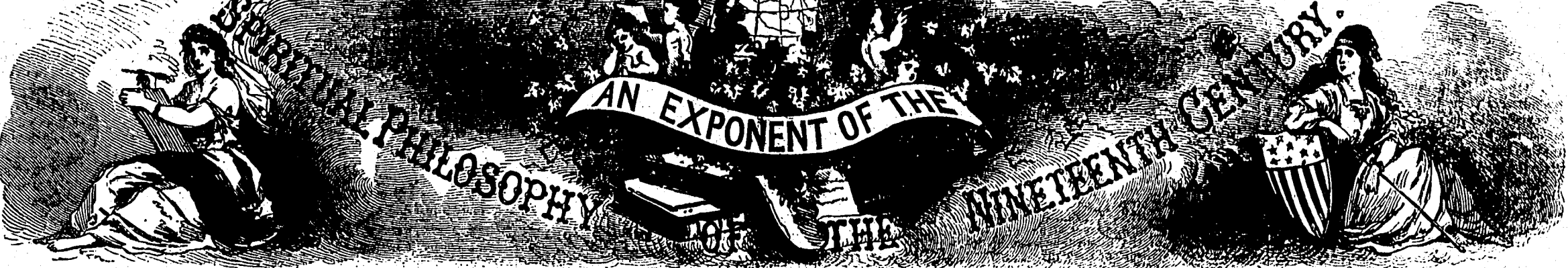


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

LETTERS FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

NEW YORK, June 11, 1869.

To the Editor of the *London Spiritual Magazine*:
SIR—In your number for June, and from my correspondents in England, I learn that the testimony I gave in the Spirit Photograph case has excited much interest with you as it did here. The account which I gave in my testimony of the incident in question was very brief, and most miserably reported, for I saw at the time that the reporters were too intent upon listening to take down my words, but had to depend on memory for their account.

I intended in due time to give to the world the account which I wrote down at the time, and the subsequent information; but I was requested by the parties interested in the case not to publish it here until after the argument in "Bank" on "Points Reserved" on the trial; and as I did not wish to do harm to any one, I complied.

That argument will take place this month, and be finished before you can publish the account, or, at least, before your publication of it can reach this country. I have therefore concluded to send it to you for publication, if you think it worth while to give it to your readers.

Truly yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

A SCENE IN THE BROOKLYN COURT HOUSE, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 22d, 1868.

An incident occurred to me last Friday, too interesting to be lost, and so I make a minute of it.

I was attending Court in Brooklyn, and was waiting for the termination of a trial then in progress, so as to bring on a case in which I was counsel. I took no interest in the case then on trial, but sat inside the bar, reading a newspaper.

On looking off the paper, I saw the spirit of a man standing just behind the jury, and so far elevated that his body from his waist up was above the heads of the jurors. He was about fifty years old, and had an intelligent countenance and an earnest look. As soon as he perceived that he had attracted my attention, he said to me, "This is not right. My folks ought not to recover this money. I killed myself."

Until then I had known nothing of the case, except that I had learned that it was on an insurance policy. I now, however, made inquiry, and learned that it was an action on a policy against accidents, and was brought by a young girl to recover \$2,000 for the loss of her father, whose dead body had been found floating in a pond, over a part of which a railroad bridge was built, with the mark of a blow on the back of the head, just behind the ear, severe enough to cut through to the skull, but not through his hat, which was found on his head. It was proved that the blow had been severe enough to produce insensibility, and thus cause death by drowning, and the question was whether his death was voluntary or the result of accident. As soon as I had ascertained these facts, I resumed my seat and gave my attention to him. He was anxious to prevent a recovery against the insurers, and to have the facts known.

He told me how his death had occurred, and he gave me a description of the place where it had happened. From his description, I sketched on a piece of paper a diagram of the place. After preparing it, and before going any further with him, I showed it to the counsel engaged in the case, and they told me it was correct as a general idea of the locality.

I then again resumed my seat, and he told me that he had passed along the road in the direction indicated in diagram, until he came to a bridge built over an arm of the pond, and he had gone there for the purpose of throwing himself into the water. There he discovered a man chopping wood on the opposite side of the pond. He had intended to throw himself off the left side of the bridge, because there the water was deepest. But he was afraid that man might see him and rescue him, so he climbed over the right side of the bridge, and let himself drop into the water, and in his fall his head had struck a stone in the foundation of the bridge, which was concealed by the water, and hence the wound that was found on him.

I supposed the bridge was a wooden one, and not far above the water, and I could not well see how a fall of so short a distance, as I imagined it to be—three or four feet only—could produce so severe a blow. So I again applied to the counsel, and they showed me a diagram of the bridge, which was in fact an arched stone culvert, some twelve or thirteen feet above the surface of the water, with a projecting foundation to the abutments.

I then resumed my seat, after thus ascertaining that his story so far agreed with the facts of the case, and then he told me why he had killed himself.

Some twenty-one years before that he had had an attack of typhus fever, during which he had been deranged. After recovering from the fever he found himself subject to occasional fits of mental derangement, which would last with him for several days at a time. Of that he was himself fully conscious, and would struggle to overcome them. He was often successful in such efforts; but there were times when, in spite of all his efforts, the derangement would get the better of him, and at these times he would go away from his family, and be absent until he recovered his self control and his equanimity.

In process of time, he found that these fits of aberration increased upon him in violence and frequency, so that about two years before his death, his friends had committed him to the Lunatic Asylum in Hartford, Connecticut. He had remained there several months, when he was discharged, the faculty of the asylum pronouncing him perfectly cured. He had thought so him-

self, and had resumed his business; but soon his fits of derangement returned upon him, and during the ensuing two years they became so frequent and violent that he finally gave up in despair. He knew that all his own efforts and the best medical aid did not cure or even help him, and he saw nothing before him but a life of confirmed insanity, and that he must live and die either a driveling idiot or a raving maniac.

Such a fate he could not bear to contemplate, and he had, therefore, determined to die.

While he was giving me this detail, Dr. Butler, the principal of that asylum, was examined as a witness, both as an expert in the disease, and as to the particular condition of this man's mind. I was listening to his testimony when the spirit suggested to me these four questions to put to Dr. B. I wrote them down from his dictation at the time:

"Can a man be afflicted with a mental alienation or derangement, and yet, at the same time, be himself perfectly conscious of it?"

"Can that consciousness be so distinct in the man as to enable him at times to exercise his will over the disease to the extent of controlling, and sometimes of actually suppressing and overcoming it, even when the fit is on him?"

"Can his condition be such, that at times the

stabbed himself to the heart with a knife that lay upon the table before him; and, upon comparing the time, it must have been nearly at the moment when his spirit was seen by Mary. It was afterwards proved that this anonymous letter was sent by James Mason, informing him that Mary, having heard of his expected return, in order to avoid him, intended to be married to another the next day. This unexpected and cruel shock deprived William of his senses, and caused him, in a moment of desperation to lay violent hands upon himself. Nor did Mason escape punishment. Shunned and despised for his treachery to his friends, he removed to a distant part of the country, where in a short time, miserable and distressed, he breathed his last in the common poor-house.

REMARKABLE DREAM BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILKINS.

The late Rev. Joseph Wilkins, dissenting minister at Weymouth, Eng., dreamt in the early part of his life a very remarkable dream, which is carefully preserved in writing as follows:

"One night, soon after I was in bed, I fell asleep, and dreamt I was going to London. I thought it would not be much out of my way to go through Gloucestershire, and call upon my friends there. Accordingly I set out; but remembered nothing that happened by the way, till I came to my father's house, when I went to the front door, and tried to open it, but found it fast; then I went to the back-door, which I opened, and went in; but finding all the family were in bed, I went across the rooms only, went up-stairs, and entered the chamber where my father and mother were in bed. As I approached the side of the bed on which my father lay, I found him asleep, or thought he was so; then I went to the other side and having just turned the foot of the bed, I found my mother awake; to whom I said these words: 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to wish you good-by; upon which she answered me in a fright, 'Oh, dear son, thou art dead!' With this I awoke, and took no notice of it, more than a common dream; except that it appeared to me very perfect.

"In a few days after, as soon as a letter could reach me, I received one by post from my father, upon the receipt of which I was a little surprised, and concluded something extraordinary must have happened, as it was a short time before I had a letter from my friends, and all were well. Upon opening it, I was more surprised still, for my father addressed me as though I were dead, desiring me, if alive, or that person into whose hands the letter might fall, to write immediately; but if the letter should find me living, they concluded I should not live long, and gave this as the reason of their fear: That on a certain night, (naming it) after they were in bed, my father asleep and my mother awake, she heard some one trying to open the front door, but finding it fast, he appeared to go to the back door, which he opened, then entered, and came directly through the rooms up-stairs, and she perfectly knew it to be my step; that I came to her bed-side, and spoke to her those words: 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to wish you good-by; upon which she answered me in a fright, 'Oh dear son, thou art dead!' which were the very circumstances and words of my dream; but she heard nothing more, and saw nothing. Neither did I in my dream. Upon this she awoke, and told my father what had passed; but he endeavored to appease her, persuading her it was only a dream; she insisted it was no dream, for that she was as perfectly awake as ever she was, and had not the least inclination to sleep since she had been in bed. From these circumstances I am apt to think it was at the very same instant when my dream happened, though the distance between us was about one hundred miles. This occurred while I was at the academy at Ottery, Devon, in the year 1754, and, at this moment, every circumstance is fresh in my mind. I have since had frequent opportunities of talking over the affair with my mother, and the whole was as fresh in her mind as it was in mine. I have often thought that her sensations as to this matter were stronger than mine. What may appear strange is, that I cannot remember anything remarkable happening hereupon. This is only a plain simple narrative of a matter of fact."

Mr. Wilkins died November 15th, 1800, in the seventieth year of his age.

MARVELOUS EXPERIENCES.

MRS. G. W. AMESBURY, OF ST. LOUIS, MO.
EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As a duty we owe to truth, allow us the use of a small space of your talented journal, to record some direct, unmistakable, and yet most marvelous experiences we have had in the presence of this unpretending, and yet most gifted woman. And that we may not burden your columns, we will embrace, so far as we are able, the distinctive phenomena manifested on several occasions.

We have seen in the presence of this medium, at one time, as many as twelve faces, no one of which was the face of any one present; but they were Oriental, Tropical and marked European faces. In some instances these faces were made visible three and four times, consecutively, and were repeated only at the request of some one who wished to observe again what had not been as distinct on the first presentation as he or she could desire. These faces were as clearly seen and as satisfactorily scrutinized, as it is possible to see and note any face of any person at a distance of from five to ten feet. These faces, also, were at times not frequent, subject to touch, and the evidence of their tangibility was as distinct as that of any human face ever touched by human hands. The features were clearly marked; the expression of the faces individualized and most impressive; the color alike of the face and hair varied; in some instances the beards gray, long and flowing; the eyes expressive, ay, beaming; and all present as well satisfied as rational



THE SPIRIT OF WILLIAM MARSTONE APPEARS TO MARY MEADOWS.

derangement will get the upper hand of him in spite of all his efforts, and he, at the same time, be conscious of that supremacy, and of his own inability to exercise any control over it?"

"Would such a state of things be likely to produce in his mind a state of despondency, and even of despair, and thus to suggest to him death as the only remedy?"

I handed these questions to one of the counsel, and asked him to propound them to Dr. B. He did ask the first one, but in such a way that the doctor answered "No," and he did not ask the others.

After Dr. B. had concluded his testimony, I asked him, "Did you mean to testify that a man could not be deranged, and yet be himself conscious of it?"

"Why, no," was answered, "we frequently have such cases."

"But Doctor, you did so testify."

"I did not mean to say so. I did not understand the question."

"Let me read it to you."

"I should answer that question as you read it, in the affirmative."

"Let me read these other questions to you."

"I answer them all in the affirmative."

"Well, Doctor, you say you have been twenty years at the head of that asylum—you have had this man for months under your care, and you have heard all the testimony given on this trial; now will you be so good as to tell me how nearly these questions describe his case?"

"They describe it exactly. It could not be more accurately done."

The trial resulted in a verdict for the claimant with some legal questions reserved.

I had no previous knowledge of the man or the case. I had never heard of him before, and did not know that such a man had lived. It was all new to me, yet I obtained in my practice such a knowledge of insanity, as to recognize this as one of those cases where a man was both sane and insane, and realized Erskine's description, "Reason was not buried from her seat, but distraction sat down beside her, held her trembling in her place, and frightened her from her propriety."

Aside from the great lesson which this manifestation teaches of our intimate connection with the spirit-world, and of the extent to which it may be made apparent to our outward consciousness, by the due cultivation of powers innate in all of us, though possessed by each in different degrees—there are one or two minor lessons to be regarded.

One is the danger of our own minds mingling with, and giving color to spirit communion. In my diagram I spoke of a pond when it was a bay; of a dam where there was none; and had an idea of a low wooden bridge, when it was a high stone culvert. If I had not been aware of this danger, I should not have taken the precautions I did to verify the tale, and should have given the story with just errors enough to create uncertainty.

Another is this. They who had agreed to pay \$2,000 if the man lost his life by an accident, are made to pay it by his voluntarily taking his own life. Now if the judge and jury could have seen and learned what I did, actual justice could have been done instead of injustice. But not only could they not see, but if I had told them the story as I tell it here, they would have laughed it to scorn as an idle delusion; but the time will come when others will be as able to see and learn these things as I now can. I possess no faculty peculiar to myself, for it belongs to all mankind, and only needs to be educated and cultivated, as for eighteen years I have been cultivating mine.

May 11, 1869.
I now add the following incident to my narrative:

There has lately occurred in this city a trial before a police justice in regard to "spirit photographs." A Mr. Mumler had begun the business of taking such pictures six or eight years ago in Boston, and last of all removed to New York and set up the same business. Enough people of sense had investigated the matter, until the idea of the actuality of such pictures generally obtained, and he was doing a good business, when some rival artist complained of him to the mayor as a cheat, and he was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. I was examined as a witness in the case, mainly to prove that spirits could be seen; so as to raise the question: "Why, if they can be visible to the eye, can they not be visible to the camera?" In my testimony I related instances where I had seen spirits, and among them was the foregoing.

The trial was fully reported in the newspapers; and this case at Brooklyn was stated, though no names were given. This was two or three weeks ago. This evening I was waited upon by my house by two women, who introduced themselves as the daughter and sister of the suicide. The daughter was fifteen or sixteen years of age; the sister was her maiden aunt, and they both had been present at the court in Brooklyn.

They told me that the surviving brother of the suicide, who lives in Connecticut, had read the report of my testimony; had recognized the case; and had requested his sister to call on me and get the particulars of what I had seen.

The account I had given in my testimony had been quite general; but now I gave it to them with all the details.

They told me that my account was accurate in every respect but one—that I had correctly described his person, his age, and his state of mental culture; his sickness many years before, the delirium which had attended it; his confinement in the asylum, and his discharge from it; the place where his body had been found, and the state of it when found. They thus confirmed the whole story as it had been given to me, except that he had not been, they said, subject to fits of derangement; and had not absented himself from home in order to struggle with the paroxysms. They would not say that was not so; but they had never discovered it.

I inquired what his business had been. He had been an insurance agent, and had frequently been absent from home on that business.

I asked if he might not have used that business as an excuse for his absence, when in fact the reason of it had been that which he had given me. Yes, it might have been so; they could only say they had not noticed anything to cause a suspicion of the existence of his mental disease.

What, then, is the inference, to be drawn—that he was not thus afflicted or that he had succeeded in concealing it? They could not say; they could only say they had not dreamed of any insanity in him.

How, then, came he to be sent to the asylum? The family sent him because he became all of a sudden ungovernably insane.

I asked what caused his insanity. They did not know—they never had known; the first they perceived was, that he was so.

They then obtained from me a copy of the questions which I had written at the spirit's suggestion, and left me, after begging me not to publish this account until after the argument of the questions of law reserved in their case.

J. W. EDMONDS.

men and women can be, that they were actual, tangible, individualized faces—not those of any human being they had ever seen—but were faces of persons who had cast off the fleshly form.

Accompanying at times, and at other times following, were distinct voices which spoke and sang—masculine and feminine; and when they sang, the song was accompanied by a piano, ten feet from any and all human or mortal contact, and that while the piano was closely fastened down, and many articles upon its lid were unmoved. One of these songs extended through three stanzas of eight lines each, every word and almost every syllable made distinct to every ear of our company, then consisting of eight persons.

All these marvelous phenomena were presented while the medium was the only person in the room where the sounds were located and the piano placed, and she tied hand and foot, and the sleeves of her dress sewn together; while we were in the connected room, a folding-door between, with a curtain shading a space of eighteen inches between the doors; and this in a house which we, and not she, had selected.

II. This scene or form of manifestation over, we extinguished all the lights and formed a circle, each holding the hand of the other. Each person was tangibly handled, touched, sometimes manipulated from head to foot; instruments of music were carried at our backs, as well as within our circle, thrumming all the time, and at times rendering a perfect tune. Voices clear and in whispers spoke to all, and held a conversation with two. The medium's hands tied, sleeves sewn together, an iron ring was at request, and in less time than the request was making, placed on her right arm, no stitch of the sewing or knot of the tying broken or changed. These are facts. Our statement is in no respect an exaggeration, but is regarded as underrating the actuality of what we witnessed by those to whom it has been read—and we have read it to six of these who witnessed.

Mrs. Amesbury two years ago was a devout Catholic, entirely ignorant of what is claimed by modern Spiritualists. These evidences of an attending spiritual power gradually made themselves manifest, generally exciting her fear, and sometimes alarming her to such a degree as to make her seek her friends for relief and advice. At present, she talks them with evident pleasure, and seems never more happy than when, through her instrumentality, others are convinced of what she so often recognizes.

I have the authority of referring to Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Anderson, Capt. Amesbury, the husband of the medium, Messrs. Charles Levy, John J. Outley, Major John S. Mellon, Dr. and Mrs. Carrington, of this city, and doubtless one hundred others, did I take the trouble to read this plain narrative in their hearing.

I am, gentlemen, truthfully yours,
J. B. FERGUSON.

St. Louis, Missouri, Sept. 30th, 1869.

A VIRGINIA GHOST.

REMARKABLE AFFAIR—UNACCOUNTABLE DISTURBANCES—THE CASE IN COURT—TESTIMONY OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST—HE BELIEVES THE CAUSES SUPERNATURAL.

A most remarkable case was tried on Wednesday in the Hastings court. The prisoner, Mrs. Fanny Baggett, who is a very respectable lady, apparently about fifty years of age, was, during the whole trial (which lasted until six p. m.), cool, dignified, and self-possessed. Col. Jenkins, the commonwealth's attorney, prosecuted, and A. Moise, Esq., acted as counsel for the defense. The case was a trial of a Catholic priest, who was charged with the murder of a young man, who was found dead in a room at the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and a highly respectable gentleman. It will be recollected that last May great excitement prevailed on Ninth street, French Garden hill, arising from very extraordinary occurrences that were transpiring at Mr. Chiles's residence.

The street bell was rung constantly by unseen hands; stones were thrown at, and windows broken in Mr. Chiles's house, when no human being was in sight. The furniture in the house was disarranged and turned topsy-turvy. Neither time nor money was spared to find the key to the mystery, but all in vain. Finally Col. Egbert, chief police, together with detectives Parker and Tyler, visited the premises, and after a thorough investigation, arrested Mrs. Baggett as the guilty party. Mrs. B. solemnly asserted her innocence, but said she knew who did it, that it was done by the dead, and this remarkable statement she repeated to the mayor and still adheres to. Col. Egbert, Capt. Parker, and detective Tyler swore that they were satisfied from their investigations that Mrs. Baggett threw the stones, and an old colored woman swore that she saw Mrs. Baggett throw stones one morning about five o'clock; that she accused Mrs. B. of it, and that Mrs. B. denied having done it.

For the defense, Mr. Baggett, Miss Baggett and Mr. Davis swore that they saw the bell ring and stones thrown at Mr. Chiles's house when Mrs. B. was in her own house, or standing by them, and who no human being was in sight.

Mr. Chiles testified that he saw Mrs. B. early one morning in her garden pick up something and put it in her apron, but this was explained by Mr. Baggett, who stated that it was Corpus Christi morning (27th May), and that his mother was gathering flowers to decorate the Catholic Church. On cross-examination by Mr. Moise, Mr. Chiles admitted that the furniture in the house was disarranged when it was impossible for Mrs. B. to have had access thereto. Upon being questioned by Col. Jenkins as to whether his suspicions fell upon any one, Mr. Baggett said that he believed that everything was done—bell-ringing, stone-throwing, etc.—by supernatural means. Col. Jenkins asked Mr. B. whether it was not against the tenets of the Catholic religion to believe in ghosts; to which Mr. B. replied that it was, but he could not help his belief, and he was conscientiously of the opinion that no human hands rang the bell or threw the stones at Mr. Chiles's house. Mr. Baggett was about one hour in giving his testimony. He was listened to with marked and respectful attention by the court, jury, and a crowded courthouse. He is a gentleman of education and very intelligent, twenty-two years of age, and officiates as a priest at St. Peter's cathedral.

Col. Danforth, Capt. Henry, and others, testified that they had been neighbors of Mrs. B. for years, and that she was a perfect lady and a most excellent neighbor. No animus was proved. On the contrary, the witnesses on both sides testified that there had never been any difficulty or unpleasantness between the families. Mrs. Baggett's house is next door to Mr. Chiles's, but separated by some five or six yards. Quite a sharp skirmish took place between Col. Jenkins and Mr. Moise, on the attempt made by Col. Jenkins to let the detectives give their conclusions to the jury as to the guilt of Mrs. Baggett. Mr. Moise denying that their conclusions were evidence, and that the rules that governed evidence could not be reversed in favor of detectives. The denouement of this strange trial was an acquittal, without the jury leaving the box.

At the conclusion of the trial, Mrs. Baggett exhibited her right hand to the jury, which was so discolored by a wound, that it was evident that she could not throw a rock ten yards, and the rock alleged to have been thrown by her, must have been thrown fifty or sixty yards; so that the matter still remains a profound mystery, and the trial has rather increased than diminished the popular excitement on the subject. Mr. Baggett is a graduate of a Catholic college, and is a gentleman of education and intelligence, and is said to be a very pious young man. Miss Baggett is also a very intelligent and highly educated young lady.

The case is, altogether, one of the most remarkable that has ever been before the courts of this city.—*Richmond Enquirer and Examiner*, Sept. 18.

family of Mr. W. R. Chiles, by ringing his door-bell, and throwing rocks at his house, and breaking the windows thereof. We were put in possession, Saturday, of some additional particulars, which add to the mystery with which the affair is surrounded. It appears that the ringing of the door-bell commenced on the 27th of April, and lasted about ten days. It was rung frequently and violently during each of these days except when Mr. Chiles dismounted the wire. He did this on the second or third day of the ringing, and then there were frequent raps on the front door. The rapping was kept up until the bell-wire was reunited. No member of the family or neighbor ever saw any one at the door, either when the bell was rung or the raps were heard.

When the ringing and rapping ceased, the furniture in the house was disarranged and turned topsy-turvy. The disturbance of the furniture was kept up for about ten days, when the throwing of stones commenced. The stones fell all around and about the house, and several windows were broken. The stone-throwing reached its climax about the 27th of May, at which time the annoyance was so great that Mr. Chiles called in the aid of detectives, to endeavor, if possible, to find out the author of the disturbance, and to put a stop to it. The result of their investigation was the arrest of Mrs. Baggett, who was sent on by the mayor and acquitted by the Hastings court. We are informed that Mr. Chiles has suffered no annoyance since about the 1st of June. The affair is a very mysterious one, and some persons are firmly of the opinion that the disturbances were caused by supernatural agency.—*Richmond Enquirer and Examiner*, Sept. 20.

A GREEN SPOT.

The late Noah Winslow was fond of telling the following incident of his mercantile life; and he never closed his narrative but with swarming eyes:

During the financial crisis and crash of "fifty-seven," when heavy men were sinking all around us, and banks were tottering, our house became alarmed in view of the condition of its own affairs. The partners—three of us, of whom I was the senior—met in our private office for consultation. Our junior had made a careful inventory of everything—of his bills receivable and bills payable—and his report was that twenty thousand dollars of ready money, to be held through the pressure, would save us. Without that we must go by the board—the result was inevitable. I went out upon the street, and among my friends; but in vain. The amount of money we needed was not to be had. Men who held gold would not let it go save upon solid security—and the only security we could give was our word and our honor, for the many thousands due us were as nothing in that hour.

Two whole days I strove, and begged, and then returned to the counting-house in despair. I sat at my desk, expecting every moment to hear the voice of our junior sounding the terrible words, "Our paper is protested!" when a gentleman entered my apartment unannounced. He was of middle age, with a frank, genial face; and though I fancied there was something familiar in his earnest, kindly look, yet I could not locate him, nor call him to mind in any way.

"Mr. Winslow," he said, taking a seat at the end of my desk, "I hear that you are in need of money."

The very face of the man inspired confidence, and I told him how I was situated.

"Make me your individual note, one year, without interest, for twenty thousand dollars, and I will give you a check, payable in gold, for that amount."

While I sat gazing upon him in speechless amazement, he continued, "You don't remember me, but I remember you. I remember when you were a member of the Superintendent School Committee of Bradford. I was a boy in the village school. My father was dead; my mother was poor; and I was but a shabbily clad child, though clean. When our class came out to recite on examination day, you asked the questions. I fancied you would praise and pet the children of rich and fortunate parents and pass me by. I blundered and stammered, and quivered with shame. But it was not as I thought. In the end you passed by all the others, and came to me. You laid your hand upon my head, and told me I had done very well; and then you told me I could do better still if I would try. You told me the way to honor and renown was open to all alike—no one had a free pass. All I had to do was to be resolved, and push on. That, sir, was the turning point of my life. From that hour my soul has aspired; and I have never reached a great good without blessing you in my heart. I have prospered, and I am wealthy; and now I offer you but a poor return for the soul wealth you gave to me in that by-gone time."

"I took the check," said Winslow, "and drew the gold; and our house was saved. And where, at the end of the year," he added, "do you suppose I found my note?"

"We could not guess," he said, with streaming eyes, "of my little orphaned granddaught!" (Oh, hearts like that man's heart are what bring earth and heaven nearer together.)—*New York Ledger*.

Reform in Prison Discipline.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In the *Banner of Light* dated Sept. 25th, I hailed with joy an article headed "Reform in Prison Discipline," and with many thanks to you for the kind interest manifested in the matter in thus placing it before the public I would say, God speed the work of reformation in prison discipline—discipline, indeed, judging from the standpoint that has been given us!

In the *New York Weekly Sun*, Aug. 18th, I find an article called "Horrors of the Tombs," by one who has had an experience in the City Prison. Then follows an account of the inhuman condition of affairs, actually so horrid, it sickens one to read it.

In the same paper, next column, is a statement of facts in relation to the "Chicago Prison" equally as disgusting to every sense of justice and philanthropy in the heart of humanity.

In your allusion to the subject, you say: "We ought to practice upon the humanitarian creed, which we make profession of. We need more of the spirit of Howard in our prisons, more of the real philanthropy which is certain to reform the prisoner, while he yet pays the penalty due to offended justice." Here is the sum of the whole matter beautifully made plain.

Now, then, if legislators have come to a sense of their duty, shall the matter rest here?

Who fills our asylums and prisons, if not the unhappy victims of erroneous teachings and false conditions, that have unbalanced and diseased humanity, till crime and all its attendant evils are the result?

When the clergy shall descend from their self-elevated pedestals—practically endeavoring to atone for the errors of the past—by visiting the sick, and in prison—when legal power presents the spirit of a Howard—then shall we Spiritualists cease to grieve over "man's inhumanity to man."

And to you, creed-bound theologians and sectarian legalists, we say, we rejoice in our mission. Possessing the true spirit, we go forth in the name of humanity—aided by the angel-world—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick and in prison, thus presenting the spirit of Jesus, fully believing love is the fulfilling of the law.

Yours for truth and humanity,
S. E. DICKSON.

Vinceland, N. J., Sept. 26th, 1869.

The wife of a modern Orestes having returned from abroad with numberless objects of art, rather promiscuously chosen, stood one day despairingly contemplating her Parian groups. "Oh Jack!" exclaimed she at last, "what shall we do? There are no niches for our stationery."

Foreign Correspondence.

Letter from Scotland.

GLASGOW, N. B., Sept. 14th, 1869.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Dear Sirs: It is my pleasing duty, on the present occasion, to present for the benefit of your numerous readers a short account of the recent visit to this city of Mr. J. M. Peebles, late Western Editor of your valuable paper. The arrival in this country of Mr. Peebles has been greeted everywhere with enthusiasm amongst those of the Spiritualists who have long known him from his vigorous and telling articles on the eighth page of the *Banner*. Nor did we find him in person unworthy of our sanguine anticipations.

When it was announced that he intended making a short visit to Glasgow, and that he was anxious to give a public lecture on Spiritualism here, through the active agency of Mr. S. B. Clark, of the "Psychological Society," we were enabled to show a very respectable front in the Society's Hall, on the evening of Friday, 3d inst. The hall was crowded to excess by a most eager and earnest audience of ladies and gentlemen, who were evidently most anxious to hear what could be said in favor of the tabernacled subject of modern Spiritualism by a Reverend American Minister. Mr. Peebles delivered himself of an address, which was at once forcible and appealing, and in his characteristic style sent many a home thrust to the judgments of not a few determined skeptics. The most striking feature of his lecture was his fearless enunciation of what he held to be the truth, and many old Orthodox souls quailed under his heavy fire. Many might have gone away that evening still doubting, but no one could assert that he had not made a powerful case out in favor of what they held to be the greatest delusion of the age.

The success of this effort made us gladly avail ourselves of the offer of Mr. Peebles to deliver another address on the Sunday following, on "Death and the Spirit-World." It was announced in the public prints, and on the afternoon of that day our place of meeting was again filled, besides one of the ante-rooms. It was somewhat unusual to see a Glasgow audience gathered together under such auspices on a Sunday. While all other respectable Orthodox Christians were following the sound of the church bells, that invited them to hear of their own damnation and the fierce anger of the living God, *a la Calvin*, here was a little multitude assembled of individuals of a most heterogeneous kind. Many old free-thinkers were there, and doubting Thomases who had little faith in Orthodox theology; some had been drawn from curiosity away from their chthonian pews in the neighboring churches, and many too were there who came to receive of the nourishment for their spirits, those who had already embraced the living fact of spirit communion, and who maintained the brotherhood of all men and the universal Fatherhood of a loving God. I can only say that Mr. Peebles fully surpassed himself on this occasion. The picture which he drew of the other world and of its inhabitants, was such as is seldom painted in pulpit rhetoric in our good city, and completely won the admiration and riveted the attention of his audience. His pathetic recital of several death-bed scenes drew tears from not a few eyes, while the glorious prospect of immortality which he presented must have carried to many hearts in bereavement a bright ray of sunshine and hope. I can never forget the affectionate earnestness with which he concluded the service, his parting farewell and his benediction. Amongst all was a feeling of intense regret that he could not remain longer amongst us. The seeds which he has sown, however, will doubtless ripen in time into good fruit; nor are we without evidence of it already.

Mr. H. Niebet, under whose kind roof Mr. Peebles abode while here, being anxious to give him an opportunity of looking upon our magnificent Highland scenery, arranged with him to have an excursion on the Saturday, to our Queen of Scottish Lakes, Loch Lomond, and a small party was accordingly made up to have a "day out." Our sail down the Clyde was enlivened to an interesting degree by the fund of information and anecdote at the command of Mr. Peebles. From him we derived a great deal of wholesome intellectual pabulum, while we shared out in turn to him the local histories, tales and traditions of our native Scotland. The watering places on the fifth elated his admiration frequently, but not till we had reached the full mountain scenery at Arrochdel did it reach its climax. There, when after leaving the steamer and crossing the hills to Tarbet, tramping under foot the purple heather blossoms, did he give utterance to his full heart and thank the Infinite Father that he had been permitted a sight of the glories and grandeur of the land of his forefathers.

A sight of Loch Lomond and the lofty Ben again threw him into ecstasies, but it was somewhat disappointing when, on arriving at the pier, we found that the steamer had just left about five minutes before, and thus was necessitated a longer stay at Tarbet than was intended.

While here we learned that a female individual, who passes in this country, under the dignified title of "Her Royal Majesty Queen Victoria," had a few hours before sailed down the lake, and was expected to return in her special steamer in a short time. It was not long before the precious vessel bore in sight, and from the shore we had a fair view as she passed of the little lady in black who professes to rule the realm. This, however, only by the way. She received from the little group of Spiritualists not much of an ovation, and, you know, the time has gone by when Queens can command obedience.

Our steamer at last came to pick us up, but it, fortunately or otherwise, turned out to be the same craft in which the little black lady herself had sailed, and which had delivered at her destination her precious royal cargo. The little lake-boat, however, presented with a very smart appearance, decorated, as she was, with great bunches of mountain heather and full blown poppies. Mr. Peebles himself took possession, if I mistake not, of one of the latter, which he said he would keep as a remembrance of his pleasant sail on board the Queen's boat on Loch Lomond. I may mention, also, that he was so avaricious of the heather, on those noble hills, that he brought away with him such a bundle as, I verily believe, speaking perhaps a little exaggeratingly, he might readily distribute in no mean quantities amongst your numerous readers in Boston, should he take the trouble of conveying it thither when he returns to the great republic.

Little remains for me to say. I fear I have taken up too much space already, but that is my weak point in writing; probably you may require to condense this for your columns.

I can only add, that on parting with our dear brother, we each of us felt the keenest regret, for one like him is sadly wanted in our midst.

The cause of Spiritualism here has been established only for about five years, and its success has been very fluctuating. We have, however, two associations, the membership of both com-

blined being estimated at somewhat under a hundred. The great desideratum is a good reliable test medium, for there are hundreds here who are just on the border land, and who wait anxiously for a veritable confirmation of the great Truth. That Bro. Peebles's visit has not been unproductive is already observed, and I trust that wherever he may sojourn he may have the untiring aid of the immortals to lighten him of the burdens of his willing and effectual labors.

I am, dear sir, yours in the good work,
JAMES BROWN.

P. S.—I have just learned that the Spiritualists of London to-morrow evening intend holding a social gathering to welcome our brother on his arrival in this country. I trust it may be worthy of the occasion as it well ought.

Perhaps on some future occasion I may again take up my pen to inform you of our movements in old Scotland. Meanwhile adieu.
J. B.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY WIFE'S RETURN TO HER FORM, AN HOUR OR TWO AFTER HER "DEATH."

My bride, oh Death, though loving still,
And though from sight I grieve to spare her,
Now flies with thee, as angels will,
From these abodes to mansions fairer.
And though you've closed her beaming eyes,
Add not her mortal robes asunder,
And guard her soul to softer skies
And filled it with enchanting wonder;
Yet bended o'er her features fair,
My parting words of love repeating,
My spirit-bridal I found was there
To bring me back celestial greeting.
For there again she silent came,
And lit, as if she knew I'd ask it,
With mystic light I cannot name,
Her fair but cold and breathless casque.
And through her eyes—as gates ajar—
I caught a glimpse beyond the river
Of rosy paths that reach afar
Up toward the Universal Giver.
Again her casque she forsook,
And went the way the angels brought her!
I'll no'er forget that loving look
The angels thus so soon had taught her.
And yet she leaves me not alone—
With truer love she now claims me;
In that pale face serenely shown
A sweeter bride than now awaits me.

F. G. J.

The Eddy Mediums.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Will you allow me space in your columns to correct public opinion in regard to the so-called "exposé" of the Eddy mediums, some two or three years ago; as I am now engaged in giving public exhibitions through New England, with Mr. H. G. Eddy, acknowledged by all, so far as I can learn by those familiar with the Davenport and others, as the best physical medium, without one exception, of the nineteenth century. In almost every town and city where our humble feet have trod of late, we have been questioned over and over again by friends and foes, about the "exposé" of the Eddys; and justice to them, to the cause I love as I do my life, and to Mr. H. G. Eddy in particular, induces me at this late date to write what I ought to have written long ago.

"Peters" have lived in all ages, and the most devoted Christian of this age, though firm in the faith, can hardly tell what they might not do if surrounded by a rabble mob, thirsting for blood, in like circumstances with Peter of old. And not one believer in modern Spiritualism could blame the Eddy mediums if they knew, as I know, the causes and surroundings—with the bitter hatred of opposers, and the want of sympathy on the part of many professed Spiritualists.

In the fall of 1867, I engaged Horatio G. and Wm. Eddy for six months, and advertised accordingly; but an answer from letters previously sent to Ira Davenport, Sr., induced William and Mary to travel with him as their agent; and after spending time and money in getting ready with cabinet, bills, posters, &c., &c., they started out on their unthankful mission of proclaiming to the best of their ability, the glad tidings of immortality and eternal life to the world; and with hopes high and hearts warm with love for the glorious cause of spirit intercourse, left their quiet home among the green hills of Vermont, with a hearty "God bless you" from their widowed mother and half-brother, good-byes from the younger members of the family, to try their fortunes against the terrible opposition of that popular organization—the Christian Church—whose very foundation rests only on the phenomena they now so much oppose. Times are not as they used to be of old, when what to-day would appear in Christian eyes as almost a lawless band of twelve or thirteen ignorant men, crying down the God-established institution of Moses and the Jews, with new ideas that the blood of bulls and goats could not atone for sins; then men could travel and sponge their living out of those they made believers; but to-day money is the great medium of exchange; and railroad fares, hotel bills and hall rents are high, and must be paid, and although the "blessed Gospel" is free as the wind, two thousand dollar salaries to clergymen is no uncommon thing, yet the masses are continually saying to mediums and their "agents," if spirits control or manifest, why not make it as free as the teachings of the early apostles? But times have changed, and William and Mary Eddy, (now Mrs. Huntton) with nearly three hundred and fifty dollars in their pockets, started for the West, advertising "spirit phenomena," often not receiving enough admission fees to pay for advertising, with hotel bills for four at two dollars per day, and hall rents ranging from twelve to thirty-five dollars per night, railroad fares and extra baggage charges drawing rapidly on their purses.

At Rochester and Buffalo they were subjected to sketics and believers, to the entire satisfaction of sketics and believers.

At Cleveland, Ohio, a man by the name of Thomas Lees, 24 Prospect street, claimed to know what would and what would not spoil conditions; claimed to be a Spiritualist of five or six years' standing; claimed the right to go into the cabinet and remain therein, while Mary Eddy sat on the outside, he saying that if spirits put their hands out at all, they could with him in the cabinet, and she out of it; and every Spiritualist who knows anything of physical manifestations, knows full well that it is done only through the peculiar magnetism of the medium, and another magnetism might stop the manifestations entirely. But Mr. Thomas Lees "knew" what thousands of Spiritualists know he does not know; and because he cannot sit in the cabinet while she sits outside, and have the hands shown and the whole thing as he wants it, he comes out with a long notice in the *Cleveland Leader* of Dec. 27th, 1867, comprising fifty-eight lines of closely printed matter, denouncing them as "humbugs," and advising everybody to keep away. The result was so slim an attendance during the next three nights, that after paying their bills they did not have money enough to leave the city. Disheartened and discouraged, Mary Eddy sold her earnings to raise money enough to pay their fares to Dunkirk, N. Y., where I had been giving exhibitions with Mr. H. G. Eddy, creating quite a sensation. There, under the care of Elder George (who, I learn, came very near losing a twelve hundred dollar salary by investigating our séances), they gave two entertainments, advertising to expose what we had done a week before; and they succeeded in getting enough to get back home.

But what they "exposed" church members could not tell; and Bro. Howe, who lectured there one-half the time, is inclined to think that they made more Spiritualists in Dunkirk those two nights, than we did the six we were there.

I know that Mrs. Huntton, (formerly Mary Eddy) is one of the best physical mediums living; and I have witnessed at the public and private séances given by her and H. G. Eddy, more astounding manifestations than I have ever seen recorded before on any page of history; and only because I cannot drive a sharp pen as some do, I hesitate to write a chapter or two on physical phenomena.
J. W. C.

The Reviewer.

"LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY."

DEAR BANNER—I write this article not as a criticism nor as a review of the above entitled work, but as a tribute to one who owes no tribute, if I may so judge by the *nom de plume* behind which the author hides. The subject matter of the volume is that which the great Author of Nature has written in letters of blood in every human heart. Why such false modesty—on this subject so fraught with human weal or woe—which characterizes almost all writers and teachers of the age? The author of this book is an exception to the rule; and yet, not a word or an insinuation, in this work, can be found to shock the sensibilities of the most fastidious. He has dipped his pen deep into the cankering, festering heart of society, and with its corruption written words in which an angel might take pride, were it not for the picture which stands out before you as you read, in all its ghastliness, over which the good can only weep. Oh! for millions, that I might place this gem—fresh from out the thickening clouds of humanity's frailties, all pure as the snow-flake from wintry storms—in the hands of the heart-reft on every hand.

The heart alone can write of and for the heart. The great heart—which prompted the glowing sentences therein written, whose life-history one glimpses faint and shadowy beyond the surface of its prolific pages—has throbbled to the music of its own and others' anguish—has sickened at the greed and ingratitude, the unfeeling rush and scramble, and trampling down of torn and bleeding hearts—until he has turned away from the world, all forgetful of its greatest benefactors, and in solitude showers upon his enemies thought such as only the great and good can think.

This greatest thought—that which the world will yet build monuments to—is not so much the corruption and abuses of society, as it is to the remedies of the gigantic evils which stare civilization and heaven out of countenance.

Religion has yet to learn the fact, which science is slowly demonstrating, and which the Count claims in reference to love—that salvation must be physical and mental as well as spiritual. There can be no half-way work about it. We are as much physical as spiritual, and so long as we remain so, we must have a body, mind and spirit, the same as now, only perhaps in a different condition.

Love will have its physical moods and modes as well as spiritual. The basis of love is health, and health depends upon harmony, or a well-balanced union of body, mind and spirit. From palpable facts we reach the hidden. Through the body we reach the mind, and through its crystal walls the spirit. Spirit is God. It rules the world, and in us, our own minds, and through these our bodies. Power of spirit depends upon purity. How can a pure spirit control and use a body loaded down with the fifth and rubbish of false conditions? False conditions are results of our own follies and crimes. So with diseases of the body. I am well aware there is a great hue and cry about "ante-natal conditions," etc.; but I have yet to learn that the child in embryo is not the cause of the peculiarities of the mother while bearing it; but in either case, we who love and loathe, cannot shirk the responsibilities and penalties of our acts, no matter how caused. The measure of humanity is love—not the bastard thing society calls love—founded upon physical health and purity. How many are truly human? The measure of Godhood in man is his power of self-control. How many are there who are not blown here and there, like dry leaves in autumn, by trifles beneath the notice of a great mind? Tormented to distraction about a new dress, or for the want of something your more fortunate neighbor has! and making a hell of your home, where heaven, all smiles and joy, should sit all the year round. How devoid of manhood to go home nervous and sour because, forsooth, some one has overreached or thwarted you in your business.

All there is of us worth immortality, worth preserving and presenting to the Infinite, is our will power; which must begin at home, if at all. By virtue of will we control ourselves; and when we are perfect masters of ourselves—our passions, thoughts, desires, etc.—we are masters of God's universe of lesser Nature. How many are presentable? How many can truly say, in the face of adverse storms, and feel what they say, "Let the winds blow high or low, and let the muttering thunders of evil roll, and the lightnings glare, I am superior to all this! Do your worst—I am here first!"

Reader, do you know how to culture will? what to eat and drink to become superior physically? how to think to become so mentally? what to do to become pure spiritually? If not, read "Love and its Hidden History," and if you are sensible you will be a wiser and a better man.

Disease and Purity are antagonists—they are strangers. Do not think that Death is going to do for you what you neglect to do for yourself. He that dies of disease awakens on the other side similarly situated. Summer-Land! Stop, reader, and for your own sake, think! Is pleasure derived from external objects? If so, then you are rotten within. We make our summer and winter ourselves, and you and I are to-day as much in the Summer-Land as we ever will be. Spirit-world! Here is the spirit-world. Eternity! To-day is eternity. Disease and the kingdom of rest are as far apart in condition as the frozen north from the sunny south. A healthy mind in an impure or diseased body is an impossibility. A diseased Christian is as far from heaven as the devil and hell can be. Christ's religion was that of manhood and health, not of weakness and disease.

To the wives and mothers of the age this work comes—so full of plain home talk which all can understand; so full of counsel, and tears, which only experience can give, and hearts wrung by agony can know—like angels' footfalls in the shadows of evil. In reading it, I see the sunken rocks and the deceitful sands whereon hearts, like ships, have stranded.

The sunken, cadaverous cheek speaks volumes of heartaches, and reminds one of a stagnant pool of water, within which lies the skeleton of dear love, long since dead and sunken there, sending up to the surface the scum and slime, indicative of decay and corruption, redolent of mental and moral disease. It is contagious. We breathe it in as we do the atmosphere. Dear little children, all innocent and pure, (if there is any purity in mankind) are most in this disease-inducing malaria. Is it surprising, then, that society is so corrupt, so full of crime and folly? She or he who only opens their eyes and mouths to look at what has been, and lament and moan for lost opportunities, or to blame some one besides themselves for their present evil; who always see a skeleton in the closet at home, forget that the skeleton walks out when they do, which looks strangely like themselves. To all such I say, read the book. It is "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."
F. B. DOWD.

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Unconscious Mesmerism—Obsession.

A curious case is mentioned in the *Leviston* (Me.) *Journal* of Sept. 27th. A man of the name of Downs, a shoemaker by trade, had been in the habit of influencing various persons by mesmerism; among others, Mr. Charles Woodward, of Auburn. On Thursday, Sept. 23, Downs entered Woodward's shop, and casually threw his arm around his neck, having, as he asserts, no intention of influencing him mesmerically, and soon after quitted the shop. But Woodward appears to have been thrown by the contact into a mesmeric or partially somnambulant state, for he asserts that he remembers nothing that occurred after that time (on Thursday) till Saturday noon. He behaved strangely, danced and sang, and Friday night went to a dance-house. He would tell persons he encountered their family secrets—matters he never could have known—and seems to have given decided indications, while in this strange state, of the possession of clairvoyant powers. It was clearly not a case of intoxication; for Woodward, notwithstanding his appearance at the dance-house, is reported by the *Leviston* paper to have been known as "a man of temperate and excellent habits." That he was affected in some way of which he was not normally conscious, seems to be probable. His exercise of clairvoyant powers would go to prove it.

Woodward boarded with Mr. Edwin Blake, in Auburn. Blake summoned a physician, who recommended the rubbing of the patient in mustard-water. The most curious incident connected with the case then occurred. While Blake was rubbing him, Woodward came suddenly to his senses; but Blake was "instantly attacked with a nervous tremor—his muscles contracted—his body withered—and soon it became evident that he was himself unconscious." The mesmeric or somnambulant affection had left Woodward and taken possession of Blake. The *Leviston Journal* says:

"Blake was soon found to be entirely unmanageable. He showed three his ordinary strength, and attacked with damaging effect a plethoric physician who was summoned. He would dance and sing and cut up all sorts of antics. Nobody could do anything with him. He seemed to see beforehand what the intention of those around him was. Finding that it was impossible to cure the case it was asked, 'Where is Downs?' It was found that he had gone to Gardiner. It was then determined to carry Blake thither. Accordingly Sunday forenoon he was secured in a carriage and taken to Gardiner. They found Downs at a hotel there, and brought Blake to the room where he was. Downs put his hands on him and suddenly Blake's muscles relaxed—he was restored to consciousness. Blake says the last he remembered he was rubbing Woodward in his own house. 'Where am I?' 'How did I come here?'—these and similar questions gave expression to the ill Van Winkle wonderment that naturally possessed him on coming to his senses. Downs said that ever since he had left Auburn he had had a notion that something there was not right, but he could not tell exactly what the trouble was—he had been unusually nervous and restless, and had a presentiment that he was needed there. After he took on himself the affection of Blake he could for a time hardly contain himself. A young man who accompanied Blake, says when Downs restored him to consciousness, he himself lost a loss of nervous control, and feels that had it not been for Downs being there he should have been 'possessed' in the same way. Mr. Blake is well known as one of the most reliable and Christian young men in Auburn. His father is Rev. Mr. Blake of New York City. Mr. Woodward, so far as we know, has always borne himself in this community well, and the fact is well established that his condition as above given, was due alone to some indefinable mesmeric influence.

Blake and Woodward are now confined to their rooms, where we saw them to-day. They say they feel as though they had been 'pounded' every muscle in their bodies being swollen and sore. They are thoroughly prostrated. 'What is it?' is the question.

Two theories will be applied to the explanation of these marvels—the mesmeric and the spiritual. By the advocates of the former, Woodward's case will be set down as one of spontaneous or undirected somnambulism. Having been previously influenced by Downs, the latter (it will be argued) may, without willing or intending it, have brought the associations which sufficed to throw Woodward, through a sort of self-mesmerization, into the abnormal state which Downs had repeatedly induced. The fact that, in passing out of this state, Woodward should, without willing it, have been instrumental in placing Blake in the same predicament, is a singular coincidence, but mesmerists will contend that it is not out of keeping with well-known mesmeric facts. Many such are recorded in the hypnotic or biological experiments of Mr. Braid in England.

The spiritual theory (and the one that seems to us the more probable) will be, that the case was one of direct spirit agency and obsession; that Downs unwittingly brought with him the obsessing spirit who controlled Woodward for some two days; that this spirit then quitted Woodward to work his mischievous will on Blake, who was laboring to dispossess him. Of course, under this theory, both Woodward and Blake will be accounted as sensitive mediums. That they were both somnambulant and subject to the mesmeric will of spirits (incarnate or disincarnate) appears probable.

Such phenomena are certainly well worthy the attention of our men of science, and have an interest quite equal to that which attends the discovery of a rare bug or butterfly. Having a bearing on questions of profoundest moment, involving psychological mysteries as yet unsolved, the phenomena ought to be studied and examined patiently, not only by physicians and physiologists, but by metaphysicians and moral philosophers. But then, it is so much easier, and accords with the prejudices of the many so much more readily, to cry "Humbbug!" than to trouble one's self in the least about it!

Read the programme for the Semi-Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists in another column.

The Workingmen's Programme.

We find in the London *Ree Hive*, a paper devoted to the interests of the working classes in England, two very significant articles which appertain to the present state of affairs in that country: one relating to the origin, growth, usurpation, and present rapid decay of the aristocratic class in the kingdom—and the other concerning the condition, prospects, and present rights of the class that labor and are compelled to sweat out the enormous taxes. The latter is, on the whole, as outspoken and really holds a proclamation of the wants of the working people as it is possible to meet with anywhere. In fact, the very feature about it that gives it a timely value is that it no longer keeps back the actual statement of what labor needs, but makes it so very plain to such as choose to attend, that there can no longer be any need of dispute between the claimants and those on whom the demand is made. The writer says with striking truth, that "clear and comprehensive plans for improving the general condition of the people should be fearlessly stated if we expect to enlist public opinion in their favor."

And this is the embodiment of the workingmen's demands in England, set forth in the statement which we prefer to give in their own language: "We desire equality of rights and a true fraternity; good homes, ample food, and clothing, and a sound education for every child; but these benefits cannot be universally enjoyed so long as we live in a state of rivalry and mutual warfare, and the interest of one man is to ruin another. It is this cancer of competition which drives tens of thousands into the depths of ruin and despair, and all the savage wars which have desolated the earth are but the outward glaring symptoms of those baneful elements of strife and antagonism which compose the fabric of human society. To remove these evils our reform should be in the direction of mutual cooperation and united interests, and to this end the following propositions are submitted: That the government should acquire possession of all the waste and unreclaimed land in the kingdom, and purchase with the public money other lands and estates as they may come into the market. That it should hold all such lands in trust for the nation, and divide them into communes or townships; industrial associations should be voluntarily formed, comprising each from three hundred to five hundred families, to be located in suitable dwellings in these townships, where agricultural and manufacturing pursuits might be combined, and cooperative production and distribution supersede the present injurious practice of individual competition, each commune to have its public schools for the education and training of the young, whilst the State would receive the rent of all lands, and its payment would form the public revenue."

This is more distinct than anything we have seen from the same source hitherto. The writer, who utters the sentiments of his heart no less than the matured thoughts of his head, expresses the belief that under such a system of joint exertion a just distribution of wealth would be guaranteed, and every individual benefited in proportion to his labor. Whereas present arrangements produce the very reverse of this, and the same old story is reproduced, after nineteen centuries of sin and shame, that the business of the poor is to minister to the idleness, luxury, and folly of the rich, and the business of the rich to keep the poor in ignorance, subjection and slavery.

It has got to be reckoned into the new estimate and calculations of the present time, while making preparations for the future, that the march of improvement during the past fifty years and more, the introduction of steam power, machinery, and the telegraph, and the stupendous progress made in every department of scientific invention, make necessary such changes in the social economy as shall harmonize with these new creations of human ingenuity. The writer illustrates this fact by the statement, that in England, a hundred years ago, the wealth-producing power of the nation was equal to that of a population of fifteen millions; and at that time the poor-rates were exceedingly light, extreme poverty was not known, and employer and employed felt a mutual dependence and were at peace with one another. But now, in the year 1869, steam power and machinery have given to the nation a wealth-producing power of a population of two thousand million, in addition to the manual power; and yet the people as a whole are infinitely worse off than they were a century ago, when the productive power was only that of fifteen millions. Thus the wealth of the nation has in fact been increased a hundred fold and more—and yet the land is flooded with pauperism, immorality and crime, and everywhere there is going on a fierce competition for the bare necessities of life.

And the question is most pertinently asked: How comes so astonishing an anomaly? The writer himself asks, is it not that we are hampered with a false, most injurious, worn-out social system, which allows no adequate outlet for this never-ceasing stream of riches? And must we—be further asks—droop with thirst because the reservoir overflows with water? Shall the people perish in the midst of a bounteous plenty which they have helped create? And his appeal to the ruling class is pointed and pathetic, moving and eloquent. "Ye statesmen"—says he—"moralists, friends of religion, it is yours to face this necessity and control this change, as you would consult your own welfare and save society from anarchy and confusion. In the days to come. Through the misdirection of the vast powers at our command, cheapness and abundance are made to be the cause of starvation; but science has a higher mission to fulfill than to cheapen labor and enslave mankind, and under a system of joint ownership these new resources which science has placed in our hands, will create limitless wealth easily and pleasantly, and diffuse its blessings with an impartial hand. A new monetary system which shall be in proportion to production and the wants of an advanced civilization is indispensable. Coined money is not necessary, save to those who profit by its scarcity and dearthness. A paper currency, based upon the real resources of the country, will suffice for every honest rational purpose in the exchange of commodities. In this age of transition, new views and new modes of conduct are influencing the affairs of men. The spirit of change is present everywhere, while in practice its application is narrowed by local considerations and divided interests; but the time approaches when the scattered elements of truth shall be combined in one harmonious plan, a mutual bond of common interest and common happiness, and this must be achieved by the collective action of the people, fairly expressed through the medium of a people's government."

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The third course of lectures opened most auspiciously, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10th, in Music Hall, Boston, by a lecture from Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. This favorite lecturer will speak each Sunday during October.

We shall print the report of the New Hampshire State Convention in our next issue.

Spiritualism in Scotland—J. M. Peebles.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that our co-worker, J. M. Peebles, has arrived safely in England, and been cordially welcomed there. A letter from him will be found on our eighth page, and on our second page we print a letter from a correspondent in Glasgow, giving an account of Mr. Peebles's reception there. Below we give an extract from the Glasgow *Sentinel* of Sept. 11th, embodying a brief report of a lecture given there by Mr. Peebles. The paper says:

"An able and interesting lecture on Modern Spiritualism was delivered in the Psychological Society, at the Lecture Hall, Glasgow, on Friday (Sept. 10), by the Rev. J. M. Peebles, Mr. J. W. Jackson, F. A. S. L., President of the Psychological Society, in the chair. In introducing the lecturer, Mr. Jackson said that Mr. Peebles had done for Spiritualism in America what Mr. Colquhoun had done for mesmerism in this country, namely, traced its history in all ages and in all countries, and embodied his researches in a handsome volume. (Applause.) The lecturer, on rising, said that the question, 'What is truth?' had been asked in every age; and in the present age, the question, 'What is truth in relation to the destiny of man after his death?' is everywhere being asked, and the various answers that are given to it discussed. After reviewing the answer given by the materialists, he showed that all matter can be changed from the ponderable to the imponderable state; that all the forces can be traced back to God, therefore all the various phenomena in the universe have a spiritual cause. He did not mean by spirit an immaterial something, but a substantial entity. As the cause of all the phenomena of the external universe was a spiritual one, so also is the cause of all the phenomena we see manifested by men. The spirit is the man, the body being merely its outer covering, or a house of clay that it temporarily inhabits, death being the process by which it passes from its earthly residence to the glorious Summer-Land, and the various spheres of being in which it exists during its eternal unfoldment."

About sixteen years ago he first heard of modern Spiritualism. He thought it was a delusion, or an illusion, and he preached against it from his pulpit; but, to his surprise, several very respectable members of his congregation—members that he himself had baptized—became developed as mediums. They invited him to their house to see the manifestations; and, despite his opposition, they were real and not illusive, and that the spiritual theory was the only one that could account for them. He then narrated the various phenomena he had observed—such as at the house of Mr. Laurie, in Washington, D. C., where, in company with two gentlemen and a governor of one of the States, he saw a plane move and rise in the air with as many as nine individuals sitting on the top of it; at another time he saw a medium, Dr. Henry Blade, take a common slate, and holding it with his arm outstretched, a pencil was placed on it, and the pencil, without any human hand touching it, stood on end and wrote out answers to his questions, and gave him some extraordinary tests; all this occurred, not in a darkened room, but in a blaze of gaslight. Again, when conversing with a spirit, through a medium, Dr. E. C. Dunn, in his own house, regarding the story of the three Hebrew children—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—in the fiery furnace, the spirit gave him a test of a similar character. He saw a very large kerchief of lawn, and the medium held his hand at the flame of the lamp for about five minutes without the hand being injured or otherwise affected by the heat. After stating other phases he had observed, he wound up with an eloquent appeal to his hearers to investigate the subject, and described in a very forcible manner what he considered to be its uses. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr. Peebles for his able and eloquent lecture."

On Sunday last, the reverend gentleman delivered a most eloquent and impressive discourse to a very intelligent and respectable audience in the same rooms. In commencing the services, he read a considerable portion of the 11th chapter of Isaiah, and then, in the beginning, the subject of his "spiritual address" being "Life, Death and Inspiration," in the course of which he showed clearly that 'things are not what they seem,' and gave a very graphic exposition of the spiritual philosophy in regard to these matters. He completely riveted the attention of all present for nearly an hour and a half."

The Downfall of Lopez.

If we are to credit the very latest reports from Paraguay, Lopez and his followers have suffered a thorough defeat at the hands of the allied armies, having lost eight thousand men, all their cannon, their specie, and their camp equipage, besides being compelled to abandon all their vessels of war, and to betake themselves in scattered bands to the mountains. This finishes, then, the long war, extending now over five years, between Paraguay and Brazil. The defeat is a perfect rout. Lopez has shown himself a tyrant and a monster as well as a brave and even heroic leader; but his defence of his country has proved futile at the last, and it is extremely doubtful if he will ever again be enabled to collect together a sufficient number of his people to make a stand against his enemies. He has been declared an outlaw by the allies, who have proceeded to take possession of his late capital and to establish a government there for the future rule of the country, which they no doubt intend to divide among themselves.

Pay for Charity.

We have been considerably amused to read an anecdote now going the rounds, the purport of which is as follows: A French lady, who had passed her whole life in the services of charity for which she had got no visible credit, remarked after a while thus, "I have not much longer to live, and I shall spend my last days in prayer to God that he will pardon me the good which I thought I had done during my life." The poor woman! Because she had not been paid in tangible tokens for the good deeds she had done, she imagined they had gone unappreciated. Such charity as that is based wholly on selfishness, and invariably comes to grief through disappointment, as it deserves to. It ceases to be charity as soon as the doer would secure his or her reward for doing it. So low and narrow a view of what constitutes the very foundation of a religious character, cannot fail to beget a generation of hypocrites and self-seekers.

Divorce Lawyers.

They have what is called a divorce "ring" in New York City, that take up all applications for a separation and put it through, for a "consideration." Given money enough, it is next to impossible to be thwarted in a scheme to procure the divorce sought for. In this ring are included lawyers, witnesses and judges. Its iniquitous proceedings have recently been unearthed by a startling case of a lady who eloped with a lover, abandoning her young husband, went to Europe, returned, procured one of these modern divorces, married her lover the day following, and now has suffered exposure at the hands of an outraged husband by the aid of the proper courts.

The Banner of Light.

The *Sturges* (Mich.) *Journal*, in noticing the *Banner of Light*, says: "The *Banner* for a long time had a struggle for life and existence, but has now attained a large circulation, and is very popular among the people, and is always read by all classes. It is largely devoted to the inculcation of the Spiritual Philosophy, but does not neglect its literary character, or current news. It is a valuable paper, and now is a good time to subscribe at the commencement of a new volume."

Scriptural Infallibility.

Truth will come up to the light finally, and why should we not all of us desire that it should? The infallibility of what is known as the Scriptures has been so steadily discussed, in the light of the best reason, that it is at length beginning to produce its due effect. Not upon the clergy and church only, but upon the general mind, and through the irresistible power of the press. We were both surprised and delighted to come across, a few days ago, the following rather neat and wholly effective exegesis of certain scriptural points, in the columns of a secular journal, the *New York World*. It will serve to enlighten still further the public mind on a matter which it has heretofore been warned not to approach, and to provoke a greater earnestness in the search for truth everywhere, whether hedged about with authority or forbidden to the touch of those deemed profane. Says the *World*:

"While it is perfectly well known to scholars that the most ancient codices of the New Testament want very many of the words and phrases which we find in the ordinarily received editions, it is not a fact so clearly understood by ordinary readers of the Bible. Indeed, the interpolations in many cases have been quite serious, and in others have been of such a character as to spoil the beauty and vigor of the narrative. Of the latter, instances may be found in every chapter; of the former, the *Fall Ball Gazette*, noticing Tischenor's *Tausch Bible*, points out some examples. Thus, the narrative of the woman taken in adultery, the appearance of the angel to Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark, the conversation with the Pharisees on the morning and evening skies, have all been interpolated—at least, they are not found in the earliest manuscripts, while they gradually creep into the later codices. These differences, of course, arose from the difficulty of copying and from the pious commentators, who often introduced remarks which were at the time merely meant as comments, but which later were accepted as portions of the body of the text."

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

We lay before our readers the sad lines of Dr. Willis, the editor of the *New York Department of the Present Age*, which deliberately announce to his many friends and sympathizers that his physical condition renders it absolutely necessary to make the Atlantic voyage at once, with a view to passing the winter in the south of France. He is about to try what he considers the last remedy, in a case which may be called desperate. From our hearts we sympathize with our noble brother, who is consciously passing to the spirit-land, and we proffer his beloved partner every tender expression which her condition so readily suggests. May the health of the patient be rebuilt by his absence abroad, and the angels continue to watch over a life of so much value to his fellowmen. This is his letter:

16 West 24th street,
New York, Sept. 20th, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER FOX—I have nothing but sad news to write you of myself. I have been very ill; have had four hemorrhages since my return to New York. Physicians here say I cannot live longer than till spring at the longest. The spirits say there is no chance for me, and that is to go to the south of France for the winter. I shall probably sail for Paris the 2d or 14th of October. My dear wife will keep up the Department, and I will send all I can from Europe to help along."

I am not cast down by the prospect before me. I cannot feel that my work is done yet, or nearly done here in the physical form. But if it be that I am to go, I know to what I am to go.

Ever truly yours,
FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

New Subscribers.

Since our last issue, the following named subscribers have each sent one or more new names for the *Banner of Light*. Their efforts in a good cause will surely be compensated: Amos N. Lowell sent one; Dr. J. H. Currier, one; William W. Allen, Sr., one; A. E. Carpenter, five; M. Keller, one; F. Cammon, one; Daniel Stevens, one; John Wilder, one; W. J. Sweeney, one; J. H. Sawyer, one; G. W. Metcalf, one; S. F. Hurd, one; Mrs. E. G. Graham, one; William W. Billmire, one; Robert M. Rlesdon, one; Mrs. Mary Felker, one; N. M. Phillips, one; John E. Burroughs, one; William Hanna, one; Mrs. William H. Jewett, one; Otis Bentley, one; G. H. Allen, one; Mrs. W. R. Michener, one; H. B. Alden, one; Wash. Peck, one; Adela C. Whealdon, one; F. D. Ramsay, one; M. W. Thomas, one; P. J. Williams, one; Mrs. S. S. Scott, one; E. G. Hubbard, three; Mrs. P. E. Bailey, one; A. E. Clark, one; Isaac Nash, one; T. V. Lawson, one; John Thomas, one; J. L. Cambridge, one; T. A. Madison, one; W. Chase, one.

Power of the Working Classes.

People are suddenly waking up to the fact that the working class really holds in its hands the substantial power of the country, and not only that, but its future destinies also. The frequency of labor conventions is quite evidence enough of this fact, and the themes they discuss with such a searching intelligence are those which notoriously underlie the structure of society. We fully adopt what the *New York World* has to say on this head: "The power of the working classes is unknown even to themselves. Want of organization, want of special representation, and above all, want of education, have hitherto incapacitated them for that associated action which is necessary to develop it. But now that they have begun to take counsel of each other upon those things which concern them, they cannot fail to find out their strength, and to make it forcibly felt, whether for weal or woe, upon the future of civilized society."

"The Despair of Science."

Mr. Epes Sargent's excellent manual of Spiritualism, entitled "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," is having a good success in England. Even the London *Spectator* praises it. William Howitt writes of the book: "It is admirably done, and is the very thing wanted to lend or recommend to inquirers. Mr. Sargent has given a well-digested and compact summary of both the history and the theories, favorable or unfavorable, of modern Spiritualism. My copy is always out, doing service." This volume, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, may be had at the *Banner of Light* office. Price, in paper covers, \$1.00; in cloth, \$1.25. It forms a very neat and compendious volume, and is just the thing for a holiday present for those willing to hear the truth.

Terre Haute, Ind.

A correspondent informs us that the Spiritualists of Terre Haute have reconstructed their society organization and adopted a new constitution, founded upon a more liberal basis than the previous one, and also making it a legal organization in accordance with the State laws. They have elected a new board of officers, and things look bright for the future realization of their most sanguine wishes—viz.: the "advancement of Spiritualism."

The following is a list of the officers elected: T. A. Madison, President; W. H. Jennings, Sen. Vice President; L. B. Donahie, Secretary; Dr. Allen Pence, Treasurer; Charles N. Gould, Mrs. Louisa Pence, J. H. Stanley, Trustees.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. B. Storer is engaged to lecture Sunday, Oct. 24th, in North Bridgewater; and in Waltham, the 31st. The two first Sundays of November he lectures in Salem, and the two last in Lowell.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in Union Hall, Charlestown, Mass., Sunday evening, October 17th, at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Fannie B. Felton lectures in the afternoon.

Mrs. Hardy, test medium, has resumed her Sunday evening circles, at 93 Poplar street, Boston. See card in another column.

Thomas Gales Forster has removed from Washington to Baltimore, and resides at 32 Spring Row. He is engaged to lecture there till the close of November. In December he lectures in Philadelphia, and then he comes to Boston, where the people are anxious to hear his able discourses.

J. S. Loveland is engaged to lecture Sundays in Battle Creek for one year.

The Davenport Brothers are holding séances in Ohio. They expect to reach Chicago in November. Success attends them everywhere.

J. B. Ferguson lectures in St. Louis during October.

L. K. Cooney is lecturing in Ohio.

Horatio G. Eddy continues to astonish the people of Connecticut with his cabinet manifestations. The papers have a good deal to say about the phenomena, and are not so ready to cry "humbbug" as formerly.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young is lecturing in Michigan. She intends to visit Iowa in November. Friends can secure her services by addressing her at once, care of S. Sawyer, Esq., Three Oaks, Mich.

Wm. F. Wentworth's address is P. O. box 234, Schenectady, N. Y. He will accept calls to lecture in the West, if a number are received.

Doctors' Carriages.

The number of physicians are probably increasing in this city in ratio to the population, but it is a noticeable fact that doctors' vehicles are not so numerous as the increased number of physicians would lead one to expect, says the *Journal*. This, we are informed, may be attributed to several causes. In the first place, unless a physician carries an attendant to watch the vehicle there is great danger that a whip, a lap robe, and even the horse and vehicle may disappear. There is scarcely a doctor in this city but has had an experience of this description. In the second place, the wear and tear of vehicles since the horse cars became so numerous imposes a heavy tax upon doctors, but the horse cars are not an unmixed evil to physicians, for many have abandoned their chaises and depend entirely upon horse cars, or rely upon them a portion of the day. The main reason for the decrease in the number of these vehicles is owing to the fact that the doctors who use vehicles constantly find that the power of locomotion becomes impaired, and in some instances the extremities are very seriously affected. A physician of eminence, speaking of this evil, says that the illness of many wealthy ladies who invariably ride down town, and seldom walk, is entirely due to this habit.

Monthly Concert.

The Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum gave their regular monthly concert on Sunday evening, Oct. 3d. A good audience greeted the performers. The programme consisted of two quartettes by the Lyceum Choir (D. N. Ford, George Woods, Miss M. A. Sanborn, Mrs. A. Morton); recitations by Warren Doolittle, Jennie Atkins, Georgie Cayvan, Minnie Atkins, Hattie A. Teel, Fred. Kendall; songs by Addie Davenport, Fattie A. Melvin, Mina Fabyan (East Boston), Mary A. Sanborn; music on the piano by Addie Morton; and a Grand Target March, with original recitations composed for the march by D. N. Ford. Groups represented by Ella Whitney, Jennie Orcutt, Emma Walker, Ella Moody, Lizzie DeMerritt, Georgie Cayvan, Hattie A. Melvin, Addie Davenport, Cora Stone, Minnie Atkins, Jennie Atkins, Bertie Lovejoy, Ella Randall, Alice Cayvan, Nellie Yeberville, Freddy Teel, Abbie Barlow, Addie Morton. As is usual, on such occasions, success crowned the undertaking.

Cambridgeport Progressive Lyceum.

This organization commenced its fall and winter sessions at Williams Hall, on Sunday, September 19th. Conductor, Dr. S. A. Wheelock; Assistant Conductor, W. H. Bettinson. Its ranks are gradually filling up, and strong hopes are entertained of bringing it to its former standard of usefulness, notwithstanding the losses and unfavorable conditions which follow a protracted vacation. On Sunday morning, Oct. 3d, (the day it was visited,) the regular exercises were diversified with answers to the question: "Is man in his natural condition subject to the law of God?" and a recitation from Miss Florence Bullard.

Organization in Chelsea.

The Spiritualists and liberalists of Chelsea organized on Sunday, September 26th, for the purpose of sustaining a liberal platform in that city. Their meetings are held in Granite Hall, in the new block of buildings recently erected corner Broadway and Fourth street. For three successive Sundays, Rev. Rowland Connor, Miss Lizzie Doten and Rev. J. V. Blake, lectured before them. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning, at half-past ten, in Banquet Hall, (same building,) under the efficient Conductorship of Mr. E. S. Dodge.

B. B. Russell, of Boston, has a fine steel engraving from the firm of J. A. O'Neill & Co., 4 Bond street, New York, which will make an ornament in every home, and inculcate a lesson of true charity in every heart. It represents a widow sitting by her desolate hearth with her four children, with every evidence of destitution around them, and the sudden entrance of a lady and her little girl, the latter bearing in her hands the welcome relief they seem to be suffering for. The contrast between the givers and the receivers is so striking and impressive as to naturally suggest the true title of the picture, which is "SUNSHINE AND SHADOW." It is a faithful and artistic copy from a picture by D. Brooks, the English painter. The story is too pathetic, it is too graphic in the telling, and it teaches too sound a moral not to achieve a wide and immediate popularity, which it is enjoying in different parts of the country.

The "Hall Fund," donated to pay half the price of a year's subscription to the *Banner of Light* to those who could not afford to pay the full price, was exhausted some time ago. We mention this fact, because we are daily receiving half-price subscriptions, with the request that the other half be taken from the "Hall Fund." Of course, we cannot furnish the paper at half price to such, and therefore we earnestly hope that our friends who are able to do so will donate the means to enable us to continue to send the *Banner of Light* to those who can only pay half price, and thus perform a noble act of charity, and aid in furnishing spiritual food to those craving it.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

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

Boquets of Flowers.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

We pray thee, our Father, to enlighten our understandings so that thy truths may be plain to us; and our feet with thy justice, so that we may walk in thy way forever. Enter thou all the silent chambers of our being, so that we may know of truth and love as they are with thee. And if we fall to praise thee, give us to know that as all Nature praises thee, thou art calling upon us to render our tribute also. Let us understand thy way, oh Lord; though we walk amid the shadows—though darkness is on our right hand and on our left, let us know that thou art in the darkness as well as in the light. Oh give to our souls those waters of life which, if we drink of, we shall thirst no more. Father, Spirit, let thy kingdom come to us in sincerity, in holiness and love; let the dews of thy divine power be shed upon us this hour; and may we worship in spirit and in truth; for thou art our Father and our friend—thou art the great Spirit of all life, in whom we trust. Amen. Sept. 14.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

Q.—A lady correspondent asks for an explanation of light on the cause and the results of extremes—on conservatism and radicalism?

A.—Matter and mind are made up of two extremes. Positive and negative forces exist not only in the world of nature, but in the worlds mental and spiritual. They are necessary to perpetuity and growth. Mind could not exist without matter—matter could not exist without them; they are an absolute necessity to both mind and matter. What are the results coming from these extremes in mind and matter? They tend to a centre, and from that centre bring forth another element, which shall be a child of both—a pendulum that shall swing between them—a planet oscillating between the two—a regulator, if you please. When two extreme forces are in action we always expect a new birth. It is so in nature, it is so in mind; and this new birth combines the highest, the best qualities of both the positive and negative, from which it has been born. The extremes in religion, when they meet—the positive and the negative—the extreme conservative and the extreme radical, if you please—cannot do otherwise than bring forth something that shall be of the highest elements and best qualities in each. This clashing of religious ideas that is in action among you to-day, will bring out a more perfect religious sentiment. It was so in the days of Jesus. When the extremists of the Egyptian church, and the extremists who had gone out from that church, met again in contest, new lights were born, new ideas came forth, and from that meeting proceeded the Christian religion—not that Christian religion that is called by that name to-day in your modern churches, but that pure, undivided and simple Christianity that Christ taught. Thus it ever must be—thus it is, for aught we know, in every world. In Nature a few days ago you had a fair illustration—in your aerial tempest—the meeting of two opposite forces—two extremes. To-day Nature smiles with you, and is at peace; do you know, or can you say that this day with its glory has not been born from out these two extremes? You cannot. We think it out. The meeting of these two extremes has been felt on the earth, in the skies, in the atmosphere—in all things that came in contact with it.

Q.—R. M. A. Vineland, N. J., writes: In the *Banner of Light* of May 24th, there is a question from one in your circle, and an answer given purporting to come from spirits, in relation to a separation of family ties after death. The answer signifies that many families are separated in the spirit-world; while in a work advertised for sale, entitled "Instructive Communications from Spirit-Life," the same question is answered directly the reverse—viz: "Ques.—Do family circles keep united in spirit-life?" Ans.—"Yes, to our knowledge it is always so." Now will the intelligence through Mrs. Conant please explain why this contradiction between the spirits of the other world?

A.—If you have rendered the article aright, we see no contradiction at all. Families are not separated in the spirit-world; but by families in the spirit-world we do not mean those of natural ties, but those of spiritual ties. Those who are bound together in spirit cannot be separated by outward circumstances; but those who are bound together by mere external ties of blood relationship can be separated by the slightest breath. You have evidences of it here, and such families separated, do not become united in the spirit-world. The power of divine love must hold them together if they are held at all—it is the rule of our higher life—and so bound you cannot separate them; it is out of your power.

Q.—M. H. Albany, Or., asks: What is the cause of red snow on high mountains?

A.—That is a natural phase that is rarely seen, and only under peculiar circumstances, where the atmosphere possesses certain qualities of electricity. Your correspondent seems to convey the idea that red snow is always found on the high mountains; but it is a mistake—indeed, it is of rare occurrence—one of the circumstances of Nature that do not often present themselves.

Catherine Turner.

I was born in Bucksport, Me. In my seventeenth year I went to Tannersville, Ohio, to live. After two years, I went to Waukegan, Illinois; and from there, I went to Utah Territory, and there I died. I was under the protection of my uncle; after my parents died, until just before leaving Waukegan, then my uncle went to California, and I never heard from him until I saw him in the spirit-land after my own death. I was persuaded by those who were going, to go to

Utah; I lived in that Territory in all between twelve and thirteen years. My name when here—the name of my childhood—was Catherine Turner. I had one sister, but I know not of her whereabouts, except that she is somewhere in this section of the country. She was married and went away from us when I was quite small; she went South, but I know not that she is somewhere in this locality. I can't tell you how I know it, but I feel it sensibly. I sometimes think I can hear her calling to me to come from the spirit-land to her. It was said, and I suppose she expects, that I died in Waukegan. I had a severe sickness there, but did not die. It is only a little less than two years since I made the change.

I fancy there is a divine purpose in my coming here, but what it is I cannot tell. I bring with me my mother, Mary Elizabeth Turner, and my father, John J. Turner. They too, would be glad to meet and converse with my sister. Farewell, sir. [You will be able to go directly to your sister after leaving here.] I should be very glad to go. Sept. 14.

Joseph Davis.

[How do you do?] Right smart, sir. [I am glad to hear it.] I'm here to send a message to my father, Mr. Davis. [What Davis?] Jefferson; you don't like him, do you? [Have n't you been here before?] I reckon I have. You see, mister, my father wonders what he's living for, just now, and why, when he tried so hard to do what he thought was right, he was so unsuccessful. Just tell him that the people here who hold the reins of the American government know what they're about, and they sometimes make people appear to be fools when they ain't, and make fools appear wise when they ain't. All the people here who have anything to do with this government are nothing but kites in the hands of people that are in our world, and if they fall in doing anything, they may make up their minds that it is best. There are heaps of my father's friends on this side, who are sorry he feels so bad, but they would n't have told him beforehand, because he would n't have done as he did if they'd told him.

I come here with old Aunt Milly to-day, and Sam; and they want to reach their folks—they wanted me to help them, so I got a chance to come, and I want to tell my father that what he's trying to do now he will succeed in. Won't there be a stir then! I'm little Joe, sir. I'm thirteen years old now—larger than I was when I was here before. There's heaps of boys here, sir. Plenty of Yankees, too. [Don't you like the Yankees?] Yes, now I know them better. Didn't I turn upside down nice the time I fell? [Where did you fall from?] The railing of a hotel, and struck on my head. [In Richmond?] Yes. Go a-day to you. Sept. 14.

Sally Davidson.

I have been away thirty-nine years—thirty-nine years. My name was Sally Davidson, and I lived in Lowell. I was eighty-six years old the week before I died, and I lived close to the Merrimac river—on the upper side of the Merrimac river. We owned a large place there, called the Davidson place, and some of our relatives—persons that are living—they have, it seems, been making inquiries about this coming back of spirits, to see if they can not obtain something in a worldly point of view by it. They think there used to be a story going the rounds that the estate was unlawfully divided, and they being the direct heirs, they think if they could only know just how it was they might get something. I do not know but what there are persons in our world who make it their business to come back here to employ their time and their talents to gratify such a disposition, but I am not one of them. I do not know as it would be wrong for me to come and do such a thing provided good was going to come out of it—provided the persons asking it needed it; but when it is not so, when they would not do any good with any more money if they had it, I do not think it is my duty, or that of any other spirit, to return to aid them in that way. They do not believe that any spirit can return, but they say, if they can, let them give some material information so that we may know of their return. Now I can prove the fact of our return, and that will be worth more to them than if I could give them our whole estate. I can give them the proof. In my old family Bible, which will be found somewhere among them, in the first part of the book it will be found written: "Lord, lead me in thy way all the days of my life, and may my heart ever be open to thy teachings, and may my spirit ever rejoice in hearing thy voice."—Sally Davidson. Nobody here knows anything about what I wrote. Nobody here ever saw it or heard of it. Now the question is: Who gave this information, if not myself? There's an open question for them to solve, and before they get ten steps they will become converted and believe that God has opened the windows of heaven, and dealt with his children not only in past times but in the present, also. Do n't forget, I have been gone thirty-nine years. Sept. 14.

James Burroughs.

I think you would laugh if you knew what brought me back here. [I presume you will tell, won't you?] Well, yes, I will tell, but in my homely way, if you'll accept that. [We cannot expect any other. Your way is what we desire, not our way; else you would not be recognized by your friends.] My name is James Burroughs. I lived in Augusta, Maine, and I was taken to Massachusetts—to Springfield—when I was quite a small lad, and lived there until I was eighteen or nineteen years old—not sure which. I went to New York to learn to be a merchant. There's a quite a trade in that, you know—quite a knock. Well, at the time of the beginning of the rebellion I left the counter and went into the ranks, and was very patriotic. In one of the battles before Richmond I got killed, and my body was on the field some—well, I can't tell how long, but I think something more than a week. In the meantime I was stripped of my clothing—I suppose shortly after death—and my watch, &c., was taken; I suppose some of the boys on our side took it. At any rate, it was gone. Well, my body was mistaken for a rebel lieutenant. It was somewhat decomposed, but it was mistaken for a rebel lieutenant, and the story was that the Yankees had stripped the body and desecrated it, and took away its valuables, and so on. I was taken to a cemetery in the neighborhood of Richmond and there buried. The stone marking my resting place bears the inscription: "Arise, ye sleepers, and come forth." And the name of Lieutenant Charles C. Robbins heads the inscription.

As I was looking round in search of my old relics, I, of course, in obedience to a natural law, felt their influence, and was able to see the stone and read its inscription, and from that time I have had an intense desire to "come forth," as most of the boys were coming. I thought I'd try my luck. Now I don't want to bring a damper to that good Southern family, who so tenderly buried my body and laid flowers on my grave, but after all I can't resist the temptation to come back and tell the thing as it is.

I have a step-father, somewhere in these whereabouts, a half-brother, and many friends who are anxious to know where I am, how I got through with a soldier's life, and what's my state in the other world. Say to them I'm all right, and if it had n't been for that rebel lieutenant I shouldn't, perhaps, have been back for a century; but I can't resist it.

And now one good turn deserves another. The lieutenant, whose body, he says, was buried with fifty-two others on the battle-field, in a trench, would like to communicate with his friends, and will give them the knowledge of his presence through mediumistic life. [We should be very happy to greet him here.] I'm ready to be his most humble servant to assist him in coming here whenever he feels a wish or has the knowledge to do so. I'll crown him with flowers, as his good sisters have crowned my grave with flowers. Sept. 14.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Oh God, we praise thee for the sacredness of life; for that struggle that is ever going on between the outer form and the inner life, for by it the soul grows purer, and the outer form becomes more perfect. Oh Lord, we ask that we may understand thy truths wherever we may find them; we ask that thy holy spirit will lead us in the highest and the best way; we ask, our Father, that in whatever condition the lines of our lives may be cast, we may be conscious of thy nearness to us; that thou art as near unto us as the pulsations of our own being. Grant us to know that it is necessary to mourn—that shadows are as necessary to life as sunbeams; give us to feel that thou doest all things well, and that there is no second power anywhere in life, striving with thee for a division of the spoils of earth. May we recognize thee as the one God presiding over and ruling all the universe. May every soul receive this truth, and be guided also by it in accordance with its understanding. We praise thee that thou dost hear the heathen's prayer; that thou dost receive the heathen's offering; that thou dost listen to the heathen's vows; and that thou lovest all thy children alike. We pray thee to enlighten us in all thy ways, and to let us know that thou holdest ever the hand of thy children. Take away our faith, and give us knowledge; take away all that hangs between ourselves and thee. Oh, grant that thy heavens may be opened unto us; that thy Scriptures may be plain—wherever they shall be opened—to our understanding. Oh, our Father, may we worship thee all the days of our being; and as eternity is ours, oh, grant that it may be spent in deeds of love, in thoughts such as we shall never regret. Father-Spirit—Mother-Love—may thy kingdom, this hour, come with us; may the dews of thy holy spirit settle upon every spirit present, for thine is the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. Sept. 16.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—If the origin of man is from the brute creation, how are the different races and languages to be accounted for?

A.—As easily as we can account for the different species in the brute creation. To say that man has his absolute origin in the brute creation, would be saying that which is not strictly true—at least what I do not believe to be strictly true; for observation and diligent research have revealed the fact that we are not only related to the brute creation, but we are equally related to all the different orders of life that are beneath us. We have come up through every one of them; we can claim the granite rock as our relation—the rose as our relation; we can claim all things that had an existence prior to ourselves as our relations. This is an absolute fact, capable of being scientifically demonstrated. Spiritualism and geology, by-and-by, will demonstrate this fact beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Q.—Which determines our status or sphere in the spirit-world—the spiritual or intellectual development?

A.—They are each weighed in the balance, and accepted for what they are worth, and no more. The intellectual man in the spirit-world stands out high in the intellect, but some of them are largely wanting in the moral and religious elements, and in all those attributes that go to make up a rounded and perfected soul. The soul's sphere or status in the spirit-world is not determined by any one development, but by all.

Q.—Viewed from your standpoint, what is the change of heart, experienced by the Methodists?

A.—A psychological condition or influence—nothing more.

Q.—Are those who experience that change of heart any higher or better off in the spirit-world than those who live upright lives without that change?

A.—No; certainly not. I should rather suppose that those who lived honest, upright lives, without that change, would be far better off, and stand higher in the spirit-world. You might say that this medium had been fitted to enjoy the highest heaven, because any spirit can psychologize her at will.

Q.—Is the work entitled "Communications from the Spirit-World," from Joshua, Solomon, &c., really from such men?

A.—That I cannot tell. I have heard of the work you have referred to, but to assert it to be the work of those individuals is more than I can do.

Q.—(From the audience.) Are we to understand that suffering is a prerequisite to soul-growth?

A.—You are to understand that if suffering comes to you, it is a necessity to your soul-growth. I do not believe that there are any accidents in Nature—that is, I believe in the foreordination of all things. Souls can grow, unfold, and become highly developed without suffering; but if they are called upon to suffer, it proves the necessity, to my mind, at least.

Q.—Does not development transmitted prove the idea of atonement?

A.—No; I do not so understand it. It is so in a certain sense, but not in the theological sense. It is written that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Now, what does this mean? Merely that the physical life shall be transmitted to the children. This, to my mind, has no reference at all to the theological idea; that idea had its birth in Egyptian mysticism—the doctrine which demanded an eye for an eye—blood for blood.

Q.—Does not the Bible, as a rule, embody the principle of truth?

A.—Yes; most certainly; but this principle has been very poorly defined. I should be sorry to feel that the Bible was absolutely false in all its parts; on the contrary, I believe it contains some of the grandest truths that the human mind ever received. I believe it is capable of being a light to the soul; but, wrongly defined, I believe it is capable of clouding the soul in darkness.

Q.—Has modern Spiritualism made its adherents any better neighbors than those who have not felt the benefit of it? Is there any evidence of it?

A.—I am sorry to say there is not; and for this reason: Modern Spiritualism is yet in its infancy and very poorly understood by those professing to believe it. It is the science of life; but how many understand it so? It teaches good will to all—to do good to all. Do Spiritualists follow the teachings? No. But it is because they are in the first degree of this light; there are clouds and doubts mixed up with it; they only know that their friends can return and communicate with them; that they are ever in the presence of those whom you call dead. They believe it to be a sacred philosophy, but like the followers of our beloved brother Jesus, they look at the standard but have not reached it. Sept. 16.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—At the close of this séance a brief poem will be read in answer to a mother's prayer. A mother has recently lost her son—or his body—by water, and she says, in her agony: "Must I wait till the sea gives up its dead before I shall know if my son lives?" Sept. 16.

Willard C. Simmonds.

Since the way is open for our return, and death seems to have no power over our spirits, it is not at all strange that thousands, ay, millions of spirits are thronging to earth, waiting for some door to be opened in mediumistic life through which they can enter and greet their friends. The inhabitants of our life are not very particular as to whether they make their entrances again to earth through the North or South, the East or West. They are not particular to inquire where the instrument was made, or when it was made, or how it was made, through which they find their way back to their friends. They only ask if it will serve them well; and that they are able to use it is to them proof of God's willingness.

Before my death I knew but little of this manner of return, but on several occasions some of my friends and family brought up the subject, and we discussed it. My good mother said she should have more faith in the truth of this modern Spiritualism if it was not nearly all of Northern origin. One of my friends—a classmate—said: "Well, we shall sooner or later know of its truth. And for my part, if I get on the other side and find it is true, I shall not be very particular as to how I get back, so I get back and communicate the intelligence." I told him that I was about of his opinion; I thought if it was true we would all be very glad to assure ourselves of it, and we should not stop to ask whether the instrument was of Northern or Southern origin ere we would be willing to control it.

I am from Alabama. I fell in what I believed to be the defence of right. So far my conscience is at rest. And I return to-day for the purpose of reaching the friends I have left, and of assuring them, as far as it is possible for me to, that there is a reality in this modern Spiritualism, and spirits can return. My mother said to me: "Willard, if you never return, remember your mother in heaven." They were her last words to me. I answered: "I will." And how well I have kept my promise my coming to-day goes to prove. Surrounded as I have been since my change, by the glories of this new life—more glorious far than mortal eyes ever gazed upon or mortal heart ever conceived of—one thought most of all I have cherished—the memory of those I left here, and my mother; and my promise to her has never been forgotten. I held it sacred in my soul, and leaping all barriers I have entered here to-day that I might speak to the soul of my mother, and let her know that I live.

I ask that my friends will lay aside all prejudice with regard to Northern people, so far as this religion is concerned, at any rate. It is God's altar, and whenever it is found, the soul may kneel and worship there. Did I find it in hell, methinks I would kneel down and pray to my God therein. I have hopes, more than that, I know that I shall enlighten my mother's soul, because I know God is good. I might enumerate many incidents of my life, but I think that the last words of my mother to me will be sufficient—ought to be at any rate—to identify me to her. The prayer book that she gave me and told me always to wear on my heart, and never to part with, moulders with my body. Northern men buried the body, and the prayer book with it. It was said my body was mutilated and left to rot on the battle-field. It is false. I died as a soldier should die—resigned. I yielded up my life upon the battle-field, and was buried according to the rules of war, and I have no complaint to make. I am, sir, Willard C. Simmonds, of Montgomery, Alabama. Sept. 16.

Jennie Hollywood.

I am Jennie Hollywood, from New York. [New York City?] Yes, sir. I was eleven years old. I died of congestion of the lungs, last March. I took a severe cold on New Year's day, and I never got over it.

My mother's name was Charlotte Schazster before she was married. She is a Catholic; but my father does not believe in any kind of religion. My mother has tried to have him join the Catholic Church, but he never would. Our creed said, when I was here, that to be a Catholic was to believe in the communion of saints. I once asked my mother what it meant, and she said the saints communicated with the Fathers of the Church. But I want to tell my mother that it does n't mean that; it means in the communion of departed spirits with those they have left here. Two Catholic priests where I live now have told me so; and they say that many of the Fathers of the Church are not ignorant of this fact themselves on the earth.

I do not know as I can reach my mother by coming here, but I think I can my father. He does n't believe in any religion, but I think he would believe in me, if he knew I could come back. After I was dead, and before my body was buried, my father was looking at me, and in his mind he said: "And is this all? And is there no place where the spirit has gone?" Shall I never see her or speak with her again? I was there. [You were there, and saw what passed through his mind, did you?] Yes, sir; but I was unable to communicate with him at all. Now I want him to go to that gentleman—Mr. Mansfield—in New York, and I will meet him there, and I will satisfy him that it is me. And if mother will go, too, I shall be very glad; but if she don't, I shall go to her as often as I can. Good-day, sir. Sept. 16.

Eben Sawyer.

[How do you do?] Right smart, considering all the crowd I been through to get here. [So you found some difficulty in getting control?] Well, stranger, you crowd your way through a legion, and I reckon you'll find it not quite so easy. When you've got on the last plank I reckon you'll be "bent ready to 'gin up." [I am not fond of a crowd.] Well, then, I reckon you'll wait a

while before you get back here at this place. [Are there many spirits here to-day?] You can't count 'em in a long time, if you count them by the hundred. [Do you have to crowd through the invisible as you did on earth?] Yes, and those with the sharpest elbows always get along the faster. [Is there not more room on your side than on this?] Yes, there is, but if all crowd into one corner there ain't so much room there.

Well, I hailed from Lawrence, Kansas—that was the last place I was at. I been in Central City, Golden City, and to Denver, and I lived in all them places, but most of the time in Missouri. I got some kind of a fever on me, and I died pretty quick the other day. And I thought I'd get back here as quick as I could, because I did n't leave things very straight on your side. So say that Eben Sawyer will be satisfied to have his brother's widow and her children have what little he left. He was killed in the war, and I done something toward taking care of them after he died. And now I want that they have what I left, and no words about it—no law business; I hate a lawyer as I do the old fiend himself. If there's any here I hope they'll shut their ears—the old adage of "present company" is hung up here. I have reason for hating them, stranger. I lost one fortune by them, and came pretty near losing all I had afterwards by them. Oh, I tell you, they're the most swindling set there is on earth. I think they descended from some bad stock. If I had my way, I'd gather all the volumes of Coke and Blackstone and burn them on your "Common"; but as I can't get my way, of course your shelves will be full of all such trash.

Mr. Carroll, a friend of mine in Denver, will please take notice. I expect he will use his influence toward having my matters right, and as I want them; and in return for his services he must take out his pay, and if his conscience won't let him take out enough to make him square, I'll settle up with him when he gets here.

Some fole play, they say, about my death. Not a bit of it—not a bit of it; I died naturally, and there was n't one bit of foul play about it. [When did you die?] What time is it now? [The 16th day of September, 1869.] Been dead, then, twenty days. [Will you give your age?] Forty-three. I suppose my folks called me Ebenezer. I never used the name in my life, and should n't be known by it. Good-day, stranger. Sept. 16.

Eliza Seaver.

I am Eliza Seaver. I was born in Blue Hill, Maine. I died at Lawrence, by accident, at the fall of the Pemberton Mill. My parents are with me. I have two brothers and one sister; I desire to communicate with them. I was the youngest of the family. I was in my twenty-second year at the time of my death. I have tried ever since that time to come and communicate, but I have never been able to. At first I was very unhappy, and I questioned the goodness of God. Everything there seemed so different from what I expected that I was strangely situated. My parents were not able to give me much light, because I was not ready to receive it. I was hardly willing to realize that I had passed through death. I expected to find a heaven far different, and although I was happy in a measure, yet I was in a strange, wild state.

I would like that my sister Mary try to find some way by which I can speak with her. I remember many incidents of my life, and perhaps it would be well for me to speak of some, so that I may be recognized. When I was seven years of age, I met with an accident by which I received a severe scar on my right arm. My mother used to say that I would always be known by that scar. It was a peculiar one, and resembled the letter "S" in its form. When I was nine years old, I had a severe attack of sickness. At fourteen, my mother died; at eighteen, my father died. A little over a year from that time I went to work for myself.

My mother sends a blessing and a mother's best love to her children, and asks that they will seek; that they may find the pearl of great price, which is a knowledge of the hereafter. She wishes them to pray constantly to be led aright, and never to forget that God is able to hear prayer, and ready and willing to answer prayer; and if they pray for spiritual light it will come. But they must not dictate to God how it shall come. Leave that to him, he will take care of it. If it did n't come in the Church, no matter—all the world is his Church, and his altars are everywhere. Farewell, sir. Sept. 16.

At the conclusion of the séance, a poem entitled "To a Sea Shell," was read, as per announcement.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; reading by "Ne-os-ko-le-ta" (Prairie-Flower); letters answered by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 20.—Invocation: Francis Hill Wier, died in San Francisco, Cal., to his brother Thomas; Eliza Willets, of New York City, to friends; James Carney, of Boston, to relatives; John Jones.

Tuesday, Sept. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Robert Watkins, of Montpelier, Vt., to his brother; Jennie Burroughs, of Sanitary, N. Y., to her mother and aunt; in Savannah, Ga.; Major Henry Krots, to his friends in the South; Mayer Von Sheltz, died at 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, Sept. 20th, to his brother, in New York.

Thursday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Simon Byles, died at Sing Sing Prison, N. Y., to friends; Martha Jennings, of Norwich, Conn., to her brother; Ricardo Maltre, died in Cuba, to his brother, Don Cavan Maltre, in New Orleans; Hubert Forster, to his sisters, in the South.

Monday, Sept. 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George A. Loring, of Boston, Mass., to friends; Mamie Emerson, of Newark, N. J., to her parents; Philip Gage, of Jersey City, N. J., to his parents; Annie Pierrotte Stultz, of Baltimore, Md., to her husband.

Tuesday, Sept. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Frank Hanson, to his relation; Nathan C. Emmons, Second Lieutenant Co. C, 73d New York, to his uncle; Michael Finley, of Boston, to his wife; Margaret Taylor, of New York City, to her daughter.

Thursday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Henry La Kaiste, a native of Cologne, to his brother Edward; Belle Patch, to relatives; George Canning Willis, of New Orleans, La., to Hamilton S. Simmons, of Savannah, Ga.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Mrs. J. D. French, Kilmunby, Ill. \$ 50
A. F. New Orleans, La. 50
J. D. French, Kilmunby, Ill. 1.00
Friend, with present of flowers 1.00
From a friend 10.00
S. V. L. Wentworth, Ill. 25

Second Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

This Anniversary Convention will be held at St. Paul, the 15th, 16th and 17th of October, 1869. Dr. E. F. Boyd, of this place, is Chairman of special committee to arrange and to take the interests of the Convention, to whom reference can be had for details. The Convention will be held at the Hotel, on the corner of the Globe Hotel, one block above the Nicolet House. Partial arrangements have already been made with Bar railroads for free fares to and from St. Paul, and will be completed as soon as superintendents are all heard from. By order of the Executive Committee, N. H. SWAIN, President of Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists. Union Lake, Rice Co., Minn., Sept. 20, 1869.

Blessed are they that are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking they know everything. Blessed are the orphan children, for they have no mother to spank them. Blessed are they that do not advertise, for they are not bothered with customers.

A new paper was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent, who signed himself a constant reader.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 22 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price \$1.00. 4th-Oct. 9.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 225 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON. THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 13th-Oct. 2.

MRS. N. J. ANDREWS, ELECTROPATHIC and Magnetic Physician, 102 Washington street, Boston. Special attention paid to Rheumatic and Neuralgic Diseases, and all Nervous Affections. Oct. 9-10.

MRS. M. E. COLE, CLAIRVOYANT, Healing and Test Medium. Miss Cole has a great Indian healing salve, which is warranted to cure corns, warts and every curable sore—price 50 cents, postage 10 cents. Hours from 9 to 6 o'clock. No. 33 Beaver, corner of Grove street, Boston. 12th-Oct. 9.

JULIA M. FRIEND, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, office 120 Harrison Avenue. Examination \$2.00. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Medical prescriptions put up and sent to all parts of the country. 12th-Oct. 9.

DR. JAMES CANNON CHESLEY, No. 16 Salem street, Boston. Medical and Magnetic Physician, cures mind and body. Dr. C. is eminently successful in treating those who are called inebriates; cures strange feelings in the head, fits, and all diseases of the lungs, liver, kidneys, or any other part of the system. Dr. C. is a Test Medium, and will please enclose \$1.00, stamp and lock of hair, also state sex and age. If you wish to become a medium of note, call on Dr. C. the great Test Medium and Clairvoyant, and receive the full particulars of his system. Circle Monday and Friday evenings. 12th-Oct. 9.

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. No. 10 Appleton street, first house on left from Haverhill, Boston, Mass. Terms 25 cents. For sale, the following pieces of Inspirational music: Zephaniah, Walter; Patriotic Song, Moore; March D'Amour, each 25 cents. Merry Sing; March D'Amour—each 25 cents; and Little of the Wilderness, 75 cents. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Oct. 9-10.

MARY M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium, No. 93 Poplar street, Boston, Mass. Sealed letters answered by enclosing \$2.00 and two red stamps. Circle every Thursday and Sunday evening. Admittance 25 cents. Aug. 28-13th.

MISS SEVERANCE AND HATCH, FRANCHISE, TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUMS. Medical examinations given. No. 288 Washington street, Boston, room 3. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. 13th-Oct. 9.

A. HODGES, Test Medium, holds circles Sunday and Wednesday evenings. 100 North Street, Boston. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. No. 30 Carver street, Boston. Oct. 16-17.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium. Circle Tuesday and Sunday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. 97 Sudbury street, room No. 18. Oct. 16-17.

MRS. LIZZIE ARMSTRONG, Test and Spirit Medium. 532 Washington st., corner Kneeland, Boston. Oct. 16-17.

MRS. M. C. BOSTWICK, Medium and Psychometric Reader, 10 Pine st., Boston. Hours—10 to 9 P. M. Oct. 9-10.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, No. 8 Lagrange street, Boston. Oct. 2-4.

MRS. JENNETTE J. OLARK, Clairvoyant Spirit Medium, 155 Harrison Avenue, Room No. 3, Boston. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4th-Sept. 25.

MRS. OBEDE GRIMLEY, Trance and Test Business Medium, 44 Essex street, Boston. 5th-Oct. 18.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, 19 Pine street, Boston. 12th-Oct. 2.

Miscellaneous.

CHOLERA.

HOW TO CURE IT. At the commencement of the Diarrhoea, which always precedes an attack of the Cholera, take a teaspoonful of the Pain Killer in sugar and water, (hot, if convenient), and then bathe freely the stomach and bowels with the Pain Killer clear. Should the diarrhoea or cramps continue, repeat the dose every ten or fifteen minutes until the patient is relieved. In extreme cases, two or more teaspoonfuls may be given at a dose.

The Pain Killer, as an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of Cholera, Summer Complaints, Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Asthma, it cures in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to Old Sores, Burns, Scalds and Sprains. For Sick Headache and Toothache, do not fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer.

The Pain Killer is sold by all dealers in Family Medicines. Oct. 9-10.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

Will heal the sick in BUFFALO, N. Y., At the BLOOMER HOUSE, ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, OCT. 4TH.

Dr. Newton repeats his visit to Buffalo in consequence of the multitudes of cures performed there on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, and at the solicitation of many prominent citizens of that city. Oct. 2.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. D. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that she has a new and improved method of person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, which will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition. This method is given from sealed communications, from a lock of hair or from a picture, and full written delineations given. Correspondence promptly attended to, and full return transmitted. Send a full description, with verbal delineation, \$1.00; full and explicit written delineation, \$2.00. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. A. D. SEVERANCE, No. 402 Mycromore street, Milwaukee, Wis. Oct. 2.

PSYCHOMETRY AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

MRS. CARRIE B. WRIGHT proposes to employ the mediumistic gifts with which she is endowed for the use and benefit of those who desire her services. A thorough analysis and diagnosis of character will be given from sealed communications, from a lock of hair or from a picture, and full written delineations given. Correspondence promptly attended to, and full return transmitted. Send a full description, with verbal delineation, \$1.00; full and explicit written delineation, \$2.00. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. C. B. WRIGHT, 304 Main street, Milwaukee, Wis. Oct. 16-17.

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE, CLAIRVOYANT, will, on receiving a lock of hair, with the full name and age, and one leading symptom of the disease, make a clairvoyant examination, and give full directions as to means of cure. Examination \$2.00, which will be applied on medicines if treatment is desired. Address, Oct. 9-10.

DR. HALL'S PREMIUM VITALIZING GALVANIC BATTERIES.

ADAPTED to physicians and family use, with books of instructions. Manufactured and sold by Dr. Thomas Hall, Electrician, No. 19 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Illustrated catalogue sent free on application. Dr. Hall received the highest premium for the best Curative Batteries and Appliances at the Paris Exposition, a GOLD AND BRONZE MEDAL. July 31-13th.

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will sew, hem, fell, lock, quilt, cord, blind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Eagle" Lock Stitch. Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$15 to \$200 per month, or expenses, or commission, whichever they prefer. Agents can be made. Address, BROWN & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.; ST. LOUIS, MO., or 325 Washington street, BOSTON, MASS.

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Miscellaneous.

NEW MUSIC.

Songs and Choruses for Spiritual Meetings and Circles.

With Rosebuds in my Hand; or, "Birdie's" Spirit Song (with Chorus). Poetry composed in spirit by Anna Cora Wilson, (dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bailey) and read by Miss Lizzie Doten. Music by John P. Ordway, M. D. 13th-Oct. 9.

"With Rosebuds in my hand, Fresh from the Summer-Land, Father, I come and stand Close by your side. You cannot see me here, Or feel my presence near, And yet your 'Birdie' dear Never has died." Price 35 cents; postage free.

Come, Darling, come to the Spirit-Land. Song and chorus. Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D. 13th-Oct. 9.

"I'm in the spirit-land, my child, Happy in thinking of you, I'm with you now in spirit, darling, Angels are with you too: Angels watching, angels singing, Come, darling, come to the spirit-land; Flowers of gold we now are weaving, Come, darling, come to the spirit-land." Price 35 cents; postage free.

Something Sweet to Think of. Song and chorus. By John P. Ordway, M. D. 13th-Oct. 9.

"Something sweet to think of, in this world of care, Though dear friends have left us, they bright spirits are; Something sweet to dream of—hark! the angels say: 'Call them not back again, they are with you every day.' The above beautiful pieces are some of Dr. Ordway's best compositions, and will have an immense sale. Each can be used as a song, if desired. Price 30 cents each, sent post-paid.

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Examinations given at a distance, and answers all kinds of letters. Terms \$1.00 each sitting, and \$1.00 and stamp for each letter. Address, 63 Russell street, opposite the head of Eden street, Charlestown, Mass. Circles Sunday and Friday evenings. 13th-Oct. 9.

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MRS. MARY LEWIS, Psychometrist and Clairvoyant.

Will give psychometric readings of character, answer questions, etc. Terms \$1.00 and two three-cent stamps. Address, MARY LEWIS, Morrison, Whiteside Co., Ill. 8th-Oct. 9.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the following named persons can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, for 25 CENTS EACH: LUTHER COLBY, JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, WILLIAM WHITE, EMMA HARDINGE, ISABELLA RICH, ABRAHAM DENTON, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, DR. H. F. GARDNER, MRS. MARY F. DAVIS, MOSES HULL, MRS. J. H. DONAT, JAMES A. RICE, D. D. HOME, THE THREE BROTHERS.

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WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THOMAS GALES FORSTER, AT MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MASS. Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 27, 1867.

THIS address possesses great merit. It is terse, and to the point. Societies should circulate this pamphlet in their respective localities with a lavish hand. By so doing they will promote the cause of Spiritualism more fully than in any other way.

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THIS work has been prepared for the press at great expense and much mental labor, in order to meet the wants of Spiritualists in every portion of the country. It need only be examined to merit commendation.

The growing interests of Spiritualism demanded an original singing book. Everywhere the call was loud and earnest. The authors have endeavored to meet the demand in this beautiful gift of the SPIRITUAL HARP.

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When it is taken into consideration that the SPIRITUAL HARP contains 400 pages, containing 1000 songs, and that it is the choicest music and poetry ever put in print—such as SOLOS, DUETS AND QUARTETS, with PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON accompaniment—none, we venture to say, will quarrel at the above figures.

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BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

FOR the secrets of Planchette, the laws of mediumship, the startling facts of Sublimation and the grand truths of immortality, read this volume, just published in superior style, and uniform with the Harmonical Series.

A Medium (the Boston Herald) writes: "This book contains explanations of spiritual phenomena, and the various degrees and phases of mediumship. The work includes a full philosophy, full practical and profound. The author, instead of the convincing power of reason, just upon the blind credulity of the reader, it honors skepticism, and disarms it through the persuasion of good sense and adequate proof."

Putnam's excellent Magazine for February says: "This volume of A. J. Davis, the well-known Spiritualist and seer, is not without significance to the observer of modern psychical phenomena. It is one of twenty-four works by the same author; some of which have reached a third edition." The publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., take pleasure in offering this volume as a complete of the Harmonical Philosophy of Spiritualism, and as a repository of facts demonstrating the grand truth of open communication between the two worlds.

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SEXOLOGY AS THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, IMPLYING Social Organization and Government.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Osmond Goodrich Willard.

It is the title of a new work of the most vital importance to society in the present condition; containing the most deeply important philosophical truth, suited to the comprehension of every intelligent reader. The most fundamental, vital truths are here set forth in a clear and simple manner.

The nature of this work is an explanation of the causes and laws of motion, sex, generation, organization and control in the human body, and the relation of the individual to the social system. It is a complete and full revelation of the spiritual world. The author from his earliest childhood to 1856. All important details are carefully and conscientiously given. Every statement is authentic and incontrovertible. In this volume (including the autobiographical parts of "Arabian" and "Memoranda" which enter largely into

Banner of Light.

LETTER FROM J. M. PEEBLES.
THE ROUND TABLE—SEALED LETTERS—
MEDIA-FOREIGN TRAVEL.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Some ten days or more before sailing for Europe, I received your very kind letter, enclosing a clipping from the *Round Table*. It contained a cowardly attack upon Mrs. Waterman's mediumship, hinting at duplicity, and questioning the capability of this lady to answer sealed letters under the control of her spirit-guides. Though the poisoned arrow was aimed directly at Mrs. W., it indirectly involved herself and the *Banner of Light*, inasmuch as we had previously written in praise of this lady's mediumship in its columns. The critic signs himself "N. D." Who is he?—what his life-purpose?—what his moral status?—is he really worthy a response?—were inquiries that flashed upon our mind. If deserving a reply, justice demanded its publication in the *Round Table*. On our way to Hammon, N. J., with this thought uppermost we repaired to the office of this aristocratic New York weekly to plead for a column's space, when lo! the *Round Table* that was—was not. It had been merged into another paper; equivalent, in newspaper parlance, to death. In brief, though in many respects an excellent paper—it kicked—or permitted a correspondent to kick at the truth—the *divine truth*—of Spiritualism, and then it died.

How futile every attempt to injure a worthy medium, or stay the onward march of Spiritualism! Three thousand years ago, the silly Assyrians shot arrows at the lightning. To-day, lightnings are our message-bearers. A thousand years since, an old withered king sat by the sands of the sea, and cried to the free waves—Hail! To-day, these ocean-waves are burdened with shipping and commerce. A certain individual, hiding behind initials, attacks Spiritualism in the *Round Table*. The periodical dies; but the truth, like John Brown's soul, goes "marching on." Before the year nineteen hundred, Spiritualism in some form will be the philosophy, the religion of the enlightened world.

It has been our privilege to personally know Mr. and Mrs. Waterman for some twelve years, and in any matter of veracity between Mrs. Waterman and "N. D.," we should not have the least hesitancy in giving the preference to the lady assailed. This whole matter may be summed up thus: either "N. D." lacked the necessary tact or skill to put answerable questions to the spirit-intelligence, or the spirit addressed lacked the wisdom to successfully answer the test-questions, under the given conditions. The insinuation of this writer that Mrs. W. opened the letter in question, is simply an *insult* to a lady.

To those at all familiar with those occult laws relating to mesmerism, magnetism, psychology, psychometry, clairvoyance, it is not necessary to say there must be a compliance with certain conditions to obtain desirable results. To send a telegraphic dispatch from Boston to San Francisco, metallic wires are among the conditions. The substitution of ropes, destroying conditions, would necessitate a failure. But is telegraphing to be dispensed with because of an occasional uncertainty?

With all the apparent perfection attained in photography, the best artists cannot photograph colors, and a very slight change in the chemicals prevents the making of any picture at all. "N. D.," using an "adhesive envelope," "gum," paste, and probably non-conducting substances, writes to a spirit, doubtless quite unacquainted with etherized elements and spiritual laws, and then complains of a failure. Ten thousand successes against this pretended failure would doubtless weigh nothing in this gentleman's estimation. Several weeks a guest in Mr. Waterman's family, we know she is a genuine medium—*know* she answers sealed letters—*know* she has given remarkable tests, comforting friends and converting skeptics to a belief in immortality.

That all media—heaven bless them—are subject to an occasional failure, is no doubt, to a certain extent, true. This will happen until we have a perfect spirit-world, perfect conditions, perfect human organizations and perfectly developed mediums. All this attained—then with perfect N. D.'s to put perfect questions, there will be no imperfect answers—no failures.

"Nature works everywhere in accordance with established law, and physical science dealing with phenomena only, is at most but an effort at an exposition of these laws. It is only, therefore, with the best conditions that satisfactory results can be expected. Give the scientist the microscope, the artist sunlight, the medium proper conditions."

MEDIUMS. All principles, all forces are mediative. Our organs, faculties, senses, are the media of life, thought, knowledge. Mediumship is universal. Through the mediation of angels and spirits God speaks to us as he did to the inhabitants of the Hebrew ages. Deep, soul deep is our interest in the media of all lands. Sensitive and tuned to the angel-touch, they are the message bearers between the heavens and the earth. All we know of any future existence—all we know of the conditions pertaining to that existence, is through others and our own mediumship. Spirit undulates to spirit. The better the condition the more sweet the response—the greater the harmony the more beautiful and perfect the responsive undulation. How important, then, that media grow into the inspiration of this divine life—how important that they think right, live right, and have the right conditions for the exercise of their medial gifts. What but an angel's tongue could tell, what instrument but an angel's pen could write, who save an archangel could measure the good that Mrs. Conant has done and is still doing to benefit mortals and immortals through her superior mediumship?

While reason beats away in my brain, I shall not only esteem it a pleasure, but feel it a duty to aid all genuine media in their appointed work of demonstrating immortality and evangelizing humanity.

J. BURNS'S SPIRITUAL LIBRARY. Friend Burns, 15 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W. C., publisher of the *Spiritual Magazine*, and editor and publisher of *Human Nature*, is a live man, full of energy, and thoroughly consecrated to the work of reform. In connection with a reading-room, drawing-room and circulating library, he has a fine store for the sale of Spiritualist books and pamphlets. His establishment is the spiritual centre in London, as is the *Banner of Light* in Boston, and the *Universe* in Chicago.

I have visited the abbey and castles in the north of England, Edinburgh and Glasgow in Scotland. In a few days I start for Constantinople and Trebizond, Asia, by way of Paris, Switzerland, Florence, Rome, Naples and the Mediterranean Sea.

Benedictions upon you all. With heart full of good will, permit me to pray the blessings of God and his good angels to be with you and the great work in which you and others are engaged.

Most sincerely yours, J. M. PEEBLES.
London, Eng., Sept. 18th, 1869.

Independent Society of Toledo.

The Rev. F. E. Abbott, who left Dover, N. H., for too faithfully presenting the truths of a liberal, searching, and abiding religion, has been invited to become the minister of what was formerly the Unitarian Society of Toledo, Ohio, but which, on account of the ecclesiastical action of "The National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches," broke away from the shackles of creed and established itself on an independent and liberal basis, with the corporate name of the "First Independent Society of Toledo." On Sunday evening, August 1st, Mr. Abbott delivered a discourse to the Church upon the Sunday Question, in which he goes into a pretty thorough examination of the claims set up for the puritanic observance of the Sabbath. It is in reply to a printed sermon on the same subject from a clergyman of that place, which he had delivered in criticism of the celebration by the Germans of the Fourth of July, which fell on Sunday. In lieu of any remarks on this liberal and excellent discourse, we append the following extracts:

"The debate on the Sunday question is not between Americans on the one hand and Germans on the other, but rather between conservatives and liberals throughout the world. The line of demarcation is by no means one of race or birth. The fathers of this republic were found on both sides of it; and if the strongest and most influential minds among them had not been largely imbued with free thought, our American government would have been a free imitation of the world, would have become what Massachusetts, my native State, once was—a Christian commonwealth in which church-members alone could vote. The sermon relies too confidently on the orthodoxy of the men who founded the republic. The man whose writings, according to Lossing, made the 'earliest and most powerful appeal in behalf of independence, and probably did more to fix that idea in the public mind than any other instrumentality,' was no other than Thomas Paine, the boldest free-thinker of the time. It was Thomas Jefferson, another free-thinker, who laid the cornerstone of American liberty by writing the immortal Declaration of Independence, and of whom Bancroft says, 'From the fullness of his mind, without consulting one single book, Jefferson drafted the Declaration' (vol. 8, p. 455). Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and many another who did yeoman's service in building up the American Republic, were also free-thinkers; and it is to these, and men like these, that America owes to-day the religious liberty she enjoys. But for their influence, Christianity would be now the established religion of the State, and we should be hampered with oppressive Sunday laws, Church taxes, and many other burdens from which we are free. No day of the week is too sacred to celebrate the memory and services of men like these; and so far from grieving that our German fellow-citizens are moved to celebrate the anniversary of our independence on Sunday, we ought rather to rejoice that they have been moved to celebrate it at all; that they have so completely caught the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm as to love and honor the birthday of our common country. When such men as Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and their compatriots, were foremost among the achievers of American independence, it is idle to claim their authority for the perpetuation of Sabbath superstitions.

Test, however, what I have said may seem to imply that I am in favor of repealing all Sunday laws, when I am only opposed to *Sabbath* laws, I ought to say that I think the institution of a weekly holiday for rest, recreation, and culture in the highest directions, a great public benefit. In America, especially, where competition is so intense and business so engrossing, one day in seven is only too little to be saved from the treadmill of the week. Sunday is preeminently the poor man's friend. The rich have greater leisure and greater variety of occupation; they are not tied down to one unvarying round. But the poor man, exhausted and worn by the week's work, which is usually a grinding routine with but little change, needs more than any one a quiet day of refreshment, enjoyment and culture. No man is above this need of a weekly holiday; and it is simply common sense to secure all in the enjoyment of it by protective statutes. On this universal day of rest, recreation, and culture, the higher culture is based, the institutions of the Sunday, and whatever statutes are necessary to make it a quiet, happy, and improving day to all, if regarded as mere police regulations, are sound in principle and just in practice. But the utmost to be aimed at by the Sunday statute is to protect, not to direct. How Sunday should be spent, whether at prayer or at croquet, whether in the church or in the woods, is no concern of the law, provided no one is molested or disturbed by his neighbors.

But how comes it that the Sabbath is now Sunday, and not Saturday? The Orthodox answers to this question are very lame. Nowhere in the whole Bible is the name Sabbath applied to the first day of the week; it always signifies the seventh day. In vain will you search for a single text stating that the Lord's blessing was transferred from Saturday to Sunday; in vain will you search for a single text teaching men to observe Sunday as a Sabbath. The Fourth Commandment has no more to do with Sunday than it has with Thursday. For the mistaken notion that Sunday is the Sabbath, not a single text in the Bible can be adduced as proof. About three centuries after Christ, Athanasius asserted that 'the Lord changed this day from the Sabbath to the Sunday,' and the doctrine of the Sabbath observance of Sunday can get no weightier authority than the simple tradition of the Church—an authority repudiated by all Protestants. Those who really follow the teachings of the Bible on the matter, like the Seventh Day Baptists, observe Saturday, not Sunday, as their Sabbath.

Taking the Bible, therefore, as the only Christian authority, Protestant ministers ought to preach that the Sabbath observance of Sunday is no part of Christianity; no duty, therefore, of Christians. For some reason they have ceased to preach this, and adopt all sorts of devices to prove the contrary. This question whether the Sabbath observance of Sunday is a part of Christianity, came up recently in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; and Chief Justice Read, admitting that Christianity is part and parcel of the common law of Pennsylvania, nevertheless decided (for he took the trouble to investigate the matter) that the Sabbath observance of the Sunday of the Christian world is not the Jewish Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, and such was the declared opinion of Luther, Calvin, and all the early reformers.

The strongest possible statements against the Sabbath observance of Sunday can be found, by any one who will take the trouble to investigate, in Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Bucer, Beza, Zwingle, Cranmer, Milton, Knox, Paley, Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Arnold, Archbishop Whately, William Penn, Bishop White, the late Dr. Alexander, of the Presbyterian Church, and a whole host of the highest authorities. Why, then, do Christian ministers against the unpopularity of the Sabbath observance of Sunday? Sunday is as good as Monday, if as well employed—otherwise not. It is no part of Christianity to keep it holy; much less of Free Religion. All days should be kept holy alike, by many and womanly lives; but to reverence Sunday as any better than Tuesday or Friday, is superstition alone."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry T. Child, M. D., sends us the following statement:

"The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia," having taken the Church at the corner of 11th and Wood streets, had the same dedicated under the name of "Harmonical Hall," by our sister Emma Hardinge, on Sunday, the 3d of October. A very large and intelligent audience greeted the speaker on her appearance.

The annual meeting of the Association was held the second day, and the following report was read, and directed to be published in the spiritual papers:

Seventeenth Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

Another revolution in our solar system brings us to a point in which it becomes our duty to make a report to the Association and the public of our labors.

Our year ago we commenced a course of lectures in Concert Hall, opened by Thomas Gales Forster, who gave twelve lectures; Cora L. V.

Daniels gave eighteen; Nollie J. T. Brigham, eleven; Dr. Robert T. Hallock, two; Warren Chase, two; N. Frank White, twenty; J. G. Fish, six; making in all seventy-one, an increase of eleven over the last year, given to audiences varying from two hundred to twelve hundred persons.

Various circumstances tended to diminish our audience, among these was the fall, which was seldom sufficient, heated in cold weather, and had also the annoyance of an echo, which was painful to both speaker and listener. Notwithstanding these objections, we had proposed to continue these another year, but the lessee informed us that we could not have the hall longer than the first of January next. Under these circumstances, the Board have made considerable effort to obtain a suitable place, and have concluded to rent this hall, which has been known as the Rev. Mr. Stockton's Church, and which we now dedicate as *Harmonical Hall*. In assuming this responsibility we have incurred our expenses very materially but we feel confident that the liberality which has been manifested by some of our members will be continued, and that others, seeing this beautiful hall, will come forward and aid us in maintaining meetings worthy of our Association, of the noble city of Penn., and of the angel hosts, who, through all the past years, have been our blessed ministering spirits.

We have engaged the services of our beloved sister, Emma Hardinge, for two months; she will be followed by Bro. T. Gales Forster and others, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to a successful course of lectures, in which hundreds and thousands who are asking for the bread and waters of spiritual knowledge, which are the only means of salvation, may be fed with living truth, and be enabled to follow the path above.

By the Treasurer's report, it appears that we have received during the past year in—

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| Subscriptions, | \$1,244.25 |
| Donations, | 110.50 |
| Collections at meetings, | 266.01 |
| Proceeds of the 21st Anniversary Celebration, | 263.55 |
| Total, | \$1,884.31 |

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| And have paid out— | |
| Balance due last year, | \$ 14.11 |
| Rent of hall, | 912.47 |
| Compensation for lectures, | 958.33 |
| Expenses of anniversary, | 184.63 |
| Advertisements, | 61.92 |
| Total, | \$2,151.46 |

Leaving a balance due Treasurer of \$ 267.15

The term of office of four of the Trustees expires at this time, namely: Christian Sharpe, Ellen M. Child, Clayton B. Rogers and Joel H. Rhodes. There is also a vacancy caused by the resignation of Louis Belrose; it will therefore be your duty at the annual election, which occurs at this time, to elect five persons to serve as Trustees.

At no time during the past seventeen years has our cause been in such a prosperous condition as it is now. Our position, the community is the beneficiary of our liberal organizations of the day, and there is a constantly increasing interest in the investigation of the phenomena upon which our knowledge of immortality is based. We have ever demanded full and candid investigation of the phenomena, and each succeeding year confirms us in the propriety of this course.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 38 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunklee, Treasurer; The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. on 3rd street, near the corner of Fulton Avenue and Jay Street. M. T. Dole, President; D. J. C. Chesley, Secretary.

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