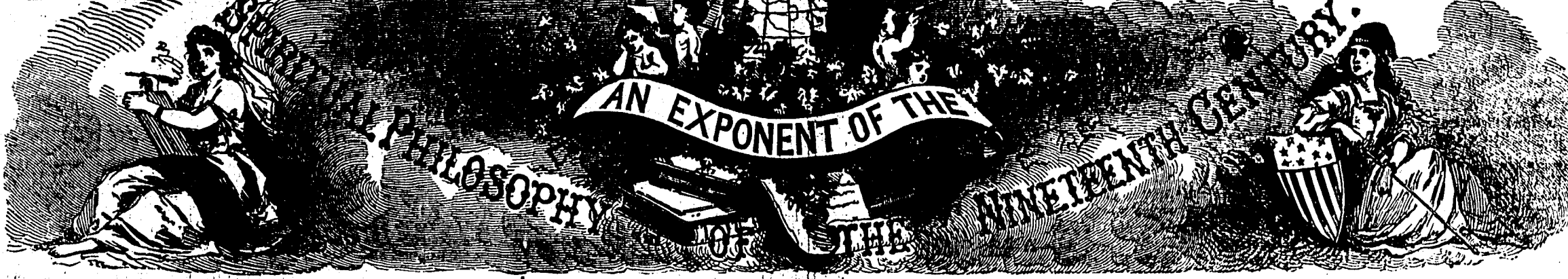


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

Fine Materializations now in New York—Process of Materialization Visible.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

All the various manifestations of spirit-power indicated above can now be witnessed in New York (and Brooklyn is a part of New York) in a manner so clear and conclusive as to defy cavil, whether from the Orthodox, the scientists, or the incredulous anti-phenomenal Spiritualists. To say nothing of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the well-known post-master for epistolary communication between the two worlds, and Mrs. M. E. Williams, whose cabinet séances, of which I have written you more than once, continue with still increasing success and popularity, we can now refer inquiring friends to 323 West 34th street, the residence of Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and her son, DeWitt C. Hough, to Mr. Caffray, 229 East 48th street, and to Dr. Wm. Keeler, 175 Ryerson street, across the river, without fear of their being disappointed. The reverse of what has been too often the case in New York in regard to mediums for the phenomena of Spiritualism, we have now rather an embarrassment of riches. Instead of being at a loss to whom to send our friends who "want to see something for themselves," we can now give them half-a-dozen names and addresses, with the advice to make a haphazard at random; and then, after a first visit to any one of them, to follow it up with going the round of all the rest; and then to wind up with the still higher phase of inspirational, intellectual mediumship by going to the Sunday religious services of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at which they may listen to an eloquence in improvisations, both in poetry and prose, which no pulpit in all our broad land can approach in rivalry. Decidedly, Spiritualism seems to be raising its head, even on this uncongenial soil of the very Metropolis of Mammon.

Neither could you afford the space in one letter, nor I the time, for all that claims description in regard to these several mediums. I will therefore confine myself now to some account of the Stoddard-Gray and Hough séances I have attended, reserving the others for a future letter.

Large as had been my experience of the phenomenon of materialization (for at the famous Count de Bulle séances, which were daily, I must have attended between six and seven hundred, and most of your readers know their marvelous results), I had never before witnessed the process of materialization taking place, not inside the dark cabinet, but in front of it, and under sufficient light to make plainly visible the gradual growth of the materialized forms of the spirits, followed by the converse, visibly gradual dematerialization. When it takes place inside the cabinet, the materialized bust or entire form appearing on the withdrawing of the curtain, the suspicious imagination of spectators inexperienced and reasonably incredulous, is free to fancy possibilities of fraud, far-fetched indeed, but none the less paralyzing to belief because no possibility of fraud seems apparent. Their natural impulse is to recall how equally impossible they had often found it to understand the seemingly not less impossibility of the acknowledged tricks of the greater masters of the conjuring art—some of whom are probably mediums, who know that as "conjurers" they can thrive luxuriously, where as "mediums" they would barely live at the semi-starvation point. It is in vain that they have examined the cabinet, and found that there were no trap doors, nor other means for the introduction of fraudulent confederates into that cabinet in which they have seen the single medium shut in. It is in vain that they see so-called spirit forms ranging in stature from childhood, and slender girlhood, to stalwart male forms, all but gigantic in height and breadth, all of whom it was clearly impossible for the medium, man or woman, to have personated with whatever disguises of drapery, masks and hair concealed in pockets. It is in vain that before going into the cabinet he or she has been thoroughly searched, and found not to have about them anything but black or dark clothing, and yet the spirits appearing have been covered with a profusion of white drapery, gauze and lace veils, which have been seen, to

grow and to be multiplied in lengthening and spreading quantity, apparently at the mere will and waving motions of the wearer.

The simple effect of all that upon the average spectator—wanting not only in experience but in a great deal of experience—is to make him say to himself: "Why, have I not seen Heller break eggs into a hat, cook the omelette over a fire, eat and offer it to others to partake, and finally return the hat with not a single to a single hair of its fur?" And then when they recall how many "Spiritualists," as well as frank foes, have "grabbed" and caught the medium in their hands, and then proclaimed, *urbí ac orbi*, another "exposure," how can we blame them if comparatively little effect is produced on their minds by any mere appearance of the forms materialized inside the cabinet, and only shown to the spectators on the withdrawal of its curtains? They do not understand—the Spiritualists who share and promote their error do not understand—all the depths of the mystery of materialization, nor how a great deal, if not all, of the material elements which go to make up the materialized spirit-form have been drawn from the organism of the medium, so that when he apparently has been thus "grabbed" in the garb of a spirit, it is only part of him, while the rest of him is still seated in trance on his chair in the cabinet. And when Spiritualists of broader and deeper experience and knowledge plead this explanation in defense of an unhappy but innocent medium, they are denounced as abettors of fraud, not to say sympathizers with it. Mediums thus "grabbed" have suffered seriously in health, well-nigh unto death. Many, with despair in their broken hearts, have withdrawn or been driven from the exercise of their mediumship. We yet await the time when one shall die on the spot, and perhaps no better use of his life could be made than that he should thus die as a martyr-victim to those of his fellow Spiritualists who really believe themselves to be serving the cause of truth and Spiritualism, by weeding out the false for the better growth of the true. Have they never heard of those experiments in England, with an automatic weighing apparatus attached to the floor of a cabinet, when the weight of the medium was found to be reduced even below the half of his normal avoirdupois while a materialized form was seen outside?

With these things and thoughts in my mind, I was glad to hear of the gradual and visible materialization taking place outside of the cabinet at the séances at 323 West 34th street, and I gladly accepted a kind invitation to attend them—an invitation extended to me because I was known to be long and deeply interested in all such investigations, and who would then fearlessly proclaim the results through the press, as one of the best services in my power to render to the cause of truth and of humanity, which is that of Spiritualism.

I have now attended five of the séances of these excellent mediums, who unite their influences in a sort of collaboration. The controlling spirit (who is Col. Edwin Baker, Colonel of the First California Regiment), evidently welcomed my friendly while critical study of the manifestations, for he not only asked me to come to a private séance, but at one of the public ones at which I had already witnessed, from a little distance, the process of the dematerialization of a spirit, seated in a chair on the right side of the cabinet, he directed aloud that a chair should be placed "for Mr. O'Sullivan," in a position at the end of the semi-circle, which brought me within about two feet of the chair to be occupied by the spirit, because, as he said, I was "somewhat near-sighted." Thus placed I had of course an excellent and close view of the dematerialization which presently followed. After my return from the first of these séances, at which two spirits, "Carrie Miller" and "Star Eyes," had each materialized and dematerialized twice, I wrote an account of it for the *Psychometric Circular*, which, having been too late for our good Bro. Miller's paper, I cannot do better than here adopt as my first and fresh impression.

The process of the materialization, and its converse, in regard to each of the two young girl spirits, was about as follows: A small oblong table with a dark cloth hanging down to the ground, had been placed in front of the opening of the curtain of the cabinet. There first appeared on the floor in front of this table a white and semi-transparent spot, about circular, and less than a foot in diameter, which suggested the idea of a piece of fine gauze lying flat on the floor. On one of the occasions it seemed to slide forward under the table. Motion in it was apparent, as of rising and sinking in parts of it, with a certain waving and shimmering effect, and it spread and rose like a heap growing or pushed upwards from below in an irregularly conical or pyramidal fashion. Somebody or something was evidently rising gradually under a veil, which spread as it grew higher. When it had reached the height of three or four feet, it shot, as it were, more quickly upward, and there stood revealed the full form of a young girl with copious white drapery and a long veil parted at the forehead. Her fair arms were bare half-way to the elbows, and were small and delicately modeled. (The wrists and arms of the medium in the cabinet, Mr. Hough, a young man of twenty-nine or thirty, are very large and muscular.) The spirit ("Star Eyes,") moved rapidly forward, and so lightly and gracefully that she seemed to tread on air, waving her veil and arms, and bowing as she flitted about the circle. After a minute or two of this exquisite spectacle she retreated to a chair on the right of the table, where the converse process of dematerialization presently took place, the form sinking down, disappearing from below until only a white spot remained on the carpet

similar to that with which the whole operation had begun. This faded out so gradually that some of the company exclaimed, "It's gone!" while others said, "No, there is still a little," and I indeed saw that it was so, though now very faintly white. It was like watching the gradual evaporation of a white liquid on a dark surface, when the eye can scarcely fix the exact moment of total disappearance.

This will serve as a fair, general description of all, though there were variations, no two occasions being quite the same. The process was sometimes less slow and gradual, the figure shooting up more quickly completed than on other occasions. The blotch of white from which it seemed to begin to grow, only once seemed to slide forward from under the table, but would first appear at a further distance from it. Twice it did not appear to be on the floor at all, but to be in the air about a couple of feet from the floor. Once, as we were watching the last of Carrie Miller, the other ("Star Eyes") suddenly shot up from under the table, not vertically, but at a slant, and bounded forward to salute the company, with her usual movement of a horizontal waving of her hands and veil to the top of her temples, at the same time bowing her head and bending her body forward—a salutation she would frequently repeat. The spirits did not always sit down to dematerialize. An uncoupled chair was usually placed for them to the right of the cabinet; once when this chair had got pressed for a time into the service of a mortal occupant, but had been restored to its place when the spirit seemed to be looking for it, the spirit did not use it, as though its magnetism now repelled, but sank pretty quickly down in her place as she stood. They did not seem ablereadily to touch the individuals in the circle. Once when a lady put her hand forward earnestly soliciting it, the spirit made one or two attempts to comply, her hand moving out toward it and then receding, but at last touching it lightly with a swift movement, as a person might touch something too hot to be borne. Once when Carrie Miller was moving about the circle I told her I was a friend of her father's, and she laid her two hands for a moment on my head. Twice she took my arm and I conducted her around; but on one of the two occasions her fingers did no more than rest lightly on the back of my hand.

At one of these séances the venerable Thomas R. Hazard was present, and his two daughters, Gertrude and Esther, came out freely to him from the cabinet, and took his arm completely as he led them about. His talk with them was inaudible to me. Esther, while standing at the entrance of the cabinet, beckoned for my approach. She laid her two hands on my forehead, and presently disappeared, not by any gradual dematerialization, but sinking straight down, as through the ground, within about a second of time.

After the materialization-séance, a different phase of the mediumship of Mr. Hough always follows. The gas chandelier being raised to full light, he sits at a table in front of all the audience, disposed in straight lines. Squares of paper (magnetized) are then distributed, and each person is invited to write to some friend in the spirit-land; and then to fold the paper into a sort of pellet, somewhat after the fashion of Dr. Mansfield's séances. These are successively handed by the writers to the medium, seated at only a step of distance, and under the eyes of all the company. After manipulating the unopened papers, or holding them sometimes to his head, he very rarely fails to write a reply signed by the spirit addressed. The replies are always pertinent, and sometimes introducing other names besides those contained in the letter. Occasionally, but rarely, he fails to receive any impression, and occasionally too, after returning a letter to which he has failed to get a reply, he asks for it back again, and then succeeds. (It is explained by his mother that he is by this time greatly exhausted.) All the writers acknowledge the correctness of the names, and the pertinence of the replies, while some complain that they get no information, and some seem delighted with their answers. I wrote a letter to the great Spanish painter, Bartolomé Estevan Murillo, and got a reply signed B. E. M., assuring me that a certain painting, respecting which I had inquired, was indeed an authentic original from his own hand. At a subsequent private sitting for the same phase, I received the title and name of a high ecclesiastical dignitary (an Archbishop of Toledo, in the seventeenth century) as the person for whom it had been painted, and those of the person to whom the picture had passed from him by bequest. I asked first his title, and the answer was "Pope," and then his name as Pope, and the reply was correctly given, "Innocent XIII." Those facts and names existed indeed in my own mind as my belief, though a belief not based on any published historical evidence known to me. In course of time I hope to ascertain whether they were historically true. It is of course possible that the impressions may have passed, somehow or other, from my brain to that of the medium. If they shall prove to have been historically true, they may hereafter make some noise in the world of art. I have written to Rome, and shall write to Spain, to ascertain, if possible, whether any documentary evidence on the subject can be dug out of old archives of about two and a half centuries ago. If it shall prove so, then it will certainly be a feather in the cap of us Spiritualists that Murillo, who died in 1681, should have communicated such points of information in the way which I here place on record in advance of future verification. I may mention in conclusion, that the fee at these séances is unusually low, only a dollar. The simple sight of the visible materialization, and its converse, which I have thought well worthy of detailed descrip-

tion, would certainly be cheap at five times that amount.

I propose to write you soon some account of Mr. Caffray, through whom can be obtained direct spirit-writing inside a tightly corked glass phial, and about Mr. Keeler's remarkable spirit-photographs. J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

Private Seances with Private Mediums.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The world moves, and so does Spiritualism. The narrow and circumscribed teachings of the past are giving way to the intelligent thought of the present, and the higher teachings of a higher philosophy which is ever ready to legitimately demonstrate those truths which comprise its fundamental basis, and from which evolve, slowly it is true, but surely, a higher order of civilization, and a truer knowledge of things as they are. To Spiritualism *per se* is the world greatly indebted for having accomplished a vast amount of good, and to Spiritualism alone, it seems to me, can we look for the final attainment of results so gloriously portended at present. Of course by those ignorant of the claims of our philosophy, ignorant alike of its phenomena and its vast kaleidoscopic field of thought and research, not even a modicum of what is being done to reform, enlighten and elevate mankind is attributed to it. But time, the sure assuager of grievances, and the righter of all wrongs, will demonstrate what the philosophy of Spiritualism has done, and what it is doing; and so to time we leave the ultimate triumph of truth.

Traveling from one section of the country to another, I avail myself of some excellent opportunities to attend séances. The interest awakened by the phenomena occurring in the presence of public media has caused a general desire for investigation, and families all over the country are holding séances at their homes, the circles being composed only of members of the household. Thus mediums are being developed, and numbers of families enabled to hold communion with loved ones who have passed through the valley of the shadow of death. In Rochester, N. Y., I recently had the pleasure of attending some very interesting séances, the mediums of which are as yet unknown to the public. One of these was held at the residence of a highly respected citizen of Rochester, Sunday evening, Dec. 23d, Mrs. E. S. French being the medium. This lady has but recently developed, and has never given a séance outside of Rochester, neither has she thus far received any remuneration whatever. At eight o'clock the circle met; about eight ladies and gentlemen were present. Soon after the light was extinguished manifestations of a not very strong nature commenced; as the circle, however, became more harmonious, and the individuals came into closer rapport, the phenomena became more marked, until loud and distinct independent voices—both male and female—were heard, blending harmoniously with the singing, and rising far above the voices of those of the earth-plane. The effect was perfectly enchanting, and one felt that sublime veneration which a certainty of communing with departed ones superinduces.

This seems to be a special phase with Mrs. French, although other marked physical phenomena occur in her presence, such as the playing of musical instruments, independent writing, spirit-lights, moving of ponderous objects, etc. I was informed by good authority that she at times is favored with very remarkable and convincing manifestations, but on the two occasions I sat with her the independent voices seemed to predominate. Her controlling power purports to be a Captain —, late proprietor of the Osborn House of Rochester, and I am informed he has proved his identity beyond a doubt. His voice, though at times wavy and indistinct, is, as a rule, loud, sonorous and clear. I had quite a long and interesting talk with him, and before getting through felt satisfied that no human being in the room produced the voices or in any way aided the phenomena, but that they were of a purely spiritual origin. Mrs. French is an elderly lady, and it would not require an expert physiognomist or phrenologist to determine that she is strictly honest.

The séance which interested me most was one held at the apartments of Mrs. Addie M. Gage at the Powers Hotel, where herself and husband reside, and of which hotel I was a guest during my brief sojourn at Rochester. The séance was held on Monday evening, Dec. 24th, Mrs. Gage and Miss L. Billings being the mediums. A select number of ladies and gentlemen were present by special invitation, including some of those who attended the séance of the night previous. Mrs. Gage and Miss Billings are both unconscious trance musical mediums, and it is astonishing to witness the masterly manner in which the keys of the piano are manipulated and the most complicated music performed, to the dire discomfiture of skeptics.

Mrs. Gage and Miss Billings are both ladies of cultivated tastes, refined feelings, and sensible organizations, and are consequently admirable instruments for the spirits to work through. Mrs. Gage in an entranced state seats herself at the piano, and almost instantly commences to manipulate the keys in a careless, yet wonderfully precise manner. Miss Billings, also entranced, then takes a position by the piano, and without notes they commence to warble forth the most enchanting strains of vocal music with piano accompaniment. They, in their normal state, speak only English, yet sing, in what appears to be Italian and Spanish, the most difficult operatic pieces, and play upon the piano in a manner creditable to the most accomplished performer.

In their normal state the ladies are fair musicians, but it is conceded by opponents of Spir-

itualism, who have known them for years, that they are unequal to the task of performing such complicated pieces which they know nothing about and have never seen or heard played. To Spiritualists, of course, the phenomenon is known as that of spirit-control. Some intelligent musicians have by private invitation listened to the performances of these ladies, and been baffled as to what to attribute the unexpected results.

By special request of Prof. Kiddle these ladies, some months since, visited New York and held one or two séances at his house, and sang and played at Republican Hall, mention of which was made in the *Banner of Light* at the time. It was their first appearance in public, and it is to be regretted that it was their last, owing to a natural disinclination to repeat it. I am, however, pleased to state that they contemplate visiting Boston and holding one or more select séances, provided they can make satisfactory arrangements with some representative Spiritualist for accommodations, with the use of parlor and piano for the séances. It is to be hoped they will be encouraged, and every effort made to render their mission a success.

Mrs. E. S. French, whose address is 2 South Francis street, Rochester, N. Y., has also, I believe, decided to follow the instructions of her spirit-guides, and hold séances at private residences out of the city when her services are solicited.

My esteemed friend, Anthony Higgins, the well-known orator, and myself were urgently requested by a lady of middle age to witness, as she termed it, certain phenomena occurring in her presence and which sorely puzzled her at times. We complied with her request the next afternoon, and were surprised at what occurred. Rappings were distinctly heard in different parts of the room; names and incidents in the lives of deceased friends and relatives were given by the lady, and unmistakable proof of spirit-return demonstrated to us. The lady was a stranger, having seen us only once, and that on the day previous; yet I never before and have not since met a medium who, through the mental phase of the phenomena, so thoroughly convinced me of their truth.

I have much more I would like to write, but my time is too limited for me to do so, and I defer all further recital of my experiences at spiritual séances to another occasion.

GEORGE F. A. ILLIDORE.
Toronto, Canada, Jan. 2d, 1884.

Seances with Mrs. Hatch.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you allow me through the columns of your paper to say a word in behalf of Mrs. Hatch, the materializing medium, who is daily giving evidence of the return of our friends from their spirit-homes to ours, or to us, and to those "who see not, or hear not, neither do they understand, because they will not?" There is scarcely a day passes but what I hear something in regard to her séances by people who have attended them. They listen to all that is said, and see all that is to be seen, and then insinuate their dissatisfaction; but I am perfectly satisfied she is a true, genuine medium, having proved her myself.

I have attended several of her séances, and am more than pleased and delighted. The first one I attended I did not expect to see any of my friends, but will say that in a short time after the circle was formed I heard my name called from the cabinet. I went up; the curtains opened and the spirit-form of my sister stood before me. She shook hands, embraced me very affectionately, and gave me a beautiful bouquet of pinks and rosebuds; said, "Give love to father and mother," and came again and dematerialized. I said to myself, "That is not my sister, because she had such beautiful hair and I saw none of it," but concluded to go again, and the next Tuesday evening went there, and my sister came again, perfectly natural in every respect, and, turning her head from right to left, patted her hair on both sides to let me know that she knew what I had said: I then put my hand up and clasped it close to her head and drew my hand down on it to the bottom of her waist, which perfectly satisfied me that it was my sister who passed away many years ago.

And at another séance the spirit asked the friends if they wanted to see the medium; she then drew the curtains back, and there was the medium in her chair unconscious, a full sized spirit form on either side of her, and a small child further to the left, making in all four in sight at one time. She then stepped forward, and took a gentleman from the circle, and led him to the medium. He took her by the hand, and placed the other on her head, and when he returned to his seat said he was perfectly satisfied there was no fraud there.

New Year's Eve her control, "Mischief," materialized for the first time and came out several times, dancing and skipping all around the circle. There was a gentleman present who played the violin, and who gave a dancing-tune, to which she danced and kept perfect time, coming out the third time, taking a lady from the circle to dance with her, and then dematerialized.

This is given cheerfully, and if any read it who doubt the truth of it or the medium, they can call and I can substantiate every word.

Respectfully, T. T. KIMBALL.
Hotel Waltham, 5 Waltham street, Boston.

"Why is a nomination to public office so often called an empty honor, father?" asked a boy of an old politician. "Because, my son," was the solemn reply, "it rarely fails to empty the pockets of the victim of the nomination."

Pearls.

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

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing.

—(Samuel Rogers.)

The winds and the waves are always on the side
Of the ablest navigators.—(Gibson.)

• • • • •
Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—(J. G. Whittier.)

What seems only ludicrous is sometimes very serious.

'T was sown in weakness here;
'T will there be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

—(Horatius Bonar.)

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the
heart.—(Chamford.)

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the night: it becomes
The thrice monarch better than his crown.

—(Shakespeare.)

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

NO. III.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river.
Death, thy hatching I know,
Near me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before!"

I do not know why I write that verse; I saw
it, and so have thus made a minute of it. I am
in no hurry to pass over—in fact, do not feel as
if my work was done; and yet I begin my
“Musings” with it because the sentiment seems
to harmonize with the state of my mind. The
“Sage of Galveston,” as I used to call a corre-
spondent of mine, who, when he was in the
form, was critically serviceable to me, would
say, “Top off the superfluities.” But I am writ-
ing “Musings” as well as “Memories,” and
there is where the superfluities come in. That
reminds me: an esteemed friend, who read my
No. 1 of this series, said to me “it was very
good, except that some of your personal remarks
had better have been left out.” Well, how
much that sounds like the wise admonitions of
the Sage to whom I have already referred. As
I said, his wise and kind criticisms were of
great service to me; they seemed to have been
the “power” the bard referred to—at least in
my case—when he wrote the lines:

“Oh, was some power the little gleam
To see ourselves as others see us!
It was true mirth a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

The suggestion of my friend sounds so much
like the Sage, that I am wondering whether it
is not his influence reaching me in an indirect
way. If I was sure of it how quickly I would
reform, and let my communications, so to speak,
be yea, yea, and nay, nay. But the Sage, when
he was here in the form, could only curtail
these wordy wanderings, he could not quell
them; so even now, though dead, (?) if he yet
speaks, I shall still have to work out my own
literary salvation in my own way, and fall back
on that apt illustration from Junius, where that
bright light (or shall I say that bright shadow?),
in replying to a similar criticism, said, “the
feather that adorns the royal bird sustains his
flight; strip him of his plumage, and you plun-
ge him to the earth.” I do not know but I am
borrowing high terms to call my wanderings
from the point “plumage,” but whatever it can
be properly called, strip me of it, and lean in-
deed would be my efforts; seems to me I hear
the reader say, lean enough, anyway. All this
preamble, then, is the influence of that sage criti-
cism of my friend, in the form or out of it, or
both, so I have to do it my own way, and I must
try and call it that setting, or the clothing of the
points I propose to bring out; as these are
“Musings” as well as “Memories,” this will do
for apology. Now we will begin on the memo-
ries, and linger still in the home of Daniel Far-
rar, referred to in Nos. 1 and 2, or, as I said in
my last, continue my prospecting in that aurif-
erous gulch where nuggets of spiritualistic value
so abound.

At some or several of these sances with Mr.
Colchester at the house of this gentleman, there
was present a very interesting French lady of
middle age. I do not remember her
name, though in my mind's eye I can now see
her ladylike image. She was always referred
to or spoken of as “the French lady.” She was
a stranger to all present except the Farrars,
had not been long in this country, nor did she
remain long here. This lady had lost a daughter
a few weeks before she left Paris. She was
a very spiritual lady, and very much interested
in Spiritualism, and what she received at these
sances, and the way she expressed herself,
made everything she got as interesting to the
others as if personal to herself.

A very interesting incident occurred in con-
nection with her which is worth recording and
remembering, and that is now my purpose. Be-
fore doing so, however, I will mention some of
the other manifestations on the same evening
which preceded it. Mr. Farrar had bought a
piece of white card-board and cut it into small-
er pieces, six or eight inches square. On this
occasion there were some ten persons present.
Dr. Gardner and Epes Sargent were among
them, also L. B. Wilson of the Banner. There
were lying together six pieces of this paste-
board, and Mr. Colchester requested that six of
us should each take one of the pieces or cards,
see that it was blank, and cut a piece out of
each, each retaining the piece, so as to identify
severally their cards. Mr. Farrar was then di-
rected to lay them on the floor, at least four
feet from the table where all were sitting, in-
cluding the medium, which he did. “Now,”
said Mr. C., “place the crayons with them and
cover them up,” which was done with the table-
cover. After sitting a few moments Mr. Far-
rar lifted the cover to see if anything was done,
and found that only one of them had been used.
That one had a finely-executed bunch of flow-
ers drawn upon it. The remaining cards were
again covered, and at short intervals the cards
were taken up, one at a time, until the whole
six were withdrawn, each having an artistical-
ly-drawn picture upon it; the parties holding
each the pieces out from the sides or ends found
that they fitted their respective cards, making
it irrefragable proof that they were the identi-
cal white, clean cards on which was now a
picture executed without human manipulation

or mechanical action. It must be remembered
that this was in a brightly lighted room, and
done entirely without personal contact. I was
speaking of this, a few days since, to Mr. Wil-
son, who was one of the six that had a picture
as described, and he remembered the circum-
stance exactly as I do.

Now for the French lady's incident: She was
requested by the medium to take a plain white
card (these cards were all about one size, as
Mr. Farrar had cut them) and hold it under the
table; the hands of all the persons present, in-
cluding the mediums, were in plain sight on
the table. In a few minutes the card was laid
by request upon the table. Upon it, in the
center or near it, was drawn a circle, around
the outside of which was a wreath of flowers;
in the circle was written a very affectionate
message to the lady, signed with the name of
her daughter, who had died, as has been men-
tioned, a few weeks before she left Paris. The
writing was so neat and small that it could
with difficulty be read except with a magnify-
ing glass. No one knew anything about the
affairs of this French lady except the Farrars,
and they only the circumstances named, and
that she was an entire stranger to the medium.
This manifestation, then, all things considered,
was one of the most perfect tests of spirit-power
and spirit-presence, and even of identification.
I remember having had personal cognizance
of it.

I do not know that I make this statement as
clear to the reader as it is to me, but if that
was not what it claimed to be—supermundane
intelligence and supermundane power—then
day and night are not. I want it understood
that this incident, as well as the rest of the phe-
nomena recorded in connection, was critically
observed, and can be depended upon as being
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Free Thought.

IN RE JOSEPHUS AND JESUS.

“For faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.”

In the Medium and Daybreak, an English spiritual
journal, notice under date of Nov. 24, an article by
“Lily,” advocating the theory that Josephus admitted
the existence of Jesus. The existence of the man
Jesus may be readily conceded, as the contest is only
concerning the Jesus of Scripture, envied by the
mists and myths of Christianity. So, in looking into
this matter, it behooves one to weigh all the evidence
for and against interpolation, in the scale of probability,
and at the same time to totally ignore sentimental-
ity. I therefore propose to consider the question, Was
there any necessity for an interpolation?

It is an historical fact that a considerable part of
the life of the early fathers was devoted to writing
apologies for each and every phase of the new religion,
caused by their inability to agree among them-
selves on the fundamentals of their creed and the utter
impossibility of reconciling the various statements of
the earlier writers and the claims of their many sects.
The congregation of Jerusalem, to which Mary his
mother and all his brothers and sisters belonged, and
over which James the elder presided, called Jesus
the son of Joseph. Eusebius, speaking of the Ebion-
ites, who succeeded this sect, says: “They believed
Jesus to be a simple and common man, born of Mary
and her husband.”

The Caracoreans also maintained the same views,
and as reported by Irenaeus: “Some of them have
the vanity to think that they may equal, or in some re-
spects exceed Jesus himself.”

Artemon denied the divinity of Jesus, and claimed
that the Apostles themselves were of this opinion, and
that it was preached until the time of Victor, the thir-
teenth Bishop of Rome. The Cerinthians, who held to
the same doctrine, simply claimed him to be more
wise, righteous and prudent than other men. The
Marcionites, Manicheans and other sects, had each
a peculiar doctrine for themselves, and adduced evi-
dence enough in proof of their theories to command
a respectable following. Faustos, the Manichean
Bishop, had written as follows: “Do you receive
the Gospels? Undoubtedly I do. Why, then, you also
admit that Christ was born. Not so; for it by no
means follows that in believing the Gospels I should
therefore believe that Christ was born.”

The year of his birth was unknown, and ranged from
4 B. C. to 15 B. C., and his birthday was equally open
to comment, one claiming the 8th of January, another
the 10th of April, and a third the 20th of May. His
birthplace was disputed, Matthew saying he was born
in a house, Luke that it was in a manger, as there was
no room for him at the inn, and Tertullian stated pos-
itively that it was in a cave. Matthew and Luke also
widely disagreed as to his genealogy, and neither agreed
with the Old Testament. The former had stated that
he was born in the days of King Herod, and the latter
that it was when Cyrenus was Governor of Syria; and
as Cyrenus was not governor until ten years after the
death of Herod, this disagreement was found both
awkward and unfortunate.

None of the many historians had mentioned the
slaughter of the innocents, and this atrocious act had
passed unheeded, even by Tacitus, who had stamped
the crimes of despots with the brand of reprobation.”
The crucifixion and all the attendant wonders re-
mained a blank to the outside world, although it was
well known that every ordinary convulsion of nature
had been duly chronicled.

The darkness which was claimed to have over-
spread the earth had been mentioned by Virgil as
having happened at the death of Julius Caesar. The
descent into hell was claimed for the Hindu, Persian
and Egyptian saviors, and was quoted from Horace
as a part of the experiences of Mercury. The ascen-
sion into heaven had been credited also to Zoroaster,
Æsculapius and others, and the resurrection of Adonis,
the favorite Roman god, was celebrated every year
in Judea. According to Jerome it was continued till
the end of the fourth century. His miracles had been
surpassed by those of Apollonius of Tyana, which
were so well authenticated that the Empress Julia
caused Flavius Philostratus, an Athenian historian,
to write her an account of them; and even Justin Mar-
tyr, the great Christian apologist, had been forced to
say, “Whilst our Lord's miracles are preserved by
tradition alone, those of Apollonius are most numer-
ous and actually manifested in present facts, so as to
lead astray all beholders.”

Even Simon Macus had been well supported by
Christian authority, and his statue was placed on a
pedestal with the inscription: “Simoni Deo Sancto.”
Æsculapius, also, had been so well vouchered for as
a miracle-worker that the same alogist, in his Apology
to the Emperor Hadrian, was obliged to say: “As
to our Jesus curing the lame and the paralytic, and
such as were crippled from birth, this is little more
than what you say of your Æsculapius.”

The Lord's supper had been mentioned by Cleoro-

born B. C. 106—as a pagan rite, and he had said: “How
can a man be so stupid as to imagine that which he
eats to be a God,” and the wine and bread were also
used during the celebration of the Mysteries of Adonis,
the Lord and Saviour.

Their baptism had been practiced for ages by the
followers of Zoroaster, and the ancient Egyptians
baptized all who were initiated into the mysteries of
Isis. Irenaeus, in the latter end of the second century,
had written, on the authority of his master, Polycarp,
who had it from St. John himself and from others,
that Jesus was not crucified, but lived to be nearly
fifty years old. He said: “The chief part of thirty
years belongs to youth, and every one will confess
him to be such till the fortieth year; but from the forti-
eth year to the fiftieth he declines into old age,
which our Lord (Jesus) having attained, he taught us
the gospel, and all the elders who, in Asia, assembled
with John, the disciple of the Lord, testify; and as
John himself had taught them.” Paul had written:
“Being crafty; I caught you with guile,” and “For
if the truth of God had more abounded through my
unto his glory, why yet am I also judged

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of personal opinion, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters or communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires especially to recommend for perusal.
 Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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SPRITUALISM is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual point; and it is identical with Spirituality.—SPIRIT S. B. BRITTON.

A Church Rumpus.

What the New York papers style "a scandalous meeting" took place in the vestry of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church in that city, recently, over the election of deacons for the one-year term. It is the church over which Parson Newman has for some time past presided, though never settled over it. The accounts say that if a passer-by had thought a prayer-meeting was going on in the well-lighted basement, he would have been amazed at his mistake. He would have heard the congregation hissing instead of singing, and alternately applauding and crying—"Shame! Shame!" Parson Newman, also, would have been heard referring to the senior deacon as "that man," and "that person," and flatly contradicting what the deacon had just before asserted. He would likewise have heard the church-members calling one another "political gangs," and almost every member throwing out sneers and abuse at the one who spoke before him. This is known as Gen. Grant's church, and the occasion referred to was its regular annual meeting. It is said to be the only church in New York to which the epithet "political" can even faintly be applied.

Parson Newman, noted as a political preacher and prayer-maker in Washington, has been the preacher in the church for two years past, while the church itself is fourteen years old; and there is great internal dissatisfaction with its present condition. It is asserted by the discontented party that Dr. Newman came to the church on the understanding that the church debt, which was \$80,000, was to be paid off, and that he was to identify himself with the church and be installed its pastor. The charge brought against him is, that this work has been put off, while Parson Newman remains in his place, a Methodist preacher under orders supplying a Congregational pulpit. The finances are represented to be in bad shape, and a large sum of money has to be borrowed in order to pay the Parson his salary of \$10,000. And, worse than all, some of the trustees in his interest have talked of selling the church property and with the proceeds paying off the debt and building a smaller church for Dr. Newman, in which he may close his life-work, the new organization to be taken into the Methodist fold. Gen. Grant, they say, has threatened to quit the church unless it becomes Methodist.

In his prayer at the opening of the meeting, Dr. Newman had supplicated Heaven that there should be "no strife and contention." Both sides soon after began to speak for the election of their candidate. There was a wrangle that confounded everybody and everything, over the manner in which the election should take place; and when it finally came to a vote, it was found that four boys and three girls, all under age, had voted. This raised another dispute, and the matter seemed to be entangled beyond all prospect of straightening it out. The actual election, however, showed that Parson Newman and his party were defeated. It was subsequent to all this that the real scene began. Dr. Ranney, who led off against the parson, and himself is the senior deacon, rose to make a statement explanatory of the resolution he was about to offer. The latter was to the effect that the current engagement of the church with Dr. Newman be annulled. The mover said he offered it in the interest of the church. The resolution was received with mingled groans and applause. Another member rose, and pronounced the resolution imprudent.

Another member called on them all to come out and show their colors; it was a Congregational Church, and he said it ought to have a Congregational pastor; it had a right to expect of Dr. Newman that he would become a member and an installed pastor, and, because he refused to become either, he—the speaker—advocated the passage of the resolution. Dr. Ranney, the senior deacon and leader of the opposition party, again rose. Hisses greeted him when he said he bore no enmity to Dr. Newman. A lady member was heard to exclaim—"The idea! an old man like that!" The elder deacon said it was the first hissing he had ever heard in that church. He went on to explain that Dr. Newman had for the past two years served the Church as a supply, and nothing else; he had never accepted the post of permanent pastor; to which he had been called. He said that the Parson had served the Church as a supply, and would be called to leave it.

of the salary at the same time, and being told it was \$6,000, he at once began a movement, said the speaker, for an increase to \$10,000.

Then what did he do? continued the speaker, "He writes a manual, setting forth that this church was to be a free and independent church, amenable to no Christian denomination." That project, he said, was defeated. Every three months, continued the speaker, he has reported to the Methodist church his work in this church, "as though we were a missionary society belonging to that church!" Here is where the real motive thrusts out its cloven foot to the view. The speaker said that Dr. Newman was asked by him several times if he did not think it right and proper that he should become "one of us," and each time he made the reply that "there were many Methodists he would be able to bring into this church by not doing so; and he asked to have the matter left to him. The whole trouble, therefore, seems to have arisen from this money-loving parson's trying to ride two horses at the same time, with a view to a fat salary, and the prospect of a warm place for the rest of his days. The same speaker further stated that Parson Newman had played pure Methodist before the rulers of three Methodist churches in New York which sought of uniting in one large church, and that he had made application to become their pastor.

From this it is easy to see that the Parson merely had his eye "on the main chance." In ecclesiastical lingo, they phrase it "a call from God." If that is what it is, then the big salary generally voices the loudest call. This whole Newman matter, as described in detail by the elder deacon, who is a popular and distinguished physician in New York, is about the same thing as striking for an office in party politics; as we all very well know. Immediately upon the utterance of this most pointed charge of the elder deacon, the incensed parson sprang to his feet and exclaimed in an excited voice—"I want to say there is not a word of truth in what that man utters," and he then went on to deny the entire statement piecemeal. "There is not a word of truth in any of it," he repeated. And he began to taunt Dr. Ranney—the aforesaid senior deacon—with himself being the first man to propose the raising of his salary, saying that he spoke to him "in the soft bland manner in which he gives his pills," at which there were new cries of "Shame! Shame!" But the parson declared that he did not care, whatever came.

"God had blessed him with means," he said; "and there were those who knew," he added, "what a charitable use he had made of them the past year." That is the way these ministers show us how to keep the left hand from knowing what the right hand is about. He charged that neither Rev. Dr. Heworth nor Rev. Dr. Davis could stay in that church because of Dr. Ranney; and certainly he could not himself be blamed for hesitating. The fact was, however, he continued, that he had accepted the permanent pastorate from the pulpit, before all the church. Pointing to Dr. Ranney, he said, "That man has been supreme here; and while I wanted to treat him with kindness I determined I would not be under his influence." In the language of the scriptures which they profess to idolatry, "See how these brethren love one another." The chairman of this love-feast at this critical point called the pastor to order, saying that his remarks were an outrage. Whatever Dr. Ranney has said, he added, he has not called the pastor a liar. He begged the pastor not to use strong language about Dr. Ranney. "I was referred to in strong language," replied the exalted pastor. "Don't call our senior deacon, whom we love and reverence, a liar," repeated the chairman reprovingly. Upon which the irate pastor calmed down somewhat. "You can now do as you please," he wound up, addressing the assembly, "I have no favors to ask of you."

Yet he would like to enjoy their good fellowship if he were to remain and be installed. Then Dr. Ranney begged pardon of him, and of all present, if he had spoken disrespectfully of the pastor. But he asked Parson Newman what he did say about remaining in the Methodist Church. "Will you answer?" spoke up a voice from the meeting. "Oh, I said nothing of the kind," answered the parson. "What did you say?" persisted Dr. Ranney. "Nothing," answered the parson. "Then," retorted Dr. Ranney, "the son-in-law of Bishop Simpson tells what is not true." "Possibly," said Parson Newman. Dr. Ranney said it seemed to him that the drift of things was to get \$120,000 out of the sale of the church property, with which to build a church for Dr. Newman to end his days in. This is the kind of property, let us keep in mind, that some people who would humbug the taxpayers forever describe as too sacred to be touched with a tax. What stuff and nonsense! Dr. Ranney denied that he had been the enemy of former pastors, and appealed to those who heard him for the corroboration of his denial; and he was vigorously applauded.

After this there was a scramble of a discussion among half-a-dozen members at once, in which such terms could be heard as "political gangs," "cut-and-dried work," "we did not come here to be blackguarded," "liar," "kick up a fuss," and more of the same sort. It was nearly midnight when this tempestuous party of ecclesiastics broke up in such a row, after concluding for the present to lay the resolution offered by the senior deacon on the table. The parson fired a Partisan arrow as the meeting adjourned, to balance, as it were, his prayer at its opening, that there should be "no strife and contention."

We have taken the trouble to sketch this church fight thus in detail and at length, for two special and impressive reasons: first, that the people at large may see for themselves the kind of men these parsons are who assume to dictate to them the absolute and eternal right and wrong of things; and, second, that they may better realize what is to be their condition when these same parsons, preachers and priests, reinforced by their blind and heated and frothing followers, shall come into supreme control of our present free Government by working the patent they have applied for that is to put God into the Constitution. We should treat the whole thing as a farce, if it were not the force which it happens to be.

A gentleman from Troy, N. Y., who visited our Office and Free Circle, on Tuesday last, informed us that the Spiritualist meetings in that city are now held at Keenan Hall, corner Broadway and 8d street, on Sunday of each week, at 3 and 7:30 P. M. E. W. Emerson addressed the friends there last Sunday, the hall being crowded. Dr. W. H. Vosburgh, we are informed, attended, it being his first appearance in public for some six weeks, during which time he has been confined to his home by a serious illness. We are glad to hear of his convalescence.

The Gay Head Indians.

Several hundred dollars have already been subscribed in Boston, through the efforts of the press working in unison, as a testimonial to the Indians living at Gay Head who showed such humanity and bravery when the steamer City of Columbus was wrecked near by. This remnant of an once considerable tribe of red men behaved on that trying occasion with a heroism that challenges universal admiration. The recital of their deeds of self-forgetfulness for the sake of desperately situated sufferers is enough to quicken the pulsations of every heart in the perusal. They proved beyond further dispute that the Indian, who has been cheated and plundered and crowded back since the settlement of the country began, and who has been brutally pronounced "good" only when "dead," is of the same stuff of humanity with the rest of us and the best of us. These brave men manned the life-boats that put off in the freezing January weather, scantily clad, but filled with courage to perform the highest recognized service which man can render to man, namely, the saving of human life at the risk of one's own. Every able-bodied man of them in the sparse little settlement made one of those devoted crews that rescued the handful who were threatened all the time with a cruel death.

They saved, by their heroic exertions, twenty-two lives in all. Those who reached the barren shores were welcomed with the warmest hospitality; everything was freely supplied to the sufferers from the scanty stock of these humane natives. After all were brought off from the wreck that could be rescued alive, men and women together began their devoted search for the dead that might come ashore with the waves. The women came down from their primitive and poorly furnished places of abode clad in nothing heavier than dresses of calico to protect them from the cutting edge of the wintry gale. One poor soul ran to her home, when a female body was thrown upon the sand without a shred of clothing, and hurried back with a pal of sheets in her hands, weeping while she regretted it was all she had to put around the body. And this pal of sheets was really a luxury which any Indian woman of them all would covet the possession of. These Indians have asked nothing, either, in return for their efforts and sacrifices, though they intimated their willingness to accept a salvage interest in the trunks containing articles of value which were washed ashore. To this they are legally entitled. All friends of these Indians who feel moved to contribute to this most worthy testimonial, in sums however small, should remit to the treasurer, Mr. W. W. Clapp, office of the Boston Daily Journal.

Precisely as Alleged.

When full confirmation of all that we have said about the treatment of the Indians comes to us from the frontier itself, and from the Pacific Coast, we need go no further to establish the veracity of our charges. The San Francisco Chronicle recently confirmed all suspicions in the direction referred to in the most open and candid manner. It admits that Gen. Crook's report of operations among the Apaches during the last year, confirms the public suspicion that the troubles with that tribe, "as with nearly all others for the last quarter of a century, are due to bad treatment by the agents and broken faith." So we have been asserting and reasserting, long before Gen. Crook's last Indian campaign occurred to illustrate it afresh. Gen. Crook thinks the Chiricahua Indians had good cause for revolt, and that they displayed great patience in enduring their cruel treatment as long as they did without leaving the reservation. It is the same old story, says the Chronicle—"plundered of their supplies"; and that, too, by the men who were placed over them to see that they were not plundered. Gen. Crook says they speak with bitterness of nearly all their agents." The Chronicle says the agents take care of their own fortunes first, and then if anything is left of what is intended for the Indians they bestow it on them with a grudging hand.

The Chronicle states further, that the border-men do not consider it a crime to shoot an Indian, much less a capital crime. A thousand such murders, it says, might be committed without stirring up the spirit of justice anywhere along the border to the hanging of the murderer. But, it adds, let only one white be killed by an Indian, and instantly public opinion all along the line flames out most furiously for the annihilation of the whole tribe to which the one bad Indian belongs. All lesser crimes against the Indians are held as venial and not worth talking about. If, it illustrates, the agent purloins their goods, the contractor, who is a borderer and interested in the operation, helps to hide it, and the outside ruffian crowd applaud, because the more that can be done in this way the brighter the chances of another Indian war, and the expenditure of Government money among them to wage it.

The Chronicle also affirms that another prolific cause of discontent and hostile conduct among reservation Indians is the covetous whites who hang around the agencies everywhere, to concoct plans to secure reservation land or imperil the treaty rights of the tribes. Therefore it denounces without stint our entire Indian policy. It would give the Indians land in severalty, securing their personal title and opening to them the door to citizenship.

On a Mission of Mercy.

Our financial partner, Mr. Isaac B. Rich, will sail from New York, Feb. 6th, on the steamer Finance, of the Brazilian line, for St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, to be absent about three months. He will be accompanied by his wife and family and the wife and child of his son, Mr. Charles J. Rich (treasurer of the Howard), and Miss Annie C. Everett. The main object of the contemplated southern trip is for the recuperation of the health of these ladies. The party intend to pass two weeks in St. Thomas, and then proceed to St. Croix, where they will remain until the last of April, if nothing intervenes to prevent. From thence they hope to reach New York May 3d. The numerous friends of the Banner will wish Bro. Rich, as we do, a pleasant voyage and safe return.

Mr. Benjamin R. Frohock, of Cambridgeport, Mass., passed to the higher life on Sunday, Jan. 20th, aged 75 years 10 months; and on Friday, the 26th, his widow, Mrs. Jane T. Frohock, followed him, aged 73 years 11 months. Mrs. F. was the author of the work entitled "Substantiation; or, Philosophy of Knowledge," and other writings over the nom de plume of "Jean Story."

Chas. L. Watson is now Conductor of the Cleveland, O., Progressive Lyceum—vice Chas. Collier, resigned.

Boston Water.

The recently-published report of the Boston water-commissioners shows that the problem they are confronted with is a threefold one: in the first place they are to discover how the present disagreeable, if not positively unhealthy, character of the water is to be improved; in the next place, how the great waste of it is to be checked; and in the third place, from what sources is an increased supply to be secured. Our business just now is with the quality of the water itself. The new board of water-commissioners displaced the old one for the very purpose of effecting a radical improvement in the water system of Boston. The objectionable and offensive quality of the water taken from Sudbury River is ascribed to the draining off from the basins to so low a mark as to encourage vegetable growths in the shallow parts of the reservoirs that are thus exposed to the sun. There are also found to be better reasons for it, if not more potent ones. But the commissioners promise that every fault will be remedied as fast as their ingenuity and care will correct the existing conditions of vitiation.

If, then, the natural causes for bad water cease in time to operate, there is nothing of immediate urgency but the question of waste. Some five or six millions of dollars have been expended by the city in the increase of its water supply; and the enormous waste, instead of declining, continues to increase. The board is fully resolved upon a systematic method of stopping this needless and willful waste. A saving of about three million gallons a day is already claimed. The need of continuing the saving by every rule and appliance that ingenuity can invent, consistent with the public rights and necessities, is even more pressing now than ever. We have had an unprecedentedly dry season previous to the coming of winter, and the term of severe weather has made the situation only more precarious still. It is an open fact that this diminution of waste by water-takers must continue to be rigidly enforced, or Boston is threatened with the horrors of a water-famine in midwinter. An abundant water supply is no help so long as the waste more than keeps up with it.

The Medical War in Ohio.

That some of the free citizens of the above named State are determined to fight for their rights before the present Legislature, and against both the Scott and Sherman "Doctors' Plot" bills, is made plain to us by the receipt through the mail of a neatly printed pamphlet of some twenty (large sized) pages, bearing the suggestive title, "The Doctors' Pharmacy, Monopoly and Board of Health Bill vs. Common Sense and Equal Rights." We are informed by those who know, that each member of the Ohio Legislature has been put in possession of a copy of this telling brochure, which is made up as to contents from important statements presented and arguments advanced before the Massachusetts Legislature some years since, and embodied at the time in the compilation: "War of the Doctors on the Rights of the People." It is prefaced by a local address to the Ohio Assembly, which has no uncertain sound.

Ohio citizens who value their constitutional rights should at once back up the influence which a perusal of this timely pamphlet thus put in their hands cannot but have on the minds of the law-makers at Columbus, by at once writing personally to the respective Assemblymen of their districts, protesting, in the name of every principle of right and justice, against the passage of either the Scott or the Sherman Bill.

A few years ago the English historian Froude visited our shores, ostensibly for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures, but in reality to persuade the American people that England had always expressed the most tender solicitude for Ireland's welfare. Father Tom Burke, a Dominican Friar, challenged Mr. Froude to a public discussion, but Mr. Froude declined, whereupon Father Burke proceeded to demolish his arguments, and succeeded to such an extent that almost the entire press of New York City sided with him and declared Mr. Froude's statements to be a libel on the Irish people. The New York Times (then edited by an Englishman) was so thoroughly disgusted with the absurdities of Mr. Froude's position, that it finished its summing up of the case by saying: "Go home, Mr. Froude, go home." Lately, another bright meteor has flashed on the American horizon, in the person of Mgr. Capel, who is credited by the Boston Traveller with the following: "Mgr. Capel says: 'My views on the marriage tie are, briefly, that women were made by God Almighty to be either married or to become nuns, and that there is no such state as old maid recognizable.' The inference is obvious, and clearly a libel on the nuns. Will not somebody in authority quietly whisper to this pious gentleman: 'Go home, Mgr. Lothair Capel, go home.'"

We are in receipt of a volume containing 478 pages, entitled "TWELVE MONTHS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON: By Susan Willis Fletcher." It has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. In the publishers' notice of the work we find the following remarks: "The reader of the book, whether a believer in Spiritualism or one who rejects its claims as delusive and impossible, will be struck by the clear and frank confidence shown in the narrative, especially of the circumstances that preceded the criminal trial, and will soon find his feelings drawn into sympathy with the tender, faithful and courageous spirit of the writer. The heart of the book is the heart of a noble woman. After a consideration of the whole case, there cannot remain a doubt of her innocence of the crime for which she suffered; and it must be a continual reproach to the jurisprudence of the foremost among nations that such an injustice could have been done under the forms of law." As the publishers of this book are not professed Spiritualists, a discriminating public will at once see what impression its pages have had upon them, and will therefore come to the conclusion, or should, that the lady authoress has been the victim of English prejudice and perjured witnesses.

Mrs. Williams of Hackney visited Northampton, Eng., during the holidays and gave sances at which very satisfactory materializations occurred. Brilliant spirit-lights appeared, and luminous hands and other phenomena occupied the time for three hours.

Professor Henry Kiddle of New York, the sincere Spiritualist, fine scholar, and good man, has just left home to inhale the balmy breezes of Florida for awhile.

Attention is called to the announcement made on our fifth page by Mrs. M. A. Howe.

Woman Suffrage.

The Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association held its annual meeting in this city Jan. 23d. The morning session was assigned to business; the report of the Executive Committee showed that tracts had been largely distributed and vigorous efforts made for the advance of the movement. Addresses were made by H. H. Faxon and others.

In the afternoon further reports were read and addresses made. Rev. W. I. Haven gave statistics in which the number of women and girls in the United States was stated to be 24,500,000, of whom 10,000,000 are white and over 21 years of age, 12,833,000 are occupied, and 12,091,088 could vote under a universal suffrage. A series of resolutions was passed, and officers for the present year elected.

In the evening Mr. John Hopkins was the first speaker, remarking that as there is no standard, physical, mental or moral, fixed to proscribe man from the ballot, there should be none to deprive women of the right of suffrage. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe said she wished to deny the truth of the statement made in papers that she had seceded from the suffrage ranks. She then gave a vigorous defense of the woman suffrage movement. Miss Mary F. Eastman and Lucy Stone made the final speeches of the evening.

The convention of the National Woman Suffrage Association of Massachusetts was held in Lowell, Jan. 23d. Addresses were made by Mrs. H. L. Shattuck, President, Miss N. W. Covell, Mrs. H. W. Robinson of Malden, and Miss Phoebe W. Cousins of St. Louis. There were good audiences and it was a successful gathering.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 24th, the Massachusetts Woman School Suffrage Association held its annual meeting at No. 5 Park street, Boston, Miss Abby W. May presiding. Reports read showed an increase in voters and membership. Announcements of ward meetings throughout the city were made, and the advisability of parlor meetings was urged upon the local workers, Mr. Higginson making a strong plea for them.

Testimonial to Father Davenport.

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the first presentation to the public of spirit-phenomena through the mediumship of the Davenport Brothers will be observed with appropriate exercises in Investigator Hall, this city, on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 13th. The event to be commemorated was one from which radiated over all the world the light of immortality to thousands who sat in darkness, as regarded a future life, and is eminently worthy the recognition it is proposed to give it by all who have become partakers of the blessings Spiritualism has bestowed upon mankind. For this reason, as well as from the fact that the father of "the Brothers," Dr. Ira Davenport, will derive whatever of pecuniary profit results therefrom, we trust a large attendance will be present.

"The Russell Bill."

In his inaugural address, delivered Jan. 14th, to the Senate and House of Representatives of Ohio, Gov. Hoadly, referring to inquiries that are being instituted regarding the constitutionality of "The Russell Bill," said:

"Pending this investigation, and without reference to its results, it is at least desirable to amend that part of this act which imposes a license tax upon 'mediums,' so that it shall not seem to be an attack upon the religious views, sincerely held, of even a small majority."

We are flooded with communications, pro and con, in regard to the mediumship of Mrs. N. E. Whitney, of Brooklyn, in this State. Some of them aver that she is a legitimate medium for the materialization of spirit-forms, notwithstanding the recent alleged exposure in Bangor, Maine. The publishers of this paper have no personal knowledge in regard to this lady's medial powers, except what has been given by respectable correspondents, viz: First, in a brief communication from Mr. Fred. Crockett, who wrote from Brooklyn, under date of Nov. 20th, 1883, giving an account of a séance in presence of Mrs. Whitney and a select company of friends, at which he reports that at least thirty forms appeared in the course of the evening, and that some of these spirits materialized and dematerialized while the medium was in sight, etc. Secondly: A respectable gentleman and firm Spiritualist, Mr. James H. Young, of Matfield, wrote to us a communication, which appeared in the Banner of Jan. 26th, 1884, giving an account of a séance held in the presence of Mrs. Whitney, on the evening of Dec. 20th, in which he fully endorses her mediumship, as the reader may see by reference to the paper of that date. These statements are very explicit. Upon the strength of them, as we learn from late letters received from equally respectable Spiritualists residing in Bangor, Maine, arrangements were made with Mr. and Mrs. W. to visit that city for the purpose of demonstrating the power of spirits to materialize, in a similar manner, of course, to those which were reported as appearing in Brooklyn and Matfield. From documents sent for publication from Bangor (at least one of which we may print hereafter, provided the writer appends his full name), we learn that the manifestations there are alleged to have been fraudulent; and there seems to be strong evidence to sustain this hypothesis. If proven fraudulent, we shall not hesitate to tell the public so; yet evidently there are two sides to the question under consideration.

Bro. Miller's Psychometric Circular, published at 15 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the month of January, comes to hand, filled with uncommonly choice spiritualistic matter. But what surprises us is the statement he makes in the leading editorial, that his journal is not self-sustaining. He says that he has published the Circular at a loss of several hundred dollars each year. It is a very cheap periodical at one dollar a year; and it seems to us that if the Spiritualists of this country were aware of its great usefulness they would subscribe at once. He asks the pertinent question: "Are you willing to show your sympathy with us in our work by increasing our circulation in every possible way?" It is absolutely necessary that all the periodicals devoted to Spiritualism should be better sustained than they are. Wake up to this important fact, friends.

W. H. Herndon, of Springfield, Ill., in a letter to the Boston Investigator, says that the pamphlet by A. E. Giles, Esq., of Hyde Park, Mass., on "Marriage and Divorce," is an excellent production; to quote his words: "The spirit of the essay is sincere and honest, loving and noble. It is quite exhaustive upon the subject, and does its author great credit." The pamphlet may be had at this office.

[January Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under this notice.]

New Work Advertisements.

DR. DUMONT C. DAKE,
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FOR twenty years DR. DAKE has had signal success in the treatment of all forms of Chronic Disease, however complicated. *Magnesium* a specialty. *Catarrhoidal Rheumatism* unsurpassed. *Diphtheria*, personal or by correspondence. *Female Leucorrhoea*. Patients accommodated with board; also successfully treated at a distance. Rem. 25c sent by Express. *Send for Circular.* Jan. 25.

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 JAN. 8.

PSYCHOMETRIC READER.
MRS. ANNA KIMBALL. Fee, \$2.00. Prof. Wm. Dutton says: "I have found **MRS. KIMBALL** a Psychometer of great accuracy and r-markable power."
 A dress-hor at 229 East 48th street, New York City.
 Jan. 5.

J. WM. VAN NAME, M. D., Clairvoyant and
 Psychometrist, Bridgeport, Conn., will receive calls at the residence of Mrs. Ruggles, 342 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y., from the 21st to the 28th of each month. Engagements made for magnetic treatments and private circles.
 Jan 10 -4w

RUPTURES
CURED in thirty days by my MEDICAL COMPOUND and improved ELASTIC SUPPORTER TRUSS. Send Stamp for Circular. Address CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N.Y. (Mention this paper.)
Jan. 19. -13w*

The Spiritual Offering,
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