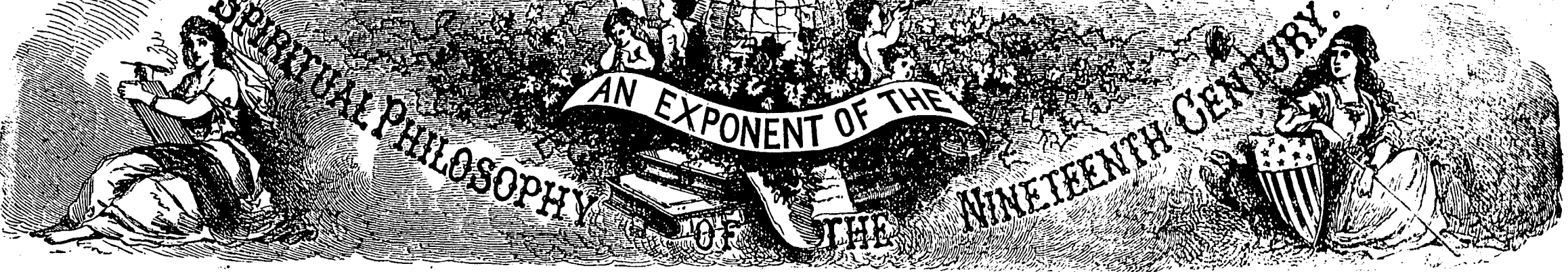


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## Versus Dr. Carpenter.

### THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAULTANTS.

[Continued.]

BY JOSEPH RODES DUCHANAN, M. D.

HUXLEY AND EMERSON.

Was there ever a more absurd partisan clamor than these stereotyped sneers at the imbecility of the spirit-world by men who think their reputation so immense that they can talk nonsense with impunity. In this Democratic republic we have no demigods whose voices are to be consecrated by reverence, and if Huxley or Emerson ventures to exhibit a little mental imbecility before the public, the irreverent spectator will be tempted to inquire whether the weak spot, the flaw in the sword-blade, does not run clear across and make it an utterly unreliable weapon. Is there any soundness of judgment on philosophic subjects in a scientist who makes such an unfortunate exposure of supercilious shallowness as in the following passage:

"The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of 'Spiritualism,' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a séance."

I am, sir, &c., T. H. HUXLEY.

Why should Prof. Huxley so openly and brazenly boast of his ignorance of clairvoyance, of spirit-healing, of spirit-poetry and eloquence and art, music, painting, photography and telegraphing, philosophy, ethics and religion?

Weak people, it is true, do talk with the rabble and humbug of the spirit-world and repeat their verbiage mixed with their own incongruities, but is this so singular as to concentrate all his attention upon it? Are not medicine and theology, with all their learning and science, overloaded with a greater and more malarious mass of intolerable rubbish than is Spiritualism? I need not fatigue the reader by detailing the illustrations, for they are known to all the world.

There are men, however, as foolish as Prof. Huxley, who will say on account of such rubbish that religion is contemptible, the science of medicine mere fallacy, and the profession a nuisance; but they are comparatively harmless eccentrics.

Medicine is continually improving, and dropping its rubbish into the abyss of forgotten folly—so is religion, and so is Spiritualism, but the cemetery for the burial of spiritual follies is a neat little garden spot compared to the vast Golgothas and Potter's Fields of medicine and theology.

We do not judge the architectural beauty of a city by the amount of sewerage that comes from it; nor do we judge of any intellectual system by its effete trash. When Prof. Huxley does this he falls from his high estate in physical science. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, got drunk before his followers at Nauvoo. He represented it as merely an act of condescension, to show that he was not divine, but like other men, and therefore not an object of worship. Prof. Huxley, too, has condescended enough to show his fallibility and weakness in philosophy, and thus explain the idiosyncrasy which leads him to discard the study of the human soul to resurrect the buried follies of Des Cartes, maintaining that animals are not conscious, sensitive beings like ourselves, but merely unconscious automatic machines, by reasoning which would apply just as well to man. There is a boundary line between the beliefs of sanity and those of insanity, and if this opinion of Prof. Huxley were brought up in a New York court by hungry heirs contesting the validity of his will, it would be found so near the boundary line as to make a formidable element in the litigation. Nor would Mr. Emerson be any safer in such a case. His writings would furnish more abundant material.

### POSITIVE SCIENCE VERSUS PEDANTRY.

It is highly honorable to Spiritualism that it is contemptuously treated by men so brilliantly unsound in thought while upheld by patient investigators so eminently sound and safe in judgment as Wallace and Crookes, and by innumerable thousands all over the world of those who are distinguished by unerring soundness of judgment—men who know what positive science and experimental truth are, and who do not think with Prof. Huxley that the buried rubbish of Cartesian speculation, or any other speculation, is preferable to the positive science of the soul, which has as tangible and unquestionable facts as chemistry or pneumatics.

Such men—men of sound judgment—do not join the fashionable rabble who in the infancy of electric science laughed at Galvani as "the frog's dandling master," and now in the infancy of psychic science expend their sarcasm on rappers and mediums. The controlling forces of the universe were manifested to Galvani in the movement of a frog's hind leg—how vulgar!—and now they are manifested just as vulgarly by the movement of a table. The God of the universe has different conceptions of dignity and vulgarity from the literary snob; he teaches science equally by the dew-drop and the ocean, the frog and the elephant, the feeble rap and the terrific thunderbolt. They who cannot learn from Divine Wisdom until it is arrayed in majesty and terror, belong to the rabble who learn only as they are overwhelmed and driven by compulsion.

The wild boar of the forest can realize the thunderbolt, but the delicate invisible forces of Nature are sought and known only by the philosophic scientist, who isolates himself alike from the ignorant rabble of the streets and the learned rabble of the colleges, to seek not only that which is hidden among the ultimate atoms of matter, but hidden in the atoms themselves as their interior basic forces—forces existing before matter is phenomenally organized, and existing still within, without, and parallel with the material world, but as far be-

yond the ken of the dogmatic materialist as the ruby clouds of sunset are beyond the knowledge of the blind man.

What are the blind man's comments to the artist who paints the sunset, and what are the opinions of Prof. Huxley to those who are at home in the splendors of the psychic science which reveals a world of supernal beauty? To the blind man, the picture is but only paint that smears his fingers and proves the artist a dirty creature; to Prof. Huxley psychic science seems only a creaking table manipulated by a trickster. To those who have eyes and understanding, the rapping table is a revelation of a new power, and the locked slate with writing progressing on its interior is a revelation of the mysterious presence and wisdom of the spirit-world, just as important when known only to a few inquirers as it will be when it has penetrated the colleges and overawed even the Oxford bigots, as it is sure to do in the time pre-arranged by Divine Power for pedantry and ignorance to give way to science.

It is pedantic insolence in those who deal in the attenuated speculations of metaphysics which bear no scientific relation to fact, to deny the character of science to spiritual phenomena duly examined. If it is science to examine the tracks impressed upon denuded rocks, and infer the character of the birds or quadrupeds that made them in the ages that are lost in the night of eternity; it is certainly a more safe and practical science to examine the marks left on the interior of a pair of slates by beings who are not lost in limitless night, but are like the birds that hover in the sky and sing at our doors, ready to be recalled and to repeat their communications for our instruction.

If these slate-writing experiments have not the rigid conditions of scientific experiment, then there is nothing in geology, nothing in the chemical laboratory, that can be called science, for no experiment can be devised in any science more perfect in the conditions that exclude error and deception, than the exposure of fastened slates, in daylight, under strict observation, to ascertain what an immaterial power can do on their interior.

### SLATE-WRITING WITH WATKINS.

Perhaps the most efficient medium for spiritual writing recently developed is Mr. Charles E. Watkins, of whose capacities any number of illustrations might be given. A friend of mine, who recently saw him in Boston, received satisfactory written answers to her questions addressed to a spirit-friend upon a slate held in her own hand, with which Mr. Watkins had nothing to do.

As to his writing we could find no more competent and honorable testimony than that of Mr. Epes Sargent, the well-known author, whose personal character is as highly esteemed as his literary ability. Mr. Sargent says:

"Tuesday, Sept. 18th, 1877, I bought a new slate enclosed in covers, at the store of Messrs. Nichols & Hall, of Bromfield street, Boston, and proceeded to No. 46 Beach street, where Mr. Charles E. Watkins, of Cleveland, O., was making a brief professional stay. He took me up stairs into his modest sleeping-room, fronting on Beach street. I have every reason to believe that he did not know who I was. I had never seen him before. In a moment, however, my name came to him in some inexplicable way (not from seeing it written in my hat, oh! skeptic); his manner, a little ungracious at first, wholly changed, and we sat down alone in the room, the moon light streaming in at the windows. He began by disclosing to me the notes written by me without aid and with the knowledge of his (there was no watching of the end of my pencil, according to Dr. Carpenter's theory), on six slips of paper, which I had rolled tightly into pellets, and which were not even touched by the medium. They were so mixed that I could not myself tell the name of any one of them. Here was a satisfactory proof of supersensory vision; but as I had received the same proofs through Foster and Colchester many years ago, I will not stop to describe them further, truly wonderful as they were."

"Mr. Watkins then permitted me to take my own fresh slate, which had remained on the table near my left elbow all this while. He put a crumb of slate pencil between one of the surfaces of the slate and the inside surface of one of the covers. He told me to hold it out at arm's length. This I did, first satisfying myself that there was no writing on the slate, and that he had not even touched it."

"Now bear in mind that we two were alone in the room; that there had been no possibility of the medium's making the slightest mark on the new, unused slate; that I sat with my back to the light, which streamed in at two uncurtained windows, the outer blinds of which were thrown back; that Mr. Watkins sat before me, some two feet off; that I was in a perfectly composed, equable state of mind, with all my faculties on the alert; that I was as sure the slate was the same one I had just brought in as I was that the head on my shoulders was the same one I had brought in; that I was no more the imbecile victim of 'expectancy and prepossession' (according to Dr. Carpenter's theory) than I am at this moment; and consider also that the medium, when I should extend my arm under the conditions here described, would be some three feet distant from the slate, on which I absolutely knew there was as yet no writing."

"Under these simple conditions, the fairest, simplest and most convincing that could well be imagined, I held out the slate. First came the name 'Anna Cora Mowatt.' This name I had written on one of the pellets. A second time I held out the slate and there came the words, 'My dear brother, your own Lizzie.' This name I had not written nor spoken. A third time I held out the slate (still untouched by the medium), and there came the words, 'My dear son, God bless you, your father who loves you dearly, Epes Sargent.' This name also had been both unwritten and unspoken by me. It was my father's name."

"Being now convinced that the theory of some invisible chemical writing on the slate, to be made suddenly visible after the sifter had held it, was utterly dispelled, I took two slates belonging to the medium, asked for a wet towel, wiped them thoroughly, saw the medium lay a crumb of slate-pencil on one of the slates, and then, placing the other slate on top of it, I held the two, thus joined, out at arm's length in my left hand. In a moment I heard a loud sound of writing. In a few seconds the medium said, 'Finished,' and taking one slate from the other, I saw one side filled with a message containing fifty-four words and signed by the name of my deceased brother."

Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has recently published in the London Spectator an experience with Dr. Monck, from which the following is quoted:

"The sitting was at a private house in Richmond. Two ladies and three gentlemen were present, besides myself and the medium, Dr. Monck. A shaded candle was in the room, giving light sufficient to see everything on the table round which we sat. Four small and common slates were on the table. Of these I chose two, and after carefully cleaning and putting a small fragment of pencil between them, I tied them together with a strong cord, passed around them both lengthways and crosswise, so as effectually to prevent the slates from moving on each other. I then laid them flat on the table, without losing sight of them for an instant. Dr. Monck placed the fingers of both hands on them, while I and a lady sitting opposite me placed our hands on the corners of the slates. From this position our hands were never moved, till I untied them to ascertain their result. After waiting a minute or two, Dr. Monck asked me to name any short word I wished to be written on the slate. I named the word, 'God.' He then asked me to say how I wished it written. I replied, 'Lengthways on the slate,' then I wished it written with a large or small 'g,' and I chose a capital 'G.' In a very short time writing was heard on the slate. The medium's hands were convulsively withdrawn, and I then myself untied the

cord (which was a strong silk watch-guard, lent by one of the visitors), and on opening the slates found on the lower one the word I had asked for, written in the manner I had requested, the writing being somewhat faint and labored and perfectly legible. The slate with the writing on it is now in my possession."

To the foregoing I would add the brief statement of Mr. John Wetherbee, of Boston, a well-known and much-esteemed writer:

"I was very glad to have an experience with Charles E. Watkins, who is staying for a short time at No. 46 Beach street, Boston. His spirit-writing in Greek with the Greek professor at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, and the later one in the Swedish language with a Swede, who told me it was satisfactory, proves him to be a medium, and the phenomenon a spiritual one, if the details were explained."

"I followed an impression I had and bought two new slates at a store, and had holes bored in the frames and tied the two slates together and sealed the knots. The slates were clean, and the medium never touched or saw the inside of them. I had charge of them, and they were never out of my sight. The room was as light as a clear afternoon sun shining into it could make it. The tied slates lay on the table before me and before him—not under the table, but on the table. It took some little time, for the new slates were not in so good magnetic condition as the slates in his common use, and I felt as though I would like to have the writing on the new slates, so I was patient, and was well paid for my patience, for after a while I heard the atom of pencil that I had put in the slates before tying them together, beginning to write, after which I cut the strings and found one of the slates filled with a communication signed by the name of a well-beloved friend and relative who died some seven years ago."

What better evidences do any of the sciences, astronomy, chemistry, geology or natural history, for example, present than this—that the experiments of the science are continually visible, accessible or in progress, and that the results of these experiments have been detailed by scientists of unexceptionable intelligence and high reputation?

What science exhibits a better or more accessible array of facts and testimony than the psychic sciences? Or in what science do its devoted students more cordially concur in its leading propositions? Is it not time that the liberal people of this generation should imperatively demand the recognition of psychic sciences in every medical school and every literary institution in which man and his faculties are a subject of study. Is it not time that we should say to that bull-necked materialism (which needs this gross adjective to describe it correctly) that refuses either to investigate or to tolerate investigation: "Stand aside, you belong properly to the Dark Ages; in the grand history of human evolution you have scarcely attained the rank of the nobler mammalia in the animal kingdom." The higher mammalia are all teachable, but stubborn skepticism is as intractable as the most untamable carnivora.

### POWER OF THE INVISIBLE.

A transcendent power from that world invisible to ordinary eyes (but which has always been visible to men and women of the highest development and most delicate senses) is making itself known in controlling matter, physically, chemically and vitally. The profoundest philosophers have always known that the invisible is the master of the visible—that as the invisible God creates and commands the ponderable universe, so do all the powers that are manifested by inert matter belong to the invisible. The materialist supposes because he sees these powers manifested by matter, that they are absolutely inseparable from and identified with matter, and that intelligence and love are secretions from the brain.

The true scientist perceives that as the caloric which gives movement and power to steam may leave it to pass into other bodies, leaving the steam a heavy mass of mere water, so the vital spirit which animates this body of a hundred and fifty pounds may suddenly leave it a mere inert mass. The savage has no conception as to what became of the latent caloric of the steam: the modes of research which discover its continued existence are too subtle to be adopted by him. The stubborn skeptic is equally obtuse as the psychic power, and the innumerable tests of its continued existence and power after leaving the body, by which it is found to have the same intelligence as before, the same emotions, and even a capacity to display the same physical power, are exhibited in vain before the irrational intellect that is controlled by habit and limited to commonplace perceptions, dreading the acquisition of strange knowledge.

An experiment in combustion which would show the combustibility of wood when placed in a current of galvanism, would arouse the attention of the scientific world, would be flashed over the ocean by telegraph, would appear in every scientific journal, would be noticed in almost every newspaper, and would prompt a host of inquirers to repeat and test this experiment on the power of galvanism, because the galvanic force is now nothing new.

But let the miracle be performed by the psychic force, which is new to scientists generally, and it is rather amusing to observe their utter apathy, their total insensibility to facts of which they are not in pursuit. Mechanical habit dominates as thoroughly over the minds of many scientists of the present day as it did three hundred years ago—as thoroughly as it does over the minds of the unscientific population. There has never yet been a system of education in our schools and colleges which would make reason stronger than habit. How much is it needed! If Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Carpenter and Agassiz had received such an education, how great would have been the consequent impulse to civilization. But education as it is cramps the growth of reason and development of genius and philosophy, by fastening the mind on the purely physical and ignoring the highest products of philosophic thought. The skeptical dogmatist produced by such an education knows as little of true philosophy as the prurient prude does of true purity. They are both examples of hypercritical narrowness of mind. The skeptic dooms himself to ignorance and error in psychology by excluding the chief source of knowledge—the observations made by others.

This preeminent absurdity belongs to skeptical scientists alone. The successful general not only listens to all reports, but keeps his scouts continually active in exploring everything accessible. If he fails in this vigilance he is as much in the dark and as sure to be defeated as Dr. Carpenter.

The immense wealth of Vanderbilt was accumulated by the exercise of a judgment of unequalled correctness in business matters; with that sound judgment he listened respectfully to the opinion or information of others, against which he exercised none of that pride of opinion which distinguishes the blundering dogmatist.

### SPRIT CONTROL OF CALORIC.

To return: the experiment just mentioned has been actually made. Mr. Home has exhibited a psychic power which absolutely controls the phenomena of caloric as galvanism controls chemical affinity. He handles live coals and holds them in his hands until they cease to glow, but they do not injure him. He places them in other people's hands and they

are harmless. He places them against his clothes and the clothes are not scorched. He placed live coals on the head of the author, S. C. Hall, and the hair was not singed nor was Mr. Hall disturbed by their heat. Mr. Hall, Lord Adare, the Master of Lindsay, and many others make these statements. (See Report of Dialectical Society and the Life of Home.) The Master of Lindsay testified to the Dialectical Committee: "I have frequently seen Home, when in a trance, go to the fire and take out large red hot coals, and carry them about in his hands, put them inside his shirt, &c. Eight times myself have held a red-hot coal in my hands, without injury, when I scorched my face on raising my hand. Once I wished to see if they really would burn, and I said so, and touched a coal with the middle finger of my right hand, and I got a blister as large as a sixpence. I instantly asked him to give me the coal, and I held the part that burnt me in the middle of my hand for three or four minutes without the least inconvenience. A few weeks ago I was at a séance with eight others. Of these seven held a red-hot coal without pain, and the two others could not bear the approach of it."

[Where were Dr. Carpenter and his materialistic confederates while such facts were in progress, and scientists were cordially invited to witness them? Not conducting any experiments or investigations, but actively assailing Prof. Crookes for his audacity in investigating a subject which Dr. Carpenter's dietic had settled forever. In his blind hostility he not only grossly misrepresented the published language of Prof. Crookes, but indulged in the unpardonable meanness of assailing his professional standing (as well as that of Prof. Varley) by a number of false statements; in some of which he professed to give the private opinions and comments of the members of the Royal Society, which were highly unfavorable to the scientific standing of Prof. Crookes. So gross and extraordinary was this that the President and Council of the Royal Society passed a resolution of condemnation which leaves the brand of falsehood upon Dr. Carpenter.]

Such facts as the foregoing concerning the control of fire are not confined to the presence of Mr. Home. Mrs. Sudham, in this country, gives public exhibitions of a similar power. She holds her arm for half a minute in the blaze of a kerosene lamp, and the flesh is not hurt nor the hairs burnt or scorched by the fire.

Where is the limit to such powers as these? Is it not apparent that the shaft of science has reached the surface of the deep fountains of Infinite Power, and that the hidden wisdom of the universe is coming into human life faster than the dull earth-bound intellect of humanity can appreciate or even appreciate it?

[To be continued.]

### ORGANIZATION.

BY WASH. A. DANKSIN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The opening of a new year seems an appropriate time to call attention to the subject of organization. It is important that Spiritualists should give earnest thought to this matter, for upon it, in a great degree, depends what character of impression we, as a people, make upon the general mind.

When the public at large look for evidence of the growth of Modern Spiritualism, they do not find a compact body working in harmony to demonstrate the truths which they assume to be the foundation of their faith. Yet there is not an organization in the world which has so grand and potential a central rallying point.

The knowledge that we enjoy the privilege of conversing with those who have passed to spirit life here, should lift every man above the petty jealousies and puerile antagonisms which have so long disfigured humanity.

When we consider that this work is not ours alone, but that we are merely co-workers with the advanced minds of the life beyond, do we not find another inducement to control the impulses of our earthly or selfish nature, and bring into activity the higher and nobler attributes which, in their exercise, will fit us for such companionship?

I know that organization without some central purpose or power of cohesion will result in disintegration in the future as it has done in the past, and the question I wish to ask is this: Have we not, among the millions who call themselves Spiritualists, a sufficient number of unfolded, philosophic minds that can unite in harmony and unity of purpose and present to the outside world a body representative of this grand modern movement?

There is intellect enough among Spiritualists to command the admiration of the world. There is a basis of demonstrable fact which will be entirely irresistible when presented in proper form by a body that will command respect. Then is it not our duty to utilize these great influences for the benefit of humanity, rather than by isolated efforts to be losing much of the power we should wield through harmonious cooperation? I would invite the views of others upon this subject, for I am assured through a widely extended correspondence that Spiritualists in every part of the country feel the necessity, at this time, for organized representation. And I am also assured by those wise and earnest spirits whose guidance and counsel have been the light of my life, that the present is a favorable moment for the inauguration of this movement.

Everywhere, leading minds in Church and State are throwing off irrational dogmas of the past, and would be drawn to us if we had a recognized representative body to whom they could look for information. Cannot such an organization be formed, whose duty and pleasure it will be to collect the fundamental facts of Spiritualism, and, drawing such conclusions as may be rationally deduced therefrom, invite the consideration of all untrammelled, progressive minds?

Such a body, harmoniously formed, would not work unaided. The spirits of wisdom, who are engaged in this work, would be with them, would impress, guide and assist them, and the result would eventually be that Spiritualism, which is now looked down upon by many as a mere idle or fragment of religious faith, would in time be universally looked up to as the DIVINE PHILOSOPHY; a philosophy that will by its influence harmonize all the disturbed conditions of the earth life; a philosophy under whose influence the spiritual nature of man would be so fully unfolded that physical suffering would be no more known on earth; a philosophy that in its revelations of the destiny of our race would satisfy the loftiest aspirations of every living soul.

This has ever been to my mind the ultimate purpose of Spiritualism. To bring about this condition, wise and pure spirits have penetrated the dense atmosphere of earth, and have been patient workers in the midst of our crude and ungenial conditions. We can give them essential aid by creating a channel through which they can speak intelligently, and one that will command the respectful attention of the world. There are difficulties, but I think they can be all overcome, and I would again invite correspondence upon this subject.











## TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of book-buyers is respectfully called to the fact that the *Banner of Light* is now published by the American Book Company, 109 N. 2nd St., New York. The price of the paper is 10 cents per copy, and the price of the book is 10 cents per copy. The book is published by the American Book Company, 109 N. 2nd St., New York.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lectures, and other events are published in this section. The *Banner of Light* is published by the American Book Company, 109 N. 2nd St., New York.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

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## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS.

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## COLBY &amp; RICH.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT,  
109 N. 2ND ST., NEW YORK.

Advertisements for the *Banner of Light* are published in this section. The price of the paper is 10 cents per copy, and the price of the book is 10 cents per copy.

## The Hell Doctrine.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, whose rejection of the doctrine of eternal punishment created such a stir among the Orthodox in the western part of Massachusetts, has but started a conflagration that is blazing worse than the original hell fire itself among the Orthodox churches. Ministers and laymen who are prominent in the ecclesiastical order, and including such men as President Porter of Yale College, are coming forward, voluntarily and under compulsion, and confessing that they either reject the old pagan doctrine of hell, or are wholly indifferent to its being any longer insisted on as an article of faith.

It is easy to see that if these ministers have been unsound on the eternal punishment doctrine, and have so long insisted on it, they may be equally unsound on other doctrines. On the subject of spirit communion, being equally expert in concealing it. We have made that very charge many times, and it has never yet been refuted. In part and in fact we referred to Rev. Mr. Murray and Rev. Mr. Hopworth in illustration of it. These two clergymen fairly represent a large body of their own class who are thoroughly convinced of the fundamental truth of Spiritualism, but who industriously conceal their belief from their own churches and the public at large, while benefiting by that belief in the regular discharge of their duties. But the spirits are willing to work through all agencies. They are never deceived.

The hubbub thus raised near Springfield has spread in all directions. It so happens that simultaneous demonstrations against the hell fire dogma have been made in England. Mr. Boscher has also come out boldly and explicitly against it in his pulpit. One eternally orthodox minister, Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, refuses at such a wide-spread recantation to this god of Calvinistic faith, and is candid enough to say at once that he will sooner give up the church itself than give up the eternal punishment doctrine.

A correspondent writes us under date of Dec. 13th that "Dr. Slade went to Leipzig on Monday, the 10th inst., in response to an invitation from Baron von Hoffman, whose guest he is for the present. His visit there is for the purpose of affording further opportunities for some of the professors to continue their investigations. At the last sitting he gave in Berlin a No. 9 paper which was completely covered with writing. In the following languages: English, French, German, Dutch, Greek, besides some characters that may or may not have been a language."

The prestidigitator and court conjurer to His Majesty the King and Emperor William I., Mr. Samuel B. Slade, residing at Grossbaronerstrasse, No. 14, Berlin, has made affidavit (sworn to before a notary, and attested in his signature in the official records, according to due process of law) in which he sets forth that having, in accordance with the wish of several highly-esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a number of sittings on clear days and also evenings, in his own bedroom, he must attest truthfully that he examined the surroundings and performances of Mr. Slade with the sharpest observation, and also examined the table, and had not in the least found anything depending on prestidigitation or conjuring apparatus; and indeed an explanation concerning the existing circumstances under the conditions conceded, was absolutely impossible on the prestidigitator hypothesis.

## Phenomenal Spiritualism.

There has been a "great revival" in this city, and elsewhere for a few weeks past in regard to medial physical manifestations, which the reader will become cognizant of on perusal of the accounts in this paper, that have been furnished us by reliable parties. Not having personally witnessed the wonders so fully described, it is not our province either to endorse or reject them. We simply present them as they are given to us. Feeling much interested in the new (so-called) "flower medium," Mr. James M. Choate, of Salem, Mass., and he volunteering to be tested by us, we arranged a private sitting with him at this office on Wednesday afternoon, the 12th ult.

The occasion lacked definite results, and the Committee appointed to arrange the details and scrutinize what occurred failing to agree on a report, tendered none. A private séance was then arranged whereby Mr. Choate was to be present at our office on the afternoon of Dec. 29th, but owing to reasons beyond the medium's control he did not arrive in season to hold the sitting; therefore this second attempt on our part to test his development proved abortive. On the evening of that day we were waited upon at our hotel by Mr. Choate and Mr. A. R. Duntun, the latter gentleman being extremely anxious that another trial be had, and we suggested to them that since he was to dine with Epes Sargent, Esq., at his home in the Boston Highlands on the following Sunday, (30th) he had better take the medium with him and arrange for a sitting that afternoon at the residence of Mr. S., or that of Mr. J. M. With place. A thimble on suggestion, the sitting took place at Mr. Sargent's abode, an account of which is detailed elsewhere, as well as accounts of other experiences with the medium by our correspondent the past month. Mr. Duntun is a gentleman well-known to all the teachers in the country, is the author of the Duntunian writing books, so generally in use. He is now not far from his three-score and five years, and has been an investigator of the spiritual phenomena for nearly a quarter of a century. He is an ardent amateur in facts of legend and lore, and therefore his testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena in question is valuable. We understand that Messrs. Wetherbee and Sargent admit the correctness of Mr. Duntun's statements so far as these refer to their séance at the Highlands.

## Happy New Year!

To the hosts of the readers, patrons and friends of the *Banner of Light* we tender the best and warmest wishes of the season. We have all come to a stopping place, where congratulations are as much in order as reflections, and where it is well to compare notes for the future. The *Banner* bids the New Years as they come and go with faith in the great fact that they are but threads in the shuttle which time is swiftly weaving into the pattern of our individual lives. For one they make a scribe pattern, and for another a beautiful one. It depends much upon the circumstances in whose web we are. But more upon ourselves. The Old Year goes out pleasantly, and the New Year succeeds without a signal of any kind. Time flies with wings that make no sound. The period is one of dulness and stagnation in trade and industry, but we are being taught as a people that material good is not all that there is something beyond. Whatever helps to force out the spiritual part of men into frequent and emphatic expression is good for them. So that dull times may after all prove to be the agents of good. Let us invoke the angels to enlighten and guide us, trusting that the best is always in store for us. The *Banner of Light* extends its wishes for the happiness of all as the New Year opens, and hopes it will bring them richer experiences than have ever fallen to their lot in the past. If we resolve to act always up to our truest and highest convictions, all will be well.

## Dr. Slade's Work in Germany.

A correspondent writes us under date of Dec. 13th that "Dr. Slade went to Leipzig on Monday, the 10th inst., in response to an invitation from Baron von Hoffman, whose guest he is for the present. His visit there is for the purpose of affording further opportunities for some of the professors to continue their investigations. At the last sitting he gave in Berlin a No. 9 paper which was completely covered with writing. In the following languages: English, French, German, Dutch, Greek, besides some characters that may or may not have been a language."

The prestidigitator and court conjurer to His Majesty the King and Emperor William I., Mr. Samuel B. Slade, residing at Grossbaronerstrasse, No. 14, Berlin, has made affidavit (sworn to before a notary, and attested in his signature in the official records, according to due process of law) in which he sets forth that having, in accordance with the wish of several highly-esteemed gentlemen of rank and position, tested the physical mediumship of Mr. Slade in a number of sittings on clear days and also evenings, in his own bedroom, he must attest truthfully that he examined the surroundings and performances of Mr. Slade with the sharpest observation, and also examined the table, and had not in the least found anything depending on prestidigitation or conjuring apparatus; and indeed an explanation concerning the existing circumstances under the conditions conceded, was absolutely impossible on the prestidigitator hypothesis.

## Palme Hall.

On Sunday morning, Dec. 30th, a meeting in the interests of the Liberal League was held at this place, John Verity presiding. Speeches were made by Horace Seaver and J. P. Mendum, of the Boston Investigator, also by Robert Cooper, Moses Hull, Dr. Dillingham and others. A discussion of the fundamental principles of the movement will take place in this hall next Sunday morning.

One of our patrons in Washington writes, in the course of a letter renewing his subscription: "I hereby enclose \$15 for the *Banner*, upon the expiration of my present time. I would add that I had rather stop all my other papers than to lose the light of the *Banner*. I have taken the paper now upward of seven years, almost uninterruptedly, and it seems, like pure wine, to improve with age."

## The Poet Whittier.

The seventieth birthday of the Quaker Poet of New England was celebrated in this city on the 17th of December, by a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, given by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine*. It was an elegant affair, and called together an array of the most cultured intellects and men of genius in America. When we specify men like Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whipple, Charles Elliott Norton, Howells, Trumbull, Stoddard, Seudder, and a galaxy of younger writers of prose and verse, it may be thought that such a glorious company, collected about the beloved Whittier himself, was one abundantly fitted to do the now venerable poet of New England the highest human honor. It was a day well worth a man's living seventy years to have thus celebrated in his praise.

One cannot seem to express himself too ardently in favor of the pure genius and sweet life of the poet of Amesbury. He has led a wholly sequestered career, inhabiting an humble and unpretending abode, occupied with his own fancies and meditations, and night with poetic propriety he named the "hermit thrush" of song. Although of a shy and gentle nature, no verses ever written ring out with such warlike tone against all forms of wrong as his.

It was the singularity of his poetic genius that it struggled for its early triumphs and successes with a wrong that seemed at soft words and pathetic rhymes. It gave and took none but hard blows. The verses of Whittier were just the ones for the emergency. But with the safe passage of those rougher ways and turned to pleasant paths, to quiet domestic scenes among which he had always dwelt with such affection, to themes out of the reach of the far and jangles of political discussion. It was then that his genius roamed the woods and fields, domesticated itself with brooks, with rain and snow, with birds, and pastoral scenes, and the first hearths around which happy family groups assemble. With the appearance of his "Snow-Bound" it was seen that his genius had wonderfully melted from that condition of aggressive vigor which characterized its earlier days, and that we had among us a poet whose value we had only begun to comprehend.

Thenceforward, his song has been sweet and low, though by gaining in a ripe tenderness it has lost nothing of its innate strength and healthiness. He has celebrated the charms of his own Essex County, until he has made it as dearly loved beyond its own limits as Wordsworth made the region of Cumberland. This is the part of his work that will last the longest, and therefore make his fame perpetual; the other themes are but docting at the best, while the associations of home life never fade or die. They are rooted in the human heart, that can never learn to forget these objects of its innocent love. By these sweet and tender verses of domestic life he has made for himself a permanent place in the hearts of all.

But there is a depth in his poetic genius below this calm and holy deep. It is the spiritual insight which it of late years so clearly reveals. Some of his poems are those of a seer rapt in the bright glory of inspiration. He sees beyond the here and the now; across the waters which divide the present from the future, into the realms where love divine flows out in streams uncounted for every one of its dependent creatures. The inspired Psalmist himself was not more thoroughly inspired than he. The Prophets of ancient days did not see with a clearer vision the secrets which were waiting to be revealed to the children of men. This portion of his undying verse is what will live longest of all among men, for the reason that the spirit outlasts everything else. And not until such verse is forgotten from the face of the earth, will the Spiritualism which it embodies yield to the sneers of pious and impious skeptics and finally disappear.

We invoke for this our favorite American Poet, this gentlest and purest of men, this singer of the simplest and sweetest life, a popular perusal of his poems, and especially of his later ones, as the least tribute, though the best, to his worth. They should become familiar among all household words, quoted freely everywhere, to comfort and bless the hearts on which they rain their gentle and silent consolations. No praise could possibly be sweeter to him than that which is told in the reading of his verses, for by that he will know that he still lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen. And though he has reached that term which fixes the limit to human life, his song has lost none of its native freshness while it has grown more and more sweet. The wish and the prayer of every one of his friends is that he may long live to bless the age to which he was given, and that his days may continue peaceful unto the end.

## The Explorer Stanley Slurring Spiritualists.

Dr. J. M. Peckles informs us in a late letter that Mr. H. M. Stanley, who found Dr. Livingstone, and recently crossed the African Continent, as did Lieutenant Cameron before him, though by a different route, took the opportunity, while delivering a lecture before the Philosophical Society in Cape Town, of slurring Spiritualism, and sneering at the Spiritualists of England and America. Quite possibly he fancied that it would add to a fleeting popularity. These are the Doctor's words:

"As the 'fates and furies' would have it, Mr. Stanley and I met for the first time in Cape Town, South Africa. In a public speech, Mr. Stanley compared the Spiritualists of England and America to the superstitious negro witch-doctors of Central Africa. The driving bigots present laughed. I gave him a paragraph thrashing through the press for his impudence. Let me tell this vain, boasting explorer, that when the leading Spiritualists of England, France, and America have become in history immortal, he will be dimly remembered as the anti-spiritual reporter of the sensational New York Herald, who traveled into Central Africa and down the Congo, shooting down natives and then bragging about it. He announced himself in Cape Town as the hero of thirty battles while on the expedition. Some time the other side of this story will be told."

We are in receipt of an invitation, tendered in the name of the officers and leaders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cleveland, O., and signed Thomas Lees, Conductor, Tille Lees, Assistant Guardian, wherein "the pleasure of our company is cordially requested" at a New Year's Dinner Party, given by that organization. We cordially thank these friends for this genial remembrance; and though we could not attend, we beg that they will accept our best wishes for the welfare of themselves and their useful school, during the New Year just begun.

## Mint, Anise and Cummin.

"Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites," may be fulminated against the creed and canon sticklers of today as vigorously as against the Jewish sticklers for the outside of the platter of old. Canon Farrer, Edgemony of Westminster, and a distinguished English preacher, recently thundered forth denunciations in a similar spirit, at a meeting in Croydon, England,—"Year by year," said he, "atheism was spreading; indifference was stiffening into opposition; the masses of working-men held aloof from them; the statistics of intemperance were swelled by ghastlier totals; and all the while, forgetting the one new commandment of Christianity, they were rendering themselves ridiculous and helpless by party squabbles. And might not the most blindly infatuated partisan amongst them all," he asked, "take warning from the fact that, while they were fiercely disputing about the interpretation of a rubric, the world was quietly discussing the very existence of a God? A clergyman accustomed to preach in a black gown happened to preach in a white one, and lo! the columns of a religious newspaper—as though the thing were of the slightest atom of importance—were filled for weeks with angry controversy; at the very moment when our leading reviews were debating with sad and serious eloquence whether there be any life beyond the grave. These be your Christian champions!" The world does move, then. If the very heart of the old Church of England is moved to utterances like these, the friends of Free Thought everywhere may well take courage, and continue the good fight. What would have brought one of its foremost ministers to speak on this wise, in open derision of their devotion to rules and creeds and ceremonies, if it had not been for the inquiring, investigating, emancipated world of men outside? Old Theology cannot help crying out.

## Lyceum Festival.

On Christmas evening the Children's Lyceum of Boston had an entertainment at Amory Hall, which was very fully attended and very enthusiastically enjoyed. The services consisted, first, of music, singing, declamations, and readings, then a distribution of presents from the Christmas tree, each child receiving something of its bounty. After the young folks had thus been gratified and satisfied—which consumed the evening up to nine o'clock—then the seats were removed and dancing supervened till a late hour. The Lyceum, judging by the display of young faces and by the remarks of persons qualified to know, is in quite a prosperous condition as far as attendance goes. Mr. J. B. Hatch is very popular, and makes a first-class executive officer, and should be seconded in his efforts by pecuniary aid from the many Spiritualist friends, more than we fear he is, from hints occasionally thrown out. It is a good and essential work, and ought to be sustained. The exercises on this occasion, as far as we can state them, were: piano solo, Miss Murphy; song by Nellie Thomas; recitation by little Maude Lord (the daughter of Mrs. Maude E. Lord); song by Mr. Fairbanks with his two little daughters; recitation by Jennie Miller; piano duet, Misses — Smith and Helen M. Dill; flute solo, Mr. Wilson; select reading by Miss Carrie Hopkins; song by Mr. Berry; select reading by Lizzie L. Thompson; and piano solo by Jacob Sawyer.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## LES BRAS CROISES.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

They broke his sceptre, snatched his crown  
With high offence, and in an urn  
His heart and brain were weighted down,  
And none were left to pray or mourn.

"So he is dead at last!" they said;  
They crossed his hands upon his breast,  
They piled the stones above his head;  
They wished him well to rest!

But when the court had said its prayers,  
And midnight tolled from chapel-bell,  
The sheeted king went up the stairs,  
And left his curse of burning hell.

And off he comes with ghastly face,  
And sits his throne with crossed arms, dim;  
The duke bewrays his bloody place,  
And slurs to be by the side of him.

In a letter to Rev. Dr. Jonathan Stearns, which has recently been reprinted in the *Newburyport Herald*, Charles Sumner says: "I feel an affection for everything God has created; and this is my religion." To which the *Merrimack Visitor* remarks: Many of the old philosophers would have said as much; ay, more. In Christ, except as an exceedingly good man, he had no faith. His words were: "I remain unconvinced that Christ was divinely commissioned to preach a revelation to men, and that he was entrusted with the power of working miracles." This fixes it that Charles Sumner was not a Christian; he was not a receiver of the Christian dispensation as taught in the New Testament. Nor was he a Jew, or religiously up to the Jewish plane, for he writes: "I seldom refer my happiness or acquisitions to the Great Father from whose mercy they are derived. Of the first great commandment I live in entire unconsciousness." But he makes this more apparent when he declares: "I do not think I have a basis for faith to build upon. I am without religious feeling." These words must be startling to many simpler-minded Christians who followed and almost adored Charles Sumner as the embodiment of virtues nearly divine. They find that he was, religiously, only a representative of sheer heathenism, as is Emerson and many of his school, who term themselves rationalists. The fact that he was learned and great, moral and upright, humane and patriotic, does not obviate what his own words indicate, that he had no part or lot in religion as a revelation, and received nothing outside of Nature.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union have on their books a list of names of women seeking employment as teachers, bookkeepers, reporters, copyists, saleswomen, companions, seamstresses, housekeepers, nurses, and all kinds of employment excepting domestic service. The Union rooms are located at 4 Park street, up one flight, rear, Boston.

The announcement is made that the Forty-Eighth volume of the *Boston Investigator* will commence on the 24th of April, 1878. We wish the highest measure of success for this veteran worker in the cause of Universal Mental Liberty, Free Speech and a Free Press, the flings of some of its correspondents at Spiritualism "to the contrary notwithstanding."

## Miss Lizzie Doten at Amory Hall, Boston.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30th, this talented lady and eloquent inspirational speaker closed, with a lecture on "The Natural and the Spiritual Body," her engagement in the course at this hall, which has been carried out with earnest determination by Dr. H. F. Gardner since the incoming of last September.

The introductory services consisted of singing by Mrs. T. Barnard—Robert Cooper accompanist—the reading of a poem by Miss Doten, also the offering of an invocation, after which the speaker proceeded with her discourse. We hope to present this eloquent effort to our readers in a future issue.

At the conclusion of her lecture Dr. Gardner announced that Mr. J. M. Choate would (under his supervision,) lecture that evening at Amory Hall, giving test descriptions and a flower séance. The meeting then adjourned.

## NEXT SUNDAY

Mr. Choate (as will be seen by a notice elsewhere) will be at this hall afternooon and evening.

## A Strange "Coincidence."

A recent number of the *London Times* contained a letter dated Nov. 4th from its correspondent at Plevna, in which the following interesting facts are given: "A Jewish woman named Sarah, very far advanced in years, was the only one in the place who had reason to be satisfied with the situation. She was a fortune-teller, and her door was constantly besieged night and day by patrons of high and low rank, who wished to avail themselves of her mystical talents. She had foretold in many cases the death or wounding of officers, and in one or two instances, the promotion of others. She was rapidly enriching herself. Even Osman Pasha himself was rumored to have consulted her, and to have received an unequivocal prediction. 'He would have,' she said, 'a very brilliant future, provided that he was not made a prisoner before the 12th of December.' Plevna fell on the 10th, and with it Osman. Thus Sarah's prophecy was given a profound significance. This letter of the English correspondent was copied into the Russian paper, *Moskovskie Vedomosti* of Nov. 18th (old style), or according to our chronology the 30th.

## The Works of Hudson Tuttle.

We would specially call the reader's attention to the following list of valuable and practical books which have found authorship and preparation at the hands of the distinguished advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy whose name heads this article, viz: CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY; ARCANAE OF NATURE; OR, THE HISTORY AND LAWS OF CREATION; ARCANAE OF SPIRITUALISM; ARCANAE OF NATURE; OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL EXISTENCE AND OF THE SPIRIT-WORLD; and ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PHYSICAL MAN, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED. These volumes, which have had a large circulation in the past, and deserve a yet more extended one in the future, are for sale at the *Banner of Light Bookstore*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

## Cephas B. Lynn

Left Boston for Philadelphia Jan. 2d. He will speak in the Quaker City during January; in East Dennis, Mass., Feb. 10th; in Stoneham, (where his previous discourses called out warm commendation from the local press,) Feb. 17th and 24th; in Springfield, Mass., during March. Permanent address, Sturges, Mich. Mr. Lynn's eastern tour—stretching through the months of November and December just closed—has been marked with the most gratifying success, and we are pleased to notice a practical demonstration of the appreciation he has evoked, in the fact of his being re-called to labor in this section during the close of the Winter and the incoming of the Spring.

Epes Sargent, Esq., concludes a recent letter to *The Spiritualist* (London) in the following hearty fashion concerning the backwardness of the general press in giving the public the current news relative to Spiritualism: "Well, every one to his taste, the editor will plead, probably, 'It is the fault of the public—of my readers—they don't want any of these cock-and-bull stories about independent slate-writing.'

"And by such ostrich wisdom—such shutting the eyes and the mind to stupendous and notorious facts—we are repulsed in our attempts to give the world the benefit of a knowledge of a great phenomenon of nature—of a subject which I agree with Mr. Frederic Tennyson in characterizing as 'the great subject of the age.'

"If the gentle public are thus to be kept in leading-strings by the editors who dislike our facts, and would stamp them out, I hope that newspaper readers generally will not be kept in entire ignorance of the tutelage to which they are to be subjected. Fortunately for the truth, the army of witnesses is daily increasing; and as well might *Messieurs*, the daily editors, attempt to reverse belief in the Copernican system as to check the growth of belief in these demonstrable phenomena, that belong to science, and are facts of nature which our every-day experience is verifying, and which must soon form the materials for a new psychology pregnant with the grand, inspiring fact of man's inherent immortality."

If the United States shall by law make the silver dollar of 412.5 grains an unlimited legal tender equally with the gold dollar of 26.8 grains, the surplus silver of Europe will flow to the United States in exchange for our gold or its equivalents, and leave the country in a woful financial condition. It is bad enough off at present, and we hope honest men in Congress will deal with the silver question in a manner that shall redound to their honor and save the people from complete bankruptcy.

We understand that there is great excitement in a church in East Boston in consequence of the recent development of a lady member as a medium. The angel-world is busy leavening the theological loaf. It is well.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond commenced a series of lectures in Chicago, last Sunday week, on the subject, "The Scientific Aspect of Spiritualism."















