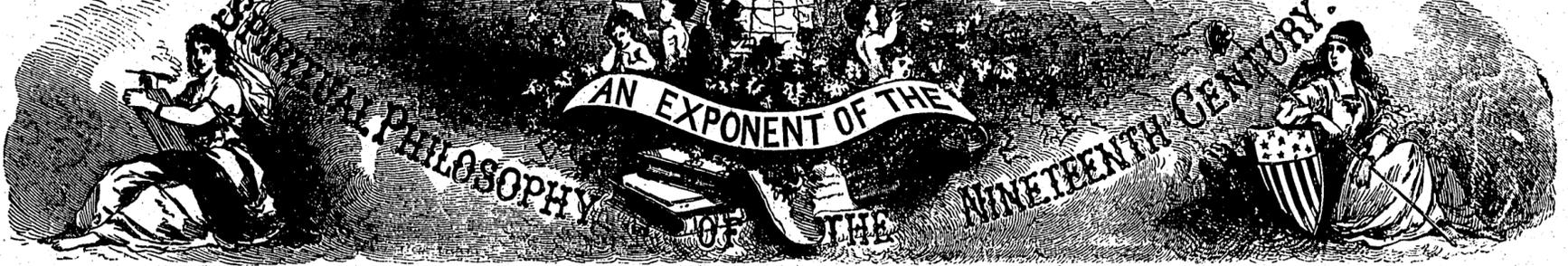


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE MYSTERY OF HINTON ABBEY.

Hinton Abbey—a secluded spot, rather known by its descendant name for what it was, than for what it is—gives that same name to a secluded rural spot, which lies some five miles from Bath, in the "hundred" of Puckle Church, and is as sweet a spot as ever was invested with the gift of a "haunted house." It might be denied, however, that the place was not so much a house as portions of an old abbey, which had its traditions nevertheless. And these naturally were made the most of.

Of the abbey itself, little stood above ground, except the portion of an old gateway, occupied (years ago, of course) by one Geoffrey Morton, who, they said, had grown mad and become a miser.

The remains of the ruins, if such can be, rose from the midst of embowering woods, or remained where they fell, a mass of *tumuli*, covered with moss, grass, and weeds, the accumulated growth of ages—while the tradition told by the elders of the small town added to the mysterious charm which up to the last invested the old abbey with attractions. For there was an old town, formerly an adjunct of the abbey, and known as "Hinton" *per se*.

The ruins of the old abbey boasted themselves—that is to say, what really did remain of them—they boasted themselves of a certain amount of decayed splendor, pretty much as a noble duke might do in his descent to the tomb. You were reminded of what it had been, not what it then was, though the children clambered about it, and though in an ancient gate-house lived one supposed to be its "curator." A curious title enough, for a curator is supposed to take some care of a place; whereas Geoffrey Morton, the curator in question, took no care at all of the place.

And so it came to pass that the place fell every day and every year more and more into decay. As if he could repair the ravages of centuries! For time, truth to tell, had played havoc with him, and he became a grim old man, whom most people shunned, caring little to have augur to say or do with him. The old gate-house he inhabited and dwelt in alone was as remarkable for its architecture as for a certain air of gloom and darkness which it wore.

Geoffrey Morton was known to have been brought up in the neighborhood—to have lived there all his life—to have, as reported, amassed fabulous wealth—to have died and "made no sign," and then stories of the marvelous began to creep out and be noised abroad.

Hinton Abbey had a proprietor, though it might be said there was, so far as the abbey was concerned, little to boast of. But like many another of those antique remnants of the past, it lay in "grounds"—it was part of an estate; and years and years ago its proprietor was a wild and profligate youth, and turned to be even worse as a man, and Geoffrey Morton was his steward, his pander, his slave, and thrived and grew rich on the fruits of his foul office. Hence what reputation he could possibly have was by no means likely to be of the best.

What especial crime had been acted in concert between these two men is not known, and now most probably never will be known. It is only hinted at, therefore, to show how Geoffrey became the tenant of the abbey gate-house, the possessor of houses in the town, the rents of which he exacted with merciless rigor, and how the proprietor, ceasing to exist, there was only a young ward in chancery left; and Geoffrey still in part managing the estates, became in a degree master and monarch of all he surveyed; and as he had the opportunity of being a petty tyrant, he was one-natured had so far gifted him; and if curses could kill a man, Geoffrey Morton would have been a dead man long before his time.

The gate-house was, as many might have thought, not the likeliest place for one so well off, so fabulously rich, even, as Geoffrey Morton; only—

Only that it suited his purpose. Now with regard to these rumored treasures. It was alleged that the greater portion of the last proprietor's wealth passed into Geoffrey's hands as the reward of some crowning iniquity. Be that as it may, true or false, and whether he had any wealth at all, he had the whole merit of the rumor, and bore black looks and muttered words with equal indifference. He had not always lived at the gate-house, as we need scarcely inform our readers. It was only when it suited his purpose that he had taken it into his head to reside there. There occurs an episode in his story, which may be placed in this present hiatus or gap, and so fill it up—which, although it does not reflect gracefully on the man's character—as how could it?—is not without a touch of pathos, and may help to give a relief to the more somber portions of this our story.

But first of all we must premise one or two things.

One is, that we do not speak, in this narrative at least, of Geoffrey Morton as in the present tense—for he is dead years before our story opens. Dead, in the second place, so long that he haunts the old ruin and the gate-house, and he has a grandson grown almost to manhood. Consequently, if we have a hero at all, it must be this grandson. And in order to account in some degree for this, we will return.

Geoffrey Morton at one time occupied a handsome house just on the Hinton Road, as you pass out of it to reach the Bath Road; and the house being one of the "grandest" in the neighborhood of the town—in the phrase of the country folk—it was not above the average size or different to the



THE DREAM OF WILLIAM MORTON GEOFFREY.

stereotyped fashion of country houses, when, ambitious to quit the picturesque red cottage style, they borrow some hideous innovation from the city or town, and create a convenient ugliness of brick and mortar at once. Something like this was Geoffrey Morton's dwelling.

He was married then, and his temper had not been soured, his nature tempered with, his cupid-ty tried, his avarice awakened, though it may be admitted that this sense was probably only latent within him. It was—next to his boyhood—the happiest period of his life.

He had a daughter, too, to gladden his household, and to brighten his eyes with her bloom and beauty. She was at this period some seventeen years of age. The man ought to have been happy, but some curse lay on him.

It was soon after this that he became more closely allied to him we shall allude to as the "proprietor" of the domain; and this alliance, while it gained to Geoffrey more confidence and trust and emolument, gradually weaned him from his home joys, gradually sapped his better ground of happiness from under his feet, gradually brought him houses and land, and filled his banker's book, gradually made him the slave and the tool of a master-devil, the proprietor, and prepared the way fast for the change that was coming.

The gradual weaning of the man's heart from his home—from all that, combined together, was to him a better angel—was now more rapidly on the increase. Having to attend upon his master, he was now oftener absent. He began to neglect his wife, to forget his daughter. His wife died, and Ruth Morton was an orphan.

He could not comprehend, and therefore could not calculate his loss. Only vaguely did he fancy that he missed something. Perhaps it was his gain instead of his loss, after all. The worse nature latent within was awakening, for he came into a small fortune—his wife had left him. This he invested. It returned him a large interest. He lent out money at usury, and his wealth continued to increase. Then he began to grow close-fisted, hard, pitiless, and a scoffer of the poor, (*who, after all, respects the poor?*) and day by day his nature was changing and indurating.

He did not remark, to his misfortune, that his daughter's nature was changing, too. Ruth Morton was a very beautiful girl, and the "proprietor" of the domain, having once seen her, was determined to possess her. In this case he could not engage the father to aid in the betrayal of his own daughter. He had recourse to other measures, therefore. These all failed. Cleverly as his schemes were laid—backed by wealth, by power, by his bold unscrupulousness—he was baffled, beaten by a weak young girl, whose strength lay in her innocence—or, rather, in her love. Yes, that gave her strength; that passion—like the budding promises of the spring—like the perfume in the flower—gave her a new life, fresh strength, and decided her. Her father had ceased to love her; at least he made no show of it, and her life was growing more than dreary; it was becoming a day-dream of fear—of fear so great that mere terror is not a name for it. She began to know that snatches were being laid for her—that her ruin, ruthlessness, was contemplated. She loved; she was beloved. A private marriage with a young man, a relative remote in kindred, but still having the Morton blood in his veins—a private marriage was the result.

Geoffrey Morton was furious, white with un-governable rage, when he heard from his daughter's lips what had occurred.

"Fool!" he hissed out, "to marry a beggar, when you might have married—ah!" and he tore his hair in impotent rage.

She had returned to him now. He had been scheming, too! scheming secretly, silently. All was over.

"Father," she said, "I needed protection and much pity. You had ceased to afford me the one; spare me a little of the other—now!"

"Pity," he yelled out.

"Yes; for my mother's sake—for yours—for mine!"

"Ho, ho, ho! In what shape, then?"

"I have no money—"
"Ha! that is the chord, is it?"
"My husband is weak from recent illness; but I married him because I was in fear—in hourly fear."

"Hum! hum! I had not thought—"
"Relent—pity me—pity him!"
"May he rot—wither like the leaves of autumn!" shrieked the half-maddened man.

"Father—oh, my father!"
"I loved you, girl—I did not know how much until now; and now I know not whether I—No matter. Listen to me, and listen well."

She noticed his whitened face—his trembling lips—his fiery eyes, and she knew too well that what he was about to say he meant.

Then at the same moment came a revulsion in that hitherto tranquil breast of hers.

Her fate was being spoken.

He was dooming himself also.

"To save you or your husband from famine or from death," he ground out between his teeth, "I would not spare a single penny piece!"

"Father!—but she did not speak in appeal.

"To spare you from starvation, I would not—"
"Oh, for heaven's sake—for your own—"
"For mine?"

"Ay, for yours!" she replied, confronting him.

"And why, mistress—why?"

"The pity you refuse you may want some day yourself!"

"Ha! ha! The probabilities are possible, but that will not alter me."

"Have you forgotten my mother?" she asked.

"It was Ruth Morton's, or rather Ruth Geoffrey's turn to grow very white, to become very tranquil now."

Ruth Geoffrey, it may be said, was her wedded name.

This change of aspects startled the man.

"Have you forgotten my mother?" she said.

"Your mother?"

"Yes."

"No. Why?"

"I am her child."

"Ah! It does not change me."

"Be it so—and so, father, farewell!" she icily replied.

"Farewell!"

He spoke with a changed voice, however, as if some sterner portion of his nature was shaken.

She had made a step or two toward the door, when the change in the tone struck upon her ear. Might it yet be possible to melt him?

singular rule of fate, while Geoffrey Morton was willing to ignore the existence of his daughter, and all belonging to her, he could not; day by day reproduced these evidences to him. He knew of the death of his son-in-law, under such circumstances as would have provoked pity in the most cynical breast. He knew that his daughter had worked, and striven, and worked her fingers to the bone to avert the poor young man's doom. He knew of her sorrow, of her anguish; he once or twice saw her pale, wan face, which tacitly reproached him with her piteous looks. He knew of the birth of her baby, and "gave no sign." He knew that she left Hinton in order to find employment elsewhere. He knew the mother died—that the child was an orphan; and that while the mother slept under the green turf at Hinton churchyard, the child was taken in charge by a charitable person; and then—then there came a blank.

At this time he took possession of the gate-house. After this, he began to wander about the grounds of the old abbey, and to look for mysterious and darkening ways to the underground portions of it, until at last he lighted on the crypts. At the first glimpse of these mysterious and remote regions—so to call them—their gloom, their dark and chilling air, as well as their darkness, awed him. Then, arming himself with lights, and calling up his fortitude and courage, he boldly entered them, explored them from end to end, until at last he had mastered them in every nook and cranny, until they were as familiar to him as his long-used chamber in the old gate-house. And, so far as suited his purpose, he found an entrance by a winding staircase connecting the gate-house with the crypts, and leading from the one to the other. Any fear that this dismal place might ordinarily create, gave way with him to one absorbing passion. He found there a huge, ancient, iron-bound chest, into which he poured all his wealth, which was now considerable and increasing daily. Trustless of all others, he withdrew his money from the town bank, and placed it with the rest of his treasures. The price of the last great crime he had committed in conjunction with his master, whatever that was, consisted of plate and family jewels, that were either given to him, found by him, or taken by him. However that might be, these went to the increase of his store. His master-passion—that of avarice—overbearing, overriding all others—even the terrors by night, the dread by day—remorse, sorrow, that corroding memory he could not destroy, but only avoid, as it were—the master-passion "grew by what it fed on," and Geoffrey Morton, the "Miser of Hinton," acquired a name, a title, a reputation, that accompanied him to the last hour of his miserable life. For that, too, came to an end one day. Nearly twenty years after his daughter's death he died. At least, so everybody said; only the mystery of the matter was that his very body had disappeared. Had he fled, or had the fiend, with whom it was said he had been in league, carried him bodily away?

Of course, the gossips now became replete with interest.

The gate-house was haunted; no one would live in that hideous place after the disappearance of the old miser; and the wreck of the few things found there betrayed the sordid spirit which had so fully taken possession of him.

Strange lights flitted across the window at night. The figure of a worn and ghastly man was seen, so many said, bearing the light, descending, as it was averred, through the floor, and then vanishing from sight.

Twenty years after the death of Ruth Morton, a fine ship was idly rocking in the Indian Seas, a breeze dropping into a calm, lulling all except the watch on deck into sleep.

Among the youngsters of the ship was a fine-looking fellow, some eighteen years of age, and entered in the man-of-war's books as William Morton Geoffrey—which, in fact, was his name. He had been on boat duty, and felt more than usually worn and tired. He went below into the midshipman's mess room, which, strangely

enough, had no other occupant, sank on a chest and fell fast asleep. And in this sleep he dreamed. A gaunt, haggard man, worn and evil-looking, appeared to him, beckoning him along a street, up to the outer wall of an ancient edifice; leading him first through an arch-way, in at a door-way, up a staircase, then into an old stone chamber indifferently furnished, though in his dream he seemed to make an inventory of all he observed. Then his ghostly guide led him by a narrow door, and down a winding staircase, stone also, till he felt a cold, damp air on his brow, and then he stood in the heart of a spacious, vaulted place, which he understood to be the crypts of a ruined abbey. It was, in truth, a weird yet striking place. The groined arches, the stretching vistas, the place which was dark yet light, the gliding figure, moved the sleeper, who still followed.

Still followed the guide, until it stood before a great, old chest, the lid of which he opened, and pointed, with a long, attenuated finger, to a piece of folded parchment.

On this parchment the sleeper distinctly saw written:

"The will of Geoffrey Morton, dated this—, 17—."

The figure vanished.

The sleeper awoke, gave himself a shake, went on deck, and in another hour had forgotten all about it.

Twelve months after, the young officer was in England—in Hinton, which, he had been told by those who had so well adopted and cared for him, was his native place; and was fast asleep under the hospitable roof of the "Hinton Arms," when he again fell into a dream. The dream was as before. The next day he took a stroll about the town, and came to the old abbey arch—way, to the old gate-house. He recognized the spot at once.

"By heavens, it must be the same!" he muttered, to himself.

He mused, and rambled about the town—went back to the inn—supped, went to bed, and dreamed once more.

This time there was a slight variety to his dream. The young man, led once more by his guide, and following as before, found himself in the crypts, a supernatural glare following as the phantom led the way, and then—

And then they stood by the chest once more.

Once again the lid of the chest was thrown open.

Once again did the young man see the writing on the parchment; but as he read, the parchment opened itself, and the youth beheld:

"Bequeathed to my grandson, William Morton Geoffrey"—the full particulars being undersigned:

"Geoffrey Morton."

The next day the youth, feeling that something must lie under the weight of this treble visitation, took counsel with the leading attorney of the town, and attended by the host of the "Hinton Arms," and one or two others as witnesses, attention was riveted upon these lines. They entered the gate-house, penetrated its mysteries, forced the private door which led to the stone staircase, lit their tapers, and descended. All this time the young officer led the way, as if he had been familiar with it from childhood. For young Geoffrey recognized everything, every corner of the room, every nook of the crypt, every devious way which the diverging and shafted alleys led to. He went direct and right at once to the spot where the iron-bound chest lay.

What made him at once start back with a cry of horror? He had advanced, light in hand, holding it over the chest, and there across it lay a half-clad human skeleton, the clothes in patches and tatters, covered with dust, and an extinguished lamp lying beside it.

The fate of the Miser of Hinton was easily understood.

The grandson took possession of the large hoard of wealth which the restless spirit of the grand-sire bestowed upon the young man.

It was evident that there was amongst the contents of the chest pieces of plate to which he had no legal right, and which were therefore restored. When what seemed a retributive justice had been done, the old gate-house ceased to be haunted; and as we have no further concern with the future careers of young Geoffrey, excepting indulging in a hope that it may have been happy, the story of the Miser of Hinton here comes to an end.—*Reynolds's Miscellany, London.*

ARE THEY SPIRITS?

When the *Banner of Light* of March 12th came to me, Mrs. K. opened it, and turning to the "Message Department," read the message from "Himie Tabbs." A lady present soon asked: "These are all Oakland people—how did they get the names in Boston?" "The spirit gave them," Mrs. K. replied. The lady was not a little surprised to find that little "Himie" knew just as well as she knew that "Uncle Oscar has been real sick." "Are they indeed spirits?" she asked again, as if doubting, yet hoping that spirits do come with love-messages to those who have only faint glimpses of the Beautiful Land.

I saw recently a little Spanish girl, ten years old. She had never heard the word Spiritualist. Her parents were Catholics. The child turned suddenly to her mother and said, "Do you see that man?" "No, child," the mother replied. "There is no man here." "But there is, mamma; and he says Felix is sick—real sick."

Felix came home in less than an hour, took his bed, and had a fever. The mother told me the incident, and said, "Do you think Kittle saw a spirit?"

At the time of the recent railroad accident in this place, two men, strangers, occupied one seat. One of them, starting up suddenly, said, "Let us go into the next car—there will be an accident

In this one." Five minutes after a collision stove the car these gentlemen had just left into fragments. Neither of the men were Spiritualists, and now wonder if spirits were watching them and warning of coming danger.

The gold recently discovered in San Diego County, Cal., has set people to wondering how any one thought of looking in that out-of-the-way place for gold. A correspondent for the Oakland News makes this explanation: He says that Dr. Wells, a dentist, was out in that region looking about. As is the custom, the doctor slept on the ground. He dreamed that there was gold in the rock under his head. Did some spirit miner come to the doctor and show him the gold under his head?

The doctor, being somewhat of a Spiritualist, and a believer in dreams, arose in the morning, with the shadow of his dream before him as vivid as was the ghost of "Banquo," and "it would not dawn." After coffee and a smoke he drew a sober sigh, and then with pick, crowbar and shovel he began to dig directly on the spot where he had dreamt his golden dream, and in just fifteen minutes he struck a well-defined ledge of gold-bearing quartz, in richness far exceeding what he had seen at the "stilly hour" at night in his golden vision. As soon as he discovered it, and was satisfied that his dream was a reality, he staked off his claim and got out about eight hundred pounds of rock and carted it into San Diego, where it now lies, and is considered by all who are good judges of gold quartz to be rich beyond description. Some of the knowers say it will yield \$100,000 to the ton; others estimate it at \$200,000, while some say less than \$200,000 to the ton. The ledge has already been traced two miles, with good prospects.

There is in San Francisco a house owned by Mr. Emil Grisar, the Belgian Consul, who is on a trip to Europe. Six very respectable men took the house during the absence of the owner. It is the custom of these young men to dine at six o'clock, and as their day's duties are ended, they remain at the table till eight o'clock, then go to the parlor for a smoke.

Last Saturday, the 10th inst., quite contrary to their ordinary, the men—all sat at the table before the usual time, till their cigars, and proceeded to a small garden-house in the rear of the kitchen. In five minutes they—in fact the whole neighborhood—were startled by a report like the bursting of a cannon. The reporter says:

"The elegant and finely-furnished parlor, with its rich green plush set, which they had seen but a few moments previous, presenting a neat and tidy appearance, was now one mass of debris. Around the floor were strewn in numerous pieces, the furniture; the marble slab of the centre-table was lying on the floor broke in two, the marble mantel-piece out of place, pictures and vases tumbled better-sheltered, all in confusion and destroyed beyond repair. The door leading from the dining-room to the parlor was torn from its hinges and hurled to the other end of the dining-room, and the legs and leaves of oak dining-tables were broken off. Indeed, the whole presented an unusual, and to the occupants certainly a most unexpected sight. The blanketing of the porch in the front of the house was torn up and scattered in all directions.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, an examination was made of the premises, to ascertain, if possible, what really caused the explosion. Lanterns were obtained, and several gentlemen proceeded to effect an entrance under the house from the street. The front part of the house is but little over two feet from the ground, while the rear part, within a foot of the dining-room floor, is about twenty inches from the ground, thus forming a small slope or elevation. Crawling on their knees underneath the house, the gentlemen after some time found a galvanic battery ten-pound powder can, on the slope in the north-west corner, underneath the parlor. This powder, it is supposed, was the cause of the explosion, but how, or with what it was set off, could not be discovered. No clue nor trace of anything was found, and no living soul could be found anywhere, so that the whole affair is still shrouded in mystery, and the true solution may never be brought to light.

In several places pieces of the floor were broken loose, and in others, the planks were raised. The parties, whoever they were, that set the trap, crawled in from under the house with their infernal machine as they could, being stopped by the partition between the dining-room and parlor running clear to the ground, so that they were unable to get under the dining-room.

The servants had not yet gone to the dining-room to clear away the dishes; in this way they, too, escaped death.

Can any one tell why these six men left the table twenty minutes before their usual time?—and why not one of them went to the parlor? Or why the servants were all out of the reach of harm? Is it not reasonable to believe—and just to say—that the angels have us in charge, and are ever watching, warning, helping?"

H. F. M. BROWN.

Oakland, Cal., March 21st, 1870.

SPIRIT PICTURES UPON TIN.

BY W. B. FAHNESTOCK.

Has it never occurred to you that the spirit pictures described by Mr. Wm. H. Wandell, are the result of clairvoyance, and that the "mind's eye" of those who look at polished surfaces of tin, etc., enter the somnambule condition—upon the same principle that it does when looking intently or steadily at anything—as is the case with those who look upon what is called an "earth glass," or the German "Eand Spiegel"?

Looking steadily at anything until the eye becomes weary, will generally induce the somnambule condition, and then they can see spirits in the dark, or upon opaque bodies, as well as upon those that are polished.

In Mr. Wandell's statement of what he considers necessary to see the pictures, he remarks that "very positive persons cannot expect to see as much as those who are doubting." In other words, such persons generally destroy the only chance they have of seeing. They will not believe anything, and thus spoil conditions at the very outset.

Does this not show that certain persons who are positive, do not see as soon as others, and perhaps not at all?

From what is stated in his remarks, the most essential conditions seem to be, quiet, and looking steadily at the object.

Now, the fact that considerable time is necessary before these pictures are seen, even by mediums, and that they, too, must look steadily before they can see them—does this not seem to prove that the "mind's eye" must fall into the somnambule condition before any one can see these pictures, and that those who cannot let the eye fall into that condition, from whatever cause, cannot see anything?

He remarks, also, about the necessity of first "magnetizing the plate before anything can be done, and that the magnetism of the human eye appears to be better than any other kind," shows how far such remarks are behind the times. There can be no doubt that the reverse is the case, and that the eye, by looking, enters the somnambule condition, and is then enabled to see clairvoyantly, and can see spirits, like any other clairvoyant.

The fact, too, that it is a common thing in many parts of the world, and by many persons even in our own state, who, by looking at an "earth glass," a mirror, a basin of water, or a "bowl of molasses," can look into the earth, diagnose diseases, observe things that are transpiring at a distance, or see spirits at will, as any clairvoyant can, is no new thing, and can be fully accounted for upon the principle of clear-mindedness.

If, therefore, the eye of any one while in a natural condition cannot see these pictures, rest assured that it is not the eye in a somnambule condition that can do so, for it will be found impossible for any one to see spirits whose eye is not in that condition.

Spirit pictures taken upon plates by the camera, are permanent, and can be seen by the natural eye

of any one at a glance, without any condition but that of looking at them.

I would much rather that the pictures described by Mr. Wandell were seen by the eye while in a natural condition, than not, and hope they were so. But let us have the whole truth.

There can be no doubt that the pictures were seen by himself and all those who say so, but I argue that it was the peculiar condition of their eyes that enabled them to do so, and that until all persons can see them when the eye is in a natural state, the seeing them cannot be considered anything new, and is a power that can only be exercised by those who can let the eye fall into the somnambule condition.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

VISION OF A PHANTOM CREW.

The following strange tale has been communicated to us by a Gloucester friend, says the Boston News, and though we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming our belief in its authenticity, yet we do not vouch for the truth of the statement as communicated to him. We have only to state that the incident, as related, was told him by one of the crew of the vessel, and when it is borne in mind that the seaman's version of the story is borne out in all its details by the remainder of the crew, the incident is, to say the least of it, startling and strange, and is only another illustration of the old quotation, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The schooner "Andrew Johnson," of Gloucester, during a severe storm last winter, collided with another schooner, belonging to Gloucester also, and sunk her. Although every effort was made to rescue the crew, there is every reason to believe that all perished.

Recently on the passage of the "Andrew Johnson" to Gloucester, she met with very severe weather, and while laboring in a gale that threatened every moment to swamp her, while the wind whistled through the rigging, emitting that peculiar moaning sound so often heard in a wintry storm at sea, while the good ship bent and strained, and creaked in every joint, and the white-crested billows poured their silvery tops in huge volumes on the deck, while seamen worked as only men can work when a thin plank only divides them from instant death, a vision appeared which appalled every sense, making the strong man tremble, while huge drops of sweat poured in crystal drops from off his swarthy forehead, making the weak shrink in awe and stand horror-struck at what seemed to them a visitation of the dead. And so it seemed, for there, stalking silently as the grave, with faces pale as the glittering beams with which Luna lights the stars, and yet with eyes that seemed full of life, though saddened with a look of reproach, appeared the crew which they had earnestly endeavored to save, months before, when their vessel sunk beneath the watery billows.

The vision lasted but for a moment, and then vanished like a lightning flash. Every one was terror-struck; for what had appeared to all must have some semblance of reality, immaterial how wild or ghostlike the vision may be.

On their return to Gloucester they communicated the above facts to our correspondent, and such as they are, we give them to our readers, who may use their own judgment in believing or not as they see fit.

We may state, in corroboration of the above, that since the arrival of the vessel at Gloucester, every one of the crew had left her, determined never again to set foot upon her.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SPIRIT DETECTION.

DEAR BANNER—As you call for facts, demonstrating our Spiritual Philosophy, I will mention one which recently occurred in this vicinity. The secular press of this vicinity have extensively advertised it, but have universally attributed it to clairvoyance, or fortune-telling; thus evading a recognition of the true origin, viz.: spirit detection. The facts are as follows: On Christmas eve last, the residence of Mr. John Dunning, of Cliftonpark Township, Saratoga Co., N. Y., was entered and robbed of forty dollars. An unsuccessful effort to obtain any clue to the thief, Mr. Dunning visited one of our spirit mediums, a Mrs. J. W. Foster, formerly of West Danville, Maine, now a resident of Ballston Spa. Mr. D. stated he had come to test her powers, and meant business. The controlling influence, an Indian styling himself "Old King," described the robbery, the amount, the thief, his dress and appearance, and where he lived. He directed Dunning to see the man, and charge him with the theft, stating the man would deny it, but he must persist and threaten him with the law, when the man would acknowledge it. Dunning was convinced. It was an exact description of one whom he knew. Returning home, he sent for the man, charged him with the theft—the man denied it, he persisted, and he then threatened him. The man finally confessed he had taken the money, had spent it for rum and various things, but would repay as soon as he could earn the money. This circumstance is doing much for Spiritualism in this vicinity, and, I hope, something for morality, too, for when the invisible turn detectives, let rogues beware.

H. D. BISSELL.

Ballston Spa, N. Y., March 22, 1870.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY JULIA H. FRIEND.

There is a realm beyond the mortal life.

Where wait for me the dear ones gone before;

A world with loveliness and beauty here;

Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more.

Oh with hushed breath and prayerful heart I stand

Close to the borders of that world of light—

And view the glories of the Better Land.

The bright, Eternal Day, that knows no night!

And angel voices fall upon my ear,

In tones of melody, so pure and sweet;

Breathing dear, loving words, that soothe each fear.

And guide in paths of peace my wandering feet.

I sometimes long to lay life's burden down;

And greet with joy that bright, celestial band;

To change my cross for the immortal crown

That waits earth's children in the Better Land.

In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vall, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany some say dish road is the best and some dat; but it do not make much difference which road we take, for when we get dare dey never ask vich way we come—and it's none of dere bizness—if our vheel is good!"

A Cincinnati lady, who recently found the gas escaping in her servant's chamber, asked her if she had blown it out instead of turning it off, and was told that she "was not so green as all that; she had only turned it on again a little, that it would be easier lighted in the mornin'."

DREAMS.—All dreams might be trusted if men would only bring their boots into a state, before going to sleep, as to leave nothing that might occasion error or perturbation in their dreams.—Plato.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wildwood;
Sweetly illustrating
The life of the meadow;
Shy as the antelope—
Brown as a berry—
Free as the morning air,
Simple and merry.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes,
Peeped from the edges,
Shielded by sun-bonnets,
Frayed at the hedges;
Up in the apple trees,
Headless of danger,
Maidhood in embryo,
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the lilly patch,
Seeking the berries;
Under the radiant tree,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms
Down "mid the dew,
No voice but their own,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interjection;
Free as the birdlings,
From the restraint;
Cuddling the purest blood,
Strengthening each muscle;
Donning health armor
Against life's coming battle!

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wildwood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue eyes spread over them,
God's grace be on their hearts,
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

Spiritualism.

Celebration of the 22d Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown celebrated the twenty-second anniversary with appropriate exercises at Union Hall, Main street, Thursday, March 31st, 1870.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting at half-past two, the afternoon exercises were very interesting. An overture by Bond's Band was followed by introductory remarks by Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, who spoke of the occasion which called the present assemblage together, referred in general terms to the progress of the cause, and invited the friends of the Association to unite with the Association in partaking of a collation at the close of the exercises.

The principal object of the meeting in the afternoon was the enjoyment of the children, a large number of whom were in attendance. After several dances, the little ones were addressed by Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, and by Misses J. C. Chier and others; and the two Misses Jenison of Waltham, Misses S. M. Adams of Boston, and Hattie Richardson of Chelsea favored the audience with songs. About two hundred children were present, and adult representatives from Salem, Peabody, Falmouth, Chelsea, Faverhill, Lawrence, Plymouth and other localities. After the conclusion of the dancing—which all seemed to enjoy—the meeting adjourned till half-past seven P. M., and a bountiful collation was participated in.

Evening Session.—The meeting was called to order at the appointment by Dr. A. H. Richardson, who said he did not propose to make a speech, as he had those present who would speak for him. In his opinion the great work in which we, as Spiritualists, are engaged, was just begun. This was the first attempt which had been made in Charlestown to hold anniversary exercises, and he was pleased to see a highly encouraging result. He was followed by introductory remarks by the first regular speaker of the evening, Miss Lizzie Doten.

Miss Doten, in commencing, said we did not need to be told that to-day was the twenty-second anniversary of the birth of modern Spiritualism, or that we were encompassed about on the present occasion by a great band of witnesses. We rejoiced not over the birth of Spiritualism, for when we looked back in time beyond the twenty-two years just mentioned we should see that Spiritualism existed then, but the truth we hold began to speak more clearly to the ear of the times twenty-two years ago. On the present occasion we are sitting in the full glow of that light which previously had been but a glimmering dawn. A new impulse had been given by it to the great heart of humanity, and this light would grow brighter and brighter, till like the glorious sun, it should fill the heavens, leaving no desolate places, no shadowy recesses, no earth which should be visited by its cheering rays. There were those who were rejoicing with us on the present occasion; these days were crowded with the fulfillment of great prophecies, and the completion of one of the grandest that the lips of strong and earnest men had uttered to-day on earth.

On the present occasion the fifteenth amendment, by whose power three or four million souls hitherto crushed down beneath the heel of despotism had become free in the nation's eyes. Some might ask if this had anything to do with Spiritualism. Ask of those who faced the fire and smoke in the great holocaust of freedom, and they will tell you that what would their answer be? They would say that when emancipated from the perishing tabernacle of clay they saw revealed the great Spirit of Freedom, and heard her voice proclaim: "All men must be free before God; and as you have battled bravely with your arms, so now battle bravely with spiritual forces against superstition, ignorance and political chicanery, till the end be accomplished." And those spirits to-day were rejoicing that the great object of their immediate labors was accomplished.

These witnesses prophesied still further. We only knew what Spiritualism has been to us individually—not what it shall be. The speaker said many had been disappointed in its unfoldments, supposing that the great law of spirit communion would by this time be more clearly defined and established in the understanding of mortals, but it still lies among the occult forces of Nature. If science were to reveal to us the laws of the "ether," I deal with facts, not fancies—there is no truth in your Spiritualism." If Mother Nature were appealed to, her lips would seem to give no reply; but surely as the sun would come and quicken into life the buds and grasses of spring, till the whole earth was carpeted with living green, just so surely should the answer come, and we should learn that there was no chance in God's government—no break in the great law of everlasting life that runs through all being.

The speaker said this lesson must be learned slowly, and in this connection the history of the science of electricity was briefly traced by her from the time when the lonely Greek, walking upon the seashore, discovered that a certain stone held in his hand and rubbed would attract minute substances to it, to the vast achievements of our day, accomplished by the slow lapse of centuries of thought and experiment. The saying of the revelator John was considered in a new light: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; and there was no more sea." The speaker thought it was not that the old heaven and old earth had passed away, but that they had been made new and the sea bridged over—that there was no more sea, no more division between soul and soul, but in its place a grand capability of endless communion.

The history of the Atlantic cable, through all its varying accidents, was traced to the culminating point of success. In this connection she made a merited acknowledgement of the services (pecuniary) of George Peabody in assisting on the work. The first cable was laid, and in operation four weeks, and yet the majority of the race considered it a failure all that time, and the messages purporting to come through it deceptions. When it ceased to operate, there were those who, with Cyrus W. Field, thought the thing was possible—that they had had partial communications through the dark but that the messages could be so no more. When individuals and nations should be thus united, soul to soul and heart to heart with the electric cord of brotherly kindness, then should

come the new heaven and the new earth, and there should be no more sea. After the successful establishment of the cable, the other oceans were successfully drawn up, though three thousand miles of wire yet had to be explored in the effort. She considered the rejoicings on board the ship, when it was secured, to be not so much that the cable was safe, as that the divine within man's nature had spoken and demonstrated its birthright to rule over land and sea.

Should Spiritualism be destined because their cables stretching across the boundless sea of ether, did not give them the fullness of their desire? No; the mighty ones in the higher land were working for them. George Peabody helped the material cable here; he would help the spiritual there! The thought of when it should be laid, which had love which was stronger than death, which had spanned the chasm of separation, with a bridge of all means to the glorious end. When the cable of spiritual intercommunication has been successfully laid, the angel voyagers would return, taking up and perfecting the one that was lost before—the mistakes and misunderstandings of years gone by; there would be then more cables than any other; these would be modes of communication resulting from perfected experience.

Some were ready to declare that Spiritualism was not a religion; but its effect upon the inner nature of many of its followers—coming, as it did, with a direct appeal to the higher qualities of our being, they did not know what religion was. Too much must not be expected of this new light of our times, when the brief period of its age—twenty-two years—was considered. Young people who were too good at the commencement of life seldom survive long. It was gradually understood that the age of Christianity—then it would be felt that the true religion was established on the earth.

I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, was next introduced. We met (said the speaker) to rejoice and mingle our feelings of gratitude to-night, one with another, as we stand and feel the great heart-throbs of that humanity which has waited for ages for the coming of this mighty deliverer whose living presence in our midst it is our divine privilege to own. We rejoice that the fact is demonstrated that our loved ones are not dead, but that we may listen to words—at least the reflex of them—which they would speak to us. The proof has come to our time, as in no other, that immortality is a fact. The speaker thought, however, that this was not the only thing involved in Spiritualism—that angels should wipe the mourner's tears away. The question was asked: "What does Spiritualism mean?" And we were bound in our lives to answer it. Spiritualism was stirring the Church, and as it never had been stirred in our times, putting its plow deep into and throwing up the sediment of Christianity, which we might see of what it was made. Spiritualism was working for the emancipation of all from the shackles of moral disease, and its work was thorough and keen. As the physician, knowing sickness to attack the weakest spot, discovers the position of the pain by the shrinking of the sufferer from his touch when the point is reached, so the great physician of the soul works deeper into the inner being than any other system of moral ethics, and probes the weak places of him who accepts its healing ministrations. It was not meet, therefore, that we should rebel against the methods which the angel-world was bringing to bear upon us. The Church said that it was not heretics, but we would agree with it that Spiritualism was dangerous to bigotry and misconception of the great ends of our being. Its mightiest power was love—the love which should teach us in kindness to seek, by angel-guidance, to emancipate the race from error and lead all souls to everlasting peace.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Cambridgeport, was then introduced. She gave a passing review of the benefits bestowed by the new revelation, whose modern advent was celebrated by the present convocation, and said we did not meet to celebrate the birth of Christ or Christmas, we desired not to be baptized in the blood of any human man, but to feel the spirit of Christ within us, which should waken our souls to a fulfilling of their divinest possibilities. Referring to the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, she said that another amendment, or an addition to the one already ratified, should be passed, giving woman the right of suffrage. She said that Spiritualists should rejoice over the practical enfranchisement of the three or four millions covered by the fifteenth amendment; it was our duty not to rest till the great end of woman's enfranchisement was also attained. Woman should claim for herself the right to occupy any attitude, by virtue of which she is enabled to attain to the highest sphere of the welfare of the human race. While Sheridan was pointing the red hand of war to the scattered Indians of the frontier, those who never slept were laboring that the red citizen should also ultimately possess his rights. She thanked God for the advent of Spiritualism, which was destined to elevate, step by step, the whole human race, till beyond the blue ether they should sing the glorious song of an endless and self-accomplished redemption!

The Chairman then introduced Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, who said that after the able remarks of those who had preceded him he felt the necessity of assistance in making a speech, and would therefore call on the two Misses Jenison, of Waltham, and Miss Doten, of Chelsea, to sing a song. The young ladies in question being brought forward, sang "Plymouth Rock" in a manner which elicited hearty applause, ending in an encore, after which Dr. Currier resumed the course of his remarks. He referred to the precious work done by the Waltham Children's Progressive Lyceum, to entertain the audience with a song. The young ladies in question being brought forward, sang "Plymouth Rock" in a manner which elicited hearty applause, ending in an encore, after which Dr. Currier resumed the course of his remarks. He referred to the precious work done by the Waltham Children's Progressive Lyceum, to entertain the audience with a song. The young ladies in question being brought forward, sang "Plymouth Rock" in a manner which elicited hearty applause, ending in an encore, after which Dr. Currier resumed the course of his remarks.

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cerned, though he did not claim to be an old worker, he had tried to do that portion of the work well that fell to him to perform. We were met to-night to rejoice in the results of the labors of the past, but not to human agency alone was the credit to be ascribed; those on the other side of the Gulf of Changes—the angels—had filled our hearts with energy and hopefulness, and aided in the overthrow of opposition, and wrought events to accomplish the triumph of our cause. The speaker then proceeded to briefly trace the discovery of intelligence in the raps at Hydesville, N. Y., twenty-two years ago, and said it was eminently fitting that the suggester of the plan by which it was done should have been a little girl. The great movements in religion and not-able of the ages past had been by men—Jesus,

Written for the Banner of Light. AN EARNEST WILL IS NEEDED.

BY MAY KENDALL.

An earnest will is needed, To battle with the wrong, To raise a fallen brother, And help the weak grow strong. To lead the young and erring, In virtue's better way, To change the night of darkness To bright and happy day. An earnest will is needed, To boldly stand for right— Though friends and foes may sneer, And right may not be light; To stand for truth and justice, And, faithful to the end, Await God's holy promise, A blessing he will send. An earnest will is needed, To shun temptation's snare, To see the lurking demon, When all looks bright and fair; And then with manly courage To bid the tempter go, And with a bold decision Be ready to say—No! An earnest will is needed, Life's daily cross to bear— Of trials and temptations That meet us everywhere; Of facts that grieve our spirits, Of words and looks so cold, That in the deep, dark shadows Our natures they unfold. An earnest will is needed, In all the walks of life, To fit us for the battle, To add us in the strife, To make us moral heroes, To give us victory's crown, To lift high virtue's banner, And sin to trample down. To work out well our mission, Whatever it may be, And thus, ourselves progressing, Aid all humanity; Then, fitted for the glory That waits beyond the shore, The cross shall be forgotten, The crown ours evermore!

THAT "SAVING FAITH"

The devotees of popular theology of all stripes, are in the habit of claiming much moral efficacy for their tenets and creeds, and neglect no opportunity to spread wide the fact of a man's moral delinquency who happens to be out of the pale of their churches. But their own eyes cover up most studiously, and shield all who may lapse and fall from grace. Especially do we poor Spiritualists have to take it, and if there is a chance for linking the name with something evil or criminal it is surely done. It is dragged in many times entirely unnecessarily, evidently with a purpose. Yet I have to learn that our record is peculiarly dark, or that, according to numbers, the ratio of crime or evil practices is higher than the average of other beliefs. Indeed, I believe it is lower. The truth is, what Spiritualists do, comes out, there is no cloaking or hiding; but others are shielded, and their misdeeds kept as much as possible from the public eye. For instance, a few years since, the pastor of a church, not a thousand miles from this city—quite a popular church—was detected, disguised in a slouched hat, creeping through a gateway leading from a lane, into the house of one of his parishioners, whose male head was away and had been for some time. It came out that his visits of this kind had been frequent; yet this man of God was not silenced, but Conference permitted him to maintain his relation to it and the churches, he having to remove to another field, and nothing more. With a Spiritualist, such an event would have been a "nut to crack," for the churches and their adherents, and the fact would have had the run of the religious press of all denominations. Thus it is that these shortcomings of church members and ministers do not get before the world. If they did, the general sentiment would be that something was "rotten in Denmark."

But I am making my introduction to the incident I designed to call the reader's attention to, altogether too long. The readers of the Banner probably remember the awful murder of the Peightal family, near Huntingdon, Pa., last November. There were murdered an old man sixty-five years of age, his wife, sixty years, and an orphan boy. The deed was perpetrated most atrociously, and exhibited a deep depravity. Two persons were arrested, tried, convicted and hung March 9. Gottlieb Bohner, one of the murderers, manifested considerable bravado pending his legal choking, and was ministered to by a divine who remarked that he felt his labors to make the condemned man repent had not been in vain. Bohner being a German, it was noticed about that he was an infidel; but this he stoutly and indignantly denied, stating that he believed in God and eternity, the latter probably comprehending an endless hell with its molten lava of burning brimstone. So Orthodoxy must take this man, stained as he was with blood, as one of its own. He was no infidel, no Spiritualist, but a "simon-pure" believer in Orthodoxy.

Thus we shall find the world if we sift it, and the statistics of our prisons of all kinds will show that the inmates are mainly of those who have been in early life under evangelical, hell-fire teaching. This is a melancholy fact, and exhibits the moral impotency which inheres in the popular theology. Its efficacy is entirely mythical, and did man not have an inspiration to good from other sources, the moral leprosy would be terrible to contemplate. If morals came only through the churches and their creeds, the earth would be a worse pantomimic than Dante or Milton ever pictured. Mankind would become fiends and devils. That it is not so, is only owing to the fact that with all the poison injected into the mind, there has been an antidote at hand: the teachings and inculcations of brave souls who have seen the necessity of counteracting the virus so studiously and persistently distributed.

We never can hope to reform the world by theology and the popular moles of faith. There must be something higher, holier and more purifying to hold men to the line of rectitude. If the past is to be our guide, hopeless indeed is our estate. But there is no need of desponding. Spiritualism is the panacea which must redeem the world and elevate man. Its genius is reformatory, and its principles elevating. Let us, then, labor on in hope; and though the path be thorny, remember that others are to come after us who shall take up the work where we lay it down, and lift humanity far above our present conceptions. The hour demands activity; be we all ready for the duty.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR. Providence, R. I., March 28th, 1870.

Maclavel says, "War is a profession by which man cannot live honorably, an employment by which the soldier, if he would reap any profit, is obliged to be false, rapacious and cruel."

WISCONSIN.

Christians, Infidels, and Spiritualists in Conference.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is more than two years since the Spiritualists of this city opened a hall for free oratory conferences upon the subject of religion. When the papers fairly fairly faced in Conference, it was found that the real opponents were the Infidels and Christians. One said the spiritual revelations of the Bible were falsehoods, the other, truths; between these belligerents the Spiritualists stood to keep order and state the proved spiritual facts of the day. At each weekly meeting the opponents met and reasoned together with all the zeal and knowledge a person being they were right and their opponents are wrong, and they would demolish every argument and position taken against their views. And with senatorial dignity, they sometimes in their earnestness attempted to annihilate their opponent with his argument. These vehement outbursts in imitation of the holy anger of the Christian's God were checked by the chairman in the most kindly manner possible, so that the real arguments might be heard. A month after month rolled past, and the conflict continued; most of the meetings were orderly, many of them boisterous, but all useful to the earnest searcher after truth, because they indicated the public mind on this absorbing subject. How Christian brutality was excused by Christian love; how Infidels would destroy religion, and leave the people without an object to worship, and how the Spiritualists were the only unadvised ones in the conferences would hurt the cause. They were sometimes with the Christians battling for the special manifestations of spirit-power; sometimes with the Infidels showing that the Bible was not the word of God more than other books. In about eighteen months the Christians withdrew from the contest, after learning that the authors of the Bible were not known, and also that it was not a moral guide, because of its contradictions, and that it had been so altered by Jews and Christians, that the original meaning could not be made out, as none of the original manuscripts were to be found. Then the Infidels and Spiritualists met face to face, the conflict was earnest, orderly and forbearing, generally. But soon the Infidels began to lose interest and left the work of the conference to raise his voice, and in the most versatile and charming speaker of them all.

In one thing the Infidels and Christians agreed; and that was, in the abuse of witnesses to the facts of spirit manifestations. "Professor Hare was in his dotage," they said, but no want of mental acumen could be pointed out in his experience. The testimony of witnesses noted in Dr. O'Brien's "Fall" were the proper authorities was by deluded persons, but no proof of it could be pointed out. Persons who had seen D. D. Home's fire tests, his being lifted up and carried about a room, and out of it through a window and brought in at another, were valued. Their five senses and reason were of no value to them in detecting errors. And finally the Infidels said that such testimony hung witches. To those who replied that it was not receiving such testimony that witches were hung. Where the proof of spirit manifestation is received, the witch delusion soon vanishes from people's minds. Many opponents say they believe Spiritualism to be true, but that "the physical manifestations are a humbug." These phenomena give us knowledge instead of belief. This every sensible person wants, to correct the errors of the age.

These anti-Spiritualists know that knowledge is power; and the general belief in our spiritual facts will give great power to the Spiritualists, and many of them would prefer to see present civilization pass away, and barbarism established in its place, to seeing Spiritualism the ruling religion among an enlightened people. Many free religionists seem to occupy this position, and would prefer the bloody orgy of the middle ages. Thus you see them opposing our knowledge, and the Southerners did the witnesses that freedom was better than slavery. All history points to one result of the abuse of witnesses of truth; that is, relentless, bloody war. Those who hate these witnesses say let them die the death of martyrs, rather than have our beloved faith disturbed; and those who love them, say let the ceremonial falsehoods perish with their worshippers, rather than the witnesses to truth. So when the witnesses of false gods are made mad, their destruction is near and the battle begins. Let all American citizens take warning from the results to the Southerners, who abused and killed the witnesses to the truth, and learn that the false shall perish, and the true shall live and be triumphant in this country. H. S. BROWN, M. D. 425 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

KANSAS.

Notes from a Lecturer.

DEAR BANNER—From Northern Missouri I wrote you last, where the interest in our cause is steadily increasing. The eagerness of the people kept me upon the rostrum each successive evening, till from over-work and over-exposure my health gave way, and I was compelled to accept a few days of grateful quiet and rest to recuperate. Having strength restored, I am out again in this broad and fertile West, where the atmosphere is pure, generous, liberal, though critical land of promise—the growing West. Verily "opposition is the life of business"; so persecution is the promoter of success. Wherever the churches come out in rank abuse, our philosophy takes a deeper hold, as I found on returning to Savannah, where the absconding reverend who disappointed his audience and failed to be before the meeting on Spiritualism till a more convenient season, had taken the time, while I was in an adjoining town, to heap anathemas on Spiritualism and its advocates, particularly directing his remarks to the "woman who had a familiar spirit," and who taught such a "damnable doctrine as to bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the listener." &c., till the people were aroused to a degree of indignation, and demanded a reply. I gave them, and sent a challenge to the reverend, to meet me in public discussion, &c. He has left for parts unknown.

Here I found the people ready for the second course of lectures, after which, bidding good-by to many friends, I journeyed on, halting for a day with Dr. Grasmuck and family, at Weston, Mo., an earnest and zealous worker in the cause, though whose efforts have been the cornerstone of a freer and better religion than the tyranny of the old.

Next lecturing at Olathe, Kansas, where I found a few true and tried, and the ever-welcome Banner of Light and Religio-Philosophical Journal household words.

My first lecture was largely attended. My second was on Sunday evening, with every church in session, yet many found it impossible to get into the densely crowded hall, so they waited on the outside, till the crowd adjourned to a larger one. Although the weather was the worst of the season, the interest abated not to the last of the course of lectures.

From Olathe I went to Gardner; gave two lectures to good audiences, and returned to speak before the Temperance Society, in the M. E. Church—not without some wide feeling of bitterness and prejudice manifested by some of the brethren, who evidently were a little piqued when, instead of standing in the lobby—as was hinted me to do—I walked straight into the pulpit, feeling quite at home, and as the ever-present elegancy were on this occasion all out, began the exercises by the customary preliminary of prayer, or invocation, to the evident consternation of many in the gallery, and when will the time come when charitable and humane efforts may be recognized as helps to reform, whether they come in priestly robes or in womanly garb?

What bitter thrusts blind superstition deals! This temperance reform needs all its workers, and yet the Church says, "Let the credit be given to us." The crowded hospitals during the rebellion called aloud for the soothing hands of sympathetic women to bring back the waning lives of invalid heroes, and restore them to loving arms in the far-away homes, and yet these mercies, when given, were recognized only as church offerings, till late and near the closing of the war.

I shall not forget how, even though I gave one year of my life to this sacred ministry, I was even denied a sanitary commission, because not recommended by any church, thereby being debarred from receiving the small pension Government granted to the faithful nurse; but it has not de-

prived me of the glad greetings of many whom I meet in my wanderings "home from war," who blessed me for my care; nor shut out the freed spirits of the many whose sad eyes looked their last earthly look into mine, now blessing me "for the silent river."

"Am having large audiences here at Fort Scott, where I came direct from Olathe. I am a great success here, by answering the demand of the people to "show us a sign," delineating character, rehearsing personal events, describing spirits, &c., at their close, with sufficient accuracy to arouse the suspicions of the audience, (who are skeptical), that some one has gone over the different places in advance, and posted me in regard to facts, &c.

Thine ever in the work, ANDRE L. BALLOU, Fort Scott, Kansas, March 25th, 1870.

ILLINOIS.

Matters in Chicago.

Our enthusiasm burns as brightly as ever for what we conceive to be the truth, and for it we are as ready as ever to take up the gauntlet in its defense. We are gratified by many of the spiritualistic movement in Chicago, "dying out"; but the facts we were never so strong or efficient as now. With an organization formed in compliance with the laws of the State with the name of "Chicago Progressive Lyceum," efficiently officered with those enthusiastic in the cause, our prospect for a glorious success in the future bids fair almost as bright.

Our Lyceum, the nucleus around which at present the spiritualistic and liberal element of the city gathers, was never in a more prosperous condition. The officers and leaders for the present year have just been elected, the Lyceum reorganized according to the plan adopted, and is now in harmonious working order. Everything goes on without a jar. It has steadily increased in numbers and efficiency since its organization. The only drawback in the want of a hall. Hall rent is a serious burden. Many here are beginning to realize this, and already the agitation of building upon the joint stock plan, such an one as shall be an honor to the society, has begun, and we doubt not that the final result will be its erection. It requires work, however, and we believe there are not only those here who will do their full share of the means for a hall.

The Chicago Lyceum, an institution which for some time was under the control of the Young Men's Christian Association, but which they abandoned as an organization as soon as it became apparent they could no longer control the discussions and keep them strictly to the Orthodox line, has given an opportunity for the outside world to learn at least a few of the things which the Orthodox doctrine is. And shortly after we announced the subject: "Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is productive of more harm than good," and gave the Spiritualists fair showing with the opposition. Henry Slayton, Esq., a promising young attorney of our city, met the champions of Orthodoxy, and by a vote of the audience, the chairman with them, who was much surprised to it, according to his society. It has been decided that the society that has announced the subject: "Resolved, That modern Spiritualism is productive of more harm than good," and gave the Spiritualists fair showing with the opposition. Henry Slayton, Esq., delivered an able lecture on "Spiritualism and its Philosophy," reviewing its rise, wonderful progress, and the doctrines it teaches. Ira Porter, on Sunday next, lectures on the Social Relations. He is an able man, of much force and original thought. Emma Hardinge lectures on June and July, Mrs. March 30, 1870. JOHN T. BLISS.

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held in the Horticultural Hall, Boston, last week. A business meeting was first held, at which the following list of directors were elected for the ensuing year:

Directors—George T. Angell, Russell Sturgis, Jr., George Tyler Bigelow, Henry Ballston, W. W. Morland, Thomas Motley, D. Stale, George Boyes, Thomas Conery, Franklin Evans, John Reed, William G. West, William Angell, Joseph B. Glover, John J. Fay, Frank B. Fay.

At eight o'clock a public meeting was held, which was attended by a large audience. His Honor Mayor Shurtless presided, and opened the exercises with a few appropriate remarks. He then called upon the Secretary, Hon. Frank B. Fay, to read his annual report, an abstract of which we give below, which shows the good the Society has already done.

The report opened with congratulation that the influence of the society is so marked after but two years of existence. Few could fail to see the result of the society's work in the improved treatment of animals. One had now but to raise a warning finger where formerly expostulation at cruelty resulted only in abusive words to the party interested. But while much had been done in this respect, the society felt that it had also lessened cruelty by informing the people and awakening their sympathies, believing that to be a more thorough method than a purely aggressive policy. Notwithstanding the decrease in the amount of cruelty and the society's lenient policy, seventy-seven cases have been prosecuted during the past year, the classes of which were as follows: Beating horses, sixteen; overdriving, fourteen; neglecting horses, thirteen; maiming disabled animals, thirteen; starving horses, four; bagging cows, six; cruelty in transportation, six; failing to provide shelter, four; cruelly killing, breaking and stabbing, seven. Convictions were obtained in fifty-three cases, and the parties were either fined or sent to the house of correction. These cases show but a small proportion of the work performed, as many cases are involved in the courts, and the society is often obliged to convict. It is estimated that at least a thousand cases have received attention in Boston and vicinity, and a very large number by the one hundred agents in various parts of the State. And yet much remained to be done. Within a short time the society had prosecuted a man for beating a horse to death with a fence rail; others for beating with a cross-bar and cart-stake; another for building a fire under a horse, another for piercing a horse with a pitchfork; and during a late snow storm a Brighton butcher left his cattle in a yard two or three days without shelter, when the thermometer was but ten degrees above zero. If cost him seventy-five dollars and costs, however. These cases were mentioned to show that there is still need for the work of the society.

The secretary then discussed the subject of the transportation of live animals, and the cruel treatment to which these unfortunates have been subjected. The horse-car question was also considered, the secretary saying that the society was ready to undertake a test case, but that it did not want to make a failure—a result pretty sure to follow, because of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient evidence. The society would have to prove that the horse-car and low-wheeled over a freight of over fifty passengers, and if that was done, the hostlers, driver and conductor would testify that the horses did their usual work next day, and were neither disabled nor apparently weakened. The importance of some improvement in pavements was next alluded to, and it was stated that an able engineer estimated the loss on horse wheels and horse-shoes in the city of Boston at \$56,000,000. The bleeding of calves for veal, the secretary announced, had been stopped at Brighton on account of the society's circular, and it was believed was practiced only to a limited extent elsewhere. The practice of clipping horses was deprecated, though not exactly condemned, but the use of the check-rein was denounced as simply a ruse to appearance's sake. Attention was then made to the blessings of drinking fountains, after which the secretary gave a shot at shooting matches, and briefly condemned vivisection. On the subject of horse-shoeing reference was made to the offer of prizes by the Scottish Society for essays on horse-shoeing as connected with the comfort and soundness of the horse. The clipping of dogs' ears, the application of muzzles, was also alluded to. Special mention was made of the opportunity the secretary endorsed Mr. Angell's views in a recent letter on the formation of a ladies' humane society in England. A brief allu-

sion was made to the absence of the president and his work in Europe. On the head of money, it was stated that but for the advance payment for 1870 from members and subscribers, the treasury would be empty, and the amount on hand was sufficient to carry on the work but a few weeks longer. In London, New York and Philadelphia the societies were the well-to-do, and Boston was not wanting to be blind in good work. While the society wished long life to all friends of animals, it was suggested that when they did die, as they must, bequests would be gratefully received. In conclusion, thanks were rendered for the assistance of the press and the police, and to the few representatives of the pulpit who have held up the cause.

ANDRE L. BALLOU, Fort Scott, Kansas, March 25th, 1870.

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

From the American Spiritualist. REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND: Being experiences, scenes, incidents and conditions, illustrative of spirit-life, and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King. Boston: Wm. White & Co. Mrs. King is no stranger to the readers of spiritual literature. From the first her inspiration has been progressive, and we always write of her last production as the best.

We cannot endorse all this volume contains, for the arbitrary divisions in the spirit-life into circles, Hydropes, The Great Harmonium, is to be read by the banks of the Volga, having been just translated under the malign influence of Mr. A. Aksakof, a St. Petersburg, into German, and being, therefore, inevitably to be translated into the Volga tongue of Muscovy. What, at this rate, is to become of the blessings of barbarism? It has been one of the chief boons of being a Russian that the works of American seers were sealed into inaccessible to you. But now that the wall is once down, the Russians will inevitably have Selavon, Davenport and Homes, and all the gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire which have followed in the wake of A. J. D. in his native land. From all these things they have been hitherto preserved. Poor Russians! they have been, like Virgil's rustics, too happy if only they had known their happiness. But the notorious industry of Aksakof, has opened the floodgates of misery. It is like to say that, though you may bring the Muscovite steed to the water of Spiritualism, you cannot make him drink. The same perverse malignity which inspired Aksakof to edit will inspire other Russians to peruse. The tables of Moscow will flip. The pedal digits of Petersburg will crack resonantly, and the exchange list of The World will grow under the grievous burden of a publisher's name. Henceforth, the low earnestly will be so remote as to be beyond the helpful power of the happy and misery-making helium.

From the New York World, March 31. Andrew Jackson Davis has spread farther and faster than Horace, whose highest expectation was to be read by the thin Danube and the fabulous Hydaspes. "The Great Harmonium" is to be read by the banks of the Volga, having been just translated under the malign influence of Mr. A. Aksakof, a St. Petersburg, into German, and being, therefore, inevitably to be translated into the Volga tongue of Muscovy. What, at this rate, is to become of the blessings of barbarism? It has been one of the chief boons of being a Russian that the works of American seers were sealed into inaccessible to you. But now that the wall is once down, the Russians will inevitably have Selavon, Davenport and Homes, and all the gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire which have followed in the wake of A. J. D. in his native land. From all these things they have been hitherto preserved. Poor Russians! they have been, like Virgil's rustics, too happy if only they had known their happiness. But the notorious industry of Aksakof, has opened the floodgates of misery. It is like to say that, though you may bring the Muscovite steed to the water of Spiritualism, you cannot make him drink. The same perverse malignity which inspired Aksakof to edit will inspire other Russians to peruse. The tables of Moscow will flip. The pedal digits of Petersburg will crack resonantly, and the exchange list of The World will grow under the grievous burden of a publisher's name. Henceforth, the low earnestly will be so remote as to be beyond the helpful power of the happy and misery-making helium.

From the Tri-Weekly Publisher, COSMOLOGY. By George M. V. Ramsay, M. D. Boston: William White & Co. This is the title of a finely printed and bound work of 264 pages, of a purely scientific character, treating mainly of planetary motions and the laws which govern them. While we confess our inability to give a critical opinion in regard to the actual merits of such a book, simply because we have never studied the vast and grand subject upon which it treats, we have derived much pleasure from the perusal of the various topics discussed, embracing twenty-three in number, commencing with "Matter without Origin," and closing with "Infinity." All are handled with apparent care and ability. The price of the work is \$1.50, postage 20 cents, and we commend it to all who take an interest in one of the grandest subjects ever presented to man.

From the Universe. REAL LIFE IN SPIRIT-LAND. By Mrs. Maria M. King, authoress of the "Principles of Nature," &c. Boston: William White & Co. New York: The Universal News Company. It is continually objected to spirit communications that the spirits of the great and famous who renew, by this method, their intercourse with us in the body, say nothing worthy of the reputation they had earned in their earthly condition. Is not this criticism founded upon an entire misapprehension of the nature of genius, or that talent for expression or action which earns the reputation of a great doer? To their contemporaries, these men were plain; matter-of-fact individuals, and fame has come to them by that which the poet has expressed, that "it is distance lends enchantment to the view." The change which death has produced in them we can only know from ourselves, and those who exhausted certain powers and faculties in particular directions, while existent here, may well have changed their mode of development in an entirely new phase of existence. If we meet a great man of the present, one of our contemporaries, are we not sure to be disappointed, and to lose that overshadowing reverence with which fame invests the unknown? How then can we expect it to be otherwise with their spirits, when we know that the life of the spirit-world is, in the main, subject to the same laws as this? Emerson says: "If we should meet Shakespeare, we should not be conscious of any superiority, but of great equality; only he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked; for notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce anything like Hamlet or Othello, we see the perfect reception this wit and immense knowledge of life and liquid eloquence finds in us all."

There is really no such difference among men as is commonly supposed, and opportunity makes more reputation than extraordinary merit. The book before us has suggested these thoughts, as it is an account of conditions in the spirit-life which, when reasonably considered, bear the marks of truth.

From the Waverly Magazine. EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY ON CLIMATE.—Some years ago, Andrew Jackson Davis, since known as a great light in the modern movement known as Spiritualism, made a series of scientific experiments in Hartford. If our memory serves us right, publishing several letters on the subject, which we believe were finally incorporated into a book, claiming that rain or dry weather could be produced at will by the aids of electricity and other means which he explained at length. But for some reason the subject was never acted upon by other scientific men, and the matter has since been probably forgotten by almost everybody. But a writer in one of our daily papers advances a theory that seems to be of the same nature as that first advanced by Mr. Davis. "The writer spoken of, says that the railroads and telegraphs all over the country seem to be exerting a remarkable change in the climate. Whether they have had anything to do with changing our own New England climate from its rigor of a quarter of a century ago to the mild winters we now frequently enjoy, he does not say; but he thinks that the absence of the terrible thunder-storms of former times must be attributed to the iron rails which touch and cross each other in every direction, and serve as conductors and equalizers of the electric currents, preventing the terrible explosions which terrified us in former years. The telegraphic wires which accompany the iron rails everywhere, also act an important part in diffusing electricity equally through the atmosphere, thus preventing the occurrence of severe thunder-storms. He also says that the opinion seems to be gaining strength that the Pacific Railroad is working a great change in the climate of the plains. Instead of continuous droughts, all along the railroad, rain now falls in refreshing abundance. The result has been remarked upon in other sections of the West. In Central Ohio, for example, it is said, the climate has been entirely revolutionized since the iron rails have formed a network all over that region. Instead of the destructive droughts formerly suffered there, for some four or five years there has been rain in abundance—ever more than enough to satisfy all the wants of farmers. This change is thought to be the result of an equilibrium produced in the electrical currents, which has brought about a more uniform dispensation of the rain.

[Mr. Davis's ideas on the subject alluded to by the editor of the Waverly Magazine are fully expressed and illustrated in the little work entitled "The Harmonium Man" in our catalogue of books.]

Correspondence in Brief.

Lowy. WORTHINGTON.—E. S. Waterman, under date of March 11th, writes: I have been a constant reader of the Banner of Light, I think ever since it was published, and I must say I prize it above all other papers. It has been my meat and drink in a spiritual sense. I could not do without it. An exponent of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism it stands unrivalled. Three years ago, when I came here, there was no paper taken advocating the Spiritual Philosophy. I immediately sent for the Banner of Light. Soon after I sent for two others. We read our papers, then gave them to our neighbors. We gave them many of our ideas, until they began to inquire, and to say, "We desire to know of this new doctrine; it looks more reasonable than any system of religion we have ever heard explained," and as they became interested in the new, the old grew more objectionable and absurd, and the cry came up from the masses, "Give us of your spiritual food. Where are your lecturers?" We want to hear them; we want to know more of this Spiritual Philosophy; we hope it is true, it is so beautiful." The few believers here, after consulting together, came to the conclusion that the soil was fitted for the good seed, so we sent for a seer, in the person of Mrs. Maria M. King, and she came, and she not only did so, but she fulfilled her mission. She spoke four evenings, and she filled her listeners with the light of truth, and she made our homes. Notwithstanding the nights were dark and rainy, and the roads extremely muddy, people came from one to four miles, and filled the hall to overflowing. I will say, in the language of another, "the common people heard us gladly," with a few Orthodox Pharisees, who make long prayers, said, "She hath a devil." How like the past is the present! While the angels from the higher spheres were sending words of consolation to the suffering heart, and pointing humanity everywhere to look for the fountain of purity, as Jesus did, like the Pharisees, religious bigots cried out, "Away with her—she hath a devil." I will say that Mrs. Waterman proved herself a laborer that need not be ashamed of her fatigues, and she who are blessed with her ministrations. Shee she was here we have had three lectures—once by Fanny T. Young, one by Dr. Woodcock, and one by Lois Waterbrooker—all to good audiences, although on very stormy nights, and their remarks were listened to with close attention and evident interest.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—Mrs. P. H. A. Pike writes (March 18th) that there is a great lack of spiritual nourishment among the few souls here who have accepted the broader views of our philosophy. She says: Not a lecturer, or medium of any kind, presumes to come this way. As you have given over; but I suppose we may take the blame to ourselves. Mine, I think, is the only Banner of Light that comes to this office, or at least that is taken in the city, and the post-master has said to my husband, "And you assumed to have any kind of business with me, but I have not a horse on my table, and circulate it among all that will read it, and I find less objection than formerly. I know that there is a good deal of the right element here, which a religious and a faithful lecturer would do well to address. I pray that the dawning light might arise upon this pestiferous people. I have so wished that sister Hardinge would come among us. Would there not be a shaking and a stirring of the dead? But it seems to me to ask—the best who for the first day of the feast, and yet if in her tour West she should come in this vicinity, I hope she will not pass us by. This place is on the railroad, twenty-five miles from the Missouri River, and the railroad connects with the Missouri River, fifteen miles below Council Bluffs. If she cannot come, will not some one who feels competent, and has the confidence of the friends, undertake the task of enlightening this people in our new and beautiful philosophy?"

KANSAS. GARDNER.—Alfred Taylor writes: Mrs. Abbie L. Ballou has been delivering a course of lectures in Olathe, Johnson Co., Kansas, and also at Gardner, eight miles southwest, to crowded houses, upon the Spiritual Philosophy; and as a pioneer in a new field she meets with perfect success, making her facts and illustrations so plain that all will understand and grow. Since the late Olathe the brethren have taken steps for a permanent organization, to employ lecturers in the future, to the lamentable grief of the Orthodox brethren. From what I have observed in different parts of the country, the work which is going on here, is much to be desired. If the friends live up to their glorious opportunity, Emigration from all parts of the country to Kansas is immense, particularly from the Middle States. The mind is liberal and receptive, and if the truth be told, the land is healthy and growing and fertile in the truest sense of the word. New comers to a new country are imbued with fresh aspirations, both temporal and spiritual, and seek broader fields and greener pastures. At Topeka, Lawrence, Manhattan, Fort Scott and Hopedale, all in Kansas, there are several liberal and spiritual organizations. At the latter place the friends have built for themselves one of the best halls in the State, and beautifully decorated it with a variety of pictures, selected by the women. Mr. Abbott, in Olathe, is to be lectured on the subject of Language, in the Kansas State Railroad, and Mrs. M. M. King, in Gardner, Kan., has been lecturing during the winter at Leavenworth, Kansas City, Topeka and Lawrence, with good success, and I think, although a Western man, his talents will compare favorably with the leading lights of the old Bay State.

WISCONSIN. BOSCOBEL.—Mrs. Wright, in a business note, says: In this section of country sectarianism holds the people fast, and will not listen to anything that conflicts with their particular theory. When I speak to any of them on the subject of Spiritualism, they are so prejudiced that they can believe in such "nonsense." My wife was a strong Roman Catholic when we married, in 1841, and I was a believer in Spiritualism, and a reader of spiritual papers when I could get them. Now, I am happy to say, my wife is also a strong believer in Spiritualism.

A Card Extraordinary. To the American People, Greeting. I am commissioned to present the name and address of every person in the United States who takes a friendly interest in Woman's Emancipation. In order to compile this roll of honor, I hereby request every such person, immediately on reading this announcement, without waiting for a return, to send to me, by mail, the following: Name, address, occupation, and the name of the newspaper in which you are published. I will render a helpful service, if three thousand American newspapers will oblige a brother editor by generously printing this card in their columns. The purpose of this registration is to know to whom to send important documents. Friends of the cause are urged to send their names as early as they can, so that their letters will be filed by a snow-storm. Sign at once. And the day will come when your children and children's children will be proud of the record.

Editor of the Independent, Box 275, New York City.

Notice. Oshover Peoria, Fountain Co., State of Indiana. At a meeting of the Progressive Friends, we, the committee appointed to draw up a statement in reference to the department of Sister Mary Thomas Clark, during her late troubles with Dr. Wesley Clark, beg leave to state that the whole proceedings, in Court and out, have been a disgrace to our worthy sister, and entitled to all the privileges she has heretofore held in our Society, and that she is in full fellowship with us. (Signed) A. NEWBURN, ELIAS BROWN, J. C. BOYD, DR. WHITEHEAD.

Passed to Spirit-Life. From Cameronville, Madison Co., N. Y., March 7th, Benjamin Ingraham, aged 75 years.

In the death of Mr. Ingraham the poor have lost a friend and helper. He was charitable, humane and kind in all the relations of life, and alive to all the needs of the poor. He was a true religiousist, but not a bigot. He saw and acknowledged one God as the Father of us all, and all mankind as brothers and sisters in one, and he loved to be a link in the chain of love and affection, and to be a blessing to all who were in need of his help. He was a true friend, and he was a true helper. He was a true man, and he was a true Christian. He was a true soul, and he was a true spirit. He was a true heart, and he was a true mind. He was a true life, and he was a true death. He was a true man, and he was a true Christian. He was a true soul, and he was a true spirit. He was a true heart, and he was a true mind. He was a true life, and he was a true death.

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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, Southampton Row, Lombard Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

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L. DICK COLEBY, L. W. B. WILSON, LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.

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"Dying Out."

That is the worn phrase with which the advocates and followers of dilapidated old theology persistently salute every mention of the growth and spread of Spiritualism. The objection with which they smother it, makes more than suspicious the faith they claim as their own. Were they so very sure that Spiritualism is in process of decay, they would be tempted to ask why it is that they have to make this same remark about it so frequently. A thing that is "dying out" for so many years, ought at some time to be dead. This, among other reasons, satisfies us that they keep their monotonous cry as boys do their whistle when passing through places that excite their fear. Another thing that is a too evident simultaneousness about this cry to make one think it sincere and truthful. It has a partisan and prejudicial sound, wholly wide of belief and conviction. It is suspicious, too, from the simple fact that the same cry is set up in localities so far apart, showing that there is a preconcerted plan about the matter. We beg to relieve the over-anxious minds of those who think Spiritualism is likely to present to go under. Nothing of the sort is going on which they represent. We tell all persons who are inclined to become fossilized in any such belief, that the phenomena and philosophy and religion of Spiritualism never were more widely and thoroughly believed in than at this very time.

The very point that serves to raise the current talk on the subject, is that Spiritualism is spreading with such visible rapidity in the churches. It is not possible, for very obvious reasons, to make an approximate estimate of the strength of our faith inside the ecclesiastical folds, although the penetrating observer does not fail to be convinced of its operative presence everywhere. Inside and outside the churches we know of a certainty that believers are counted by millions. In our deliberate opinion, there are nearly eleven millions of people in the United States who are full believers in our heaven-born philosophy. In Europe, Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase, although as yet spirit communion is not so generally acknowledged among the masses there as here. But among the upper and cultured classes, the gentry as they are called, it is as fixed and established a fact as any that we can point to in the social state.

One fact is so significant as to deserve to be emphasized continually. It is that "ministers of the gospel" who have laid themselves to investigation, are forced to subscribe their belief to the teachings of Spiritualism, and would communicate it with individual boldness from their pulpits, were it already organized in a form which challenged popularity. Religious faith and fashion are more nearly related than is generally thought for. Let any one who chokes ask Rev. Mr. Hepworth, of New York, if he does or does not believe in direct spirit communion. Or let any one put the same question to Henry Ward Beecher, or to Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who several years ago wrote for a Spiritualist magazine in New York. These men each and all know, as well as they will ever desire to know, that spirits do communicate with mortals; whether they think it polite to utter it publicly or not, is an altogether different matter.

Men of science, too, are beginning to investigate the subject of phenomenal Spiritualism, who a few years ago had not the courage to meddle with the "humbug." Does this look as if Spiritualism were dying out? They now allow the phenomena to be bona fide, but to them as yet inexplicable. But they are fast getting over the obstinate denial of facts which they still have to confess that they cannot understand. We beg you all to persevere, gentlemen, scientists, on the road upon which you have entered; sooner or later you will solve the problem and uncover the mystery, by admitting that spirit power, operating through mediannistic physical bodies, produces the very results which are manifested to-day in all parts of the country and the world.

"Spiritualism is dying out!"—still sounds up the case-hardened, hide-bound, prejudice-ridden theologian. He shouts it out with a triumphant air that at once betrays his fear and his irreligious preference. We tell him, however, that the fact is the very opposite; that Spiritualism is more alive than ever; and that it will be in at the fore-front of all that is going on around. If falsehood and abuse, if tradition and misrepresentation, if slander and contempt, if bullying and bragging could avail to crush out a faith so informed with vitality, Spiritualism would have become a dead and done affair long ago. That it not only survives after all this immeasurable opposition, but that it puts forth such new and vigorous shoots on every side, is the best proof that could be asked of its establishment in enduring truth. The winds of hatred have buffeted it for a score of years, only to rock its leafy crown into a healthy condition; and to give vigor to its supporting branches.

Who would erase from recollection the vast sum of blessings, physical and spiritual, temporal and eternal, which have been showered upon mankind by the coming of this new and glorious Faith. How very much darker and less inviting would be the world to-day, if its heavenly lights were all extinguished. How very much more desolate and forbidding would our heavens be, if its shining stars were swept out of their eternal places by the rude hand of material unbelief, encased in ecclesiastical covering. We can none of us fairly realize the good Spiritualism has brought with it to mortals. They were halting; their vision was growing dim; they were perplexed with strange and confusing questions; they were discouraged at having to surrender themselves to priests and preachers without receiving what they needed in return; they knew not whether immortality itself were more to be de-

sired or declined;—until Spiritualism came with gentle healing influences on its wings, dispensing silent blessings everywhere, leading sad hearts out of their prisons, and opening to all eyes the boundless expanse of immortal beauty and youth.

The Anniversary.

The twenty-second anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism has come and passed. It was celebrated in an appropriate manner in Boston and Charlestown, of which we give an account elsewhere in the present issue; Williamsburgh, N. Y., where Emma Hardinge delivered a stirring lecture; Philadelphia, Pa., by an address from Thos. Hales Foster, and other services; Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and generally throughout the country.

The story of the origin of the present form of spirit-manifestations—for the fact of spirit-communion is as old as the race itself, in what are usually termed the "Rochester Knockings," has been so often given to the public that it is unnecessary to again review the ground, but the glorious evidences which greet us on every hand that our cause is advancing demand a passing tribute of thanksgiving. The teachings of those who have passed on have exploded that belief in a future life which was founded upon a bare tradition and which defied any attempt to prove its reality; they have shaken to its centre that materialistic view of existence which totally ignores an awakening from the long sleep of the grave, and have given us a faith which recognizes the positive and scientific certainty of eternal consciousness, reveals that every act has its immortal consequences. The "truth as it is in Nature" has spread its warning rays, and thousands of hearts all over our broad nation, the continents of the Old World, and, indeed, the far-off islands of the sea, are today rejoicing in its advancing light. If we appropriate, then, in the language of a contemporary, that we should celebrate the anniversary of the coming of that first mysterious rap, which, exciting only derision in those narrow souls whose mental horizon is bounded by their bodily vision, sound-ed throughout all space the knell of superstition and the birth of the new Prometheus of Science, the future God who will rule the universe by a knowledge of its laws.

But while we rejoice in the triumphs of our cause, let us remember the work which we, as cooperative agents with the angels, must perform. There are Gethsemanes and Calvaries, and thorns and crosses, even in this our lower world for the brave disciples of a maturing good to humanity. As in ancient days, so now, the Great Spirit has spoken not in the whirlwind of Goreb, but in the "still, small voice," and thus, rather in quiet, earnest devotion to principle than in stormy and vindictive denunciation of those differing with us, shall our cause "have its due course and be glorified." With the earnest prayer that the spirit of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," may abide with and be exercised by the believers in our philosophy, in the year that is to come—both with regard to their brethren and sisters of the faith, and the outer world as well—we close the volume of the past, and enter hopefully upon the deeds and duties of the future.

Unchristian Society.

The problem of the "social evil" has got to be discussed in this country at some time, whether we persist in putting it off longer or not. The New York Herald tells us that in that city there are ten thousand prostitutes, of which number eight thousand four hundred and ninety depend upon the wages of sin directly for support. In prosperous business times, they earn a more precarious living than when trade is dull and discouraged. Of the three classes of males who frequent houses of ill-repute, the class composed of clerks, fast young men, students and countrymen, is by far the most numerous. More of the sinning females are farmers' daughters than from any other place of origin. The majority of such women are twenty years of age, and their average life thereafter is set down as five years. Three-eighths are American girls, Massachusetts coming in third as a reservoir of supply. Five-eighths being foreign girls, the emigrant ship comes in to account for their easy debauchery. Of these foreign-born prostitutes, the Irish furnish fully one-half, and yet they are notoriously chaste at home. The reformatory institutions of the metropolis have succeeded in reclaiming some fifteen hundred in the past year, but the work-only widens with application to it. The sanitary committee of the New York Board of Health have made a recommendation that all public hospitals be required to treat the diseases which are the natural penalty of this vice; but there is a false sentiment of delicacy about this matter which will have to be removed before society is protected by science against the increasing virulence of this wide-spread evil. The whole question is yet to be overhauled and openly discussed.

The Ten Hour Law.

The Legislature has been discussing this new law during the week past with the aid of some of its best talent. There is an impression that some law will be passed at last, making ten hours the limit of a day's labor. No one ought to question the wisdom and humanity of it in the case of women and minors, whose physical strength incapacitates them from laboring to the full extent of avaricious employers' desires. But there seem to be two sides to the matter, as it applies to the interests of full-grown men. One side reads, that no manufacturing corporation ought to have the power to compel any one to work more than ten hours a day; the other side reads, that every able-bodied workman, moved by ambition and thrifty desires, ought to have an unquestioned right to part with his labor, which is his only capital, on just such terms as he chooses. If a man, with a dependent family, has a desire to work twelve or fourteen hours a day for a stated time, until, by his strained industry, he has secured for himself certain advantages, which he considers worth much more than the sacrifice he makes for them, it does seem to be a hard matter to deny him the privilege. It is virtually telling him that he shall get ahead in the world so fast, and no faster. As for the corporation, that is pretty certain to take care of itself. But if its products are to be cut down by an arbitrary statute, does it not follow that its profits, in which we insist that the workman shall share, are diminished likewise? We advocate the full rights of the workman, but not the right of the Legislature to rob him of his only capital.

"Brimstone Corner" in Danger.

Rev. Mr. Murray goes in, and Brimstone goes out. It is currently reported that not less than three of the deacons of Park-street Church have asked leave to withdraw from that venerable institution in consequence of the "liberal" views entertained and expressed by its present talented minister.

The Round Table's article on "ghosts" is all right as far as it goes.

Pity on the Humbug.

The handful of men who insist with such blind zeal in putting God into the Constitution, as if they could get Him in there, bodily, are just now crying on their plans in Congress. We cut the following extracts from recent daily reports of Congressional doings:

Mr. Sumner (Mass.)—From citizens of Pennsylvania for a recognition of the existence of the Almighty God in the National Constitution.

And this from the proceedings of the House on the same day:

Mr. Arnell (Conn.)—Declaring that the Christian religion is a part of the common law of the land, and that, therefore, the use of the Bible in the public schools in this country is unimpeachable and proper, as tending to encourage and foster virtue and morality.

Mr. Brooks (N. Y.)—What have we to do with that?

Mr. Cox (N. Y.) moved to lay the resolution on the table.

The House refused to second the previous question, and the resolution went over under the rule.

Both were cases of petitions, presented by the members of the two Houses. It shows the perseverance of this little clan of pietists. It is something more than religion, and not necessarily any part of it. These men do not appear to understand that, if their petitions could be granted, after setting in motion all the machinery of our federal system for its accomplishment, it would only be the Deists', and not the Christian's religion that was thus formally vindicated. It is true that the Supreme Being is nowhere named in the Constitution. It was no oversight, but done of a deliberate purpose. The Declaration of Independence does name the Supreme Being several times, but we venture to assert that very few persons are aware of it who have not looked particularly for it in that instrument. And even when it occurs, we know that it fails to excite any such profound emotions of respect and gratitude as these plans petitioners pretend for it, if it be set in the Constitution.

Let such pietists in religion try to comprehend, if they can, that it is the spirit of a thing that gives it all its meaning and value. We might have a Constitution taken bodily out of the Book of Deuteronomy, yet be the most cruel, hardened and irreligious people on the face of the earth. And we may have the Constitution that is our present deserved boast, without the name of Almighty God occurring in it from beginning to end, and still be the most free, elevated, charitable, kindly, progressive and religious people on whom the sun ever shone. Such difference is there between shadow and substance. That revered instrument expressly declares, in one of its provisions, that all officers of the general government "shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution," showing that it respects an oath no more than an affirmation. It adds, "But no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States." The object of this "but" is, to assert that the taking of an oath shall not be regarded as a religious act, and thus open the door to sectarian ambition and mediocrity. The petition for the Bible in the public schools introduced into the House is all in the same vein with the "God and Constitution" business. Both emanate from the same workshop. We warn our countrymen that, if they launch on any such experiment as this, we shall soon have religious wars rather than religious belief and practice everywhere.

Silent Worship.

At one of the meetings of the Radical Club in this city, which are usually held at the house of one of its members, one gentleman offered some reflections on the subject of worship without words, illustrating them with much force and aptness. He spoke in a way that showed his profound faith in direct spirit communion for how else could impressions be received from above by mortals unless under conditions of utter silence, to begin with? The gentleman in question said that he had seen a plain-dressed Quaker, a sharp, polite business man, who attended a certain silent meeting, and when a friend expressed surprise that he should so spend his time, he replied that every silent meeting was worth \$500 to him. He was carrying on his business plans, and always succeeded in them. He was a Quaker in form and dress, but not in spiritual feelings. The speaker firmly believed that the source of the highest inspiration was in absolute silence, either one alone, or associated in the bond of spiritual relationship, friend with friend. But all persons do not see this, and are not capable at once of experiencing it. It is because the lesson of silent worship has not yet been learned.

As a very striking illustration of this power of silence, he related to the meeting the following anecdote:

"Some years ago I was in Rochester, when one of the worst criminals ever prosecuted was under condemnation, and some of us were trying to save him, believing that even the worst people can be put to some better use than hanging. He was extremely obdurate, would listen to no appeal, cursed a gentleman who visited him, and was deemed an unusually hard case. A good woman of the city went several times to visit him, with the conviction that it was her duty. So vile, so brutal, so inhuman, almost satanic was his conduct, that the better she tried to be, the more he insulted, and that it was not at all proper for her to go in. She persisted, and finally was admitted. She went into his presence carrying in her hand simply a rose, a little flower. He looked at her as she entered; she took a seat beside him without saying a word. In the absolute silence of a Quaker meeting, after a few minutes, she looking kindly at him, he looking astonished at her. Presently she passed the flower to his hands. He took it and held it in his hand, and then he absolutely melted at her feet in tears, and after a period of weeping, the strong, desperate, wicked man, talked with her and confessed his sins, and was now content that he had learned a certain something in him that set in judgment upon his unfortunate career. This illustrates my meaning. We are to be helpers one of another, and we can, and ought so to live, as to see and feel God to be in the poor and unfortunate, and so make our appeals to them, either silently or in some other effective way, that we shall reach the good even in the lowest strata of humanity, and bless all mankind."

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will give her third lecture, and the last but one this season, in Music Hall, next Sunday afternoon. Do not let this opportunity slip by without hearing her grand lectures. Her first lecture, on the 31st inst., was pronounced by all to be a masterly effort. The theme—"What has Spiritualism taught us?"—was treated in a manner that met the expectations and hearty approbation of a large audience, who braved the storm that they might enjoy the intellectual feast. We shall give our readers a report of this lecture soon.

Verification of Spirit Messages.

In our next issue we shall resume the publication of verifications of the spirit messages received at our public free circles, and continue to do so every other week thereafter. We wish those who read the messages published each week on our sixth page would inform us of their correctness as far as they know.

Harry Emerson and his Manifestations in Lawrence, Mass.

Messrs. Editors:—I thought a line or two might be acceptable. I want to keep you posted in regard to my whereabouts, so if any individual or society desires a private or public seance you may be able to inform them where I may be found. I have been having perfect success here—crowded houses every evening. The manifestations are splendid. I have made some strong converts to our great faith, by giving them more privileges than they asked for. A Mr. Forlough (on the jury here) has held me tightly by the shoulders and arms, and my coat was taken off in spite of his exertions to prevent it, and that with nearly light enough in the room to see each others' forms. This was at the house of Dr. Howland. Mr. Wadsworth, editor of the Lawrence Eagle, held my hands in his own very tightly, and two iron rings were put on my arms, one after the other. Nearly half a minute's time elapsed between. At the residence of Dr. Kenney, on Newbury street, during the musical part of the seances, the most profound quiet was kept by a male and female voice. I, meantime, was sitting entirely motionless, bound and gagged. For these few items I have the best of references, which you may have if you desire, to strengthen my statements. I am stopping with Mr. J. C. Bowker, Superintendent of Atlantic Cotton Mills. I will remain in Lawrence until the week ending, I know where I shall go next. Yours, &c., HARRY EMERSON. Lawrence, Mass., April 30, 1870.

We have received a copy of the Essex Eagle, printed at Lawrence, Mass., under date of April 23, containing the following account of one phase of Mr. Emerson's mediumship, which we copy, being desirous that the strictest investigation shall be applied to all the phenomena and their earthly channels, to the end that the truth may be arrived at.

THE HANDCUFF TRICK EXPOSED.—This handcuff trick which has been performed by Mr. Harry Emerson at different places round town for the last two weeks has been thoroughly ventilated, and found to be a perfect humbug. At a sitting Thursday evening at a place on Newbury street, an extra key was found upon him, concealed in the bottom of his velvet pocket. He went away, finally, filled, after it was found in his possession. He then went to his boarding-house, and it is supposed found another key and went to the Station House, and asked to be locked in a cell and see if he could not take the handcuffs off. It so happened that some that were at the seance were at the station, and before long, and before the handcuffs had a chance to test his skill another key was found concealed upon him. Policeman Sullivan at last had to unlock the handcuffs from him, and this "hero of tricks" went home thoroughly exposed.

P. S.—The above is the version of the affair, as given by those present. Mr. Emerson, however, asserts that the extra keys were put in his pocket by those wishing to injure him, and feels himself very much wronged by the treatment he received.

Since the above matter was put in type, we have received another letter from Harry Emerson, dated Lowell, April 31, in which he says:

"I have been having perfect success in Lawrence, notwithstanding the mean trick that was played on me, and palmed off for an exposé. I don't know as you have heard of it. Last Thursday evening, at a seance, a number of men clothed and armed with some handcuff keys, and while in the seance of sending me, they put them in my pockets, so they could say I had duplicate keys to use in the handcuff manifestation. I traced their story up pretty well, and found it just as I supposed—a plan to injure me. I have been giving seances since that every evening, and my audiences are some the less. The handcuff test is still performed by me, with just as good success, and defies all attempts at exposure."

We have not personally witnessed the manifestations in presence of Mr. Emerson, but gave the account published under date of Feb. 26th, on the endorsement of Mr. J. L. Cambridge, of Lowell. As will be seen by reference to the above extract, the editor of the Essex Eagle does not question the reliability of the medium except as regards the handcuff test.

Jew and Christian.

A sermon was preached, a few Sundays ago in Cincinnati, by that learned rabbi, Rev. Dr. Lillenthal, on the close practical relations which subsist between Judaism and Christianity; and one reads with no little surprise the cited proofs of similarity, so far as the declared theory of each is to be accepted. The rabbi says that when it is said of a Jew, "He does his duty as a man, a citizen, a member of society," his performance is ascribed to the influence of Christianity, and not at all to that of Judaism. And whenever a Jew expounds the doctrines of his religion, and shows that they are in no sense behind the times, the whole sect is said to be "coming nearer to Christianity." Dr. Lillenthal proceeds to examine the subject, to show the baseness of such reasoning. He proves that Judaism is inferior neither in dogma nor morality to any other denomination; and that the civilization and progress of our age is simply human in the broadest sense of the word, and not merely religious, and especially Christian. And he further shows that Christian civilization is as great a misnomer as Christian Jew. We should be glad to follow him through his series of interesting tests, and moral maxims, to demonstrate the parallelism of the two sects in their profession of what is holy, pure and true; but we are obliged, in the limits of this paragraph, to advert to what it would fully justify us in developing. The learned rabbi demonstrates, at any rate, that Christianity has never advanced the cause of science, of religious freedom, or of civil liberty. He searches history in vain to substantiate the claims of professed Christians; and contents himself with the conclusion that all progress is made by an aspiring humanity.

A Sixteenth Amendment.

Now that the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution has become the law of the land, many of those who worked for its accomplishment will lend their energies to secure another. The New York Standard remarks that each advance step renders easier every succeeding one. The adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment prepares the way for a Sixteenth. All hail the auspicious hour! All friends of impartial freedom and of a true Republic, should seek earnestly the initiation and adoption of a Sixteenth Constitutional Amendment, which shall guarantee to the women of America equal political rights with men. Every argument by which the ballot can be properly claimed for men is equally applicable to women. Let justice be done, and the ideal Republic, which shall know no political distinctions on account of race or sex, be attained right speedily!

The Discussion at Marlboro, Mass.

As previously announced, a discussion of the Spiritual Philosophy took place at Marlboro, commencing March 28th, lasting several evenings, between Daniel W. Hull and Rev. A. Morron, an accredited Orthodox minister. A person who listened to the discussion informs us that the argument appeared to be all on one side; for when Mr. Hull made a strong clear case, backed up by facts, his opponent would respond by telling a story, repeating vile slanders, or attempt to dispose of facts by ridicule. Well, what else could he do? for it is utterly impossible for him to refute the great truths of Spiritualism, or dispose of the facts in relation to its phenomenal phase.

Papal Infallibility.

This subject is stirring up the nations of the Old World at the present time to an extent the American people are but little aware of. The celebrated Dr. Newman, writing to a London contemporary, says: "I deeply deplore the policy, the spirit, the measures of various persons, lay and ecclesiastical, who are urging the definition of that theological opinion [Papal infallibility]. I have neither intention nor wish to deny; just the contrary. But on the other hand, I have a firm belief, and have had all along, that a greater power than that of any man or set of men will overrule the deliberations of the council to the determination of Catholic and apostolic truth, and that what its fathers eventually proclaim with one voice will be the word of God." Putting aside the possibility that unanimity may not be secured, and that therefore the fathers may not proclaim the dogma "with one voice," these words of Father Newman are adopted by all who are unprepared to quit their church if their wishes are disappointed. Meanwhile, the liberal journals in Italy, Belgium and France, warmly discuss the propriety of any interference of civil governments in the matter. Those who are for treating the council with indifference, argue that the syllabus which Count Daru and Count Beust protest against, has really constituted the theoretical teaching of the church for five years; it has been received, adopted, explained by all the bishops, and what change has it produced in civil society? The church lives its way, and the world lives another—as two parallel lines which never meet. Both sections of the liberal party, however, agree that the French troops ought not to assist by their presence in the country at the condemnation pronounced from the height of St. Peter against all the principles upon which French society rests; and the withdrawal is much better effected now than later, when it would look more like resentment or spite.

The New England Women's Club.

The woman's movement is to be sustained and sympathized with by all persons who would see injustice dethroned, and both sexes permitted equally fair chances. We go in for it with all our mind, heart, soul and strength. But the dilettanti thing called the New England Women's Club aims at something very different. It wants to make a half dozen women Aspasiases, and the equals of distinguished men, but scorns to think woman a natural sisterhood. It has its splendors in literary and dress receptions in its club house in Tremont Place, but invites the plain and unadorned workingwoman to pass an occasional evening by herself in rooms in the building of the Charity Bureau. Not that all women are adapted to the society and personal intimacy of all other women, any more than all men are equally adapted to the society of all other men. But it is the spirit of the thing that fixes its character. The Women's Club is exclusive and fastidious, cultivating the humanities as they are translated out of Greek books, not as they are to be found, illustrated in the common life of every day. There is the danger to which such organizations are exposed. They are capable of exciting more discontented feelings among women as a body than they are conscious of now. We see no possibility good from experiments like these. Nothing of a leveling character, either, is demanded; but some comprehensive and simple plan, wisely adjusted, that shall tend to lift up burdened and depressed woman by encouraging her. Reading learned essays in millinery is another affair. Blue-stocking tea drinkings have nothing to do with it. The reforming women must be of larger heart and brain than all this comes to.

Prof. Howe's Grammar.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Prof. Howe has at last published his "Seven Hour System of Grammar." It is a neat little work of fifty pages, handsomely printed in good large type, and comprises everything necessary to constitute the practical grammarian. His views on many points are entirely original, exhibiting much research and experience, and securing with miraculous haste and simplicity the desires of the student. Instead of the tasteless statistics and dry exercises of the text-books, his illustrations are mostly poetic gems, affording lively outlets for the soul, removing the dullness of the study, and casting sunshine along the entire pathway of the science. The work is designed for all classes of adults; it can be read through in an hour, and, in this day of rapid reform, is just such a work as the growing intelligence of the people demands. Sold by the Professor at 18 Boylston street, Boston, where he can be addressed.

Newbern, N. C.

N. Frank White is still at work in the South. He can be addressed at Newbern, N. C., until the 15th of April; thence he goes to Baltimore to lecture through May. We learn that the interest in Spiritualism, in Newbern, has increased greatly since Mr. White's sojourn there. The Congregational Chapel, where he lectured two evenings in a week, besides Sundays, was crowded. He has also held three circles per week, at which the spiritual tests were astounding to many. The ministers in many of the churches have taken Bro. White for a text, and made him the target for their denunciations. And so the good work goes on. People will seek information concerning the truths of Spiritualism whenever a good opportunity offers.

J. W. Van Namee.

We had the pleasure of meeting our co-laborer, Bro. Van Namee, last week. He came to Boston on business, and after a few days' sojourn, among his returned to Elmira, N. Y., where he is permanently located. He is a very sensitive and highly developed medium. We witnessed several excellent tests of spirit-presence and identity given through his medium powers while here. He is so clairvoyant that the spirit-world and its inhabitants are as familiar to him as this. His obliging, frank and honest nature peculiarly qualify him to be a bearer of dispatches between the two worlds. Long may he be sustained, by mortals as well as spirits, in his noble work.

Anniversary Exercises at Temple Hall.

On Thursday evening, March 31st, the Boylston-street Spiritualist Association celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism, at their hall, No. 18 Boylston street, Boston. The place of meeting was crowded, and the utmost harmony and good will prevailed. Remarks from several speakers, declamations by Lyceum children, readings by adults, and a collation, served to make the meeting interesting. Dancing followed, with good music, till about twelve o'clock, when the numerous company dispersed. Quite a liberal sum of money was donated (during the exercises) to the Association.

We shall publish in the forthcoming issue of the Banner of Light an interesting paper by Judge Edmonds of New York, entitled "Spiritual Intercourse with James T. Brady."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter will accept calls to lecture in any part of Massachusetts or in the New England States. Subscribers to the State Association fund can renew their yearly donations when he visits their towns. Address him care of the Banner of Light office.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The reason we do not notice Burr and his assertions is because we have no faith in his sincerity. Every article he pens betrays vindictiveness. We notice, by the California papers, that Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is working zealously in the cause of Woman's Suffrage.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This publication has just started out on its 27th volume, bright and beautiful as a morning flower.

The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

JUST PUBLISHED BY WM. WHITE & CO., HELEN HARLOW'S VOW.

All who have read Mrs. Walsbrook's "Allice Vale" will be anxious to possess this beautiful story, which the publishers have put forth in elegant style. It is dedicated to "Woman Everywhere, and to Woman's Cause Everywhere."

New Publications.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW, by Lois Walsbrook, is another and the latest of the effective tales of this most popular writer of excellent fiction. The author of "Allice Vale" could hardly be suspected of writing an indifferent story.

Our readers will not fail to read the advertisement in another column of the Empire Mutual Life Insurance Company.

A Mass Convention for the advocacy of woman's suffrage, under the auspices of the American Woman Suffrage Association, organized in Cleveland, Nov. 24, 1869, will be held in the city of New York, during Anniversary week, in Steinway Hall, commencing May 11th, 1870, at ten A. M.

The Chinese have earned \$68,000,000 in California since 1855.

Capt. Edward H. Savage has been confirmed as Chief-of-Police for the city of Boston. "Do you believe in second love, Mr. McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? and when it's gone don't he want another pound? and isn't that swate, too? Troth, Murphy, I do believe in second love!"

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. THE AWAKENING. CHAPTER II. A JUDGE IN TROUBLE. CHAPTER III. CHARITABLE CONCLUSIONS. CHAPTER IV. FIRST FRUITS. CHAPTER V. ALONE. CHAPTER VI. A WOMAN'S HATE. CHAPTER VII. MORE REAPING. CHAPTER VIII. TESTED AGAIN. CHAPTER IX. CRAZY JANE'S STORY. CHAPTER X. THE WISDOM OF THE WISE. CHAPTER XI. THE LAST TIME. CHAPTER XII. ANOTHER STORY. CHAPTER XIII. A DECENT WOMAN. CHAPTER XIV. JUST AS I EXPECTED. CHAPTER XV. EMENDATOR. CHAPTER XVI. THE WICKEDNESS OF THE WICKED. CHAPTER XVII. WAR—A DISCOVERY. CHAPTER XVIII. A BROKEN SPIRIT—DEATH. CHAPTER XIX. IN THE HOSPITAL—WOMAN'S PROTECTORS. CHAPTER XX. SCOUTING AND ITS RESULTS. CHAPTER XXI. HOME AGAIN—A SUPPLIANT. CHAPTER XXII. PROBLEMS—CONCLUSION.

The Career of the Christ-Idea in History.

The CAREER OF THE CHRIST-IDEA IN HISTORY, by Hudson Tuttle, comes to us in fresh and attractive typographical form from Adams & Co., of this city, and is, indeed, a worthy twin to his former book, "The Career of the God-Idea in History."

The Cambridge (Mass.) school teachers have voted forty-six to eight, in favor of continuing flogging in the schools.

The Cambridge (Mass.) school teachers have voted forty-six to eight, in favor of continuing flogging in the schools. Flogging, therefore, is to be added to the Massachusetts list of great moral ideas.—The Universe.

Works cannot heal the wounds that words can make.

They have fined a Nevada "minister" \$25 for performing a mock marriage, the victim being a girl of twelve years. The Legislature of California has passed an act to prevent the establishment of Coolie slavery in California.

VALUABLE AND RELIABLE.—Benson's Bronchial Troches.

Benson's Bronchial Troches will be found invaluable to those exposed to sudden changes, affording prompt relief in cases of coughs, colds, etc. For Public Speakers and Singers, and those who have to travel, they are useful in relieving an irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy.

EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

P. C. HEADLEY & T. F. CLARY, Managers New Eng. Branch, 32 Washington St., Boston. G. HILTON SCHUBNER, President. SIDNEY W. CROFT, Secretary.

Spiritualism in Boston and Vicinity.

MERCANTILE HALL.—The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this hall Sunday morning, April 13—upwards of one hundred and thirty members and officers being present.

Another alarming earthquake was felt at San Francisco, Cal., April 24, at 11:50 A. M.

Another alarming earthquake was felt at San Francisco, Cal., April 24, at 11:50 A. M. Its duration was six seconds, the direction was from southeast to northwest, and the motion vertical.

THE NEW FIVE CENT PIECES FOR 1870 WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS.

The new five cent pieces for 1870 will be ready in a few days. The token, currency of ten, fifteen and fifty cent pieces, made three months ago, has not yet been issued, owing to the fact that no act of Congress has been passed to that effect.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agent type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance. For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

DURHAM MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

333 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. DR. JAMES GANNON CHESLEY, Electric, Magnetic Healer, cures all curable chronic diseases of mind and body.

LAURA H. HATCH will give Inspirational Musical Services every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, at 10 1/2 Appleton street.

A pretty kettle of fish—boiled salmon.

CONSCRIPTION RIOTS ARE ACTIVE IN SPAIN.

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Contains no LARD, SULPHUR, NO SILICATE OF LEAD—no LEBARGOL—NO SUGAR OF MILK, and is entirely free from all poisons and

Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE, No. 517 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

MORE TESTIMONY TO THE FATE OF THE NEGROES.

It becomes our painful duty to read and record, every few weeks, more testimony to confirm the sad fate which we have long since foreseen and predicted for the negro race in this country...

WHERE ARE THE NEGROES?—A travelling correspondent of the Mason (Va.) Telegraph asks: "What has become of the negro?"

ALARMING. The church of the Lord Jesus Christ, worshipping at Lowell-street Chapel, Boston, to some of like precious faith, and who wait for the Son of God from heaven, exclaiming:

And when the mighty voice shall be heard, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

A CALL. Hon. William Strong, Hon. Joseph Allison, and a long string of Reverends and D.D.s, have signed a call for a meeting in Philadelphia, to be held June 10, to take such steps as are necessary to have their God—or Gods—put into the Constitution of the United States.

THE INFALLIBLE CHURCH. A writer on society in Rome says more than seventy per cent. of the children born in Rome are illegitimate. What a comment on a city where the government is entirely subject to the church—that of all others is the strictest in its system of marriage, and grants no divorces—a church which is itself infallible, and only binds on earth what God binds in heaven and only binds at the same time, and where nearly the whole of the adult male population is united both in wedlock and to the church! No country in the world has a stricter system of marriage, nor a more devoted people to Christianity, and yet there is not a looser system of social life in the world, according to travelers. And yet there are some writers who would turn all the progressive

movements of the age backward toward the Mother Church and her irrevocable system of marriage without divorce, except by death. Spain is probably the next most religious and most depraved Christian nation in Europe. It is evident that both in Europe and America there is most depravity where there is most old-fashioned Christianity. In this country the highest and best society is where there is the most liberal system of religion, and the most rational system of marriage and divorce.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. E. Morris, the female occupant of the judicial bench of Wyoming, is described as married, about sixty years of age, more fair than fair, and a believer in Spiritualism, and a different organization of our social as well as our political systems.

CHRISTIANITY. The Index, a new independent paper published at Toledo, Ohio, says: "The Christian name, whatever else it may include, necessarily includes faith in Jesus as the Christ of God."

CHURCH AND STATE. The Illinois Constitutional Convention have adopted the following section by a vote of forty-three to nine:

"Neither in the General Assembly, nor any county, city, or town, township, school, district, municipal or other corporation shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever anything in aid of any sectarian purpose, or to help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other institution of learning controlled by any sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant, donation of land or personal property ever be made by any such public corporation for any sectarian purpose whatever."

"THE ICONOCLAST." Another hammer on the orthodox rocks appears and strikes with the above name, and issued at Washington, D. C. It is small, but may grow larger, and its blows are sharp and pointed, and no doubt will make the chips fly.

BOOKS. A correspondent in New Hampshire requests us to name some of the most worthy and commendable books in our literature, and says he has no money to spare for the worthless ones, &c. We have too long a list of good books to name in a reply, but can recommend especially the works of A. J. Davis, beginning with Nature's Divine Revelations, the works of Judge Edmonds, the works of Hudson Tattle, The Seers of the Ages, Emma Hardinge's History, Real Life in the Spirit-World, Gospel of Good and Evil, Denton's Works, Future Life, Dawn, Woodman's Reply to Dwight, Finney on Bible, Errors of the Bible, What is Spiritualism? Poems from Inner Life, Footfalls, Branches of Palm, Question Settled, Gist of Spiritualism, Planchette, or Despair of Science, and many others we could recommend, and some we cannot, that we leave for others to notice. We can assure our friend that the trash in our literature is not equal in proportion to that in any of the church literature we are acquainted with.

Free Thought.

The Indian Question from the White Settlers' Standpoint.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Your paper is getting better and better. Success to you, in everything but your Indian policy. That do not suit our case at all; nor would it yours, were you brought in contact with them. The Indians on our reservations, maintained by Government, go forth in parties, (frequently with passes,) to sweep away the stock of our people, and when they are pursued to the reservations, and what is left of it found in their possession, they are allowed to go unpunished, and the owner has to content himself with what he can get back. They do not kill any one unless they are in the way, while engaged in carrying out their business operations; but interference results in death.

In Colorado, the people complain bitterly of their red brethren. Instead of remaining quietly on the reservations, or hunting in the mountains, they range through the settlements in parties, visit the houses of the farmers, and force them, by threats, to cook for them, and supply their other wants; and when they find the men absent, they commit all manner of outrages on the defenceless women and then decamp. The settlers threaten vengeance if a stop is not put to these excesses, and well they may. The wonder is, that war has not already been declared against them. How would you like to have your family come in for a share of these friendly offices?

Now, do you, or can any reasoning human being, believe that kindness, and a let-alone policy, will ever give us protection against such things? Not a bit of it. It will only increase them a thousand fold, and war will become inevitable.

They must be punished for every outrage they commit, just as a white man would be for the same offence. Confinement, in the first stages, would be amply sufficient to maintain peace and protect us; but impunity is disastrous to us, and more so to them, in the end.

The let-alone policy would answer every purpose, if the Indians would practice it, but when it is all on one side, the thing is run into the ground out of sight.

I believe in every one getting their just dues, be they black, white or red, and anything beyond, is injustice to somebody.

Top-sided views, or a top-sided policy, do not denote a level brain, or they prove that the owner do not understand both sides of the question. Give the white man ample protection, and I will insure justice to the Indian; but if they are allowed to commit crimes with impunity, an exasperated people will avenge their own wrongs when they pass the limits of endurance, and an Indian will find no defenders, except amongst those who have never had a taste of his quality—and amongst us, who has not?

When we suffer wrong at their hands, we do not like to have Government ignore our rights to protection, and put them on the back, as though it was all right, and they could do so again, would you? I think not. Try it and see.

Truly yours for the right, La Junta, New Mexico. S. B. WATROUS.

The Spiritualist Association of Williamsburgh, N. Y.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Mrs. Emma Hardinge delivered the concluding lecture of her course before a numerous assemblage of the members and friends of this thriving association, on the 31st of March—being also the anniversary of the "Rochester knockings." Mrs. Hardinge's discourse was upon the philosophy of the dark circles, and as usual, her thrilling eloquence seemed to move every heart. In fact, the whole of a very crowded audience appeared to be perfectly electrified. At the close of the lecture a few questions were answered—evidently to the gratification of all who could gain an entrance to the Hall—after which the Secretary read the following brief address:

"Mrs. Emma Hardinge—Our Speaker: Dear Madam, I have the best of you of your course, but on behalf of this audience, respectfully tender to you our grateful thanks for the privilege we have enjoyed, of listening to your valuable and highly edifying discourses. We sincerely hope that you will meet with the greatest success in your noble efforts in every part of the world, which you may find it convenient to sojourn, and we cordially wish you a long continuance of health and of every other blessing. Should you ever visit this city again, we beg you to remember that among the intelligent citizens of Williamsburgh are to be found thousands who know how to appreciate your valuable services, and that this Association will always provide a hall for your reception, earnestly striving to uphold a cause which is destined to promote our best interest and welfare—here and hereafter."

This was put by a gentleman present in the form of a resolution, and carried by acclamation, with loud and long-continued vociferations of applause.

Mrs. Hardinge replied to this address in her customary graceful and happy manner, concluding with a few words of earnest encouragement for the success of our cause in this vicinity, which was readily responded to by the audience.

The manifest enthusiasm of the occasion was kept up to quite a late hour of the evening. As a final result, old members as well as new ones are cheerfully coming forth with their liberal contributions, and even our Orthodox friends (better late than never) are wishing us God-speed. Indeed, we almost fancy we see the doors of the churches flying open for our reception. But their tardy and graceless invitations we shall not be in haste to accept, knowing that our true mission is rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel than unto those who are continually crying, "Lord! Lord!" unto many of whom the sentence is already gone forth, "Depart from me, for I never knew you!"

I send you the enclosed obituary notice of the sudden departure of one of our deeply lamented and most estimable lady members, cut from the Brooklyn Daily Times: "Mrs. Oliver—The subject of this notice, Mrs. Eleanor Oliver Wren, was born in London, England, August 18th, 1810. The deceased was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom are living. In 1847 Mrs. Wren came to this country, and was always an ardent Republican in principle, and the breaking out of the late rebellion, brought her up to the front of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, being accompanied by four of her sons to the war. In 1862 orders were issued assigning matrons to permanent government hospitals, and deceased then left the service and settled in Washington, instituting a private hospital, her own cost, for the treatment of supposed incurable soldiers. Her efforts in the cause called forth the commendation of President Lincoln, and many prominent generals and legislators, who all testified as to her efficiency. A resident of Williamsburgh for many years, she was well known and respected by all her friends and acquaintances. The deceased lady was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but upon the advent of Spiritualism, twenty years ago, became a convert to its doctrine; and until her death, as long as she was sensible, claimed to have constant and personal communion with the inhabitants of the unseen world." The numerous friends who knew her best could have said much more in her praise. She was a mother in our Spiritual Israel, whose demise has

thrown a large circle of friends and a numerous family into grief, lamentation and mourning. Andrew Jackson Davis spoke at her funeral. How different were his sound, philosophical and edifying remarks from the ordinary senseless mockery of religion observable on such occasions—according to the general practice of modern sectarian professors! But their days are numbered and coming events foreseen by many AN OBSERVER.

Matters at North Scituate, Mass.

DEAR BANNER—The cause is steadily progressing, in spite of croakers. As an Association we held semi-monthly meetings at Conhasset Hall, North Scituate, during the last year, and gained a number of new members to commence a new year's work for progression. We celebrated the 22d anniversary of our sacred truth, on the 31st, by a good time generally, closing about twelve o'clock. Dancing, by the music of the "South Shore Quadrille Band," was one of the principal amusements of the evening, refreshments being lavishly furnished by the ladies of the Association.

During the past year Bros. Lynn, Greenleaf, Currier, and Sisters Yeaw, Hubbard, Davis, Felton and Rudd have dispensed to us the spiritual food as regular speakers, while last, but not least, was the lecture delivered, as our last for the year, by our own townsman, Chas. H. Whittaker, who prefaced his lecture with the reason for his writing it. It was a well written lecture, and full of strong points aimed at the popular theology of the day. We hope others will call Bro. Whittaker out.

Our Lyceum is gaining in numbers and influence—though three months ago I had my doubts as to its having more than one year's existence—and now is established on a sure foundation. We are out of debt, or nearly so, and have nearly \$100.00 worth of equipments and a cabinet organ; and we give occasional exhibitions, which are very popular. Fast day we celebrate, as a Lyceum, with an exhibition at Conhasset Hall, North Scituate, with recitation, dramas and tableaux.

Yours for the cause, D. J. DATES.

Conhasset, Mass., April 3d, 1870.

WORKS ON HEALTH AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY.

A SCIENTIFIC AND POPULAR EXPOSITION OF THE PHYSIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS OF SEXUALITY. BY R. T. TRALL, M. D.

THE great interest now being felt in all subjects relating to Human Development will make the book of SEXUALITY a very rare one. Besides the information obtained by its perusal, the practical value of the various subjects treated in its pages, and giving a higher direction and value to human life, cannot be over-estimated. This work has rapidly passed through ten editions, and the demand is constantly increasing. No complete and valuable work has ever before been issued from the press. Price \$1.00, postage 24 cents.

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Being a Prize Essay, showing that the use of Tobacco is a physical evil, and the cause of social evil. By Henry Gibbons, M. D., Editor Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal. 20 cents, postage 2 cents.

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Already acknowledged to be a standard work. Second edition. Part I—Hygiene; Part II—Measure of Span of Life—A Practical Treatise on the Philosophy and Practice of Life Insurance. Flexible cloth, 8vo., \$1.00, postage 12 cents.

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BY MRS. M. M. JONES, M. D.

This essay was read at the World's Health Convention, and produced a profound impression at the time. It gives full and accurate directions for beautiful and healthful clothing. 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

WATER-CURE FOR THE MILLION.

THE PROCESSES OF WATER-CURE EXPLAINED. Popular Errors Exposed; Hygienic and Drug-Medication Contrasted; Rules for Bathing, Douching, Exercising, etc.; Recipes for Cooks; Directions for Home Treatment; Remedial Cases to Illustrate, etc. BY R. T. TRALL, M. D. Fourth Edition. 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

MANUAL OF LIGHT GYMNASTICS; FOR INSTRUCTION IN CLASSES AND PRIVATE USE.

BY W. L. RATHB, Graduate of the Boston Institute for Physical Education. 40 cents, postage 4 cents.

HOW TO BATHE;

A Family Guide for the Use of Water in Health and Disease. BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

This little work gives plain and practical directions for making the different water applications essential to the preservation of health and removal of disease. Paper 30 cents; muslin 35 cents; postage free.

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HOW HASTED, AND HOW PRESERVED. BY E. P. MILLER, M. D.

Every young man, every young woman, every married man, and every married woman, should read this book. It could be read and its teachings heeded in every family, from which there is a single child toward preventing sickness, preserving health and prolonging life. Many will better pay a thousand dollars for it than be without a kippie of its valuable contents, etc. Paper 30 cents; muslin 35 cents; postage free.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS;

A BOOK FOR EVERY CHILD. BY MRS. E. P. MILLER, M. D.

This is a book designed for parents to place in the hands of their children as a warning against those evil habits from which the medium of Mrs. E. P. Miller's health, and parents and teachers should not fail to procure it. 25 cents, postage free.

MY AFFINITY,

AND OTHER STORIES. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

My Affinity. (This story is a satire on the doctrine which gained so many friends among those people who, by continually thinking that they have made a mistake in their carnal relations, at last believe it, and straightway seek some one whom they think sympathize with them, without whom there would be an "incompleteness," and with whom can only come the "incompleteness," and with whom only comes the "incompleteness" of a man who having imbibed this doctrine, seeks to put it into practice, and is suddenly brought back to his sober senses by the plain talk which he receives from the father of the body which he came to believe was his "affinity." He returns to his home, and no longer seeks for that which well wretched the happiness of his family.) Madam Bonifaceur and her Roses. Women and Wisdom. The Faith of Hasupha. The Bachelor's Defeat. The Great Carbuncle. Marrying for Money. The Prophet and the Pilgrims. Mr. Silverbury's Experience. Geraldine. Dr. Purdie's Patient. The Sunshine of Love. The Elf Spring. All of the above stories teach a truth that shines clear and steadfast, and do well to call attention to the beautiful, so that their light might give of the works of nature. They are the beautiful, the altogether lovely; and also to the Elf Spring, whose waters, when they come to the surface, take false ideas and perverted theories of life. All who have read the charming "Poems from the Inner Life," will desire to read the same author in prose. Price \$1.50, Postage 20 cents.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM: A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD.

OF THE ASTOUNDING AND UNPRECEDENTED OPEN COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

ONE VOLUME, LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES.

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THIS wonderful and thrilling history has been gathered up from the annals of thirty-two States by the direct supervision and guidance of the spirits. It contains extracts from the Spirituallism of the New England States, California, Oregon, the Territories, Canada, the whole of the Southern, Western and Middle States; ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF DARK CIRCLES, inaugurated by spirits who lived on this planet ten thousand years ago!

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