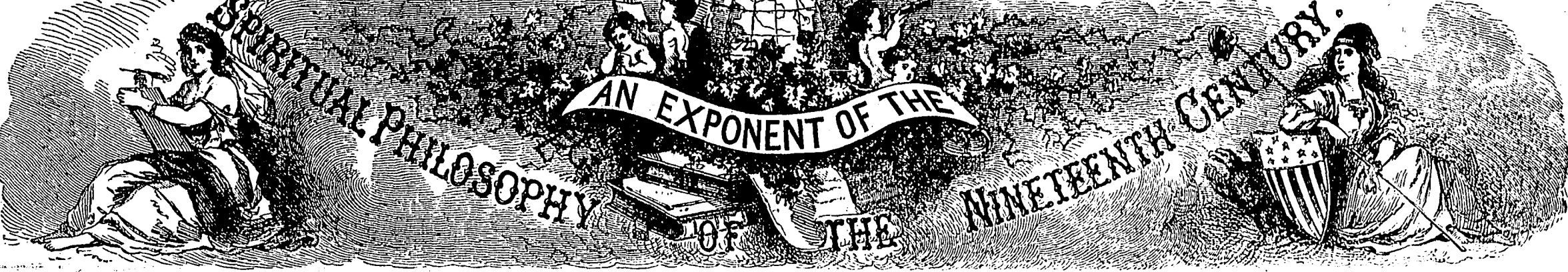


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Written for the Banner of Light.
DEATH AND LIFE.

Wrecked upon a stormy sea,
Blackest darkness over me!
Roar of thunder—lightning's flash!
Chilled and wounded by the dash,
As the wrathful billows flow
O'er the soundless depths below;
Battling with those waves for life,
In a fierce, unequal strife;
One last prayer for rest and peace—
"Bid, oh God, this tumult cease!"
Then a silence, long and deep,
Mute despair and quiet sleep.

Where am I, and whence this light?
Summer-land with beauty dight.
Like an eagle, free and strong,
Winged for flight I float along
Over fields of purple bloom,
Filling ether with perfume:
Conscious power with sweet repose
Into all my being flows.
Loved ones round me—oh, how sweet!
Lost and mourned again to meet!
Am I dreaming? What is this?
Joy in fullness! Glory! Bliss!
No more sea and no more strife—
This, oh this indeed is Life! A. E. P.

The Rostrum.

THE NATURE AND LOCATION OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The question had frequently been triumphant propounded to the speaker by those who thought they embodied in it a wonderful amount of penetration as to why, if these things had an objective existence, the human eye was not able to perceive this nearer zone, and mark its conditions. And to this query he replied that the atmosphere of earth, which represented to a certain degree upon every portion of the human frame, the gases, the force of electricity, and many of the most important agents of life, though strictly material in their nature, were so sublimated as to be beyond the perception of the mortal eye. If that eye could not detect their presence in this world, how could it hope to take cognizance of that which was even more sublimated than they? The sun which shed its beams into space, did not send all his rays to this earth; there were other and intermediate conditions surrounding that sun which demanded their share, and the proportion of light which our earth received was that which was fitted to its needs—no more; the spiritual world stood between it and our earth, and absorbed just as much of the spiritual elements of that light as it required for itself, and transmitted the residue to this planet. Though mortals might be practically unaware of the existence of this spiritual world, because of the inability of the general senses to perceive it, there was, however, a power in man which surpassed the range of the telescope or microscope—a sense in man which enabled him to grasp the unseen—clairvoyance, by which the spirit was enabled to rise superior to surrounding conditions, and reveal new glories to the race; and matched with the revelations of clairvoyance came the positive evidence offered in the same direction by Modern Spiritualism, the grandest gift which any age had ever received.

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

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

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

MATERIALIZATIONS AT THE MOTT SEANCES.

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

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

Yours truly, E. B. BREWINGTON.

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

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

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

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

I am yours truly, F. TILFORD.

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

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

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "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;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

Doing Penance.

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

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

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

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

know, and point to me as a murderer. I dreaded the world's scorn, and I feared that my husband—my husband (you know who I mean,) would love me less if he knew. I hid it in my heart from him because of this, and yet all the time I was so glad that my deed had led me to his love.

You see, Lisette, I have been very wicked. I am opening all my heart to you. When my baby was born, and its tiny, pure hand was laid on mine, then came the thought, would I wish him to know it all? To know that his mother's hand had been stained with blood! Ah, Lisette, I was happy then! Yes, so happy, that I cannot express it—but ever and anon the shadow crossed my path. I can never make you understand the mingled emotions of fear, horror and joy, that filled me when I tore open Le Mark's note to my husband! I rejoiced that no fellow-creature's death lay at my door. I thanked God for my baby's sake, for my husband, and then for my wicked self. I think love, pure, true love has led me into God's kingdom. There is nothing that so purifies the heart as such love as I received and gave. I who was so wicked when life was all bitterness, found my heart softened and penitent, when God sent me my husband and my baby. Now he has taken one from me, and my heart bleeds, yet the memory of those two happy years is balm to the wound. I am willing to bear my cross, even if it be for life. I have my work here, to rear this child, the child of shame in the world's eye perhaps, but no sadness of mine shall ever disturb its babyhood. I would be cheerful for his sake. I sing and dance that he may be happy, and Lisette, with you and the baby I ought not to be sad, and yet—yet, how beautiful life was in the dear, old English home which we shall never see again! In spite of all her heroism, tears came freely to the lady's eyes.

"I had thought," said Lisette, "that there was a way by which we could all be happy again. Richard Le Mark's treatment of his wife was so cruel, that a divorce can be obtained."

"Stop, Lisette! my father and I belonged to a church that holds marriage a sacrament. God save me from ever seeing Le Mark again. I think he will be merciful, and help me to hide in this refuge from the tyranny of such a master—but divorce, never! It is denied to me. Never speak of it again!"

Lisette's countenance fell. She had formed a nice little plan in her head, and thought she saw a way out from darkness to light; but now her mistress had shut the half-open door, and all was darker than before.

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

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

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

assive words of general wisdom can win acceptance from all classes of readers. The author of the book writes with equal calmness, but having allowed himself the wider range afforded by two octavo volumes, he is able to discuss the various questions which would seem every vestige of objectivity in his position must be overcome. He is not, however, far removed from polemic, impresses the reader with his truthfulness, sincerity and integrity of purpose. He believes that the Christian religion is the only one which can save the world. He is a man of eminent attainments in his profession. For many years habituated to study closely and carefully to the point of exhaustion, he has acquired a habit of exactness of observation. This habit of thought he has brought to the study of the phenomena under consideration, and the result is a work of great interest and acceptable employment. Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism¹ must ever remain a standard work for the study of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE DEAD INCARNATED.

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

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

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

Persons are admitted or rejected according to the magnetic condition which they bring, it being asserted that the magnetism of some persons, though strong Spiritualists, is so hostile to the success of the materializations that only failure will at present result from their introduction into the séance room. If the spirits decide that any party is of this class of persons, no matter how much money he may offer, he is sent away. I found the price of board, including séances every evening (Sundays excepted), was eight dollars per week. The house, a two-story framed one, was built a hundred years ago, and was purchased with the farm, by the father of the Eddys, some thirty-five years since, and has always been in the hands of the family. The mother was a Scotch seeress, having inherited the gift called "second sight" from her mother. The sons are engaged in farming, though they do not personally work the land, having plenty of occupation in giving séances. Supper was served in the large kitchen to about twenty people. I found William Eddy at work in the kitchen, and learned that he was head cook, doing the washing, baking, and superintending the whole culinary department, assisted by his sister Alice and sometimes by some of the lady guests. Everything about the house was of the plainest character—no carpets, the furniture being the least that was necessary. The dress of the brothers was suitable for farm and house work. At the table each helped himself, and all ceremony was laid aside. The food was plain, though well prepared, showing that William Eddy was something of a cook. His bread was excellent.

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

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

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

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

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

THE SECOND SEANCE.

This was held on the evening of December 9th. The first spirit to come out of the closet was called Wickkachee, who claims to have been an Indian chief. His dress was in the true Indian style; moccasins, leggings trimmed with beads, bead-work around his neck and across his breast; his hair was collected in a knot on his head. He was five feet and ten inches high, as nearly as I could see, when he stood under the stove-pipe, it being by actual measurement six feet from the floor of the platform. He motioned for Horatio Eddy to come up and stand on one end of the stage while Mrs. Cleveland stood on the other. Wickkachee then danced in a very agile manner, throwing his toes some times almost into the face of Horatio (who is five feet and eleven inches high), and causing Horatio to step back for fear of being hit. I could not see the Indian's features distinctly, but I could see plain enough to know that a very athletic man was before us, with a dark colored face and Indian dress. He made the floor jar as he danced, the same as any human being would. He remained before us five minutes or more.

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

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

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

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

AUNT SALLY.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Thomas Frost then came out, fully materialized, and was greeted by his son present from Charleston, N. H. A slight, fair-looking girl just outside the closet door, and tapped a "yes" when Mr. Moody asked if it was Mary Tyler, daughter of M. H. Tyler, of Greenfield. She wanted to be affectionately remembered to her father and mother. Mary Tyler appeared several times, and seemed much pleased.

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

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

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

HORATIO'S DARK CIRCLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

While Horatio was thus held and confined by Mr. Frost, Dix took the speaking-trumpet and said through it, if we had any scientific questions to ask he would try to answer them. We asked, "How do spirits materialize?" Dix said, "You must know that the sphere is full of particles of matter. Everything that is in the human body is also in the atmosphere in fine particles. Darkness renders these particles more quiescent, and hence more easily managed by spirits. The spirit has a will point or centre, which is a spark of the Divine Nature. When the condition of the atmosphere, of the medium and of the circle is proper, the spirit exerts that will-power, and in accordance with natural law, attracts to its spirit-form, the floating particles in the air, and they condense upon and interpenetrate the spirit-form, or body, so as to materialize it, making bone, muscle, skin, hair—every part, and making the spirit-body, for the time being, a solid, palpable one. The air contains an immense amount of matter which can be used by spirits for materializing. We do not, however, usually materialize the blood." I asked, "Why cannot you go some distance from the medium or the cabinet?" Dix said, "We have to draw a portion of the substance for materialization from the medium, he being a kind of reservoir when we concentrate our supplies, and it is much more difficult to draw from him any he has stored in his life, and so."

"How do you make cloth?" "Everything that exists in your earth has a spiritual counterpart. There is the spirit of an apple, a potato, an orange, of your clothing. We use the spiritual part of your clothing and of other substances, and by our power of will we make cloth. We have not yet made any cloth here that is durable. Every spirit must enter the spirit-world naked, but there are friends who have a mantle ready to throw over the new-born spirit, and keep him clothed till he is able to manufacture clothing for himself, by his own will-power. Spirits make their own clothing by their will-power. Spirits eat the spiritual part of your food. There was never a plant grown on this planet that did not first have a spirit-form. We sometimes feed upon these spirit-forms or germs before they are incarnated in the earthly vegetation. We have everything you do, but in a more refined condition."

I asked Dix, "How truthfully are you able to speak to us through the trumpet?" "I can do so very accurately, because I am not obliged to send my thoughts through the brain of a medium, I am thoroughly materialized, and speak my own thoughts freely, using the trumpet to help me speak loudly. What I am saying to you is just as I think."

Mayflower then spoke, saying she was materialized from head to foot, and urged us all to be good and truthful, and that we should have to go to just that place which our deeds fitted us for. "Where will you go to-night, Mayflower, after the circle closes?" She said she should go to her spirit-home beyond the clouds, where she had a pretty one, but she should have to go round some places which were inhabited by very bad spirits, and she did not want to come in contact with them. Dix then bid us good night and the circle closed.

THURSDAY EVENING SEANCE—ANCIENT SPIRITS.

After waiting and singing some fifteen minutes then came from the closet a man afterwards found to be an ancient Egyptian. He was six feet and two or three inches high. He wore an illuminated head dress which reached some six inches above his head, and gloved with a mild phosphoric light. It was a very strange looking head dress, and unlike anything I had ever seen or read of in history. His dress was of some ancient pattern. It had an appearance of elegance. Some kind of mantle hung from the shoulders, and there were trimmings over the chest, and devices curious and unlike anything modern. The pose of the body was majestic. He indicated by raps with his fingers on the wall, that he was an ancient Egyptian, and one of a band who were to control a young man from Albany, N. Y., by the name of Wheat, now stopping at the Eddys. I think he was the most imposing looking spirit

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

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

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

The fourth was another Egyptian, dressed elegantly, and with pointed shoes. He was about five feet ten inches tall, and belonged to Wheat's band. He slowly walked along the platform, then slowly went back to the closet. The ring test followed next, the six foot Indian mentioned before. He saluted the circle and retired.

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

FRIDAY NIGHT SEANCE.

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

Honto followed after the exit of Santum. Her dress this time was dark, with white sash. She walked about the stage, tried the organ, sang a few notes in a very unmusical voice, came partly down the steps in front of the platform, and shook hands with a Mr. Frost, from Charleston, N. H.

Then came the mother of Black Swan, the squaw of Wickkachee, dressed in all that splendor of velvet and pearls which I have before described, and for five minutes we all, with bated breath, gazed upon this incarnate vision of beauty. Her form was perfect, and her dress, resplendent with strings of pearls, diffused a soft radiance exquisite to behold. The skirt of her over-sack was cut in scallops, which reached far down her dress, and each scallop was bordered with pearls; so said Mrs. Jacobs, who handled the dress; and we could see that it might be so. Mrs. Jacobs pronounced the dress of black velvet of the richest quality. Gracefully coming forward to the railing she looked as usual, and waited a second or two to let us see her more closely; then she gently glided into the closet.

Her daughter, Black Swan, then came out, dressed as on the previous evening. Her dress was not of such rich quality, nor so much ornamented as that of her mother.

Then came "Bright Star," who, it was said, was the special spirit-control of Mrs. Edward Brown, a sister of the Eddy Brothers. "Bright Star" had a head-dress so arranged as to show a star in its front over her forehead. There was another star at the throat of her dress. "Bright Star" nodded "yes" to a question or two, then disappeared.

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

These laws of materialization require very delicate conditions, and what seems to you a little thing, is sometimes a great hindrance to us. After we had made everything ready this evening, though with some delay, the power was so strong that I could have materialized myself and walked among you in almost broad daylight; but I am not working for myself merely to gratify my own wishes, but we are working for humanity! There were several ancient spirits who wished to materialize to-night, but they might show themselves at the two gentlemen sitting at the corner of the cabinet. Mr. Dennison and Mr. Frost, but their plans were frustrated, the magnetic battery they had formed having been destroyed by the entrance of some one into the closet, who brought a very inharmonious magnetism."

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

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

LIGHT SEANCE.

In a few minutes Horatio said he would give a light séance. We were all seated within five feet of the platform. The Brothers pinned up the same old army blanket behind Horatio, who sat on the front of the stage. Henry Moody, of Greenfield, sat next to Horatio, with both of the latter's hands on Moody's left hand and arm.

When in this position, another shawl was placed over the hands and arms of Horatio and Mr. Moody, to screen them from the light, it was said. The light at this séance was enough to read by easily.

The musical instruments were placed behind the shawls, and at once were played upon, some half-dozen of them at a time. I watched Horatio closely, his face and neck, and a part of his shoulders, being seen above the curtain; not a muscle moved in his face, nor any swaying of the body, while the guitar was thrusted under the chair of Moody and played upon, the box of the guitar in plain sight. The guitar was played upon in sight above the curtain some four feet from Mr. Eddy—still no motion of his body.

SPIRIT HANDS.

Presently a hand of life-like appearance was thrust out of an aperture in the curtain, and some cards which I had previously examined were laid on a book, and the book held near my wrist. The hand took a lead pencil and rapidly wrote. I saw the hand and arm as far up or nearly to the elbow. It was that of a woman in one case, being delicate, with polished skin, and covered with a flexibility. It was much smaller than that of Horatio, and had small tapering fingers, the color being waxen and yet flushed with rosy

life. I saw the hand, as it wrote very distinctly, as there was a good light. The spirit-hand threw the cards among us as fast as written. There appeared another hand soon, which was much larger than the former one, with the end of the little finger lacking. This hand took the rest of the cards behind the curtain. We could hear the writing going on, and in a few minutes the cards were thrown over the curtain. Mr. Moody found one on which was written, in a lady's hand, Elizabeth Moody, the name of a sister of his in the spirit-world. Many of the company received cards with names of their friends in spirit-life written on them.

A Mr. Frost, of Charlestown, N. H., sat next to Horatio, the latter part of the light, séance, and said he received heavy slaps from a hand on his back and cheek, yet both of Horatio's hands were on Frost's left arm.

THE RING TEST.

But perhaps the most marvelous thing accomplished at this séance was the ring test. This consisted of putting a solid iron ring on Horatio's arm when the same arm was held by Moody. This is of course impossible except by separating the ring into two parts, and after the parts enclose the arm the ring must be made solid again. The spirit said this was caused by the separation, by passing a powerful current of electricity through two opposite poles of the ring, and thus overcoming the force of cohesive attraction for a moment, then by removing the electrical battery the same force of attraction would restore the ring to wholeness. I did not have as good an opportunity as I should have liked to determine whether there were not two rings, one to be shown and another secret one. But as I saw no evidence of fraud in the other manifestations, I presume this was also genuine. Certainly it did not appear more difficult to do than the manufacture of cloth or other materializations I witnessed. Moody was absolutely sure that he held Horatio's hand every instant while the ring was put on. I noticed that the moment the feat was accomplished Horatio shuddered as if he had received some great shock, and he uttered a little groan. He told us afterwards that it felt like a great shock of electricity, and shook him all over. The ring test closed the séance, and we went down stairs filled with wonder at the scenes we had witnessed.

Edward Brown brought us to Rutland on Saturday morning. On the ride down I learned from Mr. Brown that he had heard the Witch of the Mountain (a spirit who sometimes appears) say that by next Fall the spirits would be able to come out of the cabinet and walk around the hall in broad daylight, and still fully materialized.

It would seem that Brown has confidence in the genuine character of the materializations, for he has watched them all the past year, married a sister of the Eddy Brothers, built a house, barn and outbuildings (which must be worth four thousand dollars) just across the road from the Eddy homestead, and has nothing to do, nor no prospect of getting more than half price for all his property should it be proved that the manifestations were a fraud. Business men do not do this unless they are sure of success. Brown knows very well that if he has thrown away his money if the public should cease to go to Chittenden, for there is very little else that he can do to a profit in that sterile valley, except to transport passengers, and attract strangers to his place to see the marvels and to be healed.

There are some drawbacks to the pleasure of a visit to the Eddys. The light in the circles is yet much too dim for entire satisfaction. But better light is promised in a few months, and I hope it may be permitted. Then the spirits as yet do not say as much about the life they are living as one could wish, but they say that they will be able to discourse more fully when they have made further progress in the science of materialization. Moody was present at one séance, (before my arrival) when he said the Witch of the Mountain came out, sat down in a chair, and discoursed to them in audible voice for ten minutes on the nature of Duty, on life in the next world, and how to live here. I regret that no one was able to give me the details of her discourse.

HOW THE NEIGHBORS TAKE IT.

The Chittenden farmers are rather skeptical about the Eddys; a few of the near neighbors having attended the séances are convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations, but others shake their heads, confess they have never been to a séance, call it a humbug and a money making fraud.

As we were riding into Rutland with Brown, the street boys pointed their fingers and called out, "There goes Eddy's humbug!" meaning Brown's carriage and perhaps his presence. We all laughed. Brown joined us heartily. Some of the neighbors said that Brown has a secret tunnel under the ground, from his house to the cellar of the Eddys, and in this dark passage transports the dresses, though they never have been able to explain how he could get them into the cabinet through a solid wall. But the Eddys illustrate the old proverb of "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Should any of my friends wish to visit Chittenden, let me caution them first to write to Horatio Eddy and get a ticket of admission. They do not keep a public house, and are not obliged to receive every body who comes. They say they do not care if no one comes; they would like to be alone for a few months and have a chance to rest. They evidently are not aiming to make much money, and as I have before said, they profess to be guided by their spirit-friends as to whom to admit to their home and the séance room.

H. A. B. HUNTINGTON.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 15th, 1874.

P. S.—Notice one thing about the Eddy materialization séances: there is no dark circle preceding, as is said to be the case of the Holmes in Philadelphia. The hall and cabinet are not locked up; visitors have access to both the whole day long, and there is therefore no opportunity to conceal a wardrobe or confederates in the closet before the séance begins. I examined the closet one afternoon, and remained in the hall watching the entrance till the séance began, and I know no person or thing was carried in there before the séance. The Eddys give a visitor every opportunity to see for himself that there is no fraud in the séances for materializations. It is well to bear this in mind.

H. A. B.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered around our firesides, and the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, the many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of their life.

THE UNDERLYING PURPOSE.—It is not the simple digging that makes a man honorable, but when he has underlying his digging an earnest and noble purpose. Not the simple muscular action, driving the plane or wielding the ax, but the design that prompts this activity. Not simply the great drops of sweat dripping down from the brow, and the soil and grime upon the hands and face that we so much admire; but those good plans that have been worked out beneath that tanned brow; such make a man a nobleman.

There is a floating idea in the minds of most of us, that great perils and great trials work a sort of charmed change in our lives. This is seldom more than a delusion. The lessons of life are for the most part slowly learned.

✎ We have in type a very interesting letter from Thomas Gales Forster, which we are obliged to defer printing until next week, for want

Presentation at the Boston Spiritualists' Union.

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

At the conclusion of the trance address, H. S. Williams, President, introduced C. M. Plumb, the Vice-President, who proceeded to present to Dr. Storer, in behalf of many friends, a valuable gold watch, together with the following kindly words: "Dr. STORER—A few of your friends have imposed upon me the pleasant task of presenting you a slight testimonial of their appreciation of your worth as a man, your faithfulness as a physician, your activity and devotion as a Spiritualist, and your usefulness as a medium."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Surprise Party at the Spiritualists' Home.

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

The "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists."

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

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

Spirit Materialization.

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

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

"ECCE RESPONSA," by John Wetherbee, in our next. His correspondents will please take notice.

The Practice of Medicine by Clairvoyants.

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

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

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

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

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

Dedication of the Paine Memorial in Boston.

This beautiful architectural tribute to the memory of the "Author-Hero" of the revolution, was dedicated to free thought and free speech on Friday, Jan. 29th, which was the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of his birthday. The building was thrown open during the day, and received many encomiums from those who visited it, and the services at Investigator Hall, under the presidency of Brother J. P. Mendum, the earnest and fearless apostle of untrammeled reason, were attended by large and enthusiastic audiences.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"God's Poor" Fund. Since our last report in the Banner we have received \$4.22 in aid of the suffering poor: From Howard Parker \$1.00 From Henry's offering from spirit-life \$1.00 D. H. P. \$2.22 Received at the Banner Office.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyeums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Beethoven Hall.—The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists has secured the above-named new and elegant hall, 413 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street, for its eighth annual course of Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, and on Wednesday evenings, at 7½ o'clock, for reserved seats. S. G. Dodge, Esq., (of Memphis, Tenn.), will lecture Feb. 7; W. S. Bell, late Universalist Pastor, Feb. 14; Edw. S. Strickland, formerly Baptist Clergyman, Feb. 21st; N. Frank White, March 7th; then Thomas Gales Foster.

Church of the Holy Spirit.—Tickets securing reserved seats for the session are procured at the graduated price of \$3 and \$2, according to location on the lower floor, and \$2 in the front row around the balcony, on application to Mr. Lewis H. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, at the Banner of Light office, 9 Montgomery place, where a plan of the hall can be seen, or at the hall Sunday.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spirituality. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited.

Rochester Hall, 531 Washington street.—The Children's Progress League, No. 1, which formerly met in John A. Andrew Hall, will hold its sessions at this place every Sunday, at 10½ o'clock. Geo. H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Boston Spiritualists' Union will resume meetings at Rochester Hall (formerly Fraternity), 531 Washington street, on Sunday, Sept. 13th, and continue them every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. The public are cordially invited. H. S. Williams, President.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, at 2½ and 7½ o'clock. C. C. Hayward, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

Spiritual Meetings at Lurline Hall, 3 Winter street, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock, for reserved seats. All mediums and speakers will be present at each meeting.

Mediums' Meeting at Tappan's Hall, 250 Washington street, at 10½ A. M., each Sunday. All mediums cordially invited.

Harmony Hall, 182 Boylston street.—Public Free Circles are held in this hall every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock by the Children's Progress League, 531 Washington street, every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M.

Boston.—Rochester Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum. No. 1 met at this hall on the morning of Jan. 31st. After the usual Silver-Chain recitations and march, the question before the Lyceum Jan. 31 was repeated: "Is the Children's Progress Lyceum any improvement on the ordinary Sunday School?" This was answered by members of the Lyceum as a dialogue; after which followed in due course a song by Miss Cora Stone; declamations by Elmer Smith, Frank Baker, Mabel Edson, H. B. Johnson; reading by Mrs. Stone, Ellen Kiltredge; and remarks by Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England; also by Mrs. Aggie Davis Hall, of Cambridge.

W. A. Williams, Cor. Sec'y.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd delivered two interesting discourses before the Spiritualist Free Meetings at this place, on Sunday, Jan. 31st, afternoon and evening. She also answered questions which were presented by those attending. Good singing by the choir.

Paine Memorial Hall.—The meeting formerly known in this city as "The People's Spiritual Meeting" will be resumed next Sunday afternoon and evening, Feb. 7th, in Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, a highly gifted, intellectual, and accomplished platform lecturer and evening speaker, will occupy the platform on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4th, at 7½ o'clock. She is well recommended as a spiritual lecturer, and it is a source of gratification that the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will have the pleasure of again listening to her as they have done in former years.

F. W. Jones, Chairman.

Lurline Hall.—We are informed that arrangements have been made whereby a test and musical circle will be held each Sunday evening at this place, the mediums being Frank T. Ripley and Mrs. Youngs.

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

Mr. Ripley's engaged for a test séance at Plymouth, Mass., the last of February, when, during his absence as a test, business or medical medium will find him at 20 Winthrop street, Charlestown District.

Beethoven Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Admission 10 cents, and 10 extra for reserved seat.

"The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" meet in the new and elegant BEETHOVEN HALL, 413 Washington, near Boylston street, Boston, regularly every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ precisely.

Lectures by talented speakers.

S. G. Dodge, Esq., (of Memphis, Tenn.) will lecture Feb. 7th; W. S. Bell, late Universalist Pastor, Feb. 14; Edw. S. Strickland, formerly Baptist Clergyman, Feb. 21st; N. Frank White, March 7th; then Thomas Gales Foster.

A quartette of accomplished vocalists will add interest to the services.

The small sum of ten cents admission will not pay half the expenses, therefore in order to raise more funds to help sustain the meetings, the following prices will be charged for season tickets, securing reserved seats: \$3 and \$2 on the lower floor, according to location, and \$2 for the front row around the balcony. These moderate rates come within the means of a great many Spiritualists who no doubt desire the continuance of these meetings, and whose help would ensure so desirable an object.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Manager, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

SUMMERLAND MESSENGER. A Monthly Journal of Art, Literature and Science, for the Progressive Liberal. Published by Mrs. C. B. Birtles, 101 Old Derby Street, London, E.C. Price 10 cents.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 20 cents. Edited by N. Frank White, Esq., of London, England. Published by the Spiritualist Reform Works, 24 East Fourth street, New York.

THE SPIRITUALIST. A Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Published by the Spiritualist Reform Works, 24 East Fourth street, New York.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

THE LYCEUM. Published monthly by P. H. Bateson, Toledo, O., and designed for the children of the Progressive Liberal. Price 10 cents per copy; 75 cents a year.

THE CHURCHILL. Price 6 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published by the Spiritualist Reform Works, 24 East Fourth street, New York.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED LIFE. Price 20 cents.

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Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

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THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westmain street. Magnetic treatments given. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail.

Specific for Epilepsy.

This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisibles for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They now, through her organism, treat all diseases, and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT. From the very beginning, hers is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. Morrison, after being entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Band, and taken down by her secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize), combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Lock Box 2519.

For Throat Diseases and Affections

of the chest, "Brown's Bronchial Trachea" are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

The unprecedented sale of the Eureka Machine is accounted for from the fact that those who use it once will use no other.

SPRIT COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps to M. K. CARRIEN SCHWARTZ, Station B, New York City. 2w*F.G.

All Advertisers desiring to make contracts with Western and Southern papers should send for estimates to Rowell & Cheaman, Advertising Agents, St. Louis, Mo. Their book of fifty pages on Advertising, and How and Where to do it, is sent for ten cents. J.30.9v.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS.

Dr. J. P. Miller, a practicing physician at 327 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., has discovered that the extract of Cranberries and Hemp cures dyspeptic, nervous or Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness. Prepared in Pills. 50 cts. a box. Sent by mail by the doctor, or by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. J. 16-15.

Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS will be at Dea. Sargent's, 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, every Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Sheraton Hotel, Court Square, Boston, every Thursday and Friday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., until further notice. Call and witness yourselves of Dr. Willis's ability to cure the worst forms of chronic disease humanity is afflicted with. Dr. Willis may be addressed for the winter either care of Banner of Light or 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. J.2-4

Angels and Spirits Minister Unto Us.

DR. BRIGGS'S MAGNETIC WONDER is a certain, agreeable local cure for the legion of diseases appertaining to the generative functions, such as Uterine Diseases, Leucorrhoea, Ulcerations, &c. Also, Sall Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases. These Powders have been perfected by a Band of Spirit Chemists, and are magnetized by them through an eminent Medical Clairvoyant.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 per box, or \$5 for six boxes.

Address all communications to Dr. J. E. BRIGGS & Co., Box 82, Station D, New York. D.19.13w*

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

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. F.G.

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York. J.2

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, Office No. 206 Joralemon st., cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. J.30.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 57 TREMONT STREET, (ROOM C.) BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ERIE, PA., BOOK DEPOT. OLIVER STAPLE, 10 Woodcock street, Erie, Pa., keeps on sale at his store, 603 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist Books of the times. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT. J. G. DARRING & CO., Litchfield, Vt., keep for sale the Banner of Light and all Spiritualist Books, published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIES & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 11-Nov. 1.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 58 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and all Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S STAPLE, 10 Woodcock street, Cleveland, O., has the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light and all Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Also by Dr. J. H. HODGES, 918 Spring Garden street, who will sell the Board and Cards streets, at all the Spiritual Meetings.

NAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.

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