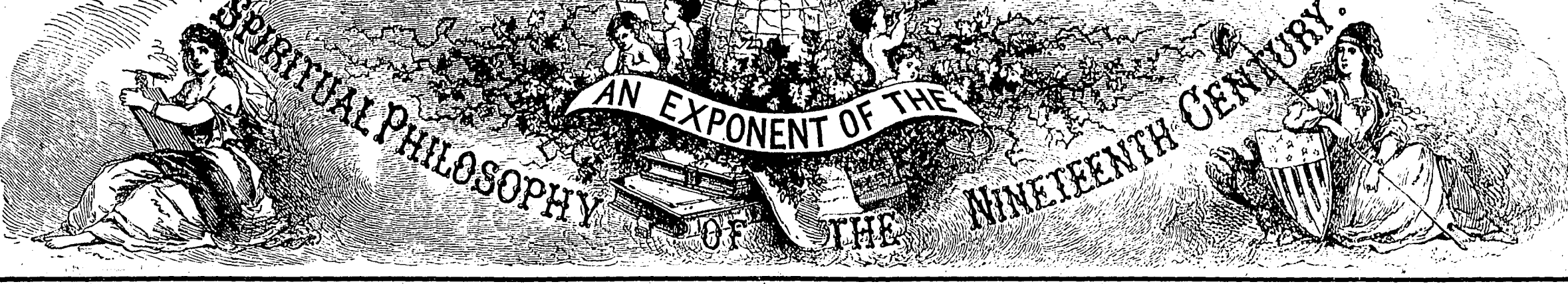


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 5.

Written for the Banner of Light.
NEW LIFE.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE.

Oh, the bird confined in a silver cage,
If loosed, on a tireless wing
Will soar away to the scenes it loves,
And a happier song will sing.
So the hand, if tied with a silken chain
To one for the wealth it bears,
Like the pinioned bird will feel new life
When freed from the knot it wears.
Hate may crush the flower and bruise the stem
Till its buds shall bloom no more,
But the root will live and flourish again,
As beautiful as before.
'Tis so with the heart; one can crush its love,
And smother its joyous tone,
But the soul will look o'er the golden wreck,
And rule on its hidden throne.
Storms may bend the willow and rend its leaves,
Till its boughs shall sweep the mire;
But the withy limbs will yield, not break,
And the tree will again aspire.
So the gentle spirit, shorn of its joys,
And stripped by the rough world's blast,
Shall rise from its ruin in peerless pride,
To stand in its might at last.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A LINK OF EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

A God of Mercy, Not Vengeance—The Testing Time—What Old Theology Does—What Spiritualism is Doing.

I was once a member of the church; experienced what is termed conversion; strove to live the life of a devoted Christian, and to enjoy myself pleasantly while under her protection. My heart yearned over the almost hopeless condition of the world, and I endeavored, as far as my power extended, to inculcate others to come within the circle of the Church's benign influence. Although I saw, at that time, many errors in her practice, such palpable inconsistency in word and deed that I sometimes felt inclined to withdraw, yet, through fear of causing the silken cord by which I then considered myself bound to send forth a harsh vibration to the ears of the unconverted around me, I still clung to her with all the simplicity, reverence and hope of a confiding child to a kind and indulgent parent.

Among many of the bewildering things which I believed was the following: All persons who followed not in her path, believed not in Christ as equal with God, and the Saviour of man, and hence had not what is termed "spiritual hope of salvation," no matter how moral they were in thought, word, action, or generous in heart, would, after death, be banished from all lovely associations, and doomed to eternal darkness and woe. When I reflected—not reasoned—on this doctrine, it appeared very strange; yet, as the Church proclaimed it as God's decree, I supposed that it must be true.

As I looked around among my friends, this belief hung heavily upon my mind; for I thought of many, among whom, perhaps, would be kind sister and brother, who would eventually be lost to all the pleasures of heaven, and cast, I knew not whither—perchance into a world of outer darkness and fiery indignation. Thus my mind glided, not on the calm waters, but on the ruffled bosom of uncertainty; for I felt that, if my friends were lost, I would realize no satisfaction on account of my own salvation. In this state of suspense and anxiety, I remained for several years, deeply concerned for the welfare of those whom I loved. A mother and sister had already departed; for them I had hope, for they died under the protection of faith, were preached to heaven, and I felt reconciled.

The fell monster, Death, so called, again came, and another loved one was snatched by his power. Alas! thought I, with tears of sorrow, he died without a hope! But can it be that an unfortunate, yet as charitable and generous a soul as ever trod the monopolized soil of God's footstool, has not suffered misery, but must again be plunged into renewed misery, to suffer out his portion in an endless hell of flaming wrath! Reason had not deserted me, and guardian spirits, who had departed in the faith, seemed to whisper a word of consolation. As I paused with a soul flooded with grief, a conflict ensued in my mind; the simple dictates of reason were combating my gloomy apprehensions; Nature was uncompromising; an incomprehensible power seemed to urge her to an unyielding contest; the victory on the side of truth brightened; and at last the iron bonds of my stolid belief were broken; the prison doors of superstition were forced asunder; unsophisticated Nature assumed her sway; the simple workings of man's God-like nature were untrammelled; heavenly light filled my soul and dispelled the illusion; and while I was influenced to feel that the lost captive was free and happy in the midst of the redeemed, in a world of purity and progression beyond the oblivion and lethargy of the wondering tomb, my soul was filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Thus my old belief took the wings of the morning and fled, never to return. A new inspiration controlled me; and, to ease the minds of my weeping friends, I was impelled by an irresistible power to proclaim—the opinion of the Church to the contrary, notwithstanding—his direct and safe flight to a heaven of rest, to the heavenly mansions of that God who is one of infinite

MERCY, NOT VENGEANCE.

Farewell, earthly scenes!
Till the angels of light shall bid us arise;
For we never shall forget thee, but unchanged renew
The better warm affection in our sunny days.
Yes, we shall meet again. The world on high
Would not be a place of happiness, a heaven of
joy unmingled with sadness, should we be separated
by a yawning gulf of dark despair from the
cheering society of those whom we loved
while abiding on earth.

What! an uplifted arm of wrath in the ethereal
regions of bliss, where God, they say, sits enthroned
in robes of spotless purity! Away with such
childish sophistry as to say "justice demands it!"
A being who possesses such an attribute is not a God, nor would I worship him as
such; I would rather bow to stocks and stones.
That unchangeable being of goodness, "who maketh
the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and
sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," while
they sojourn on earth, will be none the less impartial
and merciful to them

when their souls leave these bodies of dull mortality to enter the spheres of congeniality and love beyond the tomb.

Will not an infallible being, who teaches us "to forgive our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them who despitefully use and persecute us"—also forgive, practice what he teaches? And is not utility, as well as design, uniformity and mercy, characteristic of all that Omnipotence does? Then can there be any consistency, justice or wisdom in his creating a sphere of darkness, destitute of the least redeeming influence, and assigning it as the abode of all those whom society, by transgressing physical, moral and spiritual laws, has ushered into being with low natures, depraved appetites and fiendish passions, when, after death, when they are free from the misdirection and contaminations of this lower world, they may be instructed and reformed by ministering angels, and sent on their way rejoicing to sin no more? Reason, all Nature, spirits answer No! Such an act is foreign to the nature of God—a mere supposition which originated in the fancy of man, while picturing in his own dark mirror of imagination a being like himself, at times, short-sighted and uncharitable, angry and unjust, selfish and repulsive. Such a view of God is erroneous in the extreme, and can be entertained only when the mind is unreflecting, disordered, or influenced by a demoniac frenzy.

That God can be merciful and just, and yet an avenger, is the moonshine of imagination—an idea that can find lodging only in the credulous, worn, patched-up, tottering tenement of an inconsistent faith; it is an adopted child uncountenanced by God—an incongruity which will soon fall before the peerless rays of Spiritualism, a blind and lifeless beggar of Old Theology.

Do you not accept what I have asserted, my Christian friend, who make the God of the world one of jealousy and vengeance—but the Saviour of your own souls, and of all unbelieved mercy and love? You may not thus believe while you continue as you have for years, in a sphere of contracted views and selfish gradations; for while you thus glide through life, you are lost to all the finer sensibilities of your nature, and only "see as through a glass darkly." Hence it is comparatively easy for you to assume the contrary, to nurture a faith which makes God a being of retaliation—earth a house of wailing; and causes you, who are all so bright and blooming within your own sacred domicile, to look with a cold indifference on the sufferings and fate of the oppressed, neglected and forsaken around you.

"Let him who is innocent, cast the first stone." Then reflect, my dear friend, and reason for yourself, for a change may yet come over the spirit of your dream. Lay the sins and loss at your own door; place the couch of affliction and death within your own mansion, and then, perhaps, your views in reference to the condition of the erring after death may change as mine did, and vanish as a vapor before the rising sun. A tender chord may be touched, and a latent spark of human sympathy which one would suppose never had a resting-place in your fearful and seemingly unrelenting soul, may be fanned into a glowing coal of heavenly love and universal charity.

THE TESTING TIME.

Must come to you as well as others; a week, a month or a year hence, and your sunny home of contentment and peace may be the scene of lamentation and deep mourning. A case recurs to my mind which is aptly illustrative; and while I relate the circumstances connected with it, please consider what would be your thoughts and feelings, were you the bereaved and woe-stricken parent.

I am acquainted with a lady who once possessed a handsome and interesting daughter, an only child, one who was a solace to her amid the cares of life, the cherished idol of her heart's earthly affections. But her child made no profession of religion, and the mother on this account felt a deep solicitude for her future welfare; and with the hope of gaining a persuasive influence over her mind, she indulged her in all the innocent desires of her heart. She was a picture of natural beauty just ushering into the full vigor of womanhood; mirthful, not giddy, and formed one of a happy, social circle. Her cheeks were tinged with a rosy hue; her eyes beamed with brightness; her voice was clear and distinct; joy illumined her countenance, and the sounds of melody were upon her tongue; and with that buoyant spirit which seemed to promise a long life, she participated in all the harmless and social enjoyments of youth. Many months passed while she thus enjoyed herself in happy, girlish merriment. But the spell of festive gaiety was at last broken by the solemn messenger arriving to proclaim, "In the midst of life, we are in death," and an opening bud of blooming beauty was nipped in all its rich fragrance, by the cold, cheerless frost of the night of terror, thus blasting a fond mother's hopes, and leaving her to wail the bitter tears of agonizing desolation.

The circumstances attending her departure came up vividly before me; I shall never forget the solemn scene around

THE DEATH BED.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morn in autumn, and the sun, unobscured by a passing cloud, partially dispelled by its genial rays the gloom that enshrouded the chamber in which our dear friend lay awaiting the welcome hour that would release her lingering spirit, and waft it to the home of the peerless on high. Among the number present were to be seen the aged, the middle-aged, the rosy youth of both sexes, and there the pale body of coming death, over whose untrammelled form the confiding mother was bending with an expression that indicated the inward emotions of a sorrowful heart. Every countenance was veiled with sadness; and as we sat in suspense, awaiting the critical moment when the last pulsation would sound the parting knell, tears of sympathy stole slowly down and moistened, for the first time on such an occasion, the cheeks of many who now realized the uncertainty of life's brightest anticipations. Death-like silence prevailed, and not a sound was to be heard except an occasional sigh from some sympathizing friend, which, intermingled with the hoarse murmur of the wind as it passed around the chamber, seemed to betoken that her departing spirit would soon take its ethereal flight. She appeared to be sensible until the hour of her death; and, as she lay, she would move her feeble head around and glance at those with whom she had passed many a blissful hour. As I gazed steadfastly upon her I perceived that the power of mind which ever accompanies the death-bed of the pure in heart, and a beam of tranquility played around her pallid countenance, which convinced me that she was reconciled to exchange this low ground of sorrow for a happier and brighter clime. As the sun gradually approached the meridian her pulse beat slower, a listless expression veiled her features, and ere the last sound of the morning bells

had melted away she calmly slept, and breathed no more.

Yes, she slept the sleep of death, but not "the sleep that knows no waking," yet such it was to that affectionate and sorrowing parent, and the only near and dearest tie which bound her to earth was now severed. While with an overburdened heart and pensive tread she followed the solemn train to the narrow chamber of the grave, to pay the last token of respect to one who had "smoothed life's rugged path and heightened all its pleasures," and there stood, as it were, alone and forsaken, and saw the fresh damp earth close over the cold, lifeless form of her departed child, she wept like a weaver and loved Mary at the sepulchre of Jesus, and with uplifted and streaming eyes offered up the simple prayer of the one, pure and holy, who bowed in the lone retreat of Gethsemane. But no response came back, save the doleful reflection, "she died without a hope," which now returned with double weight to cast her spirit down.

How changed the scene! The heart of her who, she thought, would be a comfort to her in the decline of life, has ceased to throb; those glittering eyes have lost their lustre; her cheeks have parted with their bloom; her countenance is pale by death; her body has become inanimate, and she now sleeps beneath the green sods of the valley.

Alas! she is gone; the vital spark has fled, and the sacred chambers with the dead. Called from the stage of life, she sank to rest, mourned by us all, but now an angel blest, Participating in our Father's promised love.

But no such bright ray of cheering belief could yet light up with joyous hope the troubled soul of the disconsolate mother. She returned to her solitary home, but it had lost all its charms. That full, sweet voice which yesterday filled those now lonely and deserted halls with life and melody was heard no more; the bright flowers which she loved and nurtured now withered and died; even her little canaries, seeming to be conscious of the loss of a gentle hand and smiling face, ceased their warbling and appeared to droop. All was sad and dreary; and as she sat in the now cheerless, gloomy chamber where she had passed many a sleepless night of tender care in ministering to the simple needs and cooling the feverish brow of her dying child, her memory flew to other days—the sunny days of youth, and the days of innocence and joy, when the hand of circling years had never bowed with creaking care her innocent soul, but all around was as bright and blooming as the summer rose. All the lovely associations of the past, in quick succession, came up in their vividness before her mind. The contrast was too great; the separation was so sudden that it seemed like a dream of fancy unrealized. But stern reality tampered not to deepen the pangs of grief; all that was beautiful and lovely had really vanished, and life to her was naught.

With a Christian fortitude, she strove to forget the past, and feel a calm resignation to the will of "Him who doeth all things well," but the purity and fullness of the generous impulses of her soul could not be repressed. It seemed as though the day-star of her existence had set, to rise no more on earth. Nature sought relief, and she again mourned as one without a hope. Nor did that sorrow cease, for the heavy clouds of bereavement still overshadowed her mind; and while she brooded over the dark forebodings of the future, a deep melancholy seized her troubled spirit, and, bewildered between hope and fear, lost to all the pleasing scenes of life, she sank, forlorn and distracted, an object of deep anxiety and tender care to her surviving and sympathizing friends, who alone knew best how to prize her worth.

Days, weeks and months had fled, and though her faith had dwindled almost to a mere conjecture, still she pined. All opportunities to quiet her dismal apprehensions of the fate of her daughter were unavailing. She still remained unconvinced, and refused to be comforted. This is

WHAT OLD THEOLOGY DOES.

"The atheist may doubt
The shining gold his crucible gives out;
The faith that built the world's great edifices
To some fond falsehood, hugs it to the last."

But it was not to be so much longer; the agony of her throbbing heart, and the low moanings of her faltering voice, had ascended and touched the very sympathy of Heaven; and while another star of Bethlehem arose in the east, a rainbow of hope hung over the green valleys of the west; a Savior passed over the dark waters of sin, and light to earth, and the spirit of her dear departed child hovered around to bless her.

It was a lovely twilight summer eve; the bright sun had just sunk below the golden horizon, and the silvery moon was gently rising above the tops of the green forest to cast another ray of yellow light over the glistening verdure of the village lawn, and heighten the sweet solemnity of the scene. All Nature was hushed into a heavenly quietude, and the cool, balmy atmosphere seemed to inspire every soul with more than earthly joy and praise, even to revive the last lingering spark of consciousness which but faintly glimmered in the breast of that heart-broken mother. As she reclined near the open window, out of which she had cast many a glance fraught with cheering hope, and where she was now irresistibly led to view the beautiful prospect before her, a heavenly influence lit up her eyes, and gave to that wayward, gentle, tremulous child her embodied form; her angelic eyes sparkled with bright anticipation; joy unutterable filled her soul; and through a mysterious influence she was forcibly impressed with the presence of the loved one whom she mourned as lost, and who now came, it seemed to her, and sweetly whispered, "Fear not, dear mother; it is I; weep no more, but dry your dewy eyes, re-entring over the dead, for they yet live. It is untrue that death consigns us to that 'harrowed' whence no traveler returns, or that the grave closes in oblivion forever any who are laid in its cold embrace. Your faith is false; your unyielding belief has caused you to suffer all the torture, while I have been free and happy. Weep no more, but wait a little longer, and we shall again meet with renewed affection in a brighter sphere." On the peace that filled that mother's soul when her sensitive nature realized the full meaning of the spell that bound her, and felt consoling through an intuitive power that her child still lived and was happy! Her mourning was turned into rejoicing, and she wept for joy; she was redeemed from the burden of her grief, and heaven seemed on earth; and she now leads once more a peaceful and contented life, and smiles with delight when she reflects on her own happy departure, on the hour when she shall be freed from the frailties of mortality, and fly to embrace her spirit-child in a world where sorrows cease and parting is no more. This is

WHAT SPIRITUALISM IS DOING.

It is redeeming us from the thralldom of superstition; bringing immortality to light by making

it a matter of knowledge instead of faltering belief; calling forth the most sensitive feelings of our nature, and awakening within our souls, for the first time, those serene and elevating emotions whose void the world, with all its faith, can never fill.

Now, my dear friend, if you should suffer such a loss as did that Christian parent, what would be your feelings? While you believed that your child was forsaken, and endured the penalty of excommunicating and endless torment, could you, if you had the least sensation of human kindness, or a spark of sympathy within your breast, enjoy life as heretofore, remain happy and contented? You need not hesitate to answer, for you could no more be passive under such a trial, than you could feel tranquil and resigned while your child was suffering on the barbarous rack of an inhuman inquisition on earth. Then what alternative have you left in such a case? Why, you must either lead a life of wretchedness, or sacrifice your faith. This is the dilemma in which all are brought to the test. When the critical hour arrives it tries your soul and stagers your faith; experience teaches you a new lesson; your soul enlarges; God's mercy expands and bursts the diminutive shell in which Old Theology has enmeshed it, and you cannot pass the sentence of condemnation when the loss is your own. Then where is that implicit faith which you so loudly professed? It has vanished. And should I now ask you, at this stage of your experience, if you really believe that your child is lost, you would be struck dumb as is your faith, and know not what to answer. I never knew any one, Christian (so called) or not, who was not non-plussed when thus tried and interrogated. Some have reluctantly quibbled, saying, "I would feel reconciled, for the Lord doeth all things well, and his grace would sustain me;" but never could they give a direct answer, indicating the firmness of their belief. No; the silent and simple dictates of their hearts, the natural revelation of God in the soul, would not allow them to speak what they did not feel, and thus, out of their own mouths, stand doubly condemned.

Alas! for the fragile and sickening faith of those "who have observed and confounded the nature of things by their false principles and wretched sophistry; who arrogate all the righteousness of the world to themselves, yet accept its proffered kingdoms, and have not clarity; they make out the dark value of all the bright which they delusively picture on the bright canopy of heaven."

Weal should have been resigned,
Not mourn a power to save;
We should have been wiser,
We should have been wiser.

Philadelphia, Penn. W. D. Y.

Scientific.

THOUGHTS ON A PARAFFINE CANDLE.

BY PROF. J. BRAINERD.

Oh, beautiful cylinder of fair proportions
Of alabaster whiteness! The touch of thy polished
sides is as soft and delicate as the hand of youth. Thy dazzling light has chased away the darkness of night, and rendered cheerful my lonely abode.

But thou art an admonition to me, also, that all things sublunary must have an end. Whilst thou hast inspired me with thought, whilst thy luminous rays have fallen upon the lines my pen has traced, and lighted up the page of history and science, thy wasting, waning form shows but too clearly that thy flame will soon flicker in the socket, and thy form, once so graceful, will have vanished from mortal sight forever.

But is this all of thee? Is there no past, no future to thy history? What are the elements of thy composition? From whence came they? and is thy physical destruction their annihilation? Science answers, No!

Were we to search the mines of Golconda, and wash the sands of Himalaya, we should find gems more precious than rubies, and for which kings have fought, and nations have bled. Thou, too, art a diamond in another form and combination—more useful far, than the diadems of princes.

The elements of thy composition enter into all things that have life, and the gases that are rising from thy combustion are only changed in form to run again the round of organic being, or, perhaps, to sleep in the solid crust of the earth for other long centuries, to be again called forth to take an active part in the busy scenes of life.

In the language of Science, thou art called Paraffine. Thy native home is in the deep, dark caverns of the mine. Thy elements are joined firm embrace so strong that the most fervent heat alone can separate them. By the skill and science of the chemist (thou hast been separated from thy companions, with whom thou hast been, for unnumbered ages, imprisoned. Some of these, although gross and unyielding, lay the whole civilized world under tribute. The rigors of winter are modified by their use. The glowing heat of the furnace, without them, would fail. The locomotive would shudder its pace, and the steamship would cease to plow the billows of the great deep.

The more giddy and ethereal companion of thy youth with impatience leaps from the retort, takes silken wings and soars away with the aeronaut far above the Alps or Andes, returning the bold adventurer in safety to the earth, with a mind stored with knowledge, which would otherwise have forever remained hidden from mortal view; or when imprisoned in its iron cell, and conveyed in tubes along our streets, illuminates our path, and sheds its effulgent rays alike upon the humble and the proud.

The gay parlors of the rich are made more gay by its presence, and by its mellow light the artisan can pursue his wonted avocations.

But thou, oh! Paraffine Candle! decked in rich drapery, and seated upon a neatly gilded throne, waitest but the touch of the taper to shed thy soft and pure light upon surrounding objects, when ever the prison gates of thy buoyant sister, *Olefinant*, shall refuse to let her pass!

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS TRIUMPHANT!

Seven Devils Were than Himself!—The Only Way to Stop It is to Bring Some of Them!—DeWitt C. Hough and Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, H. D. Twiss—The Challenge Put to Root—Magnetic Passes from the Incarnated Faith by the Stronger Light of the Incarnated!—Fairness of the Daily Press.

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

Nassau Hall, situated on Washington street, Boston, was the scene, on the evening of Monday, April 21st, of one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the claims of physical mediumship to the credence of the thinking public which has occurred in this city for years. On that evening the well-known medium, DeWitt C. Hough, and his mother, Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, appeared to answer a challenge issued for a testing of their powers by H. D. Twiss. The matter had been mooted in the public press for several days, and as a result a good audience—in which the believers of Spiritualism and its most bitter opponents were about equally divided—asssembled to witness the result.

The preliminaries, adjusted before the assembling of the parties at this test séance, can be best conveyed by the following from the daily press of Boston, inserted by the respective individuals affected thereby:

"CHALLENGE.—To Mrs. R. K. Stoddard—Madame! I hereby challenge you to meet me at such time and place as may be mutually agreed upon, to hold a Test Séance of the powers of yourself and your son, DeWitt C. Hough, in the production of the so-called Spiritual Physical Manifestations. I should prefer that the séant should take place in public, and as soon as may be convenient, and I desire no conditions other than those accompanying this challenge. Yours respectfully, H. D. Twiss.

Dated, April 15th, 1873.

"CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—A challenge that was given me, Mrs. H. C. Goodrich, on last Sunday evening at Nassau Hall, and now found in the Herald of the 15th, will be accepted. The séant will be held at Nassau Hall, 663 Washington street, next Monday evening, April 21st, when every opportunity will be given the public and Mr. Twiss to test the power given to her son, Master Hough, and challenge the world to stop the manifestations given by his guides when he is bound in a helpless condition. This séant will positively be the last held in this city. Commence at 8 o'clock."

As a result the following was prepared and duly endorsed by both parties:

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN H. D. TWISS AND MRS. R. K. STODDARD, MADE THIS FIFTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1873.—Mrs. Stoddard is to present herself and her son, DeWitt, with the cabinet and paraphernalia usually employed by her at the ordinary public séances, and is to have the privilege of describing and prescribing the details of the duties expected of the committee selected for the occasion to serve as supervisors.

The committee to serve shall consist of one gentleman on behalf of Mrs. Stoddard, and one gentleman on behalf of Mr. H. D. Twiss, of the Twiss family, to be present in person, and Mr. Twiss may serve himself in his own behalf. After the formation of the bills, for rent of hall, advertising, printing and other expenses, the proceeds to report to Mrs. Stoddard, to be devoted to such purposes as she may deem proper.—Mr. Twiss to be free of all responsibility for bills, and to have no claim on the proceeds.

H. D. Twiss,
Mrs. R. K. Stoddard.

(Signed in presence of)
Geo. H. Haley,
S. A. Whitler.

On the evening in question, an introductory proceeding, George A. Bacon read the above articles of agreement to the audience, in presence of Mrs. Stoddard and her son and Mr. Twiss, and stated that, in accordance with the provisions of that instrument, Mr. George F. Pike had consented to serve as committee for the mediums.—Mr. Twiss preferring to act as committee for himself.

Mrs. Stoddard then addressed the people, stating that herself and son had accepted the challenge for the purpose of conclusively proving that whatever occurred at their séances was accomplished by a power outside of themselves; that both herself and son were influenced during the occurrence of the phenomena, and that they claimed the controlling intelligence conducting their séances was a spirit once living on earth, now disembodied, who bore in physical life the name of Andrew Perkins—the same having passed out of the body while colonel of a regiment of Connecticut volunteers in the late civil war.

The Committee proceeded to examine the cabinet, and Mr. Twiss himself reported to the audience that he found it to be simply a frame of wood, covered with some description of cloth, and to be totally free from any machinery, wires, or other means for the production of deception. He was satisfied that there was nothing wrong about it.

The first ripple of excitement here arose in the audience on account of Mr. Twiss desiring to secure the box with ropes and handkerchiefs which he (T.) had brought for the purpose, on the ground that there was some "sleight-of-hand" connected with the ropes generally used by Mrs. Stoddard. Mrs. S. refused, planting herself firmly upon the articles of agreement before read. After some demonstrations of heated interest, the two parties in the audience became silent, and the Committee passed the next ten minutes in binding Master Hough firmly, and even the precaution was taken by the challenger to fasten a handkerchief over the eyes of the medium, "to prevent his seeing the knots," as he expressed it. The Committee then reported that all was in readiness. Mrs. Stoddard took

position where she could most readily open the doors, while Mr. Twiss at first placed himself opposite one of the ends of the cabinet—afterward in front of it—where, in direct contradiction to his first assertion concerning sleight-of-hand, he assumed the character of a mesmerist operator, and, placing his head against the cloth, as near the box as possible, continued to make passes. Mrs. S. was also powerfully influenced, and made counter-movements from the position occupied by her. In six minutes the doors were suddenly thrown open, and amid a perfect storm of excitement on the part of the audience, the medium was found to be free from all the elaborate fastenings.

The usual operations so often described as occurring at the séances of this remarkable medium then followed in quick succession, with the additional safeguard against deception of a strong rope bound about the neck of the boy and brought outside the cabinet, the end being held by Mr. Twiss, in order that he might detect (though he was obliged to acknowledge that he could not) any movement on the part of Master Hough. In no case was the challenger, Mr. Twiss, allowed a "hook to hang a hope," although he lamented near the close, in lugubrious strains, that all would be well with him if only he had the assistance of a gentleman from Tufts College, who was present in the audience. But as he (T.) had commenced the evening by declaring that he would act for himself, the audience very properly objected to his bringing a fresh competitor upon the platform when the séance was nearly done, and the medium almost entirely exhausted. Mr. Twiss gave a cheerful view of the music furnished from the harmonium when placed in the cabinet with the securely bound medium, alleging to be produced by ventriloquism, (?) which assertion elicited shouts of laughter from the assembly. He was finally obliged to view of continued defeats of his efforts to "expose the fraud," and the continued queries from the audience as to what he was making mesmerist passes for, if the phenomena were attributable to ventriloquism and sleight-of-hand—to acknowledge that the things were done by some power that he did not understand. He still clung determinedly to the hypothesis upon which he had commenced, however, that Spiritualism was a system of deceit, and finally gravitated to that stronghold of Orthodoxy—the devil. Here he felt safe (?)—the devil, or as he expressed it, "Seven other devils worse than himself." (Quoting Mrs. Stoddard) had been summoned to assist her in the manifestations now being witnessed, and that his power as a psychological operator was not sufficient to conquer them alone. "This same sleight-of-hand, or Spiritualism," has been going on (he said) since the days of Saul; it has always appeared at intervals in history, and what was called Salem witchcraft about a hundred years ago was only another form of it. "The only way to stop it is to hang a few of them," thus showing the genuine ecclesiastical feeling toward his opponents on the platform who had conquered him fairly, and also to the great bulk of the Spiritualist media. Some remarks were made by Mrs. Stoddard with reference to the kindness of the audience, and her satisfaction at the candid manner in which Mr. Twiss had expressed his mind. Mr. Pike, her member of the Committee, also made a brief speech, setting forth that he favored the truth wherever found; that, as far as his knowledge went he was a Spiritualist, and had never denied it; but that if he had detected fraud anywhere—either on the present occasion, or any other—he should have been the first to denounce it. Words of an inflammatory nature were then offered by two strangers, denominated respectively Stetson and Smith—one a representative of the student element, and the other of one entirely opposed to it—both of whom were confident that they could expose the trickery performed at the séances, if allowed to try; but the audience seemed thoroughly convinced of the honesty of Mrs. S. and her son in their allegations concerning the workings of a power outside of themselves in the performance of the manifestations, and whether Spiritualist or skeptic, passed quietly out of the hall to ponder over the lessons of the hour.

The daily press of Boston gave fair and candid accounts of the séance; those from the Globe and Daily News (the latter a journal of the strongest Orthodox proclivities, being edited by a clergyman of that faith) are subjoined:

SPIRITUAL SEANCE.—The Spirit of a Connecticut Colonel at Work.—A company of two or three hundred curious persons assembled in Nassau Hall, last evening, to witness a test of the spirit-manifestations in the untiring of the bonds of Master DeWitt Hough. Mr. George A. Bacon appeared upon the platform, shortly after eight o'clock, and read certain agreements between Mr. H. D. Twiss and Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, which were the cause of the test meeting. Upon Master Hough's appeal, Mr. Twiss requested the right to bind him, and bind him with cords furnished by himself previous to his being placed in the cabinet. This request was refused, and the boy was bound with cord furnished by Mrs. Stoddard, Mr. Twiss and Mr. George F. Pike assisting in the operation.

The operation of tying continued ten minutes, and after the doors of the cabinet had been closed six minutes, the doors were opened and the boy was found to be entirely stripped from all the cords placed upon him. The gas was allowed to remain lighted as usual, and no one appeared to be near the cabinet except Mrs. Stoddard, who went through all the operations of untying imaginary cords, and Mr. Twiss, who seemed to be endeavoring to counteract whatever influence was at work inside the cabinet, by pressing his hands and head upon it, and throwing off the power so received. Wire frames were then bound over the boy's head and arms, and the boy further bound with the cords furnished by Mr. Twiss. A handkerchief was also bound around the boy's neck under the wire. The handkerchief was removed without disturbing the wire. A stool was placed in the cabinet, and in a moment after it was found upon the boy's head.

Other equally peculiar operations followed, while the utmost freedom of conversation was tolerated between those on the stage and the audience. After some time had elapsed the cabinet was again opened, and the boy was found free again, which fact caused the wildest enthusiasm among the audience. The "intelligences" were then requested to bind the boy, even if the circulation was stopped; and after the cabinet had been closed two and a half minutes, the boy was indeed tightly bound. All these manifestations were stated to be the work of the spirit of Col. Andrew Perkins, of some Connecticut regiment, who was killed in the late war. Further manifestations were given of Col. Perkins's ingenuity in taking off from the boy and putting on a coat tightly sewed across the front, without breaking a stitch. The audience were good-natured throughout the séance, and although Mr. Twiss could not explain why all these things were so, he professed to be able to bring forward a man from Tufts College who would make everything clear, and prove that spirits had nothing to do with the operation. —Globe.

SPIRITUALISM.—A "SEANCE" AT NASSAU HALL.—For some time past Mrs. R. K. Stoddard and her son, Master DeWitt C. Hough, have been giving wonderful exhibitions of so-called spirit power at Nassau Hall in this city, and last

evening—the lady having been challenged by Mr. H. D. Twiss to a public test of her powers—the exhibition came off in the above-named hall, in the presence of some three hundred persons. Mrs. Stoddard introduced her son, through whom the manifestations were to be made, to the audience, and the article of agreement read by Mr. George A. Bacon, prescribing the conditions of the trial, which provided that Mrs. Stoddard should have the choice of the articles to be used in the séance, and that a committee of one should be selected by each of the interested parties. Mrs. Stoddard accordingly selected Mr. George F. Pike to represent her, while Mr. Twiss acted for himself. An ordinary cabinet of framework some five feet high, covered with velvet, was placed upon a platform resting upon wooden horses at the rear of the hall, and in this the demonstrations occurred. Before commencing Mr. Twiss stated that he had brought a cord and handcuffs of his own to use upon the medium, but Mrs. Stoddard objected. This announcement occasioned considerable fussing, but the experiment finally proceeded. Young Hough was placed in a chair in the cabinet and firmly bound with it, his arms and legs being secured. Ten minutes were occupied in this when the doors were closed, and in six minutes thereafter the medium was found to be entirely free. He was next bound with Mr. Twiss's cord, a handkerchief placed over his mouth, and a wire netting and armlets covered his head and breast. The handkerchief was removed in a short space of time, a stool (which was in the cabinet) was found upon his head, and a lady's finger ring that was put in his mouth, was discovered and firmly bound on his head. A for a longer period the cord was removed. A cord was firmly sewed together and placed upon the young man, and was almost immediately removed without any of the stitches being broken.

A pair of steel handcuffs, obtained from Station Two, were placed upon his hands, the waxed cords on his wrists bound to iron staples in the cabinet, and his feet and knees bound together. In this condition, with his hands held high, various mysterious changes in the position of a finger ring occurred, it being changed about his person with great rapidity. A bell was loudly rung, "Home, Sweet Home," played on the harmonium, and the young man finally stepped out from the cabinet free from his bonds.

At the conclusion of the exhibition, Mr. Twiss acknowledged that there was some outside power which influenced Mrs. Stoddard, although not willing to admit that spirits caused the demonstration. There was considerable argument all through the evening, and frequent interruptions from both parties in the audience, who, at times, were quite earnest in their expressions of approval or censure. —News.

Free Thought.

"CHEEK."

The above word formerly meant simply a part of the face; but times change, and words change with the times. It now denotes a "feature" of American social life not easily expressed by any other word. By referring to Matthew iv: 9, you will find an illustration of our meaning. "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." This was considered at the time quite a clever exhibition of "cheek," but it was in later days eclipsed by the Frenchman who assaulted an antagonist with a red-hot poker, and when ingloriously defeated, charged the individual fifty cents for his trouble in heating the poker. It remained, however, for this present year 1873 to produce an amount of facial development hitherto unattainable, and to plan and accomplish feats beside which the pugilistic attempts of the Dextel and the Frenchman dwindle into comparative insignificance. The foregoing remarks are suggested by recent Christian "camp d'été" in this place, of which the writer was a witness, and which by your permission I will relate.

Near the village of L—, Clearfield County, Pa., lived a farmer by the name of Isaac K—, formerly a member of the Society of Friends. Being a man of a philosophical turn of mind, he diligently applied himself to the task of solving the mysteries of Nature by which he was surrounded. In the course of his investigations he encountered and early embraced Spiritualism. (Then extremely unpopular in this section.) Loving truth for its own sake, and being satisfied of the soundness of his faith, he modestly yet earnestly avowed his principles on all proper occasions. Honest, earnest, benevolent and charitable to all, he won the respect and confidence of even those who despised his faith. Thus he lived, and on the 18th of March passed to the "Summer Land." A few hours before he breathed his last, he said to a friend, "Yes, I will come to see thee whether I live or die."

Being late to the funeral, I found the house occupied by about twenty-five Spiritualists, and perhaps an equal number (of all shades of belief) of the friends of the deceased. Amongst the Spiritualists present were three or four "speaking mediums," while all the relatives of the deceased (with but a single exception) were Spiritualists; so it seemed to be unanimously conceded that the funeral would be conducted under the auspices of Spiritualism. Laboring under this impression myself, I entered the outer room, and heard with astonishment through the open chamber door, such words as these: "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved. Faith in Christ and him crucified alone can secure us a home in heaven, from which none will desire to return; and here let me add, no one can return from beyond the grave, and no one ever has yet so returned." Perplexed beyond measure by such language at such a time and such a place, I pressed forward and saw standing near the coffin—whom do you suppose? A Christian minister.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not claim to be a Spiritualist, but I do claim to love justice, and honor fair play, and I felt that propriety was being outraged, and the memory of my dead friend insulted. I could only account for this extraordinary proceeding upon the hypothesis that the Spiritualists had all suddenly deserted their colors and "joined the Church."

Learning, however, that they were as much astonished as myself, the mystery remained as impenetrable as ever. A little judicious inquiry, however, revealed a plot which for completeness of detail and smoothness of execution I have seldom seen equaled. It was this: A few pious neighbors, full of zeal for their Master's cause, viewed the ground, and reasoned thus: Here is a man whose life is without reproach, and his death a fitting sequel to it—but he was an infidel! Now lest it be inferred that his blameless life and its peaceful close was the result of his principles, and infidelity be encouraged and justified thereby, we must contrive to make it appear that he recanted his heresies and died in the true faith; so shall infidelity be crippled, our Master glorified, and we shall lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. No better means to accomplish this than to get up a Christian funeral. 'Tis true there are some difficulties in the way; his friends are principally Spiritualists; but infidels have no rights that God's people are bound to respect. "The earth is the Lord's,"

and "the wrath of man shall praise him." "We need the benefits of Isaac's life, and we will have it," and a Christian funeral we had accordingly.

I doubt not, should these lines come to the knowledge of the individuals referred to, they would consider themselves unjustly criticised. So, let me ask them: Who authorized you to thrust your religious views upon a people whom you knew to entertain opinions in consonance with the professed faith of the deceased? Suppose a Methodist class leader dies; the house is filled with sympathizing church members. The minister is present, expecting to perform the last sad rites, but in slips a Spiritualist, glides quietly up to the minister, and snavely whispers, "It is thought best for you not to say anything to-day, as it might give offence to some," and then introduces a spiritualist medium, who proceeds to harangue the mourners on the New Gospel of Spiritualism, or the superiority of a vicious atonement. How would you like it?

"Oh, what some power the little gleam you. To see yourselves as others see you."

You seem to forget that the end (however desirable) does not sanctify or even justify the means. I said the individuals who figured in this arrangement were pious people. So they are—even good people; still the above incident serves to demonstrate what mistaken zeal, unaccompanied by liberality, is capable of. It shows, too, that, under the auspices of Christianity, offences against conscience and in violation of the common courtesies of life are committed, which Spiritualism (despised as it is) would learn to be guilty of. When will Christians learn the meaning of the word, *toleration*? Yours, &c.,

SPECTATOR.

NOTES FROM A WANDERER.

BY MOSES HULL.

EDITORS AND READERS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Thus far the year 1873 has been one of the most busy of my life. Besides my regular round of Sunday work, I have held six debates, lectured evenings, attended funerals, written letters, and read the proof of three new books. Be assured, I have had no time to play; and it is just possible I may have been kept out of mischief by an overplus of work. We all remember the old couplet:

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

This is true. Many people are reckoned as temperate, honest and virtuous, simply because poverty keeps them so constantly at their hourly task that they cannot find time to indulge in sin. Really, I do not know whether I am a sinner or not; but yet had time to test the matter. Give me one month of *inertia* in the direction of hard work or hard thinking, and I fear for the result. The truth is, I am afraid to stop work for a single week. I have been told a hundred times during the past winter that I was killing myself. I usually respond, "That may all be true. I grow fat and healthy under my labors, and decidedly prefer to wrestle with the death which is now on my track, rather than to rust out and die for want of energy to go out into the great white harvest-field." The fact is, the birds sing because they can't help it; so I preach because I cannot help that. I am fated. I was made for a preacher, and can no more live out of it than a fish could live out of the water. I preach because I am compelled to do so. Salary or no salary, I must preach. "Voe abides me if I preach not the gospel." Yet I confess the Lord always calls the loudest where there is the most money. I need money; I want it and will have it, and am not ashamed of it. I work for humanity; and as my wife and children belong to the *genus homo*, I work for them. If people want my gospel, they can have it for their money. The gospel of Spiritualism will feed, clothe and educate my daughters, and I preach it to little purpose if I do not make it do so.

There! I did not think I would digress so far from what I intended to say. This has said itself. See—where was I? Oh, I remember.

My Sundays this year have been spent in Lynn and Springfield, Mass., Stafford Springs, Conn., Manchester, N. H., and Washington, D. C. As they say in Methodist class-meetings, "I have no evil report to bring." In all these places, our cause is onward. At Lynn, the cause had been so popularized by the speakers who preceded me that hundreds were compelled to go away for the want of even standing-room in the Odd Fellows' commodious hall. At Stafford, my audiences were as large as ever known there in the winter time. At Springfield, the interest, good at the first, increased to the last. Arrangements are being perfected there to build a hall for the Spiritualists. I hope to dedicate it during my stay there next October. At Manchester, my audiences increased from the first to the last meeting. During my stay there, Mrs. Stoddard and her son, DeWitt C. Hough, visited the place and gave séances. I think all who visited them were compelled to acknowledge that the manifestations, if they did not convince, baffled them. One evidence that our cause everywhere is on a firmer basis than ever before is found in the fact that I have spoken at no place for the past six months where I have not been engaged to return. Heretofore I have found societies more or less afraid to launch out and employ speakers a year ahead. Now, my positive engagements include every Sunday for a year, and I have unanswered calls for almost another year.

I find the society in Washington in a good condition. They now talk of securing a more accessible and commodious hall for the next year—though Harmonial Hall is a pleasant place—and I hope they will succeed, for Spiritualism is worthy the best halls, speakers and audiences in the country. Our good brother, Dr. Mayhew, who has ever led in every good cause, is still the "wheel-horse" in the Washington spiritual movement. Four months I have preached under his administration, and I assure you, Messrs. Editors, that I only give the minds of those who have labored in his diocese when I say he has a peculiar way of making an audience and speaker feel perfectly at home. He is one of the most earnest and efficient local workers it has been my good fortune to meet. If such a man could be found in every community, how soon the spiritual element could be organized, wheeled into line, and made to do effective work for the right.

My week-day debates and lectures have apparently done proportionally more for the cause than has been accomplished by my Sunday work. I have spoken and debated week day evenings since January 1st, in Wenham, Essex, Swampscott and Wyoma, Mass., at New London and Stafford Springs, Conn., at Concord, N. H., and at Vineland, N. J. At all of these places, and in places where I have done Sunday work, the "Macedonian" cry still continues, and I have

promised to help them more as soon as I shall return to the East. At Wenham and Swampscott I debated with Dr. Moran. Good was the result of all these debates. They afforded me the privilege of presenting the evidences of the spiritual phenomena, together with our philosophy, to many who could not, under other circumstances, have been induced to listen. At each of these discussions many came to see Spiritualism annihilated, who went away declaring "There are indeed more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamed of in our philosophy." Some who, as a result of the doctor's denials, formed circles to put Spiritualism down, found that they had "caught a Tartar." It will not "down" worth a cent! It is strange how one can persist in denying facts. The man who was my opponent in all these debates stands exactly where he stood twenty-five years ago. No amount of evidence will reach him. It is always, "Produce your manifestations here!" "Let me see the things done of which you speak; one man has as good a right to see them as another, and one place is no better than another." "If it can't be done here it can't be done at all." He usually succeeds in convincing Spiritualists who have so often witnessed the manifestations, that a certain class of people are not yet all of them dead. Meantime the doctor's friends learn that the only ability needed or available to an opponent of Spiritualism is the talent to deny persistently, and we tell a few coarse and stale jokes, and thus get up a kind of a braying laugh from that portion of the audience whom Sir Charles Darwin could well use to illustrate the connecting link between Balaam and the beast upon which he rode. I hope to continue my debates with Dr. Moran as long as he lives. He is one of the strongest opponents of Spiritualism there is in the world, and serves well to illustrate the weakness of a cause which, after a research of a quarter of a century, can find no better argument than he produces.

At Swampscott the whole tide has turned in favor of Spiritualism. Brother Charles Foxcroft has stood almost alone there for twenty-five years. He has been the butt of all religious fun and persecution, has been called a fool, a fanatic, and crazy. His neighbors have given him the cold shoulder, his family has been mistreated, and his house tenanted because of his Spiritualism; but the rock of Gibraltar never endured buffetings more firmly than he has endured it all. Now, to use a biblical phrase, "The whole world has gone after him." The interest has increased until it amounts to a perfect enthusiasm. No one church, nor all the churches combined, can begin to command the attention, respect and influence wielded by Spiritualism and its Bishop Leavitt. When the meetings were commenced last fall the people tried to suppress them as a public nuisance. Such a change in public sentiment is seldom seen. I am to have a debate in Swampscott in July on the comparative merits of the Bible and Spiritualism, and to speak there every Friday night during September.

At Wyoma, two miles from Lynn, Bro. Pendexter has undertaken to emulate the example of his friend Leavitt, and I went there regularly as long as Leavitt. The first meeting was tried merely as an experiment, and succeeded so well that meetings were continued for several successive Thursday evenings. I regretted very much to be compelled to say No to their call for more lectures. I have, however, promised to be with them every Thursday night during September.

Our meetings at Wyoma were probably rendered a little more interesting by the attacks made upon us by a Bro. Berry, an old-fashioned infidel of the Abner Kneeland type. Brother Berry had been so accustomed to attack Orthodoxy and come out first best, that his pugilistic propensity has become chronic. Now that he can get no more battles with Orthodoxy, he is content to come out second best in his attacks on Spiritualism. I understand, however, since my last lecture there, that the old gentleman has "unconditionally surrendered," and now proclaims himself a Spiritualist.

This week I am at my own home in Vineland, N. J. I have spoken twice here, and found a better interest than I anticipated. There has been such a perfect avalanche of good lecturers and lectures here the past fall and winter, that I did not expect much interest in my lectures. I have been happily disappointed. After two more Sundays in Washington I go to Harrisburg, Pa.; thence to Nashville, Tenn., where I am to debate with Rev. Dr. Harrison, of Atlanta, Ga. He is said to be the greatest Methodist minister in the South, and it is supposed the debate will be the most interesting of any ever held on this continent. The best hall in Nashville has been secured, and every arrangement made to have an interesting time. Hundreds of Methodist ministers are to be there from different States, and I hope to see a few of our lecturers and mediums on that battle-field. More anon.

Vineland, N. J., April 19th, 1873.

Social Hypochondriacs.

There is no love wasted on the croakers in any human society. People obey a native instinct in shunning them. They darken when illumination is most needed, and depress when courage wants to be built up. Yet a little healthy criticism is not to be suppressed from a timid indisposition to be classed among the croakers. There are times when the truth has a right to be spoken, because it has patiently waited for that right. The New York Tribune disavows all connection with any hypochondriacal spirit in presuming to comment frankly on the wrong tendencies of the times in some noticeable particulars. But it insists that corruption rules in our politics, that money governs society, that the standard is low in journalism and literature, and so on to a considerable extent.

For all that, it refuses to believe that the country is going to the bad. And what is the reason? Why, in general terms, that "there is a healthy pulse under all, that responds to every truthful and earnest search;" that "beyond indolent unbelief, stony moralities, and mere pew-holding piety, there is a warm and simple faith that bids us hope." It does not think there is any use in being cynical or despairing. There is, indeed, it adds—a coarse, shallow, money-getting spirit in the nation, but the fact that men realize and discuss it brings the certainty of redemption. That is true to the letter. The germ of reformation lies in this continual protest against sin and "wrong;" but better still by far, in organizing a more spiritual way of life, that shall leave the wrong and make opposition unnecessary.

To dispel darkness from about you, make light of your troubles.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little. —Johnson.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

SAN BERNARDINO.—Editors *Danner of Light*: We are happy to say that the good work in the cause of progress is going on in Southern California. Bro. C. A. Lohmuller, an able worker in the cause, has been laboring with us about five weeks, lecturing and holding discussions. At the close of his lectures the Spiritualist Association of this place adopted the following:

Resolved, That the labors of Bro. C. A. Lohmuller, who have closed in this place for the present, have not only accomplished good for Spiritualists, but have awakened an interest in the cause of progress, by setting other people to thinking; therefore,

Resolved, That a report of his labors be made to the "Banner of Light," and "Religio-Philosophical Journal," with a request for publication.

Bro. Lohmuller is an eloquent inspirational speaker. He is about twenty-four years of age. He commenced lecturing here in Liberal Hall, Jan. 25th. His large audiences were held in silence and close attention. His lectures and discussions were wholly devoid of rousing sarcasm, while his frequent sallies of wit and mirth moved his hearers to laughter. He is a close, keen observer; has clairvoyant and the psychometric faculty. At the close of each lecture he would delineate the character of three or four persons by the back of their right hand, which science he said had been taught him by the spirits; in reading character he gave perfect satisfaction.

At the close of his second lecture he received a challenge to hold a discussion with R. Varley, an elder of the Church of Latter-Day Saints, on the following proposition:

Resolved, That the King James version of the Bible substantiates Modern Spiritualism.

The discussion was held on the night of Feb. 2d. Lohmuller affirmed; R. Varley denied; the affirmative was proved in a clear and comprehensive manner. The next evening the following proposition was discussed:

Resolved, That the doctrine promulgated by Jesus Christ are the only ones that will save mankind.

R. Varley affirmed, Bro. Lohmuller denied, and showed the excellency of the teachings from the angel-world—the fallacy of a belief in a mediator, and that every one must atone for himself. It is admitted by the majority of persons, including many of the "church members," that Bro. Lohmuller gained the victory, and they were well pleased with the courteous and gentlemanly manner in which he met his reverend opponent and alluded to the churches.

Subsequently a challenge was given by Judge Swift, of this place, to discuss the following:

Resolved, That the best proof of the immortality of the soul is found outside of the Bible.

Bro. Lohmuller affirmed, the Judge denied. The discussion lasted two evenings. This was followed by another, which also lasted two evenings—proposition:

Resolved, That the teachings taught by Jesus Christ and his disciples are better calculated to raise the moral standard of man than Modern Spiritualism in all its phases.

Judge Swift affirmed, Lohmuller denied. The attendance was large, and deeply interested, and although the Judge is an able debater, the radical, original, and able manner in which Bro. Lohmuller handled the subject, made it appear that the Judge was on the wrong side. After the discussion, the ladies of the Association, including some outside, gave at Liberal Hall a grand social ball for the benefit of Bro. Lohmuller, which came off on the night of Feb. 28th. The supper which the ladies gave for the occasion was a credit to them and to the place. The hall was crowded with the most respectable portion of the community. On Sunday, March 2d, the agent received the hall was presented to Bro. Lohmuller by J. D. Potter, our local lecturer, who made a few very appropriate remarks for the occasion. Bro. Lohmuller, in reply, said the amount presented him was more than he had received at any one place on this coast, but that he valued the sympathy and regard of the people of San Bernardino more than the money. He left here March 3d for San Diego, and will return in two or three months. He will be welcomed with greetings whenever he returns, and we unhesitatingly commend him wherever he may go.

WM. HEAR, President.

J. A. VALDER, Sec. pro tem.

March 10th, 1873.

Wayside Pencillings.

DEAR BANNER.—Some weeks since, while in New Bedford, Mass., I attended a séance at the house of Mr. Bowle, where I witnessed some of the most remarkable manifestations that ever came to my notice. There were seven persons besides myself composing the circle around the table.

I understand that these parties commenced sitting about three years ago, with promises from time to time, if certain conditions were complied with, that wonderful results would follow. The predictions proved true.

Very soon after the room was darkened, a small bell was raised in their air at quite a distance above our heads, and, by request, spirit lights were produced—in some instances so brightly that we could discern a portion of the hand holding the bell. A violin was raised and the strings thrummed while the bell was ringing. Spirit hands came in contact with our arms and faces.

Upon the table had been placed two scrolls of paper, which, after a time, were raised and used in the place of trumpets, by the invisibles, by which to convey their voices to us. Many a kind word and mirthful saying were given us distinctly, with now and then an expression of laughter with clearness; and even singing was rendered very sweetly.

Every week individuals are welcomed to our good brother's rooms to investigate these things, and go away convinced that something outside and beyond human agency produces them. Since the first week in April, I have been on the wing. Stopped in Brooklyn, N. Y., over one Sunday. Spiritualism in this city is at "low tide" as far as works are concerned. The Lyceum holds its regular sessions, but the platform is not sustained.

From Brooklyn to Philadelphia. Here one finds Spiritualism to be in the ascendency. Crowds congregate every Sunday at Spring Garden and Broad-street Hall. A "Philosophical Debating Club" has been organized in this city, which promises to become a great and noble wheel of progress. I would recommend them everywhere, in connection with or independent of Spiritualist organizations, as a means of culture and growth. We demand and will have freedom in its grandest qualification.

Mrs. M. E. B. SAWYER.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 14, 1873.

Ohio.

ROOTSTOWN.—A. M. D. writes, April 11th: Calvin Ward celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, March 16th, 1873. The whole affair was very pleasant, and we hope we may chronicle other proceedings of as pleasant a character. Mr. Ward was born in Connecticut, March 16th, 1783. He is the father of eleven children, eight of whom grew to man and womanhood, four of whom are now living. He has been married fifty-eight years, and his wife is still living with him to steady his tottering footsteps, which are nearing "the valley of the shadow of death." He says he "fears no evil." He served three months in the war of 1812, and came to Ohio in 1814, which was then little else than a vast wilderness. He had always discarded all churches, theories and isms with regard to the higher life, never joining any sect, creed, or society, until the subject of Spiritualism was presented to him. This, he said, filled the long vacant spot in his soul, and he has ever since been an active worker in that cause. He loves to hear the pages of the *Banner* read carefully to him, and we might add the *Banner* is his idol. We hope he may long remain with us with the full enjoyment of his faculties, and when he passes to the higher life may his dream become a reality.

Illinois.

GUILFORD.—Sylvester Scott sends us an account of séances by Mrs. A. E. Blair, the spirit artist, who is now on a tour through the West.

and meeting with excellent success. He describes in detail some of her paintings and methods of procedure, &c., which we have not room to print. Mrs. Blair's phase of mediumship, however, is well known to the readers of the Banner. Mrs. Blair painted a beautiful picture, 22 by 24 inches, for Mr. Scott, which contained representations of a dozen or more members of the family, living and in the spirit-world. Considering that parties were all entire strangers to Mrs. B., the fact is most excellent and is evidence that the medium is aided by spirits.

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.—A correspondent says: I have read your paper for some time with interest, and look anxiously for its weekly arrival; for its pages contain so much calculated to inspire the reader with the earnest desire to seek and find new and truer ways of living, free from old conventionalities and bigotries, that every one who is a friend of progress, whether Spiritualist or not, cannot fail to give it his hearty support. The Index is a noble paper, but the *extremity* radical opinions expressed through its pages are very apt to frighten many who would be gained by a gentler persuasion. That position you hold. You let us down more gently from our preconceived notions of religious matters, and help us to feel our way, where the Index pushes us into the darkness, and tells us to grope for our light until we find it; at least, that was my experience on my first acquaintance with that paper. However, I am a little surer of my foothold now, and can read it with both pleasure and profit.

But as your paper is the recognized medium for the masses between the angel-world and our little sphere, so also you hold the medium place between the old-time religious opinions and the present extreme radical ideas. In your two-fold capacity I bid you God-speed. I wish that I could give you something more substantial than *good wishes*, but my means are so limited at present that everything outside of absolute necessity is forbidden. I am glad you were enabled to continue your paper, and hope those who have been entrusted with a goodly share of this world's goods will feel the obligation which rests upon them to assist in once more establishing the Banner upon a financial basis.

PORTSMOUTH.—Joseph G. Harvey writes, April 14th: Spiritualism in this city is receiving a new impulse, and the baptism of "spirits" is descending upon us with much power, especially in the past two weeks under the mediumship of Mrs. Emma E. Weston, of East Boston. From a small beginning of thirty or forty, in January last, our hall is usually crowded, especially in the evening, at an attendance fee of twenty-five cents which have been test mediums, and leaders are free and well attended, and skeptics are being awakened to the beautiful truths of our philosophy. With such mediums as Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, who is our favorite lecturer, Mr. Arthur Rodges, of Boston, and Mrs. Weston, as test mediums, many are being brought under conviction, preparatory, we trust, to a blessed conversion to the higher truths of immortality.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—O. H. Silliman, Secretary, writes, April 4th: Last Sunday, the 30th of March, the Central Association of Spiritualists held their annual election of officers and officers' anniversary commemoration at Minerva Hall, which passed off pleasantly, and terminated with the most happy results. In the morning, Dr. U. F. Milner made a valedictory address to the Association, which was followed by the usual reports and the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Capt. John Grant; Vice President, John McDougal; Secretary, C. H. Silliman; Treasurer, E. B. Benton; Managers, Spencer Field, R. F. Harrison, W. F. Perkins, Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. E. L. Sargent. Capt. Grant is an old veteran in the cause, and one of the leading men in the South. His name travels the world over with Spiritualism. Mr. McDougal, a prominent gentleman of culture and progressive thought, will give able support to our worthy President.

A better selection could not have been made than E. B. Benton for Treasurer, who is President of a city bank, and an energetic worker. The managers are gentlemen and ladies who are known to every one, and will work harmoniously with the other officers for the promotion of truth. This year we have ladies occupying official positions, and with their wise counsel and keen discernment for the best interests of the Society, I believe we will flourish much better than heretofore.

Mrs. Walker is a worker. She has presided at the organ and sung in the choir during the past year, and having been developed as a writing medium, has written many beautiful poems, several of which have been published in the city papers. Mrs. Sargent is also a writer of considerable distinction, and her sledge-hammer blows at the citadel of Orthodoxy and superstition, which have appeared in the papers from time to time, never fail to command the applause of all progressive minds.

In the evening Dr. Y. A. Carr made some well-thought remarks, stating the nature of the meeting, and was followed by Mrs. Walker with a beautiful anniversary poem written for the occasion. W. F. Perkins read an interesting paper on the principles of Spiritualism, after which Dr. J. B. Walker occupied the attention of the audience with a brief history of Modern Spiritualism. Dr. U. F. Milner gave his interesting experience of a year, and thus ended our twenty-fifth anniversary commemoration.

New York.

WEST WINFIELD.—Dr. E. F. Beals writes, March 23: The Central New York Association of Spiritualists is doing a good work in this part of the State. We have held three two-day meetings in Norwich, New Berlin and West Winfield, this winter. Our halls have been crowded to hear the inspiring words that flowed from the lips of A. Warren, Woolson, A. E. Simmons, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, and Mrs. Kimball's soul-stirring tests that she gives in a public hall at the close of each lecture. At Joslyn Hall, New Berlin, at least two hundred persons stood up for three hours to hear Mr. Simmons and Mrs. Byrnes, and the tests given by Mrs. Kimball.

Our Association has done more than its best friends dared to expect. If Spiritualists in every county would organize and hold meetings quarterly, if not oftener, they would soon be strong enough to support a speaker one-fourth or one-half of the time, and build up and strengthen each other in a good cause.

Our next Quarterly Meeting will be held at Peterboro', Madison Co., the home of Gerritt Smith, the philanthropist and reformer, on the 7th and 8th of June next. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham is engaged to speak at that time, and others.

NEW YORK CITY.—A. A. Thurber, having written to the Banner several times in favor of Dr. H. G. Gordon as a medium, now sends us a letter in which he states that he was duped by Gordon, and repudiates him *in toto* as a dishonest medium. He was present at the time of the exposure of Gordon. He has been a friend to true mediums, and shall continue to be.

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—21 North 7th street, March 30, 1873. Dear Banner: Mrs. Della Hull, a lady well known in many sections of the country as a successful clairvoyant, physician and medium, is now lecturing and giving tests at Columbia Hall, in this city, and will do so until the first of May. Will you please do her and her friends the favor of inserting the accompanying letter, and add that after May she will go to Harrisburg, and from thence to Western New York and Canada? By so doing you will confer a favor upon her, as well as upon your obedient servant.

HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Thompson Street Society, Philadelphia, Pa. We cannot permit the very pleasant connection which for the past few months has existed between you and our society, and our tendering to you our sincere thanks for your ministrations here while lecturing for us, with the assurance that we cherish an earnest respect for you as a woman, and a sincere appreciation of your gifts as a speaker and medium.

And it likewise affords us the highest pleasure to commend your services to all friends of progress, and to bid you God-speed in your noble mission.

Respectfully your friends,
J. S. WHITMAN, JANE ATKINSON,
SARAH J. HARTY, JACQUELINE T. FOSCH,
JAMES MARLOW, CHARLES BAKER,
MARY FITZGERALD, THOMAS LEE.

MARCETTA.—Wm. H. Gosh says if some "good speaker" would bring this way he could do much good, as many want to hear about Spiritualism. Enclose amount for a renewal of the Banner, and fifty cents to the fund suggested by "W. D. Y." of thirty cents from each Spiritualist to help replace the Banner's loss by fire.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary in Buffalo, N. Y.

From the columns of the Buffalo Courier of March 31st we condense the following account of the anniversary services in that city:

The Spiritualists of Buffalo and vicinity held their anniversary exercises yesterday (Sunday, March 30th), the day being advantageous to a good attendance. St. James Hall was the place of meeting. Three sessions were held—forenoon, afternoon and evening.

Morning Session.—At half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, about two hundred of the Spiritualists had assembled in St. James Hall. Miss Cornelia Maynard, of this city, called the meeting to order, and Mr. J. W. Weaver, of Byron, Genesee Co., was then appointed Chairman.

Mr. Weaver, upon taking the chair, made a brief introductory and congratulatory address. Bishop A. Beals next sang "Beautiful Hills" in very good style. The same gentleman's vocalism, as will be observed, was several times called upon to requisition. Following the song, an inspired invocation was made by Mrs. Carrie Hazen.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. S. H. Worthman, of this city, who spoke generally about Spiritualism, and the progress it has made since the time of the Rochester manifestations. He prophesied that it must, in time, become established and recognized as the true faith of the age.

The next speaker was Mr. E. C. Hotchkiss, also of Buffalo, who referred to various late acts, governmental and theological, which indicated a movement toward the revival of religious persecution and barbarism.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hotchkiss's remarks, another song was sung by Mr. Beals. Brief addresses were then made by Mr. Cande, of Angola, and John Kernahan.

Afternoon Session.—Organ at half-past two o'clock, and was opened with the song "I Live for those who Love Me," sung by Mr. Beals. The singer played his accompaniments on a cabinet organ located on the stage. The Chairman then announced that Miss Cornelia Maynard, of Buffalo, would read a poem written under inspiration. Miss Maynard made a few introductory remarks regarding the good wrought by Spiritualism since its advent, and then proceeded to deliver the following poem:

To me that to the glory of non-day
Whose bread of life is yours
Light upon our souls
That grandest glory-voice
Whose music hath come down from
That wraps our souls about
For angels take their crowns
And turn their things out
Showing the path our loved ones
Lead on that darkness day
When God's white angels called them
To where life's waters play
No longer the "ghosts" of old
Of Satan's terrors cry
No longer flames ascending
With sulphurous fumes on high
Of burning shrouds and gloom
Whose shrieks would rend the sky
For these old fables vanished
Despite the death of the old
Who told us of Hell's pavement
Of a space in length
For heaven is "God's work"
Hath dawned upon our race
And "Common Sense" at last has brought
To us the truth with us
Old bigotry would shield itself
In garments rich and fine
And from golden words
Proclaim its truth divine
And amid loud-voiced organs
And glittering lights
Make a "Christian Constitution"
To crush the "Witch of Mass."
When Error finds its weakness
And feels about to die
It seeks a robe of Sanctity
To cover up its shame
While Right enacts in armor
Outside of Church and State,
Can dare to cast the shadow
And then afford to truth
So we through years of waiting
Have seen God's truth expand
Until to-day, fair freedom's bell
Clings out its ringing shout
From the land of bondage
To creeds and dogmas old
For whose weak and feeble fables
Fair Reason's light was sold
To-day our morning tapers
Shine through the darkness and see
No cherished one has fallen
For immortality
Hath crowned our brow with glory,
And from God's sunny-shed
They come with gladness story
Of where they have been
Through ocean-depths of feeling
Strong cords of love
Bind the world to the new
To the angel world above
The light, the eyes of worldlings
Are you too blind
That from transfiguration-mounts
Is flooding you and me
Hushed and hushed in the night
And made the echoes ring
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, Death, where is thy power?
Then hail to the glad memory
That brings us here to-day
And let white hands of charity
A holy tribute pay
To the trio of saviors—
That merciful God
Who threw the door of Heaven wide
And closed the angel's hands
Let the little home of the humble
Our recollections share
And show our memory in our deeds
As well as in our words
No longer sit we mourning
But songs of joy and praise
Are swelling from our hearts and tongues
For this that crowns our days
No narrow road that leads to heaven,
No broad, alluring path
No savior crucified in pain
No path of blood and tears
Not such bitterness these
With other fables seen
For our world is now a new
By his rainbow-belt of peace
Before us, broad and fair and high,
Progression's nation road
With angel watchers ever nigh
To guide and aid us on
No heaven nearer than our feet
No "redeeming grace,"
But each their own salvation seek
And find it in the light
For "as ye sow so shall ye reap,"
And every thing you sow
In the "Light, the Truth, the Way,"
Then welcome all this light to share,
Whereby, through love divine, to prove
The brotherhood of man.

After the poem was read, Mr. Kernahan, who presided at the organ, made a few remarks, and then introduced Mr. J. W. Weaver, of Byron, Genesee Co., who delivered a paper on "The History of Spiritualism in America." Mr. Weaver's paper was well received, and was followed by a paper on "The History of Spiritualism in America," delivered by Mr. J. W. Weaver, of Byron, Genesee Co.

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protected, feeble woman and children who turned to the heavenly light which had shone in upon their previously unilluminated minds, and have in its cause braved and dared all opposition, abuse and slander.

After referring in general terms to the comfort and peace bestowed by our philosophy in the hour of trial and bereavement, he stated that previous to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, occasional instances of spiritual visitations had occurred, one of which he desired

And when the mission is fulfilled
For which this life is given,
Kindred and friends will then unite
To part no more in heaven.

Boston, Mass. SAMUEL GROVEN.

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