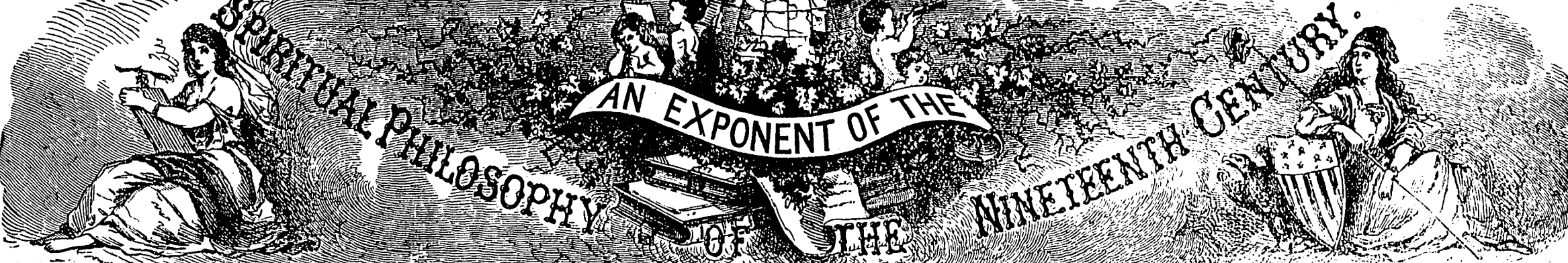


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[From the Chicago Times, Dec. 28th, 1878.]

SPIRITUAL RATIONALE.

Text of a Paper Thereon Read Before
The Chicago Philosophical Society.

The Relation of Spiritualism to the Dominant Religion, Science and Social Order.

It is Claimed to be a Revolution, an Almost Painless Readjustment, and a Universal Solvent.

How it Works and What it Seeks to Accomplish.

One of the largest audiences in the history of the Chicago Philosophical Society filled the lecture-room in the Athenaeum building on last Saturday evening. The subject, "The Relation of Spiritualism to the Dominant Religion, Science and Social Order," was the subject of the lecture, and a number of other officers and members of the Society, will furnish all necessary explanation of what follows:

CHICAGO, Dec. 18th, 1878.
"WILBUR F. STORREY, Esq.—Dear Sir: Reorganizing the Times as *par excellence* the arena of free discussion and the organ of free thought, to which the thinker looks for the latest and best in the domain of thought, we, officers and members of the Philosophical Society of Chicago, would think it a favor to ourselves and the public to see published in the *Times* a paper read before our Society on "The Rationale of Modern Spiritualism," by Frederick F. Cook, a member of your staff. Many of us expressed to Mr. Cook our desire for its publication in the *Times*, but he manifested a delicacy about moving in the matter, and we therefore make this request.

We regard the paper as among the ablest read before our Society, evincing, as it surely does, great research, candor and judgment, and literary ability of a high order.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am not unmindful that the subject of which, with your kind indulgence, I shall invite your attention this evening, is one seldom discussed before the elect. In the world at large it frequently forces attention, often with positive rudeness; but wherever opinion is organized, whether religiously, socially or scientifically, it meets with little hospitality, and, when tolerated, it is either with compassionate condescension or undisguised contempt.

I do not allude to this state of things to find fault. The rather, so long as the field of human nature remains what it now is—a more playground for the passions—I would not have it otherwise. I could conceive of nothing more disastrous happening to the race at this time than a universal acceptance of supersensuous phenomena. Without adequate preparation and discipline, the end would be a return to superstition.

Only the most superficial treatment has hitherto been accorded what is known under the name of Modern Spiritualism. Its phenomena have an objective veracity, their importance to mankind cannot be overestimated; and it is from this point of view that the subject should be studied.

The time having arrived in the order of human progression to widen the avenue of communication between the two worlds, two methods were open to the spiritual powers—to admit only the higher class of minds at first, and let the truth in diluted and contracted form work downward; or, taking the opposite course, start the movement at the very foundations of society, diversify it to the utmost, employ chiefly blind forces, and hedge the whole about with mystifying safeguards. The first course represents the human method of teaching; the last is the mode adopted by the more enlightened spirit-world. The difference is expressed by two words: revealing and concealing. In this lies the solution to all the mystery.

It is charged against the movement that it is almost wholly confined to the uncultured. While the ranks of the believers contain many of the most enlightened minds of the age, I am free to admit that its potency lies, as yet, chiefly with a class untrammelled by precise definitions or exact thought—that it is these who give it substance, stamp it with their peculiarities, and represent it in

THE EYES OF THE WORLD.

One day mankind will rejoice that this is so—that in the infancy of this dispensation the blunders of human wisdom were kept out of its experience, and that the guides were wholly spiritual.

We sometimes learn most of the true side of a question by studying its false side. Let us suppose, therefore, that the spirit-world had taken the human wisdom course in this instance, and confided its secrets first to the learned. See a scientific world in the direct confusion, despairingly searching for its most cherished and now exploded premises! Behold a religious world in the throes of soul-agony, sitting haggard and distracted amid the debris of its shattered creeds! Religious beliefs have their roots in the heart, and when you tear them out by force you take that which is almost dearer than life itself. The late Walter Bagehot well remarked: "One of the greatest pains to human nature is the pain of a new idea." No, a wise dispensation would not, thus insult the race. It would work precisely as it is working. It is stealing upon the world like a thief in the night. The change comes, but no man knows whereof. It operates as a gentle amoliation; its disintegrating force, though potent, is scarcely perceptible; fully one-fourth of the native-American element is even now converted; another fourth has become quite familiar with the idea, and is ready for acceptance without a pang; and with all this wonderful work accomplished, within less time than is allotted to a generation, the mischief done is a minimum. This shows how completely the destructive forces of the movement are hedged about.

The more study is given the method of the introduction of Spiritualism, the more is the student impressed with its wisdom. Scientific truths, having but a remote connection with the feelings, come first to the learned; but religious truths, which may be said to be *all feeling*, can only be planted where formulas and creeds have lost their significance—where the spirit has wholly superseded the letter. Spiritualism is therefore carefully veiled from those who are either not ripe for a change, or being individually advanced, would through their influence too violently disturb the religious and social equilibrium. The first class includes all that is orthodox; the second the leaders of science, with a few carefully selected exceptions. Had this truth come first to the *servants*, as a discovery, and subject to no conditions except such as are commonly recognized with regard to scientific experiments, directly it would have permeated the entire social economy, producing untold misery. No doubt there are thousands to whom the revelations, even in this abrupt way, would have come as a boon; but, on the other hand, there are millions in whose minds the uninvited truth thus ruthlessly forced would have called into action all the baser passions in defence of their cherished dogmas. "What cry more pathetic than that of the old heathen, who, bereft of the idols by the missionaries of a strange religion, wailed out piteously: 'You have robbed me of my god.'"

The religious chapters in the history of mankind are written in blood. Changes involving not a title of the revolution expressed by Spiritualism have convulsed the civilized world. Society is wholly

AN ARTIFICIAL STRUCTURE.

It is furthermore an artificial structure. Not a law, not a custom is founded in abstract right or the facts and possibilities of human nature. Progress thus far has been all patchwork, clumsily held together. As the fabric is now constituted no new idea can adjust itself to it without complete readjustment. To admit a new article into any creed, religious, social or scientific, necessitates a revision or reconstruction of the whole. When the least change involves so much trouble, what would not a universal revolution do? This it would shatter the entire social structure to fragments. It would be a return to chaos.

The nineteenth century marks the most important epoch in the history of the world. To it will be traced the genesis of a new line of progression. The year 1848, a time of political and social revolution, marks the transition from the *artificial* to the *natural* order. It was the year that heard the awakening raps at Hydesville. It was the *rap* of the spirit Master Mason, laying the corner-stone for a new social structure. Spiritualism puts human nature for the first time on solid ground. It is as broad as life itself. It is all-inclusive. All truths adjust themselves to it naturally. *It is a universal solvent.*

To the world at large Spiritualism is merely a superstition, having for its basis a latent credulity, forced to activity by a system of claims: deception, trickery and fraud. Holding to this view, it is in a measure creditable to the intelligent masses that they sternly set their faces against what they believe to be but a form of Fetishism. Civilization is a hard-won fight. On its altar countless lives have been sacrificed. I am in fullest sympathy with those who would guard this sacred flame from the stifling influence of superstition. But in doing this we should be careful lest we fall into error in the opposite direction, and foster intellectual bigotry and intolerance.

Man is a creature of conformity. Spiritualism is readjustment. These postulates give us a key.

In order to deal justly with Spiritualism, our first duty is to study man, both in his mysterious individuality, and as a complex whole. Who of us understands the operation of the human mind? Is not man the verbiest symbol of perversity? Ask the reformer by what methods he circumvents this self-subjecting incarnation of conceit! Are not the wise often the most foolish; and not the foolish wise? The truly great die unheeded in their day, and it is left for future generations to revere their memories. These things have come to be the veriest truisms; all of us recognize them when we hear them; but how many give them practical application? Whenever a science of the human mind shall be revealed it will be discovered that in essence *all permanent progress is revelation*. First conceptions are nearly always erroneous. In legislation this truth has found expression in the aphorism that the wisest laws are those which repeal others.

I have dwelt thus at some length on the human side, because I deem its right understanding essential to a proper consideration of the spiritual side of this problem. We have not only perverseness but a diversified perversity in human nature. To this Spiritualism is adjusting itself with a view to readjustment of the entire social fabric. Its object is revolution without the usual blood-stained concomitants.

Let us now contemplate this movement with reference to some of its general aspects. It is thirty years old; it counts its adherents by millions; its literature is published in nearly a score of languages. It has entered the pulpit, the laboratory, the busy marts of trade—no place is so remote that it does not make a stir in it—and it differs from all other movements that have heretofore left their impress on the race in this, that it is not transplanted, but is spontaneous and self-propagative. It often comes an unbidden and

A MOST UNWELCOME GUEST.

It is unique in other ways, but most in this, that its best friend is its radical opposite, the materialist. This point is well worthy the serious attention of thinkers—the sort, I mean, who classify Spiritualism among the delusions. Was ever delusion so rational that it could recognize essential good in its antithesis? If madness, Spiritualism evinces wonderful method. Its ranks are chiefly recruited from rationalists, secularists, materialists, infidels. It is only now and then that a member of a church is converted, and when this happens, the victim feels as much out of place as a fish out of water. Now, this tendency of unbelief to what most men as yet regard an *over-belief*, is certainly a very curious phenomenon, and if Spiritualism is really the delusion science would have us believe, is it not time to stay the spirit of doubt, if the ultimate threatens to be morbid and grovelling Superstition?

We have been contemplating the human mind and certain general aspects of the movement. Now let us turn our attention to another side of this enigma. What does Spiritualism imply? To what changes is it likely to give birth?

Spiritualism is Revolution, not simply Reform. Reform works downward; it is scientific in its spirit, and though not generally regarded so, is practically conservative. Revolution works upward; it reasons far less deeply than it feels. In rare instances the revolutionist and reformer are blended. The difficulties that attend a religious transition are enormous. Man is by nature lawless. Religion, whether expressed by Fetishism or an ethical refinement, aside from brute force and the love of kindred, is the sole influence that can keep this lawlessness under control. Now a readjustment is decided upon! What an uprooting must not take place! and while the transition is in progress, what care must not be exercised! Elements in their

revolutionary or readjusting stage are always extremely destructive. Conservatism is simply another word for adjustment accomplished. In view of the trifling mischief that is doing during this most wonderful and radical of all transitions, I would call conversions to Spiritualism a process of spirit selection. It is so wisely ordered that the light is vouchsafed only under carefully guarded conditions. It seeks and blends only with such elements as are in affinity and individualized. Somewhat of notoriety is loaned to attach to all things that are in their nature marvelous, but the aim is ever to minimize the excitement, as essential to a rational propagation. And this is the reason why spirits do not meet the demand to prove themselves in such public exhibitions as the finding of Charlie Bass and the like exploits. I allude to this not because I have at any time deemed these challenges for public tests worthy of notice, but solely for the reason that they are the stock-in-trade arguments of the superficial, and as the world is composed mostly of this class, the matter may be worth reverting to in this discussion.

The question is often asked, if Spiritualism is true, why did it not come before?

It came before; it always has been, but in variously modified forms. However, the question for all that is quite natural, and was asked nearly two thousand years ago, with reference to Christianity, the forerunner of Spiritualism, by one reputed to have been the teacher of the noble emperor, Marcus Aurelius. The question was propounded to one of the Fathers. In those days it was Christianity that was a superstition in the eyes of the learned, and it was with extreme condescension that any of the heathen scholars deigned to enter into a controversy with a Christian. And had *The Atlantic Monthly* been published during the reign of the Antonines, and a certain, as yet anonymous, author lived, the culture of the period would not doubt have been favored with an extremely well-written essay on "Some Dangerous Tendencies in Roman Life."

It is difficult to resist the temptation to pursue this thought; to point out that Christianity, on which our civilization up to the present is founded, came also as a revelation; was also marked with excessiveness; was the one active force then in the universe, and by a laborious process, this thing that was decried as immoral established a high moral standard among a people whose immoralities had become worse than brutish; subdued passions that knew no law, either human or divine; raised woman from a position of servitude to almost equality with man, and did a thousand other noble things for which it now-a-days seldom receives credit. The culture of Rome saw only superstition and a moral degradation in the upstart religion. The priest of the Sanhedrin could imagine no good come out of Nazareth, and cannot yet. Let those who heap contumely on the one, and plead for the civilization of the other, remember that nascent Christianity and nascent Spiritualism are exact parallels, except in this, that the former came in a time—and was thereby modified—when it had to pay for its existence with blood.

The chief characteristic of Christianity was that it operated on the conscience—almost discovered it, opened it, developed it. But a conscience suddenly set in operation is a terrible force, and, coming as this did upon the unprepared masses, produced a condition of mind bordering on frenzy. Hence we see the whole Christian population in sackcloth and ashes. By tens of thousands they seek the deserts, take refuge in gloomy caves, stand solitary and motionless for years on the top of high pillars, lecherate their flesh, and in a thousand other ways turn order into bedlam. Still, if all this was necessary to develop the conscience in the dominant race who will grudge the price? Now, let us observe how perfectly the Christian science was adapted to meet this emergency—in a sense what it had made ill. It was absolutely essential that human nature with a conscience suddenly quickened, should be provided with a refuge. The new religion stood ready with a protecting church, the cleansing blood of the Lamb and a host of mediators. To the calm, individualized thinker there is somewhat almost intolerant in these agencies; but to men steeped in immorality, suddenly subjected to a process of self-examination involving eternal salvation or endless torment, there was a terrible reality in the state of things that confronted them. The church has been blamed for overdoing its work. I doubt if the charge be sustained when the facts of history shall be more intelligently interpreted. What ignorance and brutality require to subdue them are the barbaric twins, force and fear, not high ideals. The essential thing at first is subjection; for the rest do the best you can.

I enter into

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THIS MATTER so fully for the reason that I intend to draw from it an important conclusion—the necessity for a new religion. What is the essential characteristic of Christianity? Dependence. Now, let me ask if this quality is not in its nature stultifying? And whether it does not follow that those who possess the elements of growth, in order to grow, must remove themselves from its influence? As Christianity is constituted, progress within its fold, beyond a well-defined limit, is utterly impossible. To this limit it has brought the world triumphantly. So long as men must be kept in leading-strings, I have nothing better to recommend than the Christian religion. But what for those who are growing into selfhood? What, if Spiritualism be not true, but bleak dreary Materialism? This is the logic of the situation, and no candid, thinking mind will gainsay it.

The Orthodox Church is fully alive to the truth and force of this conclusion. It is fully to deny the parallelism—dependence is its strength. What is known as liberal Christianity is a beautiful tribute to man's heart, but no credit to his head. It is an entrancing illusion—the mystic vale through which men pass, almost without halting—from the dark, iron-bound hells into the clear light of Spiritualism, or the dreary wastes of Materialism. Liberal Christianity is a name only—a haze nothing—the smoke from fast-dying religious fires. In Orthodoxy there is yet something of spasmodic force. Its lurid flames ever and anon light up the religious horizon, though with every effort they sink lower and lower. But the pale exhalation known as liberal Christianity is utterly sparkless. It warns for a time with a borrowed heat; it shines with a reflected light; its aroma produces an intellectual intoxication—for a time there is even a semblance of enthusiasm. But, alas! Soon the heat diminishes, the light grows dim, the aroma is dissipated, sober second thoughts steps in, and the whole illusion is dispelled. And what remains—a barren idealism—some people call it "Culture"—food for shriveled stomachs, mayhap, but the soul-hungry, before whom such fare is set, cry in anguish, "Give us to eat; we are starving; our lot is despair." I could almost wish this were otherwise. Had I found an inherent flame in either Universalism or Unitarianism, I could well have rested by its fire-side. I looked for it with passionate desire, only to be sadly disappointed. Religious force and life is not ethical, but eschatological. Morally, all the leading religions are pretty much alike. Ethically, Marcus Aurelius and Christ were brothers, but the kinship failed of religious recognition, and the former, al-

though the noblest of men, persecuted the followers of the latter to the death. A sect that could thrive on culture would fatten on east wind.

IN SWEDENBORGIANISM

there was once an original spark, but its over-zealous friends, troubled with a bad attack of respectability for fear of being called Spiritualists, have closed the door of inspiration, wrapped their somewhat premature bandaging in layers of cotton, and now sit gloomily about a huge pile of literary dreariness and metaphysical abstractions—the smallest, most stunted, most unsympathetic pattern of a religion under the sun. It is the most desperate attempt to prove that one swallow makes a summer anywhere on record. It is a sort of a religious "what is it?"—too gloomy for a farce, and too comical to be serious.

Finally, Altruism, the ultimate of an unchecked, unreasoning skepticism, is not only an illusion but a delusion. It worships in a palace of ice, permeated by a chilling atmosphere called humanity. The effort to make believe that there is warmth here is only less comical, because sadder, than the conceit of the immortal Col. Sellers, in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age." Having placed a lighted tallow-dip in a stove, this expert psychologist tries to impose on his shivering guest the scientific theory that the imagination is the greatest factor in the universe, and that, if he can but bring himself to believe that the semblance of fire in the radiator equals the reality, he will soon be in the enjoyment of an exalted state of perspiration. Soon Altruism will not even this paltry candle to delude itself with; it will cease trying to delude itself altogether; its emblem will be a ghastly, grinning skeleton. If now it indulges in a semblance of emotion, and holds up to the world a religious caricature, it is because it feels it must make a showing for the sake of appearances. Some of the worshippers at the shrine of humanity—devotees like John Morley, Frederic Harrison, Leslie Stephen and John Fiske—no doubt really feel a glow in their natures. But the warmth is transmitted; it has come along a line of religious ancestors; it is a remnant of hereditarily stirred into activity for a time by the friction of combat. Let the conflict once cease, let Altruism be the reigning influence—as it soon would be but for lingering Spiritualism—and a glowing Persimmon would take the place of present enthusiasm; more and more would the motto be "every man for himself," and by rapid stages the world would revert to barbarism. I have an intense admiration for the Altruist ideal—almost raised in such a character as Magnus Aurelius. It is pure, unselfish, crystalline, but it is only for angels. In another and better world I believe we shall all fully realize it. But so long as the selfish propensities are the most active in the race—and our very existence on earth is based upon them—our ideals and realizations must ever remain distinct and separate. This is the dread law of matter.

I think I have now prepared the way to direct special attention to the chief characteristic of the *personnel* of Spiritualism—individualism.

INDIVIDUALISM

is essential to admission; and, once admitted, it is above all the mental quality that is most marked and developed. Here, then, we have perfect reciprocity—a tendency on the part of thinkers toward individualism, and departure from the established religion, and a new religion that can only exist where individualism is measurably accomplished.

It is, indeed, a wise dispensation, and could have been obtained only by the powers of whom Tennessee, with his rare spiritual insight, affirms:

"Who know the Sasons, when to take
Reason by the hand, and make
The bonds of Freedom whiter yet."

Spiritualism came not before because it could not come—not come. Perhaps I can best illustrate the extremely subtle relations between the two orders of existence—the mundane and the spiritual—by taking you along with me, as step by step in my experience, I proceeded to reason upon them.

Like most men, when my attention was first called to the subject under discussion, I regarded it as a sad farce, compounded about equally of imposture and delusion. But a soon found reasons to change my mind. Through the smothering fog, the surrounding darkness, and the jargon of strange sounds, I now and then caught glimpses of rare light. But all natural order seemed inverted. I seldom received what I expected, and usually got what I did not expect. Sometimes the brightest intelligences—or who purported to be such by name—would spout the veriest drivel, while the ignorant Indian control, laboring painfully through a perplexity of ragged English, would surprise me with the wisest comments and choicest bits of philosophy.

I had, indeed, fallen upon a will-o'-the-wisp. For months, during a patient investigation, it was all hide-and-seek. But the more I penetrated this world of contradictions, the more I became convinced there was something in it well worthy a thoughtful man's attention. I might have said with Joe Gargery, "It's a 'middle'!" or following the fashion, laughed at the notion that spirits, our dear, departed friends, should return only to play the part of mountebanks. Either is a happy way of bridging the difficulty, and saves considerable trouble. But I chose rather to leave the *a priori* ground to the philosophers and scientists, acknowledge that I knew nothing about how men and women would act under a new order of existence, and accept the teachings of *experience*. I have held to this course during the past six years, and have reason to be well satisfied with the results.

After studying the varying phenomena for awhile, and as the perplexity only increased with each new experience, I began to question my mode of procedure. From attempting to solve spiritual methods from the human standpoint, I began to study human methods from the spiritual standpoint—that is to say, I studied the operation of

THE HUMAN MIND.

both individualized and in the mass, from the highest altitude to which my finite discernment could carry me; and although this light was necessarily very limited, yet soon, the atmosphere cleared wonderfully, it was not long before, one by one, the fog-veils lifted—and what before, to my mind, had been no better than the fribbling of fools, suddenly became instinct with highest wisdom—not that the words always took on new meanings, but that I saw more clearly the motives which prompted them.

Let us, as circumstances will permit, put ourselves in the place of exalted intelligence in contact with man in his present development. What do we find? An unbroken line of failure? I say it without fear of contradiction—an unbroken line of failure. What success has been achieved, year by year, century by century, has come in spite of us, has been the result rather of reaction than action. Of course, I refer to the mass of mankind—and let it be remembered that Spiritualism deals with the mass directly. In those branches of science where man comes in contact solely with matter, he does passably well; but whenever he deals with a problem in which mind is a factor, he is hopelessly at sea, and it is only through an endless, never-ceasing buffeting that he is measurably forced into the right. It has been well said that progress is markedom. It lies invariably in a direction opposite the

path along which the masses insist on plodding, and its pioneers are always crucified.

The perversity of the human mind can scarcely be over-estimated. Few, indeed, have been able to deal with it understandingly. It is far more than is that, ruling, like the Irishman's pig, Pat was driving it to Limerick market, when he met a friend. "Where are you driving the pig, Pat?" was the greeting. "Whisht, be easy," replied the astute Limericker in great trepidation and under breath, "to Limerick, but the pig thinks I want to take him to Tipperary, and that's what makes him go along so looly."

I dwell on this point persistently, because the human mind is the solvent of the whole problem, and I feel convinced that philosophers, statesmen, psychologists, and all who make a study of the mental characteristics of man, will, in ages to come, turn to this period as an inexhaustible mine of psychological wealth. I am not of those who believe that the manifestations of spiritual power, so general will always abide with the race. They occur only in transition periods. They come to inaugurate new dispensations, and, having set the movement well a-going, the power is wisely withdrawn; because, if it is doubtful if human nature be strong enough to make them permanently profitable, hence I regard this as essentially a history-making epoch. It is a time when an intelligence superior to the human or embodied mind is shaping events—and how it deals with the perversity that at every turn opposes it, will be a subject of research to the student for ages to come.

Let me pause here a moment to establish

A BASE OF OPERATIONS

from which all may proceed together. To what extent do skeptics and believers stand upon common premises with reference to this subject? It will be granted, primarily, on all sides, that a movement, be it founded on delusion or fact, known as Modern Spiritualism, and counting its adherents by the millions in the most civilized portions of the globe, has a vital existence. How rapidly it is growing I dare not venture to assert, for fear of seeming to strain a point, but this much I may say, that it is today a more potent propaganda than all the sects and churches of Christianity combined. I mean by this that it converts more from an absolute non-belief, and what it seizes, it keeps. A convert from Spiritualism is a curiosity.

For all practical purposes, a sufficient common base has now been established, and we may proceed to an examination of the structure. Let us inquire first as to the method of its growth. All other religious movements of which the world has any account, started from a single centre, were identified with a single individual, and were subsequently propagated almost wholly through the zeal of missionaries. The single point where Spiritualism makes contact with its religious predecessors, is in its missionary force. But the Spiritualist missionary or lecturer—except he be a medium—is not a convert; he is a little more than a familiar; he does not even establish organized *fact*. In all else, Spiritualism differs in method from all other religions. It is, in the first place, universal. In no proper sense can any place claim its birth. Its second peculiar distinction is spontaneity; but for all that, it is forced—an exodus. Apparently we have here a contradiction, but it is such only in terms. Spiritualism is spontaneous, because in most instances the phenomena on which it rests its claims come unbidden. It is exodus, because in the order of evolution, as we understand it, it is without natural antecedents, and, if evolved at all, comes to us from a set of conditions, which, except through a law of reaction or contrariety, should produce precisely opposite results—a destructive skepticism.

Having explained the mode, what are the results sought to be accomplished? Nothing short of revolution in every department of thought! It means all this or nothing; it is either an intelligent and most potent, and wise dispensation, or the maddest freak that ever possessed the human mind. I hold it to be the first, and upon those who shall choose the last I will put this task: Explain to me the genesis and evolution of the delusion! Where or in what are its antecedents? There is no effect without an adequate cause; now in what subjective potency lie these tremendous results, regarded as delusion? I have been at some pains to study this subject, but nowhere can I find a parallel; for he who remembered that Spiritualism flourishes best where skepticism is most active. It works hand and hand with the materialist. Literally it lives, grows, and thrives upon what, according to all scientific prescriptions, should kill it.

I wish I could treat this subject in detail, but time forbids more than a mere outline of most suggestions. In truth the theme is one pregnant with volumes. As I glance along

THE VISTA OF MY EXPERIENCE

I observe a broad, well-defined line which divides Spiritualism into two distinct orders of activity. On the one hand it is exoteric and on the other esoteric. It is one thing for the world and another for itself. Along this dividing line come the multitude. It is a curious medley of minds—all humanity thrown into a lump. It is an eager throng; it comes to be amused, to be awed, for excitement, to fear and seek succor of sorrow, to drown despair. Now let me ask you in all candor, what would you think of a dispensation that would listen to the ignorant demands of this motley crew, and fill them, blind as they are, with yet more blinding revelation. Surely, you could have, with yet more blinding revelation, but a poor opinion of it. No, the spirit-world can give but sparingly, and yet it must give in sufficient quantities to make headway—and to balance these proportions, so as to minimize the mischief, is a task calling for a wisdom that can nowise be lower than that of angels.

The observant student, as he passes along with the jostling crowd, will note great gaps marked "exposures." The presumption is that these exposures are not; but, in fact, only human ignorance—they are *safety-valves*—safety-valves to the Moloch of prejudice—meat cast to ravenous wolves. Somewhat in the line of "exposure" is always kept on the stage. But, in the meantime, another work is going forward—a process of spirit selection. There is an esoteric Spiritualism into which there is no prying except by consent of the spirit-world. The crowd that clamors to be admitted is carefully scanned. Perhaps not above 25 per cent. of those who investigate at any time, be their motives never so good, are chosen. Sometimes it happens that a person is refused at one stage and admitted at another—the result depending on all the conditions, social, religious, moral, intellectual or otherwise; that at the time, or promise in the future, to envision the investigator. You have all probably heard that "conditions" are necessary to manifestations. This word has been much abused because, as related to Spiritualism, it is little understood. The "conditions" too successful science are the most subtle factors that can be imagined. They are far less physical than mental, but they are both, and much beside—they are also spiritual.

As well as I am able I will illustrate these subtleties. You will readily acknowledge that the success of any movement depends in large measure on what may be

Children's Department.

BABY SONG.

Does Baby know
That under the snow
The little plants
Are beginning to grow?
And violet blue
In glad surprise
Will open their eyes
When the white snow flies?

No, but Baby knows
That under the snows
Of the mother's breast
His Eden is;
And his little hand
Is feeling the land
Where the sweets are his.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of
ADELMA, BARONESS VON FAY,
of Gumbitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated ex-
actly for the Banner of Light.

TALES OF THE AIR—CONTINUED.

*So it is: here I hear dance music and songs of joy; they think they have a right to do it: there are the sounds of death, weeping and sighing. There are some sounds of mankind which make me tremble. Thus I heard once a name called. It resounded over mountains and valleys, through countries far over the sea. It was a solitary man who called, yearningly, long and bitterly. Immediately followed a hollow, roaring sound, as from an iron mouth. Both sounds passed through me to the place of their destination. They reached her as she sat at work by the window, glancing now and then at the bare trees and leaves of autumn. Her thoughts spoke as she suddenly ceased her work:

"I seem to hear him call me."
Heavily she falls from her seat. The mother hurries to her; the physician appears.

"The heart is affected; she is dead."
He, too, has fallen backwards on the cold, hard rocks, and lies there pale and motionless, shot in the heart. Such a miraculous effect is often produced by the last calling of a name and the sound of a shot passing through the air.

Oh! and what shall I say, then, of the cry of distress of a mother who sees her only son stretched on a bier? Wounded and bloody they had brought him from the battle-field to his home. And what shall I say of the moaning and groaning of the dying after the battle, when thousands of bodies cover the earth? To catch up all this and bring it to its place of destination is a difficult and sad office. This last sigh of the dying must go to his beloved—to the child—to the mother—to the wife—to the friend. After a battle I am over-burdened with the sighs and tears of human beings, and I send alleviating tears of heaven down on them. At the same time I hear in other lands the clashing of weapons, songs of joy, shouts of victory, the thunder of cannons, music and dancing. These sounds of joy and sobs of sorrow unite themselves in my sphere. Believe me, it is hard to be the air.

It is true the poor sick man is refreshed when he absorbs me, but the healthy man pays no regard to me. Yet I often say to human beings: "Many of my spirits see your thoughts, many hear you." Do you not know that you will yourselves once become spirits—dwellers in the realms of air? Your wicked deeds poison the air and make it corrupt. But prayer is our nourishment and strength; prayer and pure thoughts. Often we scourge and storm with the north wind. "Away with you, vagabonds! Away!" And then how it blows down the chimney, and howls and whistles through every crack and cranny.

"Leave off, you ugly wind," says the maiden, as she comes freezing home from school.

"Be satisfied, you foolish child," whispers the north wind. "I am driving sickness and sin away. To-day everybody will be well."

The air is pure and peaceful when full of prayer.

"Oh, how refreshingly mild is this soft breeze!" says the old woman who is sitting in the sun before her door.

"I have many prayers in me," murmurs the breeze: "it is that you feel."

Oh, it is hard to be the air! Consider it, and do not burden me with sins and wicked talk."

Further related the air: Shut up in a room I was impregnated with the odor of violets, myrror, and other sweet flowers. The air of the apartment was rendered oppressive through soft, thick carpets, heavy curtains, stuffed furniture, and a thousand trifles. Fine pictures and mirrors hung on the dark walls. All came and went so noiselessly in this room you would not have trusted yourself to speak aloud. And noiseless and still lay a woman sunk back in the cushions of the sofa. The impression left by the agony of death still distorted her countenance; her mouth was drawn, her eyes were fixed and glassy. All around her was the perfection of wealth: beautiful and rare plants blossomed in the room; the bird-of-paradise moved softly in its cage; the fire crackled comfortably in the grate; a pleasant perfume pervaded the air. Her velvet dress, trimmed with rich lace, fell down in ample folds over the couch on which she lay. The antique cross, fastened by a heavy gold chain round her neck, sparkled with jewels. She still held firmly in one hand a bouquet of carnations—flowers which had been once white and fresh, but now were withered and yellow. Before her on the table stood a half-empty glass. Presently the air of the room became close; the windows were opened; she was carried away. With the heavy air of the room, with the perfume of the decaying flowers, her tortured, empty soul flew far away from the splendors of earth—away over the highest tower, away into the lighter air.

Now I am blowing in the free fields, over green meadows, on the borders of mighty forests of oaks. I hear two voices; one sounds maidenly and trembling, the other manly and passionate. See! a young couple! The maiden with earnest, heartfelt look, the youth with fiery, restless eyes. He gives her assurances of his love and faithfulness. A kiss seals their avowal; a holy and pure kiss for the maiden. Much, very much has she given to thee, youth, with this one kiss. I, too, took the echo of this kiss and carried it as a holy and true prayer up to my dearest cloudlet.

The young man departed, promising to come again for the realization of his vow—to lead his bride home. She waited and waited. Weeks, months, even years went by, and all around her inveighed against the man who had broken his word; they blamed and despised him, but still he trusted and waited.

And at the same time that the forsaken one so patiently waited, looking on every fresh day with renewed hope—at the same time that she, bowed down by sorrow, trod the meadows which were so full of remembrance for her, I was driven by a storm into a distant throng of hu-

man beings; and there, seated at a table with a beauty, but a woman without shame or heart, was the young man. It was a mask-ball, and there was a great crowding, pushing, and calling, sounds of loud music and chattering; the air was stifling from the number of human beings and the flaming gas. With this woman there passed many kisses, but I did not take them up; I cast them to the demons, that they might refresh themselves with the disgusting food. The young man had long ago forgotten word, honor, and truth. Love was now only a dead tale for his hollow breast. He came indeed home, but not alone; he was chained to the woman whom he had met at this fool's festival. And the lovely maiden, what is now her life? She had only once loved, only once kissed, and now she is dead. Her spirit flew up to heaven on the wings of prayer, where pure and true heavenly angels greeted her.

Not only the outward life of man, but also the invisible is eventful to me. You would scarcely believe that even the purest and most spiritual do not escape the tempting demon. He dares even to try the purified angels with alluring flatteries. Yes, indeed, he does so! The most impudent hobgoblins like best to speak with the dearest little angels. Did not the most powerful angel fall and become Lucifer? And you, weak, human beings, abuse so heartlessly the ones among you who fall! You throw stones, and are yourselves never sure! But hush! what means this whispering and odd, rustling sound? It is from spirits. Nothing is lost in me. I, my self invisible, carry the germ and the spirit of all life invisible in me."

(Continued in our next.)

WESTERN FLAKES AND CHIPPINGS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The sleighing in Chicago is excellent, and the streets are musical with the jingling of sleigh-bells. Business men tell me that both trade and confidence are improving, and that the future of the great West looks golden with promise.

Recently I gave four lectures upon "Travels" in Jefferson, Ill. They were delivered in the Congregational Church, the clergymen and deacons being present each evening. Of course I wove into them much of the Spiritual Philosophy.

"He died!" how cold and chilling! Is not this the truest, sunnier way of saying it? Passed over into the beautiful upper-lands of immortality to meet those whom he knew and loved on earth.

Frederick F. Cook read, not long since, one of the ablest, clearest and most exhaustive papers upon the subject of Spiritualism to which I ever listened. It was read before the "Chicago Philosophical Society." Though posing himself squarely upon the phenomena, as objective realities, Mr. Cook dwelt mostly upon the Spiritual Philosophy in its varied manifestations. There were present clergymen, judges and other distinguished gentlemen, all intensely interested.

The Rev. Moses Ballou, one of the most able and venerable of the Universalist clergymen, recently wrote the following upon the subject of Spiritualism:

"For many years I have investigated, as I had opportunity, what are termed 'spiritual phenomena.' A very great share of them were unsatisfactory. The remainder, especially those among my own family relatives, have convinced me that under favorable conditions there is occasionally a conscious converse between persons in the flesh and the so-called dead."

Such testimony is valuable, coming as it does from a man who has been forty-five years a preacher. He further says in the same letter: "I hardly need to add that as I approach the end of my earthly journey, now very near, I regard the future with a heart full of serene hopes and a cheerful trust."

Not long since, while giving a course of lectures upon "Travels and the Marvels of the East," a Universalist clergyman called upon me, confessing himself a Spiritualist and his wife a partial medium. Why not, said I, call yourself a Spiritualist, and make your Spiritualism more distinctive in your Sunday utterances?

"I could not get a living," was the prompt reply. "I have four children, and they must be educated. Were I to leave my pulpit and become a traveling lecturer, what would become of my family? You must know what railway expenses are!"

I could only say, you must judge and decide for yourself. He added, "I preach progression, and many of the tenets of the Spiritual Philosophy; probably one-third or more of my parishioners are believers in Spiritualism."

Have you any objection to my publishing this fact, and your name? "Not to the fact," but serious objections to the publication of my name. It would put me at once under the ban of the denomination, and cripple my influence."

There is no liberal Christian denomination in the country, if we except the left wing of the Unitarians.

Dr. H. F. Gardner's departure to the better land in no way surprised me. The last time that I called upon him, in company with our mutual friend, L. B. Rich, I felt certain that the death-angel was near; and yet he was calm, happy, and reconciled to the thought of his departure. Spiritualism is beautiful to live by; is absolutely blessed to die by! Of this the doctor's last days afford another striking proof.

Dr. Gardner, the good, brave, energetic man, was the first to take me by the hand, full twenty years ago, and introduced me to the Boston Spiritualists. That almost long-ago acquaintance ripened into an abiding friendship. Of him, therefore, personally, and of his constant devotion to the interests of Spiritualism, a thousand pleasant memories. Let us not say he is dead, but passed up one step higher in the soul's eternal march. He will ever live and hold a conspicuous place in the history of American Spiritualism. Peace be to his ashes, and joy with-out measure to his liberated and immortalized spirit!

I see by the Universalist journals that Mrs. Tufts, whose husband was the principal founder of Tufts College, has passed to spirit-life. She was a Universalist, and more a Spiritualist. Universalist clergymen attended the funeral, and Universalist newspapers, in chronicling her good qualities and deep religious convictions, conveniently forget to state that she was an avowed Spiritualist, and a medium. Mr. Tufts also was a Spiritualist.

Dr. F. L. Wadsworth is having an excellent medical practice in Chicago. During one portion of the year he lectures upon Physiology and Anatomy in Rush College. It is said that he does not want the faculty; for he knows that he was once a medium and Spiritualist lecturer. Let us kindly unite in helping him to keep the secret.

Among the many good reliable mediums in Chicago is Mrs. "Pet" Anderson. She is clairvoyant. She gives tests and trance communications. Dr. Randall usually controlling. (She has, since the writing of this letter, removed to California. Dr. Peebles says of her standing in that region: "She has many warm friends upon the Pacific coast, who will gladly welcome her return."—En. B. of L.)

Many of the Chicago Spiritualists are pining for the return of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. They miss not only the poetic and sublime trance utterances that drop from her inspired lips on Sundays, but they also miss the Friday evening gatherings, over which "Oulina" presides, to scatter poetic gems, and give appropriate spirit-names; she is a favorite in this field as is A. A. Ballou in the profounder field of philosophy and metaphysics. In this vast vineyard all toilers may find both work and wages. The angels know and take care of their own.

Chicago, Ill.

Foreign Correspondence.

NOTES BY THE WAY—PARIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the eve of my return to my Western Fatherland, I deem it proper to send across a sequel to my letter published in the *Banner of Light*, 24th August last. During a sojourn of nearly four months in Paris, I found at the Exhibition and elsewhere much to interest me, both in a material and spiritual sense. The gay and flashing metropolis is at all times so full of everything to employ the mind and senses, even of the "flâneurs," that no one feels at a loss how to spin time without the help of the Fates. The studios, of all nationalities, as soon as fall sets in, find in Paris any number of free courses on every subject, delivered by the stars of science, literature, art, &c., paid by the government for that purpose. The living and dead languages are also taught and commented upon by celebrated linguists and professors. Paris is indeed the modern Athens, overflowing with wit, humor and learning. It is bright and sparkling when the boulevards begin anew to announce the return of the *élite* of fashion from the waters, and that the Grand Opera (which cost seventy-five millions of francs) opens its doors to receive in its gorgeous halls the *crème* of all classes, or those deserving that name. Externally the French capital bears a surpassing aspect, and its public institutions of every sort are organized on such a large and beautiful scale as to almost astonish and bewilder the stranger. The expenditure for gas alone in certain streets and the boulevards must be enormous in cost; but behind that show or veil, or in the ordinary dwellings, a strange contrast is to be seen. The halls are lighted with gas, and the staircases only partly so, but in the rooms flickering *bougies* or candles are used. It is claimed that gas is injurious to health, that it throws bad odors in bed-rooms, &c., but the plain fact is that the French, as a rule, born and bred under the strictest rules of economy, manage in every way to curtail expense by denying themselves the ordinary enjoyments that form with us almost absolute necessities. Even the stomach is made to bear its share of denial by a close calculation of the amount of nourishment required for its support. And in other respects, the habit of abstinence goes so far that it at times takes the nature and expression of meanness. I heard lately a man occupying a most prominent position say: "It cost me one franc to send the photographs of my family to my brother in America!" and those words carried such a significance to my wide-awake senses and observing mind, that I could not refrain from an inward chuckle. By its extensive or general control over all classes of society, this contracting habit and system exerts over the national character a sort of sway or influence that impedes considerably the development of many faculties. The presiding spirit in a collective and practical sense is shorn of long and wide wings, and its aspirations alone are gifted with strong locomotive power, that becomes impetuous at times by restraint. The *moralité* thereby teaches the lesson that cramped material liberties react injuriously against our nobler selfhood and stop its legitimate expansion. It is well for an individual and a people to carry in material life a spirit of liberality, to take elbow-room in that way, so that the inward man may not feel himself held tightly in the bonds and pangs of captivity. The world was amazed but a short time ago at the great exhibition which the French people offered to other nations in a financial way, by coming forward with many more millions than were required to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the German nation. Owing to the hoarding propensity of the people, it became quite an easy matter for the government to raise the five millions required in the country, without calling on foreign capital. It was advanced at the time that patriotism was the sole impulse which caused that national movement, but as the loan was a sure and profitable investment, and that every one was aware of it, the eulogium falls somewhat short of the mark. Vanity is also one of the main characteristics of the French; the red ribbon in the button-hole, as a decoration, and which is so often met with in Paris and elsewhere, is the apex of ambition of almost every Frenchman. The *parure* would be unable to die easy without that mark of distinction; he must, as a rule, have it, at any cost. It was one of my fond amusements to study on *passant* those who wore that glaring but small ribbon, and I found generally that the possessors were of a type more gifted with back brain than frontal, and like the bull-frog of the fable were more or less ready to burst. There is perhaps no other nation on earth so inclined to acknowledge their foibles and faults as the French, but at the same time none less than these people would do ought to do away with them. Wit and sarcasm of the finest kind are the small change to be found everywhere, on every one's tongue. The working classes even are plentifully supplied with it, and cast it about them often with telling effect. With bright perceptive, the French quickly see and understand all things, but wanting in perseverance and practical genius they soon drop behind others in the march of progress.

Paris, Nov. 28th, 1878.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Although I do not enjoy the pleasure of your acquaintance, I have for a considerable period been a subscriber to and reader of your valuable and interesting paper.

It may also interest you to hear something about the state of health of the celebrated English medium, Dr. Monck, who has been staying with us, here in our home, as an honored friend and guest, since the beginning of last April. Dr. Monck's health was completely shattered last winter in London, in consequence of the injurious effects upon his nervous system, and the loss of vital force, by the extraordinary materializations which then took place through his mediumship, in the presence altogether of at least forty competent observers. In these extraordinary scenes, the dignified form of the Oriental, called the Mahedi, became gradually evolved from a mist-cloud, issuing from the left side of Dr. Monck, in good light, without a *coût*.

Dr. Monck remaining all the time in the same room with this form and the circle, and in his normal condition, awake and conscious.

This spiritual form, the Mahedi, remained with us, when it appeared in our private circle, for half an hour, on several occasions; the full particulars of which have already been published in the *London Medium and Spiritualist*, as well as in a pamphlet.

Knowing the state of Dr. Monck's health last year, I have been very anxious to see him.

Later Phases of Materialization. By the Rev. Thomas Colley. M. A. J. Burs. 15 Southampton Row, London.

spring we invited him to come with us to our villa here, to spend the summer, as we hoped that absolute repose in such a good summer climate as this would soon restore him to health. In this, however, we have been disappointed, as, instead of improving, his health has become worse; and he left us a few weeks ago to spend the winter in the warmer climate of Naples, as the guest of Prof. Damiani, who resides there, and who kindly invited him to stay as a friend and guest in his family for the winter. We are in hopes that he will there recover his health, and be yet the means of affording even more indisputable proofs of the truth and importance of Spiritualism.

I hope my friend Mr. W. J. Colville's visit to America will continue to be as successful as it has thus far proved.

I am, dear sir, yours most truly,

A. J. CRANSTON.

Villa Flühli, Meggen, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1 December, 1878.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BY AUTHOR OF "STRANGE VISITORS."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been in Paris some weeks, arriving from England just in time to take a last look at the grand gallery of paintings in the Exposition, and to view the great American picture called "Solitude," painted by Mr. Dana, of Boston. It is a large picture representing the waves of a shoreless ocean beating restlessly beneath a clouded sky, through which the dim rays of a moon are breaking; only that, and nothing more, but it is a truly mediæval, inspirational picture, appealing to the soul more than to the senses. It was doubly interesting as demonstrating the fallibility of man's judgment, for it had been rejected at the "Salon," the yearly art exhibition; and after that had not only been received in the Exposition, and sold at a great price, but obtained the highest art award, the "Medaille d'Or," of the Exposition.

A growing interest in Spiritualism has been recently awakened in our *Pension*: almost every evening a large party gather around a table in one of the *salons* to "try the spirits," and several persons have been developed as good "tipping mediums." Finding they were sincerely desirous to learn more of the subject, I invited them to accompany me to the rooms of the Spiritualistic Society, or as the French term it, the "Société Scientifique d'Etudes Psychologiques." Accordingly a party of eleven ladies and gentlemen went with me Tuesday evening, many of them Catholics, and all of them neophytes in Spiritualism, but anxious to learn something of this new faith that is disturbing churches and overturning creeds centuries old.

We found the three rooms of the Society filled by a very intelligent-looking audience, mostly French. The exercises commenced with a lecture by Monsieur Valais, one of the most distinguished *séances* of France, who holds the responsible position of "Inspecteur Général des Ponts et Chaussées." His discourse was of course in the French language, and was a very learned essay on the invisible forces of Nature. He said that the tendency of Spiritualism was to elevate and benefit mankind.

He was followed by Père Marechal, a celebrated Catholic priest, who has become a convert to Spiritualism, and thereby, like Père Hyacinthe, has lost his church. In a very eloquent discourse, which called forth frequent applause, he reviewed the belief of the Catholic and Protestant.

Contrast these beliefs, said he, with my faith—and his fine countenance beamed with joy; "when I leave my body I step out into immensity; I am a free soul; no hell-fire awaits me; my friends, my mother, my father, sisters, brothers, all are there to greet me. I see the beautiful spirit-land, the stars; the mighty worlds whirling through space are before me to explore. I can go on progressing forever. Such is the faith of the Spiritualist."

Our little party was delighted with what they heard and saw, and returned again with increased numbers the following week to the pleasant rooms at 5 Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, to prosecute further the interesting subject. Indeed, I find there is general knowledge of Spiritualism in France and the subject is discussed with fairness. There is no opprobrium cast upon Spiritualists, as is too often the case in America.

I had the pleasure of meeting, a few evenings since, Grace Greenwood, the brilliant correspondent of the *New York Times*, and of hearing her recite with great pathos and artistic effect one of Bret Harte's poems. She awakened my interest in the case of a lady in Turin, (Italy) formerly a great dramatic artist in America, who has become reduced in circumstances, and who clings to Spiritualism amid her trials as her only saviour. She is in need, among other necessities, of spiritual books and papers. I assured Mrs. L. that the noble *Banner* would respond to any call for assistance from such a source. When I obtain further particulars I will write more on the subject.

The weather is cold here, and I expect to go to Nice soon, from whence I hope to correspond with my spiritual friends through our wide-spread *Banner of Light*. SUSAN G. HOOKS.

5 Place d'Eglyn.

[From the Amherst (N. S.) Gazette, Dec. 12th.]

A Halifax Mystery.

A few days ago we interviewed a resident of Halifax, in order to ascertain the truth of reports we had heard of a strange and mysterious occurrence which was said to have taken place at his residence, hoping the result, in connection with similar occurrences at Amherst, might be useful in a scientific point of view.

THE MAN AND THE SCENE OF THE MANIFESTATIONS.

The man whose house was disturbed shrinks from notoriety, particularly as he has been much ridiculed for his statements, and we shall refer to him as Mr. M. He is a sturdy and very muscular man, of middle age, a Nova Scotian, of French parentage on the father's side, and on the mother's Dutch. He informed us that he has been a member of the Baptist Church for about twenty years, and for sixteen years has lived in Halifax. Dr. Clay, who has been his family physician for two or three years, has a high opinion of his character.

The house Mr. M. occupied during the manifestations, and from which he was obliged to remove on account of their effect upon members of his family, is a very respectable-looking two-story building, with shop in lower flat—the whole having been occupied by him. He now occupies another building not far from it, having been obliged to remove through "circumstances over which he had no control," though he assured us that he had resolved to

DETERMINE TO SORT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE ENTIRELY.

"THE POWER" PITCHED HIM FROM IT by force, and only changed his mind on account of the severe illness produced upon his daughter—the one principally wrought upon—and his wife, who became prostrated from attending her. About the first of September last the house referred to was occupied by himself and family as tenants, and had for two weeks and seven months. The family consisted of himself and wife, three daughters, aged eighteen, twenty-

two and twenty-five, and a son of twenty, who worked in the shop, two young men as boarders, one of them being the husband of the eldest daughter, and an apprentice. The following is his statement, corroborated by his son, in reply to our questions:

"The first intimation I had of anything unusual was one night about the first of September, soon after all in the house had retired. I had fallen asleep, and was aroused by my wife saying—

"SOME ONE WAS RAPPING AT THE DOOR!" then both headed. On going to the door I found no one, but the rapping continued. I roused the household, and all heard the noise—three raps in quick succession, then a pause—which seemed to be in the outer wall, and continued for some time. For a week this occurred at nights, after which it took place in the daytime also, following, apparently, the two girls to all sorts of the house, from cellar to attic. I often had people on the roof and stationed outside to watch, but there was no visible cause.

One evening it was found that the knocking kept time with a tune which some of the young men whistled, and this, afterward, once the case of several times of different measures, and it became so accommodating as to beat the time of any tune asked.

WE FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS AND REPLIES WERE GIVEN BY RAIS, always correctly, so far as we could decide, except that they erroneously gave us to understand that the place would be destroyed in twenty days, at which time we had left, though the furniture had not all been removed. About the nineteenth day the young men's trunks in their rooms, as well as tables, would pile themselves on the bed; the parlor table turned upside-down; clothing was thrown from bookshelves; at which two girls were lying, moved from the wall to the centre of the room; at other times beds in three rooms moved; in fact something moved in every room in the house.

For a time the disturbance was greatest in the room of one of the young men, where heavy chests were moved. One evening a large lamp made itself felt, followed one of the girls down the staircase. At length the disturbance took place whether the girls were in or out.

THEY ARE NOW ALLOWED TO MOVE IN PEACE. While we were moving I stood, one day, just at the top of the staircase, with my hand on the balustrade, when I saw a heavy roll of the old cloth which had been taken from the floor of the second story coming toward me, and I saw it coming from the floor, and came eight or ten feet, stopping within a few feet of where I stood. Many pots of flowers, occupying a whole stand, moved from the stand to the floor, on one occasion, without the breaking of a pot or the spilling of the water in the pots. Sometimes all the chairs in the room would simultaneously revolve, and turn bottom upwards.

One evening one of the young men said he was playing the piano, when the time was beaten by distinct thumps. We heard the rapping in the shop below and went up in order to see what was taking place, and found the young man considerably terrified.

A LADY WALKS WITH THE "MYSTERY." A lady, a relative of the landlord, came in one evening and conversed with the invisible by means of raps. The landlord afterwards told me he could not expect me to stay and be thus annoyed, and I finally resolved, in the interests of my family, to leave, though I regret that I did not remain myself, to see whether I would be ejected bodily. The woman who cleaned the house as we removed—a resolute person—found the broom following her down stairs, and left, nor could she be induced to return.

I kept working in the shop a short time after removing from the dwelling apartments. One day, one of my daughters was fitting a pair of boot-tops at the sewing-machine, when something appeared to strike her on the back, and she was thrown down. The rapping continued in the shop after the removal from the dwelling apartments, but nothing of the kind was heard after the whole had been vacated.

CHARGED WITH ORIGINATING THE MANIFESTATIONS. Several people who came in charged us with being voluntarily, the cause, and I almost resolved to allow no more persons to enter, except sensible people, who might see that we would not be subject ourselves to all the trouble and expenses, to illness, the payment of heavy doctor's bills, and finally the loss in removing from premises with which we were well suited. Even my pastor annoyed me by remarks he made, and which he must retract before I can again feel as I should under his pastoral charge. I blame no one for disbelieving, as without experiencing it I could not have believed such things would take place. All that bothers me is, I wish the cause could be ascertained.

This is but a brief account of the manifestations as reported to us. From other sources we learn that the raps seem to have been similar to that of the Amherst transactions, namely, a fright experienced by one of the young ladies. At the time of our visit, their new quarters had been occupied but a short time, and the trouble had not followed them.

THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH. An Effort to teach people the Principles of Vital Magnetism, or How to open the Springs of Life without Drugs or Stimulants. By Andrew Stone, M. D., Physician of the Toulon and Hygiene Institute, Inventor of the Pulmonator, Lung Strengthening and Curative of the Cough, Asthma, and Consumption by Inhalation of Cold Medicated Vapors, Natural Hygiene, etc., Magnetic Remedies, The Early Physical Degeneracy of American People, and other works. Illustrated with one hundred and twenty fine engravings and plates. Third edition. Lung and Hygiene Institute, Troy, N. Y. 1878. 16s. 6d. Paper, 8s. 6d. Cloth, 12s. 6d.

If, instead of purchasing patent nostrums, people would secure works of this class, intended to furnish them with sound suffering might be saved. The author does not claim that magnetism is the only antidote to disease, but that it is a sovereign remedy in a majority of diseases, and that it may be applied to all the organs, tissues, and directions for the manipulation of patients are fully given, with directions for gymnastic and calisthenic exercises. Among the subjects treated are: Magnetism, Vital Magnetism, Mesmerism, the Human Chain, Serpentina, Oculic Force, Cause for Circulation of Pulmonary Consumption, Vital and Animal Magnetism as a substitute for Anæsthesia, Drunks and their Effects, or Drunkenness as a Disease, The Heart and its Diseases, The Stomach and its Organs—Dyspepsia and its Horrors, Vomica and Maternity, Female Weaknesses, the Cause of, and Remedies for, Mother and Child, Diseases of Children, &c., &c.

We were the most interested in the chapters on Consumption and Serpentina, and we think that every person afflicted with either of these diseases should have a book, "Consumption in the first stages," he claims, "can be cured by dancing, commencing with a few minutes at a time, and continuing and increasing it for longer periods, as the strength will allow. I think the Chest Expander, illustrated on pages 82 and 83, are better than dancing. The illustrations are so plain, and the designs are so simple and cheap that any person may use them, and prepare gymnastic exercises for their own houses for almost no price at all. A great deal of stress is put upon bathing and directions are given for all kinds of baths. We take pleasure in recommending the work to those of our readers who want to manage their own family ailments.—Anti-Monopolist.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 12th, Mrs. Laura Emerson, aged 72 years 6 months and 2 days.

For many years Mrs. Emerson was an earnest member of the Baptist Church, but her spirit seeking for "more light" than she could obtain in the church, she sought to reach that knowledge, peace, joy and comfort that comes of sweet communion with the loved ones on the other side. Although a constant sufferer from rheumatism, and other ailments, her knowledge of the truth of our glorious religion made her spirit strong. Often would she say, "I have never had a doubt. I know I shall meet all the dear ones on the other side. I long to go and would that all I loved could know the power that sustains me. I know the angels are with me, and although I am passing through the valley of suffering, they in whom I trust as I trust in God are with me and will carry me over the river." Mrs. Emerson leaves a husband and two daughters, brothers and sisters, and many friends whom she tenderly loved. May they be comforted in the truth she loved so well, and be ready to obey the summons when they too shall be called to meet her. Funeral services were held, by her request, at the house, after which the material was carried to Westmont and placed, surrounded with flowers, in the room where she was born. Services were held in accordance with the teachings of our most beautiful faith. Mrs. N. J. WILLIAMS.

Dec. 20th, Maria L., wife of William A. Dunklee, aged 48 years.

"Hosie, my beloved sleep," "I am in the faith she entered into that rest that will prepare her for the duties of a spiritual existence. She said, 'How sweet to reflect on those days that await me,' just before leaving the body. Her willing disposition brought her in communion with the poetry of Longfellow, Miss Bowen and others from which she has culled many gems and applied them to the afflicted. She welcomed the bright angel death, that had come to take her into her beautiful and happy abode." COM.

Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, ten cents for each additional line is required. A line of space covers ten words.

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Reception at Mr. Newton's.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In response to a notice which was given last Sunday evening at the meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists, I have the honor to inform you that I have the pleasure to meet you at the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newton, No. 128 West Forty-third street, for a social gathering, and to also afford opportunity for the members and friends of the society to meet Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, a goodly number of whom were present at the privilege. Among those present were Mr. John L. O'Sullivan, whom it may be remembered was minister to Portugal during President Pierce's administration; Mr. L. De V. Wilder; Mr. Alfred Weldon, the faithful leader of the choir (he not having been absent either at the morning or evening services for upwards of a year); Mr. John B. Gardner, a photographer of large experience and a man of literary talent; Mr. Albert L. Leubuscher, publisher of inspirational poems delivered by Mrs. Brigham, and others.

With the assistance of her two daughters, Florence and Annie, had trimmed the parlors for Christmas time. The material used was evergreen and the autumnal leaves of the forest; they were so delicately interwoven and fastidiously arranged as to add a new charm to the paintings and engravings that grace the walls, at the same time giving a peculiarly happy effect to the room.

The first hour was occupied in a social manner, as at the two receptions previously given by Mrs. Newton. Mr. David C. Leys sang "The Bird at Sea," Mrs. Anna Handall-Diehl gave the "Pulse Scene," from Romeo and Juliet. Mrs. Diehl is well known as a professor of elocution, and she was in favor with the company even before she spoke—her genial countenance and expressive dark eyes winning favor at once. Miss L. C. Dimmock, organist for the society, and also teacher of music, favored the assembly by singing, "Say not Farewell," Mrs. Sarah C. Van Horn recited "The Cane Bottom Chair," by Thackeray. Mrs. Diehl followed with the piece entitled, "Female Tenderness," by Douglas Jerrold. She was happy in its rendering, giving it life, variety and good expression. Mr. Leys sang "Nancy Lee," Miss Dimmock playing the accompaniment.

As the clock struck ten, Mrs. Brigham rose, and there was perfect silence, when she gave an appropriate address on the New Year. We give the opening sentences as follows: "Nature shows you mountains, hills, valleys, and the tallest trees and thickest flowers, and the promise is richer trees and flowers that will make your greetings beautiful; so the spiritual nature has its different heights, the elements of truth and its teachings; some, lower like the mountains, some only like the hills, and some, higher, like the clouds, in their loftiness. The truth within you is not all that which rises itself mountain high, teaching you of sublimity, but rather like the wayside flowers. In this way would we bring to you the thoughts of heaven to-night. In the dawning of the new year in which such lovely, happy greetings have gone from house to house, from heart to heart, does my heart go out to you all to-night."

One of the company requested Mrs. Brigham to improvise a poem, giving the subject, "The Snow," and she gracefully complied with the request.

The friends now seated themselves about, forming an oval rather than a circle, and Mr. Newton requested Dr. James V. Mansfield "to see what he could see, and to tell what he could tell." Dr. Mansfield said it was his practice to write communications at his office, and that there was scarcely an hour in the day but he saw spirits. He said, "I now see a lady standing by Mr. Newton."

Mr. Newton: "You have never been able to give me anything before."

Dr. Mansfield: "No, sir, I see a lady here. She says, 'I am your granddaughter, Abby Morter.' [A lady in the circle pronounced it to be correct.] I see beyond, I don't know, [a pause],—it will come to me—a lady, a spirit, I should think less than thirty years of age. She gives her name as Josephine Thompson [a pause]—Benison."

Mr. Brigham: "I recognize her. She came here once before."

Dr. Mansfield: "I see one by Mr. [a pause]—now I cannot get the person's name. I do not think I will be able to give any more. [A long pause.] I see one standing by the Doctor here. It seems to be a young man. I don't get the name. I saw him once before this evening. I see by Mrs. Felt her husband—you were nearly all acquainted with him. I see by this gentleman a large man, and he gives his name as Israel Gibbs Atwood. That is about all. If I had begun earlier in the evening, I could have given many more. I sometimes give fifty or sixty names."

Mrs. Felt: "When you saw my husband did he look as he did in life, or younger?"

Dr. Mansfield: "He looked very pleasantly. My father was sixty-three years old when he died, and he looked to be eighty. My brother died at twenty-eight, and he appears now to be eighteen years of age."

One of the company: "Doctor, did you ever see a deformed spirit?"

Dr. Mansfield: "I have never seen a cripple in the spirit-world as yet. A gentleman came in my office, and I saw a lady with him, and I placed a chair for her to sit down, when I found there was only a gentleman there. I said to the gentleman, 'A lady came in with you?' 'Come in with me?' the gentleman said, 'I do not see any.' I said, 'I saw one.' 'Describe her.' 'She was light-complexioned.' He was dark-complexioned. Immediately I commenced writing, and she called this husband of hers by name, giving him a pleasant greeting, and she signed her name to it. She says, 'Now go back to the hotel and have our daughter who comes to you to the rooms.' 'What does that mean?' he says. I said, 'I have you not a daughter in the city?' He replied, 'Do you think I have?' I said, 'The spirit says you have, and I believe the spirit.' He went to his hotel and returned in company with his daughter. She was a blonde, about twenty years old, and exceedingly pretty. While we were talking I saw another spirit; it was a boy; he was dark-complexioned, like the father. I said to the gentleman, 'Have you a little boy in the spirit-world, too?' He replied, 'Are you sure a boy is there?' I said, 'Yes, sir.' The little boy came and gave the communication, and gave his name. I got his wife without his thinking of her, and the boy, who I also saw come in with him. Well, that was enough for the gentleman, and he was converted."

Mrs. Felt: "Dr. Mansfield, did you ever see a pet animal appear with a spirit?"

Dr. Mansfield: "I do not know that I have."

Mr. O'Sullivan: "Do spirits appear low down, as if on the floor?"

Dr. Mansfield: "I scarcely ever see them below here." [Indicating the middle of the body.]

Mrs. Diehl: "Do the spirits appear to be clothed?"

Dr. Mansfield: "They have a thin drapery, not so thick as in that picture. This picture here gives a good illustration." [Referring to a seraphic picture as they are usually shown, with slight drapery.]

Mrs. Diehl: "Fading away?"

Mr. O'Sullivan: "Very slight, thin drapery?"

Dr. Mansfield: "Yes, sir."

It being now nearly half-past eleven o'clock, the company dispersed with the best wishes for the host and hostess.

New York, Jan. 10th, 1879.

New Year's Party—The Fancher Case.

Dr. Samuel and Mrs. Abbie Grover celebrated the sixth anniversary of their marriage at their home, No. 40 Dwight street, Boston, on the evening of January 1st. The occasion called together a pleasant party of friends, who joined in hearty congratulations of the host and hostess. Excellent singing by a quartet—composed of Misses Nellie M. King, Esther Singleton, and Messrs. John C. Bond and W. Worcester—also by Fannie Dolbear, Cora Hastings, Miss Mandel, and Mr. Colville; social converse; a trance address and an impromptu poem by W. J. Colville; remarks by Mrs. John H. Currier and A. H. Richardson, Messrs. John Wetherbee and others; a musical circle when Mrs. F. W. Cushman was the melody; the partaking of refreshments, and the singing of "The Sweet By-and-by," by the assembly to close, made up the order of exercises.

In the course of the evening Dr. Grover returned the thanks of himself and wife to the friends present for the kind wishes extended by them, and, by request, gave a brief account of his visit to Miss Mollie Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which occurred December 24, just before his leaving for Florida. Dr. Spear, who has had special care of Miss Fancher for thirteen years, while

he did not believe in clairvoyance, and regarded the trance as "a mystery," yet informed Dr. Grover that the marvelous reports concerning the young lady were mainly correct. Dr. G. then visited the house, found the lady in a cold room with a sheet over her, and under much the same circumstances as have been frequently described in these columns. Before he (Dr. G.) had spoken, even, Miss Fancher said, "You are from Boston; I saw you when you left there." By the cards in your pocket I perceive that you are an eclectic physician." In the course of further conversation she gave it as her opinion that her visitor might have helped her had he been consulted some time ago, but could not now. He asked her if she suffered pain, and she replied in the negative. He told her that he saw a spirit standing at the foot of her bed—an old man with white hair and beard, and she replied, "Oh, yes, I see him often." Dr. Grover is of opinion that had some disciple of the progressive method of medicine—instead of the allopathic system—been engaged at an early stage her difficulties could have been mainly removed. A lady present reiterated to him the statement that in the last four months Miss Fancher had not partaken of as much nourishment as would be consumed by an ordinary person in forty-eight hours.

From a Prison Cell to a Reception Hall.

A reception was tendered to Mr. E. H. Heywood in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 1st inst. Every seat was occupied. The hall was composed in about equal parts of men and women, who were evidently friends of Mr. Heywood and the cause of liberty. Over the platform were suspended the words, formed of evergreen, "Free speech and a free press forever," and, beneath, was suspended a white dove, emblematic of purity. J. M. L. Batecock presided. Among those who led the audience in its tribute of respect and love to the guest of the evening were Messrs. Hall, Horace Sever, D. M. Bennett of New York, A. L. Rawson and Laura Kendrick. In all the speeches, the utterances which found the most hearty response in the sentiments of the audience, judging from the applause, were those in denunciation of Anthony Comstock. He was styled a "contemptible, degenerate, an odious law," "slut-hound," "illustrious dog of Orthodox bigots," "infamous informer and spy."

Resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy with Mr. Heywood, and calling for a repeal of the infamous obscenity postal law, and the ignominious removal from office of the equally infamous Anthony Comstock. Thanks were tendered to the President and to the Attorney-General for their action in Mr. Heywood's behalf. Mr. Heywood occupied a seat upon the platform with his wife and children—a touching family group. When he arose to speak, the audience loudly cheered him. He seemed to be deeply moved by the warmth of his reception, and his voice was husky with emotion. He said:

From a prison cell to a reception hall was indeed an eventful transition. But I am not here to tell you what I was not to him personally as much as to a citizen whose rights had been struck down. As an individual he could have shunned imprisonment. He was again and again assured before his trial that if he would only publish his book it would be well with him. But he knew it would not be well with him, for while physical liberty was worth as much to him as to any one, his family and the dear forms of friends were dear to him as to any other man. But there was something deeper than these. It was the right to think, the right to speak, the right to acquire and impart knowledge. He therefore thought it better to be an exile from his home and family, than to surrender his rights as a citizen to a tyrant. He spoke of the sentiment since his imprisonment. When he was sent to jail some of the papers approved the sentence, or have it shown have been the same. He said he had papers either approved or did not criticize the President's action in releasing him. He referred to Comstock's persecution as paralleled in his persistence and vindictiveness by the slave by the state and by Salem witchcraft. He called for a repeal of the obscenity postal law and the removal of Comstock from power. The question was, whether the people of the country should decide what laws they should read, or whether they should be dictated to by the exponent of the bigotry and ignorance and immorality of the city of New York. He spoke of the indignity which he said, he was "a man," by virtue of his graduation from Brown University, but now he came out with the honor of U. S. C. (United States convict). He closed by saying that the obnoxious law under which he was sentenced should not be mollified, but repealed.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January has the following table of contents: "Aspects of American Life," Charles Dudley Warner; "Ancestors," J. T. Townbridge; "The Latest Songs of Chivalry," Harriet W. Preston; "The Lady of the Aroostook," XL—XIV, W. D. Howells; "Round the World at the Paris Exposition," "The Pines of Eden," G. P. Lathrop; "A Birthday," Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Workmen's Wives," "Is Universal Suffrage a Failure?" Goldwin Smith; "The Dead Feast of the Kolk-Pok," John Greenleaf Whittier; "Our New Neighbors at Ponkapog," Thomas Balch Aldrich; "Americanisms," V. L. Richard Grant White; "An Artist's Model," Kate Putnam Osgood; "A Student's Sea Story," Harriet Beecher Stowe; "The Contributors' Club," "Recent Literature," Boston, Houghton, Osgood & Co., 220 Devonshire street, Winthrop Square, publishers.

A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 Washington street, Boston, (corner School) furnish us with the January numbers of SCHUMER'S MONTHLY, and ST. NICHOLAS, which they have on sale. The first number of the latter, among a charming table of attractive papers, "Old Maryland Manners," by F. R. Mayer (illustrated); "The 'Cub' at Work," by Mackay Laflin; "Leonardo da Vinci," by Clarence Cook; "The Mountain Lakes of California," "At the Old Bull's Head," etc., etc., are also worthy of special mention; Constantine E. Brooks has a Christmas ballad, "Blon the Bold" (with drawing by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote); "Haworth's" continues to be of interest. The illustrated articles also are many and varied—which remark may be truthfully applied to the departments and their contents. SCHUMER'S ILLUSTRATED makes a fine showing for the new year.

ST. NICHOLAS for January is denominated a Christmas Holiday number, and is superb in its contributions and illustrations. Articles of high merit and attractiveness are given in its pages from John G. Whittier, Chas. Dudley Warner, Julian Hawthorne, Theodore Winthrop, Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's"), Mary Mapes Dodge, Celia Thaxter, Susan Coolidge, Hezekiah Butterworth (editor of "Youth's Companion"), Frank R. Stockton and Olive Thorne.

Among the artists who contribute the three score and more pictures of the number are Frederick Dielman, Alfred Fredericks, James E. Kelly, Alfred Kappes, Adelle Ledyard, Fidelia Bridges, Granville Perkins, Jessie Curtis, Sol Eytinge, Jr., Kate Greenaway, of London, F. S. Church, and R. Sayre.

ESUNDAY AFTERNOON for January—issued by a company of the same name at Springfield, Mass.—is rich in the character and diversity of its tabulated matter. Rebecca Harding Davis has a short story; E. E. Hale's serial is concluded; Prof. George P. Fisher treats of "Witchcraft"; Rose Terry Cook in a "Letter to Mary Ann" affords good advice to young ladies of literary aspirations; "Socialism" is discussed upon exhaustively by George M. Towle, and other articles, poems by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, et al., and the departments make up a fine number.

THE WIDE AWAKE, for January—D. Lathrop & Co., publishers, No. 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston—leads off with a Christmas poem and frontispiece; "Boston Houseboats" receives fine illustration at the skillful hands of Miss L. B. Humphrey; "Lady Betty's Cooking School" is an article full of valuable hints to the girls in America; G. B. Bartlett's article (illustrated) on Ralph Waldo Emerson is worthy the reading of adults as well as the young. The usual departments are well sustained. Report avers that one hundred and twenty thousand copies of this "wideawake" magazine are now being read and enjoyed.

THE HARMONYAN MONTHLY, for January, edited by Wm. H. Winslow, Ph. D., M.D., has a table of contents appropriate to its title. It is published in New York, 145 Grand street, and Philadelphia, and is evidently a good number of a magazine eminently worthy of the patronage of all interested in the Homeopathic system of treatment.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING for January, D. M. Fox, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y., has the following among its table of contents: "The Maid of Orleans," with portrait, by S. B. Brittan; "Modern Spiritualism," its Development in Rochester and Subsequent Growth," Chapter III., by R. D. Jones; "Spirit-Communication from Adelaide A. Proctor," "Samuel B. Brittan," Biography, chapter IX., "The Evolution of the Religion of Israel," "Our Young Folks," "Editorial Notes," etc.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE—Fred. B. Perkins, editor—issued weekly at 11 Bromfield street, Room 1, Boston. Is a readable and noteworthy production.

RECEIVED: THE SHAKER MANIFESTO for January, G. A. Lomas, editor; published by the United Societies at Shakers, N. Y.

THE PHIENEOLOGICAL JOURNAL for January—S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 737 Broadway, New York City. This number begins the sixty-eighth volume of this popular and sterling exponent of Phrenology and kindred topics.

NEW MUSIC.—The songs, arias, etc., as executed at the Boston Museum in H. M. S. Phinney, reach us in good and compact form from the publishers, White, Smith & Co., 25 Washington street, Boston.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

(Matter for this department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

Mrs. Eliza M. Hilecock, the talented writer and fine speaker, who has been on an extended lecturing tour in Maine, has returned to her home in Charlestown District, this city. Her labors were confined mostly to the northern part of the State: Dixfield, South Paris, Norway, Bethel, and other towns. Her week-evenings were devoted to the cause of temperance, and on Sundays she preached the new gospel. She reports a strong feeling in favor of temperance, and a desire to hear the Spiritual Philosophy expounded. She contemplates a visit to Connecticut.

George A. Fuller has been lecturing during December as follows: The 8th and 15th at Northampton, Mass.; 13th, Vermont, Vt., in the Universalist church; and the 24th in Tyler's Hall, Athol, Mass. His engagements for January are as follows: 5th and 6th, Greenfield, Mass.; 19th, Milford, N. H.; and the 24th, Greenfield, Mass. Mr. Henry B. Allen has been holding sittings at the above-mentioned places, creating great interest. Mr. Fuller would like to make further engagements. Address during January, Sherborn, Mass.

C. B. Lynn's address during January will be care of Clark House, Troy, N. Y. Mr. Lynn will lecture in Philadelphia during February.

Bishop A. Beards has closed his engagement at Waukegan, and at Whittier, Ill. The friends there desire him to return and resume his labors as soon as May. He will next fill an engagement at Chebanse, Ill., commencing the second Sunday in January.

Mrs. E. A. Cutting addressed the spiritual meetings in a very acceptable manner last Saturday afternoon and evening at Mechanics' Hall, Lynn, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. George Billingham. The developing circles at 12 o'clock are well attended and are doing much good. Mrs. Cutting will be present at the meetings on Sunday next.

Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., concluded her engagement for ten lectures in Philadelphia, Sunday evening, Dec. 20th. She has been reengaged by the same Society (which meets at the Academy, corner 8th and Spring-Garden streets) to occupy its platform during the Sundays of March. Prof. R. G. Eccles speaks for this organization during January.

P. C. Mills spoke in Grand Army Hall, Sagaus, the three last Sundays in December, closing the year with a discussion with Mr. David Knox on the evening of the 31st. He terminated his month's engagement there Jan. 5th, but held another discussion on Wednesday and Thursday evenings with the same gentleman at the same place. He expects to go to New York about the 15th of January. Would like to make engagements to lecture anywhere in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio or Indiana. He proposes remaining in the West at least until the first of May.

Amanda Harthan, M. D., who has been suffering from the effects of sunstroke since June, 1876, has regained her health, and her spirit-inducement have returned to her with such force as to enable her to resume her practice of treating the sick. Her present address is Springfield, Mass., care of E. C. Cook, corner of Margaret and Water street.

Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox will accept calls to lecture on week day evenings, in any town or city on or near the railroad west of Albany. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings must be the time, to enable her to return to her Sunday congregations. Address 170 1/2 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

Horace Greeley Knapp, on Sunday, Jan. 12th, will deliver the first lecture on Spiritualism that the people of Nyack, N. Y., have had the opportunity of listening to. Mr. Frank Baxter speaks for the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, in the large hall of the Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Concord streets, commencing the first Sunday in January and continuing for the whole month.

Mrs. B. M. Lawrence is prepared to accept calls to lecture on religious, social and political subjects, on Sunday or week day evenings, on terms warranted to prove satisfactory to Spiritualist and Liberalist societies. Address her 287 Main street, Charlestown District, Boston.

Mrs. N. J. Willis speaks in Lincoln Hall, Weymouth Landing, Mass., on Sunday, 12th inst., at 2 1/2 o'clock P. M.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak in Quincy, Mass., on Sunday next, and will remain over the following Monday for the purpose of giving sittings, etc. She will be in that town every Monday till further notice; the remainder of each week she can be found at her office, No. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Mrs. E. L. Saxon, says the Religio-Philosophical Journal, won golden opinions from her labors in New Orleans, during the prevalence of the yellow fever. For ninety days she afforded relief to an average of fifty women a day at her house, in the distribution of clothes, food, medicine and sewing. Such have not only angel helpers but help the angels.

"A correspondent writing from New York City says: 'The Herald of a late date states that 'Wilkie Collins still refuses to conclude Edwin Drood.' A little bird tells me 'he is satisfied with Dickens's finishing of the work himself.' Wonder if it is true?'"

"One of England's most distinguished writers says in the course of a recent letter to our address, from London: 'We get the Banner of Light, and it is to us spiritualized food, containing a supply for every true demand. God bless you always!'"

"Our thanks are due Rand, Avery & Co., commercial and law printers, 117 Franklin street, Boston, for fine specimens of calendar work for 1879-80."

Victoria C. Woodhull is to lecture in St. James's Hall, London, Eng., Feb. 21st and 28th and March 7th.

A letter from Hattie Dickinson in re the New York Lyceum will appear next week.

The elegant six-story edifice in Chicago, known as the Honore Building, in which the post-office was located, was consumed on the afternoon of the 4th inst. So sudden was the fire that the occupants barely escaped with their lives. This is the third time the post-office in that city has been burned out. The total loss by the fire amounts to over half a million of dollars, partly covered by insurance.

The well-known and popular seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., are again before our readers with their annual announcement. Their catalogue, which is mailed free, is offered to all our readers. We would advise them to avail themselves of this offer.

Youthful editors need more graceful pens.

Spiritual Notes From London.

(By an occasional correspondent.)

Mr. J. William Fletcher will lecture every Sunday evening at Cavendish Rooms, London, commencing January 1st. This is a new movement to provide a suitable place for spiritual instruction, where all may go free of charge, as no admission is charged and no collection taken. The meetings are solely under the direction of the spirit guides of Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. C. E. Williams is meeting with the most flattering success.

Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane is doing much to convince the skeptics, with her wonderful power and independent writing.

A Society has been formed in Florence under the direction of Signor Fezzi, the Spiritualist, to collect the facts of Spiritualism, in view of publishing a history complete of the movement.

The article "A Spirit Photographed in the Light," by J. William Fletcher, published in a recent number of the Banner of Light, has been translated into the French, and will appear in the coming number of the Revue Spirite.

The new secret society called "The Order of the White Cross," is holding regular sessions with very satisfactory results, more people having applied for admittance than can at present be accommodated.

Mr. W. H. Lambelle continues his lectures at Ladbroke Hall.

Miss C. A. Burke, the young lady assistant at the National Association of Spiritualists, is receiving great praise for her literary efforts, her poetical productions being especially commended.

Miss Corner, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Corner, President of the Dalston Association, has also met with success in the same way. She is a powerful writing medium, and her works are largely the result of spiritual control.

December 13th.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL. Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, Parker Memorial Building, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, on Sunday afternoons (at 2 1/2) during the season of 1879. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend. Free of charge. Rev. John T. Newman will lecture Jan. 12th. For order, apply to the Secretary.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, APPLETON STREET. W. J. Caville delivers an inspirational discourse, poem and replies to questions in his lecture on "The Spiritualist's Guide," commencing at 10 1/2. Congregational Singing Practice at 12 1/2.

ATORY HALL. Children's Progressive Lyceum. N. H. Mills delivers a lecture on "The Spiritualist's Guide," commencing at 10 1/2. Congregational Singing Practice at 12 1/2. The public cordially invited. D. S. Ford, Conductor.

PYTHIAN HALL. The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 16 Temple street, commencing on Monday evening, and afternoons. Good lectures and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL. Spiritual Meetings for speaking and reading, and evening lectures. Mrs. John Wood, President. Miss M. L. Barnard, Secretary.

UNION HALL. 7 Tremont Row. Meetings continued every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., 2 1/2 P. M.

ATHEUM HALL. Meetings are held in this hall, Waverley Building, Charlestown District, every Sunday evening, under direction of C. B. Marsh.

Amory Hall.—We were blessed to-day with fine weather and an attentive audience, the members of which listened to an interesting, pleasing and instructive programme, consisting of an overture by the orchestra; singing, responses, and Banner March; remarks by Mrs. N. J. Adams; duet, Mr. Howlett and Miss Susie M. Adams, from the Cambridge Conservatory; recitation, "The Golden Rule," by Mr. Fisher, the Conductor of the Conservatory; recitations, "God's Care," Bessie Stevens; "Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow," Flora Frazier; "To my Mother," Jennie Lothrop; song, "On the Mountain," accompanied by orchestra. After a short rest, Mrs. J. W. Adams recited, "The Golden Rule," by Mr. Fisher, the Conductor of the Conservatory; recitations, "God's Care," Bessie Stevens; "Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow," Flora Frazier; "To my Mother," Jennie Lothrop; song, "On the Mountain," accompanied by orchestra. After a short rest, Mrs. J. W. 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