

Why, will folks be so hateful? I wonder w  
Miss Joan ever a little girl; and if so, does s  
forget that little girls have feelings." I'll nev  
give her another pine as long as I live!—no, neve  
That beautiful pine that Captain Brown gave m  
There never was such a pine grow before! No  
if it had been Aunt Margie—"

At that thought she got up, wiped her eyes  
bit, and ran again through the large front ha  
and from thence to the back entry, till she cam  
to Aunt Margie's room. The old woman, th  
old now for house service, was knitting so  
white socks for-baby of delicate lamb's wool. C

the table by her side was meat and pudding like the family dinner, but on the hob was a bowl of gruel smoothly made and hot.

"Glad to see your face to-day, Daisy," then turning to look at her through the great round spectacles which she found necessary for her fine knitting. "But what? Tears on your face? Why, Daisy, I thought life was all sunshine to you."

"It isn't, auntie. I have had a fiery trial to-day."

"Fiery trial? Oh, Daisy, that is strange talk for you; wherever did you hear that expression?"

"Why, isn't it in the Bible? and Betty says it whenever she has trouble."

"Well, well, Betty being a *cook* may know something of fiery trials; but you, I think that you know nothing of such things."

"Listen, and I will tell you, Aunt Margie, and then you can judge," she gave a glowing description of her present, and of her struggle before she could make up her mind to give it away, and then how sadly she felt when Nurse Coffin told them that Aunt Joan wanted to drown herself in the ocean.

At this Aunt Margie took off her glasses and laid down her work, but said not a word till the little girl had finished her story. Then she laid her hand gently on the little curly head that lay in her lap, and said:

"Daisy, my darling, have you thought how miserable that person must be who would end life by his own hands? That soul is like a troubled sea that cannot rest. I am so glad that you carried that pine; you may think it will do no good, but it will. So little a thing as that will sometimes turn away wicked thoughts; she will see that you thought about her, and she will wonder how it came about, and she will look at it and say, 'it will be like one of David's sweet songs to poor Saul when he was gloomy like Miss Joan.'"

"Do you really, truly think so, Aunt Margie?"

"I do, indeed. Miss Joan will be all the better for your sacrifice. Let that comfort you, little one."

"I suppose if I had had a good dinner, Aunt Margie, I should not have felt so—but I don't like roast meat and pudding."

"I do not think they are very good for children, Daisy; nor much of them for old people, either. Wouldn't you like some of my gruel?"

"I was thinking about it, Aunt Margie."

The old woman rose and went to a cupboard in her room, and took from thence a little picture bowl, with Red Riding Hood and the Wolf upon it, and a tiny spoon, heavy and thick for its size, and after pouring out some of her gruel, she handed a little spoon upon it, and slyly dropped in a few great, plump raisins.

"There, Daisy, sit down in your chair and eat that. It will be better for you than rich pudding."

The child obeyed, and was wonderfully relieved and comforted.

"I cannot understand it all, Daisy. Why should any one wish to end life before God calls them? I enjoy every minute of time, and life has been so pleasant to me, that I should thank God for it even if he never gave me another."

Daisy looked up in great astonishment.

"Most everybody tells me that life is full of trouble. I am so glad you don't think so; I never did till to-day, and now it is all over, I am glad I gave the pine away. I really think I shall feel better for doing it."

Then she ran and brought the baby, and the active, mischievous little fellow kept them both amused and busy till his mother came to bring him away, and to say that Miss Joan was feeling better. She had eaten a piece of her pine, and pronounced it equal to those her father used to get for her when she was a girl. She had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Sam said she would feel like another person when she waked.

The brothers were in close consultation most of that evening. The elder brother was cautious and disinclined to any risks, while Sam was full of new enterprises and given to speculation. The building of a vessel of the size proposed by Sam would cost a large sum of money, which Joe would prefer to have quietly laid away at moderate interest, but which Sam argued ought to be used to increase the business of the town, and add, as he was confident, to their own funds. Previous losses and the failure of several projects had tempered the ardor of Joe in business, and, to tell truth, there was another motive which influenced him, but which he did not care to reveal even to Sam. Daisy was his child now. He had legally adopted her, and she would be his heir. All plans were laid with reference to this child. He felt that her future was in a measure in his hands, and he had said again and again, "God helping me, I will make one human life a happy one. She shall gather from this life only its sweetness, and be guarded from all poverty and disappointment." A great love like this is never wrong and never loses its reward, but the peace and happiness of life come often in a different way from that which these generous hearts propose. There was never an unselfish, loving heart that found its happiness in another's love that did not suffer. By loving thus we double our capacity for suffering. Joe wanted to say, "For Daisy's sake I wish to run no risks," but he did not say it, and the younger brother had his way. Before a week had passed a contract was made and the timber on its way from Maine for the new vessel.

"Uncle Joe, where do you go every day in the afternoon before tea? Just at four o'clock every day, when our school is out, I see you going down Fair street. I heard an old lady who sat at an open window say as I passed, 'There goes Squire Doane, Betsey; see if our clock is right.'"

"You are an inquisitive little minx, Daisy," drawing her to his side; "must Uncle Joe tell you when he comes and goes?"

"I always tell you, Uncle Joe, always when you ask me."

"But it is not to be supposed that a little girl like you could have any important secrets."

"Why, Uncle Joe! you don't know much about little girls then! Mary Wood and I have a great secret. Not one of the other girls knows anything about it; they do not even suspect."

"You carry on a secret correspondence, do you? and not daring to trust the United States post-office, you have set up one on your own account. Oh Daisy! I hope you are not hatching treason, and plotting against the government."

"I do not know what you mean by treason, it is a new word to me, Uncle Joe; but tell me, have you discovered our post-office?" said Daisy, her reddening cheeks and eager eyes attesting her anxiety.

"Oh Daisy! I meant to have kept that secret,

and I verily believed tortures could not draw it from me, and here I have let it out without knowing what I did!"

"About my post-office, Uncle Joe?"

"A curious post-office, Daisy; a little cavity near a raised wooden cellar door, covered by a stone, where a little girl goes every morning to find a letter!"

"Oh Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! we thought nobody ever could find it!"

"You remind me, Daisy, of the ostrich, who is said to hide his head in the sand, and because he sees no one, thinks no one sees him."

"Does any one else but you know it, Uncle Joe?"

"Not more than one, I think."

"Well, they never stole any of the letters. I know that for sure, Uncle Joe; and never broke them open."

"I will venture my word upon that, Daisy; but I wonder what matters of great importance are involved in that correspondence."

"Why, Uncle Joe! Mary's letters are such a comfort to me! I don't know how I could live without them. We are like Damon and Pythias in our English reader, only we are girls."

"There is a little difference, surely, Daisy; but friendships are pleasant things. I hope yours will endure."

"As long as life," said Daisy, "we have promised that to each other. I will read you one of Mary's letters, Uncle Joe, if you will promise never to tell. It is so beautiful I do want you to hear it."

"I shall be delighted, Daisy, and you know you can trust me. Did I ever betray any secret that you entrusted to me?"

"No, you never did; I can trust you with all my heart."

She drew from the recesses of her pocket a little housewife, in which was enclosed a tiny note very closely written:

"My DEAREST FRIEND—I am nine years old to-day, and I must write to you, the dearest friend I have in this world of sorrow—this vale of tears. What should I do if it were not for the soothing balm of friendship? My heart would break if I could not confide its sorrows and joys to your dear bosom. Were you to die, I should want to die too, for the world would be so dreary then I could not live in it."

[Here Daisy was so much affected that she had to stop a minute, and lay her head on Uncle Joe's shoulder. "Is n't it beautiful, Uncle Joe?"

"Very touching, darling."

"Yes, Daisy, I am nine years old to-day. I feel that I have lived a long time, and have known a great many girls; some of them have been warm friends, but their friendship has been like the 'morning cloud and early dew'—that is a sentence out of Dr. Dana's prayer, and I think it is very pretty, don't you? You are the only friend I ever had that I know will prove faithful to death. I think of you when we are standing up in the reading-class, and read the poetry that has this line in it—'gem of pure ray serene.'"

"I do love poetry, and so do you, and that makes us love each other. I tried to make some this morning; it is just for your eyes alone."

When I am in my quiet grave  
Under the willow tree,  
Come and sit beside me there,  
And think my love of me.

Oh bring the flowers I love so well,  
The life and sweet perfume,  
And lay them on my mossy grave,  
Beneath the willow tree.

"Oh, Daisy, I have no sister, and you have none, so we must adopt each other, and always be just like sisters; every joy and sorrow we will share. And now I must tell you of the one great trial of my life, and that is my brother Jim. I suppose Sisters ought to love their brothers, and I do in a way, for if Jim should die I know I should cry my eyes out; but what boys were made for I cannot tell, unless it is to plague us girls, and make us more meek and patient by trying to put up with them. They are greedy creatures, eating piles and piles of bread and butter, and always wear big, dirty shoes, and then their wooly clothes don't smell sweet and fresh like our clean gingham, and they are never quiet in the house like girls, but throw their things around and then ask us for them. Jim is always making fun of my nose; it is a little bit turned up, but you would think from what Jim says that the tip of it touched my forehead, and he says it makes me look like a saucy little monkey. He actually made a doll out of clay, and shodded a turn-up nose. Mother laughed, and said she believed her boy was a genius. I do not know what that means, but she seemed to think it was something very nice. I think mothers like boys; I can't understand it, but my long experience of life has taught me that. Jim is a great trial, but this is a secret which I trust only to you. He did something awful, and I will tell you of it, for I keep nothing from you. When I wrote this poetry, I lost it on a piece of paper in my room. He went in there to get a spoonful of thread out of my basket to tie the fly of his kite-tail with, and he was mean enough to read what I had written, and he wrote this under it:

"Stanzas to Miss Daisy. Take away to the same tune as the foregoing."

When I have grown to be a man,  
And out of school am free,  
Come, Daisy, sit beside me there,  
And take a voyage with me.

Come with your curls and laughing eyes,  
And I will give to thee  
A bonnie gown of calico ermine,  
And silks from 'o'er the sea."

Isn't it too bad? But boys will be boys, Aunt Eunice tells me for my comfort, and she says that the young bears get tamed after a while, and one of these days I may find Jim a comfort and convenience. I never expect to see those days. I shall fade away like a flower, but I shall always live in your memory, and your tears will fall for your loved and lost. LEONORA."

"Leonora!" said Uncle Joe, "I thought her name was Mary."

"Yes, Uncle, her real name, but we choose more beautiful names for our letters."

"What is yours, my pet?"

"Seraphina, Uncle."

"A charming letter, Daisy. I am much obliged to you for reading it to me. But I have always thought Mary a laughing, merry girl, full of fun and spirit. This letter seems rather sad, lugubrious. I should say that means a little more than sad. Is n't she healthy?"

"She never was sick in her life, only when she took the whooping cough, and then she wasn't sick like the other children."

"Then what makes her write about flowers, and graves, and early death?"

"That makes the letter more beautiful, Uncle Joe; don't you think so?"

"I rather incline to lively subjects, Daisy."

"Not in letters, not in letters of friendship, Uncle Joe; but you see you were never a little girl, and don't know about it."

"No, I suppose I was a young bear once. Do you think I am a tamed one now, Daisy?"

"Inaugural Address, p. 15.

"You never was a bear, never, Uncle Joe. You are a white elephant. I have been reading about the white elephants, and they are very rare and very noble animals, and love flowers. Do n't you wish we owned a white elephant?"

"It seems you have one already, Daisy."

"Oh, Uncle Joe, you are funny. I mean you are more like a white elephant than like a bear."

"I am afraid I cannot get you a white elephant, Daisy. I am sure I would if I could; but I am inclined to think that Peter might object to the care of one, so I think you must be satisfied with calling Uncle Joe your white elephant. But 'confidence is the bond of friendship.'"

"That is one of our writing-book copies," said Daisy.

"Yes, I wrote it when a boy in mine, and it is true; and as you have confided in me I am going to return the favor and invite you to go with me this afternoon to make my mysterious visit, as you seem to think it."

"Are you going to take me with you, Uncle Joe?"

"It is always so pleasant to go with you."

"If you will be at the corner, near the pump, at four o'clock precisely, I will meet you, and you can see where I go for a short time every day."

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle Joe. Shall I wear my school-bonnet and gingham dress?"

"Yes, Daisy; you need not change."

In the next chapter the reader shall be let into the mystery of Uncle Joe's daily call.

[Continued.]

**Free Thought.**

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AND ITS PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have, recently read the Preamble and By-Laws of the Theosophical Society, organized in the city of New York, October 30th, 1875, and the Inaugural Address of the President of said Society, Col. Henry S. Olcott, delivered at Mott Memorial Hall, in the city of New York, at the first annual meeting of the Society, November 17th, 1875; and, as a believer in Spiritualism as the sheet-anchor of man's belief in immortality, and as the destined fusing and harmonizing principle of the now conflicting elements of the religious and scientific worlds, I beg leave to make a few remarks on the above productions, through the columns of your valuable paper.

And, first, please allow me to say, in a general way, that so much assumption and pretension as are obtained within these two small documents, it has not been my fortune to meet with for many a day, in "this nineteenth century of conceit," its President Olcott characterizes it, notwithstanding that my reading, outside of my regular line of study, has been very extensive and varied. In the course of their perusal, an ominous threat of one of the witches in Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth, kept constantly obtruding itself upon my mind:

"But in a sleep I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

A certain Frenchman of an inquiring turn of mind, was sorely exercised as to what the witch was going to do: "Well, 'at vill' she do?" and every reader of an equally inquiring turn of mind must also be sorely exercised, after reading the Preamble and By-Laws of the Theosophical Society, and its President's address, as to what astounding and earth-shaking things are to be done; for there is not the least intimation given of their character or of the means to be employed, further than that "we'll do, we'll do, and we'll do."

Once I suspected that the whole thing might be an ironical hoax, and I gave said documents a second reading, to ascertain whether such a suspicion could be legitimately supported; but I finally came to the conclusion, having had, besides, the opportunity of frequent conversations, previous to its organization, with one of the leading members of the Society, that it was a bona fide movement for the dispersion of the black and ugly clouds of ignorance, error and degrading superstition that have been hanging over the human race ever since "the days when the heathenists and the last theologians of Alexandria were scattered by the murderous hand of Christianity."

Turning first to the "Preamble," we read that the founders of the Theosophical Society "hope, by going deeper than modern science has hitherto done, into the esoteric philosophies of ancient times, they may be enabled to obtain for themselves and other investigators, proof of the existence of an 'Unseen Universe,' the nature of its inhabitants; if such there be, and the laws which govern them and their relations with mankind."

Now it is hardly necessary to state that the age of "Authority" has gone by, never, it is to be hoped, to return, as it has been fruitful of untold evils to humanity. Science has trained the general mind not to accept anything on "authority"; and however deeply we may study "the esoteric philosophies of ancient times," their doctrines can be accepted only to the degree that they bear the tests of the modern processes of induction from known and established facts. Outside of such induction (whatever may be claimed for the faculty of intuition, and I myself claim a great deal for it), the scientific mind, at least, will accept nothing. If those "esoteric philosophies" tell us anything of the nature of the inhabitants of the Unseen Universe, of the laws which govern them, and of their relations with mankind, said philosophies will be required to produce and to establish such facts, as are cognizable by the human mind, and to confirm the legitimacy of the inductions leading up thereto, to the principles and laws which they set forth. The fairness of such a requisition will be admitted by all enlightened truth-seekers of the present day; by all who are acquainted with the conditions of positive knowledge.

Further on we read: "The Spiritualists, who profess to be in constant relations with the departed, are unable to agree upon a system of philosophy." This is an altogether gratuitous assertion. Spiritualists have not yet attained the establishment of a system of philosophy, and consequently, it cannot be said that they "are unable to agree." They have not tried nor cared to agree. At the same time it should, in justice, be said, that the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, disorganized as they are, involve the most beautiful philosophy that the world has ever known. There is material enough in the last ten numbers of "The Banner of Light," and I don't name these particular numbers at random, but because they possess a peculiar and transcendent value—material with at least as good a claim to authenticity as any, no doubt,

that may be found in the "esoteric philosophies of ancient times," for the establishment of the soundest philosophy of life, both as to its present and its eternal relations.

"Again we read:

"In the United States, the rebellion of the public mind against ecclesiastical authority has been comparatively more general than in the parent country, and at the present time, so inconsiderable has the influence of the Protestant Church become, that it may almost be said that the conflicts between the Romanists and the Spiritualists—the former representing the idea of ultramontaniam and intolerance; the latter that of the absolute sovereignty of the individual in the matter of belief as regards their assumed intercourse with a spirit world, and, with many, that of unbridled license in the relations of the sexes."

The italics in the above quotation are mine. It is true; indeed, that the Protestant church has become a comparatively insignificant factor in the great product which we call "the age;" and the decline of Protestantism, and the causes of that decline, have been very clearly set forth by the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, in the Address to the Protestant Clergy, with which he prefaces "The Debatable Land," pages 23-181. Every representative of this clergy should read, "not to contradict and confute, but to weigh and consider," this able and dispassionate appeal. But my present business is with the italicized portion of the above extract.

The Spiritualists, it is stated, represent the idea of the absolute sovereignty of the individual in the matter of belief as regards their assumed intercourse with a spirit-world, etc.

Now the idea of the absolute sovereignty of the individual, in all matters whatsoever, is implied in the general rejection of "authority," which is, at this day, by all enlightened investigators, mental, philosophical, and logical, claimed to be one of the indispensable conditions under which the mind can free itself from error and work toward truth. And it does not appear why mere "authority," whether in the form of alleged inspiration, of a decree of an ecclesiastical council, of a papal bull, of an occult philosopher's *ipse dixit*, or in any other form, should be a factor, even the smallest, in the investigation of spiritual things, any more than in other kinds of truth-seeking, and that without it, "intercourse with a spirit-world" would have to be "assumed." I very much suspect that when that sentence was first penned, it was without the word "assumed." On revising the rough draft, the writer said to himself, with "elementary spirits" in his mind, (and it does not matter whether this latter expression be taken literally or metaphorically,) "I'll not give the wretches credit for actual intercourse with the spirit-world—that is the exclusive prerogative of the favored few who have been initiated into the mysteries of the occult philosophy—and I'll stick in the word 'assumed.' It can easily be seen that this word doesn't come naturally into the current of the thought: it has been dropped in, manifestly by one who has just kicked aside a belief in which he had professed himself well grounded, and become an enthusiastic convert to the doctrine of elementary spirits. Such a convert, in the first gush of his enthusiasm, could not believe that common mortals could possibly have anything to do with people from the other world. Oh, no! what they in their delirium have believed to be the spirits of their dear departed, have been nothing but a set of tricky Pucks, that inhabit earth's atmosphere."

As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

I come now to consider the last clause of the above extract, which charges Spiritualists with the doctrine of "unbridled license in the relations of the sexes." Such a charge should arouse a burning indignation in the breast of every true Spiritualist. You, Mr. Editor, in common with all enlightened representatives of Spiritualism, know that it is a base and wicked lie a foul slander cast upon a cause that is doing more than any other agency of the day to bring about purity of sexual relation. It is of a piece with the charge of "intellectual whoredom," advanced by Prof. Tyndall, and which has recently been so triumphantly refuted by Mr. Epes Sargent.

I do not consider myself obliged to take into account the few who, having identified themselves with Spiritualism, have been carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare against the institutions of society. SPIRITUALISM IS IN NO WISE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT SUCH SAY AND DO, ANY MORE THAN GENUINE CHRISTIANITY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT HAS BEEN SAID AND DONE IN ITS NAME. I deem it sufficient to refer any one who is disposed to believe the charges that have been made, of "intellectual whoredom" and of "unbridled license in the relations of the sexes," to that portion of the already vast literature of Spiritualism which is regarded as best representing its doctrines; or I should be content to refer such an one merely to the numerous weekly organs of the cause that are now published in this country, and in England, France and Germany, and in other parts of the civilized world—organs that are under the necessity even of publishing much that their editors do not approve of. He could not find in them, peer he ever so closely, anything substantiating the charge of "unbridled license." If he were to turn to that paper which, of all, is, perhaps, the most free-spoken, namely, The Religio-Philosophical Journal, instead of finding any teachings that would afford the slightest support to the charge, he would find the most emphatic denunciations of the doctrine of Free Love.

Please note the beautiful consistency of the unfounded and basely slanderous charge, with the high-flown disavowal contained in the last paragraph of the Preamble:

"The Theosophical Society, disclaiming all pretension to the possession of unusual advantages, all selfish motives, all disposition to foster deception of any sort, all intent to willfully and causelessly injure any established organization, invites the fraternal cooperation of such as can realize the importance of its field of labor, and are in sympathy with the objects for which it has been organized."

In the third paragraph from the end we are informed that "the Theosophical Society has been organized in the interest of religion, science, and good morals; to aid each according to its needs."

It must have a large fund of succor stored away somewhere, if it is going to aid, according to its needs, each outside institution that is struggling after light and truth. What a consolation it ought to be to such institution, to know that whenever it comes short of its ends, it can be helped "according to its needs," on application to the Theosophical Society, notwithstanding that that Society "disclaims all pretension to the possession of unusual advantages."

In the next paragraph we are informed that "the founders being baffled in every attempt to get the desired knowledge in other quarters, turn their faces toward the Orient, whence are derived all systems of religion and philosophy."

On reading this, the words of "Truthful James" came into my mind:

"Is our civilization a failure?  
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

Turning now to the President's Inaugural Address, I must say that it exhibits an inflation of paper currency far beyond the wildest dreams of certain financiers who fancy that a plentiful supply of money can be kept up by printing greenbacks. It really seems that the promises of the occult philosophy have turned his head. The Address is nothing but words, words, words. Even if Mr. Olcott were perfectly assured that the Society is destined to do almighty things, it would be better to wait until it has something more substantial to show than prospective brags. The already, as I fear, too great length of this letter forbids me to cite specimens of the sublimity of brag with which the Address abounds. But I cannot refrain from quoting what he says in the concluding paragraph, about the Vice President's promises, and the consequences of their realization:

"Without claiming to be a theurgist, a mesmerist, or a Spiritualist, our Vice President promises, by simple chemical appliances, to exhibit to us, as he has to others before, the races of beings which, invisible to our eyes, people the elements. Think for a moment of this astounding claim! Fancy the consequences of the practical demonstration of its truth, for which Mr. Felt is now preparing the requisite apparatus! What will the church say of a whole world of beings within her territory, but without her jurisdiction? What will the academy say of this insulating proof of an unseen universe given by the most unimaginative of its sciences? What will the positivists say, who have been prating of the impossibility of there being any entity which cannot be weighed in scales, filtered through funnels, tested with litmus, or carved with a scalpel? What will the Spiritualists say, when through the column of saturated vapor fit the dreadful shapes of beings whom, in their blindness, they have in a thousand cases revered and babbled to as the returning shades of their relatives and friends? Alas! poor Spiritualists—editors and correspondents—who have made themselves jocund over my impudence and apostasy. Alas! sleek scientists, overgrown with the wind of popular applause! The day of reckoning is close at hand, and the name of the Theosophical Society will, if Mr. Felt's experiments result favorably, find its place in history as that of the body which first exhibited the 'Elementary Spirits' in this nineteenth century of conceit and infidelity, even if it be never mentioned for any other reason!"

How very droll, in the midst of all this swagger, is the conditional clause, "IF Mr. Felt's experiments result favorably!" There is, as Touchstone says, "much virtue in IF."

HIRAM CONSON.

Ithaca, N. Y., 26 December, 1875.

**WHITE MAGIC, OR OCCULTISM.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I understand that the Cabalists had a meeting Nov. 17th in Memorial Hall, on Madison Avenue in this city, which is to be continued weekly. This delving into mythological literature is a mere matter of taste. People will go into ecstacy over a landscape painting, and pass the gorgeous landscape itself unheeded. Statuary excites their unbounded enthusiasm to the exclusion of all admiration for the human form, or its varied manifestations. Creeds, and the little details of daily life monopolize the attention of many of us, while others, instead of investigating the facts, phenomena and principles of the present time, must study them in ancient records. Therefore the organization of a Theosophical Society may now be opportune. Still let us see what Lecky, in his "History of Rationalism in Europe," says of the predecessors of this Society in bygone ages:

"There existed, all through the middle ages, and even as late as the seventeenth century, the sect of the Cabalists, who were especially persecuted as magicians. It is not easy to obtain any very clear notion of their mystic doctrines, which long exercised an extraordinary fascination over many minds, and which captivated the powerful and daring intellects of Cardan, Agrippa, and Paracelsus. They seem to have comprised many traditions that had been long current among the Jews, mixed with much of the old Platonic doctrine of demons, and with a large measure of pure naturalism. With a degree of credulity which, in our age, would be deemed barely compatible with sanity, but which was then perfectly natural, was combined some singularly bold skepticism; and probably a greater amount was veiled under the form of allegories than was actually avowed. The Cabalists believed in the existence of spirits of nature, embodiments or representatives of the four elements, sylphs, salamanders, gnomes and ondines, beings of far more than human excellence, but mortal, and not unconnected by human frailty." To rise to intercourse with these elemental spirits of nature was the highest aim of the philosophers. He who would do so, must sever himself from the common course of life. He must purify his soul by fasting and celibacy, by patient and unwearying study, by deep communion with nature and her laws. He must learn, above all, to look down with contempt upon the angry quarrels of opposing creeds; to see in each religion an aspect of continuous law, a new phase and manifestation of the action of the spirits of nature upon mankind.

It was believed that it was possible for philosophers to obtain these spirits in literal marriage; and that such a union was the most passionate desire of the spirit-world. It was not only highly gratifying for both parties in this world, but greatly improved their prospects for the next. The sylph, though she lived for many centuries, was mortal, and had in herself no hope of a future life, but her human husband imparted to her his own immortality, unless he was one of the reprobate, in which case he was saved from the pangs of hell by participating in the mortality of his bride. Scarcely any one seems to have doubted the reality of these spirits, or that they were accustomed to reveal themselves to mankind; and the conversions of Auroras are said to have been attributed to the flashings of their wings. The only question was concerning their nature. According to the Cabalists, they were pure and virtuous. According to the Orthodox, they were the incubi who were spoken of by St. Augustine; and all who had commerce with them were deservedly burnt.

The history of the Cabalists, I think, furnishes a striking instance of the aberrations of a spirit of free thinking in an age which was not yet ripe for its reception. When the very opponents of the church were so completely carried away by the tide, and were engrossed with a mythological system as absurd as the wildest legends of the hagiology, it is not at all surprising that the philosophers who arose in the ranks of Orthodoxy should have been extremely credulous, and that their conceptions should have been characterized by the coarsest materialism."

It is to be hoped that the neoplatonists of revived thaumaturgy will lead lives of celibacy, fasting and purification. If they do, from our personal acquaintance with some of them we have no hesitancy in predicting that the "flashings of the wings" of the "elemental spirits" they evoke will, as in the times of their master, Paracelsus, rival if not eclipse the conversions of the Aurora Borealis. Yours, &c.,

C. O. P.

New York, 1875.

One's own home is the best, though little it may be; every man is master in his own house. Though he have but two goats, and a cottage thatched with boughs, it is better than begging.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
COMING.  
BY FANNY GREEN M'DONOUGH.

Look! the morning star is rising!  
Dawn-light warms the conscious land,  
And from the hidden glory  
Comes a period new and grand!  
Write the truth in fiery pages,  
For the history of the Ages!  
Singing songs of sweet salvation  
For the lost ones, long astray,  
Angels hail the Risen Saviour,  
As they light and clear the way;  
For the God-light of the Human  
Is incarnate now in Woman.  
All the old and worn-out world graft—  
Vice, and Ignorance, and Wrong,  
Poverty, all lax and feeble,  
Slavery weak, Oppression strong,  
Unto that deep gulf are going,  
Where Oblivion's waves are flowing.  
Even dark-souled Superstition  
Feels the piercing rays of Truth,  
And before the light of Freedom  
Quails her wing, and fades her ruth;  
Mightiest changes move the present;  
Soon the Cross will kiss the Crescent.  
Bursting from the chain of ages,  
With a grand and God-like power,  
And her eyes equal Freedom,  
Woman now reclaims her dower;  
And, while Right's firm laws unfold it,  
She is strong enough to hold it.  
See! her form is robed in glory,  
And her brow is crowned with light!  
And the new earth-sings salvation  
To her honor and her right,  
As she leads, with ripening graces,  
Nobler and diviner Races.  
Peace and Love, fair Art and Science,  
O'er the faithful Earth will reign,  
And the peerless brow of Freedom  
Will shine forth without a stain;  
For the God-light of the Human  
Is incarnate now in Woman.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Manifestations in Presence of Hand E. Lord.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
For the entertainment of your readers, and in justice to the claims of Spiritualism, which, like every faith that lays claim to the confidence of the human family, should stand only upon its well-earned merits, I desire to give you a report of a series of seances which quite a number of our Georgetown people have attended.

The medium was the gifted and beautiful spirit-medium, Miss E. Lord. During her visit she was the welcome guest of Frank De La Mar, Esq., whose house is ever open to his friends, chief among whom are the advocates of Spiritualism. The circles were what are known as dark seances, always in the evening, with the lights entirely extinguished. The number at each sitting was from eighteen to twenty-two, though sometimes she gave informal sittings, to ten of a dozen friends. The medium sat in the middle of the circle, the friends facing her, with hands all joined. At every seance hardly the lights out before the manifestations would begin. Hands large and small would touch us, put us on the cheeks, and when asked to, would give us a good slap or box on the head or shoulder. A guitar would be taken from the laps of the friends and carried up near the ceiling, which is quite high, where it would sail round and round the room, discussing music all the while; then it would descend and lightly rest upon the heads of the friends, still playing. If requested, it would settle down upon one's lap and play while lying there. A small music-box, which usually plays while the crank is turned, would also sail about overhead, playing all the while, and that without the crank. One on hands would pass a glass of water around, giving every one in the circle a sip. A small bell would dash across or around the circle, ringing furiously as it went. Watches and rings would be taken from one person by nimbly and dexterous hands and carried instantly to others who asked for them, or to whom they were sent. These and other phenomenal pastimes or sports, the spirits amused us with; but I come now to the manifestations of a more elevated and serious character.

There were moments in which the room seemed alive with the unseen visitors. I say "seem," for to most of us they were invisible, but the dearest, and two or three lucky members of the circle could see them very distinctly, their descriptions of them corresponding in every instance. One gentleman had seen of his loved ones around him at one time. Some caressed him affectionately, giving their names and talking with him, assuring him that they were not dead, but had only gone before. Another gentleman, who was very skeptical and reserved, was told by the medium that a little boy stood by him touching him, but was afraid of him. He then asked the medium the little boy's name, which she gave him. He then called the little fellow by name, and told him that it was he to jump up in his lap and kiss him. Instantly the little fellow obeyed, exclaiming, "Dear brother! dear brother!" and kissing him on the cheek. He then said, "Oh, brother, I'll go and bring mamma," after which he seemed to go straight up, a bright light following him to the ceiling. In about two minutes he returned, bringing his mother, and also his grandmother. The gentleman said, "Mother, if it is you, speak to me." And she said, "Oh, my darling boy!" and caressed him very affectionately. His grandmother laid her hands on his head and blessed him as naturally as she would have done in life. There he had his mother on one side, his grandmother on the other, and his little brother in his lap, and all talking to him and caressing him at the same time. A more affecting scene is seldom witnessed.

One young man was visited by his father and sister, who remained with him five or ten minutes, giving good advice, and promising to help him in life if he would shun bad company and lead an upright, moral life. During the entire interview his sister kept her arm around his neck, pleading with him as only a sister (or mother) can. One pretty little incident occurred which shows how our human nature is concerned in spirit-life. A gentleman who sat next to me had his legs crossed and one foot swinging up and down, when he felt a little child riding on his foot, and holding on to his pants. He was remarking it to me, when a little voice at his foot said, "I'm having a ride." The medium was on the opposite side of the circle, with her back to us, and hearing the little voice said to the gentleman, "Sir, have you a little girl in spirit-life? Her name is Maudie." "No," replied the gentleman, "I have not; that was my wife's name."

Immediately the little girl got off of his foot, and the next instant a lady and gentleman on the other side of the circle exclaimed, "Oh, here's our little Maudie!" But this did not startle them at all. Little Maudie has been in spirit life three or four years, though she often comes to see and cheer her devoted parents.

Two manifestations to myself I shall give you. They were at different seances, and I give them in the order in which they came. The guitar was moving around overhead and playing very sweetly, when it came and rested on my head. I called the attention of the medium to it, and she said to me, "Oh, sir, there is your brother, who was drowned at sea." I then asked him to put the guitar in my lap and play it, which he did, at the same time taking me by the hands. I next asked the medium if she could tell me his

name. She replied that if I would ask him he would tell me his name. I called over several names, and no reply. Finally I said, "Bloomfield?" and he struck the guitar half a dozen hard thumps, shook me cordially by the hands, and then resumed playing the guitar. He then left me. At a subsequent seance he came to me, crossed me, and whispered in my name.

I should here state, for the benefit of the skeptical, that the first manifestation to myself occurred but a few minutes after I was ushered into the presence of the medium with twenty other persons, and before any of the company had been introduced to her. The loss of my brother at sea occurred more than twenty years ago, and none of my friends present, much less the medium, knew anything about it. The second manifestation to myself was at the last seance. I felt gentle hands resting in mine, and I asked the medium who it was. She turned toward me, and observed that there was a tall lady leaning over me, very much emaciated, and regarding me very tenderly; that if I would ask her she would kiss me. I asked her to kiss me, and instantly a kiss was imprinted on my forehead. A few more affectionate caresses, and she was gone. The seance was short, and not so satisfactory, because the medium's attention was being called to several other manifestations at the same time. As I have before observed, there were moments when the room was luminous with the strange visitors who gathered about us.

At one time a master hand took the guitar, tuned it for a while with great care, and then played the army march, long-roll, tattoo, taps, bugle-calls, with the booming of artillery all the while. I have heard some of the finest guitar-players in the world, but never anything to compare with that. There were no players in the circle, and hardly any one who could tune the instrument. After the music, the performer made himself known to a friend in the circle who knew him when he died in the army during the war.

In all of the seances I have been describing—and there were eight or nine—there was but one child, and that was a boy of ten or twelve years of age, and he sat in the circle. Except on one or two occasions there were no persons outside the circle, and the doors were securely fastened and knives stuck into them, so as to show that no one had entered the room after the seance commenced.

I might multiply ten times over the number of manifestations I have described, without giving more than a small proportion of those witnessed during the series of seances. At times, several voices would be speaking at once, some giving utterance to most beautiful thoughts relating to spirit life, while others would make some droll or witty remark to keep every one present in a good humor.

Mrs. Lord made many warm friends during her short stay with us, and whenever she chooses to repeat her visit, a hearty welcome awaits her. The poor of Georgetown, especially, have cause to remember her and to bless her for acts of kindness that speak louder than words. Several times she took long walks through the snow to look up the sick and destitute, to relieve their wants. Though her circles were crowded nightly, and that by persons who paid liberally for the privilege, I doubt if she took out of the town much more than enough to pay her expenses. She is a lady of noble and generous impulses, with a kind word to every one she meets and for every one she speaks of. That she may live long to bless those who are seeking light on the Summer Land, where we must all soon meet, is the wish of a very true friend.

J. M. B.  
Georgetown, Col., Nov. 21, 1875.

### Experiences at Havana, N. Y., with the De-materializing Medium, Mrs. Markee.

On the evenings of the 7th and 9th of November, in company with a few friends, we had the pleasure of attending two strictly test seances, given to R. R. Lear of New York City, a personal friend of Col. Olcott's. Mr. Lear had put the cabinet in satisfactory condition, by tacking and sealing several strips of tape across the floor of the cabinet, and extending it up the sides of the walls nearly to the ceiling, so by no possible means could the various paraphernalia worn by the spirits have been secreted. After the president spirit had seated us, each by raps, and Mrs. Markee had described many spirits standing near and several of us were touched, the light was called for, and Mr. Lear prepared the tests by putting on a Coates' thread, eight strands each, through the finer threads a lady had put through Mrs. Markee's ears, and it was arranged exactly as it had been for Col. Olcott. He sealed the threads to the back of the chair, brought the ends down and twisted them about different rounds of the chair, then brought the threads up along the wall, sealing them every few inches, and finally sealed the two ends outside the door.

The cabinet door being closed, and the medium perfectly secure, very soon large hands were seen at the aperture, a deep voice in the cabinet spoke, giving directions in regard to singing, light, &c. The company observed the rules given (as everything must have conditions). Then through the door the harmless phantoms on their errands glided, with feet that make no sound upon the floor. "Katie," arrayed in white, stood before us awhile, and then she placed her hands on the shoulders of Mr. Lear, and again, and again, gliding up to Mr. Lear placed her hands on his head, then seating herself upon a lady's lap, requested Mr. L. to enter the cabinet, which he did, and returning soon, reported that no medium was to be found in the chair or the cabinet. Katie then reentered the cabinet, diminishing in size as she went. Soon my father's "spirit wife" stepped out of the cabinet, and stood where all could see her, dressed most beautifully in white, but quite unlike "Katie," she being half a head taller. My father was then in the room adjoining, confined to his bed, and sweet words of comfort and love gave me to convey to him; also advice about taking him to his home in Auburn. After I had thanked her kindly she reentered the cabinet.

Then a boy, Melville Allen, stepped out quickly, and gave messages of love to his dear mother, desiring her to visit this place, so he could show himself to her. He said that he could show himself to her. Several other spirit-friends of those present materialized; in all seven or eight forms were seen, and nearly all recognized by some one in the circle. Finally the "stalwart Indian, Seneca," walked out, putting his great, brawny hands upon the heads of several in the company; then, taking his position near the cabinet door, talked and joked with us half an hour. He gave the "Indian peace whoop," also the war whoop, striking the wall apparently so it resounded through the room. He stated that the concussion is caused by "will power," and not by a real blow upon the wall. A very loud rap announced the seance closed.

The moment the light was turned up, Mr. L. hastened into the cabinet, but, finding Mrs. Markee in such a lifeless condition, he made haste and cut the strings. He found everything—scales, tacks, and all—intact. He then removed Mrs. M., chair and all, into the seance room, and placed her in a comfortable condition; her face, hands and arms were cold, and her forehead was covered with great drops of damp, seemingly the clammy sweat of death. She was a terrible sight to look upon. But, with "Starlight's" control, after a length of time, she was restored to her normal condition. It was, indeed, perfectly satisfactory to all present, and a great test of spirit-power.

On Tuesday evening, the 9th, a larger company assembled, and Mrs. Markee was put into a bag, strongly sewed, tied closely about the neck, and Mr. Lear's private seal on the fastening of the string, tacked and sealed to the floor. On account of the very weak condition of the medium, the manifestations were not so powerful, nor nearly so many spirits materialized, as on the previous evening, but the spirit forms were seen by mortal eyes. A pair of spirit hands were seen at the aperture; one spirit form moved among us. When the seance closed the medium was found in the same cold, lifeless condition, tied, sealed and fastened to the floor, just as placed in cabinet, proving the utter impossibility of collusion or deception, an irrefragable evidence of Mrs. Markee's phase of mediumship.

M. A. C.  
Auburn, N. Y.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Vermont.

TUNBIDGE.—A friend writes: It is a shame that so many well-to-do Spiritualists neglect to patronize the Banner of Light. There are men of this description here. The Banner is truly a spiritual light in the world. Spiritualism goes on conquering and to conquer with an invincible power. Abstractly considered it does indeed embody the Harmonical Philosophy. Spiritualism is the only weapon with which to combat the incarnated Materialism of our day. Were Spiritualism to be silenced by argument, what there is of genuine Christian faith would go with it. What a ludicrous figure is cut by a modern clergyman in endeavoring to enforce a belief in Bible miracles, so called, when Modern Spiritualism parades most of them, and vehemently declaiming against the latter. Vermont has not a greener spiritualist oasis than Glover. There is no town which for the last few years has sustained so much mediumistic speaking as Glover has. In spite of all the evils in the world a better day is dawning; but as the old heavens and the old earth are theologically passing away, what a crashing there is! You can hardly copy how Mrs. Conant's department in the Banner is missed. I am glad to feel assured that some one is soon to fill her place.

BARTONSVILLE.—Dr. H. P. Fairfield writes under date of Dec. 25th: "This place is all spirit in spiritual things. About seven years ago a few earnest men and women set themselves to work with money and muscle to build a church for spiritual use, and organized a society with proper officers. Since that happy time the society has prospered, and held its meetings regularly. Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley being its home talent speaker and business agent much of the time, although the society has had a variety of our best speakers from abroad. Life and activity, with love, truth and wisdom, these overcome all obstacles, even the hard times of the present day. The Ladies' Aid Society is also in a working condition here, which helps to move the people in the right direction. Sarah A. Wiley, President, Elvira Dorand, Secretary, Lucy A. Emery, Treasurer. This society had a grand festival while I was lecturing for them the past month, from which they received considerable money, paying me well for my services, and sending Mrs. Fairfield two splendid loaves of cake and other tokens of regard."

### Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, 77 Prospect street, writes, Dec. 20th, 1875, as follows: "I still live," and am striving to serve my kind, according to the gospel taught me by angels in the years gone by, and though I am drifted by the eternal waves of circumstance more into private life than formerly, I do not fold my hands lightly, nor do I forget God's suffering ones all over our distracted country. I know that the upheavals of the present hour are prophecies of a coming improved condition of the races, and while the means of civilized souls go up to the angels, they are growing into larger proportions among men and women. "Over our slain selves we mount to higher altitudes." We who have pioneered the truths of Spiritualism and Liberalism, have learned by experience some of the richest lessons of soul growth, and, hard as they have labored, and as much as they have suffered, I do not think one of the thinking ones would change their lives, if they could, "the breadth of a hair to either side." To build a character for heaven, at the expense of a reputation among men, is the work of the true reformer, and they who esteem the bubble reputation of more consequence than a solid character have never been baptized by God's divinest angels. To be true to God in our own souls, as Henry C. Wright used to say, is the noblest work of human beings. How can such truthfulness be had by us? And here let me quote a definition of pride which suits me: "The naughty consciousness of great truthfulness, that makes the spirit faithful unto death, and martyrdom itself a little thing." When all human beings are possessed of this quality of pride, there will not be as much suffering as at present from the treachery and falsehoods of so many. Let us be true.

### Virginia.

RICHMOND.—Geo. W. Swan writes: After reading in the Banner of Oct. 9th a letter from this city, giving a brief account of the physical manifestations through the mediumship of a young lady, (Miss Sallie Richardson), a party of us visited her seances, and our experiences justify the belief that she will attain to the degree of mediumistic development that she has reached. There is great change in this city in regard to Spiritualism. When I first began to hold public seances at my house, Alice M. Swan being the medium, we were called "crazy impostors," "humbugs," &c. But now, all over the city, spiritual seances are being held, and it is considered reputable to attend them for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy. Never having charged an admission fee, our enemies could not get hold of us legally. We continue our circles as usual, and many an anxious seeker after truth finds what he so much desires, confirmation of the truth of spirit communion. W. D. Belvin, doing business in Washington, D. C., is a physical medium whom the spirits unite in a fully lighted room. Hope our friends will hunt him up, and witness this new phase of mediumship. Chas. H. Foster, the test medium, and Mrs. Blair, the spirit raps, ought to have visited this city, as they would have found that the work had been done much to awaken and enlighten the public mind on Spiritualism.

### New York.

CANANDAIGUA, ONTARIO CO.—C. L. Bottom writes: There are but two families that are Spiritualists in this place; but if some good, reliable mediums for tests would come this way they would be well sustained, and their expenses would cost nothing while here, as the latch-string hangs out at our house. And if I am not mistaken there are those living here, and within the pale of the churches too, that are waiting for an opportunity to communicate with their departed friends. There are a good many liberal minds in this place; though it is called a conservative town by many. I think that the subscription list to the Banner might be increased to some extent if the people could obtain some tests. Any test mediums coming this way can drop me a postal card, saying on what day and train they will arrive, and I will be at the depot and convey them to our house, and return them to the depot again when they leave.

### Nevada.

EUREKA.—C. B. Bidwell writes, Dec. 21st: Our cause still lives up here in the mountains; we hope to welcome some of our speakers and test mediums this winter, especially Charles H. Foster, who we hope will call as he goes to California. We are eighty-five miles south of Paradise station, on the E. & N. P. R. R. If he Foster, or any of our laborers will write me a line, it will give me pleasure to do anything I can to our house, and return them to the depot again when they leave.

### What a Subscriber Thinks of the Banner of Light.

There are many features of your paper, Mr. Editor, that I like very much—its liberality toward those who do not think exactly as you think, and its independence. Once in a while I notice a rather savage thrust at the "Orthodox." This is of course human, but perhaps it would be better to "convert" them by gentler means. "Live and let live." Your paper is worth the price of subscription on account of Mrs. Britten's contributions alone. There are so many good things besides that it is a very welcome guest each week.

B.

## LIST OF LECTURERS.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person not a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.)

- REV. WILLIAM ALGER, trance and inspirational lecturer, 100 William street, New York City.  
J. MADISON ALLEN, Medford, Mass.  
MRS. A. AMPHLETT, inspirational, 27 North Halsted street, Chicago, Ill.  
MRS. S. R. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.  
C. FANNIE ALLEN, Stoughton, Mass.  
S. J. B. BARNES, Westchester, N. Y.  
MRS. M. A. ADAMS, trance speaker, Rathbone, N. Y.  
MRS. EMMA HARRINGTON BUTLER, 24 West 34th street, New York City.  
REV. J. O. BARRETT, Glen Rock, N. Y.  
REV. JOHN R. BEACH, Brookline, N. Y.  
MRS. J. C. BEECHER, Westchester Heights, Mass.  
MRS. NELLIE J. C. BIRCHMAN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.  
MRS. R. W. SCOTT BIRCHMAN, West Whimble, Herkimer, N. Y.  
MRS. ARMY N. BURNHAM, Station F, 33 Third Avenue, New York City.  
MRS. F. E. BURNHAM will speak in Washington, D. C., during January. Present address, Burlington, Vermont.  
REV. DR. BARNARD, Battle Creek, Mich.  
B. H. BARNARD, Versailles, California, Cal., N. Y.  
MRS. E. F. BOOTH, Medford, N. H.  
MRS. J. C. BOWEN, 100 West 10th street, Fairfield, Me.  
CAPT. H. B. BROWN, lecturer for the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists. Will attend weddings and funerals, and give readings of the past, and all other things, Nevada, story, &c., Iowa.  
MRS. L. BURN, inspirational, box 75, Southport, Ct.  
DR. JAS. R. BULLY, 100 West 10th street, New York City.  
MRS. H. M. BROWN, National City, San Diego Co., Cal.  
PROF. S. B. BURNETT, Newark, N. J.  
WILLIAM BURNETT, 100 West 10th street, New York City.  
W. S. BELL, No. 55 Foster street, New Bedford, Mass., will lecture on the following subjects: 1. Evolution, new theories of life, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 2. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 3. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 4. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 5. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 6. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 7. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 8. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 9. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 10. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 11. The human mind, and the relation of the human mind to the physical world. 12. 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Reporting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (written or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the wild shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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## A Superior Test of the Fact of Spirit-Photography.

On Christmas day, 1875, a very remarkable and satisfactory test of the reality of spirit photography was given in Cincinnati. Before we proceed to the narration of it, we will remark that though it is true that sham pictures, with difficulty distinguishable from genuine spirit-photographs, can be manufactured; yet it is easy to apply tests or arrange conditions so as to prevent imposition. The following, as some of the more obvious tests, are suggested by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace in his admirable "Defence of Spiritualism."

1. If a person with a knowledge of photography takes his own glass plates, examines the camera used and all the accessories, and watches the whole process of taking a picture, then, if any definite form appears on the negative besides the sitter, it is a proof that some object was present capable of reflecting or emitting the actinic rays, although invisible to those present.

2. If an unmistakable likeness appears of a deceased person totally unknown to the photographer. 3. If figures appear on the negative having a definite relation to the figure of the sitter, who chooses his own position, attitude and accompaniments, it is a proof that invisible figures were really there. 4. If a figure appears draped in white, and partly behind the dark body of the sitter, without in the least showing through, it is a proof that the white figure was at the same time, because the dark parts of the negative are transparent, and any white picture in any way superposed would show through.

5. Even should none of these tests be applied, yet if a medium, quite independent of the photographer, sees and describes a figure during the sitting and an exactly corresponding figure appears on the plate, it is a proof that such a figure was there.

Every one of these tests, Mr. Wallace tells us, has been successfully applied in England. It will be seen, from the narrative we are about to give, that tests still more conclusive, under conditions more convincing than any heretofore known, have now been applied in this country, and that spirit-photography has come out triumphant from the ordeal.

For some months we have been having accounts of Mr. Jay J. Hartman as a spirit-medium, having his studio in Cincinnati. While in Cincinnati some months ago, Mr. A. E. Giles, of Hyde Park, Mass., obtained through Mr. Hartman recognizable pictures of his deceased children. The conditions were such as to exclude all possibility of fraud, Mr. G. being a perfect stranger to the photographer.

Like every noted medium, however, Mr. Hartman has been charged with fraud and imposture, with what truth the following facts may help to show. Lately one of the Cincinnati papers gave three columns of arguments and assertions to prove that the whole subject of spirit-photography is an absurdity, and Hartman a vulgar humbug. On the contrary, many persons had had striking and sufficient proofs of the genuineness of his mediumship; some having got likenesses of deceased friends under circumstances which precluded the theory of trick.

During the week ending Dec. 18th, 1875, Mr. Hartman, to settle the controversy both in regard to spirit-photography and to his own powers as a medium for it, took a very bold and decided step—such a step as few mediums have had the courage and the faith to venture on. He published a card announcing that on Saturday morning, Dec. 25th, he would submit to a free public investigation of the process of getting a spirit-photograph; photographers in particular being invited to be present on the occasion. He declared that he would place all the arrangements in the hands of those taking part in the investigation, they to choose the room where the trial was to be held, bring their own marked plates, furnish their own camera, chemicals, &c.; in fact, everything, he simply asking to manipulate the plates in the presence of practical photographers, to show that he used no fraud or trickery. Even this privilege, in the last and crucial trial, as will be seen, he abandoned, and did not even handle the plate at all.

The following particulars are from a communication in the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer (a journal by no means friendly to Spiritualism) of Dec. 26th. It is signed R. E. H., and is probably from the pen of Mr. Benj. E. Hopkins, one of the sixteen witnesses who sign the certificate, describing the result. We here quote the pertinent portion of the communication:

Christmas morning came bright and cheerful, and found sixteen gentlemen, five of them practical photographers of this city, assembled at his room. Putting the question to vote, it was decided to adjourn to the photograph gallery of Mr. V. Cutter, No. 28 West Fourth street. Mr. Cutter being an expert in detecting the "spirit picture trickery," and as Mr. Hartman had never been in his gallery, he would be at the double

disadvantage of being in a strange room, surrounded by strong skeptics and practical men quick to detect fraud.

Mr. Hartman cheerfully accepted, exacting but on one condition, that there should be no arguments, jesting, or unbecoming conduct, in speech or action, liable to produce discord, and disturb the harmony and quiet necessary to insure results. As the offer was made by Mr. Hartman in a perfectly fair and gentlemanly manner, it was accepted in a like good spirit, and the party adjourned to Mr. Vincent Cutter's rooms. Entering the operating room, the party were requested to seat themselves on each side of the camera and John hands. Mr. Hartman then desired to be searched and blindfolded, but the photographers waived this point as being unnecessary.

Mr. Hartman then chose Mr. F. T. Moreland to represent him, and see that everything was done fairly. Then, selecting Mr. C. H. Murhman, a practical photographer, and strong skeptic, the three entered the dark room, Mr. Murhman furnishing his own plates. The plates prepared, they approached the camera, Mr. Murhman carrying the plate, and then sitting for a "picture." Amid breathless silence the plate was exposed and carried back to the dark room, Mr. Hartman following. Soon came the cry, "No result." Skeptics somewhat jubilant.

Another plate was ordered, Mr. Murhman again following Hartman through. No result. Unbeliever after par, and rising rapidly, Mr. Cutter, the proprietor of the gallery, a strong skeptic, and probably the last expert in the city, was now chosen to go through the workings. Hartman seemed downcast, and declining to enter the dark room, stood at the camera, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation or prayer. His friend Moreland and Mr. Cutter entered the dark room alone, Mr. Cutter preparing the plate. Coming out to the camera, and giving Hartman the "holder," he seemed so much abstracted as to be scarcely able to place it in position. Calling to two gentlemen to place their hands on the camera with him, the third plate was exposed, with no result.

A faint look gloomy, indeed, for poor Hartman and his friends. But he directed Mr. Cutter to prepare another plate, and dropped into a deeper state of abstraction than ever. Mr. Murhman sat close beside Hartman and the camera, closely watching every movement, as he is well calculated to do, from his long experience in detecting "professional mediums." Mr. Cutter having finished the preparation of the plate in the dark room, in the presence of Mr. Moreland, brought the fourth plate, in the "holder," and handed it to Mr. Hartman. Selecting Dr. Morrow as the "sitter," and a third person to place hands upon the camera, the plate was again exposed amid intense, breathless silence. Hartman visibly trembled, and seemed to be engaged in deep, silent invocation. The hands of the persons resting on the camera likewise visibly trembled, showing the presence of some occult power. Finally, Hartman ended the painful suspense by covering the camera when Mr. Cutter took the plate, and, accompanied by Mr. Moreland, retired to the dark room to develop it. Leaving Hartman standing at the camera with great beads of perspiration studding his brow, while the assembly looked like "grave and reverend seigniors," awaiting a verdict that was to blast the fond hopes of the Spiritualist—and prove indeed that "life was but an empty dream."

But quickly came the joyful exclamation from Moreland, and the astounding cry from Mr. Cutter—a result! A ripple of quiet joy ran over Hartman's countenance, while his friends, scarcely believing the good news possible, crowded with the skeptics and unbelievers, who doubted the evidence of their own senses, around Mr. Cutter, who held the glass-plate up to the light, and there, sure enough, impinging on the head of Dr. Morrow, was the clearly defined face of a young lady, even clearer and more distinct than his own. Every one was astonished at this unexpected result. Murhman looked at Cutter and Cutter looked at Murhman in blank amazement, declaring that he did not do it, as it was one of his own plates, and he knew there was nothing on it when it went into the camera. There was the picture! Hartman had never touched the plate, or entered the dark chamber during its manipulation! How it got there he did not know; there it was!

While skeptic and Spiritualist were equally astounded, the best of feeling prevailed, and, to the credit of all be it said, not a harsh, ungentlemanly word was dropped by any one during that great and conclusive trial. Conclusive, in that, while Messrs. Cutter, Murhman & Co. do not admit the "spiritual" origin of the face, and out of "through all the various workings, in and out of the dark room, and have been unable to discover any sign of fraud or trickery" on the part of Mr. Jay J. Hartman. And we further certify that during the last sitting, when the "result" was obtained, Mr. Jay J. Hartman did not handle the plate nor enter the dark room at any time.

"J. Slater, C. H. Murhman, V. Cutter, J. P. Weekman, F. T. Moreland, T. Temple (all practical photographers), E. Saunders, Wm. Warrington, Joseph Kinsey, Benjamin E. Hopkins, J. E. Hopkins, G. A. Carnahan, Wm. Sullivan, James P. Goppert, D. V. Morrow, M. D., and Robert Leslie."

Mr. Murhman denounced to the first part of the certificate, not that he had discovered fraud, but that he was not in the dark room when the result was obtained, but cheerfully signed as to the last clause, and with the balance exclaims, "There's the fact, who can explain it?" B. E. H.

One important consideration in this remarkable narrative is that of the evidence it affords of good faith on the part of Mr. Hartman, the medium. He not only called upon the skeptical photographers present to search his person; but he offered to be blindfolded; both which propositions they waived as unnecessary. When the fourth and successful trial came, "Mr. Jay J. Hartman," say the sixteen witnesses, "did not handle the plate, nor enter the dark room at any time."

What could be more conclusive as to Mr. Hartman's exemption from all suspicion of trick of any sort? Those who are resolved that the fact shall not be, will now have to fall back on the theory that the skeptical photographers, Mr. Cutter, Mr. Murhman, and the rest, were themselves tricksters and liars; and that the whole investigation was bogus, got up by six respectable and well-known photographers of Cincinnati to free Mr. Hartman from the suspicions of fraud which these same brother photographers had helped to fix upon him by their incredulity! There is no explanation too absurd for unbelievers to resort to; and that this will be one of the many solutions of the marvel, there is every probability.

Another feature of this remarkable investigation is in the evidence of great mental concentration, a lofty faith and confidence, and a state receptive of influence from assisting spirits, which Mr. Hartman manifested in his demeanor, throughout the trial. Of course all this may have been simulated; but taken in connection with the result, it would seem that it was all genuine; and herein Mr. Hartman has taught a lesson to

other mediums. We believe they might often give tests as triumphant as his, if they would only have his faith, his spiritual reliance, courage and determination. It is the cowardice, inertness or insensibility of the medium, which often makes him reluctant to yield to tests demanded by honest investigators. The spirit is often willing when the mortal flesh is weak. Mr. Hartman has shown what may be effected through the exercise of high courage and real inspiration. He threw down the gauntlet, summoned all his courage and faith, placed himself in the right attitude of mind and heart, and left the rest to the spirits themselves.

The result, if truthfully recorded, is one that will long be looked back upon as a most convincing proof of the reality of spirit-photography; and we hope that Mr. Hartman will keep the vantage ground he has won; that he will realize the importance of his high calling, and, repudiating every temptation to fraud, every mercenary inducement that may lure him to swerve from the path of perfect rectitude in the exercise of his noble gift, will devote himself to the scientific establishment of the great truth which he did so much to make credible on Christmas day. If he will do this, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has conferred such a benefit on his fellow-men, as must give him in the retrospect a joy far above that which any earthly riches could confer.

## The Year.

Of the business of the past year we have nothing to say, as it does not fall within our line of comment. But in the field in which we have been set to work we may be allowed to express our views and reviews with all decorous freedom. Not, however, that we desire to speak of any part of the spiritual record of 1875 in a critical, but only in an appreciative and truly grateful spirit. Who is there that can look back in silent thought over the twelvemonth now gone, and say in sincerity that he feels his faith in progress and emboldened for the human race at all dimmed or blunted? Spiritualism has everywhere continued to make satisfactory manifestations of its presence and power. Its influence has been recognized where it had been resisted before, and we have seen it acknowledged as a welcome guest in communities and even in churches, from which it had formerly been threatened with violence whenever it should dare to enter.

The year 1875 has in a great variety of ways produced signal proof of the active spread of our common belief in the great fact of spirit-communication. It is that fact, simple as its statement may seem, that divides believers from unbelievers now. The modern Christian is coming more and more every day to be ashamed, absolutely ashamed, to refuse his credence to what absorbed the faith and elevated the life of the Christian of primitive times. To confess himself less near to heaven now, after these centuries of disciplinary experience, than the Christians of old felt and believed themselves, is something not easily done by the heart of the professing believer, whatever may be said of his lips. So spirit-communication is fast working itself as an accepted truth into the ranks that compose the churches, with an influence consequent upon it which modern pastors find it impossible to resist.

Both abroad and at home the good work goes on. In England its spread is to be especially remarked, the societies which have been organized for the investigation and study of Spiritualism having accomplished tangible things in the last year. The savants and scientists who have received the faith have not been moved from their position, but strengthened, rather. The distinguished names that adorn the rolls of Spiritualists have not been thinned, as in some former years, by translation to other spheres, but the ranks continue as compact and firm as ever. Among the great workers for the cause, however, none was more widely known than Mrs. Copant, who has been summoned during the year to the other side. There she continues the loved service for which an exhausted physical system no longer qualified her here, employing her powers still as a medium for the blessing and benefit of unnumbered spirits on the other shore.

Spiritual literature, of the higher and more enduring character especially, may be said to have taken a firmer hold on the public mind than in many previous years. The popular disposition to make it a serious study, instead of being satisfied with a look of curiosity into it, is decidedly on the increase; and the steady sale of the more valuable products of advanced minds, themselves acted directly upon by the invisible agencies, is a convincing proof of a spread of faith as well as of interest. The bigots in this country are of course not less active than they ever have been, and perhaps even more desperate; but the silent growth of liberal opinion is too much for the violence of their methods, and overpowers them as surely as the sun conquers the north wind. Every prospect lends cause for fresh encouragement, and to induce us to give ourselves unreservedly to those who would have us do the work which so sadly needs to be done upon the human race. Let union and charity be our watchwords, and let no obstacles turn us from the path we have chosen.

## Defend the Truth.

The Boston Sunday Herald of Jan. 2d, says: "A highly intelligent materialist and disciple of Tyndall writes as follows: 'I've read Sargent's caustic reply to Professor Tyndall, and must admit, the great physicist, I am free to own that he is hoist with his own petard. Facts are such stubborn things!'"

Coming from an anti-Spiritualist this is strong testimony to the value of Mr. Sargent's Reply to Tyndall as a document for circulation. We hope our readers will help us to distribute it broadcast. It is doing a good work. Tyndall's attack was as brutal as it was disingenuous, but it has furnished a text which Mr. Sargent has availed himself to show to the world the present actual status of Spiritualism. He proves that there is every reason for confidence and encouragement, and that science will soon have to come to terms with this great fact of the age. Every reader probably knows of some one who would be enlightened and benefited by the reading of this Reply. For six cents, we send a single copy by mail; for eleven cents two copies. He who sends only one copy will be contributing his mite to the vindication of Spiritualism.

Mrs. DR. ABIE E. CUTTER.—We have seen a statement, with many names attached, endorsing this lady as an excellent medical clairvoyant. Her address is Boston, Mass.

No. 8 of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's regular series for the Banner of Light will appear week after next.

## Pardon for M. Leymarie!

We are happy to note that efforts are making to obtain from President MacMahon a pardon for this worthy man, in the event of his being condemned by the Court of Cassation, which cannot deal with flaws in evidence—it recognizing only errors in methods of procedure. The Spiritualist newspaper, 34 Great Russell street, London, W. C., is taking active steps toward the circulation of a memorial in his behalf for signatures in Great Britain, and in the following words in its issue for Dec. 17th intimates that an effort is to be made to gain the aid of the friends in America and elsewhere:

"We shall send the memorial to Messrs. Colby & Rich, of the Banner of Light newspaper, Boston, U. S., asking them to invite American Spiritualists to sign it; the same request will also be made to the Spiritualists of Belgium and Austria."

Upon the arrival of the instrument at our office we shall at once notify the public, and we hope the Spiritualists of this country will roll up a petition for the liberation of M. Leymarie which shall open the eyes of the President of France to the magnitude attained by this cause in lands other than his own, and open his heart to mercy for the victim of an outrageous combination which has sought under cover of the law to blot the fair fame of the nineteenth century with a martyrdom akin to the ecclesiastical murders of the past.

## Mold Circle for the Poor.

Mrs. MARY M. HARDY will give a seance for the pecuniary benefit of our POOR FUND, at the BANNER OF LIGHT FREE CIRCLE ROOM, on the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 11, at three o'clock. The price of tickets is fixed at fifty cents.

The phenomena to be expected at the seance find outline in the heading of this article, and will consist in the obtaining of paraffine molds of spirit-hands (or an attempt to so obtain) by the new development with which this well-known medium has been gifted. She donates her services, and it is to be hoped that her generous conduct may be imitated by the people generally, so that the hall may be filled on the day mentioned. The object is certainly worthy of the attention of Spiritualists and Liberals in Boston and vicinity, in that many of those who are in receipt of assistance from the Banner of Light Poor Fund are of a class who are effectually deterred by their belief from those charities which are intimately connected with the church system of benevolence. Friends, let there be a large attendance on this occasion.

## The People's Lectures at Paine Hall, Boston.

On our eighth page will be found a synoptical report of the able discourse pronounced by Prof. R. G. Eccles at Paine Hall, Boston, last Sunday afternoon. Spiritualist and Liberal societies in the East will do well to remember the fact that this distinguished Western scholar is in their section, and avail themselves of his services, which are equally valuable whether he acts as a revealer of scientific lore, or an expounder of the problems of the life to be. He can be addressed care Banner of Light, Boston.

Prof. Eccles will be succeeded by J. Frank Baxter, the sweet singer and reliable test medium, who will speak for two Sundays—January 16th and 23rd—and illustrate his lectures with evidences of the powers with which he is gifted.

Col. H. S. Oleott will occupy the platform at this hall for Sunday afternoon and evening, January 30th, one of his subjects being "Eastern Magic and Western Spiritualism." This course, under management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, is making its mark as a decided success.

## Dr. J. R. Newton, the Healer.

Is still hard at work in San Francisco, Cal. It is reported that he has even increased success in curing the sick by means of magnetized letters—testimony to which is daily being received by him in the shape of thankful words—like the subdued— from his patients. The Doctor also treats the suffering in public, and finds remarkable results following his ministrations. He expects to visit New York at the coming of spring. Parties desiring to know more concerning his system of curing patients at a distance, can address him as above:

Dr. J. R. Newton: My Dear Sir—I write to thank you for your magnetized letter. I read it several times, as you wrote me to do, and the third day my voice was restored as good as it ever was, and has remained so ever since. I was speechless over a year. May God bless and reward you, and preserve your life many years to bless humanity. Your grateful friend,  
ALICE TAYLOR.

162 S. 2nd St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

The sixth page of the present issue contains messages delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. Danksin of Baltimore, also a few which were spoken at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Room. Under the first head will be found words from Henry Wilson counseling reform in the concerns of the political arena, William Keese, and an anonymous intelligence, both of whom treat of the wonderful fact of spirit return; Rev. Dr. Paine of Washington, D. C., who assures his family that "though dead to earth I live in spirit"; Charles Teedham, of Chicago, Ill., who expresses his desire to bring his murderers to justice; and Margaret Moore, of Baltimore, who identifies herself. Under the second heading the following spirits seek the recognition of their friends: Nellie G. Simons, of Providence, R. I.; Robert Dinsmore, of Richmond, Va.; Nettie Leavitt, of Bangor, Me.; Emery Follett, of Memphis, Tenn.; and Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, of Cleveland, O.

A message will also be found on the same page from "Nancy," a spirit, to her friend, N. C. Folger, of New Orleans, La.

The Mahoning Valley Vindicator, Youngstown, O., for Dec. 24th, speaks highly of a visit paid to that place, at the Tod House, by Charles H. Foster, saying among other things: "If you are disposed to be candid, and willing to see and know what is going on in the world, as far as your mind is capable of understanding, after a sitting with Foster you must admit you have seen astonishing revelations, or wonderful things unaccounted for by philosophy or science, and which send you aloft upon a sea of speculation and amazement."

Geo. F. Gray, writing from Chicago, Ill., speaks highly of the mediumistic gifts for healing, tests, etc.; possessed and exercised by Drs. Cyrus Lord and H. Thomas Lee, of that city.

The Truth Seeker, edited with so much ability by D. M. Bennett at 335 Broadway, New York City, commences its third volume and the New Year as a weekly newspaper.

## Satisfactory Seances for Paraffine Molds.

Of spirit-forms were held by Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 2d, at Rochester Hall, Boston, and on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 4th, at her home, 4 Concord Square. At the first named-sitting a good audience assembled, and as fruits of the effort molds of a face and a hand were obtained—the face being supposed to be that of a male, while the hand was evidently that of a female. The committee chosen by the audience to superintend the seance was composed almost entirely of skeptics, but the result reached was not gainsaid.

The second seance occurred, as above stated, in presence of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Miss Lizzie Doten, Prof. R. G. Eccles, Mr. Morse (the Boston artist and sculptor), and John W. Day, our reporter. On this occasion, beside raps, the exhibition of hands from beneath the table, the ringing of bells, and the other phenomena so often occurring at her seances, the company were favored with the production of a delicate mold of a female hand, which the invisible intelligences claimed to be that of Achsa W. Sprague.

Mrs. Hardy will hold a mold seance for the public at her residence in Boston, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 9th, and will probably start for Baltimore, Md., Jan. 14th.

## "Soul and Body."

Those who desire to peruse a really good and useful book should purchase a copy of this sterling exposition of the spiritual science of health and disease, which Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, will issue from their press Jan. 10th.

W. F. EVANS, its author, has in this his latest volume outdone his previous productions, "Mental Cure," "Mental Medicine," etc. Truly it is "a work worthy of this century year of our national history," and one worthy, too, of being spread broadcast over the land—which we hope will be its lot, for it is calculated to do good wherever read and understood.

## Spirit-Photography.

The Cincinnati, O., papers have of late been severely disturbed by the alleged appearance in that city of instances of spirit-photography, occurring in presence of Jay J. Hartman. Of course the advocates of conservatism, both editorially and by correspondence, have hastened to air to the fullest extent their knowledge (?) of the impossibility of photographing that which cannot be seen. One of these Solons gets a severe scolding at the hands of W. H. Mumler, of Boston, in a letter which we shall print next week.

## The American Spiritual Magazine.

Issued by Samuel Watson, at Memphis, Tenn., has assured the world of liberal readers of its success as an enterprise by coming out for 1876 with a new dress as to typography, and an increase of size—the subscription price being only nominally advanced. Its contents for January are spicy and valuable. We wish Bro. Watson the fullest measure of both mental and pecuniary remuneration for his resolute attempt to do pioneer work in the Southern portion of the vineyard.

## The New Society in Chicago.

Giles B. Stebbins has recently had excellent success in this city, his remarks before the new society of Progressive Spiritualists meeting with kindly favor, and receiving good attention in the columns of the Sunday Times. This organization, just formed, with Dr. S. J. Avery as President, meets for "public worship" every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., in Green-street church. John Collier addresses the members, and public generally during January, and other speakers of note are to follow.

## Gone Home.

Caleb V. Littlepage, an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and an old subscriber for the Banner of Light—well known in the world of mechanics as the inventor of Littlepage's planing saw—passed on from Guatemala City, of pneumonia, on or about the 9th of October, 1875. He left a widow with six little children, who have since returned to Austin, Texas, the home of his wife's mother. May the consolation of the knowledge of immortal life, and the immediate presence of the angels abide with his bereaved family.

## Paper Wedding.

This anniversary was celebrated by the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Grover, at their residence, 50 Dover street, Boston, Saturday evening, Jan. 1st. The details, such as speeches, refreshments, presentation of gifts, etc., were well carried out, and the Doctor and his lady desire to return their mutual thanks to all concerned in this pleasantly remembering the third return of the date of their life-union.

One of our English patrons, in the course of a private letter renewing his subscription, speaks as follows in appreciation of the course of this paper, and the Message Department: "In my search after 'more light' I have not been disappointed in the pursuit of the Banner. I read with great interest, and then pass it round among my friends. The Message Department always commanded my attention, and I was indeed sorry at its discontinuance, and shall be pleased to see it reopened at an early day."

Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, of New York City, commenced the Free Religious Association's new course in Boston, by a lecture on "The Soul of Transcendentalism," at Horticultural Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 2d, his remarks, especially toward Spiritualism, being in a very liberal vein. The next lecture of the course will be delivered Sunday, Jan. 9th, by M. D. Conway, on the "Natural History of the Devil."

Dr. H. B. Storer of Boston will attend the Vermont State Spiritualist Convention at Cuttinsville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14th, 15th and 16th. See call on our third page.

Mrs. Stewart, the Terre Haute medium for materialization, is to be in New Orleans during January.

Casts of spirit hands have just been obtained in London, England, in presence of Miss Lottie Fowler and Mrs. Burns.

The Davenport Boys are now on a tour to India and Australia.

Last Sunday and Monday were summer days hereabouts; but it has a smelt winterish over since.



BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.



# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1876.

## REVIEW OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT'S FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since my last "review" of foreign journals the November and December numbers of *La Illustración Espiritista*, of Mexico, have come to hand. The former has a "Prospectus," which states that this periodical has existed for six years; that much good seed has been sown, and that throughout the world, as well as in Mexico, many victories could be inscribed upon the glorious banner of Spiritualism. "We have confidence in the future," says the editor, "and nothing shall dismay us in the beneficent career upon which we have entered. God is our goal supreme, and we count upon the incomparable aid of the invisible world." Such is the motto, the order, the high-toned temperament with which our contemporaries advance to new fields of conquest.

A continuation of "The Evangelical Torch" is one of the interesting features of this number. It analyzes and refutes in a clear, succinct manner the arguments that have been paraded against Spiritualism by one Sr. Thomson. "Sr. T. forgets," says the writer, "that we do not accept the Bible as authority only to convince our opponent of certain interpretations, and that the text, exclusively cited for him, can not be turned against us." And again, in reference to some arguments used: "The explanation cannot be more satisfactory (to them); above all, since those who sustain it, arrogate to themselves the faculty of interpreting the divine will founded on the grave pretext that a purely human work, the Bible, must have been inspired by God—philosophy and criticism being silenced, conquered by such powerful logic!" And "Greet, wherever will, those doctrines regarded as Spiritualism, which is philosophy elevated to the sublimity of religion, leaves them submerged in the inquisition (etc.) and marches, seeking God, with the progress of humanity."

"The seven sacraments of the Catholic Church" has been continued through quite a number of these Mexican *Illustraciones*, and now concludes with a consideration of "matrimony," quoting especially what Christ said upon the subject, referring to St. Luke (xvi. 18) and to St. Mark (x. 2-9) and adding: "Consequently, without any basis, attributing to Christ, in the foundation of the sacrament, some reference to matrimony, and made it form a part of the dogmas of Christianity."

Another article on "Matrimony since the time of Christ" in this number is also very interesting in a historical point of view, quoting Tertullian, Clement of Alex., and others, and referring to the laws regarding the subject by Carlo Magno in the East and Leon the Wise in the West. (Lib. vii., cap. 33; Nov. lxxxix.) "Persecution," the "Antiquity of Man," "Modern Spiritualism," "Spiritualism before Reason," are worthy also of particular attention.

The December number of this noted Mexican magazine, so ably conducted by Sr. Don R. L. Gonzales, opens with a "Circular to all the Spiritualistic Societies and Churches of the Republic." This is followed by a lengthy and able discussion on "Psychic Force," by S. D. J. Coler, "New Mediums," (a letter from Tezuitlan, which recalls the days of the Montezumas); "Spiritualism and the Press," and a forcible review of Dr. Draper's "Conflict of Science and Religion." The whole concludes with an overwhelming array of names of learned and scientific men in all quarters of the globe who have accepted Spiritualism as a response to a *brochure* by one Barreda, principal of a Preparatory School, in which occur these words: "I do not care to present other example of this *subtilisimo error* than this spiritualistic monomania that has to-day invaded not a few heads." But as usual, this pious man must of necessity *misrepresent us*; and this will be understood when I quote from Sr. Don S. Sierra's reply: "And as to Spiritualism pretending to find in the world of spirits a solution to those material problems, is another grave error." And, "though we are the first to respect and admire Sr. B.'s science and character, yet in support of our religion we are compelled to say that in the judgment which he has manifested respecting Spiritualism he is wholly mistaken (*equivocado*)."

But there remain thirty more quarto pages of this magazine that would be read with pleasure by every Spiritualist; but space, as you see, Mr. Editor, would fall me, even if a simple outline of their subjects should be attempted.

*El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, opens its fair columns with an article on the "Efficiency and Sacredness of Prayer." "Let us examine those cases," says the contributor, "in which prayer has been the most frequently resorted to, and there will remain no doubt of the sacredness and efficiency of prayer." Napoleon I. seemed to think, and said (so it is stated) that God was on the side of the strongest battalions; and our brethren at the South, during our late lamentable fratricidal war, had reasons for differing to some extent from our Spanish writer on this subject.

"A metaphysical study—God," comes next in order; but this must of course be handled in a purely speculative manner. I will quote only a few lines:

"God is the *Principio* of all *principios*, the Cause of all causes, the Reason of the reason of things. God is a duality essential *intitizada*, constitutive of All, not Being essentially identical in his infinite extension."

"The divine dualism which considers the universe independent and outside of God, establishes two primordial substances (or entities, *gracia*), eternal, independent and finite. This doctrine destroys the unity and attributes of matter, intelligence and power."

"With a God infinite in extension, in intelligence, sensibility and power, with one All identical with himself (at) in essence and properties, there is not possible any system, any science, any life, relative entities, perfectibilities, progress. With this unity, essential, infinite, we can have only one system, one science, one life, one potency (2-7), one possibility and one mode; all equal, useless all, without application or consequences."

But, as I have said, all this is speculative; for, when we come to the boundaries of the visible world and spread our wings for a flight after the Infinite, we become like bats that fly by day, blinded by light, incomprehensible. We should kneel upon the shores of infinite space, power, wisdom, and veil our faces—that is all.

An interesting reunion of the Spiritualistic societies of Spain is noticed at length in the *Critica*.

Here also is an announcement of a new periodical, the *Revista de estudios espiritistas, morales y científicos*, which has just appeared at Santiago de Chile. At the opening of its prologue are these sensible remarks: "Never use these words: 'I do not know it, hence it is false.' It is necessary to study to know, to know to comprehend, to comprehend to judge." *Unterschied des Philosophen*.

The *Critica* quotes from the *Banner of Light* its account of Mr. Crookes's discovery of the motive power in light.

The *Pagblatt Studien* (Leipzig and New York) is also at hand. This extremely valuable and interesting magazine, so ably edited by the distinguished counselor and litterateur M. Alex. Aksakof, opens its forty-seven pages with some "Spiritual Facts" in America, from the pen of Dr. R. Sylvan, of Philadelphia. This is followed by a brief "Autobiography of R. D. Owen," with some account of manifestations in his and Mrs. O.'s presence; and this by a continuation of the record by Prof. Maximilian Perly of those wonderful phenomena in India in presence of a fakir, and Mons. Jacollot, from whose publications the account is taken. Mr. J. F. Seman has given me the following brief summary of this article:

"Having observed," says M. Jacollot, on various occasions that the fakirs exerted a astonishing influence on the germination of plants by accelerating their growth—causing results in a few hours which by the ordinary processes would require months or even years—which, though substantiated by the missionary Huie, he regarded simply as a clever deception. Chancing, however, to meet the Fakir Gowing-dasary at a convenient time and place, he concluded to give to this subject his particular attention. He asked the Fakir if he (M. J.) might choose the soil, the vessel and the seed, for the manifestation proposed. "All but the earth," was the reply: "that must be taken from the west of Caria" (Thermis). The earth was produced and ground by a servant to a fine powder between two stones. M. Jacollot then selected a golden seed, and asked permission to mark it by a fine incision. This request was granted, and the seed placed in the ground. The Fakir then raised his arms horizontally, and after ejaculating some invocation, entered into a perfect state of catalepsy, and for two hours made not the slightest perceptible motion, his eyes being glazed and fixed. At the expiration of this time a young, fresh little melon tree, about the height of twenty centimetres, appeared in its fullest beauty. M. Jacollot quickly raised the little stalk from the soil, and found that it proceeded from the very seed he had lacerated for identification."

Part Second of this German periodical begins with a review of "Spiritual Communications," by Prof. Wagner, from the pen of Herr S. Raczky, professor of botany in the University of Moscow; also reviews of Jacob Bohme's doctrines, by Hoffman, and Frederick Nippold's pamphlet by G. C. Wittig, conclude this part; while Part Three has short articles from Benjamin Coleman, Wittig and Dixon, and notices of modern mesmerism, of Prof. Perly, of Leymarie and Bugnet, Bastian and Taylor, Prof. Butlerow's movements in England; of the bust of the philosopher Krause in the *atelier* of Prof. Hahnel in Dresden; on manifestations in St. Petersburg in 1858, through Himes, on the Davenport's, and the two children of the Petty family who have gone to St. Petersburg and have already given great satisfaction to the University Committee, before whom they have recently had extraordinary manifestations.

The *Messenger*, of Liege, in the two numbers at hand, continues its report of the "Congress of Spiritualists," at Brussels, where much interest in our cause was manifested. Among other things the chairman said: "I regret not being able to trace the history of diverse societies established in other Belgian villages, notably at Gana, Antwerp, Bruges, Charleroi, Ostend; but their flourishing condition is attested by the number of delegates to this congress." "The means of propagating Spiritualism were remarked on thus: 'The most sure, prompt, efficacious means would be that adopted by Christ and his apostles: go into all the public places, to the resorts of the people, and preach abroad and without fear our immortal doctrine; but in our existing state of society it would be impracticable, or present at least grave difficulties, on account of the intolerance of the religious *officials*. Did we not see, some years since, in our free (libre) Belgium, a minister of the reformed religion followed by a fanatical crowd because he attempted to preach in a public place the doctrine of the Evangel? Our means of propagating our doctrine must be more modest, more in accord with the disposition of the present generation, than those which the intolerance of the priesthood has created and the excitement caused by Modern Materialism.'"

I must pass over several valuable articles in this number of the *Messenger*—"The Future of the Catholic People," "Spiritualism and the Clergy," and "Communications"—and give a condensed notice of "Spiritualism among the Arabs." A French paper says that the Spiritualists can count many adherents among the Arabs of Algiers. The practice of mediumship is widely extended. It is thought that this has its origin in the commerce which the Arabs have with India in their frequent pilgrimages to Mecca.

The sects of Spiritualists in Algiers, "evocators" of the spirits, believe in the supernatural power of the media. At Seiff there is a small gathering of Spiritualists every Thursday and Sunday, and though at times the roads are exceedingly bad no one of the *habitués* fails to be there. The group has one medium, a countryman, quite illiterate, and in intelligence even below those of his class. If he would write a page on his own account it would take him at least half a day, but when he writes as medium he fills several quires in the space of two hours. The writing is poor, and when it is impossible to make out certain passages, spirits come and fill in the space by making the medium re-write in a way that can be read the words that could not be deciphered.

The *Messenger* of Dec. 1st has able articles on the "Eternity of Punishment, Spiritualism, and Science," and "The Intelligence of Animals." That which I will more particularly notice, however, is "Spiritualism and the Clergy." Here an account is given of a worthy, industrious mechanic of the village of N—, who, having become a Spiritualist, was visited by the priest of the commune. A friendly conversation at first took place, but when the priest found that the young man was too well grounded in his new faith and would no longer come to "confession," he (the priest) became angry. "Oh, you are of that new sect just sprung up in America," he said, "called Mormons." "No," replied the mechanic, "Spiritualism condemns that, and teaches the moral precept of the Evangel," etc. "Ta! Ta! you are a fool! It is not true—God does not permit the dead to return; your communications are from the Devil!" &c. &c. Subsequently, in a sermon, the priest took occasion to damn eternally the disobedient, and to abuse in bitter terms science, magnetism, Spiritualism, holding up to contempt and ridicule such of its fanatics as had become imbued with the new doctrine. This of course was tantamount to taking the bread and butter from the mouths of those he denounced; for throughout the rural districts of Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, the lack of learning is so universal, the sway of the priesthood is in consequence thereof nearly supreme—so powerful there cannot be much hope of the progress of our cause in these regions. Science in high places, however, will yet open up the way to them.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris (for December), has its usual amount of excellent readable matter. The leading, and perhaps the most important contribution in the present number, is, "Reflections on the article of M. Richet" in the *Journal des Debats*. A portion of a single paragraph will show the animus of the whole. "With facility it will be demonstrated that these extraordinary aptitudes which bring glory to them, (referring to such as Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare, Moliere, Pascal), are a proof of mental alienation; these men, these prodigies belong to the category of the insane: Jean Jacques Rousseau, Richelieu, Camoens, Cervantes, Tasso, were of this class of maniacs, fools; and Linnaeus, Swammerdam, Haller, Caesar, Mahomet, could not escape this contagion. Aristotle has said: 'Nullum in magnum ingenium sine quodam mixtura demenciae.' There is not a great genius without a grain of madness (*folie*).'" The reply of Dr. D. G. to M. Richet is lengthy, and seems to be of such a character as to fully satisfy any one of the validity of his position. Perhaps, as a compliment, he might class Mons. Richet with Socrates.

Michel Rosen, rue Victorie, Paris, gives the following account of the "double" as recently occurring at his house. Madame D. had visited him during the day, and thinking that she had lost a ring there, went to him to look for it, and keep it for her, if found, till she could call again. But though much and long continued search was made it was not discovered. The next morning Mons. R. distinctly saw the lady enter his room; and he said to her: "How exceedingly annoyed I am at the disappearance of that ring." "Do not disquiet yourself," she replied, holding up her finger; "see, I have found it." The vision then disappeared. That same day Mr. R. encountered on the Boulevard Madame D., who, holding up her finger, said, "See, I have found it." "I knew it, madam," replied Mr. R. "How so?" she inquired, much astonished. "Why, you came yourself and showed it to me." This, of course, elicited the explanation which demonstrated that it was simply her "double" that had been there.

Here also is a continuation of some remarks on spirit-photography by M. Tonopah, who takes occasion to bring in the names of inventors who have been ridiculed for their "impossibilities," and of scientific men who have made such discoveries (some very recently by the spectroscopic example) as would in a less enlightened age have taken them to the rack, or to the post, where fire to fagots would have burned their heresies out of them.

The *Reflector* from Buda-Pest, Hungary, containing an article from the Countess de Vay, has been received. I will endeavor to more particularly notice it in my next.

The *Dagbladet*, a Scandinavian paper of Chicago, is also at hand; but like the *Reflector*, is not of very recent date.

### The Ultimatum of All Sentient Beings.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 2d, Prof. R. G. Eccles began his first course of lectures in Boston at Paine Hall, his subject, given above, being substituted for the one previously announced—and which he will now speak upon next Sunday afternoon—viz.: "Anarchy the Curse of our Race." His remarks—which were prefaced by a recitation of Miss Lizzie Doten's poem, "Peter Maguire"—were well received by a good audience.

In opening his lecture he paid a glowing tribute to the worth of Thomas Paine, to whose memory the building was dedicated—a man whose unselfish services for the establishment of this government had been acknowledged at one time, before the breath of proscriptive priestcraft had blown upon his reputation because he dared to utter what was true; a man of whom George Washington had said, "If I be called the Father of our Country, Thomas Paine is the Saviour of America." He hoped in the coming Centennial at Philadelphia, the name of Paine would be brought forward before the public in that prominent position which it truly merits.

The speaker said much of and discussion found expression at the present age concerning the existence or non-existence of God, and he intended in the current discourse to consider what the powers and possibilities might be in this direction. Atheism was the A B C of true theology. Atheism was true, but was only a part of the whole truth. Force as it exists in nature is the creator of all that is, through the operation of cause and effect, and this granted, the atheist is right, and from this position never can be removed. Man, as matter and force, possesses consciousness; this consciousness must have arisen out of the complex operation of this force; the complexity therefore shows the height of intelligence; all modes of force must possess the element of sentience, or consciousness within them, because "out of existence, nothing can arise," and we know, the speaker said, that consciousness is, therefore must have been.

This launches the Atheist into Pantheism, and brings him to the recognition of that force which, according to Pope:

"Lives in all life, extends to all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;"

Brings him to Pantheism, which claims that nature as an entirety possesses consciousness. All of us are possessed of consciousness. We can perceive the motion instigated by the inward force, but who can tell what that force is?—the force which man draws out of himself in his daily toils, the depletion of which brings to him a feeling of the sense of weariness? No one can solve the solemn mystery in the presence of which Prof. Tyndall has declared he is compelled to bow his head in humility. It is not motion but the cause of motion. It is the tendency a moving body has to change its place.

Atheism was next considered by the speaker. He could not expect the materialist to endorse his views as he discoursed on immortality, but he desired that those present (if any) of that belief would follow his processes and see if they were not logical. Immortality being granted, as the first step, progress arises from the struggle for existence, every successive year of the struggle bringing continually a higher and higher fitness; this complex evolution must go on with man through all eternity, and when he has reached the age eternal he will have attained to infinite complexity. As finite complexity produces finite intelligence, that which marks an intelligent man from a stupid man, is the amount of control that he has of the forces of nature; finite intelligence gives finite control—infinite intelligence infinite control.

According to the nebular theory of La Place, which is now generally accepted by scientific

men, this world had a beginning in past time. In the struggle for existence, from the lower forms of life man was at last evolved; we cannot place our finger upon an acorn and say when it is ripe enough to furnish the germ of an oak, so we cannot put our finger upon the time when man's soul became ripe enough to live in the invisible. Emerson expresses this idea when he says:

"Life in Nature is not found,  
Unit and universe are found."

There must have been a first man upon this earth; if he has been progressing during the past half million years he must be more complex in structure, and therefore in intelligence, than when he first began to be a man. As this world began to be, (the force being eternal,) there must have been a world previous to this one, occupying the position that we now occupy in space—or the space now occupied by this one; before this another must have been in the same position, and another before that, and so on, *ad infinitum*. We cannot carry our minds back, try as we will, to the first of this series, yet we cannot rest content till we have posited a first; when we have done so we are compelled to conceive of it as, never beginning. Evolution must have on this world, too, a first man. As with the world so with the man, neither had a beginning; he must therefore, if immortality be true, be still alive. Eternity must have given him long ere this an infinite complexity, therefore infinite intelligence—a complete, full and perfect control of the universe, an adaptation to its every condition.

Thus we have force, the atheist's God, possessing sentience, which gives us the God of the Pantheist. Add to this, Progress through an eternal infinity, necessarily leading to the line of the endless chain, and the existence of a deified God becomes a demonstrated fact. When force reveals itself in its simplest complexity it is motion; in the sponge it begins to turn toward its sentient side because of the sponge's complexity; when it reaches the fish the higher sentience is revealed because of a higher complexity; in the monkey is shown a still higher sentience because of added complexity; another step is taken in the savage, and another still higher in the intelligent Caucasian. Should the sponge turn around and say, "I have reached the highest complexity possible, and therefore the highest intelligence," you would at once perceive its mistake, but the sponge cannot transcend itself, hence can conceive of no higher condition than its own. The fish is in the same condition, and so are the monkey, the savage, the Caucasian, each is bound to the limits of his own capacity, and can define nothing, unless in the fixed terms, that lie within his range. Hence, as well might the fish deny the existence of man, as man deny the existence of God—both would have exactly the same reasons for doing so, but both would be equally mistaken. My audience will thus perceive that I am at once an Atheist, a Pantheist and a Theist—uniting the truth of all, but acknowledging no one of them as complete truth.

An acorn being planted in the ground produces an oak; the wintry frost forms on the window-pane the beautiful shapes of crystallized water; watch this process of freezing and melting, and you are struggling going on among the particles for the position of power; only those molecules which have the proper polarity can survive that struggle and attain given positions in the crystal, the others are compelled to move on. With this thought, we take one step further back than even Herbert Spencer has gone: In the eternal struggle that is going on over the whole earth, every atom, every plant, takes but a position assigned to it by its adaptation, as the molecules do upon the battle grounds of the growing crystals; thus are established the fixed areas of Fauna and Flora, and also the divisions from Varieties to Kingdoms. The seeds of the plant reproduce the plant again, because such seeds have been derived from a source having for their energy fixed lines of direction or polarity. Thus the acorn exhibits the potentiality of the oak, and finally evolves its actuality. The oak can, only under the spring of energy in the direction of its own tension; the acorn can only let run down the energy and direction it has in store. Behind this struggle, however, lies a polarity to all animate and inanimate nature, operating as surely and certainly as the polarity that is behind the acorn causing it to become an oak. As the acorn must become an oak, having received its direction of force from an oak tree, so we must become God—or whatever you please to call it—having received our polarity from this which was the first, but now eternal man. We can never stop in our onward march till we have reached all the force with its every polar tendency that this power has to give, or speaking more correctly, has already given.

The speaker then quoted John 1: 1-5, and said that *logos* translated from the Greek had been erroneously, or at least improperly rendered *word*, and the stock definition of that word by the clergy had been "Christ Jesus," they replying to all queries as to *who* it could apply to him by the oft quoted phrase, "great are the mysteries of godliness." But the New Testament had been claimed to be a revelation—how could it also be a mystery, it was impossible for it to be both at the same time. The Christian theology and its apologists could never give us any reasonable explanation of the *word* here meant. We have asked for food, and they have given us the stone of mystery, which we can no more assimilate to our intelligent spirit than an actual stone to our bodily wants. We must go back to the original Greek, and the Grecian mysteries it was there, behind that word *logos* was applied to Bacchus, the originator of wine, and being applied to Bacchus, the God of Wine, the *logos* referred to the growing of the grape-vine from whence the vine—the polarity of evolution within the vine. This must have been the origin of the New Testament similitude, for Jesus hinted at the same idea when he said, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches." The speaker therefore considered the true rendering of the passage to be:

"In the beginning was evolution, and evolution was with God, and evolution was God."

All things were made by evolution; and without evolution was not anything made that was made.

And the light of evolution shined in the light of men.

And the light of evolution shined in the light of men, and the darkness comprehended it not."

Jesus received the polar force from God, from the entire mass of force in Nature, from this first and infinite immortal. The immortal polarity of Jesus sent him into existence, sends all sentient beings into existence; therefore Jesus must be, and we must become "joint heirs" in the eternity of progress. Jesus, the lecturer said, was, because of and in the ratio of his potentiality, God manifest in the flesh. But what was true of Jesus was true of all mankind; they, too, as individuals containing the potentiality though not the actuality of God, were gods manifest in the flesh. He thought the Christian system reprehensible in belittling God's work—human nature, and elevating one name above all others as a salvatory power, and complimented the work accomplished by Modern Spiritualism in doing away with false views of life and the duties devolving upon all sentient beings. He held the God depicted the churches to be vacillating, changing, falling behind himself by oversteering, and outdoing himself by "miracle" (whatever that might be), and that evolution depicted a grander principle steadily operant now, as of old, and leading all to the attainment of infinite possibilities in the eternities to come.

In the evening, Prof. Eccles delivered a fine scientific lecture—illustrated with many interesting experiments—on "The Physics and Metaphysics of Sensation."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to say to the readers of the Banner of Light, whose names I will find in the column of correspondence, and to whom I will send my raspberry—ever between them and spring, to read it, if they will hand it to a small fruit-grower, they will not alone greatly oblige me, but may be the instrument of greatly benefiting their own region, by introducing a raspberry that resists the cold of the severest winters, heat and drought, as they will see by the testimony it contains. I hope they will not forget my earnest request.

Manhattan, Kansas.

### New Publications.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, B. Watson, Editor and Proprietor, is now issued in the form of a substantial volume for the completed numbers of its first year. It is published at only two dollars a year, and is replete with the excellent character of Brother Watson's Magazine we need not speak to those who have been its readers. That it has done good service and lasting work is known best, is the testimony of all. It is published at only two dollars a year, and is replete with the excellent character of Brother Watson's Magazine we need not speak to those who have been its readers. That it has done good service and lasting work is known best, is the testimony of all. It is published at only two dollars a year, and is replete with the excellent character of Brother Watson's Magazine we need not speak to those who have been its readers. That it has done good service and lasting work is known best, is the testimony of all.

THE ATLANTIC for January—H. O. Houghton & Co., corner Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, publishers—leads off with three sparkling chapters of W. D. Howells's new novel "Private Theatricals," and follows up the same with "Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction," (a bit of secret history) by Allan B. Magruder, sketches, stories, etc., by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet W. Preston, and others, and poems by John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, T. B. Aldrich, Louise Chandler Moulton, Maurice Thompson, and Mrs. D. M. Johnson. The volume is published in the West and South-west should not suffer as sterling a publication as Watson's Magazine to languish for lack of a ready and vigorous support.

THE GALAXY—Sheldon & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers—commences with its January number the tenth year of its existence. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in its pages, sings a song-tradition that runs like a mountain brook, and other favorites in prose and rhyme claim attention. The usual characteristics, which have in the past attracted popular favor to this enterprising monthly remain in full force and are supplemented with the promise of greater good to come.

A. Williams & Co., 28 Washington (corner School) street, Boston, furnish, with the January numbers of their admirable magazines, SCHENCK'S ILLUSTRATED and ST. NICHOLAS, which they have for sale. The former reckons among its varied adornments a finely illuminated article worthy of the widest reading, on "New York in the Revolution;" "A Story of the Siege of Boston," "Revolutionary Letters," etc., appropriate acknowledgment of the fact that the Centennial year has commenced. St. Nicholas gives five chapters of his story "Gabriel Conroy," and choice poems, literary reviews, etc., all out of the pages. ST. NICHOLAS has from frontispiece "St. Christopher," which illustrates a beautiful parable, and whose pages are rendered so much more interesting by the various pictures created of Christmas in many lands receives attention. The patrons of this valuable and worthy periodical for the young folks ought to cherish its worth still more warmly in remembrance.

WIDE AWAKE for January reaches us from its publishers, D. Lothrop & Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, with a bright countenance, which endorses its title. Among the display of mental treasures, which it offers for the little folks, we select for special mention "My Lady's Christmas," which bears on its surface an embossed memory, old as human life, the true meaning of which deepening years will introduce to the young minds who now perhaps without thought peruse it. "The History of the Piano Forte," and the whole number is rich in interest and pleasure to the readers for whose use it is intended.

WARREN'S VALLEY MONTHLY, published at St. Louis, Mo., by a company of the same name, and edited by Wm. F. Leffew, presents the following table of contents for its January number: "The Testimony," (concluded) Bishop Marvin; "The True Issue of the Financial Problem," Ben. E. Green; "The True Theory of Education," Jas. C. Swiney; "Just Twenty Years," (continued), Chap. 22-23; "Drifted Away," Mary Patton Hudson; "A Scourge of the Past," Albert F. Bridges; "Gloria, O Queen," (continued), Charlotte C. Young; "Christmas Night," (continued), "Caleb Searlet's Ride," "Mistaken Kindness," (concluded), Irene; "The Rivers of Life," T. Berry Smith; "The Successful Lawyer," Fidelio G. Sharp, (the editor); together with editorial departments, "Personal and Social," "Political," "Ecclesiastical," "Educational," etc.

RECEIVED: THE ILLUSTRATED—in which is incorporated WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE—for January, Household Publishing Co., 41 Park Row, New York City. THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for January—Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 12 and 15 Light street, New York City. THE SANITARIAN for January, A. N. Bell, M. D., Editor, McDevitt, Campbell & Co., publishers, 79 Nassau street, New York City.

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