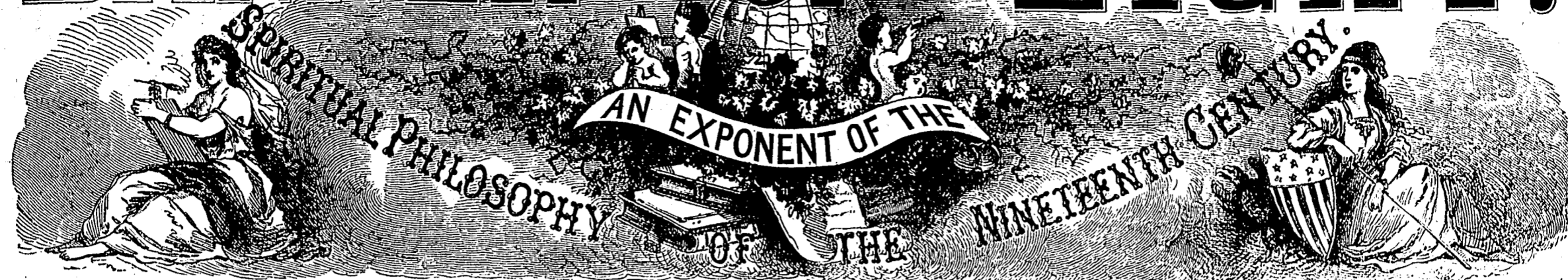


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Banner Contents.

First page: "The Personal Experiences of William H. Mumler in Spirit-Photography." by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second: Same continued. "Review of Foreign Spiritualistic Literature, with some Home Notes," by G. L. Ditson, M. D., etc. Third: "Defence of the Holmeses," "Is Organization Desirable?" by Hudson Tuttle; Banner Correspondence. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "The Holmes Imbroglio," etc. Fifth: Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "Pearls;" "Marvelous Materialization Phenomena at Havana, N. Y.," by Dr. H. B. Storrs.

## THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF WILLIAM H. MUMLER IN SPIRIT-GRAPHY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

### PART ONE.

In these days of earnest inquiry for spiritual truths, I feel that it is incumbent upon me to contribute what evidences of a future existence I may have obtained in my fourteen years' experience in Spirit-Photography; and although these may be but an atom in comparison with what others have received, yet that atom is necessary to constitute the great whole of Spiritualism in the nineteenth century.

The history of all pioneers of new truths is relatively the same, and happy is the man who is not the chosen one to meet the prejudices of a skeptical world in the development of some new discovery. And yet, as I look back upon my past experience, I feel that I have been the galner, personally, for all the sacrifices I have made, and all the troubles I may have endured in the knowledge I have gained of a future existence, and in the soul-satisfaction of being a humble instrument in the hands of the invisible host that surrounds us for disseminating this beautiful truth of spirit-communion. Nevertheless it has been a difficult task to battle with the skeptical world, to bear persecution and poverty, to outlive slander, and to overcome the many obstacles that beset the path of one whose mission it is to advance some new truth. And if in the following pages some of these rough experiences creep in, let it not be thought they are inserted in malice or for the evocation of sympathy, but that the story would be incomplete without them.

Before commencing to take spirit-pictures I had a reputation as an honest and trustworthy person, enjoying for many years the confidence of the leading jewelers of Boston, in whose employ I was, and often being entrusted with their valuables to a large amount. But this reputation, that I had been years in establishing, vanished like a soap-bubble when I commenced to take spirit-photographs. I was condemned as a trickster, branded as a fraud, and deserted by those who were happy to acknowledge my acquaintance when in—to them—a more honorable business. And, strange as it may seem, many of my strongest opponents have been professed Spiritualists—men who have seen and are familiar with the difficulties that attend the demonstration of spiritual truths; who, while endeavoring to enlighten a skeptical and bigoted world with new truths will, at the same time, with the same skepticism and bigotry, denounce other truths of which they have not been convinced. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

At the time of taking my first picture, in March, 1861, I was in the employ of Bigelow Brothers & Kennard, leading jewelers of Boston, as their principal engraver. Being acquainted with, and somewhat interested in, parties engaged in the photograph business, by often witnessing the operation I became familiar with the process of taking a picture, and it was thus, in willing away an idle hour in taking a negative, that the spirit-form first appeared.

The picture was indeed at that time a strange looking one, and, from the fact that it was taken when no visible person was present but myself, it was, to me, unaccountable. But on submitting it to the operator for an explanation, his opinion was that the negative was taken upon an old glass that had previously been used for the same purpose, but had been insufficiently cleaned; and when a second negative was taken upon the same glass, the latent form, so to speak, was re-developed sufficiently to give an indistinct and shadowy form. This theory was at the time, with my limited knowledge of photography, acceptable, and when asked by my employers and others how the picture was produced, the above statement was given. But the picture was, to say the least, a novelty; and I had one printed to show my friends, who called on me, in my office, where I worked at engraving.

One day a gentleman visited me who I knew was a Spiritualist; and not at that time being inclined much to the spiritual belief myself, and being of a jovial disposition, always ready for a joke, I concluded to have a little fun, as I thought, at his expense. I therefore showed him the picture, and with as mysterious an air as possible, but without telling an untruth, which Mr. P. T. Barnum calls "drapery," I stated to him "that this picture was taken by myself when there was no visible person present but myself."

He asked me "if I would put this statement on the back, and sign my name to it?" I did so, and gave it to him, never dreaming of any publicity ever being given to it. I was greatly surprised in about a week from that time, in receiving a paper from New York called the Herald of Progress, published, I believe, by Andrew Jackson Davis, and having a column or more descriptive of this very picture, with my name and statement that were on the back.

I felt, on reading this statement, considerably mortified in seeing my name in public print in support of what at that time I thought to be a kind of misrepresentation; but feeling really innocent of any evil intention, and knowing that New York was many miles away, and I an humble and secluded engraver, I thought nobody would be damaged much. I could not help feeling a little amazed, however, that for once the tables were completely turned on me, and the would-be joker was joked. Comforting myself with the idea that what was printed in a New York paper would not trouble me much in Boston, you can judge of my surprise and chagrin when I discovered that the whole article had been reprinted by a paper in Boston called the Banner of Light, which it seems was on the alert then, as it is now, and I hope always will be, to grasp at new truths. It not only gave the description of the picture, but stated where in Boston it was taken, viz., 258 Washington street.

After partaking of my dinner, I thought I would call at the gallery and inform them of the mischief I had done; but I was too late—the Banner had saved me the trouble; for when I entered the reception room I found it filled with people anxious to see this wonderful picture and learn something more in regard to it. When I first opened the door the lady behind the counter (who was not then but has since become my wife), exclaimed, "Here comes Mr. Mumler."

Of course all eyes were centered on me, and a number of

gentlemen came forward to congratulate me upon my success in taking the first spirit-picture. Two of the gentlemen were very desirous of having me make some sittings for them, in hopes of getting a spirit form. I declined to make any sittings, as that was not my business, and my time was otherwise engaged. Besides, I remarked that I was not sure that it was a spirit form, and told them how the operator accounted for it. This solution was scouted by one of the gentlemen, who, it seems, was a scientist from Cambridge, and thoroughly acquainted with photography. He said that explanation of how the picture was produced was to a person acquainted with the business, harder to accept than the spiritual; that while it might be possible, and even probable, in daguerreotyping, it was an impossibility in photographing on glass.

These gentlemen were so pressing in their desire to have me make a sitting for them, that I reluctantly acquiesced. We went up stairs into the operating room, and after making sittings for both a number of times, I succeeded in getting a spirit form for one of the gentlemen. When we again reached the reception room, and the success of this gentleman became known, nearly every person in the room desired a sitting. I hardly knew what to say or how to act; the result of the last sitting was so entirely different from what I expected, that I was fairly bewildered. I had other business that demanded all my time; but still here was a wonderful phenomenon that needed investigation. I therefore concluded to take pictures two hours a day, thinking that I might be able to take this amount of time from my other business. Those present immediately booked their names for a sitting—enough, I think, working two hours a day, to have kept me employed for three months. I soon found it necessary, however, to devote my whole time to the business, which, with the exception of two intervals of short duration, I have continued to do from that day to this.

Among the earliest of my pictures was one which I took for

MR. ALVIN ADAMS,

the veteran expressman. I had never before met Mr. Adams, and was not aware of his intention of visiting me until I was introduced to him in the gallery. I mention this fact, because it has been stated that I knew beforehand of parties who intended to have sittings, and was thus prepared for them when they came. I took a negative for Mr. Adams, and on developing it, there came out a very distinct face by the side of his own. On bringing out the negative to show to him, Mr. Adams said: "If you have a form on that plate beside my own, I know who it is." I asked him how he knew. He replied by saying: "In the first place this gentleman (pointing to a stranger who was witnessing the operation) says he is a medium, and has described a very peculiar face, which I recognize by the description. Secondly, at the time you took my picture I received a signal from the spirit whom this gentleman has described, and which I always receive when this spirit is present. Now," he said, "Mr. Mumler, if you have got the picture, I shall consider it a pretty good test." I then exhibited to him the negative, when he exclaimed: "That is he, my guardian spirit, Daniel Webster."

Here, then, is a treble test, proving clearly the fact of clairvoyant sight, of spirit telegraphy, (for the signaling was nothing else,) and spirit photography. This test cannot be vitiated by the plea of "credulity" on the part of Mr. Adams, for his shrewdness and ability are too well known. Another picture, which I took for

MR. JOHN EWELETT, OF BOSTON,

was a very good test. Mr. Ewelette thought he would have his picture taken while he was in a standing posture, and resting his hand on the back of a chair. On developing the negative, the form of a young lady was seen sitting in the chair, supported by what seemed to be a pillow at her back. Mr. Ewelette and his family recognized this as his sister, who passed away in this position of consumption.

DR. H. F. GARDNER, OF BOSTON,

a well-known Spiritualist, had a picture taken, on which were a number of forms which he recognized. The Doctor told me that he afterwards took this picture to Mr. Black, the well-known photographer, and asked him if he could produce a picture like this by any mechanical contrivance, whereupon Mr. Black declared he could not.

MR. HORACE WESTON,

of Boston, came to the gallery, an entire stranger to me, and desired a sitting. He requested the privilege of witnessing the process, which was readily granted—he not stating, however, that he knew anything about the business. On developing the negative, a form was seen which he recognized, if I remember rightly, as his father. Mr. Weston then told me that he was familiar with the business, and was delegated by Mr. Black (by whom he had been taught the process of photography) to have a sitting with me. He said, on leaving: "All I can say to Mr. Black is, that I have seen nothing different from taking an ordinary picture." He had not been gone long, however, before he returned, saying, "When I went back, they all came around me to hear my report, and when I told them that I had got a second form on the negative, but had seen nothing different in the manipulation from taking an ordinary picture, they shouted with laughter, and declared that I had been deceived." He then said, "Mr. Black told me to return and say to you, that if you will allow him the same privilege of witnessing the operation that you did me, and he gets a spirit form on the negative, he will give you fifty dollars." I told him to return and tell Mr. Black to come. I did not wait long before Mr. Black made his appearance. We were entire strangers to each other, this being the first time we had ever met. I remember every word that passed between us as vividly as though it happened yesterday, from the fact that I knew I was but a novice in the business, and I felt positive that I should astound one of the great masters of photography. I said, "Mr. Black, I have heard your generous offer, and all I can say, is, *Be thorough in your investigations.*" He replied by saying, "You may rest assured of that." I then pointed to my camera, saying "That is the instrument I propose to take your picture with; you are at liberty to take it to pieces." Mr. Black examined it, and said, "That is all right." I then took a piece of glass and said, "Mr. Black, I propose to take your picture on this glass; you are at liberty to clean it." He took the glass in his hand, breathed upon it, and declared it already clean.

I then showed him my dark room, bath, &c., and coating the plate with collodion. I immersed it in the silver bath. When this was done Mr. Black rested his hand on the edge of the bath, and looked, as though he thought to himself—"I do not lose sight of this plate from this time." Mr. Black then said: "Mr. Mumler, let me see your plate-holder; I have understood there was a false back in it." I handed the holder

to him, which he examined and declared to be "all right." I told him to hold on to it; and, taking the plate from the silver bath, I placed it in the holder, when Mr. Black closed the door and started with the holder in his hand for the skylight-room. Directly in front of where he would sit for his picture was a window, and placing the holder on the window-sill, he walked backwards to his chair so as not to lose sight of the holder. I then focused him in the camera, and after removing the ground glass I placed the holder in position and raised the slide; then giving the cautionary word, "All ready," I removed the cloth and exposed the plate. After the necessary exposure I covered the tube again with the cloth, and closed down the slide. I then looked at Mr. Black, who, with an incredulous smile, remarked "Mr. Mumler, I should be willing to bet on one thing. I asked what that was?" He replied, "That you have got my picture." I answered, "So would I." He then said, "And I guess that is all." I replied: "Very likely. I do not get them every time."

I then requested Mr. Black to remove the holder and carry it to the dark room, which he did. On arriving there I handed him a bottle of developer, with the request that he would develop the negative. This he declined to do, saying, "I would rather you would develop it, Mr. Mumler; I am not acquainted with the working of your chemicals, and I might spoil it." And with marked emphasis he said: "You are not smart enough to put anything on that negative without my detecting it." I replied "I was well aware of that fact." I then tipped the plate on the flat of my hand, and poured on the developing fluid, while we both watched anxiously for the form or forms to appear. Soon the likeness of Mr. Black appeared, and then another form became apparent, growing plainer and plainer each moment, until a man appeared, leaning his arm upon Mr. Black's shoulder, while Mr. B., watching with wonder-stricken eyes this development, exclaimed: "My God! is it possible!"

He then asked me to let him have the negative, with which request, after the process of varnishing, I immediately complied. Mr. Black then placing his hand in his pocket, asked, "How much is to pay?" I told him "Not a cent." He then thanked me kindly, and withdrew.

Now here is a plain statement of facts that cannot be successfully contradicted, as I have sufficient evidence to prove the above statement in a court of law, if necessary.

Among my earliest pictures was one which I took for

MR. STEBBINS, OF CHICOPEE, MASS.

This was a beautiful test, and Mr. S. found it difficult to restrain the tears, as he gazed upon the truthful likeness of his spirit child.

Another of my early and satisfactory pictures was one which I took for

MRS. ISAAC BABBITT,

Of Roxbury. On this picture is seen the unmistakable likeness of her husband. Mr. Babbitt was the well-known originator of "Babbitt's metal" and other inventions. By constant labor, and overworking his brain, he became insane; just before he passed away the physician thought best to shave the hair from the top of his head, and in his picture he is so represented, which is a remarkable test, from the fact that none, save the physician and Mrs. Babbitt, were knowing to the circumstance. Mr. Babbitt had a large circle of acquaintances, and all who have seen his picture declare it to be a perfect likeness, although many of them are not believers in Spiritualism.

DR. CHARLES MAIN,

of Boston, was one of my early sitters, and received a very satisfactory picture of his first wife.

MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD,

of Newport, R. I., came to me, a stranger, and desired a sitting. His negative was taken, and he was informed that the pictures would be ready to deliver in about three days. At the expiration of that period he called for them. I was in the reception room, which was well filled with visitors, at the time, and was somewhat astonished to hear Mr. Hazard, in his usual blunt but honest way, as he simply glanced at the pictures, say, "Humbug! just as I expected!" Putting the pictures in his overcoat pocket, he started for the door. I remember distinctly of feeling the color rising to my face as I noticed the incredulous smile of many of those present.

About one year from that time I was called from the operating-room, as a gentleman desired to see me in the reception-room. As I walked in, Mr. Hazard met me with the question: "Do you remember me?" I replied very distinctly, "I do." "What do you remember about me?" he asked. "I told him that about a year previous he had some pictures taken, and on receiving them, had very bluntly called them a 'humbug.'" "You are right," he remarked, "and now I have come back to apologize," and then, in the same blunt, honest way, he said: "When I got home I took the pictures out of my pocket, without even looking at them, threw them into a drawer in my desk, and have never looked at them since, until last evening, when, happening to think of them, I took one out and held it up to the light, when I unexpectedly discovered in it a perfect likeness of my wife, even to the mole on her cheek! Why," he added, "the likeness was so plain that I was at once convinced, and so I started this morning to see you and make this apology."

MR. MILLER,

of Malden, Mass., was another of my early sitters. He requested mentally, at the time his picture was being taken, that his little son would appear sitting on his knee; and, on developing the negative, there was the spirit-son in the position mentally desired. Mr. Miller, on receiving his pictures, stated that it was an unmistakable likeness of his boy, and there was not money enough in this world to displace it.

MR. COLBY,

the Editor of the Banner of Light, was another of my early visitors. I took a picture for him, and there appeared standing by his side an Indian chief. This, I think, was the first time that I took a likeness of an Indian. It seems that Mr. Colby, the evening previous, had a sitting with Mrs. Ozias Gillett, one of the most reliable private mediums in Boston, when her Indian spirit-guide said, "Go have picture taken; me go with you." Accordingly Mr. Colby, the next morning, called on me for a sitting, without mentioning what had been promised, or what he expected, with the above result. Mr. C. took a copy of the photograph to Mrs. Conant, in order to test its validity as a spirit picture. It was handed to her enclosed in an envelope, but before opening it she observed, "I am impressed to say that the Indian chief 'Wapanaw' was present with you at the sitting. I have seen this spirit many times, and should know him from among a thousand, for he always shows himself with three plumes on the top of his head, the centre one dotted with white."

[Continued in next issue.]

## Literary Department.

## THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

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

### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"Oh Zell!" said the lady one evening, as they sat under the trees in the park, waiting the return of her husband to Morton Hall, "did you ever dream that we could be so happy again? The past seems to me only a horrible dream, not a reality; I cannot make it a reality. Oh Zell, tell me that it is not!"

"Call me Lisette now, my dear lady; that was the name my mother gave me."

"Yes—yes, Z—no, Lisette, you are right—you are wise; you have never forgotten since—but I was right, don't you see, to keep that secret? I could not—no, I could not tell my husband!"

"I am sorry, my lady; where there is such love as between your husband and yourself, there should be no secrets. It would have made no difference with him; indeed, my lady, I think I advised a correspondence between yourself and your cousin Ossini, in Vicksburg. He could have vindicated you, and saved this house from the shadow that rests upon it."

"Oh Lisette, you frighten me. Is it too late now? Can I do it?"

"My darling—my dear precious lady, no harm can come of it. I mourn that my hand is not the one that did the deed; it was in my heart all the time, not in yours; but I planned to do what you, to save my life, did, in the impulse of the moment. It was in your own self defence, too, for he would have shut you up in that fearful room where, once before, a lady beautiful as yourself was kept and died. Yes, my darling, and sooner or later he would have done it," continued the maid.

"My God! I thank thee for deliverance from that torture—but ah, me! this hand! Sometimes this ring takes the shape of that poniard—there!" and as she spoke, she flung the glittering bauble upon the floor.

"Your husband is good and noble; share the secret with him, my lady."

"No—no, Lisette," she said; "let us bury the past deep where it will never rise again."

"God grant that it may not, my dear mistress; but sometimes I feel that we are almost too happy here."

"Yes, Lisette, life is one bright summer day; to-morrow comes my darling again. Let me see. She was four years old when I came here; she is now five; it seems a long time to wait; three years more and she will be mine."

"Before that time, perhaps; for the little one loves you dearly, and always wishes that the day was longer when Davie comes with the pony to lead her home."

"There is Davie, too," said the lady; "I have plans for the noble little fellow; I would see him oftener; order the horses, and we will ride to the cottage."

"They rode through the woods—the sunlight struggling through the leafy arch over their heads, while the soft turf gave little echo to the tread of their horses' feet. It was a day full of beauty. A sweet quiet pervaded the landscape, and under its influence the lady forgot all shadows of past or present life, as her heart responded to the peace of the woods. Whenever she rode to the cottage now-a-days, the children came to welcome her. At this time Davie was the first to hear the horses before they emerged from the wood. He ran to bring Mary, who tried to spring up to kiss her 'lady mamma.' The latter took her on her horse, and they rode together for a few minutes, the little white arms clasping the lady's dress, and her eyes smiling up to hers."

"I have won the child's love at last," said Isabel. "Thank God! next to my husband's love it is the richest boon which he has given me!"

When they returned to the cottage door Davie was waiting to show the lady his flower book, as he called it. It was a folio copy of "American Flowering Plants," a rare and valuable book, which Isabella wondered to see in this place. Turning to the title-page she read: "Presented to John Ramsey, by H. H. Brightwood, U. S. A."

"Brightwood! Brightwood!" she repeated to herself. A dim remembrance of the name was in her mind, and yet she could not recall where she had seen or heard of him. Suddenly it came to her: that was the name of Dr. Adams's friend! Yes, she met him in New York, and now recalled distinctly that he was an enthusiast in botanical science, and that he had traveled in Europe with the Doctor.

"This was papa's book!" said Davie; "the gentleman gave it to him a long time ago, before I was born."

There were some of Davie's copies of the flowers, remarkably done for a child, and there were also sketches of flowers that grew in the cottage-garden, so accurate in their delineation that Isabella was surprised. Any talent in this direction always delighted her. Davie was now ten years old.

"Davie," said the lady, "would you like to come every day to the Hall and take a lesson in drawing?"

The boy's eyes sparkled, and Patsie, who had taken much pride in her Davie's skill at making pictures, was more grateful than she could find words to express. That hour decided Davie's destiny for life. Every morning after this, Davie walked beside Mary's pony on the road to the Hall. Up in the studio might be seen daily a happy group—the boy with his little grave, earnest face, at his work, and patient enough to please the most fastidious teacher, Mary playing with the toys which were provided in profusion, or sitting in her 'lady mamma's' lap, listening, with wide-open eyes, to a fairy story or sweeter song. Now and then Morton strayed in and lingered with pleasure and approval in his look, to watch the group. At first, when he saw what the boy was doing, he shook his head and said, "Educating the child above his sphere."

His wife smiled: "Ay, my husband, this gift helped a

poor nobleman once to make his friend. Why should it not raise a peasant from the soil of digging the ground? It is God's gift, and not lightly to be thrown away."

"Right, my love, as usual; and then, if I remember correctly, though the Ramseys have been tenants on our land for many years, they have patrimonial blood in their veins. Old John Ramsey's father was the youngest son of a Scotch lord. That little fellow's head is finely shaped as Apollo's; it is a gift, no doubt, from some of his noble ancestors."

How swiftly glided these days! There was happiness in the cottage, peace and love at the Hall. Uncle Joe Melton was completely won over to Isabella's side. Now that the gout had left him, he rode over to the Hall two or three times a week, and his slow step might be heard ascending to the studio, which he would enter flushed and puffing for breath.

"By St. George! there must be some enchantment in you, my lady, to draw twenty stone weight of man's flesh up these absurd stairs! Are you a magician?"

"I think the attraction is here," said the lady, as she lifted Mary to kiss her uncle.

"No-no, not all that! It does an old fellow good to see three such happy faces. So, you have discovered a genius on the estate! Let me see your work, Davie. Very well done—very well!—a little out of the common way, madam, to cultivate such tastes in a boy who is born to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—a little dangerous," and he shook his head. "Stick to the old ways; let each one remain in the state to which God has called him; that is the pryer-book, and I am stanch for the Church. I hate radicalism and all the swarm of agitators that are turning this world upside down. The good old ways are the best. Decided talent—remarkable!—he added, as he continued to look over Davie's work. "Why, my boy, did you do these yourself, or are they half the work of my lady?"

My lady would acknowledge none of it, and Uncle Joe said "Remarkable!" with greater emphasis, and took a sovereign from his purse for Davie to buy paints and pencils. This was Uncle Joe's consistency. His heart contradicted his theories.

When Uncle Joe told of his sister-in-law's kindness to Davie, Miss Eliza came over and begged admission to the studio. When she saw how much happiness centred there, she went home with some grand ideas in her head of gathering a school of little artists from the cottages on their own estate. Miss Eliza was wonderful to plan, but sometimes lacked the slow patience necessary to carry out an undertaking—the genius for minute detail, which is the true secret of power.

She, too, had fallen in love with Morton's wife, and as for Isabet, she who once thought her husband's friends and neighbors cold and repellent, had come to love them, and to feel that her home—that blessed, quiet English home—was the dearest spot on earth to her. As time flew onward, and each day brought only new joys, she forgot the past. She flung it from her when it forced itself upon her notice with the power of her will. Any allusion to the United States brought a pallor to her cheek. Even the name Brightwood, in Davie's "flower-book," gave her a twinge of pain, and to avoid this she covered the book, and turned the leaf out of sight.

Years before she had grieved sorely that after her return from New York the Doctor had answered none of her letters. She had written to him again and again, but received no reply. Alas! poor Rosa, you never dreamed in your guilelessness that Richard Le Mark had ruthlessly destroyed the letters which the good Doctor had written with fatherly affection. Ignorant of this she ceased to think of the Doctor only with gratitude for his kindness to her when a child, and hoped to meet him with her father in the world beyond this.

Months run on, and the two children had wound themselves with many ties about the lady's heart. We ought not to forget little Bessie, left with her mother at the cottage; neither did Isabella forget the bright checked, sunny-tempered child, who had no gifts like her brother, nor the delicate beauty of Mary. "She was pretty in her way—the way of children reared in the English cottage—robust, red-cheeked, plump girl, easily made happy by a gay dress and bright ribbon. Bessie always added some little ornament to her dress, fit only a red ribbon round her head, or a bright flower in her bosom. Her great delight was a looking-glass, in which she could survey herself arrayed in a bit of new finery. It was ineffectual vanity in the child, which increased with her years.

She was contented at home, with her mother, where she learned early the household duties which belonged to her station. One thing only seemed wanted to fill our lady's cup of happiness, and that was not to be denied to her. It was winter, and already the snow lay lightly on the turf and in little heaps around the boles of the great oaks in the park; the wind whistled amid the half-denuded branches, and people gathered around the fires and prepared for the cold weather.

"Isabella," said Morton to his wife, "we will go to London. When Mary's mother died she lacked perhaps the medical skill which we cannot obtain here. I will take a house in the city, that you may have the attendance of a skillful practitioner in your need."

"Thank you, my husband. I will leave nothing undone, that there may be no regrets should God not spare my life or the life of the child. He is blessing us beyond our deserts. My heart is full of gratitude and love, and I have little fear for the future. See how strong and healthy I am! a future to illness and pain! No, I have no fear; but—and there came into her eyes a wistful, pleading look, "but should it prove a daughter?"

"Hush, my love!" said Morton, rising. "As you say, God has been good to us; I ask only that your life be spared. If he grants me that, let there be two daughters if he chooses; I welcome them."

The lady smiled, but a look of great fear came upon her husband's face—the shadow of a dark thought. "Oh, Isabel, if you are taken from me the world has no more happiness for me!"

"Come, come!" she said gaily, as she rose and took his arm; "let me sing to you. We will be happy in the present, nor borrow trouble from the past or future."

She sang awhile, and then turning to him, as one hand ran lightly over the keys, she said quickly: "Why not go to London at once? You don't know what a gay woman I can be! I love a city! It has wonderful charms for me!"

"This is the first time I have heard of it," he said, "and we have remained here two winters."

She laughed a rippling, merry laugh, sweeter than any music which she had drawn from the instrument. It was one of those which used to make her father's eyes bright and her child's feet dance. She had not laughed like this for three years; ay, for longer than that—not since her darling was laid beneath the magnolia tree in the grove. Her husband drew her to him gently and said:

"My Isabella, you have a wondrous power to charm hearts. If Uncle Joe Melton should hear you laugh he would repeat for the hundredth time, 'I have struck my colors—given in my allegiance! I never will say aught against Italian ladies again!'"

"Dear Uncle Joe!" said Isabella, "a born gentleman! all true gold—every inch of him!"

"If that were true, I should like to be heir to his body; it weighs twenty stone at least."

"May it be many years before he parts with it," said Isabella, as she ran lightly up the stairs to tell Lisette that they must prepare to go to London to-morrow.

"And you are pleased, my lady?"

"Pleased! why, Lisette, why should I be pleased? My husband is going with me, and so are you. London is a gay place, just suited to my taste. We will see wonderful things, Lisette. I shall go to the opera," and she danced round the room, singing snatches from some popular operas.

The maid looked up, half pleased, half sad. "We have loved this place so well," she said; "we have been so happy here! will you like it as well in London?"

"We can come back if we do not like it. My wardrobe! I did not think of that. Never mind. My husband is generous with money. Let me think! I will take a part of my own jewels which my father gave me. How kind in my cousin not to take them."

"Your aunt forwarded all the money which he advanced," said Lisette.

"Will you take this?" she added, holding up the chain of twisted gold of many links, which she used to wear constantly in the early days of her first marriage.

"With a quick movement of her hand, and a flash of her dark eyes, she seized the chain and flung it into the fire."

"Oh, Lise! oh, Lisette! how could you?"

"Indeed, Miss Isabella, I had forgotten that it was his gift."

"At this time! For once, I had forgotten all—all the bitter past. It had gone away from me as the thunder-cloud passes and leaves a clear, blue sky. Oh, Lise! how could you?"

The girl was grieved, but soothed her mistress as if she were a child. No difficult matter at this time.

The next day found them on their way to London, and when night came the roar of the great city resounded in her ears. She dreamed of operas and new dresses, of pleasures new and fresh. When she awoke, her husband was standing by her side.

"My darling! you have been smiling in your sleep; what happy thought produced that smile?"

"Ay, it is true then, we are in London! It is not a dream! I am so glad!"

"Why, Isabella, you have come out in a new character. I have not dreamed of you as a pleasure-seeker."

"My husband, life is all brightness with you. I have no doubt that when the time comes, I shall be as happy to return to our quiet home as I now am to be here."

At this time, Lisette was mourning in secret over this change in the life of her mistress. "If she could only have stayed in her own home, she might pass through this crisis without danger; but here in the whirl of city life I have little hope for her."

The girl could scarcely retain her cheerfulness, so certain did she believe that mother or child would be the victim of this change. But the wife was blessed with a husband whose tender care was ceaseless, who watched over her constantly, and checked her when she would have wearied herself in the pleasures that were new and exciting.

Isabella was never so light-hearted and happy since the days, which seemed so long ago now, when she was a happy child in her father's house. As if Fortune were making amends for the few years of sorrow which had darkened her life, she now poured her gifts upon this happy pair.

That great crisis in a woman's life passed without fulfilling the fears of Lisette. The lady found herself one fine day, after only a few hours of suffering, the mother of a living, healthy son! So great was the joy that not a word was spoken when husband and wife met. There was only the rapture of silence and tears.

Isabella (our Rosa, as we like still to call her), was endowed by Nature with a fine physical organization. Maternity gave her new strength and beauty. When the child was eight or ten days old, she called her husband to her side and asked that Mary might be brought to London.

"She is dearer to me than ever now; she will be delighted with her baby brother, and I want her to rejoice with me. Will you go yourself to fetch her?"

As for Lisette in these days, no step was lighter, no face brighter. "I thought," she said, "that a great trouble was coming upon us. I dreamed three nights running of a wedding, which is a certain sign of trouble, and I dreamed also that I found a lost child waiting for its mother, and then I knew that some great sorrow was impending."

"Ah, Lisette, there is but one sign which makes me fear. Our cup of happiness is so full that my hands tremble as I bear it."

Poor Isabella! your forebodings have more of prophecy in them than those of your maid. Our moments of greatest joy are nearest our hours of despair.

[Continued in our next issue.]

Speaking of Dr. Crowell's work, "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," the New Haven Palladium of Oct. 31st, 1874, says: "The book can be commended as of intense interest, and so suggesting food for reflection; but its strongest significance is that which points to the need of fuller scientific investigation of Physical Phenomena." For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery, Boston.

It is a happy anomaly that the organization for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been expanded to Spain, where, more than anywhere else, perhaps, its benign influences have already been extended. A society has been formed at Cadiz, which has already commenced the publication of a monthly bulletin, and set itself very appropriately to work to denounce and suppress, if possible, that most cruel of all forms of cruelty to animals, the bull fight, which still exists as the most popular amusement of that country.

A landscape with cattle now on the case of a Boston artist is described by an admiring local critic as "a sparkling picture," probably because it is both herid and scene.—*New York World.*

## NEW BOOK.

Issued January 2d, 1875, from the  
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Entitled

## TRAVELS AROUND THE WORLD;

ON,

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Egypt, and other "Hea-  
then" Countries.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

This intensely interesting volume of over four hundred pages, fresh with the gleanings of some-thing like two years' travel in Europe and Oriental lands, is now ready for delivery.

As a work embodying personal experiences, descriptions of Asiatic countries, and observations relating to the manners, customs, laws, religions, and spiritual instincts of different nations, this will be altogether the most important and stirring book that has appeared from the author's pen.

Denominational sectarists will doubtless accuse the writer of studied efforts to impeach the Christianity of the Church, and unduly extol Brahminism, Confucianism, Buddhism and other Eastern religions. Strictures of this character he must expect to meet at the hands of critics.

During this round-the-world voyage, Mr. Peebles not only had the advantage of previous travel, together with the use of his own eyes, but the valuable assistance of Dr. Dunn's clairvoyance and trance influences. These, in the form of spirit-communications, occupy many pages, and will deeply interest all who think in the direction of the Spiritual Philosophy and the ancient civilizations.

### THE FIRST SIX CHAPTERS

Treat of the Mormons—their Polygamy, their Doctrines concerning Sexual Life, and their future relations to the National Government; of the Sandwich Islands—the Habits and Religion of the Natives, how Missionaries affected their Morals, their Spiritualism, the Origin of Souls, the Peopling of the Pacific Islands, how Christian Nations have treated the South Sea "Cannibals," Spiritual Seances on Ship-board and the Lost Isles of the Ocean; of Australia's Gold Discoveries, Climate, Fruits, Minerals, Amusements; the Black Men of Australia—their Social Characteristics; the Melbourne Press on Spiritualism; Persecutions; Spirit of the Church; of New Zealand—the Gold-Fields, Mines at Funerals, the Native Maoris, Theological Cannibalism, the Lord's Supper of Unleavened Bread, the New Zealand Tahunga, Racial Influences, &c., &c.

### CONTENTS OF CHAPTER VIII.

Typhoons; Eclipse at Sea; Séances on the Ocean; Teachings of Spirits—how they read Thoughts; the Length of Time that Man has Inhabited the Earth; Spirits passing through Matter; Selfishness in Spirit-Life; Where are the Spirit-Spheres located? Can Spirits pass to the Planets? Obsessing Spirits of the Lower Spheres; Are there Animals in Spirit-Life? Do the Spherical Belts, encircling, revolve with the Earth? the Occupations in different Spheres; the Christ-Sphere of Purity.

### CHAPTERS IX., X. AND XI.

Treat extensively of China—its Mandarins and Coolies; its Taoism, Confucianism and Buddhism; its Temples, Literature, Cemeteries; Social Life; Missionaries; Spirit-Converse, and Ancestral Worship; of the Malays in Southern Asia, and their relation to our Indians.

### CHAPTERS XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., AND XVII.

Describe Malacca, and India—the Aryans, Vedas; Literature of the Hindoos, Date of their Books; Difference between Brahminism and Buddhism; Burning the Dead; the Fakirs; Incarnation of Christ; Gautama Buddha and Jesus Christ compared; Spiritualism in India; the Parsees of Persia, their "Towers of Silence," and Altars for the Sacred Fire.

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## REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE, WITH SOME HOME-NOTES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

It is with no little satisfaction that I find on my table again for review the Mexican journal, *La Ilustracion Espiritista*, which for some time has failed to reach me. It opens its twenty-second number (of its fifth year) with the following question and reply: "Is it possible for the spirit of a simple animal to be re-incarnated in the body of man? To solve this problem," says the questioner, "there are two principal points that claim especial attention: what animals are the most elevated in intelligence and instinct? what the inferior types of the human species? Once elucidating these questions, one would not fail to see the distinctive character of these separate spirits, and whether a gradual fusion of the two might not take place. Instinct manifests itself in all animals without exception, and in accord with their necessities; also a semi-moral and mysterious faculty that manifests the power of election. We cannot positively declare what animal has the greater sum of instinct, for in the manifestations of this power education and habit are involved, bestowing intellectual perceptions that relect upon the intellect. . . . and when an ordinary animal has once had an experience in anything it seldom forgets it; the automatic part of the memory seems to act without being influenced by any clear or distinct idea. . . . But it is evident that instinct is a providential work of God. . . . The demonstration of the spirituality of this state, deduced from the phenomena of the instinct, assures us, at the same time, of its immortality. We well know that the cerebral convulsion and its phosphorus, though admitting that it is the indispensable laboratory of thought, can know nothing except by experience; *nihil est in intellectu quin prius fuerit in sensu*, says Locke. In the brain there is no mechanical resource that impels the bird to form his nest in this or that manner, the most favorable for the preservation of its young; nothing teaches the larva to make the ball, whence the chrysalis and the butterfly. . . . All that animals know instinctively is a proof of an anterior existence. . . . Let us consider the newborn infant and dog, blind, yet seeking at once the mother's breast for food. Who teaches them that there is to be found the antidote to their cravings? If it be experience, then it must have been anterior to their present existence. Recollection impels the babe and the pup alike; all the mammiferous must have had a previous training, and hence a proof that man and animals are subject to re-incarnation. . . . But supposing a pigeon—more briefly touching the suggestions of the writer—should be re-incarnated in a mammal? The former is accustomed to secrete a kind of milk from a glandular protuberance in the mouth to feed its young, and so here the change would not be an insuperable difficulty. . . . The intelligence, the affection, the humane nature of the elephant and the dog are then considered by the writer, who indicates (though his article is not complete) the analogy between them and our better natures, and the perfectibility attainable by the former. Step by step, careful and discreet, Sr. Don Santiago Sierra has unfolded his ideas; but, as in all such cases, only a faint outline can be given, and never that justice done to a contributor which is so desirable.

*La Ilustracion* contains a number of other articles of great interest, but such as have already appeared in the Banner, I except a few from media and an able dissertation by Sr. Don A. Mateos—"Life in This and in Other Worlds."

The October number of *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, is also at hand. It opens its fair pages with an address delivered before the Madrid Society of Spiritualists—"Memoria of the Works and Studies of the Society in 1873-4." Here it is stated that a large augmentation to the ranks of Spiritualism has been made during the year; that the phenomena are multiplying; books increasing in number and value; and the periodicals of the societies gaining in circulation; that the two schools against which they have most to contend are the Catholic and materialistic; but that they (the Spiritualists) weary of returning to combat and overturn the same arguments or assertions to which the enemy always has recourse. They beg that something new may be invented, and that some new school of philosophy enter upon the field of combat ever open to those who fight for the truth. "In our public conferences," says the lecturer, "various transcendental principles of our philosophy have been announced, and among them the justice and reason there is in the support of the plurality of the existence of the soul, the evidence concerning it that cannot be denied; also the most advanced ideas in astronomical science, the plurality of habitable worlds; and, as logically and rationally deduced, that there exists, without doubt, an identity in universal laws."

The lecturer further announces the publication, in Madrid, by Srs. Gaspar and Roig, and in Barcelona, by D. Oliveres, of translations of the works of the celebrated French author and Spiritualist, Camille Flammarion.

A lamentable fact has also been brought to the notice of the above named society, which is, that the *Sociedad Espiritista*, of Havana, and their periodical, *La Luz de Ultra-tumba*, have ceased to exist—the result of that "horrible persecution which has martyred our doctrine in said Antilla; our enemy always, because the enemy of all light and of all progress," continues the Madrid journal.

Sr. D. F. Migueles, writing to *El Criterio* from Paris, says that he visited, for the purpose of studying spirit-photography, the rooms of Mons. Buguet, in company with Mr. Crookes, the distinguished English chemist, and member of the Royal Society of London. Though Mr. M. did not obtain a satisfactory likeness of any spirit friend, he was satisfied of the perfect honesty of Mons. Buguet. Meeting with the Countess de Pomar, and a gentleman, also of much distinction, he received from them the most positive assurance that the photographs of spirits which they had obtained afforded them the utmost joy and content, the spirit faces being recognized beyond peradventure by all who had known them in the form.

Several long poems and a number of interesting announcements fill up the rest of *El Criterio*. Mrs. Tappan's lectures and accounts of seances in England, Mr. Firman's manifestations in Paris and new phenomena in Madrid, are among the latter. It also states that a new weekly periodical is to appear in Paris, devoted to a scientific consideration of Spiritualism and magnetism.

The *Revue Spirituelle*, of Paris, comes with its now remarkable distinctive feature, a spirit-photograph.

The present number, for November, has one of a lady standing behind a young man who is seated at a table. The lady wears a cap in something of the Mary Stuart style, with her hair very prettily arranged beneath it, forming a dark, rich border to a broad, handsome forehead. But neither the young man nor the lady is so distinct as those that have preceded; though, were this the first and only photograph ever executed, it would fill us with wonder and admiration. Briefly I will give the contents of the letter accompanying it: "Monsieur—For the second time I visited M. Buguet. I had mentally evoked my father and my uncle, deceased some twelve years. The photograph being finished, what was my surprise at beholding the perfect features, even to the minutest details, of my dear sister, living in Baltimore, U. S. I instantly felt a strange sensation, fearing that something had happened to her; but a secret voice said to me, 'It is nothing.' Conversant with Spiritualism, I was convinced that I had been favored with a wonderful proof of the great love that had existed from infancy between my sister and myself. In all my letters for several months, I had prayed her to send me her photograph, and in all her replies she had promised to do so. I sat in Paris at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and at that instant in Baltimore it was about half past six in the morning; it was then during her sleep that she had come to me. My sitting was on the 29th of August. My last letter from my sister was on the 1st of September, by which I learn that she had thought much of me for several days previous, and particularly on the 28th."

The above is from the Count de Bulet, the gentleman referred to in the Madrid magazine by Don Migueles. The *Revue* has several times in the past had occasion to record a like phenomenon. "During a person's sleep," it says, "and during the inactivity of the body, the spirit disengages itself, and by the aid of its *périsprit*, this semi-material *fluidique* envelope appears in another place, away from the organism it animates. . . . M. Maximilian Party, professor in the University of Berne, in 1861, at Leipzig and Heidelberg, a work entitled 'The Mystic Phenomena of Human Life,' which contained a relation of several *dédoublements* of the spirit. . . . With M. Buguet this 'double' (erroneously so called for want of a better term) has taken place three times; but we were in doubt about it till this confirmation by Count de Bulet. We may add that Allan Kardec predicted a future solution of this kind of phenomena in his Book on Mediums, in the article entitled 'The Visits of the Spirits of Persons Living.'"

Though the secular press generally noticed the recent death of the remarkable young painter of Bruges, Frederic Van de Kerkhove, there was something further to be said concerning him and his wonderful faculty, and the *Revue* has accomplished the task. Briefly, the artist was only ten years and eleven months old when he left the form, yet he had produced about three hundred and fifty pictures, some of which, had the following names been attached to them, would have been hailed as the great works of these masters: Salvator Rosa, Diaz, Corot, Van Goyen, Hobbema, Th. Rousseau, Courbet, Decamps, Ruissdael. Frederic was born at Bruges, September 4th, 1863, and all his short days were full of suffering. He was the son of an artist, and spent much of his time in his father's atelier, manifesting a force and lucidity of intelligence ever remarkable. When seven years old his thoughts seemed particularly to turn to the great future; he wished to know of the life to come, and asked often, to the infinite sorrow of his parents, if he were going to die? God and his beautiful works seemed ever in his contemplation. His love of the poor was also a distinguished feature in his character. He would paint for them little pictures and carry them food, and when he entered their homes it was like a ray of sunlight, and all the inmates felt warmed. One day he did not come—he was dead. All the village of Bruges loved the boy, not for his talents, but for his beauty and goodness of his character.

On the 2d of October the Academy of Brussels (*classe des beaux-arts*) made a motion to the effect that the talents of this boy, Kerkhove, should have a public recognition, his works be collected and exhibited in the halls of the Institute of Art, and a notice of him be published in the Bulletin of the Academy.

No Spiritualist can read the above without seeing behind the faint figure of this strange child a figure still more faint, but endowed with the vital force of the mighty artist, who at the moment when the child could be used, felt in the mood to return to his former earthly tasks and paint as he was wont.

The second number of the *Licht Welt*, of Altona, N. Y., has come to hand. Dr. C. J. Koch, its able editor, is making of it a very interesting paper. It contains besides "The Apparition of Charles XII., King of Sweden," "A Spirit Scene in Holland," "Religion, Science and Spiritualism," "Manifestations," and some remarks on Dr. Beard's self-conceit, a full account of the electric battery test applied to Hroto, the little Indian spirit at the Eddys, by Mr. Pritchard. Its correspondents from New York, Washington, Iowa, Philadelphia, Minnesota, &c., will make its readers familiar with the thrilling events of this age of marvels.

I see that the manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Brunton are mentioned in a recent number of the Banner. Of the many sittings with which she kindly favored my family, I can speak in the highest terms, and can only regret that our Albany Society of Spiritualists could not longer have retained her (and her husband as our lecturer) among us.

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has | J. ROBERT FILER, Sec'y.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

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### The Holmes Imbroglia.

The more light we get on the character of the information which prompted the Cards of Messrs. Owen and Child, repudiating the Holmes phenomena, the less satisfactory does that information appear. The statement by Mr. J. M. Roberts, which we publish this week in regard to the precipitate course of Messrs. Owen and Child in throwing discredit on all the phenomena, thus giving to a hostile press the occasion for an assault all along the line on Spiritualism and Spiritualists, will no doubt be perused with deep interest.

Something was surely due to those other parties who had testified to the phenomena more particularly to the witnessing of the dissolution and reappearance of a solid figure, for these parties have all been involved in the ridicule which has been so freely bestowed on Messrs. Owen and Child. There should have been a deliberate investigation by a responsible committee before any step was taken likely to throw so much discredit and doubt on the whole subject of the phenomenon of materialization in the public mind.

Mr. Owen has had experience enough to know how unsafe it is in these investigations to charge fraud hastily on mediums even when appearances are strongly against them. Of the power of juggling spirits to use entranced mediums in strange ways, and wholly independently of the will or knowledge of the latter, every close student of the phenomena must be well aware. Frequently a medium is released with a magical celerity from his trappings and made to do what the spirit would seem to seek credit for doing himself. Many unfair charges of fraud have been brought against mediums through an ignorance on the part of their accusers of what spirits are capable of.

Dr. Child says: "The direct evidence of fraud referred to in Mr. Owen's letter, was the appearance of the alleged Katie, put forward as the same, we had seen last summer, but whom [who?] we agreed was a false impersonation." Mr. Owen, in his Tribune letter, speaks of the evidence as "the apparent substitution (as Katie King) of a figure other than that with which he had been familiar last summer."

Here both Mr. Owen and Dr. Child leave us in most exasperating doubt as to whether they regarded that "substituted figure," that "false impersonation," as a mortal in the flesh or a materialized spirit. If they thought it a mortal in the flesh, why did they not seize and detain the spirit on the spot? If it was a materialized spirit, the mere fact that it differed from the K. K. of last summer was no evidence of imposition on the part of the mediums.

An English friend, himself a medium for remarkable physical manifestations, and at the same time a man of high culture, a scholar and a thinker, wrote us, under date of Dec. 11th, 1874, as follows:

"That materializations occur cannot, I think, be doubted. And when we consider that the atmosphere must contain the elements by which vegetable life, for instance, flourishes, we may have some glimmering idea of the resources from which the invisibles may draw. But my experiments here have convinced me that, in some cases at least, the body of the medium is presented as the spirit; and no amount of tying will secure us against this. Here is a case in point:

Mr. J. Crooks experimented with Florence Cook thus: He tied round her neck, waist, wrists (fastened together), and ankles, leaving the ends loose. The knots he stilled and sealed, so that no human power could loose them. The ends he fastened securely round his library ladder, sealing and securing them also. The medium, so bound to the ladder, was then laid length on the hearth-rug in his library, which was used as a cabinet. He and the company retired into his laboratory, which is adjoining. In two minutes the voice of the spirit Lella called them in, and they found the medium perfectly free, every knot and seal intact! Now there is a crucial test. The same power that then showed its independence of all material obstacles was sufficient to release the medium at any time from any tying, and to replace her again. Indeed the spirit said: 'We could have put her back again, but we wished to show you what we could do.'

"You have there, as it seems to me, a very strong and very suggestive hint as to what I know has taken place here often. It has been my ill fortune to see a good deal of trickery—on the part of spirits, as I believe—and I am disposed to think that great care is required in judging of these things. Of course what I say does not in the least apply to the accounts we have of the varied phenomena through the Eddy Brothers and Mrs. Andrews. These must surely be true, or the explanation must be sought in another way."

This testimony from one, himself a medium, but at the same time a most sincere, loyal and earnest investigator, is very strong and pertinent. Great allowance should be made for those sensitivities who are often swayed; they know not how or why, by powers which they have permitted to use their organisms for the production of spiritual phenomena. Where great medial sensitiveness is exhibited, as in the case of the Holmeses, we should be cautious and slow in our judgments, and indefatigable in our efforts to get at the unmixed truth in respect to phenomena. It is nothing whatever to the purpose to tell us that the mediums have been charged with dishonest practices. Unless you can tell us something that explains the phenomena, all that you can say of the moral character of the mediums is worthless as proof in regard to those phenomena.

What we want is the full, explicit, decisive testimony of Mr. Owen, Dr. Child, and other witnesses, that the woman who claims to have personated Katie King has been seen and carefully scrutinized by them under similar conditions, and is recognized unequivocally as identical with the supposed materialized spirit. This testimony, for some cause unexplained, has not yet been produced. Until it is had, the claims of Mrs. White can make little impression in the face of the new evidences of materialization given by the Holmeses, and in the face of many unexplained phenomena, or imitations of phenomena, which Mrs. White ought to be able to reproduce if she produced them once. Her exhibition of the trinkets is a mere circumstance which has weight only when connected with other and more pertinent proofs.

It is stated by a witness well known to us, and whose testimony is entitled to all the respect we accord to Mr. Owen's, that on the very night that Mrs. White was trying to demonstrate how she had personated Katie King, the latter, at a glance of the Holmeses, came entirely out of the cabinet. "I can say," writes the witness, "that she looked exactly like the picture in Dr. Child's book; and he calls her Katie King."

By the way, we would ask, in all kindness and charity, why should Dr. Child be anxious to suppress his little volume entitled "Narratives of the spirits of John and Katie King"? By his own showing the Holmeses are responsible for nothing that he tells us in that book. It is not an account of the manifestations through them, but of the communications through himself in their absence. If he told the truth, why not let it stand? If he did not tell the truth, in what possible way are the Holmeses implicated, and why should he couple its suppression with his repudiation of their phenomena?

### The Indian Inquiry.

The way in which the red men are robbed and swindled by contractors, traders, agents, rings, and what not, is illustrated afresh in a convincing manner by what has so recently occurred in connection with the tribes that occupy the Indian Territory. A sub-committee of the Board of Indian Commissioners went last month into the Territory to meet the Indians in council. The several tribes were gathered together for the important interview. There were delegates for the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, at Muskogee. The tribes, through these representatives, urged before the committee that there should be no alteration in their existing form of government, and the reply of the committee was that it would use the utmost of its influence to maintain their system undisturbed. In particular, the Indians pleaded that they should not have a territorial government imposed on them; they preferred to govern themselves as at present. The committee has returned to Washington, and the natural inquiry is—what has it done in keeping its promise? The reply must be—nothing whatever. But we prefer to let the New York Tribune speak: "They have recommended," it says, "exactly what the Indians besought them not to." They have recommended a territorial government whose executive shall be appointed by the President, and whose legislative body shall be chosen by the people. In this recommendation there is an enormous job as well as an outrage, and it is to prevent it that we ask the attention of Congress."

Then the Tribune goes on to explain, and we cannot do better than to quote its own language in setting forth this whole inquiry:

"The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company has a rich land grant in the Indian Territory. It is a vast possession known as the Indian title is extinguished, but this Indian title can only be extinguished by destroying the tribal relations, and the Indian government. The railroad company does exactly that. Suppose the recommendation of the Board passes and the government is established, what will be the result? Both the Indians and the railroad company cannot have both and possess the same land at the same time. If the Indians hold the lands, then the railroad has just claim against the Government for their value. If the railroad gets the land, the Indians will have an equally good claim, because their title will have been destroyed without their consent; for they never have consented and never will. Congress has slipped away a tract of land which the Government does not own, and never can acquire by buying it from the Indians. It is now a new estate in government, and it must either buy the land and present it to the railroad company, or it must pay the company its value. Before Congress acts, it should ascertain the full value of the land, and also the manner in which the Atlantic and Pacific Company obtained its grant."

And Secretary Delano: Did he not know of this grant when he appointed the Secretary and Treasurer of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company President of the Board of Indian Commissioners to decide upon the disposition of the very lands the Company's claims? To a man known better than he that this question of establishing a territorial government was the very thing which the Board of Commissioners fought against during the entire period of their existence, and in many ways better than that he has tied up his new Board with men who will do just what he forced the honest men on the old Board into resisting for not doing. Is Congress prepared to aid in so transparent a job? We do not believe that it is.

### "The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

The immortality of the soul is a subject of paramount importance. It has occupied the minds of the civilized and the uncivilized throughout all the cycles of time. And now, at this auspicious day of general intelligence, this great truth is being demonstrated in the most unequivocal manner. Indeed the two states of life were never before in such close rapport as at the present moment. Do the so-called dead live after their mortal forms have gone back to mother earth? Is a question that has exercised the best thought of the most intelligent men of every age. Mr. Eps Sargent's book, bearing the above title, we think, demonstrates the fact in a clear and lucid manner; therefore we hope it will be carefully perused by all classes of people.

Mrs. Frank Campbell, the well known reliable spirit-medium for clairvoyant examinations in cases of disease, etc., is now located at 14 Indiana Street, (suite 5) leading from Washington Street to Harrison Avenue, this city. Mrs. C. is a good woman, has been a medium for many years, and we can truly say she is an excellent medical adviser and a capital nurse. She would visit families in the interior, if not too far from Boston, when desired, for a remunerative compensation.

"Ecce Signa," No. 8, by John Wetherbee, Esq., will appear in our next issue.

### The Boston "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists"

Listened at Beethoven Hall on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 3d, to an interesting trance lecture by the spirit controlling the organism of Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, of Portland. The subject treated was: "What is our religion? What are its foundations? Of what is it composed?" Religion did not simply consist of what a person believed; knowledge must be the foundation upon which such belief rested. Our religion was moral, intellectual, natural, practical—it was that principle which entered into and employed every act, every interest, every concern of life; it was man's aspiration and inspiration; and not only was this true of the spiritual, but also of the physical side of our natures, since while we were dwellers in the flesh, we must bestow proper attention to the needs which governed it. Our religion not only led us to understand the conditions by which we were at present surrounded, but was also a prophecy of what the future would bring out. The style and expression of the religious sentiment naturally differed throughout the world because of the varying forms of man's necessities and the diverging character of his intellectual conceptions; and inasmuch as in the highest order of enlightenment it was found impossible for two minds to believe exactly alike, the spiritual religion taught charity toward all present opinions however diverse, and prophesied that future development would supply the need of expression and allow each to be true to the peculiar organization possessed by him, and by which he differed from his fellows.

It had been too much the fashion, in the past, to set aside the spiritual nature of man, as above the physical, and only worthy of consideration; but the light of the present was demonstrating that the body, which was itself the manifestation of the spirit which was unseen, must also be taken into account. As the religion of every age advanced in development so did every law and custom of society; there were no distinct kingdoms in humanity's spiritual needs and physical necessities, between which a line of demarcation could be drawn.

Referring to the results accomplished by Spiritualism—which proved itself by its works, and was the ism of the soul, the speaker said it had demonstrated the inherent immortality of humanity; robbed death of its terror; taught man to save himself by the saviour, knowledge, from ignorance which was sin; taught him that all steps for advance must arise from forward development within the individual, not from outside tuition; taught that the chief jewel in the crown of life was the doing of good deeds to the needy. Spiritualism called into activity every spark of morality, the nature of man, and it was the fault of the *id* not the *tan*, if all were held to its teachings did not practice them aright.

The proofs of Spiritualism were varied, and put forth in rapid succession, and in proportion to the diverse demands of humanity for evidence. It was, writing through media, and independently thereof; the moving of ponderable bodies; and the phenomena of trance, etc., on the mental plane, were cited, as some of the differing forms of testimony. Materialization was the last and best, in that it appealed directly to the visual powers of the world at large, and was not so circumscribed in its action, as were many of the foregoing. Materialization, the Controlling Intelligence declared, was simply the illumination, for the time being, of the spirit-body, by which said body was made manifest to the human eye. Those who witnessed this phenomenon were urged, however, to take no one's testimony, but to prove all things to be true for themselves. Let the spirit of the doubting Thomas be upon you, if you know whereof you affirm. Earnestness, freedom from prejudice, and full investigation will make plain the facts as they are. If a medium be true, he deserves all praise; if he is false he will win a crown of thorns of which he has a right and which is to his wear.

### J. J. Morse.

The celebrated English trance speaker, whose lectures have created the profoundest interest in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, since his advent in America, will address this Society on Sunday afternoon, 10th, and the concluding three Sabbaths of January.

### Rev. W. S. Bell's Lectures in New Bedford.

A note from Mr. Nickerson informs us that Mr. Bell, late pastor of the Universalist Society in New Bedford, delivered two lectures there before the Society of Spiritualists last Sunday. His subjects were "The Resurrection of Jesus," and "The Relation of Science to Religion." The fearless and independent manner in which he elucidated these themes demonstrated that the speaker possessed a highly cultivated mind, fully open to the reception of truth and inspirational vision. His lectures were received with most decided approbation.

Mr. Bell speaks in New Bedford again next Sunday, and in Beethoven Hall, Boston, the second Sunday in February.

### "Travels Around the World."

On our third page will be found the announcement of J. M. Peebles' new book (over 400 pp.) bearing the above title. Those who read the interesting letters of travel (as published in our columns), which have furnished the groundwork for the present volume, will need no urging to purchase this new, enlarged and amended arrangement of their favorites; and those who have not perused them will please bear in mind that a more entertaining and liberal work on the distant lands treated, and the habits, religions, etc., of their peoples, has never been issued.

### The Second Anniversary

Of the wedding of Dr. Samuel Grover was celebrated at his residence, No. 50 Dover street, Boston, on the evening of Friday, Jan. 1st, 1875. The spacious parlors were filled with guests. Dr. A. H. Richardson presided; remarks were offered by Dr. John H. Currier, John Wetherbee, James S. Dodge and Dr. Grover; Charles W. Sullivan entertained the company with choice songs and a recitation; Mrs. H. W. Cushman gave a musical séance; and refreshments, music by two gentlemen volunteers, and many good wishes closed the pleasant meeting.

### Church Extravagance and Debts.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, at the Boston Methodist Preachers' meeting, recently, spoke sharply upon modern church building—the growing habit, as he styled it, of putting up hundred thousand dollar edifices, and leaving a debt of \$60,000 upon them. He referred to several marked instances where the hammer of the auctioneer already threatens these stately follies, and only the most heroic self-sacrifices on the part of the membership, and humbling appeals for aid from others, can save them from such a shameful ordeal. In the struggle for life incident to such a condition of things, every other interest is absorbed in the one work of paying the interest, if not of reducing the debt. The pulpit must administer to this, as its one great office, or it is a failure. No great charity can be pleaded, for the "Greeks are at the doors." Yes, indeed!

We are obliged to the Religio-Philosophical Journal for its fine notice of the Banner.

### William Ellery Channing.

A grand and highly deserved eulogy of this great man appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser of Monday last. While he lived, it truly says, his reputation and his influence steadily increased. With the lapse of time the asperities of the theological controversy softened; and on the day of his funeral the bell on the Catholic Cathedral in Franklin street tolled his requiem. To his purged vision truth revealed herself with a singular clearness, and what he saw with undazzled eyes he gave to others without exaggeration or distortion. One who knew him well, has said, with no less truth than beauty, "Whatever might be the subject of his discourse, it was suffused with a rich ideal light, like that of the sun upon a vernal landscape." And that rich ideal light came to him by direct inspiration from the spirit realm, for Dr. Channing was a fine medium between the mundane and super-mundane worlds. This fact he has acknowledged to us many times since his demise. It was principally through his pure and holy influence that we were induced to commence the publication of this journal. He said the time was ripe for such a paper, and that he would aid us from his exalted position in the higher life to carry on the grand work in behalf of humanity that he had so small an inkling of when he dwelt in a form of flesh. We have kept sacred and fresh in our heart his noble words, which have, ever since they came to us through the lips of an earthly medium, inspired us to persevere in the arduous labors in which we have been engaged. And to-day, although for long years we have suffered untold anguish in consequence of intense opposition from many quarters, the glorious religion of Spiritualism has become firmly established on earth, to grow and thrive and bear fruit such as no other religion ever has. Indeed, we verily believe it is destined not to supersede any sect in Christendom, but to virtually leaven the whole loaf; to teach humanity that each one's destiny is in the hands of a loving Father, who doeth all things well. With this faith ever uppermost in our soul, we shall in the future as in the past, work with a will, to the end that our coadjutors in the higher life—of which our friend Channing is one—may not regret selecting so humble an individual as ourselves, one of the auxiliaries in the mighty work which is to eventuate in totally disenthraling the peoples of earth from the chains of the theological bigotry and the yoke of arrant superstition.

### Gerrit Smith.

A life-long reformer, and also a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, passed, Dec. 28th, from the experiences of the mortal state, to reap the reward of good deeds done in the flesh—the place of his demise being New York, and his sickness combined apoplexy and paralysis. Of the seventy-eight years of earth-time accorded him, fifty at least were passed as a marked man in community, and he leaves behind him an example of sturdy adherence to right-doing which it would be well for future generations to copy.

### Paying off the Debts of a Church.

An exchange says: "It is stated that the officers of a prominent Baptist church in Brooklyn, N. Y., have decided to devote their money next year to paying off the debts of the church, instead of allowing it to be frittered away for purposes outside their own society to gratify the wishes of their erratic pastor, formerly of Boston." This, no doubt, is the same "erratic pastor," who, when our office was destroyed in the great fire, especially congratulated his congregation on the event. "Justice is slow, but sure."

### Physical Manifestations in Boston.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord, whose reputation has been firmly established by years of trial in many sections of the American continent, has recommenced her séances in this city for the physical manifestations of spirit power and intelligence—her location, this time, being 26 Hanson street. On the evening of Sunday, Jan. 3d, a select party of well-known Spiritualists and investigators assembled at her residence, and the séance which was held—we are informed by Thomas R. Hazard, Esq., who was present—was in every particular satisfactory in the extreme. She will hereafter give public circles on the evenings of Sunday, Monday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

D. D. Home and J. Burns, both earnest workers in their chosen spheres, for the advancement of Spiritualism in England, and the Old World generally, have recently been called upon to feel the hand of physical sickness severely laid upon them; but both are now represented as convalescent and out of danger. Mr. Home will winter at Nice, but Mr. Burns hopes soon to take up again his editorial cross, and go onward in the field to which he is called.

Messrs. Gay and Wetherbee, agreeable to our notice last week, have formed a committee of eight respectable, well known, reliable business men to attend Mrs. M. M. Harty's "materialization" séances, for the purpose of determining, under test conditions, the genuineness of this phase of manifestations. We are informed that this committee have held one séance, and are preparing to have another. The result will in due time be made public.

Miss Harriot K. Hunt, M. D., died, Saturday, Jan. 2d, at her residence, No. 68 Green Street, Boston, aged sixty-nine, after a long and painful illness. She was born in this city in 1805, and at the age of twenty-nine began the practice of medicine, having passed through a course of study under Dr. and Mrs. Motte, of this city. Miss Hunt was among the first women to adopt the medical profession in this country, and she had established an excellent reputation among her patients during the forty years in which she practised her arduous profession.

The Post Office Department decides that publishers and news agents shall have the right to purchase from postmasters such stamps for pre-payment of postage on printed matter under the new law as they may desire. This decision contravenes the impression generally entertained that the new stamps would have to be both affixed and cancelled by the agents of the Post Office Department, and could not be sold by any one. The sale, however, will be restricted to news agents and publishers.

Colby & Rich have just issued in neat style a choice pamphlet of some forty-two pages, in which "ACHILLES' WRATH" is set forth (as translated from the first book of Homer's Iliad) by F. Roosevelt Johnson, M. D., of Sag Harbor, N. Y. Read it.

### Letter from Dr. J. R. Newton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I close my engagement in this city next week, but instead of going East, as I at first intended, I shall return to California to spend the winter and spring. I find the climate of California more congenial than any other.

This determination, I am aware, will disappoint very many persons in the East, who, I am informed by numerous letters therefrom, are anxiously awaiting my return. To all such I will say that I shall hereafter make healing at a distance a specialty. In my experience in this mode of treating disease I have found that I can effect a cure in some cases even better than by direct personal treatment. Young children are invariably more easily cured in this way.

I have always been in daily receipt of letters from patients desiring to be thus healed, but in the press of business I have not had time to give them as much attention as I wished, or have been compelled to neglect them altogether; but, notwithstanding, I have cured tens of thousands in this way, as numerous testimonials will show.

Hereafter I do not wish to labor as hard as I have done heretofore, nor do I wish to retire altogether from the field. I will continue to heal by magnetized letters, and will devote particular attention to it. I will give a permanent address as soon as I arrive in California.

Yours sincerely,  
J. R. NEWTON.  
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 27th, 1874.

We were the recipient—on the morning of Wednesday, January 6th—of a pleasant visit from Messrs. Robert Cooper and J. J. Morse, both earnest friends of the cause of Spiritualism in England and the world.

REMOVAL OF DR. MAIN.—Dr. Charles Main, the well known healer and clairvoyant, has removed his office from Harrison Avenue to No. 60 Dover street, Boston. The Doctor is one of the earliest magnetic practitioners in the field.

Read Hudson Tuttle's able article printed on another page.

Mr. Trubner sold out all his first supply of Dr. Crowell's valuable book on Spiritualism in a few days, so it will be three or four weeks before he obtains more from America.—*The Spiritualist*, (London, Eng.), Dec. 11th.

Frank T. Ripley, a fine test, business and medical medium, can be found at 20 Winthrop street, Charlestown District, by any one desiring his services.

An interesting review of our foreign Spiritualistic exchanges, etc., by Dr. Ditson, will be found on the second page of this issue.

Read the advertisement of Brown's Bronchial Troches, on our fifth page.

Wanted, to complete our files, the following numbers of the Banner: Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 5 of volume one.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Edward F. Strickland (late Baptist minister) delivered two lectures before the Spiritualists of Salem, Mass., last Sunday, to good audiences, that were more than well pleased with his teachings and spiritual experiences. He will speak before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists," in Beethoven Hall, Boston, the latter part of February. This eloquent and earnest co-worker should be kept constantly employed, for he will do the people good wherever heard. His address is 10 Medford street, Chelsea, Mass.

W. F. Jamieson is speaking this month at New Haven, Conn. At his second lecture Louis's Temple of Music was nearly full. He would prefer to engage the Sundays of February and March in New York State, as he wishes to return West, after more than a year's successful labor in the East. Address care Banner of Light.

Austen E. Simmons has been re-engaged to lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., during January.

Mrs. M. A. Fullerton, an excellent speaker, so we are informed, is now lecturing in Girard, Ill. She will answer calls to lecture anywhere in that vicinity.

Mr. J. J. Morse's address while filling his lecturing engagement in Beethoven Hall, in this city, is care, Banner of Light.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby's address is 237 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. John S. Zelley, inspirational speaker, Gormantown, Philadelphia, Pa., will answer calls to lecture.

John Brown Smith lectured at Williamsburg, Mass., on Dec. 25th, and will speak in Comman Hall, Florence, Mass., on the second Sunday of January.—Permanent address, Amherst, Mass.

Warren Chase lectured in Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 3d, and speaks in Osceola Jan. 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, and in Winterest at the Quarterly Convention of the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists, Jan. 16th and 17th; in Cambridge, Iowa, Jan. 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th. He will spend the winter and spring in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan, and late in the spring start for New England. Friends on the main lines of railroad wishing him to lecture, will address him at Colfax, Iowa, as early as convenient. He expects to visit Maine in the summer, and in the fall start for California.

Fannie Remick has removed to 21 Oxford street, Boston. She is a good trance, sympathetic, and clairvoyant medium.

### New Publications.

THE GALAXY for January—Sheldon & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers—is full of good things, prose and poetic. "Home," the medium is discussed therein, in an article occupying some dozen pages. This popular and independent magazine now opens its tenth year. The authors of Justin McCarthy, Richard Grant White, Mrs. Anne Edwards, John G. Saxe, Henry James, Jr., Professor H. H. Boyesen, Janus Henri Brown, Richard Kimball, Albert Rhodes, George E. Ford, Fanny Rogers Fougde, and other parties who regularly contribute to its columns, are a sufficient endorsement of its excellence. In the "departments" this magazine is especially valuable. Among other attractions for the new year, "Dear Lady Dindale," a novel by Justin McCarthy, author of "Linley Rochford," "A Fair Saxon," etc., will be begun in its February number.

SCHUBNER'S MAGAZINE (Illustrated)—for sale by A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston—presents in its January issue fine articles, lit up by pictorial adornment, on "Travels in South America," and "The Canons of Colorado," also "The story of Sevenoaks" (first installment of G. Holland's new venture) and "The mysterious Island," by Jules Verne. Poems, sketches, etc., combine to make the present a remarkable number.

ST. NICHOLAS, the champion magazine for the young, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, and published by Scribner & Co., 65 Broadway, New York City, commences the new year with its January issue, in an excellent fashion. "Mozart, the Little Music King," leads off an attractive list of illustrations, and the reading matter is fully up to that high standard which this enterprising periodical for the "little folks" has already established. A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston, offer it for sale.

THE SCHOOL-DAY MAGAZINE for January, 1875, appears in a much enlarged and improved form. This number begins the Nineteenth Annual Volume, and it is steadily growing and improving. George Cary Eggleston's story of the Creek Indian War, is alone worth the price of the whole magazine. A fine chronicle is given to its subscribers. Terms, \$1.50 a year. J. W. Daughaday & Co., publishers, 431 and 436 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW—Edward I. Sears, L. L. D., editor and proprietor, 63 Broadway, New York City—is received. (No. 59 Vol. xxx.) Those acquainted with the deep value of this journal, will need no words from us to increase their appreciation thereof. "The Architecture of Great Cities," "The Planet Venus," "The 'Esthetics of Home,'" "Mr. Bancroft's Mode of Writing History," and other matters of great attractive and succinct treatment in the pages of the present number.





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**Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis.**  
Address till further notice:

Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

**Dr. Willis** may be addressed as above. From this  
point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by  
handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line  
are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific  
knowledge with a keen and penetrating clairvoyance.  
Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of  
the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its  
forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and  
complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who  
have been cured by his system of practice when all others  
had failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp.  
Send for Circulars and References. (1-Jan.-2)

**THE SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPER.**  
A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics  
of Spiritualism.

ESTABLISHED IN 1859.

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and has a steadily increasing circulation in all parts of the  
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and more experienced Spiritualists, including many  
eminent in the ranks of literature, art, science, and the  
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Lane, London, E.C. (Oct. 10)

**SOUL PICTURES.**  
Or Psychometrical delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce  
to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in  
person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give  
an accurate description of the leading traits of character  
and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and  
future life; physical diseases; with prescription (therefor);  
what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be  
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in-  
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The most reliable and successful Clairvoyant Seer  
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where he will heal, cure the sick, Clairvoyant Exami-  
nations, Prescriptions, and Healing Manipulations given  
to each individual as the case may require. Persons at a  
distance, and those who are not able to visit the Doctor,  
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Dec. 19.

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**The Herald of Health.**

September, October, November and December numbers  
for 1874 free to new subscribers for 1875, who send in their  
names now.

To give a slight idea of the contents of this journal we  
give the titles of one or more articles from each number:

**SEPTEMBER:**  
Kindergartens.

**OCTOBER:**  
The Building of a Brain.  
By DR. E. H. CLARK.  
And a Chapter,  
Cause and Cure of Headache.

**NOVEMBER:**  
Evanesence of Evil.  
By HERBERT SPENCER.

**DECEMBER:**  
Nervousness.  
By J. R. BUCHANAN.

**BY JAMES PARTON.**  
Kings and Slaves of Business.  
Stair-Climbing and Girls' Health.  
Diet and Constipation.

The JANUARY No. will contain an able paper:  
**Prenatal Influence.**  
By MARY SAFFORD BLAKE, M. D.

**ALSO,**  
**Physical Bankruptcy and its Cause and  
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In January we shall commence a series of common-sense  
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**The Male Organs of Generation.**  
**The Female Organs of Generation.**  
**The Origin of Life.**  
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**Regulation of the Number of Offspring.**  
**The Theory of Population.**  
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**Hereditary Transmission.**  
**Philosophy of Marriage.**

## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels few words long,  
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever."

### UTTER USELESSNESS.

"Who is a useless man in the land?"  
He who can neither obey nor command."

—Goethe.

We hear the rain fall, but not the snow. Bitter grief is loud, calm grief is silent. —Aeschylus.

### RELATIONSHIP OF GOD.

Though thou shouldst never behold the sea,  
Whither the streams run is known to thee;  
And that there is a God thou mayst know,  
When by the streams of life thou dost go. —Miser.

If there is a past in which men have done ill, let them have hope, for there is a future in which they may do well.

### THE SNOW.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving over the fields,  
Scenes nowhere to be found; the white air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farmhouses at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In all good things give the eye and ear full scope, for they let into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

### SPIRIT VOICES.

By the firelight's fitful gleaming  
I am dreaming, ever dreaming,  
And the rain is falling all around;  
And voices that are nearest,  
Of friends the best and dearest,  
Appear to have a strange and distant sound.  
Now the weary wind is sighing  
And the murky day is dying,  
And the withered leaves lie scattered round my door;  
But that voice whose gentle greeting  
Set this heart so wildly beating  
At each fond and frequent greeting comes no more.  
—All the Year Round.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Marvelous Materialization Phenomena at Havana, New York.

BY DR. H. B. STORER.

DEAR BANNER—I have the good fortune to be able to corroborate the very interesting narrative of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, published in your issue of December 19th, concerning the mediumship of Mrs. Compton, of Havana, N. Y., and the extraordinary character of the manifestations which there occur. Any person who may be interested in what I have to tell should read that article, as I do not propose to narrate a repetition of the very careful and ingenious tests instituted by Dr. Willis, but only such supplementary ones as I was willingly permitted to apply.

And here, for the convenience of Eastern people who may wish to visit Havana, I will say that it is reached from Boston by the Boston & Albany Railroad and New York Central Road to Geneva, thence by steamboat, down Seneca Lake to Watkins, and thence three miles by rail. From New York City, go by the Erie Road to Elmira, and thence by rail it is a forty minutes' ride to Havana.

Introduced by letter to Dr. E. W. Lewis, of Watkins, a pioneer Spiritualist, a practicing physician in that town for more than thirty years, and a man universally respected and esteemed by the whole community, I reached his house on Saturday morning, Dec. 26th, and found him fully convinced, after long acquaintance with Mrs. Compton and numerous sittings with her, some of them at his own house, extending through several months, of her entire truthfulness and honesty as a woman, and of the great value and importance of the phenomena which occur in her presence. As a physician Dr. Lewis has made intelligent and valuable observations of her condition when in the trance state, and would not be likely to err in judgment regarding the pulseless and almost lifeless being who is found in the deep trance after the sittings are closed. While conversing with the Doctor, Mr. G. C. Hibbard, of Watkins, fortunately came in. Mr. Hibbard has attended nearly every sitting for months past, and himself possessing inspirational powers of a high order, and being profoundly interested in these new developments, has almost involuntarily glided into the position of conductor of the sittings. Some one has been found necessary to champion the rights of the medium; in a community which seems to have no conception of the reality of spiritual things, or of the possibility of any genuine spiritual manifestations. I wish here to bear witness to the noble and self-denying position of Mr. Hibbard, who, in the midst of contumely and falsehood, and threats of personal violence to this poor, weak and suffering woman, has opposed the force of his own character, finely expressed in his manly physique, as a barrier to the brutality and prejudice which would very likely have crushed out her mediumship if she had been obliged to stand alone.

Her regular sittings are held on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week, but as I was desirous of improving the time as much as possible, these gentlemen at once accompanied me to the home of Mrs. Compton. She was absent, but, after waiting some five minutes, she was seen through the window hurrying at an unusual pace toward home, having been told, as she said, by the spirits, that we were waiting for her. My first glance at her, and my subsequent interviews, impressed me with her natural sincerity, intelligence and kindness of heart. She is the mother of nine children, six of whom are living, five at home, and it was in the midst of her household cares, living in comparative poverty, necessarily overworked, that the spirits found her, and, by rapping, announced their presence. They were welcomed, and their purpose inquired of. In reply, messages would be found written upon the walls of the house and upon slates, communicating test facts in great number, among which the prophetic announcement that the medium would be very sick the next day, what medicine to get, &c., which was literally fulfilled by a sickness that seemed unto death, although at the time of the prediction she was well as ever. On the 19th of February last, they were directed, by raps, to put up a blanket before the bedroom door, by hands should be shown. They did so, only one person beside the family being present, and in a few moments, a variety of hands appeared at the opening followed by the entire figure of an infant which walked the whole length of the aperture. This was repeated, and then came the face of a lady who was immediately recognized by her nephew present. Since that time the manifestations have increased in variety and power, until now they comprise, at every public sitting, the appearance of various sized hands, faces more or less perfectly materi-

alized and occasionally recognized by visitors as personal friends, audible voices, heard from within the cabinet, sustaining conversation with visitors, in as great variety of intonation and peculiarities of speech as are the number of spirits who communicate—tests and proofs of identity being thus given—and, greatest of all, the crowning phenomena of entirely materialized persons who come out of the cabinet and pass along the semi-circle of visitors, touching them as they go, and exhibiting peculiarities of form, gesture, speech and dress entirely unlike those of the medium.

Learning that I had come from Boston expressly to witness the phenomena, Mrs. Compton kindly consented to give up the forenoon to a seance. We ascended to the circle room, which is over the parlor, a room fifteen feet square, the five windows being fitted with closed shutters, so that all light is shut out except what comes in by the crevices and under the two doors that open into other rooms. It being a bright day considerable light was thus admitted, which was increased by the light of a kerosene lamp. Including two young daughters of Mrs. C., who assist in the always important item of singing, our company numbered seven persons. Before entering the cabinet, the medium sat down at a small table, when the spirits immediately manifested their presence by rapping. They desired the privilege of entrancing a medium present, and giving a short address upon a subject which they would select through Mrs. C. To her vision a book was brought in, which she opened, and a text was pointed out and read by her. After the address, which occupied perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, the spirits indicated their readiness for the cabinet seance.

This cabinet I thoroughly examined, and found it to be a triangular room, made by enclosing one corner of the large room with a partition, the two inner walls of the cabinet being five feet in length. This cabinet is plastered inside and out, and is as perfectly smooth as any wall can be. The floor is bare, and no possible crack or crevice exists in which even a mouse could be secreted. It connects with no other room. The door being sawed off at the top, leaves an aperture its entire width and about fourteen inches high, across which hangs a black muslin curtain, divided in the center. A single chair is placed in the cabinet, and in that the medium sits. Mrs. Compton, wearing a black alpaca dress, just as she had come from her errand in the town, and without waiting even to arrange her somewhat disordered hair, seated herself in the cabinet. The door was closed; our party forming a curved line, the central chair of the line, in which I sat, exactly facing the door, being at a distance of nine feet from it. The light was turned down, leaving enough by which to see the motes which hang upon the walls of the room, and to distinguish the members of our company, and we all joined in singing. In about ten minutes hands began to appear at the aperture, moving slowly back and forth, and evidently in considerable variety as to size. Then an oval-shaped object, not larger than a baby's head, rose occasionally before the aperture, sometimes apparently developing features of a human face, but not perfectly attaining the size and expression of a head, which we were told was the object intended.

Very soon a masculine voice was heard from the cabinet addressing a salutation to myself: "Doctor, I am glad to meet you here." "Who is it?" I said. "Henry," said the voice, and with an apparent effort to give the surname. This failed, but immediately another voice, recognized as Mr. Webster's, addressed us, speaking of the harmony of the circle, and his hope that the manifestations would be very successful, notwithstanding the medium was very weak from recent illness, and from an excess of care and trouble in her family relations, which prevents the full development of the "power" which they employ. Then the voice of "Seneca" was heard addressing Mr. Hibbard. His voice was clear and distinct, speaking not "baby talk," but broken English, with ejaculations entirely characteristic of the Indian manner of expression. Several other voices participated in the conversation, but none known personally to me. We were then told to sing with all our power, to keep our hands joined, and that, when "Katie" came out, we were not to be excited, or to touch her unless she gave permission, but that she would try to touch us all.

In a few moments the cabinet door gently opened, and a "weird phantom," bearing the semblance of a woman, and clothed in a flowing costume of white, glided out. Over her head was thrown a veil of delicate texture, and in one hand she carried a handkerchief that looked like a bit of fleecy cloud. Her dress was exceedingly white and lustrous, without a wrinkle or fold in it. The description given by Dr. Willis was perfect. There she was, in reality, a gracefully moving figure, approaching our sweet young singer at the end of the line and placing a hand upon her head, constantly uttering in a softly sibilant, but earnest tone, "Sing, sing, sing!" Slowly stepping from one to another, and in like manner touching them; she soon reached me, and, as her hand touched my head, the flowing sleeve fell upon my forehead, the delicate handkerchief was pressed to my face, and her white trailing garments were in sensible contact with my person. An involuntary "God bless you, Katie!" escaped me, with a heart-felt emotion of joy, to which she evidently responded by seating herself upon my knee, bending over me, so that her veil of most delicate texture fell upon my cheeks, and lips as soft and warm as those of any young maiden impressed a kiss upon mine! "Katie" was a demonstrated reality! real, tangible, and very sweet. I saw the ringlets of hair beneath the veil; the mantle upon her shoulders and arms; the dark belt around her waist; and the white drapery that trailed gracefully behind her as she moved away. After touching every person present, she retired to the cabinet to get more power, and soon again reappeared. Her effort seemed to be to approach as near to us as possible, that we might see and realize her distinctly. After passing again before us, she retired to the cabinet. About the height and figure of the medium, and bending forward slightly as she walked, I confess to a momentary feeling that it must indeed be herself—but in what way she had contrived to array herself I could not tell; surely, not only did this drapery of wonderfully delicate fabric seem to belong to quite a different sphere of life from that of the medium, but the exquisite grace of movement, and what I may call the aroma of freshness and delicacy that pervaded the entire presence of "Katie," was in marked contrast with the sick and weary frame of the woman who, for fourteen years at the wash-tub, has

worn out her life in the effort to procure subsistence for her sick husband and steadily-increasing family.

But what could I think, when in not more than ten or fifteen minutes after Katie's disappearance, the door again opened, and an Indian form, tall, erect, wrapped in a blanket gathered at the waist, with moccasins and leggings, and wearing a circlet about the head, and what seemed to me a long black feather (although some of our party thought there were two or more feathers), stepped majestically out of the cabinet and confronted us. Observing his position against the casing of the door, I afterwards measured his height, finding him to be eight and one-half inches taller than the medium. He called to us to sing "Johnny Brown," and led off himself, standing by the door for a few minutes, and then marching as closely to us as Katie had done, patting me on the arm, and shaking Mr. Hibbard's hand, which was free, vigorously. He remained probably five minutes, entered the cabinet, and again came out. At my request he stood against the white wall where his whole form could be fully seen, and reached above the door, tearing down some dried evergreen wreaths that had been hung there by the medium, but at first vigorously refusing to do so, as he said "the medie would be mad." He walked to the stairs, bending over the railing and looking down, and then returned to the cabinet door, standing by which he gave the war-whoop, an ear-piercing and blood-quickenng yell that might have been heard a long distance if in the open air.

After his disappearance, conversation with some half dozen voices was kept up for nearly an hour, three hours being occupied with the whole seance. But the limits of this article will not permit very many interesting details of tests given, and the subjects of conversation engaged in. At the close of the seance, the medium was found apparently in the exact position in which she had been left, but in a deep and almost lifeless trance. By my watch, it was eight minutes that I held my finger on the pulse, waiting in vain for pulsation, and some twenty minutes before the medium was fully restored to consciousness. Dr. Lewis has frequently verified this condition of the circulation.

It will be noticed that I had not as yet applied any tests by which to determine the whereabouts or occupation of the medium, while all this was occurring. The voices might all be ventriloquist, but Dr. Willis had applied adhesive plaster to her mouth, and his test was as good as any I could apply. He had tacked her skirts to the floor, and bound her with ropes to the chair, but still the figures walked out of the cabinet. I need not repeat these experiments.

I thought that perhaps, even if spirits were the actors, she might be liberated by them from the fastenings, and her dress metamorphosed into the garments that we saw. But her dress was black alpaca, and "Katie" was altogether white, and the Indian clothed in a blanket. Was it possible, that she might have concealed beneath her skirts, these dresses, as has been said? But how could she present the Indian form, eight and one-half inches taller than herself? No! I knew it could not be deception on her part or the part of the spirits. But I wanted to apply new tests; and the opportunity was given me.

I assisted at three other seances, one of them at the house of Dr. E. W. Lewis, of Watkins, improvised on the afternoon of the day on which the above narrated seance took place. The doctor improvised a cabinet in the stairway of his house, by the aid of locked doors and blankets, and the phenomena of hands, and audible voices occurred, giving two remarkable tests, and presenting Mr. Wm. White, late publisher of this paper, who conversed with me directly, and then with Dr. Lewis for some time. I cannot say that identity was demonstrated, but I have no reason to doubt that in that, and on a subsequent occasion, I conversed with him.

But what I have said of the first seance must answer as a general description of all, for this article is already too long. What I have now to add is a description of the tests applied by myself, and the remarkable opportunity offered me of entering the cabinet when the spirit was outside of it, and thus of adding to the mystery which surrounds the whole subject.

On Monday morning, accompanied by Mr. Hibbard, and two ladies whom I had requested to go with me to act as a Committee of Investigation, I went to Havana, and found Mrs. Compton in a very weak and nervous condition. She had been without sleep for three nights, and was so nearly sick that it seemed cruel to ask her to sit. However, she desired to accommodate me, for the sake of the Banner readers, before whom, I told her, I should spread out these facts. Our company numbered eleven persons in the circle room. By my request, Mrs. Compton acquiescing without a murmur, my lady friends entering her bedroom saw her completely divested of clothing with the exception of two under garments, and then had her draw on a pair of her husband's pantaloons. The basque of her alpaca dress, without the skirt, was then put on, after careful search to render it certain that no extra clothing could be secreted. Then, in my presence, the basque was sewed by its points on each side to the pantaloons, and a ribbon which I tied with two knots closely around her neck was sewed through the knots, and each end of the ribbon sewed to the collar of the basque. So that she had on a closely fitting coat and pantaloons, sewed together, and so attached by a ribbon around the neck that the clothing could not be drawn up or down. A pair of black gloves were then drawn upon the hands, and sewed tightly around the wrists. I then put around her waist a piece of cotton twine, tying it in two hard knots behind, and the same piece of twine was tied by double knots to the back of the chair in which she sat.

Under these conditions, our semi-circle was formed as above described, hands without gloves appearing first at the aperture; and soon the voice of Mr. Webster was heard saying that there was very little power, as the medium was utterly exhausted by too frequent sitting and too much care, but they should do what was possible. He did not think Katie could be materialized. Mr. Hibbard and myself urged that all the power be concentrated upon that one object, and was promised the attempt. After singing for perhaps twenty-five minutes, with occasional intermissions to hear remarks by the voices, it was announced that Katie would appear. Very slowly the door opened, and the light had to be carefully adjusted before she ventured fully to appear; but soon her entire form was seen, dressed exactly as before—trailing skirts, veil and mantle, but with a belt which she gathered in her hands and rubbed together that we might hear its silken rustle. Standing by the door, she

addressed me, saying that when she had walked entirely away from the cabinet, she wished me to go in quickly and without moving the chair, feel after the medium and all about the cabinet, and see if I could find her. She stepped out about five feet into the room, and at once I sprang into the cabinet, felt in the chair, swept the floor and the walls thoroughly with my hands, but not a vestige of medium or anything remained.

I came out and resumed my seat, Katie passing along the line of spectators, touching them, and on reaching me, bent over and kissed me twice upon the left cheek; also placing her handkerchief to my face, and allowing the delicate lace of her veil to touch my hand. "Katie," I asked, "what material is your veil made of?" "You needn't look for any, for you couldn't find anything like it on earth," she said. "Is your dress the same material?" "No—no, different." "Katie, could you appear with jewelry?" "Yes—yes, if there was power enough—power nearly gone!" She returned to the cabinet, and soon again appeared, but staid but a few moments. The voice of "Seneca" was then heard, saying he could not come out. "No power—media sick—most dead—no power; but he would try!" And soon, to our astonishment, his tall, erect figure stood outside the door. The light was less bright than on former occasions, but enough to see his bare arm as he stretched it out, reaching above the door, and then, at my request, striking his open palm with great force three times upon the wall. He was dressed apparently as usual, but the power being so much exhausted, he did not go along the entire line of visitors, but came over directly to me, patting me on the hand, and then returned to the door. In his broken English he expressed his love for Dr. Willis, Dr. Storer, Dr. Lewis, and "love for all," and with a command to me to tell pale faces "medie no humbug—he good Infun," &c., he gave first what he calls the peace-whoop, and then, at my earnest request, the ringing war-whoop, and was gone.

The light was turned up, the closet door opened, and in the chair, tied as we had left her, without the breaking of a thread, or the apparent movement of her person, or in any respect differing from her appearance when last seen, sat the medium, in that fearfully lifeless trance, from which nearly a half hour was required to arouse her.

I will not extend this article by appending any speculations of my own upon this most marvelous exhibition. I submit the facts, and vouch for their entire accuracy.

### Acknowledgments.

MESSES, COLBY & RICH: Dear Sirs—I forward you the report of the amount received on the Colchester fund since my father's death:

Mrs. Eliza Cooper, Eureka, Cal. \$3.00  
Mr. J. H. Canby, Rochester, N. 1.00  
Mrs. Anna M. Jackson, Clyde, Ohio 50  
Mr. Charles Levy, St. Louis, Mo. 1.00  
MARY E. DAY.  
305 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 23d, 1874.  
Received at this office since last statement, in aid of the above, the following sums:

L. Pierer, Boston Highlands, Mass. \$2.00  
J. C. Phillips, New York City 1.00  
Abm. French, Omaha, Neb. 1.00  
Mrs. Nancy Beckwith, 2.00  
W. C. Buckington, Peabody, N. 50  
Edw. Carpenter, Ellensburg, 1.00  
Orin Ames, Attica, Ind. 3.00  
John W. Wainwright, 5.00  
Lucy James, 5.00  
C. D. James, 1.00

### The Kansas Sufferers—An Appeal.

BALDWIN CITY, KAN., Dec. 27th, 1874.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light and all Spiritualists, Greeting:

We write in behalf of the sufferers of this vicinity from the failure of crops, &c. Aid has been sent, but it came through the Christian Aid Societies, and was received by the same class here, and was distributed to the favored ones, while many who were needy, especially those who have been driven from their homes by the drought, and are starving and dying, have been left in the lurch. We have had the experience. One of our mediums had a serious illness for three or four months, and for four weeks his wife was confined to the same bed, and when compelled to ask aid, was flatly refused by our Christian Township Trustees.

The Spiritualists of the East may have given aid, and that liberally, yet it is all swallowed up in the great vortex of "Christian" aid societies which receive the credit, glory, &c., and prate of their philanthropic work, while the individual sufferers are forgotten.

Therefore we ask and suggest that whatever Spiritualists and liberals may contribute hereafter, it be through some responsible Spiritualist or Spiritualist Aid Society. There are a few workers here, but we are looked upon as "crazy" and "worse than Infidels," and any calamity that may fall on us is construed to be the just judgment of God, for our daring to think and act for ourselves. We want clothing and money; either will be acceptable and deal out judiciously—shoes, stockings, in fact anything in the clothing line we can use.

We would suggest that Spiritualists throughout the State receive what aid can be given.

C. R. MONROUSE, Irving, Kan., is a true Spiritualist, and would act promptly in distributing to the poor. Should this call be heard, anything sent to this place should be directed to HENRY J. DUNGIN.

P. S.—Will not the railroad companies bring anything sent in good faith? Good sent, if any, should be marked "From Spiritualist Aid Society," to be distributed to poor of Kansas.

We, the undersigned, believe in the integrity of Henry J. Durgin; that the call is a just one, and that anything we may receive will be fairly dealt out to the needy; and we will cheerfully accept of his good work.

DR. J. G. SCITENBERY,  
(Mayor of Baldwin City, Kan.)  
H. R. BROWN,  
(of Council, Baldwin City.)  
DR. A. T. STILL,  
H. A. DONALDSON.

### Annual Convention of the New York State Spiritualists.

An Annual Meeting of the above organization will be held at the hall in the American Block, situated on Main street, Buffalo, Saturday and Sunday, January 16th and 17th, and holding three sessions each day. Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, Mrs. Eliza C. Woodruff, Rev. J. H. Hartner and Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, are engaged as speakers, and others are expected to assist. It is hoped that a large number of friends will be present to make all the hours golden with interest and profit.

Each local organization of Spiritualists in the State, Children's Progressive League, and Friends of Human Progress, and others, are expected to send delegates for each five members or fraction of that number above the first fifty. A general invitation, however, is cordially extended to all.

A small admittance fee at the door will be required on Sunday to help meet expenses.

Our Buffalo friends join with the officers of the organization in this cordial invitation, and will do what they can to entice those in attendance from abroad. Let us have a large meeting this first of the year 1875.

W. W. SEAVEN, President.  
MRS. LUCIA C. MILLER, Secretary.  
Dec. 23, 1874.

### Notice.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Glover, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15th, 16th and 17th. A time also good hotel will be opened in which to hold the Convention, and also good hotel accommodations near the church, one dollar per day. All are cordially invited to attend. Speakers will be provided for (as represented to the President) free of expense. It is expected, as usual, that free return checks over the different railroads in the State will be issued to such as pay full fare one way to attend the Convention.

Per Order Committee, A. E. STANLEY, Sec'y.  
Leicester, Vt., Dec. 23d, 1874.

### Notice.

The Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists will hold their Seventh Quarterly Conference in the city of Ripon, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 8th, 9th and 10th, 1876. It is expected, as usual, that a large number of speakers and mediums will be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of the cause.

Per Order.

### RELIGION AND DEMOCRACY.

A lecture delivered before the Society of Spiritualists, assembled at Robinson Hall, New York, October 18th, 1874. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

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