

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and a 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 XIV.

John Dunderery.—The Dark Shadings of the Picture.

We fear our readers may have thought we were only giving a rose-colored picture of life, without the shading and background that belong to every true painting. We are well aware, as we travel along life's dusty road, that there are thorns and briars on the way, as well as hills and mountains to scale, deep bogs and fens to cross; that we cannot pass over or through them without having our garments more or less soiled and torn. And, before we portray the joyous scenes of a festive occasion, we will present a picture of quite a different character.

Lord Dunderery's elder son, John, as we have already intimated, pursued a course of life which was, as far as known to the family, extremely painful. He was naturally of a coarse, vicious temperament, and subject to fits of violent passion. Very early in life he delighted in low and grovelling pursuits, which caused much suffering to others and unhappiness to himself. The family had made many efforts to induce him to change such a course of life, and return to the paths of rectitude and virtue, which seemed to be in vain, at least so far as any immediate, good results were perceptible. We do not believe, however, that such efforts should be relaxed, though, apparently, unsuccessful at the time, nor that they will be always unavailing.

The worst feature in John's case was that he was not only indifferent to all appeals, but excited in his degraded condition. There are none so hardened and hopeless as those who seem lost to all consciousness of their condition, and strive to make vice appear to be virtue. Yet, true it is, a spark of the divine lives in every human being, and cannot be extinguished, though often lost sight of.

John had inherited a strong and vigorous constitution, but a continued course of licentiousness had made sad inroads upon his powerful frame, but more so upon an intellect of more than ordinary capacity. His sisters and Katie had consulted together to devise some means by which he might be influenced to change his habits, but arrived at nothing satisfactory. The great barrier which they found in their way was his "intolerable disgust"—as he expressed it—"for their sex." But this was not strictly true. It was only virtuous women from whom he shrank; while in associating with the impure, who met him on his own plane, he fancied he found gratification.

The whole atmosphere of this man was terrible to his sisters, and much more so to Katie, who felt powerless to elevate him from his present position, or remove him from his surroundings. She turned from him as from a leper.

In a vision she had of him, she saw his soul weak and powerless, striving to use his miserable physical body; struggling—oh, how hard—to use the poor instrument it had to work with through this life.

John had married a beautiful young woman from the lower walks of life; and, though she was looked upon by all as beneath him in rank and social position, she was far above him in the purity of her spirit and the true nobility of her nature. Three poor, little, sickly boys had come to him, but had failed to awaken a single spark of true parental feeling or love in John's bosom; on the contrary, they and their mother were the victims of gross abuse from the one who had sworn to love and protect them. This, however, awakened some sympathy in the family of Lord Dunderery toward one whom they had felt disposed to treat rather coolly, and Jennie and her little boys were not entirely forgotten by them.

John's wealth and position, as is too often the case, enabled him to commit crimes with impunity, which would have been severely punished if perpetrated by those not so well situated. The evil of this is felt not only by society, but by the individual; and much of the bitterness of feeling which exists between the laboring classes and the wealthy, arises from the fact that money is too often a barrier to the administration of justice, and shields the wealthy criminal from punishment.

The good man, when pressed hard by the hand of poverty, feels that he is necessarily deprived of many opportunities of enjoying life, as well as of doing what he would for others; but when to this is added the fact that, should he commit a crime, a more severe punishment would be meted out to him than to his richer neighbor, it makes him feel unkindly toward the rich man.

John's crimes were not alone against the poor and the defenseless, but against the profligate and the gambler, who were his associates. He was too valuable a member of their fraternity for them to show resentment. He had a large income, yet more than once he barely escaped prosecution for forging his father's name to checks, that he might replenish his funds. There is a strange inclination in crime, not unlike the desire that prompts men, in other directions, to perform noble deeds—which sometimes leads men on in

steps of crime that seems almost unaccountable.

There was a rich banker who had transacted business for Lord Dunderery for many years. John forged the name of this man for the sum of fifty thousand pounds, and that at a time when there seemed to be no necessity for it, as he was not in want of funds. He succeeded in drawing the money, as the forged name was well executed. As he had been in the habit of drawing money from this house, there was no hesitation on the part of the bank-teller in reference to this transaction. When the bank was closed, and the clerks were settling up their accounts, this check, which was for the largest amount paid to any one that day, attracted attention, and was passed around among the clerks. One of them—an old man who had been employed in the bank for many years, and one of the best experts in the country—said: "There is something about that name that excites my suspicion. Let us compare it with some others."

More than a hundred checks, bearing that name, were spread out; but not one corresponded exactly with the forged one. This was enough to induce them to notify the banker, who came immediately and pronounced the check a forgery.

John Dunderery was found in one of his favorite haunts, and arrested. This occurred a few weeks previous to the wedding of his sister, and it threw a cloud of gloom over the family. Heavy bail was refused at the preliminary trial, and John was placed under the surveillance of two officers of the Court, who were under heavy bonds to guard him by day and by night. John was not only indifferent to this, but spoke of these men as his servants. He made no efforts to restore the money, or give any satisfaction in reference to it.

As the time for his trial approached the evidence accumulated more strongly against him. He assumed still greater indifference as to the result. His course had rendered him very unpopular, and he had but few friends even among his old associates, who had been drawn to him more by his prodigality than any love for him; and as there seemed now but little prospect of anything further in that direction, they therefore felt little interest in him.

The family had always borne a reputable character, and it was hoped this would have some influence in warding off the blow which seemed otherwise certain to fall upon them. It is one of the worst features of crime, that it not only destroys all sense of shame, but propriety and respect for others.

Katie sympathized much with the family in their troubles. They had long suffered on account of John's conduct, but this was the culminating point.

Lord Dunderery was a man of the old school of philosophers; firm and cold in all his views and feelings. His religion consisted of two formulas: first, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap;" and second, "By their fruits ye shall know them." He contributed regularly, and went occasionally, to the church; but knew little and cared less about its doctrines and dogmas. He believed its chief use was to satisfy the minds of the poor, and those who had but few of the comforts of life. He looked upon the priesthood as a sort of connecting link between the two great divisions of society, but really not belonging to either.

It was a severe trial for him to have these things taking place around him; yet he saw no means of relief. His son had "sown to the wind and was reaping the whirlwind." It was evident to all that this was breaking the old man down; yet no one could do anything for him.

CHAPTER XV. The Wedding.

We will turn from the dark picture to a more pleasant one. We left Dr. Kenrick at Lord Conant's.

Unaccustomed as we have been, in our bachelor estate, to these festive occasions, we were very much relieved by receiving a letter from our young friend Katie, in which she described the wedding as only woman can, which we present to our readers, it being a far better picture than we could have drawn.

HOME, SEPTEMBER.

MY VERY KIND FRIEND—I have thus long delayed answering your acceptable letter, simply because I have adopted a rule never to reply to a letter merely to conform to the rules of etiquette, but to wait until I am impressed with something that appears to be of sufficient importance to make a note of. I was gratified to learn that the vision which I saw relating to your sister and her darling child was, as you say, "literally true," and that it was a solace to her. There are times when even a little matter like this relieves us of that which would otherwise be an intolerable burden. You say it confirmed her impressions that her child was "not lost, but gone before," and that "they would meet again in that blissful land where parting is no more." Give my best love to her, and tell her that I know there is truth in the lines of the poet, in regard to our loved ones who have thus passed behind the veil into the inner temple:

There is not a charm of soul or brow,
Of all we knew or loved of thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality.

You know that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," so to-day I must write of the wedding of our mutual friend, Lord Dunderery and Mr. Conant, which took place last week. They have gone to Scotland to marry a month with Lord's sister, Mrs. Campbell, who, with her two beautiful daughters, were at the wedding. I said to pass the month, some would say the honeymoon, but I do not, for in the true marriage, as I view it, there is a continual increase of pure love, confidence, and affection, which grows stronger and blends the parties more firmly together with each succeeding year.

We had quite a discussion in regard to a wedding tour for the happy couple, and it was finally left for me to decide. By the way, do you remember how I refused to be Lord's confidential adviser and most intimate friend? I have often laughed about it, for I had known many persons to accept such positions and the matter would end there. I declined the honor of her confidence, but have actually enjoyed it ever since, and it seems I cannot escape it. I told Lind that my impressions in regard to traveling—drawn, of course, from observation and experience of others, as I have never been more than ten miles from home in the body—were, that going abroad was a very tollsome and painful way of obtaining pleasure; that I thought they would enjoy themselves much more rationally in visiting a month some of their friends, with whom they would feel free and more at home.

Mrs. Campbell was delighted with the suggestion, and it was soon settled that they should go home with her, my advice, as usual, being accepted by all.

They were very urgent that I should go with them, but I had several reasons for declining, the most important one was that I had several very sick persons under my care and was not willing to leave them.

If you were not such an old bachelor, I would indulge in a woman's freak, and describe the wedding to you, and I believe I shall venture to do so. It was a lovely day, and the preparations, which were on a very grand scale, had all been completed. Did you ever think what an amount of mental and manual labor such an occasion costs? There were forty-eight invited guests, beside the members of the two families. The ceremony took place at Lord Dunderery's, an innovation for which I am responsible, as Lind had consulted me about going to the church to be married. I said, "No, it is making a public parade of what is, or ought to be, a sacred and private matter, in which the parties and their friends are alone interested. The idle gaze of the outside world is neither beneficial to you nor to themselves." I addressed a note to Bishop Kenrick to that effect, and he responded as follows:

"MY DEAR CHILD—I received your note in reference to your friends' being married privately. Having long held views precisely similar to those which you have expressed, I am glad to give my sanction to your proposition."

This settled the matter. The young ladies were all appropriately dressed in white costumes, emblematical of that purity which should ever mark our sex, and in their hair were a few natural flowers, typical of joy, affection and love. The company presented a beautiful sight, and one which memory loves to recall. The services were commenced by singing a hymn in reference to the union of hearts, in the chorus of which most of us joined, and in the spirit of which I think I did. After this the venerable Bishop pronounced, in the most solemn and impressive manner, the marriage rites of our Holy Church, by which the eternal bond was given to that which I hope and believe God had already joined. I could not but feel how little value really belonged to these outward ceremonies, which are necessary and essential to mankind in their present superficial condition.

But I am wandering from my description of the festive occasion. You know that we always see things through the laws of our own condition, hence I cannot describe it as others would. It appeared to me that while we were all filled with joy on this occasion, there was a calm dignity which marked it, and which has left a very pleasant impression upon my mind. Every one seemed to be happy in themselves, and to desire to produce the same condition in others; and, as success usually crowns well-directed efforts, it was so on this occasion.

Having been, as you are aware, for some years an apostle of temperance, to which service I was dedicated by Father Matthew, when very young, I made it a condition with my friends that I might be permitted to carry out my principles, and use just as much influence as I could upon others—and I never felt more happy in the power which truth gives to its faithful votaries. I think I see you smiling at the complacency with which I praise myself, and assume so much power; but it is a weakness of most persons to see things as they desire to.

There were many strangers present; noble lords and fair ladies, and their children. As I contemplated these grand personages, I could not help thinking I would much rather be the poor peasant girl, with right on my side, and goodness and virtue in my heart, than be the noblest lady that ever wore a crown or graced a fair assembly, without these qualities.

We were all very free, and I felt just as much at home as ever. They all seemed very willing to hear me talk; and when the wine was brought round I talked of temperance to the old men, and they gave me the benefit of their example for a time; and I talked still more effectively to the young men, and young women, too. Do you know that I think the latter class are often much to blame for the bad habits of their brothers and friends? They do not know the moral power they possess, and are afraid to make the proper efforts to ascertain. No one knows the efficacy of truth till they have tried its power.

My sensation resulted in having very little wine drunk, or rude manifestations of any kind to mar the harmony of the occasion. I noticed several of the more advanced young men, whom I felt were a little chagrined at my course. One of them, whom I did not know, seemed to shun me; so I made myself very free with him, and told him some things which made him look rather scared at first, but soon, however, he became very pleasant, and said he thought I must be a witch, to thus be able to discover his secret thoughts.

This order of the company was so marked, that I was complimented by the Bishop, and the lords who were present; and, though I was pleased with

this, it did not give me half so much satisfaction as the fact itself, and the consciousness of having done my duty. Compliments, unless they are really deserved, are disgusting to me.

But I presume you will be tired of my long story. I must mention that we had the company of Dr. Kenrick, who came with his father, the Bishop, from Belfast, who officiated on this occasion. We were disappointed that you did not visit us. I have many things that I would like to say to you if you were here, but enough for the present.

Yours truly,
KATIE MALVOURNEY.

CHAPTER XVI. Correspondence.

Shortly after the scenes described in the last chapter, Katie received the following letter from Doctor Kenrick:

MY DEAR FRIEND—The remembrance of our brief intercourse is vividly impressed on my mind, and I realize that it has produced an entire change in my feelings. You will pardon me for the plainness with which I address you. The freedom with which you spoke of my condition was very gratifying to me.

My position in life has thrown me among all classes of society, and I have been a close observer of human nature. I find in almost all conditions of life those who are starving for want of sympathy and affection; and in many instances their sufferings were much increased on account of their not being understood. Having an affectionate nature, and an appreciation of the needs of others, especially of those who move upon the same plane with me, I have become accustomed to minister, more or less, to the wants of this class; and I found they were gradually drawing me away from what I know to be the path of rectitude and virtue. Though my character among men stood unblemished, there was a strong undercurrent sweeping me away from the shores of purity and goodness, whilst I appeared to be struggling manfully and bravely with the waves on the surface. So gradual and insinuating was the force of this current, that I scarcely realized it, but fancied that, at any moment, I could rise above its influence and swim upon the upper waves of the ocean of life.

A remark which you made, incidentally, struck me very forcibly. It was this: "Mankind, without being aware of it, very often become promiscuous in their feelings, giving indiscriminately of their sympathies and affections to those around them; and a demand is often made for more than they can, or should, supply." I saw at once that this applied to my condition. I had been gradually led into these things, and was now standing upon the brink of a fearful precipice, while just before me lay a maddened stream, ready to swallow me up. I have thought much of this since, and while I drank in with eagerness all the truths which you gave me, none reached me so fully as this expression. It gave a new significance to the word "promiscuous." God bless you for it; I have thought of it by day and by night. Already the current to which I have referred is losing its hold upon me, and when I feel anything of it, I pause and consider whether it would lead me.

I am happy to say to you that the lessons which I received from you during that memorable visit made a deep impression upon me, which is growing more indelible each day; and I must, in justice to myself, return thanks to you.

We never fully realize the nature of the various conditions into which we are thrown, while we are in them. Since my return home, a new field has opened before me. I was not aware of my condition, and had any one told me exactly how it was, I should have supposed the person was mistaken. But gradually, like the dawn of day, has light fallen across my pathway, and I now see clearly many things which before were dim and obscure to my vision. I have never before realized such an influence as that you have over me. I thought I knew something of sympathy, but all the past was dim, compared with the present. You have awakened new feelings in me, and while I have no claim upon you, except as a brother, I am free to ask you to continue to watch over me, and lend me the aid of your prayers, and your counsel, in my journey through life. Will you be kind enough to write me just as you feel impressed, in regard to everything? I am often conscious of your presence, and there seems to be a strange sympathy between us; so much so, that I perceive your more sensitive nature is impressed by my course, not only when I walk in the line of duty and rectitude, but more especially when I step aside into the paths of error, where temptation leads to darkness and suffering. May I ask you again to give me all the aid you can; and in return, I hope you may share with me the realization of that joy which flows from a well-spent life, under circumstances where important and responsible duties are continually devolving upon us.

I have written much more fully and freely than I expected, but could do no less—you draw me out thus. Let me hear from you soon, and often, and believe me,

Most sincerely your friend and brother,
HENRY T. KENRICK.

To this letter Katie wrote the following reply: MY DEAR FRIEND—I received your letter of —, and was much pleased with its contents. I do not know why you should select me as your confidential friend—though I fully appreciate the compliment. The tone of your letter gives evidence of satisfactory progress on your part, for "to know one's self is the first step to a cure." From my impressions in regard to your case, I am satisfied that whatever may have been your errors in the past, there is a desire now to avoid them in the future. I can readily perceive how well meaning intentions may have led one possessing your free and spontaneous disposition, to do acts which would bear a very different construction from that which was designed. Your freedom and real goodness are often misrepresented

ed by those who never have realized such a condition.

May I lovingly remind you of what I once said to you, that, until we are sufficiently strong to be tempted, without doing wrong or swerving from the line of rectitude, we should, as much as possible, refrain from placing ourselves in positions which our experiences have shown us are dangerous; and as we obtain power to overcome and withstand temptations, we grow stronger; but when we fail, weakness and sorrow follow. I hope you and I may be so strong that we will not only not do wrong ourselves, but be able to give to others that strength which will enable them to stand more firmly amid the storms and temptations of life.

I tremble at the responsibility of being placed as a lighthouse on the shore of the ocean of Humanity by which you may be enabled to guide your noble bark through some of its storms. And then again, you ask me to take the position of pilot. This I should certainly hesitate to do, did I not know that by so doing I should have the opportunity of consulting with a worthy captain, and one who would impart to me all his valuable knowledge of the charts of life. I know that if I am able to pilot your bark safely through the storms and over the quicksands of life, avoiding the rocks and shoals that lie in the way, I, too, shall be carried over safely. How beautiful is the law of compensation! In saving others, we save ourselves.

You ask me to write freely, and as I feel. The latter is impossible, the former I will try to do. I feel many things which neither pen nor tongue can describe. I believe, as we advance in life, we shall find the difference between our feelings and our ability to express them growing wider. There are thoughts in my soul that send forth echoes too indistinct for outward expression. I love to sit and listen to these soul-notes.

When I am in this mood, my letters seem dull and inexpressive. These feelings are as hidden manna, on which my soul feeds, and this inner life of communion is far more real and attractive than the life of association and external expression. The one is as much beyond the other as the "body is more than raiment, or the life than meat."

But we are singularly connected with our external surroundings; for while we impress them, and have more or less control over them, they, in turn, have an influence over us; and I am sorry to perceive that, in too many instances, these external influences become, as a friend remarked, "like the shell of a crab, an incrustation which binds and limits our powers, and out of which we can only escape through suffering. This shell bursts, and is thrown off, and, like the crab, when we are thus changing our shells, we are obliged to pass through a painful transition, and, at such times are liable to attacks from our enemies."

But when these external material surroundings—which may be compared to the scaffolding around the house that we are building for our dwelling-place, both here and hereafter—are used properly, and only for the purpose of aiding us in the construction of a beautiful temple, which shall stand without these material supports and incumbrances, then the real objects of life will be better understood and appreciated.

Like yourself, I have written much more than I intended. I shall trust to your feelings to interpret my meaning, and read the intent of my soul. May the atmosphere of peace and happiness, which is so desirable to us all, ever be yours, is the sincere desire of your friend.

KATIE MALVOURNEY.

In response to the foregoing letter, the Doctor sent the following:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your kind and instructive letter was duly received, and I presume no one could realize, as I did, the depth of its meaning. It inspires me with a holy feeling. I have long been convinced that the writings of some persons have a profound and deeper meaning than is comprehended by the superficial observer, and such, I think, is the character of all true inspiration. If it has this peculiar influence upon me, I accept it, no matter from whence it comes.

There is much in sacred writ that I cannot see or feel has any inspiration about it. I think, however, as we become spiritually unfolded we shall experience much more in this respect. The time is coming when divine inspiration will be better understood; when the test of its genuineness will not be that it is ancient, and recorded within the lids of certain books, but the evidence of the spiritual life which it contains, as seen and felt by those whose spiritual natures have been unfolded. Inspiration will only be of value to the individual as it reaches his spiritual perceptions.

I trust your religious views will not be too rudely shocked by such sentiments. I am the more free to write thus to you, because I know you will read my motives aright, and feel that I have no desire to lay waste our beautiful Zion. I would be glad to see more "true religion," which, as a modern writer (Rev. T. L. Harris) has said—"Cometh not to enslave the mind, but to emancipate it; her garments are woven with charity; her crown is light; her priests and ministers are warm hearts and open natures; intellects, that, free in themselves, endeavor to free all natures; pure men and women everywhere. Art thou seeking to become a member of a Church? Behold the temple of the expanded universe. Art thou seeking superior priestly natures, from whom thy parched spirit shall drink in blessings, as the violets drink the summer dew? Seek thou, for they are ever near thee—those guardian-angels who minister in that temple, whose office is to guide the struggling spirit in its aspirations after immortal virtue."

But I had no idea of following out a train of thought in this direction. What a wonderful thing is the human mind! My soul was filled with gratitude to you for your kind and loving interest in me, and I desired to express, as best I

could, my feelings, and you see to where I have traveled, and to what I have arrived.

I have spoken of your influence upon me. It seems to grow more like a living presence, and the consciousness of this fact gives me much pleasure. We are frequently reminded, by our religious teachers, that the all-seeing eye of God is upon us; but our ideas of the Infinite Father are so dim and uncertain—and the little ring in which we enact the drama of our lives is so small and insignificant compared even with the external universe, the vastness of which our minds fail to comprehend—that we are not very strongly impressed with the idea of God's watchfulness, or with the fear of violating his laws. I regret to say that the mass of mankind are held in restraint by the authority of human law; and the fear of punishment is too often the highest motive for avoiding crime. This does not speak well for mankind. But there are some who are restrained and governed by a high sense of right, and a love of principle.

The point to which I wish to refer now, is the relationship which has recently sprung up between you and myself. The consciousness of your presence is one of the most real experiences which I have ever known; and while it acts as a beautiful and gentle restraint, it fills me with feelings of love for you. You have had many beautiful experiences. Can you tell me how it is that one soul becomes a counterpart of another, linked and entwined together in bonds as indissoluble as the soul itself? Please give me your views upon this. I do not feel able to write my thoughts to-day, but I hope you will be able to gather together fragments sufficient to indicate the state of my feelings better than I could, were I to make the effort to crystallize them into outward form, and arrange them for your external vision. You know that letters written under the promptings of true friendship and pure love, convey much more than that deep and unexpressed and inexpressible, than is always perceived in the mere words, which are the scaffolding, to which you alluded in your last letter, which we are compelled to erect around that which we thus send forth. I will, therefore, not dwell longer on this external plane, but endeavor to send my feelings with this letter as fully as I can, so that you may realize and enjoy them more than is possible in any other way. The consciousness that this will be your experience, not only relieves me from all desire to write further, but thrills me with a joy that I am happy to know you will share with your brother and friend.

HENRY T. KENNICOTT.
[To be continued in our next.]

JOY TO THE FREE.

BY MRS. J. A. FIELD.

Joy, joy to the fetterless, joy to the free,
Whose wearisome labors are done;
Whose course was as true as a bird's o'er the sea,
Till the goal and the guerdon were won.
Joy, joy to the victors, triumphantly crowned
With beams from the Deity's smile,
While beings transfigured—the long-lost re-found,
Shout welcomes unmingled with guile.

Baptized in the waters of Infinite Love,
Resplendent they rise from its bed,
Refined, newly strengthened, and pure as a dove,
For the stains that had sullied are fled.
While the veil of corruption in darkness and gloom

Resolves to its primitive dust,
Immortality's largess of beauty and bloom
Re-clothes the fair forms of the just.

They banquet on fruits from the garden of Truth,
They drink of the life-giving wine;
They have found, and have won a perennial youth,

For the food and the drink are Divine.
Eternity's landscapes invite them to roam,
Through its scenes, beauty changing, forever;
And they hear from the hill-sides gay echo-swells come,
Like the rush of a musical river.

By streamlet and lake, by the grove and the mead,
Bloom gorgeous, diaphanous flowers,
In odorous converse, or chanting their creed,
With the breezes that stoop to their bowers.
All learn the sweet dialect flower-angels use—
All learn the sweet language of birds;
Their melody, holy and simple, infuse
A bliss never uttered in words.

But oh! how exult they when Wisdom unrolls
Her pages sublime to their view!
How thrills every fibre, while Love softly folds
Their souls in a joy ever new!
As the germ of a seed seeks the sun-warmth and light,

Its leaves and its buds to expand,
So spirits, re-born, in their glory delight
To rise in the Heavenly Land.

They rise, as they love the Great Father of all;
They rise, as the angels they love;
They rise, as to mortals their love-notes they call,
And draw them with love-links above.
Then joy to the free, who have passed from our homes,

Who have gone to those beautiful spheres;
Calm, self-healing thoughts of their ministry come,
And we smile in the midst of our tears.
New Orleans, La., 1865.

HEART LEAVES.

NUMBER TWO.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

"My God, my heaven, my all!"

I was walking along the street one pleasant morning, when I saw an awkward looking, coarsely dressed boy crossing the Common at a little distance. He was singing. At first I could not distinguish the words, but my involuntary thought was: "Some vulgar rhyme, no doubt." I had been particularly grieved that morning by the naughty conduct of one who was dear to me, and my feelings were running in rather a sad channel. So I followed out these feelings by proceeding to mourn over the evil effects of such course, and, too often, deeply impure rhyming, when the words: "My God, my heaven, my all," fell distinctly upon my ear, and changed the whole current of my thoughts.

He had paused, and was looking down into a pond of water that stood in the centre of the Common; but he continued his singing, and seemed to dwell almost unconsciously upon the words,

"My God, my heaven, my all!"
"My God, my heaven, my all!"
"My God, my heaven, my all!"

I had heard them hundreds of times, but never did they sound so sweetly as now. Those few words from that poor, ignorant child—that undeveloped image of the Deity—were to me like the song of an angel, or like the voice of the great Father, saying: "Fear not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God." I had started

ed to my day's labor, looking within upon my own sad thoughts, instead of without, where the sunlight lay, like the smile of love.

But the words that I had heard touched a new chord in my heart, and it thrilled to the hidden harmonies within, harmonies that gushed forth to meet the spirit of gladness that was abroad in the earth. I now felt that "I could walk and not be weary, could run and not faint" in the path that was marked out for me. Yea, that I could mount up, as "on the wings of eagles," to meet that God who was not only "my heaven, my all," but the "all" of every suffering son and daughter of earth.

Original Essay.

MAN.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Author of "How and Why I became a Spiritualist."

Our theme is man. What is he? Whence came he? What are his powers? How are they unfolded, and in what sphere will they be employed? Man is an outward expression of an inward thought or conception of the Divine Mind. Man dwelt ever in the capacious chambers of the illimitable source of being. He is the magnetic concretion of the efflux of all the divine faculties. Each attribute of Deity, in its unceasing outflow, has contributed to its essence to produce this culmination of formative power. Thus man comes from the deepest recesses of the divine nature, combining within himself the divine elements which constitute him the lord and master of all forms of matter.

His existence had no beginning, for in the bosom of the Eternal One he ever dwelt. God's thoughts are God; eternal in duration, infinite in expression; therefore material worlds, like man, knew no beginning but in the formative processes of nature; elementarily, they lay in the illimitable ocean of space, waiting the action of Jehovah's magnetic efflux, working through laws, centrifugal and centrifugal, to mold them into form, and not only send them whirling with almost unimaginable velocity upon their axes, but drive them with irresistible velocity upon their orbicular journeyings through ethereal space.

In the vast laboratory of Nature the formative process is ever active. As the heat of your sun draws from the bosom of the seas those vapory particles which form the mists and clouds above the surface of your earth, so the warmth of Divine Love draws from the great sea of infinitude the primary elements which form the nucleus of that erratic wanderer of the skies, that embryonic world—the comet. But man emerges from the great central source of being, combining within himself the essential properties of every divine faculty—a representative deity. As each atom of every ray of light in your solar system is a representative sun, containing within its tiny circumference the essential properties of that great luminary, so is each living soul who dwells upon your planet a manifestation of Deity incarnate—God made manifest in flesh; and, as God works through elementary matter in the great ocean of infinitude, so does his representative, through the laws of attraction and repulsion, work in aggregated matter; drawing into himself such particles as are adapted to the formation of the physical structure in which he is for a time to dwell, and by the power of irresistible law repelling such atoms as may not be suited to his purpose.

By the word man, we mean only the interior, vital essence—the ever-living soul; not the mere earthly body, composed of ponderable substance; nor the spiritual body, constituted from substance imponderable, in which he lives after the decay of the physical form, but man himself, the interior occupant of these various forms of matter. Man, we say, like the God from whom he sprang, works irresistibly through all combinations of aggregated atoms, ever bringing forth, as the results of his labors, new forms of use and beauty; combining additional elements with lower forms, and thus producing more advanced and harmonious conditions in the material world by which he is surrounded.

This proposition is clearly illustrated by comparing even the vegetable products of the present time with those which preceded them in the earlier periods of the earth's culture. Look at the gorgeously colored dahlia, and think of the insignificant shrub from which it has been developed; taste the luscious pippin, and contrast it with its unpalatable progenitor, the crab. So, in other combinations of matter, this principle is similarly demonstrated.

Look at the gorgeous grandeur of that vast temple, the central shrine of Christendom—St. Peter's, at Rome—and then cast your mental eye backward to the rude huts which were the results of man's primitive architectural efforts. Compare the sacred altars of that stupendous structure, hewn from purest marble by artistic hands, and glistening with the radiance of richest and rarest gems, to the simple pile thrown up by the patriarch Abraham, when his only son was to be offered a holy sacrifice unto the Lord. Contrast the stately pillars erected in Paris to celebrate the bloody victories of the Corsican Conqueror—or that exquiritely proportioned column standing on one of the many beautiful hills of Baltimore, to commemorate the virtues and wisdom of the illustrious Washington—to those two pillars set up by Jacob, of old, the one upon the spot where the angelic vision was presented to his spiritual sight, the other to mark the burial place of his Rachel—his beloved.

These are sufficient evidences, for our present purpose, of the inherent formative powers of man when operating through gross or ponderable matter; but our desire is to carry you beyond the mere external, material condition, into that life, where, his apprenticeship in the outer workshop of nature having been faithfully served, man comes forth the competent workman, prepared to exercise his skill upon those finer essences that permeate and surround all exterior forms; that penetrate not only the most profound interior depths of visible nature, but fill that vast ethereal ocean through which countless myriads of worlds float ever onward in majestic sublimity.

Having gained his primary lessons in the lower forms of matter and thrown off the fleshy habiliments that were the badge of his servitude, he now clothes himself in that beautiful "freedom suit," the spirit-body, and at once enters upon his labors in a more refined and elevated sphere of formative action. Instead of combining the crude minerals, or constructing more advanced forms of vegetable and animal matter, he now reveals amid the interior essences of nature, and controls, with a master mind, those ethereal elements which external science has denominated "imponderable substance;" and as his now quickened vision roams at will among the unnumbered universes that meet his gaze, he feels again the presence of that power which constitutes him master of this new and more extended realm.

Being the representative deity of this new world, he finds himself working through the same laws which were the governing principles in his lower

empire. Attracting now by the mere effort of his will the heretofore unknown elements lying throughout the illimitable fields of space, his constructive faculties are quickened into activity, and temples arise in his presence before which the sacred fane of once imperious Rome dwindles into insignificance. Altars spring from the chambers of his ideality, whose stones of every hue, sparkling with electric fire, assume forms more graceful than earthly sculptor ever conceived. Columns of majestic proportion and ethereal beauty arise to symbolize the towering aspirations that lift man into the realm of infinite causation. Flowers appear, in fragrant loveliness, arrayed, at his command, resembling the floral manifestations of your earth, as does the dazzling brilliance of the diamond resemble the crude pebbles from which it radiates. Streams flow in crystal purity along his pathway, and birds of varied plumage sing in the branches of the beauteous trees that deck their meandering borders.

Thus, man, through his inherent formative powers, molds the occult elements of nature into living representatives of his interior thought, as does the Divine and Infinite Source from whence he came, filling the sphere of his labors with glorious manifestations of his power.

Baltimore, Md., 1865.

AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. FRIEDRICH MÜNCH, M. D., BY I. A. HEINSOHN, CLEVELAND, O.

[I take the liberty to translate, for the columns of the Banner, an able paper from Dr. Münch, a name well known to the German-American public, which is calculated to do a great good among that people.]

I have before me the "Arcana of Nature; History and Laws of Creation." By Hudson Tuttle. Translated from the English, and furnished with an Appendix, by Dr. H. M. Achner. Published by Fred. Enke, Erlangen, Ger.

The splendid translation makes the work read like original German. Although there is, for a philosopher, nothing entirely new in the book, yet it recommends itself by its lucid presentation, and ranks, in regard to its liberal views, so high above the common American standpoint, that it appears like an oasis in a desert. Advantage is taken of the profoundest and newest investigations of the most eminent authors of Germany, France and England; and, in regard to arrangement and composition, it is perfect.

[The table of contents is here inserted.]

The work regards God as the all-life and the harmony of the universe—the unity of natural laws—and attacks explicitly and forcibly the doctrine of Agassiz, of design in the creation, which assumes a personal Divine Intelligence, acting in accordance with a contemplated design.

Orthodoxy, scriptural doctrine, and sects of all kinds, are severely treated; but the problem and destination of man, as a being endowed with rational and moral capacities, destined for an eternal perfection and individual immortality, is treated in a lofty and sublime manner. The end and aim of all these restless activities of Nature is man. He is the grand result of all lower creations, and came from the creative energy of the laws of Nature.

The first volume, closing with the material relations of the spirit of man, resting on the brain, the highest form of the physical organization, leaves an ample field beyond for cultivation: "THE INCONCEIVABLE SPIRIT-WORLD."

This realm, drawing our attention to it, forms the important subject of the second volume, in which is proved the "progress of primeval Matter, till its perfection in the infinite spheres of spiritual development." A complete MATERIALISM and a most elevated SPIRITUALISM have met in eternally union.

But who is this Hudson Tuttle? A friend has informed me: He is an unaffected young gentleman of 29 years of age, without scholastic education, but attached to all that is noble and true, and a great lover of social intercourse with intelligent Germans. He has been a spiritual medium since his sixteenth year, and has, in that capacity, published several works. He undoubtedly writes under the influence of our German philosophers.

In his preface to the first volume, he says: "For years I have been led through the paths of science by invisible guides, who have manifested the earnest zeal of a father for a feeble and truant child. They have upheld my faltering footsteps; they have supported my weary frame, and in darkest hours have thrown their sacred influence around me. Like the reader of these pages, I am a student in their portfolio, receiving my mental food from their hands."

The conclusion is thus forced upon us, that he, himself, could not write a book of such profound scientific nature. The whole is so much of one cast, that it cannot be the product of many, but must have originated in one scientific mind.

But if so, why does this unknown not come out from behind the curtain? Hudson Tuttle cuts the matter short, by stepping aside and introducing SPIRIT-ATTORNEYS! Although we like modesty in writers, the denial of the production of such a profound work would be an unheard-of phenomenon. We do expect from all those who have left the earth, and are using their pens from their heavenly abodes, a bold communication, far above doubt; and this we certainly have in the two volumes before us.

But, we Germans have neglected the observation of the remarkable manifestations which have occurred in the United States for these last fifteen years, and spread from hence over nearly all parts of the Old World, so that many millions have become believers. We know nothing about writing, trance or moving mediums; nothing about the natural wonders they constantly expose to view; and, therefore, we are perplexed about the single wonder that is exhibited before us by the book of Hudson Tuttle.

But there is a remedy for us: The second volume introduces us direct to the Empire of Spirit. The spirits are material beings, organically constructed from a most refined, ethereal substance separated by death from the physical body, moving on the surface of the earth, or in higher spheres; taking part in the weal and woe of the living, especially those they formerly loved; at first not changed in their peculiarities of mind and character, but gradually developing in knowledge. They can take possession of sensitive persons—mediums—and cause various physical effects, as table-tipping, music on instruments, throwing objects to and fro, writing and painting by the hand of the medium, healing the sick by touch, etc. All this is not supernatural, but is done in accordance with existing physical laws, in the same manner as the running of water or the flashing of light from the clouds. Not only the Bible apparitions, but the traditions, accounts and tales of all nations, ancient and modern, may be explained as very natural by means of the Spiritual Philosophy.

All who, like the writer of this, and certainly most of his readers, are doubting these statements, are requested to become members of one of the spiritual circles which may be found in all the large and small cities of this country; to attend

these circles in good earnest, and without prejudice; to examine impartially all that occurs, for deception is sometimes practiced; and, by doing so, they will become so plainly convinced that all scruples will disappear.

My advice to every one who has a chance to investigate, is, to do so. There certainly is no danger of a person in sound mind losing his senses in observing mysteries; and the more important, the mystery, the more ardently we ought to strive for the real cause. A subject which has effected a grander revolution than the entire learned literature of modern times, by breaking down Orthodoxy and priesthood in the minds of millions, and wielding a sword against all religious hypocrisy and moral and social evils, at the same time ardently advocating true civilization and universal progress—a subject of such importance should not be treated with the indifference the intelligent Germans have bestowed. Fearless in regard to any truth, I am ready to expose every kind of deception and illusion. We ought plainly to understand the reason why so many hundreds of men and women, in the capacities of teachers or speakers, travel all over the country, unconcerned about the sacrifice they make and the enmity they suffer—especially from the threatened priesthood—and, notwithstanding the ghostly origin of their ideas, proclaiming the most noble, profound and humane of all systems. The explanation of Mr. Donald in his "Country and People in America," is, according to my views, not sufficient, and the roll is not yet closed. At present I can only throw out a few hints, hoping our German people will improve by them.

The Lecture Boom.

The Foundation of Governments, and Ownership of Property.

A Lecture delivered before the "Religio-Philosophical Society of Des Moines, Iowa," Sunday, May, 1864, by B. N. Kinyon.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Prefatory to what I propose to say on this occasion, my friends, I will make the following quotations from Blackstone's Commentaries, Book I, pp. 40-41: "As therefore the Creator is a being, not only of infinite power and wisdom, but also of infinite goodness, it has been pleased so to contrive the constitution and frame of humanity, that we should want no other prompter, to inquire after and pursue the rule of right, but our own self-love, that universal principle of action. For he has so intimately connected, so inseparably interwoven the laws of eternal justice with the happiness of each individual, that the latter cannot be attained but by observing the former; and if the former be punctually obeyed, it cannot but induce the latter. In consequence of which mutual connection of justice and human felicity, he has not perplexed the law of nature with a multitude of abstracted rules and precepts, referring merely to the fitness or unfitness of things, as some have vainly surmised; but has graciously reduced the rule of obedience to this one paternal precept, 'that man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness.' This is the foundation of what we call ethics, or natural law. For the several articles into which it is branched in our system, amounts to no more than demonstrating that which is good, and thus superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times; no human laws are as any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid, derive all their force, and all their authority, immediately or immediately, from this original, self-subsisting law of nature."

Thus fortified to inquire, and ascertain, what promotes man's real happiness, and is therefore right, and what operates against that happiness, and is therefore wrong, I proceed to inquire into the original authority of governments and laws, and the ownership of property, as having the greatest influence on the condition of mankind. If they are promotive of man's happiness, they may stand; but if they are destructive of it, they must fall, as contrary to the law of nature, and God. Man's real happiness is the standard by which they are to be tried, and by which to stand or fall.

Government is defined to be "the exercise of authority; direction and restraint exercised over the actions of men in communities, societies, or States; the administration of public affairs, according to established constitutions, laws, and usages, or by arbitrary edicts." It is government in the sense of this definition we propose to consider.

What foundation of authority has government? From whence does it derive or get its authority to govern? In the earlier days, God's favorite people, as represented in the Bible, were governed directly by him, or by him through chosen media. Adam received the law direct from God, and he passed it on to his son, and so on, until Noah; and when he had done so, God punished him for his demerit. Afterwards, certain men were directed or inspired by God, as, for instance, Moses, in giving the commandments. But when the Bible record was closed, and no additions or subtractions could be made, the inspired governors had ceased to live. God is supposed to have abdicated government in the sense of the foregoing definition, and to have left mankind to work out the problem for themselves. The inquiry is still therefore pertinent, on what authority, or foundation of right, does government base itself? There can be but two foundations, viz: 1st, Usurpation; 2d, Consent. It will be found, on examination, that all government rests upon usurpation, for consent negates the idea of government, for the above sense; and moreover, if the people to-day consent to a certain constitution or code, to-morrow it may not have that consent, and continuing after consent is gone, becomes usurpation. Government is a usurpation, and is not a government.

The Declaration of Independence asserts that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." From this it follows that if ninety-nine should consent to a certain constitution or code, and one should dissent, such one must be left out of its operation, or such one must be out of the number of consenters. It attacks his consent. All governments, then, whether their form, Republican, Democratic, or Monarchical, must rest more or less upon usurpation, as all experience shows that more or less in all of them dissent, and are compelled to submit by the exercise of governmental authority. I can see no difference between what are sometimes called arbitrary governments and those not arbitrary. All government, to my comprehension, is arbitrary, differing in degree only, and not in quality or principle. The government of Russia is no more arbitrary and imperious than that of the United States, to the extent they respectively go; the only real difference is, that the government of Russia goes to a greater extent than that of the United States. To the extent the government of the United States goes, it is as arbitrary or imperious as that of Russia. There is a difference in the formation of governments, but after that there is no essential difference in them. The government of a chieftain, or usurper, arises out of a direct usurpation, but afterwards is maintained and upheld by the acquiescence of the people. This is the case in Russia, China, England and France. The government of the United States arose out of consultation and agreement; but afterwards is upheld by acquiescence, the same as the Russian government. The one is really no more of consent than the other. In the one case, the majority of the people are tyrants over the minority; in the other, the minority; that is, ratifying the terms of their assumed agent, or chieftain, thereby making it their own. In the ratification of the Constitution of the United States, in some of the original thirteen States, large minorities; and in all some were opposed to its ratification; and as to some, it was argued that the Constitution was not as arbitrary, tyrannical, to the extent it goes, as the will of the Czar of Russia. But it is

imposed that government, even if it does not find its immediate foundation in right, does immediately become necessary. Russia seems to have no other basis than the consent of the governed. In the United States the people, or thought they saw, the necessity for government, and established one. The Declaration of Independence asserts that "all men are created equal, and are endowed, by their Creator, with certain unalienable rights, that among these are 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. These are asserted as 'self-evident truths.' Herein it is affirmed that the object of government is to secure the unalienable rights of men (and consequently each are endowed with rights for freedom; that its just power, or authority rests upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the governed (being of necessity the judges), when it shall become destructive of the objects of its creation, to alter or abolish it.

This declaration, instead of giving a foundation for a government, in effect, says, first: What I do or omit to do, by my own consent, is not done, or omitted to be done, by government in the sense above defined; and, secondly: That which is done, or omitted to be done, without such consent, is unjustly required to be done or omitted, and destroys liberty pro tanto—one of the unalienable rights to secure which the Government was instituted, and justifies its abolition.

The whole is the aggregate of all the parts, the consent of the governed is of all the governed, and so long as any individual refuses consent he must be left out of the sweep of the Government. After all, our boasted Republican form of Government falls far below that of Russia, for Russia, standing the sugar counter, that election gives it, has the privilege of voting. Women, children and minors under the age of twenty-one, do not have this privilege, and so far as the Government is concerned, are as powerless as the serfs of Russia. Suppose thirty millions is the population of the United States. Make four millions of these twenty-six millions left. Suppose of this last number there is one voter in every six, and the number of voters is 4,333,333, leaving 23,666,666, not having any voice in the Government at all. Hence in the United States, over six-sevenths of the population have no voice in the Government, nor control over it. It is in one sense, in advance of Russia, for it allows one man to vote, and the other not to vote, for small taxation. It cannot be said that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" are not as essential to women and children and negroes as to the white male adults. A principle so perverted as calling the Government of the United States one of consent, when stripped of its glossings, is seldom seen. Still is the necessity for government on which it rests as far from being good as ever.

It is said by an able writer and reformer, "that so long as government and laws rest upon the consent, and are ordained by the majority, and govern them in like manner as the minority, liberty is safe, and complaints ill-founded."

Suppose the majority should think that the eating of swine meat is good for health, and proper, and should therefore enact that all should eat pork; would this be liberty? If the majority have the right to govern at all, the only limitation is its own will. If the Constitution is in the way, then it must give away by interpretation or amendment, because the majority will find a way to execute their will. Physical power and moral force, in such cases, prevail.

The so-called Maine Liquor Law is a bantling of this majority theory, as well as the so-called Connecticut Blue Laws, the alien and sedition laws, and the loyalty to the Government of the present day. Thank God that there are some who dare to be loyal to themselves, the cause of liberty and humanity, and not to a tyrannical and usurpation of all governmental liberty is scarcely more secure in the hands of majorities than in a single hand. Contrast the liberties presently enjoyed in the United States with those in England or France, and we have little cause for boasting. Our Government was best, when it was gone by its government least, and the best thing the strongest inference that the best establishment would be with no Government at all.

But what would the writer above referred to, and other advocates of government of consent, such as was established in the United States, do, if the people should refuse to consent to any at all? Would they find the necessity for government so great as to require one of coercion, in the absence of consent?

The necessity of government presupposes that mankind are lacking, by nature, some essential for association or society which requires to be supplied by government; and perhaps the highest foundation of right claims, and is the best, when it is conferred on mankind by the supply of the essentials omitted by nature.

First, then: Has nature omitted in the constitution of mankind anything essential to his association or condition of society? Secondly: Can government of human origin supply such essential omission of nature, and thus supply the need for association, or the condition of society? The great writer before referred to, assumes that man, individually, is created with wants or needs that he cannot, individually and in an isolated condition, supply, and can only be supplied by association or condition of society. That mankind are by nature, by nature, not by nature, and that they might be and probably are, by nature, a combination of labor and skill, is also admitted; but the assumption seems to involve against the Creator, and suggest, at least, that mankind should, to have their wants supplied, be born in whole societies at once—or shoals, so to speak, and not individually.

Still, this does not prove that mankind are created and endowed lacking essentials that government can supply. As government is always voluntary and optional with mankind, we may say that it is not the direct product of nature, but is the immediate product and creature of mankind. It follows, that whether it is necessary or not, it is a human institution; and since we have but imperfect means of ascertaining the condition with and without government, we are left more to the consideration of principles than otherwise. As it cannot be denied that government is the creature of man, so it follows that man existed and got along without government as well in a state of isolation, as in a state of society. It follows, therefore, logically, that the government was not the destruction of the race, but on the contrary, that the race increased and prospered. And so far from being true is it that mankind, by nature, are lacking some essentials for association or condition of society, that the reverse is true, and it is government that renders society incongruous, and, therefore, the government that renders duty and interest antagonistic, and makes us Ishmaelites, our hands against every man's and every man's against ours. How is it with your preachers of the gospel, whom you would suppose were perfect, whose interest and duty would coincide for the best welfare of mankind? Can they sincerely pray that God, in his great power and providence, might change the condition of mankind so that all shall know that they are saved and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven? No! Because "Othello's occupation's gone," they could not get support by preaching, and hence their interest requires the continuance of the fallen condition of mankind, that they may retain their livelihood by availing themselves of what the extent of interest is in the United States to sustain the popular theological doctrines of the Churches; that all men are sinners because Adam ate the forbidden fruit, and it has become necessary that each shall repent of his own and Adam's sin, and have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved.

Suppose one preacher to every two hundred and fifty of population, and thirty millions the population, the number of preachers will be one hundred and twenty thousand. Suppose every preacher to have a family of five persons, himself making six, and we have seven hundred and twenty thousand persons, whose livings and luxuries depend on the propagation of this soul-destroying absurd theology.

So you see, my friends, that the preachers cannot pray to God to place all men at once upon the basis of salvation, and in each soul a self-satisfying evidence of that fact, because that would diminish their own resources for support 720,000 persons, depending upon 120,000 preachers, who are proverbially the least qualified, by habit of

1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 26

On the Death of President Lincoln.

Mr. Errol—In the midst of the great wall that goeth up from millions of hearts, I send you most sorrowful greeting. The champion of Freedom, the liberator of the enslaved, the great and good Father of this Nation, has been stricken by the assassin's hand! But the gloriously freed spirit watches over us, and forever will bless us with his benignant love. As the child weeps for the loved and indulgent parent, departed from its mortal sight, so do all loyal hearts unite in one accord of grief, in reverence to the memory of him who led us "out of the house of bondage!"

We are Spiritualists, and we know that our earth-loss is his eternal gain; that in the home-land of immortality, our savior, Abraham Lincoln, will inspire the hosts of earth with the true love of freedom, and will lead us on to lasting victory and peace.

On the very day that Christians commemorate as the one sacred to the death agony of the gentle and forgiving Jesus, after the lapse of centuries, his true disciple is called to share with him the solemnly divine honors of martyrdom for Truth and Freedom's sake.

The benignant away of Abraham Lincoln is past for earth. The balance of a divinely commissioned Justice succeeds. Our Father and our Mother God, they will be done!

Out of the terror and the national affliction shall come forth joy and peace. But as we value the possession of a pure conscience, let us fulfill our duty; let women, as well as men, have the moral courage to reprove disloyalty wherever found; to rebuke treason in all its various disguises. Our brother's blood cries aloud against the recreants to freedom, who have armed the assassin's hand; against the traitors to humanity both North and South.

This town, and the adjoining one of Peru, suspended business of all kinds yesterday. Many dwellings bore the insignia of mourning. There were services in all the churches; there were tears in the eyes, and unfeigned sorrow was in the hearts of the majority of the people. As I could not listen to inspiration from the angel-world, I went to the Congregational Church, and as sectarianism was left out, and patriotism substituted, I listened to some eloquent and feeling language. One minister said that in his town a lady saw, in a dream, a funeral procession, and then an empty coffin—this was before the "flower encircled portals" of the heaven-land had opened to receive our beloved President. The speaker said that coffin was standing now in every household of the land; but that we need not mourn as those without hope, for the righteous man has gone to his reward. Truly, the angels must have sang in acclamation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

At early daybreak a storm of wind and rain, of hail, lightning and thunder, swept over the town. Before the time appointed for the funeral ceremonies of our honored Chief, the elemental fury ceased; the peace of his great soul seemed shed upon the face of Nature, and the benignant sun shone forth in light and warmth.

In the afternoon there was a meeting of citizens, and as I humbly believe myself one—though not yet publicly acknowledged—I accompanied some lady friends to Cady's Hall. Some excellently patriotic speeches were given by a few gentlemen well known for loyal sentiments, among whom ranks deservedly foremost our truly Republican postmaster. Even former opponents of the late President, in view of the great affliction that has befallen the nation, honorably avowed a change of sentiment, and rendered just and fitting tribute to the sterling moral worth, the unimpeachable integrity of our Country's Father, the Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

To add to the excitement of the week, a fire broke out last night in this town, by which several buildings were destroyed, among them the daguerrean saloon of Messrs. Bowman & Rawson.

That we shall continue to be blessed with the sage counsels and the beneficent influence of our departed and revered President, no true Spiritualist will doubt.

The public feeling evinced, and the resolutions passed at the meeting of yesterday, tend to remove from off this town the stigma of disloyalty under which it has labored.

With the natural human sorrow, that amid the darkness of Bethlehem we behold the brightness of the resurrection morn, I am yours for Freedom, even through the gates of martyrdom.

LaSalle, Ill., April 20th, 1865.

New York Matters.

(Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

New York, April 26, 1865.

For the past week the city has been draped in mourning, and business of all kinds mostly suspended. All classes and grades were anxious to pay their deep sorrow and sympathy for the nation's loss. Yesterday, at the funeral, no one can imagine but those that witnessed the solemn procession, the magnitude of the display, &c.

The arrangements for viewing the remains were not what they should have been; it was with difficulty that persons could see the form of the lamented late President.

Judge Edmonds gave an oration last Sunday evening, at Hope Chapel, subject: "Abraham Lincoln." The house was filled to overflowing. The Judge spoke of his being in close sympathy with us in belief; also gave a history of the country when he came into power; how he had to go in secret to the Capital for fear of assassination, and how weak the army, navy and treasury were, and the majority of the people against him, politically; and how his clear judgment and wisdom and statesmanship had carried us through four years' war.

He said, when he was first nominated he had his fears that he was not the man for the place; but his spirit-guides assured him he was the man for the place; and that it had proved that they knew best. He also said that he had done away with many old heresies—one, the State Rights doctrine—and that we now have a nationality. He also spoke of a very appropriate motto, which was, "We have learned to love him." I suppose the lecture will be published in some form, therefore I only give a short sketch of it.

Miss Harding is to give a lecture next week for the aid and benefit of the Chicago Sanitary Fair.

Mrs. Welheln, M. D., of Philadelphia, spoke for the "Friends of Progress" last Sunday; the house was well filled in the evening. Mrs. W. is an able inspirational speaker, and ranks as one of our first lecturers. She alluded to our nation's loss feelingly, and said that our lamented late President was a believer in Spiritualism, &c.

There is a reliable person here, a medium, who was so influenced some months ago by the spirit of Colonel Baker, (so purporting), that she was compelled to write to our late President, cautioning him in relation to a plot that was laid to assassinate him. "The letter was sent to him at the time."

The Sanitary Fair Committee have raised some

two thousand dollars' worth of goods already; so Mr. Willis said last Sunday.

J. V. Mansfield, writing and test, medium, is meeting with remarkably good success. He has all he can attend to, and gives the skeptics positive proof of a power that they never supposed existed before. A person called on him one evening last week, with a letter from a friend then stopping at one of our first hotels. Mr. M. said to him that he did not sit out of his regular hours, but if he would come in at 10 o'clock next day he would sit for him. The person stopped at the house where Mr. M. resides, so as to be the first one in the morning to have a sitting. Mr. M. and son retired, but there was but little rest for either of them, as there was an influence that kept them restless all night. About daylight Mr. M. could not stand the influence longer without giving way to it. He said to his son: "Go and call the person." They soon raised him, and he sat at the table with the letter. It was soon answered by a long communication. The person hastened to the hotel with the answer. He soon returned, stating that the party was perfectly astonished and delighted; so much so, that he sent Mr. Mansfield a present of one hundred and fifty dollars.

This speaks louder than words for Mr. M.'s mediumistic powers. If any one has a skeptical friend, let him go and sit with Mr. M. and he soon will be convinced that Spiritualism is not all "humbug." I have this from a reliable source.

SHAWMUT.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGL.

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LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spiritual communion 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 Divine 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.*

Our Free Circle Room.

The public are informed that our free circles will be resumed on Monday next, May 8th.

The Great Plague of Europe.

If we are to credit the newspapers which contain the particulars of a destroying epidemic that is now raging in St. Petersburg, Europe is certainly threatened with a scourge such as has not been known to its densely crowded populations since the fourteenth century, when the "Red Death" rioted among the helpless people—or the Plague, or "Black Death," made such a awful havoc with human life, especially in England, sixty thousand persons having succumbed to it in one season in London alone. The latter was the noted London Plague of 1665, in Charles the Second's time, of which De Foe wrote so graphic a history.

This epidemic which has now begun its deadly march across a portion of Russia, threatening Poland and Prussia, as well as Central Europe, with its devastating wrath, originated in Siberia last autumn, and has since then found its way to St. Petersburg. It was at first without doubt the peasant's plague where it broke out, and its victims in St. Petersburg and the villages to the southwest of the Russian capital have been mainly from the laboring and lower classes. There are said to have come to St. Petersburg nearly forty-five thousand workmen from the neighboring provinces and the distant towns, whose subsistence has been of the scantiest and most unhealthy sort, and whose mode of living has been in all respects squalid and filthy in the extreme. The black bread they have eaten has been largely adulterated with what is called "horned rye," an ingredient which would hardly fail, in connection with the notoriously unfavorable circumstances of their mode of living, to engender disease in its very worst form.

Since the disease has assumed its present virulent form at St. Petersburg, there is said to have been ten thousand cases of it, of which fully seventy per cent. have proved fatal. This is a truly enormous ratio of mortality. Paris and London, not to mention other large cities of Western Europe, have sent medical commissioners to the Russian capital to give the disease an attentive and careful study; and Prussia and Austria have combined their medical skill to see what can be done by human power to stay the terrible devastations of the plague as it advances toward their borders. Many of the Paris medical men have already fallen victims to the scourge which they went out to examine into; whether the rest will be any better able to withstand its assaults, we shall very soon know.

The disease is in the nature of a fever, intermittent, and results very speedily in a total prostration of the nervous system. Pestilential carbuncles likewise make their loathsome appearance on the person, and the skin speedily turns to a dark and deathly color. The disease is clearly an epidemic, traveling in the atmosphere, and not dependent necessarily upon contact for its rapid spread. It was bred in unhealthy districts, where the conditions of human life were peculiarly adapted to its rise and rapid spread, and is following those natural routes of travel through the atmosphere which are all prepared for its swift journeys to the utmost limit of its deadly career.

Should it find its way to England and France, and into the densely populated States of Germany, overrunning Italy and the crowded southern countries of the European continent, its mission would undoubtedly be the most fearful of any which has ever been sent to scourge and chasten the human race. And then, taking wings, or hiding itself in the hold of some vessel, whose imperfect ventilation would furnish exactly the facilities required for its secretion, it may pay us a visit to this country and continent an unwelcome visit, doing the supplementary work of war in the most terrible manner of which human imagination can have any conception. It is well known that pestilence follows in the wake of war, as it does in that of famine. The bodies and minds of men are then both prepared for the dire visitation. The protracted fratricidal war between the Guelphs and Gibellines, which raged for the greater part of a century, was succeeded by the devastations of a plague, bursting forth suddenly from the hot embers of the spirit of hate that had not been

fully cooled, such as the pus of the most eloquent historians have never yet been skillful enough to properly describe. This was in the fourteenth century, and has already been alluded to as the era of the reign of what was known as the "Black Death." Those whom the cruel civil wars had not consumed in their wrath, the pestilence devoured without hesitation. Learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, priest and worshiper, high and low, far and near, the multitudes were swept without warning into almost a common grave. This scourge did not confine its ravages, either, to the neighborhood of Italy, but scourged the countries far to the northward and the southward, and taking away the very name of nations and tribes from the knowledge of men.

Pestilence was long ago foretold by some of the superior intelligences almost certain to follow the ravages of our present civil war. It may be that it is even now at the door. It was said, we know, that a sickness was to make its sudden appearance which would utterly baffle the skill and the science of the most advanced medical men, making them learners where they had fallen into the habits of empiricism, and burning out with its devastating fias every trace of that hatred which had for a many long years estranged sections that could be truly and thoroughly fraternal. All this may be in store for us yet. We may not have suffered enough in the severe discipline through which we have already passed. It may be that the judgments which are still in store for us have been thought essential to the complete pulverization of that soil in which it is decreed that the faintest spiritual plants shall grow, and put forth blossoms, and ripen their choice fruit. At any rate, the end of our experience is not yet. War is but the meriting wedge. As a nation, holding in our bosom the precious promises for all the other nations of the earth, we need to be truer than we have ever testified our willingness to be to those divine principles which are the sure and only salvation of the human race.

Death of Richard Cobden.

The exit of so great a statesman and so genuine a philanthropist as Richard Cobden of England, simple and modest as he kept his name and character to the last, demands more notice than the decease of the most noted of military commanders or the most successful of politicians. Born to an inheritance of a most humble character, Mr. Cobden possessed the elements of undisturbed greatness. He rose from being a salesman in a Manchester store to that of a calico manufacturer, in which occupation, having secured independence, he devoted his life to the expounding and interpretation of those fundamental principles of political economy little understood even by the most accomplished English statesmen when he began to make them familiar to the popular mind, whose final adoption as the established policy of the British Government have almost miraculously augmented the national wealth, and relieved and averted manifold forms of poverty among the people.

The two points of Mr. Cobden's history which will stand out from all the rest, and impart to him undying fame as a public man and statesman, are his triumph in securing the repeal, by Parliament, of the Corn Laws, in the year 1846—Sir Robert Peel having been made a sudden convert to the new political doctrine—and his successful negotiation of a free-trade treaty with France, under the auspices of the Emperor Napoleon, but three years ago. In consequence of this latter treaty, the French Emperor has been able to get over the otherwise fatal hiatus in the industrial pursuits of his people which must inevitably have occurred. These two labors ought to satisfy any man, though he die, as Mr. Cobden has, at the age of sixty-one.

He was always a true friend to this country, and offered quick and ready sympathy to us when we were overtaken with the perils of rebellion. He smiled at our belief that we could go on and accumulate a huge national debt without passing through the very same financial discipline afterwards which England had gone through before us. He hated slavery, here and everywhere else; and labored that all men might, in the highest sense, be their own masters, serving when they did serve, only their own best interests. The Prime Minister offered him nominal honors, titles and so forth, but he saw that it would gratify the people who already idolized Mr. Cobden; but the great man kept his simplicity too well to be tempted by such cheap allurements, as even the great Pitt had been before him, and declined everything, even to a seat in the Cabinet. He would have no title to his name, but remained plain Richard Cobden to the last.

He and John Bright were together the leaders of modern thought and reform in the British House of Commons. Gradually they have compelled the recognition of their ideas, from both the conservative and Tory sides of politics. And their ideas are the ones which are, in the future, to dominate in England, bringing that nation and our own close together than they have ever been in the past. Americans will feel that they lost a true friend when the great Richard Cobden died.

The President's Assassin.

It brings with it a feeling of relief to know that the assassin of President Lincoln is dead. We speak in no conscious spirit of revenge, but the public sense of justice, whether soundly based or not, demanded that the person who could be guilty of such a crime should give all he had to give in expiation of it. He was guilty of a cruel wrong to nation as well as to the individual; and nations and injuries demand something more for their full atonement than the practice of kindness toward the criminal.

The two assassins—Booth and Harold—had been traced by the detectives into a swamp in St. Mary's County, Maryland, where they secreted themselves subsisting as they best might. From this retreat they were soon driven out, and were finally forced to take temporarily to the open field, across which they ran until they came to the cover of a friendly barn, into which they took themselves with all the speed possible. The posse in pursuit surrounded this barn and tried to force the prisoners out. The latter were heavily armed, and, of course, meant to defend themselves against a capture. Finding they could not be driven from their retreat in any other way, the pursuers proceeded to set the barn on fire, which speedily started them. Booth, in answer to the summons to surrender, refused, and was shot dead by a bullet from one of the guns leveled at him; his coadjutor made signs of surrendering, and was captured and taken to Washington. The dead body of Booth was also carried there, and seen of numbers who knew him well.

Thus did this fearful tragedy. The ends of justice might have been better subserved, perhaps, if the criminal could have had a formal trial and been made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law; but what is done is done. The deed will live in history, so long as history shall be written.

Call attention to the "Questions and Answers" published on the sixth page.

Lecture on Abraham Lincoln, and a Poem.

In accordance with previous announcement, Miss Lizzie Doten, under the influence of the inviolable, on Sunday evening, April 23d, gave an address on Abraham Lincoln, closing with an appropriate poem. Great interest was felt in the community to hear this subject spoken upon from a spiritual standpoint; and a few minutes after the doors of Lyceum Hall were opened, the people flocked in, crowding it to its utmost capacity, and twice as many were turned away as gained admittance. The lecture was deeply interesting, and was listened to with the closest attention by the large audience. It was considerably over an hour in length, and necessarily took a wide range of thought, but all the points had an intimate connection with the main theme. Most eloquently was the career of the lamented martyr to freedom and human rights traced along from early life to the last hour of his human existence, showing most pointedly that there was an overruling and guiding hand ever shaping his course and molding his mind for every event through which he passed, so that he should be able to perform the work destined for him, and which he has so nobly accomplished, and has now passed to a more exalted station, leaving behind him an imperishable monument in his works, which will remain through coming generations, and a name which will ever be held in love and veneration by a grateful people. No more sketch can do justice to this discourse, therefore we will not attempt it. At the close of the lecture the following original poem was given, while Miss Doten was yet under spirit-influence, entitled,

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS"

These were the words pronounced by the assassin of the President, as he rushed across the stage after firing the fatal shot. It is the motto on the State seal of Virginia, the translation of which means, "Thus ever with tyrants."

"Sic semper tyrannis!" Oh sentence of might, When pronounced in the service of Freedom and Right!

Yet how false is its meaning to true hearts and brave,

When it falls from the lips of the coward and knave.

Each drop of the blood that so basely was shed, Like a mountain shall rest on the parricide's head; And to those who urged on the foul fiend in his track,

"Thus ever to traitors!" we answer them back.

"Sic semper tyrannis!" Oh recreant State!

The words of your motto have sealed your own fate.

The blood of the bondman cried out from your soil, The tears of his anguish, the sweat of his toil— The right arm of Justice was bared for the blow, And the pride of the tyrant in dust is laid low; And when the last hour of Rebellion shall die, "Thus ever with traitors!" shall sound from on high.

"Sic semper tyrannis!" The judgments of God Are written in letters of blood on your sod. Oh where was your mercy, when true hearts and brave,

By a slow wasting famine went down to the grave?

Ay, the walls of your prisons a story can tell, Which would put to the blush e'en the demons in hell.

But the arrow of Justice unerring has sped,

"Thus ever with traitors!" in judgment is said.

"Sic semper tyrannis!" That sentence repeat,

When your hosts shall be scattered in hopeless defeat.

Nor fail to remember that you were the first

To kindle the flames of Rebellion accurst.

Our protest went down from the North to the South,

Till we thundered it forth from the cannon's red mouth,

And the dust of our fathers echoed the cry—

"Thus ever with traitors! Ay, thus let them die!"

"Sic semper tyrannis!" Our life has not fled,

Though a blow has been struck at our National Head,

It but adds a new impulse, and gives a fresh start,

To the true loyal blood in the National Heart;

And the future shall prove, when the conflict is done,

That the hearts of the people are beating as one,

And the words from our lips, that in judgment shall fall,

"Thus ever with traitors!" are echoed by all.

A New Proposal.

It seems that the rebel Gen. Johnston had exchanged propositions with Gen. Sherman for an armistice, the two armies to remain just as they were, while a plan should be considered for disbanding the remnants of the rebel army, marching the troops to their homes, stacking the arms at the different State capitals, recognizing the new State governments which should be set up, settling in operation the Federal courts, and securing peace "from the Potomac to the Rio Grande." Advice was sought from Washington on the subject, and Sherman was told to stop where he was. Gen. Grant went down post haste into North Carolina to put an end to the scheme. It was clearly a final effort of Jeff Davis to secure for himself and his allies in crime amnesty from punishment, if not to restore to them their influence in the several States, and enable them to resume their violence when it suited them.

Foreign Wars.

We observe that the presses and orators that have been so busy upon our rushing into a war with England or France, so soon as our own difficulties are effectually composed, know just as little what they talk about as it is possible to conceive. It is these half-brained and hot-headed ones who are all the time making mischief. Our foreign relations will unquestionably be of a different character from what they ever were before, but it is by a silent influence, proceeding from the vitality of our institutions, that we shall mainly do our work in Europe. The surer establishment of our institutions will do more to shake the framework of monarchy than all the wars we could wage with them in a century. Statesmen see that this is so, and are content to let matters take their own course. It will not be fifty years before all Europe will be republican in spirit, whatever the several governments may be in form.

Gone Home.

Our dear, spiritually-minded friend, Benj. R. Mitchell ("Cousin Benja"), has just taken his departure from earth, we learn, to dwell among the angels. Were we not Spiritualists, we should mourn his departure from among us, he was so gentle, so amiable, so good. But as it is, we are aware that the time had come for the spirit to leave its frail tenement of clay; and rejoice that he will know pain no more. He was a writer of some note, and contributed both prose and poetry to these columns. He passed on from his paternal home at Kingston, Mass. We have not been favored with any facts in regard to his death.

Lecture by Corg. L. V. Hatch.

In the Melodeon, on Thursday evening, May 4th, the entire proceeds of which will be given to the Sanitary Fair, Mrs. Hatch, being desirous of aiding so benevolent an object, has generously offered her services in cooperation with the Committee of Spiritualists, and proposed to them to give a lecture in any suitable place they might select. Her kind offer was gladly accepted, and arrangements have been made, as above mentioned. Mrs. Hatch is so well known as one of the most eloquent trance speakers in this country, we hardly need say more, than call the attention of the public to the fact that she can be heard once more in our city. The theme of the discourse will be, "The Old and the New," embracing subjects of absorbing interest at the present time, which, taken in connection with the necessities of the sick, suffering and wounded soldiers, for whose benefit the proceeds are to be appropriated, we doubt not will fill the spacious Melodeon. The price of admission is twenty-five cents, and comes within the means of almost every one. But all who listen to the address need have no fears but that they will be richly repaid.

A Free Library.

A correspondent suggests the idea that the Spiritualists of Boston establish a free public library of works on Spiritualism and other books of reformatory tendencies. He says: "Are there not now enough Spiritualists to inaugurate such an institution, the privileges of which shall be open to all without expense, so that none will be able to say truthfully: 'I do not know what Spiritualism is, or what it teaches;' unless they themselves refuse to seek the knowledge which they may acquire by simply going to this Institute and reading for themselves the teachings through Davis and Edmonds and Brittan, and the other inspired writers of the new faith? I simply throw this out as a suggestion. Will not some of the friends who have the means, do something toward putting the matter in the way of being accomplished?"

Our opinion is that the Spiritualists should first provide a suitable temple of their own in which to worship, and then connect with it a library similar to the one proposed by our correspondent.

The President's Widow.

The sympathies of the women of the nation are directed at this time to one of their sisterhood who is suffering from as severe an affliction as it is possible for human imagination to conceive. One moment she was in command of all that would be likely to make her envied by her sex, and the next moment she was deprived of it all. So sudden and so great a change very few individuals could well endure. Her affliction has called forth expressions of sincere sympathy from all parts of the nation; and it is proposed, inasmuch too, as the late President is understood to have saved little from his last four years' income, to raise by voluntary subscription on her behalf and that of her family a sum of money that shall suffice to place them in circumstances of the greatest possible comfort. Since she has given up her husband to the country, the people would make her such poor restitution as their genuine sympathy and generous offerings of money may be able to supply.

Maximilian.

It is rumored that the new Emperor of Mexico is sick of his empty honors in the neighboring Republic, and will throw them all up in disgust and go home. He finds that the Mexican clergy are against him, and the Pope is against him; and with such obstacles, his task of establishing a monarchy on the ruins of the Republic is up-hill work. This intelligence comes from his Minister to England, who has signified his own determination to vacate his needless office, and expressed his decided opinion that the whole concern was ready to tumble to the ground. Maximilian will, he says, repudiate any further connection with the scheme of erecting an European empire in Mexico, and go back to his pleasant retreat at Miramar, revoking his pledge not to set up any claim to the Austrian throne, which goes with his family blood. Thus may a knotty problem on this continent be suddenly solved for us without our putting ourselves to any trouble whatever.

Mobile.

The fall of Mobile before the combined land operations of Gens. Canby and Wilson, and the naval assistance of Admiral Thatcher, completes the circle of rebel seaports of which the Federal Government has possessed itself, save only the single port of Galveston, in Texas. That is closely blockaded, and will now of course be shut tighter than ever. The capture of the Gulf City included also the capture of garrison stores in vast quantities, of three hundred and sixteen guns, all the forts and batteries, some three thousand prisoners, and the driving of the rebel fleet up the river, where it is useless and helpless. Gen. Wilson, with his fine cavalry column, had previously ridden down the whole length of the State, capturing Selma and Montgomery, and opening the rivers to our boats for their entire length.

The New President.

The people rally around the successor of Mr. Lincoln with earnestness and a genuine devotion to the nation's welfare. They will undoubtedly find in him a man disposed to do what is just and right, and of a firmness of mind and character well adapted to the present conjuncture of affairs. He is resolved, at any rate, to make treason forever odious on this continent, and to mete out to traitors who incite active rebellion against their Government the punishment which is their due. The consequence is, that the fugitive rebel leaders will get out of the country if they possibly can. This will take them from the places where they once wielded a powerful influence, and bring forward a different class of men in the South. If we stand by our President, all will be well.

Mr. Gladstone on President Lincoln.

The London correspondent of the Philadelphia North American, in narrating a personal interview with Mr. Gladstone, says:

"I venture to express the hope that he appreciated the advantage the United States had had in this great crisis in the admirable character of the President. He replied at once, with much animation, that he did entirely. He had always, he said, thought well of Mr. Lincoln, as probably as good a leader as the country could have, but his recent address on his inauguration showed a moral elevation which commanded the respect of every right feeling man. 'I am taken captive,' Mr. Gladstone said, in substance, 'by so striking an utterance as this. I see in it the effect of sharp trial, when rightly borne, to raise men to a higher level of thought and feeling than they could otherwise reach. It is by cruel suffering that nations are born to a better life, and to individuals, of course, a like experience produces a like result.'"

A New Work by Warren Chase.

We have in press and shall soon publish a new work by Hon. Warren Chase, whose essays and lectures on Spiritualism have been so fully appreciated in all parts of the country by every discriminating mind.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance the Messages with no 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. 128 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.

Our Father, we would praise thee as being conscious of thy presence. We would drink in that presence as the flowers drink in the sunlight. We would exhale that power again, as the flowers give forth their perfume. Oh Father, Spirit, as thou art a Spirit, we would worship thee in Spirit and in Truth. Not alone with mouthed utterances would we praise thee, but in the inmost recesses of our souls. Wherever we may turn, under whatever circumstances we may be placed, in all times, in all places, we would praise thee, our Father, knowing that thou art an ever present Principle, art with us everywhere—in the morning, at noonday, or when the shades of evening lengthen, and at the midnight hour. And thou goest with us through the tomb, and enterest the Immortal City with us. Thou art our companion forever. So, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, we will praise thee, not only this hour, but throughout all Eternity, knowing that art all of goodness, all of power, all of Infinite Truth. Thou wilt care for us tenderly, watch over us perpetually, lead us into all Truth, and, finally, crown us with everlasting wisdom.

March 7.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give our opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—E. T. of Chesterfield, N. H., wishes an answer to the following questions:

Q.—1st.—What is the meaning of the term, "End of the world," as found at the close of the third verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew?

A.—It may mean the end of a certain epoch, certain period of time; but that it has reference to the winding up of things upon this terrestrial globe, we do not believe, for it is our fixed opinion that as the world ever has moved on, it ever will continue so to move on. We do not believe that as a world it ever had a beginning; therefore that pre-supposes it has no end.

Q.—2d.—Please explain the passage, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners appear?"

A.—That seems to be a simple inquiry, issuing from a mind not as fully developed as mind is capable of being developed. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinners and the ungodly appear?" If we were asked that question, we should say that each will appear in their own garb, following their own law, obeying their own God, seeking their own heaven in their own way, according to divine law.

CHAIRMAN.—J. B. C., of Mount Carroll, Ill., sends the following inquiries:

Q.—What physical effect will a change of residence—geologically considered—have on mankind, under the following circumstances: 1st. To remove from a lower formation, say the Silurian, to the carboniferous or tertiary formations? 2d. The change from the carboniferous or tertiary, to the Silurian formations? Would such changes have a tendency to shorten life, to dwarf the intellect, or to expand it?

A.—We are at a loss to determine in what locality your correspondent is wandering.

C.—I will read the third question.

Q.—3d.—Will those who are born and live on the most recent formation, become more easily developed, and attain a greater degree of development in this life, than if they were living on any of the lower formations?

A.—This seems to furnish a key to that which precedes it. Or, in other words, is the intellect human further advanced to-day than it was three thousand years ago? In our opinion, so far as the form of manifestation is concerned, that which exists to-day is in advance of that which has existed in times past. To-day the intellect holds within its culture all that power, that mental power, that has preceded it. It is a culmination of all the past into the present. But, when resolved back to its simple self, is the same in all ages, under all circumstances.

Q.—[From the audience.] In what way do you ascertain the contents of sealed letters?

A.—Every letter contains certain leading ideas. These ideas are sometimes faintly, and sometimes very clearly symbolized. When they are clearly symbolized, then we are able to perceive those ideas, and give accurate answers; but when imperfectly or faintly symbolized, our answers will probably be correspondingly imperfect. It should be understood that we do not read the writing. That is of small account to us. If you could transcribe your ideas upon paper in any other way, except by writing them down, as is your custom, we could answer them just as well, as it is not the simple writing we care for, but the ideas.

Q.—Is it one leading spirit that controls and answers these letters?

A.—Generally. Sometimes the control changes, and the individual spirit called upon takes possession and answers its own letters.

Q.—Why is it that we seldom have communications from friends near home?

A.—That question has been answered many times. If you will peruse back numbers of the Banner of Light, you will have an elaborate answer.

Q.—Define the term personal God.

A.—A something that can be comprehended by finite personality; a principle that can be analyzed. That which can be condensed into a personality is capable of being fully analyzed, fully comprehended.

Q.—Is the spirit anything more than electricity?

A.—In our opinion it is something more, far more. Electricity, as such, has no intelligence. It is a power, but a power that is without use, except as it is used by intelligence. Now if the spirit were simple electricity, it would remain as such forever. It could not talk; it could not aspire to live forever; it would be simple electricity forever.

ever and forever. Oh yes, the spirit is something more than you can comprehend.

Q.—Is not the universe sustained by electricity?

A.—Electricity and magnetism, so-called, are two very powerful agents moving through universal life; but do not suppose they are the only two, for there are innumerable agents of the same class. These agents that stand out on the surface with great prominence; but as you proceed on in the great journey of life, you will find that these impalpable agents have attached to them many thousand others.

Q.—I thought we lived and breathed through the atmosphere?

A.—And so you do, so far as your physical lives are concerned. Yes; but how many infinite numbers of powers there are sustaining life. Can you number them? No, you cannot; they are boundless, they are infinite.

Q.—Do spirits know of any element of which we, as mortals, know nothing?

A.—They certainly do. That in which you will exist as a disembodied spirit is, to-day, unknown to you; and we could not convey the smallest idea of this spiritual element to your minds, should we try to. You must deal with the conditions by which you find yourself surrounded. They, and they alone, are the ones you have to deal with now. But after you have passed beyond them, when you enter new and higher conditions, then you will have done with your physical lives forever.

Q.—Are there any agencies in nature which, if we knew, would be beneficial to us?

A.—All the agencies of nature are such.

Q.—When a child is born, is it the atmosphere that sets the body in motion?

A.—Oh materialist! it is possible that with all your light as a Spiritualist, you are in darkness upon this point. We are ashamed of you. Turn your attention, we beseech of you, to something beyond the mere form. It is this atmosphere of your earth that sets the physical machine in motion, because the machine has been born of that atmospheric life; but the spirit is by no means dependent upon it for its existence.

Q.—Do you perceive us individually at the present time?

A.—We perceive you as spiritual beings at the present time, not as physical beings.

Q.—Are you able to perceive what is in our minds?

A.—No, certainly not. We might do so if we were to come into positive rapport with each individual mind. But having no desire, there being no reasons why we should do this, we remain in our present position, to allow you to question, while we give what answers seem to be best to us.

Q.—I would ask if God did not personally God, when he spoke of him as his Father?

A.—We do not so understand it. We call the same great Principle our Father, in speaking. The entire universe and vast system of universes may be called our Father and our Mother. We do not so understand, that Jesus believed in a personal God. On the contrary, it is our firm belief that Jesus believed in God as an Omnipresent Principle, not a personal God.

Q.—Have either you or your associates seen Jesus?

A.—We certainly have.

Q.—In the spiritual world?

A.—In the spiritual world.

Q.—As a personality?

A.—As an individuality; and we find him to be simply an intelligence that once dwelt in human, like yourselves.

Q.—Have you seen the Father, or what we call God?

A.—As you do. We see him in all his works; in the sunlight, in the shadow, in our joys, our sorrows, in every conceivable form of life; and it is our firm belief that we shall never see him in any other sense; neither will you.

Q.—Are the parents of Jesus associated with him in spirit-life?

A.—That we do not know.

Q.—If I and my Father are one, and Jesus is a personality, why is not God a personality?

A.—In that sense, perhaps he is. So you and your father are one, in the same sense. God is personified, doubtless, through you, but also through the blooming daisy.

March 7.

Richard Wilton.

I am here to-day to do what I could not do before I got mustered out of the body. I died last night in one of your places for the sick.

I came on here as an exchanged prisoner. Three days ago I got here. [Boston?] Yes. I was on my way home, to the West; but I did not get there. And when I got here, I was used up; I was not able to tell anything about myself. I died, and went home from a strange place; but I knew something about this Spiritualism, although not much, but just enough to feel that it would be all right with me; that what I could not tell while occupying my own body, I might after death.

I did not expect to get back so soon, but I met some of the boys who'd been back, and they showed me the way pretty quick.

I am from the 7th Illinois. My name, Wilton, Richard Wilton. I tried to tell it at that place there, but they got it Williams; that's as near as they could get it.

Well, stranger, I never knew where I was took from the cars. I could not ask where it was, and I did not care, but I heard 'em say, "This is Boston." I had hoped to get home before I died, but I did not do it. [Where do your friends reside?] In Springfield, Illinois, sir.

I'd like that my folks know that I died, that I was exchanged; and I suppose they are expecting me home. It's rather tough when I think of it, dying as I did. Say to them when I can talk in this way, though I shall never go home again in the body. And as to rebel prisons, I've very little to say in favor of them. I rather think I did not weigh much when I went out, all the way from seventy-five to eighty pounds; when I was in good case my weight was from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and sixty pounds—reduced, you see, mightily. Well, I had the bones left and little hide drawn over them, but that's all.

If I knew the folks that ministered to my wants when I was going out, I'd say, "Much obliged to you," at least; but I did not. They were very kind; did all they could for me, and tried hard to find out my name. They thought they got it right, but they got it Williams. I tried to speak it, but I could not.

The next time I communicate I shall be stronger and do better. [Do you want to send this message to any particular person?] It will go; they'll get it; all I care is, to let 'em know that I shan't come home as they expect; that I can talk if they'll furnish a medium. That's the most I come for to-day. Good-by to you.

March 7.

Daniel Connelly.

I got a pass here, sir, to get through to me father and mother. I was killed, sir, at Petersburg. I was Capt'n's servant; was thirteen years old when I started; thirteen years old, and about one month.

Me name was Daniel Connelly; that was me father's name, too. Me father is in the 109th New York, and so was I, meself. I'm not liking the way of seeing me father and mother getting along—thinking about this dying. It's not the right way, I thought, if there's any chance to come back, I'll get a pass if I can. The last time I had a chance to talk with me father, he was saying something about what I'd say to me mother when I went home. I told him I thought I'd not go back—I felt somehow as though I'd not go back. Me father says, "I'll never forgive meself if you're killed, because I told her there'd be no danger where you was going to be." But, somehow or other, sir, I happened to get killed.

Now, sir, if you'll be kind enough to say as how I can come back, and to me mother, too. It's me mother cannot read, so I suppose it isn't much use to send anything to her. Me father can, and I want—well, sir, please yer honor, I want to come to them as I come here to you to-day; I'm smart now as I was when living in me own body. I'm happy, and well enough off in me new home. I like it very much.

I've no brothers and I've no sisters. I was all there was. [Where does your mother live?] Me mother, sir, lives in New York. [City?] Yes, sir. The gentleman on the other side says I have a fair chance of getting me letter through to me father, because the papers go all around there. I hope I will, but I've no money to pay you, sir. I'm much obliged, I'll go now, because I not got anything else to say, seeing as me father and mother's not here.

March 7.

Deborah Keene.

I've tried as best I could to send some word to my friends here at the North, that I was sick; but I believe they failed to hear of my sickness, and do not know of my death. I have obtained permission to come here, to tell my friends here that I have passed on. I have gone from my old place. I died in August—on the 10th day of August last. I was seventy-eight years of age. I died in Warren, Virginia. They know where it is, and all about it. I at first had what was called a paralytic shock, recovered partly from that, but was never well.

Say that this is from Deborah Keene, to Thomas Keene, or to Mary Harrison, or George Harrison. Thomas is in the West, in Ohio somewhere. The others are near Massachusetts, if not in Massachusetts.

March 7.

Mary Groveland.

I was run over by the railway cars. [Where?] In England, sir. [What part of England?] Do you know? Yes, sir; the cars running from Berlin to London. I was run over, and I want to go home; I want to go and talk. [How came you under the cars?] I fell, sir. I was with my father—I fell; he lost hold of my hand and I fell.

My father's name is Thomas Groveland. My name was Mary Groveland. I'd be ten years old now if I was here; but I was nine most, then. I sometimes had fits, and my father thought I had one then because I jerked away from him so suddenly. But I did not, and if I get a place to come so I can talk, I'll tell 'em all how it was. I want a ticket to come again. [Yes, come again. Do you remember where your father resides?] He lives in Berlin, sir. Yes, sir, I want a ticket. [You can come again without one.] My father is a doctor; be you? [No.] What be you? [A publisher.]

March 7.

Invocation.

Oh Eternal Power, Presence, perfect and true, we would gather all the aspirations of thy children, and, having gathered them, we would bind them like glittering gems upon the brow of Eternity, asking thee to bless them, for thou alone art able to understand the needs of human life. Thou alone art able to descend into the secret places of the soul, and there read the wherefore of all its manifestations. Thou alone canst bless, and there is no power beyond thee that is able to either bless or curse. Oh that thy children in mortal might be blessed with that consciousness that there is but one Power, one God, one Father, one Eternal Principle that never forsakes them. Oh, could this consciousness possess their souls, then darkness would flee away, then the morning would come, then tears would cease to flow, then peace would come, and love eternal would find a resting-place within all thy children. But, while they are fluctuating between belief in good and evil, in Heaven and Hell, in sorrow and joy, they can know little of true happiness, can understand little of true peace. Their way to Heaven must needs be a thorny way; their brows must needs be encircled with crowns of thorns. Oh Presence Eternal, we would send out the soul's praise to thee, even as these sweet blossoms offer their praise to thee. And we would praise thee that they talk to thee in their own language and thou understandest them. We, too, would talk to thee, and we know that thou wilt understand us also. We, too, would pray to thee and praise thee. We, too, would adore thee from the silent recesses of our hearts. We, too, would rear an altar to thy glory, and lay thereon all the choicest offerings we may have gathered from the past and present. We, also, would anticipate in the future, for thou art all of the past, all of the present, all of that which ever shall be; and thou understandest our souls; oh, then, may we understand thee.

March 9.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of our correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—A. K., of New Albion, N. Y., writes as follows:

Q.—They say that man has an individualized, conscious existence before he inhabits the physical form. If so, are they recognized by you, or others, as individual existences?

A.—All forms of life, the soul not excepted, possess, throughout eternity, an individualized existence. That is our belief. It is our belief that you are no more individualized to-day than you were ten thousand years ago, or will be ten thousand years hence. That you ever have been a distinct individuality, and will remain such, is our belief. The soul, in its inner self, recognizes all its relatives, and understands the exact position of each and all, but is unable to project its knowledge through human senses, those human senses being finite in their capacities.

Q.—Can the controlling spirit perceive the condition of every individual mind here?

A.—No, certainly not, unless we should make a specialty of each individual. We could do this if it were necessary; but as it is not, we do not do it.

Q.—At the last circle the controlling spirit was severe upon a Spiritualist present, known to be a very good medium, calling him a materialist. If the spirit could take cognizance of the state of mind spiritually, would he have said so?

A.—When you, as individuals, come in rapport with us—as you do—we are able to see you distinctly, as you are able to understand your true relation to the world, temporal, and spiritual. In other words, you become so fully connected with ourselves that we are able to read you as an open volume. Do you understand now?

Q.—Yes; but why make that remark concerning the friend in question?

A.—Well, the intelligence might have wondered that the friend had not made further progress, considering the advantages he had had; might have felt sorry that he was satisfied to live in a material sphere, instead of reaching out beyond it, in all things as well as a few.

Q.—The question was asked by me with the idea of receiving instruction from the intelligence.

A.—The idea was doubtless perceived, and, doubtless, somewhat of good, as well as somewhat of that you call evil, was propagated in consequence of the answer. It is possible that your own soul may have been quickened to action by the answer. It is possible that you may have come into clearer rapport, more perfect relationship with the spirit-world than you have ever before been. Now, surely, if you have gained even this single thing in consequence of that answer, you can well afford that lesser good that comes with the answer.

Q.—What is the best means of becoming a good Spiritualist?

A.—Seek earnestly, fearlessly and truthfully through all avenues that may be opened to your understanding, weighing and measuring all by your own reason, never by the reason of another. This is the only way we know.

Q.—Is it probable that any human being ever existed prior to its entering the human body?

A.—Not as a human being, but as a divine intelligence. It is not only probable, but it is very possible. It is to us a something more than belief; it is a knowledge. We do know that we have existed, as distinct intelligences, prior to our entering the human form.

Q.—Does it not follow, if we always existed, that we never had a beginning?

A.—Yes; you are right.

Q.—Why do we not remember, if we have had a preëxistence?

A.—In your souls you do remember, but that consciousness is not carried out into human life. When you have done with that human life, then memory will assert its power in that direction.

Q.—Why should we remember now as well as hereafter?

A.—Because the faculties of the human are finite, while the soul is infinite.

Q.—Will not the memory of our having done wrong to others while here, mar our happiness in spirit-life?

A.—Certainly; but, while it mars our happiness in spirit-life, it also points out a better way to us in which to walk. Every seeming ill holds within its heart a very great blessing.

Q.—Can it be possible that we shall ever end our existence?

A.—We believe that the soul is coëternal with God.

Q.—Coëternal and distinct from God?

A.—We mean coëternal with God. It never had a beginning, and will never have an ending.

Q.—Do you mean by that that the soul is part of Deity?

A.—Surely we do; what else could it be?

Q.—The spirit-body you possess—where is it while you are here speaking?

A.—Absorbed by the absorbents of this physical body.

Q.—Explain the process of getting control of this medium, if you please.

A.—When we desire to possess ourselves of one of these septipies, our first business is, if possible, to come within the mental atmosphere. If we can do this, we can easily gain control. If not, we bide our time for conditions to enable us to do this. Having come within the mental atmosphere of the subject, we open correspondence with the indwelling spirit of the form. We ask that spirit if it will yield up its positive control for a time. Mind you, we do not ask for entire control, only a portion of its control, suffering it to hold a negative control, or control of the animal faculties. So far as physical life is concerned, the spirit does not lose its control, but the positive power that is exerted upon the brain is, by the sensitive, relinquished for a time. Then we generally place our right hand upon the brain of the subject we desire to control. A moment of unconsciousness perhaps ensues, and then we are here inhabiting physical life.

Q.—What is the difference between Mesmerism and Spiritualism?

A.—The only difference is, that one is a positive controlling power, is disembodied, while the other is in the body.

Q.—What are the sensations of each when the control ceases?

A.—The sensations vary, according to the condition of the subject and condition of the intelligence controlling. Sometimes those sensations are very pleasant to both parties, sometimes they are very unpleasant.

Q.—Is not more or less fatigue experienced by the medium?

A.—Not always. Sometimes the subject is conscious of receiving renewed strength. Sometimes, upon returning to its normal state, the subject is conscious of having been severely taxed, that she has lost much and gained nothing.

Q.—When several mediums inform you that you are to see a vision, what course would you take to produce that vision?

A.—We know of no particular course that could be pursued to insure success. Indeed, we think that you may have little to do with it, so far as being able to forward it is concerned.

Q.—Doubtless, when the intelligences that are to produce the vision find proper circumstances, they will do so.

Q.—Have you ever seen God and the Devil?

A.—Yes, we have seen both.

Q.—When I was investigating Spiritualism, I inquired of a spirit where I should see the devil. His reply was, by looking in the glass I would be sure to see him. Will you explain this?

A.—Yes. A more truthful answer could not have been given you than that; for, as you inwardly are embodiments of all that has been in the past, all that now is, and all that is to come, you must hold within your calibre both God and Devil, if such personalities exist.

Q.—Do you consider evil a want of development?

A.—Yes; it is simply a lesser good, that all will pass beyond in time; if not in time, then in eternity.

Q.—What constitutes genius? or why is one man endowed above other men?

A.—Simply because he is able to take larger advantage of his surroundings, and therefore able to make a greater show in human life. Some persons are not able to take advantage of their surroundings, either physically or spiritually, and so remain in prison, darkened and shrouded perhaps during all their material lives; while others are able to let all the finer feelings of their internal life flow out in beauty, and the world sees and appreciates.

Q.—Is genius anything more than industry and perseverance? or is it a larger endowment of brain?

A.—Neither, we believe. Man is surrounded by innumerable circumstances. So far as his human

life is concerned, he seems to be the child of circumstances. Now some, by virtue of their physical endowments, and by virtue of their immediate surroundings, are able to take advantage of them, while others are not. It is not dependent upon any special organ of the brain.

Q.—How is it that ordinary individuals can take advantage of their surroundings?

A.—We are not sure that they do; we have no real evidence that they do.

Q.—History proves it.

A.—There are many kinds of genius. Perhaps these "special cases" to which you refer may take advantage of their surroundings. We speak of genius in a general term, not with regard to these specialities. Genius may exhibit itself in ten thousand times ten thousand different ways, and yet be human life all the same.

Q.—Which is the most useful, the practical man, or the man of genius?

A.—Both are useful in their own way. The practical man could not do without the man of genius, nor the man of genius without the practical man. You all, as individuals, have your use in life. Each pursues a different course. No one has a right to say his fellows are of no use, for all God's children are of use; each one is links in the great eternal chain, and each are a necessity to all others.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and few-line words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

THE FLAG.

Washed in the blood of the brave and the bloom-
ing;
Snatched from the altar of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its proud rhombs of lily and rose.
Vainly the prophets of Baal would read it,
Vainly the worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all!

Justice, that rends the sky with her terrors,
Mercy, that comes with her white-handled train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain,
Born on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas;
This was the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its brave folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wealth rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave.

—(O. W. Holmes.)

The spirit-born turns with a holy joy, a calm
trust, to the fresh and holy bosom of Nature.

THE DEAD.

I have friends in spirit-land,
Not there but themselves are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—
A change from twilight into day.

—(Whittier.)

The Spring, which dresses Nature in her low-
liest robes of green, bids us worship for his bound-
tous gifts.

LISTEN TO IT.

How often in our listening souls,
By a delightful awe subdued,
God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls
All through the silent solitude!

—(Wilson.)

By forgetting injuries we show ourselves super-
ior to them.

SADNESS.

Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried;
Sent, not to punish mortals, but to guide.

—(Cranbe.)

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

—(Lion Hrv.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,

MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER IX.

"Have you forgotten something you were going
to tell me?" said Willie to Joe, as they sat on the
steps leading to the garden. "I like your stories
better than Mr. Tom's, because they are all about
yourself."

"I was going to tell you about helping folks to be
better," said Joe. "I have found out several ways,
and one is by never doing mean, ugly things; and
another is, by letting the gladness and goodness go
right out of you. When I get so I can play on the
organ, then I shall make a great many people
better."

"How?" said Willie.

"Why, sweet sounds float away from us just
like birds, just like the fragrance of flowers, or
like sunlight creeping through the doorways and
windows."

"But people cannot see the sounds," said Wil-
lie.

"No, but then they feel them; just as I feel my
mother near me very often, when I can't see her."

"But I want the story," said Willie.

"Well, when I was a poor, ragged little boy, and
used to sing in the streets for bread, I went often
to a beautiful house on the Park. I felt very hap-
py as soon as I came near it, though I could not
tell why; and I always sang one of the sweet
songs my mother taught me, and no rude song
that I learned from others. I seemed to feel as if
only beautiful sounds could reach the place. I
seldom got any money there—only a penny or two
from the servants; but still I loved to go there
better than to any place in the town, and I went
almost every day. The blinds were closed, ex-
cepting one, and in that window I could see a
rose-bush—the only cheerful thing about the
house. I would sit on the steps, and dream about
home, until sometimes I thought I was walking
on the sea-shore, and had hold of my mother's
hand; and then I would sing one of her sweetest
songs."

One day I sang, 'Come to me if you are weary
or sick, when the door opened, and a lady stood
there. She looked just like an angel, and had so
sweet a smile that I could look nowhere but in
her face. She looked so sad, too, and not older
than my dear mother; and she said, 'Come in.' I
looked down at my tattered clothes, but she said:
'Never mind—come, and I went.'

She took me into the beautiful parlor. I had
never been in a place so much like Heaven. It
had white vases filled with flowers, and there
were pictures and statues; but it was not these
things that made it seem like Heaven; it was the
presence of the beautiful lady, as she spoke to
me. She said that she had been very ill; that she
had suffered very much, and did not wish to live;
and that my singing had been like a voice to guide
her thoughts to Heaven.

I went often after this to see her. She did not
think of offering me money, because she was sure
I sang from love; but she found that I needed
clothes, and so, as soon as she got well enough,
she ordered some made for me; and she gave me
a little book of hymns, and said, 'When I was feel-
ing very sad, and thinking of my happy home,
far away, which I had left for a life that was not
good or blessed, then I listened to your sweet
songs, and it seemed to me that a thousand voices
said 'Come home! come home!' I heard my
dear mother and my sister; but as soon as you
stopped, then I remembered only my sorrow, and
I feared you would never come again; but you
came, day after day, and I grew better each time.
And now I am going home. I shall not live long,
but you must keep singing to others, and the
world will grow good.' She laid her hand gently
on my head, and said, 'Sing once more.' And I
sang as I never sang before; it seemed as if all the
angels in Heaven were singing with me. The
lady bowed her head, the lady's white cheeks,
and she could not speak. I am sure she soon
went, or the angels for there was no color in her

lips, and she fell back, and the servant sent me
out.

When I went again the one blind was closed,
and there were no signs of life there. So you see
that though I did not know what I was doing, the
angels knew, and led me there to sing, that I
might bless her; and though I never saw her at
the window, yet I felt sure that there was some-
thing beautiful in the house. It is not what we
see that is closest to us. We can go by ourselves
into the fields, and think that we are alone; but
there is something closer to us than the flowers
at our feet. I sit alone sometimes, trying to learn,
but I do not feel as if I were alone. When I
hear the music, it seems as if the rooms were filled
with birds and flowers, and that the ceiling float-
ed away, and Heaven came close to me. So I
know music opens the way for all beautiful things
to come to us."

"Well," said Willie, "if sounds fly about, I
guess I would n't speak cross, like Miss Jackson."
Joe left Willie, and he sat thinking to himself
that, as a whole night had passed since his un-
kindness to her, perhaps she had forgotten it; and
if she had, that he would not speak of it. Very
many little excuses kept creeping into his mind,
and he was fast becoming a miserable servant of
the miserable To-morrow, who always put off
what was to be done until some future day; but
everywhere he looked, he beheld something to re-
mind him of the wrong that seemed to be in him-
self.

"If I could only forget it myself," he said to
himself; and so he went on, jumping about the
garden, and trying to hush, and make a great
noise; but there was the sunshine creeping up
above the garden fence, and he remembered Ma-
rianna, and how ashamed she would be of him if
she knew his thoughts; and then he thought of
his mother, as he looked at the great apples on the
apple tree in the corner of the garden. What nice
turnovers she used to bake, with the sweet juice
oozing out between the crust, that he used to call
lips that wanted to kiss and could not, and so left
the sweetness all on; and then he turned to the
sky, watching the floating clouds, and they made
him think of Susie and Mr. Tom, and he felt
ashamed of himself as he thought, because every
one wishes those they love best should think well
of them; and no one likes to remember any mean
acts when the images of beloved ones come up
before them.

Willie was old enough to reason somewhat
clearly, if he was young; and he began to ask
himself if it would not, on the whole, be better to
do right than to be so very uncomfortable because
of doing wrong; for if there was no one else to
know about his mean acts, he knew himself.

Willie resolutely went to the kitchen. Miss
Jackson was in a hurry, preparing breakfast, and
therefore not in a very good mood to receive his
overtures. She gave him a rude push the mo-
ment he came near her. Willie ran as fast as he
could away from her, feeling as if he'd done quite
enough to satisfy himself; but there was the beau-
tiful sunshine glowing as brightly, full of the
warm light; and just then Mr. Welter was giving
Joe his morning lesson, and they sang together a
beautiful chant: "The Lord is good: he sendeth
his rain on the just and unjust; he maketh his
sun to shine on all the earth."

The sweet tones spoke to Willie's heart. "Af-
ter all," said he to himself, "the sun does not give
up after one try. I'll try again." He moved
quickly this time, and did not stop to think what
he should say. He boldly approached Miss Jack-
son, and said:

"I am sorry I was mean and bad, and I want
to love you, but I don't know where to begin."

Miss Jackson looked up from her toasting bread,
and said:

"What—how—where—what did you say?"

"I am very sorry I was bad, and I think I can
love you some," said Willie, "if I only knew how
to begin."

Willie's honest confession made Miss Jackson
smile.

"Don't know how?" said she. "Well, I don't
wonder—most folks don't, I suppose." And here
Willie thought something like a tear came to her
eye, but she brushed it quickly away, and said
hastily—

"There, take this basket, and fill it with wood."

Oh how blithe was Willie's step—how glad he
felt. Miss Jackson had shown him an easy way
to prove his sincerity. He had been a little afraid
that she might offer to kiss him. But so simple a
thing as bringing in a basket of wood was quite
delightful. When he returned to the kitchen, Miss
Jackson looked so cheerful, and had so kind a
smile on her face, that Willie felt no longer in-
clined to call her cross, but was almost willing to
kiss her, if she asked; but breakfast was ready,
and, with a face as bright as the great baldwins
that the sun shone on, he seated himself at the
table beside Joe.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Welter, "you are as
merry a lad as I have seen for many a day; I
think you must have known what I am going to
tell you. In half an hour the carriage will be at
the door, and you and Joe will accompany me to
Oakland, if you please."

"Oh! oh!" said Willie, "to see Marianna, and to
tell my mother all about things, and to hear Mr.
Tom, and to go to the meadow, and to see the
great hills! Oh! oh! may I get ready now, Mr.
Welter? I am not hungry at all."

"A wise man looks out for the future," said Mr.
Welter; "so eat your breakfast with Joe and me,
and we will all be ready together."

Joe looked sorrowful, for he felt as if he would
much rather go where some one would love him;
but Willie told him how glad Marianna would be
to see him, and that Mr. Tom would be so proud
of his singing, that he soon grew glad.

When there is gladness in the heart, one finds
it everywhere. Willie felt so happy since he had
done right, that everything seemed gay and radi-
ant with beauty. The sky looked so clear and
blue, that he fancied that he could touch it if he
could reach the distant mountains; and he thought
perhaps if he could touch it, that it would open
and let him see into heaven, and the home where
Susie lived. The autumn leaves glowed so in the
sunshine, that he fancied they were trying to
change themselves into roses.

Joe said that when leaves were dying they tried
to look beautiful, to show how glad they were, just
as we should when we were going to heaven.

The whole ride was one of pleasant talk and
joyous laughing, for Mr. Welter did not mind the
prattle of the boys, but hummed sweet tunes and
looked at the far-off hills, as if he were talking to
them.

Oh! what a glad welcome they had at Oakland.
Willie thought Marianna had grown very much like
a woman, and he was sure his mother had grown
quite young, her face was so round and fair com-
pared with Miss Jackson's.

Joe soon felt quite at home in the warm atmos-
phere of the kindly hearts at Oakland, and he
and Marianna were the best of friends before an
hour had passed.

Willie took Marianna one side, and told her
about Miss Jackson and his experience with her,
for he seemed anxious that she should think him
grown quite manly, and capable of doing very

wise things; but with his mother he sat down in
his old way on a low stool, while she stroked his
head and laid her hand gently on his cheek.

When they went down to the meadow, Mr. Tom
joined them, and they talked of Susie and her home.
Joe seemed to know quite as much as Mr. Tom
about the beautiful home they called heaven, and
he told them of his mother. Willie wondered if
they lived in great houses in heaven, or in God's
great big house. Mr. Tom said:

"Did you never hear that there were many
mansions in the Father's house, or many homes
in the spirit-world, and that those who loved much
prepared a place for others? Now I trust that we
shall be so good and loving while here on earth,
that we shall be able to find the homes that our
friends have prepared all ready for us. I think
Susie would place some beautiful things for each
of us in one of the heavenly Father's mansions,
don't you, Willie?"

"Yes," said Willie. "I know she would put
violets for Marianna and me, and roses for you,
Mr. Tom, because she knows you like them; but
I don't think it is quite fair that she should not
open the door and let us look into the house you
told us of."

"The door is in our hearts, Willie," said Mr. Tom;
"and our heavenly Father has given us each a
key by which we can unlock it, and that key is
love. If you want to see heaven you must use
that key."

Willie did not quite understand this; but he
whispered to Marianna:

"I think he'd say I had hunted for the key if he
knew about Miss Jackson."

But now they had come to the border of the
woods where grew the purple and white asters,
and the golden rod, which was already growing
brown and sere; but they gathered bunches of
them, and Joe trimmed Marianna's hat with them,
and Willie gathered some evergreen for Mr. Wer-
ter, for he had heard him say it made his heart
fresh to see it. Then they hunted for late blue-
berries, and threw pebbles in the brook, and danced
under the large oak, and climbed the rocks and
gathered the green moss.

"Please, Mr. Tom," said Marianna, "tell Willie
and Joe what you told me yesterday about the
autumn."

"I was telling Marianna something I found out
myself, and which you all know, but do not yet
quite understand, perhaps. It was this: All that
we do, all the acts that we perform, have their
spring and summer and autumn and winter time.
First comes the spring-time, when start up beau-
tiful buds, and the tender leaves unfold of the rare
plants and flowers, or the noxious weeds and
poisonous shrubs. Just so the good impulses
spring up in our hearts; they put forth their first
delicate leaves in some gentle thought or kindly
wish. Or our bad impulses put forth their leaves
in some unkindly thought or unholly wish. Then
comes the summer-time, when these same acts be-
gin to bud and blossom. They bear either the
beautiful flowers of kindness and love, or the
poisonous blossoms of hate and ill will. They all
grow together until the autumn comes, and that
is the fruit time. Every act bears its fruit. There
is the luscious, sweet fruit of goodness; how sat-
isfying it is! And there is also the bitter, the sour
and the poisonous fruit of ill will and unkindness.
Who enjoys it? But what a harvest is gathered
of it! Then there is the winter, or resting time,
when each deed seems to slumber, but is all the
time gathering strength to spring forth again in
other deeds, either of love or of unkindness."

Just look at these beautiful asters. Perhaps
last year one little seed fell into the ground from
out of the heart of some fair flower, and laid all
winter, and in the spring it sprouted, and grew,
and budded, and blossomed, and bore still other
seeds. Just so some little deed of love will spring
up and bud, and blossom, and multiply. Then
look, too, at this great weed; see how many seeds
it has all ready to be sown, so that next year there
will be a great crop of weeds. Thus it is with our
thoughts of unkindness and deeds of ill; they multi-
ply if we let them grow. I trust we shall all
have plants of beauty, instead of troublesome
weeds to multiply and increase."

Willie thought of his little seed of good will that
he had sown that morning, and he thought that it
had had its summer during all the day, and that
perhaps it would have its fruit time by making
Miss Jackson love him a little. He remembered
also his acts of ill will, and how much fruit they
bore. But he could not think long, for he had so
many things to see and so much to say. But the
day was a beautiful one to them all, and when,
just at sunset, they parted, it was to love each oth-
er better, and to strive more and more for the best
of blessings, the fruit of goodness and the sunshine
of love.

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

KITTY G. OSTROGO, Wis.—Your pleasant letter
has been a long time unanswered, but it has not
been forgotten, neither did it miss its loving mis-
sion. If I am not mistaken, you are a loving girl,
and I think you must be like another Kitty I
know. Did you ever think that even your hand-
writing tells all about you; and that you give
enough of yourself as you write to let some peo-
ple know whether you are gentle and good?

Your true friend,

LOVE M. WILLIS.

Note.

A subscriber to the Banner takes exception to
one sentence in one of my letters, in which I say
I am not a follower of, or believer in, Christ; and
wishes to know if I mean it all, and if Spiritual-
ists generally do not believe in Christ. I speak of
no person's belief but my own, as I do not know,
or care, what others believe, as I never estimate
the value of a person by belief on, or in, ancient
persons or facts. When I say I do not believe in
Christ, I mean as most Christians believe in him—
meaning Jesus, or Joshua, which was, no doubt,
the name of the person to which Christ is applied.
It is doubtful whether the word Christ was not
originally taken, by the followers of Jesus, from
Christian or more ancient myth, or secret sign of
the earliest order of harmony, and may have rep-
resented only a principle, or been an astrological
or astronomical sign in the heavens. But when it
stands for the Jesus that was said to be crucified
near Jerusalem, by the Jews, as a heretic, under
Roman authority, to which the Jews themselves
were heretics, I confess there are many parts of
the story I do not believe, in the slender thread
of religious history. Surely I do not believe he
was born of a virgin, except in the sense or
meaning of the term often early used, as it
was used, to distinguish an unmarried from a mar-
ried woman and a widow. But I believe (with
doubt) that such a person lived, and was a good
man—a radical reformer, nearly an infidel to
the popular religion of the time and country,
and Spiritualists generally are now in our
land, who will not harm any one, as no
other persons' belief, hurt me. We Spiritualists,
I think, do not persecute nor prosecute belief, nor
set great value on it.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1885.

Correspondence in Brief.

From a Venerable Subscriber.

I hereto inclose three dollars for the Banner for
another year. I should have sent it sooner, but I
am sick. I have read the Banner almost from its
beginning. It has been a great comfort and con-
solation to me in my old age. I have been a be-
liever in the truths of Spiritualism these long
years, before Fox, Gais, were rap-
idly read. It was, as I believe, through spiri-
tual impression, or intuition, that this belief was
produced. I am not, or ever can be, a trance me-
dium. My father, who died fifty-four years ago,
had this same belief. He saw these great truths
as through a glass, darkly. Had I strength or
time, I could give you some interesting tests that
he received seventy-five years ago; but the light
is so great now that it needs not this aid. Great
good and light has been thrown upon the world
by physical manifestations; and they will by ne-
cessity, be continued. Yet I believe that the "Soul
of Things," as regards Spiritualism, is impression
—intuition.

I feel that I am addressing you for the last time,
for sickness, which has steadily borne me down
for the last ten years, points me to the door. I
must soon pass to where I shall see as I am seen,
and know as I am known. God bless you in your
enterprise, and, if faithful, he will.

ISRAEL HERRICK.

Lyndeborough, N. H., April 10th, 1885.

The Good Work Commenced in Os-

kalooosa.

Two weeks after our worthy brother, Dr. J.
Mayhew, left this place, we organized under the
title of "The Spiritual Conference of Oskaloosa,"
electing D. W. Clover, President; J. H. Griffith,
Vice President, and Miss E. S. Church, Clerk,
(who form the Executive Board of this Society),
and also other officers necessary for such organi-
zation. We owe much to our Brother Mayhew
for his advice and labor while here, for we should
not have organized at present had it not been for
him; and we hope he will send us an appoint-
ment as soon as convenient, for we need some of
his cheering words. We have prospered much
better than we expected; and, though we are but
few in number, we have some earnest workers in
this cause. The spirit of inquiry is aroused here,
and we ask lecturers visiting the West, not to
forget Oskaloosa in their travels, for there is a
mighty work for reformers to do here. We are in
great need of a good test medium, and if such will
visit this place they can do much good and will
be well paid. Yours for the truth.

ELISABETH S. CHURCH, Sec'y.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, April 18, 1885.

The Eddy Family in Vermont.

Last week the "Eddy Family," under the di-
rection of their worthy director, Bro. Belding,
gave us four sittings at this place, two public and
two private, with the most astonishing results,
which none but the most obtuse could pretend
to gainsay. In addition to the floating and play-
ing of each week, in the private circles,
the lady medium was raised to the vacant over-
head, and lowered to the centre-table, and left
standing upon her feet; my violin and bow were
taken from my hands while playing, and floated
above our heads, and the tune, "Pop goes the
weasel," played upon the viol, and then it was
handcuffed, and placed around the neck of a
lady's arm, while her hand was held by one of
the company. Fraternally, R. M. ADAMS.

Burlington, Vt., April 21, 1885.

Spirit-Pictures.

During the past winter we sent for and received
through the mediumship of Mr. J. B. Fayette, of
Owego, New York, two spirit-pictures, both of
which have been received by their friends. One
was the picture of my father, Darius P. Calvin,
who died nearly twelve years ago, in Pontiac,
Mich. The likeness is very correct, and the paint-
ing well executed. He never had a picture taken
while in earth-life, and the artist is an utter stran-
ger to him and us. Respectfully,
CHICKAHEW, Iowa, March 27th, 1885.

Miles Grant.

A correspondent, writing from Keeseville, N.
Y., under date of April 6th, says:

"Rev. Miles Grant has been here in Keeseville,
trying to put the people to sleep; or, in other
words, has succeeded in making some believe in
a sleepy future state for those whom Paul says
are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister un-
to those who shall be heirs of salvation."

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER
OF LIGHT.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore
behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of ap-
pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.
Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party
known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as
this column is intended for Lecturers only.]

Miss LIZZIE DOTY will speak in New York City during
May and June. Address, care of Mr. Woodard, 21
Passo, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of
Light.

Miss LAURA CUFFY will lecture in Malden during May;
in Bangor, Me., during June; in Haverhill during August;
in Portland, Me., during September. She will answer calls to speak
week evenings. Address as above or care Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during
May; in Chelsea during June; in Lowell, July 2, 9 and 10. He
will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

DR. L. C. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Chatsworth,
Cheneca, El Paso, Kansas, Peoria, Ill., and vicinity from the
first of May to June 1st. Address, care of Mr. Woodard, 21
Passo, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of
Light.

MR. H. HOGGARTH will speak in Malden, Mass., June 18 and 25;
in Boston, June 22 and 29; in Milwaukee, Wis., May 7 and 14;
debate with Elder Stephenson, May 25, 26, 27 and 28; will
speak in Sterling or Dixon, Ill., June 16 and 17; in Coldwater,
Mich., June 18 and 19; in Jonesville, July 2. Address accord-
ing.

J. S. LOVELAND will speak in Plymouth, May 21 and 28; in
Barn, June 4 and 11; in New York City, June 18 and 25.
Address, care of Mr. Woodard, 21 Passo, Ill.

A. B. WHITING will speak in Providence, R. I., during
May; in Charleston, Mass., during June. Will re-
ceive calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Albion, Mich.,
ill May 1st at 10 o'clock.

Mrs. AGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Worcester, Mass.,
during May. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Miss MARTHA L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture
in Plymouth, N. H., during May and June, May 30 and 31, and
during September. Address at New Haven, care of Dr. Cuffy,
Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell during May;
in Worcester during June. Address, care of Mr. Woodard, 21
Passo, Ill.

MR. M. B. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during May.
Address accordingly.

ARTHUR E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the
first Sunday in June, and second Sunday in July, and on the
first Sunday in August, and on the first Sunday in September.
Address at Rochester, May 21. Address, Woodstock, Vt.,
May 21. Address, Woodstock, Vt., May 21.

W. A. CURRIER will speak in Haverhill, N. Y., May 7, in
Watertown, May 14 and 21; in Potsdam, May 28 and 30. He
will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

J. M. ALLEY will speak in Quincy, Mass., May 7. Will re-
ceive calls to lecture week evenings, for a few weeks only, on
the death of Mr. Lincoln as viewed from the standpoint of
spirit. Address, Banner of Light, Boston.

MR. A. B. HAYDEN will speak in North Dana, Mass., dur-
ing May; in Woodstock, Vt., June 11, 18 and 25, and July 16
and 23. Address as above, or care of Mr. Woodard, 21 Passo, Ill.

E. V. WILSON will be at home, Menckenne, Ontario, Co.,
during May and June, and will receive calls to lecture week
evenings. Address as above. He will give magnetic readings of
character and tests during the week-days.

Mrs. A. A. BARNARD will speak in North Cambridge,
May 21 and 28. Address, 48 Spring street, East Cambridge.

Mrs. H. T. STARRS will lecture