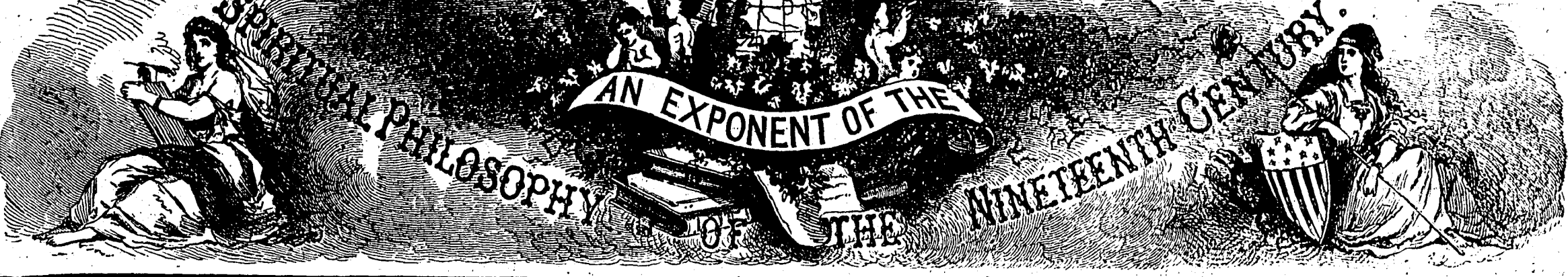


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Free Thought.

WHAT SPIRITS ARE AMONGST US?

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

The last sensation in New York spiritualistic circles is the idea thrown out by Col. Olcott in his recently published letters to the New York Tribune, concerning the nature and character of the spiritual visitants so actively engaged in working the telegraph between the visible and invisible spheres of being. The brilliant genius and literary reputation enjoyed by the author of "People from the Other World," have combined to procure for that work a larger share of attention than many volumes of a more pretentious character emanating from spiritualistic sources.

The subject matter of Col. Olcott's work considered, and his testimony in favor of genuine mediumship remembered, it is scarcely to be wondered at that his critics classed him with that harmless and motley range of reformers and thinkers included in the generic title of "Spiritualists."

Col. Olcott's emphatic disclaimer of this honor is based on grounds which many of the most earnest believers in spirit-communion sympathize with. If to be a "Spiritualist" means a fanatic who is bound to accept of every crude, rude, immoral or fantastic "new idea" which the self-styled reformers of the day propose to set the distracted world to rights with, then there are more believers in spirit-communion who shrink with abhorrence from the name of Spiritualist than Col. Olcott; but the interest and sympathy with which his explanations on these points were received, both within and without the ranks of "the faithful," fell far short of the surprise, nay, with many the consternation awakened by his suggestions that some at least of the spirits most actively engaged in astonishing earth's natives through the processes of materialization, were not of "human origin" and "never had a mortal existence."

I have not Col. Olcott's Tribune letters at hand, nor can I quote his expressions from memory; but having enjoyed the privilege of listening to his views as explained in his own language, I infer that he not only admits the existence and interposition in mundane affairs of elementary spirits, but that he attributes a large share of the modern spiritualistic manifestations, especially in the phenomena of the materializations, to the agency of these occult and legendary beings. We have all heard of "elementary spirits," and the choicest gems of poetic literature abound with descriptions of wild, weird and wonderful realms of being, peopled with good and evil genii; fairies, gnomes, kobolds, undines and spirits of every fantastic form and temperament, are as familiar in idea, to the readers of legendary lore, as the spirits of our deceased friends have become, in reality, to the readers of the Banner of Light; but to see these "creatures of the imagination," these "creations of a poet's fancy," or "visions of a baseless superstition," as mankind has deified them, suddenly converted into tangible existences, endowed with actual personalities, shaking hands and cracking jokes with us under the masquerading costumes of Hantos, Mayflowers, Johns, Kates, and sundry other distinguished members of the ubiquitous family of "Kings," was a change in the spirit of the Spiritualist's dream for which he or she was scarcely quite prepared.

On this subject an honest, matter-of-fact brother in the faith quite recently expressed himself to me in the following terms, as he stood gasping for breath with Col. Olcott's bomb-shell of a letter to the Tribune in his hand: "I can believe in the spirits of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Van Helmont, and any number more of such dry old cusses coming back to earth and trying to do something useful by way of atoning for their past follies and earning their spiritual bread, but to tell me that they can't come, and their demons do—to tell me that Moll Pitcher couldn't show her face at the Eddys' cabinet, but that her favorite black cat or pet toad could, ay, and that such vermin had the power to come and put on her shape to make believe it was her, is a story I can't swallow, no, ma'am!" added my indignant visitor; "I've swallowed Jonah and the whale, and Elisha and the bears, and I've even believed that Joshua got the loan of the sun and moon for a few hours, to help him to fight for the honor and glory of the Lord, but I believed all that when I was too young to comprehend the stuff! I've cut my eye teeth now,

and can't think the old lady I saw last week at the Eddys', with the very cap on her head and all the curls in its border that my grandmother used to wear, shown to me just as plainly as I see you, was the ghost of a stone, or the spirit of a drop of water, a puff of air, or, maybe, the soul of a chunk of Cannel coal!"

Perhaps all Col. Olcott's incredulous readers may not reason out the matter in the same fashion as my plain spoken Western visitor; but I can testify to the fact that the confession of heretical opinions on the part of the brilliant author of "People from the Other World," has created a sensation not easily to be described or imagined. The outsiders, spiritually if not physically, jump for joy at the enunciation of problems from such an authoritative source, more tremendous and weird than any they had ever expected to conjure up in what Dr. Marvin calls "the mild insanity" of Spiritualism. Incipient Fausts, whose early enthusiasm in the possibilities of mysticism had grown pale and waned beneath the day-beams of rational spiritualistic light, now resume their researches with crucible and spell, and pine table circles, with commonplace invocations of family "lares" uttered in the mellifluous tones of a familiar hymn, give place to muttered incantations, magical rites and cabalistic recitations.

Col. Olcott's letters to the Tribune have, in very common parlance, "raised the very devil," or at least, the attempt to conjure him up in the minds of at least one-third of the Tribune's spiritualistic readers. Happily, Mr. Editor of the Banner, your republication of the remarkable document in question was given without comment on the part of the many brilliant writers whose fertile pens are wont to illuminate your columns. Even that prince of modern magicians—good, kind, wise Allen Putnam—whose lightning perceptions kindled up the fires so long smothered on the altar of reason, and transmuted the base metal of ancient witchcraft into the glorious thirteenth refined gold of modern spirit-communion—even this, noble alchemist is silent, and either is at fault in his mastery of the great New York occultist's meaning, or he, considering, and perhaps most wisely, waits for "light, more light," on this new mystery, ere he enters upon the scene. When he does, we, too, may expect "light, more light," meantime. "Fools," they say, "will rush in where angels fear to tread." What if this saying applies to your present correspondent, Mr. Editor, and I venture to put an unhallowed foot within the charmed circle which Col. Olcott's genius has drawn, trusting to the still more potent spells by which beloved spirit-friends extract truth and philosophy from all that seems dark and mysterious? I even venture to enter the sphere of this new departure; but *a priori*, let me say:

I firmly, emphatically believe that we have ample demonstration of a human origin in every manifestation where human forms are presented or human intelligence rendered. I cannot say I know this, but I believe it, and I think an immense array of the testimony our experiences in Spiritualism furnish us with, all tends to confirm this belief up to the point of absolute certainty. At the same time I not only believe in, but I know the fact of the existence of other than human spirits. I have seen them, held some kind of intercourse with them, and confidently believe they can measurably intervene in human affairs. I have never seen any in human form except in such a caricature, miniature, or distorted resemblance of that divine image, that I should not have been liable to mistake them for human beings. I think, considering the immense gulf in public opinion that Spiritualism has bridged over during only one short quarter of a century; remembering that the world's faith in the existence of a disembodied spirit, its nature, functions and powers, has suffered a revolution more potent, in the past twenty-five years, than in the thousand that have preceded them, it would be arrogant and unsafe to say more light, knowledge and revelation on spiritual existences cannot be given, and what we think we know is a finality; but I do believe that we have trodden on very safe ground in our past dealings with spirits, and as yet nothing has been given, done, said, or asserted, that should shake the testimony which Spiritualism renders of itself, to wit: that it is in all and every instance occasioned either by the spirits of deceased, or living human beings; still, that it is ALL HUMAN—human in origin, in motive, in manner, in characteristics good and evil; human in its assimilation with our atmosphere, speech, and status of intelligence. I cannot say to Col. Olcott it is absolutely so, but I do say I believe it to be so. I cannot say to him, you are wrong, and we are right; but as yet, the testimony is all on our side—the inferences on his. We do not know all his reasons for belief, but we do know ours; and whilst making the admissions recorded above, I am still of opinion, founded on testimony, and strengthened even by my limited intercourse with other orders of being, that those who have communed with us in human form are the human spirits they profess to be, and such I shall continue to believe them until I have more evidence to the contrary. Now, having said thus much on the *per contra*, or negative side, I will return to my affirmations, and, if agreeable, present to your readers, Mr. Editor, a page or two from the realm of occultism. On the very threshold of my sketches, however, I will ask leave to notice the queries propounded in a late article in the Banner of Light, headed "The New Departure."

I will not attempt to answer those queries for Col. Olcott. We all know he is abundantly able to become his own respondent, but I take leave

to reply I have seen spiritual beings *not human* summoned at will seemingly, by virtue of cabalistic words, charms, and other magical rites. I have not seen anything of this kind which corresponds in its entirety, to spiritual manifestations, nor do I know for an absolute certainty that the controlling power was *not* a spirit-medium. Two persons now resident in New York, besides Col. Olcott, claim to have the power to command the presence of spiritual beings, by virtue of cabalistic words and practices, and utterly disclaim any mediumistic power, at least not any such as they know of. The author of the work advertised in your paper, Mr. Editor, as "Art Magic," has in my presence again and again evoked apparitions of spiritual, or elementary existences—and, though I know him to be a medium, yet this learned and illustrious gentleman insists that his power to control elementary spirits is "cabalistic and magical," not mediumistic. In his remarkable forthcoming work (that is, if the work will come forth under the conditions stated) this author gives directions concerning these practices, which, if followed in all their minutiae, I think and believe will enable others to exercise the same control as himself. And now for my narrative:

Commencing with the old but never out of fashion saying of Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy, Horatio," I shall give my experience in one instance, at least, with the so-called "gnomes," "kobolds," or spirits of the mines.

It is well known in certain mining districts, especially in Bohemia and Hungary, that many of the miners cherish faith in the existence of an order of beings who take especial interest in their labors, and help them to find rich leads of minerals, knock, or as they call it, "hammer" away lustily when they are at fault, and sometimes by these sounds, sometimes by lights, and occasionally by the apparition of *little figures*, point the way to the richest leads of the metals. I have visited the mines in Germany and the Bohemian Wald, where I have heard those knockings, seen the lights, and should have unhesitatingly attributed such phenomena to the spirits of deceased friends of the miners, had I not also, not once or twice, but many times, seen little stocky looking things in the shape of men, very small, and either black, red, or magpie in color—little chunks of creatures, whom the miners were accustomed to see and call by a name which, translated, signifies "earth spirits." They said they were kind enough; never meddled with them, though they sometimes in sport threw their tools about. These miners told me they often saw lights, and all could hear the knockings, but few could see the figures, and in some of the mines I visited, the poor workmen thought more highly of me than ordinary, because I could see their "well beloved little earth spirits." With the light of Modern Spiritualism to guide me, I easily understood that I, as a medium, could see spiritual apparitions invisible to the eyes of those who were not mediums. I also comprehended why certain of the workmen, their wives or children, being spiritually unfolded, could perceive the forms of those whom their less gifted companions only knew by their knockings or flashing lights.

In William Howitt's charming sketch called *Berg-Geister*, he alludes to these popular beliefs amongst miners, but he does more, he gives a very graphic account of a certain *Clamps* in the *wood*, where veritable gnomes figured as the principal personages. Mr. Howitt's narrative is supported by names, witnesses and sundry details which confirm his own undoubted testimony. As I happened to be one of the privileged few who visited the haunted region which Mr. Howitt writes of, I shall cite my own experiences in the matter, with what I trust my readers will allow to be the honest purpose of making myself responsible for the story.

It is now some few years since, being in the neighborhood of a lovely valley called Dovedale, in the County of Derbyshire, England, I heard my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, expatiating upon the singular phenomena they had witnessed in the cottage of an old laborer (then passed away to the better world), called *Clamps*; I think, if I recollect right, he had worked for Mr. Hart, who was interested in the mines adjacent to Dovedale. My friends informed me that *Clamps* had resided for over fifty years in a ruinous old farm-house, only a small part of which was habitable. The place was on the edge of the mines where the old man in his youth and prime had worked, and where, as I believe, he died. During his long residence of half a century in this place, old *Clamps* and his associates were accustomed to see strange globular lights, which year in and year out would come and go with all the familiarity of household ghosts.

Mr. Hart, who was somewhat of a skeptic on the subject of my "spirits," as he termed it, declared that if *Clamps*'s lights were spirits of "humans," they must have been those of deceased lamplighters or gas men—for they never appeared by day, and generally chose the long winter nights, or particularly dark evenings, for the periods of their visitations. Old *Clamps* called them his "glorious lights," and was very particular about returning to his shanty early every night, so that he should not miss seeing them. They came out, or seemed to come, as my friends alleged, from a firm wall, fashioned of rock, and the blocks so solidly cemented together that not a crack or cranny could be discovered. They generally came from two or three to seven or eight in number. Mrs. Hart said that one very cold winter's night she saw as many as ten of these lights. They seemed to fill the little room, and hovered about the fire as if gratified with its

pleasant warmth. "They came," said my informant, "out of the wall, some about two feet from the ground, others as high as three feet, but none more than four, and all remained the same height during the time of their stay. They shook, trembled, or flickered the whole time, as if they were quivering with fear or cold. They had been seen for years and years, longer indeed than the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants' of that region could trace them, except the venerable octogenarian *Clamps*, who affirmed they had always been there as long as he could remember. Their coming was generally preceded by crackling sounds, or direct knockings, and many of the neighbors declared they saw the figures of *little men* just as Mr. Howitt's narrative describes them, namely, 'black as a coal, and polished as a boot.' One of the neighbors, a woman who had often visited the cottage of *Clamps* with her children, described the appearance of the little men as being short, chunky, destitute of hair, polished all over, and bearing about the region where the heart lies in human beings, a large globular light about the size of an ostrich's egg. It was this light, she said, 'which the folks saw,' and it was by this light that she and her children saw them. She added, they did not walk, but jumped about, and their incessant restless motions caused the flickerings which the lights always exhibited. My friend, Mrs. Hart, always beheld the dim outline of little figures accompanying the lights, but the distinctness with which these creatures were seen, seemed to depend upon what in our philosophy we term mediumistic endowments. Other forms had been seen at *Clamps*'s, such as dogs, horses, and even wild beasts, but as the cottage was inaccessible to horses, and no other animals of any kind were kept or known to frequent that neighborhood, these accounts were set down to superstitious exaggerations.

I might fill a volume with the stories related to me of this region, and the matter-of-fact narratives which many of the most intelligent of the miners and their families furnished me with seemed beyond gossamer or dream. *Clamps* before my visit to that section of country terminated, my friends the Harts proposed to give me an opportunity of witnessing for myself some of the marvels they had discoursed about. They told me old *Clamps* had passed away; that the cottage he had inhabited had been tenanted for some years by a very decent family of poor peasants, but as the children grew up the elder members of the family, fearing the continual manifestation of preternatural sights and sounds would make them "sleazy" and superstitious, had at length moved away, and the place had been abandoned. It was the opinion of the few laborers who had been accustomed to see and had grown familiar with *Clamps*'s "glorious lights," that they would never come out except a fire was lighted there; and as the place was deserted and very far remote from other inhabitants, my friends proposed to take me to a still more distant neighborhood, and one where, as they knew by experience, my curiosity might have a good chance to be gratified. Starting early one fine October morning, we drove about ten miles from home, intending to visit the mines, which commenced about the end of Dovedale Valley, but terminated in the direction my friends pursued. Arrived at a wild and most romantic glen, we left our horses and carriage at a poor tavern called "The Miner's Rest," perched on the very top of the mass of rocks which reared up their craggy heights like sentinels guarding the entrance to the charmed region. Our path was continued for more than two miles along a rough road, broken out of fallen trees and crumbling rocks by the wheels of the heavy wagons used for conveying the mineral from the mines. A more wild, weird and toilsome journey I never in my life undertook, and in truth I became so fatigued during its progress that we had some doubts whether I should be able to muster strength enough to accomplish our pilgrimage. It was twilight before we gained our point of destination, and glad enough I was to see the glowing fires of what looked more like a little encampment of gypsies than a village, although it was really dignified with that title. My friends guided me at once to a hut more pretentious than the rest, and introduced me to a family who had formerly been servants in their household. It consisted of a man, his wife, mother, and two fine lads, all of whom were employed in different ways in the adjacent mines. As we stated that we had come only to inspect these mines, and that the lateness of our visit was occasioned by the difficulties which attended our journey, the good, hospitable people were at once apprised of the necessity of providing us with some accommodation for passing the night. The women, after busying themselves to provide us with some boiling water for our tea—for we had carried provisions with us—agreed to retire to a neighbor's hut with their boys, whilst the father, who was on duty in the mines, left us soon after we arrived. The shanty was to be at our disposal, then, during the night.

Mr. Hart was to be "stowed away" in a cave at the back of the house, hewn out of the rock, and filled with sweet, fresh hay, for the use of the horses employed by the miners, whilst a rude but clean bed was assigned to Mrs. Hart and myself. When all was done the women piled up the logs on the hearth, where a cheerful fire was burning, and prepared to quit us. Just as they were bidding us good night, the logs, which they had arranged with some care, suddenly tumbled down and rolled over and over on the floor; deeming this a mere accident I took no notice of it until I observed, whilst Maria, the miner's wife, was in the act of replacing them, several

small, glimmering lights flickering over the wall against which the logs were piled. This might have been the phosphorescent light occasioned by the decay of the wood, I thought; but lo! the logs were no sooner piled up again than down they toppled, and that apparently without any cause. I then observed significant looks passing between the mother and daughter, and an evident disposition to linger and make some explanation as yet unspoken. At this moment a succession of loud knockings was heard on the wall at the back of the room, which I should say, by-the-by, was of stone, and little more than a cave, having been partly formed out of the solid rock.

"Is not that some one knocking?" I inquired; "perhaps it is Mr. Hart. We had better see what is the matter."

"No, ladies," said our hostess, with some hesitation, "it is n't anybody—that is, no one in particular; it's the way of this place."

"But what, then, is the way of the place?" asked Mrs. Hart, merrily, and with an evident wish to encourage the poor women. But before they could answer, down came the brushes on the wall, the frying-pan, and sundry other things that had been hung up on shelves and hooks. The rude door shook violently, and the knockings now resounded from every side of us in quick and irregular showers.

"The wind is rising," said my friend; "I fear we shall have a stormy night."

"Don't be skeary, ladies," said our good hostess, encouragingly; "but I s'pose as how I'd just better say them's not the wind, but just the little hammerers; *goockers, eh, marm*," she added, nodding mysteriously to Mrs. Hart.

"Oh yes! I know all about them, Betty," said my friend, addressing the mother; "they won't hurt us, but they seem rather rough to-night. Don't they like our being here?"

"Lord love ye, marm!" replied the elder woman, "it's all along of their joy to see ye that they're making this to-do. I think they're mortal glad to see the young lady. Only look 'ere, marm!"

I did look, and there, to my astonishment, and I must confess with a thrill of deeper awe than I could account for or control, I saw a row of four lights as large as the veritable ostrich's egg which adorned the mantel shelf of the humble shanty. These lights were directly behind me, and I did not see them till attracted by the woman's explanation I turned round and faced them. They were bright, globular in form, vapory in substance, and nebulous, thickening toward the centre, and deepening in color almost to a dull red. The faint outline of a miniature human form appeared in connection with each light. They were of different sizes; none of them, however, were higher than four feet. They jumped up and down, and threw out something, which resembled hands, toward me, and as they moved, the lights danced and shimmered. These wonderful things at length retreated into the solid wall behind them, and the place where they had been was illuminated only by the light of the wood fire. For two hours the women, (who stayed with us at our earnest request,) Mrs. Hart and myself, watched for the reappearance of these spectral lights in vain. In the interim the knockings continued, and a few stray gleams like stars shone out from the other side of the apartment, but immediately vanished. A kitten, which was attempting to sleep in the warmth of the cheerful fire, would raise its head at the sounds of the knockings, and occasionally make a dart at the shimmering lights, which, as if perceiving the animal would retreat quickly back into the wall. I repeatedly passed my hand over these walls to ascertain if they were damp; or whether any chinks were there from which phosphorescent emanations could proceed. The walls were dry, solid and smooth, and whilst I was pursuing my examination, the knockings would thrill the solid stone beneath my very hand. At the expiration of two hours, an exclamation of the elder woman, called my attention to the hearth, where two large globular lights were hovering midway between the floor and the table, and just above the little kitten, who, with back and tail erect, and eyes gleaming fiery red, manifested the most pitiable signs of terror and amazement.

Once again, and this time far more distinctly, I saw the little men I had before but imperfectly beheld. They were grotesque in shape, with round, shining heads, destitute of hair, perfectly black, and more human about the head than the body. I saw their faces, recognized a sort of good-humored expression in them, and saw them throw somersets several times as if for my amusement. A strange duck with each little head ended the performance, and then they sank into the ground made of planks laid down upon the rock of which the house was built.

"There!" cried the younger woman; "they won't mislead ye again, ladies. When they goes down, they never comes again the night. It's the end of their game to sink down like that."

The woman was right. Though at our entreaty both mother and daughter remained with us all night, sleeping soundly, curled up on shawls and garments, and though we, lying awake, and—must I confess it?—shivering and trembling from head to foot, kept our eyes open, straining them in every direction, and with bated breath and ears sharpened by fearful anticipation, listened until we could hear the deep silence of that long, long night—we neither saw nor heard any more of the "little hammerers."

The morning came at length. Oh! what an age it was coming! Mr. Hart joined us as we were waiting for the morning meal. He had heard knockings, he said, but concluded it might be the echo of the laborers' hammers from the

THE PARENTAL DUTY.—Parton says: "The best man is he who can rear the best child; and the best woman is she who can rear the best child." "The whole virtue of the race—physical, moral, mental—comes into play in the most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"The expert had better have limited the cases that are 'easily explained;' for, in 1888, we truthfully wrote and published as follows:

"Twelve years ago or more, I saw a young man mesmerized, and the operator soon put me in communication with him. Several times I held my watch over the top of his head and very near to it; and, though I each time changed the position of the hands, yet he, firmly blindfolded, as he was, told me the exact time as the hands stood. At last I varied the hands so as not myself to know how they stood, and yet he readily

Unlike Dr. Brown-Séquard, he makes that re

Sufficient reason for the non-action of will and judgment in this expert himself, during the time in which his production concerning trance was being reeled off, is embraced in the following extracts from his own pages: "The explanation I have to offer for the exaltation of function in trance is this: *Volitional* activity costs more cerebral force than spontaneous, involuntary, automatic activity. It is necessary that the will should be constantly in use, especially in all the details of practical life, in order to give systematic judgment—in short, common sense—to our lives. But common sense is purchased at an enormous sacrifice of absolute mental and muscular power. Supposing that the absolute amount of cerebral force that can be exerted in any special direction is as in raising a weight, making a speech or singing a song, be represented by 100

MATERIALIZATION:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light :

THOMAS R. HAZARD.
Vacluse, R. I., Sept. 27th, 1875.

N. B.—I have not alluded to the equally convincing manifestations given in the Banner of 25th Inst. that took place before the same medium in the presence of Mr. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Rich, Dr. Pike and Mr. Day, as one so good a thing of the kind is sufficient to treat of at one time.

T. R. H.

A small child being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, marm, but I guess they dried themselves."

To Book-Buyers.

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

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

By inserting in the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to LESTER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC H. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Scandal-Mongers.

The human tongue is the destroyer of all hopes, all unity, all sympathy, and in fact, of all progress, unless submitted to the steady restraint of a curb and bridle. One tongue, that acknowledges no guide, can do more harm than an army in open opposition. The owner of it himself does not realize the work he is making, what obstructions he puts in the way, what an amount of patient eel-griping he puts upon others, the habit of exaggeration that makes all rumors increase as they travel, and the invisible mischief caused by the mere emission of a few idle words. It is not necessary to utter what one thinks, nor even what one knows. It is tattling and tale-bearing, nay, is even news-telling the highest occupation to which a human being can devote himself.

Cannot a person keep some part of what enters his ears to himself, and is it so necessary for him to volute again at his mouth, always exaggerated, still more distorted, and invariably high-colored? It may not have any basis of truth, as all flying rumors are likely not to have; would it not be a source of satisfaction to reflect that by keeping it back he throws a gadam across the muddy stream of scandal and hindering it from carrying everything away in its turbid tide below? It is no more than common charity to think this. It is also well to consider that by distributing scandal with such eagerness one lays himself open to the same subtle and secret assaults at some future time? After these and sundry other considerations, the person who deliberately devotes himself to spreading rumors, as so many do without apparent shape, deserves nothing but silent contempt. It is the meanest business that is followed, and of course those are the meanest natures that pursue it.

Unhappily, there is no cause, however pure and exalted, in which it is sought to enlist human sympathies and human endeavor, that is not subject to the assaults of scandal-mongers. There is always a class that hovers over the tables, preferring like the fabled harpies, to defile and eat the fragments. Vultures prefer the garbage. The scandal-mongers, however, do not clear away the results of their own defiling contact. It would be something in their favor if they did. They breed contagion, and make matters worse for their hated presence. They comprehend nothing of any cause but the opportunity it gives them to prey on a new company. They are all eyes to see, and all ears to hear. It is everything but the good and the true that they are so swiftly on the alert for; they lay in wait at keyholes, under windows and at speaking-tubes.

If patience and charity were of any service in bringing on the self-correction of these abominable ways, it would be a clear case for the practice of these virtues. But it is notorious that scandal-mongers like that above all other modes of dealing with them. It leaves the field open to them, and does not offer to molest them. What do creatures know or care about charity who interpret it as simple encouragement to proceed? or of patience, who think it lack of opposing courage? When they can be fairly cornered, the heroic treatment is all that makes any appreciable impression upon them. That they can comprehend and feel. They are garbage collectors, and cannot be treated like bread-carriers. When they are made to swallow their own doses there are none who make such wry faces.

Mr. Murray and the Churches.

In his first sermon at Music Hall last Sunday before his newly-gathered congregation, Rev. Mr. Murray welcomed them all as the members of a new Church, not in conflict with any of the rest of the churches, but preferring independence to continued obedience. This plainly enough shows that the prevailing tendency is toward independence, and away from authority. That is much to be assured of. Mr. Murray also alluded to the disintegration that is taking place in the churches of New England, and spoke as if a new ecclesiastical organization like his were not the alternative. It is, and not to stop with him either. The breaking up is to go on until reorganization takes place on an entirely new basis.

The Havana Materialization Seances Resumed.

Mrs. Markee, (formerly Mrs. Compton,) resumed her spirit-materialization seances at Havana, N. Y., the first instant, and will continue them every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening until further notice, except sickness intervenes.

Our good friend, Gen. Francis J. Lippitt, has permanently removed to Washington, D. C., where he will be found by those desiring his services as a legal counselor, etc. His address is 629 F street. The General is a man of liberal views and scholastic attainments, and deserves well of the friends in Washington.

We have a charming story on hand, written expressly for the Banner by Mrs. Ann E. Porter, one of the most moral and elegant writers of the present age, which we shall print soon.

Farewell Services in Honor of J. J. Morse; Congratulatory Speeches by George A. Bacon, the Presiding Officer; John Wetherbee; I. P. Greenleaf; Dr. H. B. Storer, and Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher; Feeling Reply from Mr. Morse.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 3d, Rochester Hall, Boston, was crowded to repletion with a large and intelligent audience—among which could be traced the presence of many of the most influential representative men of the spiritual movement in our midst—assembled to bid "God-speed," at parting, to J. J. Morse, the excellent English trance speaker, who for nearly a year has been meeting with an unvarying round of success among the principal towns and cities of New England and many States on the Atlantic seaboard. During his stay among us Mr. Morse has accomplished a work for the cause whose high and practical value cannot be gainsayed, and it is with pleasure we hear the announcement that he will return to America in the coming month of May, 1876.

During the hours of the evening spoken of above the services were pleasantly diversified with music from Alonzo Bond's Quadrille Band, and the chair was most appropriately filled by Geo. A. Bacon, Esq., whose literary labors, backed by his stirring speeches from the platform, have made his name known in various parts of the United States as a worthy and most important bulwark of the cause. To his earnest and self-sacrificing labors the success of the enterprise about to be described is mainly due, and it is meet that the present opportunity be taken to acknowledge his distinguished services here and elsewhere.

The hall was most tastefully decorated by Mrs. Mary A. Charter of East Boston, and others, a harp, an anchor and a cross—each of large proportions, and composed of blended flowers and autumn leaves—being disposed at good intervals upon the front of the rostrum, and the rear being lighted up finely by an American flag, which was draped like a divided curtain over a copy of Joseph John's celebrated picture of the advent of Spiritualism at Hydeville, N. Y., entitled "The Dawning Light." Behind the speaker's stand were arranged two finely ornamented mottoes: "Flowers are the alphabet of angels where with they write great truths on hill and plain," and "Let us live but to do what truth may demand."

The meeting was called to order by the chairman at a little past the time announced. In performing this service, and also in the course of the evening, Mr. Bacon took occasion to speak in the warmest terms of praise of the public worker whose present assemblage had convened to lovingly endorse.

REMARKS OF GEORGE A. BACON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In complying with the requirements of the occupancy of the chair this evening, I am glad to know that my duties are of the simplest character—viz: to announce to you in proper form the order of the programme; but I cannot let this opportunity pass by without saying a single word in my own behalf concerning our good brother Morse, in whose honor we are convened this evening. We are met to extend to him our heartiest sympathies, to pay to him our deepest respect, and to give him a parting salute ere he leaves us for his English home. In a few hours, comparatively, he goes out from our midst; but we are glad to know that he anticipates a return in due season. He is, I believe, the first trance speaker which the mother country has sent to our shores, and I think that I express the unanimous verdict of this large company when I say that if England has more like him we shall be glad to have her send them along. [Applause.]

It is a singular fact—a coincidence doubtless—but I believe the only prominent trance speaker which the States have sent across the water to England lands on our shores again just as our brother is on the point of leaving them; one of our mediums who in England has raised the banner of Spiritualism aloft, and carried a knowledge of its excellence and beneficence into many localities where perhaps it would not but for her have met with acceptance. I refer to our Sister Tappan [applause]—a fair exchange for our Brother Morse!

At the close of the lecture through Brother Morse, several in the audience who have been invited to follow will offer the necessary parting words to him, speaking in behalf of themselves and for the Spiritualists of Boston generally; so that while we may prolong our services, we hope to have your attention throughout the entire exercises. And now I have the pleasure of introducing to you Brother Morse, who will favor us with a reading.

Mr. Morse then read with fine effect Miss Lizzie Dole's stirring lyric, "The Soul's Destiny," from the Poems of Progress; after which the audience, led on by the band, joined in singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

During the singing the control was established and at its close the influence in charge proceeded to deliver, through the lips of Mr. Morse, a most eloquent address on "Spiritualism—Its Genius, Scope and Destiny;" a report of which we shall give in a future number.

At the close of the discourse music was furnished by Bond's Band, after which George A. Bacon called upon John Wetherbee, Esq., to offer a few remarks. Mr. Wetherbee, referred to in terms of high compliment to the work of Mr. Morse in America, and then spoke of what he had once heard Nehemiah Adams say in Tremont Temple, in the light of an experience where a dying man had foretold the speedy death of his (the said man's) child, which had been verified to the letter, viz: "The curtain between this world and the next is getting thinner," and said he did not agree with Mr. Adams, believing rather that the change was not in the veil, but in ourselves. He referred to the revelations made by returning spirits concerning the mode of life in the world toward which we were all hastening, and of the effect which these unfoldments had upon the human mind, teaching, as they did, that death made no change in the individual, and that there was no escape from the logical sequences of deeds done in the body. Spiritualism was essentially cosmopolitan in its nature, and looked not only at the present, but scanned the past causes of that present, and the future results to flow from it. Spiritualism came to reproduce the fore world again, to break down hyperis, to make religion a thing for week-day as well as Sabbath observance. In its work it might bring to the facial cuticle of society the eruptions which spoke of diseased conditions within, but the interior blood would be made more healthful by the process. [Applause.] A certain poet had said that in the trials of life "a correspondence fixed on heaven"—was the

surest anchor of the soul; but he thought that the only real correspondence of this character in existence was in spirit return and communion, which had the power to encourage the lagging hopes of youth by the revelation of endless ages wherein to compass its sublime aspirations, and cheered the autumn-time of life with the glorious assurance of conscious individual immortality.

George A. Bacon then called upon I. P. Greenleaf for a speech. Mr. Greenleaf responded in an earnest manner. Spiritualism has, he said, a meaning most grand and glorious; its purpose is to draw us nearer together in magnetic brotherhood, and to bring out the possibilities that are within ourselves, that they may attain to broader scope, and that our lives may be more sublime! Such has been the work of our brother amongst us, and we come here to-night to pay honor to his honesty, his talents, his manhood, and to compliment him on the faithfulness with which he has accomplished his services for the cause in America. We welcomed him when he came, and now comes the time when we must say—not farewell, for that word has a sad meaning to me. The speaker would rather bid Brother Morse speed onward to his home in peace and safety, and invoked the good spirits to attend him and aid him, when that home was reached, in the fulfillment of his work in England. He should watch, with interest the steps of Brother Morse, and hoped that attendant blessings might go with him wherever he might be. These words he spoke from his heart to Mr. Morse, and not only did he offer these sentiments in his own behalf but in the name of the assembled company. [Applause.] For himself and for the audience he would say to the departing brother "Good by, but not forever." The parting word brought with it a touch of sadness, but it was relieved by the thought that the revolutions of time would soon bring that brother back again as a worker in our midst. When the ocean voyage was past, and it was the privilege of Mr. Morse to behold the presence of his loved ones, the speaker trusted that the happiness of that sweet reunion would be enhanced by the remembrance that on the other side of the great waters he was also cherished in the good wishes and kindly memories of many loving hearts.

At the close of Mr. Greenleaf's speech Mr. Bacon introduced to the audience Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who, alluding to the lateness of the hour, said he should be brief, and proceeded to consider the effects which had followed the advent and labors of Mr. Morse in the United States. He (the Doctor) had taken part in the welcoming of Mr. Morse when he came to our shores, and he was informed that the same cordial reception had been encountered by him wherever he had been, and that wherever he had been he had also accomplished much good. Spiritualism was shaking the world, and it was not strange that an Englishman should be projected to our shores by the shock of the convulsion, or that American mediums should be deposited on British ground by the same process, as had been the Davenport, Home, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Tappan, and others. The mission of Spiritualism was to make man understand the truth of his relations with all around him. The speaker hoped Mr. Morse would be eminently blessed when he reached his native shores, and that when he returned to this side the Atlantic he might be even more successful than before in his efforts to advance the interests of the cause.

Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher was next presented to the people by Mr. Bacon. She stated at the outset that she had been requested by Mrs. Mary A. Charter, the industrious decorator of the hall, to present to Mr. Morse "the floral anchor" which was on the platform before him. The symbol thus offered was a most fitting one for the occasion, in that it pictured not only the truth that his memory was fast anchored in the heartfelt esteem of the American spiritual public, but it also signified the hope that he would be long returned to this field of labor in which he had already accomplished so much of benefit. His efforts had been an anchor to many souls, and the speaker hoped that in friendship and truth these souls might also be collectively an anchor to him. The angels had watched over the sailing, and would aid him in the reaping, that the cross of labor and the anchor of hope might finally be changed to the crown of rejoicing!

Mr. Bacon, at the termination of the speech of Mrs. Fletcher, introduced the beneficiary of the evening, who made the closing speech in a personal condition.

REMARKS OF MR. MORSE.

In commencing, he stated that he was in no condition to speak—his heart was too full, and his lips failed to afford utterance to his grateful thoughts. His visit to this country had been in many respects one of the sweetest episodes in his life. I have (he said) learned lessons that nothing can ever destroy; I came to this country a stranger in a strange land—I knew but three people here when I landed in New York—I depart leaving behind a host of friends, and I feel that I am no longer a stranger. My labor has lain chiefly in the Eastern and New England States, and while in this city I have been the recipient of a vast amount of kindness. But the life of a public worker is not of a kind to please everybody, and of course I have offended some. If they are offended with me—good; if they are pleased with me—good; if offended, then I must try to find how I displeased them; if I have offended them because of my love of truth, thank God! because they may yet learn to feel as I did when I took the course, whatever it might have been, which gave them offense.

I am an Englishman, and we are wont to boast at home of the freedom of our country, but I confess that I did not know what freedom meant till I came here; I have learned the full significance of that word since I came under the protection of your flag; I shall always look with pleasure on your flag which shines from yonder wall, and whenever I meet an American in London or Liverpool, or wherever it may be, I shall feel that I am meeting a sister or a brother. I must honestly say that I love many of your institutions. When I came to this country I did bring a species of cross with me; I did not know how I should be received; but my cross speedily changed and was covered with flowers.

The speaker referred to the rapid succession of events which had extended his acquaintanceship with the Spiritualists of America; to the feeling of kinship which had sprung up in his heart toward the friends of the cause on our shores; to the changing of the cross of anxiety to the anchor of hope, which also represented as a symbol the fact that his new found friends had anchored him in their remembrance, in their love, in the work for the great cause which was going on to victory in this country, and said he hoped

the cable of his life might be true enough and pure enough and strong enough to ever hold him in the position which he had been so repeatedly assured this evening he now held in the estimation of the friends of the movement. [Applause.]

I need not say that I am delighted—I am more than pleased. I cannot help feeling that you have done all this out of kindness—in coming here and in expressing these friendly sentiments to me by look and word. These I will treasure in my heart, and take home to my English brothers, and I will tell them, when I shall arrive, that our American brethren welcomed me with open hearts and generous hands. [Applause.]

The career of a public individual cannot always move on to success on the mere effort of the person; you cannot make your way in the world by simple merit; you must possess the aid of accessories to bring you into notice; and one of the most powerful in this direction is the press. On my first appearance in your city the press of Boston, notably the Daily Herald and Globe, gave fair and candid reports of my addresses, and I thank their representatives, if they are present to-night, for the kindness then shown by those papers to me, a stranger. I did not say so when I was here last, for fear it might have the appearance of a bid for further favorable attention, on their part, but now that I am about departing for England, my remarks can bear no such construction.

The speaker then went on to state that the spiritual papers had accomplished much in his behalf. When, said he, I speak of the dear old Banner of Light, it is just as dear to me, an Englishman, as it is to you Americans; I have been used to seeing and reading it from my earliest years, but I never thought I should be privileged in the form to grasp the hand of its gentlemanly editor, or any of his staff. In that gentleman I have found a warm personal friend, and I take the present opportunity to offer my thanks to him for his uniform kindness and deep brotherly interest, as expressed both by word and through the columns of his paper. I hope the Spiritualists of America will stand fast for the Banner of Light—the Banner of the New Dispensation—and keep it waving; for in my opinion it is the best spiritual paper the American continent holds! [Applause.]

The lecturer referred to the phonographic reporting and the issuing in pamphlet form by the Scientist Publishing Company of the lecture delivered through his organism before the Boston Spiritualist Union last winter, and said that for this effort to spread the truths of Spiritualism his thanks were due, and were tendered them on the present occasion. He also remembered pleasantly Mr. Alonzo Bond and his musicians for their sweet strains, and Mrs. Mary A. Charter for her labors in beautifying the hall.

His duty for the present was nearly done; he was about to return to his home, to his wife and children, and the veil of waters would for a time hide from him the kindly faces of his American friends; but he was sure the happiness of his loved ones in England would be enhanced when they heard the story of his experiences in America. He hoped to return about the end of next May; should probably bring with him his family, and might on a future occasion have the pleasure of introducing them to his friends on this side the Atlantic.

In closing, he thought it eminently just that he should speak of the spirit intelligences who had done so much for himself and for the enunciation of truth. To them he desired to ascribe all praise—he was but the instrument upon which they played. He had himself endeavored to do the best he could, and he would accept the credit for what he had accomplished, but he felt that the major portion of that credit was due to his controls, to whom he felt most thankful. His debt of gratitude was too great, both to these dear spirit friends and the public, to be expressed. He hoped that when the time should again bring him to these shores, the welcome with which he would be received would compensate him for the sorrow of the present hour of parting. In conclusion, he would say, "God bless you all!"

The band then struck up "Auld Lang Syne," which the audience, rising, joined in singing, after which the meeting closed, many of the people remaining, however, to address words of personal friendship to Mr. Morse in addition to those of the speakers. The exercises passed off harmoniously, and the spirit of peace and universal brotherhood seemed to brood over the occasion.

The Ward Will.

We give some account in another column of the great case now before the probate court in Detroit, in which an attempt is made to set aside the will of the late E. B. Ward, of Michigan, on the ground that he was a Spiritualist. The lawyer for the plaintiffs, it will be seen, takes the ground that "if it be made legally to appear that Mr. Ward was influenced by spiritualistic advice in framing his will, then it is void, for a belief in the existence of communications from departed spirits, &c., constitutes an insane delusion."

If nobody had been disappointed by the will, no fault would have been found with the spirits; but inasmuch as somebody is hurt, therefore the consultation of the spirits must be construed into an "insane delusion." But why not consult the spirits as well as a priest, or a bishop? No intelligent Spiritualist believes in the infallibility of the spirits. Rarely does he feel sure of the identity. If Mr. Ward took the advice of the supposed spirits, it was because it squared with his own notions of what was right under the circumstances.

If to believe in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals be an "insane delusion," then we must regard as insane such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, Senator Simmons, Abraham Lincoln, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and some hundreds of men of eminence in science, letters, or statesmanship. The attempt to impute insanity par-takes so much of religious bigotry and tyranny, that any judge who should rule that belief in Spiritualism is an insane delusion, would probably lose his place. If the Atheist, the Catholic, the Unitarian, the Swedenborgian, the Mormon and the Positivist are to be held sane, why not the Spiritualist? The public will look with interest to the decision in this remarkable case. The fortune in litigation amounts to some five millions of dollars.

We received last week a call from our friend, Cephas B. Lynn, who is looking finely as to health. We hear good reports concerning his efforts in the lecturing field. Societies should keep him well employed.

The Spirits' Book.

COLBY & RICH, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, Boston, have in press and will shortly issue, an American edition of this fine work by Allan Kardec, which has been rendered into choice English from the original French by Anna Blackwell. This book we shall be able to sell at a much less rate than the English edition. It will be sent out as a companion volume to the Book on Mediums, by the same author, and for this purpose will be printed on a similar style of paper, and in binding, etc., uniform with the preceding volume. Due notice will be given of its date of publication.

This new book to American readers treats of the immortality of the soul, the nature of spirits, and their relations with men; the moral law; the present life, the future life, the destiny of the human race, etc., and is not the result of mere speculation, but is announced as being the product of the teachings of spirits of high degree, as transmitted through various mediums and collected by Kardec.

Some idea of the important character of this work, and the popular interest which it has aroused in France may be gathered from the fact that its circulation in that country had reached the extraordinary figure of 120,000 copies up to the date of its translation into English by Miss Blackwell. The subject matter of the volume is keenly provocative of interest, as well as widely diversified as to topics, and there is no apparent reason why its success in America should not rival that achieved by it in the latitude of its original preparation.

Casts of Spirit Hands.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 3d, a party—consisting of William Lloyd Garrison, Allen Putnam, Esq., Mr. Haines of the Boston Herald, George A. Bacon and lady, John W. Day our reporter, and others—to the number of some ten persons, met, by invitation, at the residence of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, 4 Concord Square, Boston, to witness some experiments on the part of that medium and her husband in the new process of taking casts of the materialized hands which appear at her seances. The guests were disposed around a pine table composed of a top of matched boards and two "horses" similar to those seen in any carpenter's shop. In the centre of the table was an orifice some foot square, covered with black cloth which was nailed down at the edges, but which was divided longitudinally to afford an opening for the projection upward of the hands which were formed beneath the table. A small square space was enclosed under the table and beneath the aperture by pieces of loose carpeting, which were secured against the under side of the said table by nails; being easily movable, the party examined this laboratory thoroughly before its carpet-curtains were allowed to fall. Mr. Hardy had, in sight of all, put what was considered a sufficient amount of paraffine into a pail of boiling water, and when it was melted, the whole was placed under the table in the centre of the square, and beneath the aperture, while the company seated themselves around the board. The process described by William Denton in our last issue then went on, the hands appearing, and being noisily splashed in the water, as were also two little bells which were handed to the invisible workmen beneath the table—these bells were sounded under the water, also, and then passed up covered, tongue and sides, with a smothering coat of solidified paraffine. Some six good molds were obtained by the process, which, however, trial demonstrated to be a delicate one and attended with difficulties; when sufficiently cooled they were filled with liquid plaster, and placed in the stove oven to melt off the wax.

During the seance several amusing trials of strength occurred between the guests and the powers beneath the table, by means of a handkerchief, one end of which was thrust down through the aperture, the invisibles proving themselves capable of exerting much power, the Herald representative, for instance, averring that the handkerchief held by him "was seized and pulled with a force which was only overcome by a resistance of about fifty pounds."

The results compassed at this seance pointed out the verity of the claimed fact, and there is every reason to suppose that further experimentation will bring out the accomplishing through the instrumentality of Mrs. Hardy, of startling results in this novel field of her mediumship.

"The Allen Boy" Medium.

On the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 20th, a small company of reliable ladies and gentlemen, assembled by our special invitation, attended a seance at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, whereat this well-known medium was present. He was put into a bag made of mosquito netting; the top of the said bag was tied as tightly as possible under his chin, the knots being placed at the back of his neck, space only being left him to breathe through, and the remainder of the draw-string of the bag was secured in such a manner behind him and around the back of his chair that he was unable either to rise from his seat in any way, or to reach forward toward the table placed in front of him, whereon were arranged several small bells. The dulcimer, which is so finely played upon at his seances generally, was placed behind him, resting upon two chairs. The company occupied the seats in front of the platform, save two ladies and two gentlemen who were appointed by us to sit beside the medium in half circle and hold his hands, in addition to the security from skeptical doubt which was furnished by the bag. The medium and this chosen committee were thus left alone on the rostrum, and on the steps leading thereto a member of our company was seated. In this condition the party remained for some time, but before the seance closed the dulcimer was lifted from the chairs behind Mr. Allen, carried over his head and placed in his lap, while Lewis B. Wilson held him by both hands. Several other occurrences of like character took place during the seance, and, though the phenomena witnessed were not of so startling a nature as we have personally and repeatedly seen in his presence in the past, enough was accomplished to prove the fact of the mediumship of Mr. Allen. He is at present giving seances at 46 Beach street, Boston, and parties interested in the physical phase of Spiritualism should visit him.

"Danger Signals:"

An Address on the Uses and Abuses of Modern Spiritualism.

By Mrs. Mary F. Davis, has just been issued in New York by A. J. Davis & Co. It is presented in neat pamphlet form. For sale in Boston, wholesale and retail, at the bookstore of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place.

Most of our readers are familiar with the writings of this gifted lady, and therefore no encomium from us in this regard is necessary. It is enough to say that Mrs. Davis is a pure-minded woman and a firm Spiritualist. This book comes before the world at precisely the most opportune moment, when its inhabitants are seeking for higher truths than the ancient sacred records impart. In order to afford the reader an idea of the writer's salient points, we quote from the preface as follows:

"The signs of the times give evidence that dangers, which threaten Spiritualism, have recently accumulated along the open sea of investigation and discovery. Among them is the fatal one of retrogression. Doctrines which prevailed in superstitious eras, are finding lodgment in many speculative minds. * * * The works of mythical Hermes Trismegistus, Apollonius of Tyana, Iamblicus, Cornelius Agrippa, and others, of a dead past, are to be explored as in the darkness of a tomb, while the mental vision is turned from the broad, clear light of the living present. A serious effort is at hand to revive the secret School of Magic; and the favored few, who will be deemed worthy of discipleship, may soon startle the uninitiated by summoning elementary spirits from the 'vast deep' of the 'primordial mobile'—the 'symples', 'gnomes', 'indies', and 'salamanders' of the Rosicrucians. The 'pagan', the Jewish Cabala, and the Abrahamic of the pagan theosophers may again assume their ancient significance, and the lives of Pythagoras and Raymond Lully be repeated by the modern esoteric magicians, who claim to give 'directions for invoking, controlling and discharging spirits.' How far removed seems all this from a plain, simple search for truth in sincerity and humility of heart! Let the true Spiritualist leave mummy and magic, and stand fast in the principle affirmed by the gifted author of Poems from the Inner Life: 'There are only two infallible witnesses in the universe—Nature when wisely questioned, and the Soul when true to itself.'"

On page twenty-two the authoress predicts that "Spiritualism is to be a harmonizing element in this world-wide chaos of feud and antagonism. Its teachings, like those of the gentle Nazarene, are pointing toward 'peace on earth, and good will to man.'" May this good time come speedily, is our emphatic prayer. The address concludes in an earnest strain as follows:

"Wrongs and abuses, and impositions now beset the pathway of the true reformer; but friends of progress, rejoice in my joy:
All rainbowed in the far-off future time,
When men shall stamp their demon creeds to dust,
And know the evangel in its very heart,
Rejoice of the true."

Spiritualism comes, its broad wings bathed in the sunlight of the spheres, to proclaim the approach of that glorious hour. It does not bring it, but it tells us that it is to be! It tells us how sublime a joy it is to hold communion with the departed, to be comforted, when the light of the heart has gone, by its return amid the evening shadows, to be brought to feel that death hath a friendly arm, and a kindly smile, when he opens the door to the Father's mansions, and to have the Book of Nature unsealed by angels' hands, so that the mysteries of the universe roll out into forms of living light and immortal beauty. BUT SPIRITUALISM, WHILE IT BRINGS ALL THESE BLESSINGS TO THE PURE IN HEART, POINTS TO SOMETHING FURTHER, nobler, grander IN THE COMING TIME! IT IS THE HERALD OF A NEW DISPENSATION, THE FIRST MOURNING BEAM OF A GOLDEN DAY IN WHICH ALL WILL BE VOCAL WITH SPIRITUAL HARMONIES, AND HUMILITY FIND REPOSE IN THE EVERLASTING LIGHT OF LOVE, WISDOM, AND LIBERTY."

Welcome to Dr. Main.

Dr. Charles Main, of this city, who has been absent in Europe during the past five months, returned home last week. He is looking hale and hearty, and reports favorably in regard to the spread of the Spiritual Philosophy in the 'Old World. He was well received by the Spiritualists wherever he sojourned, and consequently enjoyed his trip very much.

The spacious parlors of the Doctor, at No. 60 Dover street, Boston, were crowded with a large company of friends on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 5th, who convened as a "surprise party" to give a cordial welcome home to this veteran worker. The usual speeches appropriate to such an occasion were delivered, with every evidence of sincerity on the part of the guests, and the pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by singing from Misses Adams, (Maria) Collier and Nason, and declamations by May Potter, Mabel Edson and Maria Adams. The display of flowers and autumn leaves arranged by Mrs. Adams was very fine and tasteful, and the reply of Dr. Main to the welcoming words of his friends was full of feeling. The Doctor stated in the course of his remarks, that after a rest in Boston, he should, (though at present no dates could be given,) make a tour of the West, and then return to London for awhile.

Indignant Indians.

Is the way one of our contemporaries heads the announcement of the fact that the Pala Indians (of San Diego, Cal.), who have recently been ejected from lands on the Temecala rancho, which they had long occupied, and to which they are, according to all evidence, entitled in justice, are enraged and threaten reprisals. Who would not be the same under like conditions? Of course "Gov. Pacheco and Gen. Schofield have been telegraphed for arms and troops, and great apprehensions are felt in San Diego." Justice to the red man would relieve all such apprehensions and be the best policy, to say nothing of principle, for the government of the course of the whites there and elsewhere in the United States.

Rev. E. F. Strickland.

Late a Baptist minister, is prepared to negotiate with societies for one or more lectures on Spiritualism during the fall and winter campaign. He will be assisted by his talented and gifted daughter Katie. Friends are requested to write early, in order that his arrangements may be completed. Address 13 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Strickland is an able man and good lecturer—just the person Spiritualist societies should engage.

New York people were humbugged last Sunday by probably—under a new alias—the same impostors who gulled the people of Boston in a similar manner not long since, when we informed the public had nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism. How long are Spiritualists and Spiritualism to be blamed for the impositions of unscrupulous men, who would sell their own souls for filthy lucre? The public are advised to beware of the Fays, the Warrens, and others of like stamp.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT HERMON.—Hast thou a right to be judge in thine own cause? to be a party in an act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

Wranglings and bitter discussions are not conducive to spirituality. The man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet tones, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

Dr. A. W. Hagar is permanently located at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and is doing what he can to enlighten the people there on the subject of Spiritualism by employing lecturers, &c. He does not hesitate, when occasion requires, to publicly express his own deep convictions in regard to spirit communion.

Dr. G. L. Dittson's Review of Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges, prepared for this week's issue of the Banner, is owing to the extraordinary pressure on our columns, crowded out until the next number.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, who has an advertisement in another column of this paper, was located in Dix Place and Winter street for some twenty years; she has now removed from Bunker Hill District to Hotel Norwood, corner of Oak and Washington streets, Boston.

An interesting article on "Casts of Spirit Hands," from the pen of William Denton, will appear in our next issue.

A brutal outrage and murder was committed at Pembroke, N. H., Monday, Oct. 4th. A young lady left her home for school in the morning, and her body was found in some bushes in the evening; headless and horribly mutilated.

An interesting article by Dr. H. B. Storer concerning "Materializations at the Eldys," will appear in our columns next week.

A memorial pageant in honor of Andrew Johnson occurred in Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday. It was a grand affair. Ex-President Johnson was a believer in Spiritualism.

The Bank of California reopened on Saturday morning, Oct. 3d, for business, with an amount of coin on hand sufficient for all emergencies, and a guarantee fund of over \$7,000,000.

Los Cruces, Mexico, was destroyed by water spouts on the afternoon of Sept. 11th, sixty-six dwellings being swept away and many lives lost.

The Amador (Cal.) Ledger says: We have been informed by Mr. Andrews, father of Mr. Thomas Andrews, whose unaccountable death we announced, that a few days before the death occurred his son dreamed "that he had become possessed of two bodies—one a human body, the other a spiritual body; that his spiritual body was perched upon a barn and the human body lying upon the ground, being devoured by hogs." Only a short time after this dream, which appeared to trouble him a great deal, his body was found dead near the barn, and the hogs had almost completely devoured the dead body.

God himself cannot compensate us for being born for any purpose of eternity. All the misery endured here constitutes a claim for another life, and still more, all the happiness; because all true happiness involves something more than the earth owns, and needs something more than a mortal capacity for the enjoyment of it.

A milk picher, thrown by his wife at a Nelson-street man, on Monday noon, missed the aim and hit a hard-some frame which enclosed the words, "God bless our home."

Henry Bergh, the New York friend of the animal kingdom, has ordered his men to shoot useless animals with an axe instead of a bullet.

Twenty freight cars were wrecked Sept. 30th, by a collision of trains at the junction of the Albany & Susquehanna and the Schenectady & Athens Railroad, and the engineer of the Susquehanna train, George Wood, was instantly killed and the fireman injured.

EIGHT GOLDEN HABITS.—Be frugal, not mean; prudent, not subtle; complaisant, not servile; active in business, but not its slave. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns: these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch.

The Planters' National Bank, Louisville, Ky., has lost \$105,000 by the defection of its teller, Louis Itchen.

Col. Olcott keeps up a handsome revenue by periodically denying that he believes in the spiritual manifestations which he writes up. It is not odd, but periodic force which he admits. —Chicago Tribune.

Oct. 3d there was a religious riot in Toronto, Canada. The police and military had hard work to prevent bloodshed, but no one was killed, though several parties were seriously injured. Some ten thousand persons were included either as spectators or participants in the melee.

The Carlists have bombarded San Sebastian.

A diamond of 50 carats has been found at Kimberly, in the South African diamond fields.

Six cars and an engine were destroyed on the Erie Railroad at Southfield, N. Y., by a collision, on the night of Oct. 2d.

The famous trotting mare American Girl fell dead (in the afternoon of Sept. 21st in the first heat in the free-for-all race on the Elmira (N. Y.) Driving Park.

Sixty-three millions of francs (\$12,500,000,000) were spent by the combined nations of Europe in the effort to put down France between 1791 and 1815.

CHANCE.

These things I wonder I saw beneath the sun:
That never yet the race was to the swift,
Nor yet the light and the wind that to the light,
Nor favors unto men whose skill had done
Great works, nor riches ever unto one
Who was not understood as a favor from heaven.
Of time and chance, and it is may stay, or stir,
Or know the end of that which is begun.
Who waits and the wind shall still keep
Will never find the ready hour to sow.
Who watches clouds will have no time to reap.
At day-dawn, plant thy seed, and be not slow.
At night, do not sleep, for sleep is slow.
Which seed shall prosper that cannot never know.
—H. H. in Independent.

We have been able, in the United States, to make education almost universal by making it, first, secular; and, secondly, free. Free schools, supported by the whole community, and carefully abstaining from any interference with religious opinion, have produced this result.

What is the world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step an inward awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuit of youth as visionary; the old man looks on childhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last final awakening. —Sir Walter Scott.

Prof. Crookes, of England, discoverer of the metal thallium, and light as a force, says that Bartha Humboldt, at a dinner some time prior to his death, at which Spiritualism came up as the subject of conversation, made this observation touching spiritual phenomena: "THE FACTS ARE UNDENIABLE; IT REMAINS FOR SCIENCE TO FURNISH AN EXPLANATION OF THEM."

"SOMEONE TO JOIN ANYONE," by William Brimton, is a capital poetic production. It will be found in this issue of the Banner.

"Deny not the ragged and barefooted child who asks for flowers for the little lady of a neighbor. It may be a first expression of love and sympathy—a hint from the rubbish heap of life that will blossom out in gentle and thoughtful womanly character."

It can certainly be a matter of no greater difficulty to obtain casts of spirit faces than spirit hands, and eventually the production of full-length statues will naturally follow. —Boston Post.

If the gates of heaven were suddenly to swing open, and all mankind be asked on equal terms to enter into the kingdom, do not you know some people who would pause to see what some other people were going to do about it, and some who would draw back for fear the celestial city was getting vulgar; and some who would refuse altogether, if they saw the so-and-so about to enter?

There's no God dare wrong a worm. —Emerson.

The creditors of Lee & Shepard, at a meeting Thursday, Sept. 30th, considered favorably the firm's proposition to pay twenty cents on a dollar.

Logic.—Young Wife (to George, who arrived home in the small hours, this morning).—"We are one, dear, now that we're married, are we not?" George.—"Certainly, my darling; why?" Young Wife.—"Oh, I only wanted to know; because if we are, I must have been dreadfully inebriated last night."

The wisdom of one generation will be folly in the next. —Priestley.

Professor Marsh has recently made a critical scientific examination of the fossil-bird discovered during his researches at the West, and which presents the phenomenal development of well-formed teeth. The Professor concludes

that the creature was an intermediate form between the bird and the reptile, and that his discovery supplies one of the missing links in the Darwinian theory.

Foreign dispatches report that a series of battles have been fought in Herzegovina; in one engagement the Turks lost 500 men, and the insurgents 50. The northern European powers agree to the proposals of the Herzegovinian insurgents, but Serbia has been ordered not to negotiate with the foreign consuls.

King Alfonso opened the Madrid University Oct. 1st. In his speech he said: "Education and enlightenment can alone regenerate Spain."

At sunset, Thursday evening, Sept. 20th, the Jewish new year began—the 5650th since the creation, according to their chronology.

The Montreal courts have dismissed motion of L. Institut Canadien for the prosecution of the Cemetery St. Salpêtré, for the non-burial of Colford.

The Swedish steamer, L. J. Bager, employed in the Baltic trade, has been burned at sea. Thirty-four lives were lost.

DEAR MR. COLBY.—May I again remind your readers that in sending me the dollar or less for my book and pamphlets as advertised in the Banner—they help to supply my increasing needs in my really increasing sufferings. —ACUTIN KENT, Stockholm, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1875.

The late Mrs. J. H. Conant.
MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, OCT. 10TH.

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON—Madam: The undersigned, friends of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant, appreciating her faithful services in the cause of Spiritualism, so many years a prominent medium of rare power, estimable character, and of unquestioned honesty, feel as if something of the character of a Memorial Service would be but a fitting tribute to her worth, as well as a gratification to us, and to her friends in general, who are the body of Spiritualists all over the world.

Knowing you to be one of our gifted speakers and a sister medium, who knew her well, we have thought it would be a pleasure to you, as well as to her friends in general, to undertake such a service, and we therefore invite you to deliver an oration upon her life and work as you are qualified to give on such an occasion.

You will please select such time as will be most agreeable to you, and when informed we will make all the necessary arrangements suitable for such a service. Hoping this will meet with your approval and acceptance.

We remain, most truly yours,

ALLEN PUTNAM,
J. S. LADD,
JOHN WETHERBEE,
BRIGGS E. MAY,
DANIEL F. BURN,
ANSON J. STOKES,
DAVID WILDER,
L. A. RIGLOW,
J. F. ALDERMAN,
M. V. LINCOLN,
FRED. A. GOULD,
GEORGE W. SMITH,
R. H. SPALDING,
GEORGE A. BACON.

Boston, Sept. 17th, 1875.

To Messrs. Allen Putnam, Judge Ladd and others: GENTLEMEN.—Your favor of the 17th inst. has been received by me with feelings of unalloyed gratification and interest. From the time when our most excellent and esteemed co-worker, Mrs. J. H. Conant, closed her mortal pilgrimage amongst us I have felt for myself and all who have participated in the new light and life that Spiritualism has brought us, a sense of duty to testify to the whole world how gratefully we remembered her invaluable services, how tenderly we appreciated the martyrdoms her mediumistic life had imposed upon her, and how strongly our sympathies were moved by the obvious fact that in the prime of her early womanhood the faithful and self-sacrificing laborer has sunk beneath the cross she bore, and all too soon for us and for the world has left us to shoulder the burden too heavy for her to endure longer.

When some years since I had the honor of representing Spiritualism in the memorial services held in this city, in memory of the venerable John Pierpont, one of the leading journals commented somewhat severely on the fact that this act of grateful reverence to a "Spiritualistic notable" was remarkable for its rarity, on the part of Spiritualists.

I cannot think that such a rebuke was too justly merited, by the apathy we have displayed in rendering public testimony to the worth of many noble workers who have vanished from our ranks, leaving mighty footprints in their tracks, but too often exacting from us only slight and tardy recognitions of their glorious services. I rejoice to believe that the proposed tribute to one so eminently worthy as Mrs. Conant may afford us the opportunity of wiping away this reproach, and I am especially grateful for the selection which confers on me the gracious task of tendering to the assembled spirit of our beloved friend a just and well-merited recognition of the noble and life-long work of devotion she has performed amongst us. However incompetent I may deem myself to meet the requirements of the great demand you make upon me, I shall not hesitate for one moment to do your bidding. I feel as if every true and honest Spiritualist in America must be with us, and if not in person, at least in the spirit of love and sympathy, so many grateful thousands will join in this memorial service, that my shortcomings will be forgotten in the intention of so memorable an occasion.

Holding myself, and my services entirely at your disposal, gentlemen, in the order of the exercises you propose, and only suggesting that you should name the time most suitable for convening an assemblage worthy the subject of the meeting, I am, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON.

206 West 38th street, New York, Sept. 18th, 1875.

The persons moving in this matter of Memorial Service have arranged to have it take place on Sunday afternoon, October 10th, at 2 1/2 o'clock, in Music Hall, to which the public are invited free.

JOHN WETHERBEE, for the Committee.

Boston, Sept. 20th, 1875.

Delano Gives Up.

In ring parlance—not the political ring precisely—Secretary Delano "throws up the sponge." He has virtually confessed that the charges made against the Interior Department by Prof. Marsh, Mr. Wm. Welsh, and others, are true and probable. He resigns before even a Commission of his own appointment brings in its investigating report. He gives up the fight before an opposition House of Representatives assembles, too well aware of the course that body would pursue in reference to the Indian Bureau and the responsible head of the Interior Department. He takes himself out of the way, from a healthy fear that he will be put out of the way. This culmination of the Indian abuses, which has been forced by the action of nearly the whole press of the country, is simply the ending of what was begun in the columns of the Banner years ago, in the face of discouraging circumstances but in the interests of justice to the red man and of the country's name. The course of the "Banner" in this Indian business is justified by events. Further disclosures will make our ground only firmer than before.

C. W. Cotton, writing from Portsmouth, Ohio, says that place is a favorable field for workers in the spiritual vineyard, and is desirous of having some good lecturer or test medium visit that locality. If such will address him he will give all the information required.

Robert Dale Owen.

We are highly gratified to learn that our friend, Robert Dale Owen, has entirely recovered his physical health, and his mental condition has improved so much that he expects to leave the hospital in about a week. He proposes to spend the winter in the home of his son Ernest, in Marquette. Our spirit friends, before the death of Mrs. Conant, informed us that they had strong hopes of restoring him to a sane condition; that they should make great efforts, from their standpoint, to accomplish so desirable a result.

The Harbinger of Light reaches us regularly from W. H. Terry, its proprietor, 84 Russell street, South Melbourne, Australia, looking fresh and readable. Among the other attractions of its August number are to be found copious citations from and favorable allusions to J. M. Peebles's sterling book, "Around the World." The same number announces that J. Tyerman is having excellent success as a lecturer in Sidney, N. S. W. As one outcome of his labors an institution called the Brisbane Free Thought Association has been formed.

The notorious Mr. Talmage, of New York, orated as pioneer at the Music Hall Sermon Course for Wednesday evenings, which commenced in Boston October 6th. The list for this course gives the names of several prominent divines—notably that of Dr. Deemes, from "the little church around the corner"—and to those theologically inclined doubtless affords high attractions.

We have received from C. C. Massey, Esq., a letter giving some of his experiences with the Eldys at Chittenden—especially at Mrs. Hinton's sances. We shall refer to it in our next number.

The Leymarie Donation Fund:
Previously announced \$112 30
Mrs. Hartman, (through B. Shirat, San Francisco,) 1 65
Mr. W. 25

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoöscience and Physiology. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 6 cents.
THE BIBLE OF HEALTH AND PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in London. Price 5 cents.
THE LITTLE BOOK OF THE SPIRIT. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.
THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Issued fortnightly at Chicago, Ill. E. V. Wilson, editor. Price 5 cents.
THE CHURCHILL. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.
THE BIBLE OF HEALTH AND PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 5 cents.
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. N. Watson, Editor. Price 5 cents.

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First line in a column twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line.
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AGENTS, each insertion.
Payments in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—MRS. C. M. MORRISON.
No. 102 Westminister Street. Magnetic treatments given. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give advice and sex. Remedies sent by mail. In the past two years Mrs. Morrison's Control has given five thousand and seventy six diagnoses, by lock of hair; and in the past year over one thousand patients suffering from chronic and complicated diseases have been cured with her magnetic vegetable remedies.
327 Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia.
Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2519. 15w—Au 14.

BE WISE TO DAY.

"Be wise to day," and seek to do
What good you can to friend and foe;
If some "prayer false," do you "be true,"
"That a good record" you may show.
"Be wise to day," let all you say
Be earnest words of love and truth,
Which may be prized some future day.
And save from vice some wayward youth.
"Be wise to day," if boys need "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
And suit them at GEORGE A. FENNO'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed until further notice at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. 0.2

MRS. NELLIE M. FLEET, Electrician, and Healing and Developing Office, 200 Jerusalem street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. 0.9—1w

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 18 West 21st street, New York. 0.2

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. \$18—4w

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 24 East Fourth street. Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. Mr. 27.

J. V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. 0.2

A CARTE DE VISITE LIKENESS OF MR. RILEY, the medium, with a representation of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant standing beside him, later taken by the spirit artist Hazellton, of Boston, will be sent to any address by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, through the mail, on receipt of 25 cents.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment, and have arranged for the accommodation of SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, &c., &c. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

FELLOWS'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.—The merit of this remarkable remedy is due to its cellular property of restoring the wasted tissues of the body to their original firmness and vigor. It is well known that for every thought and action there is death or decay of an amount of material proportionate to the magnitude of the thought or action. This waste is supplied by the cellular property of the food. The cellular activity of youth, the enthusiastic struggle for wealth and fame in the middle-aged, and old age, all cause an undue decay of material nervous force. "We live by dying," says Wendell Holmes, "and we must all be born again, again by atom, from hour to hour, or perish all at once by repair." To the end that power of repair may be vouchsafed to the enfeebled organization, we commend Fellows's Hypophosphites.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.
H. L. KEMPER, 62 North 3d street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
A. J. DAVIS & CO. Bookellers and Publishers of standard and popular works on all subjects. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 15—Nov. 1.

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A. RUSE, 30 Temple street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. DEWEY, Bookstore, 100 N. Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. 15w—Au 14.

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At No. 319 Kearney street (opposite the Court House) may be found the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Works, at Eastern prices. Also Colby & Rich's Golden Rule, Planchette, and Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Morrison's Nutritive Compound, &c., &c. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERRMANSOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
"RICHARD ROBERTS," Bookstore, No. 100 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
DR. J. H. RHOADES, 35 Spring garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Reform Works, at sale above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Cones streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT.
J. G. DARTING & CO., Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

FREE, PA. BOOK DEPOT.
OLIVER SPALDING, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on at his store, 80 North street, Free, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualistic books of the times. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.
LEWIS HAZARD, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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J. H. RUSE, Progressive Spiritualist, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 81 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, and all the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S. A., may at all times be found there.

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A good 2-PLY " " 60 " "

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TAPESTRY much below market rates.

OIL CLOTHS, all widths, low prices.

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PAPER HANGINGS at 6 cents per Roll.

A FULL STOCK OF WINDOW SHADES, LACE CURTAINS,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS, CURTAIN FIXTURES, PICTURE

CORD, PICTURE MOUNTING, ETC.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

G. ABBOTT & CO.,

41 Washington and 76, 78 and 82 Friend street,

(Near Hanover st., Boston.)

Sept. 18.-19w

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed till further notice:

Glennora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Dr. Willis may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, and that he has cured many cases of disease by this method. He has cured many cases of disease by this method. He has cured many cases of disease by this method.

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