

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER T. HATHAWAY.

[CONCLUSION.]

CHAPTER XVII.

"Treason has done his worst: not steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further!"

It did not occupy them long in finding a skiff, after reaching the quay, into which they sprang, and in a brief time were sailing the waters in the direction of the Italian shore. After a weary voyage, they reached the point on which Bando had so many times disembarked. Climbing over rocks and ledges, they came at length to the spot with which Bando was much more familiar.

They now walked on to the outer door of the subterranean cavern, which was slightly shut. Bando touched its hidden spring, and it flew back on its hinges. They groped along for some time, until they came to the door of the inner cave. A moment Bando listened. He thought he detected the sound of voices. Instantly he applied his silver whistle to his lips, and blew loud and shrilly. Then followed perfect silence.

He raised and blew it a second time. This time it was answered. Then the door swung open hastily, and Bando and his companion passed through. The men all sat ranged along the interior of the cave. When their eyes fell on Bando, they were mute with wonder.

"Not know me, your old leader? I am come back to you again!" said he.

"Hurra! Hurra! Long live Bando!" they shouted, till their voices rent the cave.

"This person, my brave comrades," pointing to the companion with him, "was your late leader. She is my betrothed."

"This a woman?" all cried out.

"Yes," answered he, "you have had the honor to be commanded by a woman; and that woman, too, my betrothed! She came among you, and asked to take her lover's place. She swore to avenge the death she supposed I had suffered. And she proved herself worthy, I am told, of her mission."

"She did—she did!" they all answered.

"She was captured in the fight you had with the Venetian soldiers, and carried to Venice. This day the Doge himself has recognized her as his own daughter."

"Impossible!"

"It is nevertheless true. Knowing her, the Doge sent for me. I knew her as quickly. Do you not think I was proud to know that, disguised as she was, she drew the sword for my name? Indeed I was proud enough. But I have something besides to tell you: I am the Doge's son!"

Their astonishment, verging on disbelief itself, cannot be described.

"What I tell you is Gospel truth," repeated Bando. "I am the son of the Doge. Till this, he had believed this fair maiden was his child, but his mistake has been made plain to him. He has hidden us fly together, and never take up arms against Venice again. I shall do as he wishes. My roving days, comrades, are over forever. My appetite for revenge is satisfied, for I cannot go against my own father, and him who has taken care of this dear one all her life. Come, my comrades, let us drink once more to our former days, and then separate and go our own ways in the world. But I want you first to promise me that this mode of life shall henceforth be abandoned. It remains for you all to turn and aid Venice, or you shall all find quiet and peaceful homes in the island where my betrothed and I are going. Will you promise me, from this day, to renounce your present mode of life?"

They answered unanimously—"We will!"

"Will you swear?"

"We swear!" replied they.

"Then let us once again pledge each other in generous wine, and, henceforth, farewell to the brigand's life forever!"

They filled their goblets and drank them off together. It was their last revelry in the bandit's cave. They could not but feel sad, too. This life of theirs had a wild charm for them. It was crowded with the romance of hazards and dangers, of escapes and adventures. It made their blood fly rapidly. It filled their hearts with high hopes, even if it also plunged them at times into the deepest disappointments and despair.

Bando led the way.

"Now for the nearest port with me," said he, "those who will still follow my fortune! With our gold let us purchase a vessel. In her we will embark for Sicily, where I shall forever make my home. Who goes with their old leader?"

About a dozen stopped forth.

"But where will the rest of you go, comrades? I hate to leave you here."

"We will go back to humble but honest labor again," answered they.

"Do you tell me truly?"

They reiterated their determination.

"Then farewell!" he added. "Should any of you, my brave and trusty comrades, ever approach the coast where your old leaders dwell, do not forget to use freely the services of Bando. They will always be ready for you. Farewell!"

They parted then and there, and the scene was touching. It would hardly be thought that brigands and outlaws possessed such tender feelings as they showed.

Of those who went away with Bando, were Giuseppe and Maroo. Fedore would unquestionably have followed, too, but nothing had been heard of him since he received what was thought to be his death wound in the fray. Yet the reader should himself know thus much about him. Having crawled away to die, he lay on the ground insensible, until the fight was over. He was not found, because he had been at such pains to secrete himself. He lay in the spot he had chosen till the soldiery had sacked and left the cave, and then came to himself again. Crawling back to the cavern, he found wine, with which he refreshed himself. Seeing that the place was desolate, he concluded that all his comrades had been either killed or captured. In despair he went away to the wilderness, and nothing was known of him by mortal.

The party under Bando went down to the shore. Following its course till they came to a little village, they fell in with such a vessel as they wanted, and purchased her. Embarking in this, they bade a long farewell to the land they loved with sighs and regrets, and tears coursing down their cheeks.

They endured a boisterous voyage, filled up with storms, and threatening to make wreck of their frail vessel. But they had been much too familiar with danger to quail in its presence now.

Finally they came to their desired port—a quiet little haven, into which they easily worked their vessel and came to an anchor. The country was in all the beauty of luxuriant verdure. The landscape was lovely in the extreme. There was a low, stone house standing some distance back on the slope, apparently much gone to decay, and not tenanted at that time. Viola instinctively looked to this as the home which her mother had bequeathed her, nearly twenty years before. And thither all directed their willing steps.

Reaching the door, Bando and Viola, accompanied by Giuseppe and Maroo only, went forward, while the rest remained silent in the rear. They laid their hands on the latch, and it obeyed the pressure. It swung back in its hinges. But a wretched picture of decay met their eyes. The ceiling was dripping with foul moisture. The walls were all gaping with seams. The floors were opening to let them through. The stairs were fast tumbling, one over another. They proceeded cautiously into one of the rooms. It was so dark that nothing within could be seen. Bando hastened to let in more light through a screen. In an instant a glare of the golden sun flashed into the untenanted room, as if it had found its way into a tomb.

But lo! what was that object on the wall! The quick eye of Viola at once took it in. A portrait! She drew forth from her bosom the miniature her mother had left her. They were a striking resemblance! The story was all told. That picture on the wall was that of her own mother! Now was she fully satisfied that these domains were all her own.

Passing through this room, they opened another door. As it swung back, the figure of a man, sitting across the room, was dimly seen.

"Who is that?" thought Bando.

Maroo and Giuseppe rushed in and seized the intruder, and dragged him forth to the light. He was a mass of filthy rags. His beard and hair were very long, his features were pinched and sharp, and his eye was wandering. He seemed the very picture of despair.

"Who are you?" roughly demanded Bando.

"Bring him to the light!" said Giuseppe.

He was dragged, trembling, baggard, and full of fear, into the middle of the room. Then Viola for the first time looked at him. She gave one piercing shriek.

"What is it? What?" demanded Bando.

She pointed to the creature in terror.

"What does this mean, Viola?" he called again.

"The monk! The monk!" cried she. "It is Father Petroni!"

Bando looked at him searchingly.

"Is it so?" demanded he.

The monk silently bowed assent. It was indeed Petroni.

"Craven!" shouted Bando, seizing him with fury; "how camest thou here?"

"I will tell thee," spoke the trembling creature, for the first time.

"Or else take this dagger to thy heart, villain! where it should have found its way long ago!"

"Stay—stay the dagger!" shouted the monk, "and hear me!"

"Then go on, wretch!" cried Bando.

"When you threw me into that dark hole under the convent chapel, you thought that was the end of me. It would have been, had I not known the place so well. A subterranean passage led from its dark walls even to the river. As soon as I recovered my consciousness, I crept along this passage, on my hands and knees, until I came to this aperture. I crawled out in safety. Then there was nothing left to me but to flee. I could not remain there a day, nor an hour longer. I took a boat and left the city with all haste. From day to day I wandered, begging my bread. I stopped nowhere, and spoke with no one. I resolved to go on, to keep travelling till I

should find some old ruin where I might hide myself. I was the most like a ruin myself, and determined to live in one ever afterwards. I came at last to this one. I have dwelt here a long time, and untested. The spirits that were once said to haunt this house, are now all obedient to me. I fear none of them. I fear nothing now. There could be no more wretchedness for me than that I have already suffered. And, in this condition, you—you, whom I least expected to behold again—have at length found me! Where shall I go now? Will you slay me where I am, for crimes of which I am guilty over and over again?"

"Fear nothing like that now from me," answered Bando.

"But can you forgive?" he asked.

"You are wretched; how can I nurse a feeling of revenge now?" said Bando.

"But how can she forgive me?—She, whom I once endeavored either to disgrace or destroy?"

"You shall pay the full penalty for that!" responded Bando, quickly.

"Mercy! mercy! as you finally hope for it yourself!" screamed the monk, pale and trembling.

"This, then, is your punishment: Those whom you once labored to separate forever, you shall now, by virtue of your holy office, unite in marriage!"

"Not worthy! Oh, no, no! I am not worthy!"

"Worthy or not, you shall do it, and none but you! Come, make yourself ready!"

Immediately Bando and Viola, their little party gathering as witnesses around them, stood up before the broken old monk, and he proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony for them. He asked Heaven to bless the union. And thus did Bando at last enjoy his triumph.

The moment it was over, the new bridegroom turned upon the old wretch, and said to him:

"Now begone! Never cross my path again! On peril of your life, head well my words! Here is money—take it. Be out of my sight at once! Wander now at your pleasure, up and down the face of the earth! Go and haunt your own soul, if you can, with the single knowledge that you still live!"

Without another word, he bent a stern look on the guilty monk, until he withdrew from his presence. Then he took his newly made bride into his arms, and exclaimed in tones of passionate exultation:

"My bride! my wife! No mortal power shall ever separate us again!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part. To go back a little."

As soon as the Doge met the Council, he explained to them the discovery he had so unexpectedly made, and frankly told them that he had suffered both Viola and Bando to escape out of Venice, on condition that, at least for many years, they should not return again. They well knew how sore a trial the whole matter must have been to him, and therefore were inclined, if only out of respect for the Doge's high office, to pass by the transgression in silence.

The people were wisely kept in ignorance of the whole affair. The Council possessed just that sort of machinery which could keep such a matter a secret forever.

Old Nancie was sent for. They hunted in her dismal chamber, but it was vacant. She had mysteriously disappeared. She had left the implements of her art behind her; however, there was the clepsydra, or water-clock; there the various pieces of drapery by whose concealing aid she made the common things about her look mysterious to the observer; but she herself had gone.

Time rolled on. The companions of Bando, who had followed him to his new home, were now settled industriously in various directions around him. Bando and Viola preserved their old stone house of her mother, as a precious memory of other times; but a sweet villa was erected on a great way from it, which they had converted into a perfect paradise. Viola now bore the name her mother had bequeathed to her.

Her pretty little waiting-maid, Julietas soon as she learned that she had lost her mistress, became inconsolable. Going on board the first vessel she could find, she set sail forthwith for a port of refuge, and entered a nunnery in one of the little towns in the southern part of that country. She was sick of the world, altogether, and craved only solitude. She would be where she could breathe out her sighs and her prayers unheard.

On a certain silvery night in summer, the moon hanging her swelling orb high above the horizon, a young man strolled without the walls of the town, to where this very nunnery stood, and sat down close by the grounds, and began to ramble. Evidently he was sad and weary. There must be some secret cause for it all. What was it?

He broke out in singing, as if to relieve his thoughts of their weight. The songs were only such as were adapted to his feelings, but always of a melancholy strain. At length he struck on a strain that was as familiar as a "household word." He went through it with a great deal of expression. Even his own singing affected him to tears.

He paused. Presently he caught the very same strain from the other side of the nunnery wall! He repeated it on his part, it was repeated from the other side! Instantly he seemed a new person, and called out:

"Juliet! Juliet!"

A voice answered at once:

"Is it Fedore?"

"It is I! It is I!" said he, in a torrent of joy.

"Joy! oh, joy!" exclaimed the female voice, on the other side.

The wall was high, and could not be scaled; so Juliet directed him to be at the furthest gate, on a certain hour of the next night, when she would be all ready and waiting with a key.

They were both punctual to their engagement, as was to be expected in such a case. And what a glad greeting was not this of the two lovers!

They made off together, Juliet in disguise, resolved to take the first vessel that offered, and leave the country. On their road to the coast, they fell in with a group of fortune tellers. They stopped, and asked of one of them—an old woman—the nearest route. She took the pains to point it out to them. They were turning to depart, when a certain expression of Fedore's countenance caught the old crone's eye, and she broke forth excitedly:

"I have seen that face before! I know I have seen it!"

"Where?" demanded he.

"Oh, yes! and this other face, too!" added she, with much increased vehemence.

"But where? where?" he repeated.

"In Venice!" whispered she in his ear.

"Who are you, then?" demanded he.

"Don't you know me?"

He protested that he did not.

"Nor you?" turning to Juliet.

No, nor she, either.

"Then I'll tell you," added she, in a more confidential whisper still. "I am Nancie! Yes—I am she!"

"What?" both exclaimed together.

"I tell you truly; I am the old fortune-teller, the nurse of Viola, and Bando! Yes, I tell you I am the same!"

She it was, indeed; but she was greatly changed. Sitting down by the roadside, each party disclosed their own experience in the world since they last met. The old nurse was in possession of facts concerning Viola and Bando, of which neither Fedore nor Juliet knew anything, so long had they been exiles from Venice. So she went over the whole history of Bando's capture, trial, condemnation, and final pardon, and likewise of the romantic robber-life of Viola, her capture by the soldiers, and her escape; and, finally, how they had both fled together beyond the coast.

"Ah, if I did but know where my noble master is now," exclaimed Fedore.

"But that happens to be just what I can tell you," returned Nancie.

"You can tell me that? Oh, then, tell me in the very next breath! I will be at his side, with Juliet, too, as quick as tide and winds will take me there!"

"Be patient, and you shall know the whole," added Nancie.

And from this point she let them into Viola's history, and the locality of the ample possessions that had been left to her; and said that, beyond a doubt, both of them would be found upon them then.

This filled both hearts with unspeakable joy. They expressed their gratitude over and over again, and took leave of her, with tears in their eyes, to continue their journey.

They came down to the coast just in time to embark on board a vessel bound for Sicily. They made a quick and prosperous voyage, and in due time reached the port of their destination. Without further delay they set out for the spot that held the objects of their devotion and love.

After several days' slow and weary travel, Fedore came into the neighborhood to which he had been directed, and, seeing a stranger not far off, went over to him to put further inquiries. The moment he came near the stranger, he called out:

"Giuseppe! Giuseppe!"

It was even he. Bando could not be very far off. He conducted them to the villa of the latter, and left them to make their way in for themselves.

The meeting surpassed any scene to which description is adequate. Words are too tame and measured to convey the spirit of so joyous a surprise. Master and page—mistress and maid, were thus happily reunited.

All four lived together peacefully for many years, made better by the rough and bitter experiences through which they passed.

Nancie and the old monk continued ever to be wanderers. That was the penalty exacted of them. The name of Bando was mentioned almost under the breath, in Venice, for long years after these events. There were few in whose memories his hold on unparalleled deeds did not long remain. It was a story like that he had lived thus far; but it was lived up at its close with a bow of promise like that which spans the sky after a long and troublous storm. Bando became another man.

Written for the Banner of Light. WORN-OUT THINGS.

BY KATIE GRAY.

Woman's patient, self-sacrificing spirit is often made the theme of praise for an admiring world to gaze upon. These qualities are commendable, truly, when exercised in a proper direction, but there are conditions, and those generally which are the subject of this species of laudation, which make them simply a stupid compliance to unjust demands, slightly illustrated in the not uncommon incident of a woman expected to preside gracefully over a household, and at the same time perform most, if not all, of its menial servitude, in addition to the office of rearing children, and passing her nights in broken slumber attendant upon their many needs; so that her face grows old and thin before its time, and she goes an early martyr to the tomb, or a suffering invalid, shorn of the strong, healthy cheerfulness so necessary in the family circle, beclouding with a dark shadow, the precincts that should be enveloped with an atmosphere of roses and all sweet things. Then, instead of making a merit of it, and holding up for an example, this forlorn domestic picture, should we not, one and all, cast this practice into that receptacle of worn-out things, where those Sunday-school books belong which are filled with records of the impossible children who were so good they died very early in consequence; or if they indulged in the natural pastimes of mirth and innocence, and were not vainly in the accepted forms of cant and narrow-minded bigotry, or possibly were forced into evils by hereditary causes, or existing circumstances, were sent into everlasting torments, to appease the wrath of an offended deity.

Here let me digress one moment more to show the tendency of such writings upon the tender minds of those little beings the mistaken writers thought to benefit. The young readers either penetrated the disguise, and finding them unmitigated fiction, threw off all wholesome restraint, or, like the little girl I knew, whose conscience was so exceedingly sensitive that she constantly drew comparisons between them and herself, so much to her own disadvantage, that finally her full heart overflowed in this request to her mother:

"Mamma, when I read about such good little children, I find they never live long. Now, which do you rather have me, good little men, and die pretty soon, or just as I am, and live longer?"

This child's tender conscience became so morbidly sensitive that her mother was obliged, in safety to her well being, to withdraw her from the Sunday-school, and exclude from her perusal all those books fraught with such evil.

Would it not be better now, in an age when woman begins to be recognized as being worthy to become a companion to her brother, husband, or friend, and acknowledged as having some little intellect, to take off this pressure of manifold burdens from her life, that she may the sooner arise from all those weaknesses, and frivolities, still supposed by many to pertain to her sex, instead of her condition, and thus all those connected with her become elevated in a corresponding ratio, bringing about the only true social reform, that which shall commence at our very hearthstones?

There would be the necessity for this overtasking process of labor, when help would gladly be bestowed, by those otherwise free, for that small remuneration within the means of every man of common intellect, and corresponding industry. I believe in no other country on the face of the globe can be found this spectacle of requiring women to officiate at once in so many departments. She must be housekeeper, servant-maid, seamstress, nurse, and withal mother; which latter office, of itself, should exempt her from an excess of all other cares. And here looms up a picture, the very outlines of which would swell into a long essay, upon causes of the physical prostration of the present generation. As well require of man that he should be, at one and the same time, proficient in, and executing, several different trades, as there should be this woman of all work.

These remarks pertain not to those two extremes, where wealth with its retinue of servants, on the one hand, and scarcely an aspiration above the wants of the lower order of animal nature, on the other, remove these requirements. But I speak of that sterling middle class, which holds the earth in balance, and might, under a wiser system of distribution of labor, make this large domain one scene of happy homes, from which should go forth sons and daughters, strong in body, clear and firm in intellect and morals.

"Well, well," says Mr. Shortlight, "but, nonsense! Did not our grandmothers spin, and weave, and cook, and wash?—and wasn't they healthy and contented?"

You may think so, my good sir, but could you go back to their times, you would find a far different mode of living; and even then, there were poor wearied mothers who could have told you of trials you think not of, and you forget, or perhaps you do not know, that in this mighty struggle between fabled duty, and inflicted wrong, now and then a father has snapped asunder, until the captive has so far risen as to catch some stray beam, warm and invigorating, from the realms of science, or tasted the sweets of fitted companionship with cultured intellects. Think not, sir, she will now go meekly back to your grandmother days; if then a woman's whole merit lay in her ability to minister to the physical wants!

Let us rather admire the spirit of that woman whose eyes were suddenly opened to the perils of her position. It was in the second, or third year of her marriage. Maternity had brought with it an accession to her cares. She looked forward through the vista of coming years, and saw, brought to her own home, the dark shadow she had seen resting over many a household; in her short life—the increasing family, the weaved, broken-down mother, the fretful discontent consequent thereon, and worse than all, but not infrequent, the alienated husband, alienated through those burdens imposed on the too yielding wife. She saw all this, and determined that such should not be her lot. She called a council; not for war, not for recession, but for peace. Two propositions she laid before him equally interested with herself. She would become the mother of his children, but exempt from all care and toll which should until her for the proper discharge of a duty toward them, requiring good health, a clear brain and consequent cheerfulness; or she would be to him—a good housekeeper and nothing more. If the reader would care to know, I will say, the choice was satisfactory on both sides, and one happy household in our land is the result of this decision.

In the discourses we have listened to here from Mr. Howe, a middle ground was taken on many questions, such as the Bible, and the church, and of prayer he revealed in sentences of the most transcendent eloquence the uses of this natural devotion.

and aspirational nature. He used a good in everything of the past, and urged on to that which is higher and better.

At the close of his last lecture, the following resolutions were read to the meeting, and on being put to vote, were passed unanimously, and a cordial invitation extended to him to return to speak here again as early as possible.

Resolved, That in listening to the discourses delivered through Lyman O. Howe, we have been profoundly impressed with the marked exhibition of spiritual power in using the human organism as a medium for the transmission of thought, and we are deeply expressing our appreciation of the elevated character of the teachings, as well as the plain, practical, and comprehensive manner in which the doctrines of Spiritualism have been presented to us through him.

Resolved, That we cordially commend Mr. Howe to the brotherhood wherever he may go, as an earnest, able, and truth-loving disciple of human progress, worthy of the consideration of the wise and good.

Fraternally yours, C. D. Gaiswold.

A Ghost in Utica, N. Y.

EDITOR BANNER.—It is only a few weeks ago that Professor (?) Grimes lectured at Utica, and of course his efforts were directed to the obliteration of Spiritualism; but it is scarcely necessary to say that he left a few vestiges, which probably have sprouted, so that the subject now covers more ground than it did before. I presume a true Spiritualist will say with me, "May his shadow never be less!"

Since the advent and departure Prof. G., the good people of Utica have had their sensibilities severely shocked by the occurrence of a murder and suicide, the details of which I hope you have not received, and I will not trouble you with them.

As a sequel to Prof. Grimes' lectures, I send you a slip out from the Utica Evening Telegraph, of Jan. 27, 1862, (Daily) which I submit without comment, only to say that no doubt there is something for a basis to the remarks, though, as in most, the details are all open to question.

A Ghost.—A gentleman doing business on Catharine street, was somewhat astonished Monday night last week, about nine o'clock, by seeing what he seriously believed to be a ghost. He was engaged in closing his store, and looking toward the harness shop on the corner of Franklin street, where James Dunn, the murderer and suicide, formerly worked, the gentleman saw the apparition of a man in the mantle. He called to one of his employees, who came out, and while they viewed with wonder-stricken eyes, the appalling specter approached within a few feet of them, turned on his heel and retraced its steps; whence it disappeared we do not know. That these two persons saw the spirit of James Dunn they firmly believe. He was well known to them when alive, and they are perfectly convinced that he "walked" on the evening mentioned, even as he did when incarnate.

We entertain no doubt whatever, that the gentleman saw something extraordinary, for when he re-entered his store he was in a profuse perspiration and pale as a lily. He was always a disbeliever in the materiality of spirits, and one of the strongest opponents of the arguments advanced by those who did. We have ourselves heard him expatiate at length on the subject, and pronounce absurd and ridiculous the belief of others. He is now a believer. His ghostship has appeared in several instances since the evening of its first demonstration. Cornhill, West Utica, and the vicinity of the Gulf have been favored with its presence, so it is said.

The Herald of this morning says the mysterious ghost has appeared on Cornhill, in a whiskey shop, for which, in his lifetime, Dunn made a cushion, half the price of which was to be paid in whiskey, but more than its price having run down Dunn's throat, the cash was refused, and now Dunn is haunting the shop for his pay, which he said he was bound to have some way. The proprietor is badly scared, and talks of closing shop.

We have still later information. This morning the First Ward carrier of the Herald, in going his rounds, the time being four o'clock, or thereabouts, saw an apparition, and it was Dunn's ghost. So he says. At all events, he was so impressed with this belief that he immediately returned to the office, and could not be induced to continue his distribution of papers until daylight. Did a ghost see a spirit? We are willing to say that he did not, yet we do not doubt that spirits have appeared at some ages of the world, but the evidence of their appearance at this time is not strong enough to be satisfactory.

A word more about Prof. Grimes. The redoubtable Professor engaged Old Fellows' Hall, at Mohawk, for a course of lectures, but probably having learned that Spiritualism had been scarcely agitated in this place, he neglected to "come to time," very much to the regret of a few of the people here, who understand his true relation to Spiritualism. Had he come, no doubt he would have prepared the way for a profitable series of lectures on Spiritualism. Personally, I have been waiting a long time for some such favorable movement to open the way for a good lecturer on Spiritualism, and regret very much that Prof. G. has neglected to furnish it. When the proper time comes, I will make known through the columns of the BANNER, that Mohawk is ripe for the harvest. May the day come quickly, and when it does come, let some fearless advocate of truth, who fears not reproach and cares not for gain, come to the work. No doubt he will find reproaches enough here, and as our ranks are not very full, he can only expect to have his ordinary expenses, and a hall provided for him at first.

Should any interesting facts, having a useful bearing upon Spiritualism, come to my knowledge, I shall feel it my duty to send them to the BANNER. At the present time there is a dearth of such matter here, which will account for the long intervals between my communications. Yours, EROS N. Mohawk, N. Y.

Clairvoyance Triumphant.

DEAR BANNER.—As I sat in the room in this place where S. W. Howard and Lady of Indianapolis, Clairvoyant Physicians, were examining and prescribing for the sick, a man came in and inquired if he might be permitted to bring in a patient in disguise for examination. Having obtained consent, shortly after he came in leading his subject, completely enveloped with some two or three thicknesses of a heavy cotton sheet, reaching almost to his feet, as well as disguising nearly all the balance of his body. The Doctor at once took up his case, pointing out very minutely and clearly the diseased organs, as also their peculiar manifestations. Whereupon the Doctor inquired, would the patient have a prescription. The man who led the patient in, replied that he was an able-bodied man, not needing any prescription. The Doctor remarked, "Such is not the fact; I examined this case before, and told him the same as I now tell him, and if you will take the disguise off, I will not only prove what I have stated as regards the color of his hair, whiskers and temperament as being true, but I will prove by the use of my magnetic battery, also, that the organs pointed out as diseased will manifest, if the moment it is brought in contact with them."

All manner of excuses were now offered why such tests should not be given, persisting almost to the last in leaving us to come in disguise. It was not, until they were told they had come there for the purpose of gathering up capital, to be used against them as physicians, and also against the cause of Spiritualism, in a manner which would present them in no enviable light, that they consented to the tests being applied as the Doctor pro-

posed. *Præsto, change!* The disguise being removed, out popped a sandy-haired, red-whiskered, nervous-temperamented invalid, instead of an able-bodied man, the proportions of both guide and subject sinking rapidly to many degrees below zero. It was known that these parties were very hostile to Spiritualism, having had one examination previously. The one in disguise was to go to the public as a contradiction to the former, without affording any means of showing its falsehood. The whole performance stands out in bold relief evidence in favor of both Clairvoyance and Spiritualism.

Yours for the progress of the race, J. H. Hill. Knightstown, Feb. 6th, 1862.

A Retrospective Miner.

Bro. H. S. Libby writes us from Mountain City, Colorado Territory: "How often my mind, while engaged in extracting the shining metal from these big hills, the grandest work of Nature, runs back to your proud old Athens of America, and contemplates the many happy hours I have spent in the Melodion, listening with eager attention to the truths of Spiritualism, as taught by spirits clothed in immortality, as well as mortality. Ah, those were happy hours, long to be remembered. And as I see daily the eager throng of gold worshippers, exploring every nook and corner of these mountains in search of their God, I ask myself the question, how far hence is the time when man will cease to worship his golden God, and have all his animal passions become so modified, that instead of their being the governing power, the spiritual will assume the throne, and make man what he should be, a true Spiritualist in practice as well as theory."

I suppose to the many readers of the BANNER, a description of this Western country might be more interesting to them than writing about war and its consequences. Yet in one short letter it would be impossible to convey a very definite idea of this vast country that is now being opened up to civilization. Suffice to write, our young Territory of Colorado never was in a more flourishing condition. All classes of people seem to be busily employed at their several avocations, with a fair remuneration for their labor. I might with propriety except the doctors, for our climate is considered as healthy as any in the world—the Switzerland of America. And by far the larger part of the medical fraternity that have flocked to Colorado have had to turn their wits at something else than dealing out physic in order to gain a livelihood. The light pure air from off the mountains is our best physician. Our climate is mild and genial.

The extent and wealth of our mining regions are just beginning to be known, even by those that have been here since they have been discovered. More and perhaps richer gold lodes have been discovered this last summer than ever have been before, which only await the coming emigration to be profitably worked. Heretofore we have had to labor under many disadvantages, caused by nearly every one coming out here being a novice in the business; and our machinery for extracting the gold from the quartz-rock being very imperfect, it has kept us in the background. But as time advances, we are improving in many respects, and in five years from now, intend to have a rich and an extensive mining region developed, in these heretofore barren mountains.

H. S. Libby.

Controlling the Elements.

MR. RIVINGTON.—I would like to tell you of a manifestation of spirit-power, such as stopping the rain instantly. A table was set out of doors for supper, fifteen or twenty persons present. Just as all were situated, it commenced to rain from a heavy black cloud hanging over us. My hands were then instantly thrown over my head, and I was made to say—"the rain must not fall on this company!" No sooner than I spoke, it stopped raining. I was not permitted to eat with the rest. After all had done eating, I was again made to say—"Clear the table as quick as possible; and as soon as the last thing was off of the table, the rain commenced pouring down. All had to retire to the house, and it was ten (at night) o'clock before they could go home, it raining all the while.

My labor is still to prescribe for and heal the sick. I am sometimes controlled to lecture at home, when several persons are present.

Yours for the cause of humanity and truth, Mrs. D. R. Jouxkins. Springfield, Illinois, February 18, 1862.

Centre Lisle, Broome county, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR.—Through the perseverance and independence of Mr. L. Root, a new and commodious hall has been built, and devoted to the freedom of speech, and the ground has been already occupied by a few lecturers. Recently, a new impetus has been given to this cause. Mrs. S. L. Chappell, inspirational speaker, from the town of Hastings, Oswego county, has been here. This sister speaks with much force and fervor, and possesses the peculiar power of obtaining her audience, and carrying them along with her, with entire ease and grace, from one part of her subject to the other, dispensing the most clear and practical principles of right and reform, with a power and potency which woman alone can do. She attracts full houses, and those who hear her once, will come again, and are sure to be made the better for it. She has won warm hearts and true friends here, who wait to welcome her return. Yours in the bonds of fraternal love. BENJ. H. GLENN.

A PROPANE SWABBER REDUCED.—The correspondent of the Daily Courier (Syracuse) writing from Albany, says:

"The greatest rebuke I ever heard given for profane swearing was administered to a New Yorker, by a little candy boy, at the Delevan House, yesterday. As several of us Syracuseans were in conversation together at the Delevan, an Albany boy about seven years of age came up to vend his candies. His intelligence and remarkable precociousness of manner attracted our attention, when a prominent New Yorker came up and said, 'But, by G—d, if you will come home with me, I'll educate you.' The child looked up in the New Yorker's face with extreme contempt, and replied, 'Sir, I would not go or live with any gentleman who uses profane language.' The outlying rebuke drove the New Yorker from the room with a confusion face, when the little Christian received a profusion of quarters from the astonished spectators, who had heard with satisfaction the moral rebuke from the lips of an innocent child."

—Michelet, the French author says: "England was always a mystery to me until I visited it. I found it a great and dark bank enveloped in fog. The fog fed the grass; the grass fed the sheep; the sheep fed the people."

Written for the Banner of Light. GOOD IS EVERLASTING.

BY D. DAVIS.

The joys of life ne'er fade away,
But all its sorrows fleeting are;
And darkness allimates in day.
Since former friends our gurgles are.

The storms of life will soon be past,
Eternal calm are drawing near;
The bliss of life shall always last,
But not the ills we so much fear.

Immortal life shall spring afresh,
In that bright world where spirits are;
For soon we'll drop this mortal flesh,
And soar away their bliss to share.

Eternal truth shall still remain,
But errors false shall fade away;
The sober mind shall still be sane,
Whilst crazy brains go to decay.

Eternal justice shall be done,
But the vile hand it shall be stayed;
The honest prize it shall be won,
Though in the grave our forms are laid.

Eternal life shall death outweigh,
And light all darkness thence dispel;
The shadows grim shall fade away,
In that bright world we love so well.

Then let us hope, and strive forever,
We ne'er can fail to win the prize;
The chord that binds all hearts together,
Will draw each spirit to the skies.

The chord that draws our souls shall bind,
And love shall make the union strong;
For Harmony is Love Divine—
This love to all, it doth belong.

Then let us live the life on earth
That fills the soul with peace and love,
And thus prepare for nobler birth
In the bright realms of God above.

With hearts of cheer we then can call
Upon the foaming, surging deep,
And the howlings of the gale,
Where darkness doth its vigils keep.

Massape, Min., 1862.

"THE CONFLICT OF AGES."

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, March 2, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father God, Thou who art life and light that fill all the Universe, whose majesty and power are over all, we come before thee with praise and adoration. Thy children would be gathered to Thy embrace and receive Thine all-pervading love. Father, we come to Thee and ask that our hearts may be renewed with a consciousness of Thy power—that the graces of Thine infinite love may pervade our souls. Father, God, the Father, before whom we kneel, and in our endeavors for truth, receive our aspirations, the spontaneous utterances of our spirits; and our prayers, the necessity of our being. Grant that we may know more of Thee and Thy works, and penetrate more deeply into the treasures of Thy mind. Thy power, and from the experience of the past may we understand and measure the future. God of the Ages, who art immovable and unchanged, may we commune with Thee forever, and may our souls, rising up the wings of perpetual aspiration, traverse Thy universe and ever find more beauty and happiness in still perceiving Thy presence. We bless Thee for all spiritual things, for all spiritual endowments, and we glorify Thee for that gift of perpetual immortality which has been born of Thee, and by which Thou hast endowed us with something of Thy greatness, the spontaneous utterances of our spirits; and our prayers, the necessity of our being. Grant that we may know more of Thee and Thy works, and penetrate more deeply into the treasures of Thy mind. Thy power, and from the experience of the past may we understand and measure the future. God of the Ages, who art immovable and unchanged, may we commune with Thee forever, and may our souls, rising up the wings of perpetual aspiration, traverse Thy universe and ever find more beauty and happiness in still perceiving Thy presence. 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We cannot supply back numbers of the **BANNER** previous to No. 24, Vol. X.

is at rest, because he knows all; but his creation is never moving, ever active, ever struggling, that it may reflect at last some image of the perfection which called it out of chaos. Mind itself is but the child of this conflict; and all earthly advancements, all experience of the past, all the records of nations enable us to discern no change in this order; we can only modify it. Nations shall yet come and go, rise and fall, sink and disappear, upon the earth. Human beings shall through cities, raise temples and monuments, and still fade away; crowns shall crumble, thrones shall totter and fall, new forms of worship shall spring up and vanish, and yet this eternal order shall endure. Perhaps even this proud city, so densely peopled, and connected by mysterious chords of communication with all the world, shall be swept away, and, in some far-distant cycle, a new race shall take your place and muse over relics whose meaning they can only dimly conjecture, the ruined traces of forgotten sciences and religions. And these successors, unconscious of the buried records of your follies and misfortunes, shall run the ancient round again, and in their turn sink into ruin and oblivion. As is the course of individual human life, so is the career of nations, and no human experience can change the law, more than it has availed to make the infant born today an improvement upon that which saw the light a thousand years ago.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1862.

Subject—"The Necessity of Suffering."

Mrs. Williams opened the Conference with a well written and thoughtful essay. Its length precludes more than mere mention this week. We shall publish it in full in a subsequent number.

Dr. Child.—In the order of our experiences we have learned that physical growth and maturity are necessary because they are facts; and if our learning shall extend a little further, we shall find that physical dissolution and decay are just as necessary as are physical growth and maturity, because they are facts. By a necessity, is meant the inevitable obedience to the mandates of invisible, eternal law.

The accretion of our physical bodies, of our growth, is generally attended with pleasurable sensations, but the disintegration, the dissolution of our physical bodies is generally attended with pain and suffering. These accompanying characteristics of physical growth and physical decay are necessary, because they are the unavoidable results of abiding laws. Pleasure is lawful, and pain is lawful. Pleasure is the result of physical growth, and pain is the result of physical death. To say that pain is unnecessary, is to say that physical death is not a lawful, necessary incident. Who can have their physical being torn off from their souls without passing the ordeal of pain and agony? Is physical death a lawful incident of our being? Is it a necessity? If so, then suffering is a necessity. There can be no physical death while physical consciousness is awake, without physical pain. So to deny the necessity of physical suffering, is to deny the fact and necessity of physical death.

To deny the lawfulness of disease, is to deny the lawfulness of death's agent. Disease is a necessity, or else death is not. If disease is necessary in walking through the avenues of human life, then the tracks it makes are necessary, and these tracks are suffering. Disease is death begun; and suffering always bears evidence that the unseen hand of death is at work upon our physical being; has begun to tear down the tabernacle of our physical affections and our physical bodies.

The moment physical life begins to live it begins to die. Physical love, earthly love, is the gluten that holds the atoms of the physical body together for a time and dissolves this gluten. So suffering is necessary, for it is the only thing that will dissolve this gluten, this earthly love. As surely as earthly love is a necessity, so sure is the agent that destroys it a necessity.

Who wants to love earthly things forever, when the world above the earth is full of treasures, richer far than earth can tell, for us to love? Who wants to carry around forever two hundred and fifty bones and twice their bulk of flesh and blood, at a cost of two or three dollars a hundred miles, and as much more cost for clothes and food, when they can ride upon the wings of the wind and travel *ad libitum*, as our thoughts now travel? Sufferings are the tracks we leave behind as we journey on to gather the treasures of that better world, and to gain the freedom that the dissolution of our physical beings shall grant to us. Our birth into matter was a necessity; it was lawful; it was in time and in place, and our physical being never afterwards yields the precedence of this lawful necessity. Each one lives in his right time, according to law, and each one dies in his right time according to law. All our joys and sorrows are in time, too, according to law. So the conclusion is that our suffering is a necessity. When the tracks of suffering have borne us to a world of new beauties, then we may review, if we please, these tracks of suffering and say how beautiful they are. Why? Because they are the tracks we came to heaven in.

Dr. H. L. Dowken.—I think the lady has presented the subject in a satisfactory light, and Dr. Child has outlined himself on this question. My view is, that suffering is the great promoter of all good in the world. We are restrained from excess by the suffering we know will follow the violation of law. Suffering governs our intellect, and our moral nature as well, and the fear of consequences restrains us from doing that which we might otherwise do in violation of the laws of life. There is no question but that our development in this world is occasioned by suffering—our birth and entrance into life; and so of woman's extra care and protection over her offspring. She learns her strength of love by suffering, as man does his by impulse. This love by thought strange; but if you observe society calmly, you will see the truth of it. The strongest affection of woman I have observed is toward some unworthy object; and I have thought no such woman could respond to all the requirements of the marriage relation without suffering to call it forth. A physician true to his profession can only hold his control over his patients by enlarging upon the pain and suffering that will follow the violation of his directions. Government is good for nothing without bayonets for its recalcitrant subjects. Pain must be inflicted upon the traitors ere they can be made to do their duty. One not capable of suffering is not capable of restraint. The child learns by coming in contact with danger. A man can give his child no better blessing than an opportunity to learn by suffering. It makes the best men and women—there is nothing like it. If you find a man brave or a woman true, you find they have become so through suffering. It gives them power, endurance, backbone; without these they are good for nothing. The whole Christian religion

teaches that those who take up the cross, take upon themselves privation and pain, and these in turn, develop them Godward. We do not know our power till we have been tested. What are his muscles worth to the man who sits all his life-time in his easy chair? Nothing. Suffering, in due, develops the physical powers and the individual nature.

E. F. Martin.—I have yet to be sure that suffering is always necessary to bring out the germ that lies in the centre of all things—or to learn how much suffering is necessary. We see suffering in certain directions before us; and shall we rush headlong into it, thinking thereby to receive the greater development? Shall we throw ourselves beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, and develop our souls through the pain of broken limbs and mangled bodies? If so, then all Heathen torture and Pagan cruelty is right! But it seems to me that our suffering on earth is because we have been wronged by others. I have yet to find out any act of suffering has ever made me a better man. It seems to me one gets his strength in working with the laws of Nature, and not against them. Do not all the laws of Nature and normal acts of the mind and soul tend to pleasure? and are they not deranged and destroyed by suffering and pain? What is the cause of so much intellectual darkness and moral depravity as suffering and pain? Is it necessary for his "development" that the pauper should starve while others roll in luxury? I have suffered want, hunger, pain and cold, but do not see that they have made me a greater man. I cannot say of my sufferings that I am better for them. I cannot see that Jesus was greater for hanging upon the cross, but the world robbed him of his strength of goodness and his power, by thrusting his sufferings upon him.

Dr. Findlay.—I suppose this subject is one in which we may be allowed to fall back upon what we individually experience and gather therefrom our inferences. And here I must confess I am a contradiction in myself. I do not know what I should have been under other circumstances, but as it has been, most I have learned has been through suffering. And yet I do not court it. I often pray, "Let this cup pass from me!" And if I had the power as well as the result, I certainly should not drink the cup; and yet if I have made any progress in my life, it has certainly resulted from suffering. Suffering does not belong to the poor and hungry alone. When I go into the society of the wealthy and accomplished, I sometimes look for an exemption from pain and suffering, but never find it so. They have not suffered less than I have—not by poverty and destitution, but diseases and cares are theirs from which we are exempt. It has been said,

"Weary rests the head that wears a crown."

And I believe it. In our best days sometimes the "blues" come over us, and the spell is perfectly unaccountable. There is no occasion for the feeling, and yet is poignant. There is something independent of our consciousness—something pertaining to the things of the mind, too strong for us to grasp or cope with, and yet it seems there must be a state of the soul which demands it—for if happiness is a state ordained, so is suffering also. We should never have known pleasure, did we not know pain, and it is necessary for the soul's good. And there is another phase of the affair. I have talked with those who have passed over the river, and they say, when we get on their side we will thank them for every pain and pang they have caused us. My experience teaches me that no matter how far we can go, we can never outgrow suffering. The most acute suffering is that the *spirit* is *unhappy* in their efforts to benefit humanity.

Mr. Wetherbee.—I guess happiness and suffering are about equally divided all over the world, and the only real difference is the purpose we make of each. The real fact is, suffering is about equal, all the way through, with all people, and happiness is equally divided. If you were placed in Paddy's boots, you would suffer where Paddy does not suffer, from the fact that where "ignorance is bliss," is "folly to be wise," and the perfectness of your nervous system and the undevelopment of his would make the difference with you. Of course one suffers in one direction and one in another. It is a proverb that "there is a skeleton in every house," and I believe it. It may be hidden out of sight, but it is there. I agree with Bro. Martin, that suffering does not make us any stronger, but I believe, as the ancients did, that the pathway of the gods is steep and craggy, and the soul's unfoldment is stern and hard. I do not know that work is suffering, but if it is, it is glorious. As God has created out of chaos a world which is progressing, and all must tread sooner or later the road to happiness, suffering may be after all the best pathway of the soul from God to God, and even wrong and sin may be necessary. But it does appear to me that many people can only appreciate through pain and affliction the same feeling and emotions in other people. These things are no test of manhood. The Derivatives, whose worship of deity consists in their own torments, are not more pious than the peaceful, quiet Christians who seek to do good by not letting their right hand know what their left hand doeth. Great men are born when circumstances need them. I have sometimes asked myself why men were ever unhappy at all. Why did not God make all men perfectly free from suffering, if he had the power? I have come to the conclusion, that it is because he had not the power! Why did not he make all archangels at first, instead of beginning with creating a snake? I doubt if he could do it. I do not believe God could have made tens till he had first made units, nor could he make the highest form till he had made the lower. So it seems necessary there should be suffering all the way along. I am satisfied I was created to be just what I am—simply John Wetherbee. Different elements might have made me a Robespierre, a Machiavelli, or even a Dr. Gardner. I have often wished I could be in somebody else's boots, just for the experience, but I would not lose my individuality for the world, for the sake of taking on any other man's, nor would any other man change with me. One man has a good stomach, and to him No. 4 mackerel taste like salmon, while another is not satisfied with anything but canvas back ducks. We say if we had been somebody else, we would have done so-and-so, but perhaps it is well, for us that we could not be as we would desire, for if our desires are gratified, our bias might make us worse than we are. All that I am is my experience, and all I may ever be, will be my experience. We do not any of us know what we will be nor what we are, till we are tested in some way; but I have faith to believe all will come out right. There is an intelligent being to whom we have got to make our reports some time or other, and he will audit our accounts and make them all tally. My

impression is, that we receive our lot of pain or pleasure about equally, as I have said. If all the oscillation between them should come to a stand still, there could be no more miserable world than this; so it is a great deal better we should have the variety in this world, or any other. It appears to me sometimes the wrong man have the money in this world, and the right men never have it; but yet if the rule were changed, perhaps men now so generous and liberal, would become meaner than the rich men are now, and thus injure themselves and others irremediably. We ask why these things are not better equalized; but there is a law of compensation, and I for one have reconciled myself to trust the Almighty as knowing more than I do.

Mr. Martin.—The discussion of this subject must result, in the end, in great good, and I hope it will be satisfactorily decided. I was brought up in the belief of eternal suffering, but I have brought myself to believe that happiness was the great object of life, and not misery; but if unhappiness is our aim, then let us go back and believe in eternal damnation, and look upon pain as our only merit.

Jacob Eison accepted the idea of all the speakers; even though some of them might clash, there was a truth running through them all. It seems to me the object of suffering is development, and must rule till the work is done—then, what is pain shall cease to be. The babe must be weaned from the mother before it is able to sustain itself; so we must be weaned from earth—the cords must be loosed before a man can be free. Do fevers make a man stronger? I have had some experience, and do not think they do—if I had not had them, I think I should now be better and stronger—physically. But I believe all our aches and pains have their lesson. When the cloud comes we are soon able to see the silver lining, and know the gold is just beyond. Suffering may yet be to us but the clouds of life, and the sufferings of the body be but the power to polish and burnish the soul. It is only our external that suffers. We shall live unharmed.

Dr. Gardner.—I hardly think we shall settle this question here to-night. I cannot believe suffering to be a condition of the soul, by any means; but it seems to be a condition or necessity of growth or development; physical, moral and intellectual. I doubt Mr. Wetherbee's position that pleasure and pain are equally divided. "I believe many will never experience the pangs of starvation, sickness or pain in all their forms. Many are in good health always, and never have the 'blues.' Some know nothing of the pains which others do. A wounded pride may produce suffering, but it is different from the pains of the body which many of us suffer. I believe pain is necessary for development, for nothing is in vain. Many think suffering is consequent upon sin; yet I believe the most suffering I have undergone has been from some of the most pure and benevolent acts of my life. I have suffered, all my life-time, more from the evil deeds of others than from my own. Disease is the natural result of a transgressed law, and I do not believe there is any balance sheet to be struck till we reach the higher life, and all things will then be made right.

Lizzie Dorsey.—All suffering is one of the inevitable conditions of humanity, and I do not see why it should not continue to be so. It seemed as though some wise power overruled and governed all things, yet it is but a logical deduction; and instinct always repels suffering. The church teaches reconciliation to suffering. This is the best I can do, and I will do it—make it my servant, to do my purposes and lead me on to glory. It has been said that life is to be measured by the amount of enjoyment contained in it, a pig is a perfect success, and man is a failure. Happiness is desirable, but who would be a pig for the sake of being happy? After all, everything is colored by our internal feelings. Place some in a palace surrounded by every luxury, and still they would be unhappy. Each seems to be waiting for an opportunity to extend beyond himself—to rise to his full stature and be as much of a man as he can. Whoever would build must first earn the means, collect the material, and labor hard and long; yet when it is done does he not feel happy enough to pay for all his pains? So it is with the soul. The man who builds up within him a noble soul, through all the storms and against all the winds of life, builds a temple that will stand forever; yet it is better that the storms and winds should test its strength, that it do not fall, to his reproach and disgrace. Some natures are angular—constantly shooting out quills at others, which rebound and pierce his own soul—hence their suffering. The pointed shafts were intended for other souls, and since they come back, they know how they would feel there. They must feel these darts till evil is completely overcome; and then will suffering be put under their feet forever.

Lecturers.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, next Sabbath, March 23d, and also the following Sunday—afternoon and evening. Mrs. Smith was engaged to speak here last January, but her health failing her, she was obliged to delay her engagement till the coming week. It is now hoped her many friends will have an opportunity to listen to her words of inspiration.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currie lectures before the Spiritualists of Portland, the two last Sabbaths in March. Miss Emma Houston will address the Spiritualists of New Bedford, on Sunday next, March 23d, and the following Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown, the two last Sundays in March. Miss Belle Scoullall lectures in Lowell, next Sabbath, March 23d.

Mrs. M. B. Townsend will speak in Taunton the two last Sundays in March.

Mrs. M. M. Wood (former Mrs. Macomber), is announced to speak in Quincy the two next Sundays. Prof. Butler closes his engagement in Providence after speaking two Sundays more.

CORRECTION.—A gross error escaped the proof-reader in a previous edition of the Banner, which, to set the matter right before the public, it is necessary to notice. By an unaccountable oversight, Mrs. Currie's appointments were said to be March 23d, in our list of lecturers on the twentieth page. They are correctly printed in this issue, and those interested will please govern themselves accordingly.

Persons.

Miss Emma Hardinge has just concluded a course of sterling lectures in Philadelphia to overflowing houses. The opponents of our cause say that Spiritualism is dying out in the latter city. Facts prove the contrary.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1862.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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ISAAC B. RICH,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We may treat of this last and most important topic, and still escape the charge of treating of party politics; for this brief message of Mr. Lincoln to Congress may be said with truth to constitute an epoch in our history. It is proved so, from the fact that, at its reception by Congress, the members knew not what to say upon it, how to interpret it by the light of their party lands, nor in what way to take hold of it by the handle. It was an entirely new thing for the politicians; it had not been out and dried with their aid beforehand; no party engineer had been appointed to take the responsibility of its management and manipulation in Congress; and the old machinery used in political manoeuvres in former times was not got out, and oiled and furnished up, for working the matter through the corrupt complications of modern legislation.

No matter whether it may, or may not, be said that the President has headed off one party or another party in Congress by this move of his, as implied in the message; the drift and spirit of the movement itself is all that possesses any interest for us, and it is that we are commenting on now. In the first place, the Chief Executive of the great American nation has, for the first time in our political history, put it on record that he is decidedly and openly in favor of initiating some general and national movement, by which the people of any and all of the Slave States may be encouraged to go forward with benevolent schemes of emancipation when they see fit, and be aided out of the national treasury in their efforts. Congress can adopt this proposition and make it its own or not, as it chooses; if it does nothing itself has been done, for nothing can be done until the slaveholders themselves choose to begin the movement; but if Congress declines to entertain the President's proposal, then the matter rests where it is, and no harm has been done in any quarter.

But, in any event, the President of this nation has set it in black and white before the country, and before the world, that he, in his responsible position, is ready to favor any plan which proposes aid to such slaveholders as wish to get rid of their slaves. Many of them aver that they would have been glad to manumit them long ago, and to hire them for wages, if they could have afforded to submit to such a crushing loss of all they had in the world, and, indeed, of what came to them by inheritance, too. This message forms the perfect answer to such pleas, and such an answer as is exactly suited to the advanced sentiment of the civilized world.

Again, most slaveholders have insisted, from the beginning of the war, that it was the purpose of the President—to say nothing about the determination of Congress—to interfere with the legal status of their peculiar property in those localities where it is protected. This message puts that calumny to rest, for good and for all. The Resolution contained in the President's communication completely ties his hands, as the Executive of this nation, and binds him to await the action, or non-action, of the people of the States alone. If they determine to do nothing in the premises, then he does nothing—If, indeed, he could do anything, without the assistance of Congress; but if they think it best to enter upon some scheme of general emancipation for the benefit of the slaves within their State limits, and for their own and the State's benefit, as well—then he is at hand, with such assistance from the Treasury as Congress may vote, to second all such schemes, and thus help rid the land of a political problem that has brought all but ruin upon its fair prospects. The social problem of slavery will have to be worked out afterwards, and in a very different manner; chiefly, if not altogether, by the positive action of the blacks themselves.

We hear that the foreign ministers thought the message of sufficient importance, at this juncture, to suggest the necessity of making immediate representations on the same to the Governments by whom they are accredited to our own. And we judge, with good reason, that they may think so. For, so long as leading European powers were in the habit of taunting us with having a government that sustained slavery, and thus impliedly made it a national institution, we were made dumb, and nearly powerless for retort and defence; but this record of the President, made openly by his own hand, puts a different aspect on the matter, and compels them to fall back upon their own naked assertions again, or to eat their former words.

We do not attach undue importance to this subject, in expressing our opinion that it will totally change the popular view of our present difficulties, as held abroad—America will stand before Europe, from this day forward, in a new and truer attitude. Foreign nations will regard her as she is: the apostle of the doctrine of Liberty, untrammelled by any of the bonds of a peculiar state of society or character of property. If there has been but one opinion there about us hitherto, and that against the character of our boasted freedom, it will either have undergone a great change very soon, or else, at the

least, there will be a divided opinion where it has, in the past, been altogether against us. We will congratulate ourselves that the head of the Government of these United States has inaugurated a movement of his own free will, so much in keeping with the spirit of the age.

Russell's Spiritualism.

Of course there can be but one Russell; and he must be the correspondent of the London Times. At the present writing, he is in this country. He had his say about Ball Run; he has been having his say on Spiritualism and spiritual publications.

The February issue of the London Spiritual Magazine treats of his case, and proceeds to do it in the following manner: "It is now generally known," says the Spiritual Magazine, "that the modern Xenophon, unlike the first of the name, is not to be entirely depended upon for his facts—in fact, that his powers for writing history are not so great as for his imaginative descriptions. He appears to have been designed by Nature rather for a novelist than a historian. We hear that amongst his more intimate friends certain poetical departures from fact are called 'Russells,' rather than by the shorter and more common name. Not knowing so much of this peculiarity, when we met with his description of 'healing mediums,' and of Spiritualism, in one of his letters to the Times, we entered into a somewhat serious discussion with him on those subjects, hoping that his opinions, which it was not likely were taken up at random, might thereby be reformed, by a more careful study of the authorities to whom we referred him. Judge of our surprise, when, a few days afterwards, we met in a mixed company, the very gentleman with whom Mr. Russell was residing when he penned his solemn judgment on Spiritualism, which enlightened the world in the Times newspaper.

We found that this gentleman had invited Mr. Russell to stay with him and visit at Racine, and that, after exhausting the shooting and other outdoor amusements of the neighborhood, there was an unfortunate rainy day, on which his friend, who is a firm believer, threw down a copy of the Banner or Locomotive for the amusement of his guest. From this solitary incident, having previously pronounced Spiritualism to be a 'confounded humbug,' and upon this trifling stock of information," [that is, merely glancing at a spiritual sheet once,] "Mr. Russell allowed himself to mislead the readers of the Times into the belief that he was capable of giving them decided results of his careful inquiry into Spiritualism."

Such is Russell, in his Exposition of Spiritualism. He clearly shows himself incompetent to pass any judgment on the subject. He may describe war and battle very well, because he is thoroughly interested in what he writes about; but upon a subject of the breadth and depth of Spiritualism, he certainly could not be expected to treat wisely or profoundly, if he did no more than hastily turn over, for amusement, the leaves of one sheet devoted to the cause, even if that sheet were ever so able and exhaustive. If Russell would carefully read the Banner every week, there is no question it would do him a world of good; but to give it a hasty glance, merely to help wear away his ennui, and then throw it down, pronouncing Spiritualism a "confounded humbug," only proved that his own opinions are that, and nothing more. If he would peruse such publications, weekly and monthly, as the Banner, and the London Spiritual Magazine, accompanying his reading with proper investigation and reflection, there is no doubt, he would soon have reason to express better and more fixed opinions on the subject than now.

Sewing Girls and Army Contracts.

Few persons take the trouble, even if they have the opportunity offered them, of looking into the arrangements by which a few men, having obtained contracts for making soldiers' clothing from the Government, roll up fortunes—large and small—for themselves, at the expense of the unprotected sewing girls and women who are forced to work for just such wages as are offered them. Think, for instance, of a girl's making a pair of military pantaloons for a cent and a half! and then touch your hat as deferentially as you can to the man who gives such wages, while he is amassing a fortune by this very means for himself.

Such things do occur, however, and are to be seen anywhere around us. We all style ourselves civilized beings, nevertheless. And if such a poor fellow, compelled to earn the hard-won pittance that is barely enough to keep a mother, a father, a sister, or perhaps a whole little family, out of the street, finds her earnings insufficient, and temptation standing on the other side and beckoning her, with far better wages, to come over, how is it to be wondered at that she falls—falls apparently without the least resolute effort at resistance? Why are not these contract-makers themselves responsible for the misery and woe which their own selfish management begets?

If the present revolution in political matters will only reach the individuals who set such a high value on money and its shows that they will not scruple to obtain it in any way they can, and will bring them to that condition where they will be sure to see and feel the hollowness of all their opinions, then it will have accomplished a great work. Indeed, Money and luxury had become the gods of the American people; they estimated men by no other standard, since they knew no other themselves; but these troubles will gradually open the eyes of people to the falsity of such notions, and, by disappointment and suffering, teach them better sentiments. Money should prove a curse to any man who can consent to make it in the way we have just indicated. It does generally prove so, in the first, second, or third generation; but how much better for society that men refuse to make it by such unjust methods at all!

The present number closes the tenth volume, or the fifth year of the existence of the Banner. A cursory review of our past labors will appear in our next issue.

We return thanks to all those friends who have aided us in our arduous duties in behalf of humanity thus far. The angels will care for them as they have cared for us. Our faith is mighty to-day, although in times past we acknowledge we have almost fainted by the way. But faith and works go together. We have yet much to do, friends, in order to extend the beautiful truths of Spiritualism all over the earth. Work with us, then, with earnestness and truth, and the victory is ours.

Back Numbers.

We cannot supply back numbers of the Banner previous to No. 24, Vol. X.

CALHOUN'S DREAM.

THE STIGMA.

BY FRANCES DE HAES JANVIER.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.—[Shakespeare.]

In a chamber grand and gloomy, in the shadow of the night,
Two wax tapers flaming faintly, burned with a sepulchral light—
On an oval oaken table, from their silver stands they shone.

Where, about them, in disorder, books and manuscripts were strown;
Where, before them, sat a Statesman, silent, thoughtful, and alone!

Suddenly, a stranger entered—entered, with a serious air,
And, with steady step advancing, near the table drew a chair!

Folded in an ample mantle, carefully concealed from sight,
There he sat, and his companion watched him, through the wavering light.

Wondering at his bold intrusion, unannounced, and in the night!

Wondering at his staid demeanor, wondering that no word he spoke.

Wondering that he veiled his visage in the volume of his cloak—
Till, as though unwilling, longer, satisfaction to postpone.

“Senator from Carolina,” said he, in a solemn tone,
“What are you engaged in writing, here, at midnight, and alone?”

Then, the Statesman answered promptly, “‘T is a plan which consummates,
When complete, the dissolution of the Union of the States.”

Whereupon, rejoiced the stranger, in an accent of command:
“Senator from Carolina, let me look at your right hand.”

And the Statesman had no power that calm dictate to withstand!

Slowly, then, arose the stranger, and the startled Statesman saw,
From the falling cloak emerging, one from whom he shrunk with awe.

Stern and stately, a cool before him Freedom's first and favorite son—
He whose patriotic valor universal homage won—
He who gave the world the Union—the immortal Washington!

And he thrilled with strange emotion, in the patriot's steadfast gaze,
As he held the hand he proffered, held it near the taper's blaze.

As he thoughtfully proceeded—“Then you would, with this right hand,
Senator from Carolina, desecrate your native land—
You would sign a Declaration, this fair Union to disband?”

And the Senator responded: “Yes, should chance such service claim,
To an Act of Disunion I would freely sign my name.”

But, the words were scarcely spoken, when amazed, he saw expand,
Dim at first, then deeper, darker, an unsightly, blackened brand.

Like a loathsome leprosy plague-spot, on the back of his right hand!

“What is that?” he cried, with horror, as the dreadful stigma spread—
And, the Patriot's grasp relaxing, undisturbed, he gravely said:

“That black blotch your hand o'erspreading is the mark which they who know
One who, honored by his country, basely sought its overthrow—
That detested traitor, Arnold, in the dismal world below!”

Pausing then, he from his mantle drew an object toward the light.

Placed it on the oaken table, in the shuddering Statesman's sight.

Placed it on the very writing which that traitorous hand had done—
Still, and stark, and grim, and ghastly—‘t was a human skeleton!

There he lay—and then he added, calmly, as he had begun:

“Here, behold the sacred relics of a man who, long ago,
Died at Charleston on a gibbet, murdered by a ruthless foe—
Isaac Hayne, who fell a martyr, lying down his life with joy,
To confirm this noble Union, which you wantonly employ
Powers, for virtuous ends intended, treacherously to destroy!

When you sign a solemn compact, this blessed bond to disband,
Lying here, upon your table, you should have his bones in hand.

He was born in Carolina—so were you—but, all in vain
Will you look for Treason's stigma—will you seek the slightest stain
On the hand of that pure Patriot, the right hand of Isaac Hayne!”

Saying this, the stranger vanished, but the skeleton remained.

And the black and blasting stigma still that traitorous hand retained!

Sinking in their silver sockets, fainter still the tapers gleamed;

Suddenly, awhirl the chamber, morning's rosy radiance streamed.

And the Statesman, wakened and weary, wondering, woke—for he had dreamed!

He had dreamed—but, pause and ponder, you who would the Union rend—
Ponder, at the bare beginning, on the foul and fatal end—
Ponder on dark desolation sweeping through this cherished land—
Heavy hearts, forsaken firesides, waste and woe, wild war's demand—
Ponder on the Traitor's Stigma—pause and look at your right hand!

Washington, D. C. [Boston Transcript.]

PARIS ZOOED WITH FLOWERS.—Through the *Elephant Magazine* we learn that a curious project has just been submitted to the Municipality of Paris. The plan is, to give Paris a zone of flowers. The gentleman who advances this plan, is said to be a celebrated botanist and agriculturist. He proposes to the state to transform the fortifications and earthworks facing the city, both of which are now so much unproductive waste ground, into a great *potager* d'accommodation, or a nursery for exotics of every possible kind, whether from hot or cold countries, according to the aspect of the ditch, wall, or earthwork. The administrators of this garden, which he guarantees to form with a given capital for a commencement of operations, would pay a certain rent per hectare; undertake to cultivate no species of parasitical fruit or flower that would be injurious to the wall, or difficult to remove in case an enemy was expected; to sell at a low market price the produce of the fortifications; and, in a space of two years and a half, to clear all the expenses that the society may incur in carrying out the project. Nothing can be more brilliant than the results which are promised.—*N. Y. Working Farmer.*

A SPIRIT'S TALK.

Oh from my paradise I come,
To visit those I love on earth.

I enter, unperceived, the door:
They sit around the hearth.

And talk in sudden tones of me,
As this that never may return.

How little think they that I stand
Among them as they mourn!

But time will cease their grief, and death
Will purge the darkness from their eyes.

Then shall they triumph, when they learn
Heaven's solemn mysteries.—[“Times.”]

If you would become a great conqueror, begin with
victories over yourself.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS
ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER V.

MESMERISM OR PATHETISM—CONTINUED.

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”—Shakespeare.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM TRACED TO ANTIQUITY.—VAN HELMONT—THE OLYMPIC FORCE OF PROF. ROGERS—WHAT IS THIS ELEMENT OR FLUID?—OPINIONS OF DIFFERENT EXPERIMENTERS IN RELATION TO IT—THEORY OF THE NERVOUS ACTION IN PRODUCING MESMERIC PHENOMENA CONTRADICTED BY FACTS AND EXPERIMENTS—DISTINCTION BETWEEN MUNDANE AND SUPER-MUNDANE DEFINED—PATHETISM, HOW THE PHENOMENA ARE PRODUCED—POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE CONDITIONS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE THE PHENOMENA AND LAWS THAT GOVERN.

In my last chapter it was shown that the discovery of Animal Magnetism, or Pathetism, was claimed for Anthony A. Mesmer of Germany; but it is believed that the phenomena witnessed dates centuries back of Mesmer, and were witnessed by nations and tribes of men who never heard the name of Mesmer. Speaking on this subject, D'Almeida, a French writer, says: “Animal Magnetism may be traced to antiquity, and is practised by the aborigines of North and South America at the present day.” In China, the Jesuit missionaries state that it has been practised for many centuries. Among the Oriental Asiatics it has never been forgotten. In India, the fanatic devotees obtain what they consider ecstatic communion with Deity, by placing themselves in a certain position and steadily gazing at the end of the nose. Ebn-Sina, a famous Arabian philosopher, relates the case of a man who could, at pleasure, by the exertion of his will, paralyze his whole frame, and throw it into what would now be termed Mesmeric condition. In the sixteenth century, Jerome Cardan, one of the first scholars of his day, relates concerning himself that he had the power of abandoning his body, in a sort of ecstasy, whenever he pleased; and that he could also see, whenever he desired to see, whatever he pleased; not through the force of imagination, but with his material organs. He saw groves, animals and orbs as he willed. In childhood he saw these things without any volition of his will, but in maturer age he saw them only when he desired.

It is also claimed that VAN HELMONT, a German philosopher, born in 1677 distinctly advanced the ideas and introduced the practice of Animal Magnetism, as since attributed to Mesmer.

In my last chapter I also aimed to show what conditions are necessary in order to produce the phenomena called Mesmerism or Pathetism; and I would now say that, in my judgment, the gross material form of man is the only visible ponderable agent, for the mind of man is as impalpable as its own immaterial existence, or the elements through which it acts. Since the subject of modern spirit manifestations has come up, an ocean of labor and talent has been consumed in trying to explain away the mystery on natural or mundane laws. Books have been written, sermons preached, lectures delivered, until the reader and listener have been left in still greater darkness, or completely disgusted with the whole thing. Prof. Rogers wrote a book of nearly four hundred pages, in which he endeavored to prove that there is, somewhere in the wide universe, an impalpable agent existing which produces the strange phenomena witnessed in the nineteenth century. He says it is not electricity, nor galvanism, nor magnetism, but that it is impalpable, and hence he calls it *Odylo*, or *Odylo force*; and the best that I can make out of his theory is, that this *Odylo* or *Odylo force* is the sum and substance of all mundane and super-mundane phenomena.

I agree with Professor Rogers, however, that there is an agent or force employed, which is neither common electricity, galvanism, or magnetism. And I also agree with him that it is an impalpable agent. But I cannot agree with him that it has power to move tables, lift men in heavy tubs, or communicate intelligence from city to city, without the directing and controlling influence of mind, by which all material objects are moved. And while I admit that there is in the universe an element more subtle than common electricity, galvanism, or magnetism, which eludes the investigation of man, I deny that it acts as an agent in moving ponderable substances, or in communicating thought; but it is the medium through which the agent or soul acts. Call it what you please: electricity, galvanism, magnetism, *odylo*, or the new-coined phrase of Prof. Grimes, etherium, I believe it to be the atmosphere in which the soul exists, and which gives life and vitality to the spirit or soul of man, while in the body as well as out. Out of the body, it is the atmosphere of spirit existence, and while in the body, the spirit derives its sustenance through this refined element. It pervades all nature, and is more subtle or refined than any element known to electricians. This is evident from the fact that neither the electrometer or the galvanometer is affected by it. Various opinions have been entertained in relation to this element or fluid.

In attempting to account for the phenomena of animal magnetism, Mesmer advanced the theory that there is a reciprocal influence subsisting between the heavenly bodies and the earth, and all animate nature; capable of receiving, propagating and communicating every impulse of motion; and that the human body exhibits properties analogous to those of the magnet, such as polarity and inclination. Riel, Authenreith and Humboldt made an effort to show the existence of a nervous fluid. Colquhoun remarks in relation to this fluid: “We were to admit the existence of this fluid, under certain conditions, it may be capable of being directed outward, by the volition of one individual, with such energy as to produce a peculiar effect upon the organization of another.” Currier, after taking the position that two animated bodies, brought into close proximity, combined with certain movements, have a real effect, independently of all participation of the fancy, says: “It appears, also, clearly, that these effects arise from some nervous communication which is established between their nervous systems.” Dr. Gall admits this power, and also receives the hypothesis of its connection with a fluid. Rev. Mr. Townsend, in his *Facts on Mesmerism*, after remarking that he agrees with Mesmerism, that the transmission of sensation and motion is made by the surface of the spinal marrow, and not by its central parts, adds: “That nerves really do conduct a matter similar, at least, to the electric, has been also proved by the fact that a magnet held between the two sections of a recently divided nerve, was observed to be deflected as by an electric current.”

The theory of these gentlemen, if I understand them, is, that the phenomena produced in what is called mesmerism, or Pathetism, are traceable to a fluid transmitted through the action of the nervous system; or, in other words, that the nerves act as electric wires in transmitting this fluid. But experiments prove conclusively that the nerves are no more susceptible to the action of this fluid than the muscles, or other members of the body. Mr. Sunderland has shown that the nerves cannot be electrized or galvanizated. He says: “The nerves are bad conductors of electricity. They are filled with an oily substance, and are not so good conductors as the muscles or fluids.”

It has also been proved by experiment, over and over again, that when the subject is under mesmeric influence, the nerves are paralyzed; and the most painful surgical operations can be performed while the patient is apparently entirely insensible to pain. The same phenomenon is also produced by administering ether; which to my mind proves that the fluid (if a fluid it is) is exterior to the nerves, and not interior and dependent upon them for its existence. And what is true in cases of amputation in relation to the nerves, is also true with the muscles and fluids of the body.

It is no part of my work, in recording phenomena, to enter into an argument to show what this fluid about which so much has been said, is, or how it is generated; but as I wish to mark a distinct line between mundane and super-mundane phenomena, I have deemed it important to show where the phenomena which we can trace to the action of two minds in form—acting in this element or fluid, or as I conceive, the atmosphere of man's spiritual existence, to be—I call Mesmerism; or, adopting the view of Sunderland, Pathetism; and that which we can trace to no agency in the form, Super-Mundane or Spiritual.

The agent in both cases is mind. In Pathetism, both the agent or operator, and the subject operated upon, are visible; while in Super-mundane phenomena, the agent or operator, in most cases, though not always, is invisible. The channel or connecting link through which mind reaches mind, is the atmosphere of man's spiritual existence; or, what Professor Rogers calls *Odylo*, and Grimes Etherium. In experimenting in Pathetism, how much the operator may be assisted by invisible operators, no one can tell. That they are sometimes, I shall hereafter show. With this magnetic fluid some individuals are positively charged; while others, being less charged, may be said to be in negative condition. Or, to make the subject more plain: one individual being surcharged is in a positive relation to the other; and now there exists between the two a positive and negative relation, and if the two are brought into sympathy with each other, they will be attracted to each other, with the same force as one magnet is drawn to the other when their poles are brought together in positive and negative relations. The connecting link is now formed, and the two minds are in harmonious relation; and through the magnetic forces, or the atmosphere of mind or soul, the will of the operator controls, not only the mind, but the body of the subject. Speaking upon the subject of Will-power, Professor Grimes says: “By the term will, I mean the effort which we are conscious of making to accomplish an end. For instance, I determine to raise my arm. I immediately make the effort which is called willing, and instantly my arm rises. In this case the nerves of the arm are induced by the brain. Now when a person sits before me, with his eyes closed, and I will his arm to rise, I make the same effort that I did when I raised my own arm; and if his arm actually rises at my will, I conceive that the effect was produced in the same way in both cases, that is, by the induction of a current of Etherium from my brain to the nerves connected with the arm, causing the arm to perform its functions.”

I agree with Professor Grimes, that it is through the will-power of the individual that the arm is lifted; but I ask, who is this I, that writes? The brain, he tells me. But is the brain a more important member of the body, than the arm or nerves? Here is a fatal mistake which leads directly to the doctrine of non-immortality. Mr. Grimes attempts to answer this question by stating, that “The notion of I, and I am, are the result of reflective organs.” I agree with him in saying “I will,” but I, never loses its power to will; and is as capable of affecting the brain, as of moving an arm or leg; and while inclined in the form it has power, through the magnetic forces in which it exists, to move not only its own arm but that of another individual; and that power will be increased, rather than diminished, when it leaves the earthly body, and exists purely in its own natural element.

I could, if I deemed it important, give the reader the *modus operandi* of producing the phenomena in Mesmerism or Pathetism. To those who are curious on this point, I would say, they will find the rules laid down in Grimes's Philosophy of Mesmerism, Page 289; and in Sunderland's Treatise on Pathetism, Edition of 1847. Speaking of the phenomena produced, Mr. Sunderland says:

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“At first sensuous love is affected, and our emotions are excited through the external senses merely. The association next extends to and excites the mind to volition, and the attention is more or less interested in the result. The next degree extends to wisdom or the spirit; the sagacity, reason and penetration are satisfied. Spiritual love is satisfied, excited, and the result follows as a matter of course. This is a spiritual possession which is in the perfection of unity; and thus the will of one controls the nutritive fluid of the other, and this fluid obeys the will of the other, and thus it is made to leave the sensation—the external senses and consciousness, till the mind is perfectly controlled by the will of the other.”

I like Mr. Sunderland's term used to designate what he and others call a fluid. *Nutritive fluid* is suggestive of my idea, that the fluid is the natural element of the soul's existence, and from which it derives its life and vitality. This fluid, which for the want of a better term to express my idea, I shall call either *Nutritive* or *Mesmeric fluid*—meaning in all cases, when either term is used, the atmosphere of spirit existence, is negative to mind. Some minds, as we have already suggested, are surrounded by a greater quantity of this fluid than others; and hence occupy a positive relation to them; or what is still more suggestive of my idea, they have thrown off more of the gross material and are living more in their spiritual element, and are rendered more positive to earth's relations; and hence, we have the two conditions—positive and negative—the agent acting, and the medium acted upon; but the agent, instead of controlling the fluid, controls the mind, and through the fluid of mind comes the control of the fluid. The mind acts upon this fluid, producing a succession of waves, which is felt, in some instances, hundreds of miles distant, when two minds are brought into rapport, or, in other words, a harmonious and sympathetic relation. I hope this principle will be borne in mind, as it will help explain other phenomena of which we shall hereafter treat. When the mind or spirit has left the body, its magnetic or psychological powers are increased, for now it is living in its own natural element—this *odylo* fluid about which so much has been said in attempting to overthrow the super-mundane phenomena of the Nineteenth Century.

The phenomena witnessed in Pathetism, are well attested to; and there are but few indeed at the present day, who do not accord the testimony given; and therefore, in this chapter I shall not record any cases, but will refer such as wish for them, to Mr. Sunderland's work on Pathetism, where they will find some of the best.

Sunderland's Essay on Pathetism, 1847, page 60. Mr. Sunderland uses the term Pathetism to signify: “The philosophy of Human Influence; not merely the susceptibility of one who is influenced, but the qualities of the agent from whom the influence is received; so that whatever emotion, volition or action, is produced in one of two minds by the influence which one receives from the other.”—[See Sunderland's Treatise on Pathetism, 1847, p. 12.]

Grimes's Philosophy of Mesmerism, p. 140. [Sunderland's Treatise on Pathetism, Ed. 1847, p. 84.] Mind is used here synonymous with soul or spirit.

A TEACHER OF PHONOGRAPHY WANTED.—A competent teacher of the noble art of Phonography is now desired in Lookport, N. Y., says the editor of the “Vanguard.” A large and profitable school could be instituted and maintained there. Address Editor of Vanguard, Lookport, N. Y.

We embark in the grade for a long voyage; in the coffin for a far longer one.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

TO EDWARD B. FREELAND.

In reference to the platform I proposed for a religious organization of Spiritualists, viz., that Christ is God's anointed King and Head of the Church, both in heaven and upon the earth, you very truly say that my “platform would exclude all persons who did not regard Christ as preëminently and in a sense different from what would be predicated of any other created being—the chosen and especially appointed of God, as King and Head of the Church.”

You say this “platform is not broad enough for me,” and in the conclusion of your letter, “that the narrowest basis upon which I can join, in religious or other organization, is that which will include all those who are earnestly and faithfully devoted to the discovery of truth, and who conscientiously and sincerely endeavor to live according to the principles of the truth, when known, without regard to the particular form in which truth may present itself to different minds in any age, or in any country.” I admit that your platform would be unexceptionable for Spiritualism, regarded merely as a philosophy. But in reference to Spiritualism as a religion, your platform would bind together persons with antagonistic principles. Instead of all the members living in sweet harmony together as one man, having, as it were, one heart and soul, Christ being the living head and inspiration of the whole, we would have discord and strife, which is hell. Submitting to the government of Christ, which is the “kingdom of heaven,” every discordant thought is eradicated, and the will of man brought into divine harmony with the holy principles of truth and love.

Christianity requires an excellence above ordinary morality which is only external. It requires internal purity which is only obtained by becoming the recipient of the Divine nature, as the graft receives nutriment from the vine into which it is inserted.

I repeat, I would gladly join you on your platform, with all the various classes to which you have referred as the platform of spiritual philosophy, in hopes, thereby, of the mutual correction of many errors, by earnest and faithful efforts for the discovery of truth. But to take it as the platform of Christian Spiritualism, or Spiritualism as a religion—the new heaven of righteousness for which I look, I would pray to be excused from entering into so heterogeneous a fellowship.

Spiritual philosophy, as we have both already said, may be a John the Baptist preparing the way for a more glorious dispensation; it lays the axe to the root of the tree of error in the form of popular Orthodoxy.

You say, “Some of the best Christians do not believe Christ to have been the son of God, in any other sense than we are all sons of God, in any other than Christ himself taught.” So far I believe with them. The reason he was called God, and the son of God, was in conformity to the custom of the age in which he lived.

Apollonius Tyanensis was born at Tynna four years before Christ; he was a medium, held converse with departed spirits, and wrought many supposed miracles, even raising the dead. In his lifetime he was called a god, and accepted that appellation, saying that every good man ought to be honored with it. After his death, which took place at the age of ninety-seven, he long continued to be ranked among the divinities.

I must, nevertheless, continue to believe that Christ is “God's anointed king and head of the church.” He told Pilate, “My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, they would have slain me long ago, but I should not be delivered to the Jews.” Pilate said, “Art thou a king, then?” Jesus answered, “Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end I was born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.” Christ should be carefully distinguished from Jehovah-God, who dwelt preëminently in him as in his temple. He said, “It is not I that doeth the works, but the Father that dwelleth in me.”

Considered as a mere man, Christ has made a broader and deeper mark upon the world, than any other moral teacher ever did. And when we consider the spotless purity of his life, and how perfectly his instructions are adapted to the wants of man, we must award him the preëminence over all others. According to his Gospel, no bloody sacrifices are required to appease the wrath of any angry God, in this respect unlike those of the Heathen, the Jews, and the Orthodox Christians. Sir William Jones, Captain Wilson and others, have proved that the heathen gods, from Scandinavia to India, Rome, Greece, Syria, Assyria and Babylon, Egypt and Ethiopia included, were precisely the same. The worship by sacrifices was the same with the Hebrews as it was by the Pagans, and was commenced in the camp of Israel by Jethro, Moses's father-in-law. Sacrifices were not commanded by inspiration of God, as the prophet Jeremiah expressly says, “I spake not unto your fathers, nor commanded them in the day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices.”

Christ represents God as “Our Father.” His Father and our Father; His God and our God, as having more love and pity for His erring children, than earthly parents for their tender offspring, offering a free pardon for all their moral delinquencies upon such terms as must meet with the approval of every reasonable being. “If ye forgive me their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.” Here is the subject of pardon so plainly taught, that a mere child can understand it; no reference to priest or bloody sacrifice. A spirit proclaimed the same to Moses in the following language: “The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty. By no means will the guilty be cleared or imputed righteousness, when unrighteous, but they will be graciously forgiven, yet forever retaining their true character as pardoned sinners.”

Brother Freeland, I admire your liberality, but must say, that I cannot believe that a proposition made by another must have truth to it, because that person believes it. It may be a mistake. But I do believe it possible by searching diligently after truth, and by persevering inquiries and reflection, to arrive at exact truth on any subject within the range of the mind's capacity.

EDWARD B. FREELAND.

SAD DOWNING AND STRANGE DECEASE.—On the 22nd of January, Charles Ufford, aged four years, son of John Ufford of Great Bend, Pa., was drowned. He was playing upon the ice, and fell through a hole and disappeared; and although the citizens rallied and out away scores of ice, in order to find the body, they were unsuccessful, and the search was abandoned, it being supposed that the body had floated down the river. A few days since, a sister of the late victim her parents, and playfully remarked on retiring, that as it was the first time she had slept in that particular house, (we presume her parents had recently moved) she would recollect her dream and tell it in the morning. She dreamed that she saw her little brother in a certain spot, a short distance from where he disappeared through the ice. A search was made and the body found in the designated place, to the great relief of the afflicted family. Without expressing any opinion on the connection between the dream and the fact, we place the incident on record for the information of all interested in mental phenomena.—*Standard, Birmingham, N. Y.*

The negroes say the soldiers at Beaufort, S. C., stood their ground very well, so long as the ships fired at them; but when the ships fired at the shore, they were driven down—my gosh, how they run—yah, yah, yah.

Our Mirror.

It is a true axiom, that “we judge others by ourselves.” So, then, others are only mirrors in which we see ourselves reflected upon our own consciousness, not knowing that it is ourselves we see. These we see the greatest faults in are only the clearest, truest mirrors for us to see ourselves in. A man that everybody sees as being bad, is a true mirror in which everybody sees, each one his own badness reflected. Christ was a beautiful, clear mirror in which the Jews saw the Beelzebub that was in themselves reflected upon the retina of their own eyes. Christ was called a blasphemer because his being was a crystal mirror that reflected truly the blasphemy of those who accused him of blasphemy.

A man's mirror may be so clouded for a time, and necessarily so, too, by the love and polish of an earthly life, that no one will call him bad, but all will call him good. He only reflects externally. The mirror of his existence is not yet pure enough for the reflections of the accuser's own yet hidden nature. It is earthly love and rectitude in earthly things that makes what is popularly called the good and holy man, and the absence of them that makes what is called the sinner.

Mark ye well this saying: that the “bad man” is never “worse” than his accuser. Satan is called the “accuser of the brethren.” Who accuses? Those who see sins in others and tell of them. But this condition of accusation is necessary and true to its place, and it is a condition which no one has or will escape from. The Jews were sincere and true to their then development, in believing that Christ was a blasphemer, and that he had a devil—so are accusers of this age sincere in avowing that others are dangerously wicked and are wandering sinners. This is what we call wickedness and sin is a necessary and lawful vapor that rises from the damps and dews of the soul's infantile existence while in this shadowy and cloudy earth. And we see the vapor that rises from our own souls reflected in the mirror of those whose souls are clear to reflect, and think the vapor, the sin, is in them, not knowing the fact that the “sin” we see is our own reflected back upon us.

We look in the looking-glass, and it is only ourselves that we see—so we look at others, and, virtually, all that we see in them to execrate or admire, is but the reflection of that in us, which, when we find it out, we shall desire to demolish or cherish. Accusation and fault-finding, which are the substances of sin, are necessary steps that precede the soul's entrance to the world, where spiritual realities, which produce all our material actions, are recognized.

Christ, which is the light and beauty of our spiritual natures, hidden lawfully, yet by our materialism is justly called “the Beloved,” “the Desire of all Nations,” “the Fountain,” “the Friend,” “the Lamb,” “the Light,” “the Physician,” “the Redeemer,” “the Saviour,” “the Servant,” “the Shepherd,” “the Truth,” “the Way,” “the Bridegroom.” Now all these names of Christ are true to his being, thus rendering him a true mirror, in which we may look and see ourselves reflected.

The devil, which is but the lawful darkness that is in ourselves, which is but the transient night of our material affections, is justly called “the Accuser,” “the Father of Lies,” “the Deceiving Lion,” “the Prince of Darkness,” “the Arch Deceiver,” “the Fallen Angel,” “the old Serpent,” “the Rancorous Abolitionist,” “the Wolf in Sheep's Clothing,” “the Disguised Angel of Light.”

All these realities of our sensuous being are but myths of our spiritual being—are yet