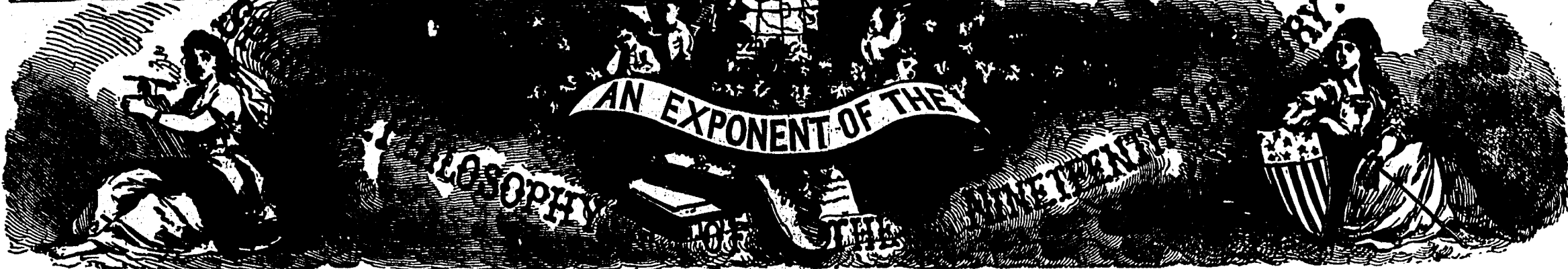


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.  
STELLAR ASPIRATIONS.

BY L. COLBY.

And voices to the woodland birds,  
Grant me the power of saying things  
In simplest and in sweetest words.  
Grant me the power to wing my flight  
To distant planets in the sky  
That send to earth their golden light,  
Where soul meets soul in realms on high;  
Where lofty thoughts inspire the mind,  
And virtue holdeth regal sway!  
Oh! grant me this, Great Power Divine,  
For which my heart doth fervent pray.  
There love celestial knows no guile;  
There error ne'er contends with truth;  
There avarice can none defile;  
There life is one eternal youth!  
Then will I bless thee, Father God!  
And all thy creatures here below,  
Who in this school of life now plod,  
And teach them what they most should know:  
That peace and love and sweet content  
Are better far than molten gold;  
That lives in harmony thus spent,  
Will bless them all a thousand-fold.

## ARNEWOOD TOWERS.

The engraving placed before our readers is that of a structure at Lynton, Hants, England, erected by a wealthy gentleman, A. T. T. P., known to English Spiritualists as "the Recorder of Controls," from the fact that he has for several years held private sésances with W. L., a remarkable sensitive, and recorded and published a large number of communications received through his mediumship. Some idea of the scope of subjects treated upon and their value may be had from the fact that a selection from them, recently published in book form, under the name of "Essays from the Unseen," are attributed to the following controls: eighteen Oriental; twenty-two Ancient Greek and Roman; eleven miscellaneous; and eighteen of the Renaissance.

The Tower is built on the grounds of the country-seat of A. T. T. P. In June, 1880, Sir Christopher Wren, being the control of the medium, gave an account of his personal history, work and times, at the close of which he said to the Recorder: "There is in your mind a desire to build a monument to commemorate the development of Spiritualism."

"Yes," replied A. T. T. P., "I have had a passing thought of the kind; but have not yet taken it to heart sufficiently to carry it into execution."

"What did you think of doing?"  
"I thought of a Campanile tower."  
"To what height did you think of going?"  
"I thought of going to about one hundred and eighty feet."

"What is the base you propose giving it?"  
"Eighteen feet square."  
"Do you think that sufficient base to be safe?" asked the spirit.

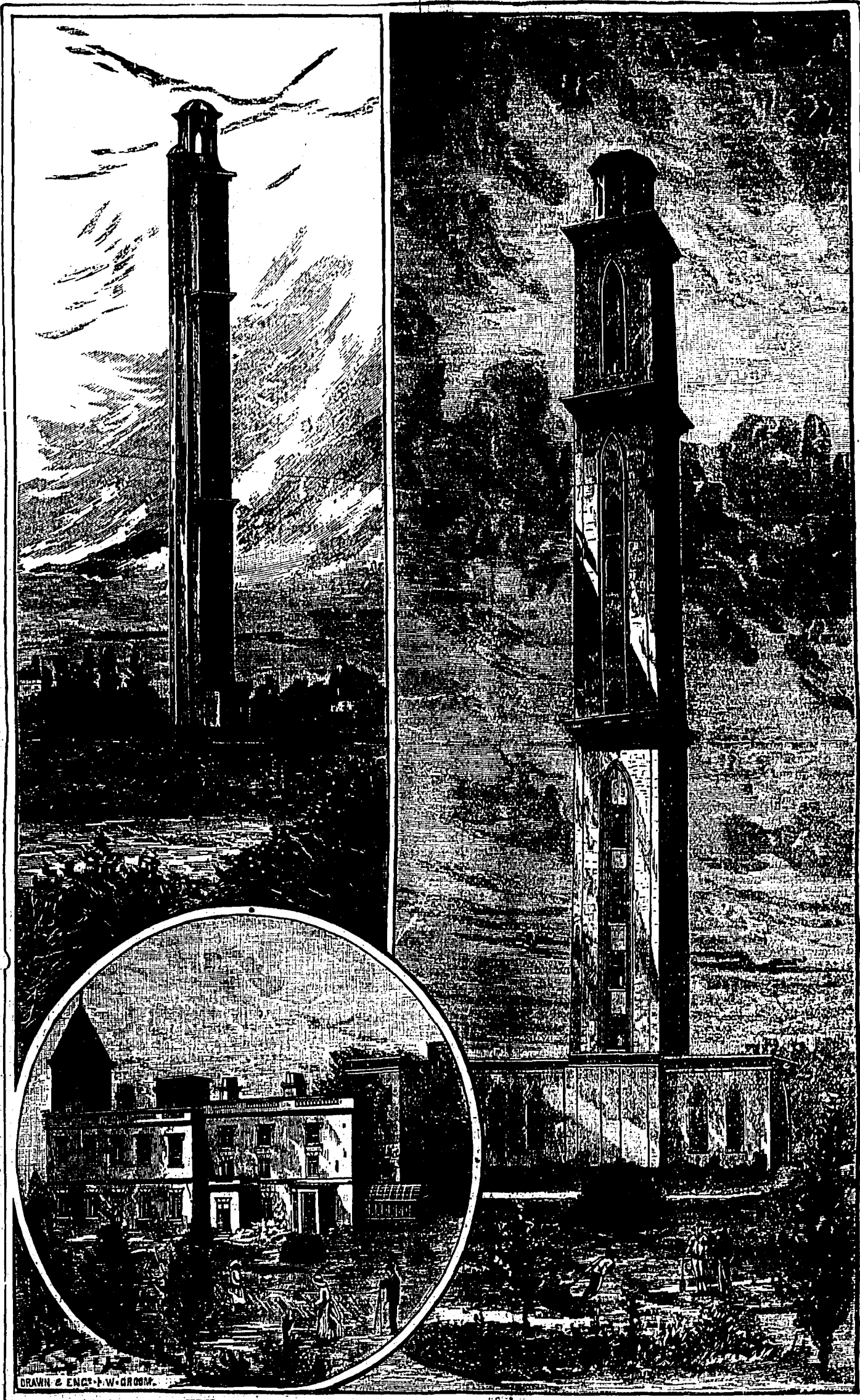
"I thought," replied A. T. T. P., "that a height of ten diameters to the base would be a very good proportion."

"If you have not dug out the foundation," remarked the spirit, "you had better make it twenty-four feet."

A. T. T. P. thought it over, and commenced the work in August, 1880. A cavity of six and a half feet deep was first dug out, down to the ferruginous gravel, which afforded an excellent basis to work from. On that, a concrete foundation wall, four feet thick, was carried up to the ground level. On this was raised the first floor, nineteen feet high, on walls two feet thick. This was all that could be accomplished before winter set in, and put an end to the operations for that year.

In the following year, 1881, the Tower was carried up to eighty feet from the ground; in 1882 it reached the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Next year, 1883, the Main Tower was completed, and the Lantern was placed in position in 1884.

The Main Tower is sixteen feet square, inside measurement, and is continued to an elevation of one hundred and ninety-two feet, consisting of fifteen lofty rooms; the one above the other, each sixteen feet square, in each of which fifty people might be accommodated without inconvenience; one thousand might be in the Tower at one time without any evidence being experienced by any one that there were more than a few dozen. The wall is reduced in thickness from the outside, as it ascends. Commencing on the ground level, where the four-foot basement terminates, the wall is two feet



ARNEWOOD TOWERS.

thick, up to nineteen feet, where the first floor occurs. From nineteen feet to eighty feet, the walls are twenty-one inches thick, being a reduction of three inches. From eighty feet to one hundred and fifty feet, the walls are eighteen inches thick, being a further reduction of three inches. The walls for the last forty-two feet are only fifteen inches in thickness. At each of these reductions in wall thickness, i. e., at nineteen feet, eighty feet, and one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, a cornice is thrown out all round, as shown in the engraving, which prevents the reduction in the walls being noticed by the spectator.

The floors are composed of iron girders thrown across the walls in opposite directions in alternate stories; thus the strain of the weight falls equally, and the greatest possible resistance is given to the wind. Between the girders, solid arches of concrete are constructed, rendering each floor and the surrounding walls one solid mass, and greatly increasing the strength of the structure. The floor of the Lantern, or roof of the Main Tower, one hundred and ninety-two feet from the ground, is a grid-iron of nine iron girders, three heavy girders being crossed by six lighter ones, by which the weight of the Lantern Tower is thrown on all the walls equally, from whichever side the strain caused by the wind may come.

The Lantern Tower is an octagon, described in a square of twelve feet, in which, at six feet, is a floor carried on iron girders. The walls of the Lantern are carried up till the whole structure reaches an elevation of two hundred and twenty feet, terminating in a semi-circular dome, as is very well shown in the engraving.

The Staircase Tower is a hexagon, eight feet nine inches in diameter, which stands on the northern side of the Main Tower. The wall of this tower is one foot in thickness, so that the wall between the two towers is three feet thick. Both towers are in reality one solid stone, stairs and all, greatly adding to the strength of the fabric. In the center of this hexagonal tower is a solid pillar, two feet in diameter, on which the external wall the stairs are carried up, leading to the chambers. The stairway (entered by a door in the angle toward the western portico) is two feet four inches wide, and the height of each step is seven inches. Every here and there in the ascent there is a broad step or landing, which constitutes one "lift." In the work of construction, this arrangement is so adapted that in all the floors above the third, every two turns of the stair lead to a doorway into an apartment. The Staircase Tower terminates with a cornice and dome, similar to the Main Tower, and the stairs ultimately pass up to the chamber in the Lantern.

Porticos, twenty-one feet by fifteen feet, and nineteen feet in height, have just been added, one on the east and the other on the west side, which gives the appearance of a wider base and adds to the architectural effect.

In the foundation is a vault, fourteen feet square, in which it is the wish of the builder that his body be deposited when the spirit has no longer use for it. That this separation from the form may be long deferred, all of our readers will unite with us in sincerely wishing.

The whole fabric, with the exception of the iron girders, is composed of concrete. It is, therefore, one solid stone, the most remarkable monolith in the world. It is the work of local laborers, mostly lads trained on the spot, from designs and under the immediate direction of A. T. T. P. It is his intention to have all their names, in an enduring form, placed on the inside wall of the lower apartment.

Says the London Medium and Daybreak, by the courtesy of whose publisher we are enabled to transfer to our columns the engraving and the account above given:

"Our Spiritual Movement affords us examples of inspirational speeches, poems, music and discovery; but here we have a product as certainly traceable to spiritual sources as any of these. Nay, more so, for it is wholly original in method of construction and special application of material. It is a product of the inspiration that is being at present poured out upon our race and country. It is Spiritualism commemorating itself! It is not as if some man had determined to erect a memorial of Spiritualism, but on the other hand, the spirit-world found the man, inspired the plan, and did the work through him in its own way."

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

AUTHOR OF "OUTSIDE THE GATES," "HYPER AND BEYOND," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### FIRST LESSONS IN SPIRITUALISM.

For days no sign came to the little cottage to indicate the presence of the spirit whose message had been given in that mysterious way. It seemed to Susie as though having performed his mission in assuring her of his continued conscious existence, and in the protection of his love, John had turned away, perhaps to the more perfect joys of a higher home, perhaps to the accomplishment of spiritual duties.

She did not question, she did not doubt his coming, but patiently waited the return of that signal that should announce his presence. Sarah had resumed her work, and life continued to flow on at the cottage as it had done before.

One evening, after her working-girl had retired, and Charlie also had gone to his room, Susie, seated in thoughtful silence before the grate, again heard the "tlok, tlok," upon her desk that assured her some invisible person must be near. It was two months since she had received anything, and her heart had yearned for a token of spiritual helpfulness. She could not read the sounds, but she knew they meant love, and nearness, and all things beautiful from John, and they comforted and gave her strength. The shadows grew deeper; it really seemed as though some invisible force lowered the light until the room was dim with gloom. The woman did not stir; a sensation of deep peace, of quiet restfulness, stole over her entire being. Gradually, through the gloom, came a soft, white light, fleecy and tremulous, that brightened as it grew, and cast a halo around the room. Presently a shadowy form appeared in the corner nearest to her bed-room door, and close by the mystic desk. As it grew in shape, and assumed proportions and features, the quiet watcher recognized the lineaments of her husband.

She did not start, she did not scream, she only sat and gazed, and gazed, with a glad smile springing to her lips, and tears filling her eyes. Too happy to move, yet so thankful, oh! so thankful for this blessed visitation, it seemed as though she had been expecting something like this, so natural did it appear to her, and she felt that she must not rise, nor cry out, nor do anything that should startle and disturb the spirit.

A look of joy, of tenderness and of thankfulness transfused the countenance of the visitor and made it radiant. He slowly raised his hands aloft, as if invoking a blessing upon the little home, then pointed upward, and in a moment disappeared. As the form vanished, Susie distinctly heard the words whispered: "We shall meet again. I will come many times. I go to prepare a place for you."

Afterward she remembered that during her vision a white, vaporous substance, like a broad silver cord, had streamed from her side, and seemed to be attached to the spirit-form. It was denser, and yet appeared to be more fully vitalized than the mist in the room, and she wondered if it could have been some power or element that John had drawn from her to assist him in his manifestation.

The mist faded, the light of the lamp glowed as before, and Susie Raymond sank back in her chair overcome by a strange feeling; it was not like slumber, nor yet was she faint; it was as though a gentle magnetism settled upon her, closing her eyes and stilling her senses into repose. She could feel this mysterious power stirring her hair and breathing upon her face, filling her entire frame with a sweet yet subtle force. She was unconscious of the lapse of time, but when she awoke it was to find the embers dead and a chilly dampness pervading the room.

Three days later the Rev. A. B. Franklin called at Mrs. Raymond's home. He was the pastor of the Congregational Church, and felt it incumbent upon him to look well after the souls in his district. He had taken a special interest in Mrs. R. and her little son since the death of John, and had many times sought to persuade the widow to publicly unite with his church in a confession of faith.

But this lady had declined to do. The light within her was too strong to be eclipsed by the folds of theological dogma, and her mediumistic promptings would not permit her to bind herself to any form or article of belief.

To-day the reverend gentleman seemed more earnest than ever in his solicitations. There was a revival of religion in his parish, and he felt the time was ripe for the saving of souls. Mrs. R., whose thoughts were full of the wondrous experience that had come to her in the quiet of her own home, could not warm to the subject as her visitor desired. "You must pardon me," she said, "if I do not respond to your request; but the truth is, sir, I cannot subscribe to the tenets of the church. I have to be guided by my own convictions, and until they point me in that way I must stand aside. I would like to ask you a question."

"Anything that comes within my capacity of a religious teacher to answer I will be glad to consider."

"Do you believe that the spirits of the dead can return to comfort their sorrowing friends?"  
"No, my dear lady. A wise Providence removes the departed from any sight or knowledge of those they leave behind. It is best, for



It was a very pleasant picture that presented itself, as you glanced into the attractive sitting-room, with its pretty furniture, bright carpet and warm fire burning so cheerily in the grate. A gentleman was vainly trying to read by the fast fading light of the December afternoon, while his two boys, respectively six and eight, were climbing into his chair, trying to enlist his attention, and get him to "tell a story about the Indians," which Harry, the elder, much more liked to hear. But just at that moment the supper-bell rang, and Mrs. White, the mother, said, "Come, everybody; supper is ready." "I'm everybody," said little Dick, as he nearly tumbled to the floor trying to get out of his mother's hand, before his older brother, while the father followed them into the dining-room, with its table full of good things. They all took their seats, and then there was silence for a moment, as the mother laid a little knot of flowers at a plate between the two boys. They both smiled, and the father wiped away a tear, for that vacant chair was for little angel Nellie, who was in the spirit-land, and they always kept her place for her at table, as well as in their hearts. "To-morrow is Christmas Day, boys," said papa, as supper began; "and what would you most like to do—go in to New York and see your cousins?"

"We know what we want to do, don't we, Harry?" said Dick as he took up his glass of milk.

"Well, what is it?" queried their father.

"Mamma said she'd tell; so you will, won't you, mamma?" continued the bright-faced chatterer.

"Well, William, I have been talking to them so much about our dear Nellie, that I don't want

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We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer 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 pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

## The Final Evolution of Medical Philosophy.

We shall print in our next issue an able and scholarly address in consideration of the above-cited topic, which was recently delivered in Boston, by PROF. J. RODES BUCHANAN.

## Looking for Messiahs.

The discourses of the Jewish Rabbi, Rev. Solomon Schindler, in this city, on "Messianic Expectations," proved to be as popular as they were interesting and instructive, as was clearly shown by the space given to reports of them in the columns of the daily papers. In his concluding lecture, Mr. Schindler remarked that four or five men, by the side of numerous others, have gained renown as Messiahs. They were Jesus of Nazareth, Bar Kochba, Ruben Molcho and Sabbatai Zwi. They were, he said, merely the supply of a public demand. Their Messianic assumptions, whether sincere or hypocritical, became possible only on account of a popular hope in the appearance of such a person. All of them stepped on the stage in a time of national calamity. None of these Messiahs ever improved the condition of affairs; on the contrary, they all left the nation in still greater misery than they had found it. The Messianic idea, said the learned Hebrew discourses, is the child of Judaism in so far only that, when the Jewish nation was small, and powerful oppressors threatened the extinction of the nation, the Jews hoped a man would appear who would deliver them from a foreign yoke, and secure their independence.

Rev. Mr. Schindler said that his Christian friends claim that the Jews were mistaken in treating the Messianic expectations of the Jewish nation to a political basis. Although they concede, he said, that at the time of Jesus the Israelites may have expected a politician or a soldier as their liberator, they uphold the theory that such a Messiah was not needed, that the mission of a Messiah is not a local one, but that it is universal. The Christians say that the Jews, in their eagerness for national redemption, overlooked the fact that the messenger of God had come to redeem the whole world. But the best proof that the alleged Messiahship of Jesus has been a failure on earth is, that its results, namely, the boasted redemption of the world, had been removed to heaven, to spheres of which Christianity has no knowledge whatever. If mankind had advanced in knowledge, if the standard of morality has been raised, it has not been the work of Jesus nor that of Christianity. Thousands of good and noble men and women, and all the religions on earth, from superstitious fetishism to ultra liberal atheism, have worked together for that end. If humanity is better to-day than it has ever been before, most of the progress is due to the host of inventors who have discovered the secrets of nature and have made its powers the obedient servants of man.

The inventors of steam-power, of electricity, of gaolight, of machinery, of the printing-press—*they*, said Rev. Mr. Schindler, are the real saviours of humanity, for they have removed, though indirectly, more sin than the combined efforts of all religions have been able to weed out. I claim—he added—that we are better and happier than our ancestors, and that future generations will be still better and happier than we are. The ideal of the present man ought to be the man of the future, not the man of the past. The religion of the future will be neither specifically Jewish, nor Christian, nor Mohammedan. It will be an entirely new system, in which the immortal parts of all the present religions will be represented, but at the same time so equally balanced that none will care to claim superiority. Naturally he claims for the Jewish religion, on account of its flexibility and its rationalism, that it will evolve with greater ease and with better grace into the religion of the future, and thus become its main stay, than any other of the present religious systems. Judaism, said he, is a Phoenix; it is the constantly changing, but ever living, religion of humanity. Whenever it feels that a change is needed, that its body has outlived its usefulness, it sets fire to its own nest, and, purified by the flames, it rises from the ashes, covered with new plumage, a new bird, but chanting the same old song—"There is but one God, and all human beings are brethren."

## Seance with Miss Helen Berry.

On the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 10th, we made one of a party of eighteen—including Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Day and others—assembled at the home of the Berry Sisters, 55 Rutland street, Boston, to attend a seance which Miss Helen Berry had volunteered to give for the pecuniary benefit of the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum. The conditions were eminently satisfactory on every hand, and harmony prevailed from the first to the last of what proved a pleasant and conclusive sitting.

The exercises were ably conducted by Geo. T. Albro, the gentlemanly manager at the Berry seances, who exhibited the liveliest interest in affording the visitors every opportunity to examine the cabinet, the carpet and the rooms where the sitting was held—opportunities which were fully improved by the majority present (both before and after the meeting), all being convinced of the entire honesty of the arrangements.

The cabinet was found to be a portable wooden frame, covered with dark cloth, and disposed at one end of the apartment in which the seances are regularly held; there was an open space entirely around the cabinet, so that it was at all times open to the public view on three sides—while the other was protected by the locking of the double doors of the rear parlor by one of the visiting party, who kept the key in his pocket until the sitting closed.

When the time arrived for opening the seance—the ladies and gentlemen present being seated in a semi circle before the front of the cabinet—Miss Helen Berry, arrayed in a black dress, was conducted to her seat within by Mr. Albro, who at once thereafter applied himself to arranging the light in the room outside, when, almost on the instant he left the cabinet entrance, a female form clothed entirely in white threw open its curtains and stood on the threshold.

Forms now began making their appearance, sometimes two at once; in several instances, a male and a female—both exhibiting separate individual intelligence—were to be seen, and were freely talked with by members of the party. The late Ed. S. Wheeler was recognized by a number present. Hiram E. Felch, Esq., was privileged to meet with his spirit wife, and later his two spirit daughters (at once), and introduced them to the company as such. (Mr. Felch also informed the company that he received an unmistakable test of identity from one of the intelligences manifesting, regarding a matter which happened in Paris.) A brawny Indian materialized, and bore a degree of light upon his face which rendered its every lineament distinctly visible—many of the company crowding around him for a brief time in a most informal but friendly manner, which "reception" he did not seem at all averse to holding. A French girl, who gave her name as "La Belle Maloune," bounded into the room, performed quite a difficult feat in primary acrobatics, and then severally engaged in intelligent conversation in her native tongue with two gentlemen present, seated at either end of the half circle, who were familiar with the language, and were very much pleased with this linguistic test of the verity of the form before them. A large percentage of those who made up the party were brought face to face with forms recognized by them.

Among the recognitions of spirit-forms was one by Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, the spirit manifesting giving the name of Nellie Stevens, a former leader in the Shawmut Lyceum, who passed on some twelve months since.

The crowning feature of the evening was a proof of the most convincing character regarding the entire honesty of the cabinet, the reliability of the medium and the verity of the forms: Two distinct spirit-materializations (one a male and the other a female), each holding converse with a lady who recognized their friendly claim upon her attention, stood outside the cabinet; while the lady and her spirit-friends thus stood, Mr. Albro called a number of the party present in a sort of compact rank close up to the opening of the cabinet, and requested Dr. Shelhamer to take a position in rear of the cabinet, so that all sides of it were at the time under surveillance of the human eye; the two forms entered behind the curtains, and in an instant (as soon as a match could be lighted) Mr. A. threw open the drapery and held the lighted wood within; those of the party directly before the opening were privileged to lean forward, even within the limits of the enclosure, but nothing except the medium, sitting in her chair in a deep trance, was to be seen. Three several times was this repeated, that all might have the opportunity, and when the last match had burned away, the curtains had hardly fallen together again when the two forms (male and female) before specified came quickly out of the cabinet into the room. This closed the highly interesting exercises of the evening.

In connection with the appearance in the BANNER to-day of a picture and description of ANNWOOD TOWERS, it will be in keeping to remark that recently, in Greenwich, Eng., a case was brought to the notice of the police, in which the Inspector objected to the safety of certain dwellings because they were built of concrete. Upon which the Medium says that A. T. T. P.'s Tower shows unmistakably what can be done with concrete, as not only is it built of that material, but the owner's mansion itself, transformed from a small villa into a commodious country residence of some near forty rooms, with the necessary outbuildings, is built wholly of concrete. There is not a solid foot of stone-work or brick to be seen anywhere. Ponds, aqueducts, gate-pillars, steps, garden walls, sheds—even the table on which the gardener pots his plants—are all of concrete. All the molding and ornamental work about the place—and taste and beauty are shown everywhere—are composed of the same material.

"A. T. T. P.'s Tower" (continues the Medium) "is, therefore, an educational necessity, and may be the forerunner of a reform in the structure of our dwellings, which may have the most important bearings on health, safety from fire, economy, and other considerations. Men are made to 'build wiser than they know'; immediately relating to themselves, some personal end is held in view as a minor incentive on their part, thus lending themselves willing instruments for achieving purposes wholly without the range of their calculations. All mankind may thus act, whereby the seeming short-sighted ways of the world are, in effect, made the means of carrying out eternal purposes."

FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT no book will prove more acceptable, or more useful to its recipient, than Warren Chase's Barlow's new poem, "Immortality." It is printed and bound in a style conforming to the intrinsic value of its contents—glit edge, fine gold-embossed, emblematically designed cover. Colby & Rich have it for sale.

## A Despicable Deed.

While the Boston Globe has been extremely courteous and fair in its late notices of the life and decease of Charles H. Foster, the Boston Herald has chosen to follow an entirely opposite course, and in its issue of the 20th inst. has given place to what it is pleased to call "a special despatch" from New York, (?) which from its utterly base and contemptible character would be totally unworthy of our notice, were it not that it is alike an injustice to the dead and an insult to the living.

The statement that Mr. Foster did not himself believe in the verity of his own powers while in good health, and only became "a convert to himself" after his brain had been enfeebled by disease—or to put it in the plainer words which the Herald would have its readers see between the lines, that he passed through life a brazen charlatan, knowingly deceiving thousands of the most prominent people in his own and other countries which he visited, and only accepted belief in Spiritualism after he had "sunk far into incoherent imbecility"—is a rank falsehood. We have known Mr. Foster personally for years, and are sure of what we say. He was ever ready to defend his mediumship and the fact of demonstrated spirit return against all opponents.

The Herald's "despatch" is very bold in its false assertions regarding the "tricks" of the dead medium; but will this same Herald deny that when Mr. Foster was in Boston, some years ago, it gave expression to the following in its columns:

"The spirits may not have any part in the wonderful things done by Foster the 'medium,' but any man who sees his performances and thinks they are done by any sort of jugglery, is an idiot of the most hopeless kind?"

We are perfectly satisfied with this characterization of the New York (?) defamer. Truth will bear its own weight at all times.

## An Appeal to the Generous-Hearted.

We have just been informed that Mr. A. C. Cotton, publisher of the Vineland (N. J.) *Rosetrum*, has met with a severe loss by the burning of his dwelling-house, valued at \$2,000. It is a total loss, as he had no insurance upon the building. Our sympathy goes out to this worthy brother in his sad misfortune.

Under these circumstances, he appeals to the generous-hearted for pecuniary aid. We have responded to his call by remitting \$30; and may we hope other friends of the Cause, of which he is an able advocate, will aid him to the extent of their ability? We trust they will. Bro. Cotton will thus feel that he is not deserted in this his hour of affliction, and with gratitude will acknowledge all donations he may receive.

We append the following call from *The Rosetrum* of Dec. 12th:

THE FIRE FRIENDS' WORK.—Our paper has (by reason of circumstances we could not control) been delayed this issue. Early last evening, as we were looking for the form we were started by the cry of FIRE! Hastening to the street we found Mr. A. C. Cotton's home in flames, and all who would work busy removing the contents. We were living with them, and at this moment cannot tell the extent of his or our loss. The house is entirely destroyed. The insurance expired a short time since, and for reasons which often influence the use of short funds, the renewal was delayed, and hence the loss is total and heavy. Friends, now is the time to rally to his aid. Shall this misfortune prevent the continued issue of *The Rosetrum*? "It is for you to say. Mr. Cotton is in very poor health, and unable this morning to attend to any business. Therefore, make this appeal to a generous public; send us aid and subscribers to the paper, and his work for humanity will not cease."  
Vineland, N. J. Jas. H. Young.

## A Set-Back.

The New York Medical Journal of Dec. 12th has a paragraph headed "The Illinois State Board of Health and the Regulars in Medical Practice," wherein is recorded the following legal "set-back" for the would-be popes in medical practice in that State. The "regret" with which the paragraph closes will, we feel sure, not be shared in by any real friend of human rights in Illinois:

"A decision is reported to have been made recently by one of the Illinois Courts, which it is thought will have the tendency of greatly abridging the Board's power in the administration of the medical practice act. It seems that a grant of the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, was licensed by the Board of 1877, but that Board subsequently revoked the license for an alleged violation of the law. A suit brought by the practitioners has resulted in a decision which practically limits the Board's power to that of the verification of diplomas and the identification of the holders, without power to revoke any license it may issue. If the decision is final, it cannot be looked upon as a severe blow to the spirit of the law, however it may accord with its letter, and is on all accounts very much to be regretted."

## J. J. Morse.

Mr. Morse, finding it a physical impossibility to attend to the many calls and invitations that have showered upon him since his lectures before the Temple Society in this city, has been compelled to remove himself and family from Lynn to 71 West Brookline street in this city. Mr. Morse has still a few week-evenings disengaged between now and the last week in January. Many of his old friends, and those who have made his acquaintance since his return to Boston, have expressed a strong desire to hear him lecture in Boston again at no distant date. He is, as we have previously stated, one "whom not to have heard is an opportunity wasted." Keep him busy, friends, everywhere. He can be addressed care of this office.

## Closed Christmas.

Friday, Dec. 25th, being devoted by all to the old time festival of Christmas, the BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment will remain closed on that date.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—Dr. T. Warren—so a white handbill sets forth—is now on the warpath in Massachusetts, armed with a "religious illustrated lecture," and supported by several wonderful (?) mediums, who "will accept the challenge of ANY EXPOSER," etc., etc., ad nauseam. The investigating public and Spiritualists generally will, if they take our advice, give the Doctor the cold shoulder without fail, wherever he may make his appearance. By the way, we wonder if Dr. T. Warren [knows anything about] Lincoln?

THE VACCINATION INQUIRY for December, a copy of which reaches us from its publisher, E. W. Allen, London, Eng., applies to the discussion upon the repeal of vaccination laws the declaration recently made in a public speech by Mr. Gladstone viz., "These are questions that do not admit of compromise."

The Randolph (Wis.) *Radical* records that the Quarterly Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists, held at Portage City on December 11th, 12th and 13th inst., "was a creditable one in every respect."

Read the announcement made regarding J. E. Cooke's Reception, which will be found on our fifth page.

## New and Valuable Work on Materializations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been permitted to examine advance-sheets of a small volume about to be published at your office, entitled "MATERIALIZED APPARITIONS: If not beings from another life, what are they?" It is written by E. A. BRACKETT, Esq., of Winchester, Mass., whose name is not unknown to readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Mr. Brackett is well known in the world of Art, as a sculptor of reputation, and he is an officer of the Commonwealth, being Chairman of the Massachusetts State Commission on Internal Fisheries. For some time he has been engaged in making a personal investigation of the phenomena of spirit-materialization, and in this work tells the result of his researches. These have been chiefly among the mediums of Boston, and he appears to have enjoyed exceptionally good opportunities for determining the real nature of the phenomena in question.

Mr. Brackett entered upon the investigation, as he has informed me, with the intention and expectation of proving the alleged materializations a humbug and a fraud, but, instead, was convinced beyond doubt of their genuineness and reality. He does not assert positively that the beings which appear are spirits—leaving that matter to be decided by the individual investigator on the evidences presented—but, he says, "I do assert that the facts warrant beyond a question the conclusion that they do not belong to what we call the earth-side of life, that they are not automatons, lay figures, or effigies, but are living, breathing, intelligent beings, with thoughts, feelings and passions strictly human; that they come out of invisible space, and depart in the same way." Well may the author ask, "If not beings from another life, what are they?"

The narrative of facts by which the above conclusion is substantiated is intensely interesting to all inquirers into the reality of these phenomena. No work has appeared since the publication of Prof. Crookes's careful investigations in England, some years since, that seems so well calculated to take hold of the public mind—even of the scientific class—as this; and the author appears to have had advantages in the investigation in some respects even beyond those enjoyed by Prof. Crookes.

I have no personal knowledge of the facts testified to by Mr. Brackett, nor acquaintance with the mediums in whose presence his investigations have been mainly pursued; but his narrative bears internal evidence of sincerity, caution and truthfulness. Yet valuable as is his testimony to the reality of materialization, the chief value of his work, in my estimation, is to be found in the suggestions it gives as to the proper manner and spirit in which to enter upon the investigation, and to approach these mysterious beings, in order to arrive at satisfactory results, in either the evocation of the forms or the ascertaining of their real nature. I cannot reproduce these weighty suggestions here, but suffice it to say that they give no countenance to the suspicious, stern and unsympathetic methods which some would-be investigators think proper to pursue, and which in the nature of things prevent the ascertainment of truth. The spirit and tone of the work are admirable, and cannot fail to be of service to the honest inquirer.

A. E. NEWTON.

(See announcement of this work in the advertising columns of this paper.)

## New York Medical Law.

W. H. Voseburgh writes from Troy (near the State Capital): "I have a large petition from this point," and speaks of his exertions to show the necessity of the repeal of the law. It is greatly to be hoped that other public-spirited men and women all over the State are at work in the same direction—in fact, that the citizens of the State who have medical freedom and equal rights at heart, will do all in their power to show the members of the General Assembly the injustice which the Doctors' Plot laws have caused, and the reasons for their repeal.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT for the current week is introduced by a fervent invocation, asking for strength of character and grace of spirit; after which questions are considered by the Controlling Intelligence regarding the return of "ancient spirits," the law of compensation and its effects upon its voluntary and its ignorant infractors, harmony and its necessity in spirit research and communion, the answer to which latter question should be carefully perused, its advice acted upon and its warnings heeded by every one intending to investigate the spiritual phenomena or to attend a seance of any character in any capacity, and "the crucifixion"; Thomas J. Lewis sends regards to friends in Denver, Col., and in Boston; E. G. Hamilton of Seabright, N. J., describes the nearness which he has maintained toward those former associates of his who are yet left in the mortal; Alice Hall comes to friends in Columbus, O., bringing love and greetings from other friends "who are with me in the spirit-world"; Margaret Cooper of Providence tells of her unsuccessful search for the "New Jerusalem," but thinks that the beautiful flowers, the bright faces and the good deeds which are to be found in spirit-life amply supply the place of jeweled walls, crystal gates and golden streets; Harry Weed wishes to converse in private with friends in New York and Newburgh; John Eddie Coogan speaks a pleasant word in boy-fashion to his relatives in Boston; Mrs. Jennie Swann of Huntsville asks friends in Alabama and Mississippi "not to mourn for me, for all is light"; Mrs. Cecelia Lewis brings a kindly message from her husband, William K. Lewis of Boston; and William Foster, Sen., voices a message full of recognition and encouragement to his son, William Foster, Jr., of Providence.

Our friend Mr. J. B. Hall of the *Aroostook Herald*, Presque Isle, Me., reports the advent in that place and doings while there of "Prof. Miller," an itinerating sleight-of-hand performer, who imposes on the credulous by pretending to explain just how spirit-phenomena are produced, and to do a few of them, his illustrations being nothing more than a few stale old tricks that every smart schoolboy is familiar with.

Sickness and death seem to be reaping a harvest in Washington, D. C., at present. We are informed that Thomas Gales Foster, Gen. John Edwards and Judge Coombs, of that city, are very seriously ill; and that Mr. and Mrs. B. Sailer suddenly passed on Dec. 4th—Mrs. Richards and Mr. Fletcher officiating at the funeral.

We are informed that on Sunday, Jan. 3d, 1886—should he be spared—Hon. THOMAS B. HAZARD will enter upon his ninetieth year in the mortal.

Read the card of O. H. Johnson, a fine test medium, on our fifth page.

## Holiday Books!

The season of gift-giving for CHRISTMAS and the NEW YEAR draws nigh, and those who purpose remembering their friends during these happy festivities are invited to call at the Bookstore of COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Bowdoin street, Boston, and examine the choice stock of SPIRITUAL, REFORMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS which these gentlemen have on sale.

Truly a good book is a wellspring of pleasure to the one receiving it, as well as an enduring reminder of the giver; and nothing can be more appropriate as a Christmas or New Year offering.

Those whose distance from Boston precludes the possibility of their calling at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore are invited to read the Firm's announcement on our fifth page, headed HOLIDAY BOOKS, as a hint from which they can favor us with their orders.

A full catalogue of the publications on sale by Colby & Rich will be sent by mail to any address on application.

## New Book by Warren Chase.

Hon. Warren Chase has a new book in press by Colby & Rich, entitled "Essence and Substance: A Treatise on Organic and Inorganic Matter, Transient and Eternal Life, and Involving Preexistence and Repeated Incarnations without Reincarnations." It is a work he has been several years preparing; one of much thought and reflection, and will be appreciated by thinkers, even if they do not agree with him in all its deductions or conclusions. It will soon be for sale by the author and at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore. Mr. Chase is now at work on what he designs to be his last book, which he calls "Forty Years on the Spiritual Roster." It will be a sequel to his autobiography, "The Life-Line of the Lone One." He has already filled out thirty-eight of the forty years, having been the first public lecturer in this country on spirit-life and intercourse who was outside of and entirely free from sectarian Christianity. His early reminiscences and acquaintance with the early workers in the cause must make this book highly interesting, as his works all are. The ninth edition of the "Life-Line" has just been issued by Colby & Rich, and is for sale by them and the author.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. HATTIE E. CARR.

The Christmas bells are ringing,  
And happy hearts are singing:  
"Give thanks to God on high,  
The Christmas time is nigh."  
And sweet the merry chimes  
Repeat in tuneful rhymes:  
"Give thanks to God on high,  
The Christmas time is nigh,  
With gifts a plenty bringing."

Thou art a day of blessing  
Unto the heart possessing  
A gift from loving friends,  
That Christmas always sends.  
How many little eyes  
Shall wake with glad surprise;  
How many tokens sweet  
Dear loving ones shall greet,  
With tender touch caressing.

The Christmas bells are ringing,  
And happy hearts are singing:  
"Give thanks to God on high,  
The Christmas time is nigh."  
Oh! turn not from your door  
The needy and the poor;  
Give them from out your store,  
That they may want no more,  
And set their hearts a-singing.

THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL has come again, and thousands of children are thus made happy. Adults, as well (many of them), enjoy such occasions of festivity, as they bring before the vision the most tender recollections of by-gone days. Our spirit-friends, too, cluster closer to the family circle at this season of the year, and although not seen, except by the clairvoyant eye, yet they are there notwithstanding—happy when their mortal friends are pleased, and unhappy when unhappiness settles upon them. Thus it is. And it behooves us all to manifest a loving spirit one with another. Hence the BANNER sends out at this time its kindest wishes for the health and happiness of its numerous patrons and friends as well as the inharmonious ones who misrepresent it, knowing that the good angels who have it in their keeping will guard and protect it until its mission is fulfilled.

Any person who takes a newspaper from the post-office—whether directed to his name or that of another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay. Some people don't seem to understand this is the law, but it is.

That was a rare philosophy in the three-year-old boy who asked what night is for, and not content with the reply "For rest and sleep," added, "No, papa, night is for to-morrow." Many men and women grow never approach so clearly the true relations existing between rest or recreation and the serious duties of life.—*Chicago Advance.*

Certain citizens of Amesbury and Salisbury are to petition our incoming Legislature to pass an act uniting said towns in one municipality, or to annex a part of Amesbury and Salisbury (meshing the Mills village), which should have been an accomplished fact long ago.

## TO THE CHILDREN.

Christmas will bring to you many joys—  
Food and plenty, frolic and toys;  
Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;  
In place of laughter tears will fall.  
Or little Tim to your door may come,  
Your blessings are many—spare him some.  
The Christmas bells will sweetly ring  
The songs that the angels love to sing.  
The song that came with the Child-Christ's birth,  
"Peace, good will and love on earth!"  
Dear little children, ring, I pray  
Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

Our friend, Warren Chase, will have it that the eighty-eight cents silver dollar is not a nuisance. We think it is, and a deception combined. We know that the sales of business men are lumbered up, in the great centres of business, by these undervalued dollars. It is so in Boston, New York and other cities, they being ashamed to peddle them out to customers. Specious pleading to the contrary will not alter the case at all in our estimation.

Organized labor is a power in the land to be considered, not defied, as much as organized government, or any union among men. It has come to stay, as it should.

Found on a window-pane in a English wayside inn written with a diamond:  
"The sun's perpendicular rays  
Illumined the depths of this sea."

Here the "fine frenzy" of the poet gave out; but the happy thought was completed by Coleridge thusly:  
"And the flame of the poet was quenched in a snuff."

What next? A herald was run into by another team early yesterday morning and received a bad breaking up. Here is an opportunity for an ambitious scribe to write a story entitled "The Smasher Smashed."—*Boston Globe.*











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D22 1w\* (Signed) J. R. BUCHANAN, 11  
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**H**OLD Materializing Seances every Sunday, Wednesday  
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 street, New York. Daily sittings for Communications and  
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Feb. 28.—41

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