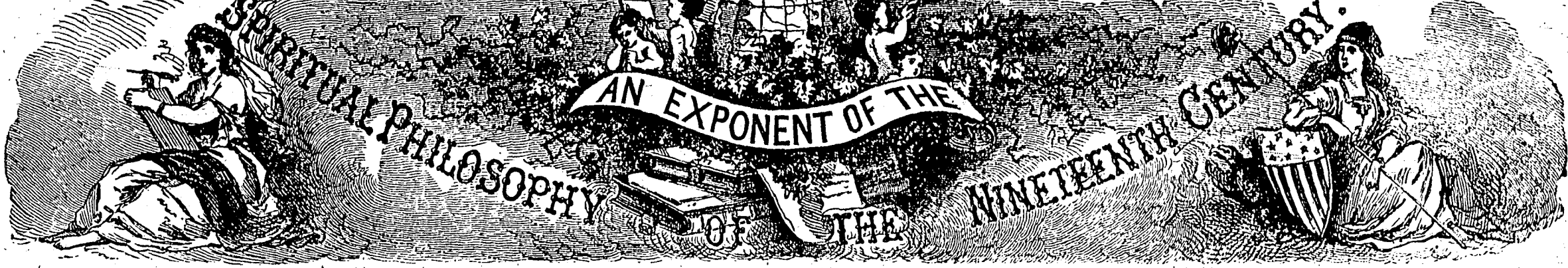


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 9.

Spiritualism.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

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

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

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

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

ANS.—"No, he was not."

QUES.—"Such a spirit purported to be there. How can these things be accounted for?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again, in answer to the query whether such

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Lecture Room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even Winter to me hath a thousand delights, With its short gloomy days and its long starry nights, And I long to go forth ere the dawn to breathe The health-breathing freshness that floats on the gale, When the sun riseth red on the crest of the hill, And the trees of the woodland are hoary and still; When the morn and noon and the dusk are all one, In the joy embrace of mysterious frost— When the hunter is out on the shaggy moor, And the robin looks in at the cottage's door, And the hush of Nature is hush of the soul, To cherish the seeds of all glorious things, There is a harvest of beauty in all that I see, For a leaf or a stone is a treasure to me; And that full of meaning and love I love to feel, Are more than the language of a sign or a reveal.

Did God set his fountains of light in the sky, That man should look up with the tears in his eyes? Did God make this earth so abundant and fair, That man should look down with a frown of despair? Did God make this world so full of beauty and love, That man should look on it with a heart of gloom? Did God scatter freedom o'er mountain and vale, That man should seek to enslave and to enslave? Did God make this world so full of beauty and love, That man should look on it with a heart of gloom? For the soul that believes it is darkness indeed, JOHN CHURCHMAN, D.D.

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

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED.

BY E. K. HERVEY.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the morning looks up and is glad;
Where Love has put off in the land of its birth,
The strain it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where the forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwells in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That should ever memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

This eye must be dark, that as yet is not dim,
For again it may gaze upon thee;
But my heart has revealing of thee and thy home
In many a token and sign;
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine;
And thy love, that made all things as music to me,
I have not learned yet to resign.
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair;
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a light vision appears,
And Hope, like a rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like a rainbow, in tears.

Original Essay.

THE WAVE OF PROGRESS UPWARD.

BY LEON HYNEMAN.

The distress, suffering and loss of human life and property caused by the consuming fire, element so wide spread in the western section of our fair land, awakened a divine principle in the heart of humanity, which, through the almost general demoralization and selfishness, has lain dormant in the heart of man. It would seem that in the disregard of human life, of every principle of honor and of solemn obligations, manifested daily in high and low life, among the educated and ignorant, that, in the order of the Divine Government, the progress of human development had been arrested; that the terminus of retrogression was drawing near, and that higher conditions were being evolved out of the recent widely extended calamities, in arousing the human sympathies and eliminating the noblest and best attributes of the divinely formed human being.

Theologues of every creed ascribe all calamitous events to the direct act of God, for sins committed, and not to the natural and logical sequences of cause and effect, through unchangeable, eternal laws. In consequence of such theologic teachings, mankind have entertained the most contracted, narrow and inconsistent views of the Deity, the mode of Divine Government, and the agencies through which Nature and man fulfill their destinies. Progression is an inherent principle in the constitution of Nature and of man, but progress is not always in a straight line. In the world's experience there have been revolutions going backwards; but, when the retrograde forces were spent, progression commenced and always attained a higher civilization.

The present era, notwithstanding our progress in knowledge, in the arts and sciences, has been frightfully productive of most dark and diabolical deeds. Science, a community anywhere has been exempt from either the assassin, the adulterer, the betrayer of trust, the doer of wrong of every degree; and, although the professors of religion from their pulpits affect to teach a pure morality, their example and their influence have been, and are, to engender those vices so common throughout the world. It cannot be denied that ambition, extravagance, and an inordinate desire for wealth, have their origin in church exaltation. The old meeting house, with unpainted walls, plain, unadorned seats, and plain, unostentatious preacher, was more conducive to unfolding the true religious principle than the costly, magnificent edifices now erected to suit the taste of fashionable priest and aristocratic society. It is mainly those in high life, wealthy, arrayed in magnificent dress, who attend church and synagogue meetings, and only because it may be fashionable in their circle, and to display their finery. It may be to excite the envy of those not so wealthy, and if that be not the motive, it surely has that effect, which is a potent cause of the extravagance in dress pervading all classes of society, and the main spring of the inordinate desire for the possession and eagerness to acquire wealth. The poor, plainly dressed man or woman can have no seat in those fashionable gospel palaces. These magnificent temples cause their patrons to build extravagant residences in the vicinity, and this excites ambition in other organizations, so that we find charitable institutions using the means contributed to relieve the poor and needy in the erection of halls costing many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The example of the church and synagogue, their ministers and patrons, has affected every ramification of society, inducing extravagant expenditures, causing the poor to vie with those in the sphere above them, and engendering a love of money as the great aim of life, to be possessed by any and whatever means; and the legitimate effects may be seen in the very general demoralization of mankind.

That divine order rules throughout the universe of Nature and of man through immutable, universal and eternal laws, is seen in the harmonious results of cause and effect—the one the legitimate offspring of the other—in the unfolding of material phenomena, in that amid all the ever-changing changes there is nothing lost; in the universal order of elements in affinity combining; in the unity and uniformity throughout the entire system and machinery of production, reproduction and decay.

The Supreme Mind rules in and through all things in the universe, and is ever present everywhere, through immutable law; therefore, in the physical, mental, moral and spiritual worlds, there can be no such thing as chance, neither accident, nor that which is called providential or supernatural, but ever and ever the phenomena of Nature and the activities of humanity are in existing conditions in accord with divine harmony and order.

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

proper regard for human life, a truer and more consistent conception of man as an immortal being, with conscious attributes to unfold progressively throughout the eternal future, and a more sublime and just knowledge of God and the divine attributes of Omnipotence, Omnipresence and Omniscience.

The return wave of progress upwards is manifest to the discerning mind in a leveling process initiated, which is not apparent to the common thinker; to movements among the laboring, producing masses drifting toward unity of aim and purpose; to the increasing intelligence of the toiling multitude; to the instrumentalities for the diffusion of information and obtaining correct knowledge, from day to day, of events transpiring and movements in progress in every portion of the habitable globe.

The wisdom and prescience of God is manifest in the wonderful mechanism and movements of the planetary system; of Nature, in its varied and ever-varying productions; of man, the co-worker with God in advancing civilization, in whom the divine presence is eliminated in conscious perception. The divine presence is the source of intuition, inspiration, the source of the mind's evolution, of unfolding thought, of energy in every form, the source of the interior spiritual perceptions unfolding in progressive spiritual life.

The ascending wave of progress, according to the unfolding of man's capacities, will develop a state of order out of the general disturbing elements so manifest in the social, moral and political spheres and organizations of every kind, affecting the individuals in every plane of their activities. The mental sphere of the civilized world is agitated by conflicting doubts and a general uneasiness, as seen in the efforts to arrest the progress of events to higher and better conditions. No portion of humanity except the unthinking ignorant are free from the disquiet of mind and restless anxiety.

In the churches and synagogues, doubts are largely entertained as regards the truth of their theologic creeds. In social life, obligations of the most sacred character are disregarded, the rights of property not considered, the sanctity of home invaded, and the sacredness of innocence violated. Inebriety, infanticide, incontinence have become social vices. In the political world, truth is ignored by every conceivable device. The aim is to plunder by all possible means. The scum of society moves the machinery, and the people aid them in their selection of boon companions, thus helping to make official position disreputable, and to which no man of respectability will suffer his name to be used.

The sectarian (misnamed religious) and lay press panders to a depraved sentiment to gratify the *vox populi*—the former in commenting and explaining the biblical writings, of which the readers are as capable of judging as the writers, and their ventilations and interpretations only tend to confuse, not enlighten; but by assumptive authority and dogmatic reasoning, from illogic and illusory standpoints, their readers of the same school of theology assume their sophistical expositions to be marvels of learning, and without investigating as to the truth or falsity of the basis upon which the theologic structure is founded, become more strongly confirmed in the narrow creeds and dogmas of their faith. The public press, whose aim should be to aid and promote the progress and development of true science, is a great fraud. The science of government, on broad universal principles, is never considered even in this republican land. The jurisprudence and ethics of civilized nations, based upon a fossilized system of past ages, are accepted as if incapable of improvement. In all that regards to a higher progressive life of humanity, a divine life in this world—a consistent and truer conception of God, of the divine government, of man's relations to the Infinite, and the individual consciousness of active intelligent life in the world beyond, the sectarian and lay press are persistently wedded to the crystallized dogmas of an effete theology, maintained solely by press and priestcraft, to enchain the conscience and intellect of the ignorant, and for selfish purposes of emolument.

But after all that we have adverted to, the signs are significant, portending an approaching era of a higher civilization, in which man in the majesty of manhood will emerge out of the conditions surrounding and influencing him. The progressive movement is silently reaching the hearth-homes of humanity, seeking to know if departed loved ones do yet live, can be recognized, are conscious, have faculties to converse, see and hear. The movement in the past score of years has brought happiness to many a doubting soul, so that the spiritual philosophy now numbers its millions of the deepest thinkers, who have become convinced of its great and important truths. But in the coming decades the social system will be re-modeled to conform to the better life of true men and women, the better understanding of what life means, is, and its purpose; the theologic systems will fall to delude the people with their illogical, meaningless creeds and fables, and churches, cathedrals and synagogues will be used as schools and seminaries of learning on a true scientific basis; the liberties of the people will be enlarged according to their increased intelligence; reformatory measures will take the place of punitive laws; men and women will be selected to offices not according to partisan standards, but those who are known for their integrity, true worth, intelligence and purity of character.

In that approaching time, of which the indications are that it is swiftly moving on, the pioneers of the greatest and most important of all reforms will live to see, however much the spiritual philosophy is now derided by the clergy, ignorant bigots and narrow-minded scientists, that the people generally will accept its blessed heaven-inspired truths, because in harmonious accord with their interior perceptions—their intuitions—and giving them a more just conception of God, a truer and more satisfactory understanding of themselves—of the life here and the life beyond the veil, where they will be sure to meet the loved ones gone before.

Hail the approaching day—the dawn appears,
Light divine illumines the heavenly spheres;
Mortals in rapport with the spirits bright,
Inspired, behold the coming rays of light.

"Deacons' Soles."

Under the above curiously-provoking heading, the Boston Sunday Herald, which is keen and fearless in its exposition of chicanery, wherever concealed, gives its readers, in a recent number, an inside view of a new scheme for the evangelizing of the [faded] Egyptians, by selling their poor clothing for their "understandings."

We have received from a correspondent some specimens of shoddy leather, which have straddled with a good deal of interest. It is made out of scraps of leather, which are put together and submitted to a heavy pressure until they form a solid mass, which is not easily detected from good leather in the piece, and which an inexperienced buyer could not possibly detect in a finished boot or shoe. It was probably of this leather that the tapers of a pair of boots were made which came to pieces when they were wet, and complaint being made to the dealer, he exclaimed: "Mine Gott! you should not walk in dose boots. Dose

is cavalry boots!" We should judge that sales made of this leather would swell as much, if put to work, as a mass of dried apples, and wear just about as long. The manufacture of this shoddy leather has become quite an extensive business, and of course it is profitable. The use of it is to allow the manufacturer to get up boots and shoes at a very low rate, and also tends to increase the business, as a person would need about fifty-two pairs of this kind of shoes a year, making allowance for dry weather. We also received in the same package some "leather board," straw board and "pancake," all being made of the same sort of shoddy, and our correspondent says that members of churches, and even deacons, make a very good thing out of this business. It is always difficult to decide upon the conditions of innocence and guilt which will serve for general application, but we should suppose that one week's experience in this business would spoil an average deacon.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

ALBANY.—G. L. Ditson, M. D., writes, April 15th: "Elder Evans, of Mt. Lebanon, the eminent Shaker author and lecturer, very kindly came down and spoke for us yesterday. In the evening he was joined by G. A. Loring, of the Waterbury Spiritualists of this city. I wish individually to extend to Elder Evans my warmest thanks for his coming at so little sacrifice, though my health did not permit my being out to hear his eloquent words. The Shakers have the power to do us a great deal of good, and they promise to aid us as opportunity offers."

NEW YORK CITY.—J. M. Hill writes, speaking of the highest terms of a recent lecture on Satan, by Thomas Gales Forster, at Apollo Hall. He says: "A more attentive and appreciative audience I never saw. The devil never had his own history so well portrayed." He is informed that the lecture is to be issued in pamphlet form, and thinks its widespread perusal would be productive of great good.

ILION.—A. E. Doty writes: "A few words in reference to our cause in Central New York. It is progressing. Our Association is producing a healthy influence. In our portions of the past winter, opportunities have been many to show the working of the heaven. Ears have been reached that I had supposed closed. I have stood in pulpits never used before by a Spiritualist. But religious ignorance is a mighty mound to batter down, and the deep, prevailing prejudice against the cause is a heavy burden. Mr. Doty is prepared to brave all things, however, fearlessly in defence of his ideas of right."

SHINGLE CREEK, P. O.—O. A. correspondent writes, giving an account of Spiritualism in his neighborhood, and sending us a "Methodist" subscriber, who has been favored with visits from his deceased father, wherein he has conversed with him; but the son (who is a medium) is, by reason of want of information on the subject, unable to account for the apparition. Said correspondent also gives the following case of spirit seeing: "A man near me was visited by his wife, who went to the spirit-land three months previous. The husband and an only child were playing together about noon, when the mother entered the room, as in her lifetime, stood and looked, smiling upon the child for a moment, and said, 'I shall come to you again.'"

Illinois.

COAT VALLEY, W. F. Braden, D. M., writes April 11th: "I have just received from Dr. East-Moscow, Jacob Norris, W. T. Norris and other earnest workers, have reorganized the Spiritual Society of Rock Island, Ill., upon what is hoped to be a substantial basis. He speaks of the past history of the cause in his locality, and recommends that Spiritualists generally adopt the conclusion to which the members of the new Society have arrived, viz., to agree to disagree on matters wherein they cannot think alike, and to work harmoniously on such common ground as they can unite upon."

Our correspondent further says that committees are very busy in making arrangements for a grand Convention to be held May 4th and 5th, at which it is hoped to effect a county organization of the Spiritualists of Rock Island County.

The regular M. D.s of Scott County, Ia., and Rock Island County, Ill., are to meet the coming summer to decide upon the best method of advancing their special school of treatment, and of fostering the hands of the magnetic physicians. Our correspondent speaks highly of the efforts of Dr. T. R. G. Hewes, and A. J. Grover, "by means of the more humane discoveries of the day, and the revolutionary developments of human magnetism."

Ohio.

HAMILTON.—Benjamin F. Clark, under date of April 6th, gives a very encouraging account of spiritual matters in his locality. Although opposed by the ministers in the town—ones of whom he takes the "devil" of the cause, the phenomena—the cause steadily progresses. Our correspondent denies the charge of the "godly" people, that Spiritualists seek to pull down the churches; said theologic structures are falling of their own weight, by reason of internal dissensions. "The spiritual field is wide, and there is work to be done for all who are truly spiritual. We are laboring for Spiritualism, striving to advance the cause, we look to the Banner of Light as a great instrument for good." The demonstrations of spirit-power, in the family of Daniel Currier, are said to be most astonishing, especially those occurring in the presence of his daughter Mary, which comprise a riddle and recognized spirit-vision, trying and uniting of the medium with ropes, writing, etc., etc. Moses Hull is expected soon to lecture in the vicinity.

Iowa.

DAVENPORT.—"R. N." writes, April 31st: "In my private correspondence with Dr. Jones, now in Aichison, Kansas, I have learned that he has been very successful in treating very severe chronic diseases, one of which is a young girl who was afflicted with that terrible disease, St. Vitus's Dance, and from the accounts given I judge was one of the worst cases on record. But he has given up to Dr. Jones's strong magnetic powers, and the girl is now well."

I mention this one of many for the encouragement of those similarly afflicted. This is one of the fruits of our beautiful gospel, and should be heralded all over the land, so that wherever Dr. Jones goes, sufferers can rely on the fulfillment of the promise given by the Great Healer. They shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Kansas.

CASSIOMA.—E. A. and M. C. Buck forward the following: "Having sent a 'sealed letter' to Mrs. Nelson, of Rockford, Ill., and received it and the reply, we deem it an act of justice to give the medium her dues. 1st, We are positive our letter was not opened. 2d, Though Mrs. C. was not well, she answered promptly and remarkably. 3d, Even skeptics cannot doubt that she is at least a good clairvoyant. 4th, We do not think our money sent was thrown away."

Oregon.

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

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS IN INDIANA.

DEAR BANNER—Doubtless many of your readers will be interested in some items from our flourishing little city. The latest topic of sensation is the recent visit of the Davenport Brothers, who exhibited on last evening in Lyceum Hall, (the most capacious in the city) before a large and respectable audience. The performance was conducted with the utmost decorum. At the appointed hour Mr. Fay made a few introductory remarks, closing by calling on the audience to name two citizens, who were well known in the community as men of veracity and credibility, to examine the cabinet, as well as the persons of the Davenport Brothers, that all might be satisfied as to the non-existence of secret means by which to perform the feats occurring at the séances. These gentlemen—Oliver Test and William Jackson—being selected, proceeded at once in their scrutiny, and reported to the audience that they found nothing but coils of small rope in separate pieces, some three to four feet in length, violin, bells, etc. The Brothers seated themselves in their cabinet; the committee proceeded to tie them as their ingenuity might suggest, and reported that they thought they had done a "good job." When the door of the cabinet was about to be closed, and the lights were put down, a bell and other instruments were quickly thrown out upon the stage. A hat was requested by Mr. Fay from the audience, and placed upon the head of one of the Brothers. While Mr. Jackson was closing the door, a visible hand was seen to place the hat on said Jackson's head. The instruments were all played upon while the mediums were securely tied, hand and foot. In a much shorter space of time than it took the committee to tie them, the Brothers were released from their confinement by invisible agency.

After the above programme was gone through, Mr. Fay introduced the dark séance; the committee were arranged so as to be each seated by the side of the Brothers, on opposite sides of the stage, while a table was placed in the middle, upon which were set the various instruments of music. Mr. Fay then took a seat near the table, and was tied by the committee to the chair, with his hands behind him, a white sheet of paper placed under his feet—a paper being marked around each foot with a pencil—and copper cents placed on each foot. The lights were then extinguished. Immediately music began, and the bells sounded. In a short space of time the lights were ordered up, and, to the astonishment of the audience, it was found that Mr. Fay's coat was on Mr. Test, and the latter's upon Mr. Fay, though quite too small for him, while the former was much too large for Mr. Test. Mr. Fay during this time remained securely tied.

Again the lights were extinguished, and the violin and various instruments could be plainly seen by every eye, flying and passing several feet over the stage. This last performance—which was to prove to the audience that these instruments were moved without any human hands—was accomplished by rubbing phosphorus upon the instruments. In conclusion, when the light was called for, Mr. Fay was found untied, and the instruments all piled upon the table.

It is due to the credit of our city to say that perfect order was observed and courtesy shown to the Brothers during the séance.

I have simply given the facts as presented, and will only say, in conclusion, that when mankind become sufficiently developed out of ignorance in regard to the occult laws and principles of Nature, all apparent mysteries will cease.

I. M. WASSON.

Richmond, Ind., April 16th, 1872.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—ITS AUTHOR NOT JEFFERSON, BUT "JUNIOR."

Messrs. Editors—Now and important evidence has of late been obtained in regard to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence. In the work entitled "Junius Unmasked," an argument has been made in favor of Thomas Paine, by a rigid adherence to the laws of comparative analysis. No one has yet attempted to answer this argument. I now propose to prove from Jefferson's own statements and further comparative analysis that he cannot be the author of our famous Magna Charta.

More than forty years after the Declaration of Independence was written, Jefferson says, in regard to it: "Whether I had gathered my ideas from reading I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it."—Works, vol. vii, p. 305. Upon this evidence Bancroft says: "From the fullness of his own mind, without consulting one single book, he drafted the Declaration."—A. B. But this statement cannot be true, for parts of our Declaration adopted by Congress in 1775, which parts Jefferson unqualifiedly disavows. The facts are as follows:

On the 26th of June, 1775, just five days after Mr. Jefferson took his seat in Congress for the first time, he was elected by Mr. Dickinson on the Committee to draft a Declaration of the causes and necessity of taking up arms. Now mark what Mr. Jefferson says in regard to the authorship of this instrument: "I prepared a draft of the Declaration, committed to us. It was too strong for Mr. Dickinson. We therefore requested him to take the paper and put it into a form which could approve. He did so, preparing an entire new statement, and preserving of the former only the last four paragraphs and half of the preceding ones. We approved and reported it to Congress, who accepted it."—Works, vol. x, pp. 10-11.

Mr. Jefferson is very explicit in regard to the part which he took in the Declaration, and by confining ourselves to this we will find it to be the parent of the one which was born just one year thereafter. To show this, I will now present a few parallels from both Declarations. The subject matter of the parallels will be the same, but when there is the same phraseology I will indicate it by putting it in Italics.

DECLARATION OF 1775, PARAGRAPH 15.

(1) "We have combined with others to subject a free jurisdiction to our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation; (2) for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; (3) for protecting by a mock trial from punishment any murderer who should commit on the inhabitants of these States; (4) for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; (5) for imposing taxes on us without our consent; (6) for depriving us of the benefits of trial by jury; (7) for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences; (8) for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule in these States; (9) for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments; (10) for suspending our legislatures and (11) declaring themselves invested with full power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever."

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

DECLARATION OF 1775, PARAGRAPH 3.

1. (5) "They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, though we have ever exercised exclusive rights to dispose of our own property; 2. (1) that we have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of the courts of admiralty and vice admiralty beyond their ancient limits; 3. (6) for depriving us of the accustomed and inalienable privilege of trial by jury in cases involving both life and property; 4. (10) for interfering with all commerce of another; 5. (9) and for altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter and secured by acts of our legislature, solemnly confirmed by the crown; 6. (3) for exempting the murderers of colonists from legal trial and punishment; 7. (8) for erecting a new province, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence; 8. (2) and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace; 10. (7) It has also been resolved in Par-

liament that colonists charged with committing certain offenses shall be transported to England to be tried. 11. (11) make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever."

Here are eleven consecutive coincidences. I have given them word for word as they stand in the two instruments. Each charge of the one parallels with one in the other, and there are just eleven—neither less nor more. But Jefferson owns the one and disavows the other.

But, again, the prominent sentiments of the introduction to both declarations parallel. The one of 1775, after alluding to the British legislature, says: "Yet, however blinded that assembly may be by their impetuous rage for unlimited dominion, so to slight justice and the opinion of mankind, we esteem ourselves bound by the obligation of respect to the rest of the world to make known the justice of our cause." One year afterward, this sentiment was put in the Declaration of Independence thus: "A decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."

Again, take from paragraph 5 of the Declaration of 1775, as follows: "His troops have butchered our countrymen, have wantonly burnt Charleston, besides a considerable number of houses, in other places; our ships and vessels are seized," etc. Now, compare with this from the Declaration of 1775, as follows: "He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people."

Again, take from paragraph 2 of the Declaration of 1775 as follows: "Our forefathers, inhabitants of the island of Great Britain, left their native land, to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom; at the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortune, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, by unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit, they effected settlement in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America." Now, compare with this the following from the Declaration of 1775: "We have reminded them [the British] of the benevolent circumstances of our emigration and settlement here, to one of which would warrant so strange a pretension. They were effected at the expense of our own blood and treasure, unaided by the wealth or strength of Great Britain."

I wish now to bring under this comparison, speaking of the American colonists in 1775, he says: "They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert." But this is much the same language as above, in the Declaration of 1775: "Our forefathers left their native land to seek a residence for . . . freedom . . . in the inhospitable wilds of America."

All which I submit without comment to a reading and reasoning public. Very respectfully,
The author of "JUNIOR UNMASKED."

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

"SKETCHES FROM NATURE," for my juvenile friends, by Frances Brown. Boston: William White & Co., 1872.

The ever-busy publishing house of Wm. White & Co., Boston, has just issued the second edition of "Sketches from Nature," in excellent type and style of binding. It is a 150 page 12mo book, and contains about forty stories for children, the tendency of every one of which is to make them happy and good.

The author says, "My aim has been to write true and pleasant sketches. I have tried to show life's green nooks and flowery dells, where butterflies and heart's-ase grow. . . . I write about the pleasant things of the past, because it is good to remember sweet faces and loving voices. . . . I have another reason for writing these 'Sketches.' Children read stories; they want to know something of the great world, and they go to books for information. Many of these are written for young people that they should never read—frightful stories that make them sorrowful instead of happy."

In the spirit of these extracts, Mrs. Brown, who has richly earned the title of "the Children's Friend," has done the many thousand little precious ones of this country another valuable service, by having these sketches from her pen issued in their present form for their sakes. It was with rare, if not with unalloyed pleasure we placed the book in the hands of our darling-ones, knowing that its contents would add sunshine and happiness to their hearts, by its lessons of human goodness and moral truth.—G. A. B. in the American Spiritualist.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE. An Exposition of Spiritualism; embracing the various opinions of Extremists, pro and con; together with the Author's Experiences. By the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure." Boston: William White & Co., 1872.

This is a work of over 300 pages, neatly printed and bound, and deserves to be widely read. The author, in his introduction, says: "Unquestionably the truest method of securing a right appreciation of the merits or demerits of any subject, is to place it before the investigator, in all its various aspects, rather than to present a partial view drawn from the prejudiced representations of interested partisans. To this end we have collated the respective opinions openly expressed in advocacy or repudiation of the main tenets, giving the facts all-gone to be the basis of support to these opposite opinions, and the practical consequences to which, it is claimed, they severally lead. It is altogether too late for the day, and Spiritualism has assumed proportions too gigantic to be easily set aside, and it becomes, therefore, the part of wisdom to investigate its merits, as far as possible, without prejudice. The work before us appears to be a candid exposition of the subject, and we commend it to the attentive perusal of all.—Haverhill (Mass.) Publisher.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURE. By a Magnetic Physician. William White & Co., Boston, Publishers.

This work is devoted to an exposition of vital magnetism and its application to the treatment of mental and physical disease. The author has dedicated the work to the magnetists and to the physicians of the present century. But the readers of the work should not be confined to the professional class to whom it is dedicated, for it contains much valuable information for the general reader. The book is 8-1/2 for \$1.50; postage 10 cents.—American Spiritualist.

WE have received a copy of a new book from Messrs. Wm. White & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass., entitled "THE TEMPLE," and devoted to diseases of the brain and nerves, developing the origin and philosophy of mania, insanity and crime, with full directions and prescriptions for their treatment and cure. It has been said that an author who would write such a book on this important subject, which would be of positive benefit to mankind, both as a preventive against their evils and as a guide to those who seek for health and rectitude—requires a rare combination of powers. This is possessed in an eminent degree by the author, Andrew Jackson Davis. An invaluable book for lawyers and physicians. It is furnished bound in cloth at \$1.50; postage 20 cents.—Philadelphia (Pa.) Democrat.

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

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

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

This is a book of 318 pages, and is what its title purports to be—a Caucasian romance, full of incidents and strange events. Bound \$1.50 as above, and it will be sent you the postage prepaid.—Gospel Banner, Augusta, Me.

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

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

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

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Banner of Light.

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

All letters and communications pertaining to the Banner of Light, should be addressed to the publishers, William White & Co., at their office, No. 10, Washington Street, Boston, or to the printer, Frank B. Rich, at his office, No. 10, Nassau Street, New York, or to the printer, Larry B. Wilson, at his office, No. 10, Nassau Street, New York.

Air Untruthful Messenger.

The World's Crisis and Second Advent Messenger, whose whole career rests on the assumption that only the "elect are immortal," and that Second Adventists are the "elect"—a theory of happiness that is selfishly based on others' misery—has had something to say on the "Banner of Light" in its issue of the 10th inst. In its issue of the 10th inst. it published a long article, headed "The Banner of Light," and after quoting a passage from Mrs. Woodhull's official letter to the Spiritualists of the United States, and tacking on to it an extract of four lines from the columns of the Banner, it proceeds with perfect complacency to compare Spiritualism to Satan, because—as it understands from that mythical monster—*he* would like to have people believe that his religion is the best in the world. There is hardly any chance to get hold of such a short-haired argument as this, for the obvious reason that nobody but the editor of the Second Advent Messenger ever conceived of Satan as having any religion of his own any way. If he is the enemy of everything which the world accepts as religion, he must have had a second advent himself to have changed his faith and habits so remarkably.

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

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

"To Keep Atheists out of Office."

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

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

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

A Waymark of Progress.

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

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

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

"Giles Corey—he said not a word;
No single word spoke he;
"Giles Corey," said the magistrate,
"We'll press it out of thee."
They got them then a heavy beam;
They laid it on his breast;
They loaded it with heavy stones,
And hard upon him pressed.
"More weight," now said this wretched man;
"More weight," again he cried;
And he did not confess a make,
But wickedly he died.
Name Corey lived but six days more;
But six days more lived she,
For she was hanged on gallows hill
Upon the longest tree."

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

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

Poor Record for Theology.

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

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

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

"The Wave of Progress Upward"

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

The People's Convention in New York.

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

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

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

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

Read the Papers.

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

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

The Vermont Quarterly Convention.

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

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

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

A Bad Temper.

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

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

A Spiritualist Funeral.

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

A Remarkable Discovery in Medicine.

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

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

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

Beecher on Sunday Libraries.

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

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

Prison Atrocities.

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

Spiritualist Conventions.

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

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

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

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

A Free Spiritualist Reading-Room.

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

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

Gifts, &c., may be forwarded to any member of the committee; or, any person by addressing the Secretary, Mrs. Kittredge, 381 Tremont street, will be waited on by the committee. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Mr. M. T. Dole, Dr. William Woods, Mrs. John Woods, Mrs. Mary R. Hubbard, Mrs. C. M. Woods, Mrs. Lizzie F. Kittredge.

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

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