, and grew cheerful and contented. Now and then the old joyous laugh would ring out as she played with her baby, much to the surprise of Lisette, who, though happy herself, never expected to hear that laugh again.

"Ay! Lisette, you look surprised to see me dancing with my baby-boy. Why girl, I can hardly understand it myself, for in truth one-half of my heart is dead, but then, here in this lonely spot I have had some reflections, and I will preach you a sermon. You do not like the discourse of the priest, perhaps you will listen to me."

"I will, my lady, with pleasure," said Lisette, folding her hands, and sitting demure as a nun at confession.

"Now you are ready I will begin," said the lady. "Once on a time I was a very wicked girl. God took my father from me, and I was angry with him because he did it. Yes, Lisette, I said God was not good, and I would hate him. It makes me shudder now to think how wicked I was. I would not look at papa's things, you remember, and would cry bitterly whenever you spoke of them. Had I read his letter, as I ought to have done, I should have listened to Mr. Jacobs, and not have been so angry with him because he wished me to defer my marriage. I was wilful, and would marry Richard Le Mark, not that I loved him as I ought, but because he made me believe that he loved my father, and that my father wished me to become his wife. Then, oh! then Lisette, when I found what my husband was, and that all Mr. Jacobs said about him was true, I got angry with myself, and let very evil thoughts dwell in my heart. The baby came and drove the evil spirit away for awhile, but when she died, ah, Lisette! when she died! then I was so wicked that I wonder God let me live. Revenge and hatred filled my heart. I shudder now as I recall the feeling that possessed me when I seized that polard. I was so glad that it was there—that you had told me how sharp it was, and how well fitted to do its deadly work. Yes, yes, Lisette, and I was not sorry when that work was done. No, for I felt that he had killed my baby, my own child! Yes, had he not sent me to the cotton field, and kept you there, when my brain was all afire with the fever, and I could not care for my child? And did he not, by his cruelty, murder my three servants, good faithful creatures, who would have served him well if they had known how to please him? I believed my wrongs were great, and I wanted to avenge them. I thought that it was not my duty to be patient any longer, and if it were, I could endure no more. Afterwards I did not regret what I had done. I was sorry only lest the world should

"Come, Lisette!" said her mistress cheerfully, "It is time for baby to take his evening ride. Will you come with us and milk the goat? I love to see my darling drink from his little cup." The mother and child played together on the soft grass, very short and tender grass it was, but it furnished the sweetest food to the goats and cows. Then the baby was taken in, and the mother sung its evening hymn till it went to sleep on her bosom. When evening came, the lamp was trimmed, and she wrought pretty clothing for her baby, or read aloud the few books which she owned. It was a lonely life, but the lady was grateful, and lay down at night, saying, "God's will be done." Our dear little Roso who seemed born to be a bright, joyous bird, lying only to be ministered unto, was passing through the fire, to come out like gold tried in the furnace. There was little of incident to vary the monotony of her life. She dressed almost in peasant costume, but she made that beautiful by her own loveliness. Now and then she went down among her humble neighbors, and sought out the women with babies, and on this subject their tongues talked fast, forgetting all distinctions in this great mother love.

In Isabella's intercourse with Auntie Phyllis, she had learned some wonderful remedies for croup and colic, and the little ails of babydom, and she delighted to impart her knowledge; and Lisette too, was wise in the healing art. They came at last to have a great reputation in the hamlet. Lisette often made herself merry as she held the baby, to see her mistress going down the steep road which led to the hamlet, in a gray gown, with her hands full of bottles and herbs. The mistress enjoyed it. Healing the ills of others brought healing to her own heart. All the young girls of the place loved her, and used to bring her flowers, and berries, and fresh eggs. She in turn taught them embroidery and lace work, and how to make their own gowns with more taste. In their simple weddings and funerals, she took a part. A bereaved mother always went to her for consolation, and if she could not give that, the poor mourner received what is next best, the sympathy of tears, and the words, "I have borne the burden, and know its weight."

Thus nearly a year passed. Once during that time Lisette ventured to leave her mistress and travel in disguise to England. One of the pe-

ant girls gladly consented to take her place while she was gone. This time Lisette traveled as a young Italian going to visit England. She spoke the language so fluently that no one could suspect her of being other than she professed, and her beauty drew many a smile and many a sigh, too, from fair young ladies on their travels. Good Mrs. Ramsey was somewhat shocked at the transformation and escapades of Lisette, and to please her fastidious taste, Lisette consented to array herself in one of Mrs. Ramsey's gowns before she saw the children or Mr. Morton. Davie was now sure that his lady teacher was found, but when told that she sent her love to him, and, in return for his magnolia which she praised highly, and also a beautiful bunch of mountain wild flowers, painted by herself, the boy was much moved.

"Oh, Lisette!" he said, "I shall die if I see her no more! and I never shall be an artist, because nobody cheers me as she did. Miss Eliza is very kind, but her father is like a child now, and needs her, though she would teach me if she could; and Mary is at Captain Melton's house almost all the time, and Bessie does not love pictures, only red and yellow flowers. Lisette saw that the boy had grown tall and thin, that his beautiful face was pale and his eyes large. A bright idea occurred to her. Could she not persuade his mother to let him go back with her. What company he would be for baby, and what a comfort o'er his mistress! The boy needed a change; the mountain air and goat's milk might make him rugged and strong. Lisette worked through Mr. Morton who would bring about anything that his wife wished, if it cost ten times the trouble that it did to get the boy from Mrs. Ramsey. Lisette preached patience to Mr. Morton, but she dared not tell him all that her mistress had related. No, no! Only do not try to see her, not even to learn where she is.—At the end of six months I will come again and bring another picture of the boy who grows sturdy and strong. Thank the good Lord and take courage!" Lisette added, "She would not write a word, nor even send a message to you, but all the time she cannot help hoping and loving. Oh, sir, she is not quite the same woman that she was, but more beautiful and good. She says, 'Lisette, you know there is another world where all the mistakes of our lives will be rectified, and loving souls mingle, with none to separate them.'"

"Lisette," said Morton, "it is only my deep love for her that helps me to obey her wishes. I would find her, if I searched Europe through, had she not said, 'For my sake do not try to see me!'—

"All the more will she love you for this, sir. It is a long road that has no turn. Let us remember that."

Lisette left England in the sedate dress of a tutor to an English boy. There were times when the girl trembled for herself. She knew well that Le Mark scrupled at no device to secure his ends; once on board an American vessel, she would be helpless. She was less anxious for herself than for her mistress. Love for her filled this girl's soul—as true and unselfish a soul as ever warmed a human body. Mr. Morton had told her that he had reason to believe that Le Mark was still in Europe, probably on the continent. Lisette's greatest fear was, that she might be recognized and followed to her home. She secured railroad tickets to one of the large towns on the Rhine, intending then to take steamer down the river as far as she could travel in this way. She acted her part as guide and tutor well, but strove to disguise her person as she would her face, which attracted the eyes of her fellow-passengers. She was aware of this, and regretted that her masculine attire prevented the addition of a veil. On the steamboat she could retire from the crowd to the seclusion of her own cabin. At the old city of Dusseldorf she found a steamer, and bought ticket to Strasbourg. As she stepped on board she placed Davie before her. There were groups of people at the landing, and two or three gentlemen on deck engaged in smoking, and looking at the passengers as they came on board. Lisette drew her cap over her eyes, as was customary with her now when meeting strangers. Unfortunately Davie, who had never seen a vessel or steamboat in his life, before this journey, was so absorbed in gazing at the strange scene before him, that he lost his balance and would have fallen, had not Lisette (otherwise Mons. Iceni) caught him by the arm. In doing this she was pressed by some traveler in the crowd behind her, and thus lost her cap. It was recovered almost immediately by one of the boat hands, but was so wet that it could not be worn at once. Now, though Lisette had sacrificed her hair to complete her disguise, the change, to an American eye, would not prevent recognition. Her hair had been long and wavy, and when bound in tresses about her head was a great ornament. Cut short and somewhat neglected, it gave to Lisette the look of her childhood. Her face was a fine oval, and her eyes—well, my pen fails to describe them! They were not as brilliant as those of her mistress, nor did they change, like hers, from grave to gay, now dancing and sparkling like gems in the sunshine, now drooping and sad, like deep purple violets wet with dew in the shadow of the woods. Lisette's eyes were large and dark, with a soft, sad look, as if the shadow of her mother's bondage had fallen on her soul—eyes that had less of hope than of resignation in them. This language of the eyes was more than half contradicted by the firm expression of the small mouth—the full, red lips that by their compression, spoke the language of daring soul. A physiognomist might find a riddle to read in that face, as perhaps he would in most of the faces of the mingled Saxon and African blood—the haughty Southron's fiery blood and the sluggish current of his enslaved hand-maiden.

The three gentlemen who sat smoking on the deck of the steamer, and who had nothing else to do, noticed this little accident of the cap, and were naturally attracted to the face of the owner. It was a face that, if one saw, he would like to see again. One gentleman held his cigar in hand, and said to his companion, "There! Ransom, you have been wanting a face for your picture. Prophetic eyes! look there! if there isn't a pair of eyes that see centuries ahead of the sorrows of the human race, then you will never find them!"

His companion looked: "You are right; not only the eyes, but the whole face is study. What right has a man to such a face as that? They should belong to a sybil of ancient Rome! I must sketch that face, if possible—watch and see where the young man goes, that I may get a chance, without annoying him."

As he spoke, the third gentleman, who till this minute had taken little notice of the passengers, started up with an oath—"It is she! There

never was another face like that! That man's dress is a disguise!"

"What is that you say, Le Mark? Have you, too, fallen in love with that face? Pity it is given to a man!"

"It is no man's face, that!" said Le Mark.

"What!" exclaimed both at once. "Do you know it, Le Mark? Have we some runaway damsel in disguise?"

"There may be material for your pen as well as for my pencil, Story," said Ransom.

Lisette, meanwhile, had gone to the clerk's office, received her state-room ticket, and disappeared. Le Mark's presence of mind returned. He was aware that he must move with great caution if he would learn his wife's retreat, which he now hoped to do. The two gentlemen at his side were Americans whom he had accidentally met in his travels. Were it possible to secure Lisette—who was his property, as he held—they would not aid him in regaining her were they in their own land and the girl across the border; they would point her to the north star, and give her food and money to help her follow that guide. He kept his own counsel, and worked in his own way. "I said, gentlemen, that I believed that face to be the face of a woman! Do you agree with me?"

"I say no man ought to own it, unless he is a Keats, or a Kirk White, and destined to die young, as those two half-men, half-women poets did," replied Story.

When Le Mark saw that the clerk's desk was clear, and very few persons in that part of the boat, he got access to the list of passengers, among whom he found "Mons. Iceni, travelling tutor to David Ramsey."

His lip curled as he muttered to himself:

"I cannot be mistaken; there is no other face like that. I should know it under any disguise."—Ay, ay! Richard Le Mark! did you know it by any other token? God grant that you were ignorant of Lisette's whole history, for there is left still some drops of honorable blood within you. Further still, we pray that the time may come when you will see yourself held back by fate from a terrible crime!"

He read again, "Mons. Iceni—destination, Strasbourg." "Patience," he said, "till then. If she eludes me after landing I shall think myself a fool."

Lisette, in happy unconsciousness of danger near, was in her own room, Davie with her. He was a careful child, and was endowed with the peculiar caution of his race. Lisette trusted him to go and look about the boat, giving him certain directions which he was sure to follow. He was gone a couple of hours. When he returned he had much to tell her; among other things that of a gentleman who had been very kind to him, and explained the machinery of the boat, "So that I think, Lisette, I can draw a boat, and mean to try this evening. The gentleman answered all my questions, and then he asked me some."

Now Davie had received instructions how to answer the questions of strangers. We will see how he obeyed.

"Where are you going, my boy?"  
"To Strasbourg, sir."

"Yes, almost all on the boat are going there; where do you travel then?"

"I do not know, sir. Just as my tutor desires."

"Your tutor is an Italian, I believe?"

"I suppose so. I do not know certainly, sir. My guardian provided him for me."

Your name, I see, is David Ramsey."

Le Mark believed that this was also a feigned name.

"Yes, sir, I am a Ramsey; my grandfather, was at the siege of Derry, sir," and the little fellow raised his head proudly, and waited to be asked to tell the story which he had so often heard his father tell. But the gentleman did not seem to care to hear about Derry, but turned the conversation upon the tutor again. Now Davie was a shrewd fellow, and knew very well that Lisette had good reason for her disguise, and that the less he said about her the better.

"What do you study, my boy?"

"I do not know yet, sir; my tutor will decide that. I leave all to him."

"Did you ever see Strasbourg?"

"No, sir; but I want to see the great cathedral very much."

"If you come to me when you land I will show you where to get the best view of that grand building."

"Thank you, sir. We will find you on the pier."

All this conversation was reported to Lisette, who was not even then alarmed, but danger had taught her to be wary as a hunted deer.

"You must show me this gentleman who has been so kind to you," she said to Davie.

The little fellow, boy-like, climbed up and looked out of the transom, or ventilator, over the door, then half open.

"I see him now! I see him, Lisette—no, Mons. Iceni, I will say, and never forget again."

Lisette took one peep out of the loophole herself, and beheld Le Mark sitting on a lounge almost opposite her own door! His position was such that he was sure to see any one who passed out or in that room! She dropped to the floor, and for a moment courage forsook her. Taking Davie almost roughly by the arm she said:

"Tell me again what that man said to you, every word, Davie. Go over it all again."

The boy was startled at her eagerness, but he was about at once, omitting no word. There was enough to rouse Lisette's suspicions.

"Davie, I know that man. He is a wicked, wicked creature! You mustn't speak to him again. My lady knows him, and would be sorry to see him speaking with you."

"Then I will never speak to him again. I will keep out of his sight—for her sake I will remember."

"For her sake! Ay, Davie, you speak well! Now let me think. I have a map of this route Get it Dave."

The boy produced a guide book.

"Ay! that is it. I will study it."

She was absorbed in her work for some minutes. Then folding it up she said, "You can go out again as evening comes on. If the gentleman comes to you be not rude, of course; it is not in your nature. Avoid him if possible. Should he ask you to meet him at Strasbourg, that he may show you the cathedral, thank him, and make the interview short."

Those were dreary hours which Lisette spent in her room. She was not so submissive to her fate as her mistress, but in her heart the longing for vengeance rose up strong, and would not be stilled. She clenched her hand tightly together, and glared at the closed door—the thin barrier between herself and her enemy—and longed to spring like a tiger upon its prey, and throttle him

to death. She could do it. She felt strong in purpose and life in limb. The gust of passion passed, and she sat upon the floor, with features calm but livid.

In the stillness and gathering twilight better feelings came. She grew calm as she thought of her mistress. Once the horrible thought came, perhaps she knew of her retreat. But that was impossible. After awhile Davie came. The gentleman had spoken to him merely to say that he would not fail to find him at Strasbourg. Night came on, the passengers retired to their berths; there was silence in the cabin and darkness, save a few dim lights—no sound but the regular dash of the wheel, and the puff of the escaping steam. Lisette, all dressed, with Davie at her side, and what little luggage they carried, waited for the blowing of the whistle which would give notice that they were near a landing place. It came; then followed the labored murmur of the boat as it neared the shore. There was a slight stir in the cabin—two men were to land. Lisette and Davie came out, and followed them. Another moment, and they stood on the quay of the quiet old German town, with the two men who had preceded them. Lisette and Davie hurried on. One of the gentlemen walked fast and overtook them. Lisette breathed hard. A bright light burned on the summit of a high lamp post, and as they passed under it the gentle man turned and looked full at Lisette. She met his gaze. It was not Le Mark. But who was the other? Lisette found a carriage, and was about to enter with Davie, when the two men passed the carriage. She saw their faces. Neither of the two was Le Mark. They were Story and Ransom wishing to get another glimpse of those eyes, and that fair, oval face. There was nothing rude in their movement, and Lisette, recalling her disguise, smiled as she saw them walk toward the city, and rejoiced that she could once more foil her persecutor.

[Continued in our next issue.]

## Banner Correspondence.

### Illinois.

JOLIET.—Theo. F. Price writes, Dec. 31st, as follows: It has been a considerable period since you received a communication from me, nevertheless, with my wife I have been incessantly laboring in the cause of reform. My present trip has been quite extensive, my first lecture having been given July 1st, at Wichita, Kansas. Since the beginning of our present tour, my wife and myself have disseminated the seeds of reform in many darkened localities. Omaha, Nebraska, was the western limit of our travels, at which point I was called upon to address the Liberal League, Capt. Paine president. Our labors have been generally confined to Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, the latter State having been the arena of our transactions during the past two months. Hammond, the revivalist, or as he delights to denominate himself, the "evangelist," was filling a three weeks' engagement at Galesburg at the time we passed through, and as is usual with him, he was raising the wind by haranguing a mass of people upon the streets. His preaching upon this occasion consisted of braggadocio accounts of the miraculous manner in which individuals had been converted by him and his friend Jesus. The latter personage was never in sight, but Hammond vociferously called upon the people to come to him. The "coming" seemed to consist of singing a batch of puerile nonsense from a book compiled by the revivalist. This Jesus not being visible, it was forced upon the comprehensions of the people that Mr. Hammond was that individual under a *nom de plume*. A wagon was used as the speaker's stand, and when Hammond, with his aids, stepped "down and out," your correspondent found himself climbing in. Having become pretty heavily charged with indignation while thus compelled to stand for so long a time while witnessing the efforts of the clergy to fasten their grapples in the minds of the vast assembly, my onslaught must have been somewhat analogous to the explosion of a bomb in the midst of the saintly shepherds. I bore my testimony in a vigorous manner against the pernicious character of the teachings of clerical charlatans, and the multitude testified their appreciation of my sentiments by loud and prolonged cheering. When "your infidel," as the clergy were pleased to denominate me, had ceased speaking, and once more stood upon the street, numbers gathered around, speaking in commendatory terms of the open rebuke which had on this occasion been given to the egotistical Hammond and his fawning friends. All men and women, with all their ideas perhaps, are well enough in their places, but this is not the place to advocate the doctrine of free love. I will now drop the subject, hoping I shall have no occasion to speak of it again, and pass to the subject of pleasant homes and happy fathers. All men and women, with all their ideas perhaps, are well enough in their places, but this is not the place to advocate the doctrine of free love. I will now drop the subject, hoping I shall have no occasion to speak of it again, and pass to the subject of pleasant homes and happy fathers.

As the revivalist had left an appointment on the street for another open-air meeting, I felt it my duty to be present at the appointed hour, and should an opportunity occur when the clergy ceased speaking, I would be prepared to reply. A large crowd was present on the occasion of the second meeting, and besides the local clergy Hammond had imported a "prize-fighter" from St. Louis, who followed him with an account of a miraculous conversion *a la St. Paul*, through Hammond's instrumentation. All the vehicles which might have served me for a speaker's stand had been bribed by the bigots to drive off; but one of the liberals, seeing the drift of matters, and being determined that I should have an opportunity to reply, immediately went to a livery stable and secured a very respectable open coach and two, in which I was invited to take a seat and abide my time. My appearance in the carriage, seated beside a prominent free thinker, was the signal for the clergy to renew their energies, and the singing and haranguing were kept up for full hour past noon. But I was very patient. The Christians were loudly called upon to return to their homes as soon as the clergy were through speaking, it being urged by them that the "infidel" back there in the carriage, was about to give them a talk on what he was pleased to term scientific religion, which they were assured, could point them in no other direction than that which was the shortest cut to hell.

Finally the patience of the clergy gave out, but if the Christians went home, there were plenty of sinners who remained, for, before I had finished my reply—which was loudly cheered—the assembly was fully three times as large as while Hammond and his aids were singing and praying.

The large Opera House had been secured by the churches for three weeks as a theatre for the performances of the "Revivalist," and the children were brought thither by their parents and turned into the body of the building, while the parents were placed around in the galleries. Three organs were engaged and placed on the stage, while the best musical talent of the several churches was engaged for a choir, and all things were made attractive as possible. Hammond would then take the stage, and rant and rave, telling startling and bloodthirsty stories until the poor little children, thus placed at his mercy, were frightened to the verge of insanity. They were told that there was not a sinless thought in their innocent young hearts; that every act of their lives was a sin, and that nothing could possibly save them from the hell which yawned before them but E. P. Hammond. When the innocents were sufficiently frightened, and many of them in tears, the clergy were told by their leader that now was the time for work, and the preachers accordingly distributed them-

selves among the children; and when the latter pitifully begged to be taken home, they were placed upon the platform and represented as under "conviction." No wonder that among the liberal-thinking people he has gained the name of "infant torturer." Shame, say upon a community who will thus sufer their children to be abused! He forbids his aids holding any discussion whatever with any one who is disposed to compare notes; but all are vociferously called upon to shut their eyes and "go it blind," His teachings, as well as his mode of procedure, are absolutely pernicious.

Col. Wagner had, previous to Hammond's coming, engaged the Opera House for an evening, to be used for one of his entertainments. He was telegraphed to, and asked if he would not give up his right to the house for the cause of Christ. The untrifled minstrel replied that he would give it up for two hundred and fifty dollars! There were but two public halls in the town, and the liberals raised a large sum of money to hire the unengaged hall, to be occupied by me for a course of lectures. The owner was an Episcopalian, who stated that no amount of money could hire his hall to be used by one who would oppose the Hammond movement; consequently we were forced to leave the city without lecturing in a hall, but I felt that I had done my duty as far as I was able, by openly opposing him on the street, and in literally driving him hence, for, after the second open-air meeting he failed to meet his appointment.

From Galesburg we went to Maquon, where I gave three lectures, which were well received; from there to Farmington, where I gave two lectures; then we went to Yates City, where I gave two lectures, and from there to Fairbury, where I lectured on "Revivals and their Influence;" from this point we came to Joliet, where we were received and entertained by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, the latter a well-known healer, clairvoyant and test-medium. Mrs. A. has secured a large and increasing practice here, and is meeting with signal success in all cases which she treats. I am to lecture here Sunday afternoon and evening, and from here we will go to the North Illinois Convention of Spiritualists, at

At 7 P.M. Dr. Farlfield offered the following preamble and resolution.

It has been declared that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and as investigation of institutions, and is the safeguard of the principles of human progress. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the sense of this Convention that all questions of practical utility, as affecting society, should be freely discussed in convention of the people, by the short discussion, we were adopted. After singling out a topic, Dr. Kimball spoke. Dr. Farlfield was then controlled by spirit T. T. Smith, who gave some good tests, caused by his friends in the audience, and then closed with a benediction.

The Convention was very harmonious, and all agreed that it was the best meeting they ever attended. Thus ended one of the most profitable Conventions ever held in Central New York. —FANNY M. WILLIAMS, Sec'y.

New Berlin, N.Y., Jan. 13th, 1875.

### An Important Work.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## THE DEAD INCARNATED.

THE PROOF OF MAN'S IMMORTALITY GIVEN AT CHITTENDEN, VERMONT—A WEEK AT THE HOME OF THE EDDYS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I propose to give your readers a plain account of my visit to the home of Horatio G. and William Eddy. Arriving at Rutland, Vt., the 8th of December, I found a Mr. Frost, the expressman, ready to convey me seven miles to the town of Chittenden, where the Eddys live, in a wild valley, among a farming people. We arrived at the house about five p.m. On our way Mr. Frost asked me if I had written them before hand, saying that many were refused admittance unless they had previously obtained a card of admission by letter. He said he took four persons up the day before and all were refused. This made me feel a little uncertain about my reception, for I had only a letter of introduction from a friend of the Eddys. But I presented my letter, and Mr. Frost said a kind word for me to Horatio Eddy who is the business man of the house. He retired to the kitchen with my letter—and soon came back, saying I could stop. It seems that these brothers consult their spiritual guides as to whom to admit.

Persons are admitted or rejected according to the magnetic condition which they bring, it being asserted that the magnetism of some persons, though strong Spiritualists, is so hostile to the success of the materializations that only failure will at present result from their introduction into the séance room.

If the spirits decide that any party is of this class of persons, no matter how much money he may offer, he is sent away.

I found the price of board, including séances every evening (Sundays excepted), was eight dollars per week. The house, a two-story framed one, was built one hundred years ago, and was purchased with the farm, by the father of the Eddys, some thirty-five years since, and has always been in the hands of the family. The mother was a Scotch seeress, having inherited the gift called "second sight," from her mother.

The sons are engaged in farming, though they do not personally work the land, having plenty of occupation in giving séances. Supper was served in the large kitchen to about twenty people.

I found William Eddy at work in the kitchen, and learned that he was head cook, doing the washing, baking, and superintending the whole culinary department, assisted by his sister Alice and sometimes by some of the lady guests.

Everything about the house was of the plainest character: no carpets, the furniture being the least that was necessary. The dress of the brothers was suitable for farm and house work.

At the table each helped himself, and all ceremony was laid aside. The food was plain,

though well prepared, showing that William Eddy was something of a cook. His bread was excellent.

At half-past six in the evening we were all invited to the séance room up stairs. This is a hall forty feet by eighteen feet, extending over the kitchen. There was nothing in the hall but some rude benches without backs and a half-dozen chairs, a stove and pipe, a parlor organ and a few pictures on the walls. At the further end of the hall was erected a platform about four feet wide and two and one-half feet high, which reached across that end of the hall. The edge of the platform was surrounded by a railing to prevent any one from stepping off, except at one end where was a step. One of those large, old-fashioned chimneys, which our ancestors loved to build, rose up through the middle of this platform. The chimney was two feet and six inches square. On the right of this chimney, as you stand facing it, is the famous cabinet. It is a closet made by partitioning off the space between the chimney and this side of the hall, making a cabinet seven feet long and two feet, three inches wide, inside measure. The closet floor is a part of the platform—a solid floor, no holes or trapdoors, and the walls and ceiling of the closet are lathed and plastered. There is one door opening into the hall adjacent to the chimney, and one small window for ventilation in summer time. This window has been covered by a strip of mosquito netting on the outside, and sealed in several places on the casings by Col. Olcott, of the New York Graphic, who spent six weeks there last fall, and is about to publish a book showing the genuine character of the materializations.

I examined the netting and seal and found them perfect; I made a thorough examination of the closet, and am certain that there is no place of entrance except through the door, which is in plain sight of the audience. There is not a hole big enough for a good-sized rat to get out of the closet except through the door. The chimney, which forms one end of the cabinet, is of solid brick and mortar, and carries off the smoke of the kitchen and hall stoves.

A man by the name of Edward Brown, who came to Chittenden a year ago to witness the manifestations, and stayed till he married one of the Eddy girls, has been appointed by the spirits to take charge of the circles, on the human side.

He seated us in a row across the hall, about ten feet from the edge of the platform. A Mrs. Jacobs, of New Orleans, who has been there some six weeks, a bright, keen observer, and one who told me she had every opportunity to test the genuineness of the materializations, and was absolutely convinced, went to the organ which stood on the stage, and began to play, while we all sung. Edward Brown turned down the light of the one kerosene lamp and set it in the back part of the room, behind an old cheese box. The light was that of a moonlight night in summer. William Eddy, the medium for the materializations, came up a minute before the light was turned down. He had on the same clothes he wore at supper: a thick, dark woolen shirt (no white shirt), a pair of well worn pants and vest, and an old sack coat, with the sides of the pockets torn and pieces of the coat hanging in tatters below the edge of the coat skirts, precisely as I had seen them in the kitchen. He had no hat on. He adjusted the army blanket which constituted the curtain over the doorway of the closet, saying in a modest manner "I am ready, Mr. Brown," and went into the cabinet, taking a seat in the one chair the cabinet contained. Mr. Edward Brown took his position a little behind us and said, "Let all in the front row join hands, sit quietly, and do not speak or whisper while the séance continues, unless asked to by the spirits." We joined hands, and sang some five minutes, when the army blanket was gently pushed aside, and out came a swarthy looking girl, with a white dress, and a black sash over her shoulder. She had black hair, which hung below her waist. She bowed to us, skipped about in moccasins, and appeared much delighted. She went to the organ and played a few notes, singing in a strange, high voice, making sounds without melody. She then danced a few moments, whispered something to Mrs. Jacobs, and then went into the closet. This was the Indian girl, Honto, as I learned. She appeared two other evenings while I was there.

An old lady, Mrs. Cleaveland, a near neighbor of the Eddys, sits on the platform usually, and sometimes stands up by the side of the spirits to let us compare heights. She stood beside Honto, and I saw that Honto was just about an inch taller than Mrs. Cleaveland. Honto's figure is slight, and she exhibited much agility in dancing. Mrs. Cleaveland's height is five feet three inches, and hence Honto was about five feet four inches. William Eddy's height is five feet eight and one-half inches, and he weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Col. Olcott weighed Honto, and reported her as weighing eighty-eight pounds at one time. During the evening some dozen personages came out of the cabinet, but as they mostly appeared on subsequent nights, I will omit a particular description till I come to the following séances. I should here state that three children were shown the first night, standing in the door of the cabinet. I saw but one, rather indistinctly, but others who sat directly

in front of the closet door, said they saw three. The one I saw was not over three feet high. It was indicated by raps that these children were relatives of a member of the circle, who was present only that night.

## THE SECOND SÉANCE.

This was held on the evening of December 9th. The first spirit to come out of the closet was called Wickkachee, who claims to have been an Indian chief. His dress was in the true Indian style: moccasins, leggings trimmed with beads, bead-work around his neck and across his breast; his hair was collected in a knot on his head. He was five feet and ten inches high, as nearly as I could see, when he stood under the stove-pipe, it being by actual measurement six feet from the floor of the platform. He motioned for Horatio Eddy to come up and stand on one end of the stage while Mrs. Cleveland stood on the other.

Wickkachee then danced in a very agile manner, throwing his toes some times almost into the face of Horatio (who is five feet and eleven inches high,) and causing Horatio to step back for fear of being hit. I could not see the Indian's features distinctly, but I could see plain enough to know that a very athletic man was before us, with a dark colored face and Indian dress. He made the floor jar as he danced, the same as any human being would. He remained before us five minutes or more.

In a moment or two after he left, Honto came out dressed this time in black, with white sash, just the opposite of her dress the previous evening. She had also her hair arranged on the back of her head, with a switch added, after the present fashion. She went to Mrs. Jacobs, the organist, to show it, seeming to be much pleased at her success in hair-dressing. Mrs. Jacobs had that day cut off her own hair, and Honto jokingly pretended that she had on Mrs. Jacobs' hair. After dancing about a few minutes, she went into the closet, having first made one of those pieces of cloth so wonderful to see, going up to Mrs. Jacobs' head and touching her, then retreating, and pulling the woven fabric right off of the hair of the old lady.

Following Honto's disappearance, came Santum, a tall Indian, who claims to have lived in the neighborhood of the Eddys over one hundred years ago. He was full six feet high, being just able to stand under the stove-pipe. He was straight as an arrow, rather slim, very dignified, walked about the stage, turned round to show his dress to all, bowed to Horatio, and went back into the closet. Santum and Honto are a part of the spirit-band who control at the Eddys.

The next to appear was the squaw of Wickkachee. She stepped out in a modest manner. She was dressed in such elegance that an involuntary murmur of wonder and admiration arose from us all. To my eyes she had on a rich dark dress covered with trimming that gave a phosphorescent glow, which was very beautiful to behold. Mrs. Jacobs, the organist, taking hold of the dress, pronounced it the richest silk velvet she ever saw, and said the illuminated trimming was composed of strings of pearls. The skirt turned round, and I saw the strings of pearls hanging in festoons all around her dress, the neck of which was lined with what Mrs. Jacobs called swan's down; it looked white and lustrous, and there was some kind of ornament in her hair which I did not make out. She walked backward and forward on the platform, leaning over the railing, showing her strings of pearls, which glowed with a mild radiance. I had a chance to measure her height another evening when she appeared again, and stood by the side of Mrs. Cleveland, and they were of the same height, five feet, three inches. She was also of rather spare form, and her shoulders were exquisitely rounded. Just before she appeared, the spirit-father of Edward Brown, (who it seems takes charge of the circle on the spirit side) spoke from the closet in the tones of a kindly man of seventy, saying "We are about to present to you the squaw of Wickkachee, the modest, gentle and lovely spirit, who will show you how glorious are the garments with which only good spirits can adorn themselves—those spirits who have progressed to her plane of development. Be as quiet as you can." In an instant this sweet and lovely spirit from the invisible world stood before us. She said nothing, but bowed a "yes" to Mr. Edward Brown when, he asked her if she was a member of the healing band to open a circle for healing the sick at Mr. Brown's new house.

On the departure of this beautiful squaw, her daughter, "Black Swan" appeared. She was dressed in black, with but little or no ornaments, but in good taste, so said Mrs. Jacobs, who was near her. Mrs. Cleveland stood beside her, and I found she was half a head shorter than Mrs. C., which would make Black Swan about five feet. She stayed out about a minute. She was quite slender, and could not have weighed over one hundred pounds. Then came out "Wanda," a short Indian brave, not over five feet six inches. He saluted a Mr. Phillips, who afterwards told me that Wanda was his spirit guide.

## AUNT SALLY.

No sooner had "Wanda" gone than we heard some one laughing in the closet. The voice was that of a woman, and amid her fits of laughter I could hear her say, "It's so funny, it's so funny I can't help laughing." Then the deep, venerable voice of spirit Brown was heard, saying, "Try not to laugh, be as quiet as possible, and you will do well." Then Sally remarked, (for the old members said it was Aunt Sally coming,) "If you'll help me, Mr. Brown, I'll try not to laugh, but, O Lordy, it's so funny" and she began to laugh again. Presently out came a very dark-faced, square-looking woman, with black dress. Horatio greeted her as Aunt Sally. (Mrs. Jacobs informed me after the circle that Aunt Sally was one of her former servants in New Orleans.) Aunt Sally motioned for a pipe, which Horatio lighted and handed to her, also a tambourine. Mrs. Jacobs struck up a lively tune on the organ, and Aunt Sally began to dance in a vigorous negro style. She threw up her arms, rattled the tambourine, smoked her pipe, danced rapidly, and at last burst out singing, letting her pipe fall. The scene was very like the kind witnessed in the South, and provoked laughter from all the lookers on. In about five minutes Aunt Sally went back to the closet, and we heard her say, with a chuckle, "This nigger ain't dead yet."

Next came Hocopontum, a large fine-looking Indian, about five feet eleven inches high. He was dressed with moccasins, leggings, with fringes, with elaborate head work over his breast and around his neck. He stood still, with noble mien, waiting to be recognized. Each one asked "Is it for me?" till Mr. H. H. Moody, of Greenfield, Mass., spoke, when the Indian signified by three taps of his fingers on the wall, that he came for Moody. Said Moody, "Is it Hocopontum?" Three taps—yes. Before Mr. Moody left Greenfield this same spirit informed him through a medium, that he should go with Moody to the Eddys, and would, if possible, show himself materialized. He came out four or five times to Mr. Moody, and saluted him while there.

The next to appear was "Abu-wahoo," an Indian control of Mrs. Jacobs, who saluted this lady, and shook hands with her. He was a bald-headed Indian.

He came a new spirit, who affirmed, by finger taps, that he was William S. Booth, of Mount Morris, N. Y., and came for the purpose of being recognized by his wife, Mrs. Booth and daughter, who sat in the circle. The spirit husband and the mortal wife and child saluted each other affectionately, then the father went behind the curtain.

Mr. Thomas Frost then came out, fully materialized, and was greeted by his son present from Charleston, N. II.

Then came a slight, fair-looking girl just outside the closet door, and tapped a "yes" when Mr. Moody asked if it was Mary Tyler, daughter of M. H. Tyler, of Greenfield. She wanted to be remembered to her father and mother. Mary Tyler appeared several times, and seemed much pleased.

Lastly the spirit Brown fully materialized in the door of the cabinet, his face seen in the extreme upper left corner, and his shoulders stooping, for he was very tall, and said in a plain, audible voice, with deep measured tone: "Some ask what is the use of these materializations?

Is it of no use to know that the soul is immortal? Edward (addressing his son, who stood behind us,) impress upon the members of the circle the importance of not whispering or moving. It greatly mars the conditions. The dance of Wickkachee this evening was cut short by the whispering of a lady. The people should not change the position of their heads when children appear. We have done all we can to-night. We thank you for your attention, and wish you good-night."

In less than half a minute from the time spirit Brown stood materialized before us, talking, William Eddy came out, looking as though he had been asleep, rubbing his eyes, and with an air of weariness. He went at once down to the kitchen, and sat a few minutes, then he finished some preparations for breakfast and went to bed.

## HORATIO'S DARK CIRCLE.

In the meantime Horatio said he would give one of his dark circles. We all sat down on the front bench, Horatio sitting in a chair about four feet in front of us. Mr. Moody, of Greenfield, tied Horatio's hands behind his chair, and to the chair back. The table, containing a lot of musical instruments, stood about three feet to the right of Horatio. There were several bells, a tambourine, guitar, violin and bow, two concertinas, harmonicas, an accordion, and a speaking trumpet. All joined hands, the light was put out and total darkness covered us; we must now depend upon our senses of hearing and feeling.

Instantly the voice of a spirit called George Dix said "Good evening, friends," in a kind of forced voice, as if it was very hard work to articulate. "I now introduce you to our hand of spirits—Mayflower, Rosebird, Honto, Santum, and a number of others. We will now give the Storm at Sea."

We could hear the violin as it was being tuned, and Dix said he would put the guitar in order. Soon there broke upon our ears the lonesome whistling of the wind through the rigging, the dash of the waves against the ship's side, the roar of the storm as it grew fiercer, the creaking rigging, the snapping of the ropes, the shout of Dix calling to the sailors, and above all the weird and frightful howling of the wind, as the storm reached its highest pitch. Then we heard the rattling of chains as the ship lurched from side to side. The bells rung, and in some way, on the violin or guitar, the spirits produced a most mournful howling of the wind.

This minute storm lasted about ten minutes, then all was still. Then the high keyed voice of Mayflower was heard saying she was going to play on the concerto. She played a familiar air, while some other spirit accompanied her with the guitar, the latter instrument sailing around over our heads, at times nearly to the ceiling, as we could distinguish by the sounds. Mayflower then sang some verses, after which all the spirits seemed to join in a chorus, as nearly every instrument was going at once, bells, tambourine, violin, guitar, harmonicas, &c.

It was a discordant din, bat it demonstrated the impossibility of its being done by Horatio, as it must have taken four or five persons to have kept the instruments playing.

Then Mayflower spoke to a gentleman sitting next to me, and said "I like you, Mr. Frost."

Mr. Frost replied, "I am glad you do; I wish you would kiss me." "I will," said Mayflower. "I do n't care if you all laugh at me!" and pushing up the guitar on the floor till it touched my feet, she said again, "I will kiss you if it kills me," and I heard a good smack. Mr. Frost afterwards said that the kiss was as palpable and hearty as any he ever had in his life, and so pleased was he that he could not help exclaiming, after the circle, "I have been kissed by an angel, and it is heaven to me!" He said he did not sleep much that night, thinking about Mayflower and her sweet kiss.

After Mayflower had finished this graceful action, Horatio, in an unnatural voice, being entranced, said, "Light a light, and let Mr. Frost sit in my lap and hold on to the hands of my medium and see that he (Horatio) does not stir or speak." We all said, Mr. Frost placed in Horatio's lap, while Mrs. Jacobs sat in front of both. What happened for the next twenty minutes Mr. Frost said he knew did not proceed from Horatio.

While Horatio was thus held and confined by Mr. Frost, Dix took the speaking-trumpet and said through it, if we had any scientific questions to ask he would try to answer them. We asked, "How do spirits materialize?" Dix said, "You will show me next one who has not before appeared to you—a young Indian brave." He stepped out and we saw a short, stout-looking Indian, about five feet four inches high, well dressed. He had feathers sticking out of his hair, a bow and arrows, and looked prepared for a hunt. He walked about the stage, going close to Mrs. Jacobs, then back to the closet. Then followed Wanda. Santum and spirit Brown closed the séance by saying, "We are disappointed to-night; we had intended to present you a number of ancient spirits; we had prepared the battery for them this morning, but some one of you in the form has been into the closet to-day and destroyed the battery and broke the conditions, and left so much bad magnetism that it spoiled our plans. As the ancient spirits could not present themselves to-night, we have formed a battery with our regular band of spirits, and have, with difficulty, given you what we could. It is very important for the success of these materializations that you do not go into the cabinet and step round on the floor, for you often leave so much magnetism which is so inharmonious with that we use, that it takes us a long time to get it out and restore the conditions so we can manifest. There is no objection to your looking into the cabinet, but do not stay there, nor handle the walls."

These laws of materialization require very delicate conditions, and what seems to you a life-like thing, is sometimes a great hindrance to us. After we had made everything ready this evening, though with some delay, the power was so strong that I could have materialized myself and walked among you in almost broad daylight; but I am not working for myself merely to gratify my own wishes, but we are working for humanity!

There were several ancient spirits who wished to materialize to-night, that they might show themselves to the two gentlemen sitting in that corner (meaning Mr. Dennis and Mr. Wheat), but their plans were frustrated, and the magnetic battery they had formed having been destroyed by the entrance of some one into the closet, who brought a very inharmonious magnetism.

I had gone up in the morning with a visitor who had attended but one séance, and was to leave that day. The visitor went into the cabinet and examined it carefully a couple of minutes. Probably his stay in the cabinet was the cause of the disturbance, as I did not go in that morning.

Soon as spirit Brown had finished speaking, in plain sight of us, out came William Eddy, with the same clothes on as usual, and looking sleepy and tired.

I saw while there. He is purported to have said, through a medium, that he lived in Egypt about eight thousand years ago.

A spirit who indicated that he was a Turk was the second to appear. He was quite short, not more than five feet six inches (and I think still less,) but his shoulders were broad. He wore a turban, and a kind of loose, dark mantle or cloak, which hung nearly down to his knees. He had on white pants. On his breast was something white, which gave the same phosphoric glow as did the head-dress of the Egyptian. On this glowing white breastplate were strange characters. Mrs. Jacobs went up to the spirit and examined them. She said there were marks and dots, and they reminded her of Arabic characters. She could not decipher them, nor could any one present. The Turk turned round so all could see his breastplate, and the sheen of it exceeded that of the finest linen. He indicated by raps that he belonged to Mr. Wheat's band of spirits; then in a moment returned to the closet.

I ought to have remarked that the Turk had very pale skin, and his hands were like rich black velvet to the eyes of Mrs. Jacobs.

Next came a Cirellian, but I observed nothing of special mark. He also belonged to Wheat's band of spirits. I should think he was about five feet eight inches high.

The fourth was another Egyptian, dressed elegantly, and with pointed shoes. He was about five feet ten inches tall, and belonged to Wheat's band. He slowly walked along the platform, turning round to show his elegant dress, and then slowly went back.

Santon came out next, the six foot Indian mentioned before. He saluted the circle and retired.

Then came Wanda, and then Hocopontum again, both dressed much as on the previous evening. William Brown, the spirit, then stood in the door, and bid us all good night, saying they had done all they could, and had used up the power for that night.

The séance lasted about forty-five minutes.

## FRIDAY NIGHT SÉANCE.

Wickkachee came out first, danced, and shook hands with one of the circle, a Mr. Dennis, of Oneida, N. Y., who was called up to the railing by Santum. I subsequently asked Dennis how Santum's hand felt. Dennis said it felt moderately warm, and full of strength.



**Presentation at the Boston Spiritualists' Union.**

The services at the session of the Union, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 31st, were varied, and of much interest. Music (instrumental and vocal) was furnished by Misses Nellie M. King and Cora Hastings, and remarks were offered by Dr. H. B. Storer, entranced, (a condensed report of which speech we shall give in our next issue) on the Committee's question, viz., "What are the best Methods of Spiritual Culture or Unfoldment in this Life?"

At the conclusion of the trance address, H. S. Williams, President, introduced C. M. Plumb, the Vice-President, who proceeded to present to Dr. Storer, in behalf of many friends, a valuable gold watch, together with the following kindly words:

"DR. STORER—A few of your friends have imposed upon me the pleasant task of presenting you a slight testimonial of their appreciation of your worth as a man, your faithfulness as a physician, your activity and devotion as a Spiritualist, and your usefulness as a medium."

In behalf of these, and many more, I desire to thank you for your conversations in this hall. Be assured we value not only the character of your work, but your loyalty to the spirit friends who have chosen through your lips to offer us words of counsel.

I know the gift of mediumship is not a rose without thorns. The very organization which confers this boon of inter-communion carries its burden of sensitiveness, its moods and periods of doubt, which render the medium's path a trying one, in addition to the widely-felt contempt for mediums as a class, which, happily, the world is fast outgrowing.

Let this gift, and the spirit which prompted it, speak to you in every hour of doubt or despondency. May it tell you that as surely as time flies a better day is coming; and that all we need to do is to sweeten, beautify and glorify this existence is to keep fresh and alive our faith in the hereafter, and in all those blessed influences which are showered upon us by the ever hopeful, ever faithful of the angel world."

This watch—a little companion, silent, sleepless, true—is perhaps as fitting a symbol as your friends could have chosen of that tireless, unswerving fidelity which characterizes the guardianship of our spirit friends. It is an honest token, from loyal hearts, typifying a devotion which I know you value beyond life itself.

Mark Twain somewhere tells us of a Mississippi River pilot who, having delivered a fearful volley of profanity, was empty. "You could have drawn a seine through his system and not caught curses enough to disturb your mother with." Believe me, Dr. Storer, the seine a few ladies have hurriedly drawn has caught not one unkind wish or thought, and by no means exhausted the hearty good will felt for you by the Spiritualists of Boston."

H. S. Williams also presented to the Doctor, as a tribute of respect from the Boston Spiritualist Union, an envelope—intimating that the "where-withal" to purchase a chain for the watch would be found therein—and accompanied the act with the best wishes for his future usefulness.

To these expressions of friendly regard Dr. Storer replied eloquently and appropriately, and remarks were offered in unison with the happy feeling which characterized the occasion by Messrs. John Wetherbee, H. S. Williams, and J. J. Morse, the latter gentleman presenting to the Union a finely framed photographic likeness of himself as a remembrance when he should return to his native land, which picture was accepted with thanks. Hattie Wilson being called upon made congratulatory remarks while entranced. Mr. R. Cooper, Mr. Morse and Dr. Storer were elected as honorary members of the society, and the meeting adjourned with the singing of "Nearer, my God, to thee."

The unprecedented pressure of matter on our columns prevents the giving of anything more than this meagre outline of the proceedings, but the occasion was a pleasant one, and will long live in the remembrance of all who attended.

**Surprise Party at the Spiritualists' Home.**

A large number of ladies and gentlemen, friends of Mrs. N. J. Morse (formerly Andrews) and her husband, assembled at her residence, 46 Beach street, Boston, as a surprise party, under the leadership of Miss Cannell, on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 28th. The object of the convocation was to express to Mrs. Morse the high appreciation in which her mediumistic labors were held by the Spiritualists of Boston. Speeches were made by Messrs. J. J. Morse and Robert Cooper, of England, Drs. H. B. Storer and A. H. Richardson, Miss Lizzie Doten, W. L. Jack, M. D., Mrs. Hattie Wilson, the host and hostess, and others, and instrumental music was furnished by Mrs. H. E. Allen, Miss Nellie M. King and Miss Friend. The exercises closed with dancing.

**The "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists."**

Listened to the closing lecture by J. J. Morse, of England, on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 31st, at Beethoven Hall, Boston. A condensed report of the discourse will be found on our first page.

Stephen G. Dodge, Esq., of Memphis, Tenn., will occupy the platform at Beethoven Hall Sunday afternoon, Feb. 7th. In his remarks he will endeavor to extend the doctrine of the correlation of force throughout the universe of Matter and Spirit, and to harmonize all systems of philosophy on the basis of universal truth, of which one postulate is the Infinite unity. Such a lecture cannot fail of being appreciated by the thinking minds in this community.

**Spirit Materialization.**

We are informed by parties present, that Mrs. Hardy held one of her materialization séances Tuesday afternoon, in order to give our English friends, Messrs. Morse and Cooper, an opportunity to witness this particular phase of the phenomena through her mediumship. The success on this occasion, we understand, was most satisfactory to all present. Hands of adults, (black, white and mulatto,) and of babes and children, were seen and freely grasped. It would seem that these manifestations are increasing in power and variety, in the same ratio that the medium is persecuted and opposed.

Warren Sumner Barlow's admirable book "The Voices," though it has been enlarged some thirty-six pages, all new matter, and is illustrated with a fine steel (stippled plate) engraving of the author, is sold for the same price as heretofore, and should receive wide circulation. The poetry of which it is composed proposes rather to strike home at existing evils than to loiter along the shady groves that skirt the Parnassus, and as there is plenty of need of such a volume among creed-harnessed mankind we hope the friends of liberal thought will see that the book is scattered broadcast over the land. For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"*Ecce Responsa*," by John Wetherbee, in our next. His correspondents will please take notice.

**The Practice of Medicine by Clairvoyants.**

This subject having agitated the public mind considerably of late, a correspondent desirous of ascertaining what "the spirit-doctors" might have to say concerning it, appealed to one at our public free circle meeting, Thursday afternoon, Jan. 28th. The question and response will be found below:

Q.—The December number of the New York Medical Mirror, speaking of the new law with reference to the examination of clairvoyants practicing medicine in that Commonwealth, makes the following statement:

"It appears to us there never was a time when the spirits could prove their existence so well as at present. The so-called clairvoyants and mediums have the right to appear before any of the medical societies in the State and be examined for a license to practice medicine. Now, how easy it would be for the spirits, who enable them to diagnose and treat disease, to tell them the answers to questions given at examinations. Then they could obtain certificates conferring on them the legal authority to practice medicine as they saw fit. \* \* \* If the spirit of a departed physician can tell an ignorant man or woman all about a complicated disease in a patient presenting himself for treatment, and then indicate the exact remedies that will cure the disease, as is claimed, certainly the same spirit could impart to the medium the answers to any questions asked by a board of examiners."

Will the Controlling Intelligence please inform one who really desires information, and not from any idle curiosity, why the spirit physician can not, through his medium, answer the questions referred to?

Ans.—The answers to these questions involve arbitrary ideas, like the giving of names, and are quite as hard to be impressed upon the brain of the sensitive subject as are names, dates, and all those various tests that humanity in seeking spiritual wisdom asks for; and yet, these clairvoyants, every one of them, should be subjected to just that kind of test, for that will force their medical guides to seek out some way by which these arbitrary conditions may be overruled and the requisite answers may be forthcoming. I say, it should be done; and, however hard the pressure may come upon the clairvoyant, it should be done. The masses are calling loudly for it. They have a right to call for it, and the few have no right to expect that unless they can pass through the fire without being burned they will not suffer.

**Dedication of the Paine Memorial in Boston.**

This beautiful architectural tribute to the memory of the "Author-Hero" of the revolution, was dedicated to free thought and free speech on Friday, Jan. 20th, which was the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of his birthday. The building was thrown open during the day, and received many encomiums from those who visited it, and the services at Investigator Hall, under the presidency of Brother J. P. Mendum, the earnest and fearless apostle of untrammeled reason, were attended by large and enthusiastic audiences.

The morning services consisted of speeches by Horace Seaver, Esq., Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mr. F. C. Birtles, of Rhode Island, G. L. Henderson, of New York, Mrs. Prudence Worcester, of Hudson—she was ninety years of age, and was introduced as perhaps the only surviving member of Abner Kneeland's Society of Free Inquirers, which met in Boston some forty years ago—and others.

In the afternoon the singing of an original hymn written by Mr. Birtles, the reading, by Mr. Seaver, of a poem composed for the occasion by John Alberger, of Baltimore, and remarks by Miss Susan H. Wixson, of Fall River, Moses Hall, John Verity, Anthony Higgins, Jr., J. J. Morse, of England, (the Spiritualist trance speaker,) Dr. H. B. Storer, Prof. J. H. W. Toohey, Mr. Mendum and others, filled out the time.

In the evening B. F. Underwood and Francis E. Abbott gave stirring addresses, and Mr. Barker, of California, paid a deserved tribute to the generous donations of James Lick, the noted Liberal, who has given millions to the cause of science and humanity. The exercises closed with a grand ball after the speeches.

"The singing," says the Investigator, "was performed by the audience under the leadership of our Spiritual friend, Mr. Frank W. Jones, who very kindly volunteered his valuable aid, was remarkably well done, and universally satisfactory—being executed, as he desired it should be, with the spirit and with the understanding also."

The occasion was indeed—as remarks our liberal neighbor—an anniversary long to be remembered, and one which offers a cheering omen of future progress for the cause of free inquiry.

**ILLNESS OF A LECTURER.**—The many friends of Mr. Lewis F. Cummings, of Richmond, Ill., will regret to learn that his health has been so poor for nearly a year that he has not lectured since last July, and there is no prospect of his being able to do so in the immediate future; so writes Mrs. C.

Read the interesting review of Dr. E. Crowell's new book "THE IDENTITY OF PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM," from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, Esq., which will be found on our second page.

Dr. B. Franklin Clark, Chairman of the meeting at Lurline Hall, Boston, last Sunday morning, states that Mr. Ripley gave satisfactory tests to fifteen different persons in about twice as many minutes.

We have received the Secretary's report of the New York State Spiritualist Association, recently held at Buffalo.

Wanted, to complete our files, the following numbers of the Banner: Nos. 1, 2, and 5, of Vol. I; No. 26, of Vol. XX.

The BANNER OF LIGHT, whose prospectus appears in another column, is an advocate of Spiritualism, because its publishers believe that the world may be made better by setting forth the truths thereof as they can ascertain them. They do not go off to pick up every side question which reformers who advocate Spiritualism endeavor to fasten on it, but keep along giving such facts as are well attested, and not attempting to defend any wrong doings of mediums. Those willing to read and investigate on the subject of Spiritualism will do well to read the Banner, which is published by Colby & Rich, Boston, at \$3 per annum.—*The Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel*.

**"God's Poor" Fund.**

Since our last report in the Banner we have received \$4.22 in aid of the suffering poor:

From Howard Dunbar.....\$1.00

From a donor from spirit-life.....\$5.00

D. H. P. ....\$1.00

Received at the Banner Circle.....\$2.42

**Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.**

**Bethesda Hall.**—The Musical Hall Society of Bethesda, has secured the above-named room and elegant hall, 43 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street, for its eighth annual course of Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, from 1 to 3 p.m., Admissions 10 cents, Extra reserved seats, 15 cents. Address, 100 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Tammie, will lecture Feb. 7, W. S. Bell, late Universalist Pastor, New Bedford, Feb. 14; Edward S. Strickland, formerly Baptist Minister, Feb. 21; N. Frank White, March 4.

Singling by a first-class quartette. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured at the regular price of \$3 and \$5, according to location on the lower, front, and rear rows, around the balcony, and boxes. Box office, 100 Tremont Street, Tremont and Tremont, 7th Street, Boston, Mass. Box office, 100 Tremont Street, Tremont and Tremont, 7th Street, Boston, Mass.

**John A. Andrew Hall.**—Free Meetings.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 25 and 75 p.m., in the audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spirituality. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited.

**Rochester Hall.**—35 Washington street.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in John A. Andrew Hall, will now meet in Rochester Hall (formerly Fraternity), 351 Washington street, between State and Tremont, and continue there every Sunday afternoon and evening, 25 and 75 p.m. The public are cordially invited. H. S. Williams, President.

**The Ladies' All-Swift Hall.**—will further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, 25 and 75 p.m. Mrs. C. C. Hayward, President; M. M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

**Spiritual Meetings at Lurline Hall.**—351 Washington street, at 10 a.m., 25 and 75 p.m. Good mediums and speakers will be present at each meeting.

**Public Meeting at Tamper's Hall.**—280 Washington street, at 10 a.m., every Sunday. All mediums will be present.

**Harmony Hall.**—180 Boylston street.—Public Free Classes are held in this hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by good test mediums. All are invited to attend. Lectures every Sunday at 3 and 7 p.m.

**BOSTON.**—Rochester Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 met at this hall on the morning of Jan. 21st. After the usual Silver-Chair recitations and march, the question before the Lyceum, Jan. 21st was repeated: "Is the Children's Progressive Lyceum any improvement on the ordinary Sunday School?" This was answered by members of the Lyceum as a dialogue; after which followed in due course a song by Mrs. Cora Stone; declamations by Elmer Smith, Frank Baker, Mabel Edison, H. B. Johnson; reading by Mrs. Stone, Ellen Kittredge; and remarks by Mr. J. Morse, of London, England; also by Mrs. Aggie Davis, Hall of Cambridge.

**W. A. WILLIAMS, Cor. Secy.**

**John A. Andrew Hall.**—Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd delivered two interesting discourses before the Spiritualist Free Meetings at this place, on Sunday, Jan. 21st, afternoon and evening. She also answered questions which were presented by those attending. Good singing by the choir.

**Palmer Memorial Hall.**—The meeting formerly known in this city as "The People's Spiritual Meeting" will be resumed next Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 7th, in Palmer Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the highly gifted inspirational speaker, will occupy the platform both afternoon and evening. Mrs. Townsend comes to us well recommended as a spiritual lecturer, and it is source of gratification that the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will have the pleasure of again listening to her as they have done in former years.

**F. W. JONES, Chartist.**

**Lurline Hall.**—We are informed that arrangements have been made whereby a test and musical circle will be held each Sunday evening at this place, the mediums being held at the eleventh held at this hall, to parties who were unacquainted with him.

**Mr. Ripley and Mrs. Youngs.**

On the morning of Sunday, Jan. 31st, eighteen acknowledged tests of spirit-identity were given, through Mr. Ripley, at the circle held at this hall, to parties who were unacquainted with him.

**Mr. Ripley is engaged for a test séance at Plymouth, Mass., the last of February.** Those desiring his services as a test, business or medical medium will find him at 20 Waltham street, Charlestown District.

**CHARLES H. FOSTER.**—No. 12 West 24th street, New York.

**SEALD LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT.**

39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered.

**F. W. JONES.**

**HENRY SLADE,** Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York.

**MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT,** Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Joralemon st., cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4.

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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

J. H. CONANT,

white in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of the spirit-life, and are therefore entitled for good or evil. But those who have the earth-sphere in an elevated state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit, unless it contains that does not comport with his own 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 is open at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the services, except in case of absolute necessity. Under such circumstances the party should notify the Chairman, who will furnish a key to the door after the conclusion of the service. One reason for this will be obvious to every reflective mind. Disturbing influences produce inharmony, and this our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these meetings are free, we have no visitors who will remain conforming to the particular.

The questions answered at these Stances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent to my correspondents.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors at her residence on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P.M. She gives no private sittings.

SEALED LETTERS.—Visitors have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by spirits. First write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit platform; then close the letter; then write your name on the envelope, seal it, and write your address on the outside. At the close of the sances the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questioners should not place letters for answer upon the electric table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

## Invocation.

Oh Sacred Presence, oh Divine Life, baptize us, the living and the dead, with thine own pure baptism of strength, which shall bring wisdom, love and purity to our souls. Armed with this unity, we may go among thy sons and thy daughters, speaking words of peace, driving back the shadows, and showing those who sit in darkness and doubt, that thou art near, and thy loving kindness is never absent from them. And leave us not in temptation, but deliver us from all evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, to-day and forever. Amen.

Nov. 2.

## Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman; if you have any questions that I can answer I shall be glad to do so:

ROBES.—In last week's Banner—in Judge Carter's report of the proceedings of the "Select Circle," held in the parlors of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, New York City, I find the following correspondence:

"To ALEXANDER KIMMONT.—Is re-incarnation, as taught to the French Spiritualists, a fact?"

A. G. W. CARTER."

To which was this answer, in usual form and manner:

"DEAR CARTER.—I have not been able to see anything since coming here that convinces me that such is a fact. My experience thus far convinces me there exists nothing of that nature."

ALEX. KIMMONT."

This is a plain and modest answer of this somewhat vexed question, from a spirit who has been an inhabitant of the Summer Land now thirty-six years, according to our measurement of time. And I must here beg leave to observe that in all the late experience I have had with spirits and Spiritualism of my own, the doctrine of re-incarnation has been uniformly denied. I know the strong arguments for and against it. I wish we could get at the truth, and the fact. The array of spirits, who communicate through the Banner, favor and pronounce the doctrine true; while so many other good and wise spirits deny it over and over. To believe the doctrine or disbelieve it, will not hurt much, but for my part, when I once get rid of this earth I surely never, never want to come back to it, or any other material planet."—A. G. W. Carter.

As the question of re-incarnation is a highly interesting one, and as there is diversity of opinion upon this mooted subject, both in the mundane and supra-mundane spheres of life, your correspondent is anxious for a somewhat more definite exposition of it from your standpoint, especially as the Judge's spirit-friends uniformly ignore the doctrine. Give us something specific, if possible.

## A BELIEVER IN RE-INCARNATION.

ANS.—The old adage again proves itself true in this sense, that "like attracts like." The Judge don't believe in the doctrine of re-incarnation, neither do the intelligences from the spirit-land that he attracts to himself—that communicate with him. That is perfectly natural. Now, to my mind, everything in God's wondrous volume of Nature proves its truth, from the smallest atom floating in the sunbeam to the human form and the spirit incarnate in that form. It would be not only monstrous but very silly to suppose that an intelligence—called a spirit—could by any possibility gather to itself a sufficient amount of intelligence concerning matter and its laws, so far as earth's laws are concerned, in one physical life, in thirty, seventy, or a hundred years. It could not be done. It is a known fact to all scientific minds in the spirit-world, that before the spirit can attain its majority, and come forth a fully rounded, harmonic spirit, fitted for celestial life, it must gather to itself certain twenty-five elements, through which to act, upon which to play its perfect song of life. These elements cannot be gained in one or perhaps a dozen lives with some souls. What then? Are they to be swept into oblivion because no provision has been made for them? You might well cry out against the injustice of God, if such were the case. Happily, it is not. Happily, the law of re-incarnation sets in for their benefit, and whether they will or no, they are made recipients of its bounty. Your correspondent was not questioned, doubtless, concerning whether he would be born into this world or no as he was. Oh, no! he was not consulted in the matter at all, nor will he be, if it becomes his good fortune to return again to this or some other earth. The law works accurately and without special intelligent reference to the atoms upon which it works.

I say, or said, in the beginning of my remarks, that all things in Nature, to my mind, prove the doctrine of re-incarnation. Turn, if you please, and make critical examinations through all the various kingdoms of Nature, and see if I am not correct. How she repeats herself again and again and again in the round! "But," say you, "we are something higher than Nature." Ah, indeed! I did not know that you were! I take you in the same category, knowing you belong there. I class you as the scientist would, where you belong. Then, if you belong with the clam, I shall rank you there; if I belong there, Nature will most assuredly place me there. We are not consulted in this matter any more than the grain of corn is consulted when it falls from the hand of the sower into the soil, that it may come up again in the ripened ear. It, perhaps, has been through re-incarnation hundreds of times before; still it goes on and gathers at each evolution, something, however little, that had not obtained before. "But," say you,

Nov. 2.

## John Ramsay.

Good afternoon, sir. My name was John Ramsay. I was a soldier in the Twenty-Third New York, and I died fighting, as I supposed, for the Constitution and the Union. I have left a mother and two sisters that were dependent upon me for support. I have also, here on earth, a brother who does not feel it his duty to take up the load I was obliged to lay down, and see that they don't want. So, to spur him up a little I thought I'd come here, and let him know that I am not dead, nor asleep, nor far off, and I know what is going on, and I don't approve of it. I think he should be willing to do something for them, because I know he is able. He should remember that our youngest sister is a cripple, and unable to do scarce anything toward her support. My older sister is in poor health, as is my mother, and they need his help, and I think, instead of donating to church missions, he should take care of his mother and sisters first. Let charity begin at home first. If he can do what he ought to, he can then let it extend outside of home; but first take care of those dependent upon you at home. It is false that they received enough from me to take care of them all these years. I was enabled to do for them while I lived; at my death their income from me ceased.

Now, Sam, do your duty. If you don't, and I get a chance to come here again, God help you, that's all, for I'll lash you well.

Nov. 2.

## Eben Dennett.

My name was Eben Dennett. I am from Pittsfield. I want the folks to know I am alive and happy, and I rather guess there ain't anything any worse for me than what I've found. I did n't belong to any church, made no profession of religion, and I did n't know how it was going with me in the other life. So far, its all right, and I don't believe they're going to shove me out into the cold anywhere. I am happy. I am satisfied if I never get anything any better than what I've got.

Nov. 2.

## Jane Wallace.

How do you do, mister. My name was Jane Wallace. When I lived here they said I was a half fool. I suppose I was, but I am alive. They thought I'd never turn up again after I was dead, but tell 'em I'm alive. You see they used to put me off to board, and I would n't like the place, and I'd leave it, and run away, and go home the first thing they knew. So they said there was no putting me anywhere, but that the first thing they knew I'd turn up again. After I heard 'em say it, too—I heard 'em say it,

"Well, she's where she wont turn up again to trouble us any more." Nance, I've turned up again! What you going to do about it? I am going to get along well in this new world, too. Shan't ask any favors of you, but I'll turn up occasionally, and if your religion alnt all right I'll tell you of it. You used to reckon so much on your religion, Nance! "Twont be worth a copper when you get here; mine's worth a dozen of it. I never done anybody wrong in all my life. I tried to help every poor critter I could, fool as you called me. Now, Nance, you know you aint always just what you ought to be; you've been kind o' hard on folks. You wont get half as good a place as I've got, now I tell you. I tell you, Nance, you wont. You'll have to turn up round here a good many times before you get your dish washed clean. You know I never did love you very well when I was here. I don't know as I've changed much about that. At any rate I thought I'd come back and let you know I could turn up again, if I was dead. You cant put me where I cant turn up, whenever I'm a mind to.

(To the Chairman.) I aint got anything to pay you with; if I had I would. (This is a free platform.) Well, I heard so. I lived here forty-eight years on earth, and I had a fever, one time, and I got crazy, they said—my brain was affected. I was a fool after that, but I knew more than most of 'em, if I was. I thought I'd let 'em know the fool could turn up again. They'd better be careful, because I might not be always in the mood to smooth 'em over. I'll tell the truth. I'm obliged to, and want to, but I may sometimes tell too much. I'd advise 'em to do their duty by the poor and unfortunate, and not be so hard on 'em. Good day, deacon.

Seance conducted by Prof. Olmstead.

## Invocation.

Father Almighty, though we enter the valley and shadow of death, thou art there, proclaiming in a still, small voice, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and thy sons and thy daughters hear thee and come forth; so, oh Spirit eternal, we will love thee and trust thee, and go steadily forward in life, holding thee securely by the right hand. But for those who have less faith in thee, we pray; for those who are in the shadow of doubt we ask for light; for those who are wrapped up by superstition, by bigotry, by religious error we pray, and we ask that the sunlight of thy love and thy truth may beam in upon their souls so warmly, so genitally, that they shall rise up in newness and strength, and go onward in life, praising thee because of life. Oh, we thank thee that we are commissioned to minister unto the necessities of those who are in need, and we therefore pray for ourselves that we may have that strength, that wisdom, that unfailing patience and love, of which we shall stand in need in hours of temptation. And unto thee, oh Spirit of the hour, be all praises sung, spoken and thought, forever and ever. Amen.

Nov. 3.

## Questions and Answers.

QUES.—How much does the moral character and spiritual development of a medium have to do with the power of their words when speaking under spirit control?

ANS.—Mediumship, in some of its phases, is not dependent upon the moral character of the medium, and in no way hinges upon it; but, in other phases, it sometimes takes cast and color from the moral status of the medium. For example: when a medium is purely inspirational—consciously so, then what is given will take cast and color by the moral status of the medium; but when there is an unconscious entrancement, with there is an unconscious entrancement, an entire overcoming of the consciousness, then the mediumship is not biased at all in the manifestations thereof by the moral condition of the medium.

Q.—What do you know about re-incarnation as a positive fact in spirit-life? Do you know when people are re-incarnated, just as we know when people die, because we see the change and the results?

A.—Nature performs certain portions of her work in the dark, away from the criticism of human intelligence, and that is well; for if it were otherwise, the ignorance mixed up with human intelligence would overthrow the natural design, and bring about many, many abortions in nature. Therefore it is in consequence of this secretive action of nature, that we are not always able to see these occult manifestations in all their departments. We may see that we put the grain in the soil; we may dig it up again and again to see what progress it has made with nature's law, but in all the various movements or evolutions of nature we cannot trace it. So it is with reference to this theory of re-incarnation. We be hold at death that the body has come under the action of another phase of the law of life; it no longer responds to our call or touch it; it is, so far as our senses are concerned, inanimate—a dead thing; but at the same time nature is working positively and speedily in her own way to perfect that particular specialty in existence. Now in the spirit-world we are not only enabled to see the body after it has become desertyed by the intelligence that possessed it, but we are able to see the process of desertyion, and able to see the spirit taking on its newer and higher form. That is one of the phases of re-incarnation. You are not to suppose that by being re-incarnated you are always to take on a body physical, subject to pain such as is experienced here in this life. No; but it has reference to the different phases of growth in the spirit-world. Does your child die? The moment it leaves the physical form it becomes re-incarnated in a spiritual body. Now then, to overthrow the doctrine of re-incarnation, would be to overthrow the doctrine of immortality. Destroy one and you destroy the other. Without re-incarnation there could be no immortality, no progress. But you mortals have special reference in your questionings to that phase of re-incarnation that comes down to the level of human life. Well, then, there are many spirits that are able to take cognizance of nearly all the different phases of the action of this law. There have been special examples. For instance: In the life of Christ his spirit guardians presided over not only the make-up of the physical body he was to become re-incarnated in, but over the time of his re-incarnation, and all the incidents pertaining to it; and so it was not strange that an Isaiah could predict his coming, for the spirit prophecy through Isaiah was one of the hand controlling in the case, and knew precisely what was being done and what the ages would bring forth. It has been said by those possessed liberally of wisdom that you can never know concerning a thing until you have had a positive and special revelation to yourself.

Now, I want them to know that my coming is in harmony with the church, with their church, and it's all right. What says the creed? "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church; in the communion of saints"—of the dead—that's all. can know. Everything outside of that is mere belief. Now, though I say the doctrine of re-incarnation is a divine truth, although it be, and may be believed in by you, yet you cannot know it as I do, until you shall have had the same experience that I have had. You cannot know how sweet the waters of knowledge are until you have drank deep draughts at the head of the fountain. Q.—Are spirits re-incarnated from any special sphere of spirit-life, or at any stage of growth that you can calculate upon?

A.—The law of re-incarnation is active everywhere, here and there, in the highest and in the lowest conditions of existence.

Now, you're a Catholic; you believe in the coming back of the dead—that's all; and I want my brother and sister to know that I have an interest in what's going on here, and that I will feel very bad if they do not take good care of the old gentleman in the old country—see that he's well cared for in his old age; and don't be slack in doing your duty because it's a little harder than it was when I was here. Just rub yourself up a little more and go at it, and you'll conquer it, and then you'll feel so glad in the end that you did just right. And I want you to know that I am on hand to help you. You'll say, "Oh, you can't help now!" Faith! I can then, better than I ever could here, in ten thousand ways where you can't see me, or know that I am there, yet I'll be there, helping you all the same. Good day, sir.

Now. 3.

## Rachel Tibbets.

My name was Rachel Tibbets. I was born and died in Boston. I have been dead eighteen years and one month. I was eleven years old.

I left a father, a mother, two brothers and one sister.

My father, mother and one brother have since joined me.

The others remain on earth, and they are anxious to know something about the power of the spirit to return after death, and whether or not it lives at all after death.

There are many things which I might give, I suppose, to assure these seekers that I live—that I have

answered their desire for knowledge; one is, I

came very near entering the spirit-world when I

was seven years old, of measles.

Again, at the age of nine years I stood upon the very threshold of death by typhoid fever; and it was said

during some stages of this severe sickness I was

clairvoyant and clairaudient. I could hear spirits talk.

I could see them, and it was nothing uncom-

mon for me to prescribe for myself, and when

my physician was in doubt with regard to my

medicine or myself, it was said I would always

come to the rescue, and our family wondered

what it could mean.

The doctor said it was some unusual quickening of the brain, and might be

regarded as a species of insanity, although not

positively that.

These little revelations were but cracks in the doors of heaven, through which

my friends, if they had only known enough,

might have received much light and many truths.

But they did not know, and so they failed to

gather the prize. But now they ask "Is Spiritualism true?"

Yes, it is true, but there is no way

to prove it to you that will answer your needs so

well as to receive a direct revelation to yourself.

Now, my sister, sit alone every Sunday evening

at twilight, if you can, and after I have gathered

power enough, and become sufficiently assimilated

with your magnetic forces, I am told I can

make revelation direct to you.

If you are really

in earnest, and desire to be enlightened, heed

my advice and you will be. Good day.

Nov. 3.

## Aunt Ruth.

There is a family in Worcester who are being disturbed by some people from our

## Advertisements.

**HULL & CHAMBERLAIN'S MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS!**  
GREAT NERVINE, REGULATOR,  
AND BLOOD PURIFIER.  
A Complete and Reliable Family Medicine,  
PURELY VEGETABLE.  
Magnetic and Electric Uterine Wafers!  
A Local Remedy for Female Diseases.

Mailed Postpaid 1 Box.....\$1.00  
at these PRICES: 6 Boxes.....\$5.00  
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.  
CIRCULARS and Agents' Terms sent FREE to any address upon application to proprietors.

Address **HULL & CHAMBERLAIN,**  
127 East 16th street, New York City.  
Phone C. Hull, Annie Lord Chamberlain,  
Magnetic Physician, Branch office, 10 Warren  
Office, 127 East 16th st., Avenue, (near Union Park)  
(Near Union sq.) New York, Chicago, Ill.  
For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower  
floor), Boston, Mass.

Jan. 2.

**STANDARD WORKS**

—ON—

**Anatomy, Physiology,  
Physiognomy,  
Phrenology, Psychology  
&c., &c.**

The entire works published by SAMUEL R. WELLS,  
of New York City, are for sale wholesale and retail by  
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Send for a Catalogue.

**D. M. FERRY & CO.'S**

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Will be mailed FREE to all applicants. This is one of the largest and most complete Catalogues published. It is printed on beautifully tinted paper, contains 216 pages, two elegant colored plates, over 300 fine engravings, and gives full descriptions, prices, and directions for planting about 1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bedding Plants, Roses, &c., and is invaluable to Farmer, Gardener and Florist.

Address **D. M. FERRY & CO.,**  
Seedsmen and Florists,  
199 to 201 Woodland Avenue, Detroit, Mich.  
Jan. 16.

**Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis.**

Address for further notice:

Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and skin testing. He claims all his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining as he does the highest scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance. Dr. Willis claims especial skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancer, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated cases of both sexes.

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

Send for Circulars and References.

Jan. 2.

**DR. G. W. KEITH**

WOULD say in response to numerous inquiries, that he is still exercising his special gift of healing at a distance, by means of his Magnetic Conductors, magnetized Herbal Remedies, mutual sittings, etc.

Through clairvoyant examinations made from lock of hair and skin.

Has great success in cases of Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Liver, and various Complaints. At home Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays, from 10 to 2. No. 57 East Brookline street, Boston.

Price \$2.00. Nine days' treatment, \$5.00. All fees payable in advance. Address Box 187, Stoughton, Mass.

Jan. 30.—31.

**THE SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPER.**

A RECORD of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism. Established in 1859. The Spiritualist is the recognized weekly organ of the educated Spiritualists of Europe.

Subscription to residents in any part of the United States, three and a half dollars in gold. In advance, by Post Office Order, payable to E. W. ALLEN, 11 Ave Mary Lane, London, E. C.

Oct. 10.

**SOUL READING**

Or Psychometrical Delination of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who desire her services, either for personal or professional, need not be afraid of her; she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue; and to ascertain the exact time of marriage, and duration of the impending marriage; and hints to the innumerable married.

Full delination, \$2.00, and four 3-cent stamps.

Address, MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,

Centre street, between Church and Franklin streets, White Water, Watertown Co., Wis.

Jan. 2.—11.

**DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD,**

THE most reliable and successful Clairvoyant Seer and Magnetic Healing Physician of our day, has permanently located in Lynn, Mass., No. 24 Prospect street, where he will heal and cure the sick. Clairvoyant Examinations, Prescriptions, and Treatments, made from lock of hair and skin, and from a distance. Persons at a distance, and those who are not able to visit the Doctor, can have a Clairvoyant Examination by sending a lock of their hair, name, age, and sex, with one dollar. Address DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD, P. O. Box 74, Lynn, Mass.

Dec. 10.

**MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION,**

387 Washington Street, Boston.

ALL deposits made in this Institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each month, interest is paid on deposits for all full calendar months they remain in bank.

The Institution has a guarantee fund of \$205,000, for the express protection of its depositors.

Jan. 21.—30.

**Commercial Hotel,**

7th street, between Rubert and Jackson, St. Paul, Minn.

**FARE TWO DOLLARS-PER DAY.**

This house is new, and fully equal to any two-dollar-a-day house in the State.

FLOWER & WINDER.

Nov. 21.—30.

**B. C. HAZELTON,**

Specialty Photographer,

140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Dec. 10.

**PSYCHOMETRY.**

POWER has been given me to delineate character, to

describe the mental and spiritual capacities of per-

sons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their best

location for health, harmony and happiness. Persons de-

siring aid in this direction, may apply for handwriting,

state age and sex, and 15 cents, enclose \$2.00.

JOHN M. SPEAR, 220 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia,

Jan. 17.—18.

**Spiritualist Home,**

CORNER of Harrison avenue and Beach street, Boston,

Entrance 46 Beach. Street cars pass the house from

nearly every depot in the city. S. P. MOORE, proprietor,

Jan. 17.—18.

## Mediums in Boston.

## Clairvoyant Medical Practice!

**DR. STORER'S OFFICE**

(Formerly at 137 Harrison avenue,) is now in the beautiful and commodious Banner of Light Building, Rooms Nos. 6 and 7.

## NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.

Mrs. MAGGIE J. FOLSON, the widely known Spiritualist Clairvoyant, examines patients at 9 Montgomery Place, in the elegant building above.

DR. STORER, will personally attend patients, and whatever spiritual insight and practical judgment and experience can accomplish, will be employed as heretofore in curing the sick.

Patronize the country, and all persons ordering DR. STORER'S NEW VITAL REMEDIES, for Chronic and Nervous Diseases, will address

DR. H. B. STORER.

Jan. 3.

**D. C. DENSMORE,**

PSYCHOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, 5 Dwight street, (near Shawmut av.,) Boston, Mass., where he will attend to the sick who have failed to find relief, and are favorable to his system of cure, consisting of Medicated Vapor Baths, Inhalations, and other forms of treatment.

DR. DENSMORE's "Inhalation," has unparalleled success in removing the causes of disease for the past twenty-five years, both in this country and Europe, warrants him in giving hope ful words of cheer to the most desirous sufferer. Room fees, and reasonable rates to patients at a distance. Office hours 9 to 4.

N. B.—A lady always in attendance to wait upon female patients. 26w—Sept. 12.

**Dr. Main's Health Institute,**  
AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. Jan. 23.

J. WILLIAM AND NANCIE WILLIS

**FLETCHER,**  
BUSINESS, Test and Medical Mediums. Examinations made by lock of hair, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Feb. 6.

V. A. DUNKLE, Magnetic Physician

LIVING & GLOWING, 100 Harrison ave., Room 10, West End, Boston, Mass. Will visit patients at their residence. P. S. Send photograph and \$1.00 and receive a description of your disease, by mail. Office treatments \$1.00. Hours 9 till 5. Nov. 21.—tr.

DR. S. H. ADAMS, Magnetic Physician, assisted by MRS. P. F. CHANDLER, Medical Clairvoyant, can be consulted daily at No. 21 Bradford street, where clairvoyant examinations, prescriptions, and healing manipulations will be given, each individual, as their case may require. Office hours from 10 to 4 p. m.

Jan. 30.—13w.

**Mrs. Dr. S. E. Crossman,**

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN; also Trance Medium. Removes all Cancers and Tumors, and cures many Complaints. Examines at any distance. Terms \$2.00. Send letters to same. Address 65 Tremont street, Boston, Room 19. 2w—Feb. 6.

**DR. J. C. ROBINSON,**

HAS resumed the practice of medicine in this city. He claims success where others fail, combining as he does scientific knowledge aided by the gift of clairvoyance.

No. 129 Tremont street, opposite Park-street Church, Office hours 9 A. M., 1 P. M., to 4 P. M.

Feb. 6.

**MRS. JENNY POTTER,**

TRANCE MEDIUM, 11 Oak street, 3 doors from 648 Jan. 6 to 5, Public Places Sunday eve. Admission 50 cents.

**MRS. M. SUNDERLAND COOPER,**

THE original New England Medium, No. 32 Milford Street, Boston. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Feb. 6.

**MRS. FANNIE C. DENTER,**

Health, Developing Medium, examines persons by lock of hair, 491 Tremont street, corner of Dover, Jan. 16.—12w.

**LEZZIE NEWELL,**

31 WINTER STREET, Trance and Test Clairvoyant, 2w—Jan. 16.

**MRS. E. B. CHASE**

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Price \$1.00 postage free.

**MRS. J. L. PLUMB, M. D.**

examines disease and reads the future for \$1.00, and answers at a distance for \$1.00 and six 3-cent stamps. Office 657 East 4th street, South Boston.

1w—Feb. 6.

**MRS. S. DICK,**

Trance Medium. Hours 9 to 12. 65½ Washington street, Boston. Sunday evening. 4w—Jan. 30.

**MRS. HARVEY,**

Business Clairvoyant. Magnetic treatment, 30c—Jan. 20.

**MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL,**

Medium, Room 5 (Indian) street, leading from Washington street and Harrison avenue, Boston. Hours from 10 to 5. Jan. 30.

**MRS. L. W. LITCH,**

Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium, 169 Court street, Boston. Circle Sunday and Tuesday evenings. Jan. 16.

**MRS. A. S. ELDRIDGE,**

Trance Medium and Guide, No. 7, formerly 1 Oak, cor. Washington st., Boston. 4w—Jan. 30.

**MRS. R. DUNNING,**

Test and Medical Clairvoyant, 46 Washington street. 4w—Jan. 30.

**MRS. C. H. WILDES,**

No. 17 Hayward place, Boston, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 9 to 3½. 4w—Jan. 30.

**MRS. SAMUEL GROVER,**

HEALING MEDIUM, No. 60 Dover street (formerly 23 Dix place). Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. 13w—Dec. 5.

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A Theological Romance.

THE MOST STARTLING AND INTERESTING WORK OF THE DAY.

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