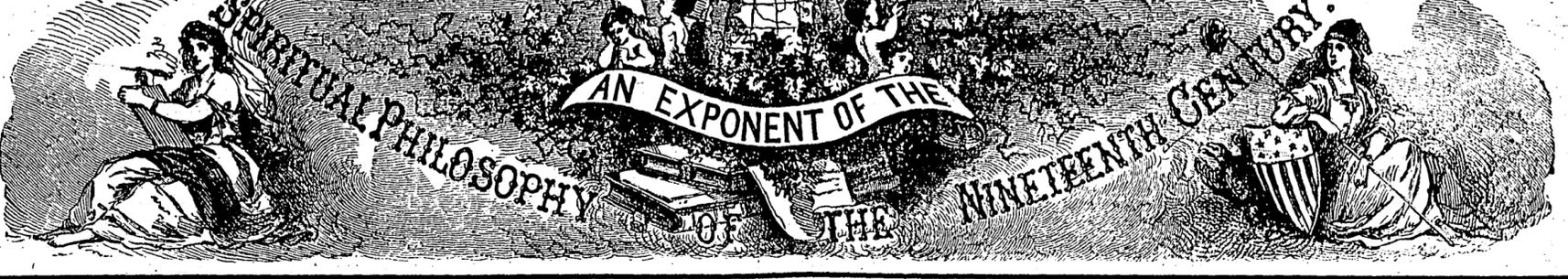


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Spiritualism.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Perhaps no one thing presents so great a stumbling-block to honest investigators of the spiritual phenomena as the difficulty of identifying spirits, especially when complicated with the fact that the same spirit is not, as a general rule, able to remember or repeat through a second medium what transpired in the presence of another. For some years this circumstance presented an obstacle to my full belief in spirit communion, seemingly insurmountable.

To illustrate: Many years ago, I had a sitting (I think) with the late J. B. Conklin, in New York, at which my wife manifested so satisfactorily that I could not doubt her identity. A few hours after, I had another sitting with Mrs. Banks, where my wife again came, as naturally as before, but upon my asking her if she could return to the subject we had been conversing on, a short time previous, in presence of another medium, she was unable to repeat a word of it! I was not only disappointed, but provoked, and made some harsh remark. "Do not speak so," said the medium, turning pale as death, "you will make me faint." Mrs. B. afterwards explained that it was not she herself that was so disturbed by my cruel remark, but the spirit that was exerting herself to the utmost to respond to my wishes through her organism, and that my words fell with a stunning effect on her heart as if I had struck her a blow with my hand.

Happily, since then, I have communicated so many times with my wife and other spirits, when they have been able to remember through the memory of one medium what they before said through the organs of another, that their frequent inability to do so no longer disturbs me, being satisfied that it is in accordance with a general law to which the first named cases are exceptions.

My attention has been directed to this subject, just at this time, by the perusal of some highly suggestive answers to queries contained in the Message Department of the Banner of the 20th of April, wherein the spirit purporting to control the lady medium of the Banner Circle (Theodore Parker) is asked, whether he was present with another medium "on Tuesday afternoon," in company with certain other spirits?

ANS.—"No, he was not."
Ques.—"Such a spirit purported to be there. How can these things be accounted for?"

A.—"There are many ways of accounting for such things. For instance, you may sometimes receive the thoughts of Theodore Parker when the spirit is not present." (The italics are mine.)

Exactly so! And I rather think if the inquiry had been pushed, it might have been explained that thought and spirit are, in some respects, alike, and that it is possible for a spirit to move as rapidly from one point to another, in the higher life as it is for thought to proceed in earth-life.

Subsequently Mr. Parker admits in the Banner that he cannot "readily recall facts which have transpired in other places." Says he, "Circumstances, scenes and experiences which we have taken part in through one medium are rarely ever brought up through any other than the one through whom they were experienced." This, no doubt, is in accordance with the general rule before stated, by which the lady medium referred to might have given expression to the thought of Theodore Parker, on "Tuesday afternoon," without his being able to recall it an hour afterwards through another medium's organs of memory.

But Mr. Parker states, "There are many ways for accounting for such things." Perhaps one of these "ways" is through a practice that seems to prevail among elevated spirits, of permitting friends in whom they know they can rely to sign their names in their absence. Whoever has read "Eleven Days at Moravia," first published in the Banner, may remember certain extracts from two communications purporting to have been dictated by Mr. Parker and written by the hand of an entranced medium in New York. These extracts, I understand, have been pronounced genuine by Mr. P., through the organism of the medium of the Banner circle, so there can be no doubt that the portions of the communications not included in the extracts are also genuine.

Before the close of one of these sittings, I asked Mr. P. if he could relate the substance of what he stated to me a few days before in presence of Mrs. —, a medium residing in Boston, and which he then told me he would repeat in New York, in presence of the lady we were then sitting with. In answer he said (I give the exact words as written): "I was at Mrs. —, where I had a pleasant meeting with you, and awaited till you came here, hoping to repeat the same." This, however, he was unable to do, no doubt owing to the general law before referred to.

In answer to a query concerning his individual presence at the Banner circle, Mr. P. said: "Yes, I am there in earnest, and happy whenever I can give out a truth."

Again, in answer to a query, the exact purport of which I did not put down and do not now remember, he said: "I consider that of too little import, and too sectarian, to suppose a spirit unable to control only in one place. I do control many, and in many places, but I have no way to make a positive evidence of my individuality. I can and will give you better proof elsewhere." (This last was said, no doubt, in reference to the spirit forms I was to see at Moravia, where I was about to go.)

Again, in answer to queries about permitting his name to be used by other spirits, Mr. Parker said: "Yes, often; and I often sign my name for others who do not put their names down as I do—Rufus Choate, for one."

Again, in answer to the query whether such

privileges were not liable to be abused, Mr. P. said: "No. We are all of one circle and of one mind; hence we can and do communicate nearly the same."

Again, to a query that I have lost the exact import of Mr. P. said: "No; but I presume there are others who do; and so long as they put my name to the truth, I am content. I do not think that any one of the circle means to do me injustice."

Thus it appears that it is not safe nor proper to wound the sensibilities or impair the usefulness of mediums by giving currency to the supposition that mischievous spirits are personating in their presence, upon the assertion, through the organs of another medium, of any spirits (however elevated their positions were in earth, or may be in spirit-life) that they are not aware of having been present at the time specified; first, for the reason that they may have been present, and yet not be able to recall the circumstance through the memory of another; secondly, because, though not individually present, they may have impressed a thought on the medium's mind without retaining the consciousness of it when in communication through another's organs; and, thirdly, from the fact that even so beneficent and elevated a spirit as Theodore Parker permits his name to be used by spirit-friends without his specified sanction and immediate knowledge.

So far as I have been able to learn, it would seem that one of the most striking laws that govern in spirit intercourse is analogous to what we often experience in sleep. From early boyhood, I have been addicted to dreams or visions (such as I suppose most persons experience), wherein the spirit seems to leave the body and pass into another sphere of existence, more glorious and enchanting than words can describe. By-and-by, however, something compels it to return and take possession of the awakening body—which it does lothly, and strives with all its might to resist the power that impels it earthward, as it clings with desperate but unavailing energy to the delightful ethereal fields it is leaving. Gradually, however, the spirit is forced to yield and return; and as it does so, all the glorious beauties it has so recently revelled in not only fade by degrees from the sight, but from the memory, too; and by the time full and conscious possession is taken of the body, the whole has passed from remembrance, save the shadowy impress of something too transcendently beautiful for earth.

So it seems to be on the reverse side of material existence. When spirits leave their normal home to communicate through media with their earth-friends, they leave all recollection of what they saw or experienced whilst in rapport with earth—with the medium's material organs of memory.

Again, occasionally we experience one of the bewitching spirit visions or dreams referred to, the purport or substance of which we are able to grasp and bring back to our material memory on our return to earth; so, too, occasionally a disembodied spirit is able to control a medium's brain structure, and retain, on leaving, a remembrance of what transpired so as to give it expression through another, especially if the organs of memory are strong and well developed. This occasional departure from the general rule that governs in spirit intercourse is, perhaps, a beneficent provision of Omnipotence to save mankind from universal skepticism and unbelief in the reality of a future state of existence.

There are probably millions of disembodied spirits who are attracted to earth-friends and surroundings, and more or less control human organisms, who are no more conscious in spirit-life of exercising any influence upon them, whether for good or evil, than we are when we suffer our thoughts to dwell earnestly for a length of time on any particular person or object. So, too, whilst in mortal life, many dwell more really in the spirit-world than they do in the material, without being aware of it. I am told by my departed wife and children (and I believe it) that they often come to me at night when the body is asleep, under favorable conditions, and beguile or entice my spirit to leave it for hours at a time, and soar away with them to the beautiful mansions and surroundings where they dwell in heaven. And yet, when I awake, I have not even the glimmer of any remembrance of the joys I have been a partaker in, nor of anything else save a feeling that I have enjoyed an unusually sound sleep. It may be, too, that on some of these occasions, as well as at other times, a pleasing manifestation occurs in which I hear a melodious warbling, as if made within my ear, so distinct and clear that, on awaking, I cannot forbear looking toward the windows, expecting to see the bird that aroused me. This, I am told, is an affectionate expedient of a spirit-daughter to awaken me when my health might suffer, or heart-disease be promoted by sleeping too heavily.

Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary F. Davis, who have been spending several months in Washington and in the intermediate cities, Baltimore and Philadelphia, have recently returned to Orange, N. J. At Vineland they delivered addresses at a meeting held to commemorate the twenty-fourth anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The Banner of Light publishes a full report of Mr. Davis's address, wherein he reviews the progress of the movement for a quarter of a century, estimating its aggregate numerical strength at nine millions. He criticises sharply the incongruities and crudenesses of the movement, but in his searching analysis points out with great clearness the substantial and partial blessings and benefits it has brought to large classes of men and women who are sometimes its unconscious, sometimes its unconscious recipients.—The New York National Standard.

The girls in the State Agricultural College, in Iowa, not only keep up in their studies with the young men, but do all the housework under the superintendence of a matron and a general housekeeper. A college in which young girls are taught housework is certainly a praiseworthy institution.

The Lecture Room.

A Sermon from Shakspeare's Text: "Tongues in Trees, Brooks in the Running Brooks, Sermons in Stones, and Good in Everything."

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, In Music Hall, Boston.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.]

MY RELIGION.

My religion is Love, 'tis the noblest and purest, My temple the universe, widest and surest; I worship my God through his works that are fair, And the joy of my heart is perpetual prayer. I wake to new life with the coming of Spring, When the lark is aloft with a feathered wing— When the thorn and the woodbine are bursting with buds, And the thrush is heard in the depths of the woods, When the verdure grows bright where the rivulets run, And the eye of the daisy looks up to the sun, When the iris of April expands o'er the plain And a blessing comes down the sweep of the rain, When the breeze is as pure and the breezes as mild As the smile of my wife and the kiss of my child.

When Summer in fullness of beauty is born, I love to be out by the flush of the morn, And to pause in the field where the mower is blithe, Keeping time with a song to the sweep of the scythe. At midday I love to be in the bowers, 'Mid the murmur of bees and the breathing of flowers, And there in some sylvan and shadowy nook To my soul down by the brink of the brook, When the soft and sweet of the streamlet is near, And the light laugh of childhood comes sweet to my ear.

In the calm reign of Autumn I'm happy to roam, When the peasant exults in a full harvest home— When the laughs of the orchard with fruitage incline, And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine; When Nature has put on the garb of the year, And the leaves of the forest are mellow and rare— When the lark quits the sky and the linnet the spray, And all things are clad in the garb of decay.

Even Winter to me hath a thousand delights, With its short gloomy days and its long starry nights, And I long to go forth ere the dawn to breathe The health-breathing freshness that floats on the gale, When the sun riseth red on the crest of the hill, And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still; When the moan and sound of the stormlet are lost In the lay embrace of mysterious frost— When the hutter is out on the shivering moor, And the robin looks in at the cottager's door, And the bell of her bell with folded her wings, To cherish the seeds of all glorious things.

There's a harvest of beauty in all that I see, For a leaf or a stone is a treasure to me; And God fills his world with wisdom and feel, Are more than the language of 'tis; 'tis revealed.

Did God set his fountains of light in the sky? That man should look up with the tears in his eyes? Did God make this earth so abundant and fair, That man should look down with a frown of despair? Did God fill his world with wisdom and feel, Are more than the language of 'tis; 'tis revealed.

My text will be found in the play of "Aa You Like It," Act II, Scene I: "And thus our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Shakspeare was a mental argus, whose hundred eyes nothing could escape. Men see by their brains more than by their eyes. His were brains so developed that they enabled their possessor to see what no mortal ever saw before. He was a Polyglot, with just as many tongues as eyes; what his eyes beheld, his tongues had the wondrous ability to speak. Through the palace walls he looked upon the king—in the darkness of the dungeon he beheld the prisoner. He saw the thought of either—he heard their aspirations or uttered faulces—and he embodied them in glowing language that speaks to every heart! Nature in him found a worthy listener. She brought her choicest secrets into his soul; he like a worthy student reveals them to you and to me, giving us eyes so that we may behold Nature in the glorious aspect that she presented to William Shakspeare. Through him the tongued trees gave utterance; the babbling brooks found speech, and these rude stones that have been talking through so many ages, at last obtained a competent and willing listener. Let us this afternoon see what we can learn from the tongues of these trees—what we can obtain and treasure up from the babbling brooks—listen to the sermons which the wondrous rocks are forever preaching, and apprehend and appreciate the good that is in everything.

It is autumn! We lie upon the velvet sward and view the forest around us. Grand old trees! torrid possessors of the soil, how I love you! You hold up your mighty heads to heaven, and wave your beautiful banners in the air. There you have stood in your proud position while multitudes of generations of leaves have flourished, and dropped, and perished around you. You have put down your radiating roots deep into the soil, and have sucked up by a million mouths the nourishment necessary to build up your huge and mighty structures. Out of this gross, dark mould you have made the regal garments you wear. Beautiful trees—eloquent trees! we listen to your tongues; and we learn your wondrous lessons. There is a lesson to be learned from you, and well would it be if every soul that observes you would heed it. So stands the true man, built upon the earth, of necessity drawing his subsistence from it, watered by its streams, mounting upward, ever upward, as age after age passes away. Watch these trees; where they are crowded together their bases are small, but their trunks are long. Their motto is the cry of the dying Goethe: "Light! more light!" and everything must be sacrificed to obtain it. They are shouldering each other to get the sun's bright smile. Too many men are ready to squat down like toad-stools beneath the overtopping trees, instead of mounting nearer and nearer to heaven every day! What are glory and fame, magnificent houses, broad lands, compared with the development of the soul? the unfolding of the intellect? the answering of the grand purposes of our being, and growing wiser and better every day we live?

There is a lesson to be learned from the trees that shows the falsity of many other lessons that are taught among men. Cut down that tree; look within its severed fibres, and from centre to circumference you can trace its yearly ring of growth. The whole history of that tree, and the

times in which it flourished, is indelibly written in the grain of the trunk. Twenty years ago there was a hot, dry summer. Look among the rings, and you shall find that one thin and showing but little growth. Fifty years ago there was a wet summer—see the broader ring of growth, that tells it to you to-day! There is not a day that has passed over this tree that has not left its record around its heart—never to be erased, never to be forgotten. I tell you, my brother, my sister, it is just the same with you! There is not a day in your history but tells its story on your souls, marks its influence upon your destiny, and there is nothing that can make it as though it had never been. I know how common it is for men to believe that Jesus can wipe out at one stroke and in a moment the consequences of their misdeeds—that five minutes of prayer can remove the dark-stains of fifty years of crime; but it is false—false from beginning to end. [Applause.] Nature tells you this in the grand eloquence of the trees. Do you think that any amount of waving on the part of the green leaves this coming summer can remove the effect of the dry seasons long gone by, and expand those contracted rings of growth to their full dimensions? No; it is impossible. When conditions are unfavorable for their proper development, where are the Jesuses for the trees, to remove the difficulties; and straighten the banded trunk, and fill out the lean circumference?

Thus the very tree-tongues are giving the lie to this Orthodox fable that man can do wrong—thus cramping his spiritual growth—and then escape the legitimate consequences of that wrong doing. See the effect of conditions as exemplified by these trees. Mark the one that has had the sun on every side—how symmetrical, how beautiful is that tree! It is, as the poet declares, "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever!" But mark that tree that has been deprived of the sun except on one side. How ugly, how misshapen, how lopsided, how ridiculous it looks! Far from it is the beauty and the grace of that tree that has had proper conditions for its development. See this gnarled ash, so unseemly that the raven croaks over it as he passes by. When it was a tender sapling, the hoof of a passing deer crushed it down into earth; and when it reared its head again, it bore, while its life should last, the deforming traces of that unfortunate circumstance. Tupper says: "Scratch the rind of the sapling, and the gnarled and knotted oak will tell thee of it for centuries to come," and you all remember the old adage: "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." And this is just as true of men as of trees.

Let go that criminal, policeman, whom you so unmercifully beating with your billy! He never had a chance; his condition now is the legitimate consequence of years of evil influences and the chilling frown of unfortunate circumstance. Room for him! air for him! sunshine for him! future life for him! There, in the great hereafter, at least he shall have a chance for development, which he never had here! [Applause.] That crabbled old woman—sneering, lying—a thief, it may be—full of evil disposition—she was once a baby, the joy of her mother's heart, prattling in her innocence, and smiling as sweetly as an angel! But as she expanded to maturity, she did not have the chance she ought to have had. She was tempted—she fell; she was trampled under the feet of the scrambling mass of onward-rushing humanity. Give her a chance—a chance that she never has had before. In the bright hereafter she shall have that opportunity, and develop into all that is glorious and good! [Applause.]

There is a lesson of charity to be learned from these trees; and it is one that we may well apply to all around us. I see in every tree, too, an inherent tendency to loveliness. Take that beautiful tree, so symmetrical in its proportions, and cut off all its finest branches; lop off all, if you please, and make of the trunk only a naked, angular stick. What does it do? Why, in a few years, the branches gradually grow again upon it, the blossoms expand in their loveliness, the fruit is developed, and fit once more for the uses of man. There is inherent in all nature a tendency to symmetry and to beauty. I see it in the mineral, still more strongly marked in the vegetable kingdom, and stronger still, as the result of long courses of development, in mankind as a whole. Man, though wronged and abused, though God and the devil and religion have striven to trample him down [applause], has yet within him that which, in spite of unfavorable conditions, pushes him onward to a natural excellence and perfection. [Applause] I mark that lesson in the trees—a lesson most distinctly at defiance with what passes for Orthodoxy in these days. There is a lesson, too, of silence in these trees. Go out into the woods, and put your ear to the trunk of that tree. Can you hear anything?—and yet that tree is busy; every particle of it is at work preparing the garment it must wear to greet the dawning spring. The voice has gone forth; the warm sun brings nearer the time of the budding leaf, and all the trees of the forest are weaving their new dresses in honor of the coming guest. Suppose a thousand young ladies were to be furnished with new dresses in the next two weeks; what an excitement would there be! What a snipping of scissors, running of sewing machines—and, I might say, talking machines, too—would be necessary to bring the matter to a successful termination. And yet, here are all the trees of the forest making their new dresses without contention, without haste, without the intervention of a French artiste, in the good old-fashioned style which can never be amended or improved. [Applause.]

There is another lesson in these glorious trees—a lesson of beauty, a lesson of goodness. If I were to tell all that the trees have to teach, how long would my sermon last! By what possibility could it ever have an end? It seems to me, as I go into the woods, and listen to their tongues,

that all other words are needless. They are the most eloquent of preachers; and, listening to them, we can well afford to let the others be silent in their presence. I watch these trees, and I see how they grow day by day, year by year, becoming fatter and better as age after age passes away. But you tell me, when the tree has arrived at its culmination of glory, when it has reached the limit of its powers, that is the last of it; it is resolved to its original components; it passes away, leaving a nothingness, and enters into the dust, from which it never can again emerge. And yet, out of the very dust of that tree, up springs a new one, fatter and brighter for the richness of the soil gained—from the ashes of its predecessor. I have learned to believe that—although men may suppose that tree to have perished, never more to have a place on this planet—there is a future life for it just as surely as for man, extravagant as it may appear. There is room enough in God's universe, somewhere, for all the trees that have ever blossomed, and there they are blossoming still; and just as surely there is room for men. They are all living still. The sky of progression is over them; the winds of fortuitous circumstances and beneficent conditions are playing around them. Development, throughout the grand future, is their inalienable destiny! [Applause.]

But Shakspeare says there are books in the running brooks; and we must not listen too long to these trees, therefore, or we shall lose the lessons that are contained in these running brooks. Strange place to find books!—but it is Nature's library, free for all. There is a book on chronology—and a wonderful book it is; our modern chronologies are lost in its presence. Go to Niagara—one of our brooks—and there you will find the mighty volume of water leaping over the solid rock, and not without effect, either. Go back to Queenstown, where the Falls were once situated; see where the slowly-grinding waters have channeled a cañon seven miles long, telling of the ages that must have been accomplished in its making. According to Lyell, thirty-five thousand years that river has been cutting its way backward from where it was to where it is today. But what of this, compared to the vast cañons of the West, one hundred miles long, cut a thousand feet deep through the hardest and most enduring granite? There is a story of time that absolutely astounds us. The streams that did that must have been engaged for thousands of centuries in accomplishing the mighty work. Those grand streams are older than Britain and the Druids, older than Gaul and the Celts, older than Egypt and her mummies, older than the Jews and Jehovah—older, indeed, than the grand old "serpent" himself. [Applause.] These are some of the books known by the name of rivers, and they have been rolling for ages where they are now, and doing the work of the world as the years sped away.

There is a book on perseverance in the rivers. There was a time when the Gulf of Mexico extended up to the Ohio river; every bit of land south of that boundary has been brought down there by the rivers. What is it that they cannot do? They have made seven miles of fossiliferous rocks; they have worn down a thousand towering mountains and carried them away to their common grave in the ocean; again elevated and again worn down in the grand eternity of the past; and the great process is going on now as then. There is a book on perseverance that it will do you good to read, young man, young woman. Whatever you think you ought to accomplish, stick to the work, determine that you will, and the victory is yours by-and-by. The very desire to be and to do, indicates the power to be and to do. What you desire may not seem to come; your labors may not appear to accomplish much, but time and continued effort will bring it at last! There is a lesson of patience and perseverance combined to be found in the brooks, which no reflecting mind can disregard. I saw a silvery rill descending from the mountains; clear as crystal were its waters, and with trickling feet it sped down toward the valley, singing a merry song. "I will stop its babblings," said the Frost, as he laid his cold hand upon it, and it staggered and grew still. "I will bury it from my sight," said the snow, and down upon the level ice floor it dropped its white mantle and hid the brook from my gaze. Alas! said I, the envy of the frost and the snow have destroyed the rill forever! But while I mourned, behold, the south wind blew, the sun shone forth from behind the cloud, the bands of the rill were broken, and away danced its waters more merrily than before. On it went, and wherever it was seen, the trees lifted up their heads and waved their green banners in its praise; the birds sang to it in their leafy bowers, and the flowers kissed it with their beautiful lips as it wandered by. But the hills saw it, and they said: "Why should we allow this vagrant to wander, chafing our sides, and setting at defiance the limits of days gone by? Let us unite, and crush it forever!" And so saying, they linked themselves together and presented to the rising stream a seemingly impassable barrier to dispute its further passage; but other streams came rolling in to feed the falling water, and by-and-by the brook said: "If I can't get through I must go over!" And the old hills clapped their hands and said: "Listen to the little fellow! no more can he grind along our massive foundations; he is chained; his work is done; his life is ended." But I watched the stream, and it rose inch by inch, and swelled from rill and brook to a river's power, and at last it found a valley between two hills, and poured with a thunderous roar on, to the broad ocean—far grander and more useful than before! [Applause.] Wherever it went it carried blessings in its path, receiving, accumulating power from a thousand tributaries, till it poured its torrent at last into the all-embracing sea! There is a lesson for thee, my tolling brother; let it not be lost. Let the streams of thy life-endavors go down pure and free from the mountains. Heed not those who would stay thy progress. Take counsel of Nature's lessons

In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (contributions) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not personally of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Banner of Light.

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Air Untruthful Messenger.

The World's Crisis and Second Advent Messenger, whose whole career rests on the assumption that only the "elect are immortal," and that Second Adventists are the "elect"—a theory of happiness that is selfishly based on others' misery—has had something to say on the "Banner of Spiritualism"; and, after quoting a passage from Mrs. Woodhull's official letter to the Spiritualists of the United States, and tacking on to it an extract of our lines from the columns of the Banner, it proceeds with perfect complacency to compare Spiritualism to Satan, because—as it understands from that mythical monster—*he, too*, would like to have people believe that his religion is the best in the world. There is hardly any change in the old, for the obvious reason that nobody but the editor of the Second Advent Messenger ever conceived of Satan as having any religion of his own any way. If he is the enemy of everything which the world accepts as religion, he must have had a second advent himself to have changed his faith and habits so remarkably.

To make the malicious point he aims for, the editor of the Crisis substantially charges that we "deny God." He knows that to be wickedly untrue as he puts the words. As for his charge that we deny the Bible, if he has read the Banner to comprehend its meaning, instead of to pick out phrases for false accusation, he knows that we have never denied that there are many grand truths contained in the collection of books called the Bible, in spite of its revolting polygamic teachings. We do not deny, but are profoundly grateful for the beautiful and gentle teachings of our elder brother, Jesus the Christ, and would help to spread them abroad and impress their truthfulness on every human heart. For the opinions of certain radical writers in these columns, who may choose to express themselves to the contrary, we are in no sense responsible, and have ever openly disavowed all responsibility. But the editor of the Second Advent Messenger is so much more interested in watching for the expected "fall" than he cannot stop to ascertain the truth in such a matter, and couple it with his statements. Those who differ from such writers are always equally at liberty to combat them in our columns, the Banner presenting a free field for both the discussion and dissemination of truth. It is therefore a sham and a falsehood for the "World's Crisis," or any other writer in papers or books, to garble the opinions of our Free Thought correspondents, in order to hold up the editor of the Banner to the ridicule of an iron-clad bigotry. In fact, nothing is so much needed as the banners of just such correspondents to break in places the metallic covering in which it has encased itself. Elder Grant has vastly more to say of Satan than of Jesus, and if we were to find whom he took for his "elder brother," we should say that it was the former.

This habit of misquoting the Banner for the purpose of carrying some small, envious, or malicious point, merits the sound rebuke it has never yet publicly received. It is a favorite custom with Orthodoxy as much as Second Adventism; nor do the secular prints that do the barking on the steps of the churches deem it an unfitting occupation to pursue, in their paid zeal for the cause they work for. When such profane to quote from the Banner, they are bound to do it truthfully or not at all; to distinguish between the utterances of its conductors and the open contributions of those who are free to entertain opinions of their own on every subject. This garbling practice is precisely after the detraction of the Satan of whom Orthodoxy makes so much in its preachings and teachings. If these false writers and speakers had more of the Christ spirit within them, which they already assume to be, their peculiar possession, they would begin by selecting true passages to quote from the editorial part of this paper, and not attempt to fast upon public belief, as our own utterances for which we are notoriously not responsible.

To Keep Atheists out of Office.

Not long since a gentleman friend of ours was riding into Boston on the Eastern railroad. He discovered two clergymen in earnest conversation—one of the Orthodox, the other of the Unitarian school of belief. The subject toward the elucidation of which their remarks were leveled, was the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The Orthodox minister opposed the movement as one calculated to reopen the doors of religious proscription and persecution, but he of the Unitarian faith stoutly defended it; he considered that it was "needed," etc., etc.; but finally liberated grinning from the sack by saying that the true meaning and drift of the measure was to keep certain atheists [such as William Denton, who had been in the preacher's neighborhood not long before, and had shaken the pillars of the church there] out of office. He spoke in a way which would seem to indicate that the number of said "atheists" was few, but that they must be kept in subjection at all hazards. Nevertheless we would inform this worthy would-be jailor of man's conscience, that the number of "atheists," i. e., disbelievers, of church dogmas wherever found, is rapidly on the increase, and that

He who dams the stream with sand,
Or fatters flame with reed and band,
Has yet a harder task to bind
By creeds the freeman's broadening mind."

and that the opponents of this Christless scheme (that is, the original element of Christ's love for his fellows is absent therefrom) are on the increase everywhere, and the "proposed" amendment will fall back upon its movers in irretrievable ruin.

A Waymark of Progress.

Those who, by reason of natural bias, cannot perceive the rapid advance which this world is making toward liberalization of sentiment in all departments of life, will do well to cast the glance of retrospection along the brief history of this new nation, and see how, from the fanatic and stern-browed Puritan, grimly smiling in his savage at the death cry of his victim, has been developed, in but a comparatively brief space of time, a nation, free from ecclesiastical chains, though bigots would remove this crowning glory if they could.

It is only a little over one hundred and seventy-nine years since eight victims to the ignorance and priestly induced superstition of their times—the terrible "Witchcraft" days—who were denounced, in the language of a divine of that day, "eight firebrands of hell," were together executed upon the gallows in Essex county. Their names were Samuel Wardwell, of Andover, William Reed, of Marblehead, Margaret Scott, of Rowley, Mrs. Alice Parker, of Salem, Mary Parker, of Topsfield, Mrs. Ann Pundator, of Salem (seventy years old), Mrs. Mary Eusty and Mrs. Martha Corey.

The last-named was the wife of Giles Corey, who, being also accused, and refusing to answer, had been six days previously (Sept. 16th) put to death by means of a heavy beam laid across his chest and loaded with stones. The ballad hath it:

"Giles Corey—he said not a word,
No single word spake he;
"Giles Corey," saith the magistrate,
"We'll press it out of thee."
They got them then a heavy beam;
They laid it on his breast;
They loaded it with heavy stones,
And hard upon him prest.
"More weight," now said this wretched man;
"More weight," again he cried;
And he did not confess a make,
But he wakened his eyes.
Name Corey lived but six days more;
But six days more lived she,
For she was hanged on Gallows Hill
Upon the Locust Tree."

No doubt the aforesaid ballad brought "goodlie comforts" to the hearts of the fierce zealots of those days, but if the educated conscience of the nineteenth century were questioned, as to who best deserved the epithet, "Firebrands of hell," the churchmen would rejoice in a new application. The spirit of sectarian rigidity can still be traced in the heart of Orthodoxy, cropping out now and then, as in the God-fir-the-Constitution movement, and in the case of those deacons who left the Park-street Church, Boston, when Mr. Murray, the liberal-hearted, was installed their pastor; but progress is the order of the hour. Away from the gloomy old millstones of creed, we are climbing to where the golden indices of well doing are set by the angels and glitter far up the rugged heights of Truth. We venture to predict that, before the present century shall have been numbered with its predecessors, not a king, queen or emperor will retain among civilized peoples, the throne of political power; a grand blending of nations will begin to be established, creeds will fall away from the soul, and the world be nearer to that glorious time foretold:

"When the war-drum throb no longer,
And the battle-flags are furled,
In the parliament of peace—
The federation of the world."

Poor Record for Theology.

There can be no greater proof of the fact that the theology of the churches—with which Judge Strong and his Convention, at Cincinnati, strove to inoculate the United States Constitution—has no relation to the moral code taught and exemplified by him of Nazareth, who said: "My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight," than the rapid increase of corruption, strife and wrong doing which, for the last eighteen hundred years, has followed the blood-red banner which the Christian Church has unfurled. As the natural sequence of the idea of individual non-responsibility attending the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, honesty in pecuniary transactions is practically omitted, social ties disregarded, and ministerial failings are so frequent as to cease to be a matter of interest to the masses. Profanity, also, against which the decalogue fulminates "thou shalt not swear," has become so general all over the country that when, at a recent trial in the Newburyport, Mass., Police Court, a witness swore in at the searching examination of the opposing lawyer, and, to use the words of a correspondent, "hurled a good round oath at the counsel," the Judge, while reprimanding him, said, in extenuation, that "he was using the ordinary dialect of the city," and then went on to remark that there was not a place in New England, if there was in the whole country, where profanity was so common, on all occasions, and with all classes, as in Newburyport. At which a daily contemporary says, and with truth to our mind: "This is rather a poor record for a city with a church in almost every street; but perhaps if ministers would preach more morality and spend less time in feeble attacks on geology and the theories of Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, of which they know nothing, it might be an improvement."

Avarice, also, is more powerful than religion in the hearts of men. The finer qualities of our nature, which were the basis of the example of him who wrote the adulterer's sin on sand, who went to the tomb of Lazarus, and pitied the widow of Nain, are utterly ignored in this age of general scrambling for pelf. See the old churches, one after another, reluctant of the memories of our country's earlier days, that are tumbling in ruins at the command of the modern speculators of Middlesex, who would transform even that Bible which they profess so much to revere into hard coin. Some time since we passed by the former site of the old Brattle-street meeting-house—the latest victim to the land-grasping Moloch of capital—and beheld quite a number of people carefully examining the debris for relics; and we felt more than ever that "Christ and his crucifixion" have ceased to rule (if they ever did) the mind of the church—that it was a crumbling ruin, too, and that those who spend their time in probing among its debris for relics of the Nazarene, will find their task as hopeless as that of the curiosity-seekers above mentioned.

Still—to change the figure—the stream of wrong doing and wrong abetting rolls on, but the careful student of spiritual things can catch the first eddies of an incoming tide from the supernal spheres, which shall cleanse the Augean stables of Churchianity, and bring knowledge for faith, peace for war, charity for avarice, purity for licentiousness, spirituality for calculating policy, and the world-wide reign of truth for the dominion of error among mankind.

The Wave of Progress Upward.

Is the title of an excellent article from the pen of Leon Hyneman, Esq., of Philadelphia, which may be found in this issue of the Banner of Light. Delegates to the People's May Convention in New York should read and ponder well the thoughts expressed in Mr. H.'s article; for, by so doing, they will not fall to come to a better understanding of the mighty questions to be discussed, involving the future welfare of the nation.

The People's Convention in New York.

The City of New York, May 9th, 10th and 11th, (three days instead of two, as heretofore announced by us), will be the scene of operations which cannot fail of producing a marked influence on the coming years. All shades of reformers will there assemble, and endeavor to engr upon some common ground of action in the ensuing Presidential campaign which shall enable them to make their power felt in the world of men, and to elevate before the popular gaze still more effectually the various amendatory measures which they are seeking to engraft upon the social or political polity.

The sessions on the 9th of May will be devoted exclusively to the National Woman Suffrage Association, the pioneer of the Convention, and by whose invitation the other reformatory elements have convened. On the 10th the Convention will be merged into the more extended sphere, and so continued on the 11th, the suffragists acting in concert with all others for the formation of a new political party. Although two calls are issued by the female suffragists, the sentiment as regards the necessity of the meeting and the practicality of its work is but one.

The arrangements for the carrying on of the convocation are fully stated in the columns of Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, from which we learn that associations or bodies of people at a distance, desiring to be represented, but unable to send delegates, can be represented by parties resident in New York by forwarding to them the proper credentials; that all the principal railroads have assented to giving half-fare tickets to delegates; that the business of the convention will be transacted in its day sessions—the evenings being set apart for set speeches, and an admission being charged to the same—these arrangements not applying to the 9th; that speakers are requested to prepare their remarks in MS., which are not to exceed thirty minutes in delivery. Harmony and concert of action are announced to be the desideratum of the meetings—the delegates only being allowed to vote, though no person will be excluded from attending.

With this programme the movement waits the coming of the hour to be launched within the limits of the Empire City. Whatever may be the immediate results flowing from it, many clear heads and earnest hearts are enlisted in it, and its delegates will represent, in a high degree, the great principles which are now producing that instinctive unrest which pervades alike the body politic and the church organization. All the time-honored systems of the past—revered only for their age and the fact that our fathers followed them through life—are now being obliged to give reason for their existence; and why they should not, if antiquated and unfitted for the needs of the present hour, give way, just as in the material world the railroad car has supplanted the stage coach, the steamship the galley, the telegraph the swift footmessenger or rapid rider, and the printing-press the monk's slowly lettered page. "Use" is the great demand of the nineteenth century. Upon it let every question, reformatory, æsthetic, theological or political, stand or fall. We shall watch the doings of this Convention with great interest.

Read the Papers.

How often would heavy pecuniary losses or vexatious delays and difficulties be spared to individuals did they make it a practice to examine the files of the various newspapers issued all over the country. No greater example of mistaken economy exists than that man who seeks to save pence, at the risk of losing pounds, by ignoring the purchase or support of these journalistic mentors. And the rule which applies to every-day pursuits, is also equally binding in the world of thought and mental expansion.

We have in mind at the present time what we think will pass for a marked instance of this mistaken economy, which occurred last Sunday afternoon, at Music Hall, this city. Notice had been given from the platform of this hall, two Sabbaths previous (April 14th), that no meeting would occur on the 21st, on account of the Homeopathic Hospital Fair then taking place; but when the 21st drew nigh, it became apparent to the Committee that the hall could not be cleared for a meeting on that day. They therefore hastened to dispatch notices to the daily press of Saturday, 27th, also to the Banner of Light, setting forth the fact that Prof. Wm. Denton would speak at the hall May 5th instead of April 28th, (as before announced), and that there would be no session on the 21st. Notwithstanding these numerous intimations, we are informed, on credible authority, that, at the usual lecture-hour, on the 21st, a large crowd of persons—among them many Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity—asssembled at the door, and complaints in plenty were made that the parties were not notified that the meeting was adjourned for two weeks instead of one. Had those present on that occasion read the papers, they would not have been there on that day, and thus would have avoided a vexatious disappointment. While we do not desire to reduce the matter to a personal ground, yet we will still say to those not posted in regard to our meetings: Brothers, sisters, you have in this city a journal called the Banner of Light, which is for sale at all news-dealers, and is devoted wholly to the good of your cause. Read it, and it will keep you informed on spiritual affairs generally.

The Vermont Quarterly Convention.

Much to our regret we shall be obliged, owing to the press of matter upon our columns, and the lapse of time since the holding of this series of meetings, to condense the able report of E. B. Holden, its Secretary, regarding its proceedings, within the limits of an editorial.

The facts in the case are as follows: The Vermont State Association of Spiritualists met in Quarterly Convention, in the hall of the Ingraham Hotel, in Chester, at three o'clock P. M., Jan. 12th, agreeably to the call published in the Banner of Light. The President, D. P. Wilder, was in attendance, and officiated at all the meetings of the Convention, which continued till Sunday evening, Jan. 14th. The sessions were well attended, and were remarkable for quiet and the strict attention paid to the speakers. Regular addresses were delivered by Mrs. M. C. Rundlett, Mrs. A. Zina Wiley, of Landgrove, Dr. E. B. Holden, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, and Mrs. S. A. Wiley; remarks in conference were made by Messrs. L. C. Stephens, Dunbar, Stoddard, Harvey Howes, H. Dickerman, John Landon, Wood, Daniel D'Walt, Benjamin Davis, R. R. Wright, Dr. E. A. Smith, E. B. Holden, and Davis, Rev. Benjamin Shaw, Dea. Putnam, Mrs. Rundlett, Mrs. H. M. Slocum, Mrs. Dr. Davis, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, of Rockingham, Mrs. Cheever, Mrs. Griswold and others.

A series of resolutions received the endorsement of the Convention. Good music was furnished by the choir. The Secretary assures us that harmony prevailed from the first speech of the President to the concluding sentence of Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith's closing address, and that much good to the cause resulted from the Convention.

A Bad Temper.

"Few, if any, will deny," says the Boston Sunday Herald, "that an ungovernable and ugly temper is the most offensive of all human infirmities. It is to be met with in all classes of society, from the high to the low. It intrudes itself into the ordinary walks of life, and raises its offensive head wherever its unfortunate possessor happens to be. There is no such thing as satisfying its demands or in combating it. It does not listen to the voice of reason, or tolerate an opinion in others that does not square with its own conceit. It makes its possessor garrulous and denunciatory toward even his best friend. Jealousy and unbelief are its companions, and it attributes unworthy motives to all who have anything to do with or who come in contact with it. It delights in saying severe things of others, and rolls gossip as a sweet morsel under its tongue. It considers every one an enemy who dares to have an opinion of his own, and does not fall down and worship the ill-natured calf. Nothing suits the taste or fancy of bad-tempered persons. They imagine they are slighted by their friends and acquaintances when they are not, and the misunderstood friend is soundly berated and traduced. In their eyes every man and woman is vile at times, and should at once be consigned to prison. These ill-natured individuals are the pests of society. You cannot talk with them five consecutive minutes without giving offence, and some sharp reply is all one gets, to be ever so guarded in the selection of his language. We know of no way to get along with ill-natured, jealous people, but to let them alone severely, when, serpent-like, they will turn upon and sting themselves."

There is much truth in the remarks of our contemporary, and sorry we are that they apply to so many people as they do at the present time. Scarcely a secular or religious paper comes to our office that does not contain evidence of bad temper. Spiritualists, too, are not devoid of this failing. Many of them profess to believe in a harmonious philosophy, and yet, in their every-day life, do not practice what they preach. For some fancied wrong, or misapprehension of the meaning of terms, they rush into print, and make their bad tempers transparent to the world. How can we expect that our beautiful philosophy will take root and flourish, when its advocates are continually wrangling among themselves? Is it not time, friends, to open the book of life anew in this respect?—or shall we go on imitating our Orthodox brethren, and thereby weaken our cause in the estimation of all good, harmonious souls?

A Spiritualist Funeral.

Under this caption the San Francisco Chronicle of April 19th describes the ceremonies upon the occasion of consigning to Mother Earth the mortal body of Henry Chase, a young man who passed on, aged about nineteen years. The writer says his remains were buried "from his late residence, at Mason and Geary streets, with full religious ceremonies, according to the burial ritual of the sect of Spiritualists." As these services are the first of the kind ever performed in this city, their novelty attracted attention. Henry was the last surviving son of Mrs. Chase, a spiritualistic medium of this city, and well known among the sect. After a severe illness of several weeks, the young man expired of consumption, on Sunday afternoon, and his last request was that his mother should conduct the funeral according to their ritual, and his wishes were respected. The coffin was made to order by an undertaker in Market street. It was composed of common redwood lumber, covered with white velvet, and the inside trimmed with white silk. No ornaments were discernible about the box. The body was dressed similarly, in white robes and white necktie. White flowers were strewn around the coffin. The room in which the body lay awaiting burial was beautiful. Around the walls were white roses, and on a table at the head of the coffin was a large vase containing a small rosebush. At the base of the vase was a half-blown rose, which had been plucked from the bush and had fallen to the ground. It was emblematic of the young life, so full of promise and beauty, nipped in the bud, and falling to decay at the root. The services were conducted by the mother, who was dressed in white alpaca, without any trimmings or ornaments. The ceremonies deeply impressed the spectators, and were opened by Mrs. Beach singing the well-known poem written by Mrs. G. Clark, the medium, entitled "He's Gone." The mother then addressed the assemblage at some length, extolling the virtues of her son, and adding that it was his express desire, both before and after death, that he should be buried in that manner. Mrs. Beach then sang a poem entitled the "Beautiful Hills." The coffin was then placed in a hearse and borne to the cemetery. At the grave the services consisted of a prayer by Mrs. Beach. Mrs. Chase says that since the death of her son she has had several interviews with him, etc.

A Remarkable Discovery in Medicine.

Mrs. A. E. Cutter, medium, residing at 72 Essex street, Boston, has made a discovery, by spirit assistance, which promises to revolutionize the knife and caustic system of treatment for cancers now so much in vogue. The remedy used by her consists of a plaster, the ingredients of which were made known to her, which is applied to the surface of the cancer, some internal remedies being also administered to the patient, to act as allies with the outward application in bringing the application of said plaster, the face of the tumor rapidly expands, and the disease seems to be regressed; but the fact is, that the poisonous matter which is the source of the trouble is being brought rapidly to the surface, where it dies; and thus the virus is surely withdrawn from the system—the cancer dying at the top all the while—till finally the entire mass of diseased matter falls out, leaving an ordinary wound with healthy granulations, which orifice rapidly becomes filled with healthy tissue.

This system is not a matter of mere theoretic speculation, as it has already been successfully applied in the cases of Mr. Nathaniel Tower, of Cummington, Mass., Mrs. Frances Bacon, Boston, Mass., and others. In the first case, a rose cancer, which was the size of a bean, under the new system attained its full development (weight, half a pound) and fell out entirely in three weeks and one day from the primary application. In ten days after the patient was discharged, all difficulty having disappeared. In the second case, a rose cancer weighing two pounds was extracted without pain from the breast of the patient (an aged lady) by Mrs. Cutter's process. "Drs. H. B. Storer and J. H. Dewey are acquainted with the latter case, and bear testimony unqualifiedly to the value of the remedy.

Other instances of her success can be given if necessary, all signs seemingly pointing to the fact that the new system of treatment is not only infinitely more pleasant and free from suffering, but more certain and speedy in its action than the old, for the eradication of these terrible scourges of humanity.

Beecher on Sunday Libraries.

In his recent address in New York on the much-discussed question of opening public libraries on Sunday, Mr. Beecher took, with all due prudence and discretion, the ground which is more and more substantiated by the liberal and advanced opinion of the time, that it was for the good of the public, morally and physically, that these institutions should be thrown open on Sunday equally with all other days of the week. He clearly indicated what are the true signs of the times. The matter has been put to vote in one of these institutions in New York, and an overwhelming majority came out in favor of so reasonable a rule. Boston ought to have led off in this movement of liberalism, and so it would if it had been left to itself; but a puritanic Legislature has cramped the question into its iron vice, and it will take perhaps years to get out of it again. Society has to go through certain experiences before it knows what all its system, or what is the proper remedy. At the right moment the Reformation was launched, and not a century too early. At the right time the Temperance Reform will make its appearance in full strength, and march on conquering and to conquer. Every new movement in its proper season.

All turns on the significance of the Sabbath, or Sunday. The question is not altered by showing that these two days have been practically interchanged. The enlightened portion of the world are led to believe that this Seventh Day is a day of rest from secular occupations, and it is sacred only to that particular end in their minds. They begin to comprehend the nonsense and the tyranny of one class trying to compel another, and the vastly larger class, to pass Sunday in an ascetic temper, wearing the hypocritical badge of high and sanctimonious faces, and fretted by the restraints of laws that are not equal because they are not for all. The world has progressed very far since the days of the Puritan fathers, and the trouble is that our bigoted Legislature and local administrators of the law have not yet found it out. The true way to make them open their eyes is to preach and write the truth at them boldly and all the time. Rain it down unceasingly on their crowns till a visible impression is made. Beecher's views on the subject are an army of reinforcements, and yet he only interprets the growing public sentiment. If the bigots are anxious to save their Sunday from utter desecration in the future, they will do well to provoke by their stubbornness an irresistible reaction.

Prison Atrocities.

The Pall Mall (Eng.) Gazette recently commented on a report published in the New York Times on the Sing Sing Prison, and in a manner not at all to the credit of our professions either of advanced civilization or humanity. The report of the Times on the condition and interior workings of the prison was a thorough one. The Gazette, however, takes up for comment only what is said of the "punishment room" of the prison. There are five modes of punishment in vogue: the "dark-cell," the "hall and chain," the "collar and crown," the "back handout," and the "thumb pulley." The latter was said by the keeper to be the worst form of punishment. Upon such an assurance, the reporter of the Times concluded to try it for himself. About a foot of stout whipcord was produced, with a slip-knot at either end; and, the reporter's thumbs being put in the loops, the attendant drew the knot taut below the first joint. The cord was then hung on a hook attached to the end of a rope which dangled from a pulley in the ceiling, and the simple preparations were complete. The signal was given, and a strong-armed convict seized the rope, and hoisted the reporter up by the thumbs till his toes barely touched the ground. After thus hanging five seconds, the whole weight of his body dragging on his thumbs, he requested to be let down. His experience he described in this wise: "It seemed to me," said he, "that my thumbs and the tough sinews on the inside of the wrist were being drawn out. I felt that my arms must leave the shoulder sockets; and he afterwards speaks of it as 'this hellish torture.' Yet it is a favorite method of punishment at Sing Sing, and an average of four prisoners are thus 'pulled' every week there. Is it not time to banish these tortures of the old Inquisition from our prisons, before preaching at the practices of earlier times?"

Spiritualist Conventions.

The friends of the spiritual movement are exhibiting their earnestness by the various calls all over the country for that system of local organization which is the only proper forerunner of a successful national association, and by the activity of the old societies.

By reference to announcements elsewhere contained in this issue it will be found that the Second Quarterly Convention of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will be held in Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 8th, commencing at 10 A. M., and holding three sessions in Union Hall, corner of Grove and 4th streets.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists will be held in the Universalist Church at Hartford, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, May 4th and 5th.

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Westernfield's Hall, in the city of Anderson, Madison County, Ind., commencing Friday, May 24th, 1872, at half-past ten A. M., and continue in session over Sunday, 26th.

A Free Spiritualist Reading-Room.

It will be seen by the notice given below that the Boston Spiritualist Union is carrying out practically what was promised in its circulars as given to the public:

The Boston Spiritualist Union, through their Board of Managers, have voted to establish a Free Reading-room for the use of its members and the public, in which will be kept files of all the spiritualistic and reformatory newspapers and other periodicals; also the standard works upon Spiritualism and other progressive subjects. The earnest cooperation of all persons feeling an interest in this movement is solicited. Donations of money, books, magazines, pamphlets or any periodicals, suitable for this purpose, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

Gifts, &c., may be forwarded to any member of the committee; or, any person by addressing the Secretary, Mrs. Kittredge, 361 Tremont street, will be waited on by the committee. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Mr. M. T. Dole, Dr. William Woods, Mrs. John Woods, Mrs. Mary R. Hubbard, Mrs. C. M. Woods, Mrs. Lizzie F. Kittredge.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR.—This staunch old war-horse—liberal in many things, bigoted in none—has arrived at the forty-second year of its age, and is as hale and hearty as ever. "It has done good service for Humanity; has lived to bear witness to the ripening of the fruit of its labors in many quarters of the globe, and the blessings of the disentangled are showered down upon it to day without stint. The battle is not yet over, however, old war-horse; we need you IN HARNESS now more than ever, to aid in trampling down the weeds of superstition that are yet impeding the growth of liberal thought.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by the spirit who gave it to the medium through the instrumentality of...

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 157 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors...

Invocation.

Come, Holy Spirit; Heavenly Dove, and fold your white wings above these human hearts that are tossing upon the turbulent waves of a human life...

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What is the difference between the human and the spiritual? A.—The human is the body, the spiritual is the soul. Q.—How can we know if we are spiritualized? A.—By the peace and joy that come from within...

Invocation.

Thou Great Spirit, in whom we trust, we come to thee this hour, with our weakness, praying for strength; we come to thee with our ignorance, praying for wisdom...

Questions and Answers.

Q.—If spirit is God, (as I have seen stated by the Intelligence), and man is an individual portion thereof, why is not God tangible as well as individual man? A.—The individualized mind of man is not tangible...

Elihu Davis.

My name is Elihu Davis. I am from Barnstable, Mass. I was here in the body fifty-four years. I have been gone nine years, and I have learned more of life and its uses in these nine years...

Q.—Could you suggest any measures that would minister to man's temporal welfare? A.—We are constantly suggesting them, every moment of your lives, and you are constantly living them out as best you can...

Joseph Cadmus.

I am Joseph Cadmus. I lived in St. Paul, Minnesota. I have been gone a little less than a week. I said, when I was first taken sick, that if I did my folks should hear from me from this place...

Alice Crossgrove.

I was ten years old. I lived in Williamsburg, New York State. My father is in California. My mother is in Williamsburg; and she said, if I would only come here and send a message to my father...

Antonio Nowell.

I want to find my son, James. My name is Antonio Nowell. I am a native of Lisbon, Portugal. I have many things of importance to communicate to my son...

Mary Elizabeth Harris.

I lived in Watertown, Mass. I have been gone eight years. I died of paralysis of the left side. I was sixty-seven years old. I wish to communicate with my sons, Richard and William...

James Erwin.

When we lay down what we call our life, in death, we do but take it up again in the other life, to go on weaving for ourselves a mantle of perpetual change...

Mary Ellen Gray.

I left this life eighteen years ago this month. I died of consumption. I had only one link binding me here—my little one—a child of three years. It is to her I come to-day. I prayed then that blessed angels of light might care for her...

Seance conducted by William E. Channing.

Seance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by "Vashli".

Invocation.

My object in coming here is to reach my family. If I can—those that are left. I should dislike to see them coming here, one after another, in darkness...

Questions and Answers.

Q.—What would you understand by the word "archangel"? A.—A mystic, a myth, a mere term used to convey the idea of a certain set of spirits, or group of angels higher than angels...

Spiritualism in Germany and Russia.

A correspondent of the New York World, under date of Bonn, April 23, has some interesting observations on the progress of Spiritualism in Germany and Russia...

My friend, Herr Rebol, who I believe is a distant relative of the leader of the socialist-democratic party in Germany, is an enthusiastic admirer of the Seer of Orange...

But aside from Davis and his adherents, Spiritualism in and for itself is making great strides in Germany. We have a 'German Library of Anglo-American Spiritualism'...

There seems to be no such thing as rest, in the absolute, in Nature. And yet, when we are employed in what pleases us, we are at rest. On entering this spirit-world I found everything so different from what I had expected...

I took up with his advice, and to-day I am in a happy, contented, progressive state. That gentleman was Dr. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., and my name is James Erwin, also of Nashville...

My object in coming here is to reach my family. If I can—those that are left. I should dislike to see them coming here, one after another, in darkness...

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who want to know, you know, why spiritual manifestations, so-called, are not made in the light of day, will find themselves minus their only argument by a perusal of the testimony of Theodore Tilton...

About a Banner Spirit-Message.

MESSRS. EDITORS—June 5th, 1871, a message was received from "Mary Wier," (whose name should have been spelled Weyer) purporting that the spirit formerly lived in Nantucket, and reached the ripe old age of ninety-nine years...

So here is another verification—a test of circumstances and identity, which goes to prove the basic fact of Spiritualism. Mrs. Wier was the mother of the wife of George Cobb, formerly Registrar of Deeds at Nantucket...

Mrs. Smith recently had a spiritual experience which is worth noting. She has two brothers in Brooklyn, New York, one of whom she knew to be sick. On the morning of the 13th inst., about three o'clock, in spirit, she was in that city...

Thus are constantly multiplying the proofs of spiritual law, and the possibilities of the spirit, even when tabernacled in the flesh. W. FOSTER, JR., Providence, R. I., April 23d, 1872.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

Office of Secretary of Indiana State Association of Spiritualists. To the Spiritualists of Indiana, Ohio, etc. We hereby announce the Grand National Convention of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists...

New Jersey State Association. The Second Quarterly Convention of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will be held in Jersey City, on Wednesday, May 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M....

Van Buren (Mich.) County Circle. The next Quarterly Meeting of the Van Buren County Circle of Spiritualists will be held in the Universalist Church, at Van Buren, Mich., on Wednesday, May 15th...

Passed to Spirit-World. From Winsted, Conn., March 30th, after a very short illness, George Pond, aged 28 years. Although not an avowed Spiritualist, he was free from sectarian bigotry and liberal in all his views...

From Forestville, Conn., April 5th, Julia, wife of John Bird, aged 49 years. Suddenly and without a moment's warning did her transition come. In the language of the Spiritualists she passed here and breathed there, even before the suspicion had dawned upon her mind...

From the residence of one, H. E. Felch, Esq., Roxborough, Mass., April 12th, Dr. Walton Felch, at the advanced age of 82 years. He was one of the earliest investigators and writers in favor of Spiritualism, and a man of great energy and vigor...

Regarding these statements of Mr. Tilton, the editor of the Bellefontaine (O.) Weekly Examiner, for April 19th, truly says: "Those uninformed, but dogmatical persons..."

Banner of Light, THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at the Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 135 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

THE PARCE OF MURDER TRIALS.

Trials for murder have ceased to be anything but farces, in which the lawyers play off their skillful pranks on the jury and the people. At least it is so in St. Louis and New York City. Joseph H. Fore has just been acquitted in St. Louis of one of the most deliberate and willful murders ever committed in the city, and one in which the act itself and the planning and deliberate execution were evidence enough that the man was sane and carried out his deliberate design with coolness and decision—as long contemplated—of murdering one of the best citizens of the city.

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While the city authorities of St. Louis are arresting and punishing gamblers almost every week, and our papers approve the official conduct, there are glowing advertisements and editorial notices of a big lottery scheme in Omaha, Nebraska, which is made respectable by the endorsement of the Governor and several prominent business men of the State, and having attached to it a charitable purpose which, like the tail of a kite, gives it beauty and spreads it out before the people.

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STATISTICS OF THE WEST.

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in party politics and political tactics, and can take ship and back and fill as easily as any political navigator; but when he attempts to shed light on the Spiritual Philosophy, he might as well give his pen to the office devil, and let him write it up—and he could scarcely make more blunders or betray more ignorance. He would not have felt very proud had he known how much he made himself the laughing-stock of those who understood the subject and read his blunders. We could not consistently copy the nonsense nor attempt a review of the statements, as they were wholly and utterly unworthy of the notice we have given them, except as an *exposé* of the object for which they were undoubtedly made—and probably they served that purpose. Had he given the speech without comment, it would have been manly and generous; or had his comments been consistent and candid as references, and left each to judge for himself and herself, it would have been fair.

ROBERT HARPER, OF SOHO HILL, BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

We are happy to learn by letter that this excellent brother and co-laborer in the fields of reform and the interest of the working classes is soon to visit our country; and we trust he will visit our city of St. Louis, where he will find a hearty welcome and some warm friends. His name is well known to us, and his devotion to the cause of human progress has already endeared him to many people in this country. We shall be happy to hear the views of this brother, both in public and private, on the interests and relationship of the laborers of England and America, which we trust will ere long become so united as to form a common bond of peace, that shall forever bind the two nations together, and forever prevent wars between them.

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WISCONSIN PEBBLES.

BY J. O. BARRITT.

My radice is convalescent, being ticketed for the city of the New Jerusalem.

We parted, dear reader, the last time, at Janesville; we meet now, at Monroe, this Sunday of March 24th. On the way hither, called at Brodhead; and exchanged greetings with the Stewarts, Dr. Towne, Twining and others—men of character and spiritual pioneers.

A guest now of Bro. Z. H. Howe, a Universalist minister. Did not convert this good man, I trow. He will have to slide over on the Universalist plank; and may he go safe, in my prayer. His home is a home of purity and literature. Blessings on that home! Our angels record all kindnesses to the wandering and weary apostles. Attended church (Universalist) this forenoon, and heard the good pastor, Rev. Butler, discourse about the Transfiguration for his theme. It was fine, but the soul was left out. Brethren of the Abrahamic faith, what were the Transfiguration without the angels that spoke to Jesus? Oh, ye fearful ones, when will you be saved by listening to what Moses, Elias, Jesus, John, Mary and the rest have now to say from their holy mounts?

In the afternoon the "Missionary" lectured, in the self same place, to an intelligent and very courteous congregation. These friends not only let me into their church, but gave me a collection. This is as it should be: hear all sides; be candid, charitable, and cherish all the good. But very few Spiritualists in Monroe. It is soil to be plowed. These friends heard the gospel about that Transfiguration in the afternoon, and despite the "Winchester Confession," they love to listen to the glad news of great joy from the angel ministries.

Through mud, snow, sleet, fierce winds, dragged that hated old stage twenty miles. Oh, oh, spirits, *sp. sp.* do find some Yankee medium, and get up an aerial ship! The birds fly; why not we? Balloons to try so do kites; why not navigate the air, and save this snail traveling in gutters full of mud and water?

Go there at last—in Warren, Ill.—tired, chilled, patiently wise and plausibly mad against all the stages in Wisconsin. Roasted that night at the residence of our faithful brother, J. S. Morrell. Morrell and the family, Rev. G. H. Henshaw, Sec. of a strange country. Never in these "mineral diggings" before. What a nice thing it is to be notorious!

"Heard of him before, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, indeed; our minister is down on him. He's a Wisconsin Spiritualist missionary." "And Spiritualists are glad he's come." "That's the way it is talked. Well, be up and doing; preach the gospel." "Woe is me if I do not preach the gospel." Drummed up the forces, made appointments, and brought up next at Mineral Point, and found a welcome home at our English Spiritualists here—the Bands. Here met Samuel Clegg, of Dodgeville—a brother of faith. In his distress, in his pocket, he has struck a lead mine, down a shaft of a hundred feet, directed and encouraged by spirits, through mediums of his home. "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." Again and again are we reminded of the fact that our angels will ever bless us when we faithfully persevere.

At Mineral Point, Wis., the principal edifice is the Methodist Church, built of the old red sandstone, that taxed the people forty thousand. Go on, Christian friends! build them well and strong; for "the Spiritualists" say the angels, "are to possess them before the year of our Lord 1900." That's the year I shall pass over Jordan.

A looking country round—all dug up—full of deep holes, where the lead miners have sunk their shafts. Nice for the stock and prancing horses, isn't it? Why, the Mineral Pointers dig even in their fields and gardens! Great business, this lead mining, but not equal to the past. Poor fellows! How they toil—and at what hazard to their health and life! The miners are mostly English and Welsh. Walked a long distance to find a right shaft, and descended into it; but that day nobody was mining, it being Good Friday; and lots of folks were keeping it as a Christian day, by playing marbles, betting horses, lounging in the saloons, and getting drunk at night, and not doing anything in the generous purport of this locality that causes almost everybody to have a leaden look? It must be so, I think; and this may account for the scarcity of Spiritualists in this city. Lead gases make a dull spiritual battery, I presume.

The minor's dress is unique—ocher color. Down, down, the diggers dig through the limy rock, through the glass-rocks, and it lucky, and that chance-work generally with the anti-Spiritualist—he strikes the ore, picks it out by the pickaxe; it is hauled up by a windlass and other machinery, sold on the spot for about forty dollars a thousand pounds, carried to the furnace, where it is broken up through a rolling mill to small pieces, and washed in a running stream that carries off the adhering dirt, then put into a monstrous cauldron, or furnace, and smelted. I looked into one of these furnaces; and was reminded of Jonathan Edwards's "sub-marines" in the "other place." The lead drops out of an aperture, at first as red as blood—drops into a vessel, the bottom of which is a leaden plate, and is skimmed off and thrown back into that terribly hot place, and the pure metal put into molds; now it is pig-lead, ready for the market. There are mineral materials generally adhering to the lead in the mine called "Black Jack" and "Dry Bone," once thrown away as useless, now gathered up with great care, and used as a substitute for the lead. And another portion converted into zinc, obtained from the vapors of it.

On the way again, over the lead country, and here's a humble log cottage, where lives our good brother, Napoleon Graham, and his worthy family of children. His is a fine farm, with lead under the feet. Asked Cole, the Alabama negro, if he would come and hear a Spiritualist lecture. "No!" said he; "I am a Baptist; I don't want to hear but one thing." Caleb is a Christian.

Sunday, the 31st of March. Where now? In Washburn, a little burg in a valley and on the hillside. Home at Dr. Hadden's, and an attractive one. On the table lay the Banner of Light, and the *Utica Convention*, and in the library were Spiritualist books—sure signs of intellect, soul and progress. Spiritualism has been a theme of Lyceum debate, here. The church and the churches are disturbed. And now a lecture! "What shall we do?" is the grave question. The Doctor says, "a great place is Washburn," and it is. The miners have been known in public, and in private, to be exceedingly anxious to bring the Bible to their homes, while preaching, and one Dutchman, in his devotional ecstasy of self-defense, said: "Thank God, I've brought up my child on a cow's skin and to Pible." I was to be here a year ago, but failed to fill the bill. Two hundred gathered—lots of ministers. When announced that the speaker had not arrived, there was a great commotion, as were the Pope and his cardinals on the evening of St. Bartholomew's Day. A few Spiritualists—Mrs. S. C. Hadden as the true leader—stood the ground—occupied the hour, sung and spoke, and one of the ministers got angry, and demanded to know why he could not be visited by a spirit. Sister Hadden taught him the reason. Good was done. So much for brave heartedness. It was difficult to get the house again for this visit. Trustees were opposed. Everybody else could have it, but these Spiritualists! The vote was taken in a public meeting, the presiding minister putting vote to tell against us, and he and his satellites were voted down by a big majority. But the trustees have authority. What should be done? Finding the pressure strong, they yielded on condition that Mr. Truman be surety that "the Spiritualists did not injure the house!" They thought we might break the windows, or tip over the stove, or break the table, or push with horns against the plastering!

It is, talked, and it was a Bethel of the Spirit. One sanctified Methodist would not pay the admission fee of ten cents, and a Spiritualist brother paid it for him that he might have the privilege of "taking notes." Speak there again on Wednesday evening. The way is open, by angel help, and even Washburn, of Wisconsin, will be saved from chains of ecclesiastic darkness.

At Minn in the 1st of April—home with Bro.

Bickford, whose girls are writing mediums, spoke here—house full—two evenings, the people coming—all kinds in one room. "Bliss the Lord, oh my soul!" Well, I am weary, weary not of the work, but in the work. Oh, for lungs of elastic iron!

THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

This book, not because I wrote it, but because it is the biography of J. M. Peebles, containing his best thoughts and life experiences in the ministries of angels, both in the New and Old World, is selling well over all the country. A host of persons, numbering 280, are spoken of in the book in connection with Mr. Peebles.

NEW EDITION ISSUED APRIL 6th.

OLD THEOLOGY TURNED

Upside Down, OR RIGHT SIDE UP:

BY A METHODIST MINISTER.

The Resurrection of the Dead; the Second Coming of Christ; the Last Day Judgment—Shooting from the Standpoint of Common Sense, Reason, Science, Philosophy, and the Bible, the latter fully there in the Doctrine of a literal Resurrection of the Body, a literal Coming of Christ at the End of the World, and a literal Judgment to follow.

BY REV. T. B. TAYLOR, A. M., M. D., AUTHOR OF "THE INERRANT," "DEATH OF THE PLAINS," AND "USE ANONYMOUS WORK."

Price, cloth, \$1.25, postage free; paper, \$1.00, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 135 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

ISSUED MONDAY, APRIL 22d

NATURE'S LAWS

HUMAN LIFE:

AN EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM;

EMBRACING THE VARIOUS OPINIONS OF EXTREMISTS, PRO AND CON, TOGETHER WITH THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VITAL MAGNETIC CURE."

CONTENTS:

INTRODUCTION. PART I. TESTIMONY AGAINST SPIRITUALISM—General Assertions; Tract by Professor Austin Phelps, D. D.; Opinions of William T. Dwight, D. D., and of Elder Knapp; Comments of the Boston Traveller and Boston Herald; Statements of Dr. W. A. Hammond; Church Opposition; Father Hecker; J. F. Fulton, D. D.; Rev. Mr. Morgan; and P. T. Barnum; Scientific Men and Organized Institutions.

PART II. CONSERVATION—Opinions of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Theodore Tilton, and Rev. W. H. Murray.

PART III. TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF SPIRITUALISM—The Hebrew and Christian Scriptures; Scolding of Mrs. J. C. Conant; Invocation of the Seance; Communications from Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, J. D., and of William Westcott, M. D.; Reliability of Communications.

ON EXPERIENCE. DELEGATE'S ADDITIONAL FACTS. Rev. Dr. Phelps, Sen. Spirit Liberator; Spiritualism at Methodist Camp Meetings; VERIFICATION OF DREAMS. TESTIMONY—Detection of Crime; SPIRITUALISM IN COURT.

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