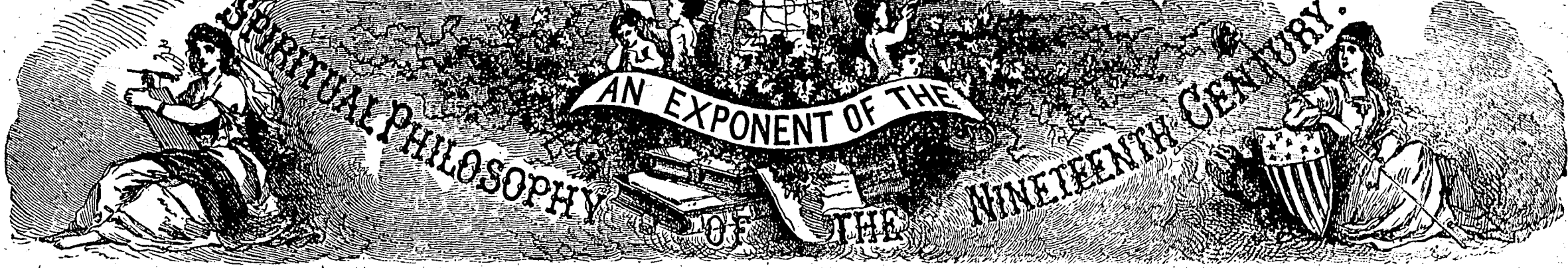


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 purporting 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 elysian 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 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 criticizes 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 conscious, 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 lark 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 in the dew of the rain, When the sky 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 rest the mower, 'Mid the murmur of bees and the breathing of flowers, And there in some sylvan and shadowy nook To lay myself down by the brink of the brook, When the cool and soft of the stream is so 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 larks of the orchard with fruitage incline, And the clusters are ripe on the stem of the vine; When Nature has put on the robes 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; And the hush of Nature is so sweet to my soul, 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 the hush of Nature is so sweet to my soul, Are more than the language of a sign or a reveal.

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 this world with the beauty of love, That man should look on it with a heart full of gloom? Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave, That man should exult as a tyrant and slave? Away with all hope, so joyous and true, For the soul that believes it is darkened indeed.

JOHN CHURCHMAN, BOSTON.

My text will be found in the play of "Aa You Like It," Act II, Scene I:

"And this 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 was 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 fancies—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 tongueless 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! lordly 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 unfoldment 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 rings 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 uneasily 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 are 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. Giza her 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 eternal 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 artist, 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 fairer 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, fairer 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, from 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 canon 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 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 sung 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



Emerson preached a whole discourse in a few lines, thus: "The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven while he pursued her as a star—she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one as he."



BY T. K. HERVEY.

Original Essay.

## BY LEON HYNEMAN.

The general demoralization and gross depravity pervading the masses of humanity, the uneasiness and disquiet of mind as regards the future life among all classes, so patent to the observant, as well as the recent great overflowing of the human heart in sympathy, deeds of mercy and benevolence, all indicate a return movement of the wave of progress to better conditions, to a higher life of purity, truth, justice, liberty, equality, a

We have received from a correspondent some specimens of shoddy leather, which we have studied with a good deal of interest. It is made out of scraps of leather, which are put together and submitted to a heavy pressure until they form a solid mass, which is not easily detected from good leather in the piece, and which an inexperienced buyer could not possibly detect in a finished article. The leather is made in the shape of a piece that the tops of a pair of boots were made whole, and came to pieces when they were wet, and complained being made to the dealer, he exclaimed: "Mind Gott! you should not walk in those boots. Those

## Banner Correspondence.

**Oregon.**

SALEM. — C. A. Reed writes, under date April 9th, giving a cheering account of spiritual matters in that locality. Remarkable manifestations have occurred, and greater are hoped for. Prof. Chaney's recent astrological lectures, he thinks, have done much to open the eyes of the people.

I now submit the part of another declaration from which the above was taken. The figures in parenthesis below refer back to their parallels above.

DECLARATION OF 1777, PARAGRAPH 5.

1. (5) "They have undertaken to give and grant money *without our consent*, though we have ever exercised exclusive rights in our own properties." 2. (1) "They have passed laws for extending the *jurisdiction of the courts of admiralty and vice admiralty beyond their ancient limits*." 3. (6) "For *depriving us of the accustomed and inalienable privilege of trial by jury in cases affecting both our lives and liberties*." 4. (10) "For *imposing taxes on us without our consent*." 5. (8) "For *obstructing the commerce between the States*." 6. (9) "For *altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter and secured by acts of our legislature, solemnly confirmed by the crown*." 7. "For *examining the murderers of colonists from legal tribunals*." 8. (3) "For *erecting castles of war on the coast, harboring privateers, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence*." 9. (2) "For *quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace*." 10. (7) "It has also been resolved in the

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

### Opinions of the Press.

White & Co., 1872.

This is a work of over 300 pages, nicely printed and bound, and deserves to be widely read. The author, in his introduction, says: "A question of the most vital importance to the human race is the relation of the merits or demerits of any subject in dispute to the interests of the community. It is the duty of the investigator, in all his various aspects, rather than to present a partial view drawn from the prejudiced representations of interested partisans. To this end we have collected the respective opinions openly expressed in all the capacity of publication on the various points, giving the names of all, and the basis of each position, the opposite opinions, and the practical consequences to which, it is claimed, they severally lead."

It is altogether too late in the day, and Spiritualism has assumed proportions too gigantic to be easily set aside, and it becomes, therefore, the part of wisdom to investigate its merits, as far as possible, and to judge of its value for or against the world, by a candid exposition of the subject, and we commend it to the attentive perusal of all.—*Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher.*

WE HAVE received a copy of a new book from Messrs. Win. White & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass., entitled "THE TEMPLE," and devoted the origins of the brain and nerves, developing the principles of the human mind, and the human organism, with full directions and prescriptions for their treatment and cure. It has been said that an author who would write a treatise on this important subject—which would be of positive benefit to mankind, both as a preventive against their evils and as a guide to those who seek for health and rectitude—requires a rare combination of powers. This is possessed in an eminent degree by the author, Andrew Jackson Davis. An invaluable book for lawyers and physicians. It is furnished bound in cloth at \$1.50; postage 10 cents.—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Democrat.*

**LOOKING BEYOND: A Souvenir of Love to the Benefit of every Home.** By J. O. Barrett. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

This volume contains "Life's Mystic Key," "The New Birth," and "The Last shall be First." The author says, in the preface, "herein you will find a sunny philosophy, a balm for every wounded heart." It is one of the publications issued from the office of the Banner of Light, and holds to the doctrines peculiar to those who recognize it as the organ of the true faith.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot*

THE FEDERATE OF ITALY: A Romance of Caucasian Captivity. By G. L. Ditton, M. D., Member of the American Oriental Society, New York Historical Society, Albany Institute, and others; author of *Circassia*; or, *A Tour to the Caucasus*, etc., etc. Published by Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston.

This is a book of 618 pages, and contains what is called a Caucasian romance, full of incidents and strange events. Send \$1.50 as above, and will be sent you, the postage prepaid. — *Gospel Banner*, Augusta, Me.

Dr. Norman Macleod was on a Highland loch when a storm came on which threatened serious consequences. Macleod, himself a large, powerful man, was accompanied by a clerical friend, of diminutive size and small appearance, who began to speak seriously to the chairman of the danger, and proposed that all present should join in a prayer. "Na, na!" said the chief bowman, "let the little aye gang to pray, but first the big aye manna tak an oar."



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

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

Office in the "Parkier Building,"  
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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, EDITOR. FRANK B. RICE,  
LITHOGRAPHER. LARRY B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

All letters and communications appearing in the Banner of Light, must be addressed to the publishers, and not to the editor. If they are to be published, they must be sent to the publishers, and not to the editor. If they are to be published, they must be sent to the publishers, and not to the editor.

### 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 selfish based on others' misery—has had something to say on the "Banner of Light." It has, 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 four 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 chance to get hold of such a short-haired argument as this, 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 this 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 "kiss of death" than he is in ascertaining 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. Grant that has vastly more to say of Satan than of Jesus, and if we were to find him 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 regular prints that do the barking on the steps of the churches deem it an unbecoming 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 falsify 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 himself 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 fetters flame with drossen hand,  
Has creeds a harder task to bind  
Than by 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 (it is said) 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 "Winchcraft" days—who were dominated, in the language of a divine of that day, "eight firebrands of hell," were together executed upon the gallows in Egges 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 Pudeator, of Salem (seventy years old, Mrs. Mary Eady 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 he spoke her;  
"Giles Corey," says 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 pressed.  
"More weight," now said this wretched man;  
"More weight," again he cried;  
And he did not confess a make,  
But wickedly he died.  
Name Corey lived but six days more;  
But six days more lived she,  
For she was hanged on gallows hill  
Upon the lowest tree."

No doubt the aforesaid ballad brought "goodlie comfort" 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. This spirit of sectarian rigidity can still be traced in the heart of Orthodoxy, cropping out now and then, as in the God-forsaken 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 milestones 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 repudiated, 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 decalogical fulminations of the thunder, has become so general all over the country that when, at a recent trial in the Newburyport, Mass., Police Court, a witness growl 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 reminding 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 wept at 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, redolent of the memories of our country's earlier days, that are tumbling in ruins at the command of the modern gamblers of Midas, 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 crucified" 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 supernatural spheres, which shall cleanse the Augean stables of Christianity, 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 fail 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 agree 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 this 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 has supplanted the stage coach, the steamship the galley, the telegraph the swift foot-runner 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, aesthetic, 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 be held on the 21st, on account of the Homoeopathic 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 28th. Notwithstanding these numerous intimations, we are informed, on credible authority, that, at the usual lecture-hour, on the 28th, 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. Z. 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 London, 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, he 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 on 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 disease under subjection. Immediately upon the application of said plaster, the face of the tumor rapidly expands, and the disease seems regrettably aggravated; 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 loquacity 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 their boldy 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 not 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 "ball 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 "a 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 Westerfield'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 stanch 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 disentranced 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."



## The London Spiritualist Magazine.

We have received, and have for sale, copies of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE and HUMAN NATURE for April, both of which offer an interesting table of contents to the reflecting. Among other things, especially attractive to American eyes, is "The Question of Immortality amongst Scientists," in the Spiritualist Magazine, (from the Banner of Light), by Mary F. Davis, whose name is endeared to thousands on this side the Atlantic, and "Appreciation of A. J. Davis" in Human Nature, which latter we transfer to our columns, for the benefit of our readers. "Human Nature" also publishes Mrs. Victoria Woodhull's "Address to the American Association of Spiritualists." But to the "Appreciation":

30 COURT STREET, Room 14,  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

To the Writer of the Article in the February No. of "Human Nature," entitled "The Recent Works of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull."—Thus do I address you, though I know of you only by your above entitled article. But your high estimation of Bro. Davis—a feeling which I share in common with you—prompts me to extend the fraternal hand across the ocean, and to greet you as a kindred soul. Said the beloved disciple: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God." So I, adopting similar reasoning, infer that every one who appreciates and admires Andrew Jackson Davis, must partake of his spirit; and, reverencing him as I do, I feel myself allied to those who love him. I sometimes startle and, perhaps, shock my Christian friends by telling them that, of all human beings we have knowledge of, none are more noble than the noble Nazarene, whom I place higher in my scale of intellectual and spiritual excellencies than Andrew Jackson Davis. Allow me briefly to express the pleasure that I felt on reading your article, and to assure you that I believe there are many on this side of the water who can sympathize and agree with you in your sentiments and admiration for him, and the spirit which he embodies. He is truly a burning and a shining light.

Feb. 29, 1872.

ALFRED E. GILES.

The most recent surprise, caused by the spirits in London, has been the carrying of Miss Lottie Fowler, the well-known test-medium, from an omnibus in Oxford street to a séance sitting with locked doors, at the rooms of Messrs. Herno and Williams, 63 Lamb's Conduit street. The event has been discussed at great length in our contemporaries—*Human Nature* for April.

THE VIENNA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1873.—With reference to the International Exhibition which is to take place at Vienna next year, we beg to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact that an estimable conferee and correspondent, Melchior de Schickel, is desirous of making his residence a rendezvous of Spiritualists during the period of the Exhibition.—*Ibid.*

## Contents of this Number of the Banner.

First Page: "Identity of Spirits," by Thomas R. Hazard; "A Sermon from Shakespeare's text: 'Tongues in Trees, Books in the Rinning Brooks, Sermons in Stones, and Good in Everything,'" a lecture by Prof. William Denton. Second: Same continued; Poem—"A Friendly Heart," by William Brunton; "Things as I See Them," by Lois Walsbrook. Third: "The True Creed Found at Last," by E. D. Babbitt, D. M.; "Phillips on Labor," by John Vetterhes. Third: "The Spirit of the Departed," by T. K. Hervey; "The Wave of Progress Upward," by Leon Hyemman; "Deacons' Soles," Banner Correspondence; "The Davenport Brothers in Indiana," by I. M. Wasson; "The Declaration of Independence," "Our New Publications," Fourth and Fifth: Editorial Department, Movements of Speakers, Items, etc. Sixth: "Spirit Messages," "Spiritualism in Germany and Russia," "Theodore Tilton on Dr. Slade," "About a Banner Spirit-Message," by W. Foster, Jr.; "Conventional Notices," "Obituaries," Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn; "Wisconsin Peeples," by J. O. Barrett, etc.

## Brooklyn Progressive Library.

An institution of this kind, the necessity of which is felt in all our large cities, has been established at 179 South 4th street, Williamsburg, N. Y., by Henry Witt, and we learn by recent information is receiving the sanction and support of an Association formed for the investigation and promulgation of scientific, moral and religious truth, irrespective of the creeds and opinions of any existing sectarian denomination. The library will afford to the intelligent reading public of its vicinity many valuable and attractive advantages, and deserves extensive patronage. An excellent selection of superior books, well known to be of a highly advanced moral and reformatory character, are constantly kept on hand—either for sale, or to be rented out on the usual circulating library plan, by Mr. Witt, who also has the Banner of Light and other liberal weekly papers, together with tracts and pamphlets of like ilk always on his counter. Success to the enterprise.

## Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

The course of lectures at this hall will be continued on Sunday afternoon, May 6th, by an address from William Denton, on "The Kind of God proposed for our National Constitution." All those desirous of hearing a thorough and fearless radical exposé of the sophistry and arrant bigotry of the movers in the matter of the Cincinnati "godly" amendment, will do well to visit the hall on that day, and listen to the pungent utterances of the Professor.

Miss Lizzie Doten.

the well-known inspirational speaker and poetess, will occupy the platform at this hall, Sunday afternoon, May 12th.

## New Publications.

"Our Young Folks for May is received. It presents a spirited one, "A ride for life," as its frontispiece, and follows it up with a continued story, interesting sketches, talks about the pyramids, world, touching poetry, geographical sketches, music, etc., etc., the same being eminently calculated for the amusement of the rising generation. Published and for sale by James R. Osgood & Co., 114 Tremont street, Boston.

"THE LADY'S FRIEND."—The May number of this magazine makes its appearance in a pretty that of spring green, edged with clear white lace—cool and refreshing to the eye. Its contents are as grateful to the mind. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

We have received a pamphlet entitled: "ESSAY AND PLAN FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CITY OF BOSTON," by Robert Morris Copeland, from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book contains, at the close, a fine colored plan indicating the improvements proposed.

"A BROWN, or the Highest Church after the Apostolic Order." Under this title, Mrs. Sylvia E. Burr, Southford, Conn., issues a small volume, the aim of which, she says, is to "occupy the space between the old sectarian views and the new spiritual extreme."

## New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 120 Tremont street, Boston, forward us the musical compositions, together with their celebrated magazine "Orpheus," for April; "English Songs and Ballads," by Lord Darlington, V. Gabriel; "Estranged," words by Russell Gray, music by Virginia Gabriel. Esmeralda, words by Andrew Halliday, Esq., music by W. O. Lever. "The Striped Cup," inserted to Miss Edith Sanly, transcribed for the piano by Lindsey Shropshire; "A Little Flower Girl," words by E. D. Thomas, music by Mrs. George L. Brown. "I'm coming Love, to Thee," inscribed to Arthur T. Ellis, words by Walter Irvin, music by B. Thomas.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"We want more subscribers to the Banner of Light."—Fifty thousand strong. Recruits, report yourselves as expeditiously as possible, for the battle waxeth stronger and stronger. HUMANITY, you know, is the stake; and as money is the "sinecure of war," pass in the checks. Spiritualists, you cannot afford to be stingy. The Bank of Heaven (happiness) won't discount your paper when you arrive on the other side, unless you put some of your funds out at interest here.

"The New Church Independent has a lengthy description of a séance, and what occurred at it, in its April number (which we shall publish next week), with a full confession of the writer of the spiritual origin of the intelligence, and no invidious comments. The only question the writer raises is the practical utility of such evidences; and of this we have no question unsettled.

"We have a vast amount of correspondence lying over, which we would gladly print had we the space. We do not wish our friends to think for a moment that we mean to reject their favors, for we do not. We should be well pleased to accommodate all. Were we to issue the Banner daily, even then we should be obliged to disappoint some of our correspondents."

"Read in another column a GOOD article, entitled: 'The True Creed Found at Last.' It is from the pen of E. D. Babbitt, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We have received from its publishers, Longmans, Green, & Co., London, England, a pamphlet entitled: 'PSYCHIC FORCE AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM; a reply to the Quarterly Review and other Critics.' By William Crookes, F.R.S., &c., which we shall notice fully in a future issue.

"The Present Age is becoming factious. It asserts that the platform of the Boston Spiritualists' Union is a 'Hub' notion, and affects surprise that we should make mention of it favorably in connection with the formation of similar local societies. We have only to inform our too susceptible cotemporary that the Declaration of Principles put forth by the Boston Union is substantially the same as that of the American Association of Spiritualists. Please inform us where the 'antagonism' comes in?"

"We call attention to the card of R. L. Belden, attorney-at-law, New Orleans, La. Should any of our friends East or West need the services of a good lawyer, located as above, they would do well to employ this gentleman, who is recommended by the attorney general and the auditor of Louisiana, Slocomb, Baldwin & Co., etc., etc."

Read the eloquent discourse on our first page by Prof. William Denton, so full of early springtime in its thought and inspiration, and aiming to prove the life of good in all.

"FENNO's clothing 'is just the thing.' So the dressed-up urchins sing.

Our thanks are due Mrs. Wentworth, of Boston Highlands, Mrs. Haines and Mrs. G. of Boston, and Mrs. Merrill, of Hampton, N. H., for donations of elegant bouquets for our Free-Circle table, Thursday, April 18th, and Tuesday, 30th.

The reader's attention is called to Mr. Randolph's card, in another column, explaining his readiness to lecture, etc."

"THE VOLCANO.—As we go to press the accounts from the seat of the volcano, report that Vesuvius is still blazing, but less fiercely, and the flowing lava has slackened its speed and begun to cool. Two villages, San Sebastian and Massadissomma, have been nearly destroyed and the devastation has been great. The inhabitants of some half dozen towns threatened by the fiery flood have abandoned their 'lairs and penates' and fled to the neighboring country—the government in some cases being obliged to care for the homeless. Only twelve persons, however, it is now said, have been killed, and an equal number injured by the lava.

"THE HOMOEOPATHIC FAIR.—This highly successful enterprise, in aid of the Homoeopathic Hospital, closed Saturday night, April 27th, at Music Hall, Boston, its pecuniary results in gross being estimated at above \$80,000. The hospital fair of 1872 will be remembered not only as a marked financial success, but as one of the pleasantest of the very many pleasant fairs which Boston has known and patronized. Where are the 'allopaths' who whilom were bound to wipe out the 'Homeos,' by law?"

The Philadelphia Scientific Journal says that "Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, are so well and extensively known all over this continent, that to name them and explain the nature of their business would be superfluous. No newspaper advertising agency has ever displayed more energy and skill in the transaction of this delicate and tact-requiring business."

## Abraham Lincoln.

[At a séance held at the Banner Free Circle Room, Monday afternoon, April 29th, the following message was received, with a request from the invisible speaker that it be printed in advance:]

Some one claiming to be a friend has propounded an inquiry to me, through a questionable secular paper, of daily issue, in your city. The inquiry is this—I may not quote the article verbatim, but I shall give the idea: Why did God, or spirits, choose the method which was chosen to take you from earth to the spirit-land? It is not possible for me to determine why I was called in the manner I was, except it was a method which would arouse the heart of the nation to the necessities of the hour, bringing out all its sympathies in consequence of my tragic death; and having brought them out, a wise God, through ministering spirits, could use them for the good of the afflicted nation. This I believe to be a reasonable solution concerning the method chosen to remove me from this to a higher life.

Had I died a natural death, would there have been the sympathy extended from all points of the compass, that there was in my behalf? would the nation have been aroused to the activity that it was aroused to? No; I am satisfied that in my death, and in its manner, I was the instrument of doing more good than I had ever done previously, in any possible way. The magnetic forces of the nation's heart were stirred; these forces, joined with the electric forces of the head, and what was the result? I need not point backward in the history of this nation for you to learn that; probably it is engraven upon your hearts, and will ever remain there.

They who love God best, place the most confidence in him, and feel that he doeth all things well. My friend inclines me to believe of him that he is a religious man; I so judge from his article. Now, then, if he had that faith in God that he should have as a religious man, he would not come asking me or any one else why God chooses this way or that to perform his purposes; he would be satisfied to take them as they are. I am, as I was—Abraham Lincoln.

## "Flashes of Light from the Spirit-Land, through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant."

By reference to announcement in another column, it will be seen that William White & Co., yielding to the repeatedly expressed desires of their patrons, for the publication of a work embodying in book form the most important QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS given at their Free Circles and published in the Banner, have issued a volume bearing the above title, numbering some four hundred pages, and crowded with important citations from the revealed wisdom of translated minds.

The matter of this book has been carefully collated by Allen Putnam, whose reputation as a profound thinker and careful scholar is a guaranty that the work has been thoroughly done.

Read this book, replete with the teachings of the skies, and circulate it among those who are giving the subject of Spiritualism attention for the first time. The fact that the numerous and varied topics have been successfully treated, extemporaneously, by a woman whose early educational advantages were limited, and whose health has ever been frail, and that for a period of some fifteen years she has continued to give forth this information, should be a powerful argument in proof of the existence and action of invisible intelligences to the mind of even the veriest doubter of spirit communication and life after death.

## Spiritualist Lectures and Lecturers.

Messrs. in Boston.—Music Hall.—Free admission.—The Fifth Series of lectures in the Spiritual Philosophy, commenced in this elegant and spacious hall last October, and will be continued every Sunday, at 2 P. M., (except April 29th, Prof. Wm. Denton will lecture May 5, to be followed by Miss Lizzie Doten.

Eliot Hall, corner Eliot and Tremont streets.—The Boston Spiritualists' Union hold their regular meetings every Thursday evening, at 7 P. M. The public are cordially invited to attend. Dr. H. F. Gardner, President; Mrs. L. F. Kirtland, Secretary. The Children's Progressive Lecture meets at 10 P. M. every Monday.

John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncy and Essex streets.—Test circle at 10 P. M. Mrs. Mary Carle, medium. Lecture and answering questions at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M., by Mrs. S. A. Temple.

Temple Hall, 81 Boylston street.—At 10 P. M., test circle, Mrs. Belle Bowditch, medium; 2 P. M., circle, open to all mediums; 7 P. M., conference.

Dorset.—Eliot Hall.—The services at the Children's Progressive Lecture, Sunday, A. M., April 28th, consisted of practice in the musical department. Songs by the school, Charles W. Sullivan, Hattie O. Richardson, the De Wolfe sisters (colored) and others, filled out the time very harmoniously.

Calico Party.—A pleasant and well attended reunion occurred at this hall on the evening of Tuesday, April 30th, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Music by Carter's Quadrille Band—the floor being gracefully managed by Mrs. M. D. Stearns, Mrs. P. A. Strong, Mrs. R. C. Williams, Mrs. L. M. Foster and Mrs. E. M. Moad, Committee.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Anniversary exercises of a highly interesting character, marking the commencement of a new year, will take place at this hall Sunday evening, May 5th. An account of the meetings will be given by the medium, Mrs. S. A. Temple, also by C. M. Higgins, and the Treasurer, Samuel Carter, will offer his annual report. This Society has been quietly working its way into the public appreciation, its meetings being well attended and pleasant in the extreme.

Temple Hall.—Kellie Gray, Secretary, reports that the Children's Lecture at this hall—which meets every Sunday afternoon, at half past one—had an interesting session, enlivened with recitations by Edna Peabody, Nattie Keope, Freddie Cobb, and reading by Jennie Goward, on the afternoon of Sunday, April 28th. The school was presided over by its own conductor, Dr. C. G. York.

Concert.—Banquet Hall.—At a meeting of the Spiritualist Association, Sunday evening, April 28th, officers were chosen for the ensuing year as follows: President, Dr. Benjamin H. Brandon; Vice President, Edward Whiting; Secretary, John H. Brandon; Treasurer, J. S. Dodge; Committee on Lectures, Dr. B. H. Brandon, Charles G. Butler; Committee on Hall, Warren Edmister, Ivy W. Wells; Committee on Music, Harvey Rogers, J. H. Brandon; Committee on Finance, Dr. B. H. Brandon, Harvey Rogers; Executive Committee, Dr. B. H. Brandon, Warren Edmister, Harvey Rogers, J. R. Clark, J. S. Dodge, J. H. Brandon.

At the close of the business meeting, a good audience—notwithstanding the manifold liberal and orthodox "attractions" at other places, on the same evening—listened to an eloquent address from Prof. William Denton.

Newspaper.—We are informed by M. A. Malony, under date of April 26th, that a surprise party was recently given to the medium, Mrs. Green, in this city, and that during the evening she was made the recipient of a fine floral chair as a gentle reminder of the friendly appreciation sustained for her labor for the spiritual cause. The presentation speech was made by R. Sherman; further remarks were offered by Mrs. Rogers and others. Singing, refreshments and social converse contributed to make a pleasant occasion.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

James Lathrop, writing from Uxbridge, Mass., April 23d, informs us that N. M. Pierce has recently visited that place on a lecturing tour—a general satisfaction at all the villages between that locality and Worcester. He has also been very successful as a healer of the sick, and a medium for the giving of advice, wherever he has appeared. Mr. Pierce would like engagements for May. Address Putnam, Conn.

A. S. Hayward, of Boston, magnetist, is now on a visit to New York City, where he will remain several weeks. His letter address will be Station D, Post-office, that city.

Miss Nellie L. Davis speaks in Salem, Mass., May 5th and 12th; Fall River, May 16th and 20th; Bingham, Me., and vicinity, June and July; Dover, N. H., during August.

D. W. Hull is speaking at Mechanicsville, Iowa. He would be glad to make arrangements while in Iowa to speak until Aug. 1st.

In consequence of the closing of the course of Spiritualist lectures in Salem, Mass., with the month of April, the engagement of Mrs. A. P. Brown for the month of May was cancelled. Mrs. Brown would like to make engagements for that month. Address her immediately, at St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

E. E. Carpenter spoke at Manchester, N. H., Sunday afternoon and evening, April 21st, his remarks calling together a large number of attentive hearers.

Clara A. Field, of Lowell, speaks in Fall River, Mass., at Poncaest Hall, Sunday, April 21st and 28th, afternoon and evening. No good occupation. Great credit is due the management—Dr. Wilbur, Benj. Wilbur and others—for the successful prosecution of this lecture course, which it is proposed to continue till July next. Mrs. Field speaks at Manchester, N. H., May 5th and at North Scituate, Mass., May 12th.

J. M. Peabody speaks during May in Philadelphia. His address for the month will be Hammon, Atlantic Co., N. J. During June, he lectures in East Saginaw, Mich.

Nuttie M. Pease is speaking the Sundays of this month and the first two of May in Clyde, Ohio. She will respond to calls for lectures in that vicinity on week-day evenings during the time mentioned. She is unengaged the last two Sundays of May, and also the Sundays of June. Address as above, at 364 Warren avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. M. J. Wentworth will speak at Palmyra, Me., May 5th; at Newport, Me., May 12th; Exeter, Me., May 19th.

E. E. Wheeler having concluded his engagements at the South, after speaking several times in the West, is on his way East; will speak in Norwalk, Ohio, the 5th of May, and at other points during the week following. Will attend the New Jersey State Convention at Jersey City, May 8th, and the Equal Rights Convention in New York, May 9th and 10th; after which he will accept engagements anywhere east of Buffalo and north of Richmond for the summer.

William Fletcher will speak at Lunenburg, Mass., May 5th, afternoon and evening.

## To Correspondents.

"We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used."

A SPIRITUALIST, London, Ont., Canada.—Your communication is received, but it is rather too diffuse for publication. We should like a brief, concisely written article from your section, now and then, if, as you mention, literary parties stand ready to forward such.

A. K. Lind, Trent.—The laws of Nature are immutable. We believe the parties you name were an exception to the rule; that they passed away as other men have done. The lecturer you speak of is right when he calls to his electricity. That is simply an agent. But when the table tips, or intelligence, or raps are given upon it the same as the electric telegraph wire conveys thought, there certainly must be much back of table "raps" the same as there is much back of telegraphic "raps." Read Prof. Hare's work upon the subject. If you wish to be fully posted,

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *quarto type*, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. **ESPECIAL NOTICES.**—Thirty cents per line, minimum each insertion. **BUSINESS CARDS.**—Thirty cents per line, each insertion. **Payment in all cases in advance.**

For all Advertisements printed on the 6th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Convenient Places, or left at our Office before 12 M., on Monday.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. SLADE, Clairvoyant, is now located at 210 West 43d street, New York.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Test Medium, 16 East 12th street, New York.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers questions, at 361 Fifth A., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3 cts. stamps. Register all letters. —Ad.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS by sealed letter, \$1 and four stamps. Address, M. K. CARRISON, Newark, N. J.

SEVERAL LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 31 Clinton place, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. —Ad.

## Example for the Ladies.

MR. JAMES STEWART, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. 35, under his charge, has been shut-shiding by atoms for nearly 17 years, and will now do as much work as any machine, new or old, of any make. From September, 1858, to 1863, it bound 137,000 hats, and the operator earned \$657.17. The previous year she earned \$507.48.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

## THE HAPPIEST MAN.

He, who is not the happiest man Who for himself alone doth plan; But he who for the people toils Is sure to win the choicest spoils; Feeling how many he has led, He can lie down and sweetly rest; He can sleep and peacefully rest, With pleasure full the new-born day; He can greet the life of the new day, Because he has toiled for many days In Court, Pulpit, Vest, Hall and Shop complete, Chief of Beach and Washington street, May 11.—W.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

D. M. DEWEY, Bookkeeper, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and *Human Nature*, published by William White & Co. Give him a call.

DENVER, COLORADO, BOOKSTORE. S. A. GRANT & CO., 353 Larimer street, Denver, Col., keep for sale a supply of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and *Human Nature*, published by William White & Co. Also the *Banner of Light*.

ISIDORE SNOW, 319 Kearney street (up stairs), San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Plan-chekers, and other Stationery. Also Negative Powder, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Rogers' Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars called free. Low remittance in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address: ISIDORE SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE. Western Agency for the sale of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and all Liberal and Spiritual Books, Papers and Magazines. Also Adams & Co.'s GOLDEN PENS, PLAN-CKERS, and other Stationery. Also Negative Powder, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Rogers' Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars called free. Low remittance in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address: ISIDORE SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

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Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms; all Female Weaknesses and derangements: Piles, Cramps, St. Vicia's Gripes, Colic, Spasms, Catarrhs, Hemorrhoids, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all Indigestions, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder or any other organ of the body; Gout, Rheumatism, Consumption, Dropsy, Gravel, Jaundice, Scrophulous, Scurvy, Asthma, Nettle-rash, etc.

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**Prose and Poetry,**  
 inculcating the highest moral principles. The author says  
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"The Mayweed is a bitter herb,  
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To grace a regal bower;  
A common, vulgar, wayside weed,  
That few would ever pause to heed,  
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The sunbeams love to play,  
And from its petals purely white

Comes the unbroken ray  
Which gives the colors all in one,  
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The work is beautifully printed and bound, and makes  
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