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The Lecture Room.

Compensation and Retribution.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels closed her engagement, and the course of lectures at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, April 26th, by an address on the above subject. The audience was large, notwithstanding the severe aspect of the weather, and the appreciative feeling manifested by it on the occasion was all that could be desired. We give below a synopsis of her remarks:

It had been said by one (Theodore Parker) who for many years ministered in our present place of meeting: "I never had a sorrow in my life that I could spare!" "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may."—Shakespeare. "Allah is just, and he standeth between utter darkness and too dazzling glory, that his children may behold him in his works."—Koran.

Philosophy, Religion, Science, Morality, Art, all conspired to make up the sum of the balance of Nature. No philosopher or man of science would presume to dispute the proposition that every part of the universe was equal in degree to every other part, and all were properly balanced by the great law of cause and effect which stood between chaos and absolute centralization. Neither would he deny the fact that even the finest ray of light or infinitesimal particle of matter had its duty to perform, and was as subject to law as the grandest sun or the mightiest formation in the material world. Man's great desire in all ages had been to find this centre of life—the power by which these things which make up the cosmic universe were held in their places. And in the religious world, as well as in the material, he had toiled to discover the secret governing the punishment of sin or reward of good deeds done in this life.

However vast and unexplored this field of labor for knowledge, there was a fact evident to the careful student, that for every balance there was a degree of opposing power. Mechanics, science, and all the subtle array of mathematical philosophy, point to one rule which formed a predicate from which to judge of the truth of this assertion; we could not doubt the need or truth of balancing and opposing forces, for by their demonstration there was a law for all—a system of causes—so interwoven and blended that one could not act without the other, and thus all results in Nature were but the effect of action and reaction.

Vainly did we strive to understand the full weight and depth of these mysterious processes, but it was a fact that every particle of matter had its own appropriate work to perform, and from the beginning of its existence was clearly distinct and worked onward and upward to full perfection. Did it matter to those particles whether they ripened down beneath the sea, or were spouted up by the snorting volcano, or breathed abroad in the perfume of the flowers? They still preserved their individuality, for they bore and shadowed forth an immortal germ within.

But to speak within the limit of natural science, it was known that mathematics formed the keystone of the arch of all knowledge, demonstrating that no result could be greater than the cause. Those who by its light were ready to admit the truth of the proposition that the shortest distance between two points was in a straight line, or that two bodies could not occupy the same space in the same time, were led in time to acknowledge that for every effect there must be a visible or invisible cause. To them all the phenomena of the material universe were capable of solution; the mystery of the rainbow or the blade of grass was plainly demonstrated. They knew there was as much use for the peevish as the calm. They knew there was a temple in the great law for the simon that swept remorselessly by, bearing destruction on its wings, though caravans and travelers were in its path; a cause for the cyclone roaring over the Indian sea, till navies and islands were swamped in the foaming brine! When the earthquake shook smote into crumbling ruins cities which had been the work of ages, and human nature shrank appalled, they could say with abiding faith, "We have not the arrangement of all this, but we are assured that it is well."

The ancient stole so accustomed himself to the cringing of all tender desires and loves on earth, that no trouble could cause a shadow to pass across his countenance. But this example was not well to copy after in this world. We should not stifle our feelings, but we should strive to apply to all the rules of trusting faith. When the convulsions of Nature wrought their changes before our eyes; when the lightning's forked sword shivered in fragments the giant oak, and pierced the lamb who took refuge at its base, we should see good and use in it as much as in the sunshine. For all were bound by the law of Nature to each other, and to complain of one was to complain of all.

The world had been brought to its present perfection, by powers which would have appalled the minds of to-day. But the volcano and earthquake were only its safety valves. A steam engine understood properly became the great interchanger of commerce but improperly managed was a fearful instrument of death and destruction—it was a power only applicable when understood. So all the forces of Nature were alike a blessing and a curse, and only when by mathematical science we learned to weigh them in the balance of right could we see reason for the compensation and retribution attending them.

So much for the material world. The same was true of the moral. One thought shot out from that world was of more power than all the atoms of the material universe. We should bear in mind that its laws were as binding and its results as certain as any that existed in matter, and they were mistaken who thought any punishment was the result of a direct personal influ-

ence. The truth was that this search of reward for good and punishment of evil arose from ignorance. There was nowhere in Nature a punishment or reward for actions producing results. The law of compensation and retribution was founded on eternal principles, from which there was no escape. It was the fact of its reputed capability of evading the consequences of natural law that had divorced religion from science.

If birth and death were alike—neither the subject of control or destiny; if life was full of proper duties that belonged to life; if storm and sunshine were alike understood by the outward world, and were known to be but the outgrowth of natural laws, then would there be no need of compensation or retribution—they would come of themselves. And the influence of human souls united would be the great motor power which should rule the ages.

There was a subtle influence in that religious system which made God a scapegoat (or a mediator), or manufactured a burden-bearer in the shape of a demon of darkness, upon which to pack the iniquities of his saints. (?) But the idea originated in, and was yet unpurged in its nature from, the crude notions of antiquity which placed the earth on the back of a tortoise, who in turn rested on a serpent, who floated at pleasure on a sea of milk; the teachings which declared the spheres to be composed of solid glass, and all the stars subservient in their varied tracks through the heavens to the puny earth's command! And in the metaphysical world of to-day there was the serpent and sea of milk on which minds rested and floated hither and thither, never striving to examine into their faith, or bring their ideas down to individual experience.

We should not murmuringly inquire why we were called on to suffer the various afflictions of life. There was an answer to our question in the very fact of their existence, and the new-born babe looking up with a wealth of trust and love into its mother's face was the representative of the soul looking up into the eye of Infinity.

There was no vacuum in Nature. If there was an empty space then forces were put in motion to fill it, and the convulsions of storm and thunder and whirlwind were but the legitimate effect of efforts in that direction. Flowers died, but from their commingled ashes sprang up other forms of loveliness and grace. Beautiful scenes and sights disappeared, but were there not beautiful sights and scenes in embryo which stepped forth to fill the vacant places? The limestone in the rock had neither use or attractiveness, but when absorbed into vegetable and animal life became carbonate of lime, which composed the tissues and bone of human existence. It might have been waiting for ages to be absorbed, that it might become the habitation of an immortal soul! If vegetable and animal forms had never died where would have been found the materials from which to fashion this tabernacle of the spirit? Winter, so cold and dark—the seeming realization of death—was but the silent prophecy of the spring-time, with its newly awakened flowers. Nature kept on her work—there was nothing lost. Bird, beaver, otter, bear, wolf, all fulfilled their allotted fate in Nature, even if it was to prey upon one another. The wild woods echoing to the scream of the panther were but the precursors of that state of animal and vegetable surroundings which should better answer the uses of man—giving him fields to cultivate, and the horse, the ox and the varied tribes of domesticated animals to aid him (directly or indirectly) in so doing.

There was nothing which could be dreamed of in Nature which had not its use and purpose. All things fulfilled their mission. Was the soul less than these? Had the spirit which was above all these no power, no compensation and no retribution? The answer must come from the inner nature of the mind, that tread what path we may there was a compensation in the trading, and our souls should be duly thankful therefor to our Great Father.

The bankrupt hopes of millions of earth's children would find no other solace for all their agony than was contained in the assurance that no human being ever had a sorrow which was not necessary to its ultimate good. To doubt this was to doubt existence itself.

This brought us to consider the religion of the world, which had sought to shrink from the vast responsibility resting on it to proclaim the truth, and had striven to satisfy its believers by promises that in some way, by a system of bribery, it could save them from the effects of their misdeeds. Let us draw away the curtains of error, untried by the thunders of Sinai or the severity of Mosaic Law, unallured by the seductive offers of Mahomet, and learn the fact that there was in the heart of each a voice proclaiming the necessity for the unswerving rule of cause and effect.

Could we spare our individual sorrows? Yes, answered some, we would have no more grief, less of care, more health, and no death. We would have no pain or injustice in the world. Then they would have the unprogressed atom instead of the perfumed flower—dark earth instead of the brilliant sun—the state of absolute nonentity in place of the immortal soul! They would have no struggles, no toils, to ripen and expand the mental powers. If there was no sickness, then there would be no knowledge of the laws of health. Pain prompted man to search for the art to heal it. When natural laws were fully understood there should be no more pain, but until that time it was necessary as a spur to the perfection of knowledge. If there were no death then there would be only ignorance, for they could have no life. The very flowers which adorned the sepulchre had sprung from death; and should we be less than they? Only the outward casket decayed; were it not for death there could be no arisen spirit to inherit the glories of eternal life.

Without death and pain there would have been the wonderful systems founded on laws of progress, upon the elaboration of which students

had consumed the midnight oil, and bleeding hearts tolled through lives of want that their efforts might bring forth good to man? Without battles there would be no truths. For just as sure as natural powers combated in the fulfillment of the laws of the universe, so in the world of man the rapid advance of ideas was attended full oft with the strife of material weapons. Better that thousands perish than that there should be no ideas of truth. Along the ages could be seen the sweep of God's right hand pointing to unflinching compensation for all these woes.

But in narrowing down the sphere of this compensation to the ego—I—often times we are led to exclaim, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!"—Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting! But it is ourselves that say it, and not Nature. There is not an hour that has not left its impress on our lives. Let us toll on then with the goal in view; from pain we learn patience; from adversity, kindness; from sin, pity for others; from error, an understanding of truth. If death comes, through its gates we may catch glimpses of glory. We need not fear death, it alone is true. All things of earth may seem to us filled with treason and dishonor, but death is constant and sure, and leads us to our loved ones gone before. It alone, of all the ministering angels, is faithful at the last. We may waver in life's pathway, we may mask our real intents, but death shall prove us all, and we know the end it brings us is not the end of life, but the end of falsehood, shame and disgust, and brings us to the gate of the glorious city immortal.

Often a cloud arises in the mind when we see the apparently flowery path of the wicked, and the crowns glittering on the brow of error, while the disciples of truth are poor and full of sorrow; but there is no rest for crowns so placed, neither is there so much agony as there might seem in the hearts who wear the compensating whippers of angels. We weave our garments of purity or shame—death is the great equalizer—and all go to their appropriate place.

Were these few hours on earth all there is of existence, even then the relation between compensation and retribution would hold true. We defy any one to show from history that the good which has borne the cross has not ultimately worn the crown. In the field of political, military or moral effort, the ambitious and bigoted have gone down at last, while the names of good men and true have been caught up on the waves of memory, and from the martyr's funeral pyre has streamed a glory down the centuries! And though darkly and deeply rolls the tide of fate, we know that every human soul shall be borne ultimately to the great haven of eternal rest.

At the close of the address, another spirit took control of the medium, and in sweet and melodious cadences breathed forth one of the finest poems in our language, replete with rare beauty and excellence, thrilling the audience, who listened in breathless silence:

THE SPECTRE SHIPS.

INSPIRATIONALLY GIVEN THROUGH CORA L. V. DANIELS.

Adown the swift stream of Time's darkened dream
Float the Galleons of Fate;
And borne by its tide two strange spirits glide,
In wonderful power and state.
One strange, fearful bark, beareth banners all dark,
With crosses of human bones!
The other is bright with pure ensigns of white,
And moveth to music's low tones.
As they float along, a quaint old song
Is wafted o'er turret and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small."

The dark vessel draws near a grand temple austere,
Where Justice and Mercy are found! (?)
Where each crime hath a name, and each sinner a shame,
And "God's image" in iron is bound!
Amid those of less worth one wretch is brought forth:
"Thou hast stolen and murdered," they say,
"The proofs are all here—though the laws are severe,
You must die. So make ready and pray."
Yet forevermore as they pause by the shore,
Moans a voice over dungeon and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small."

Yet one Judge so staid hath his country betrayed,
Another hath sinned his fair honor for gold,
Every juror hath sold his fair honor for fame,
Or bartered his goodness for fame.
While the fiend-hoasts await to convey to his fate
The victim who bows low his head—
The Spirit of Light pauses there to indite:
"His poor babes were starving for bread!"
And forevermore, as they sweep from the shore,
Groans a voice over prison and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small."

Now the ship's near the shore, where a miser so hoar,
Clutches ill-gotten hoardings of years!
Coins cast in the dies of the lone widows' sighs
And stamped with the pale orphan's tears;
The dark ship doth hold the old man and his gold,
And they float in the blackness away,
While the Spirit of Light, from the vessel in white,
Waits to hear a poor, lone mother pray!
And forevermore, as they pass the bleak shore,
Sighs a voice over cottage and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small."

Now the dark ship doth wait where a maiden too late
In the trying bower hath stayed—
For with false vows and snares the perjured one boars
The fiend's trophy—a young heart betrayed.
The dark spirit doth send all his crew to attend,
To place her on shame's burning scroll;
But the Master of Light sends an angel in white,
Who rescues the maiden's pure soul!
And forevermore, as they pass by the shore,
Sounds a voice over garden and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small!"

Where a king with his crown tramples myriads down,
And his minions fawn low at his feet,
While the sick and the poor pause in vain at the door,
Or famish for bread in the street—
Lo, the dark soul doth glide to the proud monarch's side,
And the dark ship roars sullenly there,
While they fill its black hold with a cargo untold,
With curses and blood and despair!
But forevermore, as they wait near the shore,
Shrieks a voice over palace and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small!"

When the trumpet of war sounds its tocsin afar,
And the nations for freedom contend,
Where a small, fearless band, joined in spirit and hand,
Raise a war-hymn to Liberty's Friend,
Then the tyrant's grim host see the battle is lost,
And the serried ranks scattered there;
For the Spirit of Light leads the martyrs in white,
And remembers the patriots' prayer.
And forevermore, on that blood-stained shore,
Peals a voice over cannon and ball,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small!"

Ever floating along, with a groan or a song,
Where one saileth the other must be;
Pressing close, side by side, till they enter the tide
Of the sea named Eternity.
With a plunge and a bound, lo! the dark ship is found
A wreck upon Time's blackened shoals!
All its cargo of woes to oblivion goes,
But the life-boat in white saves the souls!
And forevermore, where the waves break and roar,
Sounds a voice over castle and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small!"

Thus down the swift stream of Time's turbid dream
Sweep the Galleons of Fate,
And the strange, fearful bark, with its banners so dark,
Is the Spirit of Human Hate.
While the vessel of light, with its ensigns of white,
Like an albatross doth move;
And it floateth afar, like a bird or a star,
And its name is the Spirit of Love.
While forevermore, as it speeds from earth's shore,
Sings a voice over turret and wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but
They grind exceeding small!"

Isn't it so?
A correspondent sends us the following: The one thing which is presented irresistibly to the mind of every temperate and close observer, is the alarming inroads upon the health and happiness of our manhood and youth intemperance is working. Spiritualists who desire to act upon scientific principles in their dealings with life, are ready to forsake all that is injurious to sister, brother, or self, to follow that pure and healthy course which blesses, most of all, the actor. As Spiritualists, we desire to see man the equal of woman in all that is pure and elevating. If my brother man desire his sister woman to be sweet, free from contamination, he cannot consistently present himself at her holy shrine with that pernicious atmosphere which results from the habits of liquor or beer-drinking and the use of tobacco; the latter at least the equal in its immoral tendency to any other one bad habit. Millions are the unconscious criminals, and millions the conscious, innocent sufferers. Thousands are, day by day, wearing their lives and health away, as well as that of those to whom they are the most intimately related. Nothing short of woman's voice in thunder tones in protest of this incalculable wrong, will succeed in reforming young men and youth in this particular. The time is not far distant when woman will declare herself in favor of man unadulterated as she, and the choice will be at this standard, and none other. It was a stroke against purity when the noble efforts to express these claims at the National Convention of Spiritualists were crushed, although only for the time being. Spiritualists, who are unfortunately victims, must not shut their eyes to the light, nor imagine they work no evil by their influence and example. Reform should begin with self. See to it that you labor for the physical development of the race.

De Tocqueville says of the newspaper: "A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but comes to you without distracting your private affairs. Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary, in proportion as men become more equal individuals, and more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom is to diminish their importance; they maintain civilization."

Original Essays.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY G. M. GOULD.

For a period of nearly two thousand years, the bulk of the so-called civilized world has been worshipping a man, a god, God, or a principle, (which it is we are unable to discover,) whose attributes and historic life were all kindness and love—as it were one simple yet grand and mighty effort to introduce into the world, by practice and teaching, the glorious idea of good returned for evil.

For nearly two thousand years it has looked back to the earth-life of this (called) man, as being the highest practical example of moral goodness ever displayed on earth. Men the world over have dubbed themselves his followers, worshipping him in their altars—yes, deifying him in their enthusiasm to do greater reverence to him and his teachings. What were they? One would suppose that looked on as he is, men would try by every means to pattern after his bright example, honor his teachings by living them out in their own every-day lives, and at least faithfully obey his expressed commands. The facts? Open and carefully read the history of the Nazarene generally considered the most truthful. How do practice and law to-day of Christian nations compare with his practice and precept? I would limit myself to one particular, to which I have been heading; it is the broad one of Capital Punishment.

American law says hang a man if he commit a certain crime. The laws of the nation are virtually made and enforced by the people. The people are a Christian people, pretend to follow on Christian ideas—leastwise believe in the Christian code of morals. Without its repetition we all know well enough what it is in relation to this question. And now I ask, where the discrepancy? Was Christ wrong, and is the world to-day right? or vice versa? Why is it at the end of eighteen hundred years we find such decided opposites? Do we dare to call ourselves MEN, worship and pray to one whose very life itself was a sacrifice of the good for the evil, and yet in our every-day life practice always the opposite? Make, support, and enforce law which has for its foundation—and superstructure, too, I might add—the damnable idea of evil for evil, wrong for wrong? Are we such moral cowards that we cannot live out our beliefs and convictions? Or—here 's the rub—are these our real, true convictions of what our duty indeed is? Ask a man does he believe the rules of life which Jesus laid down the best standard to practically live to; he answers, certainly. Ask him again, does the murderer deserve death by our hands; and nine times to one you'll receive the answer, "Why most assuredly he does." Again, did not Jesus pray, "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do?"

In viewing this topic from its theologic standpoint these questions arise and demand settlement. It is not for me to attempt it, but I only ask the Christian citizen, in name, to be more Christian in spirit, and, with more consistency, to act as he thinks or thinks as he acts.

But the religious arguments are not, by far, the weightiest ones against this barbaric institution. Let us look at it from the broad field of human well-being on earth; look at it in connection with ourselves placed on this planet, subject to the inviolable law of progression, under which law we are to work out our own salvation; for however so much we may rely upon Divine aid and interposition, still the indubitable fact faces us of to-day, that no providential hand will open the waters for us, that we may pass over from darkness and barbarism into a higher life and light. The world must be its own redeemer. This being true, it will be plain to every mind that the highest interests of humanity, the advancement of civilization—promoting the inaugural of mind-government—demand the abolition of this world's curse.

In opposition, and answer to, all the arguments for the non-use of capital punishment, the world brings but the one reason for its use, which the thoughtful man soon sees to be most flimsy. It is this: Owing to the partial spread of knowledge and a resultant amount of ignorance, superstition and evil, the immoral and sinful surroundings, there are a class of persons who prey on society, supporting physical existence by crime and sin, and the every tendency of their minds is to evil. Now if we allow these persons unrestrained freedom, if for a murderer we do not hang the murderer, thereby stopping this crime by keeping constantly in the eyes of the people the rewards of such a course—if in fact we do not keep the fear of the law and punishment before such minds by such spectacles of punishment, how can we hope for the safety of our property, money, our families, or our lives themselves? The argument appears good and the question seems settled. Let us once more get the facts. Hope for safety! Why, that is all we do now, and live hoping. Has your remedy for the evil cured it? Are your lives and property, oh Judges, a whit safer for the real and supposed criminals you have condemned to punishment, murdered, albeit under cover of the law, legally? Oh I ask you solemnly, ye who know the noble heart of humanity by heart, has not this course produced the very thing you would have killed? Instead of the slayer of evil, has it not been the father of it?

Has not the bitter condemnation and vindictiveness of the punishers of a crime been very often the direct cause of the re-enactment of that very crime? Cast your loves upon the waters; they will return again, though it be after many days. Compensation is the great law of life. Whatsoever ye give, that are ye bound to take. If ye hate, ye will be hated; and, too, oh remember this! if ye love, ye too will be loved.

The vindictiveness and hate which we load

Advertisements and notices on the left margin

upon the criminal, and with which we sentence him and carry out the sentence, is more to be lamented than the bad remedy itself. If we must have, let it be the sin, not the sinner.

Overcoming evil with good, is a thing men vaguely dream of as perhaps feasible. Never having made a trial of it, they of course do not know it to be so.

Go to the root of the evil. Cease for humanity's sake to doctor effects longer, and remove and stop the causes. If your cistern leaks, would you attempt to cure the defect by bailing the water back into it again which runs away? Or would you not stop the leaking place?

You do not remove or kill the evil by removing or killing the physical agency which at that particular time is working and carrying out its design. You augment it by giving it greater freedom and fields of action.

The world must learn this, before it can ever be comparatively free from crime. The physical or other means by which an evil mind effects its desires may be changed, may be obliterated, yet the cause, the mind itself, rankles still, and will find other means. So when in our anger we kill the man who has committed murder we do not strike at the root of the matter, do not kill the crime, nor its effects, do not remove the cause of it, nor do we kill the means whereby that cause may again recommit the same act; we only remove that means or agency.

The same, but in a more restrictive sense, of the prisoner, confined though he be in his cell from the light of day. The psychologist well knows his hate goes forth into the world of effects, and finds other agencies to operate through.

And so it continues, recommitment endless.

Oh! when will we learn to supplant hate and uncharitableness with love and charity to all, with malice to none. The world's historic pages are inrolled with wide channels where the bloody tears of humanity have flowed on account of it; and yet persistent in unprogressive habit she continues to produce that she would negate an existence. It has been a hard and bloody lesson to learn; why has not she learned it?

NATURE AND SPIRIT.

BY A. C. NICHOLS.

EDITORS BANNER—For the last eighteen months I have been a constant reader of your sheet, and through the previous years an occasional reader; am called by my neighbors a Spiritualist. If to be a Spiritualist means one who recognizes a spiritual world or scene, I think I have reason to feel satisfied in that I am so understood. I do not intend this letter to be mainly at play with the personal pronoun I, and will only further remark of myself, as in its representative, that for the last twenty-five years I have been a proponent of Protestantism; and thus, however I may stand as exponent of degrees of advancement along the line of free thought, I was well prepared as an interested observer of those late publicly observed phenomena, in the order of their occurring—was an eager reader of A. J. Davis's first published book. Soon after, if I remember rightly, the terms Spiritualist and Spiritualism came to be inscribed on the banner infrequent borne by these mediæval facts. To wit: the facts were termed spiritual communications; then the observers Spiritualists; from thence, as ultimate or crown, came Spiritualism. Thus we witness the advent of another ism, which bids fair to outrun or supersede "method" and other isms, Armenian or Calvin.

If now I may presume to speak from my own experience, I should state that any person or number of persons who break away from the advancement of the ecclesiasticism of to-day, and so push from shore adrift upon the sea of free thought, must or will find themselves mainly occupied by negations—denying this and that, expressing disbelief. Within these negations, as kernel within shell, lies the slow forming gestating affirmative. Its first announcements, however, seem to deliver the lower sense in life—the sensuous estimates—the Pagan or pre-Christian pronouncement of life's every cardinal doctrine.

Thus the world's symbolic history—the Life's Word—is repeated in small, in every manifesting personal growth or thought growth in any company of persons. The pages of our Spiritualist newspapers (so far as I have been able to observe at least) show forth in full pat the above termed Pagan reversion. And as I have said, this is but the manifest of a normal order of growth; you may ask me to be patient with that patience mentioned in the last Banner (No. 20) in E. S. Wheeler's able address, while in that very address Mr. W. asserts immortality as a "fact." In the same number occurs Prof. Denton's interesting lecture, wherein psychometric vision is termed "spiritual."

Some six months ago or more, I found the Banner remarking the same of photography—that it was a spiritual process. And thus, my friends, you seem on the threshold of asserting that the air is spiritual, as it is not an object of vision, however much it may engage other of our senses five. Now if I apprehend rightly the cause of these misapprehensions, it is nothing more than the belief or notion everywhere prevalent that Nature and Spirit are defined thus: Life this side literal death is natural; beyond, spiritual—the realm Nature at the grave, closed or left, and the spiritual entered upon. Thus communications returning the presence of our deceased friends must be from the spiritual world, or are spiritual in character; hence the supposed legitimacy of the terms Spiritualist and Spiritualism.

Now for a lift suggestive at the opposite in assumption. Let the reader turn attention to that department of Nature denominated inorganic, as all that portion not recognized as animated or thus organic. The scientist here observes an ascension by gradual variance from solid to liquid, thence aeriform, thence onward to what are termed the subtle fluids or forces. But does he ever dream he thus passes Nature's bound? These subtle forces are, by common consent, as instinctively posited in Nature, as much as though they could be seen and weighed. Would it be wild to suggest that animated Nature be subject to a parallel ascension, being still at sublime point just as much personified or rooted in Nature, mortality and immortality, as ever present conjoined? Thus we may be finding on the extended floor of fact the next set of senses—the next existence. Thus, too, holding only as spiritual the universals as of man, the impersonal, or potential principles, and everywhere the magisterial vitalizing every and all human existence, therefore positing psychometric vision in realm Nature, and its objects the field of physics.

Leavenworth, Kan., Feb. 5, 1868.

Study as much as you please, work your brains to their utmost capacity, but see that you do not rob them of the rest derived from sleep, and which is so indispensable for healthy and long-continued intellectual labor. If you neglect this warning, be sure the time will come when you cannot sleep, and then you will be in danger of losing your reason.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy day."
(Lionel Hunt.)

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER SIX.

"I say, Uncle Oliver, isn't it mean?" said Reuben, as he headed the children, who all, greatly excited, pressed forward to listen to what seemed of the greatest importance to them. "I'll never forget it, no, never. Just wait till I grow up to be a man and see what I'll do. Just because I'm not as big as he, he thinks I must bear it; but I'll not forget."

"You have forgotten that I do not know what all these flushed faces mean, and what it is that is so very pleasant, that you do not mean to forget it."

"Pleasant! it's anything but that. I've been flogged at school, and I was not bad at all, and it wasn't my fault. All of them will tell you that. If I had done anything wrong I would not care. I must have let it pass; but the boys and the girls will all tell you that there was no fault of mine."

"There was n't, Uncle Oliver, I am sure," said Mary, "and we want to know if you think whipping is right anyhow?"

"One thing is certain," said Reuben, "I'll never forget it. I'll grow up and give it back."

"Let us talk a little more calmly," said Uncle Oliver. "The trouble is not in the blows, but in the spirit that the blows raise. You are whipping yourself terribly every moment that you feel such anger and hate. That is the real punishment. If you suffered wrongfully, then the blows are nothing, unless you suffer the revengeful spirit in return to master you. If you do, then indeed you are harmed. We can all bear a little smarting of the skin if there is nothing besides."

Let me tell you one of my true stories. In the days gone by, it was considered quite necessary to flog boys into good behavior. No boy was thought to be well disciplined who had not been thoroughly through the process of whipping. There was one favorite maxim of your ancestors: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' I believe I used to think that when my children got a little older I should begin their needed discipline, but I was spared the mortification of unpleasant memories, by a keen sense of justice that compelled me carefully to weigh and measure right and wrong, and I could never convince myself that I had a right to strike another.

But what I wish you to see is this: that the spirit that blows create is the real injury. Now Reuben feels revengeful and bitter, and thus he is punishing himself ten times as much as the master has punished him. If he could forget the blows with the smart, and feel grand in the sense of having suffered a wrong courageously, then his whipping would have really ennobled him."

"But weren't you going to tell us a story?" said Susy, her eyes brimming over with tears, at the distress she had experienced.

"Yes, a real story. About seventy-five years ago there was an old Scotch teacher by the name of Hackett, who thought the birch a more powerful assistant than the spelling-book or grammar. He whipped without mercy, and invented modes of punishment to which a common thrashing might be called boy's play. He had among his pupils some members of distinguished families. Thomas Lord and Henry Erskine were among his pupils."

Reuben looked a little relieved to think a man of note had been whipped when a boy.

"But no family distinctions could help a boy; he must take his chances; and those chances did not depend upon his good or bad behavior. The whipping was simply a drill."

Among the pupils was a boy whose real name I don't know; we may call him Smith. He was sent from a distance to the charge of Hackett. Being far from his friends, and possessing a thoughtful, quiet manner, these severities of the teacher had the more effect upon him. He dwelt upon the great injustice done to himself and others. The stripes fairly entered his spirit, and created there a feeling of such intense bitterness that he became miserable. He determined secretly to revenge himself. But it was impossible for him, a boy, to satisfy his revenge, and so he bound it up in his soul, solemnly declaring to himself that he would never forget the wrong and the injustice.

At an early age Smith was drafted into the India service, and remained away from his native land twenty-five years. Through all the exciting scenes of those years he forgot not his purpose. No stormy battle, no raging pestilence, no deprivation, no success made him forget his resolve.

He came home at last to remain and to enjoy life, but he must first destroy this enemy to his peace, this desire for revenge. He went to the town where Hackett resided, and found that he still lived, a hale, hearty man, though no longer a teacher. Smith sent a polite invitation to the old man to dine with a former pupil at the inn. It was an event of some importance to the teacher, and he dressed himself, in his best costume for the occasion. His ruffled wrist, his ill-shaven great beard and care. He felt a thrill of gratitude that so great an honor had been bestowed on him, and wished to express it, therefore he planned a neat little speech for the occasion.

He was ushered into a room where the table was spread for dinner. Soon a gentleman entered, closed the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. He then went to the mantel-shelf and took down a good sized whip, and planted himself before the old man.

"Do you remember me, sir?" he said.

"No," said Hackett.

"Then I will see to it that you never forget me hereafter. My name is Smith, and I am one of the boys that you thrashed so unmercifully. I have never forgotten a blow. For twenty-five years I have remembered them all. I never for one moment have allowed myself to forget them. Now I am fully prepared to satisfy myself. Strip, sir! resistance will do you no good. India gold has bought all who might have come to your help. Nothing on earth will let you escape me now."

The old man had some interior tremblings, but he was shrewd and had studied human nature for many years.

"Yes, yes," he said, "that was rather a bad business, and so is this. I expect I was a little hard on the boys long ago, and so I must submit now. I believe you to be a gentleman, and I cannot suppose that you invited me here to dinner without intending to give it to me. Now, if it is all

the same to you, let us have the dinner first and the licking afterwards. Shall it be so?"

Smith was not quite prepared for this answer, but assented to the proposal, yet still adhering to his long cherished purpose. The dinner was excellent, and the old man grew enthusiastic as he talked of the boys, his pupils. He told so many anecdotes of them that Smith was, spite of himself, amused. Then he gave a history of many of them, for they seemed to him as if, in some sense, of his family. His interest was so great in them that Smith saw that the old man was really proud, as a father of his sons, of all those who had made a mark in the world. Gradually he drew Smith on to a narration of his own life.

Time wore on. The old man was so cheerful and sympathetic, and entered so fully into the events of Smith's life, that the gloomy spirit gradually gave place to one of kindly feeling. When ever a thought of the whipping came up it seemed such an absurdity that it was banished at once. The neatly-dressed old man, so friendly in manner, so bright and sprightly in conversation, was surely not a fitting object for spite and ill feeling, even if it had been cherished for twenty-five years.

Yet he could not forget those twenty-five years, and tried hard to forget instead the pleasant voice that so constantly chatted to him. But whenever his brow became gloomy with the old thoughts a fresh, witty story drove the evil away.

At last it staid away entirely, and the hours wore away into the late evening in really delightful intercourse. Smith escorted the old man to his door, and as he returned to the inn he found himself a changed man. The spirit of revenge was banished. Life had nobler objects. He thought of a happy, genial companion in place of the injuries of long ago.

Now, Reuben, we can but hope that if you should cherish your feelings of bitterness until you have grown up, they would vanish in as kindly a manner, leaving no worse consequences than did those of Smith. But I know you will say that it would be far better to bid the evil depart now. There can never be anything gained by holding on to an evil. It is like keeping some troublesome, injurious disease. Banish all that can harm you, and keep only that which can bless."

"Well, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "I begin to feel ashamed of myself now. I don't like the whipping any better than I did, and I still think it mean; but I see the blows did not amount to much, because I did not deserve them. But I want to do something. I want to express myself."

"I'll tell you," said Mary; "let us go and sing that pretty song we have learned right under the master's window. He'll know your voice from all the rest, and that'll make him dream it all out right, and who knows but he'll say he's sorry."

"Not he," said Reuben.

"There are more ways than one to say, 'I am sorry.' 'I beg your pardon!'" said Uncle Oliver.

"An act often tells more plainly than speech what one means. A hearty shake of the hand often means, 'I have done wrong.' To be sure, it is rather a cowardly way to express an apology, but some people can't act bravely. I quite approve of your plan, Mary. Sing your sweet song, this lovely moonlight night, five minutes after the master's light goes out; and that he may be sure that no insult is intended, I will wrap myself well and go with you."

"Oh, how good you are," said Susan. "It's all as nice as a story. I'm in such a hurry to have it begin."

"To have what begin?" said Reuben. "The story began with the whipping; that was the tragedy which I intended to keep performing for a series of years; but now we'll have the happy ending. Oh, Uncle Oliver, you save us boys from so many mean scrapes that I don't see what we ever did without you."

As the company left the cottage to prepare for the "happy ending," Uncle Oliver looked out of his window. The snow had lodged on his white rose-bush and was bending it to the ground.

"To-morrow's sun will thaw it," he said to himself, "and the branches will spring back to their places. I bless the power that keeps my life and lets me be like the sun to these little ones, to thaw what the harshness of life may bring to them. They shall not bend or break if I can help it."

THE TEMPLE OF DREAMS.

Sometimes I wander through enchanted halls,
And linger, transfixed, beneath the mighty spells
Of visions flashing from the mystic walls;
Awe by the antique imagery, which tells
Of inspirations that dull Time defies,
And claim their kindred with Eternity.

There scepter'd prince, and doughty warrior
mailed,
Spell-bound for ages by an art sublime,
Wisdom serene, and Loveliness unveiled,
Look calmly on me through the mists of time;
Here History waits with Romance at his side,
There reveals Love, with Beauty defied.

Here regal genius bids the seasons wait;
Grey Winter with his icy diamonds crowned,
Young, bright Spring, in robes of green elate,
And fervent Summer with his visage browned;
Here tempests gather, and there sunshine glows
O'er fruitful Autumn, and eternal snows.

One Titan spirit waves his potent wand
Above the terrors of the Alpine storm,
Grasps the launched bolt, and holds with giant hand
The chariot of the thunder. A dread form,
The mist-veiled avalanche stays its descent,
Frowning and vast—a spectral battlement.

There War's dark angel thrusts his sickle in,
And reaps the harvest of the cruel plain;
There Vengeance holds its carnival of sin,
And dying Martyrs, by the bigot slain,
In robes of fire ascend to realms untrod;
There patient bows the thorn-crowned Son of God.

Thus do I wander where the Goni keep
Their gaudy splendors, and their trophies
bright;
In haunted chambers, fraught with charms that
sweep
Like star-gems scattered from the crown of
night,
Drinking the spirit of their lustrous beams,
A captive in the Temple of old Dreams.

THE MARRIAGE OF COUSINS, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—There can be no mistake at all about the fact that the tendency to have defective offspring is greater where parents are defective than with others. But here is a point that leads people into error. It does not follow because a person is defective in his hearing the defect will take that form in his offspring; it may strike somewhere else. The child may be defective in physical strength or mental capacity. But there is the defective germ, and it will manifest itself in the next. I know of thirteen blind children, in a neighboring county, the descendants of one blind man who married his cousin. In the first generation there were no blind children. You would look round and see these children all happy, all enjoying the blessings of sight, and say, "It is all moonshine, this idea about defective people marrying." In the second and third generation came thirteen blind children (from the intermarriage of a blind man with his cousin). I think six of these have been in our institution.—Dr. S. G. Howe.

THE PASSIONS.—Hold not conference, debate, or reasoning with any Lust; it is but a preparatory for thy admision of it. The way is at the very first flatly to deny it.—Fuller.

Notes from S. J. Finney.

DEAR BANNER—A few thoughts have been pressing on me for utterance, for some time, relative to Lyceum equipages, to mediums, and a great misconception, or at least a great misstatement regarding my position toward mediumship. And, if you will be kind enough to consent, I will occupy a little space in your columns relative to these topics.

And first let me say I notice that many Lyceums, in order to save first expense, have gotten up by hand their equipages, flag-staffs, target-staffs, etc.; and in all such cases that I have seen, the staffs are too large and clumsy, and ill fitted to the size of the flags and the ages of the respective groups. And, also, that the staffs in such cases are eight square instead of round, which looks badly. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," says Poor Richard and common sense. And where the object is, as in the case of flags, etc., to give pleasure to the senses by objects of grace and beauty, large and unwieldy articles are a kind of burlesque which excites ridicule and not the æsthetic sentiment, as intended. I have seen a "Guardian's" banner staff as large or even larger than the largest double-handed pitchfork staff, and a good deal longer, looking like a pole, and not a staff at all, a load for one woman to carry.

And I have seen a Fountain Group of precious little tottling holding staffs large enough for hoe-handles, and long enough for Liberty Group. Think of a good-sized hoe-handle, with a little flag fit for a four-year-old dangling from the top of it, staggering around a room with the child at the lower end of it.

Now I love the heroism which, in spite of poverty, will have a Lyceum at any rate; and I admire that true economy which will consent to waste nothing; but there is a false economy "which saves at the spigot and loses at the bung." And an awkward, home-made set of staffs for a Children's Progressive Lyceum is of this sort. They will have, sooner or later, to be cast aside for a better set; start as you will, the better set will have to come at last; and so if you start with the poor set, you have to pay double for one good set. This is not economy, but the reverse.

Start at once with a good set of equipages. Nor can a good set be made except by some establishment which is rigged for the business. Machinery is necessary; knowledge of artistic work is necessary; and many other facilities are indispensable, which none but a manufacturing establishment can have. There is one such, and only one such, in the United States—that of E. Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y. This firm, at the urgent request of friends of the Lyceum movement, has fitted up for this work, and all their work is finely done. This firm supplies the whole equipage necessary for Lyceums. It is certainly the cheapest, in the long run, to send to them for equipments. I do not at all write in their financial interests or at their suggestion, but purely in the interests of the Lyceum. And yet a good work of this sort ought to be sustained.

And now as to mediumship and myself: There is, I find, in New England—or rather in some portions thereof—a report that I am opposed to mediums and to mediumship; that I do not believe in the "trance," etc., etc. Allow me to say, once for all, such reports—come from whom they may—are utterly false. I am a medium; I have been a medium for at least nineteen years, and a publicly advertised one at that. I began my public career as a speaking and inspirational medium, and have continued it as such for nearly nineteen years, openly and aboveboard. No person can truthfully assert that I ever denied my own mediumship. I never did lose my consciousness fully, as some persons call it, before an audience; and yet, in the midst of my lectures, I have held communion on other topics than those in my lectures, with my spirit-friends, especially with my little boy, who comes sometimes to me in a tender and sweet manner, and, putting his arms about my neck and laying his cheek against my own, utters his musical "Papa" in my soul, till earth and its surroundings are forgotten, and the golden fountains open upon me.

I set forth, in the very dawn of modern Spiritualism, in my public work under the direct instigation, and often control of the spiritual world, as a medium, and I then pledged myself entirely to this work, while the spiritual world pledged me its guidance and support. And I never really faltered but once, and then only for a short time or so, and that in consequence of being reduced nearly to beggary for want of any remunerative pay for services among the Spiritualists of this country. But never for one instant have I ever denied mediumship, or turned a sneer upon any true medium in the land.

It is true that I hold mediums to the same laws of moral rectitude as I hold myself, or my fellow-men; and when I find a clear case of fraud, fairly exposed, I say fraud, just as I would of a counterfeit bank bill. Justice, Truth and Righteousness know no favorites; we are amenable alike to them, whether we be mediums or millers. Nor do I know of any reason why trickery in our ranks should not be as unsparingly exposed as trickery in any other religious society in the land. He who will knowingly cover up trickery is a party to the fraud; and of all classes, Spiritualists least need deception. And bogus mediumship—intentional deception under the guise of spirit-communication—is of all frauds the most profane; it robs the dead of their character, and steals the livery of the most sacred fellowship to serve low and selfish ends. Exposure is the only justice for it.

There is a certain percentage of tendency among us to harden into a stubborn and dogmatic defence of all so-called mediums, no matter what their villanies or deceptions; but I am glad it is not general. But among spurious mediums, when one of their number, like Fay or Von Vleck, gets exposed, there is a foolish cry raised that nearly all are spurious. On the other hand, this one-sidedness excites the opposite tendency among us; and then if a real exposure take place, those who make it known are accused of being "enemies to mediums," enemies to mediumship even, etc., etc. Either extreme illy befits an honest mind. All truth has its counterfeits; there are false mediums; there are true mediums; but which the false, and which the true, can be determined only by an examination of each specific case. No sweeping statement can divide the true from the false; no class of manifestations can be pronounced totally genuine or spurious, on the examination of any less than the total number of single manifestations in that class. And so of course in the case of any class of mediums.

These are my views. I ask no one to endorse them; I do not think in a class, by numbers, or by committee, or through any delegation whatever, nor in the voice of Convention. I think in and for and by myself. And by study, by thought, by reflection, by aspiration, I am trying to become a better medium for the utterance of the Spirit of Nature. I have long since learned that contented ignorance is a poor basis for exalted inspiration.

I am most cordially yours for the triumph of the Great Spiritual Movement.
Troy, N. Y., 1868. SELDEN J. FINNEY.

Spiritualism in Virginia—Jottings by the Wayside.

(The following correspondences should have appeared in our paper months ago.)

Thinking probably that a few lines, giving an inkling of the progress and present condition of Spiritualism in the "Old Dominion," might not prove unacceptably to your various readers, I herewith transmit a few items which may be of interest. As Richmond, the capital and ever-hill headquarters of Secession, is my permanent residence, my remarks shall pertain more to that portion of the State than to any other. At present I am engaged in the goodly task of assisting to reconstruct my native State, so that she may once again occupy that proud position filled by her so well in days of yore: that of a prominent member of the Federal Union, that Union that can never be destroyed, and which has so nobly stood the test of a few years' desolating and devastating war. I am fortunate enough to be one of the few citizens of Virginia appointed by Gen. Schofield, our military commander, to act as conductors of the registration of voters, in pursuance of the Reconstruction Acts of the last Congress. Being able conscientiously to take the oath of office, never having voluntarily given aid to the Southern cause during our late national struggle, I was appointed registering officer at large for Scott County.

In this connection I desire to state that during a sojourn with the justly celebrated C. H. Foster in New York, about six weeks ago, he informed me, under test conditions, that I would get the position I had applied for and would be very successful in it. After proceeding to Richmond and having had several interviews with the Appointing Board, they giving me scarcely any hopes of success, I had given up nearly all idea of obtaining the appointment, and had come to the conclusion that the spirits speaking through Mr. Foster were much mistaken, when, at the eleventh hour, unexpectedly to me, while hoping against hope, I received my appointment, thus verifying Mr. Foster's prediction. This is one more of the innumerable instances of Mr. F.'s remarkable mediumistic powers, concerning which so much has been published.

This County (Scott) is romantically situated in what is called Little Tennessee, in the southwestern part of the State, some three hundred and sixty miles from Richmond. It is from this locality these disconnected thoughts are penned, and they lack of beauty and elegance discoverable therein should be attributed to the feeble powers of the writer, and not to the want of suitable surroundings, for they are such as to expand the intellect, enliven the imagination, and give scope and vigor to the higher powers of the mind.

In regard to the spread of Spiritualism in this State, not much of a very encouraging nature can be truthfully said. There is a little band of useful men, who continue faithful to the good cause, but in other portions of the State, so far as my observation has extended, Spiritualism has hardly gained any foothold whatever.

For six years, from 1859 to '64, I was, so far as I was aware, the only believer in Richmond. There may have been a few others, but they have never been discovered by me. The people knew nothing about Spiritualism, and such is the case generally throughout the State. Since the cessation of hostilities, a few Spiritualists from the North have settled in Richmond, and some of our native have also been made recipients of the precious Gospel of the New Dispensation. There appears to be a spirit of inquiry prevalent among the people concerning it; all whom I have heard speak of the subject desire further knowledge, and seem open to conviction, could the truth only be impressed upon their understandings. Virginia presents a great field for future missionary labor in the Harmonical harvest, and I have no doubt when our National difficulties are adjusted, and everything resumes its wonted aspect—as before the late war—and the Southern people have more time to examine and consider such matters, that Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy will be joyfully received by hundreds and thousands now closely bound in the chains of mythological theology and atheistical skepticism. May that day speedily dawn, is the earnest prayer of every true Spiritualist of the South, many of whose dear-linged ones are scattered throughout the country of those glorious harbingers of incalculable good—Children's Progressive Lyceums. The great want of the South is education, but little provision having been made, in the past, for that laudable object, by the States; but under the new regime what giant strides will education make! The amount of ignorance prevailing in the South is woeful to contemplate; the more interior counties of Virginia and North Carolina (with which States I am more familiar) present a sad aspect as regards this subject, but, thank be to kind Providence, a better day dawns. More expansive ideas are liberating the hitherto contracted minds of the people; new thoughts, new aspirations, new institutions more in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age, are gaining ground; and may not the purifying, harmonizing influence of Spiritualism also play its part in the great drama of the education and consequent elevation of the South? Our Lyceums also will play a conspicuous part in this development of the dwarfed and cramped minds of the children, expanding their reasoning and intellectual powers, inculcating better and more harmonious views of themselves, their fellow-creatures, and of Father God.

Returning to Richmond a few days since from a six months' sojourn in Newark, N. J.—my first visit North—I found that a little band of Spiritualists had commenced holding circle meetings on Sunday evenings at the residence of Dr. W. Q. Mansueti, homeopathic physician, and a native of New York State. I believe, but since the evacuation a resident of Richmond. I had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings the night prior to my departure for Estillville. All its members were thoroughly imbued with the truth of our heaven-born Philosophy, and all, I think, are subscribers to the Banner. Since my arrival here I have heard nothing further from them.

In Waynesboro', Augusta County, Spiritualism was introduced a few years since by Mr. Ennis, a Richmond Spiritualist. Since that time it has been developed and quite a number of communications received from former residents and others, nearly all of which were recognized; but the Church fulminated its thunders against the circles, thereby nipping the manifestations in the bud. The mediums were church members, and their pastor threatened every one who attended a spiritual circle with expulsion from the Church. The mediums being still in bondage to Old Theology, were fearful of resistance to the truth, and accordingly obeyed its voice through the minister. During a visit thereto last summer, I tried in vain to get the various mediums to have a sitting with me; they were afraid of clerical denunciation, and so, perforce, I had to content myself with conversation with them in regard to Spiritualism, in the course of which I gave them a great deal to think of in my explanations of our philosophy in relation to God, the Bible, and the spirit-world. Such ideas they had never heard before, and they were greatly relieved. A slight sprinkling of the seed of Elysian Truth was sown, and in the course of time fruit may yet arise therefrom.

In other localities, including the one in which this is written, Spiritualism is entirely unknown. How sad the reflection that here in our beloved country, so many of her children should be wandering in the grossest darkness, mental and moral, with scarce a ray of light to illumine their gloomy pathway. This should inspire us to redoubled exertions in the cause, striving to enlighten the masses, by promulgating the truth both by precept and example, so that "others seeing our good works may glorify" their bodies and souls by obedience to the highest intuitions and attractions of their mental natures. Let us not "be weary in well-doing," but persevere to the end, doing "harm to none and good to some"; thus shall the bright era soon be inaugurated when the "Sun of Righteousness will arise in the horizon of universal industry, and shed his glorious rays over all the fields of peace, plenty, and human happiness." Wm. E. COLEMAN.
Estillville, Scott Co., Va.

the vicinity of their home, Boise City, Idaho Territory.
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The Red Man Again.

There are stories of violence by the Indians once more, in the far West, and some of the papers pounce upon the same with as great avidity as if they were in close league with the lawless and vagrant whites who are chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs with the Indians. But large allowance must be made in these things; the wish is father to the thought in too many instances. Of course, when these outbreaks occur, it is represented that the Indians begin it, and of course that they have no provocation. It would scarcely answer to look too carefully into the truth of these assumptions. They would prove the fault to be on the side of those who are so ready to charge it.

Last summer and fall, the Indian Commission appointed by Congress to go out and have friendly talks with the Indians, with a view to collecting the tribes on certain vast tracks, or reservations, on either side of the Pacific Railroad and its branches, went forward with their business with remarkable success; and it was confidently believed that this ugly problem, made so by our own neglect and criminality, was about to be solved peacefully. A certain amount of money and presents was distributed among the tribes who consented to the terms proposed, with which they expressed themselves fully satisfied. But it appears that the appropriations run short, and there were certain tribes that were left either not wholly provided for, or unprovided for altogether. The Secretary of the Interior called the attention of Congress to this essential fact at the time, and he has repeated his notification again. But each time to no purpose. It is precisely as he told Congress it would be: the Indians not paid or provided for, have been called to pass through a hard winter, and have emerged into open spring greatly reduced in strength and spirits. They are actually in a suffering condition, wanting for the necessities of life. We have not kept our word with them, and this is the result. Can we reason expect them to keep their promise to us?

Let us recall what the Chief Sagoyewatha said in our circle, only two weeks since, on this very subject of keeping promises, and see if the red man is at all unreasonable, or if he can be expected to keep his side of the bargain while we treacherously repudiate ours. Said Sagoyewatha, "The red men will be true (to their word) so far as the white men are true to theirs, but no further. If the white man's vows are kept, the red man's will be kept also, for they are registered in the hunting-grounds where no lies are spoken. But if the white man's vows are broken, look only for war from the red man, for it will come, and never cease so long as the red man remains here. When he has gone yonder, war with them will have ceased; but never till then, if this last vow is broken by the white man."

And once more said Sagoyewatha, "This is the last time that the warriors on the plains will listen to words from the white man. If those words are broken now they never can be mended. If they are not kept, the red man will wage an eternal war against the white man, and it will not be easy to exterminate him. It is easier to talk of it than to do it. The red man knows every inch of ground on which he treads. He has counted every drop of water in the great lakes. He knows every star that shines upon him, and he knows all the sands under his feet; and the white men know them not. The Indian, then, can take care of himself in war better than in peace."

This talk shows that a sense of wrong yet presses heavily on the mind of the red man, who continually promises to keep his word if we will keep ours. But until we do, and faithfully, too, let us hurl no more epithets at these red men of the plains for treachery, or for cruelty, or for anything else. The Secretary of the Interior bears out Sagoyewatha in what the latter says. He tells Congress that it has failed to keep its word; that unless the promises made to the Indians are kept, we may look for trouble and have no right to complain.

This talk of fighting the Indian is stale and cruel. It is got up by selfish white men alone, who know no other way of getting a living but by egging on troubles between our government and the Indians. Their natural element is an Indian war, with the pickings and stealings all to themselves. What care they for the cost to the national treasury, or for the waste of human life in pursuing their policy of violence? But it is reason enough for stopping the mouths of these men, even if there were no other, that their war cry against the Indians has been heeded too many times, and that nothing comes of it but waste, and disgrace, and misery. We are unfit to be styled a truly civilized nation, if we are to continue in the path which these selfish men have marked out. Even on the score of economy, which is the lowest consideration of all, it will pay us best to make friendly terms with the Indians, to keep our pledged word faithfully, and to try and do justly by them. Every Indian we kill costs the country a million of dollars; and we do not begin to kill as fast as they do, nor to keep up with them in the work of destruction.

We simply want our sacred word with the Indians kept, and we demand that it shall be. It is not for Congress to settle this matter, it is for the people themselves. They pay the bills, and it is they who have to bear at last the reputation of the whole matter.

Church Matters in England.

The high officials of the Church of England are discussing the feasibility of bringing back the Wesleyans to the church. Some of the favorers of this scheme even propose to make bishops of some leading Wesleyans, who, they assert, would do no discredit to lawn sleeves, Episcopal churches or houses of lords. On the other hand, the Wesleyans show no disposition to accept such overtures. They seem less willing than formerly to support the establishment against dissenters, and recently they demand that a portion of the colleges of the great universities of Oxford and Cambridge shall be given up to their control.

Spiritualism.

The Pittsburg Dispatch, publishing an article with the above caption calling upon the Spiritualists in this country for a correct estimate of the number of converts to the new faith, says: "We were told a year ago that the sectaries of Spiritualism in the United States amounted to three millions; that this was sufficient to place this newest religion in the front ranks of American beliefs, side by side with the Catholic Church, which claimed about the same numerical strength; but that this year the Spiritualists estimate the number of true believers at four millions, while a New York gentleman (Judge Edmonds) boldly puts the figures at eleven millions." These estimates differ so widely, it is not surprising to us that the editor calls upon us for further evidence. "It concerns us," he says, "to know how large this society really is, which has so quickly, and for the most part so silently, absorbed the entire mystical element of the United States."

There is no sort of doubt but that a correct census should be taken. The subject was mooted in our last National Convention, and a committee appointed to inaugurate measures to accomplish the work under consideration. Dr. John Mayhew, of Washington, D. C., has the matter in charge. At what result he has arrived thus far we are unable to say; but we fear slow progress has been made. It would seem that we could find men and women enough in the different localities who would gladly volunteer to collect the desired information; but "time is money," we suppose they think, and that the "good of the cause" does not demand their services in this direction, consequently nothing has been done. Suppose then that the next Convention raise money sufficient to send out agents for the express purpose of canvassing every city, town and village? Would the result be arrived at? We answer, but partially; because many people, who are believers, still adhere to church organizations, through on the one hand self-interest, and on the other that "Spiritualism has not yet become popular"—when it does, we shall of course acknowledge ourselves Spiritualists! These and many other reasons might be assigned why a correct census could not be made at the present time. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, it is all-important that we should approximate somewhere near the true number of Spiritualists in America, to relieve the minds of our anxious skeptical friends, if nothing more. It might have a grand effect for them to know that we number more than any other denomination in the world! Under such circumstances we might be considered "respectable"; and those of our weak-kneed brethren who dare not yet avow their belief in Spiritualism, might possibly come in at the "eleventh hour" and publicly acknowledge themselves SPIRITUALISTS! which would swell up the census amazingly.

Now we really believe, and have so asserted in this paper, that there are at least eleven millions of Spiritualists in the United States at the present time—men, women and children—who know that the spirit can and does return after the death of its natural body and hold communion with those of its dear ones who still remain in the form. Is it any wonder, then, that Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase, when a knowledge is obtained that those who have been bound together by the sacred, endearing ties of love and friendship and consanguinity, for many years, can return and hold sweet converse with those they have left on earth? Mark us! Spiritualism is destined, in its silent but mighty march over the earth, to revolutionize all the established religions, of whatever denomination or name. It will be the means, too, of elevating the human family and bringing upon the stage of action a better race of men and women, who, possessing clearer perceptions of their duties to themselves and their fellowmen, will act up to the higher light in a truer spirit of benevolence and love.

Dr. Ferguson in Memphis.

This gifted gentleman, than whom we have no more determined and energetic advocate of our glorious Religion, has been putting his gifts to good service for some time past in Tennessee; and we discover in the Daily Post, of Memphis, a full column account of a series of discourses delivered by him in the Municipal Court Room of that city, which draw large and attentive audiences and left permanent impressions on the minds of all assembled. He treated the subject from its several sides—its increasing popularity, the mode of manifesting, the different orders of intelligences, and the Spiritualism of the Bible. After him, Dr. Graves, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Memphis, followed in a discourse on Spiritualism, alluding in terms of the highest praise to Dr. Ferguson, and admitting publicly that a belief in the new religion had crept into the church, and that many members of his own congregation were believers. Bro. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple church, might take a lesson from his Baptist brother, Graves, of Memphis. The heaven is at work in the mass. All is going on well. We shall see the laborers going forth to the harvest from every quarter soon.

A Speedy Return.

At our free circle, Monday afternoon, May 4th, 1868, a spirit manifested through Mrs. Conant, a few minutes before four o'clock, giving her name as Alice Stevens, and saying she died in New York, at one o'clock the same afternoon. She further stated that she had promised her friends, if it was possible, she would return and send them a message through the Banner circle, so soon after entering spirit-life that they would know there could not possibly be any collusion. No better test could be demanded, and her skeptical friends no doubt will appreciate it. We have no knowledge of any of the parties, but trust that if such an event did take place in New York, as stated above, they will have the generosity to inform us.

Church-Goers in New York.

According to late statistics New York has 222 churches and 110 missions of evangelical character, 34 Catholic churches, 7 Spiritualistic, 6 Jewish synagogues, etc., and 9 of other denominations, making a total of 419 churches of all kinds, with accommodations for 290,000 persons. The resident population is about 800,000, of whom not over one-half would be able to attend church at one time, so that a deficiency of 120,000 exists in the church accommodations. In the wealthy districts the majority of people are church-goers, and in other neighborhoods one-sixth to one-twelfth attend. The average attendance, however, does not exceed 100,000, and the total of regular church-goers is about 200,000.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

N. Frank White gave two good discourses in Mercantile Hall, in this city, Sunday afternoon and evening, May 3d. We shall print a synopsis of one of them in our next issue. He speaks here again in the same hall the last two Sundays of this month.

Organization of a "Woman's Club."

A short time ago a number of prominent ladies in New York formed an association, to which they gave the name of "Sorosis," and no little curiosity was manifested to know what were their intentions. Since then the name has been changed to "Woman's Club." At a recent meeting of the club, the designs of the organization were particularly stated by its President, Miss Alice Cary, who responded to the existing queries as follows:

"We have, then, to begin at the beginning, proposed the inculcation of deeper and broader ideas among women, proposed to teach them to think for themselves and get their opinions at first hand, so much because it is their right as because it is their duty. We have also proposed to open new avenues of employment to women—to make them less dependent and less burdensome—to lift them out of unwomanly self-distrust and disqualifying diffidence into womanly self-respect and self-knowledge—to teach them to make all work honorable, by each doing the share that falls to her, or that she may work out to herself agreeably to her own special aptitude, cheerfully and faithfully—not going down to it but bringing it up. We have proposed to enter our protest against all idle gossip, against all dissipation and wicked waste of time; also against the follies and tyrannies of fashion, against all external impositions and disabilities; in short, against each and everything that opposes the full development and use of the faculties conferred upon us by our Creator.

We have proposed to lessen the antagonisms existing at present between men and women, by the use of every rightful means in our power; by standing upon our divine warrant and saying and doing what we are able to say and do, without asking leave and without suffering hindrance. Not for the exclusive good of our own sex, for we hold that there is no exclusive and no separate good—what injures my brother injures me, and what injures me injures him, if he could but be made to know it; it injures him whether or not he is made to know it. Such, I have said, are some of our objects and aims. We do not pretend, as yet, to have carefully digested plans and long term definite courses. We are as children feeling our way in the dark, for it must be remembered that it is not yet half a century since the free schools, even in the most enlightened portions of our country, were first opened to girls. How then should you expect of us the fullness of wisdom, which you for whole centuries have been gathering from schools, colleges, and the exclusive knowledge and management of affairs?

We admit our shortcomings, but we do feel, gentlemen, that in spite of them an honest, earnest and unostentatious effort toward broader culture and nobler life, is entitled to a hearer and more sympathetic recognition than we have as yet received from you anywhere; even our representatives here at home, the leaders of the New York press, have failed in that magnanimity which we have been accustomed to attribute to them.

If we could have foreseen the sneers and sarcasms with which we have been met, they of themselves would have constituted all sufficient reasons for the cessation of this woman's club; as it is, they have established a strong impulse toward its continuance and final perpetuity. But, ladies, these sneers and sarcasms are, after all, but so many acknowledgments of our power, and should and will stimulate us to braver assertion, to more persistent effort toward thorough and harmonious organization; and concert and harmony are all that we need to make this enterprise, ultimately, a great power for good. Indeed, let such women as have already enrolled their names on our list, I say, for my part, cannot believe failure possible.

Some of us cannot hope to see great results, for our feet are already on the down-hill side of life, the shadows are lengthening behind us and gathering before us, and ere long they will meet and close, and the places that have known us, know us no more. But if, when our poor work is done, any of those who come after us shall find in it some hint of usefulness toward nobler lives, and better and more enduring work, we for ourselves, rest content."

After the address, which was warmly applauded, the ladies of the club, of whom there were forty present, partook of a lunch and then proceeded to business.

No Children in the House.

The "better class" of boarding houses do not take children in now, because they are so noisy and make so much trouble. Poor creatures! where are they to go? We can look back to the time when they had happy homes and cheerful surroundings, lived natural lives, gave their parents a healthy delight and anxiety commingled, and lived in an atmosphere from which none was ever warmer and more congenial to tender natures. Now there is no room for them anywhere, unless they are sent back into the country without their parents. They are little wanderers up and down the land. High rents have sent their parents adrift, and boarding-house keepers refuse to take them in. Verily, theirs is a pitiful case.

The Bachelor Fashion.

In New York, the family is running out as an institution. It is not a fashion. Young men have pretty much stopped marrying, and taken to the clubs, where they smoke their cigars, drink their wine, and while away time that would be gold and silver to be any children in New York for the next generation, they must be those of the poor, and imported either from abroad or from the country. Thus commerce and fashion canker and eat out the homely virtues, leaving only the husks. Clubs may be great conveniences, but they are not the nurseries of the domestic virtues. We shall be sorry to see them made the rule in our thickly settled communities.

Poor Mexico.

Since Juarez took hold of matters in Mexico, and Maximilian paid the forfeit of his temerity with his life, matters have been going on from bad to worse in Mexico. There is an interminable list of upstart guerrilla Generals now operating for distinction in the lower Mexican States, with every prospect of an outbreak in time at the capital, or at least in the vicinity. What is to be done with Mexico? What shall be done with her? Her people are not yet qualified for the practice of republicanism, nor for the enjoyment of a self-restrained liberty. Through much tribulation, we fear, must they pass on to their true inheritance, throwing away the opportunities which are all around them to-day.

Changed Spheres.

Mrs. Charlotte Clapworth, (mother of the Rev. Geo. H. Clapworth) closed her earthly sojourn, May 6th, at her residence in South Boston, aged sixty-four years six months. Mrs. H. was a most estimable woman, ever striving to do something for the elevation and alleviation of others. She was a firm believer in our beautiful philosophy, an excellent medium, and for many years has held weekly circles at her house, for the spiritual improvement of others—many of whom there obtained such proofs of the return of spirits as to fully convince them of the fact that the spirit, after leaving the mortal body, has a conscious, active and immortal existence in the other life.

"Theodore Parker's Experiences in Spirit-Life," through the mediumship of Fred. L. H. Willis, M. D., published in pamphlet form at this office, has been translated into the French language by Henry Lacroix, Esq., of Montreal, and will be published in France.

Children in the Spirit-Land.

If the body of "Orthodox" clergymen refuse to believe that Spiritualists know anything of the whereabouts of spirits, young and old, they at least fall into a habit of stating to their congregations what they pretend to know themselves on the subject. Mr. Beecher was inquired of, not long since, through Mr. Bonner's paper, if "mothers will know their children in heaven"; and he makes answer in a rambling sort of way, from which we quote as follows. It may be of no special importance to believers in Spiritualism, but it does indicate the opening of the windows in the minds of Orthodox ministers. This is what Mr. Beecher answers:

"But shall we know them? Why not? Where is there an intimation in Scripture to this effect? It is not positively affirmed; but it is implied that men, dropping in death all that is of the flesh, will rise into the communion of heaven carrying the same affections, sentiments, will and intelligence, that they had on earth. Otherwise, of what use are discipline, education, earthly experience? It is the saints made perfect, not made up of a new pattern, that we shall meet in glory. Let no mother be driven from the hope of meeting her children in heaven. Let mothers comfort themselves in believing that the loves of earth will go on in heaven, and that whatever was pure, noble, and true on earth will go on with them forever. Among all other griefs, let not this unnecessary one arise, that you have lost your children forever. He who keeps you for them will keep them for you. They will be more beautiful, sweeter, more glorious in precousness. They will be enough the same to make you glad for all the growths, additions, and refinements of their charms."

An Appreciated Standard Work.

The fourth edition of "Man and His Relations," by S. B. Brittan, M. D., has just been issued by W. A. Townsend & Adams, New York, which is convincing evidence that this sterling work, illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, is finding and creating readers every day. The numerous striking examples by which the gifted author of this volume enforces and impresses the truths, physical and psychological, which he seeks to convey, form a treasury of illustration of the close correlation of the mind and body, to which the general reader will be inclined to revert no less than the special student. The subtle and mysterious relationship that exists between the faculties and the organs, and the faculties and the elements, objects and phenomena of the external world, is disclosed on these clear and elegant pages in a popular, yet truly scientific manner; and all who would know more and better of the wealth and resources of their own being, of the possibilities of life, and of the meaning of phenomena as presented to their minds, will turn to this volume with a new and sincere welcome on the occasion of every reading. It is, as a general production, a permanent ornament to spiritualistic literature which it illustrates, and an honor to the head and heart of its distinguished author.

Works of Theodore Parker.

We observe that a complacent writer in the National Baptist argues that Theodore Parker's works are unsaleable, and therefore of no further influence on the human mind, because one or two of them for which he called were not to be had! On the same rule, if the National Baptist should by any accident sell its weekly issue all out, and have not a paper left to answer to a straggling caller for it, it might be inferred that its popularity and influence were over. We would inform the astute writer in question that the works of Mr. Parker are still published by Horace B. Fuller, of this city, that they are always for sale on the shelves of the Banner of Light Bookstore, and that, so far from there being a waning demand for the same, they were never more widely sought or diligently read than they are to-day. Such liberal and free thoughts as he uttered can never sleep while the world has life and motion. No one has any better reason to fear for the circulation of Mr. Parker's books and tracts than the man who hopes they are dead because the last editions are all sold.

Fashionable Church-Worshippers.

The Post says: "Rev. H. C. Potter, of Trinity church, Boston, commences his ministry with Grace church in New York, on the first Sunday in May. This is the nob church in the gay old metropolis. The leading bulls and bears of Wall street, with the leading capitalists and eminent professional men, bow together at this altar with the ultra fashionable and confess themselves miserable sinners. To this is now to be added an eloquent rector, whose salary is \$13,000, and a residence that cannot be surpassed by the home of any millionaire in the land. Who would not be a clergyman, and after that who would not go to New York?"

The Indians.

Father Beeson has written a long and forcible letter to the present Congress on the Oregon Indian War Claims of 1834-'35-'36, which thoroughly exposes the misrepresentations that have been made respecting the same, and shows up certain men in no very enviable light. We have not space, or we should copy the letter into our columns from those of the Washington Union, in which we see it published. In these days of Indian warfare, it is well to have the whole truth relative to our dealings with the red men set forth by competent and honest hands.

Removal of Dr. Willis.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, one of the best consulting and clairvoyant physicians in the land, has removed his office from West Fourth street to No. 16 West Twenty-Fourth street, near Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city. Did the invalid world but know what a remarkable gift Dr. Willis possesses of discovering the character and location of disease and prescribing a remedy, he would not be able to attend to half the patients who would flock to him for relief.

Fitchburg, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Fitchburg are quietly moving along in their work of progress. Dr. H. P. Fairfield has been speaking there for two weeks past. Charles Holt, of Pennsylvania, is to be with them May 24th and 31st. The Children's Lyceum is filling up gradually. A "May Day Festival" was held in the hall on Friday, and all appeared to enjoy themselves finely.

Dr. Moore, at Dio Lewis's Institute on Essex street, has been very successful as a teacher in light gymnastics this winter. He is much liked, and his day and evening classes have been well attended. Physical exercise is what our youth, as well as the middle aged of both sexes are in need of.

A correspondent informs us that there was a mistake in our paragraph in last week's issue in regard to the Cambridgeport Children's Lyceum and the "Universalists"; it should have read Baptist. The Universalists and the Spiritualists there, we are assured, are on harmonious terms.

New Publications.

SEXTON ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, implying Social Organization and Government, is the title of a stout volume from the pen of Mrs. Elizabeth Osgood Goodrich Willard, which is published by J. R. Walsh, Chicago. We have before discussed the positive and distinct merits of this book, and again say that it abounds in those suggestions which apply to social life in all its manifestations and characteristics. The subject, in its various relations, is treated with a conscientious regard for what is true, pure and holy; the author pursues her investigations for the purpose of making the fundamental laws of life plain; there are passages in the book of such solemn impressiveness to every reflecting mind, that they cannot be read without doing permanent good; and the exhortations, enforced by illustration, to purity of life, to the elevation of passion, to the healthy cultivation of sentiment, to chastity, morality and virtue, are so forcible and eloquent that it is impossible not to heed their meaning. This is but the moral and practical side of the book. It is sold for two dollars, and sent by mail to any address for twenty-four cents. Send your orders to this office.

RAGGED DICK; or, Street Life in New York with the Boot-blacks, is the title of a story by Horatio Alger, Jr., published in very neat form for the juveniles by Loring. The author is engaged in writing a series of stories under this name—the "Ragged Dick Series"—which possess the elements of a wide and enduring popularity. This tale of the young bootblacks, illustrating the life of poverty and trial which falls to the lot of this class of human beings in our large cities, will not fail to engage the interest and secure the favor of the boys everywhere.

"THE INNER MYSTERY" is the title of the inspirational poem given by Lizzie Doten at the Festival commemorative of the twentieth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism—a poem to which all present listened with satisfied delight. It is here put forth in remarkably neat style by the enterprising firm of Adams & Co., Boston, in flexible covers, easy to handle, to read, and to lend again.

"THE CANTON" is the name of a neat paper, prepared and put forth by Dr. Howe, in his indefatigable efforts to relieve the oppressed people whom he champions, by securing for them a share of the charity and kindness of our own population. It will give you all the information desired respecting this oppressed people, and show you how you can most effectually offer them aid.

THE RADICAL for May contains the following articles: Natural Democracy; The Song of the Captives in Babylon; Our Financial Difficulties; Moral Causes of Material Prosperity; Bible Texts; Wayfare; Letter to a Congregationalist; The Pedigree of Liberalism; Progress; Editorial Notes, and Book Notices. It is a vigorous number.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for May, published by H. B. Fuller, maintains its new reputation under the management that took hold of it last January. It is beautifully printed, strikingly illustrated, and contributed to by some of the most facile pens that in these days provide entertainment, instruction and happiness for the young folks.

We have before us the first number of a very handsome and promising weekly sheet, styled "THE CHICAGOAN," to be a miscellaneous publication. It is filled with an attractive variety, and we offer it a sincere welcome to the ranks of Journalism.

Lee & Shepard have Dickens's "BOMBOY'S LEGGINGS" and Scott's "MORRISSEY" in cheap but worthy form, paper covers, from the press of the Petersons. This edition is popular with the "million" for whom it is so carefully prepared.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. M. Peebles will speak in Charlestown the last two Sundays in May.

J. H. Powell is engaged to lecture for the society of Spiritualists in Buffalo, N. Y., during May. His address is 220 Terrace street.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic healer, will be in New York for a few weeks. His address is care of our New York Branch office, 514 Broadway.

Equal Rights Meeting.

The Second Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in New York city on the 14th of May next, at the Cooper Institute, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., to continue through the day and evening. It is earnestly desired that all those who "believe that human rights inhere in human beings and are not dependent on any accident of sex or color," will be present to aid in establishing this essential element of justice.

Dedication of a New Hall.

Our friends in Danielsonville, Conn., have erected a new Hall during the past winter, and propose to dedicate it to "Spiritualism, freedom and eternal progress," on Friday, May 15th, and invite all who can to be present. Andrew T. Foss, Wm. Burgess, and other good speakers will be present. The services will commence at 1½ and 7½ o'clock P. M.

Gone to California.

Miss Eliza Howe Fuller, an excellent inspirational lecturer, in company with her father's family, sailed for California in the last steamer, as we have before announced that she intended so to do. We trust she will be well received by our California friends, for she is worthy of their confidence.

Meetings in New Haven.

The First Spiritualist Association of New Haven, Conn., having been recently reorganized, solicit correspondence with lecturers with a view to engagements. Communications may be addressed F. L. Miles, Secretary of Lecture Committee.

A judicial murder was perpetrated in Haverhill, N. H., May 6th. Samuel Mills was hung for the murder of George Maxwell in 1866. He confessed his guilt, and after a consultation with his spiritual adviser, said "he was happy," for he believed he "had made his peace with God." Two fatal errors, theological and judicial, committed at one time!

Rev. J. S. Nathans, D. D., will commence a course of eight lectures, in this city, on "The Talmud," on Tuesday, May 12th.

Second Volume Principles of Nature.

MESSRS. WM. WHITE & CO.—Dear Sirs: Yours of the 24th inst. is received. You say: "A correspondent in Scotland desires us to ascertain how soon a second volume of 'Principles of Nature' is to be issued, and what the price will be." &c. A similar letter from England was received not long since, and doubtless there are many nearer home who would gladly be informed on this subject; and I would take it as a favor if you would publish this reply in the Banner.

In answer to the above inquiries I have the satisfaction of saying that the second volume has been ready for the printer some two months; and the third volume is now undergoing a revision, and is also nearly ready; but when either will be published is more than I can tell, at present. I had hoped to be able to publish one or both volumes this spring; but continual ill health, and the failure in making certain changes to procure the means, leaves me powerless and entirely unable, at present, to say when the next volume may be expected. Is there not some one who has the means and the heart who will come forward and undertake to publish these volumes? The most liberal terms will be given to any such.

As to the price of the second volume, I will say that the book will be somewhat larger than the first, but will be afforded at the same price, if possible. The third volume will be about the same size as the first, so that each of the series will, probably, be sold at a uniform price.

Yours truly,
A. J. KIRK,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Until this period, fortune had smiled upon me. I had enough to supply all my earthly wants. I had friends without number. My enemies, confined to the circles of the low and depraved, could not deeply deplore and severely rebuke. But soon a change came over me. I could not still the inward struggle. It seemed as though every element of my being was at war each with the other. Through disappointments I became invulnerable—could not prosper in business. My friends were estranged. My enemies were multiplied. My friends smiled upon me with the same ghastly glare. The beautiful spirit-forms, or "fancy visions," as I called them, began to recede; and hideous spectres supplied their places. frightful death scenes and fearful contortions tormented my days, and rendered sleepless my nights. Unwelcome forms were peering in at the corners of my room, and I was with great effort that I could drive them

Query: which are entitled to the most credit—his then candid affirmations, or his recent denials and negations? Was he the more honest then?

work, by kind and gentle treatment, even though we gratify some of their eccentricities, than to drive them from us, by marking out the line for each one, just as seems best in our sight. To harmonize is the greatest and best of all work. We are much afraid we shall let our brother or sister know we love them; that we sympathize with them in their labors, their many home-care, their heart-yearnings; and thus they go on, joy-

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M. E. D. Weatherly, President; Mrs. E. F. Spring, Corresponding Secretary.

Springfield, Mass.—The Fraternal Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at Fallon's Hall. Progressive Lyceum meets at 8 P. M.; Conductors: H. K. Cooke, Guardian; Mrs. Mary A. Lyman, Lecturers at 7 P. M.

Boston, Mass.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings at Harmony Hall two Sundays in each month, at 2 1/2 and 7 P. M.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Spiritualists hold meetings every Sun at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. in Temperance Hall, Market street between 4th and 6th.

GEORGETOWN, COLORADO.—The Spiritualists meet the evenings each week at the residence of H. Toft. Mrs. T clairvoyant speaking medium.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Meetings are held in Turn Verein Hall on K street, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mrs. L. A. Cuddy, regular speaker. J. H. Lewis, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 7 p. m. J. H. Lewis, Co.