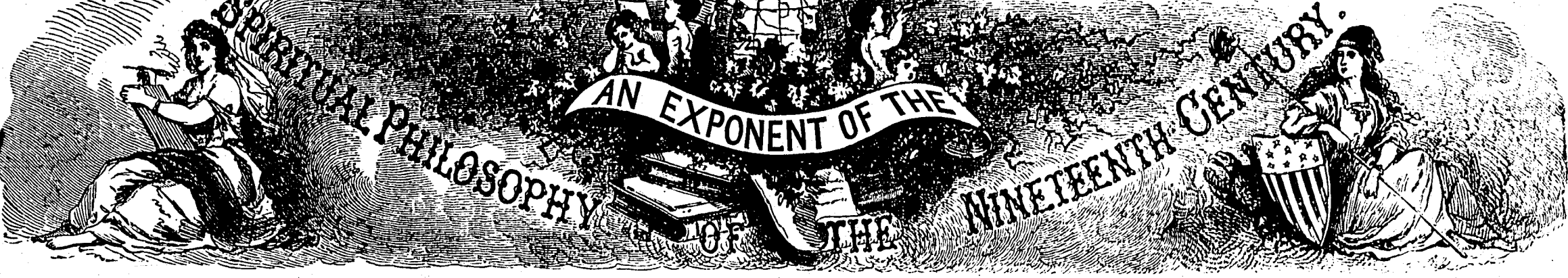


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Personal Experiences.

MR. AND MRS. HOLMES'S MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I confess that I was prejudiced against the Holmeses because of the fraud that was perpetrated—if not with their full consent at least with their passive cooperation—in regard to the movable panels and spurious photograph of the spirit Katie King. I have recently passed two weeks in Philadelphia, and mostly for these reasons I abstained from visiting the Holmeses séances for the first week of my sojourn in the city. Still another circumstance that tended to keep me away was the character of the familiar spirits that I was told appeared in the Holmeses' presence. With all my faith strengthened by many years of careful and patient investigation and experience, resulting, as I claim, in as certain knowledge of the reality of spirit-materialization as my senses can convey in regard to the existence of the most common external manifestation of nature—I was still hardly prepared to believe what I was told, that George Washington walked out of their cabinet—palpably and plainly visible to all present, armed *cap-a-pie*, and clothed from head to foot in a *fas simile* of the costume he used to wear on important state occasions when at the head of the American Continental army a hundred years ago. But I finally surmounted my prejudices and incredulity so far as that on Monday evening, the 9th of October, I joined about twenty other persons in forming a circle at 614 Locust street, in presence of the Holmeses! I think it was said of some renowned hero that "He came, (or went), he saw, he conquered!" Like him, I too went, I saw, but unlike him, I was conquered! And I am free to say, if I did not then, as well as on three subsequent evenings, behold materialized spirits that I never have seen a materialized spirit form, face or limb in my life. Indeed, if on any one of those evenings I was deceived in respect to the verity of spirit-materialization, I should be led to question whether my natural senses were not a mocking delusion and my very existence a myth.

The circle held on the 9th inst. was quite harmonious. The first form that opened the curtain purported to be the materialized spirit of my deceased wife, who had never materialized, to my knowledge, previously, except at Moravia. She came out of the cabinet a short distance several times, and in two instances held by the hand a little child, the one being sensibly taller and larger than the other. She appeared in life-like height and form, clothed in white morning-dress, and the contour of her face was like hers when in earth-life, though the features were too indistinct for me to identify individually, but I could see they were of the Grecian mold, as were my wife's. The complexion, however, was unlike hers, being far too light. She placed her hand on my head and made other affectionate demonstrations, saying in a distinct whisper, attended with a corresponding movement of the lips as she retired, "God bless you."

George Washington next made his *début*—very like Stuart's full-length portrait, but with a shorter neck, and even more richly dressed than in the picture. His hair was profusely powdered, his face smoothly shaven, and every garment looked as if it might have been made by a first-class tailor, and nicely adjusted on his person by an accomplished French valet. His coat seemed to be made of dark blue silk velvet, with yellow metal buttons. He wore knee-breeches that looked like buckskin, also stockings and buckle shoes, and a ruffe bosom shirt. Altogether he presented in his person, courtly bearing and costume, one of the most finished specimens of an old-time gentleman, such as I used occasionally to meet when a boy, that I remember ever to have seen. He turned himself slowly around in two or three instances that we might observe his form, and I particularly noticed that all parts of his person and costume were in perfect keeping with each other. He held in his hand a richly embossed, heavy, silver-hilted sword, the blade of which was straight and glittered like burnished steel. He did not speak, but was very courteous, though dignified in his demeanor, and answered queries from individuals present by signs. With his consent I asked whether the great national offering of patriotism that was being poured forth so emphatically in Philadelphia tended to create a semi-spiritual atmosphere that enabled him to materialize more perfectly in that city than elsewhere, to which question he bowed his head impressively in token of assent.

Bishop Leonidas Polk (*alias* Gen. Polk), called the "fighting Bishop," next opened the curtains and walked out, fully attired in flowing canonical robes that were faultless in every appointment, and looked as if they might have just come from the laundry. His beard was lengthy, and so nicely dressed that there seemed to be not a hair astray. He was something above the medium height, and his rather spare person looked as if it might have been reduced from its natural proportions by sickness or other cause.

Next came the far-famed John King, the patron saint (as some might say) of the Holmeses and several other materializing mediums. He walked boldly out of the cabinet with Washington's sword in his hand, which he said he had borrowed for the occasion. He was not so tall as Washington, but heavier, and his limbs more firmly knit, and looking in every respect as if he might have been designed by nature for an artist's model of Hercules. He was splendidly attired in a rich parti-colored dress, with a crimson sash tied about the middle. His whole person, attitude, air and demeanor, as well as the tones of his voice, indicated unmistakably that he was one "born to command," and accustomed to move in a sphere wherein his slightest behest could not be disobeyed with impunity. On his intimating a desire that I should come to him, I approached, when apologizing for his natural roughness of manner, he took my hand in his and twice pressed it with an iron vice-like grip that satisfied me he might readily, if so disposed, have crushed every bone in it. He complimented me, in language that it would not become me to repeat, for the efforts I was making to defend mediums in general against their enemies and persecutors, and remarked that the latter, so far as materialization in Philadelphia was concerned, would, after the Holmeses' exposure, have triumphed and driven every medium for that branch of the spiritual phenomena from the city, had it not been for the persevering efforts of one faithful defender of the truth (J. M. Roberts). He said that my theory that all physical testing of mediums should be abandoned, and the spirits left to supply the necessary proof of spirit-materialization themselves, and in their own way, was correct, but that Spiritualists were not generally yet prepared to adopt such views, adding in a slightly impassioned tone, that even a large proportion of believers could not at present be satisfied unless the medium was subjected to torture whilst the manifestations were proceeding. He further stated that Spiritualism would continue to prosper and progress, in spite of all the efforts of its enemies to crush it out, and that even now, amidst all the hindrances, the spirits had so perfected the science of materialization that if proper conditions could be secured they would be able to place such mediums as the Holmeses in full view of all in Independence Hall, whilst Washington should stand as a real person, plainly beside the mediums, and address the assembled people, as palpably as he ever did when clothed in his normal physical body.

Several other spirits—generally friends of individuals present—showed themselves at this séance.

On the next day, Tuesday, the 10th, I went to the Holmeses', and with a rule measured the height of the entrance into the cabinet, with the object of more correctly testing that of the spirit-forms that walked through the doorway, for such it was, though, in order to economize mediumistic power, a loose curtain only was used to close it. I found the doorway to be exactly six feet and the eighth of an inch high, measuring not from the threshold but the floor.

On the same evening I again attended the public circle, which was very large, there being some thirty visitors or more present, and among them some inharmonious minds—especially two very brutish-looking, religious bigots—who evidently came there from sinister motives, as was unmistakably apparent at the close of the séance.

My wife, as before, was the first form that walked out of the cabinet, her features being rather more distinct than they were at her first appearance, notwithstanding the inharmonious conditions. Next came an old man clothed in a plain brown broadcloth suit throughout. A gentleman in the circle, by the name of Winner (I think from Pittsburgh), recognized this spirit to be that of his deceased father, and immediately passed to where the spirit stood and talked with him. With the leave of both father and son, I approached and inspected the person and features of this apparition minutely. Unlike most others that manifested, the outlines of his features were entirely free from any of that misty halo that so generally obscures the physiognomy of materialized spirits, every feature being as distinctly marked in outline as those of a living mortal. His beard was closely shaven. He seemed very aged, and walked bent forward with feeble steps. In his stooping attitude the top of his head was, as I should think, full twelve inches below the top of the doorway. The son of this old gentleman, who was a respectable, substantial-looking man, evidently had no doubt whatever of the identity of his father's spirit, with whom he had before held converse at Holmeses' circles. And well might he feel sure of the fact, for I agree with what was remarked by a stranger present, that any one who had known this old man in life could not possibly fail to identify his materialized spirit as it was thus shown.

Gen. Washington next came, clothed as before, with the exception that his knee-breeches and vest were of a dark color, and that he wore a military-looking cap. The metal buttons were also absent. He seemed aware of my object in measuring the height of the door, and when he first retired into the cabinet he passed erect and

slowly through the aperture, rubbing his cap quite hard against the top, showing that the figure must have been nearly six feet high in stockings.

The Marquis La Fayette (as claimed) next appeared, neatly attired in dark, courtly-looking costume, looking very much like a high-bred, accomplished French gentleman of the old régime. As he passed through the door he showed not so tall, by several inches, as Washington, and his figure was much slighter than the portrait busts I have seen of him would indicate. Bishop Polk next came out, and as he slowly retired, I noticed that his erect figure did not reach, by several inches, the top of the doorway. John King, too, who showed himself, as usual, shortly after the Bishop retired, was evidently not so tall as Washington, by some inches.

On Thursday, the 12th, I attended another large public circle at the Holmeses'. As before, the spirit of my wife was the first that walked out of the cabinet; her features were still rather plainer than when she last appeared, but not sufficiently distinct to identify fully.

Bishop Polk, Gen. Washington, John King, and several other apparitions of friends of individuals present, or others, also showed themselves successively, either within or without the cabinet.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., I attended a private séance that I had previously arranged for—not intending to have but eight or ten visitors present—but such was the pressure for admission, that we finally allowed twenty individuals in all to attend. The séance, however, was quite harmonious, and the manifestations were better than on the two last occasions mentioned.

Hitherto, Mr. Holmes had always sat in the wire cage that was within the cabinet, whilst Mrs. Holmes sat on the outside of both, in full view of all the company. I learned that Katie King had not shown herself outside of the cabinet at all during the last two months, although the white dress of a female was generally seen (which I had repeatedly noticed) in the background in the cabinet when John King appeared, that was supposed to be her. I also learned that Katie never comes out unless Mrs. Holmes sits within the cabinet, whilst Mr. Holmes occupies her usual position on the outside. Since the "exposure," Mrs. Holmes has been averse to entering the cabinet, but to gratify me, she consented to sit within it a part of this evening. As a general rule, there is at the Holmeses' a dark circle held previous to the one for materialization, on which occasion many physical manifestations of a startling character occur, that are not particularly interesting to any but persons of limited experiences in the phenomena. The guides of the Holmeses' say that in many instances these preliminary manifestations in the dark are necessary, in order to work off or use up some of the discordant elements that generally attend upon large promiscuous circles. It was concluded, however, that on this evening the dark circle might be dispensed with, and Mrs. Holmes took her seat at once within the cabinet, but outside (as I particularly requested) of the iron-bound wire cage. It was not long before Katie King appeared and stepped out from the unfolded curtain, gracefully arrayed in the purest white, and wearing a long fine lace veil which she held on one side with her left hand, thus exposing her full face to the view of all present. Mrs. Holmes's darker dress could be seen all this time from where I sat, though I could not discern her face. After first greeting a few of her old friends that were present, Katie gave me permission to approach and take her hand. Her figure was, I should think, about two-thirds the proportion of Mrs. Holmes's. My eyes were within twelve or fifteen inches of her face, the delicate rose-tinted complexion of which was clear almost to transparency. To say that I saw her features *plainly*, would convey but an inadequate conception of the reality. I was for the moment startled with their chiseled distinctness. Though not strictly symmetrical, hers was indeed a marked face, which once seen could not readily be forgotten; a face pervaded with a touching expression of quiet resignation, beaming with truth and intelligence, and surmounted with a forehead such as a superior intellect can alone fashion, to meet its own demands from within. I know not how Katie King's face has appeared to others, either in this or other countries, but as I saw her, without being exactly what might be called pretty, it seemed as if it might embody and express all that is devoted, ennobling and beautiful in the female character, bordering on the sublime.

Whilst in the city, I obtained a photograph of Katie from Mr. Holmes, which corresponds in feature, although it fails in conveying to the beholder a correct idea of the more than mortal expression of her countenance as I saw her. On the back of the photograph is the following endorsement:

"Photograph of the materialized spirit, Katie King, obtained after three sittings, Thursday, July 23d, 1874, in presence of Dr. Felger, W. O. Leslie, Mr. Hurn, and the two mediums. The medium, Mr. Holmes, sat three feet from the wall, and yet the waistcoating shows between the medium and the spirit, proving that the form was transparent. The cabinet was examined, and these two gentlemen sat in the back room. About one minute elapsed when raps were heard, and there stood Katie in full form."

Without being strikingly dissimilar, the photograph does not much resemble that of Katie King, *alias* Annie Morgan, that was taken some years ago in London, as she was presented through the medium, Miss Florence Cook. This I think does not necessarily prove that the two portraits were not obtained from the same individual spirit, although we may not be able to account for the discrepancy in the external features until the

marvels of spirit-materialization and photography are more fully developed and understood by us than they are at present. A casual remark made by the spirit John King at the Holmeses' circle may throw a little light on this matter. I asked him whether the costume he appeared in represented the buccaneer uniform he used to wear on earth? He replied that it did, as near as the conditions of the circle permitted. I then asked if he was ever present at Mrs. Seaver's circles for materialization in Boston? He said that he was there occasionally!

I have attended Mrs. Seaver's circles quite often, and on one occasion whilst I was present, and on only one, what purported to be the materialized spirit of John King, appeared just outside the cabinet. I observed his proportions and dress attentively, and feel sure that he was larger in person than I saw John King at the Holmeses', and though dressed, at both circles, in part-colored costume, it was more (as it is called) *Indian fine*, or less *subdued*, in Boston than in Philadelphia. May not these discrepancies have been necessitated by a difference in the conditions of the circles, and so, too, the photograph?

I feel almost certain, if a circle composed of ten or twelve harmonious Spiritualists, half of each sex, could sit regularly every day, for some weeks, with such mediums as the Holmeses, the Eddys, the Bliss, Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Markee, and scores of other materializing mediums like them, that could be named, (but whom I have not personally known) and all agitating rumors, inharmonies and conflicting questions be kept from the knowledge of these instruments of the angels, that spirits would be able to materialize in their presence, and walk through the streets of our cities side by side with their mediums, as visible and tangible, to all as if they had never tasted of death.

After Katie retired, a spirit called French Mary came forth, and talked very earnestly and fluently for some minutes. Her head and face were rather diminutive in proportion to her body, her nose aquiline, and her hair, eyes and complexion quite dark. She professed to be a French Canadian, and so far as I am competent to judge, I think, from her personal appearance, Frenchified accent, and demeanor generally, she was most probably of French Canadian extract.

Mr. Holmes now entered the wire cage, and Mrs. Holmes took her seat he had vacated outside the cabinet. Gen. Washington soon opened the curtain and walked out in full dress as usual. With his leave I went to him, and took his hand in mine, which felt quite natural. I also examined the texture of his coat, which both looked and felt like silk velvet. He presented his sword to me for examination. Its hilt was quite heavy, and including the guard, heavily embossed, and felt and looked as much like silver as a new dollar. I also examined closely and felt the blade, which to all appearance was veritable steel of the finest quality, and I have little doubt that in the hand of John King it might readily be used with deadly effect. In fact, the thought occurred to me more than once when that guardian of the circle borrowed, as he said, the weapon from Washington on two occasions, that he really meditated making such a use of the sword in the event of any of the tribe of professional grabbers attempting to seize upon him, as has been the case with other spirits who have shown themselves before some of the "exposed" mediums. A homicide of the kind might make a very curious criminal case to be passed upon by a coroner or grand jury.

After Washington, came La Fayette, looking very much as he did on his first appearance. Mr. Winner's father, accompanied by a lady, next showed themselves both at the same time, he as plainly as before. His son not being present, the old man and his partner, whom we supposed to be his wife or daughter, soon retired. John King appeared next on the stage in all his glory. Then came Bishop Polk. Capt. Forsyth (I think of Mobile) appeared next, and said there was a man present who knew both him and also of a tragic occurrence that he (Forsyth) was associated with in that city. A gentleman present acknowledged that the facts stated by Capt. Forsyth (whom he had known by sight) were true, to his certain knowledge, and at the close of the circle he said to me that he was from Mobile and an entire stranger to all present, to none of whom he had revealed his name. Last of all came my wife, her features so plain that I could identify them as hers with tolerable certainty (but not so positively and undoubtedly as I did once at Moravia), at which she manifested much pleasure, conveyed in looks, gestures and whispers. My wife presented herself several times, and on the last occasion she held an infant on her left arm, looking almost exactly as she had appeared to me in a night vision some years ago. The evidence is worth little or nothing to the general reader, but I will just say that I was impressed that the introduction of this infant, as well as that of the other two little children my wife showed me, represented three immature births that, as we both supposed at the time of the accidents, had been eternally lost, but all of whom she found, on her entrance into spirit-life, had been tenderly nursed and cared for by loving friends, and were waiting their mother's coming.

Further than this, for the enlightenment of parents who willfully deprive infants of their earth-life while yet in embryo, I will say that these three immaturely born infants have been brought to me by their spirit-mother and other friends, and identified in the presence of many mediums, some of whom could have known nothing of the circumstances attending their exit. Further than this, I am told by advanced spirits that the murder of such children in embryo

involves more remorseful consequences to their destroyers, in the next world, than most other crimes, from the circumstance that the victims are deprived of the experiences they would have gained in living out the full measure of an earthly existence, as the order of Nature and Providence has designed, which disqualifies or greatly retards their entrance into the full fruition of the life beyond the grave. The presence of those injured children of course operates as a never-absent reminder to the parents who murdered them, of their cruelty in thus depriving their helpless offspring of a part of their eternal happiness.

Before concluding, I will say that I closely inspected the cabinet, inside and out, both on the evenings when circles were held, just before the mediums took their seats (when it was open for the inspection of all present), and twice by daylight. It is situated in the front corner of a front room, on the third floor of a brick house in Locust street, opposite Washington Square (nearly the centre of the business portion of the city), enclosing one window looking north, beneath which pedestrians and carriages are constantly passing to and fro during the seasons (as all present can hear), so as to render it impossible that any accomplices should enter the window from the street without being seen. The window is also battened and inaccessible except by ladder. The west side of the cabinet is at right angles with the east, and is bounded by a solid plastered and papered wall (as is the side next the street), that separates it from another tenement in the block, and continues in a solid wall the whole length of the west end of the house. Each of these sides measures seven and a half feet by the rule. The cabinet is nearly triangular in shape. The longest side, which is inside the room, is made of boards, and measures about eleven feet. Besides the door closed by the curtain as before described, there is a small aperture some twelve inches square, toward the right, from which spirits sometimes show their faces, talk, &c. The floor of the cabinet is solid, to all appearances, and carpeted, the tacks on the edges appearing as if they might have been placed there a year ago or more. The ceiling above is of plaster, and smooth on the surface throughout. All the furniture of the cabinet consists of a guitar and tin horn, which the spirits occasionally use. As the longest side of the cabinet, in which are the apertures, is always in full view of every member of the circle, it may be readily comprehended how impossible it is for any fraudulent accomplices to enter or leave it from that side without being at once detected. And again, even supposing that such accomplices should, by some secret trap-door or otherwise, obtain entrance into the cabinet, how would it be possible, it may be asked, for them to obtain and so nicely fit the costumes to the hundreds of different actors that perform their part on the stage? What theatrical company is there in all the world, allowing them to have full light, ample space and unlimited time to perform their professional duties, with all the necessary appliances, too, at their command, that could rival in perfection the arrangement of the persons and costumes of those who were to act their parts in the coming play, that is shown by the spirit artists who take part in the Holmeses' séances, to say nothing of the fact that they do all their work in a little cooped-up room, and in total darkness? Imagine, if we can, old *Luigi*, Washington's Revolutionary barber, hurrying up the shaving of his General's beard, and filling the atmosphere of the little cabinet with stifling dust and smoke, that he may speedily finish powdering his master's hair or wig, so that he may prepare Bishop Polk's grand flowing beard, that he too may be ready to take his turn before the scenes within the next two minutes after Washington retires from the stage, and this all proceeding whilst the great chieftain's French *rabot* is adjusting his splendid coat, vest and breeches, &c., &c., to his person, and *smoking Sambo* is engaged in refurbishing and fastening his knee-buckles, and little black *Scip* is shining massa's shoes!

Believe that these things are done by fraud and trickery, who will; I claim that I am not so gullible, nor so credulous, as to swallow such a preposterous theory, in order to get rid of what bigoted and prejudiced contemners of the spiritual phenomena regard as unwholesome or unpalatable truths. Let the reader remember, too, that the whole year round the clothing of the personages who appear at the Holmeses' séances always looks as fresh and new as if it had just come out of the hands of the tailor or dressmaker or laundress, with none of that limp, tinselled and untidy appearance that the costumes of the heroes and heroines, and most accomplished performers of the best theatrical companies, so often present on the stage.

As to the allegation made by some other of our most knowing skeptics that all the alleged spiritual personages who appear at Holmeses' séances are mere metamorphoses of the medium disguised in masks, and cunning accoutrements and paraphernalia of almost every possible contrivance, it ought to, it would seem, be enough to say that such things are as plainly impossible as it is for a horse to present itself one minute in the body of a mouse and the next in that of an elephant. Besides this, the Holmeses are known to be in different peculiar circumstances, and for some time have done all their own work within doors, without even so much as the help of a child, and it is utterly incredible that they should raise the needless funds to pay for the splendid costumes that are nightly presented at their séances—to say nothing of the cost of hiring accomplished confederates to assist them. The very labor and art required to keep their habiliments and other

appurtenances so clean and unrumpled as they always appear, would of itself bankrupt their exchequer a hundred times. Besides, as a general rule, Mrs. Holmes sits outside the cabinet in plain view of each and all the company, and of course could not aid in the alleged deception even if she was disposed to. Mr. Holmes, a slightly built man perhaps five feet six inches high, must then at one moment personate the six-foot Washington, dressed in his magnificent suit, then perhaps almost immediately appear as a lady leading a child by the hand, then as an old, feeble, tottering centenarian, next in the Herculean figure of John King, with hisstentorian voice, and again perhaps as Katie King, pure and fair as an angel, quickly followed by French Mary, jabbering in her Canadian French patois, and so on through hundreds of equally astonishing metamorphoses. Who that believes that all these wonderful manifestations are accomplished by fraud and trickery on the part of the medium, who must in that case be of the most corrupt and unprincipled order of mortals living, and therefore cannot be withheld by any principle or love of truth—who, I say, believing this, can explain why the Holmeses—who have been persecuted and crushed, as it were, to the earth for persisting in declaring that the manifestations that appear through their instrumentality are genuine spirit phenomena—do not at once come out and own, as they have in the matter of the bogus photograph, that it is all done by trickery and fraud, and thenceforth, as Baldwin has done (without possessing a hundredth part of their powers), engage like him in the business of exposing spiritual humbugs, and thus, through the patronage of unbelievers, make their fifteen to forty thousand dollars per annum (as I understand he boasts of receiving), in declaring and practicing the truth, where they now get a few hundreds a year by practicing the most cruel and wicked profession that it is possible for human beings to engage in? For true it must be that if there is a "sin against the Holy Ghost" (inflict of the spirit), that cannot be forgiven "neither in this world nor the next," it must be committed by the false mediums (if, indeed, there be such—which God forbid), who make it their vocation to play upon the finest and most sacred feelings of man's nature that they may acquire a few paltry dollars by their knavery.

But to put the whole matter about the alleged trickery and fraud forever at rest, Mr. J. Daniels (I think from the West) employed a skillful mechanic to make a wire pentagon-shaped cage, so strapped and bound throughout with iron that a giant could not break its bars asunder, nor a fly escape between the meshes of its netting. This he presented to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. I inspected this prison pen of the dark ages minutely, and found it to be just four feet two inches high, and three feet two inches in diameter, by the rule. It is securely fastened to the left of the door of the cabinet by four iron knees screwed to the side of the cabinet by sixteen wooden screws, eight of which fasten one end of the knees to the cage, whilst eight are screwed through the other end of the knees, and project perhaps quarter of an inch beyond the side of the cabinet, where those present can see and feel of them during the séance if they wish to.

It has been suggested that these screws are bogus, being broken off just as they enter the wood of the cabinet. But I know this is not so, as I saw one of them taken entirely out, and can testify that it was sound and perfect its whole length. There is a door opening directly into the séance room from the side of the cage next the partition of the cabinet, and directly beneath the knees of iron that fasten it firmly in its place. When the company have examined this cage and the cabinet to their satisfaction, Mr. Holmes stoops down and enters the door, and takes his seat on a little hard wooden stool, where he sits (in so cramped, uncomfortable a posture that it must interfere sensibly with the manifestations) for some two or more hours, or until the séance closes, the door of the cage being always shut and locked after him, though if it were not it would not be possible for him to pass out of it without being seen by all the company present.

This leaves the remaining space in the cabinet entirely to the spirits during the whole séance. Any reasonable man might think that this arrangement ought to satisfy the most rabid disbeliever that the mediums could not possibly assist personally in the manifestations. But still it will not, nor will anything else "though one should rise from the dead," until the spiritual faculties of such unfortunate are sufficiently developed to perceive and estimate spiritual truth. The day before I left the city I called at the Holmeses', with the object in part of examining the tenements above and below their rooms, which embrace a flat containing two apartments only and one entry. On my knocking at the door in the floor below the Holmeses' room, it was opened by a French gentleman, who at first seemed rather annoyed by my intrusion, but soon became more sociable, and even genial. I at once saw that the ceiling of this room, which was directly under Holmes's cabinet, was sound and perfect. In answer to my queries the gentleman told me that he was the lessor of the house, and that although he believed that all the Holmeses' alleged spirit manifestations were bogus, I might rest assured that there was no fraud about the cabinet, as it was put up before they took possession of the suite of rooms under his own inspection, that he might (as I gathered from his discourse) see that no injury was done to the premises. He further said that as many as eight or ten different tenants had occupied the flat above Holmes's tenement since they took possession, and that himself and wife were then tarrying where we were, in the flat next below that of the Holmeses, until a tenant could be found to take the place of a family who had recently moved out of it.

I left confirmed in my belief that there was no secret connection whatever between the space occupied by the cabinet and the adjoining house, nor with either flat above or below it.

From the trying experiences the Holmeses have so long been subjected to in consequence of their participation (or assent), as they admit, in preparing a cabinet with movable panels for the purpose ONLY, I understand them to allege, of admitting a confederate so that she should not be suspected by the artist who took the bogus photograph of the far-famed spirit Katie King, I think there is little reason to apprehend they will ever attempt a repetition of that, or any other fraud, in the practice of their high and sacred vocation. But yet I am not at all sure, in the tornado of persecution that is now being directed against materializing mediums, both from without and within the spiritual ranks, that the Holmeses may not be subjected to further "expurgations," for sure I am that though the glittering star in the hands of Washington and John King may deter professional spirit-grabbers from attacking them, yet were a powerful and malignant-spirited man to seize and hold in his grasp any one of the fully developed forms that walk out of the cabinet whilst Holmes is in the cage, not ten thousand bars of iron or twice as many strong locks or bolts might suffice to hold him prisoner there, or prevent his spirit guardians from uniting the separated vital elements, even at the cost of placing their medium in the arms of his bitter foe, and thus again apparently exposing his fraudulent tricks.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Yonkers, R. I., Oct. 29th, 1876.

THE BAPTISM OF WORSHIP.

A Scene from the Crown of Fire.

NO. 11.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DONOUGH.

Scene: The border of a wood.

JOAN.

"Again I hear the strange, mysterious voices, That whisper in all breaths, inspire all sound, Inform all motion, and articulate Language in all things. Even now they sing In the sweet singing of the rivolet; I hear them in the wind, or low, or loud; Even the murmur of the thinnest insect Has a true language; and I understand it. The cricket, in her sharpest cry, exults In the sweet peace around her; and the locust, A gallant troubadour, his corset strikes, Responsive to his song of foreign lands. For me they all have language. The bright wings Of butterflies, that seem to fan the air With such a drowsy softness, have a voice; I know when it is coming, though I'm turned Another way; and even the mute ground Is full of speech for me."

But what is this?

A winged creature, coming out butlerly From a dead worm! and 'tis a butterfly! And now it's creeping off into the sunshine, And spreading forth its beautiful wings to dry. I saw them—truly saw them—folded up And shining through the crust that bound them so. They must have ached, but now—ah, now they're free! And where is my good Angel? Would he come, And tell me of this wonder? Now I feel His light is shining on me, and I shiver, As always in his presence."

Angel appears. MICHAEL. "Benediction."

JOAN.

"Oh, joy, bright Angel, for thy gracious coming! And tell me, oh, I pray thee, what is this?" She held the tender insect in her hand, Looking up in his face beseechingly. And then her features settled into calm, That opens ever truly to the light."

MICHAEL.

"Tis life, my daughter. Popper on it well; For know the living are not with the Dead— Beautiful image of the human soul!"

JOAN.

"And the forsaken shell?"

MICHAEL.

"Thou seest well; What should it be, my daughter, if not death?"

JOAN.

"And like this did I see in Farmer Jean, When the more beautiful form came forth and stood Beside the body? And did it have wings All folded up, just like the butterfly's, Which I could see so clearly underneath The cracked and shivering crust?"

MICHAEL.

"Angels see Something like wings within the human form— Something that will rise up and soar away Into the warmer light, and clearer air, Where God and angels live."

Her lustrous eyes

Turned on him with a deprecating look, As if almost abjuring her own question, Timid and sweet. "But dost not God live here?" Then gathering confidence, for in his smile She felt the difference which a human soul With conscious power and majesty demands— The Oneness and the Selfhood, which, if true, Though shrouded in infants, has a sanctity Which even highest angels may not question."

JOAN.

"I own his power. I feel his mighty presence, His breath blows on me in the breathing wind; His voice speaks to me in the running brooks; I hear his music in the song of birds, In the tall sedges rustling by the river— In the green grass and in the blooming flower— In everything of sweet and beautiful— I feel his love, and know that God is there. And when I sit down in the whispering woods And listen, and behold the stirring leaves, I know the trees are praying. The green hills, Where the white sheep are straying, the bright river, That winds so gaily round them, the white clouds, The far, blue sky, the great and glorious sun, The silvery moon, but, most of all, the stars, Seem full of worship. I can hear them sing Praises so beautiful, I almost wish I could forget myself, and only be One long and loving prayer, that I might rise, Forever and forever, unto God, And say how much I love him!"

Bowing down,

With her clasped hands uplifted silently, She was transfixed. Over her upturned forehead, Hovered while the new-born butterfly, And the white soul, as if it were drawn outward By love and worship, so unshrinking her, That the high Angel wondered at her beauty, Which even his own presence could not dim."

MICHAEL.

"Now I baptize thee; and thou art baptized Into the power of WORSHIP. Hear, my child, And know that in this higher, holier life, New life and love are welded into light, And still thy spirit, ever mounting higher, Borne up on joyous wings that cannot tire,

Into peace and love eternal, Shall unfold a fount of being Deeper than the deepest seeing; For its sweet and clear revealing, With the earnestness of feeling, Shall endure thy inner sight, And inspire the blessed light With affection true and warm. Daughter, in the spirit-form, Which, though folded, underneath An earthly covering, still can breathe The very atmosphere of angels, There is beauty, there is power, And there is a wondrous power; For the soul can keep its state, 'Mid all while struggling, as it must, 'Mid the smouldering moth and rust, Delving in the darkness earth, Not unconscious of its birth, Still it hears the sweet evangel Which, in waves of music, roll O'er the ransomed human soul."

"Open now thy spirit eyes To the joy of Paradise; Leave the dismal depths of night, And walk through the halls of light— Newly-baptized—newly born, Art thou; and this blessed morn God, and saints, and angels, see Light is shining forth from thee. In the cheerless human form, In the midnight, dark and cold, Its undying lamp, still glows thee, With a shining flame shall cheer thee. Until sighing, struggle, pain, Come, and call me back again, For the growing soul to make Garments fitting, and awake— In the deeper depths a power For thy next baptismal hour."

"Though thou sleepest and none hear thee, Know that angel friends are near thee. Though thou livest all unmetely, Yet thy soul is growing steadily; For thy truest stature only Can be wrought in depths so lonely, That no human breath can stir The white wall that shroudest her 'We have chosen, from the light That is dim in angel light."

"Know that suffering must be If the spirit would be free. See the insect's lovely form Struggle in the writhing worm, Ere the bright wings, spurning Earth, Amid all things free and fair, To the fresh and buoyant air, In the clear light of day, In a consecrated place, And where'er thy deepest dole is Find the holiest of Holies— So thou art baptized duly— Worship now; and worship truly."

The thin white hands spread forth in ecstasy, As if they had been seeking for the essence

A descriptive drama drawn from the life of Joan of Arc.

Of power divine, she felt in everything: The forehead still upturned, the lids thrown back. The light of Heaven in the seraphic eyes, And shining forth from the translucent features, But softened the sweet soul, that sat serenely Visible underneath."

JOAN.

"Oh, God is good. And I shall know no falsehood. God is great; I take hold of his greatness, and go out Into his wondrous measure. God is Beauty; And I behold his presence everywhere, Shining and brightening all things. God is Love; And, Beauty, Truth and Goodness, all are wrought Into his blessed presence. All his love Is shining in me, Oh, I gasp! I burn! My soul dissolves in flame, and waits away An incense of pure prayer. I hear the song Of high Archangels chanting: 'Love! Love! Love!' And my soul answers with one blessed word, Responding from its inmost—only—'God!'"

The Angel laid a hand upon her brow, Too white and pure to shade it. Then she breathed Quietly, and reclining softly, slept, In the sweet shadowy silence of the wood."

Spiritual Phenomena.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH DR. SLADE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Of all the Spiritualistic phenomena which I have witnessed, I have found none more impressive and satisfactory than the independent speaking. Even when the voice is only a whisper, or when, from other causes, it is not recognizable as that of the returning spirit whose name is given, the manner of speaking and the modes of expression are sometimes strikingly characteristic. To suppose that emanations from the medium could produce such voices, and impersonate, in so remarkable a manner, individuals whom he never saw, would be to me incomparably more difficult than to believe the affirmations made in these spoken words, and receive them as the utterances of our spirit friends. They declare in tones so earnest as to inspire conviction that they are such spirits, and sometimes manifest peculiarities of thought or diction so marked—giving in some cases names and dates unknown to any person present—that to conceive of them as a mere force proceeding from the medium, or from those forming the circle, would be to me simply impossible.

There is a satisfaction in hearing the independent voice which is wanting, as a general thing, in listening to trance speaking.

Among the most remarkable and satisfactory communications yet given through the hand or lips of mediums, I would mention as preeminently worthy of attention those published in the London Spiritualist and signed "Imperator." They are given through the hand of one [M. A. (Oxon.)] who is a man of fine intellect, of liberal education, and the highest moral character, and, at the same time, a powerful medium. When these "Spirit Teachings" shall be published, as I understand they are to be, in book form, I hope all who care to see what a wise and good spirit, who has at command an instrument fitted for such high uses, may have to say to us, will procure the volume and make a careful study of its contents. So full of holy thought and wise suggestion are the words of "Imperator" that I think no one capable of appreciating their meaning can read them without being helped and instructed. These teachings are the more valuable because apparently unadorned by the mind of the medium; thoughts and opinions having been expressed by the spirit-control which were opposed to his own ideas and beliefs. I wish those who dogmatically and ignorantly assert that we have no evidence of the spirit origin of the manifestations could be made aware of the many striking proofs of identity given through the very remarkable mediumship of the gentleman referred to. To those who are not too wise, in their own conceit, to learn, I think such evidence could not but carry weight and shake the foundations of theories based not upon knowledge of ascertained facts but upon preconceived ideas of the likely and the possible.

From the written and spoken communications made to me through Dr. Slade, I have selected the following as likely to be interesting and instructive to readers of the Banner.

On the morning of May 9th, the following was written on the inside of a double slate:

"DEAR MADAM—I am with you in thought and action with regard to these very important truths. The grave of ignorance shall be dug deep and wide, and the bright sunshine of wisdom and truth come to all, so that sighing and sorrowing shall flee away, and eyes and ears be opened to the light and the wisdom of the angel world. You shall hear more from me soon. If I can I will say something through Slade, which you may write down. I am very truly your friend, WM. WHITE."

Almost immediately after this was written, the medium rose to his feet, and in a very impressive manner delivered the following address:

"I, William White, have come according to promise, to control this medium and to speak to you through him. I am going to compare the human brain to the key-board of a piano. I have controlled, I may say, hundreds of mediums in order to discover how far I would identify myself as William White, through various brains and organizations. Brains vary in capacity like different instruments. Some pianos have over seven octaves, some only five or six. If you attempt to perform on the more limited instrument music written for the seven-octave piano, your hearer will say—'That is not the piece I heard before; it is not the same thing at all.' So, when I have spoken through a medium whose brain was of small capacity, the outcry of imposture has been at once raised, simply because I could not play the tune of William White on the five-octave piano. In other cases where the brain has been of greater capacity I have been able to express myself more perfectly, and it has been said—'There are some things in this address like William White, and others not like him, and we do not know what to think;—' while sometimes the larger brain offered me all the notes I required, and the verdict was at once passed—'This is evidently William White. We recognize his identity. Nevertheless, I had as truly, though not so fully, manifested in one case as in the other, and the medium was no more responsible than I for the imperfection of the manifestation. There are to-day hundreds of Spiritualists who are ready to brand impostors on the brow of innocent mediums who through lack of power, or through adverse conditions, fail to give the ample satisfaction that is required. Very often, too, the medium is the victim of the positive and unfriendly influences of those in the circle who are the first to cast suspicion and blame upon the poor, sensitive soul, on account of results which they have themselves brought about. When I see so many mediums suffering in this way, it brings me to the front to labor earnestly and honestly in their behalf, and for the cause of truth; and to give my aid to those who, like yourself, are on the side of justice and of mercy; and I will do all in my power to strew your path with flowers, that you may be left free to work for the truth. Tell Mr. Colby to go on, full of faith and courage. Deep waters are still and smooth. It is the shallow stream that seethes, and boils, and is full of angry commotion. Let the true

friends of Spiritualism work faithfully in the cause, and believe that the truth will triumph."

On this subject of mediumship one of Slade's band also spoke, while entrancing the medium. As he was desirous that I should remember and take down what he said, I wrote immediately every word I could remember. In the course of conversation with the medium and my sister, I had just lamented the treatment received by mediums at the hands of those who would be by no means willing to plead ignorance as an excuse for a course which it would be hard to justify on other grounds. The controlling spirit spoke earnestly and eloquently, saying:

"What men seek, that they find, and not something else. When they really care for the one thing, they think of that alone and heed it, while other things which they may happen to meet with in their search they cast aside. If a man digs for gold, he meets also with dirt and stones, but these he disregards and rejects. He does not publish to the world that he found so much dirt and so many stones, but works faithfully, sifting out little particles of gold, and these he collects together till by-and-by he has a pile of precious metal which rewards his patient toil. So, if a man hores for oil, he thinks and tells of the oil he gets, and if he happens to find water or sand, he throws them away as worthless, and perseveres till he gets the oil, and then he has something worth talking about. There are very few things found pure and unalloyed in Nature. The best things are often alloyed and imperfect."

The metals in the earth are mingled with dross, the fruits upon the trees are often specked and worm-eaten, so that portions of them have to be rejected. Neither are human beings, or the powers they possess, perfect, and least of all can we look for perfection in mediumship, mediums being so constituted as to be subject to all manner of influences. Not only are they liable to be influenced unfavorably by disembodied spirits, but by the minds of those about them here. Oh, friend, you cannot imagine the power that mind has, and how it is brought to bear on mediums!

When we see the bird charmed by the snake till it is drawn into its jaws and devoured, we feel sorry for it, but when mediums are confused and lured to evil, by influences to them as irresistible, all are ready to denounce them as cheats and liars, without any effort to understand the laws that govern these things, or to discover whether they may not, after all, be innocent of results which discordant influences and disturbed conditions have, by opening a way for mischievous and beguiling spirits to enter, produced. The power exerted by those in the circle, and from the spirits they bring, is so great, often so singular in its effects, and always so little understood, that no one should be in haste to denounce a medium, and never should he be condemned and abandoned till, after patient investigation by those who comprehend these things, he is found to yield to the earnest seeker only dross, or gold so alloyed as to be worthless. Everything is so badly managed in circles that it is no wonder there is so much dissatisfaction. If investigators were wise, the results would be very different from what they are. Not only would manifestations be more reliable, but they would be far more various, and of a higher order."

If, for instance, persons who have seen certain forms of manifestation, under strict test conditions, would be satisfied and leave the spirits to continue their work in their own way, they could do far more than they can while things are conducted in such a stupid and ignorant manner. After people see a certain manifestation, they tell others of it, and every one wants to see the same. Even after it has been shown hundreds of times, under the most satisfactory conditions, the genuineness of it is still doubted, and it must be repeated again and again, only again to be disputed and denied. Now the spirits, through this and other mediums, want to go on, step by step, to higher forms of manifestation. We have shown you an amount of power which few ever visit this medium witness, because you, having once for all had the reality of these things proved to you, are satisfied to leave the rest to us, not dictating, but allowing us to do as we think best. But when the medium is wearied and discouraged by being required to sit for the same physical manifestations year after year, to go forever over the old ground, every step of which is disputed, just as at first, he cannot develop as the manifesting spirits would develop him if the opportunity were given them. No one can have any idea of the marvelous power which we could exert or the precious truths we could communicate through the unfolding of such new phases of mediumship, under conditions which would make the way of progress easy and pleasant both to us and to the medium."

This address was so rational and earnest, and so eloquently worded, that I can do it only very partial justice, although I have striven to reproduce it faithfully. Let all who love Spiritualism and appreciate its precious revelations, heed the wise words of this spirit, and aid in dissipating the fogs and clouds that now hinder the clear shining of that wonderful light which can reach us only through the full and harmonious development of medial power. LOUISA ANDREWS.

Caleb Cushing on the Eastern Question.

The balance of power is what makes the trouble. It must be overcome by the preponderance of some one great State. As it is now, it seems to keep Austria in fear of Germany, Germany of Russia, Russia of them both, and England of each of them, and the sooner they find out who is master the better. Then the conquered can lay down their arms, and the conqueror can disband some of his armies. It is the surest way to a lasting peace."

England would be obliged to engage in a war for the aid of Turkey against her Christian subjects in rebellion, or lose her prestige among her Mahometan subjects in India. She has forty millions of them there, who would, to say the least, give her a great deal of trouble if she permitted the overthrow of their religion in Turkey. Now mind, it is a mistake to regard this conflict going on in Turkey as directed against Christianity. It is merely against rebellion. The Turks are not so much disposed to persecute the Christians as the Christians are to persecute each other. The Turks are the best people in Turkey. The Christians are the worst. Sectarianism has made Christianity quarrelsome, and this has been for the advantage of the Turks. Charles V. would have driven them into Asia before a united Christianity. But just then came Martin Luther with his Reformation, splitting the church into fragments, and they began to fight each other over Turkey, which has been maintained in its integrity by the joint consent of its contestants, each willing to gain possession of the territory for itself, but unwilling that anyone else should occupy it, and that is the way the matter now stands."

An Odd Bill for Services Rendered. (From the Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for November.)

The following curious account for restoring a chapel was engraved in French on a watch crystal in the Swiss Department of the Vienna Exposition. The whole was placed on a scroll less than an inch square. A painter had been employed to repair a number of pictures in a convent, and presented his bill in gross to the curate, who refused payment, saying that the committee would require details. The painter produced it as follows:

"Corrected and revised the Ten Commandments, 5 francs and 12 centimes; embellished and renewed Pontius Pilate, and put a new ribbon in his bonnet, 3 francs and 6 centimes; put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter, and mended his comb, 3 francs 20 centimes; repainted and gilded the left wing of the Guardian Angel, 4 francs 17 centimes; washed the servant of the High Priest, and put carmine on his cheeks, 5 francs 12 centimes; renewed heaven, adjusted two Stars, gilded the Sun, and renewed the Moon, 7 francs 14 centimes; reanimated the Flames of Purgatory, and restored some souls, 6 francs 6

centimes; revived the Flames of Hell, put a new tail on the Devil, mended his left hoof, and did several jobs for the Damned, 4 francs 10 centimes; put new spatterdashes on the Son of Tobias, and dressing on his back, 2 francs; cleaned the ears of Balaam's Ass, and shod him, 3 francs 7 centimes; put earrings in the ears of Sarah, 2 francs 4 centimes; reordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig, 4 francs 4 centimes; put a new stone in David's Sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs, 3 francs 2 centimes; decorated Noah's Ark, 3 francs; mended the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned the Pigs, 4 francs 9 centimes. Total, 59 francs 11 centimes."

Children's Department.

WHOSE?

"Pooh!" cried a doubter: "Inner Life! Why prate on such a fable? A man's a man—flesh, blood and bone—And more to prove, who's able?"

"If I am here, why, here I am. No argument is plainer. But all this 'soul' and 'life to come'—Why, nothing can be valner."

"Alive, we live; dying, we die. That's logic, as I take it. Fate gave me common sense, and I Shall not for dreams forsake it."

"Why, man, I'll bet my very eyes, My heart, and all that's in it, All talk of soul must end in bosh, Whoever may begin it."

The man of thought in patience heard, "Hold!" cried he, now, "I'll do it. I'll take this bet, your, my friend, But, please, first count the cost."

"Your eyes, your very eyes, you stake, Your head and all that's in it, All talk of soul must end in bosh, Whoever may begin it."

"Now tell me, please, whose eyes they be? Whose head it is that's in it? You see head and contents duly prized? 'Why, mine,' replied the scoffer."

"Yours?" cried the other, "Where 's the you That owns the head and eyes, sir? The doubter thought awhile; and soon He graver grew and wiser."

"My head," he mused, "my limbs, my trunk! If these make me, why—bosh! They can't be mine and yet be me; One point breaks up the other."

He pondered well, he pondered long, And then he muttered slowly: "The inner man, the soul, the me Must own my body wholly."

"And I who own my feet and hands, I know I didn't make them. So, after all, 'tis just as well That I should meekly take them."

"Yes," said his friend: "And—God be praised— This fact, now you concede it, Will lead you on to truth at last, And you'll accept of it."

—Mary Mapes Dodge, in the Independent.

[From the New Jerusalem Messenger.]

THE STORY OF BUZZY.

Once there was a little bee named Buzzy, who lived in a garden where there were a great many beautiful flowers. His mamma's name was Mrs. Queen, and she had more children than she could count. Buzzy had more than three thousand brothers, and not one little sister. As Mrs. Queen was the only lady in the house, and many of her children were too little to help themselves, she used to call on Buzzy's elder brothers to help make the cribs for the baby bees; and then, too, they often had to feed the little ones. Each little baby bee had a crib all by himself, and as the cribs all had six sides, and were made of wax, you may know that everybody had to do all they could to make the beds. Some of Buzzy's brothers, though, were lazy; they would not work. They flew and crawled about, and ate honey, but Buzzy never saw one of them try to make wax, or honey either.

When Buzzy was first born, he did not look at all like the bees you have seen. He was a little white worm, with large white eyes; and his mouth was like a caterpillar's. In his sides were ten little holes for him to breathe through; for Buzzy could not breathe through his mouth. For several days he lived in this queer little crib in the crib where his mother, Mrs. Queen, had put him. He could crawl about very little, but he managed to eat all the honey his brothers had put into the crib for him.

After a week had passed, something very strange happened. Some of the old bees told the little worm bee to creep into a warm, snug corner and go to sleep. Buzzy was glad enough to mind them, for he felt tired and sick. Then the little brothers covered him all up—head, and eyes, and body—with nice, clean wax. The covering was so snug and so tight that he could not move. He stayed in his little six-sided crib, feeling very quiet and sleepy, for ten days. At the end of that time, Buzzy's brothers thought he had rested long enough, and they took off the wax sheets and blankets they had fastened him up with, and gave him some more nice food. He was very glad to get it, for he was very hungry after sleeping ten days; and then he began to grow. Instead of the poor little white worm that had gone to sleep in the six-sided crib, he found he had a new suit of clothes, of many colors, growing out all over him, and that he was changed into a little bee, with white, gauzy wings. First he began wrapping the wax off his body; then he looked at himself all over; then he walked about a little to see if his legs were all right; for, before, they were so short that he could only crawl (as all insects do at first). But the things that pleased him most in this change that had taken place, were his wings. He lifted them up and down, and shook them; but he had very little room to fly about in. He did not dare to use them very much, for he was not quite sure what they were for.

The next morning his mamma asked him if he would not like to go out into the sunshine. She said that most of the other bees had some work to do to prepare food for winter, and that if Buzzy wanted to, he could help them. The young bee was glad enough at the thought of seeing the flowers, and feeling the bright sunshine; so off he flew with his brothers.

They went first to some morning-glories. Buzzy lighted on a bright blue one, and stood looking about, rather puzzled; for he did not know how to begin to work. At last he began to cry, and say that he was hungry. Very quickly one of his kind, older brothers came to see what was the matter. He put his antennae across Buzzy's, for that is the way bees talk, as Buzzy had found out when his mamma asked if he would like to go out. "Don't cry, Buzzy, dear," said his brother bee; "just take a drink of juice from these sweet flowers, and then take some bee bread; maybe after that you'll feel better, and can carry some bread home." "I can't get any juice," Buzzy cried out, "I have not any mouth. I used to have a nice big mouth, and I could eat ever so much honey. Oh dear! I wish I was a worm again—I'm hungry."

[To be continued.]

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now we figure the thing out far different. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also. Total 16.—Boston Journal.

We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the pre-Adamites were a race of giants, and consequently great eaters, reason something like this: Eve 818, and Adam 82. Total 183.—Gloucester Advertiser. Wrong again; what could be clearer than if Eve 8-1-8, and Adam 8-1-2, would not the whole be 1623?—Boston Journal. I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam 8-1-2-4 Eve. Total, 8998.—Veritas. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam 8-1-2-4-2-4 Eve. Total, 82,056. We think, however, this is not a sufficient quantity; for though we admit that Eve 8-1-4 Adam, Adam if he 80-8-1-2-4-2-4 Eve company, total, 8,082,056.—N. Y. Mail. You do the fair thing by Adam, brother, but you slight Eve. This poor smit-10, 1-8-1-4-2-4 please the serpent, and Adam, of course, if he, as good husbands do, oft-10-80-8-1-2-4-2-4 Eve company, total 109,099,384.—Syracuse Journal.

Those who deny the possibility of human life beyond a single century will be vexed by the authenticated case of Madame Hulsenstein, who has just died in Vienna, at the age of one hundred and nineteen ! She was Maid of Honour to Maria Theresa.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

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Banner of Light.

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While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an infallible authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. —Prof. S. B. Britton.

Expenses of the Defence of Slade.

A friend writes us from London: "I have heard from Mr. Harrison that a general feeling prevails among London Spiritualists that American Spiritualists, who have had so few public expenses of late, whilst those in England have had so many, ought to take the bulk of the cost of fighting Slade's case upon themselves, it being quite enough for those in England to do to take the persecution and the work and the responsibility of fighting out the case in the most efficient way they can with the means at command. He thinks that American Spiritualists should put their shoulders to the wheel in this matter with the utmost energy, and band together to fight for the great principles involved in the case." We trust that these expectations of our English friends will be promptly met. American Spiritualists outnumber them more than twenty to one, and ought to provide liberally for the whole expense of the Slade trial. If only six thousand of our forty or fifty thousand readers would send us only fifty cents each, the expense of the new trial of Slade would be provided for. That this will be done, and done promptly under the urgent circumstances, we cannot entertain a doubt. Read the plan we have proposed elsewhere for raising the desired sum.

Digging their Own Pit.

The unguarded confession of the "exposer" Bishop, who performed for the church and Harvard College, last Saturday night, in this city, ostensibly in aid of a church sold by a religious society on the sole condition that it shall not be preached and prayed in—the unguarded confession, we say, of this person that he marvels at the readiness of the clergy to accept his manifestations on trust, not knowing, in other words, whether they are manifestations or expositions, is something that would instantly make less headlong men than the preachers are in this matter pause and consider the situation in which he has involved them. For Bishop has undoubtedly led them into a dilemma from which even he has not the power or skill to extricate them. They are forced to accept without a word all that he says and does, and take on trust his assertion that his performances are mere jugglery instead of being genuine or partial spiritual phenomena. We really do not see why these too eager clergymen have not suffered themselves to be duped as easily, and even more so, as the alleged victims of Spiritualism whom they assume to emancipate from their delusion.

But this point we care comparatively little for. It is one that will readily enough make itself in almost every mind of ordinary penetration and intelligence. The thing for the clergy to consider, not only in their adoption of Bishop as an ally but in the whole of their furious hostility to Spiritualism, is that they are unconsciously digging a pit into which they are certain to fall themselves. They are surrendering their position just as fast as they can to that spirit of Materialism, ruling both in modern philosophy and modern science, which threatens the ruin of all they profess to hold dear.

It is to be said for Spiritualism at least that it contains a positive religious element and force; too late will the clergy find that in calling in Materialism to overthrow Spiritualism they have evoked a power that will surely overthrow their own temple. The blind are leading the blind again into the ditch that is already full of the unwise. Conceding that the clergy can finish the claims of Spiritualism by calling in the aid of mediums themselves and confiding implicitly in their paid assurances, how do they imagine they are going to fare when Science turns round and holds them sternly to the logic of that material proof which they were so ready to employ against Spiritualism? It is not for us to answer the question, but we can assure the churches that it is going to be an interesting one for them to meet when it comes their turn to answer.

Another case of spiritual transportation is reported from England. Credible witnesses are responsible for the statement that a medium by the name of Bullock was taken from a cabinet, at Islington, and carried to Clapton, by some mysterious agency which they believe was spiritual.

Spiritualism the World's Religion.

Says Prof. Britton, "If those who profess to accept the truth will improve their great opportunity, Spiritualism may finish the temple of Science and become the ECLECTIC RELIGION OF THE WORLD." Never were truer or more timely words spoken. They deserve to be repeated till they abide in the memory. This is the "great opportunity" for which the lovers of truth may be supposed to be waiting. It is right at their hand. Will they fail to recognize it when it is so near, while praying and yearning for it when it was not yet come? That it is the opportunity so long coveted, may be readily understood from the fact that it is so bitterly assailed by both worldlings and ecclesiastics. But notwithstanding all such assaults, which are now culminating in the labored essays of Curtis, in Harper's Monthly, in the denunciations of the clergy, and in a portion of the secular press, Spiritualism is more widespread than it ever was, and takes deeper and firmer root in the popular belief and heart.

No believer can fail to note and profoundly rejoice over the fact that the great truths of the spiritual philosophy are rapidly striking down in the human mind in the form of abiding convictions, to inspire the life and direct the conduct. The evidence is to be found on every side. As we have already said, all this opposition to them only shows where they are continually breaking out on the surface and manifesting themselves. And this is taking place not only in the minds of the common people but in those of the scientists and first men of the Old World.

This is an advance in the spiritual phenomena that no mere sneering or denunciation can avail to turn back. It is new and firm ground. What is clearly and unequivocally demonstrated in the presence of such men, and is likewise accepted by them as proven by the testimony of their senses, cannot be dissipated by all the prejudices of unbelievers combined and concentrated upon it. And what, to come to the real point, what is it that these phenomena teach—the advanced and the aboriginal? Simply, but surely, that man lives after the separation of the body and spirit. The blessedness of the advanced testimony is that it supplies visible, palpable, physical proof. It leaves theory, inference, trust, hope, all these behind, and with a single bold and true stroke presents the demonstration in such a form that no living man who sees it before him can from that time forward deny it.

Do we any of us realize what is to be the result, and immediately? Events are not to move as slowly in the next fifty years as they have in the past fifty, rapid even as that movement has been. Science has made such perilous inroads into faith that but for a fresh recruiting of the latter from new sources it must succumb. Spiritualism comes forward just in time to rescue genuine religion and to harmonize belief and knowledge. If it shatters worn-out creeds and superstitions, it replaces them with something tangible. Science never could do it, for it works in a different field, yet in the progress of the race it is essential that the workers in both fields should see and feel that they are neither antagonistic nor separate. Spiritualism successfully brings them together, and through the agency of scientists themselves. In the apt language of Prof. Britton, it is to finish the temple of science, and thus become "the eclectic religion of the world."

The Sunday Herald on Bishop.

The "spiritual" column of the Boston Sunday Herald for Nov. 6th, contains an editorial article on Bishop and his Saturday night performance at Music Hall, from which we quote the following:

"Mr. Irving Bishop, or his friends, are claiming a little too much when he is accorded the credit of exposing the 'Katie King fraud,' the Eddys, Mrs. Fay and Mrs. Hardy. As to 'Katie King,' the best authorities in the matter, including Col. Olcott, Gen. Lippitt, Mr. Eves Sargent and Mr. J. M. Roberts, do not admit that the Holmes mediums were detected in the alleged fraud. On the contrary, they are fully satisfied of the genuineness of their claims as mediums. As to the Eddys, Mr. Bishop says he exposed their sister, Mrs. Huntton, by revealing a trap door in her house at Chittenden. But more than a year ago a representative of the Herald, who spent a week at the Eddys', gave his reasons at length for regarding them all as impostors. Mr. Bishop is the reputed author of a letter which appeared in the New York Sun about a year ago announcing the discovery of a secret passage communicating with the Eddy ghost-room through a chimney, but as the story was afterward ascertained to be a pure invention, he will probably not now claim the honor of that 'discovery.'"

A correspondent of the Transcript is not satisfied with Bishop's explanation of his performances, because the public has nothing but his word to show that he is not a genuine medium. The writer remarks: "In his letter to the Boston committee all that he claims is to exhibit the natural means by which 'many of the characteristic phenomena attributed to Spiritualism are wrought.' This is wise. He does not venture to include all the phenomena as imitable. Mr. Bishop avoids all explanation of his power of reading on pellets, tightly rolled up, the various inscriptions they may bear. He gives you the idea that it is a simple and explicable process; but when pushed for a square, direct explanation, he invariably dodges. And so with regard to all the other phenomena that are only media. He denies their media character; that is, he opposes a positive hypothesis by a merely negative one. He explains nothing; although the audience, in their delight at imagining that Spiritualism has come to grief, takes his simple denial as an explanation."

Mr. Bishop privately admits that he is sometimes overpowered by trances, or catalepsy, and that the rapping deemed by many to be a spiritual manifestation attended him at an early age. He moreover frankly admits his surprise at the endorsement which he has received, as an exposé, from the clergy of the land, who seem willing to undermine the public faith in all the spiritual phenomena of the past, as recorded in the Bible, if they can only see the pestilent modern heresy stabbed to the heart."

Denison, Texas, so says a recent number of the Daily Cresset, has "a haunted house" which proves to be the greatest sensation that city has ever experienced. The premises have been visited by a number of prominent citizens, who were nonplussed at what they saw and heard. A little girl about eight years old became entranced there one evening, and wrote spirit messages. In her usual condition she was unable to write at all. The account concludes: "Loud knocks in the building that can be heard in the neighborhood, are heard all over the house. Everything has been done to discover if there is any trickery. The front stoop has been taken up; pistol shots have been fired where the knocking is heard, but all yet remains a mystery."

Mrs. Youngs, the piano-medium, announced—through her agent—at Lurline Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, that she was willing to encounter Mr. Bishop in a trial of his skill or her mediumship at any time when he dared put in an appearance.

Words to the Point.

A literary gentleman from Boston recently received a private letter from one of his correspondents in Philadelphia, which was so replete with sound sense, that, in view of the present agitation, he has permitted us to make the following extracts from it for the benefit of the public:

"I note your postscript relative to exposures of spiritual manifestations, &c. They do not disturb my faith, for I think I can satisfactorily account for them. The detection of counterfeits does not disprove the existence of genuine coin, though some of our savants seem willing to accept the hypothesis that it does. The error of many, who may in some degree be regarded as candid investigators, is the thoughtless and unwarranted assumption that mediums, if not impostors, can of their own volition cause the manifestations. This erroneous assumption taints their judgment and prompts their distrust when they witness phenomena which seem to them unaccountable on any other than the professed theory, the result often being that distrust governs reason in their conclusions. This was my experience while investigating the question, but patience and perseverance enabled me at length to realize this lesson—that positive proof disclosed in one class of phenomena, could not be refuted by mere negative testimony occurring in a different class, or that the integrity of one medium was disproved by the detected hypocrisy of another."

"It is profoundly true that 'agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom,' and it is equally true that an occasional 'trick' in the manifestations tends to induce many to 'witness' the manifestations, that they may detect the fraud, who would fear to do so lest their reason should unhappily conquer their faith. I admit that tricks are sometimes attempted when the attempt is wholly referable to the spirits controlling the mediums, however hard it may seem to thus make the medium a victim; but I do not forget that this seeming evil tends to a great good—the agitation of thought, &c., and that martyrs have always been, and still are, the seed of the church."

"A prominent part of the mission of Spiritualism is to lead both the church and science to better comprehend the profound philosophical lessons embodied in figurative language in the Bible, and thus enable them to better appreciate, if not fully solve, the problem, 'What is truth?' While reason teaches us we may reason from the known to the unknown—can mentally see what may be beyond our present sensual vision—science dogmatically decrees we cannot rationally accept as truth what cannot be demonstrated; hence we may not accept the existence of a spiritual in contradistinction to a material substance, until we can sensuously identify it. My reason teaches me that there are many things invisible to me, and I must reason from the things that are visible, to gain any conception of the character thereof; hence I repudiate the dogma limiting my search after truth to sensuous demonstration. Others alike are claiming freedom in their search, and Spiritualism is daily exciting this popular feeling. I have no fear for the consequences."

Conway Again.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the unscrupulous traducer of all Spiritualists, and who seems to hate Spiritualism as the mythical Satan does holy water, has been interviewing Dr. Carpenter again, and the following is the result:

"The facts, Dr. Carpenter has made a mistake in one particular: he allowed himself to have a séance with Slade without paying the usual five dollars, and so he did not feel the same freedom which Lankester and others did in testing things without regard to etiquette. The Spiritualists, of course, have great faith that Dr. Carpenter is coming over to their side; but they hope in vain. Dr. Carpenter is a nervous, timid, crochety and egotistical man, but he is also learned, trained in powers of observation and truthful. His veracity may be relied on—which is not the case with Mr. Crookes; and also his sense of honor—which is not the case with Mr. Wallace. If Dr. Carpenter were to become a Spiritualist, the gain to that party would be worth a hundred such men as Crookes and Wallace. He would be the first eminent scientific man in this country whose character can be relied on to embrace that belief. But there is not the slightest cause for the rumors whispered about by Spiritualists. As Dr. Carpenter informed me for a reason for opposing the prosecution of Slade is simply that he is afraid it may 'make him (Slade) a martyr.' Others also fear it may let Slade in making dupes; but since the trial has let more light into the matter, such are not so fearful of that result as they were."

Conway's mendacious attempts to impugn the veracity of leading Spiritualists may be passed over now, since our readers are well aware how much the man's testimony is worth. The idea that Carpenter was not so good a tester of Slade's media powers because he did not behave brutally like Lankester, is quite worthy of a fellow of Conway's tone of mind. The truth is that Lankester by his course defeated his object, if his object was the truth; for he proved absolutely nothing. If he had simply said, 'Let me see that slate,' it would have been enough; and he could then have wiped it, tried again and seen what would ensue. He would have gained all that he gained by his ruffianism, and would have had a chance of learning something more. But he went in an aggressive spirit—had his scientific blinders on, and was determined to see only those straws that might help to confirm him in his preconceived hypothesis. The result was precisely what might have been expected. Mr. Conway calls it "to become a Spiritualist" when a man bears honest witness to a media phenomenon, as Dr. Carpenter seems disposed to do. By his foul aspersions, Conway would like to frighten off people from testifying to the truth.

Mr. W. I. Bishop.

This young man's exhibition at the Boston Music Hall, Nov. 4th, fully justified all that we and our correspondents have said of the fallacious character of his pretensions, and the utter worthlessness of his performances as any exposure or explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. However he may have deluded those persons who had but a superficial acquaintance with Spiritualism, every experienced investigator set him down at once as a shameless pretender. Sensible remarks from a correspondent who was present at the "entertainment" will be found in another column.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the famous healer, writes to us from Cincinnati, under date of Nov. 4th, that he is having great success there in healing the sick, and will probably remain in that section during the winter months.

Margaret Fox Kane embarked at New York for England on the 16th of Sept. last. She is now in London, but expects soon to leave for St. Petersburg, Russia.

Organization.

On our eighth page will be found a report of the meeting of the Tennessee Spiritualists, in the course of which the remarks of Hon. J. M. Peebles will bear attention. His idea of organization for self protection and for business purposes—as endorsed by the Religio-Philosophical Journal of a late date—is a correct one, and one with which we have always affiliated. A theologico-scientifico-materialism, thoroughly inimical to spiritual truth, and the intuitive longings of the human soul, seems to impregnate not only the classic schools and lecture halls, but the very pulpits of the land, and under its influence the narrow-minded or study-prejudiced disciples of these institutions are evidently rallying to repress free thought everywhere. No better evidence than the Dr. Slade persecution, in London, is needed to prove the animus of this new alliance between bald materialism and square-toed sectarianism, an alliance which is just as willing to work against the cause in America as in England, if opportunity offers. Let us then at once seek to unite for common protection, and prepare a fund to defend our media, who are likely at no far distant day to be pounced upon and dragged into the courts by the agents of that logical outcome of modern Evangelicalism, the "Y. M. C. A." Let us unite everywhere; local societies on a financial and business foundation are the need of the hour—these can justly act together through their regularly appointed delegates in State Conventions, and, if desired, in a National organization, should the need of such an one arise. We must present some front to the advancing hosts of theologic bigotry and scholastic turpitude.

How the Slade Persecution Strikes Honest Men.

An accomplished lawyer of New York, not a Spiritualist, writes to a Boston friend as follows: "What asses they are making of themselves in London by persecuting Slade! I have been curious to understand the statute under which he was probably convicted. It was one of William IV, reproduced and reconstructed from older statutes. The provisions are, that any person who, by palmistry or any subtle devices, attempts to deceive and impose upon any of His Majesty's subjects, shall, on conviction thereof, be sent to the House of Correction, to be put to hard labor for a term not to exceed three months. The attempt to put down Spiritualism by this kind of proceeding will certainly relict. They are making a martyr of Slade. I'm sure he is no juggler, and I have no doubt that the phenomena I witnessed in his presence were not performances of his own. M—, who was with me, concurs with me in declaring that Slade could not possibly have written what we saw on the slate. Lankester's pulling away the slate, and the inference he based on the act, were all humbug and nonsense. I am exceedingly sorry for Slade, but am equally sorry that any men can be found in this day and in England to countenance such a perversion of law and justice. I fear the Church is at the bottom of it all."

R. Linton at Rochester Hall.

The audience at the above hall had, on Sunday evening, Nov. 5th, the privilege of listening to a fine lecture from the above named gentleman. The subject of his discourse was "Man the School-Boy of the Universe," and its drift was to pass in review those influences, natural and spiritual, which bear on the education of man as a race and as an individual. The discourse is pronounced to have been a masterpiece of thought, redundant with illustrations from history and science, which gave evidence of the rich resources of the lecturer's mind. Boldness in the enunciation of principles, a style clear and forcible, and at times pathetic, were characteristics that could not fail to interest. The harmony between the real discoveries of modern science and the Spiritual Philosophy formed not the least interesting feature of the address. To give an abstract of the lecture would not do it justice, and to publish it in these columns would be premature, as we understand it is to be re-delivered, by desire, on another platform.

We are requested to state that the astronomical-theological lecture by Mr. Linton, previously announced for Sunday evening next, is postponed for the present, pending arrangements for a larger hall.

Illustrated Lectures by Prof. Milleson.

The "Society of Spiritual Science," of New York, has decided on Sunday, the 19th inst., for the first of a course of lectures by Prof. M. Milleson, spirit-artist. These lectures will be illustrated by paintings, done under spirit-control, representing the spirit-body, with its manifold vital currents flaming off, embodying the clothing, nerve system, love and repellant powers, thought orbits from the right brain circling round to the left brain, presenting the problems of clairvoyance and inspiration.

It gave us a great deal of satisfaction to learn that Mrs. Woodhull recently had a public hearing in Boston, although we were many miles away at the time—satisfaction, because the good common sense of the people frowned down the efforts of bigotry to squelch free thought in our metropolis. Here is the language of the Philadelphia Press of the 2d inst. in regard to Mrs. W.'s late lecture here:

"On Sunday night, Oct. 22d, at the Boston Theatre, one of the finest and most respectable audiences of that classic city gave her a welcome worthy of the two thousand representatives of Boston society eager to listen to the woman they have scorned and repelled so long. The people of Philadelphia will be glad to give a hearing to Mrs. Woodhull, whose appearance here will attract those who are ready at all times to testify their appreciation of her work as a reformer of many of the abuses of society."

Mrs. Woodhull having been interviewed by a reporter from The Item office, we find in that paper of the 2d inst. the statement that the lady intends to make her debut as an actress in one of the prominent theatres in London, in a new and powerful play, entitled "Countess Helene," some time during the present winter—perhaps in February.

A. C. Woodruff writes as follows from Battle Creek, Mich.:

"Mrs. Woodruff, owing to the shattered condition of her health, was obliged to leave some engagements in this State unfilled, and return to her home in New York, but she has now so far recovered that by the time this reaches the public she expects to be able to commence her labor anew. She would be glad to hear at once from those wanting her services for a course of Sunday or week-day evening lectures, either in this State, on the way here, or in States further west. She can be addressed at this place."

Dr. Ernest J. Witherford, of Chicago, is at present in Boston.

Mr. W. I. Bishop's Exposure of Spiritualism.

I was present at the exhibition of Mr. Bishop on Saturday evening, and I beg leave to call your attention to a few points which are not brought out in the daily papers, or if mentioned at all are not stated correctly. In the first place as to the tying: this was done by two of Mr. Bishop's own endorsers and patrons, nominated by himself. No one doubts the honesty of Messrs. Ellis and Horsford; but it is not unreasonable to say that they did not do the tying as they would have done it if they had been tying a "medium." They tied just such knots as Mr. Bishop directed them to tie, and no other. Doubtless the knots were fairly enough tied, but after all the question recurs, was Mr. Bishop so tied that he was not left with considerable freedom of motion? Some of the papers say that Dr. Ellis stated that Bishop was tied apparently so that it was impossible for him to move. I did not hear him say anything of the sort; he simply said that he was securely tied.

Then as to the post to which he was tied. When some one in the audience put the very reasonable question whether the post was solid and substantial, he was at once put down with an insult, which was received with a round of applause from Mr. Bishop's admirers. When another gentleman mildly inquired whether a Spiritualist would be permitted to go on the stage and examine the tying, he was put down with another insult, and the police were called on to put him out of the hall. This also was received with a round of applause, which shows at least that Mr. Bishop's friends have singular ideas of fair play, and also that the conditions imposed upon mediums who are tied by a committee chosen by the audience themselves, and consisting almost always of skeptics, were not by any means adhered to.

Mr. Bishop's first experiment was what he styles in his prospectus, "the astonishing ballot test, or blood-writing on the arm," and purported to be a duplication of one of the extraordinary manifestations that take place through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Foster. No opportunity was given to the audience to examine the sealed envelope. Dr. Holmes did not state, nor did Mr. Bishop state, that nobody but Dr. Holmes knew its contents. But the audience were permitted to infer that such was the fact. Mr. Bishop did not explain how it was done, nor did any one know what the manipulation of the slate by Prof. Horsford may have had to do with it. Now that we know, through the mediumship of the Boston Herald, that the secret had been confided to Prof. Horsford, the mystery of the whole matter is in a great part taken away. Nobody would ever suspect Mr. Bishop or any one else of being a spiritual medium from the performance of such a trick as that. It did not bear the slightest resemblance to Mr. Foster's manifestations, and the attempt to palm it off as a duplication of them is a transparent humbug.

Mr. Bishop went through the rest of his programme well enough, taking care always to have the same conditions that mediums require, but when we come to his explanation, which did not begin till after the audience were well tired out, and which was the only important part of his exhibition, we have to record another failure. He showed how he could produce the "old oaken bucket sensation," by wriggling and twisting his limbs with a great muscular effort, but he omitted altogether to show us how he performed his feats when Dr. Ellis was in the cabinet, in such a way that that eminent physician could not detect the slightest motion of his body. He did not tell us why he had the top of his cabinet carefully covered over during that one performance in particular, so as to secure darkness. The Boston Herald informs us that he performed this feat by dislocating his right shoulder—"throwing it out of joint"; if that is so, it would be interesting to have the opinion of Dr. Ellis as an anatomist as to the possibility of such a performance by ordinary members of the human race, including the majority of mediums; and to know also from Dr. Ellis's own lips whether he has actually seen the thing done.

If we are expected to accept this explanation on Mr. Bishop's testimony without the demonstration, which he promised but did not find it convenient to give, we shall still have serious doubts as to the truth of it. However, if he was not tied firmly and closely to the post, and if the post did not stand firm (and as a matter of fact it did not, from my own testing, though I did not dare even to ask a question on the subject during the exhibition, in view of what had happened to two audacious gentlemen who had previously ventured to put a question), it might be possible for Mr. Bishop to do almost anything, though not without a considerable amount of twisting and wriggling.

It may be well enough to mention that Mr. Bishop's explanation even of "the spirit carpenter" was not altogether satisfactory, because although he succeeded in using "the hammer of truth," he did not drive the "nail of conviction."

The amount of it is, that Mr. Bishop's show was good enough as a specimen of his skill in playing tricks, but amounted to nothing at all when regarded as a "startling exposure of Spiritualism." It exposed nothing but Mr. Bishop's own audacity, impertinence and prevarication. It is melancholy to think that so many eminent and intelligent gentlemen should put themselves forward as the introducers of so frivolous and resultless an exhibition to a Boston audience.

FAIR PLAY.

Dr. Sarah E. Somerby, a lady possessed of the power of healing by magnetism, or laying on of hands, recently won—according to the appended paragraph in the secular press—the following victory over medical science and prejudice in Syracuse, N. Y.:

"We understand that she has secured quite a number of patients in this city, among whom is a well-known physician of the allopathic school. This learned disciple of Esculapius daily deals out huge drastic doses of deadly drugs to his patients, but in his heart he is undoubtedly of the opinion that 'the mild power cures.' 'Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!'"

Under the head "Business Cards" will be found an announcement setting forth the fact that such residents in Baltimore and vicinity may desire to purchase copies of the Banner of Light, or our spiritual and reformatory publications generally, can be accommodated by Wash. A. Danskin.

The crucial box mold-séance at Mrs. Hardy's last Sunday night was a perfect success, according to the Daily Advertiser.

Read the advertisement of the America Health College, at Cincinnati, O., on our seventh page.

The Hardy Imbroglia.

We give below the straightforward testimony of William Denton and John Wetherbee as to their firm faith in the reliability of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship for the paraffine phenomenon. In this connection we desire to state that we re-indorse the favorable report of the Boston Investigating committee which appeared some time since in our columns, and have seen nothing as yet to lead us to any different conclusions, the diatribes of sensational penny-a-liners to the contrary notwithstanding.

A CARD FROM PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
When the editor of the Spiritualist says of Mrs. Hardy's sances that "every one under strict test conditions has been a perfect failure," he says what he could not know to be true, and what I know to be false. No conditions could be more strictly test conditions than those under which I obtained the first paraffine molds that were obtained through her mediumship. Since that time I have sat twice with her, a large number present on each occasion, when the conditions were such as precluded all possibility of fraud, but instead of a failure, the result was a perfect success.

Let the tares be pulled up—it is high time they were; but friend Brown will find that he is wasting his time in trying to pull up the wheat, which, however, is so firmly rooted that neither he nor the sneering Boston Herald can do other than exorcise their hands in the vain attempt.

W. DENTON.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY FROM JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It seems to me that having had an opportunity to crucially test Mrs. Hardy in the paraffine mold manifestations, I ought to bear my testimony for her benefit, and though believing in the exposition of frauds when they are frauds, every time, I do not believe in impugning the action of a medium when the facts warrant another verdict. There is nothing wonderful or startling in a paraffine mold; they can be made of all sizes without seams, and frauds perpetrated, I dare say, without number, and more is the pity. The feature claimed is the production of them without human hands; there is nothing else startling in them. Are they ever so done? I answer, Yes, by Mrs. Hardy. I am disposed to think her general mold sances are honest ones, and not frauds, and I think so because the matter has been crucially tested in my presence three or four times. The pall of melted paraffine was placed in an empty box; when I said empty, I mean empty, and that nothing else was in there, nor could by any possibility get in, or be put in without my knowledge; the box had a whole firm wooden bottom, the sides strong iron wire, the meshes too small for one's little finger to be inserted, and the top and only possible entrance locked and sealed, and then covered with a cloth, and during the whole sitting the six or eight persons were watching it all the time; the medium did not insert anything inside where the pall of examined paraffine was, and could not, if she had so desired, without our knowing it, and at each of the sittings one or more molds of hands were produced. It was light enough to distinguish each other, read large print, or detect any movement of the medium, who was wholly in plain sight all the time.

I leave it for others to judge how the thing was done; with my experience and belief in the existence of spirits, I think they were the doers on these occasions; I often can think as they please; one thing I know as truly as I know any fact in this world, and that is that the molds were made then and there each time inside of that box, and Mrs. Hardy had no hand in the matter, nor any one else in the human form. I believe my head is level, and I think most people who know me believe so too, and I know I could not have been deceived, and I know what I here state is strictly and literally true, and I state it because at this time, when Mrs. Hardy is falsely accused of fraud, I think it is my duty so to do.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Thomas Gales Forster on the Situation.

This veteran trance speaker, writing us from Baltimore, Md., Nov. 1st, says, concerning the Slade procession:

With tears, and a depth of feeling beyond my capacity of expression, I have just read the telegraphic news from England. One of our beloved mediums—an American citizen—has been sentenced by a trial justice in London to three months hard labor, and for what? Simply for the exhibition by the spirits of the departed, through his sensitive organism, of certain phenomena, which he believes to be the result of the harmonious action of natural law, and which constitute in part, at least, the substratum of a glorious religion, which at this moment rejoices the hearts of millions of his fellow-citizens! As Spiritualists, and as Americans, can we remain longer inactive? It seems to me, it would be criminal to do so. Let us at once crush forever all local differences and personal prejudices that may exist, and rally to the defence and support of our media—the whole body of whom are assailed in the persecution of Dr. Slade. Let us make every effort in our power to strengthen the hands of the English Spiritualists, who have, by appeal, carried the case before a jury of their countrymen.

Let Spiritualists in every township, village and city throughout the land, join without delay and forward what sums they may be able to spare to the proprietors of the Banner of Light, who have ever been the true friends of true media, that they may in turn despatch the same to the Slade Committee in London.

After an enforced absence from the rostrum, through ill health, for over three years, I expect to resume the duties of the same next Sunday (6th) in this city. It is a melancholy gratification that, upon my return to the public advocacy of the religion we have so much reason to love and serve, one of my first efforts will be in behalf of a persecuted friend and brother in a foreign land.

In the freedom of a living truth,
I am fraternally yours,
THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

No. 207 West Lombard street.

A. S. Hayward writes to the Boston Sunday Herald "to express his conviction that Mrs. Hunton and Dr. Flint are genuine mediums, the testimony to the contrary notwithstanding. He thinks the spirits themselves are at the bottom of this furore against mediums, and for a wise purpose."

A meeting will be held at Rochester Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 12th, whereat the subjects for discussion will be the modern media, and the best modes of protecting and utilizing their gifts. Music and singing will also be included in the list of exercises.

The letter address of A. S. Hayward for the present will be in care of this office. He will leave Philadelphia soon—making short stops during his journey to Boston, for the transaction of any professional business which may offer on the way.

We have on sale (price 50 cents each) a few photographs, cabinet size, of HENRY SLADE, the celebrated physical medium, whose persecution in England at the present time is attracting so much attention.

J. V. Mansfield, the sealed-letter-answering medium, has returned to his home in New York City, where he will remain a few weeks prior to his tour through the country.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

MOCK MARRIAGES.
What boots a loveless marriage made by men, By wisest mothers in their dreams of gold, By tricks the keen-eyed still as tricks behold, By maids that lay their traps again, again?
What boots—for all such sophistries can ken, Though wrapt in many a neat and silken fold, And all their worthlessness is speedily told, Though never spoken by mouth but writ with pen, God curses all that thus defame fair love.
That mask their wickedness in holy guise, He sends his searching angels from above, Discovering all our mocking slams and lies, He blasts us in the eyes of all our kind, And fixes hell in heart, and soul, and mind.
(WILLIAM BRUNTON.)

Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli, for twenty years the Pope's chief adviser, died at Rome Nov. 7th. He came from an Italian family of the middle class, and was born in Soudano, Italy, April 24, 1806.

Said a college professor to a notorious laggard, who was once, for a wonder, promptly in his place at morning prayers, "I marked you, sir, as punctual this morning. What is your excuse?" "Could n't sleep, sir," was the reply.

"It is an error," says Fichte, "to say that it is doubtful whether or not there is a God. It is not doubtful, but the most certain of certainties, the one absolutely valid, objective truth—that there is a moral order in the world."

An agent for the sale of some household article attempted to mount the steps of a house recently, but the dog came around the corner and took half a yard of cloth from the back of his coat. The man was sliding out when the owner of the house came and asked: "Did doze dog bite you?" "He didn't bite me, but he ruined my coat," was the reply. "My good friend, except doze dog he didn't bite you. He is a young dog now, but by-and-by he shall take half of some agents and cat-dog hounds ride out of them. He bites a coat now, but he shall soon do better!"

November 30th has been appointed by President Grant as the National Thanksgiving Day.

One of the reasons that a side-saddle resembles a four-quart jug is because it holds a gallon.

Tilden and Hendricks have proved the voters in the national contest, (Nov. 7) and stand elected as President and Vice President of the United States.

One of the most important requisites to success in life is to know at what precise period to pull down your vest.—*Ex.*

Nov. 7th was the women's day at the Exhibition. A reception was held in the Woman's Pavilion by Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, President of the Woman's Centennial Executive Committee, assisted by her associates of that body. The total admissions were 73,005.

Religion is the art of being and doing good.—*Dr. Caird's Sermon before the Queen.*

Then a good many Spiritualists must be religious.

Nov. 5th was Guy Fawkes day, and also the anniversary of the battle of Inkermann.

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," So go in, gentlemen; we shall stand by the truth if the heavens fall.

A naturalist asks: "Do bees hear?" "We don't think they do. At any rate, when a man is chased by bees across a ten-acre field, and at the top of his voice yells his pursuers to 'Shoo, there!' the insects pay no attention whatever to his remarks."

The most violent headache is cured by a Chicagoan, who stops the ears and nostrils and administers a glass of water.

Did you ever feel that deep, inner, subtle sensation of the whole being, as though the world had tipped up and let you on the inside, which comes over you when you lie on your back and think of a thing that is not there.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Dr. Miller and the decay of Universalism" is the subject of a Boston letter to the Chicago Post and Mail.

The late Dr. Norman McLeod used to tell this story as a specimen of a boy's theology: "J.—'Mamma says that good angels keep good boys.'—'Aunt—'Shall I leave the candle burning? Are you frightened?' J.—'Yes—no—yes—leave it burning.'—'Aunt—'What are you frightened for?' J.—'Hats.'—'Aunt—'Think, dear, about the good angels.'—'J.—'Can they kill rats?'"

Tupper and Talmage—"Two T's with but a single cross, two T's that are dated as one. They are Slade's twins bound together by the happy cord of philosophy and religion. Arcades Ambo.—*Chicago Times.*

When ought mariners to have fruit at sea? When they stem the currents.

While Stokes was on his way from Auburn to New York, an aged female presented him with a card, on which was printed, "Come to Jesus." Stokes subsequently declared his intention of visiting the Centennial.

With a falling and whirling of the leaves in the autumnal blasts, visions of the warm and verdant beauties of summer fade and melt away, and we gaze thoughtfully into the future, and reflect upon the time when we shall take a jug of hot water to bed with, and the stopper will come out, while happy sleep enfolds us in her saute mantle.—*Rockland Courier.*

There will be a general sale of all the buildings belonging to the Centennial Board of Finance on Thursday, Nov. 30th, at eleven o'clock A. M. The list comprises the Main Building and Carriage Annex, Agricultural Hall, with Wagon and Pomological Annexes, the Art Annex, Photographers' Exhibition Building, Shoe and Leather Building, Judges' Hall, Butter and Cheese Building, garden station houses and various other small buildings. Particulars of the sale will be furnished in pamphlet form, on application ten days before the appointed time.

Some strangers threw a goose into Niagara river a few days ago, from the bridge between the mainland and Bath Island. Curiosity to see if it would survive a trip over the Falls caused them to do it, and their curiosity was gratified by seeing the goose arrive safely below, where it was eventually secured by a ferryman. Probably it was a goose destined for the Thanksgiving market, and if so a trip over Niagara Falls would insure more inspection upon it than a mosquito bite would on a locomotive.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Four carriages, three wagons, one pair of mules, one span of horses, one harness and three cows, the property of Brigham Young, were sold at Salt Lake, Nov. 1st, at public auction by the Commissioner, to pay the award of the court in the Ann Eliza case. They brought \$1185. Further seizures of property will be made.

The bronze statue of Daniel Webster will be unveiled, on the 25th inst., in Central Park, New York.

A one-rail road is being built from Potteryville to Visalia, Cal. This style of railway is patented by a resident of the place last named.

Here the winter winds long, But the summer winds do not Surely comes, with light and song, And the wounded are made whole, From the ground the heavy stone Rolls away, and there alone See we angels smiling down, In their white and sunny calm, Fades the shadow of a frown, And all life is sweet with balm.

The great 25-ton foot-bridge cable for the East River bridge has been stretched across the river.

The testimonial fund for the widow of Haywood, the cashier who lost his life in the raid on the Northfield Bank, has reached the sum of \$13,077.85.

It is proposed to celebrate the centennial of the battle of Bonnington, Vt., Aug. 10th, 1877, and to erect on the battle-ground a monument 100 feet high, surmounted by a bronze statue clad in continental musket at a charge and statue gilded.

Bismarck is again reported as being seriously ill.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"

Does n't a man contract a debt when he pays part of 112—*Lowell Courier.*

The Miami Powder Mills, fourteen miles from Springfield, Ohio, exploded with terrible effect, Nov. 1st, killing one man and wounding several others. Windows were broken by the concussion several miles distant.

A licensed drover at Brentford, England, who, while driving a bull along the road several weeks ago, struck a cat with a thick stick, was ordered to be sent to prison, with hard labor, for a month, without option of a fine.

Is a cross father necessarily transparent?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Graphic writes that the idea of the condensed cable series is like that of a man who should attempt to take a section out of Long John Wentworth on the plea that there was too much of him.

"They were n't careful of what they eat, and the snows of winter will wait around their graves," is the sentimental manner in which an irreverent chronicler of events speaks of the demise of some of his neighbors.

NEW MUSIC.—F. W. Helmick, publisher, 50 W. Fourth street, Cincinnati, O., sends us a popular ballad, entitled "What did he say to you?" by Jeanie L. Tanner.

Special Notice—Last Call for the Davis Testimonial.

The committee having the management of the Fiftieth Birthday Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis, have resolved to close the list on the first of December prox. Accordingly they now issue their last invitation, and do most earnestly desire to hear from each and all who still feel disposed to contribute to this object. As soon as possible after this list is closed, the committee will prepare a printed statement of the particular sums received, and of the whole amount, which they will send to each contributor. Let us hear from you at your earliest convenience, and thus oblige

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman,
1238 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. O. POOLE, Secretary,
P. O. box 989, New York City.

Donations for God's Poor Fund.

Received since our last acknowledgment:
From Henry J. Horn, New York, \$5.00.
Thanks. It shall be faithfully applied to the relief of the destitute poor.

The Boston Herald thus bewails concerning Bishop's convocation at Music Hall: "The only fault of the lecture was that he did not repeat every experiment in the open light." Let the Herald follow Mr. B. in his travels, and it will find that the same difficulty exists wherever he may go—there are parts of his programme which he never explains, and cannot explain, because they are brought about in his presence he knows not how.

Mr. R. Cogman, of 15, St. Peter's-road, Mile-end, E., London, an earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism in England, was released from the tolls of earth-life, on Friday morning, Oct. 20th.

John S. Adams & Co., formerly at 25 Bromfield street and 4 Pearl street, Boston, have removed to No. 3½ Beacon street, a few doors from Tremont street, where they will be pleased to meet their old patrons and the public generally.

We have in type an interesting critique on Dr. John Hall's "Faith and Science," from the pen of Prof. S. B. Brittan. The appearance of the article is unavoidably delayed till our next issue.

We would call the attention of our readers to the new work from the pen of M. J. Savage, entitled, "The Religion of Evolution," an advertisement of which will be found elsewhere.

The publishers have just issued a new and cheap edition of Robert Ingersoll's beautiful volume, entitled, "The Gods, and other Lectures." Price \$1.25, and 10 cents postage.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

TEMPLE'S HALL, 48 Washington street.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Good mediums and speakers always in attendance. F. W. Jones, Chairman.

PRINCE'S HALL, 126 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet every Friday, at 2½ P. M. until further notice, at this hall. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

Rochester Hall.—The Boston Progressive Lyceum No. 1 continues to hold interesting meetings every Sunday morning. On the 6th inst. Mr. Twitwell, of Somerville, made an instructive talk to the children, followed by declamations and reading by Lizzie Thompson, Mrs. Hattie Wilson, Grace Fairbanks, Eddy Washburn, Florence Kimball, Austin Buck, Jenny Miller, Clara Rosenfeld, Mary Cottle and Jessie Kimball. Songs were rendered by Helen M. Hill, Nellie Thomas and Mr. Fairbanks. Mr. Garney, of the Lockport Lyceum, made a pleasant address to the children. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Prof. M. Milson will deliver two lectures in Orange, Mass., on Sunday, the 12th inst. Morning—"The Spirit Brain: evening—"The Ultimate Objects on the part of the Spirit-World in its Persistent Labors with us at this time. These lectures are attracting marked attention.

Dr. T. B. Taylor has gone to take up his residence in Washington, where he proposes to assist in the organization and leadership of a Society of Spiritualists.

Dr. W. L. Jack expects to be in Haverhill, Mass., from the 15th to the 18th of the present month, where he will be pleased to see old friends and patrons. Moses Hull continues his meetings in Lurline Hall Sunday afternoons and evenings. Next Sunday night holds courses on Spiritualism—the testimony of its enemies and its friends.

To Let—Splendid new rooms, suitable for office purposes—in a highly eligible location—furnished with all the modern improvements: gas, water, and steam-heaters. Apply at the Banner of Light Counting Room for further particulars.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. Edited by W. P. Wood, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 6 cents. THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents. THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. THE CRUCIBLE. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents. THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 6 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 30 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!—For Diagnosis and look of hair and \$1.00. Give name and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. MONTGOMERY, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 12w* Au. 19.

Removed to New York.

PROF. S. B. BRITTON, M. D., has removed both his Office Practice and his family to No. 232 West 11th street, where he should be addressed hereafter; and where also he may be consulted by all who require his professional services. Patients from abroad, who may be disposed to avail themselves of the Doctor's skill, and his agreeable and effectual methods of treatment by the use of Electricity, Magnetism and other Subtle Agents, may obtain board conveniently and at reasonable prices. O. 21.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. N. 4.4w*

Littleton, N. H., Nov. 10, 1870.

Messrs. Seth W. Fowle & Sons:
For many years I was afflicted with Chronic Bronchitis and hoarseness to such an extent as at times to be unable to speak audibly, attended with severe canker and soreness of the mouth and throat. I made use of a great many remedies, and from none of them did I obtain relief, but the disease rather increased than diminished. Upon the recommendation of a lady in this place, who had been similarly afflicted, and cured by the use of Dr. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY, I procured of your agent, Mr. Hodgman, a bottle of the BALM, and was soon convinced that I had secured in it the means of relief and cure from the burdensome troubles to which I had been so long subjected. I am now almost entirely free from any difficulty of a pulmonary nature, and only need a slight dose of the BALM to restore me whenever any troublesome symptoms occur; and in such cases it always acts like a charm.
LEVI F. HANLEY.

MOST EVERYBODY KNOWS.

One thing most everybody knows, "That Boys are 'Clothed' from head to foot, in 'New York styles' at GEORGE FENNO'S, Corner of Beach and Washington street. S. 23.10w

MR. and MRS. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F. 19.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, Dr. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician, Office 121 West Eleventh street, between 5th and 6th ave., New York City. J. 1.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. S. 30.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth Ave., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. S. 30.

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

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.
J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light and other publications. Parties desiring to do so should send their names to his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E. London, Eng.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.
LEON'S BAZAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. Agents for Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

BALTIMORE, M. D. BOOK DEPOT.
WASH. A. HASKINS, 705 Sacramento street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
DR. J. H. BRIGGS, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will act for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. BRIGGS.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.
WILLIAM WADE, 629 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.
WILLIAM A. HUBBARD, Bookseller, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give them a call.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.
WELLS & JACKSON, 35 Exchange, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give them a call.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Works, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Adams & Co.'s Golden Pen, Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Morse's Nutritive Chocolate, and all the latest and most useful publications in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, and 1010 1/2 7th street, 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.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT.
A. ROSE, 54 Trumbull 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.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.
B. T. MORTON, 25 South Jefferson ave., 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.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.
MRS. M. J. REAGAN, 629 North 5th 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.

CHICAGO, ILL. BOOK DEPOT.
W. P. WOOD, 100 West Adams street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT.
J. HURDIS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agent for LONDON, W. J. TERRY, No. 84 Kensington road, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by application in writing and full part cash. Books published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

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Society Spiritual Sciences, New York, has for its object the promotion of Spiritualism. Lecturers engaged, spirit remedies for diseases sold, mediums and clairvoyants supplied. Parlor sances instituted. Sealed letters answered, private and public advice on Spiritual subjects. Letters of introduction issued, and all provided in spiritual health. Works on Spiritualism sent and new sent to order, brought and sold. Quarterly Reports of transactions furnished the spiritual press. Membership open to all Spiritualists. HALL, Cor. Sec., 40 Broadway, New York.

MR. C. E. DARRELL, Medium for Independent Writing, can be addressed at Lambertville, New Jersey. Persons at a distance wishing messages from the dead, or letters written, will be sent to order, brought and sold. Quarterly Reports of transactions furnished the spiritual press. Membership open to all Spiritualists. HALL, Cor. Sec., 40 Broadway, New York.

W. L. JACK, M. D., Clairvoyant Physician and Medium. Diagnoses disease by hair. Terms reduced. All made known by application in writing and 2-cent stamps. Offices 60 Merrimack street, Room 21, Haverhill, Mass. Nov. 11.

MISS H. A. POLLARD, Healing and Writing Medium, 20 Dover street, Boston. 4w*—Nov. 11.

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