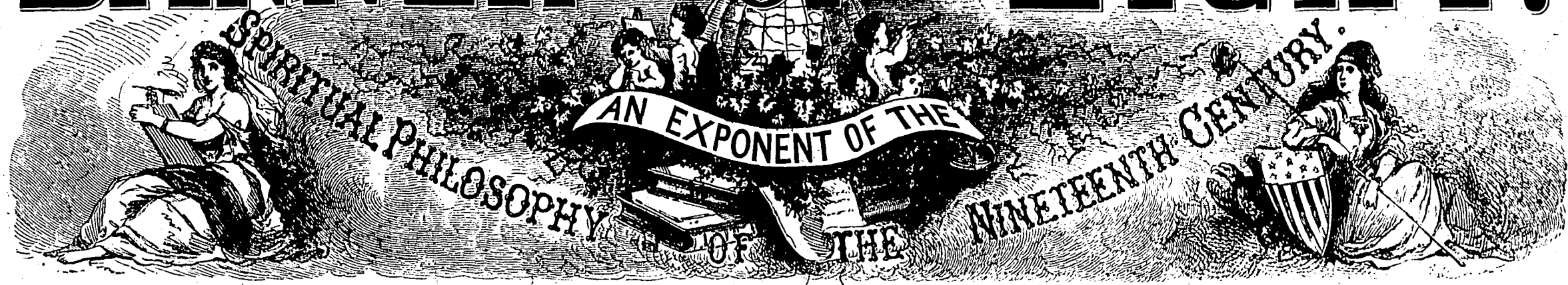


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 24.

Banner Contents.

First Page: "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," by Epes Sargent, continued. Second: "Discoveries Made in a Dream or Vision," by George A. Lathrop, M. D.; "Items of Travel," by Warren Chase; "More about 'Katie' and the 'Diakka,'" by Dr. G. Bloede; "Fundamentals," by William F. Lyon; "Katie King," "Ready Obedience," "A Little Hero," "Third: Banner Correspondence from various localities; "New York—At the Park Yesterday," "Woman's National Temperance League," "Massachusetts—Cooperative Hygienic Convention," "Poem—'Motherhood,'" by Cecelia Devry; "Letter from Long Branch," by Susan G. Horn; "Camping on Lake Tahoe," by H. F. M. Brown; "Spiritualism in Liverpool, Eng.," by John Chapman. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "Prof. Tyndall's Address," and "A Triumph for the Spirits." Fifth: Short Editorials, Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Message Department; List of Spiritualist Lecturers, Public Meetings, etc. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "Dedications of Rochester Hall, Boston," "Katie King"—Lecture by Henry T. Child, M. D.; "A Visit to the Eddy Family, at Chittenden, Vt.," by G. L. Dittson.

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPES SARGENT.

[Continued from our last issue.]

In a statement signed by Amelia Corner, Caroline Corner, J. C. Luxmoore, G. R. Tapp, and W. H. Harrison, we have a clear and interesting account, which I here slightly abridge, of the process of getting a photograph of Katie by the magnetism light:

"The cabinet doors were placed open, and shawls hung across. The séance commenced at six p. m., and lasted about two hours, with an interval of half an hour. The medium was entranced almost directly she was placed in the cabinet, and in a few minutes Katie stepped out into the room. The sitters, in addition to the undersigned, were Mrs. Cook and her two children, whose delight at Katie's familiarity with them was most amusing.

"Katie was dressed in pure white, except that her robe was cut low, with short sleeves, allowing her beautiful neck and arms to be seen. Her hair, which was brown, to be visible. Her eyes were large and bright, of a dark blue or gray color. Her countenance was animated and lifelike, her cheeks and lips ruddy and clear.

"Our expressions of pleasure at seeing her thus before us seemed to encourage her to redouble her efforts to give a good séance. By the light of a candle and a small lamp, during the intervals of photography, she stood or moved about, and chatted to us all, keeping up a lively conversation, in which she criticised the sitters, and the literary photographer and his arrangements very freely. By degrees she walked away from the cabinet, and came boldly out into the room.

"Katie usually leaned on the shoulder of Mr. Luxmoore, and stood up to be focussed several times, on one occasion holding the lamp to illuminate her face. Once she looked at the sitters through Mr. Luxmoore's eye-glass. She patted his head, and pulled his hair, and allowed him and Mrs. Corner to pass their hands over her dress, in order that they might satisfy themselves that she was only one robe.

"As one of the plates was taken out of the room for development, she ran a few feet out of the cabinet after Mr. Harrison, saying she wished to see it; and on his return it was shown to her, he standing close to her and touching her at the time. While he was absent she walked up to the camera and inspected that 'queer machine,' as she called it.

"Just before one of the plates was taken, as Katie was reposing herself outside the cabinet, a long, sturdy, masculine right arm, bare to the shoulder, and moving its fingers, was thrust out of the opening at the top of the cabinet. Katie turned round and upbraided the intruder, saying that 'it was a shame for another spirit to intrude while she stood for her likeness,' and she bade him 'get out.'

"Toward the close of the séance Katie said that her power was going, and that she was 'really melting away this time.' The power being weak, the admission of light into the cabinet seemed gradually to destroy the lower part of her figure, and she sank down until her neck touched the floor, the rest of her body having apparently vanished, her last words being that we must sing, and sit still for a few minutes, 'for it was a sad thing to have no legs to stand upon.' This was done, and Katie soon came out again, entire as at first, and one more photograph was successfully taken. Katie then shook hands with Mr. Luxmoore, went inside her cabinet, and rapped for us to take the medium out.

"The séance had been given under strict test conditions. The only stipulation Katie made throughout was, that the sitters would not stare fixedly at her whilst she stood for her photograph.

"Before commencing, Mrs. and Miss Corner took the medium to her bedroom, and, having taken off her clothes and thoroughly searched them, dressed her without a gown, but simply with a cloak of dark gray waterproof cloth over her underclothing, and at once led her to the séance room, where her wrists were tied tightly together with tape. The knots were examined by the sitters respectively, and sealed with a signet ring. She was then seated in the cabinet which had been previously examined. The tape was passed through a brass bracket in the floor, brought under the shawl, and tied securely to a chair outside the cabinet, so that the slightest movement on the part of the medium would have been at once detected.

"During the interval of half an hour, Mrs. Corner took charge of the medium, whilst she was out of the cabinet, and did not lose sight of her for one minute. The tying and sealing were repeated before the second part of the séance, and on each occasion of the medium leaving the cabinet, the knots and seals and tape were duly examined by all the sitters, and were found intact. The medium was tied and sealed by Mr. Luxmoore, whose signet ring was used."

In a separate communication Mr. Luxmoore writes: "I carefully examined every part of the cabinet while Miss Cook was being searched by Mrs. and Miss Corner. Nothing could possibly have been concealed there without my discovering it. I should also mention, that, soon after one of the photographs had been taken, Katie pulled back the curtain, or rather rug, which hangs in front, and requested us to look at her, when she appeared to have lost all her body. She had a most curious appearance; she seemed to be resting on nothing but her neck, her head being close to the floor. Her white robe was under her."

Phenomena like these, as Dr. Wm. Hitchman aptly remarks, present a question "not to be settled at all by leading articles, but by positive experimental testimony." In this case such testimony has been given in abundance.

Previous to Prof. Crookes's taking the case in hand, Dr. Gully, Mr. Blackburn, Mr. Luxmoore, Mr. W. H. Harrison, and many other competent investigators had, at numerous sittings, satisfied themselves fully that Katie and Miss Cook were distinct personalities.

"All who attended these séances," says Dr. Gully, "are aware with what anxious care arrangements were always made by which the smallest movements by the medium within were rendered detectable by the sitters outside, by means of tapes attached to the medium's body, and extended along the floor, and held by some one present; and, on one or two occasions, by the extension of the medium's own dark hair, not to mention the precise tying and sealing of the wrists. . . . These tests have abundantly satisfied me that the form which appears is not Miss Cook, but has a totally separate existence."

Notwithstanding these well-founded convictions there was a natural wish among Spiritualists that assurance should be made doubly sure, and in this wish no one joined more readily than Dr. Gully.

To determine the question whether Miss Cook was lying at rest inside the cabinet while Katie in her flowing robes was

outside, Mr. C. F. Varley, F. R. S., the electrician of the Atlantic Cable, noted for his skill in testing broken cables, conceived the idea of passing a weak electrical current through the body of the medium all the time the manifestations were going on. He did this by means of a galvanic battery and cable-testing apparatus, which was so delicate that any movement whatever, on the part of Miss Cook, would be instantly indicated, while it would be impossible for her to dress and play the part of the spirit without breaking the circuit and being instantly detected.

Yet under these conditions the spirit-form *did* appear as usual, exhibited its arms, spoke, wrote, and touched several persons; and this happened, be it remembered, not in the medium's own house, but in that of Mr. Luxmoore, at the West, end of London. For nearly an hour the circuit was never broken, and at the conclusion Miss Cook was found in a trance. Thus it was clearly proved that Miss Cook was not only in the cabinet, but perfectly quiescent, while Katie was visible and moving about outside.

Similar tests were soon repeated by Mr. Crookes in his own house with equally satisfactory results. Early in March he reported: "As far as the experiments go, they prove conclusively that Miss Cook is *inside* while Katie is *outside* the cabinet," and he further testified to Miss Cook's perfect honesty, truthfulness, and willingness to submit to the severest tests that he could approve of.

But the crowning proof was yet to come. On the 12th of March, 1874, during a séance at his own house, Katie came to the curtain, and called him to her, saying, "Come into the room and lift my medium's head up; she has slipped down." Katie was then standing before him, clothed in her usual white robes and turban head-dress. He walked into the library up to Miss Cook, Katie stepping aside to allow him to pass. He found that Miss Cook had slipped partially off the sofa, and that her head was hanging in a very awkward position. He lifted her on to the sofa, and in so doing had satisfactory evidence, in spite of the darkness, that Miss Cook was not attired in the Katie costume, but had on her ordinary black velvet dress, and was in a deep trance.

On the 20th of March, at a séance at Hackney, Katie told Mr. Crookes that she thought she should be able to show herself and Miss Cook together. Turning the gas out, he entered the room used as a cabinet, bearing a phosphorus lamp. This consisted of a six or eight ounce bottle, containing a little phosphorized oil, and lightly corked.

"It being dark, he felt about for Miss Cook. He found her crouching on the floor. Kneeling down, he let air enter the lamp, and by its light saw the young lady, dressed in black velvet, as she had been in the early part of the evening, and to all appearance senseless. She did not move when he took her hand and held the light close to her face, but continued quietly breathing.

The remainder of the narrative I give in Mr. Crookes's own words:

"Raising the lamp, I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing white drapery, as we had seen her previously during the séance. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine, and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down, so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure, and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the veritable Katie, whom I had clasped in my arms a few moments before, and not at the phantom of a disordered brain.

"She did not speak, but moved her head, and smiled in recognition. Three separate times did I carefully examine Miss Cook, crouching before me, to be sure that the hands I held were that of a living woman, and three separate times did I turn the lamp to Katie, and examine her with steadfast scrutiny; until I had no doubt whatever of her objective reality."

Of the points of difference between the two, Mr. Crookes says:

"Katie's height varies; in my house I have seen her six inches taller than Miss Cook. Last night, with bare feet and not *tip-toeing*, she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cook. Katie's neck was bare last night; the skin was perfectly smooth, both to touch and sight, whilst on Miss Cook's neck is a large blister which under similar circumstances is distinctly visible, and rough to the touch. Katie's ears are unperforated, whilst Miss Cook habitually wears earrings. Katie's complexion is very fair, while that of Miss Cook is very dark. Katie's fingers are much longer than Miss Cook's, and her face is also larger. In manners and ways of expression there are also many decided differences."

The exceeding whiteness of the drapery with which Katie came clothed was always noticeable; reminding the Scriptural reader of that passage: "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." The dress would vary in shape nearly every evening.

The fabric felt material enough. It did not melt away and disappear like the spirit fabrics felt by Mr. Livermore and Dr. Gray in the presence of Kate Fox. Miss Douglas took a specimen of the cloth to Messrs. Howell and James's, London, and asked them to match it; they said that they could not, and that they believed it to be of Chinese manufacture.

When came this white drapery? As we proceed in our narrative, it will be seen that Mr. Crookes satisfied himself thoroughly that it could not have been brought into his house and used by the medium.

Katie had announced, on several occasions, that her materializations through Miss Cook would cease the 21st of May, 1874. At one of her farewell séances, my friend, Mr. Coleman, whom I had some years before introduced to certain phenomena in Boston, was present. He took from his pocket a photograph; Katie received it from his hands, and exclaimed, "This is Dr. Gully and my likeness. What do you want me to do with it?" "Write," said Mr. Coleman, "your name, and any message you have to give me, on the back of it, that I may keep it in remembrance of this evening." Borrowing his pencil she wrote: "Annie Morgan, usually known as Katie King. To her dear friend, Mr. Ben. May 9th, 1874." When it was read aloud some one said, "That is too familiar," and she was reminded that there were others of the same name known to her; upon which she asked for the card to be returned, and wrote: "Mr. Ben is B. Coleman, Esq."

"During the evening," writes Mr. Coleman, "she frequently went behind the curtain to look after her medium, and once whilst she was there, Mr. Crookes raised the curtain, and he and I, and four others who sat by me, saw, at one and the same time, the figure of Katie, clad in her *white* dress, bending over the sleeping form of the medium, whose dress was *blue*, with a red shawl over her head." This exhibition was then repeated, and Mr. Coleman was fully satisfied that he saw both the living form of Miss Cook, and the materialized spirit-form of Katie.

The following remarkable incident, which Mr. W. H. Harrison and Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryat) both confirmed in subsequent narratives, indicates the thaumat-

gic power that was at work: "Taking up her skirt in a double fold, Mr. Crookes having lent her his scissors, Katie cut two pieces out of the front part, leaving the holes visible, one about an inch and the other two or three inches in circumference, and then, as if by magic, but without the conjurer's double boxes, or any attempt at concealment, she held that portion of the dress in her closed hand for a minute or two, and showed that the holes had disappeared, and that the dress was again entire. The pieces, a portion of which I have, are repeatedly strong ordinary white calico."

Of the repetition of this marvel at a subsequent séance, Mr. W. H. Harrison writes: "After she had thus cut several great holes in her dress, as she sat between Mr. Crookes and Mr. Tapp, she was asked if she could mend it, as she had done on other occasions; she then held up the dilapidated portion in a good light, gave it one flap, and it was instantly as perfect as at first. Those near the door of the cabinet examined and handled it immediately, with her permission, and testified there was no hole, seam or joint of any kind, where a moment before had been large holes, several inches in diameter."

Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryat), a daughter of my old acquaintance, Captain Marryat, author of "Peter Simple," &c., was a witness of the same incident, and mentions it in an account of her experiences, which I shall soon quote.

The following is Mr. W. H. Harrison's account of the farewell séance, May 21st, 1874, in London, at which Katie appeared. There were present Mr. Crookes, Mrs. Corner, Mrs. Ross-Church, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. G. R. Tapp, Mr. and Mrs. Cook and family, and the servant Mary:

"Mr. Crookes, 7.25 p. m., conducted Miss Cook into the dark room used as a cabinet, where she laid herself down upon the floor, with her head resting on a pillow; at 7.28 Katie first spoke, and at 7.30 came outside the curtain in full form. She was dressed in pure white, with low neck and short sleeves. She had long hair, of a light auburn or golden color, which hung in ringlets down her back, and each side of her head, reaching nearly to her waist. She wore a long white veil, but this was only drawn over her face once or twice during the séance."

"The medium was dressed in a high gown of light blue merino. During nearly the whole of the séance, while Katie was before us, the curtain was drawn back and all could clearly see the sleeping medium, who did not stir from her original position, but lay quite still, her face being covered with a red shawl to keep light from it. There was a good light during the entire séance."

"Katie talked about her approaching departure, and accepted a bouquet which Mr. Tapp brought her, also some bunches of lilies from Mr. Crookes."

"All the sitters in the circle clustered closely round her. Katie asked Mr. Tapp to take the bouquet to pieces, and lay the flowers out before her on the floor; she then sat down, Eastern fashion, and asked all to draw around her, which was done, most of those present sitting on the floor at her feet. She then divided the flowers into bunches for each, tying them up with blue ribbon. She also wrote parting notes to some of her friends, signed 'Annie Owen Morgan,' which she stated was her real name when in earthly-life. She wrote a note for her medium, and selected a fine rosebud for her as a parting gift."

"Katie then took a pair of scissors and cut off a quantity of her hair, giving everybody present a liberal portion. She then took the arm of Mr. Crookes and walked all round the room, shaking hands with each. She again sat down and distributed some of her hair; and also cut off and presented several pieces of her robe and veil."

"She then appeared tired, and said reluctantly that she must go, as the power was failing, and bade farewell in the most affectionate way. The sitters all wished her God speed, and thanked her for the wonderful manifestations she had given. Looking once more earnestly at her friends she let the curtain fall and she was seen no more. She was heard to wake up the medium, who tearfully entreated her to stay a little longer, but Katie said, 'My dear, I can't. My work is done. God bless you,' and we heard the sound of her parting kiss. The medium then came out among us, looking much exhausted and deeply troubled."

"Katie said that she should never be able to speak or show her face again; that she had had a weary and sad three years' life 'working off her sins' in producing these physical manifestations, and that she was about to rise higher in spirit-life. At long intervals she might be able to communicate with her medium by writing, but at any time her medium might be enabled to see her clairvoyantly by being mesmerized."

Mrs. Ross-Church (Florence Marryat), who had been present at three of Katie's last séances, on the 9th, 13th and 21st of May, 1874, in a letter to the London Spiritualist, wrote as follows:

"I will not recapitulate what so many have told of the appearance of the spirit 'Katie King,' nor of the means taken to prevent any imposition on the part of her medium. This has all been repeated again and again, and as often disbelieved. But I find Sergeant Cox, in his late letter on the subject of Miss Showers's mediumship, saying that could such an end be attained as a simultaneous sight of the apparition outside the curtain and the medium within, the most wonderful fact of the world has ever witnessed would be established beyond controversy. Perhaps Sergeant Cox would consider a sight of both medium and spirit in the same room and at the same time as convincing a proof of stern truth. I have seen that sight."

"On the evening of the 9th of May, Katie King led me, at my own request, into the room with her beyond the curtain, which was not so dark but that I could distinguish surrounding objects, and then made me kneel down by Miss Cook's prostrate form, and feel her hands and face and head of curls, whilst she (the spirit) held my other hand in hers, and leaned against my shoulder, with one arm around my neck."

"I have not the slightest doubt that upon that occasion there were present with me two living, breathing intelligences, perfectly distinct from each other, so far at least as their bodies were concerned. If my senses deceived me, if I was misled by imagination or mesmeric influence into believing that I touched and felt two bodies, instead of one; if 'Katie King,' who grasped, and embraced, and spoke to me, is a projection of thought only—a will-power—an instance of unknown force—then it will be no longer possible to know 'Who's who, in 1874,' and we shall hesitate to turn up the gas incautiously, lest half our friends should be but projections of thought, and melt away beneath its glare."

"Whatever Katie King was on the evening of the 9th of May, she was not Miss Cook. To that fact I am ready to take my most solemn oath. She repeated the same experiment with me on the 13th, and on that occasion we had the benefit of mutual sight also, as the whole company were invited to crowd around the door whilst the curtain was withdrawn and the gas turned up to the full, in order that we might see the medium, in her blue dress and scarlet shawl, lying in a trance on the floor, whilst the white-robed spirit stood beside her."

"On the 21st, however, the occasion of Katie's last appearance amongst us, she was good enough to give me what I consider a still more infallible proof (if one could be needed) of the distinction of her identity from that of her medium. When she summoned me in my turn to say a few words to her behind the curtain, I again saw and touched the warm, breathing body of Florence Cook lying on the floor, and then stood upright by the side of Katie, who desired me to place my hands inside the loose single garment which she wore, and feel her nude body. I did so, thoroughly."

"I felt her heart beating rapidly beneath my hand; and passed my fingers through her long hair to satisfy myself that it grew from her head, and can testify that if she be of psychical force, psychical force is very like a woman."

"Katie was very busy that evening. To each of her friends assembled to say good-by, she gave a bouquet of flowers tied up with ribbon, a piece of her dress and veil, and a lock of her hair, and a note which she wrote with her pencil before us. Mine was as follows: 'From Annie Owen Morgan (alias Katie King) to her friend, Florence Marryat Ross-Church, with love. Please a note. May 21st, 1874.' I must not forget to relate what appeared to me to be one of the most convincing proofs of Katie's more than natural power, namely, that when she had cut, before our eyes, twelve or fifteen different pieces of cloth from the front of her white tunic, as *souvenirs* for her friends, there was not a hole to be seen in it, examine it which way you would. It was the same with her veil, and I have seen her do the same thing several times."

"I think if in the face of all this testimony that has been brought before them, the faithless and unbelieving still credit Miss Cook with the supernatural agility required to leap from the spirit's dress into her own like a flash of lightning, they will hardly suppose her capable of re-weaving the material of her clothing in the same space of time. If they can believe that, they will not find the spiritualistic doctrine so hard a nut to crack afterwards. But I did not take up my pen to argue this point, but simply to relate what occurred to myself."

During the week before Katie took her departure, she gave séances at Mr. Crookes's house almost nightly, to enable him to photograph her by artificial light. In a letter dated July 21st, 1874, and enclosing two photographs, he writes me: "You may be interested in seeing one of my photographs of Katie, as she stood holding my arm; also one in which she is standing by herself." In the former of these the person of Katie, nearly to her ankles, dressed in her white robe, is taken; in the other, not quite so much of the figure is seen. In both photographs, the drapery is gracefully disposed; the countenance is placid, and the features finely formed, though it might not require much imagination to discover in their general expression a spectral quality; the figure has all the distinctness of a veritable human being, there being nothing shadowy in the outlines."

Taken in his own laboratory, and under conditions the most satisfactory and unquestionable, these and some forty other photographs which he took, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent, confirmed all the previous tests which Mr. Crookes had got of the genuineness of the phenomenon. Frequently, at his own house, he would follow Katie into the cabinet, and would sometimes see her and her medium together, though generally he would find nobody but the entranced medium lying on the floor, Katie and her white robes having instantaneously disappeared."

During a period of six months, Miss Cook was a frequent visitor at Mr. Crookes's house, manifesting the same things as were at first. She would bring nothing but a little handbag, not locked. During the day she would be constantly in the presence of Mrs. or Mr. Crookes, or some other member of his family; and, not sleeping by herself, there was no conceivable opportunity for any fraudulent preparation."

"It was a common thing," says Mr. Crookes, "for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light. We did not on these occasions actually see the face of the medium, because of the shawl (which had been thrown over to prevent the light from falling on the face), but we saw her hands and feet, we saw her move uneasily under the influence of the intense light, and we heard her moan occasionally. I have the photographs of the two together, but Katie is seated in front of Miss Cook's head."

On one occasion Mr. Crookes was photographed with Katie, she having her bare foot on a particular part of the floor; their relative height was ascertained. Mr. Crookes was then photographed with Miss Cook under precisely similar conditions, and while the two photographs of himself coincide exactly in stature, etc., Miss Cook's figure is found to be half a head shorter than Katie's, and looks small in comparison."

"Photography," adds Mr. Crookes, "is an inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face, as words are powerless to describe her charms of manner. Photography may, indeed, give a map of her countenance; but how can it reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion, or the ever-varying expression of her noble features, now overshadowed with sadness when relating some of the bitter experiences of her past life, now smiling with all the innocence of happy childhood when she had collected my children around her, and was amusing them by recounting anecdotes of her adventures in India."

The following particulars given by Mr. Crookes, as to the differences between Katie and the medium, will be found of interest:

"Having seen so much of Katie lately, when she has been illuminated by the electric light, I am enabled to add to the points of difference between her and her medium which I mentioned in a former article. I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals as far as their bodies are concerned. Several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me, which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses, having first traced it up to the scalp and satisfied myself that it actually grew there, is a rich golden auburn."

"On one evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, while Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after, was going at its usual rate of 90. On applying my ear to Katie's chest I could hear a heart beating rhythmically inside, and pulsating even more steadily than did Miss Cook's heart when she allowed me to try a similar experiment after the séance. Tested in the same way, Katie's lungs were found to be sounder than her medium's, for at the time I tried my experiment Miss Cook was under medical treatment for a severe cough."

Of the final parting of Miss Cook and Katie, Mr. Crookes says:

"Having concluded her directions, Katie invited me into the cabinet with her, and allowed me to remain there to the end. After closing the curtain she conversed with me for some time, and then, walked across the room to where Miss Cook was lying senseless on the floor. Stooping over her, Katie touched her and said, 'Wake up, Florence, wake up! I must leave you now.' Miss Cook then woke and tearfully entreated Katie to stay a little time longer. 'My dear, I can't; my work is done. God bless you!' replied Katie, and then continued speaking to Miss Cook. For several minutes the two were conversing with each other, till at last Miss Cook's tears prevented her speaking. Following Katie's instructions, I then came forward to support Miss Cook, who was falling on to the floor, sobbing hysterically. I looked around, but the white-robed Katie had gone. As soon as Miss Cook was sufficiently calmed a light was procured and I led her out of the cabinet."

Thus ended this extraordinary series of séances, verifying the stupendous fact of the power of spirits to manifest themselves in a temporarily materialized human form. To Miss Cook's honesty and good faith Mr. Crookes bears witness in the strongest terms. Every test he proposed she readily submitted to; she was open and straightforward in speech, and never did he see in her conduct anything approaching the slightest symptom of a wish to deceive."

"To imagine," he says, "that a school-girl of fifteen should be able to conceive and then successfully carry out for three years so gigantic an imposture as this, and in that time should submit to any tests which might be imposed upon her, should bear the strictest scrutiny, should be willing to be searched at any time, either before or after a séance, and should meet with even better success in my own house than at that of her parents, knowing that she visited me with the express object of submitting to strict scientific tests—to imagine, I say, the 'Katie King' of the last three years to be the result of imposture—does more violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself claims."

When to these considerations is added the fact that the phenomena through Miss Cook have been recently paralleled and even surpassed by numerous similar well-attested phenomena, not only in England, but in America, what escape is there from the conclusion that they are wholly inexplicable under any theory of imposture or delusion?

[To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

DISCOVERIES MADE IN A DREAM OR VISION.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Dear Sir: Upon looking over your issue of the 25th of July, I saw the following article:

"We notice in our exchanges that a geological lecturer has discovered a mine of cinnabar in Santa Barbara, Cal. As our friend William Denton was in that country when last heard from, we hope he is the lucky geologist."

While sorry that our talented friend was not in any way connected with the discovery of said mine, still we will, in connection therewith, a tale unfold, the particulars of which were related to us many months since, and which presents many points of interest to those who have investigated the spiritual phenomena, and who believe that the outward, waking life we lead, is not the only part of man's conscious intellectual existence.

Upon reading the article in question I called the attention of my friend, E. G. Goddard, a citizen of this place, to it, and requested him to again give me the particulars of the discovery in writing, the same as he had done verbally several times on former occasions, and I herewith give you the contents of his letter. Mr. Goddard I have known for many years, as a cultivated and highly intelligent gentleman, a civil engineer by profession, who has laid out many of the leading railroads of the country; a man of unquestioned veracity, and an ardent Spiritualist of many years' standing, although making no claims to mediumship in any of his phases. I have just received his letter, which I transcribe verbatim:

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., July 27th, 1874.

DR. HOBART A. LATHROP: As you desired me to give you a detailed account of the discovery of cinnabar in Santa Barbara, Cal., in answer to an allusion to the discovery in the Banner of Light, I herewith enclose you my experience in the matter.

I visited California in the fall of 1872, carrying six months in the State, with my family, and in the spring of 1873, whilst at Santa Barbara, I had the following dream: I dreamed that I saw an old mountaineer standing before a ledge of rocks, dressed in a slouch hat, a belt around his waist, without a coat, and with a woollen shirt striped with red and white. He pointed to a small pile of cinnabar, and said he had found a mine near there, from which it came. I dreamed that I made a bargain with him and obtained one-half of it, and made a fortune.

The dream was very vivid, and I was much disappointed when I awoke and found that it was only a dream. In the morning I told it to my wife, who replied that she would advise me not to tell my dreams. I asked her why, when she again replied that I had dreamed so much at her and her mother about dreams, that I had better not repeat my own.

About four days after this I happened into the office of a lawyer in Santa Barbara, who was a stranger to me, and while talking about the country generally, mines, &c., I asked him if there was any quicksilver in the mountains. He replied that he had been there six years, and thought there was none. I then told him of my dream, and what my wife had said. He answered that he was of the same opinion as my wife, and that he did not believe in dreams. I concluded that I would not tell it again, but in two hours after my return to my home, he called upon me, and said something curious had happened since he saw me, and desired me to go to his office. I asked him what it was, and he said, "I was down street half an hour ago, and met an old mountaineer who is just in from the mountains, whom I have known for twenty years, and we place confidence in what he says. I thought of your dream, and asked him if he knew of any quicksilver prospect. He answered, Yes; that he had known of one for four years. As he had been in the habit of telling me of ledges of mineral which he had found I wondered why he had not told me of this. He gave as a reason, that he thought I had no money to spare, and said he had told no one of it: that he thought it was the biggest thing he had ever found; that he had been assessed out of everything, and was waiting to get a thousand dollars ahead, and put a hole in on his own account."

The lawyer's name was I. F. Williams, who had formerly been a judge, who then said he asked him how he found it, and received reply that he (the judge) would laugh at him if he should tell him. Williams assured him that he would not, when the mountaineer told him that he found it by a dream: that he dreamed about the range of mountains it was in, and that as he loved to live in the mountains, he followed them until he came to the croppings of the mineral, in a place where he had never before been, and that, guided by his dream, he went to the mountain and found the place, when he saw it, seemed to be as familiar to him as his own doorway, so clearly was the place presented to him in his vision or dream.

The judge then told me that he had sent the mountaineer up to his office, telling him that there was a stranger in town who wanted to see him, but some money in it, and now said he had come for me to meet him, as I wish to get you two dream-men together. I went, and was introduced to him, and recognized him as the one I had seen in my vision or dream, as well as I had seen him doing a man I had seen and done business with before; in fact, as much so as if it had been a reality. He commenced at once to talk of the prospect, and within ten minutes I made a proposition that I would expend a certain amount of money in the mine for one-half of it. He looked at me for a minute without winking, as you might imagine a Rocky Mountaineer would to read a man through, and said, "Sir, you have an honest looking face, and I don't believe you are a San Francisco sharp, and by —, sir! I will show you that mine, and do it with you, too, just as you talk." We then arranged the time to go and see it.

When I first met him, he was dressed in his best suit, and I could only recognize his hat and face; but when he got me to go to the mountains, he had on his mountaineer costume, precisely as I saw him in my dream, even to the stripes on his shirt, and his belt around him.

As a more demonstrative confirmation of the above, I will say, that the day before we were to go, I rode out with my wife, to where he was staying, to see if he would be ready, and when half way, met him coming from the distance. As he came up, I saw that he had on the dress of my dream, and said to my wife, as I sat in the buggy, "Now, I wish you to look at that man, and remember everything I told you about his dress on the morning when I related my dream to you." Her answer, after looking him over, was, "Well, if you ever make anything out of that mine, I shall think that was what we came to California for."

I was gone five days in the mountains with the mountaineer; and though I knew nothing of quicksilver prospects, I found it, as near as I could judge, just as he represented it. He told me he would like to have me visit the famous Alauden Mines, near San Jose, and by comparison, judge of the croppings. I went there afterwards, and up to the top of the mountain; and, though Californians told me that fifty million dollars had been taken out of that mine, my judgment, by comparison, was that our outside show looked the best.

He and Judge Williams each took up a claim of fifteen hundred feet on the vein or lode, under the United States Mining Laws, and decided me an undivided half-interest in both; and I am now expending the money I agreed to on them. The vein on both sides of us was immediately taken up by others, and about two months ago there was the biggest deposit struck, on the adjoining claim, that was ever found in the world so near the surface of the ground, which shows fifty

thousand dollars in sight, so I am told; but we have not yet struck a deposit. Still, as the dream has shown so well thus far, I shall keep on trying, and if it never makes me rich, I shall be satisfied with the proof thus far, contrary to what I ever supposed a dream would result in.

The mountaineer's name is Andrew S. Barkley. He is a Kentuckian, and has been in the Rocky Mountains thirty-four years. I found him very intelligent, and truly a child of Nature. He told me he ran away from home when a boy, and lived with the Indian chief, Black Hawk, from the age of thirteen to seventeen, and that is where he acquired his tastes for a wild life. He has never been to school a day, but can write a very good letter, and has read considerable, and talks very good Spanish. He has been with Kit Carson more or less. The Indians call him Black Hawk, but in California he is called Grizzly Joe, from his being a great bear fighter. His life history, before our camp fires, was more interesting and exciting than any Indian novel I ever read. I have his photograph, just as I saw him in the dream, and I look at it with more pleasure than any picture that I have. He has proved, thus far, as straight and true as his rifle. He has named our claim the "Grizzly Joe" claim, and he may be considered the discoverer of the lode to which the Banner of Light alludes. It lays thirty miles from Santa Barbara, whose climate surpasses that of Nice, in Italy—never cold, and never hot. A ton of the mineral—if we ever get any—can be hauled from the mine to the dock with a span of horses.

And now I will say that I never heard of the man, or thought of such a man, until Judge Williams introduced me to him; and I never saw Williams, until the incidental call at his office, and did not know his name when I left him. I am a Spiritualist, but never was a medium; and that is the only dream I ever had that amounted to anything; and if the last part of it proves true, as the first has been confirmed up to the present, I shall begin to think some dreams may pay, if old women do have them. The verification, thus far, is remarkable; and if I never make anything from it, I am sure others will. I may say, that they write me that some eight or ten mining experts have visited the ledge, and pronounced it the best show they ever saw with the amount of work done; and that some fifty San Franciscans have visited it since the strike, and that quite an excitement has been created. I am in hopes to take another look at it, this fall, "in forma," as our brethren say. I have given this matter in detail, because I do not think a man could believe it without the circumstances connected with it. But I guess Wm. Denton will have to stand aside and call it some geologist from the other side who told the mountaineer and gave me the hint.

Most respectfully yours,

E. G. GODDARD.

As to the source from which these impressions, in both cases, were derived, I leave you to draw your own conclusions. As to the facts, I have no doubt of the absolute truthfulness of the statement given. There are several points of strong interest in this case: 1st. The discovery by the mountaineer of a valuable mine, in his sleep, in a locality he had never visited when awake. 2d. That when visited in his waking state, he recognized the place to be the same as that seen in his dream, everything seeming perfectly familiar to him. 3d. The perfect recognition of the mountaineer by Mr. Goddard, both as to features and dress. 4th. The confirmation of the dream in other respects, as to purchase, &c. And all this occurring to one who had just entered the country, while the old residents had no suspicion of the existence of cinnabar in that region.

If it does not show direction by spiritual agencies outside the parties, it would seem at least to demonstrate the truth of clairvoyance, and the communion, in sleep, of two spirits living in the flesh, total strangers to each other, and separated by a distance. Very respectfully,

GEO. A. LATHROP, M. D.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., Aug., 1874.

ITEMS OF TRAVEL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

AN EXCURSION.—It is not often that we let pleasure supercede business, or give ourselves a week for recreation, but we had set apart the last week of August for a visit to some friends and a grand old English home on the north shore of Lake Ontario—where the Banner is read and appreciated. On reaching the house, about fifty miles below Toronto—twenty miles from our first engagement, we were soon enlisted for a trip across the Lake; and four hours of delightful ride, with pleasant company, in the silvery moonlight, over the glossy surface, brought us to Rochester, the historic source of phenomenal Spiritualism, and the former home of our dear old friends, Isaac Post and Lewis Burtis, who have gone to the summer land and left their companions still lingering here. We had not time to visit them nor other friends, but hastened to Buffalo and to Collins, and the Hemlock Hall, where one day of the celebrated anniversary meeting had already gone; but on the second morning our noiseless feet made the first tracks on the sawdust floor, followed by the footsteps of about three thousand persons on Saturday and Sunday. It was at this anniversary meeting, last year, that we met, face to face and voice to voice, our two friends from the other shore—the very two of all who have gone there that we would have selected—and held sweet converse with them—William White and Susan E. Tuttle—in the presence of nine other persons who saw and heard as we did—not an hallucination but a fact. We were sorry to learn that the medium's health was not such that she could come this year, or give such sittings as present, and hence she does not wish to be advertised.

We met with and listened this time to Lyman C. Howe, G. B. Stebbins, Leo Miller, J. W. Seaver, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Tillotson, of Vineland, and dress reform notoriety, and several other male and female speakers; but most eloquent of all, and the one whose lecture reminded us of our once eloquent Charlotte Beebe—now Mrs. Wilbour—was Mrs. F. F. Dickson, of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, who, with her husband, (formerly Rev.) S. J. Dickson, have but recently entered the field, young and full of promise and hope for the cause they are engaged in. We take pleasure in recommending them to our friends, and hope they will be kept busy in the West and not allowed to go East and stay away from our needy fields of the prairie land. It has seldom been our lot to listen to a better or more eloquent discourse than she gave at this meeting; but the hall and grove rang with eloquent speeches and music during the two days we were there, and the platform, kept—as it ever has been—perfectly free, was conducted with perfect order and harmony in variety of opinions, mostly, however, extremely radical and liberal on all subjects, especially the social and religious. Leaving the sacred spot with a lingering farewell on Sunday eve, amid the clouds of dust scattered by the hundreds of departing teams, we reached and lingered, during Monday, around the grand old Falls of Niagara, and again crossing the plaid Lake to Toronto, reached our appointment at Bowmanville in time for September 1st, with the spirit and body refreshed and renewed for the irrepressible conflict.

Free Thought.

MORE ABOUT "KATIE" AND THE "DIACKA."

BY DR. G. BLOEDE.

My friend, Dr. R., of Philadelphia, has written to me, under a later date, the following additional particulars of the doings in the Holmes circle, which I trust will be read by the readers of the Banner of Light with no less interest than his first report. On the next day after the remarkable séance of the 9th, my friend went to visit Dr. F.—who, as you will see, is a special favorite of Katie King—in order to cause him to ascertain, in the next sitting, whether Katie had a regular circulation of the blood and respiration—points, by the way, which, as the readers of the Banner know, had already been settled in London. Dr. F. promised to make the necessary researches at his next meeting with the fair materialized; but being prevented by an obstetrical case from attending the next séance, he was found by Katie before he could do so—as the following pleasant incident will show: About eleven o'clock of the same night, just when Dr. F. was about to lie down, he felt himself touched by a hand, and heard the words, "feel my pulse." He did as bidden, and after having done so, felt himself shaken at three times. In the séance of the next evening, Katie, as soon as she had made her appearance, called Dr. F. to the window in the closet, from which she extended her arm, and said: "Will you feel my pulse?" to the great merriment of the company, who, being entirely ignorant of what had passed between Katie and the Doctor privately, supposed that Katie did so because he was a physician. After the Doctor had touched her pulse, she proceeded with the humor peculiar to her: "Do you want to see my tongue, too?" and unhesitatingly accompanied her question with the act of putting out that important indicator of the state of digestion, which, to the observers, appeared in a perfectly clean and normal condition.

She then again blew three times on him. Dr. F., as a test of the private visit he had received from Katie the previous night, then addressed her thus: "Katie, I dreamed of you last night," to which her quick answer was: "No, it was myself." If you have a pair of scissors I'll give you a lock of my hair. As no pair of scissors was at hand, one of the gentlemen present tendered a sharp knife to Dr. F., which he handed to Katie, who cut with it a strand of her hair and presented the same to the doctor, who was generous enough to distribute it among the gentlemen of the circle.

In the next séance the following quite as remarkable incident occurred. I had in the mean time written to my friend, Dr. R., what Katie was reported to have uttered in her farewell séance at London, viz., that her task on earth was ended and that she should show herself no more by materialization, and stated my assumption that she must be a fair denizen of Davis's Diacka country in the summer-land. Dr. R. had communicated this to Dr. F., and he had concluded to "interview" Katie about this matter at the next sitting. This he was to do in a séance at which Dr. Child, Mr. Robert Dole Owen, Mr. Tension, the Swedish minister at Washington, and other prominent citizens of Philadelphia, assisted; but Katie was determined to anticipate the doctor once more, for as soon as she had made her appearance, and before he could open his mouth, she addressed the whole audience with the emphatic assurance that she was the very identical Katie, of London, and would be so "in all eternity." The report that she had taken farewell from this earth forever was incorrect; she had only taken leave of her medium there, forced thereto by the conviction that Miss Cook could not stand her materializations any longer, and would die if they were continued. Dr. F. then told Katie that she had just given an answer to a question he was about to put to her; and, after presenting her with a bouquet of flowers, which she accepted thankfully, he asked what she knew of Mr. Davis's "Diacka Country." Her answer was: "It does not exist; it is only a kind of Swedenborgian idea of a country of demons and devils." (About the last words the doctor was not quite certain.)

I do not intend to go now and here into a detailed criticism of Katie's judgment passed on Mr. Davis's "Diacka Country," and much less her notions about Swedenborg's "Demons and Devils," leaving this to some more enlightened and skillful arbiter than I am. I will only remark that the by no means objectionable or detestable Diacka country could nevertheless exist in spite of her denial, and that her slighting allusions to Swedenborgian "ideas" would for all better instructed only betray her ignorance about the spiritual philosophy of that great seer, who may justly be called the real father of Modern Spiritualism; an ignorance, by the way, which would not at all reflect the least discredit upon a young lady who left the human form a hundred years before Swedenborg. But the main point in the above related declaration of Katie's is and remains the discrepancy between it and the positive and detailed account of her farewell séance at London by Mrs. Ross Church, one of her intimates in that place; whilst for the sake of truth it must be stated that Katie's declaration in Philadelphia cannot directly be contradicted from Dr. Crookes's report of that farewell meeting (see No. 13, Banner of Light). The other discrepancy, however, must still be pronounced to require a more satisfactory explanation.

My friend Dr. R. himself saw Katie a second time at a séance in a different private house, where, however, the conditions for materialization seemed to be not as favorable, owing, as was supposed, to the excessive heat of the evening. Katie's apparition was not so clear as at the former occasion, and her voice seemed weaker. He stepped, however, at once to the window, at which her face appeared, and was touched by her hand on his forehead and hair, and he ascertained that she had dark eyes, a narrow nose, cheeks "not thick," and a generally pleasing face.

In answer to some special questions I had put to my friend in a letter, he stated expressly that neither of the media (Mr. and Mrs. Holmes) were in trance during Katie's presence; that Mrs. H. fanned herself, sang or talked, with Katie; that there was not the least similarity between their features, figure or dress; that neither of the media ever disappeared during the séance; that Mr. Holmes, in the course of it, repeatedly and patiently wound up the organ music-box in the room, and was at several times addressed by Katie, in her familiarly cunning way: "You stupid," or "sleepy head!"

These facts, which as stated above may easily be corroborated by other good authority, prove beyond doubt that Katie's materializations through Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, in Philadelphia, for their completeness and convincing power, are far superior to her London manifestations, and may be an object of just pride of this our great cradle of Spiritualism.

Brooklyn, New York.

FUNDAMENTALS.

BY WILLIAM F. LYON.

There are, evidently, substratum principles that seem to underlie the mighty fabric of Nature, which, when understood, will guide the student in his researches, and prevent him from straying far into the regions of doubt and obscurity. The following are a few of those which almost every independent thinker will be compelled to adopt: It is unwise to extend our researches after truth beyond the limits of the natural universe; first, because there is ample scope inside of its realm for the exercise of the loftiest intellect during endless eternities; and, secondly, because the universe is boundless, and contains everything of which the human mind can form a conception, both of a spiritual and material nature.

There can be nothing above, beyond, outside, or in any manner superior to Nature, hence the idea of a supernatural realm is a myth and a vain delusion.

All Nature must be perfectly natural and sufficiently extensive to afford ample scope for every possible condition of existence, from the lowest, crudest material, to the most refined and developed spiritual.

Eternal and immutable laws pervade every portion of universal Nature, and there can be no condition of existence unless there is some corresponding natural law which renders such existence possible.

The human mind cannot conceive that something can be produced from nothing, or that something which actually exists can be changed into nothing, because it can entertain no conception of a natural law by which such fact could be accomplished.

Every existing thing or object in Nature, whether a world or an atom, a God or the least animalcule, together with every natural law by which all things are governed, is simply a part and parcel of the natural universe, each one a link in the chain of being, and the great machine would be incomplete if one were destroyed.

All intellectual personal beings are the result of organic unfoldment, and are possessed of certain powers, and faculties adapted to their condition of development.

No intellectual personality could have been unfolded independent of the laws which render such a process possible; hence no such being, however exalted he may be, can exercise any control over natural laws.

Natural universal laws cannot be either eternal or immutable if there is an intelligent being who can exercise authority or control over them in any manner whatsoever; hence eternal and unchangeable law, and a God of infinite power, cannot exist in the same universe, because one would annihilate the other.

No accidents or mishaps can occur in the machinery of the universe, otherwise all might run into confusion and utter destruction.

All of absolute truth must be universal, and all universal truths must be true, everywhere, as far as the universe extends.

There could have been no beginning to the natural universe, for then its duration would be merely a fragment of a more lengthy period of time, and, if it had a beginning, it certainly must have a termination. That which has one end must have another.

There has been no first cause, for effects or facts, which always follow after, are eternal, and the human intellect can entertain no conception of a date previous to eternity.

Adrian, Mich.

KATIE KING.

DEAR BANNER.—If your readers are not surfeited with this last but conclusive test of Spiritualism, I wish to have my say. It was twenty years ago that I went to Ohio* especially to see "John King" who operated at the Koons Rooms. I met him there and had a private interview with him, and he told me his story, which is in brief: "That he was born in Ohio, near about where he then was, about seven hundred years ago; that he had no name, no language—was only one degree above the brute in intelligence, and that all that he now knew he had learned since his advent to the spiritual world." In fact, he often asked me what certain common words I used meant, as they were new to him. From this I infer that "John" and "Katie King" are generic names, used by any one who can manifest, because they have no other, and the London and Philadelphia "Katie's" are or may be of this class.

St. Louis, Mo.

*Jas. W. McDonald, the sculptor, was there about the same time.

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.—Take goodness, with the average intellectual power, and compare it with mere greatness of intellect and social standing, and it is far the nobler quality; and if God should offer me one of them I would not hesitate which to choose. No, the greatest intellect which God ever bestowed I would not touch if I were bid to choose between that and the goodness of an average woman; I would scorn it and say: Give it to Lucifer; give me the better gift. When I say goodness is greater than greatness, I mean to say it gives a deeper and surer joy in the private heart, joins men more tenderly to one another, and more earnestly to God. I honor intellect, reason and understanding; I wish we took ten times more pains to cultivate them than we do. I honor greatness of mind—great reason, which intuitively sees truths, great laws, and the like; great understanding, which learns special laws and works in details; the understanding that masters things for use and beauty; that can marshal millions of men into an organization that shall last for centuries. I bow reverently before the men of genius and sit gladly at their feet. But the man who sees justice and does it, who knows love and lives it, who has a great faith, and trusts in God, let him have a mind quite inferior and culture quite a little, I must yet honor and reverence that man far more than he who has the greatest power of intellect. I know that knowledge, power, and reverence; but justice is a higher power, and love is a milder power, and religion is a diviner power; each greater than the mightiest mind.—Theodore Parker.

Some of the largest manufacturing firms in England have changed pay day from Saturday to Monday, and are represented as being very well satisfied with the results of the change. The object is to remove from the working men the temptations of a "holiday" immediately after they have been paid their weekly wages, and by having work waiting for them on the morning following pay day.

It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it as it is difficult to deceive others without their finding it out.

Children's Department.

READY OBEEDIENCE.

If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it, really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing,
Pray not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

A LITTLE HERO.

A soldier's widow lived in a little hut near a mountain village of the Alps. Her only child was a poor cripple. He was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his mother, and would have gladly helped her to bear the burdens of poverty; but his feebleness forbade it. He could not even join the rude sports of the young mountaineers. At the age of fifteen years he felt keenly the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

It was at this time that Napoleon Bonaparte had decreed that the Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and sent a French and Bavarian army to accomplish his purposes. The Austrians retreated. The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men, women, and children of the mountain land were filled with zeal in defense of their homes.

A secret arrangement existed among the Tyrolese, by which the approach of the enemy was communicated by signal fires from village to village, from one mountain to another; and combustible materials were laid, ready to give instant alarm.

The village in which Hans (the crippled boy) and his mother lived was in the direct line of the route the French army would take, and the people were full of anxiety and fear. All were preparing for the expected trouble. The widow and her crippled son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans," she said, one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you." This struck a tender cord. Tears rolled down his cheek. "Mother, I am useless!" cried Hans, in bitter grief. "Look around our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for fatherland; I am useless. Why was I made, mother?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother. "You will live to find the truth of our old proverb—'God has a plan for every man.'"

Easter holidays, the festive season of Switzerland, came. The people lost their fears of invasion in the sports of the season. All were busy in the merry-making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

Toward the close of Easter-day, after his usual evening prayer, in which he breathed the request that the father of mercies would, in his good time, afford him some opportunity of being useful to his mother and others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream, under the impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching. He could not shake off this impression, but with the hope of being rid of it he arose, hastily dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he continued his walk till he climbed to the signal pile. But where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busied with the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the fender was laid ready. Hans paused by the ancient tree; and, as he listened, a singular sound caught his attention, now quickened by the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself, and by the perception that much might depend on him. He heard a slow and stealthy tread, then the click of muskets, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one—for Hans was hid in the old tree—they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been revealed to the enemy; a party had been sent forward to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own peril, and perhaps recalling the proverb his mother had quoted, he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing turpentine brand into the faggots.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, waiting the arrival of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw there were no foes in ambush—only a single youth running down the mountain path. They fired, and lodged a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fires were blazing high, and the whole country would be aroused. It was already aroused from mountain top to mountain top. The plan of the advancing army was defeated, and a hasty retreat followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. All was consternation. The inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who lighted the pile?" "It was I," said at last a faint, almost expiring voice. Poor, crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy, the French were there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he; "at last I have not been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What is this," they cried; "he has been shot. It is true; Hans, the cripple, has saved us." They carried Hans to his mother and laid him before her. As she bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am now happy. Yes, mother, it is true—'God has a plan for every man.' You see He had one for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his wound; but he lived long enough to know that he had been of use to his village and his country; he lived long enough to see grateful mothers embrace his mother—to hear that she would be revered and honored in the community which her son had saved at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies, like those which met Hans, cannot exist in the history of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese motto may speak, and all may experience its truth. There is work for everyone to do, if he will but look out for it. There is work for you.

Vegetation turns to coal and gives light centuries afterward. Alas! that we have seldom so honorable a destiny.

To Book-Buyers.

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

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

In passing from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned of others) or correspondence. Our columns are open to the expression of honest and free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAULT.

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Kardes's "Book on Mediums."

One of the most remarkable works which has ever been printed in the United States, upon the subject of Spiritualism, since the advent of the phenomena at Hydesville, was issued from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

MONDAY, SEPT. 7TH.

This volume is issued in a style commensurate with its importance, an idea of which may be gleaned from a perusal of its title page, setting forth, as it does, the wide range of matter treated:

"BOOK ON MEDIUMS; OR, GIVING FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATIONS: Containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the means of communicating with the invisible world; the development of mediumship; the difficulties and the dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritualism."

The utmost interest, amounting almost to enthusiasm, greeted the appearance of this book in France, and there is every reason to expect that it will successfully appeal to the American public by the same engaging charms of novelty and interest with which it reached the hearts of Kardes's countrymen.

Whatever may be said in praise of this forthcoming work will fall far short of giving any realizing sense of its sterling merits. It must be perused—think, thanks to the faithful translation by Emma A. Wood, can be understanding. ly done—in order to be rightfully weighed in the balance of individual judgment. The clear language of the author, and the painstaking method by which, in conversational yet argumentative style, he takes his reader by the hand, as it were, and leads him through paths heretofore undreamed of (if he be a skeptic), or but little understood before (if he be a confirmed Spiritualist), cannot be depicted in the limits of a passing notice. Read the book, therefore, on its appearance, that its terse statements of incontrovertible facts, its style of expression, and the inductive unfoldings which thereby find flotation to the mind, may be fully appreciated.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT.

Prof. Tyndall's Address.

The recent avowal of Prof. Tyndall before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the subject of evolution and the molecular combination theory—in other words, of Materialism in opposition to Spiritualism—has caused the profoundest interest of the time, and its various expositions are the cause of wide discussion. The gist of the matter seems to be this, that the Professor has in some degree committed himself to the evolution, or Darwinian, theory of creation and progress, and still seems to reluct at cutting loose wholly from the idea of there being an Intelligence at the heart of things. It is better, perhaps, to give a specimen of his views, or conclusions, in his own language. He observes that "we break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking, but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do something similar in the case of Life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that 'Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods?'—or with Bruno, when he declares that matter is not that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?" And this is the substance of the Professor's confession at last: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." He discerns, therefore, in "matter," the "promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

It is an avowal not difficult to understand. It means, not so much a confession of faith, or of a lack of faith on the part of the Professor, as a resolution to do what he can to separate and divorce science and religion, and forbid the latter from ever intruding again on the domain of the former. So far as perfect freedom is demanded for science in the pursuit of its investigations there will be but small popular objection; but when it comes to making a demand that religion shall get out of the way, shall consider itself secondary, shall, in fact, be satisfied with what Materialism has to throw to it in the way of hard, dry crusts, science is invading the domain of another, and must itself be warned off. The world owes much to science—more than it can as yet formulate in intelligent expression. But it knows how effectually science has broken the bonds of superstition, and thus helped to emancipate hu-

manity from the bigotry of the past tyrants of the soul. For this it is grateful. But it is of opinion that science and religion need not be divorced, as Professor Tyndall demands. When he throws his phrase of contempt at Modern Spiritualism and styles it "childishness," it does not excite in us any of that hostility toward him which Old Theology is ready to exhibit because of his proposal of the "prayer gauge." We know that he speaks from his present sight only, and we know that other men of science, his peers in the English school of investigation into the realms of material creation, are as fully convinced that Spiritualism is a glorious reality.

What we see to rejoice at in the spirit and substance of Professor Tyndall's address is the liberality of sentiment, the largeness of view, and the complete emancipation of thought which it boldly announces, declaring, in perhaps exaggerated phrase, the determination of science to submit to the hampering and obstruction of ecclesiastical authority no longer. He challenges religious authority to go with him into an investigation of the First Cause, and to tell if it has any different word to bring back from what he brings back. But that is far from being the whole of it. So far in the history of the world the spirit has been unheard and unseen. The First Cause has been silent to the world because the world could not hear. There have been seers and prophets in the ages, but they have been distinct from the race and their words had to be taken on trust. In these days, however, although the First Cause, or Creator, is not to be seen of itself, yet it announces itself to man by permitting him to see what has passed out of the material into the spiritual condition. It is noteworthy that just when science is demolishing the idolatries of superstition and dissolving the shadows in which the human race has so long groped its way, Spiritualism comes forward and offers the one thing that is wanting to meet the universal aspiration. Last science should make men unbelievers, Spiritualism comes in to supplement its work by making them see and know, and thus the more firmly believe. It unites the seen and the unseen, the realms of matter and spirit, knowledge and faith. Theology fails to satisfy the want which science creates, and Spiritualism must take its place.

But in no event need it be apprehended that science conduces to atheism. On the contrary, it fairly drives the mind to the solid ground of belief. Rather than an atheist, Professor Tyndall might be called a pantheist, since he declares that "in matter he discovers or locates 'the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.' He means by this, if he means anything, that in matter is the home of the Creator, not that there is no creating force at all—in fact, he speaks of 'our professed reverence for its Creator.' And he declares that 'the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man: As little in our days as in the days of Job can man, by searching, find this Power out.' Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their pre-potent elements in the immeasurable past." This surely is not very rank materialism. When science admits that a creative power is "absolutely inscrutable," it does not mean to be understood as denying the existence of that power; yet Theology will fall foul of Prof. Tyndall with all the same zeal. As an intelligent contemporary asserts, "evolution implies and necessitates a something to be evolved." What Prof. Tyndall has done, and is still doing, is to break the idols of superstition; there is a great difference between that and denying God. Old Theology will surely rage as it sees its dearest images destroyed, but the world will be the gainer nevertheless.

But there is no need of apprehension or alarm. If molecular combinations can indeed create affections, conscience, faith, so much the more highly are they to be esteemed; but that fact would not at all detract either from the dignity or destiny of man. However, we may receive these priceless gifts, they become no less precious from the discovery of their origin. It is the fact of their possession that is the significant one for us. Theology ought not to expect that it is to enjoy its inheritance always. It cannot plead that it has not had its day, which has been a very long one. It has succeeded in overlaying the affections and the conscience of man with its authority, seeking the establishment and extension of power, more than the expansion and growth of the spirit. If science enters the world to dethrone it, let all praise be rendered to science; and let us all hope that it will hold on its course until the act of dethronement is complete. The old traditions go as science draws near. The shadows of superstition vanish. If God is not to be found hidden somewhere in matter, neither is he the exclusive possession and property of the church. That hoary delusion is bound to be brought to the ground. Science clears the way; removes the rubbish, opens new paths; Spiritualism is to announce the new Gospel, and it will in no sense be inconsistent with any of the operations by which science makes its way from one height to another. It is Spiritualism that will freely give science all the chance it craves, and still need not fear for any of the results of its investigations.

Spiritualism

Seems to be an active agent just now in awakening the attention of the citizens of California to the examination of many points, theological and social, which have been too much taken for granted the world over. A discussion occurred at Dashaway Hall, San Francisco, Sunday, August 9th, in which the Rev. Mr. Hemphill, of Calvary Church, endeavored to sustain the salient positions of the Evangelical creed, other speakers opposing the same, and the meeting being declared to be of interest. Our correspondent, B. Shrall, writes, in a highly encouraging strain, of the prospects of the cause in San Francisco, and from his letter we learn that the Spiritualists' Union, which formerly held its meetings at Mercantile Library Hall, has removed to Spiritualists' Hall, 911 Market street. Since C. Fannie Allen addressed this society, Mrs. Keen, James I. Ferree, Dean Clarke and J. L. York have ministered to the people. Professor Denton has been engaged in delivering (Aug. 10-15), at Mercantile Library Hall, a course of six geological lectures of high scientific merit. The writer further says:

Miss Jennie Leys, I understand, is engaged for the month of September. The usual mediums' meeting, or séance, is held at two o'clock each Sunday, with fair attendance. The Society of Spiritualists, with Mrs. Ada Hoyt Fox as president, holds forth to good audiences at Charter Oak Hall, having as speakers Messrs. Lewis, Jesse Butler, Mrs. Wiggins and others; its after-

noon mediums' meeting, where Mrs. Foy devotes at the close half an hour to the ballot test, are crowded, showing the interest which tests create in the minds of outsiders.

We have very many mediums here, who at times give very good tests. Some of them hold regular circles two or three times per week, besides private sittings; there are also many circles held in private families, and several have been lately inaugurated for the purpose of developing the phase of materialization. We have also a "Free Conference Meeting," composed of Spiritualists, Materialists, Infidels, etc., where each and every one is permitted to speak ten minutes; but the difference from other societies is, there is no regular president or chairman over its deliberations; each individual must regard the right of every other, and not trespass on another's time, indulge in personalities or produce inharmonious.

I presume you have seen our new paper that has been started—the very name speaks for itself, "Common Sense"—by Mr. Slocum as editor, and Mrs. A. M. as assistant; and in order to put it on a firm foundation, an organization has been formed under the name of "Common Sense Publishing Company," with Albert Kendrick as president, having its office at 235 Montgomery street. It is a live paper, and entirely free from all sectarianism. We are in the midst of an age of "Common Sense," where people make considerable claim on it, therefore I hope its representative will live to a good old age, and yet be always young and vigorous.

A Triumph for the Spirits.

In a lecture last month at Bolton, England, Mrs. Tappan made the following reference to Swedenborg: "She believed that when a child Swedenborg was known to gaze into the heavens as though holding converse with spiritual beings, and that as early as the age of twelve he distinctly enunciated his intercourse with spiritual beings."

Among the hearers of Mrs. Tappan was Mr. Dakeyne, a Swedenborgian, who interrupted her by saying that he had been a reader of Swedenborg, but was not aware of the fact stated. He distinctly challenged the medium to point out any written authority for her statement, either by Swedenborg or any of his biographers.

Mrs. Tappan accepted the gentleman's challenge; but Mr. Dakeyne wanted her to answer immediately, saying she ought to do so, if truly controlled by spirits. The spirits were too cunning to be caught in any such trap. They were evidently resolved that the challengers should have a long rope, and that the challenge should be well advertised in the newspapers before those who so confidently pronounced Mrs. Tappan in error should be made to eat their words.

"The gentleman," said Mrs. Tappan, or rather the spirit speaking through her, "can publish the challenge in all the newspapers, and also his own comments, so that it can have greater publicity than within this hall. The gentleman has said there is no such record in existence, no such proof."

To an intimation from a Mr. Radcliffe that Mrs. Tappan must have read the passage, since she spoke so confidently, Mrs. Tappan replied: "That is the gentleman's opinion; it is no proof whatever; the medium has never read it in her life, but the spirit-guide controlling her knows it to be in existence."

Mr. Dakeyne again said he challenged Mrs. Tappan to produce authority for her statement. "We will send the gentleman the authority," quoth Mrs. Tappan. Then a Mr. Porter insisted on her giving the title of the work to which she had referred, since the spirit ought to know it. But the spirit was not to be caught. The foolish challenge was to be well ventilated first in the newspapers, and Mrs. Tappan replied: "We have answered the question already: We will send the work to the gentleman."

Mark now how overwhelming a triumph, in opposition to these over-confident students of Swedenborg, the spirits had reserved for themselves! In the Bolton Chronicle, a few days afterwards, a letter appeared, forwarded by the request of Mrs. Tappan's spirit guides, from which we quote the following decisive reply:

"He (the gentleman) will find, when he is acquainted with the works of Swedenborg, that the great Spiritualist writes as follows to his friend, Dr. Beyer (Time Christian Religion, No. 16, 1776, Leipzig): 'From my fourth year my thoughts were constantly engrossed in reflecting on the spiritual nature of man. Even then my eyes were filled with fiery, miraculous lights, and I often revealed things in my discourses which filled my friends with amazement, and made them declare to others, 'Certain it is that the angels were speaking through the mouth of the child Emanuel.' Again, in 'Life and Writings of Swedenborg,' by William White, London, 1868, p. 119, it is stated: 'Not without many passages did the spiritual world open to Swedenborg. From his childhood his breath, when on his knees at prayer, was curiously hidden within him, and strange lights from the sun of another country from time to time broke through the darkness.' Were it necessary to lecture specially on the Spiritualism of Swedenborg, it would be a facile process to demonstrate to Mr. Dakeyne some further specimens of the fact that a fiery spiritual light was frequently observed by non-Spiritualists to illuminate the early childhood as well as later manhood of the great seer of Swedenborg; since, in various existing documents to be found in the university of Upsala; reference is frequently made to the 'unnatural' brilliancy which at certain periods was visible in the eyes of that spiritual philosopher! Indeed, throughout his scientific works—and their name is legion—Swedenborg often adds: 'I could write no more, being overcome with the flames of fire burning in my eyes.' Moreover, Mart Sturtzenbecher, in his 'Philosophy of Nature,' published at Stockholm in 1817 (perhaps the chief of Swedenborg's disciples), states, p. 23: 'From early childhood, if not from infancy, his eyes seemed to reflect spiritual light.' &c."

The victory over Mrs. Tappan's Swedenborgian and other assailants was evidently complete. The fullest authority is here adduced for all that she stated in regard to Swedenborg; and though she stated it with the modest reservation implied in the words, "I believe," the controlling spirit was evidently well aware that he had not been caught tripping by Mr. Dakeyne and the rest. We advise these gentlemen to go through a course of Swedenborg very attentively before they again attempt to show up the fallacy of Mrs. Tappan's claims as a trance medium by questions put in ignorance of the facts. They had challenged her to prove "either by Swedenborg or his biographers," that there was authority for what she said. She proved by both that there was the amplest authority for what she said; only that she did not say as much as the text would have authorized! The spirits showed their reserved strength throughout, both in what they said and in what they proved.

Mrs. D. C. Kendall, spirit artist, is at present located at No. 200 Harrison Avenue, Boston, and can there be consulted by parties desiring her professional services. The phase of manifested spirit presence which she affords has latterly demanded much more attention than in the past.

The Black Hills Invasion.

Very pleasant, if not somewhat exciting, reading has been furnished by the account of the Custer military expedition to the Black Hills country, lying several hundred miles west of Fort Lincoln, and the reservation of the Sioux. This tribe of Indians, as is well understood, is the most warlike of any on the plains. Six years ago a treaty was made between Gen. Sherman and other distinguished military commanders on the one side, and the Indians on the other, according to the terms of which this particular territory was to be theirs forever, the special provision being made that "no persons, except such officers, agents, or employees of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian reservations in discharge of the duties enjoined by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in this territory." And it is solemnly added that "the honor of the Government of the United States is pledged to keep it."

In the face of a treaty made so recently, a military expedition numbering one thousand men, led by the best cavalry regiment in the army, commanded by one of the most skillful and accomplished officers, and accompanied by a son of the President, goes forth to invade this very territory, not intending violence, of course, if it is possible to avoid it, but determined nevertheless to seize the whole country in case the temptation should prove sufficiently strong. Such an open breach of public faith it does not often fall to the duty of the press to record. The Independent, for one journal, calls on the President, in an open letter in its columns, to protect the Indians in their own territory, preferring not to see that they never could have been thus disturbed but with his knowledge and approval. It speaks of the expeditions that are already organizing, and demands that solemn treaty stipulations shall be kept.

The New York Sun is very plain with the subject, and says that "it is now proposed to steal this land from the Indians, and by sending an unnecessary military expedition through it the Government of the United States itself takes the lead in this nefarious proceeding. Are we indeed a nation of thieves?" It appends a rumor that a son of Secretary Delano is going to that country with a land surveyor, and that "the richest parts of the whole region are to be pre-empted by a ring of favored speculators." The World, after speaking of the mineral wealth of this region and of the treaty with the Indians, remarks that "there is a treaty, of course, which stipulates that no white person shall trespass on this Indian reservation; but what do white persons of the present age care for Indian treaties? The treaty, it may be depended upon, will not prevent the invasion. If the gold-hunters do not cut straight through it, they will circumvent it."

So we go. Is it any wonder, with this most striking illustration of bad faith before us, to which the President commits himself by permitting the army, accompanied by his own son, to invade an Indian reservation guaranteed by a sacred treaty pledge, that Indian wars are as frequent and bloody as they are? Who could reasonably expect either a red or a white man to sit down patiently under such wicked and insulting breaches of faith as this? If the treaty can be evaded by parties entering the territory by a route not closed by its express stipulations, it will certainly be done; but such a violation of the spirit of the treaty is just as bad as the violation of its letter. Even Gen. Sherman is quoted as saying that, in case it cannot in some way be evaded, Congress can be influenced to change the terms of the treaty. As the World says, "it will make no difference whether the Indians are willing to consent to a change in the provisions of the treaty."

"Black Rocks," so-called, at the mouth of the Merrimac River, near Newburyport, has been for many years, and still is, a favorite resort, in the summer months, of the "natives" located near this picturesque stream, who go there to sniff the salubrious sea-breezes from old ocean, and likewise to replenish the inner man with fish and clam chowders cooked upon these black rocks. "The Free and Easy Club," of Amesbury and Salisbury, (composed principally of old substantial residents,) to the number of twenty-five, with the venerable Capt. Thomas Young as "skipper," passed the day joyously at the "Rocks" on the 4th instant, the writer of this paragraph, by special invitation, making one of the party. The young man of twenty-five and the veteran of eighty years could be found in the party. The average age of those present was fifty-eight years. Speeches were made, songs sung, and merriment ruled the hour. Jacob, the orator of the day, was extremely felicitous, (perched upon the apex of a huge rock,) in his extempore remarks upon the various occupations of the individuals present, which elicited rounds of applause. We felt that it was good to be there, reminding us of the pleasant days of old, when no festering cares cast their sombre shadows upon our youthful vision. An old friend remarked, as we sailed up the beautiful Merrimac, on our return home, "Old as we are, it is pleasant to be boys again, as on this occasion, even if it be but for one brief day." To which a general and hearty response was given: "So say we all of us!" "So say we all!"

It will be seen by the call in another column that there is to be a Convention of Spiritualists and other Liberals in Boston the coming week, to continue three days, commencing on Tuesday, the 15th. As it is proposed to consider "all subjects in which the good of the human race is involved," we do hope and trust that the discussions will be carried on with an eye single to the promotion of the cause of true Spiritualism.

Dr. H. B. Storer will represent the Banner in the Convention, and also report the proceedings for its columns.

The entire significance of the much-mooted theory of re-incarnation is compressed into the small space of eleven lines in the answer of the controlling intelligence—Theodore Parker—on our sixth page; other matters of interest are also considered; Johnny Albro, of New York City, speaks to his mother; Seth Hinchshaw offers good advice to the children of earth; Jules Faber desires to communicate with his friends in New York; and James Henry Henderson gives a test of identity to his father.

Our enterprising cotemporary, the Boston Post, has now taken up new and commodious quarters on Milk street, near Washington, it being the third removal which the establishment has been called upon to make since the first issue of the paper, Nov. 9th, 1831.

Re-opening of the Banner of Light Public-Free Circles.

On the afternoon of Monday, Sept. 7th, the séances regularly given at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room—Mrs. J. H. Conant, medium—were inaugurated for the autumn season. The day was beautiful, a fine audience assembled to listen to whatever the invisible intelligences might have to offer, and the initial circle proved to be an exceedingly interesting occasion.

On the morning of the 7th, at about half-past six o'clock, "Waupanaw," one of Mrs. Conant's guides, appeared to her at her bedside, and gave a promise concerning the day—which after events verified—in the greeting: "Get up, little squaw; the Great Spirit is taking his blanket from the sun's face, and is smiling in token of his blessing." And thus was kindly ushered in for her the "commencement day" of the season's labors. At the circle the usual number of spirits manifested through her organism, among them being "Ninna," daughter of "Red Cloud," whose words are given below, in advance, in compliance with the directions of the Controlling Intelligence:

"Me be Ninna; me live in the great West; me Injun. Me come to send a message to Ninna's sire. Ninna's sire be Red Cloud. Ninna want Red Cloud to listen when the Great Spirit speaks through his ghosts to him, and when he has listened to obey, for if he does not his arrows will be broken, his pipe of peace will be lost, his warriors will be sacrificed, his squaws and papooses will sleep the sleep of death, and he, what of him? He will gain no glory, but much disgrace; so listen, Red Cloud, listen to these voices, and when they speak, obey them. Ninna, to Red Cloud. Good moon."

During the vacation time the circle room had been finely frescoed and adorned with portraits, and profuse floral decorations, the gifts of friends, vied at the opening hour with this ornamentation in making the place especially attractive. It gives us pleasure to announce to the public that notwithstanding the years of trial and labor through which Mrs. J. H. Conant has been called to pass as medium for the Banner of Light, her health, this autumn, is much better than for a long period, and she is evidently being more than ever strengthened for the carrying on of the important work whereunto she was called in the early days by those spirit guardians who have ever since proved her warm, unflinching friends, and able inspirers. The circles will be continued as usual, on the afternoon of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday of each week, commencing at three o'clock, and the public are respectfully invited, free of charge, to be present and give attention to the messages there spoken. Investigators visiting Boston will find this an excellent opportunity to witness, under the most favorable circumstances, one of the many phases of modern spirit communion.

Spirit "Flower Mission."

We have received from Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, President of the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting Association, a letter in regard to a séance which was held in the Dépot building, at that station, on the evening of the 26th August, the circle comprising some twenty persons besides the medium, Mrs. M. B. Thayer, of Boston. He says, "We were seated in a circle, the chairs touching each other, and the sitters joining hands, the medium being seated in a chair in the centre, clapping her hands during the séance to indicate her position. The light being put out, the following persons received floral offerings, brought in by the spirits in some mysterious manner, and thrown into the laps of the sitters."

John Collier, of London, England, received a tea rose, 'Illum longeflorum'; and, then, in response to his mental request that a white rose with pink buds might be brought him, it was done—a beautiful white rose surrounded by some eight or ten pink buds.

Mrs. Sherwin received a variegated pink and a white pink.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, a white carnation; and then he made a mental request for a pink flower, and a beautiful pink rose was brought him.

Mr. Boardman, a red rose bud.

Mrs. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., a scarlet amaryllis, and variegated carnation pink.

Mrs. Mary Stearns, of Hyannis, Mass., a begonia and verberna.

Mrs. Starbird, of Boston, fuchsia and perpetual pink.

Mrs. Harvey Lyman, of Springfield, carnation pink, variegated lily leaf and a large canna leaf.

Mrs. Coburn, Springfield, white carnation pink.

Mrs. Morrell, white pink.

Mrs. Severance, china pink.

Mrs. Peabody, 'Illum longeflorum.'

Mrs. Moore, geranium and pink rose.

John Lyman, a cluster of feverfew.

Mrs. Joseph Beals, a bryonia.

Dr. Beals a day lily and leaf of a variegated plant. It is well known that the day lily shuts at night. One leaf of this lily was opened, and placed between my thumb and finger. I felt the spirit fingers against mine. During the time many of the circle felt spirit-hands touch them. All the flowers were wet with dew when they were brought to us. I think Mrs. Thayer, whose residence is at No. 12 Pembroke street, Boston, to be a remarkable medium, and these manifestations worthy of careful attention."

We are in receipt of several specimens of photographic views (instantaneous and otherwise) taken during the recent Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Silver Lake Grove, Mass. Many well known faces are therein depicted, and the views, as a whole, are highly creditable to the artist. The pictures are for sale at Hazleton's Photographic Rooms, No. 140 Washington street, Boston.

A correspondent asks: "Where will a letter reach Wm. Brunton? Those sent to his address, No. 5 Sixth street, Troy, N. Y., have failed of a reply."

The "spirit" Katie, who has attracted so much attention in scientific circles in England, has been photographed. If the most reliable human testimony proves anything, it certainly proves that this age is witnessing occurrences utterly incomprehensible and inexplicable by any known laws of science, such indeed as we have been educated to believe could only occur as a miracle. Whether we accept or reject the spiritual theory, the facts remain to confront our judgment.—The Denison (Tex.) Weekly News.

Now is the time to study "Social Freedom." Messrs. Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, have published "An Exposition of Social Freedom," which will be found very entertaining. It demonstrates the "Monogamic Marriage," the highest development of Sexual Equality. All booksellers have it.—Boston Saturday Express.

Dedication of Rochester Hall, Boston: Speeches by Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. John H. Currier, John Wetherbee, I. P. Greenleaf, H. S. Williams, and others; Singing and Recitations; Dancing, etc.; a Pleasant Reunion.

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

On Monday evening, Sept. 7th, the hall at 551 Washington street, so long known to the public as the home of the Parker Fraternity, (before the erection of their new edifice at the corner of Appleton and Berkeley streets,) was re-dedicated to free thought under the name of ROCHESTER HALL by Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston.

The evening was fine, the hall was crowded—among the audience being many of the old workers in the field of reform—and a spirit of harmony and enjoyment seemed to pervade the whole assemblage. At eight o'clock, J. B. Hatch, of Charlestown District, in a few appropriate words called the meeting to order, apologized for the absence of two of the announced speakers, Miss Lizzie Doten and Mrs. Emma Harding—Britten—the former being detained by sickness and the latter being unexpectedly summoned away from the city—and introduced, as the regular chairman of the evening, Alonzo Danforth, Conductor of Lyceum No. 1.

A chant, "Oh Sacred Presence," was then executed by the school, after which Mr. Danforth gave a few remarks of the nature of a welcome to the audience; he would have the adult Spiritualists and friends of free thought remember that the hope of the coming generations lay in the correct education of the little ones, for whose benefit the Lyceum was instituted, and asked that all would endeavor to give countenance to its efforts to lead the young in the path of free inquiry. He then introduced to the people.

Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who proceeded to give the first address of the evening. Dr. S. announced that the hall had been leased by the Lyceum for the space of four years, which statement was greeted with enthusiastic applause—and he desired to congratulate that body for the spirit of enterprise which it exhibited; he hoped the stability of location which this fact embodied would broaden out into a home feeling on the part of its members and the Spiritualist public generally, as the hall was to be used by other societies—the Boston Spiritualist Union having secured it from the Lyceum for Sunday afternoon and evening meetings, and the Ladies' Aid Society for Tuesday afternoon and evening sessions. He spoke of the thorough "magnetizing" which the walls of the hall had received by the meetings held in it in the past by the Fraternity, the Free Religious Association, etc., wherein some of the most liberal and advanced minds in the world had given utterance to their thought.

Andrew Jackson Davis had said that a child was the repository of infinite possibilities; and the Lyceum movement was in a measure the truth of this, inasmuch as that its system of education was educative, and tended rather to a "drawing out" of the powers within the child, than the choking of its individual growth by forcing it to adopt an indisputable truth the most unreasonable and dogmatic statements regarding life here and hereafter. The Lyceum sought, as a basis to work from, to teach the right use of the physical structure, that it might be fully fitted for the needs of the spirit inhabiting it. He believed in gymnastics and object teaching for the young. He closed his remarks by a high tribute of praise to the Lyceum workers who had toiled so faithfully and so long to rear this organization, which had withstood every storm and was an enduring monument of their zeal and courage. The management of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 hoped to call around them—and he sincerely trusted that in this they would succeed. He exhibited the distance and kindly feeling of all who desired better things in time to come than the race had yet enjoyed.

Song by a quartette composed of Cora Hastings, Mattie Wilson, and the Saunders Sisters—Mrs. Emma Fessenden Brackett acting as accompanist.

Declaration, by Miss Lizzie Thompson, of a poem composed by John Collier, of England. Dr. John H. Currier was next introduced. It gave him much pleasure to see this large assemblage convened to dedicate to the uses of Spiritualism so fine a place of meeting. He bestowed a deserved commendation upon the true-hearted workers who had striven to keep this Lyceum alive and extend the sphere of its benefits, from the time when it met in an "upper chamber" on Washington street—some of those who officiated on the occasion of its inception, and whom he then met, being in the present audience before him—to this evening, on which all had assembled to do it honor and to bid it God speed to a yet further usefulness. While giving this lecture engagement in Philadelphia in 1868, it had been his good fortune to meet with Dr. N. Ford (its Conductor at that time), Miss M. A. Sanborn (since Mrs. Lang, at that time as at present Guardian), and Mrs. Sarah Morton (then Assistant Guardian, since gone to the higher life, from whence the speaker was certain her influence for good was poured out in no stinted measure upon the organization she loved so well)—who were delegates from this school to the National Lyceum Convention then in session in the "City of Brotherly Love"; and if ever he was proud of Massachusetts' example, he was on that occasion. It was an easy task to dedicate to free thought this elegant hall in view of its past associations, and he hoped the officers of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 would be sympathetically and materially sustained by the liberal public in the responsible position (peculiarly) of lessees which they had so fearlessly assumed.

Song by Miss Etta Bragdon, of Charlestown District.

Declaration, "Spirit Mother," by little Mabel Edison.

Mattie Wilson, entranced, followed the influence controlling adding the good wishes of the disembodied attendants on the dedicatory exercises to those already spoken.

Miss May Potter then gave a recitation, and a song was rendered by the Saunders sisters, after which

John Wetherbee was introduced, who made a brief, but witty and characteristic speech, which alternately moved his hearers to laughter and then appealed to their deepest power of thought. He had been a member of the Parker Fraternity ever since it was organized, and so felt much at home in this hall. He referred to the great minds who had from time to time given utterance to their convictions from the Fraternity platform, and said he could not help thinking what beautiful visions they would have been able to gain if they had but possessed the light of our spiritual truth to illuminate the blank curtain of their speculations. Referring to some of the mottoes exhibited in the hall, among them being one which read "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of folly," he said that to his mind "The fear of deception" was "the beginning of wisdom," and in connection with the train of thought so aroused he proceeded to make an eloquent allusion to the bravery evinced by Professor Tyndall in his recent address, in which he declared that religious dogmas must take back seats in the presence of scientific revelations.

Mr. Hatch then called attention to the fact that a gentleman present, on being called upon for a speech, had pleaded a severe cold as an excuse, but had given him (Mr. H.) a speech to read for him; said remarks when unrolled before the audience proving to be a bank bill for the Lyceum's treasury. In answer to a question by Dr. Storer as to the name of the donor, the reply was made: "Dr. H. F. Gardner."

Mr. Hatch also gave notice that on Sunday afternoon and evening, September 13th, the Boston Spiritualist Union would hold its sessions for the first time in this hall under the new regime; also that the Ladies' Aid Society would convene its first meeting in the same hall on Tuesday afternoon and evening, September 15th; and that on Monday evening, September 14th, Children's Ly-

ceum No. 1, assisted by the Lyceum Dramatic Club, would give an entertainment in Rochester Hall, consisting of two dramas, singing, recitations, etc., etc.

William A. Williams then read a humorous essay, and Cora Hastings favored the audience with a song.

H. S. Williams was next called upon for remarks. His speech, which was brief, was strongly inculcative of union, harmony and kindness; he hoped the various Societies of Spiritualists who were to occupy the hall for their meetings, would mutually strive to assist each other in the work which was sought to be accomplished.

Dr. Storer then proceeded to give what he termed a postscript to the speech he had offered at the opening of the exercises. He desired to explain that the present place of meeting had been named Rochester Hall because twenty of Rochester, N. Y., was the first in our country which was publicly identified with the movement which had since been so widely acknowledged under the name of Modern Spiritualism; and he hoped that the effort now set on foot for the assuring, for four years, of a fixed place of meeting for the Spiritualists, would be but the first step in the pathway of the successful attainment of a state of feeling which would lead the friends of Spiritualism to work more in harmony than ever before.

I. P. Greenleaf was glad that Spiritualism had found a home in Boston. He wished all success to the Lyceum, but hoped that among Spiritualists organization would never be allowed to take the place of individual thought. "The grandest element in the record of Modern Spiritualism was the uncompromising manner in which it had ever inculcated the freedom of thought and speech, and he hoped that no one, either in this hall or elsewhere, would go back on that record." In behalf of that freedom of thought and speech, in behalf of the striving of each individual to do right, and the willingness of every other man and woman to let each do right; in the name of our common humanity; and for the good of coming generations he desired to say God-speed to the purposes which were set forth by the dedication services of the present hour.

Mr. Hatch then gave notice that the remaining portion of the evening would be devoted to dancing; also that Mrs. Maud E. Lord would be present at the session of the Lyceum on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 13th.

Notice was also given that a course of Monday night dancing parties—music from T. M. Carter's Band—would be commenced at this hall, under the Lyceum auspices, about the first of October.

The orchestra—from T. M. Carter's Quadrille Band—then struck up the "Unlabeled Polonaise," by Bach, to the strains of which those in the audience who did not desire to participate in the salutary exercise withdrew, and a happy party, in which youth and age cheerfully mingled, engaged for some hours in the beautiful occupation, under direction of the prompting of Mr. Carter.

During the evening the ladies of the Lyceum regaled a large number of invited guests—speakers and others—with a fine collation, the tables being spread in the well-arranged dining-room connected with the hall.

That the kindness and good feeling which characterized the opening meeting at this place might be multiplied by those which were yet to occur, was evidently the heartfelt wish of every one present.

Katie King.

ABSTRACT OF A LETTER DELIVERED AT WARELY, NEW YORK, JULY 26TH, 1874, BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

MY FRIENDS: We are living in an age of unparalleled progress. Robert Dale Owen calls it "unexpected and unexampled progress."

During the past three months I have had opportunities of witnessing the materialization of spirits under far more favorable conditions than ever before. I have notes of seventy-one séances which I attended with Mr. Nelson Holmes and his wife, in Philadelphia, at their room in the second story of the house, No. 50 North Ninth street. This room is about eighteen feet square, with two windows in front, and two doors in the rear, one of which, at the north side, leads to the entry and stairs, and the other communicates with the bed-room. The cabinet, which has been changed several times, and enlarged by directions of the spirits, is placed in a recess in the south-west corner of the room. It consists of a walnut board partition, six feet wide and ten feet high, in which are two apertures and a small door admitting to the cabinet, which occupies the entire recess between the chimney and the back wall. The door communicating with the back room was removed, and a strong walnut partition consisting of plain boards, firmly secured by four bolts on each side, which were screwed to each board, and the whole securely nailed to the door frame. Having been present with fifteen other persons when this cabinet was taken down, we had ample opportunity to see that it was entirely satisfactory—there was no trap or trick about it. These séances extended from the 6th of April to the 28th of July; and in that time I saw more than three hundred spirits, of whom one hundred and fifty were more or less clearly recognized by some who were present—sometimes several faces appearing at a time, old persons and young, even very small children who were held in the arms of others. Only five or six of these had the power to speak, and of these Katie King was the most perfect; next to her was her father, John King. By reference to the narratives which these spirits have given me, which have been published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal, it will be seen that they have been a long time engaged in this business.

I had attended ten séances before any spirit was able to speak to us. On the evening of Tuesday, May 12th, 1874, a colored man appeared at the window of the cabinet and announced, rather indistinctly, R-a-h-m-o-h-a-n-R-o-y. This is the name of a distinguished Indian missionary who was converted to Christianity, and became a noted liberal preacher.

Shortly after this, at the same séance, Katie King appeared. She was the most wide awake spirit that we had seen. She called Mrs. Holmes by name, and said to her, "You stupid!" She told us that Florence Cook, her medium in London, was sick, and that she would be obliged to leave her very soon.

At the next séance, she requested me to write to Willie Harrison, of the London Spiritualist.

At the séance of the 14th, she thanked me for writing to Mr. Harrison, and requested me to write to her-medium.

At these séances, she and several other spirits took oranges from us.

On the 19th of May, she took a card into the cabinet and wrote on it, "Yours truly, Katie King."

On May 20th, John King came, and said to us, "Katie will not be here to-night. She is attending another séance."

On the 22d, before we had seated ourselves, John King appeared at the aperture; and in a loud voice, said, "All hands on deck! Ship ahoy! Get me a spy-glass!" I gave him an opera-glass, which one of the company had, and he held it up before his eyes, and said, "I do not see anything with this." He continued: "Dr. Child, I am glad you are going to write my narrative." Later in the evening, Katie came, and after saluting us all, she spoke of her father, and said: "He is

mean; he has got ahead of me; I wanted to write my narrative first; but no matter." I told her that I would be glad to do it for her. She asked if we remembered the burning of St. Paul's Church, in London. Mr. Lippitt, of Boston, said: "It was at the great fire, in London, which occurred in 1666." "That is so," said she. "I was a little girl, in London, at that time. I will tell you all about my history when I get a chance."

On the evening of May 23d, I gave Katie a sheet of blank paper, which she took with her into the cabinet, and which could not be found after her disappearance. The next afternoon at four o'clock, we had a séance at which Geo. W. Childs, Mr. Drexel, the banker, and Vice President Wilson were present, by invitation. Katie came and conversed with us; she shook hands with Mr. Wilson, and then handed me the sheet of paper I had given her the evening before, on which was found the following: "Flowers are not trilled, as we might know from the care God has taken of them everywhere. Not one unfinished, not one bearing the marks of the brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain ranges; growing on the pulseless head of the gray old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom train vines over their cottage doors.—K. A. King."

Friday, June 5th. Robert Dale Owen was present for the first time. John King said: "If you will all sit back and open the window so as to let more air into the room, and turn the light down, we will open the doors, and let you see Katie in full form." Obeying, we then saw her in a beautiful white robe. She stood in the door very distinctly visible to us all.

Sunday evening, June 7th, I asked Katie if I could feel her pulse. At first she declined, saying that she was not sick. And then, laying her beautiful white hand and arm out, I placed my finger over the radial artery and counted thirty-six in a half minute. It was as natural a pulse as I have ever examined. Later in the evening Katie said playfully, "Dr. Child is going to give me a ring!" A lady present said: "Katie, I have a ring that you may have; it is a plain ring, with my name on." Mr. Owen placed it upon the ring finger, and in a few minutes she walked out into the room and showed it to all.

At another séance Mr. Owen gave Katie three small bouquets, and handed her a hair guard chain, mounted with gold, which had been presented to him forty-five years ago by a lady, now a spirit, known as Violet. Katie asked if she should keep this. Mr. Owen said, "If the one to whom it belonged is willing, you may. I wish you to take it to her."

The next evening Katie came and held a dear little babe, as she termed it, up to the window. Afterward she returned Mr. Owen his chain, saying, "Violet desires you to keep this for her sake, till you come to her."

On Thursday evening, June 11th, a séance, consisting of eleven persons beside the mediums, sat an hour and a-half without any manifestations. We were then told that they were endeavoring to materialize Abraham Lincoln, and if the same persons would meet on Sunday evening they hoped to succeed.

On Sunday evening we met again, Mr. Stenerson, Swedish minister, and a lady being added to the circle, by invitation. When the door of the cabinet was opened two forms were visible standing in it—John King and his daughter Katie. After a brief time with the door closed, it opened, and the tall form of Abraham Lincoln was plainly visible. He was clothed in beautiful white raiment; he waved his hand, but did not speak. Standing beside him, on his left, was a fine looking colored man, his head coming a little above Mr. Lincoln's shoulder. They appeared a second time, and in answer to the question whether it really was Abraham Lincoln, he nodded his head in the affirmative. There was a third attempt to show him, holding a flag, but both the figure and the flag were indistinct. After these came a sailor-boy named Richard Laranjeau, dressed in white shirt and blue trousers, floating about in the cabinet, and appearing at the top of the door, which was seven feet high, and Laranjeau was not over five feet six.

Sunday evening, June 21st, Mr. Holmes, who had before been obliged to sit in the cabinet, sat out in the room with us, and there was no one in the cabinet. In a few minutes an Indian spirit, who gave the name of Saum-teer, appeared at the aperture. She is known as an Indian princess, and was one of the guides of Pamie T. Young, a medium who passed into spirit life a few weeks since. She said if we would lower the light, and sit a little further back, she would come out to us. In a few moments a swarthy Indian form appeared, and walked out of the cabinet and around the room. She carried a white blanket on her arm, which she permitted us to feel. She came out five or six times and walked round the room, so that her form was plainly visible to all.

At another séance a large form, said to be that of Gen. Rawlings, stood in the door of the cabinet and spoke a few words to us.

Several spirits came quite frequently, and it was very evident that there was considerable difficulty in materialization. We observed that they were generally less perfect at their first appearance than after repeated trials. Katie King came more frequently than any one else, and could do a great deal more. Next to her in frequency was Mary Noble, a young lady, formerly of Philadelphia, who has been in spirit-life a few years, and was fully recognized.

At the séance on June 23d, Katie came out several times, and after she retired to the cabinet the door was opened, and we saw her floating in the air, with her beautiful white feet about eighteen inches above the floor.

The most marvelous of all her manifestations was that of her disappearance and reappearance. During the séance she had received a number of presents—a pearl cross, a pearl chain, a string of white spar beads, three or four gold rings, a dagger fan, and a white spar breast-pin. Some of these she usually wore, and when requested, she would bring them all out. It was noticed that she seldom wore the same dress, though they were always white. On several occasions we saw her with all these presents put upon her person, and holding in her hand a bouquet at least six inches in diameter, step into the cabinet, and standing with the door open so that she could be plainly seen, she would gradually fade away and entirely disappear; and with her would disappear the before-mentioned articles and the bouquet. After a few moments there would gradually appear, near the floor, the bouquet and a hand, and then her form would rise up, and she would walk out into the room and speak to us—the door of the cabinet not having been closed.

I have in my possession a golden colored curl which she gave me, and which I saw her cut from her head; also a piece of her dress. When Mr. Owen first asked her for a piece of her dress she remarked to him: "I will fix it so that it will stay." It is evident that, in the ordinary materializations of spirits, the substance with which they clothe themselves is evanescent; but they have the power to render it permanent.

I am asked what will be the result of all this? I cannot tell. But I rejoice to know that we have unmistakable evidence that a beautiful spirit, who walked this earth in sorrow and suffering two hundred years ago, has returned, and walked in our midst clothed in the white robes of angels, and given the most positive proofs that man cannot die!

A Visit to the Eddy Family, at Chittenden, Vt.

When Michael Angelo wished to give to the world a lasting image of a great leader he carved from marble the majestic figure of Moses; were that famed sculptor here now, he would hew from the rough granite of Vermont a likeness of William Eddy—a veritable John crying in the wilderness of skepticism, of bigotry, of grave hypocrisy.

Thousands die daily, and leave no mark upon hill or ravine, air or sea—but William and Horatio Eddy daily carve their names high up among the divinest aspirations of humanity, and send prophetic gleams into the coming ages.

The mystics, who held sway in anterior times, threw out upon the skies that "how of promise" that has reached even to us; the Eddy Brothers are expanding it, and the ever enduring laws of matter and spirit expand and brighten with it till their broad arch seems ready to embrace the universe.

But what of the séances in that beautiful valley of Vermont? What fictions and fancy pictures and fairy tales are we ready to unfold? A Chinese encyclopedia would hardly hold an account of what we saw and heard; so let us be brief, and thus seek the soul of those endless wonders wrought out in that old Indian wood-cradle haunt.

As the room at the Eddys' is a too dimly lighted, it is almost a misnomer for the use we usually make of the organ of vision when we say there that we see. But as common kerosene light is inimical to the forces or elements in use in materialization, we must take advantage of the truth as it reaches us from other sources. Had we been honored with an invitation to sit on the platform, or had we been called up as several were to examine the hair and face of a spirit, our record would have been more satisfactory to the readers of the Banner; but our friend, Mr. Pritchard, who did sit on the platform a number of evenings during our stay at the Eddys', and whose veracity and good judgment no one will question who knows him, fully confirms our favorable impression regarding the spirits who came from the cabinet, and who were at such times hardly ever more than two or three feet from him, and who sometimes walked and talked and shook hands as familiarly with him as we do with our friends in the flesh. Once, when an old lady, who had stepped across the river of life, was bending over him, he said, in response to a mooted question regarding the identity of such forms, "Don't you suppose I know my own mother?"

Again, when this same old lady was walking with him to his accustomed seat near the cabinet door, she requested him, in a loud whisper, to stop and show the spectators the difference in their heights. This was done, and she was nearly half a head shorter than her son. When William Eddy came from the cabinet he stood, by request, by the side of Mr. Pritchard, and showed that he was about a head taller than Mr. P.

At another time when Mr. Pritchard was seated on the platform, a little child lifted the curtain and looked out. "How beautiful!" Mr. P. involuntarily exclaimed, when the little spirit-figure bowed to him and smiled. Then when one whom we supposed to be the child's mother said, "Is it for me?" the little one again bowed and smiled; and when the lady further asked, "Is it Harry?" he seemed very happy and bowed again an assent. As none of us in the circle could see the features of the little angel, recognition was impossible; but if we accept, as we may well do, the testimony of Mr. T., who was close to him, we may be certain that it was the apparition of a lovely boy who joyfully recognized the expressions of admiration and relationship addressed to him.

Another test of spirit presence, and perhaps more satisfactory than any other given in our presence, was this: A large and very gentlemanly personage, with nice shirt-bosom and wristbands, stepped out from behind the curtain; he stood for a moment, and not being recognized, was requested to point to the one for whom he came. He designated the lady, Mrs. D., at our side. Mrs. D. then said in French, "Is it for me?" The spirit bowed. "Is it my father?" again said Mrs. D. in French. The spirit leaned over the railing and bowed a low assent. Mrs. D. then said mentally, "If it be my father, I wish you to appear in your dress navy-uniform." He retired for a moment, and then reappeared with shoulder-straps, belt, and buckle, and (as reported by a lady more favorably seated) a stripe down the side of his pantaloons. Thus there could hardly be a doubt of the personality of this spirit, though, as before stated, the features were not distinguishable. When he retired the controlling spirit in the cabinet spoke of him as a candid, open-hearted, generous person, careful in dress and manners, which were really his striking characteristics.

Now to the skeptic, as I learned from those who had recently arrived, these exhibitions would not at once be satisfactory. The hollow platform, the window in the rear, would admit of machinery, a wardrobe *ad libitum* and hoisted up babies; and the recent prohibition to inspect the cabinet, with too great obscurity, adds fuel to the fire of suspicion. If, however, one can stay long enough to become acquainted with the family and the surroundings, (Mr. Pritchard has been there some three or four months,) he will accept the conditions, and yet find ample testimony in favor of the genuineness of these marvelous manifestations. All indeed whom we met there—a number who had been there once or twice before—who had waited patiently for developments, seemed entirely satisfied. And when we say that the light circles, where the Eddys sit outside of the cabinet, and the intensely dark circles full of charming music, fun, and the sweet little "May-Flower," are no less attractive than the first described, we feel assured that a couple of weeks spent at the Eddys' will amply repay one—if he can find accommodation there.

Just before we left, we think the controlling spirit had very judiciously decided to return to the former exhibition room, down stairs. Those who were in the habit of visiting this place say, that when the séances were held on the lower floor they were more productive of phenomena, and more impressively grand. One evening, no less than seventeen Indian spirits passed in at the rear and out at the front door. On another occasion, when some six or seven of these children of the forest had been entertaining a "circle," they went out and stood in the moonlight, in front of the house, and suddenly vanished.

Quite a number of Indian spirits materialize themselves every night at the Eddy's; for Mrs. Eddy was, it is said, a noble, generous-hearted woman, who cherished the most friendly intercourse with these red men when in the flesh, and

one severe winter kept in her house a whole family of them that might otherwise have perished.

That the weird wonders of the spirit world which have so long been held under the sterile shadows of orthodoxy, and that are now shedding their splendors on the souls of those who can lift their heads above the surrounding darkness, as an Italian sunrise sends its glories from peak to peak of the Alpine crests, are being comprehended; that those crude surmises of the causes of life and of the dread elements of death, of defile wrath, of long slumberings in the tomb, of fiery furnaces and bottomless pits, are melting away in the glow of a purer knowledge; that gladdening gleams of the luminous hereafter break upon us with startling brilliancy and magnificence that is often appalling; that a fore-shadowed home, nestled in all the beauties and loves and sweet reveries that have made earth-life bearable, awaits us; that fairy forms that float about us like perfumed morning mists, and whisper winsome greetings in our ears, will yet be folded to our aching hearts; that these, all these, with countless other beatitudes that are to be ours, and that are now so convincingly realized, make us often appear like insane ravers to those who walk in priest-craft-swamps, the bigot's "valley of death," or are swept along the swollen and turbid sluices of the time-serving multitude, need not disturb us, or throw one cloud over the cloudless morrow.

And while our hearts are aglow with the garniture of God's mercies, and our every breath takes in the fragrance of a divine fruition, when angel hands gently put aside for us the drapery of another dawning, when fair arms are about our neck, and we know they are of those whose tender feet touch the further shore, we can well afford to be forgiving, charitable, kind and loving, and await calmly the benediction of good deeds.

G. L. DITSON.

The Summerland Messenger, T. P. JAMES, (Dickens's Medium.) Editor and Publisher.

The Summerland Messenger is a first-class eight-page monthly, devoted to Literature, Art, Science, and the Spiritual Philosophy. The columns are

The Summerland Messenger Are classified as follows: NEW STORIES from pen of SPIRIT-DICTATED—Mother and Child, page 10. "Surrendered," page 11. "The Summerland Messenger," page 12. "The Summerland Messenger," page 13. "The Summerland Messenger," page 14. "The Summerland Messenger," page 15. "The Summerland Messenger," page 16. "The Summerland Messenger," page 17. "The Summerland Messenger," page 18. "The Summerland Messenger," page 19. "The Summerland Messenger," page 20. "The Summerland Messenger," page 21. "The Summerland Messenger," page 22. "The Summerland Messenger," page 23. "The Summerland Messenger," page 24. "The Summerland Messenger," page 25. "The Summerland Messenger," page 26. "The Summerland Messenger," page 27. "The Summerland Messenger," page 28. "The Summerland Messenger," page 29. "The Summerland Messenger," page 30. "The Summerland Messenger," page 31. "The Summerland Messenger," page 32. "The Summerland Messenger," page 33. "The Summerland Messenger," page 34. "The Summerland Messenger," page 35. "The Summerland Messenger," page 36. "The Summerland Messenger," page 37. "The Summerland Messenger," page 38. "The Summerland Messenger," page 39. "The Summerland Messenger," page 40. "The Summerland Messenger," page 41. "The Summerland Messenger," page 42. "The Summerland Messenger," page 43. "The Summerland Messenger," page 44. "The Summerland Messenger," page 45. "The Summerland Messenger," page 46. "The Summerland Messenger," page 47. "The Summerland Messenger," page 48. "The Summerland Messenger," page 49. "The Summerland Messenger," page 50. "The Summerland Messenger," page 51. "The Summerland Messenger," page 52. "The Summerland Messenger," page 53. "The Summerland Messenger," page 54. "The Summerland Messenger," page 55. "The Summerland Messenger," page 56. "The Summerland Messenger," page 57. "The Summerland Messenger," page 58. "The Summerland Messenger," page 59. "The Summerland Messenger," page 60. "The Summerland Messenger," page 61. "The Summerland Messenger," page 62. "The Summerland Messenger," page 63. "The Summerland Messenger," page 64. "The Summerland Messenger," page 65. "The Summerland Messenger," page 66. "The Summerland Messenger," page 67. "The Summerland Messenger," page 68. "The Summerland Messenger," page 69. "The Summerland Messenger," page 70. "The Summerland Messenger," page 71. "The Summerland Messenger," page 72. "The Summerland Messenger," page 73. "The Summerland Messenger," page 74. "The Summerland Messenger," page 75. "The Summerland Messenger," page 76. "The Summerland Messenger," page 77. "The Summerland Messenger," page 78. "The Summerland Messenger," page 79. "The Summerland Messenger," page 80. "The Summerland Messenger," page 81. "The Summerland Messenger," page 82. "The Summerland Messenger," page 83. "The Summerland Messenger," page 84. "The Summerland Messenger," page 85. "The Summerland Messenger," page 86. "The Summerland Messenger," page 87. "The Summerland Messenger," page 88. "The Summerland Messenger," page 89. "The Summerland Messenger," page 90. "The Summerland Messenger," page 91. "The Summerland Messenger," page 92. "The Summerland Messenger," page 93. "The Summerland Messenger," page 94. "The Summerland Messenger," page 95. "The Summerland Messenger," page 96. "The Summerland Messenger," page 97. "The Summerland Messenger," page 98. "The Summerland Messenger," page 99. "The Summerland Messenger," page 100. "The Summerland Messenger," page 101. "The Summerland Messenger," page 102. "The Summerland Messenger," page 103. "The Summerland Messenger," page 104. "The Summerland Messenger," page 105. "The Summerland Messenger," page 106. "The Summerland Messenger," page 107. "The Summerland Messenger," page 108. "The Summerland Messenger," page 109. "The Summerland Messenger," page 110. "The Summerland Messenger," page 111. "The Summerland Messenger," page 112. "The Summerland Messenger," page 113. "The Summerland Messenger," page 114. "The Summerland Messenger," page 115. "The Summerland Messenger," page 116. "The Summerland Messenger," page 117. "The Summerland Messenger," page 118. "The Summerland Messenger," page 119. "The Summerland Messenger," page 120. "The Summerland Messenger," page 121. "The Summerland Messenger," page 122. "The Summerland Messenger," page 123. "The Summerland Messenger," page 124. "The Summerland Messenger," page 125. "The Summerland Messenger," page 126. "The Summerland Messenger," page 127. "The Summerland Messenger," page 128. "The Summerland Messenger," page 129. "The Summerland Messenger," page 130. "The Summerland Messenger," page 131. "The Summerland Messenger," page 132. "The Summerland Messenger," page 133. "The Summerland Messenger," page 134. "The Summerland Messenger," page 135. "The Summerland Messenger," page 136. "The Summerland Messenger," page 137. "The Summerland Messenger," page 138. "The Summerland Messenger," page 139. "The Summerland Messenger," page 140. "The Summerland Messenger," page 141. "The Summerland Messenger," page 142. "The Summerland Messenger," page 143. "The Summerland Messenger," page 144. "The Summerland Messenger," page 145. "The Summerland Messenger," page 146. "The Summerland Messenger," page 147. "The Summerland Messenger," page 148. "The Summerland Messenger," page 149. "The Summerland Messenger," page 150. "The Summerland Messenger," page 151. "The Summerland Messenger," page 152. "The Summerland Messenger," page 153. "The Summerland Messenger," page 154. "The Summerland Messenger," page 155. "The Summerland Messenger," page 156. "The Summerland Messenger," page 157. "The Summerland Messenger," page 158. "The Summerland Messenger," page 159. "The Summerland Messenger," page 160. "The Summerland Messenger," page 161. "The Summerland Messenger," page 162. "The Summerland Messenger," page 163. "The Summerland Messenger," page 164. "The Summerland Messenger," page 165. "The Summerland Messenger," page 166. "The Summerland Messenger," page 167. "The Summerland Messenger," page 168. "The Summerland Messenger," page 169. "The Summerland Messenger," page 170. "The Summerland Messenger," page 171. "The Summerland Messenger," page 172. "The Summerland Messenger," page 173. "The Summerland Messenger," page 174. "The Summerland Messenger," page 175. "The Summerland Messenger," page 176. "The Summerland Messenger," page 177. "The Summerland Messenger," page 178. "The Summerland Messenger," page 179. "The Summerland Messenger," page 180. "The Summerland Messenger," page 181. "The Summerland Messenger," page 182. "The Summerland Messenger," page 183. "The Summerland Messenger," page 184. "The Summerland Messenger," page 185. "The Summerland Messenger," page 186. "The Summerland Messenger," page 187. "The Summerland Messenger," page 188. "The Summerland Messenger," page 189. "The Summerland Messenger," page 190. "The Summerland Messenger," page 191. "The Summerland Messenger," page 192. "The Summerland Messenger," page 193. "The Summerland Messenger," page 194. "The Summerland Messenger," page 195. "The Summerland Messenger," page 196. "The Summerland Messenger," page 197. "The Summerland Messenger," page 198. "The Summerland Messenger," page 199. "The Summerland Messenger," page 200. "The Summerland Messenger," page 201. "The Summerland Messenger," page 202. "The Summerland Messenger," page 203. "The Summerland Messenger," page 204. "The Summerland Messenger," page 205. "The Summerland Messenger," page 206. "The Summerland Messenger," page 207. "The Summerland Messenger," page 208. "The Summerland Messenger," page 209. "The Summerland Messenger," page 210. "The Summerland Messenger," page 211. "The Summerland Messenger," page 212. "The Summerland Messenger," page 213. "The Summerland Messenger," page 214. "The Summerland Messenger," page 215. "The Summerland Messenger," page 216. "The Summerland Messenger," page 217. "The Summerland Messenger," page 218. "The Summerland Messenger," page 219. "The Summerland Messenger," page 220. "The Summerland Messenger," page 221. "The Summerland Messenger," page 222. "The Summerland Messenger," page 223. "The Summerland Messenger," page 224. "The Summerland Messenger," page 225. "The Summerland Messenger," page 226. "The Summerland Messenger," page 227. "The Summerland Messenger," page 228. "The Summerland Messenger," page 229. "The Summerland Messenger," page 230. "The Summerland Messenger," page 231. "The Summerland Messenger," page 232. "The Summerland Messenger," page 233. "The Summerland Messenger," page 234. "The Summerland Messenger," page 235. "The Summerland Messenger," page 236. "The Summerland Messenger," page 237. "The Summerland Messenger," page 238. "The Summerland Messenger," page 239. "The Summerland Messenger," page 240. "The Summerland Messenger," page 241. "The Summerland Messenger," page 242. "The Summerland Messenger," page 243. "The Summerland Messenger," page 244. "The Summerland Messenger," page 245. "The Summerland Messenger," page 246. "The Summerland Messenger," page 247. "The Summerland Messenger," page 248. "The Summerland Messenger," page 249. "The Summerland Messenger," page 250. "The Summerland Messenger," page 251. "The Summerland Messenger," page 252. "The Summerland Messenger," page 253. "The Summerland Messenger," page 254. "The Summerland Messenger," page 255. "The Summerland Messenger," page 256. "The Summerland Messenger," page 257. "The Summerland Messenger," page 258. "The Summerland Messenger," page 259. "The Summerland Messenger," page 260. "The Summerland Messenger," page 261. "The Summerland Messenger," page 262. "The Summerland Messenger," page 263. "The Summerland Messenger," page 264. "The Summerland Messenger," page 265. "The Summerland Messenger," page 266. "The Summerland Messenger," page 267. "The Summerland Messenger," page 268. "The