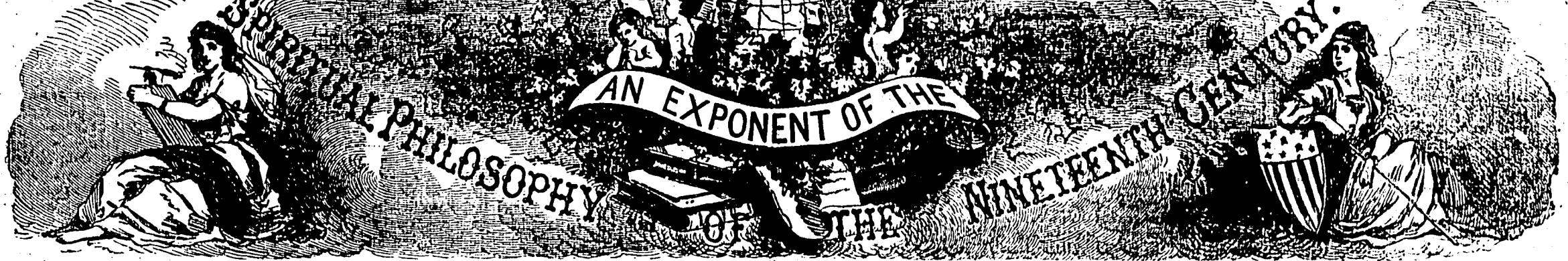


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NO. 4.

## The Lecture Room.

"Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do Right?"

A HERETICAL SERMON FROM AN ORTHODOX STANDPOINT.

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

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

The common sense that we apply to all other subjects we must apply to religion. Applied to the onset of the earth, it has given us geology, and by its light we read the strange but interesting history of our planet from its earliest days. Applied to our bodies it has given us the science of physiology, which has already lengthened the lives of the inhabitants of earth, and defends its disciples from many diseases and troubles which descended upon more ignorant people. Applied to mechanics it has given us our sewing machines and reaping machines—the printing press, that wondrous multiplier of thought, it has given us that tireless steed, the locomotive, and we are by it annihilating distance, and marching on to a broader and deeper civilization as the inevitable result. Applied to the subject of religion it has given us Spiritualism, one of the noblest angels that ever blessed mankind, without whose light we should be to-day groping in the darkness of old Jewish traditions and Christian fables; but in whose light we need have no doubt of the meaning of this present life through the revelations it gives of the future that lies before universal humanity. I believe that there yet remain fields unexplored which we are to enter—higher views of humanity to be reached—when we dare to bring the judgment to bear upon religion as we have done on other subjects.

The words I have chosen for my discourse this afternoon will be found in Genesis xviii: 25: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" These words are attributed to Abraham, who asked God this question when he informed him of his intention to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. He said:

"Paradventure there be fifty righteous within the city: wilt thou also destroy and not spare the place for the fifty righteous that are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

That is, in the opinion of Abraham, God, whom he calls the Judge of all the earth, will do right. And God himself admits the truth of the proposition. The author of Deuteronomy declares:

"He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he."

The chronicler says: "There is no iniquity with the Lord our God." Paul asks: "Is God unrighteous?" and then answers the question with: "God forbid! for then how shall God judge the world?" In the opinion of these individuals—which is generally supposed by our Orthodox friends to comprehend the opinion of God himself—God is just, and will do what is right. And what is the meaning of "right" in this connection? It evidently means just what we mean when we say a man does right. If it does not mean what we mean, then it is a mockery and a delusion. It means that it would be right for a man to do under certain circumstances, it would be right for God to do; and that it is not right for God to do what is wrong for a man to do. I do not see how we can possibly arrive at any other conclusion, or affix any other meaning to these words.

God, therefore, will do right—he is just—all his ways are equal. There was a time when it was believed that a king could do no wrong—indeed, that the king could do no wrong, is still a fiction of English law. But a king, if he be the declarer of the law to others, ought to be the one to obey that law the most faithfully himself. When the Puritans of England, with Cromwell at their head, came into power, they came with the opinion in their hearts that the higher a man was, as to his station, the more obedient he should be to those grand fundamental laws of morality; and in pursuance of this view they brought Charles the First to the scaffold, and off went his head! No wonder, then, that men have deemed their God was above all necessity of law; that everything was right—done or spoken—because the God of the universe did it, and men must accept it without question, for the Lord has said it, and they must bow with meek resignation before his will. But God must be a right deer, or else we have merely got a devil by another name.

If God is not amenable to law, then he may be a thief, a murderer, or an adulterer with impunity. He may be guilty of the vilest of crimes. The devil, under such circumstances, would make as good a God as any other. Give him almighty power and infinite wisdom, and he is the Most High; his hands become angels, and his lips cherubim and seraphim of light; his will would be the divine law which we should be bound to obey, nor dare to turn aside to right or left. This I judge, the blindest of the blind must reject. God must do right, and if we find a being whom men call God who does not do right, we may be positively certain that he is not the individual—we may safely conclude that the person having that characteristic has taken the place of God, that he is a sham God who has been palmed upon us in the name of the Soul of the Universe, to which, in

reality, he has no true affinity. I claim to-day, without fear of successful denial, that Jehovah, the God of the Jews, is of that very character. I bring him here this afternoon to the bar of common sense and reason, and you are here as members of the jury. We will try him by the law he himself has given us, and we will sentence him according to his deserts. There is no other way by which we are to get at the truth concerning the false Gods and opinions held up for the acceptance of mankind. No fear of offending them or their partisans should hold us in check; we must dare to be true to ourselves, and true to those great principles of right that are declared by our inmost souls.

This God of the universe—Jehovah—is a false God, and this Bible which so many hold in reverence and believe to have been transmitted directly from him, demonstrates this beyond the possibility of a doubt. I turn over in Genesis to the story of the flood, I find here that one thousand six hundred and fifty six years after God had created the world and pronounced it very good, he finds it to be, almost without exception, eminently bad. "All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth," and God, in consequence of this, was grieved at his heart, and his anger was kindled, and he determined to sweep away, not only the outcropping of human beings, but all in which was the breath of life, from the entire face of the globe. Why so? If all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth, why did not he who made them so that they must inevitably do so, make some effort to amend his own work? If man was so vile, why not take some steps toward his reclamation? Perhaps a million of angels sent down to open free souls for twenty years or so would have accomplished the feat. Why not change the shape of man's brain and give the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments the predominance over the baser propensities of his nature?

"Oh," says some one, "that would be a miracle." But was it not a miracle to drown the world, covering it to the tops of the highest mountains? Was it right for God to thus destroy unfortunate humanity? There must have been upon the planet at that time hundreds of thousands of innocent children; was it right for God to destroy them with the others? The lecturer said: Let us suppose a case; and went on to draw a strong picture of one analogous to the deluge: Here is a good Methodist brother who goes from New England and settles in California. In a pleasant valley he locates among the miners, who, hard at work digging the earth and washing the gold on the banks of the ancient streams, pay no heed to his labors—his sermons are disregarded—they laugh at his bell and sneer at his devil; he convinces not a single man outside the family in which he lives—he manages to convert them, men, women and children. By-and-by he becomes exceedingly angry, as God did, and like him he declares: "I will bear this no longer; I have the power to blot out this heathenish people, and sweep them from the earth as with the besom of destruction!" He reveals his plans to those with whom he boards, and they quickly remove from the scene of danger. Watch that preacher; he goes out when the shades of night have enveloped the earth, and with a spade on his shoulder, wends his way toward a large lake above the valley and separated from it only by a single sandy ridge. He commences to dig, and soon the work is done. Before the morning light is in the eastern sky, the water trickling through the channel he has formed widens and deepens, and bursts with a roar through its breached embankment, and dashes down the devoted valley, bearing destruction in its path! There sweeps the turbid torrent, dotted with the wrecks of buildings, and the struggling forms of drowning wretches. There husbands strive to save their families, climbing with their little children to the tops of the trees; there women struggle, faintly scream, and sink to be seen no more. Death and ruin hold high carnival over what but yesterday was a scene of peace and domestic joy. And on a rock, high above the flood, sits that fiend of a preacher, chuckling over what he has done, and calmly smiling as he sees the completion of his terrible crime! Is there any language of sufficient power to be applied to that man? And yet Jehovah is no better—he is worse—just as much worse as he is more powerful than his mortal imitator. [Applause.] He sits and looks down upon a drowning world without one twinge of regret. If the man who did that deed to the valley was guilty, what shall we say of the God who committed such an infamous crime as this? How glad should we be to know that this is only a fabulous story, to deceive the unthinking or frighten the ignorant; how glad should we be to know that it is false, and the God thus portrayed is a monster made by the debased imagination of the ancient Jew, and existing only therein and those who are ignorant enough still to accept him. And it is our duty to send him to the limbo where Baal and Jove and a thousand others have gone before him. [Applause.]

Read a little further, and we find that remarkable story of the tower of Babel, which men were going to build to heaven. It would be, of course, easier to build a bridge to the moon; but God becomes very much alarmed, and says, "Let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." So, down comes Jehovah—one, two or three of them—I can't say how many (laughter)—and confounds the language of the people assembled, so that they cannot understand each other's speech—and all because of his jealousy, the result of his childish ignorance—and they are scattered over the earth. Suppose some man in Boston had the power to make each one speak a different language; what would be the result? The lecturer described the state of society which would exist in the city under such a calamity: schools opened, but no two scholars talking alike, and all equally unable to understand their tutors; lectures would go by the board, and his (the speaker's)

business would end at once, for not a single individual could make known his thoughts, or understand those presented to him; the doctor would be in an equally bad position, for the patient could not describe his symptoms, and could not comprehend the advice of the medical gentleman; the lawyer could not interpret the law; the minister would be obliged to suspend the "gospel" work, for he might perhaps be talking Chocoma to a Polyglot congregation. This would put us back more than a century into barbarism, and the man who did it would justly deserve the title of a wretch. And just so, said the speaker, I say of this Jehovah—he is a wretch. What is applied to us, we will, in turn, apply to him. [Applause.]

Not content with committing the vilest crimes himself, he has commanded the Jews—the people he had chosen to be his peculiar people—to commit as great crimes as was possible for them, as men, to perform. He says, in Deuteronomy:

"If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend which is as thine own soul, entice thee, saying, Let us go and serve other gods, which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers: Namely, the gods of the people which are round about you;

Thou shalt not consent unto him, nor hearken unto him. But thou shalt surely kill him; thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people.

And thou shalt stone him with stones, that he die; because he hath sought to thrust thee away from the Lord thy God."

Thus they were to put away evil from the land, isn't that a bloody commandment? The lecturer said: Here is a large hearted, liberal-minded Jew; he has traveled in the Valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and has become acquainted with the lands and religion of the Assyrian. He returns to his people, and says to some of his brethren: "Look here, Simon, I have been to other countries; their fruits are more abundant than ours. We have thought the rough country of Judea rich and fertile, but Assyria is a perfect Paradise. Their God is called Ashur; he gives them all their wealth, and they pray to him. I think the Assyrians have as good a God as ours, and in some respects better; their ceremonies are less burdensome, and their religion more rational. Now let us abandon the God of the Hebrews, and worship Ashur, that we, too, may partake of his richer blessings!" "What does his brother do?" "Why, he looks around for the first builder and dashes out his brains. And he is only doing what Jehovah commands. The lecturer desired to know if anything more bigoted and intolerant, vengeful and retaliative could be found from Ambrose to Rome, or from old John Calvin to J. D. Fulton. [Applause.] The Methodists sometimes say in their meetings: "We are standing in monuments of the mercy of God." I tell you we are standing monuments of the mercy of our bigoted neighbors! If they were not better than their God, they would stand at the door of Music Hall and shoot every soul of us as we came out; and not only that, they would kill also our wives and children, and we should be left without a single representative on earth. Talk about bigots! They are infinitely better than their creed, and immeasurably better than their God. I have had a higher opinion of them ever since I commenced investigating this subject; and the most bigoted wretch that ever crawled I respect as I never did before, because he has humanity and manliness of character enough to set this commandment of Jehovah at defiance! Perhaps there are men, however, who are just as bad, in their hearts, as this command given to the Jews made them, and were it not for the intelligence of the day, and the law of public opinion, which is the inseparable companion of a higher civilization, which holds them in check, would commit with equal gusto these terrible crimes in the name of their God.

Then comes that command of Jehovah which he gave to his marauding children who went into Palestine, Deut. xx: 16:

"When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it, then proclaim peace unto it. And it shall be, if it make thee answer of peace, and open unto thee, then it shall be, that all the people that is found therein shall be tributaries unto thee, and they shall serve thee."

And if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword. But of the cities of these people which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save nothing alive, that breathe."

This is a terrible and barbarous command, to conquer and reduce to slavery the inhabitants of cities outside the land which their God gave them, or else to kill every male; but to murder men, women and children in those places which were so unfortunate as to be included in the Israelite's inheritance! What had they done? Why, they had been guilty of the crime of presuming to live in the country which the Lord their God had given to the ancient Jews, so they must be swept from the earth! When I read these bloody edicts, that would disgrace the lowest race of cannibals on the planet, I see this Jehovah of the Jews was capable of doing worse deeds than men attribute to the devil. Shall we swear allegiance to such a God? We cannot! Shall we call ourselves the children of such a criminal? Away with him from the earth.

Let us look again at the doctrine that what is wrong for man to do, may not be wrong for God to do. Some say: "Is not God the maker of man? and has he not the right to do as he sees fit with his own?" Suppose a father and mother should say: we have given birth to these children; have we not a right to steal from them, to lie to them, to punish or to murder them? We should say, No! no more than they have to do these things to you. And if the God of the Jew had made man—whom I deny—I should still deny that he had the least right to do wrong to him! The lecturer then reviewed the first fundamental declaration of Orthodoxy concerning the fall of man: Man was made perfect and placed in the Garden of Eden. Woman was made afterward, and both were told by God:

"Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Then came the devil who tempted Eve, and she ate, and her husband also. Then came God "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," and saying: "Adam, where art thou?" And then that courageous answer was given: "The woman seduced me, and she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The woman was called in, and she said, "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." Then Jehovah, in a towering passion, apparently, cursed the serpent, cursed the woman, cursed the man, cursed the ground, and not only that, he cursed their descendants for all coming time. He curses you and me, said the speaker. We are born with an innate desire to do wrong, and as soon as we are born that well-propensity commences its operations. The first cry that comes from the lungs of the infant as it realizes its existence is supposed to be instinct with that evil which was implanted therein by the wrong doing of the first pair.

We are thus, they tell us, born with a disposition to do evil from the hour of our birth, during all our earthly days, and till we die, on account of the deeds of that first erring pair. Now, let us go into the examination of an analogous case. The speaker then portrayed the death of a father who, having two sons, and being about to go on a short journey, calls them into his parlor and tells them he is going to leave them for a brief season, but that he has fixed things finely for their enjoyment during his absence. The oldest boy is named John, the youngest William. He takes his boys into his parlor and says:

"Now, here in this place I have put many things for you to eat while I am away. Here are fruits and candy for you, but of that in the glass jar upon the centre-table you must not eat. In the very day that you eat of it I will surely kill you!" He goes away, and a black boy who stops at the house, and whose ordinary place is the kitchen, comes in and is attracted immediately to the jar, and says, "Come, boys! the old man's gone and we'll have a grand good time; come! let's commence with this jar first of all!" "But," says the younger, "father says he will kill us if we eat of it!" "Nonsense!" says the black boy, "he only said that to scare you; he would not do such a thing; at all events, he did not tell me not to eat of it, no here goes!" So he eats, and says: "Boys, this is the best candy I ever tasted—the other is nothing but a—just take a little!" And William, overcome by his words, eats some of it, and cries out, "Oh, John! don't eat any more of that stuff; it isn't to be compared with this; here's the candy for you!" So John is induced to eat of it also. By-and-by the father comes back. The boys are afraid, and creep under the sofa. But the old man calls out: "John, where are you?" And the terrified youngster comes out trembling, and says, "I am here, father; I have been eating of the candy in the jar, but William is to blame—he persuaded me." Then the father calls out in a rage: "William, where are you, you young villain?" And the little culprit stammers out, "The black boy who lives here ate of it first, and gave it to me, and I was tempted to eat it by him." Then the old man cries out: "You black devil!—what have you done?" He strips the three boys naked, and turns them out of doors to perish in the neighboring woods of hunger and cold. What would you think of a man who should make such a plan to inveigle his children—who should set a trap to catch them in doing, and then curse them for doing what he knew beforehand they must inevitably do?

But he is a gentleman beside Jehovah! [Applause.] He only curses William, John and the black boy; but God curses every body born upon this planet for all the coming years. What justice can there be in God's condemning men to eternal misery, when he himself has given them a bias toward evil—which makes wrong doing inevitable, and right doing well nigh impossible? Can there be, by any possibility, any propriety in making eternal misery the penalty of human wrong-doing, when men are doing what they must by their nature accomplish, and which they could not help doing under the circumstances?

The speaker then referred to the new dispensation of Christ, as viewed from a church standpoint. I am told that Jesus has come—that Adam brought death into the world, but Jesus, life and immortality to light. Adam made us sin—Jesus comes to bring redemption from sin to such as believe on him. Oh, but my friends, to make the work of Jesus adequate to the work of Adam we ought to be born with original virtue, just as much as we now are supposed to be born in original sin, and one ought to go hand in hand with the other. How are we to have the benefit of Jesus? By exercising faith in him. Then we ought to have faith—damning faith—in Adam, before we are enticed by his transgression. This is not equal; it ought to come to us just as this innate depravity of disposition is supposed to come, naturally, and so it does manifest itself in all our acts. Here, said the speaker, is the great stage of life; and on this stage there are myriads of young children walking and dancing in all the light-heartedness of childhood. On the right hand is a precipitous pathway, and on the left a road leading through clustering flowers. I see these children as they come upon the stage invariably turn to the left; and I see certain individuals clothed in black garments, who say to them: "The right-hand way is the way to heaven; it is the way that Jesus took; it leads to the haven of immortal joy! But the left-hand road is the road to hell! It is the Devil's road; it leads to darkness, and just as sure as you go there you will sink into that bottomless abyss, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, forever and evermore!" And some of the children weep, and turn, and try to go up the steep and slippery road to the right; but in spite of all these warnings and prayers the majority still go to the left. And I ask why this

is, and am informed that he who built that stage made them so that they would inevitably and naturally turn to the left. And there are also, unseen by the children, dark individuals on that stage, who, when the children strive to climb up to the right, pull them back again; and when they turn to the right path, just as they enter the left, these individuals whisper: "There's no danger; it's all false that those men have said." And my guide informs me that the being who constructed the stage allows these devils and their master to come and turn aside the travelers upon it into the forbidden way. "Now," he says, "watch a little while, and you will see something more." Then there come that evil-doing upon that stage devils, and they whisper to each child what the black-devil men said: "Go to the right; it is the path of rectitude and honor; it is the path to heaven. Turn from the left; it is the highway to everlasting despair." But ninety-nine out of a hundred, nevertheless, go to the left, their bias in that direction is so strong; and as I watch the ground yawns, and they go down into that pit of which, "the smoke of their torment shall ascend forever!"

What do you think of the wretch that built that stage, and planned that fearful doom for mankind? Jehovah is the one who made this stage of life; the one who makes his children so that it is impossible for them to do otherwise than travel the left-hand way, and then punishes them forever for being true to their nature. [Applause.] If this is wrong, then the being who does it is wrong and consequently, if my text be true, he is not God; he is not the "Judge of all the earth," because the "Judge of all the earth" would do right! [Applause.]

The lecturer referred to the fable "Last great day" of judgment, when God would sit on his great white throne, and the mighty army—all the nations of the earth—would be spread out before him in a tremendous living sea, which would extend beyond the track of the planet Neptune on the verge of our solar system. And by a miraculous power the voice of each, whether sinner or saint, could be heard throughout that great assembly as clearly as the voice of God. At that awful moment God calls up the first great sinner and says: "Before I pronounce the eternal sentence upon you, let us hear if you have a word to say in your defense, in the face of all these witnesses!" and the trembling sinner says: "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for the privilege of speaking for myself. I must acknowledge that I have been a sinner, but, oh God, there was a reason for it. You made Adam pure and perfect and put him in the garden of Eden. You made him upright, but he was fatally slain; you made him absolutely free from evil, but me with a strong disposition to steal and murder and destroy; worse than all that, this devil who is here waiting for us, you allowed him to tempt me, and, by the aid of his subordinate devils, he never left me night or day; he told me to steal, and I did steal; he advised me to murder, and I did murder, to get money. I have to acknowledge, oh God, that I have been a sinner; but, oh God, there was a reason for it. If you had been in my circumstances you would have done the same, and you could not have helped yourself!" And God looks at him for a moment, and says: "The sinner is right, and I am wrong. Devil! open the gates of hell and let out those damned souls and then close them forever. I will give them the chance that they never had before!" The speaker said that if this view of a general judgment were true, the picture he had presented would represent only simple justice, and Gabriel would open heaven that every soul might join in swelling the anthem of thanksgiving, "We are all here, safe, safe at home!" [Applause.]

But the speaker denied that this dogma was true, and said that, twenty years from this time, there would not be a minister in Boston who would dare preach of hell and the judgment day without prefacing his remarks with an apology to his audience. Common sense and demonstrative reasoning were fast loosening the hold of the old creeds of Christianity upon the hearts of men. The missionary might take Christianity to the Hottentots—it might do for them for the next hundred years; but it must pass away from New England, for there, people knew too much; there, common sense had attained the supremacy; what was there believed must be true to reason; what was militated against that must fall and die. Christianity, with thinking people, was waiting for its grave to be dug, without the possibility of resurrection.

What a grand thing to know that Jehovah is not the God of the earth, but just as much an image of an ignorant imagination as the gliding image that the Chinaman bows to, and which another Chinaman has made! What a grand thing to know that the Soul of the Universe is the true God, everywhere present, always operating—with us this afternoon just as much as in the most glorious heaven of man's imagination! "Nearer, my God, to thee," I can sing, with this idea of the Universal Soul. Let my thoughts be in accord with those grand, sweeping tides of universal harmony. But never, for a moment, let us dream that the Soul of the Universe is any relation to the monstrous Jehovah of the Jew—never dream, for a moment, that that Soul of the Universe committed adultery with a Jewish maiden, Jesus Christ being the result! We must have a religion that is in harmony with geology, physiology, psychology—in harmony with the highest and best that man can think and man can do. We must learn to be true to ourselves. We have got a better Bible within ourselves than the book the churches worship. [Applause.] Let us obey the promptings of our higher nature, and we shall have the praise of a good conscience, that will breathe us a "Well done!" that is better than the plaudits of a thousand Jewish Jehovahs! [Applause.]

Be true unto thyself, and hear not  
Evil thoughts that would mislead thee.  
God is in thee, mortal; hear not;  
Trust in him, and he will save thee!

## Biographical.

FANNIE BURBANK FELTON.

Best spirit, we will keep no more,  
The Providence which we adore,  
Has called thee to thy home,  
To leave us all in grief and pain—  
Thy father, and thy mother, and thy home—  
Thy father, and thy mother, and thy home—  
Thy father, and thy mother, and thy home—

The subject of this brief narrative was born in Milbury, Mass., March 23, 1826. Her father, Isaac Burbank, was one of the earliest paper manufacturers in New England. This Burbank family was old and influential, and much respected. Her mother was Betsey Howard, of Abstead, N. H.

When Fannie was about thirteen or fourteen years of age her parents removed to Worcester, Mass. Up to her eighteenth year she had only the advantages of a common school education. At that age she became possessed of an intense desire to fit herself as a teacher. As her father, having met with business reverses, was unable to afford her the opportunities she desired, she formed the plan of earning enough to pay her way through the Academy by her own personal efforts. To accomplish this she entered as a compositor the office of a temperance paper then published at Worcester by Eben Burritt, and subsequently worked on "The Palladium." She became proficient in her employment and a favorite in the office, occupying her leisure moments in storing her mind with useful knowledge.

While in Worcester she united with the Old South Congregational Society, and became one of the leaders in the prayer-meetings of the young people. Finding that she was able only to meet her ordinary expenses of living, and consequently must abandon her cherished plan of an education, she devoted herself to her business with that untiring energy which characterized all her efforts in later life, until, after some three years of labor, her health failed under the continued tension, and she was for ten months a helpless invalid in the house of her brother at Hartford, Conn.

At the time of this sickness she was between twenty-one and twenty-two years of age, and during the hours of her suffering she forgot much of what she had learned, that she often said she had almost begun at the alphabet in her education on her return to a healthy state, though subsequently her memory of the past revived. In this sickness she gave the first evidence of her clairvoyant powers, though it was then considered as the delirium of fever. She would often surprise her mother by telling her, when she came into her room, what she and her sister had been doing or saying in distant parts of the house.

Soon after she recovered her health, A. J. Davis, the well-known pioneer of free thought, and founder of the Harmful Philosophy, began holding weekly circles in the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. H. E. Barber, where she then lived, and out of respect to said relative, she attended them, in company with another sister, Fannie, who was at that time (as before stated) a member in good standing in the Orthodox Church, and whose skepticism on the subject of Spiritualism bordered on absolute ridicule, found it impossible to restrain her natural vivacity and tendency to create sport. To so great an extent was this propensity carried, that on several occasions it was proposed to exclude her from the circles, but her relative insisted on her presence, and through attendance on these circles she became developed—against her will—and to her utter astonishment—first as a writer and then as a test medium of remarkable power. Yielding to the public demand upon her, she allowed her organism to be used by spirits as a channel of communication for two years afterward, before she herself became convinced that it was a reality, and not a delusion; but when thoroughly satisfied concerning the matter, she threw herself into the work with that zeal which, in after-years, made her so generally known, both to the friends and opponents of Spiritualism. Her development occurred in 1852, in her twenty-third year, and from that date to the end of her life she remained undiminishedly true to the cause she had espoused, being before the public almost constantly, and continually giving indubitable proofs of spirit presence and power; lifting the weight of sorrow from many a heart, and bestowing words of wisdom and encouragement to all who came into her presence.

Her circles at Hartford were convincing in the highest degree, and were attended at times by such men as Gibson Welles (afterwards Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln), Joshua R. Giddings, J. M. Niles and others. Some of the most skeptical minds of the neighborhood were thoroughly conquered by the demonstrations she gave of the truth of Spiritualism. Much interest was also awakened by a peculiar phase of mediumship witnessed at the seances given by herself and Mrs. Samantha Metter, whereby dramatic scenes would be enacted by the media. In these circles were prophesied many of the wonderful developments of spirit phenomena that have since taken place, such as spirit photography, healing by laying on of hands, the showing of spirit forms, as at Metairie, &c. It was also foretold that the time would one day come when spirits would be able to so materialize themselves as to be seen bodily by their friends at home or on the street, and to converse familiarly with them.

She also became very popular in Hartford as a private medium, and spent some time acting in this capacity in the family of A. J. Davis. Accounts of her mediumship reaching Boston, she was prevailed upon to visit that city, and resided for a time in the family of Alvin Adams, the celebrated "express-man," who has ever borne willing witness to the depth and power of the manifestations occurring in her presence and the moral tone of the messages given through her organism. Of her work while in Boston the older Spiritualists of the city have pleasant memories. During the year 1856 and afterward for some three years, she continued to hold deeply interesting circles weekly—one of them for scientific purposes in Roxbury, at the residence of Allen Putnam, and others in Boston for instruction and the advancement of general knowledge in spirit communion. During this period her development went on, though her health and strength were not keeping pace with it; she was promised success by her guides if she continued faithful and trusting. Her health was finally restored. A passing glance is here due to the traces of this medium left on the pages of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's "History of American Spiritualism," where among other things the following is recorded, as copied from the Boston correspondence of the Spiritual Telegraph:

"Our spiritual circles here are quite numerous and very varied. I attended one lately of which Miss Burbank is—humanly speaking—the guiding spirit. Miss B. is a trance medium of the first order, and gives evidence of superior spirit-control and inspiration. She holds four circles every week, each of which is different from the others in the specific objects it has in view. One of these circles is called the 'Beneficent Circle,' whose purpose is to elevate persons in the spirit-life who need to come again into contact with earth so as to get such instruction and magnetism

as will in some measure compensate for their lack of knowledge and power in this life. Some time ago I was present at this circle, when idiots, criminals and others of like conditions, presented themselves through the medium, in connection with beings of superior intelligence, and it was very curious to witness the exhibitions of the various degrees of mentality which were made manifest."

On the 17th of July, 1859, Miss Burbank was married by Allen Putnam, at his residence in Roxbury, to Willard B. Felton, and soon after said union she commenced her labors as a public speaker. In a brief season she became popular in her new vocation, and her time was fully employed, and her services were called for in most of the principal cities in the Eastern portion of the United States, from Portland to Baltimore. In her development as a public speaker she lost none of her rare gifts as a test medium, and often in the midst or at the close of a lecture, she would give convincing proofs of the presence of spirits well known to the audience. The time on week days between her lectures was filled by this indefatigable worker with test circles and other labors to diffuse a knowledge of the gospel of spirit communion among men. In addition to the high encomiums paid her from time to time by the Banner of Light and other spiritual journals, the secular press often took occasion to refer commendatorily to her lectures, speaking of them as "eloquent and argumentative," and "filled with indubitable proofs of an intelligence beyond that of the lady who occupied the platform."

A writer in the Fall River News, during the early days of her public ministrations, expressed himself in this wise concerning one of her efforts:

"Presently in walked a little bit of a woman, rather good looking, but nothing very striking, in factually speaking—a possession I notice all handsome people are rather deficient in. She was dressed becomingly and modestly with no superfluity of ruffles and laces, and no diamonds. No diamonds, did I say? A mistake! When she opened her mouth, one by one came forth flashing, sparkling diamonds, shedding a steady and brilliant lustre, and flooding the soul of at least one who heard with bright and pure light. I had expected to listen to hollow, atheistic theories. Not one word; but all breathing of pure love to God the Father! My heart went out to him with higher thought, with stronger confidence, than upon that evening. . . . I have heard Grace Greenwood, but I must confess in point of logic, sweet home truths, divine perceptions, beauty of tone and expression, this unlearned spiritual teacher was far superior to her. I have listened to Beecher, Chapin, Phillips, and many other popular lecturers, and truly I never heard one that would have so interested me, and I try to speak plainly my true and honest convictions in regard to these things."

In the early winter of 1863 she spoke for a while at Charlestown, Mass., but forced to discontinue her public labors by failing health, she withdrew from the field, and up to the time of her decease, appeared but on few occasions upon the rostrum. During all her ministrations her characteristic freedom of thought and purse shone out prominently. Fearless in the expression of what she held to be worth uttering, she was also ready, at all times to lend her services to the assistance of needy or struggling Spiritualist Societies. Friends knowing to the fact, inform us that no such organization ever appealed to her in vain, if health and circumstances permitted her to help, either by the gift of a Sunday's speaking, or a circle.

It was her desire, in her later years, to take an active part in the struggle for woman's enfranchisement, and in all the social reforms of the day; and while in her compelled inactivity, that desire day by day grew stronger, as she watched the progress of events, and she longed that she might labor still more for her sex and for humanity. Life had for her but one promise, to "work"—she planned no happiness for herself beyond labor—and she combated the disease that was destroying her tabernacle of clay with unflinching determination, saying that she was too young to die yet, when there was so much to be done for the benefit of the race.

But the fact at last became apparent to her, as well as to those surrounding her, that the hour of change was surely drawing nigh. Sustained by her cheerful faith, she made all arrangements (regarding her property, etc.) for her demise as if going on a pleasant journey. Through all her sickness, she was wonderfully aided by spirit as well as earthly friends; and, on many instances, persons in the form, whose presence was desired, were sent her by the action of her invisible guides, to soothe her suffering. At twilight, on the evening before she passed away, she asked the hour, and if the sun was setting red. Learning that the sun had set, and that it was a beautiful, clear twilight, she said, "That's what I wanted to know, for the room is full of red light, and I was anxious to see if it was spirit presence, and am satisfied that it is." Often, during the last two days, when the friends around thought her sleeping, she would open her eyes, and look upward and smile, assuring them of the beautiful scenes of the spirit-land which greeted her vision. And when suffering what seemed her greatest agony, she would exclaim, in the intervals of her convulsions, "This is beautiful! This is heavenly!" After one of these convulsions, but a few hours before she died, she turned to a friend, and said, "Is n't this heavenly, to triumph so?"

Often, during the last two days, she said, "I want to be free. I am so tired!" Her physical suffering continued till about half an hour before she died, when a quiet peace came over her, and serenely, and with a smile on her face, she passed away on Thursday evening, March 14th, 1872, leaving a presence calm and happy in the room. On the Sabbath evening following her decease, she manifested at the circle of Mrs. Mary A. Hardy, 4 Concord square, Boston, demonstrating the fact of spirit communion, and announcing her determination still to strive for the truth, as of old.

So set the sun of her earthly life; but as the luminary of day appears in the antipodes when our land is wrapped in shade, so has her earnest, devoted soul, pledged to new labors in the cause of humanity, risen like a day-star in the horizon of that country where none shall say, "I am sick," "where sorrow and mourning shall flee away," and no frail body shall curb the spirit's aspirations.

Out of her suffering and sadness,  
And out of the furnace of flame,  
Her soul, like a jewel of beauty  
Annealed through life's processes, came:  
The forms of her loved ones were near her,  
The night of her sorrow had passed;  
God grant ye, oh mortals who judged her,  
As full an acceptance at last!

Exactly whether Mr. Gilbert Haven was justified in getting Dr. Talbot dismissed from attendance upon Mr. Isaac Rich, in order that another school of medical practice might try an experiment upon the dying man, is a question we leave to casuists to settle. Bro. Haven evidently thinks that Homoeopathy may be an excellent system to live by, but that Allopathy is the only system for a man to die by. It is obvious which system is most complimented by the discrimination. If we mistake not, Mr. Haven is accustomed to make the same original and golden remark respecting systems of religion.—*Golden Age.*

There is a certain kind of man whom nobody is apt to know in adversity, and that is he who is so proud that he never knows anybody in prosperity.

## Foreign Correspondence.

ENGLAND.

BY J. H. FOWELL (Correspondent).

Undeveloped Mediumship and Skepticism—Further Tests in Psychic Force—Death-Rates—Rev. Mr. Martineau.

A few weeks ago, I was privileged to sit with some friends who are young in Spiritualism. The lady and her two daughters are developing slowly but satisfactorily in mediumship. The gentleman is an earnest investigator, and encourages the sittings of his wife and daughters, with the laudable view of testing their value in a spiritual sense. It so happened that a gentleman relative, a manager of one of the London banks, hearing of their nightly seances, invited himself. Ignorant, altogether, of the risk of admitting a skeptic at the early stage of the mediums' progress, said relative was admitted. At the tea-table he said, "Now, mind, I am a skeptic." I remarked, "I admire skepticism, but dislike assumption." He said, "I have, myself, assisted to push the table round at one of your spiritual circles."

This was irksome; but, being a relative, he was allowed to have his say. Presently we all adjourned to the parlor. The round table was produced, and the mediums sat round it. The skeptic, placing one of his feet on the claw of the table opposite the mediums, bent forward and watched with a satisfied glance.

Time grew tedious. The spirits seemed weak or indisposed. When the gentleman withdrew his foot, the table tilted toward the mediums. He immediately placed his hands on the table, tilted it, and said, sarcastically, "It is easy enough to move the table—see!"

There was a cessation of table-tilting, and a painful interval of silence, in which all felt chagrined. The two daughters were next slightly influenced. "Nervous excitement!" exclaimed the skeptic relative. "Not at all," answered the father. The oldest daughter's head was thrown back in the entranced state. Up jumped the skeptic—"Nervous excitement, depend upon it, Dick. You will injure your girl's health by this sort of thing. I cannot stop to see it." He shook hands with the gentleman and his wife, and went out without a good-night to the rest.

The lesson was a hard one for these beginners, but, I hope, valuable. It shows the folly of admitting skeptics to witness the phenomena which take place with undeveloped mediums. I never knew an instance where skeptics could be admitted to develop seances without something occurring to injure. First, develop; then ascertain from the controlling spirits who is to be admitted. Many very promising mediums have been suddenly ruined for all test purposes through the introduction, prematurely, of strong-willed skeptics.

The laws governing spirit circles are as immutable and unyielding as those of gravitation in the physical, or compensation in the moral world. It is high time, after nearly a quarter of a century of spirit manifestations, that a more general knowledge of the proper, indispensable conditions to successful development should appertain. As we accumulate facts of a psychic nature, let us be sure and impress new investigators with the idea of the delicate nature of mediumship, and insist on the necessity of guarding the novice in mediumship against abrupt opposing magnetisms.

Mr. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., is an indefatigable investigator. He has pursued his investigations, with Mr. Home for medium, and contributed a second valuable paper to the "Quarterly Journal of Science." The result of a series of novel experiments is highly satisfactory, and Mr. Crookes sees in Psychic Force a New Discovery. He has discovered, after the experiments, that Mr. Home was much exhausted, and argues that psychic force taxes the vital powers of the medium. It is, to me, singular that Mr. Crookes should fail to see the manifest intelligence shown in the production of his experiments.

Mr. Home is passive, and only useful in the passive condition. He does not by his active will produce the phenomena that occur in his presence. Yet "psychic force" is active and intelligent, for the manifestations of active intelligence are perceptible. If Mr. Crookes could demonstrate that the intelligence is Mr. Home's, he might accomplish a success which would favor a hypothesis based on mundane sources. This cannot be done; so "psychic force" is pushed ahead of Spiritualism, but does not fill its place. The Daily Telegraph of Oct. 4th has an article reviewing Mr. Crookes, under the heading, "Mystic Force." The writer treats the subject well, and quotes freely from Mr. Crookes's contribution to the "Quarterly Journal of Science." So we have the subject constantly before the public, in one shape or another.

Spiritualism is not restricted by creeds theological or political. There are Spiritualists who deem it a digression from the true track, to talk of anything else but spirit manifestations, and the philosophy and religion therein involved or implied.

To me, Spiritualism has the broadest possible significance, reaching from heaven to earth. Whatever interests man is related as much to Spiritualism as are the angels; hence, questions of social science cannot be foreign to the subject. This leads me to mention that the President of the Social Science Congress held lately in Leeds, in his inaugural address, presented us with some very important items regarding the material conditions to health and longevity:

"In the better parts of Glasgow, the inhabitants only number 34 per acre, and in those parts the annual death-rate is 5 per 1000. In the equal quarters—not the worst—the average is 328 persons per acre, and the death-rate 34 per 1000; that is, 20 persons die annually from mere difference of habitations. In Edinburgh, the death-rate in the worst parts is 60 per 1000; that is, 35 per 1000 die in consequence of their poverty. How much disease, temptation, insanity and crime are here involved, in addition to the deaths."

Nothing can speak louder than this extract from Sir John Pakington's speech in favor of healthy sanitary surroundings.

We are searching into the mysteries of disease and death, and adding daily to our knowledge. We are probing social evils to the core, and letting light into dark places. Soon, a great improvement will take place in the people's homes. No other way of fighting disease and extending human life, than by studying Nature's recuperative methods, and applying them scientifically.

I lately realized a feast of soul in Little Portland-street Chapel, where a large congregation of intelligent and well-to-do people listen on Sundays to the profound and masterly sermons of the Rev. Jas. Martineau, brother to Harriet Martineau. This place of worship is quietly situated in the heart of the most populated western portion of London.

After citing the text, Mr. Martineau commenced and finished his discourse without hinting higher at the text. It was a discourse, indeed, light-toned and progressive—not a sentence that did

not convey an idea, not an idea that did not touch the soul with force and offer food for reflection. The subject was "Christianity"—back-nayed and worn; but Mr. Martineau made it look marvelously divine. I was surprised more than once with the minister's wondrous skill in presenting new phases of the old idea.

All systems of religion find expression in London, despite persecution and all the refined methods of opposition. Mr. Martineau evidently sees this, for he admitted the obligation of Christianity to superstition and mere textual devotion. His panegyric of Jesus was at once healthy and free from the too common abnegation of self and common sense.

Orthodox theology is shaking in continental England, but it will be a long day before it is beaten from the front. Such men as Martineau are doing a needed work. They are sowing seed which will spring into living fruit in the future.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THE MILLS OF THE GODS GRIND SLOWLY."  
(Paris, July 22, 1870.)

BY DYER D. LUM.

Ladies fair, of gentle mold,  
Courtiers gay, of lineage old,  
Adorning only beauty;  
Dreaming they were born to rule,  
Knowing not that Nature's school  
Could teach them aught of duty;  
Living only for the day,  
Plunging e'er in pleasures gay,  
With scorn the people treating;  
Heeding not the growing sound  
Telling them that men had found  
A voice of bodiless greeting.

Summoned now by frenzy's call,  
Bolder grown since Bastille's fall,  
Their courage quick restoring,  
Furnished men throw off their fears,  
Thinking of the bitter years,  
They spent in vain imploring.

Old Foulon, who, sneering, said,  
"People may on grass be fed!"  
Now heard, with fear appalling,  
Shrieking voices drawing near,  
Vengeance for the fatal sneer  
Upon his head were calling.

Quickly clutched, concealed in flight,  
Screaming hoarsely with delight,  
The mob their victim worried;  
Onward driven, fury-led,  
Aged limbs and whitened head  
Must now to death be hurried.  
Cruel gibe and bitter sneer  
Fell upon his aged ear  
From frenzied man and woman,  
Knowing well that selfish greed,  
Bidding men on grass to feed,  
Was deed far more inhuman.

"Fill his mouth with wisps of hay!"  
Scarcely said, when prostrate lay  
Foulon, all bruised and bleeding;  
Whilst they filled his mouth with food  
He had thought for people good  
When they in need stood pleading.

Thistle-crowns his head adorn,  
Adding mirth to bitter scorn,  
But not a tear revealing;  
Maidens young and women old  
Vie with men of rougher mold  
In hard, revengeful feeling.

Eager hands, with ready rope,  
Quenching last remains of hope  
With laughter's loud derision,  
Hurried on with steady tramp,  
Raising not till friendly lamp  
Bore sign of mad decision.

Sign of wrath to guilty fear,  
Speaking now in accents clear,  
Suggesting serious doubts;  
Telling all with seeing eyes,  
Having minds with wisdom wise,  
"T was not to end in shootings.

Twice he fell and mercy sought,  
Thrice aloft again was brought  
Mid scoff and bitter railing;  
City through they dragged the dead,  
Savage hands his aged head  
On bloody pike impaling.

Whitened hair, all clogged with gore,  
Lifted high, they onward bore,  
With oaths and brutal scolding;  
Staring eyes that looked like glass,  
Yawning mouth, outstretched with grass—  
A sign of fearful warning.

Quickly onward willing feet  
Turning down the empty street,  
Now paused before his dwelling;  
Daughters fair with terror heard  
Higher law's relentless word  
That dead lips now were telling.

Ladies fair, of gentle mold,  
Courtiers gay, of lineage old,  
Adorning only beauty—  
Dream they now they're born to rule?  
Know they yet that Nature's school  
Can teach them aught of duty?

M. Foulon, nicknamed *l'ame damnée du Parlement*, is described by Carlyle as "a man grown gray in treachery, in grapple, in plotting, in intrigue and iniquity; who once, when it was objected to some finance scheme of his, 'What will the people do? make answer, in the fire of discussion, 'The people may eat grass!' Fatal words, which burned in the hearts of the people till the eventful 22d of July, 1793, when popular indignation brought terrible retribution, 'amid sounds as of Tophet, from a grass-eating people.'"  
Portland, Me.

Maria M. King's Works—"God the Father," "Spiritual Philosophy vs. Diabolism," etc.

DEAR BANNER—Will you allow me the use of a small space in your columns to express a few thoughts on one or two subjects that I think may have earned thoughts?

Many intelligent persons, both in and out of the churches, would like to believe in the return of their spirit-friends, in fact, would be strong Spiritualists, but they say, "If I am a Spiritualist I must give up my belief in an overruling and omnipotent Power, give up the sure stay that I have ever felt that I had in the belief that there was an Almighty Father in whose tender loving care we commit ourselves only; but oh, what is to a parent's heart a thousand times dearer, the children that a kind Providence has given us. To that Almighty Father, in whom we live, move and have our being, it is a sweet happy thought to feel that we can entrust all that is most sacred and dear, and that He will never fail us. It is pleasant to know that our spirit-friends watch over us; still they are like ourselves, finite beings, and liable to err, and we cannot bear to give up the belief that we are all, every one, the offspring of a loving Father, who does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men."

Such is the language (or what means the same) I have often heard from people who were really

anxious to become Spiritualists, but from the want of light on that subject more than any other dared not.

To such I would say, and also to many acknowledged Spiritualists to whom the matter is of intense interest, that I myself am not prepared nor capable of doing justice to so great a theme, but the subject is most ably handled and as much light given as it is possible to shed at present upon so deep and grand a theme in Mrs. Maria M. King's pamphlet, on "God the Father." This publication gave me more light on that subject than any other work that I ever read; and I have heard men of deep minds and most varied and extensive information say that the book was most ably written, and the subject more concisely, clearly and scientifically treated in it, than in any volume they had previously seen. Mrs. K.'s style is simple, plain and yet really beautiful.

There is another subject to which I would briefly refer, viz.: obsession by evil spirits. There are very many erroneous views regarding this matter, which unfortunately in some cases do much harm to the cause of Spiritualism. I have seen persons who could have been developed into good mediums, but were afraid to do so, for fear that evil spirits might control them. To such I would say, read Mrs. Maria M. King's "Spiritual Philosophy versus Diabolism," and I do not hesitate to say that you will find your fears successfully combated and clearly explained.

If there was room and time I might with truth speak of Mrs. King's other works, which are very valuable and will repay the reading of them.

Yours for truth, P. W. OLMSTED.

St. Albans, Vt., Feb. 24, 1872.

## DR. SLADE AND HIS ACCUSER.

For several days past, vague rumors have been flying through the air of the exposure of Dr. Slade's manifestations.

Dr. Slade's prominence, and his well-known character as a medium, require only that a suspicion of this character should be set afloat to give it wide circulation. The whispered rumor soon became common report, being assisted by those who lend willing ear and tongue to the circulation of suspicion, and, though knowing nothing themselves, detail with bated breath to their neighbor the fearful apprehensions of some second, third or fourth party who has heard that there was some play.

As far as we have been able to learn, the author of this rumor is a Mrs. Case, who, for months past, had been enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Slade's house, and who, as an old acquaintance, though having been treated with great consideration and kindness, having been an invalid in the house for weeks, she felt at once ignoring the claims of friendship, and upon mere suspicion, alone, set on foot the report of Dr. Slade's trickery and dishonesty in regard to certain manifestations which a large number of intelligent persons claimed to have witnessed at his house; this lady, for weeks, seems to have been a most devout believer in these manifestations, as her letter to the Banner of Light, minutely detailing, as having seen with her own eyes, and pronouncing them real, genuine and wonderful—plainly shows.

Visiting Dr. Slade's frequently, we invariably saw the smiling face of Mrs. Case, who willingly gave us most definite descriptions of these manifestations, with the most positive assurance, from her own personal observations, of their truthfulness and reality.

Fortunately we were at the conference, at Apollo Hall, on Sunday afternoon last, and heard the full statement of this lady's grave suspicions of the treachery and dishonesty of Dr. Slade. She commenced her statement by wanting it distinctly understood "that she was not a Spiritualist." We listened to her statements and the various questions propounded, and heard her answer, without finding the least shadow of proof to justify or any one else in the unreasonableness and uncharitable rumor she has set afloat.

Mrs. Case claims to have found a wardrobe and writing-desk in Dr. Slade's house locked; this aroused her suspicion; being an exception to her sex, having no curiosity, she begs the daughter of Mr. Simmons to find the key to unlock the door.

Curious as it may seem, this gay deceiver and trickster, Dr. Slade, goes off one day leaving the key in the closet. Mrs. Case seizes upon this golden opportunity, and, opening the door, calls Mr. Simmons's daughter to witness the horrible revelation that it contained a false face. Mrs. Case was closely questioned on this point; and her answers are significant, as showing the groundlessness of her suspicions. "Did you find more than one mask?" "No." "In the manifestations you saw, and described in the Banner of Light, did you see the false face used which you found in the writing-desk?" "Not that I remember."

And thus it was with Mrs. Case's statement, from beginning to end. Next in one single instance did she pretend that she had caught Dr. Slade in attempting to deceive.

But her suspicions were fearful. No doubt of that. What the real cause of Mrs. Case's promulgating so freely her suspicions to the injury of an old friend, as she claimed Dr. Slade to be, we have no means of knowing, although it was certainly reported on the Sunday that the cause of Mrs. Case's sudden enmity to Dr. Slade was of a personal character, which savored of a grievous disappointment to Mrs. C.

But, whether this be true or not, the point which we ask all candid minds to consider is this: Is Dr. Slade or any other medium to be cast aside, condemned, or the confidence of Spiritualists to be withdrawn, on the basis of the suspicions of one woman, and who, in public, declares herself not a Spiritualist, and sneering at the idea of development?

If so, then all mediumship is at an end, as no human being can escape the suspicions of those who are naturally suspicious. But, as suspicions prove nothing of what account are the suspicions of Mrs. Case or any one else?

"They fail to make a case." What surprised us was this: that any number of Spiritualists could be found who would for one moment give credence to simple suspicion as against the established character and well-known reputation for honor, honesty and integrity everywhere accredited to Dr. Henry Slade, both as a man and medium.

We have known Dr. Slade intimately for years. We have tested his mediumship, to our satisfaction, so that we can say we know Dr. Slade is an honest medium. We have also definite, personal knowledge of his integrity and manhood, which, with an acquaintance of years, we have found without a blemish. The knowledge we possess, in this respect, is shared by hundreds of others quite as intelligent and capable of testing the honesty and sincerity of Dr. Slade as this suspicious woman, and we feel we but give expression to the convictions of a host of witnesses, in thus frankly bearing testimony in favor of an honest man and noble medium.

Doubtless Mrs. Case will yet learn that character for honesty and integrity is not so slimy an affair that it can be blown away by the breath of foul suspicion, nor that a grand mediumship, with the unnumbered tests that come with the passing years, like that crowning Dr. Henry Slade to-day, can be destroyed or gaineysed by the suspicions of one person, however sincere, who, at the outset, announces her own ignorance of mediumship, as Mrs. Case did, by saying she "was not a Spiritualist," and showing and proving that ignorance more completely, by sneering at "development," in relieving herself of the fearful load of suspicion she has been so industriously engaged in peddling out for the past few days.

We are no apologist for fraud or trickery in manifestations, as the columns of this journal in the past plainly shows. Nor do we belong to that class who seem anxious to snatch up every rumor and report of the falsity of manifestations and the worth of mediums, having no other basis than mere suspicion.

When Mrs. Case, or any one else, can furnish proof of Dr. Slade's dishonesty, and that his manifestations are not what is claimed, then it will be time enough for Spiritualists to give credence to the charges made. And no fair-minded person will be influenced in the least by the charges of Dr. Slade, until proof of the positive fraud is brought forward.

Therefore, Mrs. Case, more proof and less suspicion, if you expect to make out a case against Dr. Slade. Let us have the proof. Nothing else will do.—A. A. Wheelock, in American Spiritualist.



In quinquaginta from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of contributors. The latter are not to be published unless they are sent to the Editor, and are not to be published unless they are sent to the Editor, and are not to be published unless they are sent to the Editor.

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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

## Banner of Light.

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All letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department should be addressed to the Editor.

### "Exalt the Truth, though every Man Fall."

Just now there seems to be opening up another grand attack upon Spiritualism and mediums, and through them, upon the sanity and credibility of the great mass of spiritualistic believers. These movements are eccentric in their orbits, never appearing twice in the same form, but have become periodical in so certain a degree that, were we to close a volume of the Banner of Light without having had cause to refer to it to some "wonderful exposure of barefaced trickery" (1) or "unearthing of blasphemous imposture" in the columns of the secular press, we should begin to think that the good time coming" was really approaching; in fact, such an occurrence would be the prognosticator of more than we could imagine who here are striving, perhaps, "wiser than we know," to sustain what to us is the grandest truth revealed to man in this or any other age.

But the chase must be gone through with at least once in six months. The hunting horns of credulity or private jealousy call together a plenary crew of journalists, who, like dogs when the leash is slipped, bound, muzzle to the earth, along the avenues, across the parks and over the hills of the public mental domain, making the air hideous with their sharp yappings of fancied triumph, or their deep growls after merited defeat. It matters not whether the timid, shrinking victim at whom the self-elected defenders ("2) of public morality, etc., strive to point the "slow, unerring finger of scorn" be a refined and noble woman, a little child, incapable of conceiving the idea of "deception, or some well known masculine representative of the despised cause of Spiritualism; the game is equally legitimate, and the work is entered into by these social and literary canines with a will and a relish which, if exhibited in a better cause, would be indeed cheering to behold.

We can confidently point to our past record, and challenge any person to cite an instance wherein we have knowingly or willfully upheld any medium, male or female, who was proved to be an impostor. Our criticism of such has been searching and unmeasured; but we demand the geometrical squares and angles of actual demonstration upon which to base our charges, not the air drawn fancies of half-brained "susceptibles." Far, far from us be the day when we shall yield, for one moment, to popular clamor, and "joining a multitude to do evil," denounce some poor instrument of angelic communion, who, by reason of untoward circumstances, private enmity, or misunderstood conditions, falls under the ban of a cold and uncharitable world.

We have been led to these explanatory remarks by the recent trouble arising in the city of New York, wherein the name and reputation of Dr. Slade have been so freely handled—an editorial concerning which, from the facile pen of A. A. Wheelock, may be found on our second page. The New York Sun, which, it has been facetiously said, "shines for all," has cast a most withering glance upon the doctor and his friends, but we are of opinion, judging from appearances, that it is mistaken as to the premises at which it has "been to explain." The after-mentioned appearances seemingly indicate a well arranged plot on the part of interested individuals, among whom is mentioned Mrs. Case, to blast the reputation of Dr. Slade. We were in possession of the facts considerably before the Sun had drawn them up from the receding bosom of Gotham's social life. As early in the present difficulty as Feb. 7th, Albert Morton, a well-known Spiritualist of Boston, Secretary of the American Liberal Tract Society, and a sincere well-wisher to the cause he has espoused, wrote us the following letter, that we might be put on our guard in advance, that such a movement against Dr. Slade was in contemplation. His information concerning the case was perfectly legitimate, as he was, at the time, visiting the doctor, at his residence, for professional purposes:

Editors BANNER OF LIGHT.—A few weeks since you published a letter from Mrs. C. L. Case, over her name, relating to Dr. Slade's mediumship. Mrs. C. for some time past has acted as housekeeper for Messrs. Slade & Simmons, and I think had another position in view; failing to accomplish her object, she has left the house, renounced her belief in Spiritualism, and by insinuations and shakings of the head, *à la Polonaise*, is striving to create an impression that Slade practices imposture. Slade, as a matter of course, being highly mediumistic, is very sensitive, and fears the person named will strive to injure his reputation through the Banner and other papers. You have had the evidence of so many as to Slade's mediumship, and have for so many years proved, by actual such a firm friend to all worthy mediums, that it hardly seems necessary to add notice to the great mass of testimony in favor of Dr. Slade's great powers and truthfulness as a medium, but in case the person should write you, eating her own words, I have thought this statement put out of place. I believe Dr. Slade to be conscientious and truthful in his work, and know manifestations are daily occurring with me, while sitting for development, which cannot truthfully be attributed to any other than spirit power. I have even the forms of my spirit friends materialized through his mediumship under conditions which render deception impossible.

Yours faithfully, ALBERT MORTON.

New York, Feb. 7th, 1872.

Thus the matter still rests. The attempted exposure, it appears, did not have its origin in a virtuous indignation at practiced deception discovered, nor is it based upon substantial evidence. In fact, to use the words of Dr. Wheelock, "Mrs. Case has made a very poor case" to the mind of any unprejudiced person, notwithstanding the fulminations of the Sun or papers of the like ilk.

In his issue of March 24th, A. A. Wheelock, managing editor American Spiritualist, continues the vilification of Dr. Slade in an able article, and, in the course of it, contrasting the witnesses

not be lined with money 'as are those who started and have assisted in circulating the vilification against Dr. Slade, all testifying to the fact of having seen spirit faces and forms, among whom we may mention Dr. E. C. Fulton, of Brooklyn, who stated in public that he had had frequent sittings with Dr. Slade for several of his first sittings he saw no forms, but after a few sittings there came luminous balls of light floating around the room, moving, changing, until finally, out of a "cloud of light" as of old, the bright, sweet faces of a sister, a woman, and child, shone upon their vision, both seeing the same. This was at Dr. Slade's residence in Twenty-second street, in a room where the only furniture consisted of a small table, three or four chairs, and a plain lounge. Dr. Crowell felt or stated that he was not a Spiritualist, but continued and still continued the study of these "phantasms" as he had everything else, using all the powers he possessed to make an intelligent, critical analysis of what he saw and heard. He stated that he continued to have sittings with Dr. Slade at his present residence, and although the report had been circulated that the manifestations had ceased, he knew that the report was false, for continued to see the phenomena at regular sittings as before.

We have also received a long account bearing much the same information as the above, from "E. C." Brooklyn, N. Y., and containing, among others, the following paragraph:

"Some eight months after the time of my commencement of these sittings [with Dr. Slade] which have averaged about once a week, the lady in question [Mrs. Case] became an inmate of the Doctor's family, and I made her acquaintance, and it is rarely the case that I have made a visit without a free conversation with her upon subjects connected with spiritual phenomena. She professed to have been intimately acquainted with the Doctor and his history since he was of the age of eighteen, when, as she asserted, he was a raw, uneducated youth. She had also been an intimate friend of his first wife and an acquaintance of his second. Here was an opportunity for me to gain some knowledge as to the antecedents of the medium, and many hours, taken altogether, have been consumed in my questions and her answers upon these and other points. To my question as to what was her opinion of his character as to truth and honesty, her answer was, emphatically, 'He is perfectly honest; I know he never attempts deception.'"

Our correspondent bears witness that Dr. Slade never was at Moravia to attend the circles held there in order to learn the "black art" of producing spirit faces; also declares that he has seen and recognized spirit relatives at the Doctor's sittings, and makes the following statement concerning the "paraphernalia" discovered by Mrs. Case in the Doctor's room:

"As to the pastboard mask—she stated there was only one—Dr. Slade explained its being in his possession (which it had been for some years) as his having purchased it at a market of a half-breed having a decided taste for social amusements. As to the lace, it was purchased for use at a private theatrical representation in the West, in which he assumed the character of a ghost. As to this material being used for the purposes alleged, I can say that I have not, in all my sittings with him, ever seen a materialization, and could have been assisted by his use—with one exception—no appearance of lace being present upon any of the others."

In view of the paucity of material and the total absence of machinery to carry out a deception of this character, [E. C.] suggested [to Mrs. Case] upon her exhibiting her disclosures to him that she considerate would not attempt to make a materialization, during her residence in the house, she had at any time observed any suspicious person about, who could have been an instrument of the Doctor's for this purpose; for she promptly replied that there was no confederate, nor could there be, as she had sat for days in the all day long room, while the materializations were in progress, and that no one had ever entered or come out excepting those who had legitimate business there."

Mr. Albert Morton, of Boston, (our correspondent named above,) in his reply to the "Sun," distinctly "kills off" in good old-fashioned English, the charges of Mrs. Case, some of his lines reading in this wise:

"Knowing but little of Dr. Slade's practice as a clairvoyant physician, I will only reply to the present exposure of the manifestations, and shall answer the falsehoods of the article. First, I am informed, neither of the firm of Slade & Simmons have ever visited Moravia to witness the manifestations which have been described in the Sun."

"The statement that 'two visitors, unless man and wife, were not admitted at the same time,' is false."

"That I was 'required to remain in the room to keep out intruders, or did remain there to the exclusion of others is false. During several weeks' stay with Dr. Slade, I had every opportunity for investigation, and know there were no wardrobe or other accomplices, and that the manifestations which occur in his presence cannot be accounted for by any known laws of science."

"The writer of the article in question (the 'Sun') says that he 'has been imposed upon through the machinations of an untruthful, vindictive woman, who has furnished another illustration of the old adage, 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.'"

Emilie G. Jones, of Springfield, Mass., in the same issue of the American Spiritualist, says, after describing what she witnessed at some of the Doctor's sittings:

"I feel as thoroughly convinced of Dr. Slade's absolute honesty in all these manifestations, and of their superhuman origin, as if they had come to me alone without his intervention; and permit me to offer him, through you, my grateful acknowledgments for the open and lasting satisfaction I have received through his mediumship, and for his considerate and gentlemanly conduct toward me personally."

Bro. Wheelock, at the conclusion of the editorial above referred to, plants himself squarely upon the mediumistic side of the vexed question, as follows: "With this abundant testimony triumphantly sustaining Dr. Slade, and the fact that the 'manifestations' still continue, we do not wonder that the 'exposers' feel rather mortified at their exposure, and tell us that poor Mrs. Case has suddenly retreated to Michigan; . . . and further, that those who aided in retelling slanderous falsehoods . . . are wisely avoiding any further investigation of what they claim to expose."

We feel it incumbent upon us to say that we really do think that the case in hand is one which demands the personal attention of the Doctor. While we can understand the shrinking, mediumistic delicacy which causes him to refrain from rushing heedlessly into print, yet it is a duty which he owes to his character as an honest man, to his reputation as one of the most remarkable mediums of our times, and to the cause of which he has stood so noted an exemplar, to come out boldly, over his own signature, and topple these seemingly baseless fabrications about the heads of those who in public and private for the last few weeks have labored so untiringly to uprear them. For that purpose our columns stand ready, and our advice to our brother is to move more boldly in the matter. The truth is what is needed—let us have it, at whatever cost.

### "The Inner Life."

The ninth edition of "Poems from the Inner Life," by Miss Doten, was issued Saturday, March 23d. These poems are unsurpassed in intrinsic merit, beauty and spirituality, and continue to win the admiration of Spiritualists, and even those who are not acquainted with the Spiritual Philosophy.

We gratefully acknowledge the compliments of our contemporaries, and always hope to merit their esteem.

### The Chaplain's Prayer.

The chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives offered his usual morning prayer, the other day, in the presence of the members, and, in the course of it, launched out into a rather declamatory advocacy of woman suffrage, which was then impending before the House, but has since been unfortunately deferred and defeated for another year. Immediately after his supplication he was called sharply to order by one of the members for Boston, who asked the speaker to rule whether a person, not a member of the House, had a right to advocate a measure on the floor, and impress the necessity of its passage upon the members. The speaker of course decided that he had no such right. That was as far as the member for Boston presumed to go in the line of censure; but it was evident that the rest of the House, as well as the chaplain himself, understood at what cause the criticism was aimed, and especially what cause it was designed to hit. The chaplain himself of course had nothing to say, nor had he the right to say anything. But there were so few members who manifested a decided disinclination to have their favorite cause treated in this style, and they at once proceeded to fall upon the Boston member, tooth and nail; one of them proposing a resolution positively censuring the member from Boston for his presumption in even indirectly moving to censure the chaplain, and calling forth, to the course of the subsequent debate, some most acrimonious commentary on the proceeding from both sides.

As to the particular question of just how far a man who offends as the prayer-maker for a legislative body is at liberty to go in his public references to what is, at the time, up for legislative consideration, that we do not attempt to determine. Nor would we stop even to discuss it. It is usually conceded to be a matter of discretion, good sense, and public courtesy. Were we called on to express a positive opinion as to the chaplain's taste, in the present instance, we should not hesitate to say that he had certainly exceeded the limit commonly fixed in such matters. Where there is an admitted variety of opinions and sentiments, good sense of itself suggests the propriety of a wise discretion. The members of a legislative body can at any time employ a preacher to discourse his views to them, when they feel so inclined. As for being forced, or seeming to be forced, independent men are the ones of all others, never to submit to it. Mr. Cudworth had the right of the cause, and that cause, events showed, was strongly represented on the floor of the House. But so much the more need of permitting it to make its own way, instead of pushing it on through thick and thin, and trying to carry the Legislature by storm. There is a wisdom in the advocacy even of the best of causes, for mankind are not yet all ready to listen and be persuaded.

### Rather Rich Blasphemy.

We find in the Advertiser of March 25th a report of a sermon delivered in Boston the day before by the Rev. J. D. Fulton; his subject being "Does belief determine the soul's destiny; or have Channing and Calvin a common platform in heaven?" Mr. Fulton is of opinion that such a conjuncture cannot be (we should rather hope not, if Calvin continues in the spirit he was in when he burned Servetus); that the two are separated eternally; that Channing must go down to hell, and Calvin take his place among the highest. Mr. Fulton believes that all who hold wrong beliefs are going right down to hell. But that part of his discourse where the profane will be likely to exclaim, with Mr. Squeers, "Here 'a richness'" is the following: "On it is supposed, asked this reverend blasphemer—'can it be supposed that God would command the respect of the redeemed if he treated the man whose life has been spent in caricaturing Christianity on an equality with the one whose life has been spent in magnifying the name of Jesus?' Mr. Fulton compared such an action to the deed of compounding for felony."

What must be the intellectual grade of an audience that can swallow "blasphemy" like this? The atheist cannot well blaspheme, because he does not believe in the object of his blasphemy. But here is a man, professedly believing in a God, a creator of the universe, and, as an argument for God's pursuing a certain course in damning human beings to hell, maintaining that if God did not pursue that course, He, the Infinite One, would not command the respect of the redeemed—of Mr. J. D. Fulton and his tribe! If any sentiment more essentially audacious, irreverent and blasphemous than this has been devised, we have not seen it. It is interesting too as showing the infernal animus of the man who has entered into the spirit of the Calvinistic scheme so far as to give us to understand that, in his view, such as his fellow-believers do not agree with him on theological points ought to be made to suffer eternally in hell. But we cannot believe that Mr. Fulton is so bad a man as he would have us suppose. In following out the Calvinistic dogma to its legitimate results, his head carries him where surely his heart cannot follow—unless he be fit for treason, stratagem, and spoli—without love and without charity.

### Pulpitizing.

We should judge from such accounts as we see in circulation in the religious papers, that the business of pulpiting after the Orthodox fashion was, in vulgar parlance, pretty well "laid off." The fact is, there is a great dearth of young graduates who stand ready, as in other days was their wont, to enter the profession of preaching. Why it is so, no everybody can see at the first glance, but that it is so is undeniable. The churches are getting panicky over it. Lest the religious papers shall not discuss the matter with sufficient thoroughness and vivacity, some of the secular journals, like the New York Tribune, are lending them a hand. That paper furnishes among its regulars, gratis, for the present state of things in the churches. It says, with much point, that before a young man is willing to decide for a life in the pulpit, he does not relish the prospect of failure without fault; he does not want to be picked to pieces by gossipers, or to be criticized by the ignorant, or to live in an eternally rainy season of unasked-for advice. It says that lawyers do not take law from their clients, nor do doctors ask their patients what particular pill they think best for their trouble; and asks why ministers should be hedged, hampered and bothered out of their native manhood by a parcel of gossips and tale-bearers. Now we suggest, for our part, that there is a deeper reason than the Tribune gives for this state of things, and that is, a complete dying out of the old dogmas that are preached. The people want new pulpits and preachers together.

We have been requested to reprint Mr. J. M. Peabody's "Spiritualism Vindicated," in reply to Rev. Dr. Baldwin's attack on Spiritualism, delivered in Troy. We should have done so ere this had not the pressure of other matters prevented.

### The Golden Age and Miss Lizzie Doten.

This lady, whose writings are esteemed wherever untrammeled reason is considered the birthright of man, has, as is well known, recently issued, through the press of William White & Co., a new volume, entitled "Poems of Progress," which has elicited the warmest encomiums from the secular press of the country. Even when opposed to its freedom of thought, many editors have borne witness to its purity of diction and finished versification. It has been reserved for the Golden Age, (a paper which claims to be progressive,) to make the first flippant criticism of the work—which we give below—but it is our opinion that it was not written by its editor:

"Poems of Progress" is rather a crude and juvenile effort of Miss Lizzie Doten, who seems to be afflicted with the humor of putting things in rhyme which are not worth saying in prose. "Poems of the Inner Life" is more robust and worthy of a human and mundane origin. Many of the poems are very readable and pleasant; but when Burns and Shakespeare are put behind them as their inspirers, the comparison with their other writings tells against the new poems, and they seem very much like babbling. The association is unfortunate for them. Undoubtedly this remark will hurt the feelings of Miss Doten much more than those of Burns and Shakespeare, all of which they are in the habit of reading, and which they take any interest in mundane things. Really we wish that Miss Lizzie Doten, who doubtless is a very amiable and charming person, had claimed to be the author of this latter volume. There is really a sweet and sprightly spirit, an earnest and spiritual woman, a lovable soul looking through the poetry; and what right, we ask, have Burns or Shakespeare to claim all this womanly sweetness and sense? We prefer the editor to the author, and advise them for the future to confine themselves to their own sphere, and let Miss Doten sing her own songs, her own sweet, womanly way. The 'loves of a poet' hardly become them, and their muse does not take kindly to a gown. William White & Co., Boston."

We once read a fable wherein it was stated that the beasts, having called a convention to decide as to the relative vocal talent among them, a certain animal gave it as his opinion that the sweetest music was "a fine, mellow-bray" and was immediately put out of meeting for "presuming," in the language of the indignant assembly, "to condemn the nightingale because she was not an ass, like himself." Can it be that there are in the world others who are emulating this remarkable example?

In order to show, by comparison, the fairness of the G. L. Gen. Age notice, we give below what the Springfield (Mass.) Republican (a paper which no one will accuse of any great leaning toward liberal thought in theological matters) said of one of those very "Poems of the Inner Life," ("Resurrex")—inspired by the spirit of E. A. Poe—wherein the self-important critic of the first journal says are, "more robust and worthy of a human and mundane origin!"

"A REMARKABLE POEM.—The following striking poem, by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spiritualist trance-speaker, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, as far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth about its production, the poem is, in several respects, a remarkable one. It is, in fact, a poem of a new order, originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is, nevertheless, wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his style. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she said it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow, necessarily, in that case, that Poe himself made the poem—although we are asked to believe a great many things of less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is, in the second verse, an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but this poem is of a higher order, and much more like Poe than the other."

### A New Organization.

We publish in this issue of the Banner the Declaration of Principles of the Boston Spiritualists' Union, a new organization, of which Dr. H. E. Gardner is the President. It has been established as a permanent organization for practical work, and, if properly managed, will no doubt wield a mighty influence for good. We fully endorse the Declaration, and would advise Spiritualists throughout the length and breadth of the land to imitate their Boston brethren in similar organizations in their respective localities.

That the history of the National Association of Spiritualists has proved it to be a failure, no sane mind will deny. Now, let us carefully organize, or, more properly speaking, reorganize. Begin at the fountain-head—i. e., establish primary meetings everywhere—and from out of the loins of such will in due time proceed a national association, on principles so broad as to gather under its banner all the progressive minds of the age, whether Jew or Gentile, Christian or Infidel.

What can be more explicit and comprehensive than the following, which we extract from the Constitution of this new organization:

"Its objects shall be mutual aid and co-operation on the part of its members, in the discovery of truth, and the application to their own lives, and promulgation to others, of the truths of MODERN SPIRITUALISM, as set forth in the Declaration hereunto prefixed."

### "Flashes of Light from the Spiritual Land."

William White & Co. have in preparation, and will shortly issue, a highly interesting and important work, under the above title, containing extracts of messages delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, compiled and arranged by ALLEN PUTNAM, author of "Spirit Works," "Natty, a Spirit," "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle." The subject matter has been selected with the greatest care from the mass of scientific and theological information given, in past years, through the Free Circle Department of the Banner of Light, and the book (which will contain some four hundred pages) will be invaluable to the investigator as well as to the close student of Spiritualism.

### Contents of this Number of the Banner.

First page: "Shall not the Judge of all the Earth be Right?" a Music Hall Lecture by Prof. William Denton. Second: Biographical—Fannie Burkhart Fulton; "England," by J. H. Powell; Poem—"The Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly," by Dyer D. Lum; "Maria M. King's Works," "Dr. Slade and his Accuser," by A. A. Wheelock. Third: Poem—"Easter," "Communication with Spirits," Banner Correspondence from various localities; New Jersey—Spiritualist Convention; Obituaries. Fourth and Fifth: Usual editorial matters, etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages; "Banner of Light Message Verified," "Is Spiritualism Good Enough to Die by?" by Hudson Tuttle; "Interpretation of the United States Constitution." Seventh: Advertisements. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Ophias B. Lynn.

### The Twenty-fourth Anniversary.

The time which rightfully should arrest the attention of every believer of spirit communion is at hand—the twenty-fourth recurrence of the date when the advent of the modern phase of spirit communion sent its primal ray upward as a harbinger of the day-spring yet to be. Rustling quietly on this day, by the side of life's highway, how pleasant it is for the toiler in the vineyard of free thought to cast a reflex glance along the pathway of the years—to see how in so brief a space the rocky heart of dismal doubt as to the future life has opened, pouring forth the joyous streamlets of hope, to mark the fallow fields stretching across the breast of theologic confines, where once were only sandy deserts or russet and sombre glebes, and to feel that all this but indicates what is to come when the knowledge of spirit return shall engrudge the earth in its loving folds, "even as the waters cover the sea." We are happy to learn, as per several received announcements given below, that our friends all over the land are moving to remember the day and the gift it commemorates. May each return of it find the disciples of free reason still untrammelled in the exercise of their God-given right, and demonstrating its benefits in well-ordered and useful lives.

BOSTON.—Arrangements are completed for a grand celebration of the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Music Hall, on Monday evening, April 1st. Such an array of talented speakers is rarely heard in one evening: PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN, MRS. N. L. PALMER, MISS JENNIE LEYS, and an Original Poem by MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, all of whom have generously volunteered their services.

Mr. Denton will make the opening speech. Services will commence promptly at 7 o'clock, by an overture by Carter's Band.

Between the speeches the favorite Music Hall Quartette, (Miss Lond, Miss Thomas, Messrs. Mezzner and Turner) having volunteered their services, will execute choice pieces of music. At half-past nine the floor will be ready for promenade and dancing. A programme of ten dances is arranged, and Carter's splendid Quadrille Band will furnish the music. Altogether, the entertainment is equal to any ever offered on similar occasions, and should be appreciated by a full attendance; and more especially should this be the case, as there is another commendable object in view—the support of free spiritual meetings in Music Hall Sunday afternoons. Every dollar realized over the expenses will be appropriated to that generous enterprise.

Prices of admission—Single ticket for gentleman, \$1.00; single ticket for lady, 75 cents; ticket for gentleman and lady, \$1.50; package of ten tickets, \$7.50. Tickets are for sale at the Banner of Light office; and at Music Hall Sunday afternoon and Monday evening.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea will hold a free social gathering in Banquet Hall, Granite Block, Sunday evening, March 31st. Several good mediums will be present, and a pleasant time may be expected.

THE ANNIVERSARY IN PROVIDENCE.—Our friends in Providence, R. I., celebrate the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of "the Rochester Spiritual Demonstrations" on Saturday evening, March 30th, in Union Hall, with speeches, songs and dancing. William Foster, Jr., will make the opening address, followed by Miss Laura Bliven and Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

As will be seen by reference to our announcement last week, the Spiritualists of New York City will celebrate the occasion, with becoming exercises; but we are sorry to be obliged to state, by authority, that Judge J. W. Edmonds will not speak, as publicly announced, on that day—his name having been used in this connection without his knowledge or consent.

### Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

Last Sunday Miss Jennie Leys addressed a large audience on the subject: "Shall Spiritualism assume a political aspect?" The speaker proceeded, in an eloquent manner, to define Spiritualism, clearly demonstrating the effect for good it is now exerting, and will continue to exert, upon the human family for ages in the future. Spiritualism, she said, being the outgrowth of the wisdom of the higher life—the spirit-world—must affect all conditions of life here, and permeate all reforms, whether of a moral or political nature, until it develops a more glorious condition for the human race. The discourse, taken as a whole, was excellent.

Next Sunday afternoon, March 31st, Mrs. N. L. Palmer (having decided to be present at the Anniversary Festival), has generously volunteered to give a lecture in the regular Music Hall Course, for the benefit of the free meetings. Mrs. P. is an able speaker; therefore those desirous of enjoying an intellectual feast should make it a point to be present, as all such will without doubt.

### Fourth Edition of "The Voices."

It is so seldom that an author ever sees the second edition of a poetic work, that we feel like congratulating our friend, WARREN S. BARLOW, on the success his volume entitled "THE VOICES" has met with, having reached its fourth edition in comparatively so short a time, with a steady increase of sales. This is not to be wondered at, for it is one of the live books of the day. With poetic fire it stirs up new thought in the mind of the reader, by the bold assertion of practical truths. The author's vigorous assaults upon the strong points of theological dogmas, creeds, and the superstitions of the past, though taught in the present, are not at all relished by illiterate or bigoted minds. The book is a feast for thinkers.

### Jennie Johnson.

[The following spirit message was given at our Free Circle, on Monday afternoon, March 25th.]

How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] My father's very sick, and he wanted to know if I would not come here and send him a word to comfort him, and be sure that I told him things just as they were—if he was going to die, to tell him so.

He is not a-going to die. He is going to get well—Dr. Doane says so, and he must not think anything about coming where I am. He's got too much work to do here. He has not got his work half done; and if he came now, he'd have to finish it up in too hard a way. He do not want to come; but he's a dreadful sick—he's got the typhus fever—and he thinks perhaps he must come; but he won't. And Mr. Parker says you may jump my message. Jennie Johnson.

Mrs. N. J. Andrews, long and favorably known to the Boston public as an Electro-Magnetic Physician, is meeting with remarkable success in the treatment of all rheumatic and nervous troubles. See advertisement.

132 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of the earth life to which they are attached, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4 (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at 7 o'clock; services commence at precisely 8 o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for ladies. Do not come unless invited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Letters for the Banner of Light Free Circles are solicited. The questions answered at these sittings are often reproduced by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

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### Invocation.

From the darkness of our own ignorance, oh, Lord, deliver us, and make the record of our lives as beautiful in thy sight as is this handsome day. Leave us not when the devil tempts us, but deliver us from all those unhealthy conditions that beset the spirit as the body, and lead us into ways that are wise and holy and true. Make us mighty messengers of truth to all who have need of truth; make us mighty messengers of benevolence to all who have need of benevolence; make us mighty messengers of charity to all who have need of charity; and give us strength to go forward in the front ranks of all the good reforms that are filling this age with a halo of glory. And, finally, oh, Wonderful Spirit, past all human comprehension, gather us unto thyself, in thine own kingdom, where peace reigns, where thy loving kindness is shed abroad over all; and understood by all. Amen. Jan. 15.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear.

Q.—(From a correspondent.) It is generally conceded that the influence of the moon upon the tides is the cause of the rising and falling thereof. Is it correct, or does the motion of the earth produce the result?

A.—The scientists of our life differ, in many respects, from the scientists of your life. They consider that the rising and falling of the tides are dependent solely upon the action of the moon, upon the fluids of the earth. They of our life determine otherwise—that they are dependent solely upon the motions of the earth, relative to other heavenly bodies—the moon as one of them—and thus the action of the moon upon the fluids of the earth is, to them, a secondary consideration.

Q.—(A verse of Scripture was read by some one in the audience): Eccles. iii. 19: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast."

A.—Well, what does all that amount to? Simply the wild babble of an insane brain, nothing more. The preacher must have been in a very mystical state, to say the least, to have uttered such wild babble, to have given speech to such a libel upon God and his works; and it matters not to us whether such an expression is found in the Bible or in Mother Goose's Melodies. It amounts to nothing, so far as the soul and its grand destiny is concerned. To be sure, all bodies material have the same breath; they drink in of the same material life. Mother Nature, after a certain time, calls upon them to render back what she has given them. If there was nothing more for us we should be poor indeed; but we know there is. The breath is not the life; the breath cannot think, cannot devise, cannot plan, cannot aspire.

Q.—Can you tell us of what use is the rising and falling of the tides?

A.—Probably there is just as much use manifested in the rising and falling of the tides as in the coming and going of the winds, and in all the various phenomena of Nature, each having their place, and filling that place, each being designed by wisdom, controlled and conducted by wisdom. It is impossible for the finite mind to tell wherefore these manifestations occur, but believing, as we do, in the wisdom of the Creator, we rest satisfied with the manifestation as it is.

Q.—Different answers have been given as to whether spirit-animals exist in the spirit-world. What information would you give with reference to that question?

A.—There are spheres in the spirit-world where no animals exist; there are others where they do exist; but the sphere in which they are found the most plenty is that which is contiguous to your earth—that which forms the inner sphere or spirit circle of your earth. These animals are a necessity to the inhabitants of the spheres in which they are found; they are not a necessity where they are not found.

Q.—In more advanced spiritual spheres there is spiritual scenery; they have trees and plants, why not animals? we should consider the animal kingdom higher than the vegetable.

A.—You are in our "more advanced spheres." These conditions exist in all spheres. We do not know why animals are not found in all spheres, but we know they are not, no more than tropical flowers bloom in frigid zones. They are not a necessity there. Scenery, such as is furnished by Nature, seems to be a necessity of the soul, a paraphernalia the soul cannot well dispense with; therefore we have found it in all spheres, growing more and more beautiful as the soul advances, thus meeting the demands of the advanced soul in every sphere through which it passes.

Q.—What are we to understand by the advanced state of the soul?

A.—You are to understand the growth of the soul—or, if you please, its passage through matter.

Q.—The soul itself does not grow only as it rows off matter, is that the idea?

A.—That is not the idea. The soul grows in manifestation; in principle, never. The soul's growth is dependent upon the conditions by which it is surrounded. It is as perfect as a soul, in the early dawn of creation, as when it has passed on through innumerable conditions of life or experience; but its manifestations differ greatly as it passes through matter, as it gains experience. The life of the oak is just the same in the sapling as in the grand monarch of the forest—so it is with the soul.

Q.—Did the souls of all this audience exist a hundred years ago, as separate, distinct individualities?

A.—A thing once created predestines a thing that can be destroyed; therefore if the soul is indestructible—and we know it is—it has existed always, as a distinct individuality, because the soul's individuality has a distinctness forever its own. It possesses an inherent power, that belongs specially to itself, and ever has belonged to itself, and ever will belong to itself. You cannot rob it; I cannot rob it; it goes on through one eternity to another, and is nothing more of a soul at one time than it is at any other time.

Q.—In Eccles. iii. 49, God says, "The man hath no preeminence above the beast."

A.—I take exception to your proposition. God never said it. To believe so, would be to rob my God of his Godship; to bring him down lower than the level of humanity.

Q.—What is the difference between your God and your soul?

A.—So far as I can measure, there is no difference.

Q.—If we do not know that we have existed before, how shall we ever know hereafter that we have existed here?

A.—The soul is able to crowd just so much consciousness through a certain set of senses that it may be for the time endowed with. These senses belong to the present, not to the past or to the future, except in rare instances; therefore it is that you remember only the present. Your senses, through which memory comes, belong to the present, not to the past, not to the future. There are some who can go directly into the past, into the future; but these are the exceptions, not the rule.

### Benjamin Edmonds.

I come to relieve the minds of those I left on earth, if I can. My name was Benjamin Edmonds. I am from Montpelier, Vt. I have been gone from my body thirteen weeks. I died of delirium tremens, and my family being Orthodox in their religious faith, have settled I must be in hell; but I am sure if it is hell that I am in, it is better than anything I ever experienced on earth. I ought to be satisfied, and I am. When I first entered the spirit-world, I suffered intensely through the want of liquor. There was none to be had, or if there was any I did not know the way to get it. Finally, I was taken in hand by a band of benevolent spirits who saw my needs, and I was restored to soundness; and all that unnatural desire was taken away from me. I began to look about myself then to see what I was surrounded with—what kind of a place I had entered, and I found it so very much like the earth, I sometimes doubted if I had really gone from the earth. I have questioned a great many with regard to heaven and hell; they all tell me they are conditions of mind, not localities. They all tell me—and although I don't want to say it, it's true, I believe—that the Bible is a monstrous fabrication of lies, and tends to no good; and that all of leading people in the right, it has led many a soul into paths of misery and despair. They tell me that the original inspired record is not in existence on earth. Instead of having that, you have a compilation which is anything but that.

Now, I would like to have my friends take a reasonable view of the matter. I was my own worst enemy. I was more of an enemy to myself than to anybody else. I tried to lead an honest life—I think I did. My greatest failing was the one through which I entered the spirit world. Now, instead of mourning over my condition in the other life, they had better turn their attention to other poor unfortunate ones who have need of their aid here in this earth-life. Cure them here, and they won't have to be cured after they are there. If you do not, they will. I was fortunate in having speedy recovery; others are not so fortunate, and they tell me there is all the more need for hard labor in this life, toward the reformation of those who are weak.

I am satisfied with the disposition of all my worldly effects. I am satisfied with all except the thoughts of my friends with reference to me. I hope they will change them speedily. Good-day, sir. Jan. 15.

### Alice Hendricks.

I am Alice Hendricks. I was nine years old. I lived in New York City; I was born there. My father was born in North Germany; my mother was born in New York. I used to play the tambourine for my father while he played the organ. I got sick with fever. I died, and my father says if he could have one word from me he would believe that God was just in taking me; he would feel satisfied. Does your father believe you can return? Yes, sir.

Well, then, I shall tell him to go and find my mother, and live with her, and be good to her. Tell him I know it's the will of heaven that he should. He can do better for her than anybody else. Tell him I shall be happy till he does; and when he does I shall be happy. I shall be his guardian spirit. I shall help him to a great many things, and he will feel a great deal happier himself. He's mistaken about my mother, entirely mistaken about my mother.

I wish you could let me go to my father; just now, for a minute. [You can go when you leave. You cannot very well go and take the medium.] I'd bring her back so quick. [If it was possible, it is not possible.] Well, good-by. Jan. 15.

### James Harlow.

I have taken this occasion to say to my friends, who wish to know that I will communicate with them privately, at any time and place that they may select, if they give me a suitable medium. My name was James Harlow; my occupation while here on earth, a tailor on Hanover street, near Fleet street; my time of death, twenty-three years ago; disease, cancer in the stomach and bowels; age, sixty-seven. Jan. 15.

### "Epimenides."

To the "Circle of the Western Star," I have this to say: They who seek for the best fruits of the kingdom, must seek earnestly, honestly and perseveringly, and must at all times be willing to be governed by the laws of the kingdom from whence they expect their fruits. Do this, and success crowns your efforts, and the world is blessed by your coming together. Epimenides, to those who have called for advice. Jan. 15.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker and Abby Folsom; letters answered by "Vashit."

### Invocation.

Thou Spirit of the ocean and the land, thou Supreme Good, we are here praying for the baptism of the holy spirit of truth, that shall lead us into all truth, that shall keep us from all error, that shall crown us with wisdom. Thou Mighty Spirit, whom the Indian perceives in the storm and in the starlight, we scarce know how to approach thee, bringing our prayers and our praises. We know a little of thee, Great God, we are like semi-savages, before thee, in our worship; but as much as we do understand of thee, we will adore, we will love, we will serve; and seeking to know thy will through all thy mighty Nature, we will

seek to perform it through the manifestations of our own lives. Fearing thee never, but worshipping thee ever, Great God, we will strive day by day, and hour by hour, to come nearer to thee, to fling back the shadows of all past eternities, and stand in the living sunlight of the present, asking to know of thee, that, knocking at the door of thy great temple of wisdom, and seeking to be admitted there, we may study thy presence and thy power. We ask thee not to forgive our sins; that, we know, cannot be. Teach us so that we sin not. We ask thee to bring forth from the great depths of our own souls those rich treasures that will garnish our souls for eternity, that will make us beautiful in thy sight, that will cause us to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. And thus, Great Spirit, we will worship and adore thee, through all the days and hours of our spiritual being. Amen. Jan. 16.

### Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From the audience.) Prof. Cadwell is in town, giving exhibitions of so called "mesmeric" power. After he has slightly manipulated the heads of the persons who present themselves to be mesmerized, they declare that they see any object or scene that he mentions, and, by their action, indicate that they do believe, for the time being, that they see them. The other evening, besides a variety of other experiments, he caused about a dozen young men apparently to see him boiling coffee on a hot stove, and to sniff up its odor; and when he pretended that he had thrown it upon their feet, they pulled off their boots, and jumped about, and acted as if they had been scalded. Yet this pot of coffee and hot stove were nothing but an empty tin cup on a chair, and, really, nothing had been thrown upon them. At other times, some of his psychologized subjects would approach him in a threatening manner, with a club, as if to strike him; but after they had lifted the club, their arms were apparently stayed by an invisible power, and they could not strike, though their countenances indicated that they wanted to strike. I would inquire, What is the explanation of these persons apparently seeing scenes and objects which did not exist? and how was their muscular power arrested to prevent their striking?

A.—You say, "He caused them to see scenes which did not exist." I shall be obliged to take exception to that statement, since all these psychological conditions do exist, of a verity; and they are just as perceptible to the consciousness of the spiritual senses, as are conditions which are apparent to all in this room perceptible to the consciousness of the material, physical senses. Now, when it is understood that you are all living double lives, that you possess a double consciousness, one distinct and separate from the other, these things will appear less miraculous. The psychologized professor psychologizes his subjects through the action of his spiritual senses. True, they see no boiling coffee, they physically feel no burn; and yet, spiritually, this is a positive reality—just as much a positive reality as it is a positive reality that the drunkard, during an attack of delirium tremens, sees snakes and venomous reptiles, and they offend him. You say this is the hallucination of a disordered brain. I say it is not. There is nothing in all the science of life that can prove it to be so. It is a positive, spiritual reality to the one who sees, who feels and realizes the condition, as it is not a reality to one who does not see, feel and realize that condition. Now, then, I deny that there is any such thing as imagination. Everything that appeals to either of our sets of senses, the inner or the outer, is real, and becomes a demonstrated fact to that one set of senses, at any rate. The others cannot demonstrate it, because it does not belong to them. You cannot know that your brother suffers pain, only as he tells you; so, if he is sick, you cannot demonstrate it. It is a demonstrated fact to him; it cannot be to you. So it is with these conditions that, upon their surface, seem to be non-realities. The law of psychology is, properly speaking, the law of spiritual science; and when the spiritual philosophy, in all its phases, is better understood, than it is today, then this law of psychology will come into use. Now it is a mere toy—a plaything for the curious.

Q.—Will you be kind enough to explain just what you mean by "psychologizing" a person?

A.—I mean this: by bringing them into rapport with your thoughts, with your spiritual senses. Your thoughts act upon these spiritual senses, and produce these conditions. For instance: the psychologized professor thinks of boiling coffee; his spiritual senses take up the idea, and elaborate it spiritually. The coffee is boiled; the spiritual senses inhale the aroma, see the boiling coffee, realize the fact. The first thing to be done is to establish a connection between the two—subject and operator. The professor's thoughts act as a key upon his spiritual senses; in turn, his spiritual senses act in producing these conditions objectively to the spiritual senses of the subject. It is almost impossible to clearly elaborate these abstract ideas so that you who are cramped about by mortal conditions can clearly appreciate and understand them. Your language is imperfect. We are unable to convey, through the medium of your language, our own ideas as correctly as we would wish.

Q.—Do you consider that what we perceive externally, with our material senses, is actually the unreal?

A.—In one sense, there is no reality with you here, in anything; that is, positively, permanently speaking, there is none. You are here as objective beings this hour; perhaps, the next, you fade under the withering touch of the chemical change of death; but, as you progress, or as the soul gains advantage over matter, becomes acquainted with matter, and learns how to control matter, these things will be different; your objective forms will be more real, more lasting, more permanent.

Q.—We would ask, in the case of the subjects psychologized by Prof. Cadwell, what caused the sudden stopping of the arms when about to strike?

A.—The will of the operator, of course; precisely as I, standing outside of the subject I now speak through, could cause her to make any motion I desire—and she would be totally unable to do otherwise.

Q.—How do you stand outside of the medium? Do you envelop her, or do you stand on one side?

A.—Sometimes we are entirely absorbed by the medium; at other times we envelope her; at other times we simply stand on one side, sometimes in the rear, sometimes in front, placing our hands on the brow of the medium; but the most common way of controlling mediums is to envelope them. The question has often been mentally propounded, but I believe never answered—"why controlling spirits often manipulate the brain of the medium?" When they find the vital forces rushing too rapidly from the extremities to the brain, they form a connection, thus equalizing the forces. Under such conditions you will find the extremities cold.

Q.—Will you please tell me who "Vashit" is?

A.—A young Indian spirit, once a member of the Piegian tribe inhabiting the West. I believe she is from Minnesota—a child who was massacred under Sheridan some two and a half years ago. She is at present nine years of age.

Q.—How happens it she has a Babylonian, or Jewish name?

A.—The proper Indian pronunciation of the name is "Vashit," but her American friends—the whites who have adopted her in spirit-life—here have changed the name to Vashit. Why this has been done I cannot tell, except that it was easier to pronounce. When here among her Indian people, she was Vashit. The name signified a captive, although she was not a captive. This Indian child possesses most remarkable traits of character. She is truthful to a high degree; she is keen-witted, and one rarely ever has to tell her a thing more than once before she comprehends it. The medium finds her an all-potent ally in keeping at bay all spirits who are disposed to do evil. She possesses a peculiar electrical power that is to use the expression of an old army officer that is fond of visiting her—"better than a brace of cannon." She can never be deceived, and there is nothing that can lure her from the path of duty. She is a constant attendant upon the medium, and devoted to her interests. Jan. 16.

IS SPIRITUALISM GOOD ENOUGH TO DIE BY?

BY HUDSON TITLIE.

Mrs. Henrietta Green, wife of J. B. Green, of Cincinnati, O., died Jan. 5th, 1872.

We are often told that any religion or belief may be good enough to live by, but only the truth is good enough to die by. Of all beliefs, Spiritualism affords the greatest consolation at the hour of departure, both to the dying and to those who mourn. It strikes from the language the terms by which our old ideas are expressed, and death itself ceases to be. When we stand by the couch of the departing, it unseals our vision, and death's faded horrors become the beautiful evolution of an immortal angel. We gaze through the rifts it opens in the clouds of ignorance and doubt, and see our beloved ones beckoning from the further shore. At the final hour, when the golden chord is broken, when seemingly only ashes remain, when the heart is crushed and bleeding, when the senses, mad with fiery pain, declare wreck and oblivion, when we call the sweet name and there is no answer, when we pray for a sign, and the sign given us is the brooding of the black wings of despair perched on the ruins of the rapidly decaying physical form—then it comes laden with balm for our wounded spirits, and breathes a calmness naught else can bestow.

To the departing, equally sweet is its voice, and the knowledge it bestows is a treasure laid up in heaven, more priceless than all the rubies of the world. Death has no terrors when this mentor guides the spirit over the bridge it throws across the abyss. The adamantine veil which conceals the world of spirits from the world of men, in its clear light, becomes as thinnest gossamer.

Such thoughts arose as I stood by the shrouded form of Mrs. Henrietta Green, who, in her well-ordered life and the serene calmness of her last moments, revealed the strength Spiritualism affords its receivers. She suffered from a protracted and painful illness, and, as long as she had hopes of recovery, she desired to remain; but when she lost such hopes she was desirous to depart. When friends, in mistaken kindness, spoke of her appearing better, she was sad; when they said she failed she smiled with satisfaction. Not that she did not love her family; on the contrary she was devotedly attached to them, and was herself almost idolized. With her failing physical powers her spiritual energies increased and perceptions became intensified.

On a soft day in summer, after she had been confined to her room, her friends carried her to the porch in an easy chair, hoping the fragrance of the flowers, of which she was passionately fond, the song of the birds, the sweet atmosphere and beautiful aspect of all Nature would revive her drooping energies. Her residence is perched on the side of the bluff overlooking the Ohio; to the left the queen of cities stretches like a panorama; to the right the river sweeps in a graceful bend; in front the exquisitely lovely hills of Kentucky fade in hazy softness. She saw the sloping lawn, variegated with flowers, the river alive with the activity of commerce; saw afar the proud city overhung with the grim smoke of its ceaseless labor; across the green hills mirrored in smooth waters; listened to the voices of the warbling birds; breathed the ecstatic breath of Nature, and, turning to her husband, exclaimed in tears, "Oh, this is a beautiful world!"

She was surrounded by all that wealth or unbounded love could bestow, but wealth nor love availed. With serene calmness she made departing gifts to her friends, remembering them all, and the week before her death she playfully said, "I have reduced myself nearly to the same condition in which I entered the world, for I have remaining only my thimble and wrapper." Then she selected her pall-bearers, and gave most minute directions for her funeral obsequies. The bearers were to carry bouquets of white and purple flowers; a bouquet was to be placed at her head, and flowers sprinkled at her feet. She selected a poem to be read at her funeral, as expressive of her thoughts, and engaged the writer to conduct the services at her funeral. She was asked, "Do you still retain your belief? does it satisfy you at your near approach to the unseen world?" She gazed at the inquirer with a look of mingled pity and astonishment, and replied, "I feel an absolute assurance; a profound conviction; I have not the least doubt."

At the last, when seemingly unconscious, her husband, with the watchful care of a boundless love, sought to moisten her lips. She slightly aroused and said, "Why did you disturb me in my conversation with my friends?" Then, after a pause, she murmured, "Good-by." Slowly the curtain fell over the scenes of earth-life, but, as the spirit caught the sunlight of heaven, it reflected it on the expressionless countenance; the lips wreathed in smiles, and joy stamped its impress on her marble features.

Mrs. Green was a member of the church, and a most exemplary and consistent Christian. Her life was devoted to the faithful discharge of all duties, from the slightest of which she never shrank, and her social position enabled her to exert a wide influence. She was a friend to the poor, who never sought her charity in vain. Convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, she boldly avowed her convictions, and when her husband was persuaded to investigate, he, too, became a believer. Her convictions came at the opportune hour to afford her assurance and enable her to smile at death. To her it was "naught but a dried up stream," on the other side of which her spirit-friends awaited her.

Of her we cannot write, *Requiescat in pace*. Her ardent spirit would find no peace in rest. Her fervent love and desire for knowledge will only find enjoyment in activity. Her life remains as an example to all who came within the sphere of her acquaintance; replete with high purposes, noble aims, inflexible devotion to duty, and unfaltering trust. And now, as a spirit, we know she will throw a sacred influence over those who have been bereft of her earthly presence, for love and affection are as eternal as the spirit.

The noblest work of creation is a noble life.

Interpolation of the United States Constitution.

DEAR BANNER—Believing, as I do, that the foundation of our civil and religious liberties and toleration is not too broad, deep and universal, cherishing a high and devoted love of freedom and equal rights, and desiring these should be fully established and effectually guarded against priestcraft and all ecclesiastical domination, especially that unholy union of Church and State, to be feared, which has proven the bane of civil rights and liberty, and a deadly hindrance to true religion; as it is by vigilance we can preserve and keep alive that precious spark of liberty and freedom which I hope may increase, spread and blaze until it shall consume all bigotry, intolerance and persecution, when justice and equal rights shall be guaranteed to all. I desire my name added to the remonstrance against the interpolation of the United States Constitution, proposed by the Cincinnati Convention.

Most respectfully, DANIEL GANO.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 11, 1872.

Merriam Jones.

I am Merriam Jones. I was fourteen years old. I lived in Lawrence, Mass. I have been gone three years—three years this month. I died of brain fever; the doctors said it was typhoid fever, but it was brain fever.

I want mother to know that I have not deserted her. I know all she has suffered since I left, and I do not like to have her feel that she is alone. Tell her I have met my father once. I should think he was getting along well.

Mother will get a letter from Uncle Josiah in about four days. She's feeling sorry that she wrote to him, because she's been so long waiting for an answer. The reason why she has not heard before is, in the first place, Uncle Josiah was away, and he did not receive it; and then when he came home, he was sick, and it was not given to him then; but now he's better, and there's a letter on the way to her. I think she'd better think favorably of its contents—think it will be better for her. Jan. 16.

Col. R. A. Wainwright.

Will you be kind enough to say for me, through your valuable paper, that Col. R. A. Wainwright is desirous of communicating with his son Robert? Send your paper to Charlestown Navy Yard, to Lieut. Robert Wainwright. Jan. 16.

Ella Weldon.

Tell mother I come as quick as I could. My name was Ella Weldon. Tell mother not to feel bad, for if she doesn't I shall be happy where I've got to live.

I was traveling in Europe with my uncle and aunt. My uncle has been injured by an accident, and I was killed at the same time, yesterday.

My mother believes—my mother would expect me if she knew that I was dead—I know this will be terrible to her—terrible. But tell her if she's happy, I shall be; if she is reconciled, I shall be; if she is not, I shall not be. I came here with my mother two years ago. Jan. 16.

Séance conducted by Edgar C. Dayton; letters answered by "Vashit."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Helen Robinson, alias "Helen Jewett"; Michael Connolly, of Boston, to friends; Nellie Parkhurst, of Boston, to her mother; Corneille Winer; Rev. Lemuel Porter.

Monday, Jan. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Thomas, Mary H., of Boston, to her mother; Dennis Williams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to his sister; Sylvanus Brown, to his sister.

Tuesday, Jan. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother; James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother; James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother.

Thursday, Feb. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother; James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother; James K. Burr, Jr., to his mother; William Burr, to his brother.

Monday, Feb. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alice Crossgrove, of Williamsburg, N. Y., to her father; New Ipswich, N. H., to her mother; Daniel Warren, of Bucksport, Me., to his brother.

Thursday, Feb. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Emily Waters, of Portland, Me., to her mother; Deacon John Hill; James Fisk, Jr.; Elizabeth Taylor, of Boston, to her mother; Maria Hutchinson, of Boston; Edmund Denney, of Bath, Me.

Tuesday, March 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Andrew Collins, of Philadelphia, to his mother; Margaret War, of St. Louis; Jacob Atwill, of Boston; Daniel Warren, of Bucksport, Me., to his brother.

Monday, March 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jonathan Fulton, of Lake Village, N. H., to Dr. Blake, of New Ipswich, N. H.; Jonathan Fulton, to his mother; friends in Cooperstown, Penn.; Dennis Finnegan, to friends in Boston.

Thursday, March 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph Folsom, of Boston; Rowena Carr, of Orlow, Me., to her daughter; Father Burns, of Massachusetts, to Father McIntosh, of New York; Jonathan Clontz, of Farmington, Me., to his sister; Major Blake, of Exeter, N. H.

Monday, March 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Timothy French, of Exeter, N. H., to his mother; Alice Clark, of Exeter, N. H., to her mother; Maria French, of Exeter, N. H., to her mother; James French, of Exeter, N. H., to his mother; James French, of Exeter, N. H., to his mother.

Monday, March 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dr. E. G. Marshall, of Madison, Wis.; Michael Murphy, of Shelbyville, Tenn.; James Warren, of Tusculum, Mo.

Banner of Light Message Verified.

[The following from Dr. Hartmann, of New Orleans, La., explains itself.]

In one of your Banners appeared, some time ago, the following message:

E. H. ULLMANN.

Will you be kind enough to say for me, through your journal, that E. H. Ullmann, of Chicago, wishes to communicate with his friends in reference to some matters pertaining to this earth-life? I was a banker in that place. I lost my life by suffocation in the late fire. Good-day, sir.

Without paying any attention to this message, but on account of some other reading matter contained in the said paper, I sent the same, with other papers, to my relations in Germany, and, in return, received recently an answer from my mother, from which (being written in German) I translate the following passages:

It would be impossible for me to describe to you the emotions which I experienced by reading your Banner of Light. You remember that about one year ago I wrote to you asking you to inquire of the whereabouts of one E. Herrmann Ullmann, whose brother is a public officer in this city. Said E. H. Ullmann went to America (Chicago), and his relations in Bavaria, having heard nothing from him for a long time, were very anxious to find out where he resided. They are perfectly satisfied that E. H. Ullmann, who gave that name to the message, is their identical relative, and it appears providential that this important paper, printed in so far-off a country, came into my hands. Please try to find out, through the same medium, what the spirit of E. H. Ullmann wishes to communicate, and write soon again to your loving mother.

Kempton, Bavaria, Feb. 10, 1872.

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THE WEST.

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## LIBERAL ELEMENT AMONG THE GERMANS.

There are several well organized societies of German Free Thinkers in St. Louis, and by the politeness of Mr. Adolph Schaefer, who speaks for them, we have met with them and had an opportunity to give each a brief lecture, with urgent request to address them on every suitable occasion in the English language, as Mr. Schaefer became one of the best of the city, where we met Feb. 10th one of the largest and most intelligent audiences we have addressed in the city, in their own hall, finely located, and on property belonging to the society, which pays taxes on the same, valued at \$40,000, which they prefer to pay rather than be registered as a religious society and thus become a sect. They also have money at interest beside this property, and have been organized nearly twenty years. We find in this rational German element some of the best and soundest thinkers, and these are the best minds to present our philosophy to, far better than the ignorant and bigoted sectarians who have no use for reason. Our philosophy can only succeed in the intellect, as passionate controversies, like those of the Christian churches, are not pertinent and reliable. It was a great attention and careful examination of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena by thinking and reasoning minds, we are sure of its acceptance and final adoption, because we advocate the "Free Religious" platform as the best and only one on which we can successfully plant ourselves for organic action, and this without religious or social articles of belief or restraining creed of any kind for the mind.

## A CHRISTIAN SECT GOING UP.

Our esteemed friend D. A. Eddy, of Chicago, who spent several years in Salt Lake City, keeps us posted on Mormon affairs, and assures us that the Church is fast waiting in power—but he thinks we have too much sympathy for it. We have never had any sympathy for the Christianity of Mormonism, nor its Bible polygamy, but we are bound by our Constitution, and our sense of right and justice to oppose any, every and all persecutions for religious belief or practices, however heinous they may be—whether Christian, as Mormonism, or pagan. We have seen a disposition among some officials to use a sectarian prejudice against the Mormons, and it was this we rebuked. Bro. Eddy assures us that many who leave the Mormon Church are Spiritualists, and that they oppose it and join with the Utah Gentiles. Very likely; but it is no part of the Spiritualist philosophy to persecute or prosecute for belief, but if, as individuals, any Mormons are guilty of crimes that are really crimes, such as murder, arson, stealing, &c., of course we would not wish them to escape because they are Christians, more than others; but as polygamy is only made a crime by the sectarian churches, and the laws they have secured for carrying out their belief, and since among the nations of the world it is more popular in some form than monogamic marriage, and more especially since it is Bible doctrine and a part of the social system of the select and holy people of the Old Testament—would not have the Mormons made criminals for its unobstructed practice in the past, nor persecuted on account of it as a belief, while we would wish the laws so changed as not to legalize any more polygamic marriages in Utah.

## HOW THE POPE IS PIOUS.

First, he is not more intelligent, more wise, nor better than the average of his church members who can read and write; hence, of course, not more infallible. Secondly, he receives the homage, admiration and donations from thousands who are as good or better than himself. Thirdly, he distributes his riches very largely the money given him and collected from the earnings of others, and always where it will contribute to his own glory. Fourthly, as he never earns nor produces anything of value to sell, give or use, his gifts and his extravagance, as well as his living, come entirely from the earnings of others; and hence he is either a pauper or a beggar, even though rich. Fifthly, his life and services, as well as his blessings, seem to us about as unimportant in our world as that of the First Person in the Trinity since the Second Person took control of affairs and became the ruler of all nations, as our pious friends assert in their reasons for putting this fact in our Constitution.

His impiety crops out in his bull headed against every step of human progress by which the race is advanced in knowledge and wisdom. Impotent as he is, he is constantly trying to convince others, if not himself, that he is infallible, while nearly all his schemes and plans fail in their purposes. He has been petted and praised so long and by so many, that he is about like the Eastern Idole—a mere repository for gifts and praises; the former taken away by designing priests, and the latter left to make him a fool. It seems to us that the Catholic Church can now run as well and do better without a Pope than with one; and with the death of this old stout pigeon, they might as well give it up, as there is no other infallible man to take his place.

## TEMPERANCE.

The Prohibition Era, published in Cleveland, Ohio, is as able and faithful organ of the cause of temperance. It furnishes us the following items: A permanent organization of liquor dealers has recently been formed in Cincinnati, who resolve that they will hereafter support no man nor political party that opposes their business, or will use their influence to prohibit it. They also resolve "that our business is a legitimate one, and is acknowledged as such by the National Government, and therefore no State has any right to pass a law declaring it otherwise," and "that in numbers, wealth and political influence, our standing is such that our demands for our rights ought to be heeded by the Legislature of this State."

There is some truth in the first, and may be in the second of these resolutions, and although we feel sure that the courts will sustain State prohibitory laws, yet we greatly prefer to have a national prohibitory law that shall suppress all distillation for beverage, and leave for the time being the breweries and wine cellars, until we find what are the effects of exterminating the distilleries.

We are glad there is a new interest awakening in the cause of temperance throughout the country. We saw, in the copy of the above paper before us, that of thirty-one cases before the police court of Cleveland, in one day, twenty-two were in-

toxication, and yet the men that cause the expense and over half the crime of the country, with all its attendant effects and costs, resolve as above, and holding a large number of votes, make both political parties bid for them, and threaten every candidate with defeat that opposes their business. They will bear any amount of government taxing, while the business is legal and legitimate, because they can get the taxes out of the consumers and still make enormous profits beside the frauds.

G. C. KNOWLES, of Independence, Kansas, sends us some lines which he calls a parody, but as they will not submit to the measuring rule, we must leave them out and say for him what they contain, viz, that he is seventy-three years old, and free from all kinds of Christian superstition and sectarian bondage, has lived over half a century with his present wife happily; that he is healthy and happy without liquor or tobacco. (Probably one of the reasons he has lived so happily with his wife.) Thinks he is somewhat poetical; so do we, but he lacks the poet's table of measure and rhyme. Thinks it no use to preach and pray without charity, and so do we; and charity is as good without this seasoning as with it, as they are much like the stone in the traveler's soup, who showed the woman how to make a stone soup. Our friend believes enough of the old Bible to prove modern spirit manifestations, but to us facts are better than fiction. But he fully endorses modern spirit intercourse, and seems to enjoy the spirit-life even while in the body. His must be a blessed old age ripening for a better life, the door to which he is nearing, and we give him our blessing.

## WESTERN LOCALS, Etc.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE MEDIUMS' CONVENTION.  
Meeting in Lockport, N. Y., March 16th and 17th—What was said and done—J. G. Fish's Address—The Central New York Association, etc., etc.  
On Saturday and Sunday, March 16th and 17th, the Convention of mediums and speakers held its sessions in Good Templars' Hall, Lockport, N. Y. The attendance was not large, but the sessions were full of interest.

Lockport is a flourishing city of some fourteen thousand inhabitants. It is twenty miles east from Suspension Bridge. The city is decidedly conservative on the religious question. But the Banner of Light is doing missionary work all of the time—many copies being sold every week at the paper stands. There are three daily papers in Lockport. Mr. C. A. Raymond, of the Journal, gave the Banner reporter a cordial welcome, and talked eloquently of the Lockport "locks," the Holy Water Work Establishment, etc., etc. Wise travelers tarry at the Hudson House. Priests got along well in Lockport. There are fourteen churches in the city. Rev. T. D. Cook (Universalist) is the most liberal preacher. Several Spiritualists rent pews in his church.

THE CONVENTION.  
Saturday forenoon (16th) J. W. Seaver, of Byron, called the meeting to order. A short Conference took place, participated in by P. I. Clum, Father Sharp and others. Adjourned.  
Afternoon Session: The first thing in order was the election of officers. The following persons were elected: P. I. Clum, of Rochester, N. Y., President; Bro. A. E. Tilden, of Danville, Secretary. Committees on Business and Finance were then appointed.

MR. CLUM'S REMARKS.  
Mr. Clum, on taking the Chair, uttered the following words in a very impressive manner: My friends, I accept the important position of Chairman of this Convention, because I feel it to be a duty owed to the cause of Spiritualism. I have occupied a similar position many times in our great gatherings. I am glad to meet you here at this time. I love Spiritualism; it is dear to me; it towers above everything else. I have free discussion. This is a Mediums' Convention. I hope the mediums will relate their experiences. The mediums! God bless them! How much we are indebted to them! [Applause.]  
The Chair deliberated until itself a few moments and then announced that

A CONFERENCE  
would be in order.  
The Conference was interesting. The following were the speakers: Mrs. Rathburn, A. Potter, J. W. Seaver (controlled by spirits), A. E. Beale, and Mrs. Curran.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.  
Mr. Beale introduced the following preamble and resolution which were carried:  
Whereas, A large class of the citizens of these United States are deprived of the right of suffrage and representation in the local, State and National Legislatures;  
Resolved, That we are in favor of Woman Suffrage; and we affirm that woman is entitled to all the rights and benefits that man now enjoys under the Constitution.

There was some spicy discussion on this question.  
Mrs. Nellis said she was in favor of the resolution. She wanted to vote.

Mrs. Rathburn declared that woman was progressing. She would soon be on an equality with man.

Mrs. Loper wanted to know if the women would not secure their rights just as quick without so much erratic talk.

When Mrs. Rice rose and said that the women had held their tongues long enough.

Mrs. Curran wanted to say just a word, viz: Give me freedom of thought; freedom of word; and freedom of action. [Applause.]

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.  
J. W. Seaver then read the "counter petition." Several radical speeches were made and a great many names were signed to the important document. The Banner of Light is doing a great work in this direction. Subsequently a resolution was passed protesting against the Christian scheme to amend the Constitution. J. W. Seaver presented the protest, it reads as follows:

Whereas, The uniting of previously antagonistic sects into a recently-formed "American Christian Union," and an organized and systematic effort by a large portion of them is being made to secure an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, acknowledging and enforcing some of their peculiar doctrines as valid and true, indicating their alarm at the rapid advance of the liberal principles of the age and their intention to block the wheel of progress by oppressive legal enactments; therefore,  
Resolved, That we protesting against any action being taken by the Congress of the United States, whereby any scheme of this character may be carried into effect; and further,

Resolved, That as in Union is strength to sustain truth as well as error, we do recommend to Spiritualists wherever consistent, to organize Children's Progress, Lacrosse, circles and local associations, in order the more efficiently to aid the angel world in disseminating the glorious truths and principles of this spiritual dispensation, thereby increasing the number and efficiency of its witnesses and the public advance, and thus diminishing the dangers to be apprehended from theological conceptions into American Christian Unions or any similar systems of tactics to stifle free thought and free speech.

IN THE EVENING.  
The evening session opened with a short Conference. Mr. Seaver talked, and said Mr. Eliza Woodruff Mr. Allen told what he believed, others had their say.

The regular address was delivered by the Rev. J. G. Fish, of Rochester, N. Y. (entrained.) The theme (given by a committee) was a comprehensive one, viz: The career of the Religious Idea; its Destiny, and what relation does it sustain to Spiritualism?

The subject said the theme covered too much ground, and that it was unwise to think of treating it exhaustively in one discourse. It is evident that unless the spirit could do it exhaustively, he did not choose to do it at all. Hence the discourse was entirely devoted to a consideration of the varied evolutions which have marked the tempestuous career of the religious idea.

SUNDAY, 17th.

P. I. Clum, Esq., called the meeting to order at 10 A. M.

The Chair then indulged in some extended remarks.  
The regular address was delivered by Mr. A. C. Woodruff.  
J. W. Seaver read a lengthy communication from the spirits.  
Adjourned.

LOIS WAINBROOKER'S BOOKS.  
Notice was then given that Lois Wainbrooker was present, and that she had copies of her excellent works, from the press of William Woodruff, for sale, "Mayweather's Book," "Alice V. L." and "Helen's Book." Have thousands of admirers. Reader, buy one or all of these works.

Afternoon Session: Conference meeting. A young man addressed the Chair, and said: I have a communication from Hudson Tatle to this Convention.  
The Chair called for the reading of the letter.

HUDSON TUTTLE'S LETTER.  
TO THE DELEGATES OF THE MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' CONVENTION:  
Friends—I am not absent from your meeting because I am not sympathetic with its aims and purposes, but rather from the inextinguishable necessity of circumstances. In this life we are not able to transport ourselves with the swift ubiquity of thought, as our spirit friends seem to be, and time and space hedge around and isolate us from each other.

Your meetings are of peculiar significance. Harmony and unity of action are sure to arise from frequent reunions of those who publicly teach the facts and philosophy of our cause. That cause rests on mediumship. Without mediumship Spiritualism has never been; and without its constant presence it would become a dry and golden trunk rapidly falling to decay. Even the golden words of the lecturer gather all their force from the mediumship of the speaker or of some one else. The Circle is the temple in which Spiritualism is taught, and the medium is the channel of divine utterance. We value Spiritualism because it is demonstrated to our senses day by day, and does not appeal to our faith. It is dear to us because we feel the presence of the loved ones gone before, whose guiding influence is thrown over us from the realms of light.

The power to communicate with our spirit friends is more priceless and satisfying than all the wealth of the world. It is a treasure sought by all, and few are they who fortunately possess it. Not that it points out a golden road of knowledge to the medium—nay, if we would win enlightenment, we must enter a school of knowledge, may be the result of organic fitness, but excellence as a man is gained only by toil. May it never be said of mediums, as of the priesthood of old times: They became insensible to the heartiness of their religion by constant contact with sacred things. The object of the spirit-world on the sensitive medium should purify, ennoble and elevate. The great end of that great and good end of earth has appeared. They are around and overhauling us, and ever when we walk unsteadily, their hands extend to us, helping if we are willing to be helped. Most precious gift, this capability of feeling their sacred presence; of receiving and interpreting their golden utterances; of truly knowing for ourselves, but revealing to others the mystery of the realm of the Hereafter—with what steadfastness of purpose it should be held with what conscientious honesty shall it be exercised and perfected!

To my mind, Spiritualism is presented by this fundamental proposition, demonstrated by modern phenomena:  
Man is an immortal spirit, retaining identity after the death of his mortal body, and possessed of the power to return and communicate with the inhabitants of earth.

On this proposition the vast superstructure, the new science of spirit-life, is being constructed, and mediumship must furnish the facts, which, corroborated by reason, either of earth or inspired, shall bear its independent doom hereafter.

With ever wish for the success and permanence of your Association,  
I am fraternally yours,  
HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was then voted that Mr. Tuttle's letter be entered on the minutes of the Convention; also, that a vote of thanks be tendered that gentleman for his kindness in forwarding such a communication to the meeting.

SPECIES.  
Lois Wainbrooker then made some very excellent remarks, reading a chapter from one of her works.

Mr. Seaver, Mr. Allen, Mrs. Rathburn, Father Sharp and G. Fish followed the speech of the last named individual, closing the conference.

Mrs. Eliza Woodruff then delivered the regular address. Her text was: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The speaker was eagerly listened to. Her thoughts were unique, original and full of spiritual life and light.

A "SERIOUS" MATTER.  
After Mrs. Woodruff's address, the Chair kindly invited the Banner reporter to make a few remarks.

But, not that individual declined. The young man said he had the blues. "Think of it!" he exclaimed; "I have not secured the name of a subscriber at this meeting. It is a awful! Never, in the whole course of my reportorial career, have I seen anything like it!"

It was evident, from the workings of the Chair's face, that some noble purpose was being originated. Silence prevailed the audience. At last the speaker, who had been growing one of the most original and witty gaily to the rostrum.

After the young man had made his little speech, the Chair said: "Friends, we have heard from the Banner reporter. His eloquent words thrilled me with delight. (Here the Banner reporter blushed.) When he said he had the blues, I feared he would not speak. It is, indeed, a shame that he has not secured one of our symmetrical circles, and walked gaily to the rostrum."

A large number of individuals immediately walked to the Banner reporter's table, and said, "Put my name down for a year."

And so the light dawned at last to the itinerant Banner representative.

THE WIND-UP.  
The last session opened with a conference. Resolutions were passed, expressions of regret at the departure to the spirit land of C. Stacy Mack, of Lockport—a promising young lawyer, who was an avowed Spiritualist. Remarks were made by Messrs. Fish, Allen, Seaver and others.

The Rev. J. G. Fish then delivered the regular lecture; after which, the Convention adjourned sine die.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.  
Dr. E. A. Beale, of West Winfield, N. Y., was present at the Lockport Convention. He made many practical remarks. The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold a Quarterly Meeting in Utica, April 27th and 28th. The preamble and constitution of this organization reads as follows:

PREAMBLE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE CENTRAL N. Y. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.  
The undersigned, feeling the necessity of a religious organization for the purpose of securing and maintaining in accordance with the spirit of American Institutions, as manifested to the world by the Declaration of American Independence, believe that the time has come for concentrated action. While we acknowledge our faith, and believe that united and associated action, under proper system and order, these objects can be most successfully attained, we hereby unite ourselves together under the following Articles of Association:

Article I.—Name.—This Association shall be known as the Central New York Association of Spiritualists.  
II.—Object.—To promulgate and disseminate the truth of Spirit Communication and the Harmonical Philosophy.  
III.—Membership.—Any person may become a member by signing the Constitution, and paying any sum not less than one dollar, which amount shall be paid annually thereafter, and any member, by giving proper notice, may at any time withdraw from this Association, a Secretary and Treasurer, and the payment of fifteen dollars in one year shall constitute a person a life member of the Association.

IV.—Officers.—The officers of this Association shall be a President and as many Vice Presidents as there are counties represented in this Association, a Secretary and Treasurer, all of whom shall be elected annually by ballot, and serve until their successors are duly elected. The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall constitute the Board of Directors, and to which the Treasurer shall give bonds in such amount as it shall order.  
The members of this Association are each constituted a member, and shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges of members, and to appoint delegates to all the meetings of officers shall be such as shall be usually to officers in all regularly organized bodies.

V.—Meetings.—Meetings shall be held quarterly, in each one of the counties represented by membership as the Association may from time to time direct. Every fourth meeting shall be designated the annual meeting; at which time officers shall be elected. All members are entitled to a seat in the regular or special meetings of the Association.  
VI.—Disbursements.—No money of the Association shall be paid out by the Treasurer except on the order of the President and Secretary.  
VII.—Amendments.—This Constitution may be amended, at any annual meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members present, provided that Article 33, as a member-ship, shall never be amended so as to prescribe any articles of faith or belief as a test of membership.

LIST OF OFFICERS.  
Dr. E. A. Beale, President, West Winfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Cornelia Grandall, Vice President, Danville, Oneida Co., N. Y.; Mrs. Luther Brown, V. P., Hon. Berk. Co., N. Y.; Miss Fanny Williams, V. P., New Berlin, Chenango Co., N. Y.; Timothy Brown, V. P., Georgetown, Md. Co., N. Y.; D. E. Sumner, V. P., West Burlington, Orange Co., N. Y.; G. D. Smith, Secretary, West Winfield, N. Y.; H. B. Pollard, Treasurer, Danville, N. Y.

NOTES.  
The rush to Moravia still continues.  
Rumor has it that spirit-faces are appearing on windows in Berea, Ohio.  
C. M. Nye is the Cleveland agent of the American Spiritualist. His office is at 144 Seneca street.

The Twenty-Fourth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated all over the country. We shall give the readers of the Banner of Light a detailed account of what takes place in Louisville, Kentucky.  
CERPHAS.

Card from Mrs. Blair, Spirit Artist.  
After ten months' labor in the State of Maine—meeting with a warm welcome and good success—I wish to express my thanks, through the columns of the Banner of Light, for the generosity of those who opened their homes to my husband and myself, and also to those who patronized my mediumship. We are now in New Hampshire; and those wishing us to visit them can address me at my headquarters, 31 Atlantic Block, Lawrence, Mass.  
MRS. E. A. BLAIR.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists.  
This organization will hold its next meeting at the City Hall, on the 24th and 25th days of April. Good speaking and a good time generally may be expected. All are invited to attend.  
L. D. Smith, Sec'y.

MARCH 30th.  
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The Song of Truth,  
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The Spirit-Child, (by J. H. L.)  
The Revelation,  
How for the Sorrowing,  
The Eagle of Freedom,  
Mistress Glum, (by "Ma. May.")  
Little Johnny,  
Brother's Spirit-Song,  
My Mother's Home, (A. W. Sprague),  
I Still Live, (A. W. Sprague).  
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Words of Cheer, (Burns),  
Bourgeois, (Poe),  
The Prodigy of Vain, (Poe),  
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