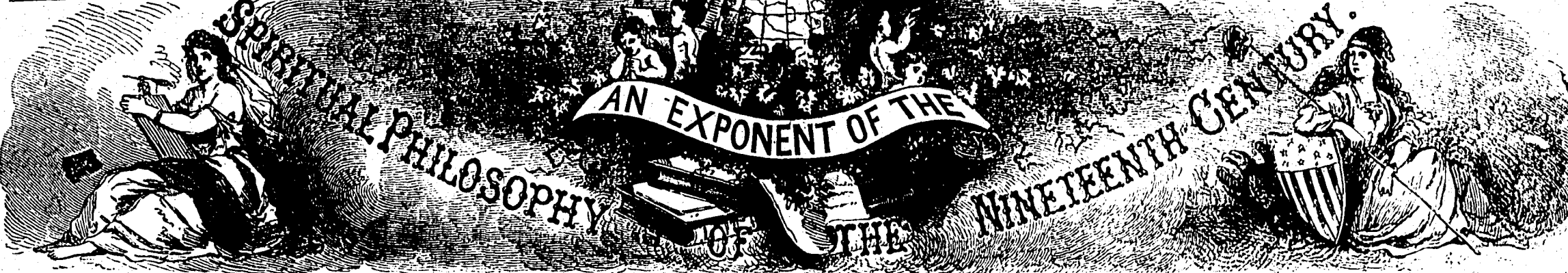


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Reviewer.

Emma Hardinge's New Work—"History of Modern American Spiritualism."  
REVIEWED BY MRS. JANE M. JACKSON, OF NEW YORK.

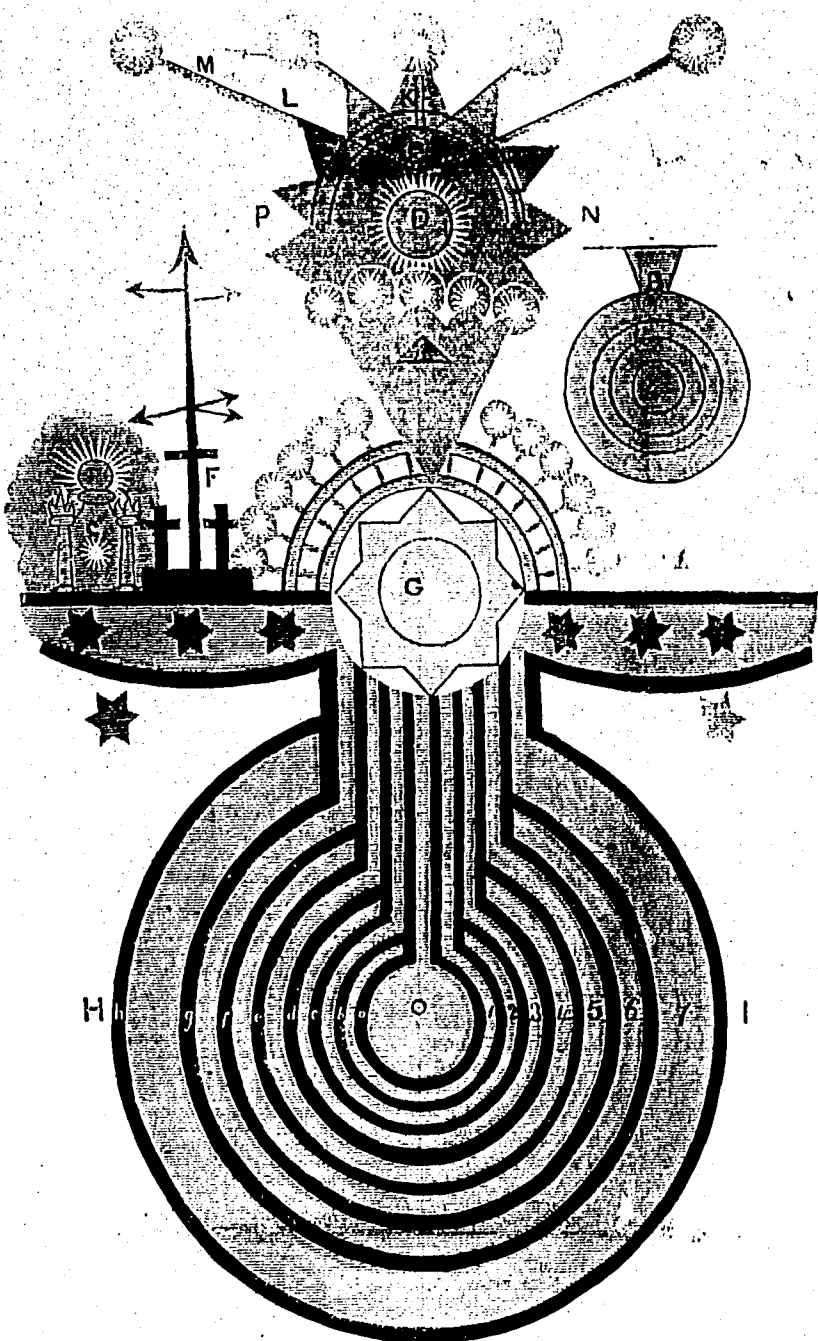
In the last issue of the *Banner of Light* I gave a brief analysis of the above named work, reserving for another issue a review of the wonderful phenomena recorded in its pages.

The twenty-eighth chapter of Mrs. Hardinge's book commences with accounts of spiritualistic phenomena, produced in Buffalo, of the same character as that of the Davenport, only more wonderful, given through the agency of non-professional mediums. Specimens of rare and curious phenomena are also cited from the annals of Columbus, Cleveland and other Western cities, but the culminating point of interest, in this portion of the narrative, is to be found in the vivid descriptions of the unparalleled marvels enacted in the spirit rooms of Koons and Tipple, in Athens Co., Ohio. Every Spiritualist is familiar with the names of these celebrated mediums, and fragmentary reports have from time to time informed the world that a series of demonstrations never before or since enacted had been given in the remote wilds, where the famed spirit rooms were built. The whole history, however, as presented in its complete form, in Emma Hardinge's book, transcends, both in interest and beauty, anything that has ever yet been written on the subject. We are furnished with an unique account of the origin of dark circles—of the "high, holy and ancient spirits" who desired these wonderful circles, and, above all, of the philosophy, theology and science upon which, as we are informed, the whole universe is founded.

We must here note the masterly descriptions of the spheres; and platitudes concerning life here and hereafter, which we now receive through media, look petty and stale beside the grand original revelations written by spirits with their own hands, or spoken orally with "great power and majestic ease," through the trumpets at Koons and Tipple's spirit rooms:

"In some long but interesting communications, written in the spirit room without human agency, it is said that spirits, in their communion with earth, manifest through two primitive elements; namely, first, an electro-magnetic element of which the spiritual body is composed; next, a physical aura which emanates from the medium, or can be collected from material substances, analogous, it is supposed, to the element of vitality described in the preceding chapter. From the combination of these two, namely, the emanations of the spirit and the medium, a third or composite is formed, which is affected by the atmosphere and human emanations. From the preponderance of the electro-magnetic or spiritual element the laws of cohesion and gravitation can be overcome, and, through this, spirits are enabled to dissolve and recombine substances with great rapidity, heave up and carry material bodies through the air, and cause them to float or sink in proportion to the strength of the battery formed. It is this element which enables some spirits highly charged with it to come into contact with the material, and thus to use pencils, pens, etc., in writing, drawing and playing on musical instruments. By aid of the physical or human aura—animal magnetism—they cause convulsions, raps, shaking of furniture and heavy ponderable bodies; by this, also, they produce spirit light, gathering it up so as to form an envelope of matter around their own hands, condense sound so as to be heard in any place, and bend the atmosphere upon the heavier instruments. 'The composite element is used more or less in all modes.' It was chiefly through the prevalence of physical aura in the latter that they were enabled to speak through the trumpets, hence, for this feat, they required the presence and peculiar magnetism of Mr. Koons' eldest son, through whom spirit-voices could be heard in any place, and the circle at his father's house, also, the spirits, through this medium, could, they alleged, perform on a full band of instruments anywhere. Mr. Koons' autobiographical notices conclude with a description of the religious philosophy emanated by the spirits of his circles, of which we offer the following summary:

"They teach," he says, "that God is love, and has placed all men under the law of eternal progression, by which every living soul can become a partaker of his divine glory, when they wish to do so, through constant efforts to live a life of goodness and purity. Also, that death, which dissolves the body, does not change the soul, which is the real man; hence it behooves man to purify and cleanse his soul here upon earth, lest he should have to commence his progress, instead of continuing it, hereafter. Also, they teach that we have spiritual bodies within our natural or material forms; that these carry the mind within them, and at death return to the spirit world, in fact, to the spirit, of whose tendencies and disposition it exhibits the actuality. This spiritual body, as well as the interior mind, are alike the subjects of eternal progression, yet, at the moment of earthly dissolution, it exhibits all our virtues or vices without palliation or concealment, and is gross or fine, dense or sublimated, bright as midday sunbeams or dark as Erebus, in exact correspondence with our real moral state. Again, they declare that 'There is an electric element, directed through space by another element which bears no affinity to it; that spirits, at least such as communicate with earth, cannot themselves penetrate the impenetrable ether, but, through their apprehension, no one in the universe can do so, save only God; and this mysterious innermost, with all its hidden and impenetrable glories, is called by spirits the 'subtle fluid.' They declare that 'the electric element forms the various paths in which planets and all other known bodies in space travel and move in their respective orbits, but that nothing visible to the spirit can penetrate the realms of the 'subtle fluid,' yet it divides and permeates all space, and seems to hold in control the infinite realms of the electric element. Rays of light,' however, they say, 'can and do penetrate the 'subtle fluid,' as they appear to leave from and return to it incessantly.' Also, 'there is a grand central territory in the universe, known to exist by all spirits and in all worlds. It embraces illimitable though unknown realms, yet its position as a vast central point is defined, from the fact that from thence, and to thence, seem to tend all the illimitable lines of attraction, gravitation and force which connect terrestrial bodies, and link together dramatics teeming with lives and systems. All the innumerable firmaments spangled with an infinite of solar and astral



A DIAGRAM OF THE SPHERES.

systems, seem to revolve around, and derive attractive and living forces from this unknown centre. Sometimes it is called 'The Celestial Realm.' Again, 'The Central Sun,' 'Heaven,' 'God,' 'The Infinite Realm,' 'The Eternal Life,' 'Whole firmaments, thickly sown with suns and revolving satellites, appear but as specks of light in comparison with the inconceivable vastness of this celestial laboratory, invisible and boundless as it is, from which flows out through all universes the centrifugal and centripetal forces of being.

Such are some of the teachings which from time to time were either written by the spirits or spoken orally through the trumpets. 'What we had written down during the day,' says Mr. Koons, 'was often corrected by the spirits through the trumpets, but the deep and sublime impressions they made upon our minds in their reception, and the terrible power of the tones in which they were sometimes given, no language of mortals can describe.'

It would be injustice to attempt to garble the splendid imagery of these descriptions by quotations, but it is quite worth the while to compare the sublime thoughts and teachings of the dark circles in 1850 with the manifestations of 1870. We may therefore profitably cite Mrs. Hardinge's summary of the intelligence received from a pamphlet compiled by Dr. J. Everett, the communications of these spirits, written or spoken by themselves. A most beautifully executed diagram of the spheres, celestial regions, &c., is given on page 330, of which we extract the following condensed description, accompanied with the diagram:

"The region enclosed within H T, numbered from 1 to 7, represents the spheres of Light and Beauty; G, the central region, O, is the ancient pit or hell, place of 'second death,' elaborately described by the spirit as the lowest and darkest sphere of probation, but by no means a final state; indeed, the whole spiritual theory of a future life emphatically denies any finality, but teaches eternal and ever ascending scales of progress, whose conditions are wholly dependent on the moral refinement and elevation of the pilgrim souls that tread them. Progress from this central region, O, through all successive spheres marked outward to 7, is effected by changes somewhat analogous to mortal dissolution, though without pain or sorrow, but rather as being ascensions in high moral and spiritual development, passages marked by triumphant and glorious states of angelic happiness.

The region called the Star of Light and Beauty is typically described as 'beneath the Throne of God.' It signifies the vast celestial realms of unknown and perhaps illimitable extent filled with the subtle fluid, the impenetrable ether, the conceivable, the source, fountain, and centre of all light, heat, life, force, gravitation and attraction; in a word, the central sun of being, the profound mystery which is summed up in the grand solvent name of God. The region C, fancifully marked with a cross and 'arrows of light,' signifies the realms of earth's risen martyrs, saviours and exalted ones called 'Christ.' This is the sphere which, divided into many realms, is termed 'Heaven,' and is peopled with angelic hosts, divided into 'thrones, dominions, powers,' etc. Here ultimately ascend all those who have 'overcome the world.' D is the great living sun, supposed to correspond to the apex of the great spiritual sun beneath. It is a material centre and source, whence issue forth the rays of material light which radiate through suns, planets, systems, and all material bodies in space, and is the carrier or material form which conveys the more sublimated rays of the great spiritual sun; it is signified by the rays and suns at E, K, L and M. The sun circle, between E and N, represents a focalized zone of celestial light emanating from the spiritual sun and generating the physical

central material sun of the Universe, which thus becomes a continuation of etherealized and materialized elements; from which the life-centres of spirit and matter flow out.

It will not be difficult to perceive that our author affords us in this narrative a view of dark circles and their philosophy which fairly puts to shame all the insignificant communications which we now receive, and surprises us by a graphic picture of the original sources from whence much of our now accepted theology is drawn. The spirit rooms of Charles Cathcart, Boston, are described, and the opening of the gates in Cincinnati and St. Louis vividly portrayed; the weird and grotesque, the 'doctors of the West,' the 'Doctors of the East,' will form new revelations even to the Spiritualists of the East; the atrocious follies of the 'Angelites and Patriarchals' order movements are lashed with an unsparring hand; the Clerical-Judicial persecutions, once so formidably rife in the West, are shown up in all their audacity and intolerance; Illinois, Michigan, the Gulf States and Texas, are fully represented; the details of Spiritualism among the French population of New Orleans are full of interest, new, and must create a sensation; Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas contribute a share of the marvels of this history; the almost incredible horrors of California Spiritualism are here recounted; Canada, Ontario, Territories, the brief sketches of Spiritualism of South America, China, Turkey, Syria, as communicated through American sources, is clearly and forcibly described; the chapters of the progress of Spiritualism during the last war contain some of the most touching and exquisite descriptions in the book. The account given of the use and abuse of Spiritualism in the minor camps of the far West would alone suffice to show to the inquirer the use of spirit communion, and settle his doubts forever. A deeply interesting chapter is assigned to Spiritualism among the Indians, and a fine analysis presented of the difference between magical rites and orderly spirit communion.

After a concise, clear, and impartial resume of the whole field up to the close of what the author insists to be an 'epoch,' which terminated in 1868, the history closes with two brilliant chapters on the 'cul bono' of Spiritualism—chapters which I can cordially recommend to the careful perusal of the snarling critic who still inquires, 'What is the use of it?' Tell us something now. If such persons would read this entire work, they will only wonder where all this information could have been obtained.

With a few graceful leaves of 'retrospection' and 'acknowledgment' the volume terminates, leaving upon the mind of the candid reader a sense of awe and astonishment at the revelation of a world of invisible beings in so short a space of time as twenty years, and also at the patience, industry and felicitous expressions with which their accomplished scribe has laid it before the world. This great work must convince us that if the spirits have done us mighty and wonderful missions in behalf of humanity, they have also shown their wisdom in their choice of an historian, in selecting one so long and faithfully known as their truest and most wonderfully gifted medium, Emma Hardinge.

The book is finely illustrated, splendidly bound, and printed on good paper. The steel plates of prominent Spiritualists are alone worth the price of the book. This grand addition to spiritual literature will be regarded by progressive minds as a sacred record, and become of incalculable value through succeeding ages. Those who love the Bible will find in this history that what they now deem miracles are actual facts, corroborated through mediums by the spirits themselves; that they still love and minister unto us, and all that is allegorical in Scripture is explained and verified by spirit communion.

New York, Jan. 16th, 1870.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LEIDA'S TRIAL.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was a singular fate which drew Willard Norman and Leida Stenway together. There was no formal introduction; there was no long acquaintance. That two persons, born and brought up hundreds of miles apart, should become acquainted and eventually marry, is nothing very strange.

But considering the chain of circumstances which brought it about, and followed it, it would almost seem that Fate or some other power had determined, in spite of its volition, to bring a proud heart through a bitter experience, which, hard as it was, perhaps might have been best adapted to call forth the slumbering powers of a soul too dreamy and inactive; to teach the heart that wisdom, that firm self-reliance, and above all the fallacy of earthly happiness, the vanity of striving earthly idols, and the looking forward to a blessed and immortal rest, beyond a world of change and sorrow gained from life's severest conflicts.

Leida Stenway possessed an affectionate nature, a strong intellect, and a mind of no common order. She was ambitious, but knew as yet nothing of her own powers, and a little too fond perhaps of living in an ideal world. Like many another, she built these airy structures so frail yet so enchanting, where idle fancy roamed at will. Alas! how they vanish before the stern realities which we encounter in every-day life. She had always an idea that somewhere in the future she was to be called to a great effort, she was to gain a victory in life's warfare. But little she dreamed, in her vague imaginings, the nature of the conflict before her; little thought of a battle fought with self, alone, unaided, save by a Higher Power; of a victory gained, which never should receive the world's applause, or gain for the victor a world's renown.

But a calm, uneventful life glided by, until Leida had reached her nineteenth year. A slender, stately girl; with a clear, pale complexion; a forehead pure and lofty; perfect eyebrows, and eyes from which an earnest, truthful soul looked forth. Her countenance when in repose was intellectual almost to serenity. But a merry thought, a happy smile would drive away the sternness from the mouth, sparkle in the expressive eyes, and irradiate the whole face with a bright, bewildering beauty. Leida possessed a strong, inherent pride, which had never been encouraged, yet had seemed to grow and strengthen as she advanced in years, and formed a powerful element of her character. She had little opportunity for gratifying her tastes, for she was an orphan, and taught the village school. She had wealthy relatives who would have welcomed her to their homes, but she chose to be dependent on her own exertions, and as a teacher she had always been singularly successful. Her pupils all loved her, and the most stubborn would soon yield to her gentle power.

But there were times when the monotony of the school-room wearied her, and the dull routine of her duties oppressed her, till she sighed to escape from her bondage and wished that she might step abroad in life's vast arena and mingle with the eager, striving toilers of earth, in trying to accomplish some good work and have lived to some purpose. She had acquired the habit of thinking much and deeply, and often wrote her thoughts, when they most oppressed her.

One afternoon, when she had dismissed her school, Leida sat alone at her desk, silent and thoughtful. Then suddenly taking her pen, she commenced writing rapidly, and as though some unknown impulse dictated her movements. Her thoughts seemed to come like an inspiration, and she was for the time completely absorbed in her subject. Then she threw down her pen and glanced over what she had penned. She had never written for publication, but the thought occurred to her to send this article to a paper which was printed in a neighboring city and devoted to moral and religious reform. And when she hesitated about doing so, the same power which had urged her to write, seemed now impelling her to give it to the world.

"Well," she said at last, "I believe I will send it. It can do no harm. Very likely it will not be accepted; and if it should be, perhaps some one who reads it may find a thought worth treasuring." And she sealed and addressed the article so hastily written, and proceeded to arrange books, papers, &c., in her desk, before leaving the school-room. And here a little form came softly in, and stood quietly by her side.

"Well, Lillian, dear," said the teacher, "I thought all my little ones had gone home. Have you been waiting outside, alone, all this time?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the child. "I would rather go with you, and I did not come in because you was writing."

"You are a thoughtful little girl, Lillian, and I shall be very glad of your company in my homeward walk. But we will go now, for your mama will wonder where we are."

Lilly Davis was the only child of the lady with whom Leida boarded. She was very much attached to her teacher; and as they walked homeward, in listening to her childish talk and answering her questions, Leida entirely forgot the article she was to send, so little thought had she given it. But as they were passing the post-office, Lilly suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I almost forgot. Mother told me to see if there was a letter for her." And Leida, thinking as suddenly of her letter, accompanied the child into the office, gave it to the clerk and received one in return. Then she went home, and thought no more about it.

So the misadventure went on its way, which was destined to affect so powerfully her whole future life.

#### CHAPTER II.

In the clear sunshine of a bright September morning, a long train of cars were slowly starting, westward bound, from the depot of a large eastern city. Just as the last car was vanishing from sight, a gentleman stepped quickly upon the platform, only to find he was a little "too late." Surprise was mingled with the disappointment visible on his countenance, and he immediately glanced at his watch.

"How is this?" he asked of the baggage master, standing near; "I was told the train left at 8.30."

"Changed time, this morning. Train leaves fifteen minutes earlier, from this date," was the brief reply.

"Well, well," mused the gentleman, "this is the first time I was ever left. I always so prided myself on my punctuality; but as it is no fault of mine, that I can see, I will not mourn over what cannot be helped. The next train will not leave till about noon, so I have a few hours on my hands. Now I think of it, I will call upon my old friend, Edward Clifton. I haven't met him since he assumed his editorial position. Married recently, too, I have been told."

A dark shadow swept over his face, but was quickly banished, though he walked on faster, and soon reached his friend's office. He made his way directly to the "editor's room," and rapped lightly upon the door. It was immediately opened, and Edward Clifton stood before him.

"Why, Norman, is it you? This is certainly an unexpected pleasure. I am truly glad to see you. Just come to the city? Glad you remembered your old friend," and Clifton grasped his friend's hand with a warm, cordial pressure, that expressed his pleasure.

"Well, Clifton—Ned Clifton, as of old, I see. I arrived this morning, in the boat, bound west, expecting to go directly through the city, but the train got the start of me, so here I am."

"What," laughed Clifton, "Will Norman get left? You always used to be remarkable for being on time. How happened it?"

"Well, they decided to start fifteen minutes earlier, this particular morning, and as I had not ascertained the fact, I arrived at the depot very early, as I supposed, and had the consolation of a glimpse of the last car."

"Truly consoling that. But, my dear fellow, if your business is not very pressing, I am rather glad of your society for a few hours, for I mean to keep you till the next train leaves."

"Oh, I presume a few hours will make no material difference." And then the two friends seated themselves comfortably, and were soon deeply engaged in conversation.

"By the way, Ned," said Norman, at length, "I hear that you are married since we last met. I did not suppose you would give up your bachelor freedom, after enjoying it so long."

"My dear fellow, 'bachelor freedom' is nothing at all, compared with a pretty, loving wife, and a cheerful home. Why, when I look back, the contrast of my dismal, solitary lodgings, with the comfortable parlor, the cosy tea-table, and the darling wife awaiting me, when I return weary from my day's toil, I tell you, the contrast almost terrifies me."

"But once, the view you regard as so delightful now, would have terrified you equally as much. It must have been a rare piece of feminine goodness, that tempted you to renounce your quiet, care-free bachelorhood, and also awake you to such enthusiastic praise of married life," said Norman, laughingly.

"Indeed, I think my Carrie is worth much more than I sacrificed in making her my wife. Our acquaintance was brief, and after the common order of courtships. Nothing romantic, I presume you are glad to know, for you never had much sympathy with romance."

Norman smiled, and shook his head. "And—well," continued Clifton, "I only wish your time would admit of your dining with me to-day. And, now, why not take my advice, and prove the truth of what I say? In fact, I wonder why a handsome young fellow, like yourself, has not before this taken a wife, and 'settled down in life,' as they say."

Willard Norman's lips were tightly compressed, and the shadow was just perceptible on his perfect brow; but he answered, lightly:

"Oh, I have not been as fortunate as yourself in finding a paragon of excellence. Perhaps I have my ideal. Who has not? But if I speak my honest sentiments, I must say that I regard the 'fair sex,' with a few exceptions, as vain, frivolous beings, with neither sense nor intellect enough for companions."

"For your companions, you mean, Will. Well, if ever you should find embodied perfection, I know that I will travel a long distance to see you."

A hurried rap at the door here interrupted their conversation, and a gentleman entered, who wished to see Mr. Clifton alone a few moments. The latter led the way to an adjoining room, and said, as he excused himself to his friend:

"I will be back directly. Amuse yourself by looking over any of those papers, if you like; there are plenty of extra copies, and some exchanges."

Norman thanked his friend, and, left alone, took up one of a pile of papers lying near at hand. At first he glanced carelessly over its columns; but soon an article seemed to attract and rivet his attention. His indifferent air was gone, and he read with evident interest and pleasure.

And here, while he is so absorbed in his reading, a brief description of himself may not be out of place. Though I am not good at describing, I will try to give my readers an idea of the appearance of Willard Norman. He is about thirty years of age, though looking younger; a little above medium height, slight, but very well formed; his count







## THE CHILDREN.

Heaven bless the children!  
Beautiful and fair,  
Needing all a mother's love,  
All a father's care.

Heaven bless the pilgrims  
On the road of life,  
Eager for the journey hence,  
Earnest for the strife.

Glad to push the vessel  
From the parent shore—  
Once on life's broad billowy sea  
"Till return no more.

Ever asking questions  
That confound the wise;  
Peering into mysteries  
With their truthful eyes.

Setting us examples  
Ever, day by day,  
Teaching us the way of life  
In their simple way.

Heaven bless the children!  
As they grow to be men,  
When the gentle Lord of love  
Little ones caress.

Lead them safely over  
Life's tempestuous sea;  
Keep them from the evil hour,  
Teach them to be free!

Free from all excesses,  
Free from moral stain—  
From the glutton's heavy bonds,  
From the drunkard's chain!

Free from sin's allurements,  
Free from what they may—  
Walking on the narrow path  
Toward the gates of day.

## The Lecture Room.

## DOES MAN EVER FORGET?

A LECTURE BY THOMAS GALES FOSTER,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Jan. 23d, 1870.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Permit me, my friends, to invite your kind attention to the remarks that I propose to offer upon the question: "Does Man ever Forget?"

With regard to spiritual and eschatological conceptions, Christianity is the slave of false knowledge. The memory is crowded with ideas that have well nigh no foundation in truth. Men learn to lean on these baseless ideas, and hence it has been well said that the sum of experience is but the dim dream of the conduct of past generations—generations that acted in almost complete ignorance of their natures. A series of systems have mystified existence. Men believe what their fathers credited—their fathers credited what they were taught to believe by their predecessors. Hence the faculty of thought in this direction is well nigh dormant. And yet, humanity still pants for the charms of wisdom.

Turn over the pages of the material metaphysician, or study the dogmas of scholastic theology, and in both you find systems that deal in words, not facts—arbitrary assertions, at war with reason—imaginary principles leading to the adoption of theories that contradict the common sense of mankind. But when the truths of moral science are practically enforced by the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism—the glorious system of which I am, to-day, in part the advocate—when men, led by its teachings, search into their own nature, and recognize its inculcation, that all true growth must be from an inner centre outwardly, and depend upon exertions made through their own intellectual and emotional natures for the formation of their individual character, then, indeed, all becomes light and order; the certain succeeds to the doubtful; the practicable to the impossible, and man revels in that high and ennobling satisfaction that is derived from the discovery of truth and the investigation of Nature. For Spiritualism teaches all that is written in the moral constitution and spiritual needs of humanity; and he who would triumph amid the glories of the hereafter, must look to the cultivation of his own spiritual powers, depending upon himself for the descent of the New Jerusalem to earth, which must come alone through the shekinah of the individualized soul.

The distinguished Agassiz has said, in effect, if you would teach a child geography, you should take him out among the hills and let the earth become his instructor; if you would teach him of tigers or turtles, show him tiger or turtle. And so of man. If you would form a just appreciation of his possibilities in the future, you must examine into his capabilities for progress in the present; and thus reasoning by analogy, you will be able to establish at least a legitimate postulate with regard to his hereafter. Let us attempt so to do.

It is an established fact of science, that every well-developed human organism contains about twenty-eight pounds of blood, which, by means of the most perfect hydraulic appliances, is conveyed through the system at the rate of about three thousand gallons *per diem*; whilst not less than one hundred thousand cubic feet of atmospheric air, passing through six hundred millions of air cells in the lungs, are required for the purposes of existence.

It is also stated by science, that every square inch of the human organism sustains a column of air forty-five miles high, which weighs about fourteen pounds; so that each human body sustains the astounding weight of about thirty thousand pounds. This immense pressure from without, science tells us, is counteracted by what is termed the electro-vital power within; the body being thus rendered unconscious of the pressure. We are further told, that with this electric engine of at least one horse power, together with a vast chemical laboratory all the while in operation within the system, man is not disturbed thereby, unless the machinery, from some cause or other, gets out of order. And, indeed, that so quietly work these forces, that the power which sends to the generous bosom of the mother the food for her offspring, does not awaken the little slumberer, though the rushing stream is just beneath its ear!

No less wonderful is the muscular system of the human form. The muscles, although constituted similarly as regards material, are divided into two classes—the voluntary and the involuntary; the voluntary lie between the bony frame and the integuments of the body; the involuntary exist within the cavities, and compose a part of the circulatory and digesting systems. The former are subject to the conscious action of the will—the latter are supposed to act independently of the will. Equally wonderful is the nervous system; a beautiful piece of machinery, bearing to every portion of the body the vital feeling necessary to existence; penetrating and infilling every portion of the frame to such an extent that were it possible to divest it delicately of the body covering, you would still have a perfect representative of the man, even to the form of the eye, the route of the hair, and the enamel of the teeth. Then there are the mesenteric glands that take up the different particles of food and convey them to different portions of the body, in obedience to the same great law, operating under different conditions, that holds the mighty worlds that wheel in space within their orbits.

But perhaps the most wonderful portion of this beautiful piece of machinery, the human organism—the capes of all—is the human brain, with

its complicated and varied compartments, its convolutions, its cells, its watery and marrowy substances, its thin partitions and regular subdivisions—indeed, its entire shape and texture, all existing and operating harmoniously according to the laws of adaptation and use, and all declaratory of some almighty formative power still beyond.

Powers so wonderful, functions so delicate and complicated, you will allow must be attributed to appropriate causes and adapted to appropriate uses; and, in this connection, material science is at fault. Science tells you, and with truth, that the action of the voluntary muscles is dependent upon electric currents transmitted, through the agency of the nerves, from the nerve-centre—the brain. This is true, likewise, of what are called the involuntary muscles, although the fact may not be impressed upon the outer consciousness. Science tells you, also, that, in all cases of sensation, the impression is conveyed from the extremities to the brain, by means of the voltaic or electric current along the line of the nerves. But science does not tell you the nature, in full, of this current, nor does she tell of the force unseen, except in its effects, that gives to the brain its impressibility and seeming power. Spiritualism, properly understood, assumes to do this.

Material metaphysicians have affirmed that the mind—meaning the intelligent principle—is but a function of the animal brain; and Orthodox theology has done nothing practically to contradict this position of the atheist. Missionaries have been devoured by cannibals, martyrs have been burned at the stake. Have these missionaries and these martyrs been without minds as well as bodies, without personal identity all these many years? Does the identity they once possessed rest in oblivion, awaiting some chemical change or process, in the future, in matter alone? Or, rather, is it not more rational to believe as Spiritualism teaches, and in accordance with the known laws of matter, that after the death of this body, as it is termed, the fluid parts ascend in the form of vapor, descending again in the dew-drop and the rose? and that the more solid parts, seeking their kindred atoms, are constantly passing and re-passing in the various forms of life that make up the different kingdoms constituting the wonderful macrocosm of the universe? and that the intelligent principle, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, seeks its congenial sphere, where its divine possibilities will be brought into fuller and healthier exercise, proportioned to effort and desire, throughout the unending ages of the hereafter?

Again: Is the intelligent principle—that which is the soul—the principle of immortality—is it but a function of the animal brain? Let us see. If there is a physician here he will tell you that, in the disease called hydrocephalus, the human brain will sometimes become distended from within toward the circumference, giving it the appearance of a more sack, and yet the faculties remain normal. The upper portion of the brain has been frequently torn away, even severing the optic and olfactory nerves, and yet the man's faculties remain intact until inflammation ensues. Some years ago an iron bar was driven through the centre of the brain of a railroad man, at Cavendish, Vt., forcing before it a column of the brain of the size of the front end of the bar, mutilating the delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by the dozen, and yet the man recovered and his faculties remained intact. There must be some principle that exists, under the denomination of immortal—somewhere behind all that appears to the external sight, as existing within this machine; a something which is not wrought upon by the accidents and incidents that affect the outer man.

Again: Look over the history of matter, the history of inorganic nature, in so far as your observation may have extended, and you find that everywhere and in all conditions there is a universal law of change in operation. Every individual existence is constantly varying its qualities; its form, its relations. Some divine power seems operating upon nature, and through nature, by the great law of mutation, and by its agency new forms and relations are being continually brought into being along the pathway of time, marking out in so far, and how far, some controlling power interpenetrates matter.

Man is no exception to this general law of change; every portion of him pertaining to material functions and powers is constantly under its operation—not only every seven years, as has been supposed, but momentarily. At every half revolution of the blood, oxygen and carbonic acid are imbibed and dislodged at the capillaries of the lungs and of the system. There is alternate liquefaction and solidification constantly going on—bone, muscle, sinew and nerve becoming blood, and blood, in turn, becoming nerve, sinew, muscle and bone. Besides, under the law of waste and supply, each portion of the organism is constantly throwing off dead particles of matter and taking on living ones, relatively speaking. Thus the body is being constantly torn to pieces and continually rebuilt by the hand of organic law. The brain is no exception among the varied parts of this machine; but is also continually changing, and experiencing reinvigoration through the taking on of new particles in the place of effete matter. This is certainly indicative of the fact, at least, that the brain is not and cannot be the retentive faculty, any more, relatively, than the hand can be. The brain seemingly telegraphs to the extremities by means of what science terms the voltaic current along the nerves; the extremities, in like manner, seemingly communicate with the brain. But neither, in and of themselves, possess vitality, or the powers of thought. They are but the instruments through which some vital principle is acting—the brain being superior to the hand or foot only in the ratio of its superior functional development.

As in the valley of the Mississippi the little hills running down the far-off mountain sides are joined into the great "Father of Waters," which, sweeping onward, receives from old Missouri's muddy mouth her eternal kiss, and then wanders on—through all its winding course wearing away, shores and building up islands—till it is lost, at last, in Mexico's blue waves; so with the great river of life—it is continually wearing away and re-building the bodily functions till its end is accomplished here, and the life-current of the individual becomes submerged in the ocean of Eternity. Ay, human life has been well compared to the web of Penelope, which she was constantly weaving and unweaving whilst awaiting the return of her lord—what she had woven in the day being unwoven at night—that she might keep back the importunity of her suitors. Even so with the human organism—it is being constantly woven and unwoven, while the grim suitors, disease and death, stand waiting for their prize. At length the Ulysses of Immortality arrives, and the contest ends.

Then, my friends, if this be so—if change continually operates upon all the constituents of the brain, where is the soul—where the faculty of memory—the power of thought? Material metaphysicians say that it lies within the brain; and that man is nothing more or less than an intelli-

gent representative of all the history of matter preceding him. The atheist tells you that as the acorn produces the oak, and the oak, in turn, produces the acorn—as the fowl produces the egg and the egg, in turn, produces the fowl, so man, being produced alone by matter, can alone, in turn, produce matter. But, my friends, the atheist does not go sufficiently far in his investigations. When he tells you the brain is the centre of nervous sensation, he is correct; but he is in error when he declares it to be the seat of thought and memory. Although this error is so apparent to the Spiritualist—to him whose experiences have enabled his mental and moral powers to penetrate the gauzy veil that hangs between the two worlds, indocrinating him with just eschatological conceptions—still the old Mother Church and all her daughters—ostracizing Spiritualism continually—have themselves, for the last eighteen hundred years, failed to demonstrate how far the atheist is in error. And so I hold this system of modern Spiritualism, so much repudiated and denounced, to be the only school of ethics that can effectually recall the atheist from his cheerless materialism, or bring back the doubter to rational Christianity. It is the only system that teaches a correct and rational appreciation of Duty, or a correct and rational appreciation of man and his destiny. It is the system, of all others, capable of preserving all that is worth retaining, either in the Bible, or in Christianity. (Applause.) Modern Spiritualism is to the New Testament what that Testament was to the law of Moses—an extension of its views, with a newer and brighter light thrown upon its obscurities. The doctrine of hope, to the Spiritualist everywhere, is rapidly changing to fruition; the doctrine of immortality, that has only been theoretically held in the past, is, to the Spiritualist, a matter of mathematical demonstration; and all through the instrumentality of this glorious system—this God-given system, so worthy of all your love—this system called Spiritualism. Thank God for Spiritualism!

Now, how has Spiritualism accomplished its work? The physical phenomena are the alphabet of the system, but because they contain the simplicity fitted for the early childhood of each investigator in the science, they have been denounced by some of those calling themselves Spiritualists, who, by study and experience, have grown up out of their need. Because, forsooth, the phenomena are lacking in dignity, such minds seek manly to rush into the same vortex that the early Spiritualists did some fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, by which they threw down the ladder through the agency of which they reached spiritual thought, proclaimed it all dogmatology, and sunk into the maelstrom of church dogma. (Applause.) Oh, my friends, I tell you that the glory, the splendor, the beauty of this grand system denominated Spiritualism, will become blurred when you sever its theories from its facts; and it will become a fit subject for the rejection of future ages, as the legitimate effect of an appropriate cause. Oh Paul did the same thing for ancient Spiritualism; he drove the towering wedge of material influences, and his teachings had such effect upon the early Spiritualists that after the third or fourth century phenomena were forgotten, and old Mother Church made a terrific grasp for material power. But that power is now waning. I may remark in passing—and the Ecumenical Council of to-day is only the last dying gasp of her priestly domination. (Applause.)

Through the power of angelic association mankind are becoming evangelized, and a thinking, reading public are rapidly stepping upon the heels of the more learned public; whilst a self-constituted plane of theological thought no longer exists between God and the people. Mankind are blessed to-day with the God-given influence of angels, whose lessons have aroused the loftiest aspirations, enabling man to look the Majesty of the Universe in the face, as it were, solicited to learn of his past, his present, and his future. And yet this natural religion, this educator of the general mind, this holy system of evangelizing the race, has been repudiated by some who have called themselves Spiritualists, because, forsooth, wandering in the wilderness of materialism, they have allowed themselves to be induced to turn aside after strange gods, and are bowing down before the golden image of their imagination or their avarice. Alas! that any, naming themselves Spiritualists, should have ignored the platform upon which they may have been privileged to stand! Nevertheless, the truth will still remain, although every other man of the present generation should prove himself to be a Judas.

The phenomena of Spiritualism, that are said to be so puerile and undignified that no one but "poor, hatched-faced ignoramus" can be content to investigate them, have demonstrated to the candid investigator what that principle of vitality that moves in and through the human machine of which I have been speaking. By appealing to the external senses through the medium of material facts, this system, of all others, is best calculated to reach the mind of the atheist. And here let it be understood that I am not disposed to denounce the atheist for his skepticism, or damn him for his unbelief. I love the atheist for the integrity of his purposes, and for his truthfulness to his own convictions. He is a dozen steps, at least, in advance of the fanaticism of the age as to the questions at issue, and must eventually, from the truths that he has already reached in material science, approximate nearer and still nearer the legitimate deductions which Spiritualism seeks to establish.

Independent of facts correspondent to the phenomena of Spiritualism, who shall solve the mystery of the body's death, decomposition and decay? Why does the corpse lie so still? Examine the brain, the eye, the extremities. In many cases they are as perfect after as before what is called death has occurred! Why, then, have these functions ceased their activity? Why does not the body quit away the gravestone, and resume its conscious individuality? What has become of its loves, its hates, its hopes, its disappointments and its desires? If all the physical functions still remain intact, why are the filiofascias—but a short time since so marked—now indistinguishable? Why are the faculties which rendered that body so much the object of love and veneration, now so dormant? What has become of the light that shone out beneath that eyelid, now so motionless? What has become of those expressive features, a smile from which could thrill our very being with ecstasy, or frown into reverence or hate? The features are there, but oh! my soul, why so still—so expressionless?

The phenomena of Spiritualism alone can answer these interrogatories satisfactorily, or in any manner commensurate with finite comprehension. It is evident that some principle of vitality must have presided over these faculties, now so dormant and dead. What was it?—what is it, indeed?—or can individuality become extinct, or love and thought die with the inert mass, that has been but the channel of their outward expression? Modern phenomena—the raps, tips, trances, writing, clairvoyant manifestations, together with the much-abused dark circles—have

all contributed to establish the fact beyond the possibility of successful contradiction, that this principle of vitality has a conscious individuality of its own—that it is the man, or the woman—the object of our love and veneration that has departed from the body through the process which we term death, leaving the corpse but a lifeless lump of clay, as we have described it. And these phenomena demonstrate further that this conscious individuality lives after the "muddy vesture of decay" has been laid aside, and is enabled to commune with those who are still remaining amid the scenes of earth; so that your vanished idols are not dead, but gone before; and are permitted, through the operations of organic law, still to linger around their beloved, seeking to comfort, aiming to bless.

Naught, save phenomena of this character, both in the past and in the present—especially in the present, from the fact of their more general acceptance—can so effectually demonstrate the principle of immortality. True, Jesus of Nazareth is said to have "brought life and immortality to light." But it will be remembered that at the time of the ministry of Jesus, but one sect of the Jews recognized the idea of immortality as an article of faith—which idea they had acquired from the Persians; whilst the nation had never revived the doctrine as a subject of Revelation. Hence this expression should only be considered as applicable to the Jews. The more especially, as Pythagoras, Confucius, Socrates and others had taught the doctrine of immortality many hundreds of years before the Galilean carpenter was born! Besides, the investigating and matter-of-fact materialist is disposed to reject the testimony of two thousand years ago, as unsatisfactory evidence to the mind of the present age. And hence, the claim of modern Spiritualism with regard to capabilities of demonstration as to the immortality of the race—that it underlies and outtops any other religious system ever presented to the world!

But, if it be true that thought and memory are the faculties of some interior principle within the man, possessing a conscious individuality of its own, separate and distinct from the functions of the external body—what, then, is the office of the animal brain? If the brain is not the retentive principle of the organization, what are its functions? Reasoning from what we consider sufficient data, we believe the brain is a machine so to speak, in the nature of a galvanic battery—and the idea is not new with us—that its various functional arrangements constitute but the furniture of an electrical, or rather an electro-mental apparatus, designed to generate the currents to which I have adverted, as coursing along the line of the nerves, and known to science under the denomination of voltaic. The brain is known to be the centre from which branches out, directly or indirectly, every nerve in the system—and hence the nerves constitute the channels by means of which this fluid can reach every portion of the same—serving as a current of communication for purposes of sensation and motion, under the influence of some more positive principle, which, as I have said, leaves the body when the inertia of death ensues. This current is as ethereal as the air you breathe, and is being constantly generated in the human brain, under the impelling force of a more positive principle within the creature, which we designate soul. From the very nature of its source, it is susceptible of impressions from both the interior consciousness and the outer world; and hence may be denominated the external mind, serving as the intermediate agent of the soul in its connection and communion with the body, and with the outer world. This external mind possesses no vitality in and of itself, necessarily. All vitality is in soul or spirit. Thus, through this intermediate agent, the soul of man is enabled partially, at least, to manifest its individuality and vitality through what is, in and of itself, but an inert mass of matter—and which, when the vitalizing principle has departed from it, you deposit, brain, muscle, sinew, nerve, fluids, solids and all, within the common repository of its kindred matter. Thus, then, the soul of man, by its activities is recognized in the fluids microcosm of the human body, as the great Soul of Nature from whence he has emanated is recognized by His works in the vast body of the universe.

Seyguier, a German writer, remarks in effect, that one of the most startling and mysterious phenomena of man's nature, is the sudden revival of the recollection of scenes, events and thoughts, which had been seemingly long forgotten. In many instances the recollection flashes without warning upon the external consciousness. It is as though one had been gazing out into the blank darkness, which, lighted up all at once by a sudden flash, should become a theatre on which the minutest events of his past life had been enacted.

Phenomena of this kind, more or less distinctly marked, occur in the experience of every individual, in his ordinary and normal state. The bodily organs, together with the external mind, act as checks or limitations upon the operations of the soul, somewhat as the balance wheel of a watch checks and regulates the uncoiling of the spring. You do not know how rapidly the wheels might be impelled, until this check is taken off. The balance wheel makes the watch move in time; and so also with the limitations to which I have referred, in the human body—they compel the soul to act in reference to time. Thus, although the scenes of the past seem often to have sunk into oblivion, beyond recall, still, these repeated and momentary flashes of memory most surely indicate that somewhere in the organism is a retentive faculty, although it but impress upon the outer consciousness a partial testimony of its existence. The outward manifestation must comport with the condition of the channel through which it is given. Thus, in old age, when man has reached what is termed his second childhood, many important intermediate events are seemingly forgotten, whilst the incidents of childhood are frequently recurring to him. This is from the fact that time has weakened the generative processes of the brain, and its issue, the external mind, is incapable of receiving impressions that correspond to the realities of a sterner manhood. So, likewise, with the lunatic, the monomaniac, or derangement of any kind, external conditions have in some manner deleteriously affected the external mind and body; and the outward manifestation necessarily corresponds. But the interior consciousness is affected thereby, only relatively as to time; the immortal principle, the soul, remains itself, in all its faculties and powers—its memory, its real essence unimpaired. Hence man never forgets!

And with what consolation does this assurance come to the heart and the hearthstone! Ye who have mourned the mental night of a beloved father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child, or friend—ye, who, in gazing upon the senseless eyes of lunacy, have supposed the past obliterated in the crazed reminiscences of the beloved, or that all the endearing scenes and incidents of the past, which made earth lovely and life endurable, have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of fantastic imagery—think so no longer! Within the inner temple is an unerring record kept; and when the outer covering is torn away—when the beautiful

spirit, by the agency of death, shall emerge from the muddy and decaying coat of time, then again shall the treasures of the heart be restored; then again shall the eye sparkle with the tear of sympathy, and the warm pulsings of the soul shall tell of a memory and a love that can never die!

And thus, too, it will be seen that Spiritualism, in establishing the existence of an immortal memory, is logically determining the individual responsibility of the race, not by arbitrary decree, or preordained judgments, but through the legitimate outworkings of the law of cause and effect. Spiritualism teaches that the diamond-pointed pen of organic law is indelibly stamping upon the tablet of the soul the legitimate effects of all the deeds of time, whether good or bad; hence all thoughts and deeds, in their effects, are imperishable; so that, when the body celestial shall have been freed from the body terrestrial, the collective experience of the whole past existence will be before the soul. And this will surely be the Book of Judgment, in the mysterious chronology of which the deeds of time have been unerringly recorded; and, under the operations of organic law, man will find himself his own judge, juror, prisoner and executioner!

But the world to come is a world of compensation as well as of retribution. It is related that the Mahometans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of walking barefooted over a bridge of red-hot iron; it is also related of them that they are religiously particular not to step upon any piece of paper, or to permit its destruction, lest the name of God, or some holy thing, may have been written upon it. They have the consolatory belief likewise, that upon the occasion of passing over the bridge alluded to, all the pieces of paper which the Moslem may have preserved during his earthly life arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury.

Surely you will recognize an interior meaning to this fanciful conception of the Mahometan; for, even in this world, the effects of kind and benevolent actions often assuage the pain of subsequent afflictions; and in the beautiful worlds that are to come, you will find that the memory of good deeds will essentially lessen the burden of your misdeeds—that every tear which you may have shed, every grief which you may have weaned, will contribute to illuminate the pathway that is before you; whilst the joys of the soul shall grow brighter, and still brighter, as such reminiscences flash from the record of the past, amid the beauteous realities of the immortal world! It is no idle question, then, Does man ever forget?

## Correspondence in Brief.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.—Humboldt, Mo.—My last communication was dated from Munich, Ind. Since then, although I have written nothing for the Banner, I have not been wholly idle, and am richer in experience for a few additional changes in my changed career.

I was prompted to visit St. Louis, and remained there a few weeks, "slipping against hope," to catch down into some remembrance, for me, for there will come a day, when the weary spirit, jaded to and fro by the crowd of self-interests, will sigh for rest and often vainly clutch at straw. It may be said, but I cannot help it, even to reach upon such a footing, knowing as I do that the latter end of the gross demands unflinching courage, and is maintained mostly by selfishness. I gave but one lecture, "Facts of the Past," in St. Louis, to a private select few. Dr. J. E. Ferguson is eloquent, and to the good of his latest efforts, I heard him on Sunday evening. I attended two of his lectures, which were wonderful inspirations. I trust the friends may remember him.

Your old contributor and valiant worker, Warren Chase, is busy with his well-stocked book-shelf and occasional lectures.

St. Louis is a fine city, full of enterprise and noble purposes unnumbered, as well as one of the best. I went to the Presbyterian church, Christmas morning, and heard a sermon which was duly delivered. But such a stupendous weight of God's wrath to the sinner! Let, reflecting on the selfish fashion for vengeance.

Scores recalled me that the friends here at Humboldt, Mo., needed a speaker, not me to pass that I left St. Louis and reached Humboldt and commenced talking on Spiritualism and kindred topics. I have not much to report, being in possession of few items that I feel at liberty to detail. I was well pleased with Humboldt; it is a handsome town, nestled in the centre of high hills, looking out on the Mississippi. The friends of Spiritualism here are mostly earnest, but the Society is not in a position to engage the speaker, but are devoting their resources to the purchase of a library. I am distributing the bread of life as I best know how to the hungry on Sundays, trusting to the liberality of my hearers, for monetary compensation, I have no desire to receive. I expect to hold a discussion at Mexico, Mo., with a Rev. J. H. Coughlin.

Societies desiring week evening lectures, will please address me, Post Office, Humboldt, Missouri.

I enclose here a report of a funeral speech delivered by Prof. Green, editor of the Missouri Courier, of this town. Its delivery and publication has, I believe, caused considerable excitement, and is calculated to hurt Mr. Green in the estimation of many of his Orthodox friends. Alas! some have "cut" him. Is he not the gainer by their loss? What worth are such bitter feelings, anyhow, to a man of noble soul? J. H. Powell.

BALTIMORE, N. Y.—I walk in a private note says: We may some spiritual blessings here; if physical manifestations can be called such. A few of us have a private circle, and the physical manifestations, in the way of tying with ropes, putting on English patent steel handcuffs, and then being unlocked and removed without the key, the cutting of 25 inch steel rings on the arms of the medium, while the handcuffs or ropes are securely bound; the medium carried from the floor and placed on a table or bureau while thus bound or tied, and then released on the floor again, all the while tying, untangling and cutting ropes, played upon, floating all about the room, and a common dinner table floating and ringing at the same time. In fact, all the manifestations of the Davenport or Laura V. Ellis, and many many still more interesting manifestations, which I cannot learn are shown through these mediums, which, if I should relate just as they occurred, I fear would even make the most credulous of our faith shrink their shoulders and say, "A pretty tough nut that!" But here we have a private circle, and the physical manifestations, and it is persons can disbelieve the evidence of their own senses, their case must be hopeless indeed. Our medium, it gratifies me to say, is a lady of irreproachable character—home, faithful, and generous to a fault, utterly refusing to harbor low mediums for a compensation.

OBITUARY.—Clay, Ohio, Jan. 1, 1870.—It has fallen to my lot to make a record of the departure of our sister, Samantha Prall, of Phoenix, Oswego Co., N. Y., whose sudden exit from earth to the land of no return, was by paralysis on the 4th day of December, 1869. She spent fifty-six years in earth-life, and has long ago died with the loved ones through an unending eternity. Sister Prall investigated Spiritualism in its infancy, and was a true believer in its reality. She continued in well doing. At length she became a willing instrument in the hands of our faithful friends to relieve the sick and afflicted. She continued faithful to the close of her earthly existence, often met with her in spiritual meetings and circles, and it seemed we were doubly blessed for having her with us. I had a brother who was in the habit of smoking; my spiritual mother said to him, through the organism of Sister Prall, "My son, abstain from the use of tobacco; it is destroying the physical organization God has given you for a better purpose." He threw away his pipe and never used it again. Here the quotation is answered. "What good has Spiritualism done to a family?" (Religio-Philosophical Journal, Dec. 1869.)

ORION DARKENED.—I wish you would suggest to Mr. Ellis and to the Davenportists that if they would have a door made of wire screen in the front of their cabinet, with a door in the end, locked after sunset, it would save all time and trouble, and would free them from all suspicion of deception, as it is claimed by skeptics that they slip out their hands from the ropes, and then back again. They could not run their hands through the screen. We have attended the Davenport séances when several musical instruments were rubbed with phosphorus and played upon so far above the congregation that no person in the room could possibly reach them.

QUEBEC.—I still rejoice in continual spirit presence in my family, by daily receiving communications through Phantoms. My oak, who knows neither reading or writing, is our best medium. Phantoms will write under her single hand long sentences in answer to our questions. What can skeptics say to this? As she cannot write, it must be some other intelligence that is speaking. It is true, that on Christmas day my happy home was crowded with angels from the spirit-land. It is difficult to express the pleasure imparted to us by such facts.

BRUNSWICK, MO.—S. H. writes, Jan. 24: The Davenport Brothers gave one of their séances in this town, which was largely attended, and gave ground for some of the awakened considerable interest in this community; and I believe a few good lectures, accompanied by tests, would do much toward establishing Spiritualism firmly in the minds of our skeptical people.



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**Little by Little.**  
It was one of the strong common-sense sayings  
of Dr. Johnson, that a man need not trouble him-  
self to look for the greater and more marked  
events of life with which to attach himself, or  
upon which to expend his efforts, for if he did he  
would be sure never to find them, and his life  
would be wholly wasted. The true way was, to  
attend to the little duties of each day, and the  
large matters would announce themselves that,  
in dealing with them, we should seem to have  
done nothing more than what is ordinary and  
common. If this plain rule applies to the transac-  
tions with which we are concerned in life, it  
applies with equal force to human character. That  
we build as the tiny insect of the seas builds the  
coral reef. It grows almost imperceptibly,  
but ships strand on their bony ridges at the last.  
Character is a product. It does not come to any  
one as a whole, for at no time of our lives is it in  
a state of perfection. We are developing all the  
while in this direction and in that, yet we never  
consciously advance or increase. We take up  
from what is around us, and give out from our  
own active force within. Action and reaction go  
on so regularly that we can at no particular time  
undertake to say what is our own and what is  
another's.

The moral of it is, that in the little, the gradual,  
the imperceptible, we push our steady way on-  
ward to perfection. Too many choose to take the  
roundabout roads, and consume much precious  
time and opportunity in finally reaching their  
goal; while the wise and penetrating few go  
directly to their purpose, and the very reverses,  
delays and disappointments that are the inevi-  
table concomitants of life, are impressed into the  
service of making harmony, sweetness, and  
fullness in the character. But in either instance  
the rate of progress must be slow and regular.  
Whether we husband or waste the resources that  
are our endowment, we are compelled to assimilate  
the external facts around us by patient pro-  
cesses and only after infinite pains. Even if we  
know that we are making positive improvement,  
it is not allowed us to suppose that it can be  
secured by any faster than the customary  
methods. All growth is the sure because slow.  
The condition of permanence is that nothing be  
forced. The trees show in their annual rings that  
but so much can be added each twelvemonth to  
their circumference. The vegetable deposits that  
enrich virgin soil are made only year by year, not  
all at once. The oak takes centuries in develop-  
ing, hardening and maturing, though the willow  
shoots rapidly, and the gourd comes up in a night.

It is all strikingly illustrated by the old fable  
of the hare and the tortoise in the race. And if  
we of the present time give thanks even to the  
verge of vociferousness for the sudden and revo-  
lutionary overturn of the old and shadow-casting  
dogmas of superstitious belief, it is still just as  
necessary for us to keep in mind that the joyful  
change has in no manner inverted the established  
order of nature in her recognized law of develop-  
ment and growth. That remains precisely what  
it was, and where it was before. We cannot  
hasten any of her internal processes, or make her  
secret machinery go any faster. Daylight and  
freedom may have been achieved so far as truth  
is concerned, but no amount of liberty, or  
knowledge will suffice to displace the necessity of  
patient regularity, painstaking effort, continual  
watchfulness, unremitting self-discipline, and  
prayerful, aspiring culture. We need not hope,  
however our opportunities and advantages may be  
multiplied, to gather without plowing or reap  
without sowing. And between these processes  
lies a long stretch of endeavor, now seemingly  
baffled by others and now by ourselves, which is  
but the culture of the field in which all our treas-  
ure has been planted.

Knowing and recognizing these simple truths,  
one cannot but become more concerned for him-  
self and less uncharitably disposed toward others.  
The necessity of accomplishing so much for our-  
selves, when once fairly understood, will make it  
a prior necessity to leave off meddling with others  
by way of censures and judgments. Like the  
patient digger in the garden, we shall realize the  
benefit of tilling in our own spiritual plot and  
turning up our own native soil. There is a mir-  
acle in the result, we freely concede; but it is  
not possible to reach and secure it save by patient  
and regular labor. True, we shall have to sweat  
as we toil, and there will be many a backache  
in consequence; but how much sweeter will be  
the fruit at last, as we taste with it those rare  
qualities which have been infused by our own  
steady exertions.

### Mr. Frothingham Repellant.

It struck us with surprise to read in the report-  
ed account of Rev. O. B. Frothingham's last Sun-  
day's discourse, in this city, his fling at Spiritu-  
alism. He publicly testified to the audience his  
"entire want of respect for it." This is not a  
little singular, considering that he still continues  
to accept invitations to lecture before spiritual  
societies. As for his own belief, it is possible that  
he could not describe it himself. He is afraid,  
holding on by nothing. Until he does obtain  
something like a footing, therefore, it would bet-  
ter become him to be less dogmatic and opinion-  
ated concerning the faith of others. He assails  
everything, and believes nothing.

### Patrons of the Banner.

Are informed that the present volume expires  
in a few weeks; and the object of this notice is a  
reminder to those whose subscriptions expire  
with it, and who intend to renew, to do so at an  
early day as their convenience will permit, thus  
saving us the extra labor that would otherwise en-  
sue in rearranging the names in our mailing ma-  
chine.

### The Sufferings of Mediums.

Mediums meet with many obstacles, and en-  
dure many hardships. Lack of sympathy, lack  
of efficient cooperation, lack of pecuniary com-  
pense, as well as frequent and severe mental and  
physical sufferings, are experienced. Their souls,  
too, become "exceedingly sorrowful even unto  
death." And why? We are often told that if  
Spiritualists were more generous and free with  
their money—would withdraw more fully from  
the churches and become a more distinct and  
united sect, our mediums would have more joy-  
ful hearts and fuller purses. Perhaps they would.  
But would they therefore work better, and be  
more useful to humanity? Would the good cause  
make a more sturdy growth, and produce more  
abundant, precious and abiding fruits? Are the  
shortcomings of men the chief cause of such suffer-  
ings, or is that cause a natural necessity in pro-  
ducing the higher forms of mediumship and estab-  
lishing truth? Turning the thoughts back to the  
inspired teachers of the past, such as Moses, the  
prophets, Jesus and his apostles, Mahomet, Joani  
of Arc, Luther, Huss, George Fox, Swedenborg,  
the Wesleys, Murray, Savonarola, and many  
others who have presented religion and spirit  
influences in some new light to their several ages  
and peoples, we observe that nearly all of them  
met and battled with similar obstacles, and suf-  
fered in similar manner. Our God was their  
God; and we see that he has always trained his  
special revelators by hard processes. So con-  
formably has this been his course, that we are al-  
most forced to suppose that there can be no me-  
diumship satisfactory to him which has not been  
wrought out, tested and tempered in the fires of  
adversity. Drink the cup and take the baptism  
that was meted out to Jesus. Such is the law  
which general experience seems to indicate. Me-  
diumship is either the child, or the parent, the  
result or the cause of personal suffering by its pos-  
sessor.

Were all professed Spiritualists as free-handed,  
as sympathetic, as active in behalf of their be-  
lief, as ready for strong bonds of union as we are  
often inclined to feel that they ought to be, might  
not the spread of our faith be more rapid than is  
consistent with endurance and efficiency; and  
might not our mediums become emancipated by the  
ease and pleasantness of their lot? Also might  
they not suffer diminution of their mediumistic  
powers? Possibly the checks and burthens pro-  
duced by the lukewarmness and aversion of man,  
are helpful in expanding and strengthening them.  
The law of precedent consigns great re-  
formers and revelators to toll, hardship and suf-  
ferings. Such crosses may be indispensable to  
their own efficiency and success, and also to the  
best ultimate effects upon the human race.

It is said in the *Banner*, Jan. 29th—Questions  
and Answers—"that the reason why some can  
see spirits while in their mortal bodies, and oth-  
ers cannot, is simply a chemical difference that ex-  
ists between humans;" also that "some are so or-  
ganized that under certain chemical conditions  
they see spirits." Such statements may be in ac-  
cordance with the facts; and any human body  
may be a spirit chemist's subject, which he  
seeks to make subservient to himself by the ab-  
straction of some elements and the addition of  
others. The processes may produce many of the  
shocks, headaches, lassitudes and acute pains  
which are so common with the mediumistic.  
Such painful processes may be necessary in fit-  
ting most mediums for their benedict work.  
Some organisms were so compounded in embryo  
as to be easily fitted for such use—*natural me-  
diums*; others can be fitted for mediumship only by  
the application of much labor, skill and persever-  
ance; while the most of us are absolutely too re-  
fractory to be reduced and fitted for such service  
and such enjoyment as belong to mediums.  
This, perhaps, at least, in part, because we have  
descended through a long line of Protestant an-  
cestors who disbelieved in continuous inspira-  
tion—who deemed all apparent spirit presence as  
but hallucination, dream or superstition, and who  
left their own inner or spirit senses so entirely  
unexercised, and therefore dwarfed, that they  
could transmit such senses to us in only a most  
enfeebled condition, like the eyes of fishes in the  
waters of dark caverns—mere germs of sense—  
such feeble germs that spirit chemists, or devel-  
opers, may be absolutely unable to unfold them  
into active organs. To do that, if it be possible,  
might rack our bodies with pains which would  
render the bodies themselves incompetent to any  
useful service. We therefore are let alone; we  
can't be used; we must wait for the coveted ac-  
tion of our spiritual senses till the outer ones  
have ceased to bandage them. We may foster  
the germs in us, hoping thus to help our descend-  
ants in some future ages to have open vision  
while still in the flesh; mediumistic susceptibil-  
ities seem to run somewhat in families, and to be  
hereditary.

Mediums are not all the time in good condition  
for their peculiar work. The best of them often  
need fitting up, and the processes of this are not  
always easy. Some spirit stated, many years  
ago, through Mrs. Hyzer, in the Melodeon, that  
the shocks which mediums often experience are  
the results of a confluence of the controlling  
spirit's magnetisms and the magnetisms of the  
medium, and until the two blend in equilibrium  
there is agitation.

We have often been told that mediumship was  
due to some "peculiar organization or tempera-  
ment." Such a statement conveys no very defi-  
nite instruction. So, too, when told that the pe-  
culiarities are chemical, the information is very  
vague. Not enough is known to make these  
thoughts we are recording anything more than  
speculations.

We sympathize with our sufferers, and desire  
their burthens to be as light as is consistent with  
the full performance of their high duties; but we  
have no faith that "the nature of things" permits  
high mediumship, unaccompanied by intense suf-  
fering. The keenest of these sufferings are such  
as embodied men can neither cause nor cure;  
they are incident to the very nature of the me-  
diumistic office.

That office is a high and noble one, and its du-  
ties should be most conscientiously and modestly  
performed. Though the duties are imposed by  
the good and kind ones above, preparation for  
and discharge of them involves pain. The powers  
who use human organisms to transmit their  
messages from the spheres unseen, must needs  
cause their instruments to suffer; yet they do and  
will amply compensate, in some mode, for all the  
pains they generate. The cross precedes the crown!

### Thomas Paine.

The friends of free thought celebrated the one  
hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the birth-  
day of Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the revo-  
lution, at Mercantile Hall, in this city, on Sun-  
day evening, Jan. 31st. The hall was crowded.  
The lecture, by Horace Seaver, Esq., of the *Jacobi-  
tator*, in which he recounted the revolutionary  
services rendered by the patriot and then passed  
on to the elucidation of Mr. Paine's religious and  
political opinions, was well received by the atten-  
dant audiences.

### The Pride of Poverty.

There is a class of writers, as well as of social  
creatures, who take it upon themselves to de-  
nounce pride (not vanity and empty conceit) in  
others, on the ground that the latter have not yet  
acquired money enough to entitle them to the  
exercise of the feeling. They talk as if a person  
had really no right to be proud—which is another  
name for proper self-respect—unless he had  
achieved, no matter how, a fortune. Then he may  
toss his head, paw the ground, and clasp the bit  
in the highest style of selfish effrontery. Of such  
we discover the Springfield *Republican* to be.  
That paper has set upon the workingwomen of  
Boston, whose cause is so nobly led by Miss Jen-  
nie Collins, because they presumed to retain suf-  
ficient self-respect to refuse, when demanding their  
plain rights, the patronage implied by public  
charity. The *Republican* complains of them that  
"the members of the New England Women's  
Club having opened pleasant rooms for the  
amusement of women, in the City Charity Bureau  
in Chardon street, the leaders of the working-  
women's organization met and denounced this  
kindly act, because the rooms were not in Trem-  
ont Place, where the Club usually meets, and  
because the members did not invite the working-  
women to their own houses."

We will assume to deny for the workingwomen  
of Boston the last clause of the *Republican's*  
charge, and to put it back upon that journal as a  
fabrication of its own unfriendly imagination.  
But while taking such pains to make it appear as  
if the workingwomen would disgrace and defile  
the parlors of the women who belong to the New  
England Women's Club, would it not evince a  
delicacy more significant of the superior breed-  
ing assumed, had the Club members considered  
whether they would themselves have been al-  
together content to be thus patronizingly turned  
off into the enclosure of public charity? The fact  
is, when one would seek to put another aside as  
an inferior, he or she ought to demonstrate his or  
her own superiority to the general satisfaction.  
But rudeness does not do it, and a lack of sym-  
pathetic delicacy does not do it. The *Republican*  
thinks the workingwomen ask to be fed, clothed,  
and amused by the hand of charity, when all they  
demand is an equal chance, with their sisters in  
silks and lace, to provide honorably for them-  
selves with a view to their own improvement  
and happiness.

The "scornfulness" manifested by the working-  
women must have been all the result of the un-  
friendly imagination of our contemporary. It  
should remember that the Club women need no  
advocate or friend, while the workingwomen are  
in sore want of both. It may express its super-  
cilious pity for their "ignorance;" but does it  
care to know how many pure hearts, bright intel-  
lects, high imaginations, and devoted characters  
are buried under the unfavorable social condi-  
tions from which the workingwomen simply seek  
to emerge? To tell them that they are proud and  
scornful is nothing. It is scarcely better to tell  
them to learn the art of printing. It certainly is  
no aid to tell them that they are ignorant and  
must take a back seat. Ignorance cannot keep  
the front anywhere, and the *Republican* should  
know it. All that the workingwomen of Boston  
ask is a fair chance for themselves and no patron-  
age or pity.

### New Hampshire Labor Reform Con- vention.

On Friday, Jan. 23rd, agreeably to call of the  
State Executive Committee, a large number of  
delegates for a Labor Reform Convention assem-  
bled in Concord to consider the questions at issue.  
Owing to a division of opinion among the ad-  
vocates of the labor movement, as to the propriety  
of forming at the present time an independent  
political organization, and the nomination of sepa-  
rate candidates, the delegations from Port-  
smouth and Manchester, and some other places,  
withdrew from the Convention and held another  
meeting at Phoenix Hotel. Both parties at pre-  
sent claim to represent the labor interests—the  
first Convention having proceeded to organize a  
party, the members of which renounce all con-  
nection with present political organizations, and  
to nominate Samuel Flint for Governor; and the  
seceding wing declaring themselves true Labor  
Reform men in the strictest sense of the term; but  
stating that they do not see their way clear for  
the nomination of candidates for Governor and  
Railroad Commissioner at the present time.

### Sick Doctors.

The medical fraternity (regular) of Rhode  
Island, think of applying to the Legislature for  
the passage of a measure, that shall forbid the  
practice of medicine to any and all persons not  
chartered for that purpose under the broad seal  
of their gallipot association. When a quackery  
is sought to be built up, in whatever business,  
and in religion as well, the public may be sure that it  
is ignorance, assurance and selfishness that chiefly  
want protection. If the Rhode Island medical  
men cannot hold their own in the face of all  
other opposing opinions relating to their calling,  
why should they ask the Legislature to quit a  
spread for smothering those opinions? Let medi-  
cal skill become as free as the air we breathe—  
can there be too much of it? The Rhode Island  
doctors are not a quarter so anxious to heal the  
sick about them as they are to get the monopoly  
of a practice for which they thus advertise them-  
selves as unqualified.

### Worth Knowing.

A revised report of Bro. Thomas Gales Foster's  
lecture before the Spiritualists of Boston, in Mu-  
sic Hall, the 23d ult. is printed on the second page  
of this paper. We call the reader's attention par-  
ticularly to that portion of his remarks bearing  
upon Phenomenal Spiritualism, a phase of our  
soul-inspiring Philosophy that must not be lost  
sight of. We should as soon abjure the English  
alphabet, because we have learned our letters, as  
cast aside the spiritual phenomena. There are  
plenty of children all around us—in the church  
and out—who have not as yet learned even the  
alphabet of the great spiritual truths in store for  
humanity. Spiritualists above all others should  
not give up facts for theories, because "wolves in  
sheep's clothing" sometimes enter their ranks  
and cast obliquity upon the manifestations. The  
truth will live, however, no matter how strong the  
opposition to suppress it.

### Cock Fighting Journals.

If bull baiting and gladiatorial combats and  
cock pits are a disgrace to our professions of civi-  
lization, and the men are to be socially ostracized  
with round denunciations who participate in  
them, what are we to think of those journals which  
devote column upon column, and the resources  
that make up the showiest style of description, to  
the prompt and full record of these brutish cru-  
elties, called popular amusements. In and about  
New York, the cock-fighting mania rages to a dis-  
graceful extent; and while one journal professes  
to deprecate it editorially, it reports the bloody  
scenes in full in its other columns.

### Running a Church.

It is spoken of in the papers as something to be  
treated with ridicule, that a man like Mr. James  
Fisk, Jr., should have bought a pew at the recent  
auction sale at Mr. Beecher's church. The state-  
ment is coupled with the supposititious rumor that  
Mr. Fisk may possibly have in his mind a plan for  
getting out an injunction on all the other pew-hold-  
ers, a la Erie railroad management, and then run-  
ning Plymouth Church by himself. Here is the  
place where the laugh is expected to come in. But  
what special matter for ridicule is there here? Suppose that Mr. Fisk, or Mr. Anybody Else,  
should in a "regular" way manage to get full  
control of a church; is there anything so extreme-  
ly shocking to the general sensibilities in this, or  
anything particularly worthy of ridicule? Were  
Fisk to run Plymouth Church, he would only be  
doing what is undeniably done in many another  
ecclesiastical establishment. We can put our  
finger on many and many a church, from pro-  
fessedly liberal to the notoriously bigoted, that is  
owned by one, two, three, or half-a-dozen men at  
most. They own the minister; hold him in their  
keeping; make him the heavy present; pile on to  
his salary; and in this way own the church,  
and run the church. Nobly in the concern, be-  
liever or unbeliever, communicant or non-commu-  
nicant, is of any account in comparison with  
these few men. The minister calls mainly on  
them, is deferential chiefly to them, and draws  
the general attention to them by his own. It  
amounts to not much more than a private run-  
ning of a church on the part of a few men, and  
generally very small ones, for the gratification of  
a petty vanity and a puny love of power. Let  
James Fisk go ahead.

### Money Defalcations.

There is almost as great a mania for defalca-  
tions; irregularities, and other things of that sort  
in the banks and other places where money is  
kept in large amounts and freely handled, as  
there is for suicides and homicides. These things  
seem to run in grooves, which may be called pe-  
riods. Not a city in the country of any commer-  
cial importance, but has had to pay heavy forfeit  
out of its accumulations, for having trusted  
agents that are nevertheless necessary. The best  
and longest trusted men turn up derelict and  
criminal. Cashiers of a quarter of a century's  
standing, go under just like a gay and unsteady  
young fellow. There is apparently some magic  
evil in money, or rather in the social system that  
worships it, which not every one that is tempted  
can overcome. Shall banks be abolished or so-  
ciety be reconstructed by the power of better and  
more elevated influences?

### A Sore Spot.

After having made the circuit of the world,  
"Carleton," the correspondent of the *Boston Jour-  
nal*, was forced to the confession that "the houses  
of worship are free all over the world, and among  
all religions except Christianity; and that, of the  
three great divisions of Christendom—Romanist,  
Greek and Protestant—the latter alone adopted  
the exclusive system; a system whose practical  
working, in our large cities, is to shut out from  
the house of God a large part of the common peo-  
ple." The *Congregationalist* (Orthodox), of this city,  
extracts this unpalatable statement, adding that  
"the most awkward thing about it is, it is true."  
And then it appeals to its denomination to move  
for reforming it. Protestantism needs spiritual-  
izing to give it true religious sympathy. The new  
revelation has none of the old Calvinistic selfish-  
ness or coldness.

### A Cut of the Lash.

We said we wished to waste no more words  
upon the *Round Table*. Not shall we say more for  
ourselves. But its inhuman, indecent and out-  
rageous allusions to a lady who is esteemed and  
adored wherever the fame of her good works has  
gone—Mrs. Emma Hardinge—that paper compels  
us, and every other respectable journal as well, to  
lift the lash of correction. In its punnetts over  
Latin adjectives noster, it has forgotten its man-  
ners, if any it ever had. We advise its conduct-  
or to study first the common decencies of social  
life, and learn the language in which a lady  
should be publicly spoken of, before it drags out  
any more specimens of its corrupted Latin. Or,  
if it must speak of honored women, let it speak  
in that favorite Latin which nobody can under-  
stand.

### Law and Infidelity.

Judge Sharswood, of the Supreme Court of  
Pennsylvania, has just decided on the bench that  
the bequest of a testator for building a church  
where "Infidel" doctrines are to be preached, is  
void and of no effect. But one step remains to be  
taken beyond that, which is to issue a general  
legal order expelling all who hold "Infidel" doc-  
trines from the State. From Pennsylvania such  
intolerance comes with a very poor grace. Lib-  
erality, if anything, should be advocated and  
practiced there. Girard certainly had a right to  
will his large estate as he saw fit, and any other  
man of property ought to enjoy the same common  
right. Judge Sharswood's reasons for his anti-  
quated decision read very much like extracts from  
the records of our old Puritan theocracy.

### Mormon Rebels.

There is serious trouble in the Mormon Church,  
and it cannot much longer be disguised from the  
outside world. Brigham Young has actually hud-  
dled his concubines together, to send out as their  
voice a protest against Woman Suffrage. He feels  
the coming influence on his priestly power. The  
railroad is to make havoc with his plans. There is  
a schism among his elders. He is growing old him-  
self. The Government is watching its chance.  
And rebellion is ripening to break forth. If the  
bible does not endorse polygamy, the law of the  
land does not.

### Appeal Responded To.

An appeal was made to the audience of Spiritu-  
alists in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan.  
30th, for funds to enable the agents of the Massa-  
chusetts Spiritual Association to continue the  
missionary work so auspiciously begun a few  
years since, which resulted in a collection of  
eighty-eight dollars and twenty cents. Money sent  
to William White, the President of the As-  
sociation, Dr. H. B. Storer or A. E. Carpenter,  
State Agents, care of this office, will be faithfully  
appropriated to missionary purposes.

### The Remains of George Peabody.

The philanthropist, were, on Tuesday, of last  
week, escorted from the City Hall in Portland  
to the depot, by a great military and civic pro-  
cession. A special train carried them to the  
town of Peabody, when another procession es-  
corted them to the hall, where they will lie in  
state until borne to the tomb.

### Read the Beautiful Story

Which is commenced the present week on our  
first page.

### A Hard Case.

In the *Boston Herald* for January 24th, we find  
the following paragraph. Surely if there ever  
was a time for the angel of charity to descend and  
touch the hearts of mankind it is now, when the  
winter has laid its cold hand upon the earth, and  
want and pain are the inmates of many a once  
smiling home; and hard-hearted must be he who  
would punish either the donor or recipient of  
charity in such an hour. Do the followers of  
"him of Nazareth" believe their creed? If so,  
do they not fear to hear him one day proclaim: "I  
never knew you?"

"Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto  
one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto  
me."

On Wednesday evening last several of the em-  
ployees of the Metropolitan Railroad Company  
saw that the Metropolitan Railroad Company  
presented Mr. J. R. Spaulding with a purse of  
eighty-five dollars. Mr. Spaulding has been in  
the employ of the corporation for quite a number  
of years, and is highly esteemed by those who  
have been connected with him in the service of  
the corporation. During the past year his  
fortune has overtaken him and sickness has en-  
tered his family. His friends, wishing to man-  
ifest their sympathy for him in his affliction, sur-  
prised him as above mentioned. The manage-  
ment of the road, on hearing of the occurrence,  
ordered the immediate discharge of the recipient  
of the favor and the friend who circulated the  
subscription list; and still further, threaten to  
discharge every man who subscribed to the fund,  
so far as they can ascertain who were concerned  
in the affair. The only remark made by the Su-  
perintendent, in discharging Mr. Spaulding, was,  
that he "did a wrong thing in accepting the  
purse." We give the above to the public as a  
simple statement of the facts in the case.

"Alas for the fairly  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!"

### Woman's Suffrage Convention.

There was a successful conference of the active  
friends and advocates of the Woman Suffrage  
movement in this city last week, presided over  
by James Freeman Clarke, and addressed by such  
live speakers as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Howe, Miss  
Anthony, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell  
Phillips, Rowland Connor and others. The ses-  
sions continued through the day and evening.  
The whole question was ably and instructively  
discussed, and a determination shown to push  
the work out as actively as possible among the  
people. The annual officers were chosen at the  
close, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe being elected Presi-  
dent.

The following comments by the *Investigator* are  
to the point:

"We were sorry to see a spirit of division or  
party exhibited where unity and concert of action  
alone should prevail. Thus Miss Susan B. An-  
thony, one of the ablest and the oldest advocates  
of the cause, in her speech made an apology for  
speaking, by saying she was an 'interloper'; and  
when a call was made for Mrs. Stanton, who was  
not permitted to speak at all, for the Rev. James  
Freeman Clarke, who was in the chair, immedi-  
ately adjourned the meeting. It was shabby  
treatment of a very worthy lady. Mrs. Stanton  
is the best speaker that the cause can boast of,  
and probably its most intellectual and efficient  
superior, and it was small business in the Rev.  
Mr. Clarke and all others in sympathy with him  
to deny her a hearing. The Woman's Rights  
Party is right, in principle; but it never  
will commend itself to a liberal public by being  
aristocratic, exclusive and bigoted."

### Female Suffrage.

This subject, which is gradually assuming a  
wide spread importance throughout the country,  
is ably supported by many advocates, both  
through the public press and upon the rostrum.  
We mention below some of the leading papers  
devoted to the cause—doubtless there are others  
of which we have not heard:

The *Revolution* is published weekly in New York  
city, by Miss Susan B. Anthony, and edited by  
Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It is rapidly gaining  
in public favor, and has now entered upon its  
fifth volume.

The *Woman's Journal* is published in Boston—  
business address, 3 Tremont Place. Among the  
names connected with it, are to be found those of  
Mary A. Livermore (Managing Editor), Julia  
Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison  
and T. W. Higginson. It is in a large quarto  
form, and of faultless typographical appearance.  
It is now in its fifth volume.

The *Woman's Advocate*, published at Dayton, O.,  
by J. J. Belville, and edited by Miriam Cole and  
A. J. Boyer, has been made the official organ of  
the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association, and is  
doing a good work in that and surrounding  
States.

### Macbeth.

Mr. Wyzean Marshall, the popular tragedian  
and teacher of elocution, gave an entertainment  
in Music Hall, this city, Wednesday evening, Feb.  
2d, consisting of readings from Shakespeare's  
tragedy of Macbeth by himself and Miss Lucette  
Webster, accompanied by all the original music  
composed by Locke, rendered by a full orchestra  
and chorus under the direction of Mr. Chas. Kop-  
pitz. The whole affair was a perfect success, and  
received the repeated hearty applause of a very  
large audience. Mr. Marshall has few equals as  
a reader. Miss Webster closed the entertainment  
by reading Poe's very difficult though beautiful  
poem, "The Bells," in a manner highly creditable  
to herself, and warmly appreciated by the audi-  
ence.

### Merited Compliment.

A friend at the West writes us as follows: "I  
consider Emma Hardinge's work, *Modern Ameri-  
can Spiritualism*, as the best, nay, grandest con-  
tribution yet made to spiritual literature." This  
is indeed complimentary. The reader will ob-  
serve on our first page Mrs. Jane M. Jackson's  
review of the wonderful phenomena recorded in  
this great work.

### Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

As will be seen by reference to a notice in an-  
other column, this Association will hold its An-  
nual Meeting at the Melodeon, (Tremont Tem-  
ple) Boston, on Wednesday, March 2d. A full  
attendance is desired, as business of importance  
is to be transacted.

### Dr. Newton, the Healer.

This well-known healer, now located at 23 Har-  
rison Avenue, Boston, has recently effected cures  
of so wonderful a nature as to astonish his most  
intimate friends. We shall give some account of  
them in our next.

Dr. Newton will remain in Boston until the en-  
suing April, when he intends visiting England  
with the expectation of remaining one year.

### N. Frank White going South.

Mr. White has just closed a two months lecture  
season in Washington, D. C., where he was much  
liked. He will be in Newbern, N. C., during Feb-  
ruary. He will probably visit New Orleans and  
Texas; if he does, our friends South will be for-  
tunate in securing the services of so able a lec-  
turer. He will come east early in summer.

The Maryland courts have decided the signing  
of a note on Sunday does not render it void.















## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

This fascinating title to a new book by E. Sargent we hope will induce thousands to read that would not see it with a less fascinating title. The book is a severe and scathing criticism, well as a just one, on the marriage and divorce laws of New York, which, however fictitious the cases narrated, have had hundreds of equally cruel and unjust effects that were real, and many far worse, and are working mischief every day that ought to produce a change in them at once. We are satisfied that if every intelligent person

It is thus apparent that the two classes the have been evolved from the Christian church, or by the gradual growth of spiritual independence the other by the wondrous and sudden awakening caused by Spiritualism, stand upon the same platform of principles, and to this dual bond belong all who revere the Divine Humanity, whether Jew or Greek, Christian or Infidel, Polytheist or Transcendentalist. In the soil of Intellectual Freedom is planted the germ of a new Spiritual Order—the Church of the future, "without showings, or psalmody, or sackbut," that will have "silence for symbol and illustration," that will be presided over by "the nameless Thought," the nameless Power, the superpersonal Heart." It is against these believers in the supremacy of soul and its vital contact with Divine and Infinite Being, that the artillery of bigotry will be hurled. From their ranks come the reformers of every class, they who would elevate and enfranchise humanity at the expense of effete institutions.

21. Pardee writes that he saw James Reading, who is  
 22. wife's father, and I know that Mr. Mansfield knew nothing  
 23. of him or his name.

24. 3d. Pardee says that he has the assurance that Dr.  
 25. Graves Loudon will assist him in controlling the condition  
 26. of my son. Mr. Loudon was my partner in business for five  
 27. years, of whom personally Mr. Mansfield knew nothing.  
 28. The way the name of Mr. Loudon is given, was the peculiar  
 29. manner in which he always wrote it. Pardee knew that  
 30. having often seen him write. His first name was Bartholomew.

31. 4th. Pardee writes that he had met Wm. Kingsbury, who  
 32. was the first husband of Mrs. Kingsbury—the lecturer  
 33. whom Pardee married; and,

34. 5th. Pardee writes that Miss Hattie, whose name Mr.  
 35. Mansfield never had an opportunity of knowing, I had  
 36. perhaps thought of my old friend Loudon for the past  
 37. months, until I saw his name thus given by Pardee. Sub-  
 38. sequently I wrote to Loudon, and also to my son—through  
 39. Mr. Mansfield—and have received replies, which are full  
 40. tests of their identity, and will give the facts in another in-  
 41. ter to the *Banner of Light*. Geo. Helmick.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 18th, 1870.

The first cost of the work will considerably exceed the price which has been fixed upon by the author, with a view of rendering it attainable to all classes of readers.

**SUBSCRIBERS AND THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE  
BANNER OF LIGHT COMPANY, NO. 158 WASHINGTON**

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