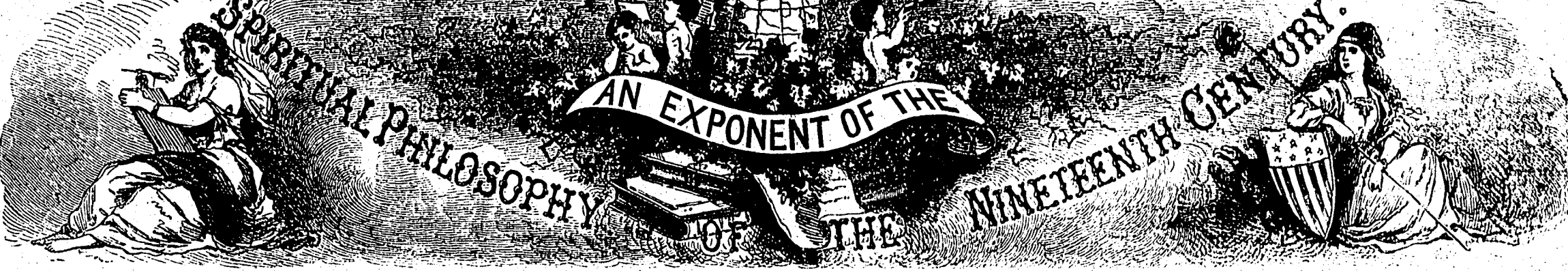


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LEIDA'S TRIAL.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.  
CHAPTER IV.

Among the few passengers who stopped at the small railway station on the Saturday morning to which we have referred, was Willard Norman. A distinguished looking person, and a stranger, whom nobody could tell anything about, was not likely to pass unnoticed by the idlers who always make a point of being at the "depot" when the "train comes in," or to escape comments from the gossiping villagers; and of course there were some who would keep a little watch upon his movements, and try to discover what brought him there.

But Willard Norman cared very little for comments or scrutiny, as he glanced around him with the perfect ease of a man of the world, and very soon directed his steps to the one hotel of the village. Here he secured for himself a room, and having breakfasted and slightly retouched his toilet, for he was very neat in his personal appearance, his next movement was to find the residence of the lady he had traveled thus far to see. He was not aware of her being an orphan, for both had been singularly noncommittal in regard to their own personal affairs. So knowing nothing of her family relations, he inquired for herself.

"Miss Stenway?" repeated the landlord; "you must mean our teacher, sir; no other of that name about here. Oh yes; she lives just below the village. She boards at Mr. Davis's; or that is her home. You can't miss the house, sir. Just follow this street down by the river, and it's the first house on your left below the village."

And having ascertained this much, Mr. Norman proceeded to make a morning call, leaving the landlord and the loungers about the place to wonder what the handsome stranger wanted to see Leida Stenway for, and how he should happen to know her, who had always lived among them and never been known to visit any distant place since her childhood.

And Leida, sitting quietly in her room, busily improving her time—for out of the school-room she always found enough to do—had no thought that her unknown correspondent was so near. So when the door-bell rang, it did not disturb her, for Mrs. Davis and Lilly were below, and she only answered that summons in their absence. But Willard Norman, not being very well acquainted with the different routes in that part of the State, had not come the most direct way, but had arrived sooner than was expected, though he had taken a more circuitous route.

"Lilly, dear, run to the door," said Mrs. Davis. "It is no visitor, I guess, at this time on Saturday morning; and if 'tis any kind of a peddler, Lilly, tell him I want nothing, for I have n't time to attend to it now."

And Lilly, going quickly to obey her mother, opened the door to see there a tall, elegant gentleman, who smiled pleasantly on her, and inquired, for Miss Stenway in a way that won her little heart at once. Lilly understood the rules of politeness, and she at once invited him into the parlor, saying in the quiet, lady-like way so natural to her, that she would tell "Leida."

"And are you her little sister?" asked the gentleman, regarding her with those earnest, piercing eyes that seemed to take note of everything about him at a single glance.

"No, sir; she is my school teacher; but I love her just like a sister, though, and she always stays here."

And Willard Norman felt somehow a strange pleasure in hearing her thus spoken of by the innocent, truthful child. To him it spoke volumes in her praise. And as he waited in that neat little parlor for the appearance of one who had interested him as no other had ever done, though he had no idea of her save as his imagination had pictured how she might look, he probably felt the nearest approach to nervousness that had ever troubled him—a man who had traveled much, and faced danger in many forms.

Lilly went quickly up to Leida's room with the card on which he had hastily pencilled his name, and gave it to her teacher. Then she hastened to tell her mother of the strange gentleman, whom she described so enthusiastically that her mother, guessing who he might be, smiled as she said—

"Well, well, I guess he has found a friend in you, Lilly. He must be very fascinating to win your admiration so suddenly."

"Well, he is nice-looking, mamma. His hair is curly, just a little; and his forehead is so handsome, and his eyes look—ever so much. I guess Leida will like him, too, for he don't look like anybody round here"—and Lilly paused, hardly knowing how to express the dim idea she had of the state of things.

"Well, dear, you may help me a little, if you would like, about putting away these things. My baking is all ready for the oven, and we will soon have our morning's work done," said Mrs. Davis, as, glancing at the clock, she saw it was nearly ten.

Meantime, as Leida saw the pencilled name, in the now familiar hand-writing, she was a little startled out of her usual calmness. A richer color flushed her cheeks than often rested there. Naturally enough, she glanced at herself in a glass. She was not attired just as she would have been later in the day; but a second thought decided her to make no material change in her dress. He had taken her by surprise, and she would not keep him waiting to make a studied toilet; besides, what matter whether he was pleased with her appearance or not? So reasoning, and trying to persuade herself that she was really indifferent, Leida descended to the parlor,

It would be hard to describe, perfectly, that meeting. In fact, I doubt if either remembered distinctly the first words of greeting; but they never forgot the emotions awakened when hand clasped hand and their eyes met for the first time. They never thought of meeting as lovers, for never a word of affection had passed between them. They could hardly meet with the formality of strangers, for as such they did not seem; and necessarily a little embarrassment would ensue, if either was much disappointed in the appearance of the other. These thoughts had occurred to both; but they were persons of considerable self-possession, and not likely to be seriously disturbed by the circumstances.

Willard Norman stood beside the centre-table, and facing the door; and as Leida advanced into the room, he stepped forward with some commonplace greeting, and extended his hand, bowing low as he received hers.

I think that strange, magnetic power, which seems sometimes to flash from soul to soul, like an electric light, must have passed between these two; and, in that moment, each clearly understood the other.

There was no need of words to tell the mutual attraction—the mystic sympathy of thought and feeling, which blended two souls in one. He knew that he had met his fate; that henceforth, with that stately, gentle girl by his side, life would have new meaning; and without her, he only a dreary blank. And in her speaking countenance he read the counterpart of his own feelings, and, bending low his proud head, he spoke, gently, even tenderly, the one word, "Leida!" and she as gently replied, "Willard!" Only those two words! But enough to reveal the secret of each heart.

After that, there was no restraint or embarrassment, and conversation became as easy as though they had often met.

If Willard Norman had been interested by Leida's bright, poetic thoughts, when expressed in writing, he was certainly fascinated now, as he conversed personally with her, and traced a noble, lofty soul, in her eloquent features, and a world of sympathy and affection in her dark, expressive eyes. He was a close observer; and his keen eyes noted everything of a person's appearance and surroundings, while he did not seem to take particular notice of anything. He marked the perfect plainness of Leida's dress, which, however, became her well; and he read aright her independence of spirit by promptly responding to the summons.

She did not know how much higher she stood in his estimation for the trivial fact of appearing before him in her simple morning dress. She gave the subject no thought, as she conversed freely, and with newly-awakened interest, with one who seemed to understand and appreciate her every thought.

How swiftly the time passed in that pleasant and well-remembered interview, till, at length, during a pause in the conversation, the gentleman glanced at his watch, and saw, with surprise, that it was past the hour of noon! He said, smilingly, as he glanced at Leida, "I fear I have overstepped the bounds of etiquette, in making such a lengthy morning call, though the time has been most agreeably, and profitably, too, I trust, passed by myself. But I hope to be pardoned for such an intrusion on your time, Leida, for it is nearly one o'clock."

"The presence of a friend is no intrusion," replied Leida. "My time is not so valuable that those whom I regard as friends must be excluded. But will you not remain to dinner with us? I can assure you of a warm welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, to whom I am anxious to present you, are my true friends; indeed, she is the only mother I have ever known; and Lilly, whom you saw, is dear as a sister."

"And I shall be glad to make their acquaintance; being your friends, will insure my regard for them. But now, by your leave, I think I will return to the hotel, dispatch a business letter, and, if agreeable, call again later in the day."

So Willard Norman took his leave. And thus ended the first interview between these two, who henceforth could never banish each the recollection of the other. For good or evil, henceforth, these two souls were firmly united.

Mrs. Davis expressed no surprise at the long interview, but glanced at Leida with a questioning look, which meant to ask if he was all his letters had represented.

And Leida, answering to that glance—which expressed not an idle curiosity, but the interest of a true friend—replied, "Yes, Mrs. Davis, he must be a good and noble man, and I do want you to see and talk with him; I always want your opinion, but I have little doubt, in this case, what it will be."

And Lilly, who was inclined to be disappointed at not seeing her hero again, was consoled by the assurance that he would return in the afternoon.

"Lilly is strangely attracted to him," remarked Mrs. Davis, when the little one had gone out to play; "and I always feel more confidence in a person that innocent childhood is drawn toward."

"Yes," replied Leida, "I think children possess an insight, if we may call it so, which seldom falls. Their only shield is their perfect trust and innocence. Darling Lilly! How little she knows of the world's deceit! May she never suffer a pang from it!"

And that petition was answered, though not as they who so tenderly loved the little one could have wished. She was a gentle, loving child, the sunlight of that home. She seldom needed even a mild reproof, and her little heart was so full of affection that no one could be displeased with her.

She soon came in and quietly seated herself; for she cared more for seeing Willard Norman than for her play; and sitting by the window, her pet kitten sleeping in her arms, she was the first

to see him as he came down the street. In her childish confidence in this stranger, she would have liked to have gone down the garden-walk to meet him and take his hand; but an idea that such a proceeding might not be proper restrained her, and she sat quite still, while Leida answered the door-bell; and returning introduced Willard Norman to her mother.

Mrs. Davis admitted to herself that Lilly was right in regard to his appearance; and he did not seem at all like a stranger, as he returned her greeting with native ease and politeness. And he did not forget to notice Lilly with gentle courtesy, nor was she entirely forgotten during the animated conversation which ensued, and which he seemed to have a remarkable power to make interesting.

And when, soon after, Mr. Davis came in from his village office, and was in turn introduced, he seemed equally at home in conversing upon the common topics of the day. He was well versed in political affairs and the state of the country, and to all he proved himself a most agreeable and entertaining companion.

He won the good opinion of all, at his first visit, and when he took his leave, which he did that night to take an evening train, he received a most cordial invitation from Mr. Davis and his wife to consider their house his home, whenever he came that way, which they rightly guessed would be as often as business would allow.

And Leida, in the solitude of her own room that night, thought long and earnestly of this strange acquaintance, of the freedom with which they conversed; and it seemed to her as if she had always known him. She could hardly realize that they had met for the first time, so near and so dear he already seemed to her. She reviewed all the incidents of the day. His look and tone, in the first hour of their meeting, when he had spoken only her name, with such repressed tenderness; of their parting only a little while before, when he held her hand and looked into her eyes with sad earnestness, she thought, then silently bent his head and kissed her with passionate fondness, which had in it something of reverence still. Then he was gone—and as Leida thought of all this, she knew that a new era in her existence had commenced; and from this hour the tranquil monotony of her life was disturbed, and all her thoughts, her hopes and fears were to take a new course.

And Leida was happy, strangely, quietly happy. She had found the ideal of her imaginings, and with him she could rest and feel secure. He seemed her friend, protector, guide and lover.

Only one thing disturbed her happiness, and that but slightly. She had not ascertained in their long correspondence his exact religious belief. He had said that he was not connected with any church; that he did not consider it necessary to insure his goodness on earth, or his salvation hereafter; that he considered the New Testament a safe guide; its teachings and precepts, as exemplified in the life of Jesus, correct and worthy of imitation. Leida was a church member, and she possessed a devotional nature, but she was not in the least bigoted, and she had faith in Willard Norman's goodness. She knew he revered the God she worshipped, for he never spoke his name lightly, or ridiculed his followers. No, he was far above anything like that.

And so the summer weeks went by. Leida, continuing her school duties, felt no more a sense of weariness and oppression, for life appeared brighter now. His presence brought new happiness, and in his absence, those eloquent letters—more eloquent when clothed in love's impassioned language—were almost a compensation.

It was nearly time for the autumn vacation; and interested friends and neighbors who had marked the frequent visits of the handsome stranger, were wondering if she would enter upon another term of school duties. Many and strange were the surmises of the people in that vicinity regarding him, who was evidently determined to carry away the brightest star from their midst.

Many conjectures were not at all to his credit; for though so polished and courteous to every one, he was yet too reticent to please those who were curious to know his history; and not making the progress in his acquaintance they desired, came to the conclusion that something was wrong. But at Leida's home, he was one of the household. Both Mr. Davis and his wife had become strongly attached to him, and regarded him altogether worthy of the prize he sought.

Lilly had never for a moment changed in her childish admiration for him. She sat upon his knee, and with her tiny hand brushed the dark wave hair from his handsome forehead, and looked into his eyes, and wondered at their power of expression. And he, reserved and dignified as he could sometimes be, talked and played with the little one, as if he heartily enjoyed her companionship. He had become much attached to her, and often spoke of her in conversing with Leida. And one evening he made a remark that startled her. "Did it never occur to you," he said, "that this loving little one has a mind far beyond her years; that it may be possible she is being prepared for a higher state of existence?"

"Oh, Willard," said Leida, as her eyes quickly filled with tears, "I have never thought of it; but now your words give me a strange pain. I know she is a delicate little creature, but she has always been loved and cherished most tenderly. Oh, her parents would be heart-broken to lose their little Lilly!"

"But think you, Leida, darling, she would be lost to them?" said Norman in his serious, earnest tone.

"No, not lost, I know; yet it is hard for stricken ones to part with the dear tangible presence, you know; and it seems to me that one needs a most unwavering faith to be reconciled in the dark hours of affliction."

And then Norman, fearing he had clouded Leida's present enjoyment, led the conversation away to more cheerful subjects. He spoke of

their past, and the fate that seemed to direct him to her side, of their happy present, and possible future.

He, on his part, would have been content, even gladly would have taken Leida Stenway for his chosen companion through all coming time, in the first hour of their meeting. He would have felt confident that his happiness was secure in her hands, so fervent was his love, so unbounded his confidence. But he did not tell her this then, for he knew she would think he had decided hastily, and might repent that decision; and now she had him wait a little longer. Norman, happy in the assurance of her love, could afford to wait.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was the last of the October days. Already the heralds of snow-crowned winter had announced his coming, and the autumn tints were everywhere to be seen—that sombre, thoughtful season of the year which bids man remember that he is mortal; which tells of change and decay, of fading beauty and fleeting loveliness, yet teaches a glorious lesson of resurrection in the anticipation of the glad, cheerful spring. The day had been mild and quiet. A peaceful air seemed to pervade all Nature. But in the pleasant home of Lillian Davis, deep sorrow, like a gloomy shadow, seemed to rest on everything. A lonely stillness was in place of the usual busy activity, and hushed voices and careful steps moved about the house.

In a room furthest from the noisy street, little Lilly, the pet and darling of the household, lay still and nearly as white as the pillows pressed by her innocent face.

All day the room had been darkened, but now, as the sun was slowly disappearing, the blinds were opened, the curtain raised, and a lingering ray came in and rested lovingly, it seemed, and as if it felt would stay, upon the pure brow of the little sufferer. Darling Lilly! she will bless her fond parents with her earthly presence but little longer. It has come upon them all suddenly, what seems to them a crushing grief—a terrible loss.

Only one week before, on the afternoon of just such a mild, bright day, a playmate of Lillian's had come to visit her, and with permission to go out and play, the two little ones, in the glad freedom of happy childhood, ran gaily out of doors and down the shaded garden walk. They had amused themselves for some time by the river, which ran near the house, when Lilly's companion, a little older than herself, exclaimed:

"Hark! Lilly! I thought I heard the cars whistle. Yes; now I see the smoke, they are just coming in sight. Let's run across the street and up the little hill where we can see them go by."

And they climbed quickly up the bank of the river and started to cross the street. The train came swiftly on, and eager to reach the desired spot, the children heeded nothing else.

Lilly's companion, Jennie Ray, was already at the other side of the street, and Lilly had nearly reached her, crossing in an oblique direction to save steps, when a horse attached to a light wagon came dashing on at a fearful rate. Startled by the sudden appearance and nearness of the cars, the horse had sprung away before his driver, who had left him only for a moment, was aware of the fact.

In the noise of the cars, Lilly heard not his approach until he was close upon her. In a moment she was thrown violently upon the ground, while the frightened animal ran on, but was shortly stopped by a young man, and panting, trembling, with dilated eyes and nostrils, restored to his owner.

Jennie turned to see Lillian fall, and running quickly back, screamed loudly for help. Ready hands lifted the insensible little one, and carried her to her father's house.

Mrs. Davis met them pale with terror, and a wild, pleading anguish in her eyes. But she spoke no word as she came forward to clasp her darling in her arms.

"She's only insensible, ma'am," said kind-hearted Farmer Hayes, pitying the mother's unspoken agony. "She'll soon come around, I guess. I'll send my Johnny right up for Dr. Lee."

Mrs. Davis thanked him, and laid Lilly upon a lounge, just as Leida Stenway entered the room. Pale as the mother, with tears standing in her eyes, which now looked only anxious tenderness, she knelt beside the still little form, and together they strove to call back the life so precious.

Dr. Lee came very soon—the kind old family physician—who would use all his skill to discover the extent of her injuries, and apply a saving remedy, if possible. He made a careful and thorough examination, but said nothing, just then, to the anxious watchers by his side. He sat quietly beside Lilly, who had already opened her eyes, and when she seemed quite fully restored to consciousness, he began to talk with her. From his examination, and her replies to his questions, he had, in his own mind, little hope of her recovery. No bones were broken; the bruises visible were very slight, but, alas! her injuries were beyond the reach of the good man, and his experience soon made him aware of the fact. He told the anxious parents he would do all in his power; but frankly said he feared her delicate frame could not bear up under the pain, and he thought she was severely injured internally. And, as the weary days passed by, it was evident to all that medical skill could do no more than to alleviate the pain which the little one bore so patiently.

On the evening to which we referred at the commencement of this chapter, Leida sat by the bedside, holding one delicate little hand in hers, when Lillian spoke:

"Dear sister Leida," she said.

"Well, darling," said Leida, as she bent her head to catch the low-spoken words.

"I want so much to see Mr. Norman again; and I am afraid I shall not if he does n't come very soon. Won't you write, now, right away, to-night,

and tell him how much Lilly wants to see him, for I know I cannot stay much longer!"

Leida promised, choking back a wave of grief; and when, soon after, Lilly's father and mother came into the room, she kissed the little one tenderly, and retired to her chamber to fulfill her promise. She told him all—the words of Lilly, and how many times she had spoken of him; and she knew he would spare no pains to come at the earliest opportunity.

Another pleasant day passed by; and on the afternoon of the next, when the train went rushing by, Lilly's eyes sparkled with a new light, as she exclaimed, "Oh! I almost know he has come to-day. Good, noble Willard, I guess I'll be as glad to see him as you will," she said to Leida, "though not just the same, I know."

And Willard Norman did come that day; and soon he stood by Lilly's bedside, and greeting all with a heartfelt sympathy which was understood and appreciated, he kissed the little one who had so wished for his presence, while his splendid eyes that "looked so much," as Lilly had said, glistened with the tears he never tried to conceal. He had come to stay as long as it would be possible, for he knew his presence would be welcome, even desired, by those sad hearts struggling hard to howl to the stern decree which would take away the sunlight of their home.

On the second day after his arrival, Lilly awoke in the morning from a sleep unusually quiet and free from pain. Her mother, alone in the room with her, said, "How does my darling feel this morning?"

"Oh, mamma, I feel almost well; and I had such a beautiful dream. I have seen the new home where I am going to live; and dear mamma, you would not cry any more, if you could only see it. Will you please tell papa to come here, and Leida, and Willard, too, for I want to tell you all about my dream."

They gathered in her room, and looking silently at them all for a little while, she said, "I am going to tell you what I saw last night, and I hope you won't feel bad to let me go to that happy place, for every one I saw there looked happy. I wish I could tell just how it all looked. Willard could; but I can't, for I don't know words enough. I saw Aunt Annie, and grandma; and I saw Leida's mamma, too. Oh! she was pretty as an angel. She told me to tell my mother that she would take care of the little girl, even as mamma had cared for the little one she left on earth. She said she would be my mother till you came with me; and this was the way she spoke: 'Oh! Emma, try to have faith; you know Alice Stenway would not deceive you; and I can't remember all, but she said she knew how good you had been to Leida, and she wants you to believe she does. Oh! there are ever so many pretty children there, and it is all so lovely that I do want to go; but I do not like to leave you, and I am sorry you all feel so bad. I know you will miss me; but only think, I shall see you all there by-and-by; they told me so; and weary with her effort of talking, the little one lay back with closed eyes, and a smile illuminating every feature, beautiful to behold.

Later in the day she slept again for a brief time, and then she told her mother that she had seen the pretty lady again, who told her she had only a few hours longer to stay. The mother strove to stay the tide of sorrow, and conceal the depth of her grief, that it might not be so apparent to the little one whose happiness was so perfect, but for the sadness of those she was about to leave.

When the sun went down, and the somber twilight shadows were deepening in every room, they all stood in silent, sympathetic grief by Lilly's bedside. She could say but little then; but she spoke with strange wisdom, and in language far beyond her years. She seemed to feel that Willard understood her best, when she spoke of the beauties of the other world, of the forms she saw, and voices she heard, in fact he did. It was no now truth to fight his beautiful faith, which dispelled all shadows of the pathway of the little pilgrim from a life so full of an immortal sphere. And it was by the faith which Leida first understood and realized the grand sublimity of his faith in the spiritual philosophy, that saw no death, no gloom, no mystery.

And the stricken parents, on in all the anguish of that hour of parting, caught a ray of the blessed light as they listened to the words that passed between the man of lofty soul strong, unwavering faith, and the innocent little being so near the borders of the spirit-world. With a feeble movement she took his hand and sought for Leida's. She clasped them both together, and looking earnestly in the face of each, smiled with perfect content—as if she understood that these two, so dear to her, were, in heart, never more to be separated. With full hearts and tearful eyes they kissed the dear, pale face, on which the seal of the destroyer was already set; then, still hand in hand, sat down near the bed, while the fond parents bent low over the little one to catch her last words of love to them. She tried to embrace them once more but could only whisper, "Dear father—mother—don't weep. Perhaps I can come back to you." Then she made a slight upward movement of one hand, and, as though it had been clasped by an invisible, with a look of such perfect trust and happiness that brought a holy, soothing peace even to the hearts of the mourners, the pure spirit was gone up the way which mortal eyes cannot trace. Gone! but nothing was changed. The lovely features, the little form so motionless now—perfect even as in life. But all they loved and cherished and grieved for was gone. Then surely it was not Lilly that lay there—only a little form of beauty, born to decay—and Lilly must be awaiting them, somewhere on the other side. But it was hand—oh! very hand! to her sweet face ever ready for the kiss of affection—only that cold, still form, which must soon be buried from their sight; and after that, only a mound of earth, a marble slab to tell that Lilly had lived, and was that all to remind them of their darling "loved and lost?" Willard Norman thought not, for he recognized the fact of spirit presence everywhere, and his grand ideas of a future life were comforting to the sad hearts, and they blessed his coming, and missed his presence when he could be no longer with them.

There are few whose presence in the dark hour of affliction is so welcome—for the commonly expressed words of consolation are powerless in the first tempest of grief—but there is a sympathy so tender, so delicate, that it soothes the aching heart, and is acceptable because so unobtrusive, which forever endears the giver and makes him a cherished, life-long remembrance.

[To be concluded in our next.]



# From Blackwood's Magazine. A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM —FIRST CENTURY.

Marcius, sitting in Jerusalem,  
Greeting to Catus, his best friend in Rome;  
Sister: these presents will be borne to you  
By Lucius, who's waiting with this place,  
Said with travel, looks upon the East.  
As simply hateful—blazing, barren, bleak,  
And long again to find himself in Rome.  
After the tumult of its streets, its trains  
Of slaves and clients, and its villas cool  
With marble porticoes beside the sea,  
And friends and banquets—more than all, its games—  
This life seems blank and flat. He pants to stand  
In its vast circus all alive with heads  
And quivering arms and floating robes—the air  
Thrilled by the roaring *frumentarii* of men—  
The sunlit arena leaving overhead.  
Swollen and strained against its corded veins,  
And flapping out its hem with loud report—  
The wild beasts roaring from the pit below—  
The wilder crowd responding from above  
With one long yell that sends the startled blood  
With thrill and sudden flush into the cheeks—  
A hundred trumpets screaming—the dull thump  
Of horses galloping across the sand—  
The clang of scabbards, the sharp clink of steel—  
Live sword, that whirls a circle of grey fire—  
Brass helmets flashing 'neath their streaming hair—  
A universal tumult—then a hush  
Worse than the tumult—all eyes straining down  
To the arena's pit—all lips set close—  
All muscles strained—and then that sudden yell,  
Habet!—That's Rome, says Lucius: so it is!  
That is, 'tis his Rome—'tis not yours and mine.  
And yet, great Jupiter here at his side  
He stands with face as pale as the sea.  
The games he thus describes, and says, 'That's life!  
Life! life! my friend, and this is simply death!  
Ah! for my Rome!' I jot his very words  
Just as he utters them. I hate these games,  
And Lucius knows it, yet he will go on,  
And all against my will he stirs my blood—  
So I suspend my letter for a while.  
A walk has calmed me—I begin again—  
Letting this last page, since it is written, stand.  
Lucius is going: you will see him soon  
In our great Forum, there with him will walk,  
And hear him rail and rave against the East.  
I stay behind for these bare silences,  
These hills that in the sunset melt and burn,  
This proud stern people, these dead seas and lakes,  
These sombre colors, this intense still sky,  
To me, disarmed with life's din and strain,  
Are grateful as the solemn hush of night.  
After the three-day's irritant excess,  
Beside, a deep, absorbing interest  
Detains me here, fills up my mind, and sways  
My inmost thoughts—has got at a new grip  
Upon my very life, as strange as new.  
I scarcely know how well to speak of this  
Framing your railway at least—let worst  
Even your contempt, yet, spite of all, I speak.  
First, do not deem me to have lost my head,  
Sunstruck, as that man Paulus was at Rome.  
No, I am sane as ever, and my pulse  
Beats even, with no fever in my blood.  
And yet I half incline to think his words  
Wild as they were, not entirely wild.  
Nay, shall I dare avow it? I half tend  
Here in this place, surrounded by these men—  
Despite the work of nature at its best,  
And then the pressure of my life-long thought  
Trained up, against it, to excuse his faith,  
And half admit the Christus he thinks God is,  
At the least, a most mysterious man  
Near with me, I now avow so much:  
Who's next we meet I will expose my mind,  
But now the subject I must scarcely touch.  
How many a time, while sauntering up and down  
The Forum's space, or passing 'neath the shade  
Of some grand temple arch or portico,  
Have we discussed some knotty point of law,  
Some curious case, whose conflicting facts  
Looked Janus-faced to innocence and guilt.  
I see you now attending me, to note  
With quiet fervor and uplifted hand  
Some subtle view or fact by me overlooked—  
And urging me, who always strain my point  
(Being too much, I know, a partisan),  
To pause, and press not to the issue so,  
But more apart, with less impetuous zeal,  
Survey as from an upper floor the facts.  
I need you now to rein me in, too quick  
To idea a whim beyond the term of Truth,  
You seek a case comes up to which in vain  
I seek a clue; you could clear up my mind,  
But you are absent—so I read these notes.  
The eyes of one Judas, Simon's son,  
I caught called to me, and one of those  
Who followed Christus, led by some good god,  
But deemed by others to have preached and taught  
A superstition vile, of which one point  
Was worship of an ass, but this is false!  
Judas, his follower, all the sect declare,  
Tought by a tribe of thirty silver coins,  
Barely betrayed his master unto death.  
The question is—Did Judas, doing this,  
Act from base motives and commit a crime?  
Or, all things taken carefully in view,  
Can he be justified in what he did? I?  
Here on the spot, surrounded by the men  
Who acted in the drama, I have sought  
To study out this strange and tragic case.  
Many are dead—as Herod, Calaphas,  
And also Pilate—a most worthy man,  
Under whose rule, but all without his fault,  
And, as I fancy, all against his will,  
Christus was crucified. This I regret:  
His words with me would have the greatest weight;  
But Lysias still is living, an old man,  
The chief of the Centurions, whose report  
Is to be trusted, as he saw and heard.  
Not once, but many a time and oft, this man  
His look and bearing, Lysias thus describes:  
Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent;  
Brows arched and dark; a high-rifled lofty head;  
Thin temples, veined and delicate; large eyes,  
Said, very serious, seeming as if were  
To look beyond you, and when he spoke  
Illumined by an inner lamping light—  
At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire  
When taunted by the rabble in the streets;  
A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark;  
Thin, high-arched nostrils, quivering constantly;  
Long nose, full lips, hands tapering, full of veins;  
His movements nervous; as he walked he seemed  
Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed,  
And for the most part gazed upon the ground.  
As for his followers, I knew them all—  
A strange mad set and full of fancies wild—  
John, Peter, James, and Judas best of all—  
All seemed to me good men without offence.  
A little crazed—but who is wholly sane?  
They went about and cured the sick and halt,  
And gave away their money to the poor,  
And all their talk was charity and peace.  
If Christus thought and said he was a god,  
'Twas harmless madness, not deserving death.  
What most aroused the wealthy Rabbin's rage  
Was that he set the poor against the rich,  
And cried that rich men all would go to hell,  
And, worst of all, roundly denounced the priests,  
With all their rich phylacteries and robes—  
Said they were hypocrites who made long prayers,  
And robbed poor widows and devoured their means,  
And were at best but whitened sepulchres:  
And this it was that brought him to the Cross.  
Those who went with him and believed in him  
Were mostly dull, uneducated men,  
Simple and honest, dazed by what he did,  
And misbelieving every word he said.  
He led them with him in a spell-bound awe,  
And all his cures they called miraculous.  
They followed him like sheep where'er he went,  
With feelings mixed of wonder, fear and love.

Yes! I suppose they loved him, though they fled  
Stricken with fear when we arrested him."  
"What! all—all fled?" I asked. "Did none remain?"  
"Not one," he said—"all left him to his fate.  
Not one dared own he was a follower—  
Not one gave witness for him of them all.  
Stop! When I say not one of them, I mean  
No one but Judas—Judas whom they call  
The traitor—who betrayed him to his death.  
He rushed into the council-hall and cried,  
'Tis I have sinned—Christus is innocent.'"  
And here I come to what of all I've heard  
Most touched me—I for this my letter write.  
Pausus, you know, had only for this man,  
This Judas, words of scorn and bitter hate.  
Mark now the different view that Lysias took!  
When, urged by me, his story thus he told:  
"Some say that Judas was a base, vile man,  
Who sold his master for the meagrest bribe:  
Others again insist he was most right,  
Owing to justice one who merely sought  
To overthrow the Church, subvert the law,  
And on its ruins build himself a throne.  
I, knowing Judas—and none better knew—  
I, caring naught for Christus more than him,  
But hating him, the simple truth will tell.  
No man can say I ever told a lie—  
I am too old now to begin. Besides,  
The truth is truth, and let the truth be told.  
Judas, I say, alone of all the men  
Who followed Christus, thought that he was God.  
Some feared him for his power of miracles:  
Some were attracted by his sweet, clear voice  
And gentle speaking, hearing with their ears,  
And knowing not the sense of what he said—  
But one alone believed he was the Lord,  
The true Messiah of the Jews. That one  
Was Judas—he alone of all the crowd.  
He to betray his master for a bribe!  
He! of all! I say this friend of mine  
Was brave when all the rest were cowards there.  
He was a noble nature: frank and bold,  
Almost to rashness bold; yet sensitive,  
Who took his dreams for firm realities—  
Whom once believing, all in all believed,  
Looking at obstacles and scorned risk,  
Ready to venture all to gain his end.  
No compromise or subterfuge for him,  
His act went from his thought straight to the butt;  
Yet with this ardent and impatient mood  
Was joined a visionary mind that took  
Impressions quick and fine, yet deep as life.  
Therefore it was that in this subtle soul  
The master's words took root and grew and flowered,  
He heard and followed and obeyed; his faith  
Was serious, earnest, real—willing to fly:  
He doubted not, like some who walked with him—  
Desired no first place, as did James and John—  
Denied him not with Peter—not to him  
His master said, 'Away! thou art an offence;  
Get thee behind me, Satan'—not to him  
Am I so long with you who know me not?  
Fixed as a rock, untempted by desires  
To gain the post of honor when his Lord  
Should come to rule—chosen from out the midst  
Of six-score men as his apostle—then  
Again selected to the place of trust.  
Unselfish, honest, he among them walked.  
That he was honest, and was so esteemed,  
Is plain from this—they chose him out of all  
To bear the common purse, and take and pay.  
John says he was a thief, because he grudged  
The price that for some ostentatious once was paid.  
And argued 'twas better given to the poor.  
But did not Christus ever for the poor  
Lift up his voice—give all things to the poor?  
Self everything and give all to the poor?  
And Judas, who believed, not made believe,  
Used his own words, and Christus, who excused  
The gift because of love, rebuked him not.  
Thief! ay, he is, this very thief, they chose  
To bear the purse and give alms to the poor.  
I, for my part, see nothing wrong in this."  
"But why, if Judas was a man like this,  
Frank, noble, honest"—here I interposed—  
"Why was it that he thus betrayed his Lord?"  
"This question of did I resolve," said he,  
"When all the facts were fresh, and of resolved  
In latter days, and with no change of mind;  
And this is my solution of the case:  
"Daily he heard his master's voice proclaim,  
'I am the Lord! the Father lives in me!  
Who knoweth me knows the Eternal God!  
He who believes in me shall never die.'  
No! he shall see me with my angels come  
With power and I glory here upon the earth  
To judge the quick and dead! Among you here  
Some shall not taste of death before I come  
God's kingdom to establish on the earth!"  
"What meant these words? They reached in Judas' soul,  
"Here is my God—Messias, King of kings,  
Christus, the Lord—the Saviour of us all.  
How long shall he be taunted and reviled,  
And threatened by this crawling scum of men?  
Oh, who shall urge the coming of that day  
When he in majesty shall clothe himself  
And stand before the astounded world his King?"  
Long brooding over this inflamed his soul,  
And, ever rash in schemes as wild in thought,  
At last he said, 'No longer will I bear  
This ignominy heaped upon my Lord.  
No man hath power to harm the Almighty One.  
Ay, let men's hand be lifted, then at once,  
Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword,  
The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud.  
Shall he be manifest—the living God?  
And prostrate all shall on the earth adore!"  
"Such was his thought when at the passover  
The Lord with his disciples met and supped:  
And Christus saw the trouble in his mind,  
And said, 'Behold, among you here is one  
That shall betray me—he to whom I give  
This cup,' and he said to Judas give;  
And added—'That thou dost, quickly do;  
And Judas left him, hearing these last words—  
'Now shall the Son of man be glorified.'"  
"Ah yes," his master had defined his thought—  
His master should be glorified through him.  
Straight unto me and the high priests he came,  
Filled with this hope, and said, 'Behold me here,  
Judas, a follower of Christus: come!  
I will point out my master whom you seek!  
And out at once they sent me with my band;  
And as we went, I said, rebuking him,  
'How, Judas, is it you who thus betray  
The Lord and master whom you love, to death?'  
And, smiling, then he answered, 'Fear you not;  
Do you your duty: take no heed of me.'  
'Is not this vile?' I said: 'I had not deemed  
Such baseness in you.' 'Though it seem so now,  
Still smiling, he replied, 'wait till the end.'  
Then turning round as to himself he said,  
'Now comes the hour that I have prayed to see—  
The hour of joy to all who know the truth.'"  
"Is this man mad?" I thought, and looked at him;  
And, in the darkness creeping swiftly on,  
His face was glowing, almost white with light:  
And rapt as if in visionary thought  
He walked beside me, gazing at the sky.  
"Passing at last beyond the Cedron brook,  
We reached a garden on whose open gate  
Dark vines were loosely swinging. Here we paused,  
And lifted up our torches, and beheld  
Against the blank white wall a shadowy group.  
There waiting motionless, without a word:  
A moment, and with rapid, nervous step  
Judas alone advanced, and, as he reached  
The tallest figure, lifted quick his head:  
And crying, 'Master! Master!' kissed his cheek.  
We, knowing it was Christus, forward pressed.  
Malchus was at my side, when suddenly  
A sword flashed out from one among them there,  
And sheared his ear. At once our swords flashed out,  
But Christus, lifting up his hand, said, 'Peace,  
Sheathe thy sword, Peter—I must drink the cup.'  
And I cried also, 'Peace, and sheathe your swords.'

Then on his arm I placed my hand, and said,  
"In the law's name!" He nothing said, but reached  
His arms out, and we bound his hands with cords.  
This done I turned, but all the rest had fled,  
And he alone was left to meet his fate.  
"My men I ordered then to take and bear  
Their prisoner to the city; and at once  
They moved away. I, seeing not our guide,  
Cried, 'Judas!' but no answer: then a groan  
So sad and deep it startled me. I turned,  
And there against the wall, with ghastly face,  
And eyeballs starting in a fearful glare,  
As in a fit, lay Judas; his weak arms  
Hung lifeless down, his mouth half open twitched,  
His hands were clenched and clenched into his robes.  
And now and then his breast heaved with a gasp.  
Frightened, I dashed some water in his face,  
Spoke to him, lifted him, and rubbed his hands.  
At last the sense came back into his eyes,  
And to the ground he dropped. I searched him o'er,  
Fearing some mortal wound, yet none I found.  
Then with a gasp again the life returned,  
And stayed, but still with strong convulsion twitched.  
"Speak, Judas! speak!" I cried. "What does this mean?"  
No answer! "Speak, man!" Then at last he groaned.  
"Go, leave me, leave me, Lysias. Oh, my God!  
What have I done? Oh, Christus! Master, Lord!  
Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" Then a cry  
Of agony that pierced me to the heart.  
As groveling on the ground he turned away,  
And hid his face, and shuddered in his robes.  
Was this the man whose face an hour ago  
Shone with a joy so strange? What means it all?  
Is this a sudden madness?" I said. "I cried,  
"What means this, Judas? Is a man and speak?"  
Yet there he lay, and neither moved nor spoke.  
I thought that he had fainted, till at last  
Sudden he turned, and grasped my arm, and cried,  
"Say, Lysias, is this true, or am I mad?"  
"What true?" I said. "True that you seized the Lord!  
You could not seize him—he is God the Lord!  
I thought I saw you seize him. Yet I know  
That was impossible, for he is God!  
And yet you live—you live. He spared you, then,  
Where am I? What has happened? A black cloud  
Came o'er me when you laid your hands on him.  
Where are they all? Where is he? Lysias, speak!"  
"Judas," I said, "what folly is all this?  
Christus my men have bound and borne away;  
The rest have fled. Rouse now and come with me!  
My men await me, rouse yourself, and come!"  
"Throwing his arms up, in a fit he fell.  
With a loud shriek that pierced the silent night,  
I could not stay, but, calling instant aid,  
We bore him quick to the adjacent house,  
And placing him in kindly charge, I left,  
Joining my men who stayed for me below.  
"Straight to the high priest's house we hurried on,  
And Christus in an inner room we placed,  
Set at his door a guard, and then came out.  
After a time there crept into the hall,  
Where round the blazing coals we sat, a man,  
Who in the corner crouched. "What man are you?"  
Cried some one; and I, turning, looked him o'er.  
"I was Peter," "A fellow of that band  
That followed Christus, and believed in him."  
"Is this false?" cried Peter; and he cursed and swore.  
"I know him not—I never saw the man."  
But I said nothing. Soon he went away.  
"That night I saw not Judas. The next day,  
Ghastly, white, a shadow of a man,  
With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled hair,  
Into the chamber where the council sat  
Came feebly staggering; scarce should I have known  
"T was Judas, with that haggard, blasted face,  
And that night's great horror, terror, terror!  
As one all blindly walking in a dream  
He to the table came—against it leaned—  
Glared wildly round a while; then, stretching forth,  
From his torn robes a trembling hand, flung down  
As if a snake had stung him, a small purse,  
That broke and scattered its white coins about,  
And, with a shrill voice cried, 'Take back the purse!  
'T was not for that foul deed I did the deed—  
'T was not for that—oh, horror! not for that!  
But that I did believe he was the Lord!  
And that he is the Lord I still believe.  
But oh, the sin! the sin! I have betrayed  
The innocent blood, and I am lost—am lost!  
So crying, round his face his robes he threw,  
And blindly rushed away; and we, aghast,  
Looked round—and no one for a moment spoke.  
"Seeing that face, I could but fear the end;  
For death was in it, looking through his eyes.  
Nor could I follow to arrest the fate  
That drove it madly on with scorpion whip.  
"At last the duty of the day was done,  
And night came on. Forth from the gates I went,  
Anxious and pained by many a dubious thought,  
To seek for Judas, and to comfort him.  
The sky was dark with heavy lowering clouds;  
A lifeless, stifling air weighed on the world;  
A dreadful silence like a nightmare lay  
Crouched on its bosom, waiting, grim and grey,  
In horrible suspense of some dread thing.  
A creeping sense of death, a sickening smell,  
Infected the dull breathing of the wind.  
A thrill of ghosts went by me now and then,  
And made my flesh creep as I wandered on.  
At last I came to where a cedar stretched  
Its black arms out beneath a dusky rock,  
And, passing through its shadow, all at once  
I started; for against the dubious light  
A dark and heavy mass that to and fro  
Slung slowly with its weight, before me grew.  
A sick dread sense came over me; I stopped;  
A cold and clammy sweat  
Oozed out all over me; and all my limbs,  
Bending with tremulous weakness like a child's,  
Gave way beneath me. Then a sense of shame  
Aroused me. I advanced, stretched forth my hand  
And pushed the shapeless mass; and at my touch  
It yielding swung—the branch above it creaked—  
And back returning struck against my face.  
A human body! Was it dead or not?  
Swiftly my sword I drew and cut it down,  
And on the sand all heavily it dropped.  
I plucked the robes away, exposed the face—  
'T was Judas, as I feared, cold, stiff, and dead:  
That suffering heart of his had ceased to beat."  
Thus Lysias spoke, and ended. I confess  
This story of your Judas touched me much.  
What horrible revelations must have passed  
Across that spirit in those few last hours!  
What storms that tore up life even to its roots!  
And say what you will—grant all the guilt—and still  
What pang of dread remorse—what agonies  
Of desperate repentance, all too late.  
In that wild interval between the crime  
And its last atonement—life, the while,  
Laden with horror all too great to bear,  
And pressing madly on to death's abyss:  
This was no common mind that thus could feel—  
No vulgar villain stinging for reward!  
Was he a villain lost to sense of shame?  
Ay, so say John and Peter and the rest;  
And yet—and yet this tale that Lysias tells  
Weighs with me more the more I ponder it;  
For thus I put it: Either Judas was,  
As John affirms, a villain and a thief,  
A creature lost to shame and base at heart—  
Or else, which is the view that Lysias takes,  
He was a rash and visionary man  
Whose faith was firm, who had no thought of crime,  
But whom a terrible mistake drove mad.  
Take but John's view, and all to me is blind.  
Call him a villain who, with greed of gain,  
For thirty silver pieces sold his Lord.  
Does not the bribe seem all too small and mean?  
He held the common purse, and were he thief,  
Had daily power to steal, and lay aside  
A secret and accumulating fund:  
So doing, he had nothing risked of fame,  
While here he braved the scorn of all the world.  
Besides, why chose they for their almoner  
A man so lost to shame, so foul with greed?  
Or why, from some five-score of trusted men,  
Choose him as one apostle among twelve?

Or why, if he were known to be so vile,  
(And who can hide his baseness at all times?)  
Keep him in close communion to the last?  
Naught in his previous life, or acts, or words,  
Shows this consummate villain that, full-grown,  
Leaps all at once to such a height of crime.  
Again, how comes it that this wretch, whose heart  
Is cased to shame, flings back the paltry bribe?  
And, when he knows his master is condemned,  
Rushes in horror out to seek his death?  
Whose fingers pointed at him in the crowd?  
Did all men see his presence till he found  
Life too intolerable? Nay; not so!  
Death came too close upon the heels of crime.  
He had but done what all his tribe deemed just:  
All the great mass—mean the upper class—  
The Rabbin, all the Pharisees and Priests—  
Ay, and the lower mob as well who cried,  
'Give us Barabbas! Christus to the cross!'  
These men were all of them on Judas' side,  
And Judas had done naught against the law.  
Were he this villain, he had but to say,  
'I followed Christus till I found at last  
He aimed at power to overthrow the State.  
I did the duty of an honest man.  
I traitor! you are traitors who reprove.'  
Besides, such villains scorn the world's reproof.  
Or he might say—"You call this act a crime?  
What crime was it to say I know this man?  
I said no ill of him. If crime there be,  
'T was yours who doomed him unto death, not mine."  
A villain was he? So Barabbas was!  
But did Barabbas go and hang himself?  
Woe of life—the murderer and thief?  
This coarse and vulgar way will never do.  
Grant him a villain, all his acts must be  
Acts of a villain; if you once admit  
Remorse so bitter that it leads to death,  
And death so instant on the heels of crime,  
You grant a spirit sensitive to shame,  
So sensitive that life can yield no joys  
To counterbalance one bad act—but then  
A nature such as this, though led astray,  
When greatly tempted, is no thorough wretch.  
Was the temptation great? Could such a bribe  
Tempt such a nature to a crime like this?  
I say, to me it simply seems absurd.  
Peter at least was not so sensitive.  
He cursed and swore, denying that he knew  
Who the man Christus was; but after all  
He only wept—he never hanged himself.  
But take the other view that Lysias takes.  
All is at once consistent, clear, complete.  
Firm in the faith that Christus was his God,  
The great Messiah sent to save the world,  
He, seeking for a sign—not for himself,  
But to show proof to all that he was God—  
Conceived this plan, rash if you will, but grand.  
"Thinking him man," he said, "mere mortal man,  
They seek to seize him—I will make pretence  
To take the public bribe and point him out,  
And they shall go, all armed with swords and staves,  
Strong with the power of law, to seize on him—  
And at their touch he, God himself, shall stand  
Revealed before them, and their swords shall drop,  
And prostrate all before him shall adore,  
And cry, 'Behold the Lord and King of all!'  
But when the soldiers laid their hands on him  
And bound him as they would a prisoner vile,  
With taunts, and mockery, and threats of death—  
He all the while submitting—then his dream  
Burst into fragments with a crash; aghast  
The whole world reeled before him; the dread truth  
Swooped like a sea upon him, bearing down  
His thoughts in wild confusion. He who dreamed  
To open the gates of glory to his Lord,  
Opened in their stead the prison's jarring door,  
And saw alone him his dim dream of Love  
Change to a fury stained with blood and crime.  
And then a madness seized him, and remorse  
With pangs of torture drove him down to death.  
Conceive with me that sad and suffering heart  
If this be true that Lysias says—Conceive:  
Alas! Orestes, not so sad say I fate.  
For if Apollo pardoned, purified,  
But Pyrrhus were appeased, thy peace returned;  
But Judas perished tortured unto death,  
Unpardoned, unappeased, unpurged,  
And long as Christus shall be known of men  
His name shall bear the brand of infamy.  
The curse of generations still unborn.  
Thus much of him: I leave the question here.  
Touching on naught beyond, for Lucius waits—  
I hear him fuming in the courts below.  
Cursing his servant and Jerusalem,  
And giving them to the infernal gods.  
The sun is sinking—all the sky's a fire—  
And vale and mountain glow like molten ore  
In the intense fold splendor of its rays.  
A half-hour hence all will be dull and grey:  
And Lucius only waits until the shade  
Sweeps down the plain, then mounts and makes his way  
On through the blinding desert to the sea,  
And his galley bears him on to Rome.  
Select of note—may good fortune wait  
On you and all your household! Greet for me  
Titus and Livia—in a word, all friends."  
W. W. S.

## MAINE.

### Letter from Portland.

DEAR BANNER—It may be that some of our friends here  
have already given the substance of the following; if so,  
drop this in the waste basket.  
The Portland Spiritual Association has, for some time,  
been in a languishing condition, owing, perhaps, in part,  
to the decrease of some of its most prominent and active mem-  
bers, and in part, to the character of its meetings. It has  
been the aim of leaders to establish its meetings on a  
very high intellectual plane; in short, to make an intel-  
lectual Spiritualism, without, perhaps, giving sufficient im-  
portance to the spiritual part of our faith. The error—if  
error there be—was contained in the latter fact. While it  
is not possible to have too much of intellect, it is possible  
to make it too largely preponderate over the emotional and  
spiritual to be harmonious. The result of this course was  
apparent in the aridness and sometimes bitter personal  
discussions at our conferences, and, learning nothing of  
the spiritual part of our faith, people learned to stay at  
home. The meetings, in consequence, were very thinly at-  
tended, and the board of government seriously contempla-  
ted their entire suspension.  
At the last annual meeting, however, there was an ap-  
parent determination to continue the meetings, and to  
change their character to meet the desires and wishes of a  
very large majority of the friends in the city, and a new  
government was elected to carry into effect this determina-  
tion, consisting of the following: Hon. Joseph B. Hall,  
President; J. H. Mansfield, Vice President; John B.  
Thompson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. E. King, Cor-  
responding Secretary; William Williams, Treasurer; and  
Messrs. King, Warren and Hamblet, Committee.  
This board has inaugurated a series of social confer-  
ences, in which it will be the aim of all to receive a harmo-  
nious blending of head and heart, with an absolute freedom  
for any and all persons to express their own thoughts and  
convictions without fear of provoking offensive criticism or  
unfriendly personalities. It will be their aim to encourage  
and sustain true mediumship, and to labor to present the  
proper conditions for the frequent ministrations of the In-  
visibles. Already the effects of this course are apparent in  
increasing interest and attendance, and it is sincerely  
hoped that all our friends in the city and vicinity will join  
with us in harmony and brotherly love, forgetting the  
errors of the past, if there be errors, and laboring only for  
the elevation of humanity in the scale of spiritual and  
social existence.  
The Corresponding Secretary has already opened a corre-  
spondence with some of our best speakers, and as soon as  
proper arrangements can be perfected, a series of lectures  
will be announced.  
The Children's Progressive Lyceum is in a prosperous  
condition. The following are the officers for the present  
year: Joseph B. Hall, Conductor; Thomas P. Best, Assis-  
tant Conductor; Mrs. R. I. Hull, Guardian; B. J. Hull,  
Treasurer; Miss Ella Benney, Musical Director; Alphonso  
Yeston, Librarian.  
We are looking hopefully for a pleasant season of harmo-  
ny and prosperity.  
Yours fraternally,  
Portland, Me., Feb. 1st, 1870.

## MISSOURI.

### The Davenport in Missouri.

EDWYD DAVENPORT OF LONDON—the Davenport Brothers and  
Wm. Fay gave two exhibitions at St. Joseph, Missouri, on  
Friday and Saturday nights, 14th and 15th inst. They were  
witnessed by very large audiences. Six hundred people, at  
least, came into the hall on each night. Many were turned  
away for want of room. Half the audiences remained to  
witness the dark scene of Prof. Fay. The performances

were highly satisfactory to all—perfectly convincing to  
those who had previously studied the history of spiriti-  
manipulations. Of course many say it is jugglery. I might  
say so myself were it not a fact that similar manifestations  
are often witnessed in private families through the medium-  
ship of little children under circumstances which preclude all  
idea of collusion or confederation. It is then unphilosophi-  
cal to speak for an explanation outside and strained, when you  
have it at hand, and satisfactory. Why not say that what  
ever produces the manifestations in those numerous cases  
produces them in this case? I never had seen any demon-  
stration of the kind in any case before. I had the best  
opportunities for seeing—being within eight feet of the cabi-  
net. The room during the performance was lighted brightly  
with gas. Hereafter I shall know just what to think of the  
so-called exposures of the Davenport and other such media.  
But my object in making this communication is to state  
that when the rest of Prof. Fay was taken off during the  
dark scene, on the last evening, the light was struck before  
it had come off. At the first flash of the light, I saw the  
coat on him—he sitting tied—his hands behind him, tied to  
the chair—the knots waxed, his head raised, his eyes looking  
upward, his legs crossed. Now while I looked, in the twink-  
ling of an eye the coat sloughed off, passed over his head,  
toward the audience. Not only I but many others saw just  
what I have stated. As there are people ridiculous enough  
to believe that Fay slips out his hands, takes off the coat,  
and throws it to the audience, this should be conclusive. I  
heard some of the most incredulous state the above as a  
fact, before I ventured to say that I also had witnessed the  
same. Then when a coat belonging to the audience was  
put on Mr. Fay, he still remaining tied as before, it was  
found to be such a tight fit as to require the assistance of  
others to get it off.  
These manifestations are new to most of the people of this  
country; hence considerable excitement was raised. It is  
to be hoped that we shall have abundant opportunities of  
witnessing the like hereafter. St. Joseph, Mo., being a town  
of over thirty thousand inhabitants, a wealthy and rapidly  
growing city, magnificently built, with many thriving towns  
near it, I certainly am justified in my hopes.  
Respectfully yours,  
C. I.  
Oregon, Holt Co., Mo., Jan. 22, 1870.

## Letter from John Wetherbee.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, Jan'y 13th, 1870.  
DEAR BANNER—I always feel as if a letter was expected  
from me whenever I halt in these elevated regions, even if  
it be a short one. I have described my impressions of the  
general appearance here too many times, and I do not like  
to repeat myself, so I will not say anything of mountains,  
gulches, oaks, streams or trails, but in a word will say this  
is a fine climate and a growing country.  
Wherever I go and make a stop sufficiently long to con-  
verse with the new faces I meet, I find that Spiritualism is  
no stranger to their thoughts; and those who have any reli-  
gious convictions worth having, are those who believe,  
with us, that the spirit-world is in close connection with  
this, and the influence of one in and on the other is a mat-  
ter of fact. I do not mean to cast a slur on other reli-  
gions, but in all my travels and intercourse with people,  
east or west, I have ever found the Shaker's postulate true,  
which is this: "There are many theologies, but only one  
religion." The subscriber endorses that sentiment; first,  
because it ought to be true; second, because his experience  
has found it true. That one religion distinct from theology  
is, if I am an oracle, among liberal people, and people of no  
religion, popularly speaking, often found; they have more  
of that human sympathy which humanity in its heart recog-  
nizes as religion. One touch of that religion proves the world  
akin, while the praying class have little or none. I some-  
times think this religion is born with a man, never a matter  
of conversion; yet it may be rudimentary, brought to the  
surface by accident or cultivation; and the feeling that one's  
friends who have died are near, "that if we call they answer  
back again," must have the tendency to bring out into ac-  
tion more of this one true religion, and compel the theologies  
to take back seats.  
Let me relate an incident. It may have no connection  
here, but is pressing of expression. It concerns a well-to-  
do, hard-working man, up early and late looking after the  
main chance, not devoid of a nominal disposition to care  
for people's souls, though rather delinquent on the bodily  
wants of human nature. This man having a business talk  
with me, (he being one of the city or town fathers), on the  
general affairs of this part of the country, as to what would  
pay and what would not, taking some pride in his own  
forfeited condition, remarked that there was a great want  
of ready money. Says he, "I can get the best security out  
of these fellows," pointing to the population, "and three  
per cent, a month interest for all my spare money. Do you  
see that man walking yonder? That's Seth Jones. He is a  
good man, industrious and steady. He got behindhand  
the grasshopper year—that is, the year the grasshoppers  
destroyed the crops—and he borrowed of me on his farm  
four hundred dollars. He has never been able to pay up,  
but year in and year out, little by little, I have got my in-  
terest, and now he has already paid me five hundred and  
fifty dollars in interest, and the sum now due for which I  
hold his note is four hundred and seventy-five dollars.  
That is, I am five hundred and fifty dollars, and he owes  
me more than the sum I first lent." Now he (the well-to-  
do man) was a good virtuous man, as the world goes; ap-  
parently expects salvation through Christ and grace. Oh,  
how I pitied this man! How much I would have preferred  
to have been Seth Jones. The strangest part of the story is,  
that that man felt his financial condition to be a virtue, entirely  
unconscious that he was emphatically "in the gall of bitter-  
ness and in the bonds of iniquity." A certain man, you re-  
member, came to Jesus, who, looking upon him, loved him.  
I am sure if the Nazarene had been in my shoes, looking at  
this man, he would have hated him; and every time I have  
seen him since, I seem to see the figures of that note. In its  
variations, compelling him from my clear sight. He has got  
to rough it yet, here or hereafter. Now such a man may  
have theology, may be very sound on the creed, but he is  
willingly wanting in religion, probably never knew what a  
religious emotion was.  
Forgetting this picture, it is very pleasant to find so many  
people in my walks who have spiritual ideas, and to find,  
as a general thing, they have the true ring in their religion.  
I spent a few hours with one of these rough sons of the  
ranch—rough, honest, bright as a new cent. Evidently  
dilettante, he took Spiritualism in the natural way, not by  
vaccination, so the pock-marks of our philosophy were  
strong on him and deep. He told me this anecdote. I ought  
to say, first, that, when this man was young, he preached  
a little as a Methodist; but, having found profligities,  
the pulpit lost, I think, what would have blossomed into a  
bright light; but the church's loss is our gain. He said  
that some years ago, while he was on a tour, peddling plows,  
he stopped—he did not know why—at a house with his  
wagon, where were many other vehicles. He went in and  
found it to be a funeral service. The four-looking Presby-  
terian minister who was doing up the services, was speak-  
ing of the deceased, and our peddler learned that he was a  
poor man, had seen better days, had lost his property by as-  
sisting a friend, got discouraged and became a drunkard;  
and, before closing, this poor minister, looking at sympathy  
by the only mourner presenting to be a virtuous, entirely  
young woman—said, substantially, that she was seeing the  
last of the departed; that she never need expect to see his  
face again; he would be where the worm dwelt not, and the  
fire is not quenched. The remarks made an unpleasant im-  
pression, and as the people turned to go out, this re-  
later said he held up his hand. The people paused. He went to  
the coffin, and looking at the mourner, said he also had a word  
to say, and that was, "God is love." He then spoke upon it  
half an hour with marked good effect; then he went out  
and was seen no more. It seemed as though he was directed  
to go there for that purpose. I need not add that, some  
years after, accident brought the re-ater in contact with  
this mourner, who was in happier conditions, and made  
this man happy by saying that it for his good words on  
that melancholy occasion she did not know what would  
have been the consequences to her.  
Speaking of funerals, one passed Bro. Pound's hotel, where  
I am stopping, yesterday. It was quite a sensation. A little  
child's body was being borne to its long home. I never saw  
a funeral procession of late years but I seem to see the senti-  
ment over it, "I am the resurrection and the life"—which  
means modern Spiritualism—and more than ever this one,  
because its rarity made it a feature. A man looking on, in re-  
ply to me said it was a rare thing to die here: he had been  
here over a year, and this was the first he had seen. The pro-  
cession was very large, people coming from a long distance.  
Then the casket, then followed wagons, mule teams, or  
teams, saddle ponies, light wagons and hay carts, all  
filled with a solemn-faced people. Beyond that there was  
no indication that it was a funeral. The train looked much  
like a country picnic party minus the mirth. This was, so  
to speak, extemporaneous, and would be ludicrous with  
you, but the thought struck me, with our feeling, that  
death is rather a birth, that the effect was good.  
I am not very good at tapering off, so will do so ab-  
ruptly, ever remaining, yours truly, JOHN WETHERBEE.







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to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

### False and Hurtful.

The practice of adulterating food and liquors,  
and the drugs which "allopathy" mediators pre-  
scribe for their immense army of patients, has be-  
come so general, and is so positively hurtful in  
its influence, as to have provoked the deliberate  
attention of the commercial press of the country.  
Nothing that we buy, with few and slight excep-  
tions, is free from a criminal adulteration with  
foreign matter. Our sugar is sanded and marbled;  
our vinegar is made of everything but elder-  
flower; and the flour which is put up from the grinding of sprouted and  
worthless wheat, and the liquors with which such  
vast numbers of men persist in poisoning their  
blood, are poison indeed, and scarce any part pure  
and reliable in their elements.

Chemical analysis of the latter, which are drunk  
daily and nightly over countless bars and from  
innumerable bottles, shows that few of the gins,  
brandies, whiskies and wines that are articles of  
consumption without people, are composed of the  
simple elements that originally gave them their  
character. The reason why persons who are ad-  
dicted to drinking them are made insane by ex-  
cess, so that the common saying is that there is no  
such liquor drunk now as in old times, and that  
delirium tremens is a modern disease among liquor  
consumers, is mainly because, instead of pure  
liquor, they drink poisonous compounds hurtful  
to the body and mind together. Bad as the habit  
is at best, it is made a fearful one, considered in  
regard to its personal risks merely, in consequence  
of this almost universal employment of poisons in  
the combination of liquors.

And with food, condiments, spices and drugs  
is with liquors. The whole world of producers  
and dealers seems to be in combination to pre-  
vent the sale and use of any articles but spurious  
and harmful ones. In the matter of drugs, it is  
noticeable that those who retail them, already  
prepared, obediently to the daily prescriptions of  
the physicians, are rarely possessed of that suffi-  
cient education which is the first requisite for  
handling and distributing them. They are re-  
garded, like everything else, as articles of com-  
merce merely, with which dealers are to make  
money and secure a livelihood. As for the sacred-  
ness of human life, and the heavy responsibility  
assumed by druggists, it is getting to be the last  
thing thought of.

So, too, with flour, sugar, tea, coffee and many  
other articles of daily use in every community,  
which can be no more than alluded to by us. We  
can hardly rely on the purity of anything that  
is saleable for consumption. The mania for cheat-  
ing has run into every department of trade and  
business. If it goes on as now, the social state  
will soon be honeycombed with corruption and  
exhausting influences. We shall be lifting every  
man his hand against his neighbor, instead of co-  
operating to perfect and consolidate a society  
which shall be most tolerable for the growth of  
virtue and the shelter of all noble and true in-  
stincts. What will be the worth of all the for-  
tunes that are made by pursuing such courses, if  
nothing more comes of it than a race of cheats  
and knaves? How much better off will such a  
society be, however rich it may boast itself, than  
one lying under the ban of hard poverty, yet  
cherishing its integrity and honor as the only  
jewels worthy to be treasured?

### Where is the Trouble?

Where there is smoke there is apt to be fire.  
There never could be so many complaints of the  
number of murders in New York, unless there  
was a sufficient reason, or cause, for the phe-  
nomenon. What is that cause? Superficial ob-  
servers would say that it was on account of the  
gallows not being put to more constant service.  
We say it is because, while the gallows is threat-  
ened, criminals and judges conspire to cheat it  
of its victims, the punishment being so abhorrent  
to human instincts. In other words, if the penalty  
for murder was close imprisonment instead of  
taking life again by law, there would be far less  
inducement to attempt to thwart the course of  
justice. The struggle to wrench the convict from  
the hangman's noose before it strangles the life out  
of him, is simply a revolt at the cruelty of a  
punishment which one less cruel, yet more effica-  
cious and far more salutary in its example, would  
never provoke. Gallows punishment, in fact, is  
of such inhumanity as to begot a desire to evade  
it by every means possible; and in a metropolis  
like New York, there are of course infinitely more  
and greater chances to conspire for setting it aside  
than anywhere else in the country.

The same thing is illustrated to perfect satis-  
faction in the history of crime and its affixed  
penalties. Once it was the rule in England to  
hang men for horse stealing, forgery, and other  
crimes not now considered as capital; but this  
shockingly disproportionate punishment failed  
utterly to diminish the crimes specified, if indeed  
they were not multiplied in spite of such a cruel  
penalty. It was passion, taking revenge legally,  
and that was all the people saw in it, and instead  
of being impressed with any moral teaching  
which punishment should legitimately have con-  
veyed, the populace who witnessed or heard of  
its administration would be vastly more likely to  
excite animosity and defiance, and to multiply  
crimes rather than suppress them. Such is the  
tendency in human nature, aggravated immensely  
by circumstances fashioned as it were with the  
utmost ingenuity for that very purpose. The  
trouble is, then, with the excessive character of  
the punishment inflicted. Least of all ought pun-  
ishment for any crime to be as cruel as the crime  
itself, for then it lapses into pure revenge. The  
State is the guardian of its erring members, as  
well as the protector of its innocent ones; and it  
will not overlook the needs of the one any more  
than the rights of the other. Murder by law is no  
cure for murder in passion. A more just and  
rational punishment could not be so evaded.

Read John Wetherbee's letter on another  
page of this paper.

### The Co-operative Movement.

We have had more or less to say, from time to  
time, in favor of the principle of co-operation for  
labor, in order to secure fruits to hands that have  
earned them, instead of letting them be given up  
to those whose claim is rather based on power  
than on right. So far, however, the experiments  
under this principle have been but few in this  
country; and yet in England, where they were  
inaugurated, they are working with marked suc-  
cess. A few workmen in the small town of  
Rochdale first put this modern idea in practical  
shape, and proceeded with stores and other forms  
of business enterprise, even to manufacturing on a  
somewhat extended scale; and so triumphant  
were the experiments in respect to their practical  
results, that the idea not long after was adopted  
and assimilated by different associations in Lon-  
don, beginning with the clerks and employees in  
the national post-office, until it has at length  
spread so as to cover the main portion of the val-  
uable retail business of the most important end  
of the metropolis. The retail dealers at last are  
forced to cry out. While the power to charge  
what profits they chose was still in their hands,  
they did not scruple to demand advances on their  
commodities ranging all the way from seventy-  
five to three hundred per cent. But now when  
they find that an open-eyed community have  
learned the potent art of association; and can  
stock large stores for themselves, so as to bring  
down the prices of what they purchase to within  
a fraction of the original cost, these aristocratic  
tradesmen signify their readiness to come down  
too, and are willing to stand and take off their  
hats in obedience to those whom but yesterday  
they drove with stunning figures from their doors.

What is the sense in this cry of the retailers?  
Do they suppose that society has been got up  
for their support only? Do they think the world  
is really theirs, and all that is thereby? They have  
made the unfortunate mistake of putting their  
cart before the horse—that is all. Their voca-  
tion, like that of every other class of men, was  
established for the purpose of serving the actual  
wants of the community; not in order to enable a  
few hundred men, more or less, to get rich off  
the necessities of the people. Supposing their  
business to dry up entirely—is there the slightest  
wrong done, so long as the community gets on  
just as well without them? When any class  
comes to look at their place in the social arrange-  
ment in the light of an exclusive patent, to which  
the remainder are to pay a royalty for their sup-  
port and enrichment, it is high time something  
happened to break up the class itself, and cause  
its disappearance.

And that is what is happening to day to the  
retail tradesmen of London as a class. They  
are being broken in upon as a class, and being  
finally broken up by the new co-operative move-  
ment which is working so rapidly and effectively  
through all classes of society. People are organ-  
izing in joint associations, for the purpose of buy-  
ing their commodities at first cost and selling  
them at a very slight advance on the same, or at  
barely enough to pay the expenses of transacting  
the business. The same goods can be bought as  
before, and so far it has been found at an aver-  
age of twenty per cent. less than what was paid  
under the old system of individual retail. When  
they are able to present so significant a fact as  
that to the general public, the mouths of the re-  
tailers are of course stopped; it is with a poor  
grace, indeed, that they can solicit their old cus-  
tomers to come back and pay higher prices, by  
one hundred per cent., for the same articles which  
can be obtained by co-operation just as readily  
and so very much cheaper.

The same principle can be as readily put in  
practice in this country as in London; in a small  
city as a large one; in towns as well as cities. It  
is, in fact, one of the new principles of modern  
progress and advancing civilization. Look which-  
ever way we will about us, we shall find the  
tendency to be toward association—associa-  
tion of power and of capital. Individuals are  
sunk in one sense, that they may be left to the  
development of a still higher individuality in an-  
other. Particularly is the co-operative system to  
become the true means of salvation and exalta-  
tion for the workingman and workingwoman in  
this country, where we are all less tolerant of the  
cramping and binding old methods, and more dis-  
posed to strike out in experiments for ourselves.  
And we therefore argue that if such a plan proves  
itself feasible and sound in safe and cautious old  
London, it cannot involve a very alarming risk to  
enter upon it in this youthful, exuberant, and  
hopeful country of ours. At any rate, we earnestly  
counsel a careful investigation of the whole  
theory of co-operative associations on the part of  
labor, with a view to avail itself of all advantages  
within its reach, with the union of its limited  
resources, rather than permit the greed of ex-  
change to consume the larger part of its hard  
earnings for their selfish benefit.

### Mr. Peabody's Burial.

The funeral ceremonies over the cold remains  
of Mr. George Peabody are ended. The whole  
formed an unexampled episode in the history of  
international relations. The British Govern-  
ment pronounced the solemn funeral syllables  
over his body first in historic Westminster Ab-  
bey. Then it placed it on board one of its naval  
vessels, and under convoy, brought it over to his  
native shores, where it was received by his  
countrymen under circumstances without a paral-  
lel in the history of private individuals. A  
crowned head could not have been more highly  
honored in his burial. And he was borne to his  
last resting-place amid a crowded concourse of  
his sympathizing and admiring countrymen, the  
son of the Queen of England standing by the  
open grave as the representative of his honored  
mother, and syllables of deserved eulogy falling  
on the ears of the multitude that witnessed and  
bore a part in the impressive ceremonies. What  
does all this pageant mean? Is there nothing in  
it but an empty show—a series of glittering cere-  
monies for people to gaze at in wonder?

Yes—there must be pith and moment in these  
imposing ceremonies, or they would never have  
been proceeded with. It is not to honor the mem-  
ory of a mere money-maker that they were un-  
dertaken, nor to show respect to one who gave  
his accumulations away with a generosity that  
has no parallel. The whole significance of the  
show is this: to pay honor to a man who from  
nothing made so much, and distributed that much  
with a judicious bounty in his own lifetime, thus  
setting an example of lofty generosity and gen-  
uine philanthropy for all rich men to follow.  
Other men are as rich and richer than Mr. Pea-  
body was, but none have been willing to part, as  
he did, with the fortune which he felt it his duty  
as much to distribute as to collect. He has  
taught our pursuers of wealth for his own sake  
that they make an egregious mistake in what  
they do, and that their proper duty is to employ  
what they have been intrusted with, for the good  
of those around them. Would that so plain a  
lesson might be universally heeded; and not by  
the rich alone, but by all who have it in their  
power to benefit others by sacrifice!

### The New York World.

Which professes to be an honest and reliable  
chronicler of passing events, has undertaken the  
task of criticising the Message Department of this  
paper, attributing dishonesty to us and our medi-  
um. The writer says: "In making memoranda  
of names and facts to put in her messages, Mrs.  
Conant sometimes commits mistakes, or else her  
earthly source of information is unreliable; for  
she often gets a name or date wrong in her mes-  
sage." There is not one jot or tittle of truth in  
the above statement that Mrs. Conant makes  
memoranda of names previous to sitting at our  
circle, for we know she does not. She is simply  
the mouthpiece of spirits who have the power to  
return and do their own talking, as thousands of  
the most respectable people in the United States  
and Europe are aware. Mrs. Conant, entranced,  
is entirely unconscious while our sances are go-  
ing on, and knows nothing of what is given  
through her instrumentality. So much for the false  
statement of the World in this respect. More-  
over she has no "earthly source" of information  
in regard to these messages, and consequently  
she makes no "mistakes"; but the spirit speaking  
is just as liable to make mistakes while talking  
through a borrowed body as he would be were he  
on earth using his own tenement of flesh. But  
we venture to aver that those spirits who speak  
through our medium, from time to time, do not  
make half the mistakes that the writers in the  
World do daily, in reference to facts, dates, or any-  
thing else.

However, as we have abundance of evidence to  
substantiate the reliability of our Message De-  
partment, and that that we give to the world—not  
the misnamed N. Y. World—which humanity's  
best interests, both here and hereafter, demand at  
our hands, we shall continue on the even tenor  
of our way, notwithstanding the condemnation of  
the World or its bigoted conditors.

### Remarkable Cures by the Laying on of Hands.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the well-known healer, has  
been for some time past exercising his powerful  
gift at No. 23 Harrison Avenue, Boston. His  
rooms have been constantly crowded with appli-  
cants for relief, many of whom were of that poor  
and humble class so little desired as patients by  
the old school of medicine—because of their  
inability to pay large fees. Such may "drink of  
the waters of life"—good health—"freely,"  
"without money and without price"—at the Doc-  
tor's office. During his last visit to the city,  
the power of healing has increased with Dr. Newton,  
and he has been more successful than ever. He  
will continue in Boston until about the 10th of  
April, when he will make a professional tour of  
one year to England. We give below a few  
of the many remarkable cures lately effected by  
him:

Mrs. James W. Lovington, Lowell, was in-  
stantly restored to health, after she had been  
given up by the regular M. D.s, as an incurable  
case of gastric fever. For eight months she had  
been unable to sit up a moment. Dr. Newton  
was sent for from Boston, and through his power  
she was caused to rise and walk—even down  
stairs and back again. She shortly after made a  
friendly call on the Doctor at his rooms—her cure  
being permanent. All who know the circum-  
stances of the case in Lowell, declare it to be a  
miracle.

Mrs. Charles Warner, of Troy, N. Y., in com-  
pany with her husband and a friend, visited Dr. J.  
R. Newton to be treated of a white swelling on  
her knee. She could walk only with crutches  
and one or two persons to steady her. With a  
few minutes' treatment she was cured—the swell-  
ing subsided—she could bend the knee as freely  
as the other, and walked down stairs, and out to  
and into the carriage without aid.

### A Chromo Picture of Whittier's Birth- place.

We have received from the Fine-Art Publish-  
ers, in this city, L. Prang & Co., a chromo picture  
of the poet Whittier's birth-place, after an origi-  
nal painted expressly for them by Mr. Thomas  
Hill, a celebrated painter of California scenery.  
The old house may be seen standing where it was  
erected nearly two hundred years ago, and the  
dilapidated stable and little running brook are  
there also, yet vandal hands have destroyed the  
tall poplars represented at the gateway, as well  
as the noble elm, which graces the centre of the  
picture. "The oldest inhabitant"—and surely  
he ought to know—is of the opinion that Mr.  
Hill, the artist, possesses clairvoyant powers, other-  
wise he could not have portrayed the ancient  
elm and other trees as accurately as he has. The  
"upper road," so called, leading from Amesbury  
to Haverhill, looks indeed familiar. The shading  
of the picture is exquisite. Messrs. Prang & Co.  
are deserving of much praise for the excellent  
manner in which they have produced this superb  
chromo picture of the birthplace of one of Amer-  
ica's most distinguished poets. In size it is 26 by  
16 7/8 inches, and is sold at the extremely low  
price of \$15. This picture may be seen at our  
Public Circle Room.

### Sunday Lectures in Horticultural Hall.

These lectures have been well attended thus  
far, and liberal sentiments—for the most part—  
have emanated from that rostrum. On the 6th  
Mr. T. W. Higginson was the speaker—his sub-  
ject "The Sympathy of Religions." We have  
room for only one paragraph, which we quote  
from the report in the Advertiser. The speaker  
said:

"We have yet but a part of our Holy Bible.  
The time will come, when, as in the middle ages,  
all pious books will be called sacred scriptures.  
From the most remote portions of the earth, from  
the Vedas and the Sagas, from Plato and Zoroas-  
ter, Confucius and Mahomet, from the Emperor  
Marcus Antoninus and the slave Epictetus, from  
the learned Alexandrians and the ignorant  
Galla negroes, there will be gathered hymns and  
prayers and maxims in which every religious soul  
may unite—the magnificent liturgy of the human  
race."  
Amen.

### The Royal Visitor.

Prince Arthur, of England, had a grand time  
during his late visit to Yankee land. He was  
well received by our people, as a matter of course,  
which goes to show, more than anything else, that  
they are not antagonistic to their brethren "over  
the water." It is our prayer that peace may al-  
ways exist between England and America. A  
more frequent interchange of kindnesses of this  
sort would tend to promote harmony more than  
anything else.

### Patrons of the Banner

Are informed that the present volume expires  
in a few weeks; and the object of this notice is a  
reminder to those whose subscriptions expire  
with it, and who intend to renew, to do so at an  
early day as their convenience will permit, thus  
saving us the extra labor that would otherwise  
ensue in rearranging the names in our mailing  
machine.

### "Candor."

The Investigator is unfair toward us, nay, un-  
just. We have ever endeavored to treat this jour-  
nal with becoming respect, but it returns evil  
for good. It says point blank that the Davenport  
Brothers are impostors, and endeavors to bolster  
up its mere assertion by adding, "We know of a  
number of intelligent Spiritualists in this city  
who regard the Brothers Davenport as impostors,  
in pretending to spirit abt, and they do not hesi-  
tate to avow their convictions," etc. No "intelli-  
gent," honest Spiritualist ever uttered such senti-  
ments, we venture to say; for the Davenport me-  
diums have been tested for many years, both in  
this country and in Europe, by competent and  
honest Spiritualists, who have repeatedly en-  
dorsed them. As further evidence in favor of the  
reliability of the Davenport Bros., we shall soon  
publish a document from the pen of Rev. Mr. Fer-  
guson, of Tennessee, who was with them in Eu-  
rope several years ago.

The Investigator accuses us of bolstering up me-  
diums and suppressing reliable testimony. This  
is an unfriendly and unfair statement; for, on the  
contrary, it has been our sole desire to arrive at  
the truth in these matters; and in several in-  
stances we have notified our readers of the unreli-  
ability of more than one dishonest medium.  
We do not like to be personal in these matters;  
but how stands the "candor" of the Investigator  
in the category? Let us see. It swore for sev-  
eral weeks by Carbonell; so one of his intelligent  
and honest infidel friends informed us. But when  
Carbonell "played out" in Providence, and Wil-  
liam Foster, Jr., of the Evening Press, stated the  
facts in our columns, and we requested the Bos-  
ton press to publish his letter, why did not the  
candid Investigator comply? Because, probably,  
it had rather "bolster up" its favorite. Why  
did it not send journal inform its readers that the  
man it endorsed endeavored to "show up the  
humbus" in Peabody, and failed to get anybody  
into the hall? Candor, forsooth!

### Political Disturbances in Paris.

The telegraph announces riotous proceedings  
in Paris on the occasion of the arrest of Deputy  
Reichelfort. Troops were called out, after the  
police had been repulsed; but, according to last  
accounts, the former had not found it necessary  
to use their firearms, although the insurgents had.  
Several persons have been killed and wounded.  
We quote from the telegraphic dispatches:

PARIS, Feb. 9—A. M.—The disorders broke out  
again at Belleville, in the Rue du Faubourg  
du Temple, at midnight. Several additional bar-  
ricades have been erected in the narrow streets.  
The troops are still in the neighborhood of the  
gare, but all the barricades have not been fired on.  
The police are active, and there are rum-  
ors of killed and wounded on the Boulevard  
Montmartre, running from the Rue Montmartre  
to the Rue Richelieu, the police having made sev-  
eral charges there. This point is fully a mile and a  
half distant from the scene of the disturbances  
yesterday. Many additional arrests have been  
made. Gustave Flourens, the leader of the dis-  
turbances, is still at large, though the authorities  
are making every effort to arrest him.

Now.—The morning journals have the follow-  
ing details of the disturbances which occurred  
last night:

There had been much excitement during the day, which  
culminated at midnight in new outbreaks. These were  
not confined to one locality, nor were they on the scene  
of those suppressed yesterday at La Villette and Belleville,  
but nearer to the centre of the city, and only a few squares  
from the Hotel de Ville. Now and then barricades were  
thrown up and tenaciously defended. The police attacked  
several of these, but were quickly driven off. Military forces  
were then brought into requisition, which, as on the day  
before, kept all the barricades without firing on the  
crowd. There seems to be hesitation on the part of the  
troops and the rioters to resort to the use of firearms. Strong  
detachments of police have been placed on all the bene-  
dict, with orders to forcibly disperse all crowds. Hun-  
dreds of rioters have been arrested. Several were wound-  
ed, mainly in conflicts with the police, and it is reported  
that some were killed.

Eight o'clock P. M.—The city is now tranquil,  
and a strong police force is patrolling the streets.  
Many of the workshops were closed to-day.

### Beecher on the Common Schools.

Henry Ward Beecher gave utterance to some  
excellent sentiments, in his Thanksgiving sermon,  
on the subject of our common school system, say-  
ing that it was the very seed-bed of our democ-  
racy. There all feet are placed on level, while  
all heads are bidden to lift themselves as high as  
they can. On the question of keeping the Bible  
as a reading book in the schools, he spoke in this  
wise, and very sensibly:

"He would be willing even to exclude the read-  
ing of the Bible in our schools, if by that means  
any class of our people would be better satisfied  
and more zealous in supporting our system. And  
certainly he, the son of a Puritan and a Puritan  
himself, could not be suspected of deprecating the  
importance of Bible reading. The Puritans took  
their stand on religious toleration; let them stick  
to their text and never abandon the principles of  
perfect, free religious toleration, nor suffer others  
to impose a different principle upon them. What  
says the Catholic, 'Do you think it proper to  
encourage infidelity—to bring up children with-  
out religious instruction?' Not at all. We do  
not teach husbandry in the common schools, but  
it does not, therefore, follow that we wish to make  
lazy church dogs. Everything in its place. Let the  
church teach dogmas. Let the common school  
give intelligence. Let religious instruction be  
taught in the household, in the Sunday school, in  
the church. Therefore, by all means, let our peo-  
ple guard and cherish the common schools of the  
country. Taxes for their support are the wisest  
expenditure State can make, and they should  
be liberally imposed and cheerfully paid."

### Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The lecture inspired by the spirit of Prof. Ed-  
gar C. Dayton, and given through the agency of  
his medium, THOMAS GAVEN FORSTER, Sunday  
afternoon, Feb. 6th, in Music Hall, on the subject  
of "Protoplasm, or the physical basis of life," is pro-  
nounced one of the ablest expositions of this most  
interesting topic ever listened to in this city. It  
is a fitting companion of his two previous valu-  
able discourses, one of which has appeared in the  
Banner, and the others will follow in due time.

Mr. Forster's engagement in Boston expires  
Sunday after next. Those who would listen to  
his eloquent teachings should bear this fact in  
mind, and improve the present opportunity.

It is well worth a visit to the hall to listen to  
the fine singing of one of the best quartettes in  
the city.

### Spiritualism on the Increase.

Spiritualism is spreading everywhere with re-  
markable rapidity. Our private correspondence  
from Europe and Asia attest to the truth of this  
statement. It is noiselessly gliding into the  
churches in all lands, and the church dignitaries  
are becoming alarmed thereat. The spirit of  
God is truly walking upon the waters, and the  
"still small voice" of Spiritualism is whispering  
in the open ear of humanity to "come up higher"  
in the realm of thought, and pluck of the ripen-  
ing fruit of the Natural Religion of the nineteenth  
century.

### Lectures.

We shall publish in our next issue a lecture by  
Thos. Gales Forster, delivered in Music Hall, Jan.  
30, entitled, "There is a natural body and there  
is a spiritual body;" and also a discourse by  
Edward S. Wheeler, delivered at Union Hall,  
Charlestown, on Sunday evening, Nov. 21st, 1869,  
"Is Spiritualism a new religion?"

### New Subscribers, and a New Volume.

Since our last report our old patrons have ex-  
erted themselves nobly, and obtained eighty-nine  
new subscribers. It is with pleasure we record  
the names of the active workers in our behalf and  
in behalf of the spirit-world and humanity. These  
favors come just at the right time, as our new  
volume will soon commence. Go and do like-  
wise, friends, everywhere:—P. W. Barrows, one;  
Dr. E. Beckwith, one; D. G. Richardson, one; M.  
B. Dyott, one; D. E. Hayden, one; S. L. Passel,  
one; Jos. Babcock, one; E. P. King, one; E. B.  
Hughson, one; S. R. Smith, one; Mrs. I. Phillips,  
one; J. Davis, one; Mrs. C. V. Berrien, one; Has-  
kins & Ellis, one; A. Clapp, one; J. Feather, one;  
J. W. Ferris, one; Mrs. J. Rome, one; H. Snow,  
one; Charles Yeakel, one; James Foran, one; L.  
M. Goodell, one; R. B. Dando, one; Mrs. I. Curtis,  
one; Mrs. S. Herriman, one; W. F. Willett, one;  
E. H. Richards, one; Miss M. S. Rathbun, one;  
Mrs. M. A. Dewitt, one; L. Ormsby, one; Geo. F.  
Worrall, one; H. Turner, one; A. T. Robinson,  
two; J. M. Howard, one; J. R. Wright, one; L. D.  
Fannin, one; N. J. Wool, one; T. F. Bethell, one;  
R. L. Brown, one; A. Messer, one; C. B. Sartell,  
one; A. Moore, one; M. Jones, one; E. Towne,  
one; S. E. Clark, one; P. P. Winslow, one; Mrs.  
Brown, one; W. L. Clark, one; M. I. Littlefield,  
one; John Sigler, one; N. Gallup, one; Wm. A.  
Atkins, one; G. T. Jones, one; H. M. Holdridge,  
one; John Mallory, one; Mrs. P. Ladd, one; Levi  
Fluke, three; A. Adams, one; A. Y. Quick, one;  
M. M. Weeks, one; T. L. Andrews, one; A. E.  
Carpenter, one; Geo. W. Washburn, one; A. Til-  
ton, one; J. S. Ayers, one; Mrs. L. Ballou, one;  
V. Hinchelliff, one; A. S. Hayward, one; C. B.  
Seelye, one; S. K. Terry, one; E. B. Souther, two;  
E. P. Road, one; J. R. Nickles, Jr., one; D. Ly-  
man, one; I. P. Cheney, one; Crosby & Lowe, one;  
Harriet L. Holmes, one; S. Van Winkle, one;  
Samuel Corwin, one; F. P. Ward, one; O. C. Mer-  
riam, two; S. Thomas, one; Mrs. M. J. Wilcox-  
son, two; S. Adams, one; Geo. Rowe, one; Thos.  
Langhoun, one; H. Price, one; L. S. Noble, one;  
Charles Gould, one; F. A. Logan, three.

### Adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution  
of the United States, passed by Congress, has  
been ratified by a two-thirds majority of the  
States of the Union, and consequently is now a  
law of the land. For the information of our read-  
ers we print below the exact words of the amend-  
ment:

"ARTICLE XV.—Sec. 1. The right of citizens of  
the United States to vote shall not be denied or  
abridged by the United States or by any State, on  
account of race, color or previous condition of ser-  
vitude."

Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to en-  
force this Article by appropriate legislation."

The Philadelphia Press, in noticing the ratifica-  
tion of the Fifteenth Amendment, says:

"It was seventy-six years after the foundation  
of the Government before the motto on the old  
State House bell, 'Proclaim liberty throughout  
the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof,' had  
an actual meaning. It took eighty-three years to  
solve the problem of American citizenship. To  
Georgia belongs the honor of capping the edifice  
of liberty with the granite of suffrage."

### Louisiana.

From the Livingston Herald, published at Pon-  
chatoula, La., we learn that Dr. J. R. Doty and  
Mr. M. Alexander have each lectured in that  
place, and created quite an interest in the Spiritual  
Philosophy. The Orthodox element was stirred  
up to fever heat, and considerable excitement pre-  
vails. Though Spiritualism in Louisiana is yet in  
its infancy, two mediums have recently been de-  
veloped in Ponchatoula, and promise well for the  
future. They write, and see spirits. Neither of  
the mediums—or their parents—had any belief in  
Spiritualism until they were controlled by spirits  
and received satisfactory proof of its truth. The  
Herald is ably edited by Messrs. J. O. and J. E.  
Spencer, and displays a liberality and indepen-  
dence worthy of imitation by some of the New  
England bigoted sheets.

### Fashionable Church Goes.

The New York Herald of Monday devotes large  
space to a description of the fashionable churches  
and congregations of New York and Brooklyn as  
they appeared on Sunday. Toilets are described,  
the music criticised, and the names given of nu-  
merous "religious heavy weights" observed in  
their pews. Red octavo prayer-books, with gold  
clasp, gold edgings and scarlet tassels, are en-  
gled in the most fashionable churches, according to  
the Herald. Why do n't the N. Y. World look after  
these "fashionable" worshippers of "the meek  
and lowly Nazarene?" It would be much more  
to its credit to do so than slandering, as it does,  
poor humble mediums, who are doing their Mas-  
ter's bidding on the earth to-day.

### Mrs. Thackabury.

We are informed that Mrs. Thackabury, an ac-  
count of whose mediumship we published on the  
22nd January, has not been able to sit for mani-  
festations for some four or five weeks past, on ac-  
count of her health. She took cold, on her way to  
New York, which became seated on her lungs,  
and, although slowly recuperating, she is not yet  
in condition to warrant the draft on her vitality  
required for those extraordinary manifestations.  
She has returned from New York to Cleveland,  
and will remain there till she is able to resume the  
work. Her spirit-guides are anxious to show to  
the world what can be done in this department,  
at least.

### Dr. Newton Going to England.

Rev. Frederic Rowland Young, in a private  
note to us, speaking of Dr. J. R. Newton, the heal







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than in shape; that they do vary in size and quantity.

Q.—Do shape and motion always correspond to the atom, and is the formation always a true representation of the shape and motion of the elements composing it?

A.—Yes, that is the law, I believe.

Q.—Are the atoms of the one imperishable element eternally changing their shape and motion in contact with each other?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is there any end to space?

A.—Correctly and absolutely speaking, there is not.

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I was glad to come.  
One word more. I am not sure that Cornell is right about his bones being in Hartford. I ought to know, but I think he has made a mistake, there. I think they are in New York, but may be mistaken. He ought to know where they are.

—

**Annetta Page.**

How strange it is that I should, on coming here feel the same miserable sense of sea-sickness that afflicted me for a few days before my death.

A.—Certainly they can, and they do. Dec. 2

**Mark Jellison.**

This coming back is so at variance from what had been taught during my earthly life, that I almost afraid to avall myself of the blessing, fear that it may not be right. We who stood in fear of a God that was more revengful than just and humane, are very apt to get strangely ill in all points of fact. This coming back must be the result of a wise and loving power, who, knowing the needs of the spirit, has provided for that

lation to Mr. Davis—Andrew Jackson Davis. Many people used to ask me, because I was clairvoyant, and he was, too; but I wasn't related as I know of.

Don't forget to tell mother how we all send love for Christmas present, will you? [Oh, My mother's name is Sarah Jane. [Has she children living?] No, sir, she's all alone. Has got nobody. Good-by, sir. Grandfather is here; sends his blessing, too. Dec. 4.]

Séance conducted by Father Henry Fitz-James  
Letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

[illegible]







## Banner of Light.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE,  
No. 51 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## THE TRANSITION.

Every person conversant with the present condition of Spiritualism in this country must be aware of the apathy generally prevalent among Spiritualists, and the want of confidence in one another, the personal and local prejudices and jealousies, which are quite equal to those of the churches, of politicians and of individuals and societies generally, but could not well exceed them. Some persons, even of good judgment, take these signs that it is dying out, and some are even looking about for a *Utopia* to take the place of the old religion, and for the falling ruins of a crumbling temple. Such are mistaken, and need not be at all, for they will soon see the rising and protecting walls of a new and sublime temple growing up around them, built from the fragments of all the institutions of the past, with no sectarian name or character, built without creed or catechism, Bible or Koran, by hope or priest, authority or dogma.

We are surely in a transition from the phenomenal and theoretical to the real and practical religion of nature and life—a transition in Spiritualism as well as in all other religious theories. Christians are casting off the sectarian shell of their church, and Spiritualists are shedding the *tem*, as a tadpole does its tail to become a frog. A "free religion" is demanded, and it must and will be inaugurated, and a life it will not, and cannot, ignore the truth and fact of spirit-intercourse, it will arise from its authority as Christians will from *it* to its authority, and taking hold of angel-hands extended, have the inspiring influence to help human nature up to the standard and recognition of its Godhood through its arisen manhood which was created by the Christian Church.

Strong minds, some with long and some with short powers, have not only lost all confidence in the churches, but have also lost the little faith they once had, that out of Spiritualism would arise a saviour or a saving institution for the race. They now see no saviour can come to us, but it must be raised in us and developed from our own nature. The temples of all idols must be taken down, and from the fragments a temple of humanity be built, a temple that can shelter every human soul, and a church door open to all, with all its blessings *to*, to all, repaying nothing of any one, and giving of its bounty to every one that asketh, requiring no confession, no faith, no ceremonies—a church which shall be as the river of pure water, washing every soul that steps into it.

The age is ripe for a free church, and the question is who shall inaugurate it? how shall it be built? who shall set the ball in motion? Not who shall be priest; for it is an age when every one shall minister as he or she is qualified. "To him that hath shall be given," and to him that hath not shall be given, for from him nothing can be taken. The old church took the soul from him that had no money to give it, and the world took the time, strength and substance from the poor spiritual mediums and speakers till they are mostly starved out, and the old pioneers are fast crossing over to the summer and sunny side of the river of death, but to new hands the work before us must be entrusted, and by new builders must the temple be constructed.

The cry has gone forth, and the angels are already looking for the workmen. Is it strange that those who have graduated from not in Christianity, and from its highest class—Unitarianism—should be found most ready and best qualified? Education, refinement, scholarship and manners they had, but not these alone would answer; hearts as well as heads are needed, and mortar as well as bricks. Not alone of polished marble can a temple be constructed.

"Free religion," we often hear more than even those who named it, and have designed it to mean; a religion free for all to take what they please, and appropriate all they can, but a religion that shall surely make all better who partake of it in large or small quantities; an ever-flowing, never-ceasing fountain of the "waters of life," over which is written: Come and drink freely, all ye that thirst, and no questions shall be asked you how or why you became thirsty, and no charge shall be made for what you choose to take. We must strike hands with every human brother and sister, and open wide our doors to all, bidding them come and partake of the waters of life freely, without questionings of hope, faith, or belief, or even of knowledge or intent.

The day of damning churches is past, and the day of blessing churches dawns. The creed that crucified has had its day and victim enough. The blood of its martyrs cries from the ground, and from the ground hearts of its oppressed millions. Poor Ireland and the poor of all Europe are groaning with the agony of crucified hearts impoverished and crushed by the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, and they must be heard.

## "HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM."

This is the title of a most valuable and highly interesting volume of American history, and confined to its experiments in Socialism—a book of 672 pages, elegantly printed on tinted paper, and substantially bound in cloth, and for sale by us at \$1; postage 50 cents; issued by Lippincott, but really printed by the Wallingford family of Communists, and compiled and authored by J. H. Noyes, founder of the Oneida and Wallingford Communities. The historical part of this highly valuable volume was mainly collected by A. J. Macdonald, a Scotchman, who came to this country in 1842, and spent most of the time till his death, in 1851, in collecting the materials for his book; and when his work was about ready for the press he died of cholera, and left his manuscript, which was found and rescued from oblivion by Mr. Noyes, who, although he has greatly modified the work, and shaped it to his own liking, yet could not in any other way get the materials, and has really done a great and good work in preserving what he has of them, even with the sectarian bias and trimmings he has added to the work to make it conform—as it never would have done in its original—to sectarian Christianity; and yet there is much of fairness in the work—even more than we expected, from our knowledge of the bigotry of the compiler. We had correspondence with Mr. Macdonald, and wrote for him the history of the Wisconsin Phalanx—which appears in the book as written by one of its members—as well as most of the letters which bear our name in the book. Those who remember, and those who either worked in or watched and waited for any of the phalanxian efforts at Fourierism during the great excitement that prevailed from 1842 to 1850, will find in this book the best and most correct history that can now be made of the whole movement and its facts.

Shakerism, Owenism, and Communism are liberally treated; Zoroastrianism and Rappites, leban, and all other efforts of which we have any knowledge, are also liberally treated, and we can insure the Socialist a rich treat in this book, and one of the most valuable library books for any person wishing to be posted in the efforts of thousands of persons in this country to secure a better social condition for the poor, and their mistakes, errors and failures, with the partial success of those that still linger with a hope, and perhaps faith, in success, but which also every one of them that we are acquainted with, contain the seeds of dissolution, which, like a consumption, promise life, while they drag the patient slowly to death. Such we see as the pending fate of Shakerism and Communism; for we even clearly see in the religious element in each, especially the latter, the sure sign of final death; for surely no fragmentary sect of Christians can long survive the death of the tree on which it grows, as a mistletoe, and to which it clings for life, and surely the axe is at the root of the great tree, and it must fall.

## FALSE CHARGES.

Nothing is more common among American writers, than false charges, and comparisons of bad men and women to beasts. *Cruel persons* are called *beasts* or *brutish*, and yet animals are not cruel; each species acts out its nature, and never transgresses the law of its organic life as implanted in it by the creative power. Drunken persons are called *beasts*, and often said to be *beastly* drunk, and yet beasts do not get drunk unless by accident, and then it is sickness. Sensual and licentious persons are often compared to beasts, and their degraded and degrading conduct compared to animals, when there is no just or real comparison, as beasts are never sensual, and never contract venereal diseases nor become degraded by the sensual vices and depravities of our own race. Man alone, of all inhabitants of earth, indulges in drunken and licentious conduct, and takes the consequences in the destructive diseases and moral depravities consequent upon and arising therefrom, and it is shameful to charge these, even in comparison, to the animals, which live in obedience to the laws of their organic life and are always pure.

The same class of writers are in the habit of quoting also the beasts to establish natural laws for man, as man has so perverted his that it is difficult to unearth them from the rubbish of habits, as, for instance, temperance finds its strongest argument in the animals, which quench a natural thirst with water, and are ever satisfied and healthy therefrom; as mated birds in single pairs are quoted for monogamous marriage, and the care of offspring by both sexes of some animals is also quoted for our guide; as the skill and industry of bees is often taken for a text and sample for our race; and while these and many more are just and appropriate, the others seem to us to be false and unjust.

## MORE PHENOMENA.

Every few days a new alarm is sounded from some quarter, and a priest called in to account for strange and mysterious occurrences, that transcend the ordinary events as well as capacities of those who witness them, and for which the priest usually has a devil ready at hand and ready advice to come to the church and shun all such occurrences as evince an unseen intelligence, as such, being in the dark, or beyond our sense of sight, must be of the devil. Of this class of spiritual phenomena, and with this explanation by the priest, the St. Louis papers have had a fresh volume recently from a cottage in Illinois, near East St. Louis, and about two miles from the city, in a rural and secluded place, where, it is said, it was not safe for strangers well dressed to walk at night alone a short time ago, if it is now, as the region was infested with robbers, &c. But now the report is that in a certain cottage articles are moved about the house and a variety of manifestations are performed, similar to those we have so often witnessed and had reported. But the beauty of this case is that a little girl about twelve years old sees the person or spirit, that is invisible to others, which does it, and declares that it is also a little girl about her age and size, and she describes her appearance, dress and actions, as she watches her, and she cannot see any signs of her being a devil, but the priest assures them it is the devil, and advises all to come to his church and confess their sins, to avoid such visits and the terrible consequences that will follow. Some are stupid enough to believe the priest; but more see their own reason, and judge for themselves.

## THE DAVENPORTS AND EDITORS.

The *Wakanda Record*, published at Carrollton, Mo., edited by J. W. Turner, gives a lengthy and very candid notice of the exhibition of the Davenport in that place, and speaks with a just contempt and reproach of the ungentlemanly and unmanly conduct of some persons whose prejudices could find no decent mode of expression. We are ever glad to find an editor who can treat Spiritualism with the candor and honesty its merits deserve, and for that we commend the editor of the *Wakanda Record*, and as we have an invitation to lecture in that place, which we intend to meet before long, we shall try and make his acquaintance. There is certainly a very great lack of honest and honorable manliness and magnanimity among editors, but probably not more than in other departments of business, while from the very nature of the business there should be less, for like the clergy they are set out as leaders and teachers to guide public sentiment, as well as to express it to individuals; and all such persons should examine all subjects and give candid explanations of them to their readers, which is rarely the case with Spiritualism.

## Satan Walking in the Churches.

We clip the following pertinent testimony from a long article in the *Baltimore Christian Advocate*, to show what the saints have to do and where they are at:

"It is not here that the righteous rest from their labors, and even in the eternal world they 'rest not day nor night' from the loving work of the Eternal Father. We have no rest, even from strife, while Satan walks about as a roaring lion and church doors are open to him, and aisles are carpeted for his footstep. For he is not a lion and enter into him. *Zion's Herald* has written for us a noble epistle—let it be put on the tomb of the humblest worker in the cause of God—in ashes only has he found rest—He knew none in his organic state."

A composition of peat, coal dust and coal tar has been invented, which, it is claimed, is better fuel for steamers than coal, and the cost only one-half. Six hundred pounds of this fuel, it is said, will produce as much steam as twelve hundred pounds of coal.

## NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.  
MODERN MISSIONARY WORK OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

Whatever criticism we may make on the Catholic Church, we cannot deny the sincerity of its devotees. They believe the Church to be the only means appointed by the Creator to redeem the world and prepare man for happiness hereafter. They renounce the world, and live for "Christ in God," as the really supreme good. There is a touching self-renunciation and sympathy with the lowest and poorest of God's creatures in the hearts of many of these devotees; that doubtless opens to them the flood-gates of purest and divinest peace. They count bodily fatigue, cold and hunger, the sacrifice of ease and comfort, contact with distressing and contagious diseases and repulsive forms of suffering through vice, as naught compared with the glory and joy of following the example of him who went about doing good, and of winning souls into the true fold of Christ. The Sisters of Charity, whose sweet, pure faces gleam out from their unsightly black shrouds, like stars from a midnight sky, are ever bent on errands of mercy, and the dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty, are often brightened and redeemed by their hallowed instrumentality. Paullist missionaries, faithful priests and pious monks are equally devoted to the salutary offices of charity. The confession of Piero Luca, in Whittier's glowing verse, might doubtless be repeated by many a "Brother of Mercy" on his lonely death-bed:

"I have my fellow men, the world I know  
I would do good to. Will death change me so  
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer?"

Stinkies (dead, pardon, if I thought he stink)  
The world of pain were better, if therein  
One's heart might still be human, and desires  
Of natural pity drop upon his fires  
Some ending tears."

This entire devotion, on the part of true Catholics, necessarily makes them desirous, above all things, that their faith should spread until it fills the whole earth as the waters cover the sea. P. E. Abbot, in No. 5 of *The Index*, says: "Romanism schemes to confiscate all the resources of mankind to the Church; and the church means to use them in fitting mankind for heaven. There is a terrible sincerity about Catholicism which is the secret of its terrible power. It is professed, doubtless, by many ecclesiastics for the sake of their personal pride, luxury or ambition; many of the leaders are unquestionably corrupt. But the great body of the Catholic clergy are as unselfish as they are earnest." The time has come when this terribly sincere power is about to put forth new energies and call into requisition new means for the conversion of the world to Catholicism. The Eccumenical Council was called for this definite purpose. "We have reason," said the *Catholic World*, of June last, "to expect a great number of conversions among those who are partially enlightened, as its immediate result, and the more zealous and successful prosecution of the work of bringing back all nations to the fold of truth and grace as its effect during a long period to come." For ourselves, we cannot doubt for a moment that, as the ultimate result, everything like Orthodox or positive Protestantism will be ground into dust between the two opposing forces of Catholicity and infidelity, leaving the great contest to be waged between these two. What the writer calls "infidelity" we call religious freedom, and accept the formula.

The forces of Romanism are looking to Great Britain and the United States as important fields of conquest. They tell us that "the British Crown has more Catholic than Protestant subjects;" and that "the Catholic population in the United States is rapidly growing in numbers, education, wealth and influence, and is already too large to be oppressed with impunity, and large enough, when not misled by foreign passions and interests, to prevent the government from adopting a decidedly anti-Catholic policy, either at home or abroad." This significant boast is made in the *Catholic World*, for February, in an article entitled, "The Future of Protestantism and Catholicity." Let the friends of progress ponder it well. Rome already menaces reason, and religious despotism confronts religious freedom, as may be seen by its open attack on the very bulwark of personal and civil liberty.

## OUR FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The leading Catholic journals of the United States, though avowing no wish to break up our school system, still make demands that, if granted, will inevitably produce that result. Leading priests and bishops reiterate the same demands in their public utterances. The position they take is, that secular education should always be made subordinate to religious. While children are being taught the arts and sciences, they should be constantly and thoroughly instructed in spiritual things. Education is in fact a function of the Church, and one which she cannot discharge successfully except in schools under her government and control. It is because the common schools secularize education that the Church opposes them, and can never consent to have its children placed under their anti-sectarian influence. Can it be blamed for this position? To Christianize schools is one of the most important branches of the modern missionary work of Catholics. To be faithful they must make their religion first, last and next in all the affairs of life.

Now mark their proposition. It is that the public schools shall be divided by the State into two classes, one for Catholics, the other for the rest of the community; the former to be under the management and control of the Church, the latter, as now, under State control for the purpose of secular education. Then they propose that the State appropriate to Catholics their proportion of the trust school fund, and of the money raised by public tax for the support of public schools, to carry on their sectarian institutions in their own way. They make a specious plea that justice to the Catholic population calls for this division of the public funds in their favor. "At present," say they, "we pay our quota to the support of the public schools, which we cannot with a good conscience use, and are obliged to support our own schools in addition. This is grossly unjust, and in direct violation of the equal rights guaranteed us by the constitution; and the religious liberty which is the birthright of the citizen." In taking this stand, they assume that our public school system is actually secularized, and, as such, meets the wants of the whole community outside of the Catholic Church—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other Protestant sects, as well as non-church members. That is a mistaken assumption. Our school system is in theory non-sectarian, and ought to be so in practice, but it is not. If the American idea were carried out in public schools as it ought to be, they would not be sectarian sects. With their present tint of Protestant sectarianism they do not suit the advocates of Religious Freedom. These say, "Let the Bible be excluded from the schools, and make them, as they were intended to be, the normal means for training children to be intelligent and useful citizens." Orthodox Protestants say, "Let the Bible be read in all our schools. To the people of this land it is more than sacred. Without it the child's conscience is untrained, and he grows up to atheism." Hence, let the precedent be established by the State of awarding to one sectarian body its proportion of the public school fund, and how soon would other sectarian bodies find it for their interest to make the same claim, in order to instill into the minds of their young their own religious tenets! If to uphold the rights of Catholic conscience it be necessary for the State to maintain Catholic schools, it will be necessary for it to maintain Presbyterian schools to uphold the rights of Presbyterian conscience, and so on *ad infinitum*. Such a course would bring our grand, impartial and beneficent public school system to certain and swift destruction, and thus would be swept away one of the chief safeguards of American freedom.

THE HULK IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.  
Liberalized Catholics and Protestants see this danger, and seek to avert it by joining with the lay in advocating the banishment of sectarianism from public schools. To that end the Protestant Bible must be excluded. The stated reading of King James's version of the Scriptures in our schools, is as clear an indication that they are under Protestant influence, as the stated reading of the Douay Bible would be that they were under Catholic influence. It is but reasonable that Catholics, Jews, and non-sectarians should object to this Protestant infringement on the rights of conscience that have been guarded by the State, and in accordance with which our public school system was founded. Let this objection be swept away by wise action on the part of the Protestant community, and there will be a chance for Catholic concession and cooperation that will save this growing, broad-branching tree of knowledge which America has so nobly planted, from blight and ruin.

Ever since the time of Luther, the Protestant world has insisted upon the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Individual conscience has been more and more respected, until now an absolute concession is made, throughout this country at least, that the whole question of religious belief rests between man and the Infinite Spirit. The adoption or rejection of theological tenets should therefore be left for the deliberations of mature reason. No set of doctrines, pronounced infallible, can be forced upon the memory and acceptance of undeveloped childhood without a violation of the primal right of conscience. Creeds are prepared by deliberate thought, and are fitted for the consideration of the disciplined mind alone. If presented to children at all, it should be done in places and under circumstances where ample time and the utmost care can be given to their elucidation by older minds. This, in public schools, is impossible, as every hour is crowded with the work for which they were constructed; namely, the intellectual training of the young. The hasty and careless manner with which the formulas of religious faith have been bandied about by teachers and professors, have had the effect to induce disrespect in the minds of many students, and ultimately to make more scoffers than believers.

The same is the case with the stated formal repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Let the revered words in which they are couched be repeated every morning throughout the year, in the simplest manner that is almost inevitable with children just from play, and they lose their high significance by mere thoughtless familiarity and endless reiteration. Opening the school by reading from the Bible is subject to a similar objection. It must be done, if done at all, without the time for discourse and comment that is necessary to produce the proper effect on the minds of the children, and before the effectiveness of their out-door hilarity has subsided. Those who know what tones of commentaries have been thought needful for the adult understanding of the Bible, need not be told how meaningless fall its most sublime sentences on the ears of children under these circumstances, nor with how little reverence they recall such fragments of them as may have lodged in their memories.

The most appropriate and beautiful method of opening school is by music—either the singing of a familiar melody by the whole school, or the playing of some soft, sweet air on a musical instrument, perhaps both. This gains the attention of every scholar in the quickest and best manner; it gives delight to the sense of hearing, and through that at once awakens each soul, from the oldest to the youngest, to religious emotion and aspiration. In other words, it harmonizes the entire school and fits all for the truest and happiest exertion in the direction of the day's toils and duties. Quite as unconsciously and effectively may the highest ethical lessons be imparted. Not unfrequently there come moments, in the course of instruction, when the faithful teacher can "point a moral" with far more distinctness and power than could be done in all the routine of a set arrangement for that purpose. The moral influence of a true and conscientious instructor is a natural, constant, and often unconscious influence, and by such an one, the highest lessons of religion are imparted to pupils at unexpected moments, and in spontaneous, loving speech.

## THE WEARY ONES OF EARTH.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

There are men and women who have struggled with adversity from youth to old age, without the gleam of the sunshine of prosperity to light their unprosperous path or bestow his comforts. Their weary feet have plodded on in rough and stony places, throbbing with bruises, and at times unable to proceed. Faithful hands have toiled late and early to complete their weary tasks, hoping for the rest that seems so far off; anxious eyes, seeking for love and sympathy amid the countless multitude, and often in vain. There are noble and generous hearts that have borne their own griefs and the sorrows of others, and yet long for one responsive sigh of pity for their soul's restless yearnings, one sincere friend to whose sympathetic counsels they might confide their misery. They find no rest from ever-recurring disappointments. There are lips ever speaking words of comfort to those around them, yet meet no answering sound to their own sorrows, no cheering, loving tones of encouragement from even lawful provocations, no help to enable them to press down the sharp thorns that fate has strewn in their paths of life.

To these shipwrecked souls, tossed on the sea of life, whose cups are filled with sorrow, we can point to the beacon of modern Spiritualism. Angel voices speak peace to the trembling waves, and they come in the still and lonely watches of the night, and will give you rest in your weary hours, revive your fainting souls, lay their soothing hands upon your heated brows. Their power will give you strength to recruit your weary bodies and sustain your overtaxed hearts. If adversity clings to you, troubles arise, death invade your households, then the fact of spirit-

presence is a blessed hope of rest and peace beyond the grave. Happy thought! that our loved ones await us in spirit-land, and the blessed angels come not alone to the rich or to the learned, but are with us all—gentle, loving and kind. Far away, in a lonely country house, I sat for a spiritual circle, the table of communion plain, the light came from one tallow candle, the mediums, two old persons, poor and industrious, with no comforts, and used to toil. There came to us beautiful spirits, powerful manifestations, filling the small room with a splendor that the rich very seldom experience. It was indeed Jesus among the fishermen. Dear sorrowing ones of earth, keep in the path of duty, with the angels for your guides, and they will give you rest.

## SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

EDMOND BARNES or LEON—There is another article, *Sobre el Espiritismo*, in the *Revista Espiritista*, of Barcelona, which dwells particularly on preëxistence; but I will quote only a paragraph or two, knowing that some of your esteemed readers hold the subject in abeyance, if not in absolute abhorrence. I must confess, however, that I am thoroughly convinced of one thing, and that is, that the opinions of the ancient philosophers are not to be contemned; and that in this matter, as in all others which they have illuminated with their delicate pens, they are entitled to the most profound homage. This conviction of mine arises from a knowledge of the fact that their lives were one long unbroken communion with the soul; that they devoted all the forces of their intelligent existence to an analysis of that subtle element of our being which alone can illustrate the spiritual—what, though doomed for awhile to sell its sandals in the sands of time, grasps with its outstretched hands the bourns of the altar of eternity. Have we now such men? Not one in a million, probably, ever sat apart for one twenty-four hours to interrogate the immortal within him, and yet all—even such as these last-named—question the deductions of the former, who, standing, as it were, on the upper steps of the temple of God, could hear the solemn outpourings of his majestic thoughts.

"In every feast, remember," says Epictetus, "that there are two guests to be entertained, the Body and the Soul, and that what you give the Body, you presently lose; but what you give the Soul, remains forever."

What heral! proclaims this now, at the feast of our city fathers? Where, at the banquet of our modern Crusades, is heard this cry for the soul? "Why is Know Thyself inscribed on the front of his (Apollo's) temple, when no one minds it?" Epictetus again says.

We can repeat the noblest words—we should repeat them, and add the long corridors of time they should reach till the philosophers of to-day and to-morrow heed the wisdom of the ancients.

But what says the *Barcelona*? "Beloved Clotilde! The inequality of positions, as well as the difference or inequality of intelligence and of moral inclinations, cannot be explained if one does not admit the ancient dogma of a preëxistence. If at birth one brings only the original sin, all in men are equal, and man ought not to suffer inequality in social position. Why are the greater part destined to an ever-cruel disquietude and horrible pains? One must say that God is unjust, or that man has merited the ill in which he finds himself involved. By our doctrine all is harmony, all is understood; without it, all on earth is unforeseen disaster, disorder and chaos. The good, the evil, position, fortune, all depend upon hazard; admit preëxistence, and all is explained and comprehended." *Notem* that this dogma had always been, before the Christian era, the form in which cognizance was taken of original sin. Philolaus, the Pythagorean, according to Clement, of Alexandria, taught that the soul, in expiation of some fault, was enclosed in the body as in a sepulchre; and St. Clement adds that this opinion was not peculiar to Philolaus—that it was entertained by theologians and prophets of all antiquity. Plato believed that our souls were on earth in expiation of crimes committed in another life. "The sin of the father," exclaimed Pœgias, "cannot make culpable his child!" Here we have a truth, for it is the decline of the conscience.

The dogma of a succession of existences, not less ancient, not less venerable than that of preëxistence, has caused, notwithstanding, a revolution of feelings from having been constantly united with the errors of metempsychosis. Disembarrassed and free from the uncertainties of a doubtful conception, the principle of reincarnation remains standing upon the ruins of metempsychosis, from Pythagoras to Pedro Lorca, a de la Roca to the Trinitas Barileas. This preëxistence of a preëxistence, which we find at all periods of the human race—in the Indians, among the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Gauls, the Romans, and later, among the natives of the New World, has certainly a reason for its being. *Before the discovery of America* Columbus was convinced of its existence, and over the assertions of the wise, the dictum of science, he felt conclusions that there was a land unknown as yet to every one, which had never been seen, and of which there was no historic tradition.

I will now quote only a few more names out of the fifty enumerated in the magazine who have held or who now hold the sentiments of the writer on this subject: Zoroaster, Aristotle, Socrates, Plotinus, Empedocles, Cicero, Plutarch, Christ, Origen, Jamblico, Swedenborg, Voltaire, Fourier, Ficht, Schlegel, Henry Martin, Jourdan, Hugo, Sardou.

In the *Barcelona* there are also two "visions" worth recording. The first was copied from the *Courrier de Lyon*, but occurred some years ago. "It is now about three months since an honest laboring family, moved by a laudable sentiment of commiseration, took a young girl as a servant, who was semi-idiot. She was from Bourgoing. Sunday night last, between the hours of three and four A. M., the good people of the house were aroused by the faint cries of the child, and listening to her room, found her out of bed, weeping, wringing her hands, nearly in convulsions, and calling piteously upon the name of her dear mother, who she said she saw dying before her. After having consoled her, as far as possible, her kind parents returned to their own chamber. The incident was nearly forgotten, when, last Tuesday, a letter was placed in their hands, from a former tutor of the girl, announcing that in the night of Sunday and Monday, between three and four A. M., she had died, her mother had fallen down stairs and been killed. Yesterday the poor idiot departed with her friend B., for Bourgoing, to receive her portion of the property left to her by her ill-fated mother."

A gentleman passing the other day with a friend through the garden of the Tuilleries, suddenly felt himself transported, as it were, to Havre, where he saw a vessel entering the port. He recognized her as "La Cleopatra," which was expected from the Antilles, saw her approach, the masts, saw her sails, masts, sails, as if he had been present. He announced all this to his companion, and stated that at three P. M. the "Cleopatra" had entered the port. To his officer, when a telegram was placed in his hand, and before opening it he stated, the contents, which, when read, confirmed what he had already declared.

The *Revue Spiritiste* publishes a learned article on the "Nature of the Soul," by the distinguished philosopher, M. Camille Flammarion. His extracts from the works of "Euler" (*écrits*), *il y a juste un siècle, de la question que nous étudions aujourd'hui* have especial point and merit; but, you see, I have no space for even short extracts; and, indeed, extracts would not do it justice.

The consolations of Spiritualism are not confined to any country or people, but are as widespread as the sentiment of reverence for the Supreme.

In Barcelona, a fond mother had lost, as she thought, a darling child, a beautiful daughter, and was inconsolable. Sinking under her grief, she was persuaded by a friend to consult a medium. Trembling with grief, she went, and she said: "In the name of omnipotent God, spirit of Julia, my beloved child, I pray you come to me if God permits." "I am here, mother," was the quick, the startling, the tender reply. "How can I assure you that it is you?" "Lili," she answered. (This was a pet name given to her in infancy, but was not known to either the medium or the gentleman who constituted the third one of the party. This sign made the identity so evident, that the medium's heart overflowed in sobs and tears.) "Why do you weep, mother? I am happy; I see you always," said Julia. "But I do not see you. Where are you?" responded the mother. "Here, at your side, with my hand on the medium, that may write what I dictate." She wrote, and the letter was evidently the darling Julia's. After some further interesting conversation, in which the daughter warned the mother not to confide in Señor N.—a new acquaintance, she bade her an affectionate adieu—she, however, that let fall upon her fond mother's tender and now happy heart the silver and mystic mantle of faith and hope, shrouded with the stars of a diviner benediction.

## Worcester, Mass.

EDMOND BARNES or LEON—appears that the notice in your paper of Jan. 29th, in reference to the resignation of the Spiritualists of Worcester was rather premature. They met and partly organized, as was stated, but owing to their not being able to secure the hall, they had to occupy, and from other causes, they are not prepared to engage lecturers at present; and as I have resigned the office of Corresponding Secretary, I have no authority to engage lecturers. Will you make the correction in the next issue of the *Banner*?  
Worcester, Mass., Feb. 7th, 1870.  
MRS. E. R. DORRAN.