

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Lecture Room.

### THE COMING CONFLICT.

A Discourse by Mrs. Corn L. V. Daniels, at the Melodeon, Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 28, 1866.  
(Photographically reported for the Banner of Light, by J. M. W. Verrill.)

Friends, we expect to say something very bitter to-day, and any persons who are not prepared to listen to whatever we have to say might as well take this opportunity to leave. Our subject on this occasion will be—"THE COMING CONFLICT."

As in nature, there are always signs presaging the approach of great convulsions, like the earthquake, the tornado, or the hurricane, so there are always significant indications of the coming of great events of social and political import. The simoon's breath across the desert is presaged by singular and significant signs; and all the tempests and convulsions of nature have their own warning notes. To him who understands the great hurricanes of nature, these notes are familiar, and he comprehends their meaning. The mariner can tell you the signs that presage a storm at sea; the man who has traversed the desert can tell you when to expect the hot breath of the simoon; and they who are accustomed to watch the varying changes of the sky can tell you the significance of those changes, and their meaning; while those who have lived beside the burning mouth of Etna, know what it means when they hear the rumblings beneath the seemingly calm surface of the mountain. So to the mind of him who watches the political, social and religious atmosphere, and heeds the warning notes which history has afforded, there is no difficulty in interpreting the signs and symbols which give warning of coming events. And this without special gift of prophecy, other than that which comes from observation and natural penetration, and without any claim of the supernatural, other than that which comes to every intuitive mind, when great events are about to occur. To him who has dwelt by the seething mouth of the Etna of life, and has watched the varying changes of the political and social atmosphere for many years; to him who has observed the varying phases of American existence, there is no difficulty in determining what shall come in the future, by the warning notes that are heard to-day.

Some of you will perhaps remember that five, nay, six years ago, warnings were given, through the present speaker and others, of the political conflict and civil war that were soon to dawn upon this country. Nay, ten years ago, many foresaw it; and some that listened, laughed; and others, with a sneer, said the American people were far too enlightened to go to war on the subject of human slavery. (?) The nation that is not too enlightened to have human slavery, is not too enlightened to go to war about it. Six years ago, it was said that in consequence of the political, religious and social corruption, those events would transpire which would cause it to be dangerous for citizens to walk abroad in the streets, and all would cause it to be dangerous for men to express freely their opinions; which would cause it to be dangerous for you to side with any party except that which was the prevailing power; and those predictions were verified to the very letter. Theft, robberies, garrotings, murders—all the crimes have been perpetrated even in your own peaceful city; and at the sound of the slaveholder's tocsin, lo! the vast armies of the nation went forth to battle upon the subject of human slavery. To-day it is said that all the causes of conflict are at rest; that the war having been waged ostensibly for the restoration of the Union, and, as some suppose—and they who were in earnest fully believed—for the entire annihilation of slavery, all the causes of conflict have been removed by the triumph of the North, and there are no signs which presage the dawning of another war. This is a delusion; for at the same time that we predicted a civil conflict, we predicted, still later, a conflict in another direction; and those of you who listened will remember that that second conflict was to be a war that would not only involve the civil, but the religious and social condition of your country. As the one has been fulfilled, we call your attention to the significant indications of the other; and that is, a war of religious ideas.

It is true that it sounds strange, in this day of enlightenment, of Christianity, of liberal sentiment and free thought, to say that there is a religious war about to dawn upon this nation. It is true that it sounds strange, beneath a Government whose very foundation is that of religious freedom, and in the presence of a society and a people who are accustomed to the utmost liberty of thought, and it may sound strange from one who for years fought the demon of intolerance, and who knew what it meant to suffer the persecutions of bigotry and the scorn of hypocritical and false religionists, to talk of a religious war; but, strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, and we will point you to those indications to which we just referred, that distinctly show the drifting tide of events which will sooner or later bring a war between Truth and Error once again. For be it known, that never on the earth while Error has a foothold, shall Truth cease to combat her. Never, while Error has strength and fancied power, will there cease to be war; never, while there is political corruption, will there cease to be civil war; and never, while there is religious corruption, will there cease to be religious war. It is a mistake to suppose that the days of religious persecution are over, and that because, for a few years, a Government has existed that has not, in the slightest degree, encouraged religious intolerance, it always will be so; and it is a mistake to suppose that the old demon of a past conservatism and theology will willingly expire without one last attempt to overrule the dawning enlightenment and free thought of to-day. A BANNER OF LIGHT.

say this. There never was so much liberality among Christian people as there is to-day; there was never so much free thought; there was never so much activity; there was never so much general enlightenment; and there was never so much unity among free-thinking classes of Christians as now. This is just the indication of danger. This is just why the conflict is coming. Error never battles a weak enemy; Conservatism never strikes against a foe that is down-trodden. You never find this great enemy of advancement and free thought striking unless there is something to strike against; and when for years and years those who have advocated free religious opinions have suffered social ostracism, have been subjected to all kinds of indignities, and have been denounced and vilified by all the epithets and imprecations that could be heaped upon them, is it strange to suppose that in the end, when the falling powers that have controlled the bigotry and superstition of the past shall find that their sway is departing from them, they will make a last attempt to wrest from you, as a people, the very freedom of expression and opinion which you possess to-day?

The indications are very strong that all the people of this country, at least, and perhaps many others, will be arrayed, in five or ten years, in a conflict that will finally involve a war upon the subject of religion. There is an indication of it in this very fact—and we say this without any personal animosity, but with strict and direct reference to truth—that the power which has exercised dominion in the Eastern countries in matters of religion, has gained a strong foothold upon this continent. It is the inevitable religious, political and social influences accruing from the Papal Church, from the existence of the institutions of Roman Catholicism, from the existence of large bodies of people here who are known to acknowledge allegiance to that religion above any allegiance to Government or laws, who are known to adhere to that, let what will come, that constitute the chief elements of the discord that shall come. And when you array on the side of these people that kind of conservatism which said "this country was too enlightened ever to go to war on the subject of human slavery" when you array on the side of these people those in the South who have been disappointed in their ambitious schemes, who have been, in the recent conflict and rebellion, entirely defeated, and who are willing to give their adherence to any power that promises success, you have a pretty good ground-work and foundation for future war. On the other side, you have that same determined spirit of freedom, which is peaceable when allowed to express itself freely, but which is dangerous when you attempt to suppress it. You have that same spirit of indomitable courage which has fought for years, politically, socially and religiously, for the rights of humanity, against all kinds of conservatism and theology—against even Protestant theology, that sought to enchain the soul, and through its institutions and its churches to deprive men of their rights, under the sanction of a hypocritical religion. You have that same spirit of determined and undaunted courage that has not been afraid to express its sentiments though there was not one person to listen, and who, in defiance of the whole community, would speak for the right, let what would come; that has borne contumely and shame, and had not the laws prevented, would have borne the persecutions that were visited upon those who spoke for freedom in past ages. Then, if this spirit is seemingly strong, if, as it is said, there is more liberality among Christians and Christian denominations to-day than there was once, so is this body augmented.

But is there more liberality? Is it not a kind of built-and-water freedom, after all? Is it not a general succumbing to the spirit of the age, which imposes upon them the necessity of being more liberal in order that they may exist at all? And must they not, like the Unitarian denomination to-day, have a liberal organization or have none at all, and adopt, as a matter of necessity, more liberal tenets than they have had heretofore, or else "leave out in the cold," as they term it, all these free-thinkers who adorn their ranks, give excellence to their theology, and fill their Christian churches with intelligent listeners?

We think that the spirit of liberality which prevails is strong, and we are glad that it is so. We only hope that when the trial hour shall come, those who are liberal in theory shall be found so in practice; that when the day comes, those who speak for freedom now shall act for freedom then, those who believe in freedom of worship, yet erect their exclusive temples, shall be in the van with those who fight with faith and live for that freedom of religion which they profess so to admire. We only hope that all who profess this liberal sentiment, this divine principle of freedom to worship God, will not in that day be found wanting, and, like cowards and miscreants, sink away to the side of power as soon as it promises to be successful; for truly it shall be shown then, as in all times past, that Error shall not prevail, even though it be the most powerful, and Truth and Justice shall finally triumph, though the militar army shall be on the side of right.

The fact which more distinctly portends this coming conflict is this: that never until to-day was there a distinct dividing line of religion in this country; never until to-day was there so potent and powerful an array on both sides; and never was there such a culmination of all that is to bring about this event. It will come, in the first place, through political excuses. You will find, in all popular cities, and in the reconstructed governments of the South, those parties who sympathize with what they are pleased to call "conservatism." Thus far in the analysis of that word, we have found it to mean tyranny, despotism, the usurpation of human rights in every form, under the guise of conservatism, which does not wish to rush speedily and too rapidly into freedom. Thus is truth excluded by this class of counselors—because they wish to be conservative. Thus has freedom to a large class of

their fellow-beings been forbidden—because they wish to be conservative. Thus have religious opinions been held in check, and men been bound in soul, body and conscience, because they must be conservative; and thus large numbers of liberal and thinking minds to-day are constrained to bow the knee, to partake of the sacrament, to read a written creed, to be baptized in the old formulas of religion—because they must be conservative; while in soul and in heart—no, we will not say that, for if it were really in soul, they would not do it—but in intellect and theory, they are satisfied of the truth of liberal, enlightened and free Christian thinking. Thus are they satisfied that no soul can be enchaind with impunity, and no mind be enslaved without a recoil sooner or later upon society. It shall come in this wise. Politically, there is already an indication of conflict with reference to the reorganization of the Southern States. The Government, or at least the Executive portion of it, has arrayed itself on that side which it is pleased to call "conservative," which to-day means (now the timid ones had better leave) the former slave-masters of the South, who, under the excuse of penitence, are seeking admission to the Government, that they may again appear in the halls of Congress, govern the Southern States, make their own laws, and, though they may not restore slavery, bind the freedmen to a system of servitude which is far worse. The Government (God save the mark!) has identified itself with the movement which shall restore these rebels to peace and quietude, and to the free enjoyment of the rights and privileges which they have earned by four years of war against the Government. It has identified itself with that movement which is to give to these traitors forgiveness, pardon, the restoration of their political rights, while it excludes the former bondmen from even a share in their rights.

Thank heaven, there are men in Congress who will not endure this kind of conservatism! (Applause.) Thank heaven, there are those who see something beyond the shallow sophisms and false play upon words, and know what Freedom, Truth and Justice mean; and if their hands shall be nerved and their hearts strengthened by the right kind of support among the people, there is no need that these things shall prevail in the South. But, unfortunately, even in the State of Massachusetts, even in this city, there are too many people who believe in conservatism; in that kind of quiet conservatism which professes peace, though it be tainted and corrupt, as this is to bring about a final and perfect restoration; that prefers a pleasant quiet, perfect security in commerce and no change in stocks, to all the rights, immunities and privileges that belong to the code of morals and justice written by God. There are too many people who prefer to sit quietly in church on Sunday, and listen to a good, plausible sermon, though thousands and millions of people be bleeding, groaning and starving, than to have their minds disturbed by the thought of the infamy, corruption and depravity of those who seek to enslave their fellowmen. "Oh," say the good, quiet people of to-day, "we don't want to hear any more about war. The President has quieted this matter; he has forgiven these people; they are to be readmitted to the Union, and we are to worship in our churches in safety, with the sound of the tocsin no more rolling in our ears; with our sons safe at home, our brothers and fathers secure." Save those who have perished in marshes and in Southern prisons, and been starved by these same valorous and repentant people; save those whose bodies are moldering on unnumbered battle-fields, whose mothers and wives and orphan babes wait in vain for their return; save those who have sacrificed their lives but not their honor in the cause of humanity; save these—they are all "safe at home." And so are these; for there are other homes than those of earth; homes where no wars of invasion or despotism can come; homes where no destroying breath of war, persecution, tyranny, or political corruption can enter. And in those homes, these same heroes are waiting and watching the events of this hour. Your sons who have perished on battle-fields are waiting now to see your action against those by whose hands they fell. Your sons, and fathers, and husbands, whose bodies are moldering or gone back to dust, are waiting with anxious faces—the lines, the columns, the ranks are full—to know whether this conservatism which recognizes the right to tyranny, the right to make war, the right to destroy government, the right to oppress a free people, the right to make the galling yoke of slavery still more binding, shall be recognized by you or not. They wait for the answer.

This is the same kind of conservatism which was so palpably manifested in a renowned general, who presided over our army during two years of the war, and so magnificently arranged his forces that they were nearly all lost or destroyed. This same general is now hand-in-glove with the Pope of Rome, and making mysterious visits thither—for what? And certain other de-capitated officers in the Union army, who were defeated in their ambitious designs of doing nothing against the Southern Confederacy, are now waiting for the hour to come when they shall join hands with these returning rebels politically, when they shall be admitted to Congress; when, having been admitted, some one of them shall be nominated for the Presidency, and these men gain political power and supremacy in this land. Does any one doubt that this is their scheme? Then watch all the operations of the Government, and see where it tends, even without the intention of the Executive that it shall be so—though we very much doubt whether it is not the intention of the Executive. The tendency is toward the admission of the Southern members to Congress, and, once admitted, they will join with the Democratic party in the North, which has seemed, only, to sleep; and this party, representing the conservative element of the people, united with these returning traitors, will become a power in the Government, as they were before the war, and elect

their own President. What then? That is not half so bad as to have a President elected who claims to be on your side, and then deceives you. It is not half so bad as to have one who claims to be liberal, and then find him suddenly conservative. No, you will know where to find your President then.

And then it means something more than this: that these parties, who have long disliked the freedom of religious utterance in the North, and have long disliked the Unitarian and liberal churches of the North, will make a motion to establish a uniform religion. Mark our words! Should the Democratic party again prevail, through the admission of Southern members to Congress, a motion will be made within five years to establish a uniform religion throughout this country, because of the mischief which has been done in the North by these "raving abolition preachers"; because of that free thought that has brought about the abolition of slavery; because these conservatives do not like to be disturbed in their religious and social institutions. Though that motion will not succeed, it will be the key-note that shall rally men to the side of whatever religion they chance to profess. Then they who bow to the shrine and follow the symbol of the cross; they who erect temples in this country under the auspices of that religion; they who by the establishment of schools, hospitals, asylums, cathedrals, and various other institutions, are creating sources of power; they who are purchasing all the eligible sites for the erection of buildings strong enough for military fortifications; and they who, under the guise of liberal institutions, are seeking to win the confidence of the people—all these will show them the true meaning and significance of this spirit of conservatism. They are gaining supremacy now in many of your city governments, and intend in the future to patronize only those who believe in that religion; intend, if possible, to elect members of Congress who believe in that religion. And if they believe in the enslaving of human souls, would they hesitate to enslave their bodies? If they believe that any man has power over the human spirit, can they fail to believe that men have power, legitimately, over human bodies? It is but a question of time; and that is why the idea should be taken in your hearts and worn there for future use and preparation—for the events shall surely come.

To-day a class of liberal people has risen in your midst, known as Free Thinkers, Spiritualists; some of them are called Unitarians, others are known as Infidels; but all are to have a distinct and direct influence in this coming conflict, and the word Spiritualism may as well cover the idea. But do not dare to misinterpret its meaning, for it means that essential spirit of intelligent worship that believes in the present, the past and the future, the inspiration of the Father, the communion of his holy spirits, and the freedom of all souls to worship God in their own way. One great mistake which conservatism makes is that it is not content and satisfied to worship God in its own way, but it must compel others to worship in its way. Thus it ever has been with error; thus it has never been with truth. Why, there is not a person within the sound of the speaker's voice to-day who is not perfectly willing that the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Baptist, the Methodist, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Spiritualist shall worship God, each in his own distinctive way; but we venture to affirm that there are not many here who are willing to be interfered with in their own manner of worship. And it is because of this encroaching and tyrannizing spirit of conservatism; it is because the Roman Catholic Church has desired to control State as well as Church; it is because it has not been a religious but a temporal power; it is because it has desired to enslave the souls and bodies of men by making man the viceroy of Heaven; it is because it seeks to work its way, by all manner of insidious means, into schools, colleges and other places of education, in order to supersede these liberal forms of government, and, finally, to retain within its vast coil all the liberal opinions of the globe, that you should be on your guard. Once it was successful; now it will be defeated. Once it did prevail, and Europe groined beneath the tyranny, groined beneath the agony of the spell, but did not dare to lift its hand against the Papal authority. Napoleon the First—though not from principle—was almost the first emperor or monarch in Europe who dared to oppose the cannon's mouth to the thunders of the Vatican. But that was policy, not principle, and there was no merit in it.

To-day Europe is disenthralled in degree; but still there is France, wedded now to Roman Catholicism, and Austria, which, having an auxiliary in Mexico under Maximilian, will seek, also, to retain that form of religion here. Then we have Russia, free politically, religiously enslaved. Then we have good, conservative, Episcopal England, that has but very little religion, but what it has must be according to the established form and custom. These influences taken together, with the power which Roman Catholicism is gaining to-day in this country, will surely bring about the result which we have foretold. Embassadors, every institution of free thinkers, of Protestants, every freetholder in the land is a scene where these embassadors are watching your movements. Do you doubt it? Then you are blind; then you have no thought; then your wits are forsaking you; for it is most surely true—and we do not care who hears, we know it is true. And it is most surely true that not a word is uttered by free thinkers, that not a thought is expressed by your friends, where there are any members of this Church, that is not transmitted at once to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, and, finally, to those in power, that they may govern their future actions by it. Let them go on, and let them find that you are in earnest and sincere; that you hate despotism, under whatever guise or form it

may come; that you hate it as a serpent, and will trample upon it; that, though you would not lay a straw in the way of freedom of religion, you will raise an army of millions against usurpation of any kind. Let them understand this, as well in the beginning as at the end. (Applause.) This peaceable invasion means something; this gradual gaining of political power, this gradual winning its way into all the vital places of your nation and establishing itself there, this avowal of a conservative determination to adhere to that side of the Government which supports oppression and fails to recognize freedom, this constant and persistent effort, during years, to maintain a power that encourages human bondage of all kinds, and this open opposition, in behalf of Roman Catholicism, to the claims of free labor that are now admitted by the friends of humanity—all this means something.

The riot in New York, headed by the power that might have suppressed it, going forth with its fiendish spirit to the work of blood and murder, clearly portends what the future may bring forth under a similar excitement. If free labor, free institutions and freedom of worship are sincerely insisted upon, then will these "conservative" friends of humanity insist that it shall not be so. Failing to perceive that the enslaving of any soul is the enslaving of all, failing to perceive that the bondage of any man is the bondage of the whole human family, failing to comprehend that the tyranny of the king over the subject is a greater tyranny over his own soul, they plunge into the horrors of bigotry and superstition, and seek thereby to overthrow that freedom which recognizes no higher standard than truth, justice and human liberty. The time is coming when each man and woman must define his or her position. The time is coming when to be arrayed on the side of conservatism will be to be arrayed on the side of oppression; when to be called radical, and fanatic, and infidel, and enthusiast, will be no shame, if it is on the side of humanity; when to be persecuted, to be spat upon, to be trampled upon, to be denounced by all vile epithets, will be indeed nothing shameful, because it will proceed from those who do not love human justice and freedom.

The time is coming when an attempt will be made to close your free schools, your free Churches, your free Sabbath Schools, (not so free as they might be!) your institutions of all kinds, that have a tendency to lead you away from that spirit of conservatism. The time is coming when an attempt will be made to engraft a religion upon the laws of the country, and make adherence to a certain form of religion absolutely necessary for an applicant for office; to make you subscribe to something like the following, which is known to be in the hands of a prominent member of the Democratic party, and which, but for the strong, radical sentiment of Congress, would have been introduced at the present session: "No man shall be qualified for office (indeed, for citizenship) unless he recognizes the existence of God in the Holy Trinity." If this be true—and you have here heard that it is so—the existence of such a paper or resolution proves what the intention is; and it does not take a very great stretch of imagination to travel from the intention to the actual action which shall attempt to introduce it; and it requires no great effort of the imagination to realize what will be the effect produced upon persons who have no objection whatever to the belief in the Trinity, but who are not to be compelled by law to believe it; (applause) who have no objection whatever to those who do accept it theologically, but who are not to be judged, socially, civilly, politically, or as American citizens, by the particular kind of God that they believe in.

And we state to you, moreover, that this is the prevailing spirit of all the conservative officers in the Government; of all the Roman Catholic officers in your municipal governments, and of all of that religion who hold positions anywhere in your society. They desire that this shall be so, and are sworn and pledged, under secret organizations, to support none but a certain class of men for any office. If this be true in all the larger cities and in States like New York and Pennsylvania, and, perhaps, some of the States further south, (for though there have lately redeemed themselves, still there is room for more redemption, and we fear the conservatism there,) can you doubt the result? But without any antagonism, bitterness or hatred, solely from a sincere love of truth, we distinctly say that if war shall come between the free thinkers and the Roman Catholic power, the latter, rallying to its side all who love despotism and tyranny, that war will result in favor of liberty; for the God of Justice, he who has seen so many battles, and who has raised up men to fight for him, will see, in that hour and day, that the people are not left without leaders, that the true and valiant ones are sustained.

Then another thing is to be considered. We despise the doing of right as a matter of policy; but it is well enough to tell you what is right, and point out the way in which it will benefit you. In that hour you may have need of the aid of the freedmen (so-called) of the South, who, having been just released from bondage, and groaning under the wrongs, persecutions and cruelties that are inflicted upon them, and suffering all kinds of tortures, need but the education of free men (for they have the hearts, souls and minds of free men already) to fit them for allies in that conflict which is to come. And it will not be you who will confer a favor upon them; but in that day, perchance, as it has been in the late war, it will be their hands that shall save you from falling and perishing. (Applause.) But we do not offer this as a bribe. We scorn to give you an inducement to do right, when to do right should be the only motive. Why, there are classes, and infinite numbers of them, of good men, honest men, well-meaning men, who, when they are told of right, are not prepared to receive it. They say, "It will never do; we must not speak these things to-day. Why, it is exciting; it is incendiary. What will the Roman Catholics do?" We speak the truth, if it



is not true, it cannot offend them. If it is true, why, then, it should be spoken. If our words are false, let them fall to the ground harmless and impotent; but if they are true, then you will see that the end shall fulfill what we have said in the beginning. There is not an intelligent member of the Papal Church, there is not one who is under the control of that ecclesiastical power, who does not know that it is the darling intention, the pet scheme and hope of the Papal power one day to preside in this country. There is not one who does not know, indeed, that it was as a direct step to that end that the war was made upon Mexico, and Maximilian placed upon the throne. The Emperor of the French made peace with the Pope of Rome in that way—under the promise that at some future day, perchance, all of America should be under his control. You will remember that at the time when Rome was threatened, and it was supposed that the liberal army in Italy, under the leadership of glorious Garibaldi, would gain sufficient power at last to conquer the Papal party, there was talk of the Pope's taking refuge in this country. It was but a ruse. The scheme was nipped in the bud, because the time was not ripe for it. They hope that the time will come when, under some pretext or other, or, indeed, openly, through Mexico, through France, through Austria, through the assistance of the Government through those agencies that the Roman Catholic Church knows so well how to employ, the Pope shall finally have his temporal kingdom in this country, dedicated to freedom, enlightenment and justice. We know that it will fail; but it will fall after a long and bloody conflict. It will fall after your homes, perhaps, have been desolated; after your streets have been the scenes of bloodshed and confusion, in comparison with which the riot in New York was nothing. After you shall have been called upon to defend, inch by inch, the altars and shrines dedicated to your religion; after your politicians have been purged and purified of their damning heresies; after all this corruption and conservatism shall have been swept away through fire and blood, you shall then learn what it means to worship God in freedom and in peace; and you who have breathed words of scorn heretofore against those who have fought for freedom, you who have heaped social ignominy upon those who dared to differ from you in action, you who have sought to ostracize them socially, morally and politically, you who have made them life the dust, and have caused many a wounded spirit to sink to an untimely grave, because of the shafts of slander and malice hurled against him, you shall then learn what it is to fight against tyranny and despotism. Oh, if bigotry, superstition, malice, revenge, love of power, ambition—if these be the things that men call conservatism, let us unveil them, tear off their masks, show what the serpents are, and warn you accordingly. Behind the fawning smile, behind the face that is smooth, behind the public hypocrit who fawns upon you, you will see the hidden intention, the deliberate plot to carry out those designs.

No member of any Church that is bound to tyranny and bigotry can serve God and humanity well. We know no Church that can ultimately prevail save that one which has no higher creed than love of humanity, which knows no other worship than that of the God of Truth, and recognizes no other living God than he who loves and blesses all his children; and if men shall still unfold themselves in bitterness and tyranny—if each shall seek to tyrannize over the other—if they shall still strive, through bloodshed and ruin, to gain supremacy—if one wrong shall be inflicted, if one man shall be betrayed and oppressed, why, then it is cause enough that justice and infinite retribution shall attend the nation or the people that witnesses and does not fight against these things. Beware of it in time! Be strong, and brave, and true! Toil earnestly with tongue and pen, and when the hour shall come when Tyranny shall strike, when Truth and Error shall meet once more in conflict, when the serpent who has bound the nations in past ages shall finally start from his long lethargy, and seek with his venom to sting you to death, let there be no laggards; let there be none, indeed, who shall not say, "Here our fathers fought for justice and freedom; and though the heavens fall, and the earth pass away, and all governments and all men perish, we will have no other laws than those of Truth and Justice forevermore." Rather let every temple that has been erected by your careful hands crumble to the ground, rather let every creed be torn asunder, rather let every church fall, and its spire be reduced to ashes, than that one human soul shall be enslaved, or the chains of Tyranny be placed upon one living being. (Applause.) Rather let your nation, your Government itself sink into oblivion, than lend the aid of its influence, money, or power to the oppression of a single human being, or to the restoration of a power that shall finally seek to override human rights. Rather let there be no councils, no cabinets, no national assemblies, but riot and ruin prevail, to the end that justice may be done to all men, and that the souls of all may be free to worship God in their own way. Take heed, therefore, and be warned in time! Let there be no feeble, faltering tongues; let there be no weak and nerveless hands; let there be no faint hearts; let there be no doubtful souls among you! Have Truth as your guiding star, and, without hatred or malice, walk through all things—through pain, or fire, or death—so that you shall do no man wrong, but shall seek ever to do the right; and then that peace that is born of pain, that truth which is the child of heaven, shall bless you with their light, while the benediction of the most Holy Spirit shall be upon you and yours, and the baptism of that living soul which dwells forever in infinite peace shall abide with you now and forevermore. Amen.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### APART.

BY EMMA TUTTLE,  
Author of "Gazette."

Each day has seemed a year to me,  
So sad my loneliness;  
I half forgot the kind hearts left,  
So deep is my distress.  
A year ago to-day! How fair  
You looked that autumn morn!  
I watched you down and up the hill,  
And past the field of corn.

The road was hidden then from view,  
My eyes were full of tears;  
But little, darling, did I think  
They would be full for years!  
Four months, I said, will soon go by,  
And then she will return.  
Three months went by, and on her grave  
We placed a marble urn!

"You young rascal," said the old gentleman to the rash little boy in the street, "if that cab had run over you where would you have been then?" and the boy answered, "Up behind, a-takin' of his number!"

## Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we weary  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LITTLE HEART.)

## VIRGINIA PERKINS.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### Faithful Love.

When Milly found that her little lamb had forsaken the fold that she wished to guard so tenderly, she was full of anxiety and excitement. She did not know what course to take, but ran about the house, and up the hill, her arms aching to find her, and an anxious fear shadowing her eyes. For herself she had sometimes felt the dread of being sold, and she had known the wearisome, anxious waiting for the return of her husband, who was said to have gone on a trusted mission, but who never returned. She had also folded one beloved baby in her arms, and rocked it to sleep, and tended its first years as only a mother's love could teach her; and then she had seen it put off its babyhood, and in her eyes assume the loveliness of youth, and then lie down and die, because of a cruel wrong done to it in her very presence. But all these anxieties and sorrows, deep as they were, and hard to be borne, had been lessened because she had always taught herself to expect them, and to feel that they belonged to her life. But this anxiety for Virginia was so unlooked for, and seemed so unnecessary, that she felt the whole responsibility of it. It was something that she ought to have prevented, she thought, and so she reproached herself for neglect. Why did she sleep so soundly? Why did she not listen at Virginia's door when she awakened in the night? Why did she go to bed at all? These reproaches, and many more rushed through her mind, until it seemed to her she had no reason left. Her head whirled, and she ran hither and thither, without gaining anything, and losing much time.

At last, heated and weary, she sat down in the spot where she had last seen her darling, and, covering her face with her hands, wept most pitifully. It soothed and quieted her, and she looked up to the clear sky, and exclaimed:

"I do 'clare, Milly like de clouds, running here an' dere, an' doin' nothin', when dere be de sun jes' as bright an' clear all de time. So dere be de Lord, who knows eberythin' knowin' all de time what Milly want to find out; and Milly neber tink to ask him to tell her."

Saying this, she knelt down, and lifted her face up to the sky, and poured out such a petition as only a heart of faith can offer; over and over again she entreated to be led right.

"Take me by de right han', by de right han', oh Lord!" she asked over and over again. Then there came to her a sweet peace, as if a voice of power had spoken to her, and told all she wished. She rose calmly, went to Virginia's room, and gathered some little articles of clothing that she thought she might need, and tying them up in a little bundle, she left the house. Not one selfish fear governed her. Not one thought of her own safety came to her. She only fixed her mind on that one purpose, to find and care for her darling. Nothing could have stopped her now, and no fear would have made her change her purpose.

As if some hand were indeed leading her, she went directly to the little cabin where Virginia had slept. As soon as she entered, she saw the simple white flower lying on the floor. She picked it up as gently as if it had a heart to feel, and put it in her bosom. Then she traced the other signs of Virginia's night's rest under that humble roof. A glow of delight took the place of the anxious fears, for it seemed to her that now she held a cord to her darling by which she should be led to her. But as soon as she left the little cabin and the few traces of her there, she was in doubt which way to turn. She became bewildered again by her anxieties, and forgot to trust to that gentle influence which led her so directly to the little cabin. Therefore she decided to go and consult with Jo and Ann.

It was past noon when she reached their cabin, and was surprised to see them sitting in its doorway, under the shade of a Black Jack—a kind of oak with very glossy leaves. They were evidently enjoying a rest quite unusual, but expressed no surprise on seeing Milly; for they seemed to think that she was at liberty for the same reason that they were. Jo hastily told of the rumors of a great battle. A messenger had been sent from Morris's, who was severely wounded, and in the confusion there was no one to order the work, and they took a ready advantage of the time.

Milly for a moment forgot her anxieties, as she listened to the dread tale of bloodshed. She lifted her hands up to the clear sky, as if in thankfulness, but she bent her head quickly at the thought of all that had been passing. She thought she saw in this first struggle the whole of the bitter contest that she had been praying for. She did not ask who was victorious, for she was sure of the results. In the quiet of the nights, as she sometimes lay thinking of her Lord that was full of love toward all, and of the great misery that rested on so many of his children, her eye had caught a glimpse of a beautiful picture, and she seemed to see herself and her brethren walking in a green pasture beside the still water, and she knew by this that they would not always be slaves. For this reason a prayer of thanksgiving went up from her heart that the time was so near.

"Bress de Lord," said she; "now I see de glory, an' dere be de green fields of de great Jerusalem, for sure, a-comin' down, an' you, an' I, an' all of us will sit down close by de river oh de Lord, an' den we sing de song of thanksgiving. Glory Hallelulah!"

Milly here threw up her arms in an ecstasy, and her body shook with excitement. This she called "the power," and because it came upon her at camp meetings, she was considered quite a favored individual, and her presence was much sought to encourage young converts, and to start that feverish excitement that was called religion. But in her present ecstasy the little flower dropped from her bosom. In a moment she was quiet, and the look of fear came over her face again. Her story was soon told, and she had now companions to her fears.

Jo and Ann had many conjectures about Virginia. Jo insisted that she had been stolen when searching for flowers or berries; and he told of many cases similar, where friendless girls and boys had been taken. But Ann's woman's heart read better. She told what she had heard Virginia say about Milly, and only a short time before she had asked her if Milly could not reach the North in safety. Therefore she was sure that Virginia had some motive of love and kindness in going, and she believed it to be to leave Milly at liberty. But the three were agreed about one thing; they determined to start in search of her, and to waste no time. Jo declared he would be his

own master now, and that he was not afraid of anybody now master Morris was unable to touch him. They decided to wait until the heat of the day was over, and then to start in search of their lost darling; for Jo and Ann loved her almost as well as Milly.

Milly again took counsel of heaven, and begged the Lord to put a white flower right in their track when they were going right, and Jo cried Amen. But Ann remembered the beautiful faces that Virginia had described as about her path, and she in her heart besought the angels to guide them, and give them signs as they did to the children of Israel.

A terrible battle had been fought, and the news of it went forth over the land like a mighty tornado, filling all hearts with anxious forebodings. There had been no fear in talking of war and its desolation, but now that it had come with its record of blood every body trembled.

Though had been in the thickest of the fight, and had shown himself full of courage and daring, his eye was keen and his movements quick, and he had been promoted on the field to take a post of danger. The burning sun scorched his face, but he knew it not; the hot blood rushed through his veins, but he was unconscious of it. The bullets that whizzed by him became like music to him, and the cannon ball was no more than the Indian rubber ball of his games. He felt himself a hero, and that his dream of ambition was beginning to be realized. But a shot came at last too near. He was severely wounded, and Morris fell dead by his side. How long he lay he did not know, but at last he became conscious under the shade of a clump of pines, where his wounds were being dressed. All his glory had departed; his dreams of ambition had vanished. A terrible nightmare of suffering seemed upon him. It was the first time that he had ever borne any severe pain. He did not know that he was capable of such suffering. He was too proud to complain, and so he set his teeth firmly together and endured.

After awhile he could think, and he began to feel as if intense wishes were throbbing through him. He did not care for fame or honor now. He wanted a gentle touch on his brow, he longed for a smile of love, and yet the same selfishness that had always governed him, governed him still. He wanted to be comforted and soothed, and did not think of the pain he might give others.

Virginia's face sometimes seemed looking down upon him from between the gleams of light. In some hush of sounds about him he fancied her voice spoke out. If she was only here, he thought, she would watch by me, she would bathe my brow, she would talk to me, she would not say she was tired, or forget me. "Oh Virginia, Virginia."

And Virginia, with her tender heart, had felt far away these wishes, and they seemed to be the power that carried her away from her home, though in her heart she felt it to be her love for Milly. And in her safe retreat that Sambo watched over, there seemed to be a strong cord drawing her, so that she grew very restless. The hours seemed long, and before the end of the first day it seemed to her that she had been a week there. As soon as it was twilight Sambo crept up among the shadows and spoke to her.

"I can't stay here any longer," said she; "I feel just as if some one had put wings on my shoulders, and they were continually flapping against the walls. I want to fly, and I must go, if it is no use."

"Well, dis gemman's agreeable to all dat," said Sambo, who felt the honor of conducting a young lady through the country, "but as I tells ye, it'll be much safer to wait. But dat sign of de wings takes me down mighty smart, for it jes' be sign of de angel, an' it mean dat you mus' feller whar it say. Dat be sure, for I feel it. When ye wants to do a ting so mighty bad dat you mus' fly, den do it, if it do not seem de best. Me start jes' after de house be shut up, and all be asleep."

Virginia tried to sleep until she heard the bushes shake near her dwelling, and then she roused herself and with Sambo started on her journey. It was a cloudy night, and silently she followed the steps of her guide, with a feeling of thankfulness that she had escaped so many dangers and was at last free.

But whither was she going, she asked herself? What was calling her? Was it the voice of goodness and beauty? She began to feel that great wish, which, when it becomes strong enough, is sure to bring goodness. It was the wish to do the very best, to go where it was best to go. She remembered a prayer Milly had taught her, and which she only half understood. But now she kept repeating to herself, "Thy will be done," and she felt sure that some power would take care of her.

She followed Sambo's steps trustfully. Occasionally he would say a few words to her, but he assumed an appearance of great importance.

"Please, missus, call me Sammy, in de future," said he, at one time, "de gemman hab dat name, and Sammy sound like livin' in de district wid a horse to ride an' plenty ob money."

Virginia fulfilled every wish of her guide, and they walked together through the dusky paths with loving faith in each other, and the power that was leading them to some good and blessing to themselves or others.

[To be continued in our next.]

#### To Correspondents.

DELPHINE, NASHUA, N. H.—Many thanks for your words. The aspirations of the spirit are the signs of its growth. As it reaches toward the higher and purer, it feels unanswerable longings sometimes akin to pain; but through these the higher and purer are reached. But let us all remember that no growth is permanent but that which leads to a life full of loving deeds. There is a law of the spirit that permits those that are spiritually related to recognize each other, and to feel each other's thoughts, although far distant. By this law you may be sure to be richly blessed.

Truly your friend,  
LOVE M. WILLIS.

#### POOR ECONOMY.

"Many a man, for love of pelf,  
To stifle his coffers, starves himself;  
Labors, accumulates and spares,  
To lay up ruin for his heirs;  
Grudges the poor their scanty dole,  
Saves everything—except his soul!"

Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth—that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more instinctive our sympathy: "The water lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

ADVANTAGES OF BEAUTY.—According to the Bangor Whig, a member of the Penobscot bar claims, in a motion for a new trial, "That the verdict was against law and the weight of evidence, and that the jury were unduly influenced by the great personal beauty of the female plaintiff."

Translation  
FROM "L'UNION SPIRITUE BORDELAIS," OF DEC.  
15TH, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY E. M.

Almost all the journals of Paris and its departments are eager to insert the following recital, published for the first time, we believe, by the Gazette of France:

"They await at Paris the approaching arrival of a young girl originally from 'La Loube,' whose mental state presents some phenomena which leave far behind the juggleries of the Brothers Davenport and other pretended spirits. Aged about sixteen years, Louise B.—lived at home with her parents, who were farmers, at a place called La Boudrie, where they established themselves after quitting Germany. In consequence of a violent grief caused by the death of a dearly loved sister, Louise fell into a lethargic sleep which continued fifty-six hours, from which she awoke not in her normal condition, but to a strange existence in which the following phenomena are included. She suddenly lost her vivacity and gaiety in taking possession of a sort of beatitude which allies itself to a most profound calmness. She remains immovable in her chair, and responds when addressed only by monosyllables. When evening comes she falls into a cataleptic state, characterized by rigidity of the limbs and fixed vision. At this moment the faculties and senses of this young girl acquire a sensibility and capacity which surpass the limits assigned to human power. She possesses not only the gift of second sight, but of second hearing; that is to say, she not only hears the words spoken near her, but those uttered afar off, toward which she concentrates her attention. In her hands each object takes a double image. She not only sees the natural form of it, but she sees, also, distinctly, the representation of its interior, the totality of its properties and the uses to which it is destined in the order of creation. From a quantity of plants and metallic and mineral specimens submitted to her unconscious investigation, she has spoken of latent and unexplored virtues which carry the thought back to the discoveries of the alchemists of the middle ages.

The young peasant pretends that, under all the modifications of vital, exterior action, the corporeal form remains integrally reproduced by the nervous fluid. Transposed into burial-grounds, Louise sees and describes so that we come into rapport with the persons whose ashes have been confined to its earth. She then experiences spasms and nervous contractions, and the same, also, when she approaches places where metals and water exist, no matter at what depth of soil below her. When she passes from the ordinary life to this mode of life which we may call superior, it seems to her that a thick veil falls from her eyes. Creation, enlightened by this new light, becomes the object of her boundless admiration; and, although illiterate, she finds to express her enthusiasm comparisons and images truly poetical. No religious preoccupation mixes itself in her impressions. Her parents, far from finding in these strange phenomena a subject of speculation or profit, hide them with the greatest care. They have decided to bring her to Paris, because this constant new excitement of the nervous system exercises upon the organs a destructive influence, so that her outward sight is in danger; and physicians who have seen have advised to take her to the capital, not only that she have the care of masters in the healing art, but to submit to science facts surpassing the ordinary circle of its investigation, of which the explanation is not yet found."

"And this," says the editor, "in the nineteenth century! In the year of grace, 1865, this avowal is announced, 'that science has not yet found an explanation of these facts.' Science official science it is which has put a bandage over its eyes, and stopped its ears that it may not see or hear the innumerable facts of somnambulism, magnetism and ecstasy which have been submitted to them; and when they so multiply, crowding their facts from all parts, science hardly owns 'that their explanation has not been found!' And know you why," he asks, "these 'masters of the healing art' remain powerless before these phenomena? know you why they refuse to study them? It is because they belong to the materialistic school, because they see in men only the body and the material faculties produced by his organism; and each time that a phenomenon presents itself, where shine from all parts the unexplored faculties of this soul which they deny, they close their eyes, fearing they may be convinced, and exclaim: 'Vade retro satanas!' as the Catholic clergy exclaim: 'Vade retro Satanas!' when a fact of this kind produces itself outside the pale of the Church. But Spiritism is the study of the soul and its faculties, and, happily, outside of the official savants who would rest amidst the brilliant incoming light of this nineteenth century, there are a great family of seekers who labor in silence and obscurity without discouragement, at the price of watchings and fatigue, often ingratitude and misery, the science of progress, the science of the future."

To these we would say: The crisis which has plunged Louise B.—in the cataleptic state is from the violent commotion caused in the perispiritual fluids by the grief for the death of her sister. This marvelous faculty that is seen now, she possessed from her infancy in a latent state, and it was necessary that some event should take place, which, in breaking a part of the fluidities by which the soul is attached to the body, permits the former to disengage itself from the latter that it enjoys, in part, the inherent faculties of a free soul. Thus explains itself second sight and hearing; and the penetration into the properties of matter, the composition of plants and minerals, submitted to her investigation. Her soul also communicates with the souls of others with whom she comes in rapport. She sees at the same time the body, the soul and its semi-material envelope that Spiritism calls perispirit. It is this nervous fluid, this semi-material form, which remains the same while the body undergoes modifications; it is this which causes her to see the limbs which do not outwardly exist, and physical beauties that the ravages of disease have caused to disappear from the corporeal body.

Again, this uneducated girl expresses herself in "comparisons and images truly poetic." She seems, also, to have a perfect knowledge of mineralogy and chemistry, to analyze the objects submitted to her. Of all the phenomena this certainly is not the least astonishing. And," continues the editor, M. Bez, "it is necessary to conclude that the soul separated from the body possesses all science? No, certainly; but Spiritism, in establishing in an irrefutable manner the law of reincarnation, draws us from this embarrassment, because the soul now present in the body of Louise B.—may have animated, in another existence, that of a savant to whom all these things were familiar, and the knowledge acquired in an anterior life forced to remain latent when the soul is riveted to the body, reforms yet its former position and habits, and enjoys its intrinsic life. (This is a paragraph from Mr. Lacour's to take up and explain, according to our ideas of the temporary possession of another spirit while the temporary was ab-

sent from her body.) "No religious preoccupation mixed itself with these impressions," says the Gazette of France. That is truly a pity, because if this astonishing faculty reported itself upon religious principles, they would have made her a saint or a sorceress; but now they may content themselves by making her a lunatic and shutting her up in an asylum. Whatever may be done, we will do all that is possible to keep our readers informed of the discoveries of science and of the verdict she will in the end pronounce."

## SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

NUMBER THREE.

BY F. T. LANE.

Can spirits pass through material substances? Media usually answer in the affirmative. We know of but one who has publicly declared in the negative, and that person is A. J. Davis. But mediumistic testimony, either pro or con, must be corroborated by natural law. Science offers no testimony, inductive or deductive, in favor of the affirmative. If spirits have discovered any new law, they can point out some analogy to confirm it, for spirit-life is but a reproduction of earth-life on a higher scale; the same fundamental principles underlie both, and in no case is a natural law abrogated. It is an axiom of philosophy, that no two substances can occupy the same place, at the same time. Therefore, a spirit-body cannot pass through a wall, without displacing the particles. This is admitted; but it is claimed that the particles are restored. How shall we determine this claim? I answer, by the senses. Why? Because physical sight and hearing are to the material realm what clairvoyance and clairaudience are to the spiritual realm. The senses are trustworthy in the sphere to which they are directly related. Spiritual gifts are not substitutes for but SUPPLEMENTARY to the senses, the spiritual beginning where the senses terminate. The testimony of the senses and spiritual functions is always in harmony. All apparent conflict is caused by the irrelevant use of the senses or spiritual faculties. Now, supposing a spirit proposes to displace the particles of a door? Clairvoyance would determine the movements of the spirit-body, and some one or more of the senses would cognize any disturbance of the particles of the door. Supposing the displacement and restoration were so rapid as to elude the sight, then the violence of the concussion would certainly reach the ear; or, if the process were so gradual as to produce no audible sound, then the eye could certainly detect the change. So far as the door is concerned, the testimony of the senses would be entirely trustworthy; therefore it would not be a difficult matter for a spirit to decide the point at issue.

The spirit-body is an organized form, combining many chemical constituents, and it is manifestly absurd to claim that it could be FILTERED through a door, like a simple, volatile fluid, and maintain its organic condition.

It has been said that spirits pass through walls, as thoughts pass through the air; but this inference is wholly unwarrantable. The science of acoustics explains how we may communicate our thoughts through a wall to another person, but we do not infer from that fact that we can go through ourselves; so, a spirit's thoughts may be transmitted through the same wall, but it does not follow that the mechanism producing that thought can be transmitted in the same way. All matter is either porous, vibratory, or electric, and hence is the medium of numberless influences of forces. A spiritual or material organism may generate and transmit its influences through a wall without displacing the particles, but the organism, in passing, would produce a rupture, cognizant to the senses; hence it is in the power of any person, composed mentis, to decide the question, Can spirits pass through material substances?

## HEART LEAVES.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

NUMBER TWELVE.

### "A Chorus of Angels."

Once upon a time a man of large heart and noble charity, who had succeeded in rescuing a lost one from the haunts of degradation, was speaking of the trials through which he passed in accomplishing that work of love. "It was a hard place," said he, "but I shrank not, and when it was over, a chorus of angels would have been discord to the music that was singing in my soul," and to-night I can say the same.

Angels of light, my soul leaps with joy as I clasp your loving hands and ask, What am I, that I should be made the agent of loved ones gone before, in the mission of love and justice? Music singing in my soul! Oh, those singing birds of harmonic rhythm! Birds that are caged till the sharp, grating file of affliction rasps away the bars behind which they sit in silence, and then, with quivering wing and open throat, they pour forth such volumes of ecstasy, that we ask, where is the place of sorrow, and whither hath she fled?

"Through tribulation deep, the way to glory lies," but when we reach the glory, we forget the tribulation, or remember it only with the exceeding thankfulness that wonders at being honored with the draught of purification that alone could fit us for joys so heavenly.

Blessed mission! mediums, mediators between those in the form and those who have left it; bearing the cross—wearing the thorns—drinking the wormwood and the gall—tonics for the soul, making it vigorously aware to bear the exceeding weight of glory that shall come after. Blessed mission to sustain the weak, to lift up the fallen, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to have the desire to do this, trusting the angels for the means and the opportunity, having respect unto the "recompense of reward," that comes welling up from the innermost soul-depths, saying, "They are saved, they are saved." Thanks, oh ye angels! ye dear ones, whose hands I have clasped, and whose lips I have pressed in the earth-life; thanks for making me your agent, your unworthy but rejoicing instrument of good. And yet ye come, and through mortal lips ye thank me for what I have done, for what I could kiss your very feet in the proud humility of exaltation for the blessed privilege of doing. With an angel mother's arms around me, and her breast to lean upon, with an angel brother, lover, friend, to clasp my hand, and shower thrilling kisses upon lips and brow, why should I fear to enter into the very blackness of the Valley of Shadows, in order to lend forth those who have lost their way amid its withering mazes.

"Could I meet with the angels,  
I'd sing them a song!"  
"T was thus I sung, long years ago. I have met with the angels, and my soul is singing its song."

Rashness is the error of youth, timidity, of age; manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; that period when we have the head to contrive and the firm hand to execute.

Be true to your friend; never speak of his faults to another to show your own discrimination.



## Correspondence.

## A Mouth in Washington, D. C.

My sojourn at the Capital of the nation, made as pleasant as the best of homes could make it, by the welcome in the family of my old friend, the fourth Auditor in the Treasury, has enabled me to make some observations and calculations which could be made from no other locality as well.

My lectures were well attended, though not crowded, as were some of those given by Mrs. Daniels and other female speakers, for the men in Washington are like men in other places, and myself included, they like the lady speakers best. I suppose it is natural, but I had audiences of more than average intelligence, made up in great part of transient persons, not by old settlers in the city, for it must be admitted that the citizens of Washington, in the aggregate, are less intelligent, refined, reformed and regenerated, than in almost any city or large town of the Northern States; and yet there is no lack of churches or religion, indeed these are superabundant, but such appliances do not advance the intellect much. But Washington, including the visitors and temporary residents on public and private business, contains each winter, at least, a large excess of intellect over any city or town in proportion to numbers, in any part of our country or the world. It may safely be said, that since 1863, and especially the present winter, Washington is a radiating centre of human intellect, and it is fitting and appropriate that Spiritualism, which is the religion and philosophy of the future and incoming age, should have a hearing and representation at this centre; and so it has, drawing to and around its standard many of the ablest minds in the nation's councils, and many of the most trustworthy agents of the Government, although their positions and business would not allow them to give it the time and attention they desired, or it deserved.

One point is fully and fairly established, viz: Spiritualism is a central, fixed, and well-developed system of religious philosophy, or philosophical religion, both at the Capital and in the most enlightened parts of this nation, and cannot be ignored, superceded or suppressed, by the combined powers of ignorance, bigotry, superstition and intolerance, which have arrayed their powers and marshaled their church armies against it, in all the pride of the "popularity and vernal zeal" at their head, and the flag-end of Christianity, in Mormonism, at their tail, all fortified with Bibles, and diked with creeds, picketed with priests, and bomb-proof in the church fathers, and with plenty of Whitworth, Columbian and Paskhan guns, manned by the bishops, elders and selected officers of this heterogeneous army.

But to return to Washington, on which I would fix the attention of our friends. This is the place where we ought to have a stronghold, and where we ought to concentrate our efforts, establish a national bureau, centre, office, business, &c., and here we should have every winter a National Convention and session of at least one week, where we could exhibit the best specimens of tests, speeches, philosophy and facts, with a full supply of our book literature, and from this centre send out through members of Congress and visitors the rich truths and treasures of Spiritualism to all parts of our nation, as we can from no other point in the nation, and at no other time as during the session of Congress. There are a large number of the members of Congress who are either already believers, or sufficiently interested to become so, when they examine the facts and philosophy; and these, of course, are men of influence and talents in their localities, or they would not occupy the places they do. This seems to me a favorable and desirable object, and attainable either through the National organization or otherwise, to establish a Central Bureau at Washington, and have public exhibitions of mediumship and oratory once a year, and a report annually published and circulated over the nation; and I believe the expense of all, except the journey and board of members and visitors, could be raised at the exhibition, and even that paid to selected mediums and speakers, if they could give their time.

I delivered eleven lectures during my stay in Washington: eight on Spiritualism for the society; one on American Democracy, at the League rooms, for the benefit of soldiers and widows, which for their sake I regret was not fully attended; and two well attended by colored people in their churches, on their new duties and responsibilities. Had a very pleasant, and I believe profitable visit. Saw, realized and appreciated the improvement since last and former years, so I can testify that Washington with the world progresses.

Maryland, Jan. 30, 1866.

## Notes from the West.

I was lecturing in St. Louis just prior to the rebellion, and when the news of the fall of Sumter rang like a knell over the land. I shall never forget the gloom of that April Sabbath when I bade my friends adieu and turned my face to the East. At that crisis the Spiritualists of St. Louis—to their eternal credit be said—were chiefly loyal and devoted to the Government. Perhaps for this reason the shadow of coming events fell upon them more darkly than on any class of society.

Of the group gathered around me on the occasion referred to, and whose stern and flashing eyes betrayed how keenly they felt the insult to which our country's flag had been subjected, there were several whose names and deeds have since become historic. One was Col. White, a soldier of the true Bayard type, as brave and chivalrous a gentleman as ever drew sword in an honorable cause, afterwards fearfully wounded in the terrible siege of Lexington, where he won laurels which will outlive the sufferings of the poor earthly body and be entwined in the hero's glorious wreath of immortality.

As an illustration of the uncompromising and loyal feeling which was common among the Spiritualists of St. Louis, I may mention that Mr. Sears, well known "on change," kept the stars and stripes streaming above his roof all through the "reign of terror," when more timid citizens were leaving the city by hundreds for fear of a rebel raid. He also opened his mansion and grounds on the Fourth of July, to a party of children, celebrating the day with fireworks and various demonstrations of a patriotic character. When the secessionists threatened to tear down the flag and burn the house, the veteran said, "Come and try it!" That, however, they did not think proper to do, doubtless entertaining a wholesome respect for certain "Shirley's Rifles" held in reserve by Mr. Sears and his plucky family.

Five years! what a change! Then St. Louis rejoiced in the benign and patriarchal institution of slavery; then the proud Southern strode the pavement with the step of Byron's Lambo, vaunting the prowess and triumphs of the Confederacy to be (or not to be), and loudly cursing Northern

men and Northern principles. Those were the good old times, when the doggy "minut men" threw the "Rattlesnake flag" to the breeze, and stationed a piece of artillery to protect the lovely emblem.

But those days are gone by. The negro pen and the auction block are among the relics of a defunct civilization. The Palmetto floats no more; and the "high-toned champion" of secession has gone to Washington, and is beseeching for "paradise."

"Belle Missouri" has burst her shackles, and now stands erect in strength, majesty and beauty. The great ordeal and change through which the State has passed, is most graphically portrayed in "MANOMIN," a rhythmic romance just published, and written by Myron Coloney, Esq., of St. Louis. In many respects, "Manomin" is a remarkable production. The author is a thorough Spiritualist, and of course views things from a spiritual standpoint. "Gaffer," one of the characters, is a seer, and medium for weird and thrilling manifestations, which are most vividly described. I would advise my Eastern friends to send for this new work.

I could write a cheering account of the Sunday meetings, and the Children's Lyceum, in St. Louis, but that has already been done by the able pen of Mr. A. J. Davis. I shall return to lecture here again through March. The friends are waiting to give Lizzie Doten a hearty welcome. They will wait long before they have it in their power to greet a medium more gifted. She will be pleased with them, and I know they will appreciate her. I purpose to spend a part of February in Decatur, Ill.; and for the benefit of speakers allow me to say, that it is one of the very best places in the West. The Spiritualists of that little city are in no degree fossilized, but "alive" in the highest sense. Good lecturers are sure to be generously received; let such address Mr. E. O. Smith, or Mr. S. Burgess. But, dear Banner, I must close; in a few hours I go to Jefferson City, to lecture in the State House, for the benefit of the "Lyon Monument Fund." More anon.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 29, 1866.

## Spirit Manifestations in Lancaster, O.

The subject of "Modern Spiritualism" has never been well presented in Lancaster until within the last three weeks, consequently it has not previously gained loud footing.

Miss Jennie Lord has been giving a number of her musical séances at my house, and at the residences of other families of the city, which have been attended by ladies and gentlemen of the highest respectability, who have unanimously concurred in saying that the manifestations are incomprehensible, and that they are from influences outside of and above human hands or human volition; and none, even the most skeptical, with two or three exceptions, have had the hardihood to say that fraud was to be suspected; and these were persons seated at the furthest point from the medium, and were perhaps excusable because they had less chance of close inspection. The medium, with her traveling companion, have, at every sitting, been placed between responsible citizens, well known to all present, and who have always certified to the company, after the close of the séances, that the hands of both Miss Lord and Miss Stebbins were in contact with theirs every moment during the musical manifestations.

The guitar, tambourine, bells, triangle, timbrels, bass viol, drum, &c., were floated through the room out of the reach of human hands, and artistically played upon. Glasses of water were placed before the faces of sitters; apples distributed; instruments brought in contact with persons in response to mental requests, and many other wonderful things done, when it was known that no human hand in the room was disengaged. Electricity, magnetism, and odylie force have been suggested. But have these agents mind and intelligence?

Miss Lord's visit here has made a fine impression in this hitherto undisturbed community. Her coming has been timely and fortunate, seeds have been sown which will bear fruit. Bread has been cast upon the waters that will be gathered many days hence. The field is now prepared for first-class test mediums and popular lecturers. We have an intelligent and appreciative people, whose reason can be addressed.

I regard Miss Lord as altogether the most reliable, and at the same time the most powerful medium I have ever seen. She is intelligent and refined; affectionate, sensitive and gentle, and will be well received wherever she goes. I pray for her tranquillity and peace in this life. She will be happy and exalted in that which is to come.

Miss Sophia Stebbins is a lady of refinement and great strength of mind. She is in the right place, and will win the esteem of those among whom she may be cast. Treat these ladies kindly, and let them have abundance of this world's good things. All you can do for them will be a poor compensation for the good they are doing.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Lancaster, O., have attended the musical séances of Miss Jennie Lord, recently given in this place, and do cheerfully certify that we have had ample facilities for inspecting the rooms and their furniture, previous to the sittings, the result of which has enabled us to say that the manifestations were wonderful; and that whatever the laws or the power which produced them, they were not in any way the result of human power or influence.

Lancaster, O., Dec. 30, 1865.

I could just as well add fifty other names of responsible citizens, who have authorized me to do so, but I do not want to intrude upon your space.

H. SCOTT, MY D.

## The Providence Convention.

I see by the Banner that my name appears to a call for a joint Convention of the States of Rhode Island and Connecticut. I did not intend to have it so used, unless the friends at Providence were in favor of such Convention in their city, and so expressed themselves to whoever might make the call. Since coming here, I find confirmed what I thought more than intimated before—that they are not in favor of such a meeting in their midst at present; not that they do not fully sympathize with the missionary movement and are willing to cooperate and do their share to sustain it, but, expecting the National Convention in August, and other matters of a home interest pressing just now, they feel reluctantly to say, "Select some other time or place."

In view of these facts, I wish to withdraw my name from said call, and would suggest that the call be withdrawn entirely, and resumed for some other time and place as soon as possible.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 4, 1866. J. G. FISKE.

## The Providence Convention.

In your issue of the 3d inst., dear Banner, there appears a call for a Convention in Providence on the 15th, on the part of Rhode Island and Connecticut, for the purpose of securing missionary labor in those States. Ordinarily the object of this call would command my heartiest support and aid; but this call was made with an un-

authorized use of names, and without regard to the expressed dissent of the Providence Spiritualists, and for the following reasons, as stated before the issue of the call: Our year for the support of free public meetings commences in February. This year we are endeavoring, by a four days' fair and festival and by a thorough canvass among our Spiritualists, to secure sufficient means to do something like financial justice to our speakers, and we are reluctant to call upon them for another purpose at this time. It will be remembered that we have invited the National Convention to this city, and intend to extend generous hospitality.

Such being the facts, if the Convention is held here, without reference to the almost unanimous wish of the Providence Spiritualists, I can predict for it no great measure of success.

Yours kindly, L. K. JOSLIN, Cor. Sec.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 4, 1866.

## Byron, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of this town organized an Association in October last, numbering thirty-five or forty members, have the free use of a comfortable hall for meetings, have a fund subscribed sufficient, it is believed, to employ lecturers once or twice a month for the present year.

The attention of lecturers is called to the above, and should any be intending to visit or pass through this part of the State, and desire to spend a Sabbath with us, they will receive a prompt answer to such a proposition, by addressing J. C. Walker, H. S. Plunkham, or J. W. Seaver, who have been chosen a committee to supply our pulpit. Application and an affirmative answer should precede a visit, for otherwise a number of speakers might visit at once, thus occasioning disappointment and pecuniary loss.

A brighter day is about dawning upon our heaven-born religion, and if we would share in its effulgence we must deserve to be its recipients. In the cereal world we observe, first, a luxuriant growth of straw, followed by a large show of chaff, with very small inductions of wheat; but later a bountiful harvest of real golden grain is realized. Spiritualism is, for its age, very prolific of straw, and no small amount of chaff has appeared, and I trust and believe we are soon to realize a more bountiful sowing of the pure grain of universal brotherhood and the harmonization and elevation of our spiritual nature.

J. W. SEAEVER.

Byron, Genesee, Co., N. Y., Jan. 20, 1866.

## Beautiful Spirit Manifestations.

For several years past, Mr. Livermore, of New York, has been in correspondence with Benj. Coleman, Esq., of London, and the latter has furnished, from time to time, that portion of the former's letters which related to the beautiful spiritual manifestations he has been witnessing through the mediumship of Miss Kate Fox, to the London Spiritual Magazine for publication. Below we give the last which has appeared. It will be found exceedingly interesting. Mr. Livermore is one of the wealthiest merchants in New York, and ranks among the shrewdest and most intelligent. He is the last man in the world who could be imposed upon, and his statements can be relied upon with implicit confidence. We give the narration, with Mr. Coleman's introduction, as follows:

My friend, Mr. L., of New York, whose recent visit to London I mentioned in a former paper, has returned home, and I have received a letter from him with some extracts from his diary recounting the incidents of several séances which he had prior to his leaving for Europe, but which have not been recorded in this journal, and one of a very interesting character he has had since his return to New York. It will be seen that the phenomena are as marvelous as any that I have yet mentioned, and that those occurring at the last sitting were witnessed by his friend Dr. Gray, the well-known physician.

The curious coincidence to which Mr. L. alludes in his letter to me, and which he made the subject of a spiritual test, arose from the following circumstances:

Estelle's family were traveling in Europe in 1861, when Mr. L. joined them at Baden-Baden. The principal room of the hotel being occupied when they arrived there, they were accommodated in a small cottage detached from and situated in the garden of the hotel, and there it was that Mr. L. first made proposals of marriage to Estelle. It will be seen that the phenomena are as marvelous as any that I have yet mentioned, and that those occurring at the last sitting were witnessed by his friend Dr. Gray, the well-known physician.

Being in Switzerland during his recent visit to Europe in the summer of last year in company with his sister, he telegraphed to Baden-Baden to secure apartments at the same hotel at which the servants, who were then residing in the hotel, were crowded with visitors, and he had allowed to him the identical bed-room in the cottage which Estelle had occupied before their marriage four years ago. Mentioning the incident to me upon his return to London, he was desirous that I suggested that he should at the earliest opportunity make it a test, and he now relates the result in the following letter:

MY DEAR MR. COLEMAN—You will no doubt be interested to learn that my spiritual manifestations, since my return from Europe, were in my own house, in the presence of Dr. Gray, and resulted in the tangible, real, visible presence of my wife in my own room, where there could be no possibility here of any other persons than Dr. Gray, the medium, and myself. This was on Friday evening, Nov. 10th, 1865. The atmosphere was moderately electrical, cold and overcast. The medium and Dr. Gray having called to see me, we determined to have a sitting in a room upstairs, there being no room in the house but the servants' room, where three flights of stairs, the door was carefully locked, and after seating ourselves at the table in the middle of the room, I turned out the gas. In about fifteen minutes a spirit-light rose from the floor on the side of the table opposite to me, and after describing a semicircle over and above the table three times consecutively, it rested upon Dr. Gray's head and disappeared. The medium and myself were then requested to stand up. Upon our doing so, the light again rose, and after describing a semicircle over and above the table three times, it gave it more room. Vigorous rustlings succeeded this movement, and the next instant the figure of my wife stood before us holding a single flower in her hand, with every feature radiant, and vivaciously visible. She was dressed in white gown, which enveloped her head, a transparent veil falling just before her right eye, but thrown back. The veil was subsequently removed altogether. Her dress or robe was carefully placed around the neck, but with that exception it was loose and flowing. It was of thicker material than that about her head, and seemed to be of the texture of silk and gossamer. As Dr. Gray was seated during this time (we standing between him and the spirit) he saw only the light and drapery, as she came and glided away, which she did five or six times during a period of about three quarters of an hour. For some cause, unknown to me, the spirit could not on this occasion remain visible to me when Dr. Gray approached, and I will, perhaps, remember a suggestion you made to me in London, that upon my return I should make certain interesting circumstances which occurred to me on the Continent the subject of a spiritual test. I am happy to say that it has been done, with a most satisfactory result.

I had mentioned the circumstances to no one on this side the ocean. At a second sitting, two days after that which I have just described, I applied the test, as follows: I wrote two questions without the medium's knowledge. The questions and answers were as follows:

My Dear Wife—I desire you this morning to write me a word about your appearance on Friday night last. Also something in reference to the interesting circumstance now on my mind, which occurred on the Continent during my visit to Europe.

Answer (written on a card by the spirit)—My

Dear Husband—I was most happy to come to you in an answer to your letter. I have no joy greater than to hear from you. The next thing I wish to wear a different dress—one entirely covered with violets and roses, so that you may perfectly see their color. I was with you at Baden-Baden, and saw your thoughts of me while there. I was very near you—as near as at the time when I there promised to be yours forever. I was near you when this thought came. I heard the echo go forth from your heart, and my spirit was drawn at once to your side. Sacred memories are attached to that spot. Do you remember, dear Charles, how I am ever near you.—ESTELLE.

## EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

First Evening—Cold and clear. A bright fire was burning in the grate. I turned the gas down partially, but still sufficient to make all objects distinctly visible. I then opened the table about six inches in the middle, and the large musical box across one side, and the table cover across the other, leaving an opening of about six inches square in the centre. After a few minutes a white fleshy hand rose, pointing its fingers upward toward the ceiling. A snow-white and glowing enfolded in shape, size and color. A few moments elapsed, when the hand again made its appearance, but now held a flower, which, with its stem, was about three inches in length. I reached out my hand to touch it, and the instant it came in contact with the flower there was a snap like the discharge of electricity. By request I now turned up the gas, making the room fully light. The hand again rose, holding the flower, which I placed upon the table, and the instant it came in contact with the flower there was a snap like the discharge of electricity. I lifted the paper and examined the flower, which was to all appearance a lovely pink rosebud, with green leaves. Miss Fox took it in her fingers and held it up for examination. It was damp, cool, and glutinous. As expressions of dissatisfaction from the unseen agents of this wonder were here manifested, she replaced the flower upon the paper, when the hand rose, seized, and took it away instantly. Various flowers of different sizes, shapes and colors were presented. One was a small white flower like a daisy. By raps it was said, "Obey directions; you will hear the flowers by your touch."

Second Evening—Foggy and damp, conditions unfavorable. A very fine light made its appearance, demonstrating or illustrating the method of making the room dark, and the form of a cylinder, with its usual accompaniment of envelope. It was placed in my hand to test its weight. On closing the hand, and pressing it, I found that the shell or surface gave way and became indented. I found it was like the shell of an egg, and was very light. It is true that this communication brings to you blessings in your daily life. Value these rare blessings, for there are few whose souls have been breathed upon by this. There is a life within a life; mortal and immortal; perishable and lasting. They walk side by side, the one in the realm of hope and smiles, the other is hallowed by peace and hope; smiles and tears form one, eternal bliss and happiness the other.

Third Evening—Cold and clear. The spirit-light soon rose divided into two, and described a circle as standing the beautiful spirit-form of my wife, so often described. She was vividly visible, but differently dressed from her usual style, apparently of something which I did not understand. A kind of turban was wreathed about the head of gossamer and gold, sparkling with bright points like diamonds, her head resting upon her right hand. After remaining visible for some time we crossed the room, where she again appeared similarly dressed. The shining headress was entirely new. After she had disappeared the light, doubt about as answering questions by rapid circular motions. The light then rose near to the ceiling, describing revolutions the reverse of its previous motions. At times these revolutions described circles of six to eight feet in diameter. I asked that the light might be around us, which was immediately done with great rapidity. A large roll of drawing paper was taken up during these gyrations, and carried with the light. The light itself, as well as the envelope, was heard occasionally to strike against the table or ceiling with considerable force as it passed about.

Fourth Evening—Cold and overcast, with threatening storm. Shortly after the gas was turned out heavy rustlings were heard, a brilliant electric light rose, and the whole new countenance of Dr. Gray beamed upon us. No words can convey an idea of the calm, peaceful serenity, the dignity, the spirituality which shone out from that face. Although I have so often before seen it, yet on this occasion I was more than ever impressed, and his eyes shone as radiant. The light was very powerful, rendering him distinctly visible. He appeared in four different parts of the room, and each time differently draped or dressed. My hat was then left upon the bureau, was worn by him a portion of the time, and taken from his head in full view, and placed upon mine by the spirit. Immediately afterwards, while my hat was still upon my head, he was seen wearing a three-cornered hat, a ruffled shirt, white neckerchief without collar, his gray hair behind the ears. He was enveloped in a dark robe, which he placed down by the side of his face, partially shielding that side, and was drawn across his breast about six or eight inches below the chin. This mantle I examined both by sight and touch, and found that it resembled in its fabric rather the dark flannel of a workman. Beneath this his dress was perfect, the cravat and ruffler were spotless white, and the vest and coat real, for I pulled aside the mantle with my own hand. His face was like the crystallization of expression, the expression changing during the intervals of invisibility. The form at being instant and temporary, no doubt lacks the nerves and muscles of the human physical organization, and hence can of necessity only exhibit one attitude or phase of expression, for each crystallization (or naturalization) during which the features and expression are *en permanence*.

Fifth Evening—Snow and rain. The spirit (or electric) light first appeared suspended about two feet above the table, when we were requested to notice it carefully. It was described, it struck the table with a metallic clink, like two tumblers being together. It was cylindrical in form, about three and a half inches in height, and a little less in width or thickness. The spirit envelope (or covering) was thrown over it like a handkerchief, the illumination shone from the center, giving it the appearance of a glass globe or lighted lantern covered with gossamer. We were particularly directed to notice the order now. The envelope was then partially withdrawn and disclosed a cluster of the most exquisite, brilliant crystals, which seemed like a mass of diamond points of about three inches, cube shape. These points of light were very brilliant and beautiful. The envelope was now withdrawn entirely—the cluster rose resembling a point distant about six feet from our eyes, when the vehicle of light was inclined toward us, and discovered to be a hollow tube—the crystals forming the outward wall, while in its depth at the bottom, inside, was a ring or circle of light, dark at the centre, but very brilliant on the outer rim. This vessel was then inclined toward us quickly, and raised again to a perpendicular. Rings of luminous vapor escaped in the direction of our faces, and were found to exhale a most exquisite perfume. This was frequently repeated, the vapor rising, and then floating through the atmosphere. This odor can scarcely be described—it was as evanescent as ether, peculiarly exhilarating and delightful. Descending again, the envelope was thrown over the cluster, and the single brilliant point of light appeared on the envelope, traversing it in all directions, and appearing precisely like the focus of a burning or sun glass. The room was filled with odor from this source. There was no perfume on the outside of the envelope, but emanating from within. We followed this light through the room, and passed around it constantly, seeing and smelling the illuminated vapor as it was thrown off in rings and clouds.

Note.—Every manifestation varies from the preceding one. No two sittings ever result in exactly the same phenomena.

Sixth Evening—Atmosphere clear. A bright coal fire and gas burning, the latter about half turned off. Opened the table about the width of six to eight inches. The spirit rose, and described a semicircle over and above the table three times consecutively, it gave it more room. Vigorous rustlings succeeded this movement, and the next instant the figure of my wife stood before us holding a single flower in her hand, with every feature radiant, and vivaciously visible. She was dressed in white gown, which enveloped her head, a transparent veil falling just before her right eye, but thrown back. The veil was subsequently removed altogether. Her dress or robe was carefully placed around the neck, but with that exception it was loose and flowing. It was of thicker material than that about her head, and seemed to be of the texture of silk and gossamer. As Dr. Gray was seated during this time (we standing between him and the spirit) he saw only the light and drapery, as she came and glided away, which she did five or six times during a period of about three quarters of an hour. For some cause, unknown to me, the spirit could not on this occasion remain visible to me when Dr. Gray approached, and I will, perhaps, remember a suggestion you made to me in London, that upon my return I should make certain interesting circumstances which occurred to me on the Continent the subject of a spiritual test. I am happy to say that it has been done, with a most satisfactory result.

I had mentioned the circumstances to no one on this side the ocean. At a second sitting, two days after that which I have just described, I applied the test, as follows: I wrote two questions without the medium's knowledge. The questions and answers were as follows:

My Dear Wife—I desire you this morning to write me a word about your appearance on Friday night last. Also something in reference to the interesting circumstance now on my mind, which occurred on the Continent during my visit to Europe.

Answer (written on a card by the spirit)—My

widely again, seemingly stiff, and moving with difficulty—again, flexible and natural. It was fleshly in color and to the touch, but unnaturally white. I did not see it beyond the wrist. I had frequently by the spirit-light seen that the formation ended at the wrist. There was no envelope or covering, such as generally accompanies these temporary formations in the spirit-light.

Seventh Evening—Weather clear and cold. At the conclusion of a message a light rose from the floor, discovering to us the spirit of my wife standing before us in all her beauty. My hat was asked for to which the light, I held it with the opening toward the spirit, the light being shewn quickly inside the hat (by the spirit), throw out brilliant radiations until her face was radiant. A delicate veil of gossamer (white) depended from above her forehead, which we took in our hands for examination. I held it myself before her face, found it transparent, and of such delicate tissue that it heightened her beauty, and made her seem still more ethereal. We now crossed the room to a sofa. The spirit said (by raps), "I wish to recline on the sofa." Loud rustlings and movements were heard, when we found that a soft pillow, forming one end of the sofa, was in the process of being detached, and afterward we saw it placed on end in the corner of the sofa, against which she was now seen reclining. We bent over and examined with great care her face and dress. The dress was white, a narrow ribbon was across her forehead, over which was a small white rose. A bunch of violets over her left temple, and a pink rose behind her ear. Her hair fell loosely, so that I took notice of it and placed it over the white robe, which I also took hold of and examined carefully. It was neatly trimmed, with a narrow ruffle, and plaited in front. Some very interesting experiments were made after she had disappeared. We stood in the middle of the room, the spirit-light hanging suspended in front, resembling the pendulum. I noticed it was like a glass tube, or piece of crystal, about two inches in diameter, six inches long, and was suspended in its envelope like a bag. This bag was luminous some four to six inches above the top of the crystal, fading into a darker material. By my request it was placed in my hand (on a level with my chest), and while I was in the act of holding it, a hand about two feet above took hold of the rim of my hat which I had on my head, and I noticed the hat was in my hand held by the hand above. This light was then placed upon the rim of my hat, and allowed to remain there whilst I moved about the room. It felt solid and heavy—say from one to two pounds in weight. Subsequently I made a very careful examination of the light, which, at my request, was placed in my hand, and removed again at my bidding. It was hard and flint-like, with the appearance of liquid electricity, or light flowing inside in liquid conceptions. The hand which held the light thus suspended above, at the same time took off my hat and both the light and the hat were raised and lowered by the same agency. I noticed that the envelope became coarse and dark in proportion to its distance from the reservoir of electrical light. This was made to reveal, showing that it was propelled by a hand invisible, but holding that portion of the bag which was dark. The revolutions were rapid, describing a circle the entire circumference of the room, with such rapidity and effect that it seemed a continuous wheel or circle of light.

Eighth Evening—A card was privately marked by myself. The spirit-light came upon the table covered with its envelope. The card was by request placed upon the light, where it remained for about half a minute. I then took it in my hand, and found it was covered on both sides with writing in large letters. On one side I read as follows:

There is great joy in the future for you. Be not too much absorbed in business.—ESTELLE.

After reading it, I placed the card upon the light for the same length of time, and upon reexamination found the writing had entirely disappeared. I replaced it, received other messages, and saw them disappear in the same manner several times. The last writing was particularly distinct, and upon its disappearance I retained the card, which had not been out of my sight for one moment during the manifestations, found my private mark upon it, but no other mark or sign of that which I had read. The writing appeared to be in pencil, but there was no pencil in the room at the time.

## Miss Johnson's Lectures in Haverhill.

The Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher of a recent date, contains the following synopsis of and comments on the closing lectures of the course delivered by Miss Susan M. Johnson, before the Spiritualists of Haverhill, during the month of January. We are pleased to learn that our friends there have just started a Children's Lyceum, under very favorable auspices. Already the school numbers between sixty and seventy scholars. The writer in the Publisher says:

Those who were so fortunate as to hear her addresses at the Music Hall, last Sunday, however much they may have dissented from the views expressed, must have been impressed with the clearness, force and intellectual vigor with which the subjects under consideration were presented, and the position assumed maintained. The evening discourse, especially—upon the question, "Which has been the more potent agent in promoting the welfare of mankind, faith or knowledge, religion or science?"—was an effort of great power. While not ignorant, but counting upon practical faith in the natural means which the Creator has provided to meet and supply all human needs, a faith that stimulates to activity, and impels to efforts which shall discover and appropriate the great and unexplored fields of knowledge, ready to yield up to her earnest students, the speaker showed that mere technical religious faith, Church creeds and institutions, had always been an impediment to the progress of the race, and imposed the most formidable obstacles with which it has had to contend; that the Bible even, aside from its record of spiritual phenomena, such as have been common to all ages of the world, is utterly impotent to convince men of the truth of the grand idea of the immortality of the soul; and that the world to-day owes its blessings, physical, intellectual and spiritual, to the discovery and application of the truths of science, rather than to the possession of any form of religion or faith. The lecture closed with a stirring and eloquent appeal for all to base their faith on the clear evidence of nature, as learned by experience and developed by scientific research and analysis. These are the sure and reliable guides, which never mislead or deceive; and every opinion should be suspected, which affirms or tolerates the idea of any conflict between the commands of God and the demands of nature.

Of the many admirable lectures which have been given by different speakers, perhaps none has left upon the audience a stronger impression of mental power.

## Fearsome Scenes in a German Village.

Ederaden, one of the prettiest towns in Germany, is now filled with mourning and desolation. During a month previous to the 9th ultimo, death had been carrying off the inhabitants rapidly, until upward of one hundred had given up the ghost after unexampled sufferings. There was hardly a house in the village that did not number a victim, and upward of three hundred, at the above mentioned, were awaiting death, which they knew to be inevitable—a prey to fearful sufferings. Physicians say that the victims of this terrible plague are eaten up alive by a legion of worms hardly so thick as a human hair, that have worked their way into the tissue of their flesh, their sinews and the marrow of their bones, and it is capable of being transplanted into and thriving in the human body. In Germany, pork-flesh, imperfectly cured and smoked in the shape of ham and German sausages, is a staple article of food, and from the human stomach, where they penetrate with the ham and sausage, pass into the blood, their size being so microscopic as to enable them to penetrate even into the minutest vessels; they lodge in the nerves, in the muscular and cellular tissues, and feed upon those parts of the human organization, causing fearful agony and great constitutional disturbance, which ends in death.



## PHILADELPHIA MATTERS.

## Another Children's Lyceum Established in Philadelphia.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE "QUAKER CITY" AHEAD IN THE PRACTICAL WORK.

DEAR BANNER—Prosperity crowns the efforts of practical Spiritualists in behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The citizen progressives of Philadelphia are expanding their influence and principles, and have established another Children's Lyceum for the advancement of the young in the beautiful ways of wisdom.

Yesterday being Sunday, while Mrs. Cora Scott Daniels was delivering a highly inspired discourse in Sanson street Hall, on "The Coming Conflict" between the hosts of Spiritualism and the solid ranks of old-style Romanism, we were engaged in organizing and putting in practical operation, "LYCEUM No. 2."

The Spiritualists of this city are preachers of the Church (meeting-house) in which Dr. H. T. Child and Prof. I. Rehn, and other able speakers, have frequently discoursed during the past few months. The stationary pews through the body of the Church have been removed—and comfortable and portable seats occupy their places—so that the Groups can be systematically stationed, and the lines can be properly formed for marching, and for the performance of other exercises appropriate to the mental and spiritual development of the members of the institution.

The Children's Lyceum, No. 2, of Philadelphia, was duly organized on Sunday, the 12th of January, under the wise and efficient direction of Bro. and Sister Dyott. The Sessions of this Lyceum will be held every Sunday, at ten A. M.; thus enabling Bro. Dyott to volunteer to serve as Assistant Conductor until the school is fully organized, and the officers become accustomed to their several duties.

This new Lyceum is located in Phoenix street, in the north part of the city. Prof. I. Rehn was elected Conductor, for which no better or wiser man can be found; he is one of the foremost men in the philosophical department of Spiritualism, and no progressive man in this city is more profoundly respected and beloved. For his Assistant, Mr. Baker was elected; for Guardian of the Groups, Mrs. Storch was chosen; and Miss Tyson as her Assistant. All the officers and leaders were duly appointed, and yesterday, while the Lyceum was in Session, every one manifested true interest and excellent judgment in the discharge of their appropriate functions. Every Group was fully represented by both children and leaders. They sang the songs of Progress, and participated in the Wing movements, and gave most excellent answers to the question, "What do we come to the Lyceum for?" The Session was concluded by the beautiful march with banners. Everybody seemed to take the deepest and liveliest interest in that day's work.

So goes the work in Philadelphia! The meetings and Lyceum at Sanson street Hall are very prosperous. Dr. H. T. Child, who is ever ready to teach and practice the principles of progressive Truth, will commence a course of brief Lectures before Lyceum No. 1, (in Sanson street) and Lyceum No. 2 (in Phoenix street) Sunday in each month. His first lecture will be on the "Atmosphere," illustrated by operations of the Air-pump; to be followed by another on "The Lungs," and illustrated to the eyes and comprehension of the little ones by means of diagrams, &c. The children are anticipating these lectures with much enthusiasm. Of course the Sunday on which Dr. Child will lecture before the Lyceum, a portion of the programme will be omitted, so that the whole session will not be prolonged beyond the usual time.

Next Sunday I begin the foundation of a Children's Lyceum in Vinland, N. J. The people of progress there have provided themselves with all Equipments and Manuals, and I am informed that they have erected a large hall for their meetings and the accommodation of the Lyceum.

I am to remain here and in Vinland during this month. The Grand Annual Celebration of the First Children's Lyceum of Philadelphia, will occur on Wednesday evening, this week, which will doubtless be witnessed by an immense audience, in spacious Concert Hall. Mrs. Davis is to arrive by to-day's afternoon train from New York. She will accompany me to Vinland, and assist in establishing the new school among the enterprising people there. More anon.

Yours fraternally, A. J. DAVIS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 5, 1866.

## NEW YORK MATTERS.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

ANDREW T. FOSS.

Mr. A. T. Foss, a reformed clergyman, delivered an excellent discourse at Elliott Hall, last Sunday evening, explaining "Why he became a Spiritualist."

Though his quaint wit and pointed sarcasm elicited much applause, it was quite unexceptionable, for his shafts were aimed not at Truth, but at existing crude opinions—the revered letter, not the law—the sacred husks that hide the golden grain. Evidently he is a fearless but just iconoclast, and the wooden gods that in these modern times take the more chilling shape of opinions clothed with authority, which our theological stages say we must not dare to question, fly to atoms beneath his Thor-like hammer, and, as the dust of demotion clears up, a wholesome laughter seems to affect the greater part of the assembly, while the minority, with clenched fists, seem to be asking themselves, "Is it possible that we have been idolatrous fools so long, or have paid that deference to mere myths and opinions that should have been accorded only to pure principles?"

## HOPE CHAPEL MEETINGS.

A full house again attended the lecture of Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, Sunday morning. The subject was "The Condition and Employment of those in the Summer Land." I cannot give in this letter a synopsis of what was said, but that it was philosophically true is evident from the fact that nothing unnatural, distorted, vague, or violently diverse from our employment here, was detailed. It was based upon harmonious human need, and this in its essence is eternal.

## SPIRITUALISM IN NEWARK, N. J.

Considerable interest in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy is still maintained at Music Hall, in Newark, N. J. Three lectures are usually given each Sunday, besides one or more discourses during the week. There are some good speakers here, and plans are maturing to continue them, and increase their interest through the season. Mr. G. C. Stewart, author of the "Hierophant," is the man ever ready to labor, speak, move, or keep the machinery going, and with co-laborers that are doing much good in keeping alive the celestial fire in this now redeemed region.

## SPIRITUALISM SPREADING.

But, really, Spiritualism is making rapid progress outside of its acknowledged limits. There is a vitalizing, and notwithstanding all the odium cast upon it by its defamers, an elevating and refining element in this divine gospel, that recommends its essential worth and claims to every thinking mind, necessarily pilgrims in a sublime sense than those of old, moving on life's varied but spiral pathway that leads to the bliss abodes of Allah.

New York, Feb. 5, 1866.

BANNER OF LIGHT  
BRANCH BOOKSTORE,

274 Canal Street, New York.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO.

SUCCESSORS to A. J. Davis & Co., and C. M. Plumb & Co., will continue the book-selling business at the above-named place, where all books advertised in the Banner can be procured, or any other works published in this country which are not out of print.

**ALL SPIRITUAL WORKS.** and other LIBERAL or IRREVERENT PUBLICATIONS constantly on hand, and will be sold at the lowest current rates. The BANNER can always be obtained at retail from the New York Branch Office; but it is quoted to subscribers from the Boston Office only, hence all subscriptions must be forwarded to the "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON."

Having thus taken upon ourselves new burdens and greater responsibilities—the rapid spread of the grandest religion ever vouchsafed to the people of earth warranting it—we call upon our friends everywhere to lend us a helping hand. The Spirituality of New York especially we hope will redouble their efforts in our behalf.

J. B. LEWIS, who superintends our New York Branch Office, has long been connected with the former conductors of that office, and will promptly and faithfully attend to all orders sent to him.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 2, 1<sup>st</sup> STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

## Revival Efforts.

The efforts now making at various points in the country to start up Church revivals, of which we have spoken heretofore, are attracting criticism from many of the more or less independent journals, which do not hesitate to expose the real machinery of the practice, and thus prepare the popular mind to relax a good part of the respect and reverence which it has been the custom to yield to revivalists and their schemes.

A council of the leading Congregational ministers in Boston has just been held, to concert measures for starting a genuine, old-style "revival of religion." They mean, of course, by taking "measures" for this end, the putting together of the various parts of the machinery of preaching, praying, visiting, and personal exhortation, which in combination have been found to produce such an undeniable stir and excitement in the past. The plan, when talked of, always puts forward the Church, or ecclesiastical idea—the interest of some particular sect—the need of making a fresh foray into the domain of "the world" and bringing back new recruits for their party—and the assumption that to believe in them, and in whatever they say, is salvation indeed.

The tricks—for so we have a right to call them—of these revivalists for working successfully on the feelings of others—such as appeals to fear and superstition, galvanizing into new life sleep and complying temperaments, bringing things together as if it was all done by a sort of supernatural agency—are repeated with every season of revival which they deliberately enter upon. The New Covenant—a well-known Universalist journal of the West—describes in detail the manner of doing the business, as it is at present being done, in Chicago. Among the rest, is a plan of sending into the meeting notices for prayers that are desired for individual cases. This trick makes the thing as purely personal as possible, and therefore awakens a keener interest and sympathy in the congregation. We quote a few of these model revival requests for public prayers:

"For a mother with a large family, who is without God."

"For the town of Buda, Illinois."

"For a young man upon whom the Evil One has taken a strong hold."

"For a husband who, his wife fears, is resisting the Holy Spirit."

"A young man requests that supplication be made for the clerics employed in the store where he is, who are set in the ways of sin."

"For two young ladies, who were at an inquiry meeting last night."

These all look like got-up affairs, to fit supposable cases in the audience, and so better calculated, as the ministers believe, to prove immediately effective. If they will resort to such little subtleties, they certainly cannot find any fault if they get criticised according to their desert. If Spiritualists were guilty of such practices as invariably go with these revival seasons, what volumes of denunciation and vials of hot wrath would be hurled at their heads by these very same sensation preachers! Nothing would be too hard to say against us. But no mummery and imposition of that sort can be truthfully imputed to us. We play on no timid fears of immature people. We ask no one to subscribe his or her belief until he or she is certainly convinced by senses and reason. The only "mystery" we preach is that which is wrapped in the essence of our immortal being—not the superficial and purely material doubts and questionings about the soul's future, and the possibility of prolonged suffering.

We believe in "revivals" as much as anybody can reasonably believe in them; but they ought to proceed by regular and rational steps, and not by jumps, and summersaults, and epileptic motions of the soul. We believe, heartily and sincerely, in so closely bridging the soul of man to the standard and touchstone of truth, and virtue, and love, and charity, that the change or revival action may be seen going on every day. The old system, such as is now trying a reawakening, is not adapted to the larger liberality of the people of these times. It will be found to be exploded, inefficient, worn out. Some new style of machinery will have to be invented. The leaders and managers fail to see that their ecclesiastical strongholds have been sapped and mined by the inquiring spirit of the age; or, if they do see it, they are guilty of the folly of believing that by reviving the ecclesiastical machinery they will infuse new vigor into the body of their Church system, tool. Can the body live after the soul is out? We think not.

We have said we do not object to revivals. We mean genuine and practical ones; not those whose life shows only by the contagion of excitement, such as is begotten by numbers. We favor a revival of honesty and true honor; a revival of genuine faith, in place of dark, superstitious fear; a revival of a belief that we are all indeed human, and all brothers and sisters. We should much prefer, with the New Covenant, to see such requests as the following going up to the preacher to be given out to the congregation: Prayers

"For A—B—, that he mark down his goods, and not demand such enormous profits."

"For pious (?) wealthy people, that they give liberally to help the poor and needy."

"For pure and undefiled religion to prevail."

There is no sectarianism, or selfishness, or bigotry, about this. It means positive attainments. It pledges men and women to better lives and nobler deeds. It is really a revival—one that changes the heart, and keeps changing it for the better continually.

Read account of Beautiful Spirit Manifestations on the third page of this number of the BANNER.

For Lecturers' Appointments see seventh page.

## New Hampshire.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance lecturer, of this city, has recently made another trip to New Hampshire. She gives very encouraging accounts of the lively interest felt in the cause of Spiritualism in Dover, Great Falls and Candia. In the latter place she was invited to deliver a lecture in one of the Orthodox churches, and a large audience listened with close attention to her discourse. This makes the fourth church she has spoken in in that town. The Spiritualists in Candia are numerous enough to form a society, but they live so far apart as to prevent a unity of action, being liberally scattered among the four societies. She also visited Deerfield, and lectured before a good audience. There the light of the Spiritual Philosophy is breaking in upon the long benighted disciples of church creeds and dogmas. On her way home she stopped at Suncook, where she found many new inquirers after the Spiritual Philosophy since she last visited them, and was invited to return and address them again before winter is over. Mrs. Young is doing much good in her pioneering tours in towns where they have not yet organized societies sufficient to hold regular meetings. At each visit she finds new believers in our faith, and an increasing interest manifest. She extends her heartfelt thanks to the many friends who gave her such cordial greetings and kind attention.

## A Spiritual Temple.

Spiritualists, we learn, are building halls, wherein to worship, nearly all over the land. Why, in the name of common sense, do not some of our enterprising capitalists, who are full believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, bestir themselves and cause to be erected an edifice in Boston commensurate with their means? It is high time they appropriated some of their "surplus revenue" to this laudable object. Mr. Charles Pierce, a well-known architect and builder, will do all the business, and take stock besides, if responsible parties will only come forward and back him up with the requisite amount of funds. Move at once in the matter, and let the Spiritualists have a place of their own in which to worship, and suitable rooms set apart for Children's Lyceums. Hundreds of children are anxiously waiting for the formation of a Lyceum here, but at present there is no suitable place to be had.

## The Revenue Commission.

We are to have a regular Revenue System pretty shortly, if Congress shall adopt the recommendations of the Commission appointed a year ago to revise the whole matter. They propose that the hasty and ill advised practice of taxing almost everything be abandoned, and duties be laid on but a few articles, such as enter into general consumption. And even on such articles they would not have the duties burdensome enough to check production. Carriages, watches, silver plate, wearing apparel, and such like articles, they put in the free list; the bulk of the internal revenue receipts is to come from whiskey, tobacco, beer and cotton. Manufactures are to be made free, instead of being taxed at every stage, thus taxing many of them over many times. The proposal of the Commission receives wide attention.

## Railways to the Pacific.

There is no question that the railroad era has only begun. There are great enterprises on foot for the far West, starting from Boston, from New York, from Philadelphia, and from Baltimore. The mining regions around the Rocky Mountain spurs are the first point of attraction for capitalists, and then the country beyond on the shores of the Pacific. The country will in time be as much cut up by railways as New England is to-day, and a thousand or two miles\* of travel by rail will be thought less of, as an effort, than ever. The two oceans will certainly be welded in iron bands before many years, and a teeming population on the further coast mingle with ours of the Atlantic almost as freely as we at present mingle among ourselves.

## New Hotel in Boston.

The projected new hotel in this city makes a good deal of talk, but not more than such an enterprise on a scale of such magnitude really merits. The proposed edifice is to be erected well up town, facing Franklin Square and Washington street, and covering an acre and a half of ground. It is to cost a million and a half of dollars. It will be completed within two years. All its arrangements and appointments are promised to be made on a liberal plan. In fact, no hotel in the United States will be able to boast of being its superior. We need a gigantic concern of this kind in Boston, and ought to be amply able to sustain it. Our other hotels are good, but this one should go ahead of everything.

## The Rebellion in Spain.

The Spanish Government have the giving out of all the news about Gen. Prim's doings and undoings, therefore little is reported to his credit. It is not much more than a political strife between Prim and O'Donnell—the Ins and the Outs—and some even say that each understands the other in this business; their ulterior plan being to get Queen Isabella off the throne, that they might make a disposition of it to suit themselves! There are more improbable things even than this; many circumstances go to make this look not at all difficult of belief. Spanish politics are a highly unreliable affair. Who may issue the next pronouncement, is a question that nobody would venture to answer. The politics there all run in a military channel, too.

## The Providence Convention.

We call attention to the letters of L. K. Joslin and J. G. Fish, on our third page, in regard to the Convention called to meet in Providence, on the 15th inst. The Spiritualists of that place having invited the next National Convention to accept of their hospitality, do not feel able just now to take care of another one—they would wish to do, if one met there—therefore they are not desirous that the one appointed for the 15th should meet in Providence. We, however, have not been authorized to withdraw the "Call."

## Books for the Charlestown Lyceum.

Our friends in Charlestown will give a third dramatic entertainment, for the purpose of raising funds to purchase books for the Children's Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, (St. Valentine's night) in the City Hall. The entertainment will consist of Dramatic Scenes, Tableaux, Singing, &c., sufficient to make the evening pass off agreeably.

## The Davenport Brothers.

At the latest date from Europe, the Davenport and Wm. M. Fay were holding seances in Dublin, with great success. The Dublin Advertiser of the 12th Jan., speaking of the last two previous to that date, says: "The audience, on both occasions, seemed perfectly satisfied, and frequently applauded the mysterious performances."

## A Peace Convention.

We publish a Call for a Peace Convention elsewhere, to be held in Boston, on the 14th of March. The signers to the Call are numerous and their names carry great weight. No doubt their discussions in convention will go great ways in forming a public sentiment favorable to the permanent reign of peace everywhere. Such, at all events, is the prayer of all liberal and progressive people. But we apprehend that it is much too soon to look for the dawn of a perfect day of peace now. There is less disposition for war, of course, directly after our general exhaustion from it, so that the public mind will welcome whatever influences are brought to bear in the direction of peace. But it must be recollected that the crystal palaces of London and Paris were supposed to stand for a pledge of perpetual harmony among the nations, and that directly after the London World's Exposition of Industry all Europe was lighted up with the red flames of war. Mankind will have to be gradually developed out of their present condition into a higher and more spiritual one, before the reign of peace can be expected to begin. To aid in the work of that development is the shortest and surest way to put a final end to war.

## "A Dishonest Advertiser."

We have just received *The Rural American*, printed in Utica, N. Y., containing a marked item with the above heading. It cautions "the public against being swindled by G. G. Mead, formerly of Chicago, but now of Thompsonville, Wis., a dealer in microscopes. We have received letters from our subscribers, stating that they sent him money and got nothing in return for it." We have also received letters in regard to Mr. Mead, of a similar character, and have written to him repeatedly for an explanation, but as yet have received no answer. Hence we are obliged to come to the conclusion that either the advertiser is or his agents are dishonest. In the language of the *Rural*, we can only say that "we cannot distinguish between honest and dishonest advertisers till we learn of their doings." We exclude all such advertisers from our columns whenever we ascertain that they are unreliable. We hope, in this particular case, that the party alluded to, will yet show that he has dealt fairly with his customers. We know of individual cases, where those who have sent him for microscopes have promptly received them.

## "Gazette."

The readers of the Banner will doubtless be pleased to learn that EMMA TUTTLE is the author of "GAZETTE," the new volume of Poems which we recently noticed. The Tri-Weekly Publisher, printed in Haverhill, Mass., in speaking of it, says: "This is a work of some two hundred pages, just issued by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and is well worthy of a perusal by all lovers of poetry. It is rhymed romance, full of wit and humor, and abates not a whit in interest from the beginning to the end." The Boston Investigator speaks of it as "a lyrical epic of the war just closed between the North and South, presented in well-written poetry of different metres and sentiment, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' It is quite pleasant reading for a leisure hour, as it combines the beauties of a poem with the interest of a romance and the truthfulness of real life. The volume is very handsomely got up, in the printing and binding, and makes a fine appearance."

## Personal.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, on her way to Washington from this city, stopped in Philadelphia and delivered a lecture in Sanson street Hall, on Sunday, Feb. 4th; and on the following Tuesday evening, she and Col. Daniels delivered addresses in behalf of the Freedmen, in National Hall, in the same city.

N. Frank White will speak in Fond du Lac, Wis., Sundays, Feb. 18th and 25th, and week evenings. Those desiring his services for week evenings should apply in advance of the time as much as possible. He writes that Spiritualism is flourishing all through the West.

K. Graves, one of our talented correspondents, intends starting on a lecturing tour about the first of March. He will proceed, via Springfield, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm, M. D., is now engaged in Quincy, Ill., and Hannibal, Mo., for February and March. Address care of W. Brown, Box 502, Quincy, Ill.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard, the young trance speaker, of Portsmouth, N. H., will lecture in Masonic Hall, Hyannis, Mass., on Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 15th and 16th, and will visit other towns in the vicinity and on Cape Cod, if addressed before the 18th, in care of Mrs. L. F. Lynch, Hyannis.

E. S. Wheeler, of this city, will speak before the Society of Spiritualists in Foxboro', on Sunday, Feb. 18th.

## Youthful Mediums.

There are two little children residing in a neighboring city who are excellent trance mediums. Their parents are wealthy. The invisibles can handle these children with perfect ease, undress them preparatory to retiring for the night, in the light, and, on a recent occasion, Mr. Berry, formerly connected with this paper, came and identified himself to one of our associates. These children are truly the most remarkable mediums in the world. The greatest skeptic that ever lived would, if he did not possess the heart of a stoic, acknowledge the presence of invisible intelligence were he a witness of these manifestations.

## Spiritual Meetings in the Melodeon.

The Melodeon was crowded again on Sunday, Feb. 4th, to hear Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, repeat the two able discourses he gave here in December, on "The Gospel of Spiritualism" and "The Experiences of Theo. Parker on entering Spirit-Life." The large audiences listened with close attention and evident pleasure to these very instructive discourses.

Mr. Willis will address the Society at the same place next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

## Changed Spheres.

We learn that Mr. Julia Shaw, who for the last forty-five years has been a resident of Randolph, Mass., closed his earthly career on the 25th of January, at the age of sixty-five. He was a man of strict integrity, and of irreproachable character. Fifteen years ago he became a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and his faith grew stronger as he grew wiser. By personal efforts and pecuniary means, he helped sustain Spiritual meetings in that place. His personal presence will be greatly missed by a large number of friends, who highly esteemed him as a man.

## Death of Datus Kelley.

We learn that our venerable and highly esteemed friend, Hon. Datus Kelley, of Kelley's Island, Ohio, has passed to spirit-life. He was a man of ability and influence, and a firm believer in Spiritualism.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the interesting Translation on our second page. It refers to a young French peasant girl, who, when entranced, possesses not only the gift of second sight, but of second hearing; that is to say, she not only hears the words spoken near her, but those uttered afar off, toward which she concentrates her attention. In her hands each object takes a double image. She not only sees the natural form of it, but she sees, also, distinctly, the representation of its interior, the totality of its properties and the uses to which it is destined in the order of creation.

Of course none of our readers will fail to peruse the discourse on our first page, entitled, "The Coming Conflict." It treats upon a very important matter.

We have on hand able articles from the pens of Rev. Dr. J. B. Ferguson, Prof. Brittan, and others, which will appear as soon as space will admit.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, the Test Medium, is attracting crowds to his seances in Philadelphia. We understand that the tests of spirit presence through his instrumentality are becoming more wonderful every day.

An exchange thinks it would be well, before raising expensive monuments to the soldiers who have fallen in the war, towns and municipalities should see that the widows and children they have left behind are not allowed to starve, or to exist on the merest pittance.

The innumerable and bitter complaints against servants, are well met by the story of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who found a friend in the ears coming into Boston, commissioned by his wife to employ "an angel to do cooking for two dollars a week!"

J. V. MANSFIELD, the medium through whose instrumentality sealed letters are answered by spirits, still remains in New York City, giving satisfaction to nearly all who patronize him, we understand.

M. D. Conway, in his letter from London to the Commonwealth, says: M. Victorien Sardou, who wrote one of the plays that have recently beguiled imperial hours at Compiègne—*La Famille Benoiton*—is, it seems, a devout "Spiritist." He declares that the comedy above-named was by no means his own production, but entirely the result of the inspiration of the departed dramatists with whom he is in communication.

A countryman in Savannah, Ga., observed that a gang of darkies were working on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one of them why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darky; "heap of thieves about here, Massa."

Rinderpest continues to extend the sphere of its operations in England. Cattle die at the rate of ten thousand a week.

"What's whiskey bringing?" asked a dealer. "Bringing men to the gallows, and women and children to want," was the reply.

Insult not heaven with selfish prayers.  
While special codes oppress your freedmen,  
The Golden Rule of Christ is theirs.  
Not the slave laws of Lacedaemon.  
Not the laws of Rome? Expect it where  
Justice is equal as the air.  
Nor seek the fruitful olive-tree  
On the volcano's breast of snow.  
While the flame-waved Vesuvius smokes  
Consumes the hapless earth below.—S. C. Mercey.

## THE MURDERER GREEN.—The Boston

correspondent of the Springfield Republican, says:

"I believe Green's case has not yet been brought before the new Council. There is a report in circulation that ex-Gov. Andrew has notified the Chief Justice, that if Green is ordered for execution, he, the ex-Governor, shall, by a writ of error, bring the matter before the highest court."

Mr. Henry Giles, the lecturer, who is totally disabled by sickness, has received the sum of \$1,880.83 from a number of his friends, as a mark of their appreciation of his successful, unremitting and earnest toil in the field of literature.

In bringing up children, if we oppose violence to violence, passion by passion, we try to put out fire with boiling oil.

The Gardiner (Me.) Journal tells a good story of a clergyman in a neighboring town, who, having a lot of hay to press, and there happening to come a very damp and misty day, opened all his barn windows so as to give his hay the benefit of the atmosphere. In a man of the world this would be considered pretty sharp practice.

The new bill regulating and enlarging the powers of the Freedman's Bureau, has passed both Houses of Congress by a two-thirds vote.

INTemperance.—It appears from a statement published in the Chicago Republican that six million nine hundred and twenty-four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight gallons of malt liquors were manufactured, sold and consumed in Chicago during the past year. Admitting the population of Chicago to be 180,000, the consumption is equal to thirty-nine gallons for each man, woman and child.

Thomas Ball, at Florence, has recently executed a colossal statue of the actor Forrest, a head of Edward Everett, a statue of Lincoln and a bust of Prescott, the historian.

It is said that Mrs. Robert Lee is bringing the influence of many leading men of Virginia and the South to bear upon the President in favor of the restoration to her of the princely Arlington estate, and there are some of the opinion that she may be successful.

The publishers of the Daily Voice, the workmen's organ, printed in this city, intend to issue a Weekly also, commencing the first of March.

A St. Louis lady who used belladonna to give brilliancy to her eyes at the recent great ball, is now blind in consequence.

There is no form of mere neuralgia but may be cured in a reasonable time by strict personal cleanliness, loosening food, and breathing pure air.

The "pistologram" is the latest foreign novelty in photography. The picture is taken by the magnetism light in about three seconds. It is then enclosed between two plates of glass, which are then subjected to such a heat that they become one piece, and the likeness thus becomes hermetically sealed.

A young stock-broker, having married a fat old widow with £100,000, says it was n't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

Six more decided and interesting cures, by Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, will be found reported on page five, fifth column.

From the mines of Idaho to the brownstone fronts of Madison Avenue, Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is in request. Though the standard perfume of fashion, its popularity is limited to no class or section—it is a national staple. Sold everywhere.



Mass. Cloth binding, 162 pages. Price 75 cents. For sale  
this office. Dec. 23



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who spoke it, and is published by the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

white 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 Circle are held at No. 158 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.

MRS. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

### Invocation.

Our Father, God, we adore thee as a Power from which we receive all our blessings. We talk to thee as that Life from whence cometh all that we have, and all that we hope for. But while we ask for blessings and expect they will come to us, we would not forget that sometimes they are given us through the agencies of human sorrow, and what is called human sin; through crime, even, blessings are sometimes given thy children. We would not forget that thy power is everywhere, and through thy love, thy wisdom, we receive blessings, through the same power we receive that which seems, in our ignorance, to be a curse. Yet folded within it, slumbers a blessing. In every dewdrop that settles upon our human souls, which has been born of human sorrow or crime, even there is thy blessing; there is thy wisdom, thy love; there is thy power. Oh Guiding Spirit of our souls, this hour, as all others, we have sought but thanks to render thee. We do not ask for wealth or worldly power. No; we ask for none of these. We only ask, oh Spirit, that we may comprehend thee spiritually; to recognize thy love and wisdom in all thy manifestations, in every experience of life. Wisdom comes through the dark shades of sorrow, and in the sunlight of joy. Thy life is speaking to our life in all things; therefore we should reject nothing, but should take all things under holy consideration, feeling that art ever near to us in all conditions of life. Our Father, thou who hast given us our daily bread through all the past; thou who art feeling us in the present; thou who art ever blessing and never cursing us, to thee, oh Holy Life, be all power and adoration. To thee, oh unknown, yet ever known Spirit, be all the honor, praise and glory, which our human souls are able to conceive of. Amen.

Dec. 12.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to answer the inquiries of correspondents or the audience.

Q.—By L. B. of Quebec: I should like to know which of the lives of Jesus is true? I have read Roman's and A. Smyth's. Both pretend that their history is the true one, although both are different, and neither like what we read in the New Testament.

A.—In our opinion, they are both, in many respects, true, and both, in many respects, equally untrue. It is not to be expected that any historians can give you the entire truth concerning that of which they write. You are yourselves a mixture of truth and falsehood—false because you do not understand yourselves; true in that in which you do understand yourselves. And because you are thus constituted, you have need of these imperfections. Suppose you were to receive the truth concerning this Jesus, you would not understand it, would not appreciate it; it would not answer the demands of your human nature. All these ideas have been thrown out for you to speculate upon, and through speculation that you might become more perfect, more enlightened, more spiritually unfolded.

CHAIRMAN.—Mrs. Semans sends the following questions:

1st Q.—Was Alexander Smyth's History of Jesus given by the spirit of Saul?

A.—There are many Sauls and many Pauls. We cannot say whether this record of the life of the man Jesus was given by the intelligence referred to, or not. It is very possible that he might have had something to do with it, and it is equally possible that he had nothing to do with it.

2d Q.—Is it proper and useful to counsel with spirit-friends in regard to matters of earth-life and business; that is, if of vital importance to our happiness here?

A.—Certainly it is.

3d Q.—Is the doctrine of "whatever is, is right," literally true in all our conduct, and accidents, and circumstances, of everyday life?

A.—Nature never gave birth to an accident. There are no accidents either with you or with us. The doctrine, "whatever is, is right," is absolutely untrue, from a material standpoint; but positively true from a spiritual standpoint.

4th Q.—Do spirits ever influence us to feel and melancholy, and disposed to commit suicide?

A.—Yes, very often. They sometimes, by coming in rapport with you, baptize you with their own particular feelings. You drink them in as the earth drinks in showers. This is perfectly natural. You see exhibitions of the same law, same power, here in your earth-life, between spirits clothed in human life. For instance, if you are in sympathy with friends who are in sorrow, you take on their feelings. If they weep, you weep.

5th Q.—Is it wrong to desire to leave the body when we feel that we are of no use, and all our best aims and efforts seem to be failures?

A.—In one sense it is wrong. In another it is not wrong. There has been a cause by which this feeling was produced. You never could feel that you were weary of human life, if there were no cause for this feeling. It may be caused by some physical ill. Seven such cases out of ten may be traced to this. It may be some mental ill. There are ways a cause for every effect. This effect is no exception. Then everything is true to its cause, therefore absolutely right. And yet when you consider the requirements of everyday life, duty rises and tells you you should strive to put down this feeling, do away with the cause, annihilate the effect. You have human reason. That is your judge, your jury, therefore arraign yourself before this tribunal. But if you would be true to yourselves, you will gather all the witnesses you can, and in this, as in all other cases of law, let that which bears strongest upon your reason, as right, decide for you. You never need go far astray. You all have an inward monitor that is constantly guiding you. And yet you have the power to listen to ten thousand times ten thousand voices from all worlds, from ours

and yours. You should all turn within, to this monitor, and whatever it tells you to do, that do, and you will be sure to do right.

Q.—By J. B. Clough, of Liberty, Me.: Do spirits who have left the form in a gross condition, throw that condition upon sensitive minds here? And if so, does spirit and mortal progress to a higher condition in consequence?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If spirits have the power to tell falsehoods, how are we to know what communications are true and what are false?

A.—How are you to know what is true and false here in your human life? You must take the same course with friends in the unseen world, that you take with friends here. It will answer for both.

Q.—Will the controlling influence describe how a spirit can use physical force; such, for instance, as the playing of musical instruments, lifting of tables, and apparently taking hold of the instruments with hands?

A.—The *modus operandi* of producing such manifestations is as varied as the manifestations themselves. Sometimes a hand is formed only, sometimes a hand and arm, sometimes two, sometimes the body entire. Whenever any strong manifestation is to be given, it is generally the case that the body is formed entire. All the members are in spiritual and material working order, for this body is composed of particles that are gathered from the same source, are aggregated by the same law, and held in proper positions and kept in proper action by the same law.

Q.—Do these bodies have pulse?

A.—They certainly do. All the functions of human life are properly performed. This is absolutely true, which we hope sometime to be able to clearly demonstrate to you.

Q.—Do spirits lose their physical force at death?

A.—Yes, certainly, because the spirit loses its physical machine; therefore it has no longer need of physical force or power. The need existed with its co-partnership with the human body. When that was dissolved the need existed no longer. Yet in returning and manifesting through human life the need exists, because we live for the time being in human life; we deal with human obstacles. These have to be overcome by physical power only.

Dec. 12.

### Carlos Reinstano.

I was to have come when first I died. I find this was true. I been much time looking round to see how I should come here, for I knew of this way. And it was this way. I said I would come for I think before I die it was easy. I not know how I was to do. I suppose all we had to do was to come and speak like I do, without any preparation. I found it was not so. You have to go through a great agony, or a great many experiences, and you get considerable hard drilling before you're fit to come here.

I was a soldier under General Sigel, and lost my life in fighting for your Government. My name, Carlos Reinstano.

I have a little, well, quite a little family, circle, I should say of spiritual acquaintances, friends, who believe in this, they say. They were comrades. They say, one of them who lives in Cambridge, "Now Carlos, if you go first, you will come back and tell us if Spiritualism is true. And if you not only give just your name when you come back to this place, we shall be satisfied that you are on the right track." "Well," I said, "if the thing is true I'll come right back."

Now I been better than two years getting back. Now what will I say for myself. [That you were ignorant.] Well, I say that. [That you were mistaken.] I was mistaken. I thought I could come easy, but when I got on the other side I found there was so much to be done.

In the first place you're to understand yourself, perfectly; that's a big thing. In the second place you're to understand the medium that you're to come to. That's another big thing. And in the third place, you're to understand how to connect yourself acceptably. When you get that trio all right, as you think, the inspectors may say you're all wrong, that you make a failure if you go, and you'd better wait until you are sure that you'll succeed.

So I come and go away, and come and go away. I can't tell how many times. I have patience all the time, because I think they know more about it than I do. But all the while I am wishing I had known before death about this thing, then I would have said, I will come when I can, and not have said, I will come right back if Spiritualism is true.

Well, I am back, that's sure; and now all I want is a chance to talk to them. It is true we can come; but there is a great many things said about spirits, dead folks like myself, that is not true.

One of the boys used to say to me, "I believe I have somebody go with me who takes care of me, shields off the bullets." That is not so. It is like this. Your spirit-friends they comes and does what they can for you. And the way, if I was going to shield you from a cannon ball, would be to cause you to lie down. How do you suppose I should do? Turn the cannon ball aside? Ah no, that's not the way I would do. I might influence you to stoop down or go one side. It is much easier to influence the human body than a cannon ball.

You get wrong ideas, you see. Oh he has got heaped up, wrong ideas about this Spiritualism. He's right on some points, but when he comes to the spirit-world he'll have to go to school and learn all over again. I come here without any ideas at all. I have not belief. My friends have more of these ideas to unlearn. I thank God I not have that to unlearn. I got learning to do, but I got nothing to unlearn.

Now you see to it, you Spiritualists don't have to unlearn things when you get to the spirit-world by hard knocks.

Now, my comrade's father told him so, he said, "Maybe his father did, but not in the way he understands it. He takes it that he knocks the cannon ball out of the way. But it's not so. He might push him one side—his name was Walter—he make him go down, stoop down, get out of the range, that be about all. Yes, that is easy to do, particularly where persons are susceptible. Now, with mediums it is just as easy as if you was right there yourself, and knew how to dodge it. But with other persons it's more difficult."

Well, I am come; I am come. I am a German. I am come, I am happy, very glad to be able to say it is true.

Now, what I want is a good fair chance to come and spread myself somewhere else, where I can talk with them I know.

Dec. 12.

### Major George K. Tyler.

I am Major George K. Tyler, of the 24 Virginia Infantry. I am here for the purpose of making some communication with those I have remaining on earth. I am deeply obligated to you for the kindness you have extended to me, not only to you, but to your unseen friends, too, who in their kindness say the way is open to all. Certainly this is commendable.

I presume I shall speak the truth if I say I left the human body bearing you—Northerners some ill-will. I felt that as a whole you had wronged us; but I am now able to see, that above and beyond all these human powers there has been a diviner and higher Power, guiding North and South for a wise and holy purpose. And out of these human sorrows, human disturbances, there is to come, I believe, divine peace and harmony. All these things have been ordered by this Divine Power. You have no right to say to the South, you did wrong; the South has no right to say to the North, you have done wrong, nor would they, if they could each see from a spiritual standpoint human conditions. So you kick at each other, fight each other as if you were not all children of a common father.

I regret it, and heaven knows I always expect to do so; and yet regrets, I know, are useless, except they improve us. If they do this they are of use to us, and I hope mine will.

I have left two sons and a daughter, also a wife. I am feeling at times very sad for them. They were surrounded by the pleasant things of this life, a few years since, but now they are in need. One would think a firebrand had gone in their midst. Well, I ought not to sorrow over it, I ought to rejoice over it. When I consider them as humans, I am sorry. I only ask for the means to tell them all these things are right, and the day is not far distant when they will see these things as I do. It matters very little whether you live in sunshine or shadows here on the earth. 'Tis but a brief Summer's day, when compared with eternity. Then why should you care? Struggle on, 'tis but a moment, and then when you're done with the physical body you will no longer need the wealth of earth.

Indeed, I know many dwellers in our sphere of action, who tell me they had their human lives to live over again, they would pray God for the best of all blessings, poverty. I am not sure I would not pray for it. I am not sure that it is not the greatest of all blessings, for it forces a man to live out his divine nature.

I would like that my message, or letter, whatever you call it, may be directed to William L. Tyler. I think it will be safe to direct it to Richmond; direct it there, however, and I will try to look after it.

Dec. 12.

### Charles Dearborn.

Be kind enough to say that Charles Dearborn, of the 32d Massachusetts Volunteers, reports happy, and able to talk with his friends.

Dec. 12.

### James Martin.

I am not afraid, sir; I am only feeling a little strange in this new uniform.

I would like, if you please, sir, to send a short message to Gen. Robert Ould. I am from New York State, sir, and I went out in the 73d New York. I went with my father's consent, first as drummer boy, and after I lost one of my fingers, which left me with a lame hand, I was taken into camp to wait upon the sick, and do what I could. I acted as sort of an orderly, sir.

During one of the engagements, I was taken prisoner, and was carried to Richmond. I heard the General was in town one day, and somehow or other the thought came to me, if I could only see him myself, somehow or other, I should be set at liberty. So all day long I wished as hard as I could that I might get a chance to see him. And sure enough, just about sundown one day, he came to the prison—well, to see one of the officers, I believe—at any rate, he was there, and I got the sentinel to just pass me outside the guards. I had to tell a lie, in the first place, to the sentinel. I told him I used to know him well; that I wanted to see him; that he was an intimate friend of my father's.

When I got into the presence of Gen. Ould, I thought best to ask him in a straightforward way to please to give me a pass to go home with. He looked at me a moment, and, putting his hand upon my head, said, "My little fellow, you're too young to be in the army." He said, "Have you ever been in the ranks?" I said, "No;" and then I told him I went out as drummer boy. He asked me if I had a mother. I told him I had, and a father, too. He says, "Well, my little man, I'll do by you as I would be glad to have any one do by a child of mine." So he sits right down, and writes an order to pass me to the Union lines, and before sunrise the next morning I was on the way.

But I never reached my home. I got into our lines, I went into camp again, took the fever, and died. And I've been thinking ever since I've been in the spirit-land, how much I'd like to talk with Gen. Ould. He's a good man. I know he's a rebel, but he's good, and you'd say he was, if you knew him.

I'd like to ask Gen. Ould if he remembers that circumstance—if he remembers my telling him my name was James Martin, and if he does remember those things, I should be right glad to talk to him, and tell him something about the beauties of the spirit-land. That would be doing a good turn for him, seeing as he did one for me. You see my disposition is something like the Indians; I never forget a kindness.

I was in my thirteenth year, sir. [You were rather young. Why didn't you go home? or did you prefer to be in the army?] Yes, sir; I suppose so. Well, sir, I only had a pass to the Union lines. When I got there I could not go home, because I had no money, sir, and not much of anything to go with. Oh, I suppose I might have gone to any one of the officers who knew me, and they'd given me money, or a pass to go home with. But I don't know, sir, I preferred to stay in the army.

I would like to talk to my father and mother, if they'd like to have me. But I've heard them say, many a time, that if Spiritualism was true, they should never want any of their friends to come back, even if they could. [Perhaps they will feel different now.] Well, if they do read my letter, and would like to talk with me, I'll be glad to talk with them.

I feel as though Gen. Ould would be a liberal man, and listen to these things. [Do you wish to tell what town in New York your parents reside in?] Oh, yes, sir; in New York City. My father is a brass founder by trade.

Oh, I had a love for the army. I wanted to go. I had to tease hard enough to go, too. I was not going to go back again, for I knew I should not get a chance to go again. Much obliged to you, sir.

Dec. 12.

Circle closed this afternoon by Frederick Grey.

### Invocation.

Our Father, let the consciousness that thou art with us be thy gift to these humans. Let us baptize them with the Holy Spirit of Truth, and dispel all doubts, and cause thy children to feel this may be the very gate of heaven; that this world is not all a wilderness of woe; that human life means something more than human sorrow, more than time; that it means Heaven, Eternity. Oh, let us teach thy children in mortal that this is in-

deed a pleasant and holy home; that life has some green spots therein, even human life. Let us bind up the wounds of humanity. Let us fold closely in the arms of our love all the sorrowing ones of earth. Let us raise up the down-trodden. Let us put a new song into the mouths of those who have known nothing but sorrow. Let us cause their eyes to turn upwards, to look beyond Time into Eternity. Our Father, our Life, our Holy Spirit, who art ever in attendance upon us, unto thee be all the honor, all the glory, all the praise of which the human soul can conceive, to-day and forever. Amen.

Dec. 14.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider whatever inquiries you may have to present.

Q.—Please to speak of the condition of children, middle-aged men and old persons, immediately upon their entrance into spirit-life. To us it seems they must be as here, and in the race of after-life, the second has much the start.

A.—The condition of all individuals immediately following the change, death, always answers the internal demand of their individual nature. And as all these natures are differently compounded, so there are no two experiences exactly alike; all differ. All the experiences of this life will teach you that. The little child is the little child in the spirit-world. Old age belongs to human life; childhood and maturity belong to the spirit-land. Your spirit never grows old. It is only the body that grows old; only the crude form that belongs to earth that grows old. You never need fear that your inner lives will ever be touched by the hoary frosts of winter, for they never will; and yet your clairvoyants and mediums will tell you they see your old persons as such in spirit-life. This is a necessity, because you know them by form, and not by the capacities of their spirits. You see with the eye; you hear with the ear. 'Tis not so with the unclothed spirit. Sight becomes perception there, and hearing is perception, also. These two senses are merged in one, and yet both preserve their own individuality intact. Your little children may not greet you as little children in after years in the spirit-land. Your old men and women will not so be seen by you in the spirit-land. You dread the frosts of Time, and because you do perhaps they are kindly removed in eternity.

CHAIRMAN.—The inquirer thinks the middle-aged man has the advantage over the other. Is this so?

A.—No, certainly not; this cannot be so. You might as well say that summer is better than spring, and fall and winter are better than summer. Life always answers the demands of all its children, whether the demand comes from the little one or old age. Therefore the advantages are equal.

Q.—Can it be determined by spirits to which sphere a disembodied one would gravitate?

A.—These spiritual spheres are but states of mind, and not localities. They being such, it is easy to determine where a spirit would go after it was free from the body.

Q.—Can the controlling intelligence describe the lower sphere? If so, will you please do it?

A.—There is no need of that. You have demonstrations to answer that all around you. Go into the lower, so-called, places of human life; go where all the spiritual senses seem shrouded in gloom; go where lust for wealth and power and station in human life are, and you go into the lower spheres. You essentially go to hell. It is not necessary to lay off the body to enter hell or heaven. These are but states of being, and not localities.

Q.—Will the earth be destroyed by fire?

A.—The earth never will be destroyed. That is an impossibility. It is not written in its destiny.

Q.—Was not that element a creative agent?

A.—Fire is one of the active agencies of life, therefore it is absolutely a necessity here, as everywhere. Fire may be used to change, but never to destroy.

Q.—By J. E. H.: If, when an arm is shown from the window of the cabinet used by the Eddys, a person should succeed in severing it with some sharp instrument, would the mediums receive any injury? whether the portion which was severed from the arm would remain in the form of a material flesh and blood arm and drop to the floor—or what would take place? In short, what would the result be?

A.—The result, in all probability, would be physical pain in that particular part of the body belonging to the medium that was attacked belonging to the spirit, for the two are in electrical rapport. Therefore the medium must be very sensibly affected by even the claspings of spirit-hands. The mediums will tell you, when the spirit-hand clasps your hand, they feel as if a hand was clasping theirs. Here is a problem for you scientists to solve; and if you cannot solve it, why, we are ashamed of you, and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

Q.—By Samuel Eddy, of Michigan City, Ind.: Sometimes, by closing my eyes, I see the forms of dear friends who have passed away; and at other times I try in the same moment to see them, but cannot. Is this imagination, or do I really see the spirits of my friends?

A.—Not with the human organs of sight, but you perceive them as the spirit sees. 'Tis no imagination. There is nothing that is in reality imagination, in human or spiritual life.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent writes as follows: I beg leave to transmit to you the following extract from a letter received from a lady in Wilmington, N. C. I know intimately all the parties, and can safely vouch for the truthfulness of the statement. The Mr. Orrell mentioned is a plain, practical man, not a believer in Spiritualism nor in the marvelous in any form.

"Mr. Orrell went down street a few days since, just before breakfast. It was cloudy, raw and foggy. He met a Mr. Mead with his two children, and told him he ought not to be out with the little ones—it was too cold; but Mr. Mead paid no attention to him. It worried Mr. Orrell, and, meeting some person he knew, he mentioned the circumstance to him. The man told him it could not be so, for Mead had died the night before, and that he had helped to lay him out. Mr. Orrell did not credit the statement, and asked Mr. Mead's partner in business, who confirmed the report of his death. Mr. Orrell, still distrusting, went to Mead's house and found Mead dead and laid out, and the two children, just as he saw them with Mead, were in the room alive and well. Now what does it portend? will the children die soon? Even if the spirits of both the dead and the living can make themselves visible, have they ever appeared together? or why appear to Mr. Orrell, who was only an acquaintance and not greatly interested in him?"

Being unable to give a satisfactory solution to the question propounded by the lady writer, I submit the case to you; and if you, or the intelligence communicating through Mrs. Conant, can explain the reason how or why the spirits of the living children should appear with that of their father, it would be a source of gratification to others, as well as yours truly. JOHN M. TAYLOR. P. S.—I formerly resided in Wilmington, N. C., and for the credibility of my endorsement of the foregoing statement would refer to A. J. Davis or Judge Edmonds."

A.—We know nothing concerning this case, therefore cannot judge of it particularly. But we

know the law of spirit is freedom. You talk of being confined to the body. This is not true. The spirit goes out of the body at any time it may choose, and, under favorable circumstances, it can and does and is absolutely compelled to materialize itself. It is very likely that the father was in physical and spiritual rapport with these children, and, because he was, he was not spiritually separated from them. It may be that the person who saw the apparition was the exact opposite that was necessary to the materializing of these unclothed spirits, for the two children referred to were just as much disembodied, and yet materialized spirits, as he was. You do not often have thunder showers in winter; sometimes this occurs, but not often; and because it does occur there is a cause for it. Nature's conditions are exact for that manifestation, therefore it comes. Here, in your latitude, flowers bloom in spring, fruits ripen in summer and are harvested in autumn. All these several effects are produced from a cause, and that cause is the law of the effect. These so-called supernatural apparitions or appearances are only results of natural law; and when you have knowledge of that law, as pertaining to such things, you will not hold them up as miracles, you will no longer see them in that light. You will learn that, under certain circumstances, you may just as much expect them as you look for snow in winter. It comes, by virtue of necessity, to answer the demands of Nature's law. The man who met these apparitions was not conscious of exercising any power in this matter, yet he was an agent for power, or Nature through him exercised the power that enabled those disembodied spirits to materialize themselves. He became the opposite end of the electrical battery. Therefore the manifestation.

Dec. 14.

### Edward Barrows.

I am forced into the belief that we are all controlled by a Power over which we have not the slightest control. In looking back over my past life—which, so far as I can remember, numbered thirty-nine years—I see standing out, here and there, all along the shore of my being, positive and indisputable demonstrations to prove the law of destiny.

When the first shot was fired from Sumter I was at Fernandina, Florida. I said to myself and to my friends, "I believe we are going to see serious times, and I think we have very little time to choose which party we will serve." My friends remarked they did not think it would be anything serious; that when the North learned the South was determined upon secession, that she really meant war, she would quietly accede to her demands, the line would be drawn, and we should live under a Government of our own. I said, "It may be true, but I cannot so understand it." They replied, "How should you, when you were born under Northern influences? You of course think, as many Northerners do, that it is your duty to sustain the Union unbroken." I said, "I don't; I'm inclined to think if the North and South can't live happily together, they'd better divide."

But I am a little before my story. About five months previous to this time, I three nights in succession dreamed that I had entered the Southern Army; that I was wounded; got well, went into the army and was wounded again, which resulted in death. I cannot say what effect these dreams had upon me; do not know that they had any; am rather inclined to think so, for as far as guiding me is concerned they had none. Although I thought of them very seriously at times, yet I gave myself no real uneasiness about them.

We had little time to consider whether we would go as we had anticipated. We very soon learned that the matter was more serious than any of us outsiders had dreamed of. And so we were obliged to decide very hastily, and being, as many of us were, under the direct influence of Southern principles, living as we did at the South, we very soon decided in her favor.

What I am coming at is this: It remains to be told that my dreams were fully realized. Now if it was not foreknown by somebody, some power, what my destiny was to be, where did the dreams come from? Something never was created out of nothing; that we all know. The dream was created, and it must have been the absolute law that belonged to me as an individual.

My friends used to call me a strange individual, not because I was a believer in dreams, not because I was led by fancy, but because I never could realize the truth of a personal God, or a God such as had been held up to me by the religious creeds of the day. I always said, I believe this God, whatever it is, is nothing more or less than the ruling Power of Life everywhere. Why, you might as well talk of bringing down the sun, imprisoning it in a foot square box, and shutting out its light from all the rest of the world, as to talk of embodying this God. It can't be done. I shall be obliged to express the same opinions to my friends still, and I suppose in turn they will declare that I have retained my old notions, which is very true.

My little daughter said to me, shortly before I entered the army, "Father, are you going to join the Southern army?" "No, my dear, I don't think of it," I replied. "Oh, but you are!" "No, I don't know that I am," for at that time I had not thought of the thing. I said, "My dear, what makes you think so?" "Oh, I don't know, papa, but I do think so, I do feel so; don't join the army; let's go away from here." I said, "My dear, I'm not going to join the army." "But I know you will." And the child absolutely made herself sick over it. Now it was impressed upon her mind that I should join the army, and it became an acknowledged fact very soon. Now how did she know it? That's the question. Who told her? If it was not a reality, and written in my destiny, how could she get hold of it?

All these dreams and forewarnings are not meaningless. True, they are the stepping-stones to the great Temple of Truth. Every one of them is needed. The experience of no individual is useless. They are all like so many pillars in the great Temple of Life.

Most of my friends, I know, are violently opposed to this spiritual reform on the score that no good ever resulted from it. They also declare that there is no good in it, because they can't see any good in it. Now the only proper way for them to determine whether there is any good in Spiritualism, is by analyzing it to its very lowest depths. When you've done that, you are prepared to express an opinion concerning it; until you have, the less you say about it the better it will be for yourselves and the world.

For my own part, I could not understand it when I first had no time to look into it, and that I said little or nothing about it, and that God I did so, for I should be ashamed to travel back over the bridge that spans the two worlds, after I had denounced it and declared it did not exist, as many have.

Now in conclusion I would say, if any of my friends feel anyway inclined to talk with their old friend, Edward Barrows, I shan't be backward in doing my part. I am fully persuaded that I am not yet done with earth and earthly







and safety.