

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Original Poetry.

TO ANNA.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

Time's course is ever onward; none may trace  
The shadow-line along the shining sands,  
Where childhood ends in youth its beautiful race,  
Or youth, perfected, in full manhood stands.  
As ebbing wave reveals the rocky beach,  
Dotted with wrecks, along the dark sea-side,  
Unseen when ocean spreads his furthest reach—  
So life reveals the life beneath its tide,  
Where once joy's sun-rays danced with hope's all-kindling  
pride!

The flowers of spring-time are not all the same—  
One shuts its leaves when others brightly bloom;  
And o'er Time's track, full of the vestal flame  
In hearts we love has darkened in the tomb.  
But as when night draws on her sable vest  
She glides it with the planet-chain of gold,  
So round the spirit's darkness and unrest  
Gather the clustering links of memories old—  
And chastened lustre shed 'neath life's pavilion fold!

Wherefore, stern creed, would'st thou spread forth thy pall  
Over the budding instincts of the soul?  
Life's as we make it; we free-agents all!  
Thou art of earth, and holdest no control  
O'er the aspiring mind—by patient toll  
Gain we the crown, when worldly storms are o'er!  
Long must we labor 'mid the world's turmoil  
Few know the fiery car that leads to Eden's deathless shore!

The rocky crag that frowns above the wave,  
Unchanged by winter's wind or summer's smile,  
Is no life-model to the true man, save  
The independence taught of every wile  
That sin or sorrow round the soul may cast!  
As forest trees together spread their leaves  
Low on the earth, when peals the autumn blast  
Or verdant gleam, when spring earth's garment weaves,  
So sympathetic love must bind life's harvest sheaves!

Oh, friend of childhood! as the Milky Way  
To eye unaided seems but liquid light,  
Melling and blending in a gorgeous ray  
Till telescopes reveal each star-world bright—  
So though in lowly ways we onward move,  
And glory's visions from our pathway flee,  
Be but each act performed in heavenly love,  
And angel eyes shall pierce life's liquid sea,  
And hail each atom bright, born for eternity!

Boston, Feb. 13, 1859.

## Flashes of Fun.

"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," replied Brad. "But mine, you see, is gray, while my whiskers are not." "What is the reason?" asked the lawyer. "Because," replied Brad, "with one of his peculiar smiles, 'my hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers!'"

"Dan," said a little four years old, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey." "We've got one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother. "Who is it, Dan?" said the little fellow. "You," was the reply. "Then give me ten cents to buy the monkey some candy."

In the French translation of *Paradise Lost*, "Hail, horrors, hail!" is rendered thus: "*Comment vous portez vous, les horreurs, comment vous portez vous*!" that is, "How d'ye do, horrors, how d'ye do?"

A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libeling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

A PRODIGAL—"What makes you spend your time so freely, Jack?" "Because it's the only thing I have to spend."

PACIFICITY.—If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

Too much familiarity breeds contempt, says the ancient proverb; and how many married men have been martyrs to the great truth of it!

Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

What is the difference between a cat and a document? One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses!!!

Never kiss two girls at once. A New York editor got kissed by two at once, the other day, by running his face (a customary practice on other occasions) between them just as they were going to kiss each other. But he didn't find it particularly unpleasant, after all.

A starving Irishman, wandering about London, came to a building bearing the inscription, "Lying-in-Hospital." "By the powers!" he exclaimed, "that's the place for me, for I've been lying out for a fortnight."

WISDOM.—With whiskers thick upon my face, I went my fair to see; she told me she could never love a bear-faced chap like me. I shaved them clean, then called again, and thought my troubles o'er; she laughed outright, and said I was more bear-faced than before!

Why is a man "out of sorts," (as the printers say,) like skim-milk? Because he has the blues.

Rum is like death.—It levels all distinctions. An alderman with "a brisk in his hat," would just as soon fraternize with a chimney sweep as with a foreign envoy.

That's the rock upon which we split, as the man said to his wife when asked to rock the cradle.

A country newspaper, speaking of the blind wood-lawyer, says, although he can't see he can say!

## LOVE AND SACRIFICE; A STORY OF HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY MRS. J. E. ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

The silken lashes of twilight had closed upon the brow of earth, and she lay slumbering in the arms of star-eyed night. The flowers blushed upon her bosom, while the silvery moon threw its snowy drapery around her couch. Within the folds of that drapery two lovers sat, twining hope's brightest garlands for the future; weaving blooming wreaths that were to pale and wither in the sunlight of the morrow. But their sky was cloudless to them, and we will listen to their records of hope as we oft have listened in life before—for, as the day is fairest when to the tomb consigned, so hopes bloom brightest ere they die.

"And you will not forget me, Grace, when I am away?"

"Forget you! oh, Charles!" she cast a reproachful glance at him, as she spoke.

"I did not mean that. I only love to hear your lips repeat what so thrills my heart—that you love me. Are we not all the world to each other?" A gentle pressure of the hand assured him beyond words, and he continued—"Yes, we are a world to each other; I shall go to distant lands, and in three years return and claim you, Grace. But why do you tremble so, my dear? Surely not at my words!"

"No, no! But as you spoke, a cloud seemed to rise from the ground and then settle upon us. What can it mean?"

"What! superstitious, Grace?" said her lover with an attempt at perfect composure. "We must have no doubts. Do we not love each other? Shall we grow faithless? Oh! I see, my Grace is afraid that, perchance, some other fair one may cross my pathway, and a pair of blue eyes tempt me to forget her. Never!"

"No, Charles! not that. You know my father may not consent to this—I have never told him in words that we loved."

"But you forget that to-morrow night, before the brilliant assembly that commemorates your birthday, I am to tell him all, and of my future prospects. He will not refuse. We know no such word as 'fail.'"

"But what if heaven decrees that we must part forever?" She shuddered at the thought.

"Part! Forever! Grace you are gloomy to-night. Come, remember we have only this evening for many words. To-morrow a crowd, and then the parting. Let us be cheerful now, dearest."

He drew her tenderly towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon her brow. His touch, so magnetic, reassured her, as he closer drew her trembling form to himself. The moon smiled and waned. Their hour of parting arrived; but ere the rosy morning crowned the day, they had met in dreamland, and united the present to the future with love's golden chain.

When Grace awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly in at her window; it was quite late. Flowers with dewdrops sparkling upon their tiny petals greeted her vision as she awoke at the portals of day. Her maid who had nursed her from childhood, and whose pride, and joy were to administer to her pleasure, had exerted herself unusually this morning, that her darling might be happy.

"Grace, your father wishes to see you as soon as you have breakfasted."

"What! have I slept so long?" she asked.

"Yes, but you were very weary. I should have called you earlier, but you seemed to be in such sweet sleep, if I may judge by the smile upon your face."

"Oh yes! I had such pleasant dreams. I thought—"

A soft blush overspread her face, which did not escape the eye of good Maggie.

"You thought we were what, Grace?"

"Oh! I only dreamt we were to be—"

The sentence was not finished, for the impatient call of her father, from below, hastened her to meet him.

"Good morning, father! I have slept long," she said, stepping towards him, and kissing his brow with all a daughter's affection.

"So I perceive," he replied petulantly, glancing at the clock. "But be seated, my daughter; I have much to say to you. This is your eighteenth birthday, Grace. The subject I wish to speak of is marriage. Your happiness is in my keeping, and you are probably aware that there have been many solicitations for your hand, but I have as yet found none worthy of you, except one in this letter just received!"

"But, you forget, dear father! Charles—"

"Charles Somers, my daughter, is nothing but a poor artist, a beggar in fact, and should he have the audacity to ask or aspire to your hand, he will receive my most decided refusal. You need not look so pale, daughter. Of course he dare not think of you in any other light than that of an acquaintance, and he ought to be thankful for that. I am happy that the acquaintance has not ripened into anything deeper," he added, as he cast an inquiring glance at his child. Here was a test of her soul! a moment when truth must triumph! Should she confess all? Yes, though the occasion might not demand it, she would brave the storm and be true to her own soul.

"But, father, I have formed that attachment, and I love Mr. Somers as I never can love another!"

"Grace! Charles Somers! the beggar! the—"

"Soundly! Charles almost says, aspires to the hand of my daughter! Why, Grace! and you have kept me

in such ignorance? Pray, inform me, Miss, how long you have carried on this clandestine affair. Have I no voice in it? Oh! I suppose you had decided on an elopement—a pretty business—base in gratitude, I should say, to a father who has spent his life for you. A pretty piece of gossip it would have been—the daughter of Judge Weston eloped with a vagabond—beggar. Come, what have you to say for yourself and for him?"

"Only, dear father—"

"You need not mind that endearing title: go on." She bit her lips at the taunt. It seemed as if the life-blood around her heart was freezing; but she replied firmly—

"Charles Somers has not clandestinely sought my love. He merits not the reproaches you heap upon him. It was his intention to ask, this night, of you your sanction of our mutual attachment, and abide the decision, whatever it might be. To-morrow he leaves for foreign lands, to perfect himself in his God-given art, and to remain until he has amassed enough of sordid gold to satisfy the demands of life. Oh, my father! you surely have a heart. You will not refuse your daughter this one life-blessing—the husband of her choice, for the sake of that mother whose mortal form lies in yonder tomb. You will not give me misery! Father, will you?"

"I would give you happiness and plenty. Listen to me," he continued, a little calmer; "I will be brief. Many years ago, ere fortune had smiled upon me—but when poverty, with its thousand ills, pressed my soul with sorrow to the earth—I found a friend. That friend raised me from want, provided me with means by which I have attained eminence in the profession I now follow, and by which I have earned our bread. He was to me a brother—a counsellor. Last week, while you were absent on a visit, a stranger was ushered into the drawing-room, with a letter of introduction. Judge of my surprise, on reading, to find that he was the son of my valued, but now departed friend, who had bequeathed to this son a princely fortune, and whose last wish was that our families might be united, could an alliance prove satisfactory to all parties. My own fortune is insecure at present. I have entered into large speculations, which I fear will prove disastrous, and we might have been ruined but for this timely aid, which I regard in the light of Providence, as a source of joy and security, from which we must not turn. My happiness you have in keeping. Refuse this, we are lost; accept it, and the heart of your old father will grow young again. We will sell this estate, and remove to any you deem more beautiful. I cannot bear to see you in any position but the one you ought to occupy. I will give you one hour to decide. This eve our guest will arrive, and on the morrow will await your answer. How strange you look, Grace!"

He trembled as he spoke, for the face before him was like the countenance of an angel. She looked like one translated, the spirit shone out so clear and pure. The flesh seemed inadequate to sustain such strength of soul. It seemed to him that the parish-house must burst and release it. A moment more she stood before him calm, self-poised, in her own natural quietude.

"Father, I have decided. I will be the wife of your friend's son, whose name I know not."

The judge stood like one in doubt.

"What! you will? I did not ask you to decide so hastily, my child; in fact, I think such a decision should ever be prefaced by prayer. Have I not taught you so, my daughter?"

"I have offered my prayer, and have my answer," was her reply.

"But what made you look so unearthly? Grace, you—you surely are not going from me," said he, inadvertently giving expression to his thoughts.

"Leave you? No, father, not unless this new duty bids me."

"But what did you see, Grace? Tell me."

"I cannot now, nor for many years—not till the time of death comes to one of us."

"How strange, child, you are! But are we not having too sad a prelude to your evening festival? To-night, darling, are to be gathered youth, beauty, and talent, to pay homage at the shrine of pure affection—yes, pure affection."

Then pressing her delicate form to his heart, she heard its joyous beating, and felt the sacrifice to be sweet.

## CHAPTER II.

"Halloo, Tom! Where are you bound?"

"Home!"

"Where's that?"

"At the Burnet."

"How long have you been in the city?"

"About two weeks. Confounded dull! Time drags heavily—should die of ennui, but for a bit of speculation I have entered into."

"What is it?"

"Oh, a trifling affair! Can't tell how 't will turn out yet."

"Don't keep a fellow in the dark so! What game are you up to now?"

"Whist! and hearts are trumps."

His friend seemed but a trifle illuminated at this announcement, and proposed walking home with Tom, where they might make merry over a glass of wine.

"Devoted nice place here, Tom! Now tell us how you kill time, and what your purposes are, for, to tell the truth, I haven't earned a thousand since we left college; but you are more fortunate. How much did the old fellow leave you?"

"My father, you mean," said Tom, who, with all

his waywardness, could not bear to hear a parent so lightly spoken of.

"Did you come in for all the property—ah?"

"About an hundred thousand."

"A moderate supply. Tom, what are your intentions? Shall you practice law?"

"I don't care to do anything; but my little income is already reducing, so I have concluded—well—to marry."

"What! And add to your expenses?"

"Oh, no! I shall increase my income."

"How so?"

"Do you know Judge Weston?"

"Let me see—I don't remember."

"The man that owns that beautiful residence on the Ohio."

"Ah—yes! I recollect; but what now?"

"You have seen his daughter?"

"Grace? Yes, and a splendid girl she is, too. But how have you got in there, Tom? I met them at the Springs last summer, but found her conservative father too shy of his pet. I never got even an introduction."

"Ah—yes," said Tom.

"How is it you always slide into good luck? One would think you were fortune's especial favorite?"

"Why, you see the judge and my father were old friends, and, during his illness, used frequently to speak of him and Grace, whom he remembered only as an infant. Her mother has been dead three years. Occasionally he spoke of Mrs. Weston as being very beautiful, and that if her daughter was like her, she must by this time be charming, and mentioned, in connection, the wealth of her father."

"Which, I suppose, was a powerful argument in her favor. What an auxiliary a few dollars will make to the attractions of a plain face!" said his companion, a little vexed at the superior advantages of his friend.

"Hush now, Will, and I'll let you into the secret."

Will made a speedy reformation of deportment, in view of the perspective information.

"I wrote a letter of introduction to the judge myself, and signed my father's name."

"That was cool."

"Well, one must not be over-scrupulous now-a-days if he wish to succeed. I knew that father would sanction it if he were alive; and, besides, I have made up my mind to have the girl. You see chances are all in my favor, as our parents were such dear old friends. But, let me tell you, Will, if you should ever use this information against me, I am not a fellow to be trifled with. And, beside all this, I have an invitation from her father to attend a great party there this very night. I shall win the prize, and, ere long, shall be most happy to introduce Mrs. Dayton to you."

William Stanley in no enviable mood left his friend that morning. Not that he would ever prove traitor. Oh, no! He prided himself too much upon his sense of honor for that; but, away in the secret chambers of his soul, he felt a lurking desire to betray the evil secret of his friend, and saw just cause for doing so. Yet he had received too many favors from him in the past, amid financial difficulties, to acquiesce in his own better judgment. Tom knew his friend, and feared but little from him.

## CHAPTER III.

The mansion of Judge Weston was one of taste and refinement, where wealth abounded without that display too frequently attending hastily gathered fortunes. He had risen to his present position by his own abilities, and had a wide reputation as a lawyer. To his friend he felt he owed all, he having helped him to acquire his profession.

Grace Weston was well educated—not superficially—but soundly. Her judgment was matured, her mind unbiassed by the opinions of others. Duty was her watchword—her guiding star, an approving conscience. These qualities won for her the admiration of many, and the love of Charles Somers, whose dignity, and manliness of character, combined with an affectionate and poetic temperament, drew love from the heart of Grace. In person, Grace was not beautiful, but, to the eyes that penetrates beyond the exterior, she was all that makes woman lovely. Affectionate, confiding, and generous in her nature, none could look upon her without feeling that holy charm which emanates from a true woman's sphere.

The life of Charles Somers had been one of storm-clouds. His soul was ever alive to the beautiful; his nature too impulsive to breathe the calm of an every-day existence. His father had passed to the land of souls in the infancy of Charles, leaving the care of his mother and two sisters, in after years, to him, whom he, by active industry, had maintained and surrounded with many comforts. Now his soul grew restless. He had met Grace Weston, and, charmed with her spirit, which he recognized as kindred to his own, he resolved to win a fame and name that might warrant to him the possession of a heart so full of love. With high hopes of success he entered the home of Grace, to seek an interview with her father, an hour previous to the gay assembly.

"Tell Mr. Weston I wish to speak with him privately," said Charles to the servant who answered his call at the door. A moment and he stood before him. For a time he stood like one paralyzed—the happiness of a life pending upon one word. Such is life forever. Its joys and sorrows locked with the key of uncertainty, to be turned by the trembling hand of Doubt and Blindness. The inquiring and impatient glance of the judge aroused Charles from the moment's reverie, and he apologetically revealed the call of his early visit.

"My daughter, Mr. Somers informed me this morning of your errand. Young man! I must speak plainly to you, and say, that you have taken great liberties with friendship. When I gave my consent that you might visit my house, it was not as a lover. I presumed you would not so far forget your position in life as to aspire to the hand of one of the most talented and worthy ladies of the land. Your position is humble; the life of the artist is an ideal one. Poetry and fancy will not bring bread. I can patronize talent and industry," said he, proudly gazing at his paintings on the walls, "but I cannot wed my child to want and privation."

The hot blood mantled the temples of Charles. All the passion of his nature was concentrated upon such a miserly and base refusal, and it required all the strength of his finer nature to restrain the impulses that fired his brain.

"But surely, Mr. Weston, you will grant me an interview."

"My daughter has made her decision, sir! She, this morning, accepted the offer of one every way competent to support her in her position, should any change of fortune—"

"God grant a change may come," mentally exclaimed Charles. Then addressing the father, he said, "For the sake of her you love—for the sake of a heart that's nigh to break, I pray you grant me this one request—an interview with Grace. Grace! the idol of my soul! Must she be torn so rudely from me?" and the noble man bowed his face and wept.

The heart of Judge Weston was not wholly adamant, (although grown callous beneath sordid, material influences.) No! there was one green spot of memory where the form of his cherished wife was imprinted, and the recollection of those soft, blue eyes oft came upon him. There were days when he saw mirrored in their orbs the love of his soul; now he felt their influence, and the strong man was moved, but not changed.

"You can see my daughter a few moments," said he, as he nervously rang the bell for the maid; "but I must stipulate that you forget not my decision, in connection with her future. I shall trust to your honor, sir, as to any reference to former errors of attachment you may have formed with her, and consider that you are in the presence of the affianced bride of another. Tell your mistress, Mr. Somers wishes to speak with her in the drawing-room, after she has made her toilet for the evening," said he as Maggie entered, then left the room.

Pale, trembling and helpless, she stood before her lover. The lily had stolen the rose from her cheeks, and seemed rivaling the purity of her soul.

"Charles! Mr. Somers!" she faintly gasped, and sank upon the floor.

His cry of terror brought her father from an adjoining room.

"To whom am I indebted for this unhappy result," said he, fixing fiery glances upon Charles as he laid her upon the couch, and rang for water.

"I trusted too much to your gentlemanly professions! You will oblige me by leaving the house."

"Not until she is restored," replied Charles with dignity, but respectfully. There was a determination in his manner, which quelled the violence of passion.

"Well, since you refuse to go, you can help restore her to consciousness."

Slowly she awoke and faintly gazed upon the face of her lover, but spoke not. The meaning of the dark cloud was revealed now.

"Have you no word for me, Grace?" he eagerly inquired.

"I love—"

The searching eyes of her father frightened from her lips the confession of love for Charles she was about to make; the faintness again overpowered her, and she could only gasp—"Another."

The triumphant smile that lit her father's face at this announcement, was agony to the heart of her lover.

"You have her confession! I now beg you to leave us."

Mr. Somers needed no further intimation that his presence was not wanted, and made a hasty retreat, closing the door with a significance that was music to the soul of the judge, who, thus informed that he was alone with his daughter, was rejoiced to see in her features a return of consciousness. She gazed one moment at the spot where Charles had stood, and again fell lifeless at the feet of her father.

## CHAPTER IV.

"My life is not dated by years; There are moments which act as a plough, And there is not a furrow appears, But is deep in my soul as my brow."

"Tell me, Maggie, am I ill? Is it day or night? Oh, yes, 'tis night! There is no day for me!"

"Not night, but evening, dear," replied her gentle maid. "You were ill; but your eyes are like jewels now—bright, as they should be."

"Why! have I been here long? Have the guests come? Why, Maggie, I must dress me. Where are my things?"

"Be quiet, now, dear, and I will bring them soon."

"But why am I so feeble? I cannot rise! It must be time for our guests! How strange I feel!"

"Hush, darling, don't talk now. If you'll wait, I'll give you a letter that was left for you; only promise to be very quiet, and not tell your father."

"Who is it from, Maggie?"

"That you must find out yourself, by reading. Take a little of this cordial now, which the doctor—"

"Doctor! Maggie, do not keep me in suspense any longer—tell me all—I am strong, now. Has he



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# The Public Press.

## THE TRANCE.

DEAR BANNER—I find myself called upon in your issue of January 29, to reply to an article from Fall River, Mass., signed Inquirer. Whether the writer be male or female, I can no more tell, than I can determine the personality or the sex of spirits who respond through mediums. The criticisms of Inquirer seem candid, and the style of the article tastes somewhat feminine.

I should hope that ere this my Fall River friend had seen my article in your paper, in which the errors in the "report" of my remarks on the Trance in the Boston Reform Conference were corrected; and, if so, the misapprehensions of Inquirer, in respect to my view, will have been in part rectified also. But Inquirer is amazingly at fault in the representation of my "theories," and also in respect to what I said and did to enforce them. I deny, in toto, that I ever made any such declaration, as Inquirer affirms, in respect to my will! Never! Indeed, I always and everywhere affirmed directly the reverse! And yet Inquirer says:

"Some twelve years ago, or more, his placards were placed in the most conspicuous places all over the country, telling the public what he would do by the power of his will. The things were done; but it now appears that the manner by which they were done is not so apparent."

My good friend, you are woefully at fault with truth in this statement. I deny, most solemnly and positively, that I ever used any such language in respect to my will, in any placards or advertisements I ever published. Nay, I affirmed in all my handbills directly the contrary of this. In 1842, and from that year to the present, I promised in my bills to induce the trance "in a manner to show the falsity of the theories prevalent under the name of Mesmerism and Animal Magnetism, in respect to a fluid and the human will." I have copies of all my showbills, and of all my advertisements, now before me, and I now call on Inquirer to prove the truth of what is affirmed in the above extract, or to retract it at once, and make the "amende honorable."

I never made any such promise about my will—never; nor did I ever say, as Inquirer now alleges, that "the will is only known to act through the external senses." These are not the words I used in the Conference, as I have before shown. What I said was, that "the human will of one person was never known to act upon the nervous system of another, until a relation had been previously established between the patient and the operator, through one or each of the external senses." Inquirer thinks my announcing that I would induce the trance on some persons, even before reaching my lecture room, is proof that I taught this notion as to the independent action of my will! But this "announcement," to which Inquirer refers, proves precisely the contrary! When I announced what I would do beforehand, the patients all heard what I said, and thus they were addressed through their external sense of hearing. Of course, when my patients heard me say what I wished them to do, they were reached through their external senses, and this suggestion, or idea, set their own nervous systems to work, which resulted in the trance.

But after a susceptible person has been entranced a sufficient length of time by suggestions, by sympathetic imitation (seeing others entranced)—and in this manner, a relation is established between him and the operator—then, and not till then, may he be controlled, to a limited extent, by the mere will of the operator. But such a relation is very seldom secured—hardly one case in ten thousand. Hence it was always my plan in all my lectures, to secure the attendance of one person over whom I could exercise more or less control by my will; and perhaps my Fall River friend will remember the attendance there of that excellent clairvoyant, "Libby," who always gave so much satisfaction by her somnambulic feats in all my lectures in Providence, Boston, Fall River, and other places.

Now, perhaps, I should inform Inquirer, that persons entranced by one operator, are similarly and sympathetically affected. That is, what one feels, they all feel, and what one sees, they all see. And hence, if I entranced a thousand persons in one lecture, through the external senses, and have among them one reliable clairvoyant, or one whom I can control without addressing the external senses, why, of course, in controlling that one, I control the whole, because they will all act in sympathy with that one.

Inquirer wishes to know how I control my patients to "see ghosts" in my lectures? I answer, precisely so far as they were under my influence, they would "see" or believe whatever I told them to. As to their really seeing an inhabitant of the moon, or of any other world, that was hallucination, and nothing else. The ghosts were inside the brains of those who saw them.

Whether Mr. S. or his reviewers, may "darken counsel by words without knowledge," when speaking on this subject, I must leave for others to judge. A dull scholar, indeed, one must be, not to learn something in this field, after continuing his observations for forty years or more. Here, again, follows the language of my friend:

"He seems to divide the trance into so many different kinds, that one is almost bewildered in keeping account of the divisions which he makes, and instead of being enlightened upon the subject, with his views, it continually grows more dark."

The "so many" of my friend were precisely three categories, and no more! Under these three heads, I classed all cases of trance—viz., the *Idiosyncratic*, the *Suggestional*, and the *Volitional*. That is, those cases of trance which come on from the *idiosyncrasies* of the subject; those which come on from *suggestion*, or from the laws of *association*, or *sympathetic imitation*; these two classes comprehend ninety-nine cases out of every thousand; and then, out of these there is another class, a very small one indeed, who may sometimes be controlled by mere volition. I am, indeed, sorry that the mind of Inquirer is so easily "bewildered." She (or he) is a medium, probably. All mediums are more or less liable to become bewildered, as they do not always know what they are about, it is said.

Inquirer is at fault again in the following statement:

"When Spiritualism seeks to establish its facts before the world, it is defied by him, the right to use, the same instrumentalities which he so fondly covets, to establish his theories, unless by the commission of a wrong in so doing. I would like to inquire if it is wrong for me to give up my individuality and selfhood to the control of spirits? Is it not wrong for me to do so to Mr. Sunderland, (as I did) to establish the science of Phrenology?"

songs (real or imaginary, you cannot tell which,) whom you do not know. When you submitted your nervous system to Mr. S., you were both inhabitants of this world; and it was possible for you, or your friends, to hold him responsible for any mischief in which Pathetism might involve you. But not so in the case of trance brought on by the idea or belief in spirits. You do not know who the spirit is; you do not know the real character or design of the invisible; you cannot cross-examine them; you cannot call them to an account for anything they say or do. If you shut your eyes, and allow your soul to be made a tool of by spirits, you may find yourself in bad company before you are aware of it. Thousands have allowed themselves to be entranced by spirits, to their sorrow afterwards.

2. I never taught that it was morally wrong to submit the nervous system to the control of spirits. My own children have acted as mediums (for the physical manifestations only.) But I am sure that it is not safe for mortals to surrender their selfhood up to the control of spirits in the manner many have done. I speak from what I know, and testify what I have seen. There are many who have acted as public media, without being conscious of any injury, no doubt. But this does not prove that it is on the whole, safe, or that persons should desire to become mediums.

3. Thus I have shown the errors and fallacies of my friend Inquirer. The cases are not parallel. It is safe for mortals to Pathetise mortals; and, for aught I know, it may be safe for spirits to entrance spirits; but for spirits (real or imaginary) to entrance mortals, is a different thing altogether; and hence the manifest fallacy in assuming that spirits, whom we do not know, may do with mortals, what mortals may do with each other; but what mortals cannot do, in return, on spirits.

Having now answered my friend, Inquirer, truthfully, candidly, and to the best of my ability, I shall expect in return, a confession of the errors I have pointed out, or the documentary proof of the statements which Inquirer has made.

Boston, Feb. 5, 1859. LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

## BEECHER'S CONCEPTION.

Much has been said and written relative to the effects that false and absurd ideas have upon the minds of those who entertain them, concerning the attributes of that overruling power called God. Never has it so forcibly impressed me, as when reading an article or letter published in one of the popular papers of the time, written by a great and magnanimous soul, whose very being seems pervaded with holy fervor, and whose word bespeaks a heart alive to every Christian virtue—whose unfolded intellect spread its broad pinions to grasp the living fires of inspiration, and unfold them to others—on whose words multitudes of hungry minds depend for spiritual food, such as the religious element of their natures demand. But do they find it? He chains them to their seats by his eloquence; he kindles within them tender and fervent aspirations; but does he satisfy them? Can he impart to others what he only possesses through faith? He says:—

"Could Theodore Parker worship his God? Christ Jesus is his name. All there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the holy spirit. But neither are to me tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now, only to my faith."

If they are not tangible or accessible to him, how can he hold them up to others, or give them what they so earnestly demand at his hands as their religious teacher? Has he anything for them but a prospective God, something they may have hereafter—a being they may have access to through certain stipulations? Why cannot that great mind realize that within his own being exists a spark of that very God he is reaching out after, and that is ever manifesting himself through his organism, as the conditions of that organism will permit; even the God principle within himself, ever claiming its kindred to the God everywhere around him? All animate nature speaks in harmonious accents, "I am here, living, breathing, filling the atmosphere with my presence, imparting myself, my individual entity, to my offspring. You must not wait to have me disclose myself to you hereafter. I am with you now, the same that I ever shall be, a part of your very being. Listen to my still small voice, and your soul shall be filled with light and truth. Open every avenue of your heart. Let the lyre strings reaching from the great central fount be ever vibrating, and then you will surely drink full and rich draughts from the eternal fountain of Omnipotent Wisdom, and no longer look forward to the future life for that meat that every child of God hungers for now."

"Yes, here, in the first stages of our existence, right views of our heavenly parent should be entertained. He has not hidden himself from us, even in our earth-life. If so, why does every child of humanity cling to Him with such tenacity in hours of deep affliction? Why do we open our inmost soul to Him when other sympathy fails us? Why do we feel that He is near us, aiding and imparting strength to buoy us up? Why do we realize in our most severe afflictions His benign love lifting us above our afflictions? Is it not because he has imparted to us a spark of His divinity, so that we intuitively perceive Him in and around us? Why do we not listen to these intimations? Why is reason the very throne on which the Godhead has established himself trampled under foot? Why are some of the greatest minds of the age—yes, the noble men and women of the nineteenth century—beclouded by a film," that prevents the commencement of that heaven on earth, that their whole being longs for?

I say again, why is this so? Is it not because they hug to their bosoms the dark clouds of past ignorance? Is it not because the creeds and ceremonies of an unenlightened race bind them? Is it not, because they do not discriminate between the false and the essential, the real and the figurative, in the Bible? Do they not cling to the erroneous ideas imbibed in their infancy, like swaddling clothes, that prevent their spiritual expansion? How can a brilliant intellect soar high when it has a false idea of Deity? How can God-given powers grasp the universe, if the lids of the Bible are allowed to en-close them? Such, to me, appears the condition of the mind referred to. He sympathizes with the benevolent movements of another. He reverences goodness whenever or wherever found, without realizing that it is the God principle manifesting itself, not comprehending that they are, worshipping the same Being by adhering to His motions within. Do they not revere the same Father? Is there more than one God? Is there one Supreme, and then a Manifest, and after that a Film? In selecting which

to revere, is there not danger of becoming confused, and of missing our aim? The "effluence" and the "manifest" referred to, are links in a chain forged by false teachings, to bind a brother whose soul overflows with high and generous impulses. To our apprehension there is no intermediate agency between the Father and the children, and they all serve Him if they love justice, exercise mercy, walk humbly in the path of rectitude, claiming allegiance to one overruling power; striving after knowledge and wisdom, that only can emanate from one source, relying upon the promises everywhere visible in the external world, and in the greater empire within, of an abundant harvest, having assurance of a glorious immortality in the future, where dissimilarity of opinion will not weaken the bond of fraternal love, or loosen our hold on God, or sever the silken cords of affection that bind soul to soul, strengthening and cementing the golden chain of harmony, that links universe to universe, and God to His children. Q. East Hamburg, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1859.

## GOD A PRINCIPLE.

Messrs. Editors.—It appears to be a natural desire of the mind to know as much as possible about the Supreme Being, or the Great Cause of all things; and two theories are entertained by spiritualists; the one that God is a personal Being, the other that he is a Principle. Now the opinion I wish more particularly to advance, is, that practically it makes no difference to us, and that probably we shall never know whether that Cause is a Personality or a Principle. And I think if the following promises are correct, it will lead to the above conclusions, viz: that God and matter are co-eternal, without beginning and without end. This proposition must be admitted, also, that God always operates upon matter in a uniform or natural manner; or, in other words, the universe is a chain of dependencies—of causes and effects. Again, we infer from nature, the doctrine of progression, which is, simply, that nature has always progressed, and always will—we exist now as intelligent beings,—always did exist in nature, as in God, (it makes no difference to us which)—in tendency, essence, principle. The reason why it makes no difference to us is, because we shall never see, nor comprehend the great cause; for if we do, then we shall be upon the same plane, and progression will be at an end. We must always gravitate towards that Person or Principle, but never arrive in his presence, or to his perfections.

As we are now no nearer annihilation than God and nature were millions of years ago, so millions of years hence we shall be no nearer the great Divine. If matter is indestructible, if God is eternal, then progression is true, and we shall never "see God" save in his works; we cannot break the chain—no beginning, no end, no consummation of all things; but an eternal unfolding of nature, and growing in love and wisdom.

This may be called materialism, but according to our best evidences is it not true? and truth understood will make mankind happy.

If, then, we are never to comprehend the form, nor understand the method by which this Power operates, except by his works, why then the necessity of an imaginary being, some great personal form, surrounded by a halo of glory, and attended by angels and archangels, and a retinue of spirits bowing in sacred homage? We may imagine spirits and angels, and love them. We know they are realities—that we shall be with them and like them; they, like us, are effects, are component parts of the great whole, and the general brotherhood inspires feelings of affection; but our connection with the Deity cannot be of that intimate nature, to justify our calling upon him to do this, and that. Things that we know cannot be done without violating the law of cause and effect. The understanding of truth will eventually do away with this imaginary God-worship. Let us love God for what we know is done for us, no matter how it has been done: let us learn the relation we bear to the visible creation,—to our fellow beings in this life, and those in the next life, who are scarcely less severed from us now than before they were born into the spirit world; then we shall know what will make us happy, and will certainly do accordingly. In my opinion, this being troubled about what God is going to do, is a gross misconception of the Divine Being. Let us rather see to ourselves. Do we cultivate a spirit of love and gratitude towards the Fountain of all Good, do we deal justly and kindly with all, and realize that an injury done to another strikes a chord of inharmonious vibration back in misery to our own hearts. By learning truth we shall practice virtue and be happy. E. D. FRENCH, M. D. CHICO, CALIFORNIA, Dec. 30th, 1858.

## INFIDELITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

The opponents of Spiritualism have well nigh exhausted their stock of slander and reproach, put forth so plentifully hitherto, and they are driven to urge the objections that it breaks up and destroys conjugal and family relations; and that its advocates are all infidels.

Much might be said in answer to the above objection, but I will confine myself to the latter. The term "infidelity" is used by the mass of professing Christians in the present day, in the same way that the parrot imitates the human voice. For example: I am conversing with an Orthodox clergyman; we differ in our views; he pronounces me an infidel, because I have no faith in his doctrine of endless damnation, and the numerous other dogmas which constitute his faith. Because I have no fidelity for his doctrines, I am his infidel; and because he has no faith in what I teach, he is my infidel. Then is he not an infidel as much as I? And are we not both infidels to each other?

Preachers have much to say concerning the French Revolution, and labor to show from the consequences of that struggle what must follow the change of the Bible for Spiritualism—which they term infidelity. A few facts will show that the French Revolution was of vastly more benefit to the world, than the intolerant, inhuman wholesale murder which had previously been carried on under the name of Christianity. They tell us that the Catholics did not allow the use of the Bible; how, then, could infidelity supplant the Bible, in France? Besides, our Protestant objectors say that Popery is anti-christian—more sinful than infidelity. The overthrow of Popery, therefore, would not do so much harm. But I affirm that the triumph of infidelity in France has done infinite good; it was a great, a happy, a glorious event. The chief actors were noble men. The evils attendant on the revolution were not chargeable on the free-thinking revolutionists, but on the superstitious, corrupt, abuses and tyrannies that had gone before. Those revolutionists aimed at the general good. They did much good. They swept away

a host of abuses. They abolished priestly cruelty and priestly impositions; they abolished hereditary rule and authority, and opened the way to intelligence, worth and talent. They severed the chains which had hitherto bound the public mind, and gave impulse to intellectual advancement, which has not spent its influence up to the present day. They broke up land monopoly, brought vast quantities of land into market, gave millions a chance of earning a living, thus giving wealth and independence to those who had before languished in pauperism, bondage and misery.

Mr. Carlyle tells us that, even in the reign of terror, as it was called, the thirty millions of the common people were better off and happier than they had ever been before. He tells us that the outcry against Robespierre and his friends was because he put to death some of those rich and ungodly tyrants whose Christianity consisted in bloodshed and intolerance.

A few words on Paine, and I have done. Thomas Paine was an intelligent, and able, and a virtuous man. He was a devout worshiper of truth, an ardent lover of mankind, a noble reformer, and a great benefactor of his race. He loved not a nation, but the world; not a people, but mankind; as ready to help the cause of Freedom in France as in England, and in America as in either. He was one of the ruling spirits in the American Revolution, and aided both by his tongue and pen, his property and his sword. When the army was dispirited, he cheered it by his writings; when it wanted food and clothing, he drew what was due him from his salary—about five hundred dollars—and gave the whole for its relief. He would have no profit from his writings. About a hundred thousand copies of his "Common Sense" were sold; but he gave the copyright to the struggling States. He was the first to name publicly—if not privately—the subject of American Independence; and we owe to him the republican structure of the western world. He pleaded for the freedom of the slave, and, with Franklin, helped to form an anti-slavery society. He has been charged with drunkenness and licentiousness, and his writings represented as obscene; and many lovers of free thought have heard these charges so often repeated that they fancy they must be true. They are the fabrications of bigotry and intolerance. The stories of his recantation and miserable death, have been traced to an Orthodox Quaker woman, and found to be her fabrications. The same woman was afterwards convicted of inventing similar falsehoods against the celebrated heterodox Quaker, Elias Hicks. From the lives of Paine, published by both friends and foes, the conclusion is that he was a great and noble man, a faithful and true friend, a benefactor of his race. He lived a laborious and self-sacrificing life, and died a peaceful and honorable death. E. L. IYON.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM BROTHER CHASE.

DEAR BANNER—Cora Wilburn and I have been talking about you, but I shall not tell you what we said, for it is not proper to praise a paper to its face more than a person. But we are convinced that "the pen shall supercede the sword," and Light, not Might, shall be the Lord in the good time coming.

I twisted out of Gotham last week, but not until I had accompanied a good brother and three sisters to the tombs twice, (the tombs of the living, not the dead,) where we met the poor female convicts, numbering nearly one hundred, in the hall where they are wont to meet on Sunday, to listen to praying and preaching. At each visit we had a season of sympathy, and the words of kindness and encouragement of hope and promise touched many hearts and brought many tears from eyes that were unused to weeping. Several remarked that they had never seen nor heard such preaching before, and many told us they would never be caught in that place again. My brother and sisters intend to continue the meetings there, and I am sure they will do great good to many of the most needy beings of the city. "In prison, and ye visited me."

I left many warm friends in New York and stopped over at Trenton, N. J., by request of Brother Pasco, and lectured to a respectable audience, who seemed astonished to hear that Spiritualism was so large of its age. They ought to have the BANNER there, freighted from both worlds, as Brother Storer says.

On Saturday I found my home for the first time in the city of Brotherly Love at friend Hlenk's, 202 Franklin square, where our sojourning friends will find pleasant rooms, family, and fare. It seems like going into the country to come from New York into Philadelphia, this is so comparatively quiet. There are several interesting peculiarities about this city. First, it has more acres (not acres) than any city in the nation, if not the world, as it takes in the whole county, and had they taken in the State, they would have outnumbered New York city in population for a few years, till New York could have moved over the rest of Ireland or Germany. Second, they have less people to the acre than most of the large cities of the nation. Third, the people are slower in physical and mental motion and progress than in more eastern or northern cities. Fourth, the city is a chess-board, with bad matching at the corners, and occasional cow paths open without regard to squares or streets. Fifth, the street cars run only one way, and you have to change streets to return. Sixth, the people shut the light into at night, and out of by day, their dwellings and stores, by board shutters, like those of the old fashioned school-houses of New England, to which we had shutters to keep the boys from breaking the glass. Seventh, "Uncle Sam" has a shop where he makes *mint drops* here, and I was much pleased to find the old gentleman employed many females to make money—rather new business for ladies, but I hope to see it extended to all the banks of the country, as I am sure they could handle bills as well as coin, and cash drafts as well as receive wages. Eighth, the Fairmount Water-works; the snow and mud, naked trees, and suspended fountains, impaired its beauty, but still it is the pride of the city, and justly deserving, especially when aided by the wire bridge across the Schuylkill. Ninth, Girard College. I have just been through it, but did not graduate. It is a rich and magnificent tribute to education, but what a pity its blessings and advantages are confined exclusively to males, when females need them so much more. I think girls might study Latin and Greek, geometry, astronomy, and ethics, as well as coin, dollars and dimes. I wish some millionaires would endow a college for females, and aid that better and more suffering and depressed part of humanity up to a level of equal rights and privileges. Tenth, the Female

Medical College, from which has come some bright minds, and more are coming, to cure disease, and teach people to avoid it, or cure themselves. But I must break this string, for I can find no end but the end of my sheet or time. I am much pleased with the friends, the audiences, and the interest here. PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 11, 1859. WARREN CHASE.

### LETTER FROM OSWEGO, N. Y.

DEAR BANNER—Without offering an extended argument to illustrate or prove the truths of spirit intercourse, (as they always prove themselves to every unprejudiced investigator,) I merely wish to say a word with reference to the visit of Bro. H. P. Fairfield to our city. He has lectured here during the two last Sundays to overwhelming audiences, inspiring his listeners with the soul-stirring truths of the new gospel, as well as giving some most remarkable tests, during week day evenings, at private circles. He is an extraordinary medium, and although we were a long distance on the highway of spiritual growth and development previous to his visit, his lectures and tests have given us a new impetus, and Oswego, in a few months, will be one of, if not the banner city of Spiritualism. Places where lecturers are, or can be sustained, will do well to obtain his services. He will be of great benefit to them, and irresistibly reach the minds of skeptics, and give them, yea, power ideas of God, his government and laws, than they generally have, and favorable impressions of the glorious philosophy of angelic communion. We, in this place, are peculiarly favored, sustaining as we do regular and free Sunday meetings, with audiences of from five to seven hundred people, and a continued solicitation on the part of inquirer for more light and wisdom from the spirit-world. With a few exceptions our Sundays are now all filled up by engagements with excellent speakers, until next September, and before that time there will be such a tumult in the Orthodox sheep-folds of Oswego as was never known before. We have many circles held here regularly, and lately, at two different places in this city. We have had the guitar played upon at various times by the invisible intelligences, producing most beautiful music. On one occasion, in broad day light, for one hour and a half, there was a succession of melodies surpassingly sweet—those composing the circle looking upon the instrument and witnessing the vibration of the strings, and the turning of the keys, as it was being tuned. And if Brother Coles, of the New York Conference, will come out here, we will agree to prove to him, to a certainty, that it is done, or forfeit all the expenses of his coming here, and pay him well for his time. We shall surely satisfy him, to his heart's content, that spirits do play upon musical instruments, without human aid, other than may be necessary by those comprising the circle furnishing the unseen forces that may be used by the invisible agents in accomplishing their object. We have also had dinner bells rung, with various other phenomena, all of which can be proved by unimpeachable witnesses.

You will, perhaps, receive from Bros. Warn or Miller more detailed accounts of our musical manifestations. We are promised, by the spirits, still more wonderful phenomena, an account of which, when received, will be forwarded to you, duly authenticated. Till then, I am, as ever, Very truly yours, DAY BOOK.

FEB. 14, 1859.

### WHENCE COMES THIS INSANITY?

Messrs. Editors.—We frequently see statements in the newspapers to the effect that Spiritualism causes insanity. We have recently had attempted a renewal of the religious excitement of last year among the Methodists of this town, and, as one of the fruits, a young and beautiful girl was last week carried to the hospital for the insane at Worcester, a raving maniac. It was impossible to even keep clothes upon her—she would tear them all to pieces. She was told, while under the preparatory state, (previous to her conversion) that she must fast and pray; and the poor girl did actually fast for some days. Her insane ravings are awful to hear; she continually calls thus—"Oh, you devils, you devils, you cursers! you told me I should be happy! Is this happiness, you devils? Misery on misery is all I have! Away, you devils, etc. Have they not much to answer for in the case of this poor girl? The religious friends have endeavored to keep this from the public—not one of the county papers have noticed it. Had it occurred among the Spiritualists, it would have been circulated all over the Union before this. The age of bigotry is still at hand. Yours in truth, A SPIRITUALIST. LISWICH, Feb. 8, 1859.

### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN BUFFALO.

Our partner, while at Buffalo the other day, witnessed some "manifestations" which we presume our readers will be interested in; so we furnish the facts as related by him, for their entertainment and consideration.

Through the politeness of a friend I was invited to visit a "medium" in the city of Buffalo on Friday evening last and witness the manoeuvres of the "spirits." The party consisted of one lady beside the medium, and three gentlemen. The medium was a girl about thirteen years of age, unassuming in manners, and seemingly free from trickery ascribed to persons in such capacity. While these manifestations are usually conducted in the dark, in this case not only was the room illuminated, but the medium actually required it, in order to call the spirits into play. Hence the chance for deception was diminished. The first intimation of the presence of "spirits," was by beating a tune, as with a hammer, upon the floor, while the little girl entered the room. The next was the removal of a heavy table, covered with books from the wall to the centre of the room, with not a hand near it. Questions were answered with marvellous accuracy, by raps—one for no, and three for yes. A guitar was placed upon the table, and the "spirits" requested to keep time to the singing of the medium, which was done with great correctness, after which the guitar was thrown three or more feet into the room, and broken against the wall. Chairs were moved from one room into another, and each of the spectators was in turn rocked in rocking chairs, and tipped from them by this invisible agency.

A common lead pencil was placed by me under the table, and at my request was removed into a back bedroom in the story above, where I found it on resorting to the room. At my request it was again restored to the room below—and in its transit both ways we heard it rattling upon the floor. The girl asked the spirits to lift her from the floor, when at once she was raised about a foot and a half, by merely resting two fingers of one hand gently upon the shoulder of the lady present. A light sheet-iron stove was so securely held by this power, that a pair of stout arms could not stir it. The spirits told me when a friend of mine was to be married, corresponding with the day fixed for the nuptials; how old I was; how many members I had in my family; and other facts which staggered my incredulity. To test the nature of a personal contact, I asked the spirits to give me a kick on the shin, when I received a demonstration on my pedal extremity which well-nigh brought me to the floor. I asked for no further demonstrations of this character. I left the house, believing more firmly that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.—Mohawk Valley Register.



