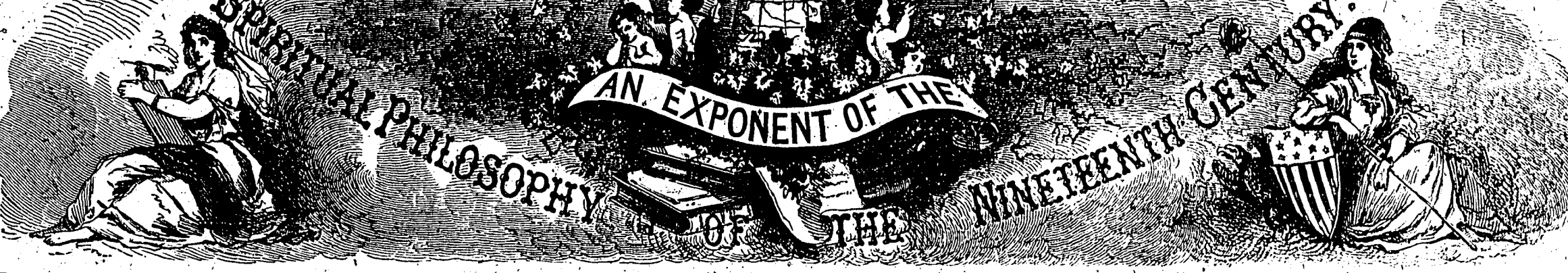


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Spirit Materialization.

(Reprinted from the Atlantic Monthly for January.)
Touching Visitors from a Higher Life.
A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

"Dare I say
No spirit ever broke the land
That stays him from his native land,
Where first he walked when clasped in clay?"
—Tennyson.

I am of Tennyson's opinion. It is presumptuous, in advance of positive evidence, for or against, to assume that those whom we call dead cannot reappear to us. Men who think themselves wise and enlightened are wont to declare—and I myself once assented to the declaration—that superstitious ignorance alone believes in ghosts. Science adds her cogent authority; but science, ere now, has had to reconsider her verdicts. Less than a century ago she denied the reality of aerolites, popularly believed in throughout tens of previous centuries.

Herbert Spencer has brought prominently forward the principle that a world-wide belief, persisted in throughout past ages, may be assumed as having a foundation in truth. The popular version of the day may be erroneous, but there is a reality (to which the universality and longevity of the main principle are due) underneath. Dr. Johnson, long before Spencer wrote, made special application of this principle, putting into the mouth of the sage Imiah the confession: "That the dead are seen, no more I will not undertake to maintain; against the concurrent testimony of all ages and all nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could make credible. It is not doubted by single cavaliers, nor very little shaken by general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

If there be another phase of life; if conduct and character in this world determine our state in the next; if the Great Originating Mind be actuated by benevolence—all which propositions seem to me reasonable—then it is, *a priori*, not unlikely that, as part of the cosmical economy, there may be evidence, palpable to the senses, of a higher life to come. It is an open theory, therefore, with probability in its favor, that there is phenomenal proof of man's continued existence. Whether we can obtain such proof or not is a simple question of fact, which it is unphilosophical to prejudge.

A simple question; yet where shall we find another, religious or scientific, of which the solution is fraught with results of such inestimable importance to mankind? Toward that solution I have a contribution to make.

On Monday, April 20, 1874, I had a sitting with Mrs. Hardy, of Boston, a trance medium in whose good faith I place confidence. Through her came, unasked, a message from what purported to be the spirit of "Violet." After sundry recommendations concerning diet, which I have since followed with evident benefit to my health, she said:

"Before you leave the earth you shall see specters (as you call them) walking about; and they will take you by the hand and converse with you; we also you shall behold in the form. You shall witness far more wonderful things than you have ever yet seen."

Interpreted this to mean that, ere I died, I should acquire one among the spiritual gifts enumerated by St. Paul—the "discerning of spirits," and, deeming this unlikely, I put little confidence in the promise given. When some weeks later, accounts reached me from London of experiments in spirit-materialization witnessed and attested by eminent scientists, they failed to recall Violet's prediction. I thought not of it till I myself had verified all, and more than all, the London phenomena.

On May 29, I received a letter from my friend, Dr. Child, a well-known Philadelphia physician, stating that a spirit, purporting to be the same which had appeared to Mr. Crookes, and usually known as "Katie King," had shown herself, during the sittings of a Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, at the aperture of a dark cabinet, had conversed with him in audible tones, and had requested him, on her behalf, to write and ask that I would come and see her in Philadelphia. A startling summons, surely, if in very deed from a spirit! Was such an invitation ever before extended by a denizen of the next world to a mortal in this?

On my arrival, (June 5,) all appeared fair enough. I found the mediums established on the second floor of a small house in Ninth street, near Arch. There were but two rooms on the floor, a front parlor and a bedroom; the lower floor, under both rooms being occupied as a shop for the sale of musical instruments. In a back corner of the parlor was a walnut cabinet, seven feet wide and eight feet high, with a door that opened into the parlor and two apertures, five and six feet high respectively, both curtained with black cloth. We had lamp-light, shaded but sufficient to enable us to recognize faces and to see everything that passed in the room. After we had examined the cabinet, the medium entered it, closing the door.

us several times. At the close of the sitting she twice appeared, in white, just within the cabinet door, not coming out, however, into the room; the first time (so I was told) that she had ever shown herself in full form.

It was evidently a living, moving, thinking being. Yet I suspended judgment. One of the mediums was out of our sight. Then there was a door—locked, padlocked, and otherwise effectually secured, it seemed, yet a door—from the cabinet into the bedroom adjoining. The possibility of a confederate suggested itself.

Forty memorable sittings followed. Gradually test conditions were perfected, and every imaginable ground for suspecting deception was removed; and then, instead of failure, all the phenomena came out in greater perfection than before. I select the more remarkable; to copy my notes in full would involve tedious repetition.

June 7. Katie allowed Dr. Child to feel her pulse; its beats were distinct, about seventy-two minutes. A lady offered her a gold ring, and asked me to put it on her finger. I did so. The hand, beautifully formed, was like that of a mortal woman, nearly of the same temperature as my own, and slightly moist. At the close of the sitting she advanced into the room, dropped a finger on my head, and touched several other persons.

June 9. I gave her a long chain, composed of Violet's hair, a present to myself more than forty years ago, hoping, as I told Katie, thereby to attract Violet herself in accordance with her promise. I observed that Katie wore the gold ring. But when, at the close of the sitting, I examined with a light every nook and corner in the cabinet, neither ring nor chain was to be found.

June 10. Katie called me up to the aperture, handed me back the hair chain, and said: "Violet wishes you to keep this, in memory of her, until you are called to meet her in her spirit-hall."

Where was that chain during the preceding twenty-four hours? One is lost in conjecture on such subjects.

Ere Katie came forth, a tall figure, partly hidden by the cabinet, laid its luminous hand on her head; then the hand and arm floated up out of sight; the door being seven and a half feet high.

June 15. Present only myself and Mr. Oluf Stenersen, minister to the United States from the Swedish court.

Three different faces showed themselves: one of a middle-aged man, one of a young lady, and another of a child. Then Katie, from the left hand aperture, asked the medium for paper and pencil. Half a sheet of note paper being handed to her, she beckoned to me and gave me the paper, saying: "Mr. Owen, please put your private mark on it." I wrote at the top of the sheet three words in the German character; and as I read, she said: "An English friend wishes to write to you." I wrote, "I am not at home," at the left hand aperture, a luminous, detached hand, shaded off at the wrist, and holding the pencil as a mundane writer would. Over the sheet this hand floated in the air a half sheet of paper, the surface illuminated as if phosphorescently. At first it swayed to and fro; and presently, without apparent cause, it remained stretched and motionless. Then the hand approached it and wrote, under our eyes, during some three or four minutes, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

Afterwards, accompanied by a friend who is an expert in autographs, I took this paper to the Franklin Library; and there, in presence of the librarian, we compared it with Mr. Robertson's signature as it is given in the English edition of his biography, by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Both gentlemen agreed that the signature obtained by me was so perfect a *fac-simile* of the other, that the internal evidence of its genuine character was unquestionable.

June 19. A circle of twenty-five persons, the partition between parlor and bedroom (alluded to in a previous note) had been put up the day before. Each time that Katie issued from the cabinet, a brilliantly luminous hand, emitting light, showed itself at the left upper corner of the cabinet door. It pointed downward, sometimes waving, toward Katie. The second time it stepped out, she beckoned me to approach her. I did so, extending my hand, which she waved toward us, as I bent my head toward her she took it in both hands and kissed it, uttering her usual low and earnest "Good bless you, Mr. Owen."

June 20. Present only my friend Mrs. L. Andrews, of Springfield, and myself. We both thoroughly examined the bedroom before sitting down. For the first time *neither of the mediums, at any time during the sitting, entered the cabinet*; so that, when we had searched it and closed its door, we were certain that no human being occupied it.

A remarkable sitting followed. First, we were surprised by a dusky face at one of the apertures. Soon after, the door opened and a girl at least two inches taller and rather stouter than Katie, with dark, handsome Indian features, and lithe figure, arrayed in richly ornamented Indian dress, walked out to within two feet of us. She had a snow-white blanket over her head, which she held under her chin. This she waved toward us. It was very thin, thick, and soft to the touch. She came out three times, spoke to us, the last time quite distinctly, telling us that her name was Sautee.

"Good God!" cried Mrs. Holmes, in evident astonishment and alarm.

"Under instructions from Katie herself, the door of the bedroom was taken off (June 18) and a partition of black walnut boards, an inch thick, eight feet high and five feet wide, was substituted; it was secured on each side by four stout battens firmly screwed on throughout their entire length, and spiked with twenty-two nails to the casing of the disordered door. Suspicion still prevailing among some skeptics that the partition might have been tampered with so that a portion of it could be removed, and specially critical examination resulted in a certificate signed by all present (ten in number) to the effect that the partition was tampered with, and that entrance or exit from the cabinet, except by the door opening into the parlor in which the sittings were held, was utterly impossible."

(At Dr. Child's, in New York (February 2, 1874), I witnessed, by gaslight, a precisely similar phenomenon. The paper, placed on a slate, lay on my knee; and a hand, luminous and entirely detached from the wrist, rose from under the table and wrote, *while I looked on*, what proved to be three verses from the Greek Testament; headed, in English, "Law of Love," B. 12-45 (translation, contraction, and dashes exactly as here set down). To use a common phrase, I could scarcely believe my eyes. My knowledge of Greek under half a century of disuse, was not faded out, but, having submitted the manuscript to one of the best Hellenists of our country, I learned that every word and letter was correct; a few transcriptions and accents only being omitted.)

Next there issued from the cabinet the figure of a lad dressed in sailor-boy fashion; his hair and features awkward and jerky, his face frank and pleasant. He came out three times, and when we asked his name he answered, in hoarse and broken but audible tones: "Don't you know me? You've heard me speak often enough; I'm Dick."

We had frequently heard of Dick as one of the (alleged) operating and talking spirits in the dark circles for physical manifestations which Mrs. Holmes occasionally gave. Both he and the Indian girl presented themselves now for the first time.

At last Katie herself appeared. When she stepped into the room, I asked permission to approach, and gave her a mother-of-pearl cross, with white silk braid attached, together with a small note, folded up, in which I had written:

"I offer you this because, though it be simple, it is white and pure and beautiful, as you are." She took both and put them on her neck, and retired to the cabinet, closing the door. In a minute or two she returned, the cross, shining as with phosphorescent lustre, in one hand, and the folded note in the other; bent over me, and said, in her low, earnest voice and with her charming smile: "White and pure and beautiful like me—is it?"

How did she read that note? The cabinet, with its closed door and its black-covered apertures, was quite dark, and I could not see her face after, when she appeared, she wore that cross on her breast; reminding one of the well-known lines in Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Immediately after the close of the sitting we critically examined the cabinet. No cross there! Where was it?

June 21. No medium in the cabinet. Katie, appearing at the aperture; and Dr. Child, desiring to please all, proposed that every person in the circle, upwards of twenty might go up, one by one to the aperture, touch Katie's hand, and speak to her. They all did so except one young lady, deterred by fear. Toward the close, one of the circle (not a lady) asked if Katie would not allow him to kiss her. She instantly withdrew and we saw her no more that night.

Afterward I remonstrated, in private, with Dr. Child, against this lack of decorum; adding that unless the wishes of the spirit were consulted in all things, I would not attend another sitting, with her consent, and that I would not be present. He took what I said in excellent part, frankly admitting that I was in the right. Little did I expect what was to come!

June 22. Katie, appearing at the aperture after unusual delay, beckoned to me. The pale and beautiful face, now grown familiar, usually tinged with sadness, wore such a look of weary sorrow and deep depression that I was moved almost to tears when, in low and plaintive tones, she said: "Mr. Owen, indeed, indeed I cannot come to-night unless I have your assurance that my wishes shall be respected."

"They shall be," said I, "so long as I come here."

"I want your promise," she added. "When you touch me, it gives me strength; but when others, with whom I have no sympathy, are suffered to approach indiscriminately, it weakens and exhausts me. I want your promise that no such overtures shall be made to-night shall be respected. They forget that I am a spirit. They forget why I come to them at all."

"Dear Katie," said I, "I will protect you, as I would my own daughter, from that and every other annoyance. No one shall approach you except with your express permission."

The changed, more hopeful expression was charming to see, as she said: "God bless you! Tell my medium not to urge me; it hurts me to refuse her."

A request from the audience, I stated to them, in brief, what Katie had said. "Nothing more was needed, that evening, to call forth a hushed reverence such as is not often found, even in church."

I pass by my record of sundry meetings where phenomena similar to those already recorded presented themselves, and come to a memorable séance, June 23. At Katie's suggestion, coupled with her promise of a good time, I had this sitting, and myself, the two mediums only being present, and sitting beside me.

Sautee again appeared. The materialization seemed absolutely perfect. She wore a rich, dark jacket, reaching to the knee, of stuff resembling silk velvet; embroidered in white spangles, open over the bosom and showing an undergarment apparently of Indian-tanned buckskin; the jacket coming to a point at the waist. She wore black leggings and embroidered moccasins. Her hair was dark, and she had a soft, light, gray tissue covering her head and falling over her shoulders. Around her waist was a belt, with lappets that dropped on one side. She held one of these toward us to touch; it was soft and thick as rich velvet. Her motions were more free than before, and there was more spirit in her large, expressive eyes. She spoke, too, more readily and distinctly. Four several times she showed herself uttering friendly expressions.

Then, after an interval, came Katie. She, too, stepped out, more freely than usual. I showed her a small tortoise-shell box, in which I had preserved several mementoes of her; to wit, a card on which she had written my name, a small nosegay, and a tiny lock of hair which she had given me during the sitting with Mrs. Andrews. She seemed pleased, and said, smiling, "I'll give you something better worth keeping than that." Retreating to the cabinet, she returned in a minute or two without the lace veil she usually wore depending from each side of her head; this being the first time I had ever seen her bareheaded. She asked for scissors, and I provided a pair which I had brought with me, hoping to obtain a bit of her dress. Then she stooped her head toward me, and passing both hands through her back hair, separated a lock and bade me cut it.

I did so, close to the head. It proved to be a beautiful singlet, about four inches long, literally of a golden color, soft and fine. After four months it has not melted away; and it is not distinguishable from human hair, though one seldom sees any so beautiful.

The next time she came out she asked for a large nosegay which stood on the mantelpiece; and, coming close to me, she knelt down, laid the flowers on the floor and deliberately picked out two or three lilies. These she handed to me, returning the rest to Mrs. Holmes. As she knelt there, I observed that her hair curled in short, graceful ringlets over the top and front of her head, while several longer curls dropped to her shoulders. One of these, longer than the rest, she had several times shown us, and allowed us to touch, at the aperture.

Fanny Young, an intimate friend of hers and a trance medium; and that she (Mrs. Holmes) had had many a communication, through Mrs. Young, purporting to come from this young Indian girl, two months before this sitting. Mrs. Young had died.

"At this and all succeeding sittings, both mediums remained outside, untraced."

Once more—and for the last time that evening—she emerged from the cabinet, came quietly close up to my extending a hand. I passed my left arm gently round her, and sustained her left arm, bare from the elbow, in my right hand. To the touch her garments and her person were exactly like those of an earthly creature.

In low but distinct tones she made some recommendations in regard to my health. "You have work to do," she said, "before you leave your earth; and you must rest, that you may be able to do it."

Then, stepping back, she took my face in both hands, kissed me on the forehead, and retired to the cabinet, as is her wont, without turning from us. After closing the door, she half opened it again with a smile and the words: "Didn't we have a good time, Mr. Owen, as I promised?"

"Indeed we did," I replied; "you kept your word."

"But we'll have far better times, by-and-by, when you come to us." The door closed upon that earnest, beautiful face, and we were left alone with the memory of the marvels we had witnessed!

I questioned my consciousness. Had I held familiar converse with a creature who had already, perhaps, returned to her fellow-denizens of the skies?

July 3. Besides myself only two friends, Dr. P. and Mrs. B. Both the mediums outside, as usual.

Sautee came out in full form, saluting and touching us all; her features handsome, spirited, but unmistakably Indian, and very distinct. The third time she appeared, bending over me till her face was scarcely a foot from mine, she said: "Come pale-faced chief." Some twenty minutes later, the cabinet door opened and disclosed the form, distinctly materialized, of a man, apparently of middle age, some five feet tall, with a broad forehead, broad shoulders, rather dark complexion, mustache, and short beard, his look earnest and spirited. At the same time that he appeared Sautee showed herself at the aperture and repeated: "Pale-faced chief." The male figure showed itself four times; its dress a white robe reaching to the feet, with some sort of dark vest, partially visible, underneath.

We asked its name. After several unsuccessful efforts, it said distinctly, the third time it appeared: "General Rawlings?"

Katie, appearing ten minutes later, repeated, in answer to our inquiries, that it was General Rawlings.

"Who was General Rawlings?" asked Mrs. B.

"Secretary of War under President Grant," replied Katie.

Of course I knew of the general as one of our bravest soldiers; but neither I nor any one present had seen him or his photograph; so that I am unable to say whether the figure thus unexpectedly presented to us resembled him or not.

This evening Katie came out into the room eight or nine times, appearing more distinct than usual. She wore, as is her wont, a resplendent white robe, falling in loose folds, open at the neck, running to a point on the bosom and belted at the waist. Her arms were bare several inches above the elbow; the gauze sleeves which she wore being open halfway to the shoulder and drooping some six inches below the upper arm. She remained with us three or four minutes at a time; probably twenty or twenty-five minutes in all.

I particularly noticed, this evening, the ease and harmony of her motions. In Naples, during five years, I frequented a circle famed for courtly demeanor; but never in the best-dressed lady of rank receiving her visitors have I seen Katie oron the yet was nearly circular, an inch and a quarter in diameter, apparently a single figure of the finest quality of Hamilton lace, with a star-like opening near one edge.

An astounding incident connected with this gift remains to be told. Dr. P. and Mrs. B., under whose very eyes the cutting was done, unite in declaring that the hole left in the robe where Katie cut from it was not less than five or six inches long, and that made in the veil at least three or four inches in diameter; further, that in the course of a few seconds both openings disappeared and the garments were whole again. Although, when Katie turned from me, I could not distinctly see the cutting done, yet, intimately acquainted as I am with both these witnesses, I cannot doubt their veracity.

How the pieces cut were thus condensed in size I do not assume to explain. Katie's robe looks like the thinnest gauze, and her veil like the fleeciest cobweb-lace. But the bits of each now in my possession seem bona-fide lawn and lace, such as ladies wear in this lower world.

This evening, for the first time, Katie vanished and reappeared; but a part of her form was intercepted by the front partition of the cabinet; at another sitting I witnessed the same phenomenon in perfection.

July 6. Katie exhibited an amiable trait of character. A little, slender and somewhat infirm old lady, already in her seventy-sixth year, a Mrs. Peterman, who, though never a professional medium, had been for half a lifetime endowed with what Paul calls spiritual gifts, was present, and had modestly taken a back seat. Katie spied her, and requested that she should have a seat in front. Then she called me and said: "Mr. Owen, I want to kiss that old lady; she's so cunning; ask her if she would be afraid."

To those who may read this with incredulity, I state that Mrs. Peterman (Florence Marrett, daughter of the well-known novelist, and editor of London Society) relates in the (London) Spiritualist of May 22, 1874, a similar experience. After giving various particulars of Katie's last London séance, she says: "What appeared to me one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's power was that, when she had cut before our eyes twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her tunic, as souvenirs for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, except the which way you would."

In the same communication Mrs. Peterman adds: "I have seen Mrs. Peterman's hand within the lace single garment which she wore, and feel her nude body; and she said, 'I feel her heart beating rapidly beneath my hand!'"

Mrs. Peterman expressed great delight; and Katie, slowly advancing, in her usual graceful way, lightly touched the gray head, as it bent before her, and imprinted a kiss on the wrinkled forehead.

A well-known artist of Philadelphia attended this sitting; and after examining Katie through his opera-glass, said to me, ere he left, that he had seldom seen features exhibiting more classic beauty. "Her movements and bearing," he added, "are the very ideal of grace."

July 7. This evening, having observed that Katie seemed to delight in flowers, I handed her a large calla lily. She snatched it, exclaiming: "What a charming odor!" And each time that evening when she issued from the cabinet, she carried the flower in her hand.

I had begged her, if she could, to repeat for us the phenomenon of disappearance, and had placed myself so that I could see her entire person without the intervention of any part of the cabinet door.

It is an event in one's life when one witnesses, in perfection, this marvelous manifestation. Katie stood on the very threshold of the cabinet, directly in front of me, and scarcely nine feet distant. I saw her, with absolute distinctness, from head to foot, during all the time she gradually faded out and reappeared. The head disappeared a little before the rest of her form, and the feet and lower part of the drapery remained visible after the waist and the cross she wore had vanished. But the lily was to be seen, suspended in the air, for several seconds after the head which had held it was gone; then it vanished, last of all. When the figure reappeared, that lily showed itself in advance of all else, at first like a bright crystal, about eighteen inches from the floor; but gradually rising and assuming the lily shape, as the hand which had held it, and the form to which that hand belonged, first shimmered and then brightened into view. In less than a minute after the re-appearance came Katie. Katie issued from the cabinet in full beauty, bearing the lily in her right hand, with the cross on her bosom, and arrayed in the self-same costume which she had previously worn; then, coming toward us, she saluted the circle with all her wonted grace.

I am not sure whether we have, on record, any account of the vanishing and re-appearance in the light, of physical objects; at least any example in which it was observed so closely and in such perfection as this.

During the sitting of July 10, Katie allowed us again to witness this phenomenon; and, on that occasion, a bouquet which she held in her hand vanished and reappeared, as the lily and cross had done.

About this time I obtained incidentally most cogent additional evidence (little needed) that these phenomena were genuine.

An old and valued friend, Mr. Fordland Dreer, desiring to allay the suspicions of certain skeptical intimates of his, proposed to bring them to a séance, at which he should be allowed to keep watch outside the parlor door. At ten o'clock on the morning of July 13, he called on me, asking me if I could arrange this for him with the mediums. As soon as he left I proceeded, in accordance with his wishes, to the Holmeses, whom I found just returned from breakfast. We talked the matter over, and I marked: "I wish I could know what Katie thinks about it."

"I dare say we could ascertain," said Mrs. Holmes; "we can try."

So we locked the doors, closed the window blinds, lit and shaded a single gas-burner, and sat down quietly before the cabinet. In ten minutes Katie appeared at the aperture, beckoned to me, and, before I had said a word, asked: "Is Mr. Dreer a man upon whose promises you can rely?"

I. Absolutely. And he has given me his solemn promise that neither he nor the friends he proposes to bring with him will violate any conditions imposed.

Katie. But you must have some of our intimate friends in the front circle. I need such aid.

Be sure that we shall attend to that.

Katie. Let Mr. Dreer examine all the rooms before the sitting begins, and leave the door of this parlor open, so that he can see and hear what passes.

It did not occur to me, till after this impromptu sitting closed, what a severe test it was. The Holmeses had never, up to this time, had a forenoon or midday sitting. They could not, by possibility, have anticipated my coming, since the intention to visit them preceded my visit by five minutes only. Still less could they have imagined that I would express a desire to hear Katie at that hour. The hypothesis of preparation is absolutely barred. The door of the cabinet stood open, as usual, when I entered. I examined it carefully, and myself closed its door before we sat down.

July 14. Mr. Dreer came with four friends. Ere the sitting commenced, he examined the house, inspected the bedroom most critically, saw the outside window shutter of that room effectually barred, saw the door locked, and placed a bit of adhesive plaster over the keyhole, then sat down in the entry, so that no one could go up or down stairs without passing him. The door opening from the parlor on the passage where he sat remained open during the whole sitting.

Under these strict test conditions, the manifestations were triumphantly successful. Katie came out in full form five or six times. In the course of the evening she justly deplored Mr. Dreer's solitary condition, begged him to let her know in case he saw Katie King pass up or down stairs, and finally invited him into the room, advancing and gracefully saluting him.

Ere the sitting closed we had—now for the fifth time—the phenomenon of appearance and disappearance, in full perfection. During this and the sitting of June 12, the re-appearance seemed to be effected by a somewhat modified way. The form came into view first as a sort of dwarfed or condensed Katie, not over eighteen inches high; then the figure appeared to be elongated, almost as a pocket-telescope is drawn to its full length, till the veritable Katie, not a fold of her shining raiment disarranged, stood in full stature before us. That scriptural expression of "shining raiment" was constantly suggested to me when Katie, issuing from the darkness of the cabinet, shone out upon us in full form.

Another phenomenon, that of levitation, which we witnessed during the sitting of July 12, and on four or five other occasions, recalled some of the old paintings of the Transfiguration. Within the cabinet, but in full view, we saw Katie's entire form—her graceful garments literally "white as the light"—suspended in mid-air. I observed that she gently moved hands and feet, as a swimmer, upright in the water, might. She remained thus, each time, from ten to fifteen seconds.

July 16. This was my farewell sitting, as

pointed on the forenoon of the day on which I left Philadelphia, by Katie herself—Dr. and Mrs. Child being present at her request.

I had a talk with her at the apartment. Producing the number of *Banner of Light* I had given her, she said: "Father Owen, I shall keep this cross forever, and when, at any time, I feel short of my highest conceptions of duty, be sure that the sight of it will recall me to better thoughts."

I told her with how much regret I parted from her, and she said: "But you will return in the autumn; for I don't think it is intended that you should come to us just awhile, but if it is, be very certain that I shall be there to receive you."

I told her I should be quite content to go at once, only that I had some work which I desired still to do.

Katie. I think you will live to do it; get you ought to rest for two months at least. The excitement of these interviews keeps you up, but you will feel exhausted when that passes off.

She came out four or five minutes, walking about freely; seated herself on a chair, then came up to us, laying her hands on our heads. She gave sundry instructions touching the sittings to come, and expressed the hope that in the future she might still be able to do much for us.

Myself. It is a marvel to me, dear Katie, that you should take such pains about us earthly creatures.

Katie. Why, I love you all. It is beautiful to be here, among dear friends.

Toward the close of this sitting we had a phenomenon somewhat different from any we had yet witnessed. The door of the cabinet opened slowly, without visible cause. Nothing was to be seen within, except the black walnut boards; but after a minute or two there appeared, exactly as if emerging from the floor, first the head and shoulders of Katie, then her entire body, and, as on previous occasions, she stood before us, a few seconds, she came out into the parlor and approached us. When the astonishment called forth by such a sight had somewhat subsided, I thought of the text which speaks of Samuel, at Endor, "rising out of the earth."

She came up to me, kissing me on the forehead, and bestowing her final benediction. Then, after a few pleasant words to the mediums and to Dr. and Mrs. Child, and after looking at us all for some time, she said: "I am very sorry that I shall soon have to part with you all."

As she spoke the large, heavy tears stood in those large, kind eyes, and she wiped them with her veil, slowly retreating to the cabinet. Both the ladies wept, and thus all it was a sad and solemn leave-taking.

The reader who may have followed me to this point will have concluded (correctly) that I no longer entertained the slightest doubt touching the genuine character of these manifestations.

The proof lies in a nutshell, and may be stated in simplest syllogistic form: the only axiom to be conceded being this: Human beings cannot pass, at will, through the substance of a brick wall, or of a stout wooden partition. This conceded, the case stands thus:

Either Katie was, what she professed to be, a visitant from another phase of being, or else she was a confederate stealthily introduced into the cabinet, for purposes of deceit.

But under the conditions as they were arranged, entrance to or exit from the cabinet, except by the door, which opened into the parlor where we sat, was a physical impossibility.

Therefore, Katie, not being an inhabitant of this world, was a demon of another, made visible to us, for the time, by some process which has been called materialization.

It was to a similar conclusion that the London scientists, Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Varley, came, after a long, patient, and critically-conducted investigation.

To the same effect is the experience (ten years older than ours) of Mr. Charles Livemore. He saw the *vision* of his deceased wife on eighty or ninety different evenings. The figure vanished and reappeared, floated in the air, touched him, and suffered him to touch it, all as with us; also a luminous detached hand wrote for him. But there were differences. In his case the materialization was effected, in every instance, during a dark sitting, while all our sittings were lighted. The figure which appeared to him was made visible by sunlight. Katie's being sometimes self-illuminated, sometimes lit from an ethereal light vehicle, which he saw and handled; and when the figure vanished, the light went out with it. Again, it never conversed with him, uttering only (now and then) inarticulate sounds. Nor did the expression of the face vary, as in a human being. It was more or less perfect in resemblance, indeed, on different occasions depending in part, it is supposed, on the degree of formation, it maintained, throughout the evening, a fixed expression, as if crystallized.

There was another marked difference. Mr. Livemore obtained, as I did, a lock of hair and a portion of the dress; but both melted away in ten or fifteen minutes.

Thus it appears that, since that time, spirit-artists have made progress. They are now able to materialize the physical organs, and to give to the features that mobility of expression, which thoughts and feelings, as they change, impart to the human countenance. Finally, they have learned how to give permanence to locks of hair and portions of garments, so that these gifts from spiritual lands no longer vanish as we gaze.

But remain in human possession, tangible vouchers for the reality of spirit-visitation.

It would have been too far to extend comparison to the sittings of the Elders of Vermont, whom I have not seen. Some of the phenomena obtained through them seem to be even more marvelous, and much more varied, than those here recorded; but with them, as in London, it has ever been necessary, in order to obtain materialization, that a medium should remain in the cabinet.

I have seen Katie's brilliant form walk forth into the open air, and then, at the bidding of her spirit, sometimes as to the manner of conducting the sittings. On several of these occasions she read, and replied to, my thoughts. I saw her face, day after day, as distinctly as I ever saw that of a human being. I am as certain that it was the same spirit, from first to last, as I can be in regard to the identity of any friend whom I meet daily. Not only by the bright, changeful play of the features, and the large, somewhat sad eyes, with their earnest, honest look, but by the tone and tenor of her conversation, evincing alike good sense and good feeling, did I recognize a distinct and uniform, and I may add, an amiable and estimable character.

There are, however, certain discrepancies which seem, at first, not easily explained. In somewhat strange contrast with Katie's high-toned, refined manner when she walks forth from the cabinet, are a few of her peculiarities. When those who ought to know better, making light of the occasion, have spoken to her after what is sometimes called a chaffing fashion, she has replied, if she replied at all, in the same tone; using such expressions as "Of course I be," "I can't," "I shan't," and "I'm in the a in these words," and in the words "Thank," "I be a good one," and occasionally, too, jestingly calling the mediums or Dr. Child "stupid." But whenever I have conversed with her alone, I have detected no triviality; her language has been that of an educated woman, and her sentiments those of a kind and a good one. On such occasions she has more than once reminded me that her mission here was to give to the children of this world evidence of the immortality.

These apparent discrepancies of bearing and manner are, perhaps, philosophically accounted for in a communication purporting to come from Katie herself through the mediumship of a gentleman whose good faith is unquestionable, in which occur these passages:

"Ever since the day I promised to protect her from annoyance as if she were my own daughter she was in the habit of thus addressing me."

"At that hour the master-tone, of which I have spoken as being immediately before the parlor and cabinet, was open and frequented by customers."

"Formerly head of the well-known New York banking firm of Livemore, Deane & Co. His experience, running through five years (1851 to 1856), will be found (based on his own record, not day to day) in the *Trustworthy Land* (Christian & Co., New York), pages 322 to 331."

"The way in which I sometimes appear and speak, when I am materialized, is not a true expression of my present condition. Spiritism is, in or out of the body, as you call it, a great extent, subject to the influences of material elements; and if you could spend a little time with me, in an appreciative manner, in my home in spirit-land, you would not recognize me as the same Katie who calls you 'stupid,' and uses expressions that are often repulsive to my inner consciousness. . . . All spirits, when they visit earth, must, in subjection to a law of their being, assume the conditions they had when they left the earthly form, though they may bring to your world many thoughts and ideas which they have acquired in the inner life. . . . All spiritual communications are more or less modified by the channel through which they pass."

As to the side issue regarding the identity of the Katie who appeared to us with the Katie who was the subject of Mr. Crookes's investigations, it is less completely settled, though the reality of the phenomena themselves. Yet I see strong reason for admitting that a little or none for denying it. In the main, our experience on this side is but the counterpart of that obtained in England, with such advance, as, in the progress of all phenomenal experiments, is to be expected. I do not believe that we could have succeeded as we did in Philadelphia, unless the way had been prepared for us in London; nor unless we had been aided by the same spirit which had aided, during three years' experience with Florence Cook as medium, the skill—if I may use the earthly expression—which enables her to present herself in veritable earthly guise.

To judge by the London photographs of Katie, taken by electric light, the beautiful form and features with which we are familiar here do not resemble those which appeared to the English observers; nor is there, as there was in London, any likeness between the spirit-artists and either of the mediums. The face of the London Katie suggests the adjective *pretty* and *interesting*. The face of our Katie is Grecian in its regularity. Earnestness, with a passing touch of weariness, is its habitual expression; and even its smile, though bright, has an occasional dash of sadness in it. One thinks of it as unquestionably handsome, as full of character, as intellectual, and withal as singularly attractive. But one would never call it pretty, any more than one would apply that term to the Venus of Milo. The nose is straight, not aquiline, as in the London photographs, and the large, clear eyes, are dark gray, with a bluish tinge. The face is a trifle broader than the classical model; the upper lip somewhat less short, and the features, perhaps, less delicately inscribed yet both features and expression much more manly. The hair is of some fine old statue, than they do the lineaments and looks of Florence Cook; so far as one can judge from her photograph. But in this case identity must be determined by internal evidence, not by outward form. The mediums, from whom is doubtless drawn a portion of the elements to materialize here and there, being entirely different.

The chief advance which, so far as my reading goes, we have made over all previous observers, is, that the mediums remain outside in full view, and untroubled during the whole sitting. I have not found any record of a case in which a spirit in full form issued from the cabinet, walked about the room, conversed with its visitors, touched them and was touched in turn, unless a medium had previously entered the cabinet, and had remained there until the entrance of the spirit-form returned thither. Our London sitting was sufficient to show the features in perfection (at least when we approached the cabinet); and this has not usually been the case at materializations elsewhere.

Nor do I doubt that, at the sittings which have recently been recommended—and at which the self-same Katie has already shown herself, as distinctly as ever—we shall make important additional progress.

If, now, I am asked where all this is to end, what is to come of it in case familiar converse with visitants from a higher life shall continue to be permitted here, I reply that that is not our affair. We have to deal, for the present, with facts, not with the results from facts. We are not the governors of this world, and need not trouble ourselves with speculations touching the ultimate consequences of natural phenomena. Cosmic order has never, so far, been disarranged by any new class of truths; and if we fear that it ever will be, we shall merit the reproach: "Oh ye of little faith!"

I hold it of all human privileges the greatest, to have been permitted to witness these phenomena.

Postscript. Since writing the above there has come to my notice a document which enables me to speak with more assurance of the identity of the Katie King of Philadelphia and the spirit appearing under the same name in London.

Mr. J. C. Luxmore, a gentleman of the utmost respectability, has been, throughout the period of Miss Florence Cook's mediumship, her constant friend and supporter. Many of her sittings were held at his town-house, 6 Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, London.

Now, in the (London) *Spiritualist* of February 1, 1873, Mr. Luxmore has given, under his own signature, the full details of a séance, by the Holiness, which he attended on the evening of January 13, 1873. After describing a preliminary dark séance, and then the appearance, in the light of the lamp, of a pale, thin, and very plainly seen "the medium of all cases," Katie, who generally, or I believe I may say always, presents herself at Miss Cook's séances, I have seen her three times at Hickey's, and could perfectly identify the face. She spoke, as usual, in a whisper, but not sufficiently loud for me to determine what was said. I, although I had not the slightest doubt of her identity, said: "If you are Katie, put out your pin as you do at Miss Cook's." This was at once done. I should think it perfectly impossible for any one who has had the privilege of attending Miss Cook's séances to have a single doubt of its being the same face we see there. The italics are Mr. Luxmore's.

But all those who, like myself, were fortunate enough to converse frequently and familiarly with Katie last summer, will bear me out in asserting that the one peculiarity which marked her appearance at the apartment was that, each time, after she had said something to us, she withdrew the upper part of her face and head, bringing her chin prominently forward. The self-same peculiarity marks her recent reappearance.

It does not at all affect the genuine character of the phenomena whether we conclude that the question of identity is determined, or that it must be left open. Nor do I assert that it is *positively* settled by the above facts. What I do say is, that these facts, taken in connection with other evidence already adduced, afford to my mind fair and reasonable assurance that (though varying in outward feature) the spirit which conversed with Mr. Crookes and others in London and that which has spoken to myself and others here in both cases are one and the same instrument to advance the cause of Spiritualism—is but one and the same.

Holding this for truth, and being desirous not to mix uncertainties with certainties, I refrain from alluding here to certain (alleged) particulars of Katie's earth-life (with a truthful ring in them) coming to us through such a channel. All that I have said is, that the Katie who appeared to us, was, that her true name is Annie Morgan, and that the spirit usually known as John King, or Henry Morgan, is her father.

On one occasion, without any previous allusion by myself to the subject, Katie said to me, from the cabinet window: "I am a London friend, and I am interested in your work. I took last leave, not of your earth, but of dear Florence Cook, because my continuance with her would have injured her health."

This is the only allusion which Katie has ever made to me in regard to her London experience, or her friends in that city.

For brevity's sake I have passed over the record of more than half our sittings, with numerous other details, among which I have mentioned the case of the London Katie, who, sitting freely, purporting to be that of Abraham Lincoln and of another said to be John King. These cases, and all others, are of course, as I have said, of a different nature, a few of which were recognized by relatives or friends.

Where Miss Cook and her spirit have lived, Katie, at that time, had not appeared in full form.

The earliest squatters—Kangaroos.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT'S FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

Marvels of the spirit grow more and more astounding. Among the multitude there comes to us, in the *Lucie Spirite*, of Paris, a new confirmation of "the double," or the capacity of the spirit to have a materialized form in two places at the same time.

"The photograph which we offer to our readers to-day," says the *Lucie*, "is the result of the phenomenon of *bicorporité*. On the 11th of January, M. Gledstane sat for a photograph at M. Bayet's (in Paris) at 11:15. Paris time, while Mr. Stanton Moses, a medium, slept *spiritually* in London at the corresponding moment—11:37. When the picture was developed, one could see behind M. Gledstane a physiognomy, not very distinct, yet recognizable, of the medium in London. The second experiment showed upon the plate the two friends. That of London of which the *spirit* had accompanied the soul, was represented sleeping; it was a striking proof of the truth of *bicorporité*, so well described by Allan Kardec. Monsieur Comte de Buley (present at this séance) has several times obtained, on large plates, the portrait of his sister who is living in Baltimore. She came, once holding in her hand a card covered with her own writing *originally*, and her signature. She gave sisterly counsel."

Your readers may remember, Mr. Editor, that in my translations from the November number of the *Revue*, I described this figure of M. Buley's sister as standing by his side, with handsome features, a remarkably fine forehead, dark hair prettily and tastefully put back under a cap that appears of the Mary Stuart style.

The above statements are strengthened by an extract from the correspondence of the Comtesse of Sybray with the *chevalier de Boufflers*—between the years 1778 and 1788. It seems that a gentleman in France, deeply in love with a lady in England, visited Cagliostro for the purpose of obtaining an interview with her. After much pleading on his part, and many warnings from the medium of the risks to be run, he entered a little cabinet, and rapping three times, as directed, upon the wall, the lady appeared before him. She expressed her surprise at meeting him in England, as his letters to her had not hinted at such a visit. An agreeable interview resulted, and, when about to separate, he asked her for her ring to make himself quite sure that it was not all a dream. The fifteen minutes allotted him having passed, he heard groans, and found, as he issued from the cabinet, Cagliostro writhing upon the floor. The latter soon recovered. Writing at once to London, the gentleman received from the lady a statement to the effect that, at the time specified, she felt a great inclination to sleep; and did sleep; that she dreamed she had seen and conversed with him, and that on parting he had asked for and obtained her ring; that, on waking, she was greatly surprised to find that her ring was gone; that at the moment his letter of inquiry reached her she was writing to him about her strange experience.

The leading and most important article of the French Review is M. V. Tournier's response to the Archbishop of Toulouse. It should be published in pamphlet form and circulated throughout the world. It was, very likely, this scathing criticism of the assumptions of the Papists, this clear exposition of the inanity of their attempt to abolish among Spiritualists what is an admitted fact in the church, that has aroused their ire beyond endurance, and caused them, as a *denier resort*, to appeal to the secular arm. But one by one the heads of this old hydra, the church, are being lopped off in Europe, and the wound cancerized.

I cannot give even an outline of M. Tournier's gentlemanly, scholarly analysis of the pretensions of the bishop; reminding him, at the close, that the day of persecution had passed, and that instead of having our books burned, (as was formerly the case, he had better read them.

In Brazil a little child seven years of age has appeared, with such a marvelous genius for music that he plays on the violin the most difficult music, and is the wonder of all who hear him. It seems to be the perfection of real inspiration, and so charmed were the musicians of the orchestra at the *Theatre Lyrique*, of Rio, recently, they presented him with a gold medal.

M. Bonnefont says that he went to Donal, France, to see a girl eleven years of age, in very poor health, and eating scarcely anything. She is a somnambulist; and after walking the house in this state she is completely prostrated, and one side of her body is convulsively agitated. Frequently the child takes a cat in her arms, and when it is being pressed against her breast during one of these paroxysms it is seized with the same complaint, falls on its side when it attempts to walk, and trembles convulsively.

I see also in the Review, among many other good things which I should be glad to notice, that a new journal devoted to Spiritualism, and edited by A. de Silva Netto, has made its appearance at Rio de Janeiro.

The large, handsome *Illustration Espirite*, of Mexico, is again at hand. The editor, Sr. Dr. R. I. Gonzalez, seems to spare no pains to make it a perfect exponent of our faith. "Who was John the Baptist?" "The Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church," "Roma and the Evangelio," are all interesting. These are followed by a translation from the Banner of L letter written by G. B. Stebbins, Dec. 16th, 1874; by an account of the manifestations in Philadelphia; by a séance with Dr. Slade (also from the Banner), written by J. B. Smith, and still another from your able weekly, Mr. Editor, on Re-incarnation.

"Spiritualism before Reason," or regarded in the light of reason, is a continuation of a plain and forcible expression of the relation of the laws derived from the nature of things. "I feel myself," says the writer, "perfectly distinct from my body; I am not the nails of my fingers nor the hairs of my head; nor the pulp of my brain. This material is drained off every hour like a torrent; new molecules come constantly to replace that which the play of life eliminates; my body is in a perpetual change; nothing remains to-day of that which was a year ago. I only remain in the midst of this renovation and abide always the same. All this material makes a part of the organism of which I am, without knowing how, momentarily allied, that a superior will is given me to govern, but it is not I. Reflecting a little upon this, one can easily conceive that he could live without this organism, which, upon the whole, molests as much as it serves."

A little star that buttons, the jacket of the night can hardly be satisfactory to him who

weaves ("high up in the loom of heaven") the whole garment.

El Critico Espiritista, of Madrid, opens its April number with "A Grand Idea," which is, that the Spiritualists shall, at the great "International Exhibition" of Philadelphia next year, exhibit copies of all the books, periodicals, photographs, pictures, &c., that have been produced by the spirits or in the cause of Spiritualism. The credit of this suggestion is given to *La Revista Espiritista*, of Barcelona. The former magazine, in an article full of artistic reflections as well as facts, portrays the full value of such an exhibition, suggesting that our best media should be there, not for the purpose of filling their pockets by stated, forced exhibitions, but to give the scientists of all nations an opportunity (under, of course, all reasonable restrictions) to demonstrate the truthfulness of all that we declare to be true.

The *Critico* publishes notices also of quite a number of the books that issue from the press of Messrs. Colby and Ilch, among which are two by Epes Sargent, a "Book on Mediums," "The Inner Mystery," "A Discussion" (between Wilson and Harris), "Tipping, His Tables," and "An Hour with the Angels."

Referring to the "reprehensible conduct" of the press in Rome, the *Critico* says that in France and South America it is the same. "The daily press, with volubility, and that lack of discernment in the foundation of matters that require deep and patient research, attacks Spiritualism without understanding it, and refuses articles in its defence." If the papers in Italy and Spain are now such as they were some fifteen and twenty years ago, it will matter little with the people generally what they contain, for they did not read them. Such papers as have recently come to me from Portugal, would not be tolerated in this country in a backwoods town of a thousand inhabitants.

Under the head of "Articles of the Catholic Faith," the Madrid *Critico* quotes: "True Spiritualism is, that there is a class of fallen, depraved spirits who teach by every possible seductive means to alienate Christians from their God; that these perverse spirits are very much to be feared, and in our day avail themselves of the weakness that has come from a loss of the true faith by an infidelity of intelligent persons, to destroy them by a new religion, in truth spiritual, most diabolically spiritual. Like Materialism, this Spiritualism leads directly to hell. A simple attendance at one of the spiritual séances is a mortal sin."

The reviewer of the above says: "Thus the *Sentido Comin*, an anti-spiritual *revista*, publishes with license and with ecclesiastical authority and approbation, and guaranteed under the direction of a Señor Reading Canon and censorship of a Señor Dean. But regarding these declarations we notice that they affirm one of our principles: the *Communism of the invisible world with ours*. Rome grants us this also, following the opinion of the Jesuit fathers," etc. Space forbids my enlarging on these able answers to the unchristian, malicious verbiage with which we are now more fiercely than ever assailed.

In Madrid they have put upon the stage (at the theatre *Variedades*) a play called "Arturo, the Spiritualist." This, like several that were presented last year at the minor theatres under the title of "The Spirits," and "The Spirit Lover," are of course simply toxicologic our cause; but they in reality do it wonderfully, for only something of moment is worth such effort.

"*Reflexiones from the Spirit-World*," is a neat pamphlet from Buda-Pest, Hungary. It continues the interesting dialogue as given through different media, evolving many a sweet thought rolling calmly onward like the beautiful Danube by Buda's walls, and waiting one toward a great sea of soul-realities.

The *Licht Welt* of April 22d and May 13th, are at hand. The leading articles are, "Protestantism and Infidelity," "Religion and Politics," a review of one of A. J. Davis's works, and an interesting communication from Dr. Blöde. The minor items embrace the topics of the day that border the spirit-world.

The *Dagbladet*, published at Chicago, and edited by Mr. Mark Thraane, has a variety of matter that must interest the Scandinavian people. I see that it has correspondence from Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and gives notices of several spiritualistic papers.

RE-INCARNATION.

BY HORATIO N. SPOONER.

"Pythagoras taught it; and others of still more recent date have firmly believed themselves to have existed on the earth before, and to have some connecting link with their preceding existence in the embodiment that has come down to history—and there are perhaps more individuals than you are aware, who have either a positive conviction, or a vague and dreamy recollection that they themselves have existed upon the earth before."

So says Mrs. Tappan. But where are these individuals? She has instanced only one as having come within the range of her experience—the "intelligent clergyman." Was it "much learning that made him mad"? Would it not be well to look after these "vague and dreamy" visionaries? We refer not to Pythagoras, but to "others of a still more recent date"—those of our own household of faith. May not some way be devised of ascertaining the localities of the unfortunates, that they may be gathered into some safe asylum and properly cared for?

Mrs. Tappan says: "You can just as easily determine the ancient souls that inhabit the earth as you can, by a knowledge of ancient inscription, determine the meaning of the Sanscrit records upon the tablets of history." Doubtless it will be a source of peculiar satisfaction to thousands of it, by way of demonstration, she may be pleased to inform us what ancient spirit was incarnated in the earth-form of that "intelligent clergyman" who was present when the morning stars sang together, and who joined in the angelic shoutings. Perhaps, too, she may "just as easily" designate a few others of the "ancient souls" that now inhabit the earth, thus furnishing satisfactory evidence of the correctness of her theory. How eminently pleasing would it be might she but introduce to the glad recognition of an admiring world a re-incarnated Milton, a Shakespeare, and others of kindred intellectual endowments!

Mrs. T. states, as a remarkable fact tending to corroborate her favorite theory, that Mozart at three years of age possessed the consciousness of musical harmonies—that the thirds and fifths were known to him. How known to him? It is not unlikely that, after sounding a low note, he could ascend alternately a third, a fifth, and

if not beyond the compass of his voice, an octave; but that he *knew*, when he sounded the second note, that it was a third above the first, and when he sounded the third note that it was a fifth above the first, seems exceedingly doubtful; and if he succeeded in sounding the octave that he *knew* it was an octave above the first note is equally improbable. It was the ear rather than the intellect, that guided the infant Mozart in sounding the notes correctly. Mocking-birds have been known to whistle tunes with perfect accuracy; but it cannot with propriety be said that the birds had a knowledge of the music they instinctively performed. Instinct is not intelligence, whether in bird or babe. Mozart was not born a master of music. His perfect mastery over the "Divine art" was the result of study and practice, aided, no doubt, by a heart attuned to the love of melody, and a growing intelligence that enabled him easily to surmount every obstacle in the way of his advancement to the eminent position to which he attained as a musical professor. If he was a re-incarnation, who was his antecedent? If the ancient souls are as easily determined as Mrs. Tappan supposes, may we not expect that interesting revelations will soon be forthcoming from prophets of her persuasion?

"You are told sometimes by mediums that when you enter spirit-life you will find that the scenes are all familiar to you; that in vision or in dream; or in some hour of spiritual communion, you have been conscious of those spiritual states that you cannot by outward consciousness remember." All this is highly probable; but so far from proving re-incarnation, it shows that without its superintendence the soul may become familiar with the scenes of spirit-life through vision, dream, or spiritual communion; and what relation is there between a vision, a dream, or an hour of spiritual communion, and the supposed process of re-incarnation? One of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, will inform you that his spirit relatives have assured him that they have repeatedly enjoyed his company "over there"; and although in the external form he cannot recollect the visits, he probably does not doubt the assurances of the loved ones, though he may not find any reliable evidence of re-incarnation. But having proceeded to an unusual length, we reserve further comment for another paper.

SPIRITUALISM IN BELLVILLE, ILL.

BY E. W. PRINCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The few Spiritualists here are pleased to see you have republished the spirit communication entitled "The Truths of Spiritualism," which first appeared in the *Belleville Democrat*, of this place on the 13th inst. The proprietors of that paper, Messrs. Denlinger and Russell, are believers. The medium through whom we have received the "Truths of Spiritualism" and many other highly interesting articles, resides in this place. His name is John J. Lucas. He was born in Perry county, Ill., May 5th, 1843; is a mechanic by trade, of very limited education, and having lost his right arm by an accident, Sept. 13th, 1868, he now earns his living by serving as a night watchman. He resides with his aged mother and two maiden sisters. For a year and a half I have been holding sittings at my house, generally once a week. There are, to my mind, several good reasons why Mr. Lucas should accept some pay for his services, but he has repeatedly refused to do so, saying he never has taken pay for such services, and that he will starve before he ever will. I am intimately acquainted with him, and know him to be an honorable and singularly unselfish man.

His mediumship is unlike any other I have ever witnessed. Writing is not obtained oftener than once in about four or five sittings, and is invariably performed with a speed that no man can comprehend. To illustrate: The article you published was written upon a blank sheet of newspaper, 4x28 inches in size, and covered just seven-eighths of the surface on both sides. At a late sitting, when several visitors were present, a sheet of paper, same size, was placed on the table, and we sat two hours before writing began, and then that large sheet was entirely covered with legible writing on both sides, arranged in straight lines and eight columns (corresponding to the folds), in the space of thirty minutes! The pencil in the hand of the medium traverses the paper with a quick, jerking motion, left to right, and then right to left, alternately. In all the writing much of the spelling is incorrect. The word "own" is always written "ous," and "us" invariably written "ous."

Capital letters are rarely used, and never in the proper place, and there is no punctuation whatever. Words are in a number of cases very properly underscored, or enclosed in parentheses. No matter how much writing may be obtained, the point of the pencil is never perceptibly worn, although it can be distinctly heard striking and scraping the paper. And strangest of all, perhaps, writing in a few cases has been obtained when there was no pencil in the hand of the medium. At our sittings the gas is always turned down quite low. We have obtained writing in light that enabled us to see it, but never in light enough to enable us to read it.

Several letters have been received from my departed son, an only child, who passed over in Feb. 1873, aged eight and a half years. Two other parties formerly of this place have communicated. With these exceptions the writing purports to be from strangers to us, and is generally of a high literary order, including both prose and verse. The control (as we suppose) frequently writes. He often speaks of "the white folks," calls himself "the old darkey," and signs himself "Old Dan." He says we are yet to have some "meetings a mighty sight better than any we ever had."

Nov. 21st, 1874, we had a very successful meeting. There were present eight persons, including the medium. Writing very soon began, and it amounted to over sixteen closely written pages in the book in which the communications are recorded. Seven different communications were written, as follows: "The Spirit to the Medium," a poem, no signature; "The Inner Life," no signature; "Christ's Resurrection," by "A Spirit Friend"; "Spirits and Men," by "R. H. C."; Communication, by "Old Dan"; "Dear Sister," no signature; and a message addressed to "Papa and Mamma," by "Jimmy P."

In conclusion I would say that the writing through this medium is purely *mechanical*. Only the hand and arm are influenced. He remains in his normal state, and often converses while the writing is in progress, and has not the least idea of what is being written.

The Duvals are the Smiths of Paris. There are forty-nine hundred of them.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

At a time when the public mind is being so deeply agitated with regard to spiritual manifestations and kindred phenomena, we would call the special attention of the reader to that admirable work by Epes Sargent, Esq., whose title heads this article. The volume embraces within its pages the solution of the most important question which ever claimed the attention of the human race, viz: the existence of the spirit after it leaves the mortal form; and as it is the fruit of one of the most active and reflective minds in America, it should receive the attention of the great mass of investigators and Spiritualists alike.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important facts, and all business letters to be published are subject to the discretion of the Editor.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

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Church and School.

The multiplying evidences of an approaching struggle between the Catholic and Protestant denominations of the country for the possession of the public schools, or, as the alternative, for the breaking up of the whole school system and its wreck on the rocks of sectarianism, make the subject one of unusual interest at this time, and enlist the feelings of all persons on one side or the other of the ominous controversy. The simple question is this: whether the State can go on in the pursuit of its plan of popular education, which is universally conceded to lie at the foundation of a civilized state, or must abandon it altogether because its citizens happen to be divided into sects on the matter of their religious belief. In other words, cannot education be pursued without engrafting upon it the specialty of theology?

The first point to be clearly defined is, what connection religion actually has with education? Certainly, it cannot be settled by a mere conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism. "The Bible in the schools" is a good enough war-cry, but does not cover the case. Catholicism affirms that it is taxed to support a system that is antagonistic to its existence. Protestantism answers that the public schools are open to all children; but persists in making its own translation of the Bible a school-book. Obviously the way to compromise the matter without injuring the schools, is to dispense with the Bible reading; but if Protestantism would consent, which it will not as yet, Catholicism is still more unwilling, holding that its own children should be instructed religiously as well as secularly. Anybody can see at a glance that the contest is in any but a religious spirit, and that religion can gain nothing from it, whichever way it may be settled.

The battle is now opened in New York and Ohio, and threatens to spread rapidly. On one side, the Catholics assert that their children cannot be properly trained in non-sectarian schools, such as some Protestants agree to and all Protestants profess to advocate. What the Catholics are to-day demanding in New York is parochial schools, to be supported by a share of the public school moneys derived from taxation. They protest that, for their children's welfare, they are obliged to send them to parochial schools, while they are likewise taxed for the support of non-sectarian schools. Inasmuch as they think they ought to have the benefit of what they are taxed to pay for, they demand that their parochial schools shall be made common schools, governed as the latter are, only with Catholic teachers and the dispensation of religious instruction.

We find in a contemporary a logical answer to this demand, which expresses our own views with accuracy and emphasis. It says that the object of every true government is the protection of life and property. "This is its primary duty—, all others are secondary. Inasmuch as all men love personal safety, brought about by protecting life, and individual comfort, brought about by protecting property, the majority of men are united in sustaining the essential object of government; those who differ from them are counted violators of the law and are punished, that good to the majority may prevail. Whenever a secondary object of the State is to be considered, the first question that should arise is, is it promotive of the primary object? If it is, and the majority are convinced that it is, then the State owes it to its own welfare to further this secondary object. This is a Christian age, and Christianity has had a prominent place in our civilization. For all that, the State can consider its promotion but as a secondary object, whose good is revealed by experience rather than by faith. The primary object of the State is of a secular nature purely, and the State arrives at conclusions only from secular premises.

More than forty millions of people in this country are of the belief that the Government they sustain was founded only to advance their temporal welfare, which consists in the adequate protection of their lives and property. But in point of creed they are as diverse as possible. What is salvation for one is damnation for another. Experience teaches, however, that many a ruler, whose death was mourned by his people, lived outside the pale of the church; while many a sovereign, who was a churchman, died execrated by his subjects. It shows that many of the bloodiest wars have been religious wars, many of the bitterest persecutions religious persecutions,

many of the severest restrictions on human liberty those imposed by religion. The State, consequently discovers that, to be the temporal ruler of all, it must keep clear of the religious differences of the many. Its life is unison; its rule, therefore, must be impartial justice; its mission, the common good.

There is no safety for us as a free nation but to separate religion from education—the church from schools. The latter is the primary object of the State, while the former is but secondary, and not secularly related to the other. Either that, or the abandonment of popular education altogether. The State is not to be accounted either Catholic or Protestant, neither Christian nor Jew. It is only a secular establishment, framed for temporal ends. In the language of the "contemporary" already quoted, "its highest aim is the protection of life and property, its broadest duty the furthering of all interests that do not endanger its primary object, its enduring strength the unity of effort and the ignoring of all unreconcilable differences, for the general good." This being the true nature of a State, it can further education only when that education is wholly non-sectarian. This is the gist of the whole matter; and unless it is thus accepted, our public school system is doomed.

Indian Matters.

The palaver of the Indian officials with the chiefs summoned to Washington has ended, and it amounts to nothing. The new treaty is not signed, but will be laid before the tribes with very doubtful chances, and as for the Black Hills country, the Indians seemed to seriously consider even the suggestion of its sale. The conferences throughout were but a series of complaints and scoldings. Sitting Bull, almost alone of the chiefs, seems to have conducted himself with discretion and friendliness, and he takes home the present of a handsome rifle given him by the President. Meanwhile expeditions are already fitted out by white men in quest of gold, who will undoubtedly force their way to the Black Hills, notwithstanding the orders of the Government to the contrary, which will inevitably bring about an Indian war on a large scale, with the result only of depleting the U. S. Treasury.

We are not sure but that the view taken of the Indian question by the Boston Traveller is the correct one, viz:

"This recent experience with the Indians but confirms us in the view we have already expressed, that it is perfectly folly to keep up the old policy of treating the tribes as sovereigns any longer than it will take to substitute a better plan. This international form is, of course, the worst sham as to substance. The words of the nation, dependent, ignorant, constantly needing protection against the dangers of starvation, can not be honestly dealt with on a footing of equality. So long as it is attempted, we shall have this gross abuse of the Indians by vicious traders and dishonest agents, which has been the standing trouble of years, and we shall have this sort of abortive effort at civilization which we have just witnessed at Washington. The true course is to extinguish the tribal sovereignty as soon as it can be, and gradually prepare the Indians for incorporation with the mass of our people, so far as that can be done. Every Indian that is recovered from savage life and is made diligent and self-supporting, is a positive gain to the country. It will necessarily take considerable time to mature such a policy, and it will be advanced very unequally among the different tribes, but it is the work inevitably before us, and the sooner we undertake it, the better.

The Boston Daily Advertiser of the 9th inst., repeats what we have said for years, that:

Ever since Custer's expedition to the Black Hills—which was in flagrant violation of the nation's solemn treaty obligations, and as wanted an outrage as would be the marching into Canada of a military expedition—the restless elements of our population have been eager for adventures into the forbidden region in search of the gold that was reported to be there. For their accommodation an effort has been made to buy the country of its owners, but it did not succeed. Nevertheless, a way will be found to acquire it before a long time elapses, for this Christian nation has always proceeded upon the theory that its solemn treaties with the Indians were binding only on the Indians, but subject to violation by us whenever it seemed good or profitable. The history of the world, civilized and barbarian, does not afford more valuable and monstrous instances of bad faith than may be found in the record of the dealings of the American nation, which claims to be Christian, with the red men of the country. It is the story of Naboth vineyard over and over again; but the church as a body has not made any fit protest against the spoliation. Over the word "right," the word "destiny" has been written, and then we unite in congratulating ourselves on our prosperous progress. When the United States guarantees to the Indians exclusive and undisturbed possession of a tract of country forever, it means only that they may occupy it and come what may. The idea of being bound by any promises we make to the Indians is voted absurd.

It is a shameful doctrine for a nation like ours to adopt, that a treaty may at any time be set aside by the law of force. But that is just what it has come to. The parties of gold-adventurers meantime continue to press up around the limits of the forbidden territory, and are getting ready to make an invasion in force. The Indians are engaged in watching their movements, and a general war upon them is threatened as soon as the chiefs return home from the East with their story. So we go. The muddle which has been made by the Indian Ring is a very dangerous one, and promises to cost largely to the nation in life and treasure. Whatever the Indian is, he has at least a right to protect himself, if he can, from robbery. The Ring failed, to carry its point in this visit, and a Commission will be sent out to treat. It is plainly to be seen that the Indians will be driven to give up the Black Hills Territory.

We recently stated that Mrs. J. H. Conant, who has been the faithful medium through whom the invisibles at the Banner Circles have spoken so long, was ill; but hoped to be able to announce ere this her speedy recovery. She is still very sick, however, being under the closest care of her physician. Let the prayers of all good people everywhere go up to the Great Fountain of Wisdom in her behalf, that her health may be restored, to the end that humanity's burdens shall be lessened by gaining that knowledge from the higher life, through her instrumentality, which all God's children on earth should possess.

The view which we set forth at the first, concerning the divorce suit of Ann Eliza against Brigham Young, viz., that the decision of the court over which Judge McKean presided, that the prophet should pay alimony, could only be construed as a legal recognition of polygamy in the United States, is now sustained, and the application for a writ of attachment to force the payment of the claim has on that very ground been recently thrown out by Chief Justice Lowe, who holds that no instrument based on the recognition of the validity of polygamous marriages can stand in law.

Seance with Charles H. Foster.

On the morning of Friday, June 4th, Epes Sargent, Esq., J. J. Morse, the English trance speaker, Isaac B. Rich our partner, and ourself, waited upon Mr. Foster at his rooms in the Parker House, Boston. The sitting was evidently intended by those unseen intelligences who enter so largely—though not so universally recognized in this capacity by the world in general—into the arrangement of life's details, to widen the scope of knowledge on the part of Mr. Foster concerning the capabilities of the denizens of the next sphere of being when the proper conditions are given them. Indeed, such was the information presented through Mr. Foster when the party took seats around the table, Mr. Morse was highly pleased with the success of the circle which followed, especially as during its continuance a wish which he long had entertained was accomplished, viz: the giving of words to him by his own particular spirit guides (outside of his own organism and through the instrumentality of Mr. Foster), an experience which he had not met with before since his arrival in America.

The pellets so often described being prepared in the usual fashion, and to a considerable number, and mingled beyond recognition, Mr. Foster drew forth one upon which it was subsequently found was written the name of Mr. Morse's Chinese control, but at the time no person who saw it on the table, closely rolled up, could distinguish it from the rest; and as an additional test of his powers, before unfolding the paper slip, said he would write the name contained therein upon it. He then caught up the pencil, and clearly traced out the name "Tien-Sen-Tie"; the pellet being then unrolled, proved his double test to be correct. The medium was also impressed to state to Mr. Morse that his spirit guides, who were then present, were happy to meet him under these peculiar circumstances.

When this message had been concluded, Mr. F. suddenly spoke to Mr. Morse, saying, "Your mother is here," and proceeded to deliver a message of a personal character in her behalf to her son, giving the name "Mary Morse" at the end, which Mr. M. said was correct. Mr. M. was also privileged to converse with several of his spirit friends through the instrumentality of the raps; the matters stated, however, being of a personal character, we refrain from reproducing them.

The medium then remarked that "Lizzie Goodchild," who said she had recently passed to spirit-life, would send her presence, as having come in company with the mother of Mr. M. Mr. M. inquired of what disease she died. The names of a certain number of the varied sicknesses to which humanity is heir having been written upon slips of paper by Mr. M., among them the true one, Mr. Foster at once selected the correct slip, and said heart-disease was the principal cause of her demise, although she was subject to pains in her left side. Mr. M. said he had heard by letter from home of the decease of the lady named, and he came to America.

The mother of Mr. Rich communicated with him during the seance, giving him much encouragement by her hopeful pictures for coming days; at the close of her message the initials of her name, "M. R.," appeared plainly on the back of the medium's hand, while it was being held up in direct view of all present. Mr. F. then went on to elicit the test thus given by speaking her name in full: "Margaret Rich," which Mr. Rich acknowledged to be correct.

After this episode, the medium turned to Mr. Morse, and said, "William Lewis comes to you. Did you know in earth life any person bearing that name?" Mr. Morse replied in the affirmative, and seemed about to add more to his statement to that effect, when Mr. Foster said, "Stop; I will tell you myself; that person was your wife's father, so he tells me. Is that true?" Mr. M. acknowledged that it was.

Mr. Sargent was also the recipient of messages and tests from spirit friends and acquaintances, among them being Robert Chambers, the celebrated English publisher, Charles Dickens and Mr. Frothingham. The name of Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie was also written. Mr. S. stated that on Mr. Chambers's last tour to America before his decease he visited a medium in Boston in company with him.

During the seance, a lady who resides in the vicinity of Boston, called to make arrangements with Mr. Foster for a private sitting, and while so doing she stated that she had consulted his name twelve years ago, at which time he informed her that her daughter would be married and would permanently reside in Germany. She acknowledged that she at the moment and for a considerable lapse of time thereafter considered the information to be the sheerest and most preposterous nonsense, and the slightest indication of such a coming state of affairs being then in existence. She now desired to inform him that the prediction he made so long ago had been fulfilled in every particular. This is the latest instance of the singular forecasting power with which Mr. Foster is at times gifted.

As this celebrated medium will remain in Boston but about two weeks more, it would be well for all intending to visit him to do so without further delay, as the concluding hours of his stay in any locality never fail to be crowded with applications, the makers of some of which, failing to gain admission, receive practical evidence of the truth of the old proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Bold Words from a Secular Journal.

The Talmage controversy has brought out some sharp encounters all over the country, and also in Europe, the reverend bigot's handling of the subjects of the phenomena and Philosophy meeting in many instances with the keenest criticism at the hands even of the daily and weekly press. Here is what the Gloucester (Mass.) Register (Secular) boldly says editorially in reply to the diatribes of the "Enterprise" newspaper of that vicinity concerning the adherents of Spiritualism:

"Bro. Asa has not to go outside of his own village, to find men and women who have for years commanded his respect, confidence and love, who are firm believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism. If their lives be taken as a fair reflection of the new doctrine, he will confess at once that there is something in it that at least inspires the believer with a noble and lofty idea of his duty to his fellow-men. The question is not now so much what a man believes, as what he is as a man. The world will respect that system of religion that builds up the highest and noblest type of mankind." * * * The day is past when wholesale denunciation of what one believes to be error, without argument and satisfactory proof in support of the position taken, will pass for anything more than declamation."

We believe—with our friend Theodore Parker, who has a beautiful invocation on the sixth page—"in voiceless deeds of love, benevolence, charity, long-suffering and pity toward all" the children of earth; and feeling thus, it is peculiarly disconcerting to us to be compelled to listen to the adverse criticisms on the workers in our ranks we are obliged to almost daily, and which are retailed from house to house, from city to city, from village to village, by too many public lecturers, both conservative and radical. Oh! do let the broadest charity cover the shortcomings of thy fellows, for surely they have a spark of the divine within their breasts, which charity and love alone can develop! We feel more fully than ever that so profound and knowledgeable a religion as Spiritualism should lead all true Spiritualists to endorse the mediumistic sayings of Paul, who taught in the olden time precisely the same doctrine our reliable spirit-guides teach us through their media of today.

Spiritualism Gaining Ground.

Spiritualism stands well to day in New York, and is on the gain. Mediumship is becoming more and more defined, hence more reliable. The Societies are stable and well governed, and are becoming popular, hence successful.—*The Spiritualist at Work.*

Spiritualism stands well everywhere, brother, notwithstanding the miserable sectarian conspiracy that was lately inaugurated in Philadelphia, by our enemies, to injure the cause in the estimation of all good people, and which—thanks to spirit-power—so signally failed. Not only is the Spiritual Philosophy making converts all over this continent, but it is likewise gaining adherents in "Australia, England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Egypt, and the Indies. According to the secular press, it is "on the tidal wave of popularity in Russia at this time." Spiritualism is not a new thing to the Russians. They have investigated its grand truths for many years. As long ago as the Russian fleet anchored in our harbor, we presented its Rear-Admiral with a file of our paper and a selection of Spiritualistic books, for which he cordially thanked us in a very polite note. Afterwards, when the Davenport Brothers held test sances in the presence of the Emperor, at St. Petersburg, the name of the commander of the fleet, referred to above, appeared, among other notable names, as a committee man. It will thus be seen that the seed sown by the wayside has taken root and promises an abundant harvest.

Since penning the above, we learn from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Journal des Debats, that there is a great mania for Spiritualistic manifestations in that city just now, and that the popularity of Home is far exceeded by that which a Frenchman, named Brediffe, at present enjoys. The Debats's correspondent also says that among the believers in M. Brediffe's mediumistic powers are several professors of science, one of whom, M. Wagner, has published his profession of faith in the last number of the European Messenger. This declaration, appearing in a magazine which has so much influence in Russian society, created a great impression, but so far only two journals have made any effort to refute M. Wagner's statements.

Skepticism in Spiritual Science.

Critical and accurate examination of facts is the duty of every honest inquirer. But honesty as to truth requires that we should be careful to recognize and understand the facts which are developed, as well as to scrutinize the aspects of the case in which the demonstration appears incomplete. Those who clamor most about "honesty," "fraud," "imposition," &c., are generally deficient themselves in the first element of intellectual honesty—a willingness to recognize and do justice to what is demonstrated to their senses. How often do we witness the most perfect physical and intellectual demonstrations received with a stupid and incredulous stare by skeptics, who, affecting to be honest and scientific, insist on some impracticable and unreasonable demonstration of what has already been demonstrated!

The carpenter who listened, without comprehending, to the demonstration, on the blackboard, that the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the squares of the two remaining sides, and insisting that the demonstration was fallacious, because the chalk-lines were not perfectly smooth and straight, demanded that the demonstration should be made by weighing square blocks of wood hewed out by his own clumsy hand, was a fair specimen of the reasoning incapacity of skeptics who are ever demanding some new test, or proof, of what has been demonstrated ten thousand times already.

Spiritualism does not stand to-day as an abject beggar for recognition. Its leading facts are as well established as those of chemistry or botany, and Spiritualists should not waste their time in attempting to instruct those who are not willing to learn—who, from real or affected stolidity, have not the manliness and honesty to appreciate a fair and scientific demonstration.

Plato and Epicurus.

Dr. T. A. Bland's last lecture is entitled "Plato and Epicurus; or the Conflict between Materialism and Philosophy." It is an able and most scholarly exposition of the doctrines of Plato on the subject of Immortality, and a keen criticism of the Materialistic dogmas of Epicurus, which the Doctor claims (and clearly shows) form the basis of all the scientific and socialistic heresies of this age.

This is probably the best lecture in the Doctor's extensive repertoire, and although not a spiritual lecture, yet it is substantially a most able defence of Spiritualism, as a philosophy: it is just the sort of lecture that is needed to silence the skeptical scientist, and lead people of thought to the investigation of Spiritualism, both in its philosophical and phenomenal aspects.

Prof. Bland is open to engagements, on favorable terms, to lecture in this vicinity. He may be addressed care of this office.

As probably many of our readers never had the opportunity of perusing Hon. Robert Dale Owen's excellent article in the January number of the Atlantic Monthly corroborative of the spirit-materialization manifestations at Philadelphia in presence of the Holmes mediums, we at this time reprint it entire, for the good and sufficient reason that its statements are true to the letter, notwithstanding that he was subsequently drawn into a net and victimized for the time being by certain very theological spiders, who make their headquarters in Philadelphia. We fully understand the whole game, and shall not be backward in exposing it, either editorially or through the agency of our reliable correspondents. A letter from Dr. Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in this number of the Banner gives us new light in regard to the reliability of Mrs. Holmes as a medium. In our next issue we shall publish a letter from Mr. J. M. Roberts, of New Jersey, who is fully posted in regard to the Holmeses and the manifestations produced by spirits in their presence.

We have received and offer for sale at an exceedingly reasonable rate a series of four tracts, compiled by Thomas R. Hazard from the words spoken by various intelligences through the mediumship of the late John C. Grinnell, of Newport, R. I. The series is entitled "SPIRITUAL COMMUNION TRACTS," and the tracts contained in it are admirably calculated for distribution as pioneer awakeners of thought.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, will visit different sections of the country during the summer months. Patients in this city desiring his services should call on him the present month.

Martyrdom Vindicated.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Truth must prevail in the end, because it is one of the fundamental laws of spiritual (the true) life. I feel happy to be enabled to contribute some little mite toward this great end in regard to some of the martyrs of mediumship. I am justified in stating that Mrs. Holmes, the much abused and slandered instrument of the Katie King manifestations at Philadelphia, is getting more and more fully vindicated every day, and will in the end succeed in converting all the doubt, reproach and contumely which have been heaped upon her into admiration of her intelligence, superior powers, persistency, and trust in her good cause. Mrs. Holmes, assisted by a few convinced friends, has been enabled to resist the effects of the great crash, which seemed to damage the cause of Spiritualism at the end of last and the beginning of this year. She has continued to give sances—unassisted by Mr. Holmes—and as they were mostly held in private houses and under very strict test conditions, she has been happy enough to prove to a great number of witnesses the genuineness of the Katie King materializations of last year in a manner to leave scarcely any doubt in the minds even of the more skeptical. I hope that others will come out with their testimony for these facts. What I am enabled to contribute in this respect does not come from personal observation, but from a friend of mine in whose words I have a right to confide as much as in the evidence of my own senses. It is Dr. Charles Raue, of Philadelphia, a man not unknown to scientific people, and whom I mentioned in my former communications about the Katie King manifestations to the Banner. Dr. R.'s testimony will appear the more valuable when I state, as there is no need of concealing, that when the great Child-Owen Exposure "exploded," he belonged to those whose faith was shaken to its root, and, as it seemed, forever, at least in regard to the Holmes' mediumship. My friend wrote to me under date May 28th, that he attended two sances with Mrs. H. in a private house on North 19th street, of which the first was at least a partial failure, because a couple of roughs had been admitted; while the second one, at which "only ladies and gentlemen were present," proved a complete success. The light seance on this evening was preceded by a highly impressive and convincing dark sitting. During this not only the accustomed spirit-visitants of the medium, Black Hawk, Irish Ann, Dick and others made themselves perceptible, but to the present Dr. Feller five spirit friends manifested themselves in an unmistakable manner. One of these was Dr. Jacob Kaufmann, an old colleague of Dr. Feller's who died years ago, in Callowhill street, Philadelphia, and who spoke to him in German; the other, Dr. F.'s own son, Augustus. The Indian, Black Hawk, seemed to come down from the ceiling, and made a descent which shook the whole room. "Dick" slid a narrow wooden ring over the head of Dr. R., and took it off again with the polite question: "Did I do it carefully?" The same ring was afterwards slipped upon the doctor's arm while he was holding firmly both of Mrs. Holmes's hands, and not losing his grip for a moment.

In the light seance, Katie King materialized not only at the aperture, but came out of the cabinet in full form. She approached my friend quite near, and laid her hand on his forehead. No wonder that he exclaims in his short report to me, with some ecstasy: "There is not the least doubt it was she;" and, "Our Katie after all was no humbug!"

The test conditions under which these manifestations occurred, consisted in the medium being secured in a bag closely tied up around her neck, and the door of the cabinet being sealed up. At the close of the materialization Mrs. Holmes was found to be in a deep trance, from which it took some time to rouse her. At the same time it was ascertained that the temperature of her skin was remarkably low. This presents a fact for further scientific investigation, since there is, so far as we know, no evidence of the possibility of reducing the natural heat of a living body by will power or any means of deception.

But not satisfied yet with these manifestations in a strange house, my friend, Dr. Raue, invited Mrs. Holmes to a seance to be held in his own house, in a small circle of his family and some friends. This took place on the evening of June 3d, and had the same satisfactory result. Katie King not only appeared at the aperture, but came out in full form three or four times. Besides her, a *Swabian woman*, not recognized, it seems, by any of those present, materialized herself and proved her genuineness by talking in the *Swabian dialect* of the German language, which, as we may presume without appearing too bold, is not likely to be familiar either to Katie King or Mrs. Holmes. Besides, this strange form appeared to all to be at least two heads taller than Katie.

I repeat to wish that these facts will be attested to by others who were eye-witnesses. Every Spiritualist of new or old standing, owes it to the much abused Mrs. Holmes, as well as to our great cause, to contribute everything in his power to make this as victorious as it is glorious!

Dr. G. BLOEDE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 4th, 1875.

We give entire in this number of the Banner the address of Rev. Frederic H. Hedge, D.D., on "SCIENCE AND FAITH," at the semi-centennial meeting of the American Unitarian Association in this city. It is a very able production, but some parts of it will bear criticism, especially that portion in which he refers to Tyndall's challenge to "test the value of prayer by statistics." In this, it seems to us, he shows lack of some knowledge which educated Spiritualists possess, and ignorantly slurs what is worthy of respectful consideration. Yet, as a whole, Mr. Hedge's address possesses great merit.

The conception of the Infinite, the power of spirit forces, the measure of medianimic receptivity, and other matters of importance, receive attention in the Questions and Answers Department this week; Elizabeth Peters, who died in the Indian Territory, gives some account of her experiences among the red men; Charlotte Kendall sends love to her children and friends; Thomas Hill bears witness to the truth of spirit communion—Ralph Johnson following in the same course; and Ellen Carney offers "a good word" to her relatives yet in the mortal.

Read the call, published under "Banner Correspondence," third page, of the Dubuque, Iowa, Camp Meeting, which is to be in session from June 29th till July 4th. It promises to be a grand affair, and the friends should second the earnest efforts of the Committee of Arrangements to make it so.

Advertisements.

HULL & CHAMBERLAIN:
FRIENDS—Seeing that you propose publishing a Circular of Testimonials, we send you a true statement of our daughter's case, that you may use it if you wish.
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

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MRS. BRITTON'S LECTURE.

The course of lectures projected by the American Spiritual Institute for the month of June was inaugurated on the afternoon of Sunday last by a discourse from Emma Hardinge Britton, on "The Teachings of Spirit-Intelligence concerning Organization, and the duty of Spiritualists in the light of the same"—the subject being chosen by the audience for her consideration. During the services congregational singing was participated in, the people being led by the music of a fine organ—which was furnished by Woods & Co., of Boston, and presided over by Mr. Phelps as organist—and the cornet of Alonzo Bond. Notice was given that on next Sunday afternoon Dr. T. B. Taylor would lecture in the hall before this Institute.

After an invocation, Mrs. Britton introduced her treatment of the subject in hand by stating that if the mere utterances of different spirit-intelligences were sought for on this or any other topic, their views would be found to differ as widely as would those of the same number of embodied intelligences if questioned in a like manner; she preferred therefore to rise above these mere expressions of individual opinion, to look at the lessons transcribed concerning this matter upon the mighty pages of Nature by the God of the spirits, and from these lessons of concentration and harmony toward the production of desired ends, deduce the revealed duty of Spiritualists at the present crisis of affairs. Spiritualism had brought to mortals a solid and firm-founded religion at a time when all the fixed standards of belief handed down from the past were losing their power over the world, and failed longer to satisfy the innate cravings of reasoning humanity; a religion which reassured the fainting soul, which, under the system, the hope of immortality had grown dim, but it was immortal, and that its beloved, materially departed, were ever spiritually present; a religion which proclaimed the sublime gospel of individual responsibility, and the certainty of ultimate compensation for all deeds—whether good or their opposite—which were done in the body.

Spiritualism had also brought to us a science, the most revolutionary that earth had ever known. There was not a motion or expression of the human body which was not the result of force. But what was force? Science, musing among dead bones in its search for causation, sitting aside the spiritual power, the intelligence which caused force to operate—had never been able to explain; but Spiritualism came to our relief, demonstrating that all that is force is spirit—that spirit itself is force, the only force in existence; and that he who stands face to face with a spirit, stands in the presence of the primal source of all power. Spiritualism had thus brought us not so much a new science as a clearer conception of the science of the universe; and taught us that whatever force made its presence known there was a spiritual exhibition of the cause of all the varied and grand phenomena of the universe.

Spiritualism had given us a new social order; not the disruption of all that is useful and beautiful, but the foundation upon which all forms and orders must be based in coming time; since it brought each inquirer after truth face to face with the fact of individual responsibility, and taught that law and harmony run through life's every department, sanctioning the use, condemning by natural penalties the abuse of every faculty and power.

Thus Spiritualism, though its revelations might not be fully grasped by some of its followers, or clearly defined by others, had in reality bestowed upon humanity in the last quarter of a century a new religion, science and social order. What it had done for the individuals in the mass was imperishably recorded on every heart upon whom its divine revelations had dawned. But where did we stand in our expressed views concerning this stupendous subject? Referring to the broadest license in society, to the "loose" or "Lo! there is truth!" prominent mode of life and its relations, as well as concerning that which was to supervene at death. One exalted the phenomena as the chief gateway to a demonstration of immortality, and another-scouted the same as being the product of a low order of spiritual intelligences, declaring that in the mental phase alone was to be found the true extension of spiritual knowledge; one proclaimed the broadest license in society, and the other condemned animalism as the fruitful source of unnumbered woes! In a day when Spiritualists should, by virtue of their added light, be the standard-bearers of a new dispensation for the blessing of mankind, the analytical student would see that they really had no fixed standard of belief, as to religion, presented no established ground of appeal to science, possessed no settled agreement as to the requirements of morality. So, at least, it seemed at present, to the speaker.

Why was this the case? Because during the last quarter of a century we had either been wandering in awe-struck amazement among the beautiful fields of spiritual-revelation, or had been surrounded so closely by a stern conflict with error that we had failed to reach a compendious and arrangement of what we had gained into any regular shape, as yet; but all signs pointed to the fact that the time was at hand for the accomplishment, in some measure at least, of this much needed result. The era of determined organization for practical work was as surely coming to us as did the great revolution which, in this land, one hundred years ago, gave political freedom to an untold people; and as we were about to celebrate the centennial anniversary of that blood-bought liberty, we were as surely called upon, by a nobler purpose, to celebrate the freedom of the soul, in our day, from the laws of custom, which in the immediate past had demanded of men to bow before the unmeaning verbiage of the creeds, except as arbitrary means to the tyrannical dictation of science, and kneel at the shrine of any form of morality which the law of the land might establish. We are now called to put this light into practical shape; to make use of what we have received, not only for our own but the benefit of an universal humanity. Think not, said the speaker, that you can do this as long as your ranks are broken, and you stand outside of Nature's grand law of order and harmony in an endeavor to work alone, and the biased conceptions that spring from a selfish individuality. "I am responsible to none!" had been for the last twenty-five years the shibboleth which had parted the lips of the emancipated Spiritualist, and under this depressing influence, because it divided the ranks of the friends of oncoming truth, we were forced to look upon Spiritualism to-day—though possessing more believers than any other form—as a system without power among men, a system whose thought-enriching literature was not duly supported and encouraged, and whose public exponents on the rostrum were obliged, almost unaccountably by mortals, to wage for the spirit-world a life-long war with poverty and trial. Up to the present time Spiritualists had failed in all attempts to organize; and at the door of an angular and selfish individuality on their part, which preferred to uphold its own opinions rather than to conduce to the general advancement of the cause, were the failures to be laid; they were not the offspring of a want of knowledge or care as to the arrangement of the institutions so failing.

But whereon did Spiritualists base their intense amount of individual freedom from all responsibility? They did not bring Spiritualism to the world; the first ray was no work of theirs; they did not make the conditions of the spirit-circle; those conditions were made for them, and they were frequently reminded of the same when, as investigators, in the hardihood born of undue

self-esteem, they attempted to trench upon what the unseen power had ordained for their belief. In Spiritualism, even as the Alpha and Omega of existence, was not the product of their own inventive mental evolution—it was forced upon them by the stern logic of undeniable facts. They were not irresponsible, but were bound in the links of the great law of the universe; that law might break them, but they could not break it, for it had its source in spirit, the source of all things, spirit which was intelligence, and which took the place, as an omnipotent power of the world's worshiped deities of the past, and unfettered and impersonal thought that parent might be the Spiritualist as well as the credulist yet had his "father in heaven!"

Spiritualism revealed the fact of God as the intelligent force operating in universal law; a God who had no mysteries hidden from his children. As he was spirit, and we were akin to him, our spirits would gradually mount the ladder of progress to read the revelations which he had everywhere written. The only horizon to man's powers is his ignorance! Spirit is the only real thing in the universe!

The methods of organization which were proposed by the present Association were of course peculiar to itself, and concerning them she did not desire to descend, but would treat of the principle of organization in a general way. It did not follow that we should always fall because disaster had attended our efforts at concentration in the past; far from it. The day was near at hand when we must have organization or perish for the want of it; organization first for ourselves, then for the world to enter into our ranks. We must cease to pay our devotion at the shrine of a selfish individuality; we must sacrifice our ideas and opinions, cherished angularities and plans, for the general good; we must seek out points upon which we could agree for work, and agree to disagree on all others. Spiritualism was not a matter of theory but fact; and this was not the day of opinions but of action. To her view these three points of agreement were religion, science and morality. Mere opinions did not bear the test of fact at all; for while theories might essentially differ the facts remained the same. Why could not we as earnest and united efforts be made to proclaim to a suffering, starving world this sublime truth, as were made to blazon before the people the various tenets which ecclesiasticism offered in the name of its peculiar deity? Surely none of us could afford to lose the strength which trial brought-in-life; none could afford to give up the tremendous sword which effort put into our hands.

At the conclusion of the lecture II. S. Williams, President of the Institute, made some remarks highly complimentary to the address just closed, and called attention to the business meeting in the evening.

Evening Session.—A meeting for conference and the transaction of such business as might properly come before the Institute was convened at the hall in the evening, and remarks were made concerning the best methods of advancing its interests by H. S. Williams, A. E. Carpenter, J. B. Hatch, Dr. J. B. Taylor, and John Wether. Other defined his position and Robert C. Cook of England, read an original essay on passing events and the lessons to be drawn therefrom in the light of spiritual inquiry.

Adjourned for one week.

Science and Faith.

ADDRESS OF REV. FREDERICK H. HEDGECOCK, D. D., AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

(Reprinted from the Christian Register (Unitarian) of June 5th.)

Mr. President.—The fiftieth anniversary of this Association suggests, perforce, a comparison of the ecclesiastical outlook of to-day with the aspects and auspices of fifty years ago. And here the thing which first strikes me is a change in the topics and points of view which occupy the leading minds not only of our own but of other communities. The questions which interested our fathers in 1825 have lost, in a great measure, their interest for us. The topics then debated with so much heart and heat, Trinity of the Godhead, Vicarious Atonement, Original Sin, Eternal Damnation, have almost dropped out of sight. The lines of theological separation between ourselves and other Protestant sects, once so rigidly maintained, are getting lax—are wavering, fading, vanishing. The Protestant sects are less concerned to define their position, one toward another, than to vindicate the common Christian heritage against a common enemy. Protestant Christendom itself is assailed, and that on both sides, behind and before. Protestant Christendom finds itself wedged between two hostile powers, of which our fathers made little account, but which in our day have acquired a portentous significance, the Church of Rome on the one hand and scientific skepticism on the other. The most pressing question between us and the Church of Rome is not a theological one, but a question of liberty or bondage, of progress or stagnation, of intellectual life or death.

The question between us and science is one of religion or no religion; of possible commerce with the unseen, or confinement within the bounds of sensible experience—spiritual life or death. The little I have to say connects itself with the latter question, the relation between faith and science. The half-century whose expiration we commemorate has been, as you all know, a period of unexampled progress in scientific discoveries and inventions. Four of the most memorable of these are comprised in its limits: communication by electric telegraph (which my friend who has just taken his seat so eloquently characterized), photography, anæsthetic surgery and spectral analysis, assuring the physical unity of creation. In consequence, partly of these splendid achievements, and partly from other causes, science in our day has assumed toward theology a tone of conscious superiority, as if she were the world's leader, the light of life, the mainstay of civilization. Four of the most memorable of these are comprised in its limits: communication by electric telegraph (which my friend who has just taken his seat so eloquently characterized), photography, anæsthetic surgery and spectral analysis, assuring the physical unity of creation. In consequence, partly of these splendid achievements, and partly from other causes, science in our day has assumed toward theology a tone of conscious superiority, as if she were the world's leader, the light of life, the mainstay of civilization.

What, on the whole, are the grounds on which science vaunts, as the dearest and most superior claims? Mainly, I think, these two: greater certainty and greater utility. Will they stand the test of ultimate reason? Science boasts, in comparison with theology, the advantage of greater certainty, as dealing with realities; while theology, in her judgment, gropes in the dark, and is "moving about in worlds not realized." Now the truth of that claim must depend on our definition of "certainty." Consult your dictionaries, and you will find that "certainty" means, for one thing, "freedom from doubt." If we accept that definition, the claim is void; for, not to speak of the uncertainties, the notorious uncertainties of science the moment she ventures beyond the region of sight and touch, not to speak of the wavering views of scientific men on grave questions, such as the nebular hypothesis, the atomic theory, the origin of species, not to speak of these, the assurance of faith in the religionist is just as strong as the assurance of demonstration in the scientist. The dearest and most superior claim whom I met in Cologne was just as sure that certain bones preserved in the "Dom" of that city were the bones of the three wise men of the East, Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, as the chemist is that water is composed of two parts hydrogen to one part oxygen. My friend, the ghost-seer, is just as sure that he has interviewed the shade of his deceased wife as the mathematician is that a body acted upon by two forces at

right angles with each other will describe a diagonal between the two. Now it avails not to say that in the one case we have facts, established facts, and in the other merely belief. To the common man, the unlearned, who cannot verify the facts, they are but beliefs, after all, received on authority, resting on human testimony; whilst to the believer, on the other hand, his beliefs are facts. The certainty in either case is the same. I do not say there is no difference in the kind of certainty, but I do say there is no difference in the degree; and I say, moreover, that the faith of the religionist furnishes as sure a ground to build upon as spiritual things as the knowledge of the scientist of material things. Science, no more than religion can claim to build on reality. For what is reality? Who will define it? Who will prove it? Do not all proofs refer us at last to subjective tests?

Sensible experience is no more a proof of reality than spiritual experience. The scientist builds on sensible experience. He claims for that experience an answering reality; he supposes a world external to himself, corresponding to his sensations. But the existence of such a world is a mere hypothesis. Profound thinkers have called it a vulgar prejudice—a prejudice with which I confess I am somewhat infected. [Laughter.] But when we come to demonstration, there is absolutely none. A convenient working theory for scientific and daily use; that is the best we can say of it. The religionist builds on spiritual experience. He claims for that experience an answering reality; he supposes a God external to himself as well as internal; an intelligent will over all, corresponding with the voice in his ear. Science is not so constrained in a scientific sense. There is no mathematical demonstration of it; but surely we can say of it, and the least we can say of it, is that it is a good working theory for spiritual uses, those uses without which man, with all his endowments, is little better than the brute. The being of God is incapable of demonstration, but the existence of an external world is equally so. Nay, I think more so; I would sooner undertake to demonstrate the former than the latter. So far from inferring the being of God from an external world, as theologians have attempted to do, I need the being of a God to assure the existence of things without. [Applause.]

I come now to the second of those grounds on which science bases her supreme claim—greater utility, a more useful service. The world is not likely to forget the debt it owes to science. That is a daily and hourly obligation for most of the comforts and conveniences of life. I have no desire to make light of that debt. But I see that the grandest things the world contains are not the products of science, but of faith. Science could have had no beginning and no religion first lifted man out of the dust and tamed his fierce passions, and given him an interest in life which made it worth his while to study the secrets of nature, and to learn the reason and constitution of things. [And not only so, not only the world's emancipation from brutal ignorance and savage enslavement to animal life, but those material products which are justly esteemed the ornaments of earth; those works of the hand, those wonders of the temple, pyramids, statues, paintings, things which travelers compass sea and land to behold—are due to the same source; they owe to religion the impulse which gave them birth. Of these the poet could say, what may not be said of the railway or the telegraph, that

"Nature gladly gave her place,
Adapted them into her race,
With Andes and with Ararat."

[Applause.] And even those discoveries and inventions of which science claims the credit, could never have been accomplished by science alone—without the aid of faith, for science can only see, not do. She is the ghost, rather than the theology. [Applause.] "Star-eyed science" has speculation in her eyes, indeed, but no force in her hand, no blood in her veins. Not one of her improvements by which man becomes civilized, and more civilized from age to age, could ever have been achieved without the aid of faith. It was faith that first ventured out of sight of land in a ship, trusting to a bit of quivering iron and the stars. It was faith that first thrust a steel lance into the eye to remove a cataract. It was faith that first introduced poison into human veins to forestall a greater evil by a less. Geographers in the fifteenth century had no knowledge of another earth beyond the Atlantic waste, but it needed the faith of Columbus to follow the setting sun across the deep, and unlock the gates of the West. The philosophers of the eighteenth century had conjectured the identity of lightning with what was then called "the electric fluid," but it needed the faith of Franklin to send up the kite which brought confirmation of the conjecture from the skies. Dr. Jackson, in our own day, had discovered the anæsthetic properties of ether, but it needed the faith of Morton to first administer the drug which disarmed the surgeon's knife of its terrors. [Applause.]

Faith and science, religion and science, together have built up the world in which we live, this social, civil, intellectual, ecclesiastical world of mankind. Both were needed to make the world what it is, a fit abode for rational beings. It would be hard to say which in time past has been the more needful, the more indispensable agent of the two. But if it be asked which now of the two could best be spared, it seems to me that the question is not difficult. If now and henceforth the alternative for man were between arrest of scientific progress, or the death of faith, the shutting up of our churches, the choking forever of the voice of prayer, the derubrication of the calendar, the equalization of the week, the utter secularization of life, then I say that the arrest of science would be the lesser evil of the two. [Applause.] For society can exist without more knowledge; but take away faith, and you snap the main-spring in the clock-work of life. You take away the without which "star-eyed science" herself would soon become blind. You spread darkness over all the face of the earth, and make universal shipwreck of man's estate. For this human world, I maintain, with never so much science at the helm, cannot be sailed by "dead reckoning alone." There must be somewhere an observation of the heavens, or the ship which bears us all will founder.

One thing more. I am afraid I am exceeding the limits of my time. [Loud Applause.] One thing more, however, I have to say. There has been much talk of a conflict between religion and science; a learned *savant* of our own country has written a work on the subject. I take it upon me to say that there never has been, and never can be, any such conflict, any conflict between religion and science. [Applause.] In the loose way of speaking which the use of abstract terms is apt to engender, other conflicts have taken that name. Conflicts there are between the speculations of scientists and the convictions of religionists; there are conflicts between scientific facts, if you will, and religious prejudices, conflicts between discoveries and traditions, conflicts between certain biblical statements and the testimony of the rocks; but between religion proper and science proper, each on its own legitimate beat, there never has been, and can be, no conflict [applause], no more than there can be a conflict between Kepler's Third Law and the first verse of the Fourth Gospel. When, thirty years ago, Leverrier, with his mathematical divining rod, detected the latent planet, now a known constituent of our solar system, religion thanked God, who had given such power unto man, and congratulated science on the triumph of her great detective. When Dr. Tyndall published his exposition of the Laws of Tyndall and Heat, the pulpit had no fault to find with his teaching. But when this same Tyndall proposed to test the value of prayer by statistics, then religion indignantly rebuked the man for meddling with a subject which was not his, and a comparison from the late Father Taylor, he knew as little as Balaam's ass, did of Hebrew. That was not a conflict of religion with science, but a conflict with nesecience.

Let science pursue the path marked out for her by her own great leaders, the path, not of vague speculation, but of firm and patient induction, and religion will rejoice with her in all her discoveries, will thank her, and thank God for every fact which she adds to the sum of human knowl-

edge; and when belated theologians bring up their Hebrewisms and pit them against her assured conclusions, religion will join her in every rebuke which shall teach theology to know her place.

A Word with Mr. Hazard.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If I have not shown my friendliness and justice toward the medium class in what has come from my pen, and my personal intercourse with them, it will be idle to attempt to convince Mr. Hazard now. If any man in the United States would have treated the Eddy boys more kindly, impartially and justly than I under the circumstances in which I was placed at Chittenden, I would like to see him. Whatever Mr. Hazard may think (and I have great respect for that gentleman's character), one thing is sure: I have received scores of letters from all parts of the world expressing the satisfaction of the writers with my championship of persecuted mediums.

The paragraphs in my book, to which Mr. Hazard alludes, were not written without due consideration, but as the result of personal knowledge, united with the testimony of such men as the late Professor Mapes, the late Judge Edmonds, Mr. Owen, and others of like character and trustworthiness. If any one wishes, from a sentimental regard for a much-persecuted and abused class, to bar the telling of the truth that most mediums sometimes cheat, then let him do as he likes. For my part, I, who have studied Spiritualism for about twenty-five years, who was a member of the first Committee organized in this city to hire Dodworth Hall, a contributor to "The Spiritual Telegraph" as far back as 1852 or '53, and a member of the famous "Amherst Circle," in which Finney was developed—I, who apparently have some right to speak to the question before the house, say that the time has come when the public have the right to know how to discriminate between the tricks and genuine phenomena of mediums. I am satisfied that in many cases elementary spirits (who are utterly devoid of conscience, and full of malice toward us,) compel the mediums to cheat, and even, failing this, assume the shape of *doppelgangers*, to confuse and disturb the circle of investigators. I am satisfied, also, that the proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly," is a fixed rule among the communicating intelligences, and that the cunning deceit and duplicity in the inquirer's heart is reflected sharply and faithfully in the replies he gets.

We are babes as to our knowledge of the laws of spirit-intercourse. We can neither (without the absolute enforcement of test conditions) know when the medium is cheating us with false faces, stuffed hands, or mechanical effects; nor distinguish the truth from the falsehood in the messages actually received from spirits. In these respects the most obscure Arab Sheikh and tattered Hindoo Brahmin are our superiors, and until we acquire this alphabet of mystical science I shall stand as written in the paragraph which offends Mr. Hazard. I am an ingrafted, uncompromising skeptic as to the honesty of every medium, until his trustworthiness is proven. That done, nobody will more boldly defend him (even against himself) than

Yours truly, HENRY S. OLCOTT.

Complimentary Seance.

Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, and Mrs. Maud Lord, who is about starting on a Western tour, feeling friendly and somewhat indebted to Mrs. Maggie J. Folsom, (the popular "diagnosist" catress of Dr. Storer's patients,) for interest taken in them and efforts in their behalf on several social occasions, gave a combination seance on the evening of June 3d, at No. 12 Pembroke street, for her benefit. There were about thirty persons present, friendly to all the parties. Mrs. Lord invoked for magic power the first of the evening, and by its aid, with the usual short period of darkness, enveloped by a tune or two, of the "Sweet By-and-By" style, when the lighting up showed us to those present the table covered with roses, buds, lilies, flowers, roots, leaves, mosses, and grasses, too numerous to describe, and too quantitative to be a fraud without considerable confederacy, and that was insupportable in the company of friends there gathered. It should be mentioned that in addition to flowers and plants there was a liberal supply of strawberries scattered among them, a fine pine-apple, also, and a canary bird. They (the flowers) "cast their shadows before," as perfume, ere the candle was lighted, coming softly with no noise, but were very perceptible by their fragrance. Any one suspecting the slightest fraud in this connection would naturally ask, Who held from the senses of that party the perfume so perceptible when present, if they had found an earlier and mundane entrance?

Later in the evening Mrs. Lord improvised a circle, arranged in her usual way; she sitting in the centre. A great variety of manifestations occurred, and the company were pleased. The details need not be reported, though some of them were unique, for all who have attended her popular seances will have a pretty clear idea of this occasion; by simply saying the word, "satisfactory." The entertainment closed at a late hour; "the button of retort," which was not large nor expected to be, the spontaneity of the compliment being its most essential value, was given to the lady above mentioned, in an envelope, accompanied with a few remarks by one of the company, Mrs. Folsom, considering the thing was a surprise to her, responded admirably, though briefly, as she received this modest tribute.

New Publications.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HONEST WOMAN. By Victor Chéribus. Boston: Wm. F. Gill & Co. The previous meritorious and popular productions of this author have made a welcome reception for the present one. This volume bears in its title a direct and open declaration of literary qualities in the treatment of the story, and a meaning running through it that is not always to be encountered and enjoyed in the tales of the period. It is having a wide and eager perusal, as it merits.

MORALS OF ABOUT BEN ADIEM. Edited by D. R. Locke (Nash). Lee & Shepard, Publishers. We here have the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, bringing us "Eastern fruit on Eastern dishes." In the guise of the Persian prophet and poet, he clothes the everyday facts of our modern life in language that neither Persian nor any other uses but the Nasby Yankee. The fun of the book—ad it is crammed and jammed with it—will induce side-splitting among scholars and philosophers. Those who are most cavalierous from pondering the great problems of life, will learn from Nasby how they have been studying for profound secrets which are no secrets at all, but only simple and homely things. This is the very book for summer reading and dull times, and as a corrective is far better than the most elaborate medical prescription.

OCEAN-BORN, or, The Cruise of the Clubs, is the last of Oliver Optic's "Yacht Club Series." It has been running through the Magazine conducted by its author, and the boys will be glad to receive it in its present shape. With its characteristics they need not be acquainted any further than by the name of the author and the series to which it belongs.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

Everything is progressing finely for the grand gathering at Lake Pleasant in August. The Fitchburg Cornet Band has been engaged. Among the list of speakers already secured, are Prof. Denton, Dr. Taylor, Lizzie Doten, Frances E. Abbot of the Index, Emma Hardinge Britton, J. J. Morse, Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, A. E. Simmons, and A. A. Wheelock. Others are being secured. The tents are also engaged, and work in the grove will begin soon for final completion of all arrangements. We hear from distant places that many are coming who have never before attended.

To the Spiritualists, Liberalists, and Free Thinkers of Wisconsin.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualists' Conference will hold their Ninth Quarterly Meeting (for the election of officers and other business) in Spiritists' Hall, in Orono, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of June, 1875. Shall we, the friends of free thought, succeed in making this the grandest meeting ever held in Wisconsin? Let each one see himself or herself in the above question, and act accordingly. We maintain a free platform in Orono. Every effort will be made to entertain (free) all who may attend. Reduced rates at hotel for those who choose to stop there. Good speakers will be engaged for the occasion. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of good test mediums. Come and let us reason together. For the Orono Society. PER DR. J. C. PHILLIPS.

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