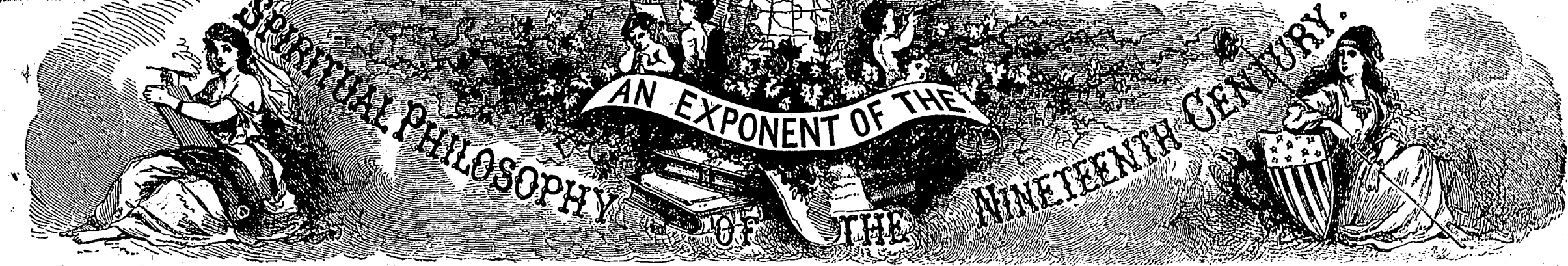


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVI.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance. }

NO. 12.

## Banner Contents.

First page: "A Therapeutic Agency not known to the Materia Medica," by B. L. Catlin, M. D. "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second: Same continued. "Life's Best," by William Branton. "Select Circles at the Pensions of J. V. Mansfield," by Hon. A. G. W. Carter. "Conversations on Spiritualism," Third: "The Mediumship of Mrs. Compton," by Dr. Frank L. H. Willis. "Turned and Returned," by Warren Chase. "Nelle and Annie," by Mrs. H. N. Greene Butts. Banner Correspondence: "To the Connecticut Spiritualists," by E. Anne H. H. H. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "The Godly Constitution," etc. Fifth: Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc. Sixth: Spirit Message Department. "Splendid Holiday Books," Oblituary, etc. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "The Philadelphia Evidence for Spirit-Matter Interrelation," by Robert Dale Owen. "New Publications," etc.

## Original Essay.

### A THERAPEUTIC AGENCY NOT KNOWN TO THE MATERIA MEDICA.

BY B. L. CATLIN, M. D.

That there is a healing power acting independently of the materia medica, and as efficacious in its sphere as any remedial agent known to science, is now a well established fact with all those who are willing to witness its operations at the bedside of the sick. It acts in broad daylight, and is not disturbed in the least by the scrutinizing eyes of the scientific physicians. This healing power is generally known by the name of "zoo," or animal magnetism. A more pompous name is given to it by some fanciful writers, in the newly coined expressions "psychic force," "psychomancy," "psychophysic," in connection with some wild theories concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of that mysterious power. The naked fact is, that there are men and women who can cure diseases by simply putting themselves in contact with the sick person, and expressing their will to effect a cure. The expression takes various shapes and forms, according to the idiosyncratic habit of the healer.

This marvelous healing power has been known for ages; but, while by the ancients it was considered as a special favor accorded by Deity as a reward of great holiness, or as a sign of high social position (as kings and priests), it is demonstrated in our day as being a simple attribute of some peculiar organizations, entirely independent from holiness or social position. The inquiry into the nature and character of this power, and the conditions indispensable to its manifestations, is perfectly legitimate; but the various theories propounded until now appear to be a wonderful tissue of hasty conclusions, drawn partly from imperfect experiments made and suggestions thrown out by various scientific men concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of the medicinal virtue of drugs in general, and partly from inadequate observations made of phenomena of different kinds, and unequally considered, as the late Professor Czernack has it. It is this unscientific process of combining heterogeneous elements into a theorem that has opened wide fields to charlatanism, which fills the papers with certificates testifying to ephemeral cures of imaginary complaints, to the delight of the credulous. I do not intend to enter now into a proper analysis of the various phenomena exhibited by this power, and suggestions they may offer for a plausible theory; but as I had of late the opportunity to experience the effect of this mysterious power upon myself, produced by one of our most genuine healers, I cannot resist the impulse to submit to your intelligent readers a few thoughts concerning the main characteristic feature of this wonderful gift, with a few hints elucidating the floating schemes for its explanation.

Mesmer, by the exhibition of his marvelous power, has given a new impetus to the scientific investigations concerning the relation between mind and body, and although the said investigations have taken a centrifugal direction and ultimately in a psychology opposed to the tendency of the phenomena observed in Mesmer, he nevertheless has left enough of stir and commotion in the investigating mind to secure, in a future time, a rebounding from the periphery to the centre. Hence the uneasiness among the serious and independent thinkers on the subject in view, in spite of the assurance that psychology has said its last word. Descartes's discovery of the relation which exists between the manifestation of our emotional and sensational life and certain changes going on in the nervous and muscular substance, gave rise to a series of scientific investigations, culminating in the modern view of the origin of sensational thought, or in other words, the materialistic view of our spiritual nature, to which phrenology, with all its errors, has contributed not a little. But although science has indeed succeeded in explaining satisfactorily a great amount of mental phenomena in its own materialistic way, it has left out from the arena of its investigations a certain class of phenomena which are by no means covered by its suggestions, and has thus left the door open to wild speculation with regard to the primitive mesmeric phenomena, which continue to accumulate in spite of ridicule, and which were lately enforced in number by facts from Modern Spiritualism. Remembering in this respect that Descartes's own expression for molecular motion in nerve and muscle is "animal spirits," and "flow of animal spirits," and the like, it is not to be wondered at that while on the one hand there is a great looseness of scientific thought in the hinging of every mental and analogous phenomenon on some of the nerve centres and filaments, there is on the other hand a deal of fanciful speculation on the animal spirit and its flow, expressed now by nerve-fluid, nerve-aura, nerve-od, and the like.

But it is especially interesting to contemplate the train of ideas generated from time to time in our intellectual atmosphere, which ideas, not brought, as yet, under the control of sound inductive reasoning, have given rise to wild schemes and furnished aliment to hungry nostrum vendors, spiritual and others.

(1.) One of Zoroaster's doctrines with regard to medicine is, that as a sequel of the alliance of Ormuzd, or supreme being, with the Fernars, or *spirit* of everything, every fractional part of a medicinal substance contains the whole of the medicine or its *spirit*.

(2.) Paracelsus, but especially Hahnemann, by his strictly scientifically conducted experiments, with regard to ascertaining the physiological relation which must exist between a remedial agent and the human organism, was led step by step to the conclusion that the power of medicine is a pure dynamical or a kind of spiritual power, and that said power is developed in an inverse ratio of the complexity of the bulk, so that the medicinal virtue of a drug acts freer and more powerfully through the vehicle of the smallest fractional part of the drug. This is, as Dr. Veit justly remarked, (Hygg. v. 433) Zoroaster scientifically applied.

(3.) But G. H. Von Schubert, in his history of the soul, starting with the belief that an unseen world of forces forms the complement of the visible world, and that the first manifest themselves when the visible forces fail to manifest, by reason of exhaustion or lack of power, advances the bold assertion with regard to medicine, that by the homeopathic attenuation the hidden soul of the medicine is made to appear, which fact, in dead matter, is equal to the phenomena of animal magnetism. Von Schubert finally asserts that the homeopathic acts by means of a psychical agent following the psychical forces of the body, and through them on the gross materiality of the organism.

(4.) Dr. S. Luitze, a devoted disciple of Hahnemann, a man who evidently possessed the gift of healing in a very high degree, catching the idea, proclaimed openly a monopoly for his own homeopathic preparations of drugs, on the ground that he communicates his extraordinary healing, or magnetic power to his drugs during the process of attenuation, and there were thousands of patients under his treatment who swore by him and his magnetic-force-globules.

(5.) This is not enough; some of the most learned physicians who adopted Hahnemann's therapeutics, (Dr. Lumel and Surgeon Tietz) starting again from a pure scientific impulse, arrived by experiments and speculations, aided by microscopy, at the conclusion that the medicinal virtue of drugs was either identical with or analogous to electricity and magnetism, and follow consequently the same law of expansion, centrifugally as in electricity.

(6.) There remains but one step in advance to make, and we arrive at the conclusion that a medicinal virtue can be transferred from a medicinal to a non-medicinal substance, and this step is really taken by the erudite Dr. Rau from Giesen and others.

(7.) But to complete the picture, I must not forget an anonymous writer in the *Alg. II. Zeitg.* 26, 275, who advances his opinion, supported by microscopical experiments, that a violent disintegration of a medicinal substance produces a lively molecular movement which he calls "vibration" of the drug, and believes that the secret of the homeopathic attenuation consists in this, that *life is made to act upon life*. This again is a revival of an old maxim of the Essaians concerning the medicinal virtue of fresh animal blood, that "life gives life."

Here, I think, we have all the elements of that chaos which surrounds that marvelous remedial agency not known to the materia medica. It is certainly premature, in the present state of our physiological and psychological knowledge, to undertake any useful speculation concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of the healing power, in question. My own experience with this power of which I am going to give a short account, induces me to refer, with regard to giving an appropriate name to this power, to a simple but very significant utterance of an invisible who has favored us of late with more than one visit. I don't remember, now, whether it is the London or the Philadelphia Katy King, who is accused by some, of Diaknism, but though I had not the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of that charming creature, I am very grateful to her for a very cutting answer she is said to have given to one of her learned inquirers. She was asked by one of them what element or elements she used in her wonderful re-incarnation or materialization—whether it was magnetism, electricity, od, or what she may call it? "Stupid!" she exclaimed, "it is all nonsense your talk about electricity, magnetism. If I should call it by any name, I would call it *Will Power*." Here lies a sublime truth which does not fit at all a Diakna, as I understand it. Now I come to my own experience:

I have witnessed the operations of the famous Dr. Newton and other genuine healers, but was not able to discover in their methods anything corresponding with the use of electro-magnetism or Faradization by the profession. The patients' accounts of their sensations were very unsatisfactory. All that I could get by studying the play of the facial muscles of those healers was a well determined *will* to cure, characterized by great benevolence. But some two weeks ago, while on business in New York City, I suddenly felt a shooting, itching pain, starting somewhere in the supra-scapular nerve, extending rapidly to all the connected muscles covering the shoulder-blade anteriorly and posteriorly, rendering me

unable to proceed in my walks, and soon the pectoris-major became involved. Having no medicine about me, and being obliged to remain in the city the whole day and be on the move, I determined to apply to the famous healer, Dr. Briggs, whose office was not far off, (24 E. 4th street,) for prompt relief, if possible. Finding him in his office, I told him, moaningly, what had happened to me, not giving him my diagnosis, but called my suffering, rheumatism, from cold, pain in arms and back, &c. I found him a gentleman of much suavity, and of a very sympathetic nature. He disclaimed any pretensions to working miracles, but believes he has the vocation of healing the sick, and feels always happy in relieving the sufferings of his fellow-beings. I understand his previous occupation was that of a druggist, chemist, and then a practitioner of the eclectic school. He gave up a lucrative business and prepared to follow his inner promptings to confine his activity to his mission of a healer without the materia medica.

Although my slight personal acquaintance with him impressed me much in his favor, I am not the one to be easily psychologized by any one, and less so by him, who is inferior to me in physical strength, stature and self-will.

Briefly: I stepped into his sanctum, sat down and allowed him to operate on me, watching closely his manipulations. I was much surprised to see that the first contact of his hand with my body was at the very spot where the pain started from, although I did not give him any details of my sensations, nor did I give him any topical indications. I have every reason to doubt his knowledge of what should determine the diagnosis in my case. Yet he put his hand immediately on the right spot, pressing gently on it for awhile, then manipulating upon the whole area involved in such a manner as if his hands were directed by a knowledge of the most interior workings in the painful muscles, all the time keeping up a most pleasant, calm, suave conversation on indifferent topics. Very soon I felt glow in the brachial plexus, and a kind of commotion therein, which alarmed me at first; but I soon became aware that the motion took a well-defined direction, and in a few minutes more I felt an affluence of fresh blood in the capillaries and in the painful region, and felt immediately refreshed all over, as if after a genuine Russian bath in my own country.

Thinking I was through, I was about to get up, when the doctor commanded me to rest, for he had some more work to perform. Immediately he put his hand on the region at my left kidney, saying, "You need here some fresh vitality!" which surprised me in the utmost, as, in fact, there is a very weak spot in my organism, for which I treat myself occasionally, but never thought of it at that time. A few manipulations of his upon the said region made me conscious of an increase of tenacity in that organ, and I was soon allowed to rise. Resting a little while, chatting and recruiting, I left the doctor's office, completely restored to my normal condition, went through my day's work in the city, and have had no occasion since to resort to my medicine case for myself. Now what was it in Dr. Briggs's operations, in my own case, that relieved me, in half an hour, of a severe acute attack, as described above? There was not a shadow of resemblance in his manipulation to the operations of Faradization or electricity according to science. Then, again, does electricity, magnetism—even zoo-magnetism—make a diagnosis based on the knowledge of morbid physiology? Is it psychic force—if it is anything of the nature of force—scientifically understood? does it reason, make diagnosis? Is it psychic force a clairvoyant force? What absurdity! I stupid! I would Katy exclaim, and so it is. All we know is that Dr. Briggs can cure diseases when he wills to do it. It is a God-given gift, of which he makes a noble use. God bless him! I do not think to act contrary to our medical code of ethics, if I say to all who are suffering and do not find relief in the knowledge of their doctor, call on the great and genuine healer, Dr. Briggs, whose office is 24 E. 4th street, and get cured. This gift seems to be able to act not only independently of the materia medica, but, in many cases, also, independently of surgery. I mean surgery as used by non-Hahnemannian practitioners, in and out of season.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is for mothers to teach the boys of today, who will be the men of a few years hence, a true religion of the body than the present generation learned in boyhood. It is for them to show their boys how truly alcohol is a poison, not merely in name but in fact; to teach them just what its effects, even in moderate doses, are—how it inflames the coating of the stomach; how it gives to the heart, every time it is taken into the system, an extra and hurried task of lifting, measured by tons in a day; how it over-stimulates the liver, and leaves it torpid; how it affects the brain and the muscles destructively; how the drunkard's purple and vein-seamed nose means something more than mere ugliness, and is only an evidence of a dangerously disordered circulation. Let them teach these things thoroughly and intelligently, and let them remember that the appetite for alcohol is itself a disease, born often of badly ventilated nurseries, or of a daily feeding upon unwholesome victuals. Let mothers remember that when they pamper young appetites and cultivate infantile self-indulgence they are sowing the seeds of future drunkenness in their precious ones.—*Heath and Home.*

Among different nations there are different kinds of loafers. The Italian loafer spends his time in sleeping, the Turkish loafer in dreaming, the Spanish in praying, the French in laughing, the English in swearing, the Russian in gambling, the Hungarian in smoking, the German in drinking, and the American in talking politics.

## Literary Department.

### THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

### ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," "The Two Orphans," "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times," "Bertha Lee," "My Husband's Secret," "Jessie Gray," "Pictures of Real Life in New York," "The Two Cousins," or, "Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Robert and his mother lingered after the others had taken their departure. Richard pleaded business, and accompanied Colonel Beverly Scott to the city of Vicksburg, where he remained only a few days. On his return no wife waited for his coming at the gate. He entered the house unannounced, and found the three sitting cozily together, Robert reading a new book to his mother and sister, who were occupied with their embroidery. They were in the guest room, which had been given up to the mother. The apartment was the most cheerful one in the house. Roso had wreathed it with Christmas evergreens, and every day brought such flowers as the season furnished. A fire was burning on the hearth. Roso and her mother sat near each other, with their bright-hued worsteds on the table beside them, Robert in an easy chair reading Tennyson's "Maud." He read well, throwing his soul into his words, and he read, also, to appreciating hearers. The sudden appearance of Richard surprised them. Roso threw down her work and sprang up to greet him. Something in his manner and in his face repelled her, and she stopped half way across the room.

"A pleasant time you are having?" he said. "Am I too much of a stranger to intrude?" "Yes," said Robert, "unless you can enjoy our book. If I remember correctly, you were never fond of poetry."

"No; I am no romancer, and, moreover, I have no time for idling in the house and reading silly verses to women."

There was a sneer in his voice that did not escape Robert's ear, and to which Roso had become accustomed, but it was unperceived by Mrs. Le Mark.

"Come in, my boy," she said; "do not stand at the door. It is a chilly day without, and you must be cold with your long ride."

"I am hungry, mother. Will you come and take lunch with me?"

Roso started. "I will order it, Richard," she said.

"No," said Richard, "remain where you are. It is not often that you can get such a reader of poetry as my brother."

The little sensitive heart fluttered. She preferred a hundred times over to make tea for Richard than to hear Robert read, agreeable as was the latter. She stood irresolute. Her husband's look decided the matter; it was imperative; he waved his hand to a chair. No one else saw the motion. She understood and obeyed. The kind little mother, pleased to wait upon her handsome boy, passed out with him. Robert looked grave, turned one glance to Roso's face, and then resumed his reading.

He remained only two or three days longer, and during that time he avoided Roso, but kept a watch upon Richard's words and looks. When he left the house a shadow rested on his face as he said to himself:

"With such an angel by his side, I thought Richard's demon would depart; but he is strong as ever. God defend the helpless!"

After the departure of Richard's mother the household returned to its old routine. It was a dull life for Roso. She practiced music two or three hours a day, wrought upon her embroidery, and, after incredible labor and study, succeeded in making a dozen shirts for Richard. She was very proud of this feat, and carried them to him.

"Very well," he said; "I hope they will fit as well as those which Ruby made."

"I think they will, Richard, because Ruby showed Zell how to make them. Zell says that Ruby's were beautifully made, but mine are as nice."

Richard looked at his little wife keenly, for an instant. That sweet, innocent, pleading face was turned to his, longing for one word of praise, yet fearing blame.

"Well, well, Roso, I have no doubt you have taken a world of pains with them." He drew her toward him and kissed the red lips. "How pretty you look in that bright morning dress!"

Roso was amply rewarded for all the time and trouble which she had spent upon the shirts, and went dancing about the house, singing like a bird.

With the exception that her three servants were again ordered to field labor, much to Roso's regret, and that her husband was away a great deal, and when at home busy in his office or among the hands, life went on quietly. The rooms had been cleaned and locked. Richard held the keys. Ruby did not occupy Number Eight, as Zell knew, who climbed once more up the verandah pillars to assure herself of the fact.

Why do I lengthen out these pages? Why do I sit, pen in hand, with the record of poor Roso's life before me? Here it is as given by Zell, who was a faithful chronicler, for I write no fiction.

The truth must be told. I shrink from the record. Longing to get back to the other characters of this story, I have still lingered at Orond, dreading to write of life there, because one of wretched existence. I do not like to send out sensation stories from my pen, and will hasten to give as briefly as possible the record of Roso's life for two years from the time of this Christmas visit.

Business affairs went wrong with Richard and irritated him. The last year's crop had been sold in the market at a reduced price. The prospect for the coming year was no better. He differed with his overseer, and during the summer parted with him in anger. In September there was born to Roso a daughter. Never was a young mother more delighted when told that she had a living child. She wept for joy, and lay there, so full of happiness, that when Richard came and did not even kiss her, and said "he wished it had been a boy," she did not mind it much. She was getting used to neglect, and this new sensation was so overpowering, so full of joy, that she was in paradise.

"If only papa were here!" she said to Zell. "He would be so happy. I must call it for my mother, Zell. Richard says he does not mind, I may name it as I choose."

"Vesta Ysabella, then, it will be," said Zell. "I must have it baptized," said Roso. "It will not be named if we do not."

She begged so hard for this favor that the rector of a church some few miles distant was called in, and making the sign of the cross upon the infant's brow, consecrated it to God as Vesta Ysabella.

There was no lack of interest and amusement now in Roso's life. The love that had been repressed and chilled found room to expand and grow and blossom into full flower. She read all the books she could get hold of on the treatment of infants; she consulted Mammae Phyllis, and sent for her almost every day to come and see if baby was all right. The old woman, who had raised more than a dozen children, was an oracle in the eyes of the young mother. Absorbed in these new pleasures and duties she forgot that there had been any bitterness in her life.

During this time Richard was superintending the plantation himself. The poor servants fared hard under his strict temper. Loney became desperate. Her master wished to marry her to a field hand. She resisted, and continued obstinate. When she found him determined, for his will was law, she ran away. He pursued her and brought her back. A dreadful time ensued. She was whipped very severely. Her screams reached the ears of Roso, at the house, and overcame with pity she sent a petition to Richard, begging him to spare her life. She was helpless for many weeks, but not subdued to her master's will. She ran away again, and was brought back the second time. This time she was chained to the kitchen floor. The chain was long, so that she could get about her work. After some days she broke the lock, and would have drowned herself could she have got to the water; but she was secured, and taken down to New Orleans, and sold.

Roso wept, and ventured to remonstrate with her husband, pleading:

"She was my servant, Richard. It was wrong to treat her so. She was always obedient and good when papa was living."

"Never let me hear you say my servant again. They are mine, now, and you are mine. I shall be supreme in my own house. I have made a good thing by my trade, and bought as fine a slave in Loney's place as is to be found in the State."

This slave was named Washington, and was a noble looking negro.

"He will soon lose that look," said Zell, when she saw him, "for all the servants crouch like dogs."

Wash said he had never been whipped, and never would be. He feared he was going to be at one time, and attempted to run away. A bloodhound was set upon him. Wash was prepared with a cane-knife, a long broad knife, used in the cane field; and with this he nearly cut the dog's head in two. He was shot at. The bullets lodged in his side, and he was brought back in great suffering. He was a faithful servant, and never would do a mean thing. Strange to say, he was never whipped. Whether the native nobility of the man, united to his great strength, awed the master, or fear of his own life prevented, I know not. Certain it is that Wash alone trod that plantation fearless and unharmed.

Poor Uncle Peter and Jennie were slowly dying from the labor of the field and the severity of the master. Roso seldom saw them. She ventured once to the quarters in the absence of her husband to carry medicine to Loney, who was ill, and to tell Uncle Peter that she would try



again to interfere for him to be sent to Vicksburg, and hired out at his old place.

"I mean to speak myself, Miss Rosa, too; may be de master will let me go when he knows how much money I will hold him."

Rosa sought her husband and pleaded for Peter, but to no purpose. What Peter said to her husband she never knew; but she was pleased the next day to see him at work about some slight repairs in the dining-room. He had a mechanical taste, and was very handy around the house. Rosa spoke kindly to him, and brought little Vesta for him to see. As she passed out she met her husband. No one else was in the dining-room. Rosa and her child were in the garden; she was gathering flowers to deck the baby, when Aunt Phyllis came to tell her that Uncle Peter was dying.

She ran to the dining-room, but the poor fellow had just breathed his last. He was a stout, healthy man, and in health ten minutes before his death.

"What is it? What has happened to him?" asked Rosa of Aunt Phyllis.

The old woman shook her head.

"I was in the smoke-house, Miss Rosa. I don't know nothin' 'bout it. 'Tears like a mighty sudden death."

There was a shadow in this house, and it grew deeper every day. Rosa and her baby were all the brightness there. So long as the child was well, and with her, the mother could not be wholly unhappy. The baby did not look like its mother, but had the fair skin, blue eyes and brown hair of its father's Saxon race. I think she loved it even more for this. It was a pretty sight, when it was old enough to walk, to see it toddling round the house after its mother. She would have no nurse but Zell, and hardly allowed the latter to nurse her treasure save when she took her meals with Richard. Richard cared little for the child, and was annoyed when it was in his sight. Rosa had learned not to bring it to him, unless he were in a genial mood.

The child was about fifteen months old, when Rosa, proud of her baby, who now walked off strong on its little legs, went with it one summer evening to the kitchen to see Aunt Phyllis. Vesta was admitted and praised to its mother's content. The little thing, as if to please her mother, put its hand on the black, laughing face of the cook, and said, "Aunt Phyllis." It was the first time it had used the words, and wonderful did it seem in the eyes of servant and mistress.

"De blessed darlin'! De good Lor' bless it now and evermore," said the old woman.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful baby as this in the house, Aunt Phyllis?"

"No, ma'am, I never did, and only one lady as sweet as yourself."

"And who was that, Aunt Phyllis?"

"Oh, Honey, she lived here when I was a little slip of a gal. She was the old Colonel's first wife. Maybe you have seen her picture in de room up stairs."

"Yes, Aunt Phyllis; tell me about her. Did she have a baby?"

"Yes, Missy, she had a baby, and it died in free months after it was born. You see, Honey, I would not tell you of dis before, when dis blessed child was a baby, but how it is jes' as well to know about it."

"And what became of the mother?"

"Oh, Miss, she pined away and died of a broken heart."

"Because her baby died, Aunt Phyllis?"

"Treckon so, Honey; leastways she died, and I saw her buried in de grove yonder. 'Tell you, Miss Rosa, dem was dark days after she died. 'Tere was nothin' bright about de house."

Rosa walked away with her child, and as the day was fine, they rambled around the place, now picking flowers, now chasing a butterfly, now perhaps sitting down to rest while Rosa sung a baby song.

"They had gone some distance from the house, but were still on the grounds, when Rosa suddenly stopped, caught her child in her arms, and stood as if turned to stone. She found herself before a small house, shaded by China trees, with a little gallery in front. Over this gallery ran a Virginia creeper and a prairie rose. It was a pretty place. There was but one room, the door of which stood open. This room was neatly furnished with a straw matting, cane chairs, pictures, flowers, and a small musical instrument."

In an easy chair reclined Richard Le Mark, smoking a cigar. At his feet played a child some six months old, a beautiful boy. Near by sat Ruby, sewing. She was gaily dressed and looked very happy.

Rosa stood as if transfixed, her face as pale as marble, her large black eyes gleaming with a strange fire. There was no motion, save perhaps a closer grasp of the child in her arms. Ruby, with the instinct of servitude, rose. Richard Le Mark took his cigar from his mouth, threw his head back laughingly, and said:

"Walk in, if you choose, Mrs. Le Mark. If my brother Robert were only here, he might give us some information which would humble that haughty look of yours a little. When the wife prefers the brother, let her beware how she assumes such a look of injured innocence as you wear."

It was a moment before the young wife comprehended the import of the words. She had heard them. They had dropped into her ear, and had gone very slowly to the heart, but they did drop there like balls of hot lead. She had all this time kept her eyes fixed upon her husband. Now they turned to the woman standing. There was an insolent, mocking triumph on her face. She believed what her master had said. Why should she not, in her ignorance and her degradation?

Rosa felt humiliated for an instant, and then the old patrician blood in her veins, the blood that had flowed for centuries in a haughty and noble race, was roused. It had never been thus roused before. Drawing herself up to her full height, and clasping her child tight and more tightly to her bosom, she gave her husband such a look of contempt and disdain, that for a moment he was covered as if a woman's hand had struck him. Then she turned away without a word. This loving, all-enduring woman had ceased to be patient, had ceased to love; and pitied he Richard Le Mark when love has turned to hatred in the bosom of such a wife as Rosa.

She returned to the house, to her own room. Zell came to take the child; it fell asleep in an instant in her arms; it was very tired with its long walk. Zell laid it in its lace-embroidered crib, and then came and knelt down by Rosa and looked into her eyes kindly, lovingly as a pet dog ventures to look at his master. I think the look reminded Rosa of her dog, for she started, and turning quickly to Zell, said: "Zell, who killed Bob?" You remember that we found him dead one day?"

"Your husband killed him; I heard the shot, and saw the dog die."

Zell knew by Rosa's look that the secret which she had guarded with so much care was now known. She had seen her mistress come from Ruby's house, and she knew Le Mark spent his evenings there. The storm had come; Zell was prepared for it; she recoiled a little from the pain it would bring upon herself, but she could not retract her steps; perhaps she would not if she could. Rosa did not speak again for some minutes; her lips were tightly pressed together, her little hands clinched, her eyes fixed and staring. Zell brought her some iced water; she drank it eagerly, the goblet full.

"Rosa, my darling, you have the baby! See how sweetly she looks!" She drew aside the lace and pointed to the little sleeper, its soft cheeks just tinged with healthy color, its brown curls clustering over the white brow, and its little hands clasped on its bosom. Rosa stooped to kiss it:

"My darling! my precious! Yes, I have my baby! And she, the beautiful lady who died of a broken heart, had no baby to comfort her; her baby died, Zell!"

"Yes, her baby died; I have seen its grave in the grove."

"We will go and plant some flowers upon it, Zell."

"There is a white rose growing there now, Miss Rosa."

[Continued in our next issue.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S BEST.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

It were a gift if we might live life's best—Obey the highest rule that safe would guide, And in the Right, like Truth itself, abide,

And in the wise like elders sages rest, And stand like martyrs old the fiery test; Oh, might we live as heroes revered wide, And still be true, whatever might betide,

Then were we all in all with comfort blest; But, woe on woe, we serve as vassals base, We bow and cringe to wrong, and shame the right;

We lie from day to day with sinning face, And serve the golden calf with all our might; Distract ourselves in life with doubt and din, And walk half loving, half in fear of sin!

Select Circle at the Parlors of J. V. Mansfield.

NO. VII.

BY HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

DEAR BANNER—Our circle met this afternoon, most of the regular members being present; but Mr. Mansfield was not in very good medium condition, having done a great deal of test work during the day for the many persons who called upon him to get communications from the spirits; and on this account our band could not be so communicative as usual. We got something, however, and this, in the line as delivered, I will give you for your readers, as well as I can under the circumstances of lacking very much to give.

I first wrote as follows, after the members of our circle had much discussed how we should proceed:

PRESIDENT KINMONT—We have been discussing how to proceed in our circle. Please say to us what are the wishes of yourself and the band in that regard. We will abide by your direction.

A. G. W. CARTER.

This answer came, as usual:

MY DEAR CARTER—I have listened to the conversation between you and the circle, and will here say we will try and respond to any question the circle may propose; but we must do so in a condensed form. When your circle is complete, we will then come to a definite arrangement as to future proceedings.

ALEX. KINMONT.

As to what is meant by "when your circle is complete," in the above reply, will be seen in a subsequent communication of Mr. Kinmont. Mr. H. J. Newton next put the following question:

"Will Dr. Hare report to the circle how I shall proceed to photograph spirits?"

H. J. NEWTON.

And received the following answer:

DEAR NEWTON—I have given the matter of photography some attention, and my arrival here, thinking I might discover a method by which photography might be made practical generally by the photographers—that is, in photographing the spirits. But I have come to the conclusion it can be made practical when there is a proper medium power. There are those who can so control, but there is only now and then one. I am fearful, dear Newton, you do not of yourself possess that magnetism.

RON'T HARE.

Mr. Newton, as an amateur, has been very much engaged in experimental photography, and has accomplished a good deal. It will be remembered that at our last meeting he asked Monsieur Daguerre about photographs in colors, and received an answer. It would seem from the above answer that spirit photography cannot be accomplished without a proper medium, and such ones are few and far between; so that there is no use of experimenting without the medium from whom the necessary elements can be congregated, so as to effect the purpose. Mr. Newton is informed that he does not possess the magnetism. He will have to look up a proper medium for his experiments, if he has not got one already.

Mrs. Newton now, by permission of the circle, asked the following private question to her son:

"DEAR FRANKIE—As you were present at our last meeting, I take it for granted that you are with us to-day. I have several times been told that you were in the school of science; if so, tell me how you pursue your studies, and whether you would advise your brother to enter the school of mines connected with Columbia College."

Your loving MOTHER.

And in usual form and manner this gratifying response ensued:

"Bless you, darling mother, for allowing me to speak to you at this important time. I say important, when I see so many great minds gathered together as now assembled. But they very politely gave me an opportunity of speaking to my mother at this moment. Now, mother, you would know how I employ my time; what are, and how do I pursue my studies. Well, mother, if I should tell you you could not comprehend me. I will sometime try and explain it through Nellie. But as to Harry, I should advise you to allow him to follow out the bent of his own mind. All I fear, it may draw faster on his vitality than his physique may be able to part with. I think you had better encourage his going into that school—Columbia College."

Your son FRANKIE.

Dr. S. B. Brittan next propounded a scientific inquiry in reference to the manner in which the spirits in materialization at the "Eddys" made and varied their weight when placed upon the scales. But having neither the question or answer by me, it will be perhaps sufficient to say, that the weight of the spirits materialized at the

Eddys' home was much controlled by the will of the spirits, and the conditions of the medium and the surroundings. But Dr. Brittan left his question in written and sealed form with Mr. Mansfield at his request, to receive hereafter a more particular and extended answer, when Mr. Mansfield himself might be in better and more receptive condition for solving such a problem.

The medium at this stage of affairs evidently showed signs of fatigue and exhaustion, questions not having been answered with the usual alacrity and clearness; but after a while, with the permission of Mr. M., I put the following:

"ALEXANDER KINMONT—Please state to me the *particular reason* of the failure of our meeting this afternoon? Tell me, too, shall we continue our meetings of the circle?"

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in the usual, though somewhat smaller back-hand writing, with *fac simile* signature, this answer came:

"Well, my Carter, I am not aware it was a failure; it was even more than I had anticipated. In the first place, the circle was incomplete; and then again, the medium had been overtaken in the forepart of the day."

Yes, continue them, if you feel you can organize a circle that will attend regularly; but do so fill your circle, and close the door, and then should one excuse himself from the circle, not allow another one to take his place. We would rather have one less than a new magnetism after the battery has been complete."

ALEX. KINMONT.

Now we have what the spirits mean by the circle being complete; not by filling up with extra members, but by keeping the same members, and not introducing new ones. This we have not strictly followed, and the fact has been too apparent that members do not sufficiently well attend as to keep up the same magnetism as the spirits need and want. It is a curious fact about these circles for spirit manifestations, that the most of them, as many of experience too well know, are broken up, and rendered comparatively useless, by non-attendance of members, and the introduction of new members, which interferes with the established magnetism of the circle, and changes it so much as to keep the circle continually in the state of *beginning*, and *never progressing*. I therefore put down a distinctive list of nine names for the acceptance of the spirit band—names of those who can be depended upon hereafter for regularity in attendance and attention, and they were placed in writing before Mr. Kinmont, with the following question:

"Shall the above names constitute those of our circle for permanent existence, and those only?"

A. G. W. CARTER.

And this was the answer received:

"That is all proper, and to us very acceptable. That looks like business. If they will all attend we ask no more."

ALEX. KINMONT.

He also added to my oral question:

"We are not particular, so long as it does not draw too heavily on the medium. I should say that would be a fair number, but we want them all present before we attempt to communicate, that we may harmonize the influence. What we mean by that is, to have the door closed before we commence talking."

ALEX. KINMONT.

Again, after the notwithstanding apparent untoward circumstances, I ventured, with the full permission of the medium, to ask Swedenborg as follows, in order, if possible, to have explained the ambiguity of a communication of his at a former meeting:

"EMANUEL SWEDENBORG—At our meeting before last, you said in your communication: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular, it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

spiritually scientific one it is, written in large, bold hand, and *fac simile* autograph signatures:

"DEAR FRIENDS BRITTAN—Touching that matter of materialization, we will say, the 'Colonel' insisted in saying he actually weighed the materialized body of the Indian girl. Spirits have the power of materializing themselves so as to take various forms, such as birds, dogs, horses, in fact any form they please below the mortal form, and at times they have and now do materialize themselves and show the human form. The latter is by far the most infrequent, yet it is accomplished under favorable conditions. But the materialization through the lower order of beings, as above narrated, is common to the inhabitants of the spirit-world. We are often successful in making the dumb animals speak—birds in particular."

In materializing, the spirits can vary their weight on the scales, just in proportion to their will power, or force they possess. One spirit can so increase the weight of a ponderable substance—for instance a table, that ten powerful mortals could not raise it from the floor."

"The Indian could have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds as easily as she did eighty-eight pounds. She could have weighed one pound as well. It depends entirely upon the will force of the spirit how much it will weigh—more or less."

BENJA. FRANKLIN, RON'T HARE.

There then is the answer—with the *fac simile* autographs—and what a manifestation it is! We learn new facts; one very interesting and peculiar and important—that spirits have facilities in materializing themselves in forms below mortal, but more difficultly in human forms, which, however, is now done. Another remarkable fact—that spirits "are often successful in making dumb animals speak, birds in particular." And still another—that, in materializing, a spirit can weigh just so much as it will. Much food for spiritual, scientific and philosophical reflection, is it not?

New York, Nov. 10th, 1874.

Conversations on Spiritualism.

ROCHESTER HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 6.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The meeting was one of the most largely attended and most interesting of the series. Excellent singing was furnished by Mrs. Stone and daughter, and Miss Sawyer and brother, assisted by one of the Hampton vocalists. The question suggested by the committee was the following:

"What definite power have departed statesmen over the affairs of the nation?"







### To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

**NOTICE.** In consequence of the provisions of the new postal regulation which demand the prepayment of all periodical mail matter, our patrons, when they renew their subscriptions, are requested to forward us, in addition to the usual \$3.00, the sum of fifteen cents for postage, which will be a saving to them of five cents from the amount (twenty cents) which they have heretofore had to pay at the local post offices. Those whose names are now on our list are also requested to send a proportionate sum to defray their postage from the first of January next until the time for which they have paid their subscription runs out. Our patrons will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum. Those who have paid us the postage will find a "P" affixed to their names upon the paper.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, Editor.  
ISAAC R. RICH, Business Manager.  
Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

### Special Notice—The New Postal Law.

In consequence of the provisions of the new postal regulation which demand the prepayment of all periodical mail matter, our patrons, when they renew their subscriptions, are requested to forward us, in addition to the usual \$3.00, the sum of fifteen cents for postage, which will be a saving to them of five cents from the amount (twenty cents) which they have heretofore had to pay at the local post offices. Those whose names are now on our list are also requested to send a proportionate sum to defray their postage from the first of January next until the time for which they have paid their subscription runs out. Our patrons will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum. Those who have paid us the postage will find a "P" affixed to their names upon the paper.

### "The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

Those who desire a real gem of Spiritualistic literature, which aims to give a condensed history of the Materialization Phenomena as far as known, and also to present the philosophy of the subject, in its bearings upon theology, religion and morals, should at once purchase Mr. Epes Sargent's new book bearing the above title, which is now ready for issue. It is a handsome volume of some 240 pages. Price, in paper covers, 75 cents; neatly bound in cloth, \$1.00. It will be sent by mail by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, at these prices. Every Spiritualist who desires a convenient answer to the curbs of opponents will find it here amply supplied.

### The Godly Constitution.

The middle of the present month was fixed for the assembling of a public Convention in this city of the God-in-the-Constitution folk, who are concerting a powerful raid upon Congress through the agency of the petitions which they now understand the secret of getting up as required. Rev. David McAllister is the name of the gentleman who is specially devoting himself to what he doubtless thinks a most worthy object of his highest exertions. The date of the Convention was arranged some time ago for the 15th and the 16th, and the place in which it was to be held was Tremont Temple. The zealots in this scheme are pleased to style their movement an effort to secure the "Christian Amendment" of the Constitution. Whatever may be done with the present Congress, the avowed plan is to come before the Congress that will be in session in 1876—the Centennial of our national freedom—with a petition subscribed by two million names. About a year ago, at their annual Convention in Pittsburg, Pa., they then reported between fifty or sixty thousand names, which they boasted to have been procured in a few weeks only. Evidently these Constitution gossippers believe in numbers as the most powerful argument, or they would not make such strenuous efforts afterwards openly boasted of, to secure the names of people, but a very small fraction of whom have passed to reflect on the real effect of the proposed amendment. That this new cabal of pious and pretentious men who assume to possess all the goodness, is exerting itself in an unprecedented manner to compass its ends, is beyond the reach of refutation. We have lifted our voice in warning against the perils they challenge, and it shall be through no fault of ours if they carry out their plans to final success. It only remains to reiterate the doctrine, which ought not to need reiterating at this day, that our safety as a free people lies in our resolutely keeping Church and State wholly apart. The example of England at this very moment ought to furnish us with all the teachings we require on the subject. There the question of High Church and Low Church, of Catholic and Protestant, is agitating the popular mind to its very centre. It is but the revival in our day of the same fatal quarrel that rent the nation in the time of James the Second, who was driven from the throne nearly two hundred years ago, to be supplanted by the Prince of Orange. It was the knell of the House of the Stuarts in England. And just so long as England consents to maintain what is styled the Established Church as an essential part of the State, so long will these intestine troubles break forth and threaten her peace and security. Gladstone and his Catholic opponent need not be exclaiming their intellects in this gladiatorial style over the infallibility of the Pope and the pre-eminence of spiritual over civil authority, if England were not thus fatally entangled in a mesh laid so long ago as the time of Henry the Eighth, who wilfully set up a national Church in opposition to that of the Pope, after he had already received the title of "Defender of the Faith." What England nightly needs to-day to release her and give her the use

of her native powers for the solution of the Irish problem, the suffrage problem, and the labor problem, is perfect extinction from this question of a political Church, which has ever been a source of pride and corruption rather than an aid to religion, and is practically just as mischievous as any church ruled by Romanism that dominates the governments of the States of the Continent.

If we in this country are envious to enter upon a "Thirty Years' War," such as once convulsed and tore Germany, or would see, as English history enables us to see, our system of government made the sport of religious passions and a wreck before their excited power, all we have to do is to follow out faithfully the course which such men as those who advocate this amendment to our Constitution would recklessly or bigotedly prescribe. The result will be just as certainly like all similar results from like causes in the past, as there is any truth and reality in the logic of human events. The people of this country must take a firm stand on this question. Zealots are proselyting for their cause, and appealing to sentiments which it is most dangerous to confound with political views and duties. To enact the amendment proposed is as surely to invite civil war, nay worse, religious war, as that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. The bigotry of this dangerous movement with which it is impudently intended to memorialize the Centenary of our civil freedom, is obvious enough in the malignity with which those who conscientiously oppose it are stigmatized as unworthy of any other kind of citizenship than what these marplots would be pleased to extend. Only let their ruinous movement be met by one equally united and determined by the true friends of free government, and we shall very soon have an end of such meetings as those held in Boston and Pittsburgh. And it is high time for the people to organize their utterance.

### Pepper Extraordinary.

Professor Pepper, the ghost manufacturer, declares his ability to produce all the effects of the materializations which have made such a sensation at the Eddy household in Chittenden, Vt., and he has no hesitancy in promising to bring those ghosts before the public for the occasion, or on special occasions. Boston Herald.

If the Professor has taken up the ghost business, our spiritual neighbors in the Banner must keep their eyes open, and when they see the Professor, they must be sure to ask him, as "materializations" belong only to the faithful.

We might "keep an eye" on this quality of "Pepper," or even have such dust thrown in both eyes, without danger of serious inconvenience to our spiritual vision. The article is non-irritating. Even the "Pepper" sauce made from it, and offered in Redpath's Boston course of Lyceum Lectures, was not pungent, but simply nauseous. This traveling showman, who claims to represent "science," simply exhibits amusing experiments, sandwiched between lugubrious stories and dismal efforts at wit, but does not make his experiments subservient to the purpose of illustrating scientific lectures. The method of producing his famous "ghost" is not explained to illustrate the laws of light or optics. The reflection of a confederate, dressed to represent a variety of personages, by the aid of mirrors, screens, and paraphernalia that occupy a large space upon the platform, is the show for which the audience pay their admission fee, as they do at the theatre, where the same thing is shown. "Science" is as much represented by the theatrical ghost as the Pepper ghost. Announcements of the subject in both cases, and Pepper should confine himself to his legitimate business as a showman. But when he takes advantage of his elevation upon a platform to ridicule the phenomena of Spiritualism, of which he is evidently an ignoramus, and particularly when "he has no hesitancy in pronouncing" phenomena that challenge and receive thorough investigation from such recognized scientific leaders as Crookes, Varley, Wallace, Hare and others, to be simply "optical delusions," or people dressed up for the occasion," he shows evident incapacity for scientific observation, and renders it evident that he has wisely chosen the show business instead of the lecture platform as his proper sphere.

### Mrs. Mary M. Hardy at Fall River.

This celebrated medium visited Fall River, Mass., on Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, by special invitation, and gave one of her dark circles for the physical manifestations. On Sunday she held two seances—one for materializations. The usual success attending these circles of Mrs. H. followed her here—we are informed by a correspondent—the manifestations being truly marvelous. The seances were attended by many of the first citizens of that city; and one gentleman, a life-long materialist, declared, at the close of one of the sittings: "I have received on this occasion more evidence of a future life than can be obtained from tons of Bibles, and I now think that my little daughter may still live!"

The intense interest manifested by the residents of different localities visited by Mrs. H. in nearly all the various phases of spirit manifestations, but especially in that of materializations, is represented as something wonderful.

Mrs. and Mr. Hardy were hospitably entertained by Dr. Willour and lady, of Fall River, who kindly opened their doors for these spiritual demonstrations of the life to come.

### The Hyde Park Library.

The Library Committee at Hyde Park, near this city, finally decided, after a considerable show of discussion, to admit the other volumes of Andrew Jackson Davis to the shelves of that fastidious institution, and at the last meeting voted to accept the gift of A. E. Giles, Esq., so far as the remaining volumes are concerned. "Conjugal Love" is accepted, in spite of the previous charge that it advocated "free love" heresies. The former vote, rejecting the "Autobiography" and "Morning Lectures," was reconsidered, although one clerical member of the Committee was sure the latter volume was filled with blasphemy, and another clerical member believed no such thing. The whole of this discussion has been amusing in part and puerile altogether. A public library would be a comprehensive and meaty affair that was collected under the directions of such men as certain members of this Hyde Park Committee.

### "A Defence of Spiritualism."

Such is the title of a pamphlet of some seventy pages reaching us from Cape Town, Africa. The writer, Mr. Hutchinson, having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the phenomena involved in the study of Spiritualism, has presented to his countrymen, as a result, a most readable book. The selections are as judicious as excellent. While the purpose is noble, and the style of the author clear, an admirable spirit of candor runs through the pages to the close. It cannot fail of doing much good.

### Col. Oleott, the Eddys, and the Graphic.

The New York Daily Graphic for Friday, December 11th, presents the twentieth and last letter of Henry S. Oleott to its columns, in which that talented author proceeds to sum up the evidence, as does a lawyer who is about to rest his case with an intelligent public. He informs his readers that he has in this matter reasoned "by exclusion"—in other words, has rejected "everything that happens in the presence of these mediums which could be accounted for on the hypothesis of fraud;" he also states that though he has not been able, from being denied the right "to apply tests and prescribe conditions," to reach what he considers to be the fullest amount of testimony to be gained in the seances, yet he has "gathered enough together to point the men of science in the direction which they should take," and has rescued enough "from oblivion to show the church the importance of neglecting no longer the chance that offers to get proof palpable" to sustain the doctrine of the soul's existence after the bodily decease. The following paragraph shows the character of what Col. Oleott considers that he has seen demonstrated:

"In the first place, it has been proven that, after making every allowance for fraud on the part of the mediums—for Horatio's removing his hand from his neighbor's bare arm in the light circle, for his untying and re-tying himself in the dark circle, and for William's personating every alleged materialized spirit that approximates to his own height and bulk—we have a large balance of marvels to account for. We have the writing of certain names that the medium had no means of knowing, the exhibition of detached hands of various sizes and colors, some deformed by accidental pre-mortem causes; we have the simultaneous playing of musical compositions by such a number of instruments that one or even two men could not have done it; we have the playing of Georgian and Cressian and Italian music by invisible performers, in response to requests made in languages that neither the medium nor any other person in the room, except the asker, understood; we have the pulling of a spring-balance by detached hands unlike the medium's, one with a finger amputated, and the other with tattoo marks upon the wrist, which in each case would prove that the medium had nothing to do with the pulling; we have had the playing upon an instrument, and the display of hands beyond the reach of the medium, and when his hands and movements were all under easy scrutiny; we have had the passage of a solid iron ring upon the arm of the medium, and its transfer to my own, with both of the medium's hands held by mine, and also the dropping of the same solid ring from the medium's arm to the floor, in the light, with a lamp standing within two feet of the medium; we have had the execution of airs upon various musical instruments in concert, in a style so utterly unlike the best efforts of the medium as to preclude the idea that he could have been the performer upon either one of them; we have had, finally, the appearance of a multitude of figures emerging from a closet, where, in the nature of things, it was impossible that any mortal person except one man could have been, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and differing in size, apparent weight, manner, sex, age, and complexion from that person—to make no account of those whom he might have personated if he had been supplied with the appliances of the actor's art. We have, moreover, and especially, seen some of these figures dressed in Oriental costumes and speaking Oriental languages, besides others who conversed audibly in the modern tongues of Europe. Of the appearance of children, and even little babes in arms, of the appearance of two of the former at one and the same time, of the speaking of words and sentences by various children, I have heretofore given such circumstantial accounts, and the substantiation of my statements is so easy, that I cite the facts as among the most wonderful of the proofs accumulated during my protracted investigation."

In view of the contention between modern reason and ancient faith, which Professor Draper has declared to be now so wide-reaching and all-important that "all men whose temporal interests are not involved in existing institutions" are earnestly desiring "to find the truth," a conflict so widespread and so powerful that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment; it cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force. Colonel Oleott speaks hopefully of the results which have already attended his labors at Chittenden—in that clergyman and scientists and laymen have given him in their recent requests for information the strongest evidence of the awaking of a feeling of free inquiry in society, and the broadening of the public sentiment.

He says in the course of his article:

"What a curious law of creation! How beneficent and wise that every human want seems to be provided for at the proper time! Let any one thing necessary for our existence, comfort or progression fail, and some substitute is found. When the forests of Europe were in danger of extinction, coal was discovered; when the whale fishery failed, mineral oil was struck in Pennsylvania; when the discovery of the iron ores of that region offered us a new source of wealth, the uses of anthracite coal were first learned by the accident of a careless laborer; when the progress of the world demanded the overthrow of ecclesiastical imperialism, the printing-press came to enlighten mankind. That not only dispersed secular knowledge broadcast, but proved the 'most powerful ally of the Church' itself, in widening the boundaries of true religion. So, also, when the increase of population called for ampler methods of communication, by sea and land, steam offered itself as the great desideratum; and, in the progressive development of the same need, the electric telegraph came to unite all the people of the earth together in a constant, heaven-descended tie. In view of all this, who dares say that at the very instant of this 'great conflict' between science and religion, when the latter is looking about for better weapons to meet the onslaught of her traditional foe, this spiritualistic manifestation has not been made? If there is anything not beneath contempt in the phenomena, they are calculated to arrest the attention of both antagonists—of the materialists, because, if they are real, their position is untenable; of the religionists, because in their very theory they would find an impendable armor of defence and an invincible sword of offence against the opponents of immortality."

We desire in this connection to refer to the course of the Graphic in putting the Eddy and other Spiritualistic matters so prominently before the public. Those of our Spiritualist friends who have—with an enthusiasm born of their kindness of heart—fancied that they saw in the great New York illustrated journal a "Moses" that was to lead them up out of the Egypt of contumely to the promised land of popularity, are destined to disappointment, as we have delicately hinted in past issues. That the motives which inspired the Graphic publishers to such action were simply and purely of a business—shall we say mercenary?—nature was evident from the special announcement regularly printed over Colonel Oleott's letters, wherein, in Italian, the said gentlemen desired it "to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents," and the varied slurs and compliments by inversion which the Graphic has of late indulged in, together with its recent half-

page effort, through pictorial illustration, to awaken, at the expense of Spiritualism, that "loud laugh" of public ridicule which so clearly "speaks the vacant mind," must have shown the true animus of the paper, which evidently seeks the "shackles," and is apparently willing to take any steps, or wear (if need be) any "shackles," to obtain them. Indeed, it would seem that its publishers have suddenly become convinced that they are to be reckoned among the "men whose temporal interests are involved in existing institutions," and they are hastening to low-tow to the prejudice of the masses by printing columns of mental drivel from the pens of "Mediomania Marvin," "John Paul," (Webb) and the like ilk.

We find the editor of the Graphic publishing, as a saving clause, in the same number which contains the closing letter of Col. Oleott above referred to, over a column of senseless twaddle from writers upon whose crania the bump of self-esteem assuredly does not make itself conspicuously in its absence, concerning "The Uselessness of 'Spiritualism,'" "An Asylum for Spiritual Lunatics," etc., etc., and backing up the baseless assertions of the same with editorial paragraphs like the following: "The faith in science, and that it will finally discover the secret and explain the cause of these wonderful phenomena on natural grounds, is too strong to be overturned, even though one were to rise from the dead." Verily, friends, the Graphic Ephraim is evidently "joined unto his idols—let him alone!" But the conflict will go on, and the final triumph of truth is sure.

### An Illustrated Spiritual Monthly.

Mr. William H. Harrison, editor of the London Spiritualist, has sent us a specimen sheet of a new illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to Spiritualism, which he will issue with the new year if orders enough to guarantee a minimum circulation of twelve hundred per month during the year 1875 are sent in. The price of each monthly number will be one shilling; so that the cost of the work per annum to American subscribers will be about three dollars.

The specimen sheet, which may be seen at our office, is very handsome, and from Mr. Harrison's ability and experience we may expect a work that will be really creditable to the cause. He proposes to have engravings, executed in the highest style of art, in every number, and to present such a record of the progress of Spiritualism as every Spiritualist will desire to bind up and preserve. We commend Mr. Harrison's project to the attention of our readers, and hope that it will meet with general favor. Letters on the subject, with subscriptions, may be addressed to Mr. W. H. Harrison, 11 Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C. The work will form an annual volume of 192 pages, on thick paper, elegantly printed. Mr. Harrison says:

An illustrated journal will be of great value to the cause of Spiritualism, for several reasons, for instance:—  
1. Although standard literature and science have of late years given great impetus to the spiritual movement, the power of art is not to be despised.  
2. Because deeply interesting manifestations, like the recent London phenomena, have been occurring in our midst, without the means being placed on record pictorially. Experiments also, such as the photographing of spirits, and the use of the camera, and advanced mental experiments with entranced mediums, have not been represented by the aid of art. Again, there are many old and tried workers in the cause of Spiritualism, in addition, as well as celebrated mediums, whose likenesses ought to be properly engraved, for the present gratification of the public, and for the future interest of the pictures to posterity. Without an illustrated journal the chronicles of Spiritualism of the present generation are imperfect. It is a pity that the number of engravings will be so small, and that many more than the twelve hundred copies per month be ordered, the number of engravings will be increased. Artists of high ability will execute the drawings, and proof-reading arrangements with other persons who will have to work at bringing out the proposed periodical have already been made, so that if the public determine that the plan ought to be carried out, they have only to enter their names for copies, and everything else is now ready for the execution of the plan.

### ENDURANCE.

"It is bitter to endure the wrong  
Which evil hands and tongues commit,  
The bold encroachments of the strong,  
The shafts of calumny and wit;  
The scornful bearing of the proud—  
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.  
And harder still it is to bear  
The censure of the good and wise,  
Who, ignorant of what we are,  
Or, blinded by the slanderer's lies,  
Look coldly on, or pass us by  
In silence, with averted eye.  
Conscious of purity and worth,  
We may with calm assurance wait  
The tardy recompense of earth;  
And e'en should justice come too late  
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,  
Still heaven, at last, the wrong shall right."  
—R. R. Josselyn.

### Christmas Fair and Festival in New York.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of New York City, will hold a fair and festival at the Harvard Rooms, southwest corner Forty-second street and Sixth ave., on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, Dec. 22d and 23d, 1874. On Tuesday evening the fair will open at 7 o'clock, for the sale of goods exclusively. On Wednesday evening the doors will be open at 7 o'clock, and the following programme will be executed: Singing and speaking by the children; distribution of presents to the Lyceum children, from a Christmas Tree provided for the occasion; after which dancing will supervene, which will conclude the entertainment.

Those who feel kindly toward the enterprise—as all should who understand the importance of educating the young in the truths of to-day—can forward such donations of money or articles as they may feel to make, to the address of any of the following-named parties: Mrs. H. J. Newton, 128 West Forty-third street; Mrs. H. J. Cozino, 342 West Thirty-second street; Dr. A. E. Cooley, 667 Second avenue; D. G. Taylor, 329 West Forty-third street; Miss Mattie Reed, 222 West Twenty-eighth street; or the same may be brought to the hall, 1195 Broadway, on Sundays only.

Dr. George Sexton, the indefatigable, talented and successful English editor and lecturer, is out with a close-printed and meaty volume of some sixty pages, wherein the claims of "SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM" are "calmly considered," and a reply is given, from the standpoint of Spiritual revelation, to the Belfast address of Prof. Tyndall. The matter in this brochure was originally given as a discourse before the Spiritualists of London, and we doubt not its rendition in book form—from the press of J. Burns—will secure to it multitudes of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

We have received from G. K. Warren, Photographer, 289 Washington street, Boston, Mass., a finely executed likeness of Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Read the advertisement of Col. D. M. Fox, in another column.

### Spiritualism before the Radical Club.

At the semi-monthly meeting of Radical Club No. 2, of Boston, on Monday evening last, Modern Spiritualism was the subject, and for the first time. Our friend and well known contributor, John Wetherbee, read an essay, on the occasion, by invitation. We need not say to the readers of the Banner familiar with his articles, that the manner in which the subject was presented was both attractive and original. In our next issue we shall publish the essay in full.

The attendance of the Club on this occasion was large, indicating both a popularity of the subject and a disposition to hear it treated by this essayist, it being known that he is not in the habit of following the beaten track, but has a way of illuminating whatever he touches peculiar to himself.

The essay was listened to by this intelligent and cultivated gathering—including many well known, scholarly minds, conspicuous among them the Rev. Mr. Bartol, also Mr. F. E. Abbot, of the Index, and others—with the greatest attention, and treated by those who took part in the conversation at its close with the profoundest respect. There was such evident honesty, plainness of speech, and earnestness in the words and manner of this "Bohemian" from State street, that it disarmed criticism and led the usual commentators on the "essays of the Club into a psychological assent, if not a conviction.

Mr. Bartol followed the essayist, and spoke at some length, saying with what pleasure he had listened to the essay. He also had a real good word for the subject, with his usual sincerity and thoughtful simplicity. He, however, did not need demonstrations himself, or phenomena, to make him a believer in God, or immortality. He commended Spiritualism and Spiritualists, and said he had had considerable opportunity of witnessing the manifestations, and with evident pleasure. He related some of his experiences, which endorsed the modern spiritualistic claim, one of which will bear an accent, and made a good impression on the Club. He said a year or two after Theodore Parker died he manifested to him through a medium, in a manner which was very convincing to him, and uttered a thought which, for beauty and depth, was equal to anything in Shakespeare: Theodore Parker's spirit, referring to his struggling earth-life of conscientious duty, said that it he had "attended the funeral of his affections." Oh! remarked Mr. Bartol; how beautifully expressed, how full of meaning are those words: "I attended the funeral of my affections!" Some ten or twelve years after Mr. Parker communicated again, and said in a few beautiful words what meant about the same thing, and the reverend gentleman felt that it really was the spirit of that heroic worker.

Dr. Storer was invited to follow him—a well-known Spiritualist, who had come on invitation, attracted by the subject. He spoke briefly and in good spirit, related an interesting experience, and ended philosophically, his speech being received with applause and evident satisfaction. Mr. Abbot, of the Index, and many others made remarks, and conversation was continued with interest to a late hour. The remarks did not take the form of a discussion, and, upon the whole, were favorable to Spiritualism, though the speakers were generally outside the ranks of the Spiritualists.

It was generally admitted by those who have attended these Radical Club meetings that it was one of the most interesting sessions the Club has had.

### Brittan's Quarterly Journal

Is out—Vol. 2 finding with this number (4) its conclusion. Those who have read this sterling work will agree with us when we say that the Quarterly has, since its inauguration, won for itself an enviable reputation for unexceptionable accuracy of matter, taste in execution, and breadth of vision in all affairs of a spiritualistic nature. The present number starts off with an illustrated article, concerning "Joan of Arc"; Fannie Green McDougal furnishes an intensely interesting sketch of "Semiramis"; Belle Bush sings of "October"; Prof. Brittan serves up "Mediomania" Marvin with the appetizing sauce of keenest criticism; "Spiritualistic Philosophy in America" finds treatment at the hands of George Sexton, M.A., M. D., LL. D., of England; Mary F. Davis writes of "Woman Suffrage"; Hudson Tuttle discourses on "The Origin of Spirit"; Hon. A. G. W. Carter speaks comprehensively of "Law and Spiritualism"; and other articles of merit—both in prose and verse—from standard writers, together with much important matter in the shape of reviews, etc., from the pen of Prof. Brittan himself (among which we are pleased to see a candid notice of Allan Kardec's Book on Mediums), conspire to make a number worthy of the series of which it forms a part. We hope Prof. B., the enterprising founder and conductor of the Quarterly, will find pecuniary returns coming in for the next year which will place it where it richly deserves—firmly upon the basis of ensured success. It would indeed be a misfortune to let this bright star-index of modern intellectual progress go down for want of a pecuniary sky in which to shine.

### The Boston "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists"

Met at Beethoven Hall, Sunday afternoon, December 13th, to listen to the remarks of the disembodied intelligences through the lips of Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, the celebrated trance medium. As a preliminary exercise, Alderman Jenkins, Dr. Hayward and Mr. Amory were appointed by the audience to serve as a Committee to receive from the ushers the written questions propounded by the people, and to choose therefrom a number to be submitted to the attention of the controlling spirit at the close of the lecture. Singing by the choir, and an invocation, prefaced the discourse. The subject considered by Mrs. Palmer was, in effect, the scriptural injunction, "bear ye one another's burdens." We shall speak more fully concerning this lecture in our next issue.

Mrs. Palmer closes her present engagement—her second for the season before this Society—on Sunday afternoon, December 20th, at which time the audience will be privileged to propound such relevant questions as may arise.

As will be seen by a memorial article from the pen of Prof. S. B. Brittan, in another column, Charles Partridge, Esq., of New York, the whilom publisher of the Spiritual Telegraph, also of A. J. Davis's and other reform and spiritualistic books, has been called upon to lose the material fellowship of his wife Sophronia, who for so many years has been to him a loved and valued mate, companion and friend. May the consolations of the new gospel be and abide with him in his hour of trial.















