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Original Essay.

CATHOLICISM AND SPIRITUALISM: THE OPPOSING RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS OF THE WORLD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Catholicism, at the time of the Reformation, had become a gigantic consolidated system, so intricately interwoven into the government of States that their existence depended on its approval. With a towering self-sufficiency it heralded itself as the organ of God on Earth—the infallible organ of his decrees. It not only assumed control over the religious sentiments, but over the mind, the person, and State, and by every means sought to found a temporal as well as spiritual supremacy, and succeeded so well that it held in servile obedience the entire royalty of Europe.

Catholicism is opposed to progress. It is the essence of conservatism. Its eyes are fixed on the past. The by-gone is its saviour, the future its devil. The voice of its priest is the voice of God.

With one fell sweep, it has brought together all the mythologies of the world; Jew and Gentile are equally well represented; and, in hypocritical bigotry, it has created from the foul debris its system of worship.

Its study carries us directly back twenty centuries or more—for it ignores that time, and more, of human progress. If we enter a cathedral, we step into the dark gloom of medieval ages. We see the tinsel and gewgaws made to attract babies, and we hear the twaddle of the nurses of religious babyhood.

Catholicism has ever been intolerant. It is just as intolerant to-day as five hundred years ago. It cannot progress. The heretic is regarded with the same evil eyes here in America, as in Spain during the Inquisition. The power of compelling belief only is wanting. In this it is logical—it is logical from beginning to end. Grant the divine origin of its Bible, and it will push you to its conclusions by logical deductions therefrom.

Here we have an infinite revelation from an infinite being. How can finite beings comprehend it? Only inspired teachers can do so. Peter was inspired; he communicated his gift to the priesthood, through whom it has, in an unbroken line, descended. Thus the laity are cut off from investigation. God has forbidden it. The fact of his anointing teachers, forbids it. The revelation is infallible; the teachers are infallible. The voice of a priest is the voice of God. Give heed and listen.

Man has committed infinite sin, and must be infinitely punished, or offer an infinite sacrifice. God, in Christ, was such a sacrifice. As God, through Peter, gave to the priesthood power of dispensing the merits of this sacrifice, placing them between himself and the laity, the priest becomes the pardoner of sins, the real power to which to appeal. The priesthood is infallible. From their desks, surrounded by lighted candles—though it be broad daylight—and the flummery of the staves, they preach this cardinal doctrine every Sunday. It is wrought into the very texture of the infant soul, and the man cannot outgrow it.

They deny the right of individual reason. You must not reason. To allow the right of private reason would sap their vast superstructure—that is all Protestantism claims.

The priest says, "I stand here, because God has placed me here. I am anointed, and of the direct line from Peter. I have passed through the gate. I have received the knowledge. I have a right to teach you. Those who have not been anointed have no right to teach. They have received no commission from God. Their words are lies, and they will deceive you. You have no right to think for yourself. Reason is a snare of Satan's. I am your final appeal."

Any one who will attend a cathedral, will hear such blasphemous doctrines heralded any Sunday—the doctrines of the black night of Europe, forced on American intelligence. This is it that blights Catholic countries. This that benumbs and eventually kills thought, and settles over its tomb a withering incubus.

When such dogmas are promulgated, can we doubt that the Inquisition is far off? Only the power is wanting to put it in force.

Jesuitism rears itself, a hideous colossus, in Europe, and its black shadow is cast on our shores. Europe is governed by the priesthood. Its rulers bow in the dust, and kiss the toe of the Pope. The Hapsburgs, the most detestable tyrants and idiots of the earth, have, throughout their long line, been strictly Catholic—intolerant Catholic—and some of them have abdicated their thrones, and shut themselves up in cloisters.

The abominable Bourbons are all Catholics, all vassals of the Pope.

The Emperor of Austria is detested by the people, one-ear is too contemptible for hatred, but he is the darling of the priests.

Louis Napoleon laid the basis of his government in Catholicism. The priest is his adviser, his State Counselor, his author. The Jesuits bolster up his sham government, and unite, as they always do, in supporting tyranny, and crushing the people.

Had it not been for the close unity between Church and State, by which Liberalism in Europe has been throttled, long ago would the masses have been redeemed; but this "old man of the sea" has crushed it whenever it made an attempt to rise.

I may seem illiberal, but I fortify my position by their own words, taken from one of their prominent English organs. Hear what it says:

"Believe us not, Protestants, for an instant, when you see us pouring forth our liberalisms. When you hear a Catholic orator at some public assembly, declaring solemnly that this is the most humiliating day of his life, when he is called upon to defend once more the glorious principles of religious freedom—be not too simple in your

credulity. These are brave words, but they mean nothing; no, nothing more than the promises of a candidate to his constituents on the hustings. He is not talking Catholicism, but nonsense and Protestantism; and he will no more act on these notions in different circumstances, than you now act on them yourselves in your treatment of him. You ask, if he were lord in the land, and you were in a minority, if not in numbers yet in power, what would he do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend upon circumstances. If it would then fit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you; if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you; possibly, he might even hang you. But be assured of one thing; he would never tolerate you for the sake of the "glorious principles of civil and religious liberty." If he tolerated you, it would be solely out of regard to the interests of the Catholic Church, which he would think to be best served by letting you alone.

Thus does Catholicism nourish the hope that it will yet have power to grasp the genius of America by the throat, and compel belief with a "thus saith the priest."

Thus do they fancy the reërection of St. Bartholomew massacres, *auto da fe*, Inquisition, rack and torture—that they may roll back the car of progress, stifle thought and establish, as the universal religion, their system of Paganism, with its images, altars, incense, holy water, candles, processions, saintly relics, bogus miracles and sham, by which ignorance is cheated out of its birthright of free thought.

Not in Europe only, but here, even in our free land, do they anticipate such results. All religions are tolerated; we have, in the generosity of our strength, considered ourselves out of danger from such disturbances. We have, until recently, thought that eighty years of nationality insured our eternity. Well, we are awaking from that delusion.

Foreign emigration pours a vast river of Catholicism on our shores—ignorant Catholics, who are trained, faithfully trained, in the school of despotism. We feel no alarm. Yet well has it been said:

"Were there an army upon our shores equal in number to the Roman priesthood in the United States, and professing the same designs, the whole people would be ready to arm against it. The cry, 'Our liberties are in danger!' would go forth from one end of the land to the other, and a spirit would be aroused whose first breath would drive the invader from the soil. Yet this Roman army is far more dangerous to our liberties than the military army we have imagined. It comes among us in the name of the Prince of Peace—it professes to be devoted to the cause of God and Humanity—it steals into the bosom of the people with an aspect as meek as its designs are sinister, and it is only when its doings in other lands are exhibited that the cloven foot is discovered; and we find it aspiring to national sovereignty, arrogating universal dominion—assuming to lay its iron grasp upon the souls of men, and secretly applying the torch to our free, educational, civil and religious institutions."

We are not alarmists. All the conflicting elements which Europe, Asia, and Africa pour on our soil, will ultimately unite and form a homogeneous nationality; but before that time, convulsions will occur, such as are now agitating our political sea, and, although not wrecked, we may incur great perils.

Catholicism appeals to the superstitious element. It ignores knowledge, and, by its infallibility, precludes investigation. Man fell and became a demon by being inquisitive into causes. The Stylite, for twenty years standing on the top of a tower—the bloated, idiotic monk, abhorring human nature and despising his body—are its types toward which it would have us assimilate. Her body, sinful in all its desires, is despised, crucified, abhorred. This is the doctrine preached—while the caste of priests, absolved from control of laws, revel in the deepest abysses of carnality, and rise in their desks reeking with the foul slime of unbridled passions.

We underrate the vast and incomprehensible power they wield. I said that the kings of Europe were under the control of the priesthood. It is not an unguided, isolated control. The universal Jesuitical hierarchy is controlled by one mind, animated by one motive, subsidized to one end—the extension of their dogmas. And, fortified by the axiom that *the end justifies the means*, they are prepared for any iniquity, any deed of right or wrong, if it furthers their schemes. Kings, Emperors, Princes, are puppets, who skip and dance as the Central Power pulls the wires. If they dance to the command of that power, they have its holy commission to garrote the people. And when they refuse, the angry growl which arises, brings them at once to submission. Even Napoleon allied himself with the Church as the only means of sustaining himself, and that, too, at a time when the most daring thinkers fired the heart of France with the cry of reform.

Our rulers are beyond the beck of the Central Roman Power—in a measure at least. The number of Catholic voters, however, united, as they always are, is sometimes sufficient to decide the balance of power. That vote has always been cast on the side of darkness, always been allied to slavery of body as well as of mind. I suppose many there are who think they know liberal Catholics who uphold liberal institutions, but I believe such to be mistaken; either such are not Catholics, or are deceivers. I believe they are mistaken, because the high oracles of Catholicism declare that they are. To use their own words—

"What is liberty?" and sneeringly they answer, "Can—and can it always mischievous. Where is civil liberty to be found? In fact, it does not exist, and it never did exist anywhere. But if the mischief done in the name of civil liberty is not a little, far more serious are the consequences of the upholding of religious liberty by Catholics. The very word *liberty*, except in the sense of permission to do certain definite acts, ought to be banished from the very domain of religion. For religious liberty, in the sense of a liberty possessed by every man to choose his own religion, is one of the most wicked delusions ever foisted upon this age by the father of all deceit. What shall a Christian dare to say that God has given the faintest choice to any human being, as to whether he will obey the Catholic Church or disobey it? None but an Athelst can uphold the

principles of religious liberty. Short of Athelst, the theory of religious liberty is the most palpable of untruths."

Such are the teachings of that school wherein the Catholic element of our society is reared, and, as it is an infallible voice which speaks, it is believed with unshrinking faith. The most miserable laity of our land are directly under the eye and command of the Pope. The most debased laborer divides his hard-earned shilling, giving the priest the larger share. The Church is always filled—no complaint from the preacher, of bare walls. And all what devotional what abject prostration of the man to the creed! The scavenger from the street kneels there and counts his beads, utterly oblivious of the scenes from which he came and to which he must return.

I said I was not an alarmist, and, no doubt, you will think me intolerant and unjustifiably severe. I am not intolerant; I will explain why. As I have intimated, there is no doubt but the laity cast their political influence in a solid phalanx, as their superiors dictate. They do this, if their words mean anything, no matter how loudly they declare that their religion never meddles in politics. We know that it always has endeavored to wrest political power from rulers, whether monarchs or republicans; and that by its very nature it is aggressive.

Tell me when, in our own history, the foreign-Catholic element—went for reform? Always oppressive, it has been the elmy abyss where demagogues have concocted elective frauds—the hope of slavery, in the riots it was expected to engender. I am not intolerant, for I state these bitter truths, in all their deformity, not in anger or malice, but to present, at one view, the aspect of one great division into which reform has divided the world.

There are but two classes in the coming day. There are but two classes now—conservative and radical, or *Catholic and Spiritualist*. There is no middle ground. Protestantism, theoretically, maintains the right of private opinion, the fallibility of anything else but human reason; but practically it denies this cardinal doctrine, and is as intolerant as Catholicism.

Protestantism is a protest against the old—the assertion of the right of private judgment. But its end is different from what Luther or any of its founders desired. The right of Luther or Calvin to protest, allows John or James to protest against Luther or Calvin. Protestantism, and directly and inevitably in infidelity. Protestantism declares this, and Catholicism declares it. Protestantism is, in its ultimate, nothing more nor less than infidelity to all mythology; and, consequently, belief in the divinity of man, and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. It is either *Catholicism or Spiritualism*. Inasmuch as it denies the right of free thought, (and where is the Church but has a gag in every member's mouth?) it is Catholic. Perhaps it is not quite as rankly given to *selfishness* as Catholicism.

The savage worship roots, trees, beasts, reptiles; the Catholic the dead bones of saints, the scraps of the shroud of their Saviour, the despotic traps of Jesuitical mumbo-jumbo; the Protestant transfers his worship to the Bible, the Church, the holy Sabbath. It is fetishism through and through. Learned divines make a difference appear by calling the same manifestation in a savage, or themselves, by different names. In one it is Mythology, in the other Theology—fetichism in one, holy religion in the other. In vital essence, however, where is the difference? Is it in forgiveness of sins? The Catholic is pardoned by a priest, a man ordained by Christ to forgive in his name by reason of the sacrifice he has made. The Protestant confesses *directly to Christ*, and is forgiven in the same manner. The Catholic is denied the reading of the Bible; the Protestant is allowed to read. But where is there a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or any layman that dare assert doctrines contrary to the established creed? Charles Beecher happens to believe that the devil was once an angel, and demons were all very good beings around the throne of God, and other singular ideas, drawn from his method of Biblical study. Well; does the Church retain him? The synod withheld—recant, or be excommunicated! The rack is withheld from them; they cannot put Mr. Beecher to thumb-screw torture, or burn him with fagots, but they show the spirit of the Inquisition. He has no right to believe different from them. God is on his side. Why not compel him to believe? Do you doubt that, one line of law placing the power in their hands, would compel Mr. Beecher to believe or suffer? I have great confidence in the progress of the age, but I have more in the pertinacity of bigotry.

Let a Churchman, deceived by the idea of the right of private opinion, deny the absurd doctrine of the Trinity—disputing that God was his own Son, and Christ was not only the Son, but his own Father, and the Holy Ghost was Son and Father, both and yet neither; that the only way an infinite God could redeem man, whom he had made the best an infinite being knew how, was to take on human nature, and die on a cross—I say, let him deny such heathenisms, at which African fetishism would blush, and the D.D.s and LL.D.s, like well-trained hounds, will utter one coterminous howl.

The ideal of Protestantism is very well; its actual is Catholicism—mild Catholicism, divested of its rack and tortures, not by any grace of its own, but by law. The spirit of the inquisitor is present in all. It has other and keener tortures which it brings to bear. I need not illustrate this to you who are Spiritualists. Perhaps you became so peaceably, easily, and met no opposition; but the chances are that you were brought to feel the keen shafts of malice and bigotry.

Gotomozia smiled on burning coals. Well, he would not, if turned out to bitter winds of bigotry and the smooch of superstition. What are burning coals, racks, thumb-screws and the diabolic inventions of the holy hierarchy to the spiritual cinders, racks and tortures to which the holy Protestant hierarchy damn the excommunicated

thinker? You, my infidel reader, simply asserted the right to think. The Church held a meeting and excommunicated you. Your former brethren pass you in the street with a leer; they scarcely recognize you. They will not deal with you. You may starve—and they hope you will. What care they for an infidel? They call to their aid the forked-tongue demon of slander, and the viper-brood of hate, envy, malice, falsehood, and set the pack on your path. Death is no relief; from year to year it is related how awfully you died in your sins. Thomas Paine died peacefully as a saint. What difference does that make to those who make a merit of lying for God's sake, and are in want of examples of infidels dying horribly? "Ah," say the preachers, "Paine screamed, and raved, and tore his hair, and cursed and implored! He repented of his sinful life, and called vainly on the Creator he had cursed." In their treatment of him you see how they will treat you.

"The Infidel!" say they to their Sunday-school children.

If there be a name of honor, of glory, of everlasting fame, it is *Infidel*! I would rather have it attached to my name than all the degrees that the colleges and societies of the land can bestow, for it means a thinker. It means *more*. It means one who dares think for himself, and says to Bible, creed, Church, priest, and all their rubbish, stand there while I think.

I have approached the point where the second grand division forces itself on our observation. Catholicism is one class, Spiritualism is the other. There is, as I have shown, no mean. All I have said of Catholicism is true of Protestant Churchmanship.

Spiritualism, embodying the glorious ideal of the freedom of body and mind, absorbs all that elevates and ennobles our conceptions of this life, and the life hereafter, of Nature, and of human relations. It is a gigantic system of eclecticism. It seizes the good everywhere. Like the bee drinking nectar from the poisonous nightshade as well as from the fragrant rose, it absorbs the truths of Catholicism, of Mahometanism, of Buddhism, of Philosophy. It is not a religion; it is not a philosophy; it is the perfect union of the two with Science.

Witness its results in the world. All reforms are marshaled under its banner. The temperance movement, woman's rights, land reform, magnetism, phrenology, all the new and unprotected issues which look to the amelioration of human burdens, whether physical or mental, have become parts of its gigantic scheme. Their only advocates are the spiritual press. A conservative Spiritualist is a rare object, and either becomes a reformer, or goes over completely to the party to which he of right belongs.

You have heard of Spiritualists becoming Catholics. It is a very wonderful change—not so wonderful when understood. As Spiritualists, they learn that there are but two issues—going ahead or going back. They are not capable of going ahead, and hence at once take the fearful leap into the lap of the Mother Church.

The educated Catholics see it, too. The Pope orders Home to leave Rome. A hundred years ago he would have made an *auto da fe*; now England's strong arm stretches across the ocean to save the citizen. One or the other must go to the wall.

In Spiritualism, Protestantism has worked itself clear of Romanism; cast off creed, church, priest, and allowed freedom to all. You can never organize anything out of its elements. Its tendencies are directly opposed to organization; its aim is to disintegrate, individualize. Of Catholicism, to ignore the individual, to absorb the individual into a system—that system sacred, holy, and blasphemous to assault. Spiritualism teaches that the individual is superior to all systems; that there is nothing sacred or holy, except truth.

I say you cannot organize Catholicism, except as its supporters are drawn together by the ties of universal brotherhood. Its purpose is to disintegrate and individualize the individual.

For a moment glance at its origin. It has not, and never had a leader. No Christ, no Mahomet, no Smith, to herald its claims. Scores and thousands have arisen from obscure corners, and, as by one breath, proclaimed its truths. There are, a few instances where men have attempted to organize and lead, but always with disastrous results. It is willed by the vast motive power of this measure, that hero-worship shall form no part of its gospel. Truth alone shall be praised. You might as well take the fragmentary granite boulders of the field, and endeavor to mold them into one, as so many Spiritualists, and form them into an organization, acknowledging a creed or a leader. All the creeds in the world cannot hold them. There are no holy books for them, no holy houses, no holy days. If you appeal to their superstition, you appeal in vain.

I say leaderless. The first mediums are heard of no more. They were wonderful rapping mediums, and after serving their time, their oracle departed. A short time since one of our prominent speakers walked like Jeremiah over the departure of former workers in the field. He did not understand that men, like seasons, have their time, and afterwards wither away. The spring gives us its blooms, the summer fruit; each is good for its time.

The individual is his own priest. If he has sins, he must confess them to himself. If Christ did not die for him, God did not make Satan to torment him. What he loses here, he gains there. If he has sinned, he must work out his own salvation. This doctrine is wonderfully egotistical, and brings with it the pains and burdens of isolation. Out of such material are the spiritual ranks filled. It necessitates thought and constant warfare. It is not an easy doctrine. Do you wonder, then, that sometimes recruits go over to the other side? They are tired of the conflict. There is no certainty. The old, loved, and revered, may any day be overthrown, and wholly unexpected results

By Organization I do not mean association for general business purposes.

obtained. They go over where there is certainty and rest. Infallibility of a creed is an easy doctrine. To all questions an answer is ready—*God willed it*. Nothing unexplained; everything set at rest by the mystery of Godliness.

It is not desirable there should be organization. I think we mistake the drift of events, when we desire it.

Shall we think it desirable that Spiritualists shall have one cut of garments? The Catholic said that Catholics should have, a thousand years ago. The priests made a suit of baby clothes, and the laity have worn it ever since. They tied leading strings to these children, and have never untied them. That we consider folly. The difference between it, and fashioning garments for the present, however, is only a difference of time, not of character. Baby-clothed Catholic, or frock-coated Spiritualist—in principle the fitting of garments is the same. It is *fashioning* all men's garments after one pattern—not the pattern that is disclaimed.

A creed advocating vicarious atonement, or discrediting the same, are equally acceptable. It is not what the creed contains, it is the creed itself which we repudiate. To subscribe to a creed, acknowledges the supremacy of its doctrines to the individual. Its boundaries are those set by its makers, and yielding to it is holding one's self by those boundaries.

Such are the two great systems which now divide the world.

On one hand, Conservatism, or Catholicism, resting on the infallibility of a book expounded by infallible teachers, surrounded by gorgeous trappings calculated to excite the attention of rude natures, to stifle inquiry, it denies the right of reason, ignores the individual, absorbing all into its mass.

On the other hand, Spiritualism, the ultimate of Protestantism, setting the individual free, trampling on the traditions and mythologies of the past, and declaring MAN to be the most sacred object in the universe.

The two systems are diametrically opposed. One looks to the past; the other to the future. Which shall triumph?

Humanity never goes backward—it moves ever toward the right; for there is a Divine Power which wrenches human actions, after an omnipotent plan.

The leaf torn from the branch by autumn winds; the bird enrolling its song of gladness; the sand-grain rolled by the tide; the drop of dew on the flower, all things, from the least active of tiny life to the gigantic efforts of the elements, work after a prescribed plan, from which there can be not the least departure. So with man. He works, seemingly futitiously; but there is no chance. He puts forth his bravest efforts in the tide, striking out for this or that object, but the strong current bears him onward to a goal well known and undeviatingly approached, however unknown to him. The Divine Energy has marked out a plan, an archetype to be attained in future ages, and the Powers of Darkness, though they ally themselves to block the wheels of progress, will only find that they do so to be crushed into oblivion. They will stay it only for a time. The bringing of such opposing forces together, will of course produce conflict. They already begin to mingle in our national affairs—in the affairs of all great nations.

Spiritualism in France speaks through its past heroes, and she feels the effects of superior wisdom. It is the dawn of a new day, when departed intelligences will mingle in the affairs of men. Again, it speaks to the Czar of Russia, through a spiritual medium, and the people of the vast steeps stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific Ocean, from the Altai to the Arctic sea, feel its breath—the chains of the serf fall from his fettered limbs, and millions arise free men, ready for a glorious career of progress.

In England, the higher classes are impressive to spirit thought, and its civilization begins to glow with new vigor.

The garroted masses awake at the new voice. Priest and king feel that what they considered solid earth—earth formed of prostrate human beings, cemented together by concrete blood and tears—has no consistency, but leaves like the billows of the stormy sea? The breath of Divinity is abroad. They hear its call, and arise.

Catholicism is a child of the old world, Spiritualism of the new. The former has grown old, is in decay; the latter is in its infancy. The result is easily seen—it is not in a distant future.

The intelligence, learning, and hope of the ago are on one side; on the other, the bigotry, superstition, and darkness. Be not alarmed if men forsake the light, and return to the old. Leaders may desert the standard of the new to rest at ease in the lap of the Mother Church, or enjoy the offices she gives. These are accidents to be expected; they have no universal significance, except as they show the necessity of standing with one or the other cause. Those who are fully vitalized by Spiritualism, never can desert; with them, there is no falling from grace.

Thus marshaled, the two forces are to wage a war of extermination. Not here alone, but over the whole world, and the end, after misery and suffering, will be the destruction of all creeds, superstitions, and dogmas, the severing of all shackles, whether of body or spirit, and the production of a universal brotherhood of free men.

THE OYSTER.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcules and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Universal Alphabet. To J. M. Allen. In the Banner I read of your being engaged in a universal alphabet, and my hopes were raised. I am always happy to see any signs of progress or improvement in any department of life, and I am always ready to devote my time and energy to the cause.

Mediums in Northern Vermont. THE ALLEN BOY AT HOME—THE PAYNE CHILDREN. In company with a friend from Central New York, I visited Dr. Myron Brewster at his home and farm about two miles from the village of Morrisville, Vt. Dr. Brewster is a healing medium of well known and remarkable powers in the vicinity of his home, and is often sent for from towns many miles distant, to save patients the regular physicians cannot cure; but he has a large farm, and works too hard for the health and success he might have as a medium.

Picnic at Portage Bridge. The Spiritualists of Western New York, are to have a picnic at Portage Bridge, Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865. Portage is situated on the New York and Erie Railroad, about six miles east of Buffalo and thirty west of Hornellsville, and an excursion train is to be run from Avon at eight A. M., via Batavia, Attica, &c., to the picnic, and return at evening, at about two-thirds usual fare.

The Picnic at North Wrentham. Permit me to say a few words respecting a picnic held at Kingsbury's Pond, by the Spiritualists of No. Wrentham, on the 25th of July. As our boats floated amid the lilies, so pure and fair, we plucked those within our reach, while we breathed the dewy morning air. In the afternoon, W. K. Ripley was introduced by Mr. Richards, of Rockville. He read "The Little People," for the little folks, and then made a thrilling speech, which gave satisfaction and pleasure to the listeners.

Physical Manifestations. I shall do all I can to sustain you in getting new subscribers for the Banner, as I am well pleased with the paper. I have been a confirmed believer in Spiritualism for several years. From close investigation, I became convinced of its truth. I have had writing done by spirit-lands; have seen the hands take the pencil, and write upon a slate with a small particle of pencil, when the slate was held close up under the top of a table. We have had musical instruments tuned and played upon in our own house by spirits.

Spiritualism on the Prairies. A correspondent writing from Columbus, Wisconsin, says: "Some seven years ago a few persons on this beautiful prairie instituted circles, from motives of mere curiosity. Through their instrumentality a spirit of investigation was awakened, which still lives. Five speaking, and several healing and test mediums were developed. For five years one of the former, Bro. G. W. Tripp—coming a distance of seven miles once in two weeks—lectured gratuitously, under spirit control of a very elevated character. His health—never firm—now failed, and he was obliged to suspend his labors. The Spiritualists then hired a lecturer, Bro. J. D. Gano, who came from Pardeeville, (a distance of eighteen miles) and held semi-monthly meetings for one year. For the last six months, a few private circles have been the only sources from which we have obtained spiritual food. This is not owing to loss of interest, but from inability on the part of its supporters, for, in addition to the loss of crops last fall, in this locality, heavy taxation, town and local bores, many have removed, others were in the army."

The Indian Maiden's Message. In No. 17, July 15th, of the Banner of Light, I read the communication from Dahomey—the Indian maid—and thought that it must belong to Mrs. Sawyer—the wife of the Rev. T. J. Sawyer, of New York—as she was long since very kind to an Indian girl in her sickness and at the time of her departure for the better world. She also raised funds to have her buried in Greenwood, and to erect a monument to her memory. All of this I remembered, but I did not remember the name of the departed one. After several ineffectual calls to learn it, I was directed to Mr. Price, a former editor of the Universalist paper, and there learned that Dahomey was her name. I have marked and forwarded the paper to Mrs. Sawyer, and hope she will receive it. Yours for truth, P. C. SIMMONS. [The Embassador please copy.]

To the Readers of the Progressive Age. Permit me to see your columns, Mr. Editor, to say that it would take a small fortune to answer separately every letter I get concerning the Age and new paper with it to take the place. When I ceased publishing the Age, on the 20th of May, the new paper was to be issued by the first of June. It has not made its appearance yet. The

reason I cannot tell. The prospects now are that in a very few days it will be out. If it does not come out soon, I shall commence publishing again, or make arrangements with some other firm to supply you with a paper in its place. I yet think the Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association is all right, but it has the slows outrageously. MOSES HULL.

Which simply means, when applied to the sundry other events of life as well as to the conflicts of the war we have just passed through, that out of tough obstacles, by the help of stern and sturdy opposition, through the hard and almost exhaustive discipline of necessity, and always with the accompaniment of conflict, with its boiling passions and bleeding hearts, its tumultuous excitements and its dumb pathos, man invariably comes into the possession of a rich experience which he feels he could have got in no other way, and which he would not give up if it could be bartered for all the wealth the world has to offer him. This war of ours only serves to illustrate and intensify the great and simple truth about the matter, which crops out on the surface everywhere. It points the moral with a very great and striking force. What is true of this war is simply true of every other war.

There are also two other good test mediums of the same character in this vicinity—at South Hardwick—known as the Payne children, son and niece of Mr. George Payne, and niece and nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Tuttle, all of whom are well known in this part of Vermont as among the most honest, earnest and intelligent Spiritualists of Northern Vermont. These children, by some mistake which was no fault of theirs, have had some injustice done them, which has, however, not injured them where they are known, as every Spiritualist in this section who visited them at their home, or had sittings with them in the vicinity, has borne testimony to the honesty and genuineness of their mediumship. I have been two months stopping with their relatives, and had ample opportunity to test them, which I have done; and I can give my testimony unqualifiedly that these children are more remarkable and better mediums than the Davenport Boys were when they had been three years before the public, and better than Mr. Home was when he first went to Europe; and, taken together, the tests are as perfect and the facts more remarkable than with the Allen Boy, or, in some respects, even the Davenport's, as the music is more perfect than with any of this class of mediums which I have met, and I know most of them. These children will be before the public, and travel and give thousands a chance to test them and the presence of spirits, as soon as arrangements can be made for traveling, and those who know me can have from me a full endorsement of their mediumship, honesty and capacity for proving spirit presence and power.

There are other mediums less known in this part of the State, but who do not design to travel nor wish to be known to the public. WARREN CHASE. South Hardwick, Vt., July 27, 1865.

Miss Emma Hardinge's Lectures in New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER: Miss Hardinge has just closed her sixteenth lecture to "The First Society of Spiritualists," in Hope Chapel, New York. Notwithstanding the very warm weather, Miss H. has drawn full, and sometimes crowded houses. She has spoken on some of the most intricate phases of psychological science, and has treated them (I will not say with "supernatural" wisdom,) but with a master mind. Her lectures have been very valuable in "resurrecting from the dead" many persons who had not dreamed that there is a future life, who are now in concern of mind as to their own chances and position, and also have instructed and inspired Spiritualists to greater efforts to force the new dispensation on public attention. We feel (as the Church would say) that a revival of Spiritualism has commenced here.

I forward with this the preamble and resolutions passed unanimously and with emphasis by a crowded house of intelligent and delighted listeners, at the close of her lectures. Miss Hardinge very happily replied to the resolutions, and signified her consent to our publishing such of her lectures as we choose. I am sorry to say that we have reports of only four or five of them, which will be published in due time. For truth and human elevation, I am respectfully yours, CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

The undersigned having been appointed at the close of the lectures of Miss Emma Hardinge to the First Spiritualist Society, New York, 30th July, 1865, as a Committee to draw up some suitable expression of their appreciation of her lectures, and of the sentiments occasioned by her intended departure from our shores, would, on behalf of this Society, submit the following: Whereas, Miss Emma Hardinge has been engaged for years with great success as a lecturer in the field of Spiritualism in the United States, and especially on the subject of Modern Spiritualism; and Whereas, she has just closed her parting lecture, previous to leaving for Europe, and we feel unwilling to part with her without tendering her our sincere thanks for the grand and noble teachings with which she has delighted and instructed us from time to time; therefore Resolved, That the thanks of the Spiritualists of America are due to Miss Hardinge for her individual labors and untiring zeal in the great cause of Truth and Humanity, and that she be remembered as a benefactress to her native land, she carries with her the love, good will and kindred regards not only of this Society, but of thousands who have listened to her soul-stirring expositions of ennobling truth and appeals in behalf of the cause of Righteousness, of God, and of Humanity. Resolved, That we commend Miss Hardinge to the English public, and especially to the Spiritualists among them, as worthy of every kindly attention they may bestow upon her, and of every effort they may put forth for the furtherance of her mission of truth and love; and that when her work shall have been accomplished on the other side of the Atlantic, we will take appropriate delight in welcoming her as to our shores. Resolved, That we respectfully solicit permission from Miss Hardinge to publish such of her lectures as she may have reported, as a monument to her efforts, and highly esteemed legacy to us and to the American people.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, ALBERT DAY, GEORGE BUSH, T. C. DENNING, J. M. FISHBOUGH, WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

The recently completed census of Boston raises the number of inhabitants close on to two hundred thousand. New York City, by including several large adjoining cities which have been annexed, numbers one million.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS. This Paper is sold to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPiritUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is the catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Lessons of Struggle.

We believe, because we positively know, that Dr. Thompson hit it exactly when he said at the late commemoration service at New Haven—speaking of the war and what it had done for us as a people in respect of profound interior experience, enrichment, and expansion—that, for one, he would not be without the thoughts and feelings which the war had given him through its conflicts, troubles, sacrifices and darkness, and at last through its brilliant light, for all that he had before learned and known of the country and its institutions.

It is easy to make the application. Suppose the Rev. Dr. Thompson, or any of his friends of the same "persuasion," were told, as we now tell them, that a war of creeds and dogmas was opened already; and that it would rage so long as superstition and bigotry, canting and phariseism, and all the other practices of a mere professional religion presumed to maintain the ground which they have so long occupied to the world's hindrance and damage. Suppose, further, we should borrow his own language on the occasion we have already alluded to, and say to him and his friends and co-adjutors that in consequence of this war of creeds, this war against bigotry and superstition in their inculcations, we were all positively sure to have newer thoughts, fresher feelings, larger views, nobler aspirations, and a firmer because diviner faith given to us, which we would far rather have with this conflict than not to have without—what might we expect his and their answer to be to us then? Would they so readily see and admit that "conflicts" are good for releasing the human soul? Would they acknowledge that struggles between opposing principles are fine training-ground for the exercise and expansion of the spiritual faculties? Would they be willing to confess that out of severe and protracted fights—for they are really nothing else—the best influences are born for quickening and stimulating the human soul?

If they indeed put confidence in their own reasoning, then they will not hesitate to reply to these inquiries of ours in the affirmative; otherwise not. Which way they would choose at the present time to answer, unfortunately not a great deal of room is left for us to doubt. But the struggle which we have described is still going on, for all that. The conflict between opposing religious principles and methods is waging, whether they consent to recognize the fact or not. The fight is raging with decided fury, even though they insist on trying to still the tumult by crying, Peace! Peace! when there is no peace. The waves of this conflict will very soon be at their own doors. Even so conservative and unmeddlesome a religious organization as the Established Church of England has been reached by it, although it was the very last religious body to which suspicions of that sort would have been directed for certainly a long time to come. Much more is the certainty of the raging of the conflict in the very heart and centre of those Churches which are not timid about handling current topics that are electric from centre to circumference with life. They have been perfectly ready to take up the humanitarian, the philanthropic, the reformatory questions of the time; they cannot now beg off when it comes to free examination of their own claims to a perfect divinity. They are not at liberty to take themselves out of the way because they fear this spirit of inquiry and investigation is being pushed too far. That was the slaveholder's answer; and they did not hesitate to taunt him with it, and to retort blithely upon him.

It is because we are so well assured of the result of this struggle now going on in the moral and religious world, that we give the conflict itself so hearty a welcome. We shall all of us gain by it more than we shall lose. It will bring us a new experience—is doing so already; something that we should not have had without going through this trial of our faith. We cordially commend this view of the case, therefore, to Dr. Thompson and his friends. He and they will not decline to accept it, for it is of their own framing and advancing. Were it possible, spiritually considered, to reach the same desirable end by a different and easier route or mode of proceeding, there is not much doubt that we should all of us incline to avoid the trouble and the conflict; but the eternal laws of spirit, which are but those of God's universe, lay it down differently, and it belongs to those who would be wise as well as obedient to conform with alacrity and render our duty with cheerfulness and in a spirit full of trust.

To Subscribers.

As the time for which many of our patrons have paid for the Banner expires with No. 26 of the present volume, we hope they will renew at once. By doing so, it will save us much extra labor in our mailing department, as all names are withdrawn when the time is out, unless subscribers previously renew. It will also prevent disappointment to those who wish to continue the paper. We are obliged to be governed in this matter by our established rules.

Verifying Spirit Messages.

We have already published in these columns a letter from Mr. Welsh, of New York, reciting the story of his interview with the Demorest family, of that city, residing at No. 11 King street. The spirit of Willie Demorest had come through our medium, and, among other things, stated that his parents lived at that house in that street. Mr. Welsh gave us enough, as the result of that interview, to prove the general correctness of the message in question, and that it could have proceeded from no other being but the very one from whom it purported to proceed. Miss Emma Hardinge, likewise, made a call at the same place for a similar purpose, and had her inquiries answered in as satisfactory a manner as Mr. Welsh describes his to have been. But it was plain, in both instances, that the child's parents were afraid of confessing to the truth, preferring to equivocate on a trifling point in order to bring discredit, as they thought, upon Spiritualism, or at least to disassociate themselves from the multitudes who are believers in it.

This is but one of very many instances, in fact, where a disposition to hold back from imparting the whole truth in a case, operates to the temporary obstruction of the blessed truth, and so far hinders its progress among men. If those who choose to interpose such obstacles can readily absolve themselves to their own consciences, of course no one else can rightfully say a word; but until then such a practice belongs very properly to the commentary and condemnation of all whose souls have been opened to receive the higher forms of belief into them. If friends on earth would but be as candid and painstaking as the invisibles who seek to come to them for their comfort and happiness only, the space between the worlds would very much sooner be bridged than it is likely to be otherwise. If cooperation between the two multitudes could be brought about, all would at once be well. To deny the identity of a spirit-friend who seeks to make himself known, is indeed a crime committed against the immortal soul. The restraints of public prejudice—we will not dignify it with the name of public opinion—ought not to be respected so generally, and obeyed without even a single protest, as that the truth shall be kept down out of sight until some freak of fashion or some social accident shall make it what is termed popular. There is much to contend with in this respect, in the work of spreading the Spiritual Philosophy, but it is being overcome faster than the enemies of that Philosophy would care to be told. They cannot dam up the waters so that they shall never overflow. They are up to their attempts in the flood already.

Herewith we append a second letter which has been received by us from a New York correspondent, in relation to this Demorest matter. It confirms all that has been said before:

"MR. EDITOR—In the Banner of Light of July 23d, a message was published, purporting to come from the spirit of Willie Demorest. I called at the address given by the communicating intelligence; saw the mother, who admitted that she had a child, called Willie Demorest, who had passed into spirit-life, and that he was eight years old. But a gentleman present, whom I took to be the child's father, asked the cause of my visit, which I stated; he then affirmed that Spiritualism was false, but still inquired: "What was the name of the father?" I gave it; he denied its being correct, ending by saying "he wanted to have nothing to do with Spiritualism." My impressions are (from the gentleman's manner), that he ignored the name to invalidate the message. I am respectfully, M. R. TUCKER. New York, July 23, 1865."

John Stuart Mill.

We think better of our far-off English cousins for the election of John Stuart Mill, to represent one of the most intelligent and thrifty boroughs of the metropolis in their House of Commons. Consider the facts: Mr. Mill has been, for nearly all his adult life, a thinker, investigator, and writer on the most abstruse, political and social topics. It is not probable that one in ten of the electors of Westminster had ever seen him, or read one of his books. He did not reside among them; he had neither brilliant achievements, nor wealth, nor high connections, to recommend him; and he refused either to canvass for votes, or pay the usual expenses. He told the people frankly, "I must stick to my books, and cannot do the ordinary work of a member in answering the calls of his constituents. You must take me as you can have me, or let me alone."

But more: Mr. Mill is the champion of what are termed advanced opinions, which a majority of no British constituency is ready to accept. He is opposed to all State religion. He favors an extension of the right of suffrage to women. He holds that whoever chooses to attend a theatre or other place of amusement on Sunday evening, should be at liberty to do so. There are probably a dozen important practical questions on which his opinions are not accepted by the mass of his constituents. Yet they said, "We will be represented by him in Parliament because he is a man of ideas, a true Liberal, and has given his life to the advancement of political and social reform." And in this they were eminently right.

When shall we be able to send our leading thinkers to Congress? Not till we scout the notion that a Representative must live in the district he represents, kick "regular nominations" to Coventry, and learn how to appreciate and admire able and honest men whose opinions do not wholly accord with our own.—N. Y. Tribune.

M. D. Conway, the London correspondent of "The Commonwealth" newspaper, published in this city, has the following on the great triumph of Mr. Mill:

"MR. MILL'S ELECTION.—It is impossible to describe to you the joy of English Liberals at the election of John Stuart Mill. So bravely did he stand, so uncompromising to the crowd, so sternly resolved that he would not pay a penny, nor utter an indirection, so resolved that his most unpopular views, (e. g., on female suffrage,) should not be kept in the background, as many of his friends desired, and, on the other hand, so outrageous were the libelous and expenditures of the Tory, who bought up every public house in the city, and many newspapers, which his enormous wealth could easily afford, that Mill's election is rightly regarded as the triumph of every sacred principle. The opposition to Mr. Mill was chiefly because of his liberal religious views. The degree to which religious questions are brought into English elections, is very demoralizing, and it seems to me must at length make politicians habitual liars, unless it is checked. May Heaven save us from even such a germ of trouble and falsehood as the admission of the simplest religious phrase into our Constitution would be!"

Photographs of Emma Hardinge.

We have received a supply of Gurney & Son's highly finished and most faithful likeness of Miss Emma Hardinge, from the only sitting she gave previous to her departure for Europe. Her numerous friends and admirers can have this carte by enclosing twenty-five cents and a three-cent stamp for return mail, to "The Banner of Light, Boston."

Read the remarks of Dr. Clark in regard to the call for the National Convention of Spiritualists, which will be found on our eighth page.

William Howitt's Letter.

It has not been our privilege, in a long time, to offer to the readers of the Banner so thoroughly good, so excellently searching, so entirely plain and satisfactory a statement as to the growth and influence of the philosophy of Spiritualism abroad, as is furnished in the letter from William Howitt, the distinguished English author, in another part of this week's issue. It is a letter in reply to some anonymous and superficial scribbler on spiritual matters, who hails from Scotland, and hence is properly addressed to the Glasgow Herald. It is rapid and racy in style, pungent in many of its expressions, bristling all over with facts, and yet as candid, and frank, and honest in spirit as we all of us know the pure man to be by whose hand it was penned.

Our friends will be chiefly interested to see what a stride Spiritualism has made in France, Germany, and England, within a very few years; in the French city of Lyons, for instance, since the year 1860. They will be equally astonished, too, to discover that this beautiful philosophy of life has, for a long time, been receiving the close and devoted attention of some of the savans and most advanced intellects of the several European countries. Mr. Howitt says that he has on his shelves, besides English and American treatises on the subject, some fifty volumes in the French and German tongue, all devoted to its discussion and elucidation. So that, as a belief, it is making its way all over Europe as rapidly almost as it has done in America. Emma Hardinge will have gone over the water none too soon to meet with the popular reception her powers deserve, and to perform the service which lies within the limits of her capability.

Mr. Howitt's retort upon the cancelled correspondent who fancies he has found out everything at a single step, is not a whit too stinging for the individual himself, nor for the class of individuals who suppose that all truth resides somewhere within themselves, or certainly is bounded by them. Such intellectual coxcombs need trimming down with tingling switches just as Mr. Howitt has done it for this one. If they insist on putting themselves forward for ridicule, they must not find fault if they are seriously ridiculed. To think of a popinjay who had never seen a medium before, pretending to have found out at a single sitting that it was all of it a piece of charlatanism and nonsense! How very easy it is for some of these fellows to let light in suddenly upon our darkened world! What a pity, however, that they so often keep that light hidden till it is too late, under the thick opaqueness of a bushel measure!

Let every one of us dwell with a truly religious emphasis upon the truth which is advanced in this admirable letter—that we draw to ourselves just such spirits as are likest to our moods, our tempers, our thoughts. When we summon spirits with a view to cheat them, we may expect to be met by cheating spirits in turn. When we approach the superior intelligences in a spirit of aspiration and trust, seeking only for that which is good, and pure, and lasting, we need not fear for being defrauded by any that possess the power to respond to our inmost desire. The lesson is sometimes a hard one to learn, simple and plain as it is; but we shall have to learn it, and can do so all the sooner if we will strive to put away everything which is foreign and hurtful.

The Crops and Croakers.

It is about the time when croaking about short crops ought, in the course of things, to be heard, and, sure enough we catch the unwelcome syllables on every side. They proceed, of course, from the trade-marts, where speculators are interested in keeping up prices until they can work off such stocks as they happen to have on hand. No doubt the expectations of sanguine men respecting immense yields of grain are more or less modified, owing to excessive wet for a certain time in certain quarters; but before any final judgment can be passed on the prospect for future supplies of food, the whole field must be gone over and all the significant facts be honestly collected and collated. That has not been done yet, nor is it time to do it. If, as is reported, rust has hurt the wheat in portions of Illinois and Indiana, we hear correspondingly glowing accounts from Wisconsin and Michigan.

But even allowing that we get no more than a two-thirds crop of grain the country through; we should take issue with the croakers, then. It must be remembered that more grain will be raised this year, in the lately rebellious States, than their population can consume, twice over, were it fairly distributed. Then Canada, promises a very large surplus, which will, of course, be for export. And it is further to be considered, that what lies over with us from last year's crop is no inconsiderable amount, upon which the speculators and croakers are to-day operating with all the skill they are masters of. But Europe will not call on us next winter for any large shipments of bread-stuffs, if she does for any whatever; she is raising her own food this year, and will permit us to keep all our own till another year. So that there is no single argument left the croakers and cheats to stand on. It is wicked beyond measure that such men should have it in their power to tell a whole people that they should pay exorbitantly for bread or starve.

The Daily Press and Spiritualism.

The puerile paragraphs which occasionally appear in the daily press of this city particularly, and other journals in different parts of the country, in reference to Spiritualists, all sensible men and women pay no attention to; but scandal-loving bigots catch them up and circulate them as facts, when they are nothing but canards. Here is the last falsehood against us, which we clip from the Daily Evening Voice, a workingman's paper, printed in Boston, which we recommended to our Spiritualist mechanic friends, when the Boston press would not notice it at all:

"The Spiritualists have discovered that the eating of eggs by the medium causes the 'spirits' to come out in greater force. It adds more phosphorus to the human body, and, consequently, to the medium."

This slur first appeared in a Second Advent paper, months ago, and has just got into the newspapers. So rightly has the fangs of the credulous serpent fastened itself upon these journalists, through fear of losing popularity were they more just and more independent, that they dare not utter one single word in favor of the Spiritual Philosophy any more than a Roman Catholic dares speak against the abuses of his Church. Out upon such sycophancy! Prate not of the freedom of thought, and the liberty of the press, while you, dastard-like, crange under the intolerance of old theology.

Powerful Physical Manifestations.

Mr. Foster, at his own house in Salem, Mass., last week, in the presence of Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Foster, Judge Waters, and others, was raised from his chair and carried around the room above the heads of those present, and laid on a table opposite to the chair in which he had been sitting. This was done in the light, and visible to all present.

