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Written for the Banner of Light.

### KATIE MALVOURNEY

#### IRISH CHARACTER

#### AND

#### ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### Interesting Reports.

A year passed on, and it was with no small degree of regret that we were compelled to omit a proposed visit to our Irish friends. Our sister's health having failed since the death of her child, her physician directed her to travel in the south of Europe, and spend the winter in Italy, and it became our duty to accompany her.

In the meantime we had received several letters from Miss Dundergry, each of which contained some important events in connection with our narrative. The quiet which had hitherto existed in regard to Katie and her wonderful powers had been seriously disturbed, and we felt rather sorry that our influence might have had something to do in this matter. Her efforts with the Slogans were crowned with success. John had not only become a sober but a much more industrious and useful man. Mary discovered that she had much more influence than she supposed. Miss Dundergry hinted at some changes in their family. Two of her sisters had married and gone to the Continent during the year; but the most interesting events were the labors of Katie with her brothers, especially Edgar, the younger.

We have said that the older brother was of a coarse and unrefined organization, and Katie never felt attracted to him; but there was a different feeling toward the younger brother, who seemed likely to become a victim to many of the habits which his brother was leading him into, and which were calculated to make a very different impression upon Edgar's sensitive and negative nature from that which they did upon his brother. We are often very unjust in our censure of individuals, not because of the habits in which they indulge so much, as of the effects which these produce, not thinking that the conditions which render them thus influential are the very ones which would render these persons much more attractive and congenial, if the influences, which have failed to reach so effectually those of coarser and stronger natures, had not overcome them. The finest fruit is the most liable to decay, and the most sensitive and beautiful natures may often be most easily marred.

We have spoken of Edgar's negative character, under the corroding influence of crime and bad associations; this had become somewhat changed, and he was acquiring some of his brother's habits; and even in this we may see that there is no unmixed evil. His sisters saw with regret his growing indifference to themselves, and, as a means of reclaiming him, they sought the influence of Katie, feeling assured that if she could drop the anchor of her sympathetic love into the depths of his soul it would reach his better nature and bring him to a mooring. On several occasions they invited Katie to spend the day with them, hoping thus to bring them together; but Edgar, took especial pains to be absent from home. We have said he was rather sensitive; he had heard of Katie's powers of reading character, and, like many others, he did not feel willing to accept such an invitation as was given by the woman of Samaria to her people, to "come and see a man, who had told her all things that ever she did." This reluctance to meet Katie increased the conviction on the part of his sisters that she was destined to produce a happy effect upon him, and made them more anxious to bring about an interview.

In the visits of Katie to Lord Dundergry's, Selinda, or Lind, as she was always called, became deeply interested in her, and though she was a person of very different character, yet there were strong points of attraction between them. Lind was a spontaneous, natural child, full of native wit, and always ready for fun, with an inexhaustible capacity to produce it. Finding her efforts to bring the young folks together, frustrated, Lind endeavored to entertain her story by various means. She related the following story:

"We have an old man, named John, who has lived with us some time. Do you know, Katie, I have a habit of going among our servants that our folks do not altogether like; but you know, they cannot stop it. They tell me it is beneath the dignity of our family. Pshaw! I don't believe in any such nonsense! When brother John is brought home drunk, he has not a thousandth part of the dignity, or good breeding, either, that our old servant, John, has, who is always in his place and watches over all the other servants like a patriarch and father—as he is to them. He is a disciple of Father Matthew, and he keeps the others very well up to their plodges. You don't know how much the stability and real goodness of such a man keeps up not only the dignity, but all that makes life desirable in our house. I have been among them, and I have seen it, and felt it; and I know folks know half as much about their ways as I do, they would never read me such lessons about dignity in keeping away from such persons as John. I don't believe in it. And then there is old Bridget, the cook, who has lived with us many years—she is as much of a lady, save her brogue, as any one. And when

she is dressed up with her new turban and white apron, I always think of my old maiden aunt, who is about the same age, and it makes me laugh when she is taken to pieces."

"What do you mean?" said Katie.  
"Why, when she gets that great, ugly brood off—which she declares is her own hair, because it was cut off by her own hand thirty years ago—her teeth out, and the paint off of her old, foot-marked cheeks, she does not impress me with as much dignity as old Bridget, who is just as natural as God made her. For my part, I think true dignity consists in living and acting according to your position, naturally, and just as you feel; and when I get to be an old lady I am going to be one, and not attempt to make persons believe that I am much younger, and that either God or myself has made a mistake."

"You are hard on the old lady," said Katie. "I think myself it is an evidence of great weakness, to be dissatisfied with our condition in life. It proves that we have not lived true lives, and our spiritual natures have not grown—as they should—with the physical. Don't let me be misunderstood now. It is assuming something that we are not. That is the great evil that crushes and cramps the soul."

"I tell you, Katie," said Lind, "I am a real-born democrat. I believe everybody is just as good as everybody else, and some a good deal better. I often wish I was like you, and did not belong to the nobility. There is no nobility in keeping hounds and horses and in giving dinners, eating and drinking and rollicking and making dunces of yourselves, just because you belong to a certain family. But I was going to tell you a story that old John relates. I happened to hear them laughing very heartily one day, and I asked what was the cause of it. They said old John was telling a story; and at my request, he repeated it to us. He had been for many years the body-servant of Dean Swift, and for real, native, Irish wit he has few superiors even now in his old age. The story is as follows:

The Dean wanted a servant, and advertised for applicants to call at his rooms at a certain hour. About twenty persons came, and he had them ranged in a row along his hall; and there he examined each of them as to their qualifications for the position; and their recommendations, &c. Coming to the man next to the last, he found one of our countrymen, who was very full of conceit, and a great talker. He could do this, he could do that, and he could do everything. Turning to John, who stood at the end of the row—

"Well, my good fellow," said the Dean, "what can you do?"

"Nothing at all, sir," said John.

"What did you come here for, then?" said the Dean.

"Sir," said John, "did not that man say he could do everything? sure, and if he does everything, there will be nothing left for me to do."

"Well," said the Dean, "I will try you, John."

And a most faithful and devoted servant he proved to be. He relates many anecdotes of the Dean; among others, the following: They were traveling on a circuit, and the woods being very muddy, John did not think it necessary to black his master's boots for him. When the Dean reminded him of it, John said:

"The roads are so very muddy I did not think it worth while to do this, as they will just get dirty again."

"Very well," said the Dean.  
And while John went out to get the horses ready, he called the landlady, and told her not to give him any breakfast. When he came up with the horses and the Dean was about to mount, John reminded him that he had had no breakfast.

"Never mind that," said the Dean, "you will just get hungry again."

John saw that he was caught in his own trap, and took it all in good part. They started on, but had not rode very far when they met one of John's friends, who addressed the inquiry to him:

"Where are you going?"

"Well," said John, "I presume we are going to the Kingdom of Heaven, for I am fasting and the Dean is praying."

"Oh, Katie, I wish I was as free as you are! The only thing that troubles me is, that I cannot do just what I want to."

"Why, Lind, you silly child," said her sister Maggie Ann, "there is nobody in the world so free as you are. No person ever thinks of controlling you in anything; you have not only the name, but the privilege of being one of the most free and original and independent characters. We would just as soon think of taming a hyena—not that I mean anything disrespectful by this comparison; but you are certainly the last person in the world who should talk about restraint. Don't you think so, Katie?"

"Katie, won't you tell me what I should do? When I act out my natural impulses, I think I am like old Egan; my hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against me; and if I don't act thus, I hate myself. You will not believe me when I say that I have been suffering in this way for years, with pent-up feelings that I would give the world to let out; and what seems strange to me is that the more full of fun and wit I have appeared, the more sad at heart I have been. Indeed, it has been a kind of intoxication, and it was necessary for me to have this excitement in order to keep up at all. The same feeling which exhibits itself in my elder brother, to break out into frolics, and go into his rude company, has influenced me. I can feel it coming on periodically, and if I were a man, I should go out and give the manifestations of this, as men do; as it is, it produces a hysterical condition, which, I fear, will be more than I can bear, before long. I keep up by laughing and joking when any one is present, and crying and sobbing terribly when I am alone."

This was certainly a very strange revelation, yet there was an earnestness about it that carried conviction to all present; though every one had thought Lind was one of the most port and unstrained children they had ever met, and her constant inclination and ability to make fun were so well known, that every one looked upon her as one of the happiest of Nature's children.

Katie had had some inklings as to the reality of Lind's feelings, and was much better prepared than her sister for such a revelation; but what would she advise her to do? We will see. Taking her by the hand, she said:

"My dear friend and sister, I am not so much surprised as you might think, at the revelation you have made to us. What surprises me most is, that one so free and spontaneous and natural, could have kept these things so effectually from every one, as you have. You know that the great demand of the human soul is for companionship, for some intimate and congenial friend, to whom we can reveal our most secret and sacred feelings. There are few natures who can live without this, and I believe none do so well without it as with it."

One human soul is a mirror in which alone another can truly be seen; and no one can be really happy or contented, without some one or less of true sympathy and companionship. More than this, Lind, in the battle of life there are thousands of instances in which we are just strong enough to be defeated, when we enter the arena alone. But where two souls, properly related to each other, meet the struggles of life's conflict, they strengthen each other on all the points which are required; for a victory over ourselves and the circumstances which we are striving to overcome. I see clearly that in the struggles of life, here is where you have lost your way. Your sisters are all different. In feeling from you. Indeed, there is scarcely anything in common between you. You have stood alone, and instead of fighting the battles of life nobly and earnestly, you have parried off the thrusts that have been aimed at you, by assuming a character of wit and humor; and so far as the world around you is concerned, you have succeeded. No one has suspected you, and though you have concealed the loss which you have been obliged to sustain in this conflict, you may say, as a celebrated commander once said, 'One more such victory, and I am ruined.' In the conflicts of life, as in the battles of the warrior, the conquering army is often the heaviest loser."

They had been left alone. Lind found relief in tears, and the feelings which had been pent up for years began to find vent.

"Go on, go on, my sister," she exclaimed; "you have smitten the rock in my nature, and I am glad the waters are flowing. I have wanted to cry for a long time, and have not been able to do it before. You have touched a chord in my soul, and I believe you will yet attune it so that there will be some music in my discordant and inharmoneious nature. I did not know that any one else had ever felt that they must have a friend in whom they could fully confide. So strong has been my feeling on this point, that I have determined several times to speak to you about it, but never could muster courage to do so."

Clasping Katie's hands very firmly, she said: "I have but one favor to ask of you now, and I hope you will grant me that. It is that you will be my friend, my confidant?"

Katie replied: "Lind, you do not know how improper that would be. I sometimes doubt whether it is right for me to be here with you; you have forgotten the difference in our stations in life. I may do something in the way of advising you, but it would not be proper for you and I to meet on that plane of equality which such a friend as you require should. It would be wrong for me, as well as you."

"Now, Katie," said Lind, "you know how it hurts me to hear you make such a distinction, for I do not. I have said I was a democrat, and I know you are, and I cannot let you off on that ground. If you think any of our family will object, I will see to it that that is all right. Do you think your father or mother will make any objections?"

Katie looked scrutinizingly to see whether there was any irony in this; but feeling at once that there was not the least, she said:

"I think you had better try some one else that will be more suitable for this position."

"I know there is nobody else living that will do as well as you do for me; they cannot understand me, and I know you are too good to refuse me. Now only say that you will, and I will arrange all the preliminaries, and crush out all the obstacles that lie in the way."

This was a new experience for Katie. She had long been her friend, and felt a deep interest in her; and had Lind asked less perhaps, it might have been easy to have granted it. But she felt that it would be dangerous ground to assume to

be the intimate and personal friend of one whose rank in society was so far above that occupied by her. She did not fear so much from the friends of Lind, for they had always treated her kindly and respectfully (true nobility always recognizes that which is its kindred), but she felt that her own associates would feel it more keenly; because there is a jealousy among the poorer and more ignorant classes on these points. But it was not from either of these causes that she positively declined the offer—it was from a high sense of principle, and a feeling that she would not be able to fulfill her mission in life so well.

Lind wanted her to postpone her decision, but it was already made, and she hoped some turn would take place which would lead Katie to change her mind, though she was never known to do so when it was made up on the ground of principle, as this was. Lind was honest and sincere in her desire to have Katie occupy the position she had offered her; but honesty and sincerity are not always guided by wisdom and good judgment.

It was a noble stand on the part of Katie to decline this offer. Here was an opening in the river of life, into which, had she desired, she might have turned her bark, out of that quiet, humble stream in which it had been launched, and perchance, have gone forth on a mightier and more majestic stream. And who could say that with the true nobility which was innate in her character, she might not have borne the honors and responsibilities of her new position with a grace and dignity well worthy of it. But of all the dangerous steps in the journey of life, there is perhaps no one more so than to break up all the old associations of life; to change, as far as possible, the entire surroundings, and leave the old landmarks with which we are familiar, and go either into a higher or lower, a broader or narrower channel. We become like the mariner on a strange river without a pilot, and know not the shoals, rocks, and sand-bars which may be hidden beneath its smooth waters.

Katie's first impulse to decline this offer, which seemed so promising and favorable, was much strengthened as soon as she was enabled to carry out her invariable plan in regard to all important questions, of going into the quiet alone, and communing with her own soul. Few persons realize the importance of this, or know how much better we are able to measure our feelings and impulses when away from all the surging and conflicting influences of our companions in life.

She wandered silently through the fields, almost lost to external nature, in this communion; and before her arrival at home, her mind was filled with calm serenity and joy, in the resolution that she had taken to decline the proposition. It had now become a fixed conviction. She had determined to do it in the most positive but kind manner. Her mind was still exercised, for she knew it was a most delicate matter. She hoped and desired to hold her young friend just where she could do her the most good—be her saviour. She felt deeply the responsibility arising from her position, and the knowledge which she had of her friend's condition. Trials, like storms that beat upon the green earth, may throw down the grass, but they make it take a deeper root—so the soul, when thus intensely burdened, finds its roots growing deeper into the soil of integrity and virtue. This trial, severe as it was, was one of the greatest blessings to our young friend.

Her mother at once discovered that something was pressing heavily upon Katie, but to the great relief of the latter, she said nothing about it. Katie felt that in this trial even her mother could not share her feelings. They must be sacred, and she must bear them alone. She did so for days. The clouds hung heavily around her. Her friends were alarmed lest she was growing sick, but no word of complaint came from her lips.

She had promised to meet Lind alone, in a secluded grove near their house, on the succeeding Monday, a week from the time of their last meeting. At the morning service on the Sabbath preceding this meeting, many of her friends noticed that Katie was deeply affected, and her pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of tears. In the afternoon she appeared more cheerful. Still there was evidently a weight upon her. She did not desire to escape this trial; but oh how earnestly she prayed for strength to do all that was right.

In the evening a calm settled upon her mind, and in one of her "spells" she gave an interesting and impressive lecture, without the least reference to the feelings which had been weighing upon her mind during the past week. One of her sisters, who had learned to take notes, gave us the following as the substance of her remarks on this occasion:

"Brothers and sisters, father and mother—As our souls are bathed in the love of the immortal and divine, they go forth in sympathy and affection for all mankind. The warm gushings of the beautiful stream of love lift our barks above the shoals and quicksands on which they may have been stranded, and as we move down the stream of life, we feel bound to help those who, like ourselves, have been arrested in their course, perhaps beguiled by some false light, or anchored by some wrong condition. And as we are made conscious of their condition, we are enabled to point out to them a better way; and every one whose pathway is thus made brighter, casts a holy light around our own, and thus we walk more truly, and carry greater blessings to all. It may seem to you that during the past week I have felt but little interest in you, but never before have the beautiful cords that bind us together been so strong."

Then she gave a very impressive communication to each one, which was not only adapted to their condition but, which "binds us still more nearly in the holy bonds of affection which have linked our family in a sweet home circle."

Writing to us, this sister said: "The world can never know or appreciate the blessing of such a child, either to itself or to us. I am sure we do not know how God has blessed

us in this sweet ministering angel, which He has lent us, to be as a lamp to our feet and a light to our pathway."

The next day, at the appointed hour, Katie met Lind in a beautiful and secluded grove near Lord Dundergry's house—a quiet place, with a very thick undergrowth of shrubbery, in which they believed they were shut out from all the world.

Lind had followed the advice of her friend Katie, so far as she could, in throwing off her assumed character, and appeared as real as possible. But she had so long been false to herself, that she found it impossible to change in the twinkling of an eye. She shrunk back from herself with fear at the thought of giving expression to her real feelings. Still she was very different, and evidently felt that their meeting was a highly important one. She received her friend in a most affectionate manner, and remarked that she hoped, to have a favorable response in regard to her proposition. Katie returned her salutation in a very appropriate and dignified manner, not giving any very strong encouragement for hopes that were to be disappointed, but acting from a deep love for her friend, and a strong desire that she might be extricated from her present position and the circumstances around her, which time seemed to have hardened into an almost impassable barrier. They sat down in the pleasant shade of the grove. The gentle winds whispered sweetly through the foliage of the trees, and there was a quietness and serenity all around that seemed very appropriate for the occasion. After a silence of a few moments, taking Lind by the hand and looking earnestly into her eyes, Katie said:

"My dear friend and sister—for such I feel you to be—since our last meeting I have been walking through the waters of affliction, and my head has been wrapped about with the weeds of sorrow; and under the baptizing influence of this, I have been strengthened to give you counsel on this occasion, which I hope will relieve you from the dilemma into which you have fallen. Let it be distinctly understood, then, that the resolution which I maintained to you when we parted, to decline your very kind offer of confidence and friendship, has been strengthened by every hour's meditation; and I am so fully convinced that your own good, as well as mine, will be promoted by it, that I make a very willing sacrifice of your kindly offer, and under no circumstances could I be induced to accept the honorable position which I know and feel you would gladly confer upon me. I have said that my first impression was, to positively but respectfully decline. It is very seldom, my dear friend, that I am called to change my feelings when I have at once a clear and vivid impression, as I had in this case. Under other circumstances, I might not feel obliged to go any further; but our relations are such that I feel that I owe to you a full and free explanation. Since our last interview, I have had but one prominent thought, and that has been a desire to know exactly what was right for me to do in this matter between us. I have not had a moment's concern about myself, fully believing that if I do my duty to you, I shall have my reward. This matter rested on my mind heavily for three days, after our last interview, and on the morning of the fourth day I woke, after the first night of calm repose, and there came before me a beautiful vision, in which I saw you and myself—first, as we now are; and then, far away in the future. If you would like it, I will tell what I saw: You were crowned with queenly dignity, moving in a circle of refined and elevated people, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries that civilization and culture can bring; looked up to by all as one of the best and happiest of earth's children. And while I thus gazed upon you, I saw that under all this you were wearing a cross of thorns that was almost crushing your spirit; yet with a lofty and noble pride, you scorned to complain, or let any one know of the corroding cancer that was eating away your best life. As thus I beheld you, there came a beautiful angel to you, and said, 'Sister, the evil that is thus wearing thy life away must be arrested, and it can be done only in one way. It began, and has continued, by assuming something which you did not realize, appearing to be what you are not, and this, which was an occasional thing, has grown upon you, so that it is the constant condition, and not a mere transitory state. You will find a companion in your own plane of life, honest, truthful and confiding, who will aid you in extricating yourself from the dilemma into which you have fallen. One thing is certain: that such chains, when once fastened upon an individual, can only be removed by the aid of another. My friend, God helps those who help themselves, and even with the assistance of another, you must labor earnestly and resolve that you will be true to yourself, and as fast as you can, throw off all assumption. Not at once can such a friend remove all the difficulties. You must grow out of them.'"

"Go on," said Lind; "it is beautiful. Only say that you will be the friend, and all will be right."

"I have already said that cannot be. Please let me go on. I see a friend coming to you, a brave and noble brother, who moves in your own sphere in society; and you remain there in your own orbit and circle, no longer assuming to be a cheerful and happy, but full of the most exuberant life and joy—springing from a naturally buoyant and free spirit—now watered by the gentle showers of a divine inspiration, attracted by pure and lofty aspirations. Thus, dear friend, do I see you in the coming future; scattering blessings along life's dusty road; adorning its pathway with beautiful flowers of innocence and purity; shedding light on the way of many loved ones."

"You blessed angel of peace and love," said Lind, "only say you will be my friend, and it will all be as you say."

"Wait till I have told you how I saw myself, and as I have no power either to create or control these visions, you will not accuse me of any egotism in this. I saw before me a great multitude of people—God's poor, whom Jesus declared we



should always have with us. They were struggling—oh how earnestly!—against poverty, and want, and crime. I saw their aspirations after a better condition; but oh how thick and murky was the atmosphere about them. Doubt, temptation and error were all around, and it seemed that there was no one to direct them to a higher condition. I saw that I was born among these people, was one of them, dwelling in their very midst, surrounded by many of the same conditions; yet from some cause over which I had no control, and for which I was not responsible—though it added much to my accountability—the clouds which hung so thickly around them were dissipated from me, and I stood forth in a clear and beautiful atmosphere. The heavens above shone brightly upon me, and, as I saw others struggling and falling in their efforts, I was able to reach that which I aimed at; and while their failures discouraged them, the success which attended my efforts gave me strength and courage to go on. I now became deeply interested in those around me; seeing, as I did, that in their inmost souls they were seeking that which is good and right; and that it was mainly on account of the mists and fogs which surrounded them so constantly that they were unsuccessful.

I was impressed to go among them and encourage them, and point out the way. And there came to me an old man. He said: "Go, child; I give thee this lantern, handling me one that was giving out a beautiful, mild, but certain light. 'I will go with thee, too; encourage them in their labors; point out to them the way.' And as I began to labor, many of these people turned to me and sought for help and direction, and I was enabled to give to them. And as I spoke to those who were near me, they turned and spoke to others, and soon a great number were awakened to new thoughts; and by degrees they came to see more clearly, and the mists were removed, so that many a soul went rejoicing on its way. They became anxious to join me in my labors, and they were all welcomed. And the old man said to me: 'Child, thou seest now how each one hath their mission to perform, and their sphere of labor allotted to them, in the divine economy. The great error of mankind is that they are too often anxious to labor in other spheres, and leave those to which they are best fitted. Thou hast acted wisely, and thy reward is accordingly.'

I was then able to see other classes of society, persons whose surroundings were very different from those I have described; and at first I thought they must be a great deal better, but as I came to examine them more closely, I found that there was a cold, chilly atmosphere that seemed to dampen the ardor of all, and check their aspirations. Many of them were good—that is, negatively so—but they lacked that earnestness and enthusiasm which marked many of the other classes. They were more easily discouraged, and indeed, in many instances, there was a self-satisfied feeling which was not conducive to progression.

While I was thus looking at this, I saw you among these people, bright and beautiful and joyous. We approached each other, and I started back as I saw how the circumstances around you had made yours an aimless and unprofitable, and consequently unhappy life, because you assumed a false character. And though you did it with a success which deceived all, even your most intimate friends, yet it failed to bring you happiness. You grasped me by the hand, and said I could lead you into more pleasant paths; but I felt and said that it could not be, for my labor is in another sphere, and all the influence I have centres there, and there will I work.

But I saw that the way would soon be open for you to live a more real and happy life, but you must keep to your sphere of action and I to mine. We shall ever cherish the remembrance of our pleasant intercourse, when the surging waves of time, on whose billows we are now tossed, shall have rolled on into the ocean of Eternity; and, reposing on its calm and untroubled bosom, our bark may be moored side by side. Then we shall feel and know that the influences of caste and station that separate us in this life, have all been melted away and consumed by the fires of that divine love that burns upon the altar of every soul, in that blissful home.

"Where brightest beams shall light the way  
To celestial endless day,  
To that home where glories play  
Ever around the soul."

Thus we parted, and I returned, as it appeared to me, to my labors, to find that my influence was growing much stronger, and I was made to feel more assured than ever that I was laboring in the right field; and whenever and wherever I was, I was enabled to open the eyes of many to see the better way. It gave me new power, both in myself and by enlisting them in my work. Thus did my life seem to glide happily along, and each succeeding year found its labors extended, and with them my happiness. And never for one moment could I doubt the truth of the declaration, that God hath appointed unto each one a position and a sphere to labor in, and that to find these and work in them is to reach the highest happiness; that the true aspiration of the soul can lead us to desire, which is heaven wherever it is found; and by whomsoever it is realized. And the chief cause of failure on the part of humanity is, in not being able to find their proper positions and spheres.

Lind felt that it was indeed vain to urge anything further. The vision had not only confirmed Katie, but the sincerity with which it was related had settled the question very decidedly for her.

"In parting with you thus," said Katie, "you will feel assured that my interest in you has not abated. I shall watch your course, and rejoice to see the change which is so confidently predicted for you; and as I labor on in my own sphere, I shall ever feel happy that circumstances have thrown us together. And now let us show to the world, my dear friend, that as we go no further together, our separation shall not—as is too often the case—cause bitterness of feeling between those who have been near friends. Let us part with a fair understanding that nothing of unkindness separates us, but a real sense of duty on the part of each."

Thus ended this interview, painful but impressive to both, wakening emotions in the mind of Lind that she had never known before, and that were destined to work for her an entire change of condition.

And with a calm serenity and peace of mind which ever follow well performed duty, Katie returned to her home. Her mother felt that something important had taken place, but did not venture to ask Katie about it. The latter believed it best to say nothing about it, thinking that no one except Lind and herself knew about this matter. But there was a third party. Young Edgar was in the habit of going to the grove in which the interview was held; and in a hidden bower completely surrounded by a thick undergrowth, he often spent hours in silent meditation, in conflict between his better nature and that which was now leading him to "devour" Katie. That morning, feeling deeply depressed, he was lying there, his head upon his hand, and his first impulse was to break to Lind, but being rather slow, he let them continue their conversation; and, having his curiosity excited, before he knew it, they had proceeded so far that, though his better judgment would have led him to have left at any time, he remained quite undisturbed to the whole story, the substance of which we have given. This conduct, on the part of any one, was very unjustifiable; but the sequel proves that it had a very decided effect upon his future career.

The nobleness of Katie's character, as manifested in this interview, awakened very strange feelings in the mind of Edgar, who had been accustomed to look upon woman from a standpoint of superficial observation. He supposed, as men of his class generally do, that whatever of true nobility there may have been in women of the past, it is lost now, and that the sex are but so many evidences of human weakness and frailty.

After the young ladies had left the bower, he remained for a long time in strange meditation. He said to himself, "Katie will never refuse to be my friend and confidant." The revelations which had come to him in so singular and unexpected a manner, had made a very deep impression upon his mind. It is a common experience with most persons, when they discover the occurrence of some important event, to feel that they had been fully aware of it; and the vulgar habit of saying, "Did I not tell you so?" has a foundation in such a feeling, and almost every coming event casts its shadow before it.

The discovery by Edgar of Lind's unhappy condition was entirely new; but now he remembered thousands of instances which fully confirmed the matter, and he wondered that any one could have failed to see it. But there were other matters which now excited deeper feelings of interest than his sister's condition. The volcanic fires of love, long pent up, were moving and beginning to produce convulsions, and throw out their burning lava over all his nature.

Every word of Katie's story had been devoured by him with eagerness; and now strange feelings haunted him. Hitherto he had shunned her presence; now he was just as eager to meet her. Yet he was not willing that any one should discover the nature of his feelings and the conflict which was going on within him. What singular freaks persons in his condition will enact? And he was not an exception to the rule. His sisters saw at once that some change had come over him, and began to feel hopeful.

Persons of his age, without any particular moral restraint, when stricken by the darts of Cupid, are subject to an endless variety of strange feelings and wild vagaries, which they are disposed to consider as love.

The writer, a bachelor of fifty, may be permitted to speculate a little here; for the amusement, at least, of those who had these rich experiences. His views may be compared to those of an aeronaut, and are, perhaps, essential as part of the testimony, to make up an entire case.

In the first place, there is a very large extent of territory which we shall call the border land of love's dominions, in which lovesick swains and maidens languish and suffer all things but death, and, as they very generally imagine, many things a great deal worse than the latter. Still, the generally of mankind do not have much anxiety about these matters. This border land is all well enough; through it lies the road all must travel to the land of true love. Unfortunately for mankind, almost every one passes into the sober, and that which should be the fixed state of matrimony, directly from this border land; which, in reality, should be considered as the commons around the city of life, upon which animals may safely graze for a time, but which does not furnish the substantial pastures of life. The result of this is that true love, which is only to be found in the promised land, is rarely met with; while spasmodic affection, mingled with jealousy and hatred, are far too common; and mankind, young and old, manifest the extremes of folly and absurdity in actions which they can neither explain nor defend. Impulse, temper, excitement and passion are often the ruling power; and the wildest dreams and most utopian ideas haunt the minds here. And, if circumstances favor the continuance of the excitement, until the alliance is formed which society calls marriage, terrible consequences ensue, both to the victims and their posterity. But we need not teach the world what false alliances are. "He that runs may read," and the wayfaring man, though not very wise, cannot err in finding these in abundance; so we shall give you our views of true love, of which the poet has said its course "never did run smooth." We are sorry to believe that this is too often the case. Man is a threefold being—physically, intellectually and spiritually—and each of these natures demand for its fullest and highest enjoyment, congenial companionship.

"This alone can call out its faculties, and while they receive from others, give in return that which is essential to true happiness."

On the physical plane, persons meet, and by appropriate intercourse are strengthened. On the intellectual plane, there is a beautiful blending and interchange of feelings and thoughts; and, on the spiritual plane, there is a more perfect blending; and where two persons can meet with a good degree of congeniality on all these planes, then true love is experienced.

This congeniality does not consist in a precise similarity on all these planes. There is a beautiful variety of character which renders one positive and another negative, and produces a union from whence flows true love and happiness. But to return to our story.

Edgar was sufficiently cautious in regard to his feelings, not to reveal them to his sisters. He had never made either of them, or any one else, his confidant; and he felt very little like commencing with this subject. Both Maggie Ann and Lind felt intuitively that some great change had taken place in their brother; but what, they were unable to divine.

Edgar waited with some impatience for his sisters to invite Katie to their house again; and one morning about a week after this, as he came down late to breakfast, Lind said to him:

"I suppose you will have an engagement tomorrow, as we have invited Katie to spend the day here."

He blushed, and said:

"I don't know that I have; but I can have, if you desire it."

"I guess you had better," said she, ironically. "It would not be like you if you did not."

Edgar blushed like more.

"What is the matter with you?" said Lind.

"Oh, nothing," said he. "I was only thinking how foolish you and I are to be always assuming what we are not."

Lind started back, and said to herself, "Does he know anything?" and, making an excuse, she left the room to find that very common source of relief for woman—tears.

[To be continued.]

The man who didn't think it respectable to bring up his children to work, has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal, another had been up as a wagoner, and the third has gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business.

## Original Essays.

### THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

The most tangible evidence of the limitation of educative forces as stated above, is their failure either to suppress natal endowments or to supply such as are manifestly wanting at birth. There is no example that I know of, of an idiotic child becoming ordinarily intelligent in after-life, though the instruction of some of this unfortunate class has been systematically attempted. Everybody knows that some children take more readily to books, and are quicker to master their contents, than others of the same age. Youths of little taste for learning and no special tact for its application, are sometimes sent to college, only to multiply professional men without practice, who, as they grow older and wiser by experience, would be very glad to exchange their literary lumber for a more available skill in such manual crafts as they were respectively born to execute, and to which they instinctively gravitate, as their natural means of living. Quite aloof in comparison with these, are some of the best scholars that have ever lived, such as Franklin, Bowditch and Burritt, whose names also are famous for a practical use of their acquirements, though they were never sent to school at all, but rather left to seek out their own literary aids to self-instruction as best they could, with no external encouragements to the work, being generally embarrassed by poverty and the opposing advice of friends. This notorious contrast either of intellectual capacity or of sensitive susceptibility, is not to be accounted for except by referring it to natal differences in the mental constitution of persons, which are thus proved to be inextinguishable by any proposed system of education. Here is a truth which reformers cannot afford to ignore; and therefore, as one with them in interest, if not of them in work, I lead the way in a closer inspection of its present statement, which is not altogether new, than any wording of its previous announcement seems to have commanded.

Teachers, and all who have any oversight of the tuition of youth, or interest in it, are aware of a marked disparity in the mathematical gifts of pupils. The same is true of men and women, some of whom are really reckoners and often make a play of problems with which others don't like to "trouble their brains." O. S. Fowler tells us in some part of his numerous writings, that he "has seen those who could form no idea of numbers higher than nine, not even so as to count ten, and has heard of similar deficiencies in others."

On the other hand, there is once in a while a genius, like Zerah Colburn or Safford, who can tell the results of long arithmetical operations without cyphering, and apparently without a calculative process. Some twenty years ago the journals of the day contained an account of a negro in Alabama, who, though otherwise idiotic, "had not mind enough to do the ordinary work of a slave," had not been taught to read or cypher, and "did not know one letter or figure from another" by sight, was able yet to "combine thousands and millions and play with their combinations as others would with units"—could "multiply any number less than 100 into itself as readily as any one can give the product of 12 times 12," and so on and so forth, in a producible volume of marvelous computations. But this illiterate negro had never learned arithmetic in the usual way, and his otherwise defective understanding makes it absolutely certain that his peculiar gift was not acquired. (Is it not likely that all degrees of mathematical talent are inherent—that all the different measures of arithmetical

talent are born, and not made by education? Is this anomaly, of an idiotic mathematician, an exception to the laws of human development?)

Now then a person is born with defective time, so as to have no "ear for music," or skill in making it; and this is true of their whole lives. None but youthful singers ever learn to sing. I know a man who says he cannot distinguish one tune from another, and never could; has no pleasure at all in listening to a choir, and never had. His word for that; but if he ever sings, it is out of the hearing of others. Doubtless the reader is acquainted with some very different characters in this respect, whose every action is somehow set to music. They are always whistling, singing and drumming by turns, except when asleep or intensely thoughtful. I remember having read somewhere about a musical genius whose perceptions of harmony and delight in the varied permutation of different sounds were singularly manifest at a very early age. Inasmuch that, before ever having seen any instrument of melody, the little boy constructed a rude sort of one by stringing horse-shoes on a tense wire, and with these and a nimble handling of two iron sticks, contrived to make some rather striking music. This anecdote is less surprising for being found in the life of a famous amateur of the art, and composer of orchestral airs and harmonies. I think it was Haydn.

It is well that there are few accomplished poets, and that most persons have only a cultivated taste for reading their productions. Some lack even this, as well as aptitudes for versification. This is because, as a Latin writer has it, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," poetic sensibility being inherent, without which its corresponding creative faculty is never acquired. That there is truth in the adage and also in my explication of it, is well evinced by the observation that the Muse's favorites are all more or less inspired in childhood; as much, apparently, according to their undeveloped powers of utterance, as in any later stage of life. Pope is said to have "lisp'd in numbers," and an ode of his is still extant which he wrote before he was ten years old. Mrs. Hemans began to versify in her ninth year, and produced a volume of metrical compositions at about the age of fourteen. The poetic endowments of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson were manifested in their very infancy. Lucretia wrote from the age of nine, and Margaret even at six; and though both died prematurely, the former in her seventeenth and the latter in her sixteenth year, their literary remains are numerous and respectable.

In the charming biographies of these gifted sisters, I find more matter that were available to my present purpose, than I have room to employ. Of Margaret it is recorded that, when between six and seven years old, "she frequently made little impromptu in rhyme without seeming to be conscious that there was anything peculiar in the habit." Once when at a window looking out upon a summer landscape, she vented her admiration of the scene in the following words:

"See those lofty, those grand trees;  
Their high tops waving in the breeze;  
They cast their shadows on the ground,  
And spread their fragrance all around."

This was in the hearing of her mother, who had at several different times before been startled in a similar manner by her occasional rhyming ejaculations, and now persuaded her daughter to write down what she had just uttered. The little girl "appeared surprised at the request, but complied, writing it down as if it had been prose, without arranging it in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals; not seeming aware that she had rhymed."

Such was the beginning of a series of literary acts by which the poetic temperament of that infant genius was signalized and the inherent root of her endowments indubitably disclosed. It is impossible to read Irving's presentation of her memoirs, or those of her equally juvenile poet-sister by Miss Sedgwick, without being convinced that both were born with their special characteristics, and not educated to them after birth. And yet the precocity of these remarkable children of Nature is not without many an approximate parallel. In fact, similar incidents, or those of like implication, are found to have characterized the childhood of every poet whose life has been thoroughly written. To the well-read it may therefore seem idle to quote again; but the temptation is so great, for the numerous and apt illustrations of my subject which come to mind, that I crave the reader's indulgence for penning but one more.

It is recorded in the life of Dr. Watts, the famous psalmographer of modern Israel, that his mother was full of rhymes in his boyhood, inasmuch that he versified in conversation and often, on trivial subjects; having a slipshod way of turning many a half-unmeaning sentence into a shapely distich. This habit was distasteful to his father, who, after various unsuccessful attempts to correct what he regarded as an unbecoming trick, was at last about to chastise him; when the unconscionable rhymist exclaimed with all the earnestness of childish fear:

"Don't, father! let me go this time;  
I'll never make another rhyme!"

This appeal was at once so pathetic and ludicrous that laughter supplanted the paternal displeasure, and the father could no longer persist in censuring what he now perceived to be an innate proclivity to poetry, like a half-fledged nestling fluttering for its art. But enough of this; I approach another phase of my many-sided topic.

Not many persons, young or old, are capable of portraying to perfect resemblance the features of any living face, or even of learning to draw with the complacency of merit. But this, little Ben West, who afterwards became the first of American artists, did without a teacher or exemplar of the art, with poor materials and rude implements without for its execution, when he made such a likeness of his cradled niece, not much younger than he, as elicited the admiration of his tasteful mother, expressed by the fondest tokens and assurances of appreciated genius. The artist himself was mistaken in supposing that the maternal commendation here alluded to was what "made him a painter." No; it rather demonstrates the ante-natal source of the notable gift of whose earliest manifestation "that kiss" was the sweet reward. It was charmingly significant of a mother's love ennobled by esthetic endowments, whereby her affection was exalted and her mind enraptured at the displays of an ingenuity in more than one sense akin to her own, and in the merits of whose working she shared, with a proud consciousness of rightful participation. It was Benny indeed that made the picture; but no other than her womanly artistry, or the maternal impression of her own artistic aspirations could have made the painter.

The diversity of moral character among mankind is so conspicuous, and often, obtrusive, its issues being in the main, unwelcome to the better and major part of society, it would seem superfluous, if not nugatory, to argue the point. A lesson of experience so general, must be generally understood. The consistency of moral attributes, also, for the same reason, is always taken for granted. Having made the acquaintance of a person, we naturally expect of the same a continued verifica-

tion of our personal estimate. There is no doubt that a bad boy will turn out a bad man, nor that every bad man was once a bad boy. So, when Lafayette, in conversation with the mother of Washington, magnified the moral excellence of the boy, as well as the military achievements of the first American General, her reply was in substance just what all who knew him only in his adult capacities, would have anticipated—the only testimony in kind that would not have frustrated our admiration of his manhood: "It is no matter of surprise to me," said the matron, "for George was always a good boy."

Doubtless every department of human nature is as much diversified by personal representation as those to which I have distinctively adverted. The examples already adduced go to show, and I shall trust the reader's general information for other relevant ones to complete the evidence, that the leading characteristics of mankind are equally those of childhood; because what is thus ascertained to be true of certain distinguished persons, is probably true of all mankind, since every soul is subject to the same laws of development; and what is true of leading characteristics, since the normal term, however qualified, includes both endowments and deficiencies, is demonstrably true of all traits of character; there being no inductive evidence that education is more effective of mental transformation than is implied by the literal sense of the word, which signifies the leading forth, unfolding or maturing of those embryonic attributes of mind, and only those, with which a soul is born.

Thus I magnify in part, and in part revise, the scripture of a classic thinker, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," and write its larger implication, that every specimen of human nature, whether a genius, a ninny, or neither—whether noble, ignoble or common, is both born and educated to the character that each assumes. Parentage projects, and experience resolves individuality. This is the order of Nature, or God's method of Creation—His only method of personating Himself in His creatures, as He does in effect to mankind in noble men and women. The child has all the rudiments of the future man, and so a perfect child is the *ens genitum* of a perfect man. A normal generation is the only sure prophecy, because it is the natural preliminary of a normal education.

In the light of this conception, Christians plainly seek a miracle in the sudden conversion of sinners; and reformers attempt the impossible when they would subvert or supersede certain defects of character which proceed from a defective organization. The rare advice of a Biblical author to "train up a child in the way he should go" to the end of a many life, has generally proved abortive, and ever must be, when applied to such of the young as are ineptly born. I commend the philanthropy that would save sinners—that seeks even the temporal salvation of born rakes and felons; but I can promise it no satisfactory success. There is no earthly cure for natal depravity; it can only be prevented by godly parentage. Its original and perpetual cause is partly the unworthiness of parents and partly their ignorance of the laws of propagation; parentage having never been studied as a science, and therefore not being practiced as an art. But this is the only field wherein are sown the seeds of good and evil. Therefore reformers who overlook this field, will never fulfill their mission. So long as depraved characters are born, they will thrive in society, perpetuating every phase of vice and crime. Therefore again, the player of all will never be answered—the world will never be delivered from evil, because the age of wrong will never terminate, till parents themselves are wise and good enough to insure the organic perfection of every soul that they virtually create.

Here ends the first stage of my argument in support of my present theme; the conclusion reached being fundamental to that, as containing its import by logical implication—as implying that mankind are to be ennobled in the future—are to be redeemed and saved from the hideous depravity of past and present generations—only through the prior ennoblement of Woman, whose motherhood is the medium of all human developments and therefore the highest earthly agency of Creative Power; of which doctrine it is singular that there is need of a more apprehensible expression than that of the almost inadvertent observation, that mothers are the principal agents of PARENTAGE, concerning which only so much has been affirmed as is more explicitly predicable of *Mater-nity*. But since, indeed, there is many a need of being shown this truth, I invite the reader to a careful estimate of the procreative functions, as fulfilled by either sex in distinction from the other.

[To be continued.]

WHY WAS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE BEFORE THE REFORMATION?

BY H. S. BROWN, M. D.

Because Christians refused to sanction the special laws which are required to make their general law, of loving their neighbors as themselves, practical. Instead of these necessary laws being brought out and adopted, they portrayed the injustice of existing laws and institutions, and proclaimed that Christ and his holy angels would save them, and there was no necessity for them to establish laws. After preaching in this manner for more than three hundred years, they obtained control of the Roman Empire, and gradually molded the people to their views; and before four centuries, after gaining this power, had ruled round; they had raised up the most lawless people then in existence; and sanctioned the most inhuman cruelties that ever disgraced humanity.

When I hear Spiritualists speaking against our present laws; that give us "what peace we have," and refusing to associate with others to establish just ones in their places, it reminds me forcibly of their position being similar to the early Christians. They often say they depend upon the spirits to instruct them how to proceed to save the nation from destruction. This instruction is always given by intelligent spirits, when they speak to us on these subjects. But, like the early Christians, when the information is given, they object to practicing it, and depend upon the spirits to save them, whether they do the saving deeds or not.

During the Reformation, the Christians were brought under the laws of war; and after that time they were made to obey the civil or common laws, because they had none of their own to propose, except such as belong to the Inquisition and the most cruel tortures. This is equally true of the Catholics and Protestants, until the latter were so divided that the Christian influence was subdued to the mild and humane laws of infidels. This has been the work of centuries. Christianity is a bundle of abstract moral and immoral principles, which they refused to put into practical laws; consequently they were punished more readily with the lawless barbarism of the South than with the law-abiding philosophy of the North.

Spiritualists, who do not wish to sanction every law in existence, and who would like to establish just ones in the place of the unjust, I would be glad to send a circular which I have just published, in which I take the ground that the law-abiding body should study and practice the laws of truth and justice, and as a political body, we should make these into practical laws and institutions to benefit mankind.

648 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wis.



1



## A BURNING SHAME!—REFORM IT.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

During eight consecutive years of boarding-house life, I obtained a fair knowledge of that class of women who have recently laid their sorrows before the public.

They came to this city from neighboring towns and States, and on their arrival, first sought the boarding-houses. But soon discovering that their earnings would not be sufficient to pay board and furnish clothing, many of them united two and two—if unincumbered with children—hired a furnished chamber, and commenced housekeeping, dividing the labor incident thereto between them.

Of those who continued at the boarding-houses, some took their meals at the second table, so-called—i. e., they waited until the full priced boarders had left it; and slept four in one attic, with the most shabby appointments which the house contained.

Some of these women were superior cost and vest makers, and should have earned as much, or nearly as much, according to the amount of labor performed, as men. But if a man engaged in the same business could have looked into the rooms hired by them—those rooms with perhaps a sofa bedstead, that being the most genteel style attainable by them, the bedclothes of which were, during the day, kept in the closet, which contained also their clothing and the few dishes, etc., necessary for their small housekeeping, together with flat-irons, coal-hod and water-pail—that man, if possessed of one spark of manhood, must have blushed at the contrast between the earthly life of these women and his own. Yet they were his equals in all other respects, and I represent their most prosperous condition.

A proportion of these seamstresses were educated—as female education averages—being either widows, or wives of men the early promise of whose lives had not been fulfilled, and how admirable the courage and fortitude with which they bore their loss or disappointment, and commenced their life-struggle. The struggle, however, is brief, for they anticipate; for few are able to work after they are forty or forty-five years of age. The incessant sitting and stitching produces, in the majority of cases, either lung or liver complaint, long before these ages; and of those whom I knew, several returned to the country, when no longer able to sew, having laid down their lives for the enrichment of tailors and clothiers!

At the time of which I write, there were no Government contractors; and the facts which I state, and for which I vouch, are the facts of the past—of the time when sewing women made no complaint; for, by incessant exertion and a system of the most rigid economy, they were able to keep starvation at bay, and make a decent appearance before the public. But this rigid economy involved something which passes under another name. It required that the fire should be let down when not absolutely necessary to keep the fingers in working condition—because it was cheaper to rekindle it with building chips, bought cheap of the children who stole them, than to consume the coal for which the full price must be paid. If too much change were accidentally received, economy stood in the way of its restoration to the owner. The temptation and necessity combined, were too powerful to be resisted. I knew one case of unlawful detention—if that be the right name—on the part of an otherwise good woman. She had taken from a clothing store four flannel shirts to be made for eight cents each—thirty-two cents for the four. She made them and carried them to the inspector, who objected to the workmanship. She then took them home, at his order, but never visited that store again, and her children wore the flannel, altered to fit them. I heard that such cases were not uncommon, but knew of no other. The temptation must have been great in cases of extreme destitution—which existed even then, where children were to be maintained—greater than the opportunity, probably.

What has been the condition of these sufferers, recently, I have had no means of knowing precisely; but on all sides have heard that it has been infinitely worse than ever before, and that crime of a deeper dye than any of which I have spoken has been induced, and to a most alarming extent, so few are willing to accept starvation!

Thus crime is kept in existence, because, in our boasted Free States, one class of society is allowed to live in luxury upon the unrequited labor of a weaker class—the effect being precisely that produced by Southern slavery, and slavery of all kinds and everywhere, viz., crime of every description is produced and cultivated by oppression. Not for millions would I stand in the place of one of these oppressors!—these men of the delicate hands, of the polished presence, the fine estate, and the expensive paw in the expensive church, where their sins are supposed to be expiated each week. No, not for any earthly advantage whatever; for the time will surely come, and to the most human of them, even in this present life, when they will reflect with bitter and unsparring remorse, upon their selfishness; and look with abhorrence upon the unjust accumulations wrung from wretched and helpless women, causing their suffering, crime and death!

## New York Matters.

(Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

New York, March 27, 1885.  
Last Sunday evening Mr. Willis gave a brilliant discourse on "The Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg," to an appreciative audience. In alluding to the historic statement that Swedenborg possessed great mediumistic powers, he said that those powers did not differ materially from those of many mediums of the present day, if we judge by the manifestations given through them. The speaker related some of the visions he had seen, and spoke of the communications which had been given through himself, as an illustration of the correctness of the position assumed. In alluding to the Swedenborgians, as a body, he said they had become more sectarian on many points than any of the old school theologians; especially in regard to the theory of spirit-control, as manifested at the present day, through various mediums in all parts of the globe; and instead of working in harmony with the Spiritualists, they oppose them on this point, although there is really no difference between them in the belief of spirit communication. Harmonize this difference, and they would readily become Spiritualists.

At the close of the address, Mr. Willis, entranced, gave a fine poem on "Progress and Truth," which was very acceptable to the audience.

The afternoon Conference discussed this question: "Wherein does Modern Spiritualism elucidate the Spiritual and correct Theology?" The discussion was animated, and most of those who participated in it had been disciples of old theology, and spoke from experience, showing that Spiritualism had been the means of correcting their false notions and beliefs, especially as regards the future life. The same subject will be discussed at the next Conference.

Next week will be played out "as Barren's," and serve this week. The husband was too apparent.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous living inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

## The Summer Land.

No phrase which has been used among believers in spirit-communication and the beautiful and soul-satisfying philosophy of Spiritualism, has carried with it a title of the comfort and delight which goes along with the phrase we have just written at the head of this article. The soul goes out to the large variety of suggestions that rise like pictures before it, whenever the words are employed. There is, therefore, a reason for this, and a satisfactory one. Had the place of departed spirits been used, as it is in one of the creeds, it would have utterly failed to convey so much or so beautiful a meaning with it, and never would have excited any of that hopefulness, calm delight and perfect trust which fills the whole being when we hear the simple but expressive words—the Summer Land.

This is chiefly by reason of the rule of association, of course. But it is just as easy, and a good deal better in its results, to appropriate the beautiful phrase as the less expressive one. It actually does us no good whatever to be told merely that our spirits—that is, ourselves—are going down into some dark and forbidding receptacle or realm, when they leave this earthly tabernacle, there to await some further operation which is styled the Judgment. Such a faith only has the effect to cramp both the thoughts and feelings, in consequence of the low and narrow conception on which it rests. There is an actual chilliness about it that finds its way through the whole soul. More is done, for good and for evil, by the use of these phrases, than men realize. They color the life; give shape to the character; excite lofty or only ordinary sentiments; and make one great or little, according to their employment.

And there is, as we remarked just now, an excellent reason, or cluster of reasons rather, why this simple phrase is so acceptable to all who employ it and read or hear it. In the first place, it at once suggests a most delightful climate which is uniform and unvarying. In the atmosphere of summer, all the germs which have been sleeping and inert during a long and dreary winter, come forth through the soil and revive and flourish. The uniform blandness of the air invites them to it. There is no chilling wind to blow from out a sullen cloud, which is likely to kill the tenderest of plants. There is no fear of a withdrawal of the conditions upon which life and growth depend. An uniform temperature rules in the air, and invites to development in every direction. There is scarcely a human heart that does not, in some moment of its existence, send out a vague and undefined wish, for the enjoyment, in the vast future, of a perpetual blandness of climate and a summer atmosphere that shall be perennial. The secret longing for a summer existence, where all conditions shall be most favorable for a happy one, is a perfectly natural one; and experience tells us that no healthy desire, which may be called in the highest sense natural, was intended to be entirely balked of its enjoyment.

Then, too, and as a necessary sequence to climate, the thought of a luxuriant and uninterrupted growth is allowed place, whenever the future life is denominated the Summer Land. We can none of us bear to be told that the mysterious process of vegetation must stop; and although we are told by naturalists and men of science that there is a chemical change and activity going on with plants during their burial under the snows of winter, or under their coating of ice and sleet, yet we never can reconcile it with our belief that the winter is therefore as favorable or as desirable a season as the summer. In our own cases, we seek to wear it away as best we can with all manner of ingenious devices. We invent pleasures, and such as suggest only the summer, two, in order to cheat the dreary winter of its chilling realities. We convert our rooms into bowers, with the aid of summer warmth and summer flowers. This only shows in which direction the heart tends; it cherishes and continually hopes for the summer; it would, dwell in a land, not of ice and snows and hyperborean discomforts, but where the breezes always blow blandly, and the grass sprang green and succulent under the foot, and the brooks ran free from morning till night, and it was pleasant to walk out at evening under the shield of silver moons, and leaves, and green meadows, and the music of singing birds ever made the hours poetic and kept the soul filled full with joy. There is something besides what coarser men call dreams in all this; it is what the soul craves as it craves nothing else; and certainly the soul cannot have any desires which are likely to be less strong and perpetual than those which spring from the mere impulse of sense.

The skies, too, are bright in the Summer Land, and flowers of every hue grow there unobstructed; and one can wander off in quiet contemplation, which is the most exalted spiritual condition, across the sweet reaches of beautiful landscapes, meeting with no objects which do not suggest beauty, and no company which is not filled with peaceful delight. It is not the land of the lotus, where we are to doze and dream away our existence, which can hardly be said to be an existence without activity of thought; and still, as in our own short seasons of summer, there are without doubt certain hours and days of halcyon enjoyment, always interspersed between those of energetic employment; to which the soul continually looks forward with manifest delight, and of which it fails not to make the very most.

We could not readily improve upon this happy phrase, which so completely satisfies all hearts. There is so much concealed, and hidden away in these simple words—the Summer Land. It instantly satisfies the widest desires of the heart. It awakens associations than which there are none that impart such wide and permanent delight. It kindles the most heavenly thoughts in the mind, and starts the most exalted aspirations. Peace flows forth from it, as water gushes from a fountain; and streams of pleasure flow and inter-

lace it, as romping brooks make silver network in the meadows; in all its parts and relations, in every association it excites, in the prospect it raises in the mind, and the feeling it warms in the heart, it is a precious phrase, most happily adapted to the condition and hopes of the human soul.

## The Allen Boy Medium's Manifestations in Portland—Wonderful Developments—Letters from Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this City, and J. B. Hall, Esq., Editor of the Portland Evening Courier.

In our last issue we published a full account of the wonderful manifestations given at Portland, Me., in presence of the lad known as the Allen Boy Medium, and called upon Dr. Gardner—who has for a long time held to the electrical transfer theory advanced by Mr. Hall—to make public in full his views. He promptly responded; and we give below his interesting letter. We hope his suggestions for a thorough and careful investigation of this important subject, will meet the attention they deserve by competent and impartial investigators.

## LETTER FROM DR. H. F. GARDNER.

It is not often that I trespass upon your columns, Mr. Editor, or the time of your readers, to give my views upon any subject, feeling, as I do, that your space can be occupied by the writings of able heads than I am less with; but the recent so-called exposé of the "Allen Boy Medium," as set forth in the Portland (Maine) Press, and the explanation given to the seeming dishonesty of the medium by J. B. Hall, Esq., editor of the Portland Courier, (whose explanation of the mystery I fully endorse,) induces me to give some incidents of my experience and observation in these matters, hoping thereby to induce others to thoroughly test all the phenomena of physical manifestations, as exhibited through our mediums.

I have for many years held the opinion that in all cases of the physical manifestations there was formed what Mr. Hall terms an electro-magnetic hand, with which the spirit controlling performed the various feats so often witnessed, such as playing upon musical instruments, moving of ponderable bodies, the exhibition of hands, and, in some instances, of the entire human form—that the substance through or by which these are made visible and tangible to our normal senses, is largely drawn from the body of the medium; and that it is by the hands thus formed, that the intelligences controlling come in contact with and play upon musical instruments, etc., etc. In short, in all cases of the class of manifestations above mentioned, there will be found to exist a double or dual form of the medium; either in whole or in part, and it is this fact that has led so many Spiritualists, as well as honest skeptics, who have, under favorable conditions, caught glimpses of this outer form, to charge upon mediums deception and trickery, when they (the mediums) have been wholly innocent. I will mention a few cases to illustrate.

Several years ago I had in my family a colored girl, who was a medium for musical manifestations upon the guitar, and in this case the power came from her feet, instead of the hands. The method pursued was as follows: Seating the medium in a chair, and securely tying her limbs, so that it was impossible for her to reach the guitar, which was placed on the floor under a table, with the strings toward her—the company being seated around the table, in a lighted room—an accompaniment would be played to almost any tune sung. No one was allowed to look under the table, and if any one did so, the music would cease; yet occasional glimpses would be obtained of something resembling long rods, or fingers, projecting out from where the medium's feet were confined, and playing upon the strings. On one occasion, a lady, whose word no one who knew her would doubt, came in after the circle was formed, and seated herself outside of the circle, where she could command a full view of the instrument, and yet not be observed by the medium, when the manifestations continued for several minutes, she while carefully watching the medium's feet, which were securely tied, and could not be moved, and observing these rods, or fingers, skillfully manipulating the strings of the guitar.

When Bly was deceiving the people with his pretended exposé at the Melodeon, a few years since, a man from Milford, Mass., volunteered to make a statement of how Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was detected and exposed. His statement was substantially this: Four persons—two men and their wives—agreed that at a given signal a dark lantern was to be suddenly opened, thus throwing a brilliant light upon the instruments, which were suspended from the ceiling of the room, entirely out of the reach of the medium, while she remained seated. Accordingly, when the manifestations were at their height, the signal was given; and the four detectives raised their eyes in the direction indicated by the sounds of the drums, the lantern was opened, and they all declared they saw Mrs. Chamberlain standing and reaching out, playing upon the drums, and that instantly she sank back into her chair, in a fainting state, from mortification at her exposure. Now I do not doubt the entire honesty or truthfulness of these witnesses. They verily thought they saw Mrs. C., in propria persona, thus standing and beating the drums. But they were deceived. It was this double presence, before spoken of, they saw, and not Mrs. C. The skeptic asks, How do you know what you here state to be true? Were you present? I answer, I was not, and do not state it as absolute truth, but as my firm conviction, upon the positive testimony of the other members of the circle. The thousands who have attended the séances of Mrs. C., know that she is always seated at the end of a table, upon which most of the instruments are placed, and that two persons—one on her right and one on her left—are seated in chairs, which are so placed upon the skirts of her dress as to make it absolutely impossible for her to rise from her chair while they remain seated. These two persons, with the two seated next to them, place their hands together on the table, and, during the entire time that the room is darkened, Mrs. C. is passing her hands over theirs without cessation. They four positively assert that Mrs. C. did not rise from her chair; nor cease to pass her hands over their own during the whole time consumed in the sitting above mentioned. Had the four first named known more of the modus operandi by which spirits produce manifestations—and two of them had turned their attention especially to the chair occupied by Mrs. C., while the other two looked steadily toward the instruments suspended from the ceiling—the result would have been different; those looking up would have declared Mrs. C. was standing; and the others would have asserted, with equal pertinacity, that she was sitting quietly in her chair; and each, taking the sense of sight for evidence, would have been certain they were right. This is my firm conviction, founded upon many years of careful investigation.

Again the Davenport mediums have had repeated "exposures," and been again and again charged with being the veriest deceivers living. They have been tested by the same method that the

Allen Boy was recently tested in Portland, viz: by blocking the mouth-piece of the speaking-trumpet, and the neck and body of the violin—and with the same results. Around the mouth of Ira would be the black from the trumpet, and on the hand and neck of William the marks from the violin; and that, too, while they were not only securely sealed over the knots in the rope with which they were bound; and they have borne the reproach and insults of the ignorant, as deceivers and impostors, while they were entirely innocent.

The explanation of these mysteries is found in the tests instituted by friend Hall, in the case of the Allen Boy, published in your last issue. I might give a long list of cases that have occurred through other mediums; but as the above illustrates the theory advanced, they must for the present suffice. I hope that those who have the facilities for so doing, will institute careful investigation in the matter of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, in order to arrive at the truth in regard to the mysterious law of duality of individuality, and of the electrical transfer of colors from the spirit-hand, so-called, to that of the physical hand, or person, of the medium. Let the scientists of England\* institute tests, of the kind referred to in the case of the Allen Boy, with the Davenport; and let those in the different sections of this country where mediums for physical manifestation can be reached, "try the spirits," and the result will be, that the truthfulness of the theory advanced by Mr. Hall will be as conclusively established as is the law of gravitation, and the opponents of Spiritualism will lose the force of the ten thousand times repeated assertion, that "Spiritualism has not given to the world any new philosophy, or any new religious ideas." Truly was it said by one of the greatest philosophers and poets the world has ever produced—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Yours for the Truth, though the heavens fall,  
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Pavilion, 57 Tremont street,  
Boston, March 27, 1885.

\* Allow me to say, in this connection, that to call upon the scientific men of America to institute careful and truthful investigations of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism would be utterly useless, having my opinion upon the experience I had with Professor Augustus F. Bedford and Golda Harvard College, several years since, at the so-called "Harvard investigation." Where is that report you promised the public, gentlemen? How were the men made?

We give below another letter from Mr. Hall, who has continued his investigations successfully the past week:

## LETTER FROM MR. HALL.

EDITOR OF BANNER.—The experiments with the Allen Boy, to demonstrate the mysterious fact that whatever soils the "spirit hand" will be inevitably transferred to the hand of the medium, are yet in progress, and thus far perfectly successful. When the instruments have been blocked with burnt cork, burnt cork has been found upon the fingers of the boy; when blocking has been used, blocking has been transferred, under a condition utterly precluding the possibility that the boy had any physical agency in the matter. Whatever theory further investigation shall demonstrate, it is absolutely certain that the transfer is made, and it opens a new, and to me startling field for thought and research. I hope that seekers after truth, everywhere, will turn their attention to the matter, for if it shall prove true, it seems to me it is the most wonderful and startling development yet made in Spiritual science.

I shall endeavor to keep your readers posted in my own experience, and hope others will do the same.  
Yours, &c., J. B. HALL.

Portland, Me., March 30th, 1885.

Just previous to going to press we received the following additional note from Mr. Hall:

"Since mailing my letter I learn that at the house of one of our most prominent citizens the 'transfer test' was performed under different circumstances. The boy's hands being securely tied, the handle of the bell was unknown to Dr. Randall and the boy—thoroughly covered with flour. The bell was rung, the boy's hands instantly examined, and found marked with flour."

That an electrical hand is shown to the audience, and through the agency of spirit-power, at these sittings, there can be no question in the minds of honest investigators. Our theory is this: That certain qualities are drawn from the atmosphere, as well as from the hand of the medium; that these particles or atoms have a tendency to affiliate with the ink, or whatever substance is put upon the sifter's hair, or on the handle of a bell; and that these affiliating particles, being magnetic, must inevitably return with them to the physical hand of the medium. Thus the very means that were used by the skeptics to detect the alleged "fraud," prove to be the greatest evidence that could possibly be adduced, in favor of the truth of the manifestations.

The time will soon come, we have no doubt, when scientists will fully and satisfactorily demonstrate this occult law of nature, which is but very imperfectly understood at the present time. We claim that the hand shown in presence of the medium is a spiritual hand. The skeptic will ask, What is spirit? We answer, Spirit is embodied thought. Thus the controlling intelligence can—under the requisite conditions—show bodies, or portions of bodies, or spirit-bodies—for they are formed by the spirit. The spirit may manufacture for itself a body, and it may properly be denominated an electrical body. No more is claimed for the spirit-hand than is claimed for the tree, the grass, or the flower, or any other material thing in nature. If scientists men can advance any other hypothesis, or demonstrate any other theory, we should like to have them do so.

## Mrs. Chamberlain's Séances Again.

The musical exhibitions through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, resumed at 158 Washington street since her return from Providence, continue to present the same remarkable features of spirit-power over material objects, and, moreover, are attended with some new developments of the capabilities of the Indian invisibles who conduct her circles. They have succeeded in distinctly speaking in quite audible tones, but in whispered articulations, through a trumpet, so that all present could plainly hear their utterances. They have also taken the medium up, bodily, together with the chair upon which she sat, and placed her upon the table.

After twice repeating our visit to these circles, and having become entirely familiar with the exciting display of spirit activity and skill in handling the various musical instruments placed at their disposal, we can, confidently recommend these exhibitions of spirit-power to the physical senses of feeling and hearing, as presenting the most indubitable demonstrations of spirit-intercourse with mortals that any skeptical mind could reasonably ask for; and this, notwithstanding the performance takes place in total darkness, for the evidences are so palpable, as to utterly defy a criticism that, could, in the least, successfully refute them. Let all skeptics avail themselves of a rare opportunity, to test the fact of spirit-intercourse, for which these circles are designed.

## Song of the Spirit Children.

(Reported by the Herald of Light, by Dr. H. F. Gardner.)

At the close of an able inspirational discourse by Miss Lizette Dapten, on Sunday evening, March 28th, before a large audience, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, the influence changed, and the spirit of Anna Cora Wilson ("Birdie") took possession of the medium, and gave the following very beautiful original song, which, the spirit said, was sung by children in the spirit-world:

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Holy Spirit! Heavenly dove!  
Bringing, on its blessed wings,  
Life to all created things.  
Wherever its light is shed,  
Sorrow lifts its drooping head,  
And the tears of grief that start,  
Turn to sunshine in the heart.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love;  
Everywhere—around, above;  
Watching with its starry eyes,  
From the blue of boundless skies,  
Heeding when the lowly call,  
Mindful of a sparrow's fall,  
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,  
"God is love, and love is God."

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Fairest of all things above,  
How its blessed sunshine lies,  
In the light of loving eyes!  
And when words are all too weak,  
How its deeds of mercy speak!  
They who learn to love aright,  
Pass from darkness into light.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Shepherd of the lambs above,  
Nothing can forbid, that we  
Come in trusting love to Thee.  
Fold us closely to Thy heart;  
Make us of Thyself a part;  
All the heaven our souls have known,  
We have found in Thee alone.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

## The Chicago Sanitary Fair.

On our third page will be found the letter of Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, Ill., who has been appointed on behalf of the Spiritualists to superintend their department in the Great Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home, which is to commence in Chicago, on the 30th of May, soliciting assistance from Spiritualists from all parts of the country, and also giving directions how to forward articles, &c. Mrs. Fuller will be in this city during the first week in April, for the purpose of personally attending to this matter, and will be happy to receive such aid as our citizens can render to help on this noble benevolence. While in this city her address will be in care of this office.

Her object is to receive, personally, all money donations she possibly can, and appoint a committee in every city and town, either personally or by letter, to solicit and forward to the "Spiritual Department." Another object is to have the Progressive Department well represented at the Fair, and to have all progressive minds send to that department; and if any person feels that it is not advisable to have their name connected with Spiritualists, and at the same time wish to have their influence and aid go in that direction, can forward to the Spiritualists' Department, and have their name withheld from print—and the same effect will be accomplished in the summing up. She desires anything that will bring money—from a paper of pins, to a steam engine; relics of the past, and new inventions of the present—all will be exhibited and disposed of.

## The Holy Sepulchre.

The Empress Eugenie of France has set on foot a project for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. She makes it a point of religion. There has been a long, and often a bloody, dispute as to who should keep the key of the Sepulchre. The dome over the holy place has long needed repairing; so as to protect the pilgrims who went there to pray. Greeks and Latins have been at war, one with the other, about the rights held by each in the place, so that neither would permit the other to make the necessary repairs. Each party insists on inscribing its own motto and emblems on the walls. At this point steps in the fair Eugenie to reconcile differences. She simply asks the queens of Europe to unite in an universal subscription for the raising of a fund, not to repair the dome, but to "entirely rebuild the church of the Holy Sepulchre on a new plan, and on a larger scale, so that it might afford accommodation for all communions." The world does move. Not many years ago, this proposal would have received no attention whatever in any court of Europe.

## Sherman.

This great General still marches on, although he has of late had more obstacles to overcome than at any time since leaving Atlanta. His career has been a truly wonderful one. Johnston has laid with an army across his path since he came to the upper waters of Cape Fear River, and disputed his advance in four sharp engagements. But by his junction with Schofield at Goldsboro, Sherman has compelled Johnston to fall back before him, the entire rebel force, not amounting to enough to cope with so formidable a combination. Where the great battle-ground will be, or where the series of final battles is to begin, it is not easy to say; but is likely to be somewhere along the course of the Roanoke or the Dan River.

## More Disunion.

A correspondent informs us that Bro. J. G. Fish and Elder Miles Grant had another discussion, which took place in Worcester, for five evenings, ending Saturday evening, April 1st, on the Spiritual Philosophy, and the Adventist's theory of non-immortality. The interest manifested to hear this discussion was very great, and the hall was crowded every evening. We have no room for the names of the Spiritualists in the hands of, as we have seen, Bro. Fish, although Elder Grant is considered the ablest leader of the Adventist army in these parts.







## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the **BANNER** was written by the Spirit who spoke the name it bears, by the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance the Messages with names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 133 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

### Invocation.

Holy Spirit, Infinite Presence of yesterday, to-day and forever, we would gather from the sacred places of our being all holy thoughts and form them into holy deeds with which to worship thee. Thou art constantly calling for the soul to turn to thee, constantly beseeching thy children, through manifold sources, to come outward, upward and then onward, to worship thee in spirit and truth; and yet thy children do not seem to understand thy voice, neither do they know thou art with them. Life to many is a season of woe, a place of unhappiness, where there are no flowers, no sunshine, no light, no joy. Oh our Father, for such we have an abundance of pity. Oh let us take them by the hand of love and lead them gently into pleasant places. Let us speak words of cheer, comfort and peace to all who sorrow because of the loss of loved ones here. Let us turn the feet of the unrighteous into paths of righteousness and peace. Oh, let us lead thy children nearer to thee through all the countless avenues of life wherever thou hast blessed them. And this hour, Oh Holy Spirit, may these thy children feel that thou art with them; that they are being baptized with the Holy Spirit of Infinite Truth. Though it comes robed in simplicity, and is meek and lowly, though it wears upon its brow no crown of diamonds, but rather a crown of thorns, oh may they feel, Great Spirit of Love, that they are thy children and thou art their parent. And unto thee, now and forevermore, be all honor and glory and praise.

Feb. 9.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of correspondents.

**CHAIRMAN.**—A correspondent, K. Graves, wishes to know what caused the remarkable coincidence of three of the Presidents of the United States dying on the 4th of July, and two of them on the same day?

**ANS.**—We believe the cause to be simply this: that they imposed too much labor upon the physical body—more than it was able to endure. And so disease or sickness ensued, and that was followed by what you call death. Simply this, and nothing more.

**QUES.**—B. F. C., of New York City, sends the following statement about "A New Theory," published on the eighth page of the "Banner," Jan. 21st, 1863:

"The French Academy of Sciences at a late meeting, listened to a paper from M. Delbruck, which, if well founded, will upset a good many of our existing notions about ventilation. M. Delbruck has made some researches on the quantity of air required for breathing during sleep. It strikes him as singular that, while all medical men are unanimous in prescribing general cubic meters of air for each person sleeping in a room, an absolutely indispensable for health, all animals appear to shut the open air as much as possible, in order to compose themselves to sleep. Thus, the lion and tiger retire to some dark cavern, where the air is confined; the dog goes to his kennel, and thrusts his snout under his belly; the bird, to which the open air would appear to be a necessity, withdraws or awakes, retire to some private corner, and put their heads under their wings. Nay, what does the schoolboy do when left in a dormitory asleep with particular care? If he finds he cannot fall asleep, the first thing he does, is to bury his head under the bedclothes. Hence M. Delbruck concludes, that if when awake we exhale a quantity of carbonic acid, we must inhale a certain quantity of this gas during sleep, just as plants exhale by day the oxygen they absorb during the night."

He asks if the theory is true or false, and why?

**A.**—Monsieur Delbruck has many strange theories, as have many of our brothers and sisters dwelling upon earth. They are peculiar hobbies, no doubt, with him. All scientific men have their hobbies upon which to ride. Some of them go to Heaven thereon, some to the opposite locality. Now, it is a well known fact that you live annually, chemically, by virtue of pure air, whether sleeping or awake; and you can no more preserve an equilibrium between the spirit and its machine, the human body, without it, than the heavenly bodies could be held in their respective places without natural law. It is all very well to talk of what the tiger, cat and dog do under similar circumstances, but they certainly are not human, neither should they be teachers of the human. Monsieur Delbruck has much to learn, and when he advances another step in science he will overthrow what he has builded in the present.

**CHAIRMAN.**—W. P. G., of Windham, Conn., desires us to submit his questions for the consideration of the presiding intelligence of our Free Circle:

**Q.**—1st.—Is not man immortal by reason of his organization, having a spiritually organized form, which is capable of a constant renewal from the vital life, or soul of the universe, so as to compensate for the loss sustained, thus keeping up the equilibrium in the spiritually organized form forever?

**A.**—No, certainly not; for if he were, his immortality would be entirely dependent upon form, which it is not. He is an immortal essence independent of time or form.

**Q.**—2d.—Is not the life or the soul of the universe, which may be termed unparticled matter which permeates the entire universe, causing all the manifestations seen in the earth or in the spiritual spheres?

**A.**—Yes. If then, the soul of the universe is a vital principle, manifesting itself through all beings, does it not prove that the immortal soul of man is not individualized within his spiritual or material form; but simply acts upon that form; that is, the life principle of the universe acts upon the material form, on the same principle that it does upon all forms in the universe; manifesting through each form with intelligence, just in proportion to the perfected organization of the form? (The audience here all agreed.)

**A.**—This is a very pleasant theory to speculate on, but will not stand upon. Organized life presupposes individual life. Now, your organized life, with the life, the power,

the immortal part. We hold that the human has clearly and positively individualized, forever.

**Q.**—Explain why it is that the animals mentioned by Monsieur Delbruck protected their respiratory organs during sleep from fresh air?

**A.**—Simply because their breathing apparatus is more extensive than the breathing apparatus of the human. They breathe through all their pores. The animal functions are kept up, not simply by respirations from the lungs, but from every portion of their bodies. Every single capillary is, in itself, a lung. Now, then, these animals and fowls have not the need for that amount of pure air that the human animal has need of. You, by virtue of your way and manner of living—which, by the way, is a most unnatural one—do so confine or close up almost every avenue through which the body becomes organized, that all except the lungs are prohibited from doing their proper amount of labor. Therefore it is you have more need of pure air than animals have who live naturally.

**Q.**—What would be the probable effect upon them if they did not thus protect their respiratory organs?

**A.**—Well, that we cannot tell, inasmuch as we have never seen it demonstrated. We might draw a speculative picture; but it would amount to nothing, after all.

**Q.**—Is not one prominent cause of scrofula the habit children have of burying their heads under the bed-clothing, thus breathing impure air during sleep?

**A.**—No, we cannot think it is.

**Q.**—It is so supposed by some French physicians.

**A.**—We should rather suppose that the seeds were sown, perhaps, through a long line of ancestry. That will do very well as a theory, but it cannot be demonstrated by fact.

**Q.**—Is it not demonstrable that those children who are in the habit of breathing impure air have the most scrofula?

**A.**—No, we do not think it is. Pure air is certainly a necessity to health; the absence of which may produce, or rather, not produce, but develop scrofula and ten thousand other forms of ill. But this cannot be called a cause.

**Q.**—It was stated by the medium upon one occasion—

**S.**—You mistake. Not the medium.

**Q.**—By some intelligence, that kerosene was very prejudicial to health. We would like to ask if the investigations did not verify the assertion made by the Parliamentary Committee of England, that kerosene was not prejudicial to health; that, on the contrary, those who used it were distinguished, by being more healthy, from others who did not make use of it; that this committee went to their work prejudiced against the use of kerosene, and returned satisfied that it was not injurious, but beneficial to health?

**A.**—It matters not what mind, or what amount of minds give their testimony in favor of the use of kerosene, we shall give ours against it, knowing that it is in every way inimical to life; that science, as seen upon human life—thatscience, that is known upon the surface, tells many strange tales; but when it is brought before the light of science, beneath the surface, that spiritual science, by whose light we perceive things, there is a very great difference. Some things that were demonstrated as facts, great truths, by the light of human science, will be found to be anything but truths when seen by the light of spiritual science. We know that the extensive use of kerosene has produced many of the ill with which mortality at the present day is afflicted; we know it—mark us, we do not believe it—it is not belief, but knowledge.

**Q.**—It has been averred that there is no instance upon record that persons given to the drinking of ardent spirits have ever been afflicted with diphtheria.

**A.**—Well, the extensive use of ardent spirits produces an unnatural speed in the system; in other words, the machine is running very fast; and so far as its animal life is concerned, is making very great time. Now while it wastes, or uses up the vital forces of the system, it at the same time says to many diseases, "stand off, for I am master here."

**Q.**—Relative to the combustion of whale oil, we are told that the remedy is to avoid its smoking. Now what do you consider the best preventive for this?

**A.**—It has been said by one of your ablest philosophers that an ounce of preventive was worth a pound of cure. We would counsel that you remember this saying, and act upon it.

**Q.**—Will you give us the best preventive of diphtheria?

**A.**—Abstain from the use of kerosene, for one thing; retire at seasonable hours, for another thing; keep your apartments well ventilated, for another; eat food that is best adapted to the wants of your physical body, for another thing; drink pure cold water, for another—and so on. We might enumerate for a great length of time.

We would announce that we have received a question from an individual in the State of Illinois. It is this: "What is life? Can the spirits define it?" That question will be answered in a brief poem at the close of this session.

### David S. Russell.

Thirty-five years ago I was a merchant in Boston. My name, David S. Russell. My place of business near what you now call the Old South Church.

I had two sons and a daughter. My first companion passed to the spirit-world soon after our marriage; my second remained until nine years after my own departure.

It is now nearly twenty years since my death, as it is termed. Just before I passed away, I had a dream—I was sick at the time. I called my oldest son to my bedside, and told him I had a very strange dream. He was then just entering his eighteenth year. I think.

He said, "Well, father, what is it?" I says, "Get pen and ink, my boy, and take it down while I rehearse it." He did so. The purport of my dream was, that in or during the years 1861, '2, '3, '4, '5 and '6, and perhaps longer, the nation would be plunged in civil war. I dreamed that my sons were lying at the South; that the South was arrayed in battle against the North; that my daughter was married and living at the West; that her husband was in arms against the South. I could distinctly see my sons fighting with their brother-in-law. I saw one of my sons wounded and borne off the field, and I seemed to want to say, "Oh, my boy, this is all the result of slavery. If you had not stained your hands by the sale of human blood, you would not have been thus involved in war."

My son seemed to say, "Father, I know it; but I'm too far into it now to turn round, even if I would." I awoke sadly troubled. When I was dying, I told my son to preserve that paper and see if anything ever came of it.

Since then my boys have turned their steps Southward, my daughter has turned hers Westward, just as I dreamed. My sons have both been in battle; my youngest has lost an arm, and to-day,

this lively boy, my boy—now grown to almost old age—is asking, If there is any truth in modern Spiritualism, why the father don't return—why he don't come back and give counsel—why he don't come and say something about his dream? Oh God! my son, I have mourned over your fate. I have sought most earnestly to speak with you. I have prayed God for this hour, and I thank him for it now. Oh, my sons, you feel, I know, as I do, that slavery is the cause, slavery is the foundation, slavery is the starting point. Shed no tears, have no sighs, then, because of its death, for it surely is dead, nor mourn because you have lost your worldly wealth, and perhaps your health; perhaps your hold on earth, for it may be that through that source you are to receive spiritual light.

I shall endeavor to meet you and my other children as soon as possible. I shall try my best to speak with you. Allow me to tell you that your sister has joined me in the spirit-land, a few days since. To my sons, Thomas and David Russell.

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### Mary Clafin.

My name was Mary Clafin. I died of the measles last May, in New York.

My father was killed at the Bull Run battle. His name was Timothy Clafin. I was nine years old. I lived in Anderson's alley, off of Carruth street.

My father says if my mother will go to Mr. Fleming, Mr. William Fleming—she knows him—she will get the money that belongs to her, and won't have to pay for getting it.

I want my mother to know I'm nice off. I-I don't have to beg now, and I don't never beg hungry, and I don't never be cold, and I-I'm learning fast, my teacher says. I wanted to go home first, but will when I get used to it. I like to. My mother is a med—medium, so I can make the raps. [Does she know it?] Yes, sir—yes, sir; but she don't know what it is. [Have you ever made them there?] Yes, sir. [Perhaps your mother will be delighted when she knows what it is.] I know she will; she'll be awful glad, because she's wished I'd appear to her. But I couldn't do that; so my teacher brought me here and said I could talk to her. Good-day.

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### Charles A. Graves.

Will you say that Charles A. Graves, of the Florida Invincibles, died shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, and does not live a prisoner, as reported at home?

He would be very glad to meet his friends—will embrace any opportunity they may offer; comes here because he can go nowhere else. Good-day.

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### Robert Taylor.

I was a prisoner, sir, at Andersonville. Robert Taylor, of the 10th Michigan, Company A. I was wounded in the shoulder, was taken prisoner, first carried to Richmond, from there to Shelby, and from there to Andersonville.

I tried with some of the rest of the boys to escape, but I laid in the swamp about two days, got an awful cold, was captured and taken back to prison, and died of brain fever. I know I suffered a good deal, when I knew anything; can't tell whether I suffered much when I didn't or not.

I thought I should like to have the folks know I was free. They might be glad to know it. I believe there has not been any report of my death. What's the date? [February 9th, 1863.] February 9th. I was alive in the belly the 1st of February, sure as you live. Yes, sir; I was, sure. I remember hearing some of the boys saying they hoped for an exchange before the month was out.

Well, tell the folks I am—so far as I can judge of my new condition—I'm satisfied and happy. I rather reckon I shan't be any worse off, and I should like to talk with the folks. I could give 'em some ideas that ha'n't got round nowadays. [Where do your folks live?] Oh, sir, they live in Collinsville, Michigan—small place.

Well, tell 'em I am happy now; will be more so in a short time. [Can you give their names?] Well, there's my sister Nancy, and brother Joe, and Nat. My mother's name is Betsey, or Elizabeth. That's all there is of us, sir. Well, cap'n, good-day. I shall be stronger next time I come round and report.

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### What is Life?

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis a dream, says the poet. All filled up with fancy and fiction; 'Tis an ideal stream that is bearing us on, It may be to heaven or perdition.

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis the time to gain gold, Says the miser, who counts o'er his treasure; 'Tis the season to build, to buy, and to hold, To grind down the poor without measure.

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis the time to repent, Says the self-styled servant of God; 'Tis the hour that's given to fit souls for heaven, Ere their bodies sleep under the sod.

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis a bright summer day, Says childhood, that flings back its tears; Like glittering gems, at the feet of the past, And lays down its toys for more years.

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis a season of woe, Says the mourner, who weeps for the dead; 'Tis a long dreary autumn, when cold winds blow, And roses their petals have shed.

Alas! what is Life? 'Tis the Great Soul of God, Say the millions, who have passed on before; Who have drank o'er the dregs from the chalice of Time, And still live on Eternity's shore.

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### Invocation.

Oh God, while the beauty of life and the life of beauty meets us everywhere, while thy presence is around and within us like an ever-existing power, we would bow down before the sunlight of thy love, drinking in its radiance, and becoming strong and great and more perfect thereby. Oh thou Mysterious Presence, thou who hast been in all the past, who art with us in the present, and wilt lead us gently through all eternity, we turn within the inner sanctuary of our being, and there, upon its sacred altar, we would deposit all our treasures. We would lay there the emblems of all religion, art and science, of all morality, seeking thy blessing upon them. 'Oh this is an hour when the individual soul, and the nation as a body, should turn to thee with especial worship. If ever thy children should worship thee, it should be in the present. Oh God, they should lift their every thought to thee, and turn to thee, on the bright wings of praise and prayer, and thank thee for the great gift of the present. Though it has come to them through midnight through desolation and gloom, through the red sea of human gore, yet it is blessing, nevertheless. It is a great gift; has been born of wisdom; has been ordained by human justice. Oh our Father, may thy children in all simplicity and truth thank thee for the gift of the present hour. Our Father and our Mother, we would ever bear thee infinite love. Thou hast created us to serve thee; to love thee; to thank thee;

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mission individually toward thee. What thought we all for short of perfection here? We know that Eternity will crown us with perfectness. We know, Oh Father, though the ways of Time are dark, mysterious and incomprehensible to thy children, yet we know Eternity will give them all light, all glory. We pray for no special blessing to descend upon thy children. We would only ask that the store-houses of their being may be kept perpetually open; that they may welcome daily and hourly those heavenly messengers that come to whisper peace and glad tidings of great joy to every heart. Oh may they ever have their houses in order and ready to admit holy guests. Oh may they, Great Spirit of Infinite Love, so learn to love each other, that when they are called upon to bestow gifts upon thine other children, they can do so in all honesty, all sincerity. May they feel that their souls are clean, are dealing justly with their fellows, that they are withholding nothing that they would wish to have bestowed upon themselves. Oh God, our Father, make them indeed great, good and holy; Teach them to praise thee each in their own way, according to the dictates of their own souls. If they do this, we know the praise will be acceptable to thee. And so long as thou art Jehovah, so long as thou art Infinite Law, controlling all things, so long thou wilt hear their petitions; so long thou wilt bless them; so long thou wilt continue to draw them nearer, still nearer to thee.

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### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—We are ready now to consider the inquiries of correspondents.

**QUES.**—Why is it that the same sound in music is harmony to one person and discord to another?

**ANS.**—Simply because one person is created or organized to appreciate the harmony of music, and another is not.

**Q.**—Have spirits in the spheres any instruments for musical expression?

**A.**—They have.

**Q.**—How are they formed?

**A.**—Not at all like the instruments used by you in physical life, but perfectly adapted to the music of the spheres. You have nothing on earth like these instruments with which to compare them.

**Q.**—How is it with the musical scale, or what we term the diatonic?

**A.**—Resembling somewhat that of your earth.

**Q.**—Has their scale similar tones, or chords?

**A.**—Yes.

**Q.**—What is the situation in the spirit-world of the Popes of Rome under the old Inquisitors of Spain?

**A.**—They are turning over the leaves composing the volume of their past lives, and endeavoring to draw therefrom something upon which to exist as individuals in the present. In a word, they are striving still to satisfy themselves that they were right in the past; that their foundation was a legitimate one; that they obeyed the law of their surroundings, and were, to all intents and purposes, servants of their God. This, we believe, is their employment in the spirit-land.

**S.**—If you have no more questions to offer, allow us to call your attention to an article appearing upon the fourth page of the Banner of this week. The article is with reference to the illness of a worthy brother, a Mr. Jackson, who is well beloved by those who have had him in charge during his mediocrity. We ask that you will all give something. Those of you who are unable to give money, can certainly give their good wishes; but those of you who are able to give money, are earnestly requested so to do, remembering that the request comes from the higher life, and that what you do for a fellow creature, you do for the angels. Remember, too, that they all pay their bills with compound interest.

We are often pained to hear such remarks as these coming from the lips of some persons, when they are called upon to assist some brother less fortunate than themselves. "Oh, I cannot give to-day. I have given so much away. I gave five dollars yesterday; have given one dollar this morning, and ten dollars to that institution. I am constantly giving; go to Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so—perhaps they will assist you."

Now these same persons are continually receiving gifts from the great spirit-world. They forget their dependence upon the angel-world; forget they are but stewards in the hands of the Infinite Power, and that that same Power can at any moment divest them of their portion and give it to others more worthy. They forget that they are constantly asking for good gifts from the Infinite Father. Now while they ask for good things, surely it is, but human justice, even on their part, to give to others.

Now we do earnestly request that you will each one of you give something ere you sleep this night. Remember that some kind angel will stand near you, noting down your good deeds, and failing not to take note of your evil ones. We beseech of you, for your own good, for that which is to come, to give, and give liberally.

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### Teresa Van Dorn.

I am Teresa Van Dorn. My father is Colonel Van Dorn, of Virginia. I was ten years old. I been away since the beginning of last July.

My father expects to hear from me. He told me to come to the rebels, the Confederate—no, that is not the Federal States; is it? and here to this place, and ask the spirit attendant to let me come and send something to him. [You are welcome to send what you choose.]

I know what he wants, but I can't tell him about it, because I—because I—I ain't allowed to. I—I know about it, but I ain't allowed to tell him. If he will find somebody what I can go to with him alone, then I can tell. Say I shall tell something he asked me to, but not here.

He wants me to tell what I did of. They say I died of pneumonia, induced by exposure.

My uncle Robert would like to come; says he could find enough to talk about, if he could get a whole day with some medium, that he could talk to my father.

If my father wants me still, wants me to tell him what he asked me to, if he'll come here so I can, or go anywhere, where I can come, I'll tell him; but they won't let me here, so it'll be public. [They want you to give it in private.] Yes, sir. Good-by.

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### James Ellis.

James Ellis, sir, 30th Massachusetts, Company K; laid down the musket from Andersonville; was promoted to a higher grade last August.

I very soon learned that there was a way to come back, so I'm here to-day; after a good many trials, good many failures to inform my friends that I am happy; well, and satisfied altogether with my new position. I don't think I'll be willing to change places with any of the folks at old Essex, not one, or anybody else in any other place I ever was in. I've got through. I'm in a position to go ahead and tell you I'm sure that I shall never find any worse hell than I saw down here. I believe, as I did when entering the army, that

the cause was good; I died in a good cause, and therefore my friends have no reason to mourn; for I've lost nothing except the body, and that don't amount to but very little.

I should be right glad to communicate in private, as I do here in public. I think I could make some folks a good deal happier than they are now, with their old ideas of life after death. I'm decidedly weak, sir, and can't do a great deal.

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### Capt. Wm. D. Stringham.

Be kind enough to say through your goodly sheet, sir, that Captain William D. Stringham, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, was shot by a Federal scout, between six and seven o'clock this morning; and as he promised to report to friends as soon after death as possible, he has done so, although not personally, but by the assistance of one who was his friend.

He wishes to report to friends both North and South. Those friends who reside in New York City, N. Y., will please give him a hearing as soon as possible, for he is restless in his new condition.

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### John T. Woodruff.

John T. Woodruff, sir, from Dubuque, Iowa. I was killed at Gettysburg, and have never found any opportunity to return until to-day.

I was of the 2d Iowa, Company G. I am strangely mystified concerning some things. I was a believer in a religion not like yours, and I am disappointed, although I must say I am happily so. But I can't understand it; this God every-where, and seeing him nowhere, is incomprehensible to me; for I had been taught to believe in a personal God.

Why, I turned to one who should have known, if anybody, an old minister, who preached the Gospel thirty odd years. I asked him if he'd seen anything of God in the spirit-world. He said yes. Well, I was pleased. I said, "Where is God, for I should like to find him?" "Well," he says, "I reckon he's here." "Where?" said I, looking alarmed. "Why, almost anywhere you are mind to look."

So they all tell you. He's within you, outside of you, and all round you. In short, this God is every-where, and yet he's nowhere. I can't reconcile it. For my part, I want a God I can take hold of, know where he is, know something about him. That is the only thing I'm dissatisfied about. I'm glad, I'm sure I am from my soul, that there is no such hell as we're told about on earth, glad of that; and I'm glad of a good many other things. On the whole I'm happily disappointed; but I can't be easy about this God business; can't seem to understand it.

I should like to have my folks come and talk with me; come, well, come in their bodies, and I'll come without; if I can borrow a body, all the better. I want 'em to know just how I feel there on the other side, and perhaps by talking with them, well, maybe I can get nearer right. They say, keep thinking about it, talking about it, keep turning it over, and by-and-by you'll get nearer right. Well, I suppose I shall. Good-day.

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### Michael Daly.

May I please God and yer honor, sir, I am come to see if I can spake something to me sons and me daughters who are here in this country. [You are at liberty to do so.] I have come from Dun-salem, in Dun-salem County, Ireland. It is now about nine days since I was no more of meself in the body. There was something between me children and meself what sent them away to this country. Now I come here to say to them I am gone, and to tell them what I have left is theirs. They must go home and take it. You will please to say to me child Hannah, and me sons Daniel and Michael, that their father, Michael Daly, has gone. I stopped here on the earth eighty-nine years. I was once in this country—I was meself once in this country. It is about forty, between forty and fifty years ago. Say that Bishop Patrick Higgins, from Cork, was with me and administered the sacrament before I went.

I go now, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I pray I may be successful [making a sign of the cross].

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