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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light,
TO URANIA.

BY J. M. DONNELLY.

O blest Urania! heavenly muse,
My soul with song inspire:
Thy music through my heart diffuse,
Thy strains of melody profuse,
Thy pure poetic fire.

Tune every sweet harmonious string,
Let my frail numbers join
God's everlasting truth to sing,
His love whence purest passions spring
His majesty divine.

Ye seraphs swell your notes of praise,
Progression be your theme,
While earth her grateful homage pays,
Let seas and skies their voices raise,
And bless the great Supreme.

For Him your lyres, ye minstrels sweep,
From whom all things began,
To him protracted vigils keep,
Sing how he made the mighty deep,
And formed the creature man.

His wisdom shines in every star
That glides the azure skies;
His mercy gladdens every sphere,
And bids created men adore
A God, Supreme and wise.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARRYING FOR A HOME; OR, MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

I had not been married to Philip Ashley one month before I was as thoroughly jealous of him as a woman possessed of a fiery and impulsive temperament like mine could possibly expect to be in this world of fierce love and still fiercer hatred.

The cause of this early introduction of the green-eyed monster into our new sphere of existence, was the accidental discovery of a small miniature, painted upon ivory, which my husband had carelessly left under his pillow one morning, upon rising in great haste to answer some professional call—a kind of inconvenience to which all practitioners of the healing-art are more or less subject.

My first impulse upon perceiving the miniature—that of an exquisite female face, lying calmly encased in its snowy nest—was to hurl the precious treasure through the open window, that it might be dashed into pieces upon the pavement below. But as I lifted the fatal picture in my fingers, my resolution to destroy it suddenly failed me. A look of innocence in the violet-colored eyes, and a sweet smile of truthfulness playing about the delicately-chiseled mouth, seemed to rebuke me for the rash act I was about to commit, and made me pause in the midst of my toilette to study more closely the angelic beauty of the face before me. Hair of a pale golden hue formed the sweet framework of a face that even an incensed and jealous heart like mine could not fail to acknowledge as transcendently beautiful. The brow, white and smooth as polished marble, seemed to bespeak for its possessor a degree of intellect seldom met with among women; while the soft, blue eyes, in whose clear depths a pure and loving soul lay mirrored to view, the rose-tinted complexion and coral-tipped lips, completed the charms of a picture which even Raphael himself would have paused to admire.

While I gazed upon the fair image before me, a sweet and holy calm seemed infused into my passionate soul, which made me forget for the time being the dark and angry thoughts which, ocean-like, had surged to the surface of my woman's heart but a few minutes previous.

The soulful feet of the Irish chamber-maid startled me from the reverie into which I had fallen while contemplating the picture, which I still held tightly in my fingers as if fearful lest its rare beauty should slip imperceptibly away from my gaze forevermore. To thrust the miniature into my pocket was but the work of an instant. Learning from Bridget's honest lips that the Doctor had not yet returned to breakfast, I hastily set myself about completing my toilette, with a flashing eye and swelling heart, that strongly indicated the return of evil thoughts and wild passions.

Gazing into the spacious mirror before which I stood, my purple-black hair falling like a sable veil over neck and shoulders, I now discovered for the first time that the dark beauty which had been the pride of my Southern home before I married Philip Ashley, and which I had hitherto flattered myself had been so precious in my husband's eyes, was poor and insignificant when contrasted with the more spiritual beauty of my rival. My rival! How the words burned into my heart, blighting and crushing the hopes of eternal happiness which had filled my soul when, but a fortnight previous, we had knelt side by side at the altar to solemnize in the presence of the few friends assembled a union which I in my foolish fondness of heart had believed appointed of God!

It is strange how great a flame a little spark kindleth, even in the human heart. The mere finding of this miniature beneath my husband's pillow had aroused bitter suspicion in my hitherto believing breast, which years might not quiet and dispel. The conviction that Philip Ashley was false to me slowly but firmly fastened itself in my mind. Should I bear in silence the blow which a cruel hand had thus aimed at my heart's happiness? No! my woman's pride thundered forth from the inmost depths of my outraged spirit. With a boldness and composure I had once deemed myself incapable of commanding, I would confront my husband and wring from his false lips the secret which

his own carelessness had so unintentionally afforded a clue to.

But anon there arose in my wicked heart a desire to torture by means of suspense the man whom but an hour before I would willingly have laid down my life for, if in so doing I could have bought a single moment's pure and unalloyed happiness for him my girlish lips had so proudly called husband.

The brain of woman is fertile in mischief when the fires of her heart have become suddenly quenched by the cold waters of jealousy and distrust. My mind was quickly made up. I would absent myself from home for the day, taking care to leave behind a note, whose contents should at least surprise if not pain the heart of him who had dared to make me the innocent recipient of a second love. The note, which I hastily indited with a pencil, and left unfolded upon my dressing-room table, ran as follows:

"Philip—I have gone from the home which for two weeks I have shared with you as your wife, possibly never to return again.

YOUR DECEIVED MARGARET."

I did not fear even Bridget's curiosity in the matter, since I well knew that her imperfect knowledge of the science of letters would not admit of her deciphering even the plainest handwriting; so, bidding the domestic to take the key to the clerk's office, after having finished her morning duties in my apartments, I hurriedly threw on hat and shawl, and with the miniature a safe prisoner in my dress pocket, hastily left the hotel without even stopping to take breakfast.

The fear of meeting my husband at every street corner lent additional speed to my steps; but after about ten minutes' hard walking, or rather running, I found myself at the entrance of Taylor's saloon. Here I breakfasted in *la solitaire* style, lingering over my scarce tasted food for full an hour, in the vain hope that my usually good appetite, now missing, would return to me. But in vain. My disturbed mind was too occupied with the thought of the deep injustice which had been practiced upon me by an artful and intriguing husband, to feel the slightest appetite for the savory viands which were placed before me. At length the idea struck me that it would be a species of female martyrdom upon my part to starve myself, for a single day, in order that my woe-begone countenance and pinched features might prove a more effectual rebuke to the heart of my once idolized husband than even the harshest words and most bitter reproaches.

The morning passed in sauntering up and down Broadway, in purchasing a few articles which I really did not need, and in strolling through the several parks which adorn the Empire City. A native of Richmond, Virginia, I had known little or nothing of the city which was destined to be my future home—except by hearsay—previous to my marriage with Philip Ashley. My short residence in the great metropolis had given me little opportunity of cultivating acquaintances, even among the female portion of the boarders—at the Astor House, where my husband had taken up his headquarters with his Southern bride, some two days after his marriage. The only intimate female friend I could boast was an old school-mate of mine, who had once lived in Richmond, but who, at the time of which I write, was living with her parents in Brooklyn. Dearly as I had loved Bel Vinton in childhood, I now shrink from revealing to one unmarried, the fatal circumstance which had thus early sown the seeds of unrest and jealousy in my breast.

Much as I value sympathy, I must needs believe that there are some griefs which fall to our lot in life, which are of too delicate a nature to be poured into the ears of even a dear friend, simply because we know that, out of their long experience, their history can show nothing in common with our own. Thus, it is only those who have passed through the fiery ordeal of trial and suffering themselves, that can hope to afford proper consolation to the hearts of their fellow-creatures in affliction, or whose scarred hands can lightly lift the cross once again to shoulders from which all human strength had seemingly departed.

Determined to keep my own counsel in a matter so closely allied to my heart, I renounced the idea of visiting my friend at Brooklyn. As noon approached, however, I began to feel the loss of my breakfast and the need of a good dinner. With an obstinacy peculiar to my temperament, however, I resolved to banish the thought of food from my mind; and as a means of whiling away the remaining hours of a day apparently without end, I directed my steps toward the Dusseldorf Gallery, a place which my husband had promised to take me to only the evening before.

For a time my soul revelled among the glorious works of art there displayed on every side. That wonderful picture of Lessing's, "The Martyrdom of John Huss," which first attracts the gaze of every visitor to the gallery, held me spell-bound for nearly an hour. My own imaginary troubles had made me sensitive to the sorrows of others, and it was with a feeling of deep sympathy that I gazed with streaming eyes and swelling heart upon the heroic martyr—whom his cruel adversaries denominated an heretic—kneeling so calmly and resignedly before the stake which his opponents had caused to be erected. The sublime look of faith and soul happiness illuminating that noble face lifted heavenward in the attitude of prayer, haunts me even while I commit to paper this record of my early life; and if the sight of it, at that painful moment of my existence, did not make me blush for my own weakness and folly, it was because the evil genius of my nature still held his hateful sway over my wretched heart.

Much as I have since enjoyed the works of that humorous artist, Hasenclaver—among the most famous of which may be mentioned "The Cellar Bachelors," or, as the artist himself has named it—

"Life in the Cellar," a picture similar in its character to the "Wine Testers," and the "Jobsade," a series of three pictures illustrative of student life at a German university—I must say that that day I found no pleasure in a contemplation of them. On the contrary, the compositions of Steinbrück—poetic and Biblical—imparted a deep sense of delight to my being, which memory only serves to strengthen. Never was artist more truly a poet than the talented author of "The Fairies and the Peasant Child," whose sacred work of art, "The Adoration of the Magi," has gained for Steinbrück an immense reputation in Europe, and has been pronounced by art-critics to be superior in many respects to Correggio's celebrated "Holy Night," at present adorning the Dresden Gallery. But, alas! all things beautiful and good must have an end.

Twilight was fast deepening into night, when I drew my shawl closely about me with a kind of protective feeling, and hurried forth into the cool, evening air. Crowds of people were surging up and down that great thoroughfare, Broadway, wearing faces which, to my gloomy and miserable heart, looked the living incarnation of human contentment and happiness. Could it be possible that the poor, perturbed heart, which beat so wildly in my bosom, was the only wicked one in that great city? I asked myself. Was I, of all that vast throng, ordained of God to be unloved?

Busy in trying to answer satisfactorily these soul-questionings, I flew over the ground at a rapid rate, scarcely heeding time or distance, until my foot grazed the lower step of the flight leading up to the main entrance of the hotel. In the lower hall I was met by Bridget, whose delight at my safe return found vent in the following characteristic language:

"Och, mum, and is it you, mum, that I see returned alive? Sure an' it's half distracted the Doctor has been all the day for the loss of you. If you could but have seen him, mum, with his face as white as a ghost's, running back and forth from his office to the hotel at laste twenty times during the day, to see if his wife had come, you'd have known some sorrow was distressing his breast, and pitted him, poor soul, as I did."

And Bridget, honest heart, wiped a tear-drop from the corner of her eye with her stiff calico apron.

"Then Dr. Ashley was present at dinner?" I said calmly—although, to tell the truth, Bridget's plain words and sympathetic manner had stirred my soul more than I should have been willing to have acknowledged to any one but my own wicked self.

"Indeed, mum, he was n't at the dinner-table at all, nor at breakfast-time, either, if I can trust my own senses and Mike Flynn's eyes," replied the loquacious daughter of Erin.

My conscience smote me. Philip's grief at the loss of his cruel-hearted wife had perhaps deprived him of all appetite. The thought flashed across my mind that he might be ill, for I now remembered hearing him complain of a severe headache when he rose soon after daylight to attend a patient who had been suddenly taken ill that very morning. Just then the gong sounded.

"Bridget, tell Mike that I desire supper served in my own room when the Doctor returns," and I made a spring toward the staircase.

"Do n't you know the poor soul's here already, mum?" responded Bridget in a loud tone, and quickly checking herself as a group of boarders passed through the hall on their way to the dining-room, she added a moment afterwards in a more subdued voice:

"One of the servants told me a half hour since, that the Doctor had gone up to his room. Fearing that the poor craythur might be sick from grief and hunger, I stole up to your chamber for the purpose of asking him if he would n't relish a bowl of nut-ton broth, (you know, mum, he is very fond of it,) but just as I had mustered courage to knock at the door, I heard him tramping up and down the room like a wild beast. I listened aymint or two, and heard him groaning and calling for his lost Maggie to come back to him. Of a sudden, however, the poor man stopped flat in his walk, and afeared lest he should open the door and find me there, I ran quickly down stairs without having done my errand, and here, as luck would have it, I met you, mum."

"Well, Bridget, I must needs believe that you have a good heart, although I don't exactly like the idea of your playing the part of eaves-dropper outside any one's door."

The face of the poor girl fell considerably, at my last remark administered somewhat in the tone of a rebuke. My quick perception, however, soon showed me the wound I had so heedlessly inflicted in that faithful breast, and I hastened to reassure her of my regard for her, by giving her a friendly shake of the hand, at the same time whispering a few words of comfort in her ear, which had the instantaneous effect of restoring the habitual smile to her coarse but healthy face.

A moment later, while I slowly pursued my way up the broad staircase, I heard Bridget's unusual voice lifted loud in song, as she gayly tripped along to her headquarters—the kitchen.

When I reached the door of my apartment, all was quiet within. Conscious that any delay, however slight upon my part, would result in entire loss of courage, I stepped forward, and, throwing open the door with a quick movement, stood once again within my own apartment.

The room was perfectly dark, but the light which streamed in through the open door-way from the gas-lighted corridor, revealed to my eager eyes the manly form of my husband, who was seated in a chair directly opposite the door, with his face buried in his hands.

The noise, occasioned by my entrance, roused Philip Ashley from the sad reverie into which he had fallen; but the rich flood of light which of a

sudden flooded the apartment, momentarily blinded his vision.

I did not stir nor move, but stood calmly leaning against the wall of the room, with one hand pressed firmly against my heart, to still its wild throbbings. A cry of joy vibrated throughout the apartment, and the next minute my husband snatched me in his arms, and murmured passionately through his tears, "Maggie! Maggie, my lost one! heaven has at last granted my prayers for your return!"

A cold shiver ran through my frame as Philip Ashley uttered these words. Perceiving that I was trembling violently from head to foot, my husband quickly removed my bonnet, and wrapping the folds of my cashmere shawl more closely around my quivering form, lifted me gently in his strong arms, and bore me toward a neighboring lounge. There covered with a warm blanket, I lay sobbing and weeping for full ten minutes, while Philip, kneeling affectionately at my side, strove by words of love and tenderness to check my tears and soothe me to sleep. At length the fountain of my tears was spent, and by degrees a sense of extreme drowsiness crept over my weary frame.

How long I slept, I know not; but when I awoke, the supper tray, with its tempting viands, stood upon the centre-table, and Philip still kept his faithful vigil beside my couch. Our evening meal passed off quite pleasantly, yet not without a feeling of slight restraint upon the part of both. It is astonishing how a good supper restores one's spirits and humor. As for myself, I soon began to look and act natural, before a third of the evening had passed. I fairly ached to restore the miniature—which still lay concealed from sight in the depths of my pocket—to my husband, and tell him all the evil thoughts which the accidental discovery of it had engendered in my breast. As the evening wore on, Philip became silent and moody. My own womanly perceptions told me at a glance that his mind was vainly endeavoring to solve the problem of my sudden and unlooked for flight that morning. If he would allude to the note which I had purposely left behind for his discomfort, I said to myself, why then I would, woman-like, make a clean breast of it, and tell him all. But no; he seemed determined to bury a circumstance which had evidently cost him much mental suffering, for he at last took up a volume of Longfellow's poems, and began to read them with an abstracted air, which told all too plainly that soul-absorption in the precious lore which lay clearly printed before his eyes, was an impossibility for one in his peculiar frame of mind.

For full half an hour, I watched him from behind the cambric handkerchief I was hemming in silence; then suddenly throwing down my work, I bent over his easy-chair, and said, gayly:

"Come, come, Philip, you are only making believe read; you know you are," and snatching the book from his hand, I threw it upon the table and jumped upon my knee.

My words brought the dreamer back to his senses in a moment. Throwing back the heavy waves of chestnut hair from off his white brow, he quickly drew forth his watch, and discovering that it was nine o'clock, said abruptly:

"Nine o'clock! sounds, Maggie! I'd no idea it was so late. Come, little wife, give me a kiss or two, and then I'll be off to the office, for it may be that there are some fresh orders upon the slate."

My husband stooped his head to kiss me, but I drew back, saying pointedly:

"I'm sure I shan't kiss you if you are going to tear yourself from me so quickly. If I were a physician I'd teach people to bear their petty sufferings a little more patiently. One would think that doctors never required a moment's peace, or rest, like other men. It's a pity I was n't born a physician, Philip," and I shook my head with an air of stout determination that was quite amusing to my husband.

"Well, well, little Hotspur!" said Philip laughing heartily; "I think its lucky that you were not born a man, for instead of a wife, I should undoubtedly have a rival in my profession."

That word *rival*! how it pierced to my heart like a sword thrust. I felt the hot blood surging to my cheeks and brow, and rising quickly from my seat upon Philip's knee, I hastened towards the window, for the ostensible purpose of closing the shutters, although in reality to hide my emotion.

Philip bounded from his seat, and seizing his Kosuth hat from the floor, was about to light a cigar, preparatory to making his exit. I could not bear the thought of my husband's leaving me so unsatisfied concerning the miniature which I still retained in my pocket. Either Philip had not discovered his loss, or else suspecting the true cause of my morning heighs, he purposely forebore questioning me upon a subject which must necessarily involve his own reputation. All this I readily divined—but when was a woman ever known to swerve in her purpose, when her own heart's happiness was at stake?

"Dear Philip," I said pleadingly, as I turned towards him and threw my arms affectionately about his neck; "Must you leave so soon? Is my company so very irksome to you that you prefer to enjoy as little of it as is consistent with your sense of duty?"

The grievous look in my eyes, together with my words, smote his noble heart.

"No, Maggie!" he said with emotion, "I fear you entirely mistake your husband's nature. Had I not have valued your society beyond that of any woman living, I surely should not have asked you to become my bride. Yet, if my presence is so needful to your happiness, Maggie, why did you voluntarily determine to free yourself forevermore from your husband's love, this morning?"

Gradually relaxing my arms from his neck, I said, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks that were the reflex of my heart's deep penitence and shame: "I have been very foolish and very wicked, Philip,

but the sufferings of one day has taught me how necessary to a woman's existence is the love and sympathy of a devoted husband. Here, Philip," I added flatteringly, as I drew forth the miniature from my pocket, is perchance, the innocent cause of my rashness and jealousy."

The nervous grasp which wrested the beautiful picture from my hand startled me, and lifting my eyes toward Philip's face, I saw such a deadly pallor creeping over it, as curdled the very blood in my veins. Could it be that my fears were not ill-grounded and imaginary? That my husband was indeed false to his marriage vows? The thought froze me into silence, and I stood motionless as a statue before him, awaiting words which were to seal my heart's doom!

By degrees the life tint returned to his cheeks and lips, but from the fixed and soul-saddening glance which my husband bent upon the miniature, which his trembling fingers still clasped, it was plain to see that his thoughts were busy with the past, that the remembrance of some holier and deeper passion than he had ever felt for me, was convulsing his breast. Suddenly raising the fatal miniature to his lips, he murmured passionately, as he pressed kiss after kiss upon the glowing ivory:

"Mary, my well-beloved one! as soon might one be jealous of the mother that bore them, as of thee! Nay, do not reproach me with those heavenly orbs, for the love I so freely lavish upon another! Ah, child of heaven! do you not know that the cruel fate interposed between us and our great happiness? They told me wrong who called thee false, my poor, lost lamb—for hearts like thine can never love but once!"

"Philip Ashley!" I gasped wildly—for the passionate fervor of my husband's words had unlocked my ice-bound tongue—"have I indeed been the unfortunate victim of a cruel deception? or has my great love for you bereft me of my sense? Think you that I, your two week's bride, can calmly listen to your passionate ravings for another, whose wondrous beauty and snake-like fascination have intoxicated your weak heart. Nay, Philip, I'll not hear it! Either satisfactorily explain to me your mysterious language and singular conduct in regard to this picture, or you shall sorrowfully rue the day you ever wooed a Southern bride!"

The vehemence of my words, together with my excited manner, brought Philip Ashley immediately to a realizing sense of his position.

"Maggie! dearest Maggie!" he exclaimed, "you are harsh and precipitate in your censures. Be composed, I pray you, for I swear to you that whatever suspicions the finding of this miniature beneath my pillow may have roused in your loving breast, that I am nevertheless as incapable of deceit and falsity as the pure minded creature whose sad story I have so long kept locked in my breast."

My husband made a strong effort to clasp me in his arms, but I shook him off, saying proudly,

"Do not hope, sir, to conciliate my injured heart by the affectation of tenderness you do not feel."

"Maggie! have I not sworn to love and protect you until death?" cried Philip. "Can you so ruthlessly accuse me of deception and perfidy simply because you found this miniature beneath my pillow? The day may come, Maggie, when I will explain to you why I continue to value so highly and guard so carefully this cherished memento of the past. Till then, rest assured of the sincerity of my affection for you; and as you value a husband's peace and happiness, I beseech you never again to introduce a subject which is so fruitful of pain to my heart."

I scorned a reply to this last remark of Philip's, and turning suddenly upon my heel, left the apartment without uttering a word.

After an hour spent in the parlor, I returned to my chamber, and found my husband had gone out as he had intended.

At near eleven o'clock, Philip came home, and thinking me sound asleep, quietly undressed himself and retired. Tired with my day's tramp, I at last fell asleep, but was awakened about two o'clock in the morning, by hearing some one moving about in the chamber. I sprang up in bed, and saw Philip walking the floor, with burning cheeks and flushed brow.

All thoughts of my own sorrows vanished when I beheld the husband of my heart in such danger. I arose and went to him, but he only stared wildly at me with his glittering eyes; murmuring words which smote me to the heart for the pain I had given him during the day and evening. I clasped his hands; they were like burning coals. I would have thrown my arms about his neck and implored his forgiveness for all the grief I had caused him, but he rudely repulsed me, and crept away to one corner of the room, laughing hysterically, and reiterating through his half closed teeth:

"She says I played her false. Well, let it pass; time—yes, time will tell the tale!"

It was with some difficulty that I succeeded in persuading my husband to return to bed. This accomplished at last, I quickly aroused my next-door neighbor, and requested him to call a physician and awaken the landlady. A doctor was soon on the spot, and informed me that my husband was laboring under a severe attack of brain fever, and enjoined the necessity of careful nursing and perfect quiet.

Reader, for long weeks I hung over my husband's couch, striving in vain to recall his wandering senses by words of love and tenderness. After four weeks wrestling with disease, the fever began to abate. Each succeeding day he grew less and less delirious, until at last the attendant physician pronounced his patient quite out of danger.

The days of convalescence that followed, were days of heartfelt happiness to us both, for the angel of sickness had cast out all fear and distrust from

my heart, while Philip basked in the sunshine of renewed love and confidence.

Some six weeks later, when my husband had entirely recovered his former strength, Philip and I were sitting at the tea-table one evening, when an old gentleman rushed frantically into the dining-hall, and asked if there was a physician present in the room. All eyes at the table were suddenly turned upon the intruder, who was evidently a stranger and a new-comer to the hotel.

Philip sprang up from his seat, and followed the stranger to his room. A few minutes later, and while I still lingered at the table, Philip returned, his face wearing the whiteness of death, and in a husky voice bade me follow him.

My husband led the way to a large back room, situated in the second story of the hotel. The unstrapped trunks standing just inside the door of the apartment, showed that the owners of them had but just arrived. Sitting propped up in an easy-chair was a still young and beautiful woman, whom I at once recognized as the original of the miniature which had caused me so much unhappiness. The blood-dyed napkin and basin which stood on a neighboring chair, told at once that the invalid, apparently in the last stages of consumption, had just recovered from a severe bleeding attack.

Her blue eyes grew moist with tears, as Philip, leading me by the hand to her side, said, in tremulous tones: "Mary—dear Mary, this is my wife."

She was evidently too weak then to speak her pleasure at seeing me; so she merely pressed my hand affectionately, while I instinctively stooped down and impressed a kiss upon the sick woman's marble brow. My husband clasped me delightedly to his heart, and then turned and introduced me to Mr. Morford, the husband of the invalid, whom I remembered as the old gentleman who had so suddenly presented himself in the dining-room with hat and cloak on, a few minutes previous.

Mary Morford, the first love of my dear husband, never left the room in which she had been installed a few moments after her arrival at the Astor House, until she was carried out stiff and cold by the sexton's hands. A schoolmate and companion of Philip Ashley in his childhood, they had been early betrothed.

The story is soon told. Philip upon arriving at manhood, was placed, through the kindness of a wealthy uncle, in the Medical College in New York. For a year or more, their correspondence was pleasant and uninterrupted; but soon rumors reached Philip from another source, stating that the father of Mary Rivers, supposed to be one of the wealthiest of Boston merchants, was on the verge of bankruptcy. This intelligence was followed by a letter from Mary herself, begging Philip to release her from her engagement, as duty compelled her to sacrifice herself to a noted millionaire of Boston, who, though nearly thirty years her senior, had offered to snatch Mr. Rivers from the ruin which threatened to overwhelm him, if he would give him his daughter in marriage.

Mary submitted unhesitatingly to the sacrifice, after having wrung Philip's reluctant consent to the thing, and became Mrs. Morford. Consumption, however, seized upon the fair girl, and after a year spent in Italy, she reached New York only to die in the arms of Philip and myself. God pity those women who are reduced to the necessity of "Marrying for a Home!"

ODE TO ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.

BY J. BOBBER, JR.

Hail, mighty Dollar! Unto thee I sing
Loud praises, for thy worth I know full well!
How sweet the echo of thy tuncful ring—
Sweeter than music of the vesper bell!
Hail, pulsant Monarch! Oh! I quickly bring
Thy magic waters to my thirsty well!
Thy magic waters to my thirsty well!
For ye must sing the bard his strain sublime?
Am I not "Yours?" For pity's sake be mine!
Who so perfect, that thou canst not more grace?
Who so wealthy, as not to cry for "more?"
Who so noble, that thou canst not efface?
The lustre bright which they for erst have wore?
Lo! mankind shout their bravos in the face
Of brilliant Genius;—pooh! long before
Their plaudits cease to echo on the ear.
Genius will have died—thou, Dollar, fill'st its sphere!

Thou art the test of friendship, mighty King!
Thou art the proof of Cupid's bloodless pang!
For thee is scorned Affliction's fearful cling!
Bent is the knee at thy dulcimered clang!
Let Youth bring Beauty, and let Beauty bring
Honor, Virtue—ay, all which bards have sang
As proud Woman's portion—they are all as nought—
The world contains no gem thou hast not bought!

When humble Wisdom strives to plume its wing,
Or struggling Freedom deign attempts to rise
From base condition, unheard thy sweet ring,
Nor serf, nor noble e'er shall gain the skies!
Should Fortune, fickle goddess! quickly spring
Her mine "neath where the rich man's honor lies,
Nor prayers, nor tears will heal the fearful gash,
Resplendent then thy sheen, O, mighty Cash!

Oh, Friendship! I blush thy name to praise
When grim Oppression bends us to the earth!
E'en thou art deaf unto the prayers we raise
When Want unfolds to thee our money-death!
Yea, Hymen's might will fall in those dark days
To raise the once-beloved one from the earth!
Each mortal clings unto his brazen god—
Deaf, deaf each ear to friend or kindred's sob!

Thy friend is true, you say, and ne'er will fail
To prove his friendship in thine hour of need.
Believe it not! When prosperous they sail
O'er life's dark main, he'll cry "God speed,"
No doubt! Let clouds arise, or fiercer gale,
O'ertake thy bark, behold! though loud thy wail
May cry for aid, but ask that friend for Gold,
He'll mock thee in thy grief—that friend of old!

Oh! tell me not of strength of kindred's ties!
Those bonds are mighty, I with truth allow—
Thou, Dollar, bind'st thy hoodwink o'er its eyes,
And man is blind to e'en kindred's claims!—Thou
Who erst in hopefulness have pinned I be wise,
Nor seek fulfillment of the idle vow!
Gold, gold has turned thy kindred's heart to stone!
Thou'lt find no friend in these—not one, not one!

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

The astrological features of the ancient religions have never been wholly effaced. The universal human, or God, sat brooding, whence sun, moon and stars had their origin as the heavenly host. These personified, there is often mixture and confusion by interchangeable terms, significant of various modes of being, as of Gods, Spirits, Angels or Demons; but all on Gentile as on Hebrew ground, spiritual beings were for the most part supposed to be distinct and independent creatures, intermediate between highest heaven and earth, but offspring of the Universal One. On Hebrew ground, "men were created a little lower than the angels." On Gentile ground, men were created a little lower than the Gods. Gods and angels being significant of the same order of beings. Spectral or apparitional modes of being are manifest along the same plane; but for the most part, early vision beheld such only as in transcript of the Most High, in the firmament, the sun, and the starry hosts. As time recedes, spiritual beings not only sit in Moses' seat, but they also push sun, moon and stars from their stools as insufficient Gods of the later unfolding. At length the day is reached, and time is no more as when the brains were out the man would die. He still lives—but what a woful partition he has had for some two or three thousand years! If he manifested, he was supposed to be a supercreated being—now God, or Son, or the angel of God—some squatter sovereign, or colt of a comet, or anything but what he really was, a human being, speaking through human mediums and human-wise in oracles of somewhat ambiguous givings out. Now Lord—now Gods—now Devil—till, in widest church platitudes and in orthodox vision, the Devil was held as almost the sole operator of the heavens. Like the Hebrew Lord, he was everywhere present. "If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there."

Swedenborg was the first to have the clearer vision of the spiritual world. He saw that it was but a counterpart of this, in correspondential relations. But even his vision was colored by his constitutional and educational conformation, surroundings or conditions. He appears to have beheld many things through a smoked glass—to have been enveloped in mist, which precluded the better light of the more modern unfolding. His mediumistic qualities appear to have so corseted as to have afforded him only a straightened allowance of breath; but he did breathe in the spirit-world, and saw thence its continuity of being from this—of its men, women and children, and much of its various modes of being, and that it was no distinct creation, as supposed by ancient Jew and Gentile, with the confused exceptions, as seen in some of the phases of Lord, ghost, angel or hero worship. Modern Spiritualism confirms the essentials of Swedenborgianism; but affords a broader, a truer, and a more open or familiar view of an intercourse with the angels from their various planes of growth or development—all on the onward and upward road to progression. This is the great discovery of the modern age—the climax of all discoveries—the heaven "as is" a heaven.

Christianity was never free of the phases of ancient astrological worship. It was the magi, wise men, soothsayers, starry worshippers of the East, who cast the horoscope of Jesus of Nazareth, and found him to be born King of the Jews. Many other features, to the end of Revelations, have an astrological bearing. The Christian father, Origen, as late as the third century, supposed that the stars do not make, but signify, and that the heavens are a kind of divine volume, in whose characters they that are skilled, may read or spell out human events." So, too, his Heathen contemporary, Plotinus, held that those who were skilled in the grammar of the heavens, might read future events, as was done in the augury of the same; and fetching a compass to our own nineteenth century, we may find all along the way those who took note of the doings of stars to mortals. They were anciently supposed to influence conception and birth; for those of the ancients who believed in the immortality of the soul, maintained its pre-existence. Says Plato, "Our soul was somewhere before it came to exist in this present human form, and from thence it appears to be immortal, and such as will subsist after death." "Indeed," says Cudworth, "the thing is very well known, that, according to the sense of philosophers, these two things were always included together in that one opinion of the soul's immortality—namely, its pre-existence as well as its post-existence. Neither was there ever any of the ancients before Christianity, that held the soul's future permanency after death, who did not likewise assert its pre-existence, they clearly perceiving that if it was once granted that the soul was generated, it could never be proved but that it might also be corrupted."

The difference between ancient and modern Spiritualists would appear to consist in this: that whereas the ancients believed in pre-existent individuality of being, the moderns take individuality from pre-existent Godhead by masculine and feminine conjunction at conception; and thus, though forever a part of the Most High, and "before Abraham was I am," yet that our individuality was not till by the conjunction of Father God and Mother Nature, or till the blending of the masculine and feminine principle into one. From this point of view, which is the highest our vision can now behold? No infant, however young, can lose its individual existence, but it must unfold and grow in its adaptation to the laws of either world.

Agala, Plato in Cudworth, refers to the ancients as "not without suspicion that what is now called death was more properly a nativity or birth into life; and what is called generation into life was comparatively rather to be accounted a sinking into death, the former being the soul's ascent out of these gross terrestrial bodies to a body more thin and subtle, and the latter its descent from a purer body to that which is more crass and terrestrial. Who knows whether that which is called living be not indeed rather dying; and that which is called dying living?"

But granted the position that the soul survives the body in continuity of being and identity, as modern unfoldings demonstrate, and the distinct supercreations of the ancients are swept away, so far as spiritual beings in human shape are involved, and all such were but the continuous human souls, who, before their present state, were incarnated of earth. Here was the origin of this class of Gods, Lords, Angels, Demons. The same passed from the Hebrew and Gentile to the Christian world, Mary, the Mother of God, and the saints simply sitting in the seats of the Pagan divinities. Passing from the Romish to the Protestant sphere, almost all is shut out, but a far off, unrecognizing God, with his

most damnable counterpart, the Devil. So essentially alike in character is the Orthodox Church God and the Devil, that it were difficult to tell where ends the one or begins the other—so like the ancient symbol of the universal serpent circle with mouth and tail conjoined, each lapping the other in continuity of being. So it is with the God-Devil of the old theologies. The Devil's tail begins somewhere within the circuit of the Godhead, and "head I win, and tail you lose," is sum and substance of nineteenth century pulpitry. Like priest, like people; and the sordid development of the masses has no higher growth than the fossilized traditions of the elders. The other world, speaking to this, is addressed by a demented church and clergy to be of witchcraft or the Devil. Thus a continuous war against the spirit-world, causing angels to weep—to cease their beautiful ministry in love, and to leave the plane to the grosser shapes more in rapport with matter.

The strongest facts which orthodoxy can bring against atheism, are those by which they prove the operations of the Devil; for if they can prove the Devil, they think that God must somewhere occupy a segment of the circle. Finding witches and the Devil as a part of the circle, they hunt Satan all around the ring till they find the Godhead resting upon the Satanic tail. But though the Godhead is thus proven against atheism, they find, in the scope of their narrow vision, that the Devil does far more with his tail than God does with his head—the Devil, being a constant worker, while God appears to be asleep, or gone a journey, like the ancient Baal. The learned Dr. More, in his "Antidote against Atheism," relates a number of pranks of the Devil's tail flourishing *fortiter in re*, while the Head that held the tail was quite *suavior in modo*.

In the following extract, as throughout the Dr.'s work at large, the parallel phenomena enshrouding the Hebrew Lord, the Gentile Gods, and the later Christian Demonology and witchcraft, will be seen the characteristics of mesmerism, trance, and other manifestations which are wrought along the boundaries of the two worlds, where what may appear as the border-ruffianism thereof, is in the same line of causation, though lower upon the scale, than what is manifest as the outpouring of the spirit, or the infusing of the Holy Ghost.

After setting forth many movements of matter without perceptible physical contact, the Dr. proceeds: "We will now pass to those supernatural effects which are observed in persons that are bewitched or possessed. And such are foretelling things to come, telling what such persons speak or do as exactly as if they were by them, when the party possessed is at one end of the town; to be able to see some and not others; to play at cards with one certain person, and not discern anybody else at the table besides him; to act and talk, and go up and down, and tell what will become of things, and what happens in those fits of possession; and then, so soon as the possessed or bewitched party is out of them, for him to remember nothing at all, but to inquire concerning the welfare of those whose faces he seemed to look upon but just before, when he was in his fits. All which can be no symptoms nor signs of anything else but the Devil got into the body of a man, and holding all the operations of his soul, and then acting and speaking and sporting as he pleases in the miserable tenement he hath crowded himself into, making use of the organs of the body at his own pleasure, for the performing such pranks and feats as far above the capacity, strength or agility of the party thus bewitched or possessed."

The Dr. gives fuller details of the operations of the other world upon this as the doings of the Devil. Children and religious virgins are seized with the spirit of prophecy and become like Saul among the prophets, and like others in camp and revival meetings, are seized and "jerked" and "quaked,"—some suppose by the Lord, and some suppose by the Devil. Says the Dr.: "There were eye-witnesses enough to take notice how strangely they were handled, being flung upon the ground higher than a man's head, and falling down again without any harm; swarming upon trees as nimbly as cats, and hanging upon the boughs, having their flesh torn off from their bodies without any visible hand or instrument; and many other mad pranks, which is not so fit to name, but they that have a mind may read at large in Wiegman."

We must confess that the Devil of the old theologies rather surpasses any we have witnessed in the new dispensation. Probably the higher spheres have better control now than when the Devil found more congenial elements within the church with which to work than he can command to day. The Doctor cites a "Magdalena Crucia, first a nun, and then an abbess of a nunnery in Corduba, in Spain. Her miraculous character was, that she could tell at almost any distance how the affairs of the world went, what consultations or transactions there were in all the nations of Christendom, from whence she got to herself the reputation of a very holy woman or prophetess. But other things came to pass by her, or for her sake, no less strange and miraculous," &c., which are too long to copy, but among which was "being lifted up above the ground three or four cubits high, hearing an image of Christ weeping severely," with transformations, &c., &c. But the Lord of this holy woman ultimately proved to be the Devil; and though she prophesied truly, and was very devout, yet, for some reason, after many years, the church transforms her from a holy woman and mighty prophetess, into a child of the Devil and a sorceress.

The Doctor concludes this narration by asking, "Now what credit or advantage there can be to the Roman religion by this story, let any man judge. Wherefore it is no signment of the priests or religious persons, nor melancholy, nor any such matter, (for how could so many spectators at once be deluded by melancholy?) but it ought to be deemed a real truth; and this Magdalena Crucia appearing in two several places at once, it is manifest that there is such a thing as apparitions of spirits."

In the ignorance and superstition of the church, we thus see with what facility the God of Israel becomes one with the Christian Devil. An early sect of Christians charged the worshippers of Jehovah with adoring a fallen angel. "Aforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, he said, 'Come, let us go to the seer;' and all along the Biblical page, the Lord of old Jewry is as familiar as the witchcraft of the Devil in Magdalena Crucia. She had the sure word of prophecy, was transfigured, and otherwise walked the boundary lines of the two worlds, which, to do, in the judgment of past mortality, was either God or the Devil. As wondrously did the Hebrew God with Manah's wife as the Devil with Magdalena; but when a common sense vision pierces the veil of the other world, we see there men, women and children, and not the theologian's God, nor his Devil. See Dr. Gregory's work on "Animal Magnetism," as opening the vestibule to the other world. See, also, Allen Patnam's tract

of "Mesmerism, Witchcraft and Spiritualism." At the same time, cast your eye along the more material plane, and you will see the eight-battery God of Agassiz pushed from his stool where "Natural Selection" is God, and Darwin is his prophet.

True, these are among the Gods who have come newly up, and not among the *Dii Termini* of the Biblical landmarks of the old theologies; but, as in old time, let wisdom be justified of her children, with freedom to worship God according to the gospel of "natural selection." We find tracks and foot-falls among the old fossil upheavals—some of them very good landmarks for to day; but we do not find it well to confine ourselves altogether to the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors. Godology and demonology have so great affinity, that they very readily slide into each other, so that the twain, if not one flesh, are, at least, one spirit, with only a change of front. Says the Westminster Review, "The Jews learned an entirely new demonology in Babylon, which they transmitted to Matthew, Paul, and to the Christian church." In the sixteenth century five hundred persons were executed at Geneva as "Protestant witches." It was a conclusive argument in the dark ages, that Jewish Spiritualism, being the word of God himself, must necessarily outweigh all operations of the Devil; and on this wise, a suspected witch was weighed against the Bible, and as the woman proved heavier in the scales, she was thus proved innocent, and discharged. A certain wizard, by the name of Thomas, had a very honest guardian angel, or familiar spirit, who would not permit Tom to lie. Against this very worthy angel Thomas protested, as "unfitting him for church or for market."

Now, if we turn to the Bible and Josephus, we shall find the familiar God of Israel the counterpart of the Christian devil in demonology and witchcraft. According to Josephus, Pharaoh denounced Moses for his magic arts, and threatened to take off his head for deluding the people with his manifold sorceries. Josephus is liberal, however, and admits the Gentile miracles as of equal genuineness and authority as those of his own nation, and cites the miraculous recession of the Pamphylian Sea, affording a passage for Alexander's army, as proving the split in the Red Sea for the Hebrews to pass through.

Moses, at times, went to work quite naturally, to make sure the miraculous character of his rod. Wanting fresh water for his people, he came to a well not in a drinkable condition. Down goes the rod to sweeten it. In the meantime, he has the stagnant water thoroughly bailed out, so that the fresh might flow in; and, "says Josephus, 'peradventure the Hebrews that God had hearkened to his prayers.' This is rather characteristic of theological practice, of ascribing to the cry of Lord! Lord! what really belongs to common sense and honest labor. Although the raining of manna was a special providence for Moses, it continued to be rained afterward as readily for others as for Moses. In relating the familiar presence of God to Moses on Mount Sinai, Josephus seems to say, 'I have my 'doots,' in this language, with which and similar, he often qualifies 'holy writ' as a camel too large to swallow, except *cum grano salis*. He says, 'Now as to these matters, every one of my readers may think as he pleases; but I am under a necessity of relating this history as it is described in the sacred books.' This learned Hebrew writer is more readily open to question the infallibility of the Word than is apparent to day in the bleared vision of the Christian clergy, and church, which does not say much for theological progression. He is not afraid to tell us that the table within the 'holy of holies' of the Tabernacle, was 'like those at Delphi.'

Probably through this table, made, like the Ark, of wood sacred to God," the God of Israel, in "rape," tips, turning, etc., made various manifestations of the spirit, though Tertullian would assert similar things, on Gentile ground, to be of their Demon-Gods. But Cudworth shows that the one God of the Heathens was the same as he of the Hebrews; that the Tetragrammaton, or most holy name of the Hebrew God, was *Jehovah*—since entitled to Jarveh; and Jehovah was the same as the Gentile Zeus, Jove, or Jupiter, and, in the more familiar sense, manifest in multitudinous modes of being, according to the status of those who spoke in his name. "The passage in which the prophet Amos indignantly denies the early existence of a pure Jehovah religion," says Mackay, "proves that the Israelites shared the star-worship of the Arabs, particularly that of Saturn, to whom the seventh day was immemorially consecrated. This admission, into which the prophet seems to have been led by vehemence of feeling, is one of the most remarkable in the Bible, and, coupled with other explanatory passages—as Jeremiah, 7: 22—gives a far different notion of Hebrew religious antiquity from that commonly entertained. The prophet is remonstrating on the uselessness of mere ceremonial observances; but he goes further—he declares that these external ceremonies were not in fact offered to the true Jehovah, but to Moloch, or to a Star-God equivalent to Saturn—the same, says Jerome, still worshipped by the Saracens. This deity was in all probability metaphysically allied to the 'devouring fire' of the Pontagogue. He was not the God of the better religion of the prophets, nor was his law the righteous law of the true Jehovah. He had two aspects—sometimes that of darkness and night; sometimes an appearance of unutterable brilliancy, whose nature is pretty distinctly indicated, when it is said that under his feet was a 'sapphire pavement,' as it were the very heaven itself in its clearness." It agrees with this supposition, that heads are hung up to Jehovah 'against the sun;' that the King of Ai is hung up by Joshua before the Lord 'until sundown;' that the help of Israel comes 'in the heat of the day.' And that the sun stood still because 'the Lord fought for Israel.' No one would assert that the Gods El, or Jehovah, were merely planetary or solar; their symbolism, like that of every Deity, was, so far as we can trace so obscure a subject, co-extensive with the range of Nature and with the mind of man, reaching from a stone, or even from the depths of hell, to the height of heaven—from an inherited, superstitious fear, to the notion of pure existence. It is well known that the ancient Hebrews did not deny the reality of other Gods, but only asserted the superior power and dignity of their own; so that it is very possible that not only sun and stars, but the Gods of the heathens, such as the God of Ekron consulted by Ahaziah, may have been included among these 'Elohim,' or companions of Cronus, whom the later writers of the Old Testament place in subordination to Jehovah. Yet it is impossible to deny a direct astrological character to the Power who, seated on the pinnacle of the universe, is described as leading forth the hosts of heaven, and telling them unerringly by name and numbers. The stars of Jehovah are his sons, and 'his eyes, which run through the whole world, keeping watch over men's deeds.' His proper temple is the world itself, of which the Hebrew tabernacle and temple, like all church archi-

ecture, were ultimately imitations. The citadel of Cronus, reared in so many places from east to west, was really the "Samantia menti mundi"—the pile of celestial spheres, in the midst of which God sits upon his burning throne, and which was variously mimicked by the ingenuity of Titianic builders, by Dedalus in Crete, and by Trophonius and Agametes at Delphi. In visions after the same fashion, and perhaps only therein more copiously developing an ancestral creed, the later seers of Syria imagined, as the residence of Deity, a crystal palace wreathed in flames, its roof kindling with moving stars, with lightnings and fiery cherubs in the midst of them. In the centre of the building stood a gorgeous throne, beaming like the sun; a majestic being sat on it, whose garments were whiter than snow; on him no eye could look, nor could any of the myriads who surrounded him venture to penetrate the circle of flame which enveloped his presence.

While the Babylonians and Egyptians, among much astrological mysticism, had deduced some really useful results from their observations, the Jews continued to regard the stars in a spirit exclusively theological or poetical, and to consider them, in conjunction with the elements, rather as animated ministers of Jehovah's will, than as mechanical directors of days and seasons. The children of Israel were themselves supposed to have a certain analogy to the host of heaven, and were the earthly representatives of the children of God in the sky, and since to number the latter was impossible, or a privilege exclusively divine, so the numbering of the former an act of pious bordering on presumptuous impiety, a divine prerogative, permitted to God's representative on earth only upon certain conditions. The stars and planets were properly the angels. They were both of that fiery or luminous composition which, by the stoics and by the ancients generally, was supposed to constitute the spiritual or divine nature, and the ethereal or fifth element of oriental writers. In Pharisian tradition, as in the phraseology of the New Testament, the heavenly host appear as an angelic army, divided into regiments and brigades, under the command of imaginary chiefs, such as Masalothe, Legion, Kartan, Gistra, &c., each Gistra being captain of 305,000 myriads of stars. The seven spirits "which stand before the throne," spoken of by several Jewish writers, and generally presumed to be immediately derived from the Persian Amshaspands, were ultimately the seven planetary intelligences, the original model of the seven-branched golden candelstick exhibited to Moses on God's Mountain. The observations of signs and worship of the hosts of heaven were frequently made a subject of the remonstrances of the prophets, and were at last prohibited by the Levitical code of the restored Jews; but, before the captivity, they had been general practices, and that not only as occasional deviations, but in connection with Jehovah worship. The custom naturally exercised a permanent influence over language; the heavens were spoken of as holding a pre-dominance over earth, as governing it by "signs" and "ordinances," and as containing the elements of that astrological wisdom more especially cultivated by the Babylonians and Egyptians, in that ancient feeling of a necessary sympathy between the physical and moral world, which, in so many mythologies, married heaven to earth, and consecrated a stone as the invention or dwelling place of Uranus. A darkening of the sun and moon was predicted at the great day of retribution, and the very stars were imagined to have fought against Siseera. In an imaginative and unthinking age figurative imagery becomes mythology; the figure is not a mere illustration, but partakes more or less of the character of a belief.

Each nation was supposed by the Jews to have its own guardian angel, and its own presidential star. Accordingly one of the chief of the celestial powers, at first Jehovah himself in character of the sun, standing in the light of heaven, overlooking and governing all things; afterwards one of the angels or subordinate planetary genii of Babylonian or Persian mythology, was the patron and protector of their own nation, the "Prince that standeth for the children of thy people." In analogy with the same opinion, presuming universal sympathy throughout nature, the discords of earth were accompanied by a warfare in the sky, and no people underwent the visitation of the Almighty without a corresponding chastisement being inflicted on its tutelary angel.

The fallen angels were also fallen stars; and the first allusion to a feud among the spiritual powers in early Hebrew mythology, where Rahab and his confederates are defeated, like the Titans, in a battle against the Gods, seems to identify the rebellious spirits as part of the visible heavens, where the "high ones on high" are punished or chained, as a signal proof of God's power and justice. They were monsters of the deep, the spawn of the all-genetic ocean, yet with a certain correspondence with the sky as rendered by the Septuagint, who already of old had been wounded by Jehovah, and who again at the last day, would be made to feel his power. God, it is said, "stirs the sea with his might—by his understanding he smote Rahab—his face clears the breath of heaven—his hand pierced the crooked serpent," &c., &c., continuing the same learned and beautiful parallel, with references, through one thousand octavo pages, wherein it is seen that all the ancient religions were of gross and varied mixture, run in one general mold, shaped by the ignorant mentality of the people receiving the same, and exhibiting to modern vision a conglomerate of gold, iron and brass, quartz, pudding stone, and grawwacke.

C. B. P.

PIETY AND DYSPEPSIA.

It is a simple yet significant fact, that we cannot find the beginning or end of a single thread in the wondrous fabric of human existence. All circumstances and conditions possible to humanity, are united by a sympathetic law in the great chain of Cause and Effect; thus the minutiae of life contribute to the growth and unfoldment of the highest manhood. The chemical affinities of matter find their counterpart in the moral affinities of man. Although we would not be understood as endorsing the specific allegations contained in the following piously amusing paragraph, yet they are sufficiently truthful to serve as an illustration:

"Alas! madam, I have seen too many souls go to perdition by what you call 'Health Reform.' No sooner has a person quit coffee, than he disbelieves in Infant Baptism; with tea, goes his reverence for the Eucharist; let him leave off eating pork, and he will discard the doctrine of Vicarious Suffering; let him take no more medicine, and he stands in danger of the heresy of Universal Salvation; and by the time he is a finished vegetarian, he will deny the doctrine of Plenary Inspiration, and drift straight into the quicksands of Infidelity. No, madam, give me rather my dyspepsia and my God!"

The intimate relation of mind and matter is obvious, yet few consider how the grossness of the body impedes the unfoldment of spirit. Chemically considered, the body is the soil of the mind; the aromatic purity of the blossoming thoughts is adulterated.

ted by the grossness of the external, just as flowers lose their sweetness when surrounded by noxious weeds; the eliminations from the over pure spirit are made sensuous only by the outward condition of mind and body. We are spiritualized corporally by a chemical, rather than a mental process, hence all ethical systems which do not inculcate physiological virtue, are practically inefficient.

The exterior is the index of the interior. Phrenology and physiognomy have demonstrated the fact. The face is the window through which the spirit looks out upon the objective world. The benignant influences that glow at times upon the expressive countenance are some of the best assurances that there is indeed an "angel side" to poor, selfish humanity.

Let us aim, among other things, to give transparency to the human temple—the house we live in—so that each faculty may receive its appropriate food. Physiologists tell us that our corporeal structures are entirely renewed in a period of about seven years. Through the exercise of gastronomic virtue, let each revolving cycle witness a more perfect crystallization, and we shall find that our magnetic and sympathetic relations with each other, and the world of intelligences that environ us, will be more full and fraternal.

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NATURE AND NATURE'S GOD.

As we take a retrospective survey up the long avenue of Nature, and behold the regular succession and gradation of her developments from the gaseous primitive constituents of the universe, and run the naturalist's eye gradually down the series of geological epochs to the present time, we shall detect an uninterrupted march of progression tending to the consummation of the process thus far indicated by the advent, improvement and refinement of man. Unconscious motion has blossomed into voluntary motion. Unconscious instinct has been exalted by conscious instinct. Stationary instinct has been succeeded by progressive reason. The one faculty has pursued its undeviating routine for ages, in simply and mechanically executing its work in a manner similar to the unconscious mechanism of a watch, clock, or steam-engine. The other engages itself in projecting or planning first, and in executing the details of its plan afterward; it therefore is by that extra capacity so much superior to the conscious insect and animal, as these are superior to the unconscious tree, mineral and planet. And besides, it has also co-operating with it a vein of instinct; for man has instincts, and very valuable ones, too, however much he may at times neglect their admonitions and instigations.

It is clear to our reason's deductions, from observation, that none of these properties or faculties, however intelligent they may be, could have possibly originated themselves; and therefore they must have been derived from some prior, superior, though homogeneous fount. We also deduce from observation that there are two standards of reason—the human and the divine, or the comprehensible and the incomprehensible. The former embraces all things within our comprehension; the latter, those beyond the possible scope of our comprehension. Hence we may trace, step by step, the chain or succession of events, or the series of antecedents and consequents, up as far as our reason can see and feel its way clear. Beyond that, all is speculation; and there is where we may presume the jurisdiction of divine reason begins. It is neither proper for us to assert nor to deny aught beyond the limits of our own knowledge. It is more proper, modest and philosophical, to admit our ignorance; for, to a person not omniscient, necessity draws an indelible line designating his ignorance. If it is a moveable line, it is his task to push it ahead.

Now, we learn from our deductions that the fount of our own essence, which is thought and action, must be homogeneous with it; yet, superior, as its originator. We can then safely extend our claim to homogeneity. We can also solve certain phenomena heretofore rather obscure. What we now see in active operation about us, is obviously the practical execution of a previously projected plan. The idea of a plan involves the same elements that it does in the human domain. An architect plans a house before he builds it; the mechanic plans a tool or a machine before he makes it. Thus, the Supreme Being exerts not only action, but previous thought; not only constructs a fabric, but projects its plan.

As our reasoning faculty has not adequate energy to penetrate so far back as to identify the first cause, all are coerced by necessity, by action, to confess their ignorance beyond a certain point; if they refuse to confess it verbally, and if they deny it verbally, this action of necessity effectually refutes their denial; and an act is always more powerful, vital, and convincing, than a word. This necessity compels us to admit or assume certain premises. One of them is a first cause. It matters not how we differ in our views of this premise—whether one regards it as a property inherent in nature, or a principle controlling matter, or an intelligence infiltrating matter, or an intelligence controlling it immediately by incessant application, or mediately by instructed and qualified and instigated agents. These differences amount to very little more than a difference of names. Indeed, even a name differs in its letters and orthography as it is uttered by different nations. The English name God, is in Hebrew, Elohim; in Greek, Theos; in Latin, Deus; in French, Dieu; in German, Gott, &c., &c. So with the name horse, or any other name. Men differ no more in the expression of names or languages than they do in views. If they undertake to describe this first cause, they will represent their various views of its attributes or properties; and as human nature is, as an aggregate, uniform, these views will, in the aggregate, depict a uniform group of attributes, according to their various impressions. All will agree on power, intelligence, motion, life, regularity; these will constitute an undisputed standard. And we judge such ingredients to belong to the first cause, because we see them in the world or universe of effects around us, rather than in a miniature form in ourselves, and magnified into gigantic proportions, as the atheist asserts; and these effects must have emanated from, or been occasioned by a predecessor, and ultimately, a first cause or originator. And as they are not self-existent, but do still exist, they must be sustained by some other power or influence than their own; and this power must also still exist to sustain them. It is the first cause, call it what you may, or regard it as you may. It is the planning and working intelligence; the mind and the energy; first the thought, then the action—the projector and the operator. This is the first premise we must necessarily assume, or we cannot proceed a step, for substantial conclusions cannot depend from an unsubstantial premise; and this first cause must sustain all the items in the series derived from, or homogeneously connected with it. Nature's undeniable unity of structure involves her unity of plan, and

that eloquently indicates a unity and harmony of power, intelligence, vitality and skill—a unity of omnipresent Being—one Architect and Governor.

IS THE MIND OF MAN NATURALLY STRONGER THAN WOMAN'S?

I don't believe it; no amount of arguing can convince me. The contrary I believe to be the fact. Commence with children in youth. In our common schools, or elsewhere, do we find the male instincts, or faculties, more acute or quicker of comprehension? We do not. Nature shows her own peculiar attributes in childhood, ere affectation or a false system of education has crippled her powers.

We will let them run at large until they arrive at mature years. We cannot allow that mankind is, in point of natural intellect, very far in advance of woman, at this period. They have double, nay, treble our advantages in point of education. There is hardly any excuse for ignorance in man; it is willful neglect. They have, or could have, if they chose, their evenings all to themselves; while woman has to devote this period, as well as the daytime, to household cares.

In this article we do not take into consideration the straws floating on life's river—Count Poppery Moneybags and Madam Fashionable Flutterbug—they are merely the refuse, stagnant blood of humanity that the great heart of the Universe pumps out with heavy throes; but we more particularly refer to the bone and sinew part of communities—the practical, scientific, useful portion. In the first place, men obtain double the wages for working not one half as hard as women. They have but one or two things on their mind; while women are weighed down by cooking, ironing, washing and waiting upon a large family. After the cares of the day and the disposal of their supper, they can retire to their room and have leisure to think and to study. How different is the lot of woman! After tea is the time for tired urobins to be put to bed, mending to be done, sewing to baby, and getting under way for the toils of the morrow. A woman, if a wife and mother, a hired girl, or even sister, has all these things to see to, day in and day out.

Do not point me to great composers, statesmen, orators, painters, sculptors, &c., to be found in the ranks of men, and ask me to show anything like it to be found among female intellects. I can point to hundreds of cases where, in great cities, wives have worked on, though dying hourly by over-exertion, toiled on with bleeding heart and palsied faculties, toiled on trustfully and bravely, where men, left thus, would have committed suicide, or more probably deserted their offspring to the frozen charities of an icy world.

Which, oh, candid world, hath ever evinced the strongest intellect—the great man, in his midday strength, doing battle with prejudices or bigotry, or woman in her frailty, coining her heart's blood into bread for her offspring?

Again, those women, (denominated the "weaker vessels,") have been mentally and physically crucified by reason of witnessing their own dear offspring starve and freeze—yea, freeze and starve! (only think of it, "dissolute man!") and yet have pushed from them gold—gold, that would give life and health to their darlings; pushed it away, because it was the price of shame; have died themselves, inch by inch, rather than sell their honor; have overcome in such struggles, the world, the flesh, and the devil! Think of this, oh, ye boosters of strong intellects! but dare not boast of the great achievements of mankind, which, in comparison with the every-day trials and triumphs of friendless, unknown-of-the-world females, are—NOTHING.

We will not make this article too long, but in our next, with the editor's permission, we will speak of Knowledge, Education, and Self-made Men, giving truthful illustrations, such as we have personally known, to substantiate our theory.

Brunswick, Me.

MARY J. PUEBINGTON.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SOUL'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. A. C. SPAULDING.

"My happy people! Ah! 'tis sweet to know
We have a country. Age drop down thy snow,
Wilt the dead years from sorrow's wasted tree;
Thank God! the summer land awaits me."
[T. L. Harris.]

Early in the twilight hours,
Long and weary years ago,
While still drooped with dew the flowers,
And with shadows dim was dawn,
Groping all alone I found me,
Far from kindred and from home:
Seeking ever to regain them,
On I wandered, on I roam.

As the sun uprose in beauty,
Lured awhile I gaze and linger,
Till the storm-cloud in its duty
Points from heaven with threatening finger;
Then my young heart knew its token—
Turned my feet their onward way,
Threading paths the obscure and broken—
Thus I wandered day by day.

Soon the years came thick and faster;
Wayside flowers all turned rusted;
Ever woe and sad disaster
Forced from earth all hope and trust:
Thus my country, thus my people,
Have my thoughts kept fresh toward thee.
Years roll onward! I may bide ye,
Filled with sadness though ye be.

Near me friends, or far away?
Dim my vision; who can tell?
Murky air and fitting shadows
Weave above my head their spell.
Did ye call from out your portals?
Faint, methought I caught the sound,
But the din and rush of mortals
Almost your sweet accents drowned.

Call again! my soul is listening—
Closed my ear to sounds of earth,
Ope the portals wider, wider,
Give to spirit-light new birth.
Ah, they open! Blessed kindred
Come and claim me for your own.
Hark! approaching I can hear them
Whisper words of heavenly joy.

"Sister, bear ye yet awhile thy heavy-laden doom,
Thou' sore thy cross, thy crown more bright shall bloom.
We too did journey long thro' sorrow, pain and toil.
Else ne'er had on our heads been poured the oil.
All our being through. Ever more our willing,
Tireless feet roam as they choose, or far, or near;
And at earth's verge our lost companions hear
Vailing their sorrow-voices; then, dear one, comfort ye;
In love's empurpled realm we wait for thee."
[Deloit, Wis., 1861.]

"My good woman," said the evangelist, as he
offered her a tract, "have you got the gospel here?"
"No, sir, we haven't," replied the old negro; "but
they've got it awfully down in New Orleans."

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNDEVELOPED SPIRIT—STARTLING MANIFESTATION—THE WORK OF ADVANCING SUCH, THE CONSTANT LABOR OF SPIRITS IN THE HIGHER SPHERES—SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE HIGHER TO THE LOWER SPHERES—IONIOUS AGAIN—WHEN AND WHERE HIS KNOWLEDGE WAS GAINED—HIS TEACHINGS RENEWED—MAN AND HIS ORIGIN—CREATION, ITS BEGINNING—THE WORLD NOT CREATED IN SIX DAYS—MINERAL KINGDOM FIRST CREATED—POSITIVELY KNOWN BY SPIRITS, THAT ELECTRICITY IS THE MOST ACTIVE AGENT IN CREATING—ELECTRICITY THE LIFE OF THE EARTH—LIGHT—THE EARTH CONTINUALLY NEARING THE SUN—NATURE OF THE EARTH AT FIRST.

At our circle, held Saturday evening, Nov. 12, 1860, the following was received through Mr. Healy, from Ionius: "I perceive a slight jarring in the physical organism of those present, which causes a like inharmonious state in the spiritual organism; and through them, by the laws of sympathy, causes a slight difficulty in giving spiritual impression. But be of good cheer! The light of love will dispel the darkest cloud from the mind of the earnest seeker after truth and knowledge."

At this point, the communication was interrupted by Mrs. Healy, who, snatching up a pencil, wrote: "I am tormented, and I will torment you!"

She then clenched the pencil in her hand, and dashed it upon the table, splitting it, and breaking off the end, and then threw it with violence across the table. Then, getting up from her seat, she walked violently across the room several times; and, doubling up her fist, she shook it at us, and refused to be pacified. This demonstration was entirely unlooked for, and new, and somewhat startled us all, coming, as it did, through Mrs. Healy, who was usually very mild and quiet. Mr. Hanchett asked the spirit controlling her to give us the name; but the medium only laughed at him, with a peculiar, defiant grin upon her face, as much as to say, "No, sir—I don't do it." Mr. Healy then said: "In the name of God, I demand your name."

The medium now took the pencil and wrote—"John."

Mr. Healy replied: "There are a great many Johns in the world; I want your other name."

The medium then took the pencil and wrote—"White."

Mr. Healy again remarked: "That is not your name; you must give me your whole name."

Again the medium wrote "W-s-t-r."

It was now evident to the circle, what spirit was controlling the medium; and it was asked—

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"In what does your happiness consist?"

"In tormenting others."

"Can we do you any good?"

"Yes."

"Write and tell us in what way."

"Sing."

While we were trying to think of a tune to sing, the medium wrote, "Windham," which we sung in the words:

"Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

"Had I chosen that path," the spirit controlling said, "I might have been a blessing to my friends."

"Do you desire to be happy?"

"Can I be?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Love God."

"There is no love where I am."

It was then remarked: "We have all got to die and enter the spirit-world, the same as you."

The medium here clasped her hands around her throat, and, with a significant scowl on her face, turned to the speaker, as though she would ask:

"What! so?"

Again, it was remarked: "It is by God's power and goodness that you are permitted to be here tonight."

"I did not come out of any love I bear toward you."

"There was an influence that brought you here."

"I came to torment you."

"But you can't do it. As long as the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return! Do you see no beauty in that? And do you not wish to progress out of your present condition?"

"I cannot, if I would."

"You can. But do you desire to progress?"

"I should like to be free from these vile companions."

"You can be."

"How can I, when there are so many to push me back?"

I will not tax the reader with a full report of this dialogue, which occupied nearly the whole time of two sittings, but proceed to other matters. At the close of our interview with this spirit, the first evening, Ionius came again, and, through Mr. Healy, gave us the following:

"What you have just witnessed is, in part, the confirmation of what you have often been taught as true, in spiritual manifestation. You have been, for the most part, favored with visits from advanced spirits, who have led you so gently and kindly along, that you were in danger of being led to doubt one of the most important matters in connection with this subject, viz.: the existence of undeveloped, or, as some call them, evil spirits. The work of advancing them, whether in or out of the body, is the steady and constant labor of spirits in the higher spheres. There are many who need your sympathy, to lead them on in their dark and almost impenetrable way to duty."

From my notes taken November 26th I extract the following, which was received from Ionius, in relation to receiving communications from spirits in the higher spheres by spirits in the lower:

"Much of what I say is from actual knowledge. Still there are many things which appertain to the subject which are communicated from the more advanced and fully perfected spirits—which things, I say, are impressed by spirits in higher spheres the same as you are by spirits in the spheres above you. Much of what I call actual knowledge I have gained since I have been in the spheres, by observing the workings of the laws of nature under the control of the Great Positive Mind, which has its negative in all matter, and upon which it operates to develop the spiritual. When I was upon the earth I thought I fully understood the origin of man and his relation to the spiritual world. But since I have been permitted to look more fully into the works of God, through nature's laws, I am persuaded that I knew comparatively nothing concerning these subjects. You have various interpreta-

tions of the great question, 'What is Man and what was his Origin?' Among the many you have the truth, if it was entirely divested of the superstition which has been thrown around it by man himself. In the Bible you are told, 'God made man from the dust of the earth.' This is the true origin; but the manner of creation there described is but the work of imagination of some writer who knew as little about it as you do. . . . You are told that in the beginning the earth was made. But when was the beginning? If the beginning of the formation of what now constitutes your earth is what is meant, then I am prepared to admit the statement. But if it is meant that the earth was the first work of Him who is called the Creator, then I say there is no truth in the assertion; for with what knowledge I have gained I can set no limits to the beginning of what is called creation; and when I say creation, understand me to mean the formation of different things under the working of fixed laws.

God created all things, but not in the short space of six days, or periods; but an indefinite period of time must have elapsed since the beginning of the formation of your earth. In speaking of creation, I shall divide the subject into three parts, which I shall call kingdoms, and shall speak—

Firstly, of the Mineral Kingdom, which includes the whole body of the earth;

Secondly, the Vegetable Kingdom, which includes all that grows upon the face of the earth;

Thirdly, the Animal Kingdom, which includes all that have the principle of life or vitality.

Now, the mineral, being the first created or brought into being, is not dependent upon the others, for its continued increase in form and kind. . . . We say that the mineral formation, being first, is the first to be considered. What the form and condition of what now constitutes the interior of your earth was at first, is not fully known, nor is it important in this connection that it should be.

But that the most active agent in the formation of the body of the earth must have been electricity, is fully believed; and positively known, by spirits who have had long experience in the progression of matter. Electricity is what may be called the life of the earth. When in the working of the elements matured there is collected in the remote parts of space, or as you may better understand, the outer circles of the solar system, a quantity of matter of sufficient density to allow the influence of electricity upon it, there commences the formation of a substance which, to render it capable of being understood by your minds, I shall call *Meteoric Formations*. This is the first that is known of the formation of planets, of which your earth is one. The sun is the great central power. It retains the same relation to the solar system as the Great Positive Mind does to the spiritual world. . . . All substances, whether material or spiritual, are constantly tending to their source or centre. And under this law all planets must be continually nearing the great central focus from which they emanated. That the earth is continually nearing the sun, is a fixed fact, understood by spirits who have for centuries been permitted to watch the operation of nature's laws.

But the advancement made is so imperceptible that those on earth accustomed to study the subject cannot perceive any change. But we compare not by years, but by centuries. Now the earth, at first, being but a mass of matter, without form or system, except what related to its revolutions around its central power, was of a very subtle nature, becoming more and more refined as it was brought more and more under the influence of the all-pervading elements of formation; so that in time it was prepared for the ushering in of that period which is understood by you to mean creation."

By "subtle" here is meant a thin, light, gaseous substance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Remarkable Phenomena in Indiana.

The quiet little village of New London, ten miles from Kokomo, the county seat of Howard county, Indiana, was startled, a few morning since, by the tidings passing from lips blanched with astonishment, that the hitherto peaceful dwelling of one Jot Dixon, a respectable Quaker of said village, had been visited during the silent watches of the past night by some invisible power. Among the manifestations of that power, were the following:—

When friend Dixon's family retired upon the evening, the furniture, and everything connected with their entire house, remained the same as was its wont; but when Mr. Dixon arose the following morning, this furniture, together with all that pertained to the room known as the kitchen, presented a scene of turmoil and confusion, which it is difficult to describe in words. Chairs, tables, stand, candles, shovel, tongs—in fine, all that belongs to kitchens in general, were found in a confused heap. Upon the wall was written, apparently with charcoal, the names of friends Dixon, his wife, his children, his whole household; then followed, in the same way, the names of the dog, the cat, old "Buck and Brin," (the oxen); every cow, from Brindle down; the horses, colts, calves, hens, chickens—in fine, every breathing thing upon the premises of our dumb-founded friend had its name given it then and there, and written down in black and white, with charcoal.

"Some enemy hath done this," quoth friend Dixon; "this must be looked to."

Another day, with its "sunshine and its shadow," another night, with its gloom and its slumbers, and friend Dixon looked well that all doors and windows were fast secured; but on entering the room which had been the scene of the previous nocturnal disturbance, several little heaps upon the floor met his gaze; near one of these was written with charcoal: "This is arsenic—beware!" Contiguous to the next heap was written: "This is strychnine—look out!" By the next: "This is poison—be careful!" Friend Dixon declared that there were none of these mixtures known as poison of any kind in his house when he retired the evening before.

Still deeper grew the excitement in the Dixon family. It being now Sunday, the family went to church, leaving the house locked tightly; also, a neighbor, whose dwelling was within a stone's throw of the Dixons' house, stationed himself at his own chamber window to watch for intruders until the return of the Dixon family. But a short time had elapsed, however, when, on looking toward the house, he beheld lights beginning to appear on the outer wall of said house, but not a human being to his external eyes was visible. There, as upon the wall where "Mene mene tekel upharsen" was written, letter after letter in good Saxon appeared, until he was spelled out, "Jot Dixon has gone to meeting; has he, and left you to watch? Don't you wish you knew how this is done?"

Well, as may be supposed, New London did not own "this secret long, but the news flew until the region round about resounded with the acclamation that heaven and earth had shaken hands; and the wisest could but admit that nothing but the Spiritual

philosophy could account for such phenomena as these. Ever thine and humanity's friend,
CHARLES HOLZ.

Noblesville, Ind., Dec. 31, 1860.

Physical Manifestations in Connecticut.

Some four weeks since I had the pleasure of sitting in a circle at New Haven, for the purpose of witnessing physical manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. Charles E. Champlin and daughter, of Hartford, Conn. I had previously sat in circle with them on three occasions, and speak of the manifestations, therefore, with full assurance of their genuineness and value.

A semi-circle is formed, of not usually more than ten persons, Mr. Champlin being at one end and his daughter at the other, both of them sitting against the side of the room. A small stand is placed against the wall, about midway between the two mediums. On this stand a tin horn is placed. The hands of the mediums may be held, if desired. The light is then extinguished, and the company sing. Very soon the horn is lifted from the table, passes through the air, frequently touching different persons in the circle, sometimes lightly, and again administering pretty smart blows—and often, in answer to request, touching any part of the body that may be desired, with a precision that indicates an ability to perceive in the darkness just where the person is, and where to hit. While singing, on one occasion, the horn beat time to the tune, striking alternately on the wall of the room and plump into my hand, outstretched in the darkness. After these striking demonstrations on the wall, table, and promiscuously on our heads, shoulders, bodies and limbs, the spirit enters into conversation with the company, speaking in an audible voice through the trumpet or horn. When conditions are most favorable, he speaks with distinctness and intelligence, answering and asking questions in a very sensible and interesting manner. I am told by Mr. Champlin, that the spirit has conversed with parties present at different times in five different languages, of which the mediums are entirely ignorant. When atmospheric, magnetic, mental, and other conditions are unfavorable, he frequently fails to speak distinctly, if at all; but in a harmonious circle, and with good conditions, the manifestations are of a very satisfactory test character.

I would therefore recommend to any honest investigator, who may be desirous of witnessing physical manifestations, and who realize that they have other senses beside their eyes upon which they are accustomed to depend, to apply by letter to Bro. Champlin, at Hartford, Conn., who, with his daughter, will doubtless visit them in due time, for a reasonable compensation. Those who are afraid to sit in the dark, and think all mediums must be deceptive who require such conditions, are respectfully advised to "wait a little longer," before testing this matter.

I may add to what has been mentioned above, that if bells, drums, tamborines, &c., are furnished, the spirit frequently uses them in proving to the ears that he has power to connect himself with material objects. Yours fraternally, H. B. SPOONER.

Mr. Mansfield and the "Committee."

That wonderful test-medium, Mr. J. V. Mansfield, has been sojourning a few weeks in this city, in several cases failing to elicit anything satisfactory to the applicant, and in others furnishing details overwhelmingly demonstrative of the presence of the spirits purporting to communicate. "Jugglers" never fail; hence the conclusion that Mr. M. is not one of them.

Owing to the delinquency of the Harvard Professors, who some years since voluntarily obligated themselves to furnish a solution of the latter class of manifestations, it is not improbable that the recipients of them in the cases above named, may become victims of that "stupendous delusion" which attributes to them a spiritual origin.

These worthy Professors having devoted no less than four evenings of their valuable time to a thorough investigation of Spiritualism, no reasonable person can for a moment question their entire competency to present a reliable solution of its apparent mysteries! To do so would be no less absurd than would be the pretence that men conscious of their unrivaled natural gifts and acquired knowledge, who had spent four evenings in an investigation of astronomy, would not be abundantly able to elucidate that science.

Should our delinquent friends much longer withhold the proffered light, we shall venture to conclude that they are professors in more than one sense—that it is their habit to profess more than they practice. LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, Jan. 17, 1861.

Methodist Spiritualism.

The following letter is taken from the Methodist Magazine of March, 1819, edited by John Wesley, which, if you think advisable, perhaps would do some good published in your paper. It is directed to the President at Sheffield Conference of 1817.

Respectfully yours, WELCH ADAMS.

Rockville, Mass., Sept. 3, 1860.

SHEFFIELD, AUGUST 8, 1817.
MR. PRESIDENT—*Hon. Sir*—According to your desire, I take up my pen to give you the particulars of a solemn fact, which was the first grand means of leading my mind seriously to think of those solemn realities—death, judgment, eternity.

A sister being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had orders for the Spanish Isles (Minorca). One night, (sixteen years back,) about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, myself, were sitting in a back room, the shutters were closed and barred, the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window-shutters and bars, illuminating the room we sat in. We looked, started, and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother; his eye was fixed on his wife and child, alternately; he waved his hand, smiled, continued about half a minute, then vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, "Ho! he's dead, he's dead," and fainted away. Her little boy went to his father's spirit and wept, because it would not stay.

A short time after this, we received a letter from the colonel of the regiment, sealed with black, (the dark emblem of mortality,) bearing the doleful but expected news that on such a night (the same on which we saw his spirit) my brother-in-law was found wallowing in his blood, in returning from the mess-room; the spark of life was not quite out. The last which he was heard to breathe was, he could see his wife and child. It was granted him, in a certain sense; for the very hour he died in the island of Minorca, that same hour, according to the very little difference of clock, his spirit appeared to his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, in December.

Before this event, sir, though a boy of nine years, I was a complete atheist; by this solemn circumstance, I was convinced of the reality of another world's existence, and by the solemn impression that it made upon my mind, I was led to pray for mercy. I found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel the holy spirit preparing my soul to enter those eternal and invisible regions of the land of spirits. I am, sir, yours obediently, THOMAS SAVAGE.

anxious to make numerical converts; but if you can make a brother or sister live a truer life, and understand better his or her relationship to God and man, you have done a far better work.

Let the light shine upon your soul, and dissipate its darkness; but do not let it shine the second day on a soul no brighter than on the first.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

By request, before the lecture, Miss Sprague stated briefly the circumstances of her development as a medium. Eight years ago she was out of health, and for two years was confined in a room from which the sun was excluded, and lighted only by a lamp or candle. Medical assistance did but little good. About this time a sister became interested in Spiritualism, and the spirits informed the invalid that if she could become a medium a cure would be effected. She sat in circles, and by herself, for six months, with no apparent change in her condition; but at length her hands were moved, and finally intelligence was manifested. As her mediumship progressed her health improved. Once, while writing a letter to a sister, her hand was controlled, and she found herself writing a communication. She was influenced to see words and music written, so she could read them; and finally was controlled to speak. She is not usually unconscious, but gets the idea in her mind five or six words in advance of delivery. About a year after her development she was instructed to become a public medium; and, though the idea was obnoxious to her, she finally consented, some six or seven years ago, and she has been constantly improving since, till now she is in perfect health.

She proposed to speak, this evening, she said, on the effects and purposes of the new religion, and the good that shall grow in men's hearts in consequence of it. A few years ago it was as nothing; but it has been growing stronger and stronger, till it takes its place in importance beside the old theologies of the race. We claim that the religion of to-day takes hold of the history of the past, making lovely its beauties, and more hideous its errors. It teaches man of an ever-present Mind, filling all immensity, and sending forth thought and actions. It teaches that life is a progressive immortality; and though different ideas are cherished by different minds, their basis is the same eternal truth—not infallible, but natural. Because they have claimed infallibility, men have doubted all religions. But Spiritualism makes no such claim—each teacher giving according to his own power. It can never be allied to the church. No system will contain the principle, for it disdains to be a captive; but, instead of there being no organization, there are many. The more individuals think, the more impossible it is to think alike; but petty differences only make the germinal truths tower the mightier, as the individuality is developed.

One of the greatest tendencies of this religion is to individualize mind—make it think its own thoughts, and speak its own words. As long as a philosopher may think for you, and a minister and physician do your work, you will never become developed. Instruction brings you a transient knowledge, while self-cultivation will cause you to grow strong and capable in your own nature.

There is an earnestness and reality in this religion—a strength and power, that seems almost to make the soul better than itself. The spirits of the departed may spur the soul into action; but it naturally comes forth of itself.

This philosophy speaks against authority. Some urge that Spiritualists do recognize the authority of departed spirits. But those who say this have never investigated the subject. To be sure, the pupil must hear his master, but after a certain point, he feels his weakness, and from that consciousness he is born into an equality with others, and seems to rise even higher than himself. The more you do for humanity, the more you do for true religion.

Spirits bid you take nothing as authority, save the immutable decrees of God. This is but the commencement of the dawning—the beginning of the day. The tendency of this religion is to liberalize the mind—to strengthen it, and endow it with the power of selfhood, and the recognition of individuality in each other, as well as their rights and faculties.

It has been said reformers do not always give their hands to each other, because their teachings are dissimilar. But honesty is a better plea than uniformity of thought; for God has as many and varied altars almost as humanity has individuals. It is by the blending of one and another, that the world has been put in such a hubbub. There have been too many teachers and too few pupils. But you are sometimes taught from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

The tendency of this new religion is to make men liberal and charitable; and its own liberality and kindness will draw minds unto it. It bids all teach what to them seems right, but adds, "Be sure you have not got the whole truth, but seek ever to find it." It teaches liberality in every way; and this is why the world fears it; for it takes away all ideas of infallibility from everything save the Infinite. You cannot help believing in a God of some kind. There are no Atheists. There are those who do not believe in Jehovah, Jove, Allah, or in the Son of Mary, or worship wood and stone; but all bow to a power beyond themselves, though that power may defy analysis.

The more the man progresses in his individuality, the more he feels the eagle expanding within him, and the need of a larger life than this narrow and ten to achieve a God-given destiny in. Philosophers are the great prophets of the world. They achieve their ideas through the burning sweat of thought, and the agony of the rack. Over the ruins of the past they have waded through trials, afflictions, persecutions and crosses, to find the diamonds of light, or the olive branch of peace. They have all done their work and paved the way to another phase of religion. The Spiritualist is an anomalous title. There are true Spiritualists who never heard of the communion of the Spirits. The tendency of this religion is to see that all life is a sublime and glorious thing, and human nature is a thing to be saved, elevated, and made beautiful, through the progressive march of the ages.

It has been a moving motive, to make proselytes. But the quality of the convert is of more consequence than the quantity, and to be converted to a beautiful life and spirit, is desirable, rather than to a theory or dogma.

The tendency of this religion is to make the human soul like unto its teachings. It is a religion that demands lives to be more beautiful, and souls to be a better offering to the Deity. No great thing can ever be made practical till it finds its way into human souls. It is enough to electrify every human heart. It waits to call out the Christ spirit in you—to enter into the depths of the soul, and set it to work in all the fields of mental or scientific action. The very truths taught in the present time are

despised, because they are not like the old truths. But this is why they should do the more good.

This religion stands up not as a creed, but as a purpose; and demands of its followers that they shall live out their trust lives. Men and women have come forth in a strength that will not let them lean upon the few, but make all so great and good that they will not have to turn back to find any good enough to live like, or copy after. Its tendency is to better the human life; and lessen dependence upon all authority save God's authority.

Do not try to save your religion for your children, for God will find even a better one for them than you have got. Live it in your lives, and let your children take care of their own souls. Give them the influence of a good example, and that will have more and better effect than institutions ever will. Future ages shall tell of this age, for this age is the seed of the future. No one principle shall rule humanity till the spirit binds heart to heart and soul to soul, blending humanity together.

Reported for the Banner of Light

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1861.

QUESTION.—"To what extent is Man responsible for the influence his actions exert upon the Race?"
Mr. AYRES, Chairman.

Mr. ENSON.—Dr. Gardner proposed this subject, but is necessarily absent to-night. He believes that every man is responsible for his actions. I don't know how to commence the discussion in his place. I believe that our actions influence every one else, as a splash in the water spreads all over its surface. Our own bad actions are our monitors, ever after their commission. Every soul is indissolubly connected with every other soul, and this chain can never be broken. The agent's responsibility must be in proportion to the powers entrusted to him, which may be multiplied and increased by co-operative associates, but not divided or diminished, because all may not be actors on the stage of social or political life. We can only speculate, but such speculation improves the mind that investigates. Every soul is responsible for the effects he creates upon society, and the pains and penalties must be equal to the transgression.

Miss BALL.—I feel deeply that we are the creators of our destiny, and thus there is an immense weight of responsibility upon us. Every word and thought of ours is writing itself upon every soul, and printing itself on every conscience. It is no speculation with me, that the breathings forth of our own nature may bring us in harmonious rapport with others. I have seen with clairvoyant eye that each act rests upon our responsibility.

Mr. GOSWORTH.—I was thinking, while the sister was speaking, that we were responsible according to the power and advantages given us to know to do good. Some are responsible all the way through, while others perhaps never are. The ideas given by the sister are equivalent to what I have to say. We are to climb slowly and surely up the ladder of aspiration, to the celestial order of things; then when we return, we can, if we will, diffuse heaven's blessings all around. I am sometimes fond of assuming a responsibility, in this way: There are certain profane words which rasp harshly upon our ears, but which we hear frequently even in this godly city of Boston. Some, even clergymen, will pass such things by without a reproach. This I could not do; I am false to my profession if I fail to rebuke whenever I hear such words.

Mr. WETHERBEE.—One or two ideas spoken to-night have somewhat lighted up my soul on this question. I have a sort of feeling that we have an accountability within us, and not only internally, but externally. I have rather an idea that our destinies are carved out for us. I like what Emerson says, that "the gate of gifts is shut down at birth." We cannot be anything else than we have the calibre to be. But there are some phases of this subject it will require deep thought to reach. We have no choice whether we are born in Beacon street or North street; so we are responsible only according to our degree of capacity. We are groping after a great truth, and in the course of time this truth will be pushed ahead as the reformers advanced truth years ago. I don't believe it is possible for a living man, when he violates his sense of right, to avoid the necessity of answering for it. We do not always see things carried out according to the law of justice, but I have faith that in the future everything will be brought out right. An astronomer once said that every word spoken existed forever, and sometimes men breathe in again the atmosphere, and their souls are impregnated with the thought. This was a great idea, and we are taught by it to think as well as we can and as purely.

Miss BALL.—The web of life is so complex, that in working out our own salvation, we must work out that of all others. Thus all minds are responsible, and we must bear each other's burdens. We must open other hearts through the power of sympathy, and we should share their pains, that we may partake of their joy.

Mr. ENSON.—Every soul must, by virtue of innate power, approach to the model of Christ's life. Why is it that the jewels of this earth are so persecuted? Because of their bright and shining purity, which makes them a clearer mark. I think if we study this question, we shall see that a divine beauty is evolved by sufferings, and the joys of compensation. Some men seem to be made of skim-milk, as it were, and have not the power of profligacy. There is not stork enough to make a profligate of. The maggots get into the best cheese. Such rich, ripe natures are fit to be saved, and Spiritualism will save them.

Mr. KAUBACK.—The thought of one man may do a mighty work, if he only has the tools to work with. Yet great thought is the reason alike why a patriot is immolated in one age, and elevated over others in another. I contend, then, there is a great responsibility in thought, for good or evil. Wherever we go, we exert an influence, and cannot get rid of it of our responsibility. We are schoolmasters each to the other.

Mr. HUMBERT.—The attraction is in proportion to the destiny; but some, instead of making a coat, suppose, for the man, try to make the man for the coat. Now a child born in a low condition, is not so responsible as those who make the laws and rule the country.

Mr. WETHERBEE.—I question sometime, if the man was not better who swears than the man who lifts his hat when he passes a church, as Dr. Johnson used to. I throw out the suggestion to Bro. Grosvenor, if the vessels of wrath may not sometime become vessels of blessedness. The man who swears, when he is converted becomes an enthusiast when he prays.

Mr. ENSON.—An idea has suggested itself to me, which some of you may enlarge on perhaps at the next meeting—that is, if the Christian scheme of

salvation is correct, what a glorious responsibility Judas took upon himself, to cause Jesus to be crucified, that the world might have an instrument of salvation.

Mr. STONE.—God is a spirit—the Father of all spirits, and we should use language to elevate our souls, and not dam up the stream of salvation, so that its waters shall not flow into our natures.

Mr. AYRES.—I am inclined to think it was the intent of the writer of this question to ask if man was in any way responsible for his actions, or how far we are responsible. I have been pleased with some remarks that have been made, and I am convinced we are all of one family. The question comes up, where do our actions, good or bad, come from? They come from the source of our education and training. There are very few bad men but what were overborne by some temptations or inducements, till they were bent, and as they grew up they hardened into their crooked shape.

Mr. ENSON.—Mirth may be a greater minister of salvation than sanctity. Who knows but the man who goes about with a smiling face and good jokes, may do more to help the world along than the efforts of all the long-faced clergy ever can. Same subject continued.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We are pleased to hear that our friend and brother Spiritualist, John T. Gardner, was re-elected harbor-master of Boston by the Common Council last Thursday evening, receiving forty votes out of the forty-two cast.

South Carolina thinks of canonizing Major Anderson.

After the hearing of arguments in the Rhode Island and Massachusetts Boundary Case, the Supreme Court entered a decree which is satisfactory to the representatives of both States.

Union meetings are being held in various parts of the country. The "sober second thought" of the people will prevail at last.

COMPLIMENTARY BALL.—The friends of Mr. Ross B. Walker, the popular music and guitar teacher, and leader of Walker and Davis's Quadrille Band, have tendered to him a complimentary party, to be held at Mount Vernon Hall, on Friday evening, February 8. Tickets can be obtained only of the Committee or of the beneficiary, 147 Court street. Mr. Walker's annual parties have been the most select and complimentary ever given in Boston, as no tickets are sold at the door, and none but ladies and gentlemen invited.

In some countries, as a part of a religious ceremony, they actually shoot the devil. Among the Indians they also have the same superstitious notions. It would be a good thing if he would stay dead.

LIFE, what is it? A passing breath!
It is born in a moment—the next is death;
A death of change to life eternal—
A blending with the Great Eternal!

OLD MEN.—One of the oldest citizens of Mansfield, Ohio, who has done the State some service in times past, proposes the formation of a company of old men. He says he wants real old fellows that can't run.

The rector of Colton, Norfolk, England, was fined \$25 for a brutal assault on a brother clergyman who had kindly protected the defendant's young daughter when death had deprived her of her mother.

Pick and click
Go the tines in the pick,
As the spirit stands in his case,
His eyes glaze quick, and his fingers pick
The types at a rapid pace,
And, one by one as the letters go,
Words are picked up steadily and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Shall traverse the earth to its utmost bound—
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the bonds of the slave oppress'd shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or troth its strength in a righteous light.
Yet the types they look but leaden and dumb
As he puts them in place with his finger and thumb.

TRINITY.—Bridget, where's the griddle? "An' sure, ma'am, I'st atter giving it to my sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Maherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all!"

CURTAINING AN EVIL.—One of the "old salts" at Cape Ann, a public prize meeting, implored the Supreme Being to "curtail the influence of the devil." He was followed by a brother of less learning, who prayed that the evil might not only have his influence curtailed, but that his "tail might be taken clean off." Two sedate members of the Suffolk bar, who were present, lost their gravity at this last petition. Transcriber.

A sermon in four words, on the vanity of earthly possessions—"Shrouds have no pockets."

THE MARTYR'S SPIRIT.
The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from love's torn heart flow
To pearls of spirit turn.—*Almsy.*

A greenhorn, standing by a sewing-machine, at which a young lady was at work, looking alternately at the machine and its fair operator, at length gave vent to his admiration with—"By golly, 't is purty—specially the part covered with caliker!"

CLERICAL ADVICE.—Recently a clergyman of Buffalo, while announcing from his pulpit an appointment for the ladies of his congregation to meet at the Orphan Asylum on a beneficiary visit to the institution, closed the announcement with the following words:—"The ladies will take with them their own refreshments, so as not to eat up the Orphans."

Counterfeit tens on the Brighton Bank of Massachusetts are in circulation.

The national ensign of South Carolina, as recommended by a Special Committee of the Legislature, is a white flag with a green Palmetto tree, and the "union" of blue with a white crescent.

A memorial of the Great Pacific Railroad Convention, held in 1858 and 1859, in California, was presented to the Senate on Monday, Jan. 23d, signed by Dr. William Rabe, Secretary of the Convention. It asks the passage of the present Pacific Railroad bill in behalf of 700,000 people of California, Oregon, Washington Territory and Utah.

The French Spiritualists are endeavoring to procure a translation into their language of a work written by the famous Jamblichus in the second century of our era, entitled, (in English) "The Mysteries of the Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians." The original work is in Greek, and details at great length phenomena occurring in the time of the writer, which have been received with incredulity by skeptic and Christian for centuries.—*Herald of Progress.*

Many a man makes religion a cover to hide a wicked life; but do not blame religion for the black crime of the hypocrite.

It is always to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

WHAT THE EGGS ANSWERS.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write. What is necessary for a farmer to assist him? System. What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light. What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace. Who commits the greatest abominations? Nations. What is the greatest terror? Fire.

He who marries a relation is likely to be counsiled, and he who marries his cousin may deprive his neighbor of a good wife.

Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be roses, but don't be prim roses.

GREAT FAILURE AT HAVANA.—The steamer Quaker City, at New York from Havana, brings intelligence

of the failure in Havana of the house of Stetson & Co., for two million two hundred thousand dollars. The failure created a great sensation among the merchants, particularly on the discovery of frauds upon the sugar warehouses, by false warehouse certificates, which were deposited by this house with the Bank of Havana.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—The London Times deprecates the secession movement, but says a Southern Federation would become the real United States so far as territory at present and in prospective is concerned. It is doubtful whether the connection between New York and New England on the one hand, and Illinois and the neighboring States on the other, could long survive the total separation of the South. Military operations of great magnitude are still going on in France.

The Spanish Ministry has stated to the Cortes that that the Spanish Navy has received strict orders to act in conformity with the policy of neutrality, and consequently it is not the Spanish vessels at Genoa that signalize the Bourbon troops' directions how they should fire. The Sardinians have resolved to attack by sea without delay. All that has been said about the substitution of ships of other nations for those of France, is mere invention, as is also the report that there would be no recognition of the blockade of Gaeta by the governments of Russia and Spain. Any ship after the 19th, that comes to before the place, will expose itself in virtue of the rights of war, to be fired upon by the Sardinians.

The Plan of Relief Adopted by the Kansas Relief Committee.

TO THE PRESS OF NEW ENGLAND:

At a meeting held in Boston last November, a committee of twelve trustworthy men was appointed to organize a New England movement for the relief of the destitute thousands of our Kansas fellow citizens. George L. Stearns, Esq., 129 Milk street, Boston, is chairman, and Dr. Thomas H. Webb, 3 Winter street, Boston, is treasurer. This committee have sent an agent to Kansas, who will spend some months in the territory in co-operation with the Territorial Relief Committee, gathering information and securing the widest possible relief, from the funds entrusted to the committee by the churches and the benevolent of New England. An appeal for contributions has been sent from this committee to all the clergymen of the New England States. They have reliable information from Kansas showing that not less than 40,000 of her people are in a state of great destitution, dependent in fact upon the charity of their fellow citizens, East and West, for food, and clothing, and seed, till the next harvest comes in. There is intense and wide-spread suffering in Kansas. The people of the East have no conception of its extent and fearful power. It is necessary to raise \$200,000 in money to meet the pressing demands for relief; 500,000 bushels of grain will be needed for food; more than 500,000 acres are ready for planting in the spring, and no seed for the ground. Thousands of people in Kansas are in suffering need of boots, shoes and clothing. The farmers of the West are now generously giving food, but they cannot give all that is needed.

This committee, in the name of the Great Master who has enfolded us all in one blessed brotherhood, entreat the churches to contribute at once to this object. Their Agent is to look after the poor starving Indians, and the colored refugees from Arkansas, many of whom are in Kansas in great destitution, as well as forty thousand of our white fellow citizens. This charity, as far as possible, will be made to reach all who are "ready to perish." They wish to raise one half of the \$200,000 required, if every church in New England will respond, and if those who are able and willing will send in each his mite to Dr. Webb, the treasurer, the means will be secured to accomplish this work of mercy, and thousands who are now "weary and heavy laden" will be "comforted and saved." Boots and shoes, clothing and cloth of all kinds, may be sent to George L. Stearns, 129 Milk street, Boston, with an invoice, and he will forward for distribution as fast as received. Will not our manufacturing companies send cloth? Will not clothing merchants send their unsaleable clothing? Will not the ladies get up boxes of clothing, and send in as soon as possible? Put into every box of clothing a few papers of good, fresh garden seeds, such as sweet corn, peas, beans, beet, turnip, cabbage seed, etc.

I would earnestly request all editors to copy this article. Wherever the people of a town in New England wish a meeting, write to Dr. Webb, and he will send a reliable speaker. The Sabbath School children of the Congregational Church in Graton, Mass., have contributed \$16.60, and the Sabbath School of the First Congregational Church of Concord, Mass., have given \$10 to send shoes and clothes to the suffering children of Kansas. Will not many other schools do likewise?

DANIEL FOSTER, of Kansas,
General Agent of the Kansas Relief Committee.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. 6w Dec. 29.

Conference of Speakers—National Convention.
A fraternal Conference of Spiritualist Lecturers and Teachers will be held in the city of Worcester, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, the 16th day of April, 1861, and continuing four days.

The object of the Conference is, to further the good work so well begun at the late Quincy Convention—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform; the securing of greater unity of heart and purpose; and thus greater fitness for the work devolving on us.

The present distracted and distracted state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious and theological ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history, of no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be spiritual teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a New Age of Wisdom and of Harmony—to the inauguration of both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization.

All Lecturers and Teachers (including Mediums and Editors) identified with or interested in the Modern Spiritualist Reformation, who recognize the desirableness of the object above named, and who may be at the time within convenient distance, are cordially invited to be present.

It is proposed that the first two days of this Conference be devoted exclusively to the benefit of Lecturers and Teachers—that the third day be spent in fraternal intercourse, the exchange of opinions and experiences, and such other methods of accomplishing the desired ends as may be deemed suitable. The remaining days (Thursday and Friday, April 18th and 19th) will be mainly appropriated to public meetings, for addresses and for the consideration of the general interests and claims of Spiritualism. To these meetings all Spiritualists and the public generally are invited.

The friends in Worcester have generously offered the hospitality of their hearts and homes to all Lecturers who may attend. The place of meeting will be announced in due time. The Conference is designed as preliminary to a National Convention, which the Committee, in pursuance of the duty assigned them, intend to convocate in the month of August next (14th to 18th) and in the city of Oswego, N. Y. The purposes of this National Meeting will be more definitely stated in a Call, to be hereafter issued.

In view of the profitable results which may be expected from such gatherings, the undersigned cordially recommend to their co-workers in the Western States the holding of a similar Conference at some central point in that section, and at or about the same time, as preparatory to the General Convention in August. One of our number (F. L. Wessons) whose field labor is at present in the West, will gladly co-operate with them in carrying out this suggestion.

A. E. NEWTON, AMANDA M. FRISCH,
E. B. STORER, F. L. WESSONS,
LEO MILLER, M. J. TOWNSEND,
Members of Committee appointed at Quincy,
January 15, 1861.

Notice to Mediums and Spiritualists.
As we are opening a New Hall, in New York, and desirous of procuring from time to time, the best talent in the field, both as speaking, healing and test mediums of every description, we hope all such will forward their addresses as early as possible.

In connection with the Lecture Hall, we shall hold Conferences and Circles daily; furnish Baths and medical treatment; receive orders for all Spiritual Publications; act as Agents, and give general information in every way to advance the cause, to all who seek the light of Heaven.

Address R. D. GOODWIN & CO., Banner of Light Office, 143 Fulton street, New York. 2t Feb. 2.

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, N. Y.—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your 'Tonic.' " "My Bronchial Tonic" or Cough Lozenges, are for sale throughout the United States.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Terms.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at five cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discounts made on standing advertisements.

NEW BOOK
BY
EMMA HARDINGE!

IN PRESS,
and will be published about the middle of February next:—

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

BY
EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth."—*Vide "Fetters."*—*Dr. Johnson.*

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung
The beads or worlds of life. It may be here.
It may be there that I shall live again—
But live again I shall where'er I live.—*Fetters.*

BOSTON:
BERRY COLBY & COMPANY,
8 1-2 Brattle street.
1861.

Price \$1. Bookellers, and controllers of public meetings, are requested to send in their orders early.
Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free on receipt of \$1. Jan. 26.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE

Dr. ALBERT G. ELLI, M.D., Professor of Pathology, and author of the *Nutritive Principle*, has published a new and complete Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

THEODORE PARKER AND HENRY CLAY
ON THE CRISIS!

Being two characteristic and able LECTURES, given through Mrs. CORA L. V. HAZEN, on Sunday, Dec. 10th, 1860. Printed in an octavo pamphlet. Price 50 cts., or \$2.00 per hundred. Sent anywhere by single copy free of postage. Published at the Banner office, 143 Fulton street, by S. T. MUNSON, Agent. Dec. 29.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG will continue her private and public Circles as usual at 33 Beach street, until the first of April, 1861. Feb. 9.

MRS. ISABELLA LANG, public speaker, under the influence of the Spirit of Truth. All letters may be addressed at present to Mrs. Isabella Lang, No. 2 Hingham st., Boston, Mass. Feb. 6.

M. MUN. DEAN,
LIFE, FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE AGENT,
BOSTON, MASS.
Office—Old State House, (basement.) 1st Dec. 29.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM;
OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY—312 pages 12 mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Also,
LOVE AND MOKK LOVE; OR, HOW TO MARRY TO THE END OF CONJUGAL SATISFACTION—a single gilt-bound volume—is sent by mail for nine letters. Address GEORGE STEADMAN, West Acton, Mass. Dec. 15.

CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE—144 propositions, proved affirmatively and negatively, by quotations from Scripture, without comment. Says a correspondent of the Herald of Progress: "The most studious reader of the Bible will be amazed and overwhelmed at every step in going over these pages, to find how numerous and plain are the contradictions." Fourth edition. Price 15 cts., post paid—eight for a dollar. Sold by the publishers, A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal street, N. Y., and by all liberal Booksellers. 16cm Oct. 27.

SIX LECTURES
DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO,
BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE,
ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.
ALSO, AN AUTOGRAPH AND STEEL ENGRAVING OF
MISS HARDINGE,
AND A BRIEF HISTORY OF HER LIFE.
Published in Pamphlet form. Price, postage paid, 50 cts. For sale wholesale and retail, by MRS. J. M. BROWN, Jan. 12, 288 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

Wheeler & Wilson's
SEWING-MACHINES.
NEW IMPROVEMENTS—REDUCED PRICES!

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, beg to state that in the reduction of the prices of their Sewing Machines, the public shall have the benefit of the decisions of the U. S. Courts in favor of their patents. This reduction is made in the belief that they will hereafter have no litigation expenses in defence of their rights. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines will now be sold at rates that will pay fair profits on the capital invested, cost of manufacture, and expense of making sales—such prices as will enable the Company, as heretofore, to sell first-class machines, and warrant them in every particular. They are adapted to every want that can be supplied by a Sewing Machine, and approved alike by Families, Dress Makers, Corset Makers, Gaiter Makers, Shoe Dealers, Vest Makers and Tailors generally. Each Machine complete with a Hemmer. OFFICE NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y. SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. Dec. 8. 1st

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by some one whose name is bona, through the medium of a spirit, in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

VISITORS ADMITTED.—Our sittings are free to any one who may wish to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock and ending at four o'clock. No admittance. They are closed at about four P. M., and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Tuesday, Jan. 15.—Is it not possible to educate certain animals up to the standard of man?—and is not all life immortal? John Derby; Harriet Abby Phillips; Edward Hooper.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.—Is it possible for a dead body to be reanimated—and by what power? Isaac Barrows, Boston; Thomas Spooner, Boston; Mary Driscoll, Providence; Louis Bridgman.

Thursday, Jan. 17.—Do not all souls differ one from another?—as for instance, does not the soul of a Webster differ from the soul of an idiot? Nath'l Hazleton, Boston; Dennis Claffin, Boston; Clara Theresa Stevens, Cincinnati.

Friday, Jan. 18.—Are the qualities of the soul inherited? Charles L. Wholley; Fido Chickering; Moses Peters; Invocalion.

Saturday, Jan. 19.—Did not the human soul begin its existence in the human body? Charles Todd; Isaac Graves Darling; Abigail Hunt; Matthew Robinson.

Sunday, Jan. 20.—Are there not male and female souls—and do not the souls in male and female differ? David Parker Hyde; Mary Ann Arms; Jeremiah Capen.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.—Is the soul ever tempted—and if so, does it ever yield to temptation? Thos. Dall, Boston; Walter Nokes, New York; Mary Frances Moody, South Berwick.

Thursday, Jan. 24.—Is there any difference between soul and spirit?—and what is the difference? Daniel McCloskey, New York; Ishabod Fessle, Hartford; Margaret Melville, New Bedford.

Friday, Jan. 25.—What is the true philosophy of disease, and the best method of cure? Joseph Smith, Mormon Elder; George V. Graves, Methuen; James L. Draper, Chicago.

Saturday, Jan. 26.—What proof have we that the whole human family are destined to eternal happiness? Elijah White, New Haven; Jackson T. Elton, Philadelphia; Samuel Adams, Boston; Ada Augusta Doane, New York.

Sunday, Jan. 27.—What is the highest manifestation of the soul?—and is the soul of the atheist immortal? Isaiah S. Keith; Sarah Hancock; James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emery Stone, New York; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, South Boston; Betsy Worthen, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Invocation.

Almighty source of all things, once more we come before thee with thanksgiving and praise. Once more we lay our gifts upon the sacred altar of humanity. Once more we praise thee for that thou hast given us in the past and art now giving us. We behold the smiles of thy love everywhere; we behold the light of thy divine countenance everywhere. And though thy children drink deep of the cup of sorrow, we feel that thy love hath mixed the draught, that they may rise higher in life.

We will not fail to thank thee for the darkness—for sickness, for sorrow, and for sin—for hell and for heaven, for lo! thou hast taught us thou art everywhere, and if thou art, thy love is manifest throughout all thy creations. Jan. 11.

What is Thought, and does it Travel?

Thought is a distinct form of life. Thought is one part of God. Thought hath been given to us as a great laboratory in which wisdom is to be brought forth. Thought is a positive and negative force pervading the whole universe. It existeth everywhere; as God is everywhere present, so thought is everywhere. Many suppose that thought is the entire embodiment of God. This is a mistake. Thought may be the child of reason when men reason together; but no thoughts are created—a something higher is projected into the universe as a consequence of reason. So then our thought is a laboratory in which reason is created, and reason is a laboratory in which thought is created or classified, or we may say defined.

From the lowest condition of mineral life to the highest state celestial, we find thought self-existent. It exists everywhere—it is a distinct condition of Deity—an embodiment of itself, a kingdom of itself. But thought does not travel. True, many suppose it is ever on the wing, constantly traveling. You have been taught that thought born here, travels to the furthest spiritual kingdom. This is not so; but the power of thought travels. After thought has been begotten by reason, there cometh the power of thought, and that does indeed travel through all the avenues of life. What is it that gives the same thought in the far-off spheres of spirit-life, at the same moment it is given to the individual in mortal?

What is it? We answer it is the great prevailing intelligence, God. He may sow one seed of thought here, another there. Lo! one cometh forth in heaven, another in hell, and a third here; but the thought sown here does not travel. It is the creative life of thought which travels, not the thought itself. As it grows and becomes active, power and wisdom are born always; and however minute the thought, it is not so minute but it can begot some power—can send forth a subtle essence to reach the furthest shore of time.

Stand upon one shore of the sheet of water before us we call Time. Cast but one single thought as a pebble into that sheet of water, and lo, the power reflects it back to all the realms of thought—and yet the pebble does not pass from the place you dropped it. That power which years ago called all things into motion, and commanded that there be light born on the surface of active thought, provides the power.

When you seek to analyze thought, our questioner, do not forget that the great Author of all things hath given you a workshop in which you shall outwork all the problems of nature. He hath given you a power, an essence, that cannot remain idle. As the thought is begotten in your own soul, there it remains forever; but the power begotten with it pervades all things the moment it is called into action.

The great vacuum presented to you in the external avenues of your being, is so filled with avenues of thought-power, that when the thought is born with you, its power goes forth, and is felt by all active thought in the universe. All active thought attracts something to it, which adds glory, honor and power to the great Central Source of all honor, all glory, all power, all light—God. Jan. 11.

William Shipley.

I hope I shan't be unwelcome. The last time I spoke with a mortal body, I spoke with my own. I found it difficult to control that, or take care of it as I wished to, and I find it as difficult to take care of this.

I made up my mind before I got here that I would not think of my sickness, and death; but I find I am thinking of that, and little else, and I am sorry for it, for it makes it hard for me to control here.

My name was William Shipley. I was twenty-one years of age. I was a machinist by trade, and last worked at Hephworth's, in South Boston.

In the spring of 1856 I took cold, I suppose, in consequence of getting overheated, and going out without proper clothing. As Dr. Fogg told me, if I was not careful it would settle on my lungs; but I laughed at him, for I thought I had a good constitution. But this proved he knew more than I did, and I kept taking more cold, until I was brought down with consumption of the lungs. That hung to me two years, and then my spirit got tired of fighting, and left.

My mother died of consumption when I was quite young. My father also is dead. He died of fever, brought on by accident. I have two sisters, and a brother, and other friends I should like to open communication with. They are religious, and I do not know how I can reach them; but I have been advised to come here. I am a stranger to everybody here, and I don't feel like saying a great deal.

Mr. Hephworth has kindly assisted me here. He is where I am. I have got a little insight into this business by going with him to a few places, until I got here this day.

Do you admit of questions being asked? Then I would like to ask what will be the best thing for me to do, if I do not succeed in reaching my friends by this? I was told to come here; but when I asked them what I should do next, they told me to be satisfied with the present.

I suppose it is well for me to ask for a hearing in private, will it not be? I think I have done the best I could, and if I have made a mistake in coming here, I am sorry.

The old man (Hephworth) has a wife who is a medium; he has rare chances in coming back, and he helps us who are not so fortunately situated. Well, I am much obliged to you; and I suppose I must be going. Jan. 11.

Rebecca Collins.

I thought death would give me peace. I thought I should rest after death. But I see, and hear and know so much of the sorrow those I love are passing through, I cannot rest. Talk of Heaven—the Christian's happiness! He or she who is truly Christian-like, cannot be happy while sorrow exists in the circle of those they love. Jesus wept over the sufferings of human life; and if he, our divine pattern of goodness, wept, why should not we?

I have three dear children here on earth, the cold waters of poverty constantly rushing wildly over them; and because they are poor they sin, and because they sin they suffer. I cannot complain of God; I cannot say he is unjust or unwise. The good teaching of the better condition of life, have taught me that though my children sin and suffer, it shall not always be so. Perhaps a mother's love shall be their saviour, the source whence they gather strength to walk from the sphere of darkness to that of light.

Seven years ago I left them. Poor children! I felt they would suffer. I knew they would pass through a dreary valley; but I felt God was good, and in his mercy would one day restore them to me. I am not disappointed; but I have sometimes longed to fold them in my arms and shield them from a mortal death. But this is a condition consequent upon human love. My youngest was eight years old. She is now fifteen. Sometimes when I draw near to her, I feel that God has given her a precious gift; I feel that the sunlight of mediocrity is resting upon her, and that through it she will sin, and suffer, and be redeemed, also. I know she is ignorant of this. Now she lives outside the temple of life, and gathers poor food for the soul. I want to talk to her, and teach her by tangible means that I live, and know all she is passing through, and that I have power to commune through her own organism. Through her I expect to reach others I love; through her I hope to reach a brighter condition of peace.

Go, my child, where I may speak to you, and though I show you a dark picture of life, I will show you the rainbow of peace also. Oh, my child, let me but speak two words, and I will show you I am your guardian spirit; that though you sin, I will watch you; though you suffer, I will be near to assist.

Oh, my child! my child! I fear not the censures of the cold world—turn to God, who never forsakes; ask of him for strength, and he will give it. Ask not gold and silver, for they cannot give peace to the soul. But turn to the closet of your heart, and ask God to give you strength there, and perhaps he will come to you in the shape of your mother.

Pray! yes, I counsel you to pray, for by prayer the soul ascends to God, darkness flees away, and glorious sunlight beams upon the benighted soul. Pray, my child, when the darkness of death and mortality clings to you; pray, and holy angels will be with you to draw you from the gulfs of misery.

Say that this is from Rebecca Collins to her children; but particularly to her daughter Susan.

Answer.—Yes, I know where she lives; where moral death reigns, where sin and sorrow reign, but where God reigns also. Mortals cannot rescue her; but angel forces must reach her spiritual nature. She would reject you, for the material world is closed against her, and she is ignorant of the better law of love, which you know of. Jan. 11.

T. Belcher Kay.

I thought I'd call here to-day to rectify a mistake some of my friends are laboring under. I may be mistaken, but I do not think so. I mean by friends, those who knew me.

I was requested to come here and say why I left the State of California. I can answer very readily. Because I wanted to—not because I was compelled to. That which it was said I was compelled to leave for, was a hoax—a sham. Had I lived in my body, I could have stayed there to this day. I do not want those friends to think I regret this, for it is not so.

I am Belcher Kay. I am very well contented here—have plenty to do.

I stood as clear of certain things in California as any one could; but I would not expose any man. I'd be—d—d if I would do that. I could have saved my reputation by doing it; but what cared I for reputation! All men are liars—one set lie in one way, and others in another. I cared not for reputation. I could get along without it, and I would not save it by exposing any one. I am one of those men who do not care for the opinion of the world.

The old lady who just came here, said she do not find any rest. She finds as much rest as I do. I would not care for the rest the Christian world pictures. I prefer to drive a team into hell than to loaf, for I know I shall come out right at last.

Berry, do you remember you told me that I should have more power after death than I ever had? You told me this a few days before I died. I turned that over and over, and could not see how it could be; but I soon found out after I got here.

Ans.—That is a mistake. Yankee Sullivan was not killed by the Vigilance Committee.

You may just say that I decline the invitation tendered to me a few days ago. Jan. 11.

Creation of the World.

"How are we to understand that portion of Biblical History that refers to the Creation of the World and the Origin of Man?"

You are not to understand it in its literal sense, certainly. The writer gave you his highest inspiration, his best conception of these things—he could give you no better; but we have ever been striving to teach you that you should never lay down your own reason to take up that of another. No matter what any one holds up before you as true; if your reason denounces it, it is good for nothing. Nature will teach you that the portion of Biblical history spoken of is not to be taken in its literal extent.

Instead of six thousand years of passing time since the creation of your earth, you may add many millions of years, and then you have not reached the beginning. Do you suppose that any power could call into existence that which Biblical history tells you was created in six days? Any child will bring up native argument to prove it false. These six days might have been six epochs, six ages or periods of time; but people understand that they are six days. "He finished his labors in six days, and rested on the seventh." How ridiculous, and yet how beautiful when brought before common sense and sound reason, and analyzed by nature, which is the body of the Eternal.

Our questioner will doubtless conceive that we are passing far beneath morality in thus openly declaring that we do not believe the say-so of the writer. We receive it for what it is worth to us; our God requires nothing more of us. But the God of fear, who has ever stood among humanity, is still striving to wrap the veil of mystery close about you. But when once the individual shall rise in his majesty and glory, he shall have power to read asunder this veil.

We will not pretend to say that no such man as Adam ever existed—that no such woman as Eve had birth. The Adam and Eve spoken of in the Bible, were the first known of a certain race of people; but to suppose them to be the father and mother of the whole human family would be monstrous, unreal. The Record itself contradicts it, and your nature will rise up and pronounce it false. Every nation,

kindred, tongue and people has its Adam and Eve. Come down, our questioner, upon a reasonable standpoint, and take up your march from thence. You are chained to a dead past. The living, the present you are afraid to touch. You have erected a tomb over the history of the past—the Bible. We ask you to let the sunlight of the present into that tomb. Reason, and you will see that Biblical History is false—not to be understood in its literal sense.

Look you among the variety of religious creeds peopling your earth, and you will see that each one which bases its belief upon the Bible, differs from another. And all claim theirs to be true. There is a fault somewhere, and we attribute it to the Bible. You have misunderstood every passage in it; you have never brought it to the light of reason, and never measured your own power, never supposed that God had endowed you with as much, yet, and far more glory than he gave to the people of the past.

The inspiration of the past will not suit you of this day. In consequence of feeding upon it, you are constantly dying in your souls. That soul is continually asking for something real—reaching out into the future to gain some knowledge of the past. "Whence came I," cries the soul, "and whence am I to go?" Immense question! Find the answer in the Book of Nature—in your own soul. Instead of going to books of the Past, turn to Nature, to your own soul, and she will give you honor and power and glory for all coming time. Jan. 12.

Charles French.

Why do n't my folks ask me to come home? I have been here before. My name is Charles French. I lived in Fall River, in Lawrence, and in Lowell.

Shall I ever be able to speak? I hear, but cannot speak, while here. I have a brother. He was at Fall River when I died. I am tired of waiting. Jan. 12.

[The above was communicated by the use of the alphabet for the dumb.]

Charles Herbert.

I should like to try for a chance to talk; but I intend to say but a few words here. I can communicate in other ways, and I should like to do so to other folks beside strangers. I was fourteen years old—was drowned in Charles River.

I have not been here long enough to learn much; but I have learned something. Most everybody will be mistaken in regard to this place. Most everybody has an idea of this place; but nobody I ever knew had a correct idea of it. I should like to give my folks an idea of this place before they come. If they do n't care about it I cannot do much, for it is hard work to go where you are not wanted. But I was told that if I came here I might have a chance to go home.

My name was Charles Herbert. I was drowned in 1853. We lived in Boston then. I have a father and mother. Jan. 12.

"Old Mother Underhill."

I said I'd behave right, if allowed to come here; and so I will. But I do not suppose you will tell me I must behave like somebody else beside myself.

They are continually preaching up to you that it is right to forgive; but I do not think it is right to forgive until you are asked. If anybody asks me to forgive, I will—that's my way.

There's a reason for all things, you know, I suppose; and there's a reason for my being what I am. I know I am not what I ought to be, or what I want to be; but I am better than many people who pretend to be so righteous.

I got my living in the city of Boston, by telling people's fortunes; and there was a cause for it, and I'll tell you a part of the reason, because I had reference to my story. I tell you there are a lot of people who have some dark sins to shoulder some time, and we may as well come back and help them to shoulder them now.

There is an old man here—not so very old; but sixty-eight or sixty-nine years old. His name is Adams, and he professes to be a good Christian, and perhaps he is; but if it had not been for him I should not have been obliged to descend as I did. I might have been a Christian now. He has got to die very soon, and he will find that sin will be packed on his shoulders as soon as he comes across. I think he will do well to shoulder the sin here, and get rid of it before he gets on to the Bridge of Death; for if he don't, it will break and let him into the hell he talks of. He'll stand and tell you how to get to heaven; but he's going the opposite way. Some spirits stand behind these people and see where they are going. I'll not forgive him until he asks me to.

It may be a good way to go through the world, to get what belongs to other people, make a display of, but it's a bad thing on this side; you find yourself without a penny here. People who are honest get along better here, than those who are wrapped up in others' clothes.

He despised me for telling fortunes—telling lies, he called it. What if I did? He told more lies in a week than I did in a month. All I charged was a shilling; he charged a good deal more than I did for his lies. I know I am unhappy; but I will be happy as soon as I get on the right road; and I know that people who are happy here now, will some of them be very unhappy hereafter. Some people can't see anything unless they see it through the Bible. I saw through a pack of cards; and people can lie through the Bible, and I could lie through a pack of cards.

I lived down to the North End, near Copp's Hill. Many a fortune I've told—many a truth and many a lie. Sometimes I prevented folks from doing wrong; sometimes I told them lies to get their money. Christianity stole my money, and forced me to go to fortune-telling—to tell lies for my living. The church will have the biggest sin to answer for.

Cards were only used to attract people's attention. I did not want the cards any more than nine cents. I could have looked at the floor and told them the same. I called it guessing at things; but I could read any person that came to me, and could tell them when they were going into temptation. I do not know what did it; but I called it guessing at it. What if I did lie sometimes? I've saved many a one from sin.

Tell that man Adams to look over his account. I want him to know that dead folks can speak, and that there is a better kind of Christianity than that they profess.

My name was Underhill. I was hard on to seventy. Jan. 12.

MESSAGES FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CIRCLE.

S. H. PAIST, MEDIUM.

CAPTAIN KESTER.—Good evening. It seems to me as though I had awakened from a deep sleep—everything around seems so strange. I try to recall when I left the form; but I find it impossible. My friends tell me that it is about a year since. They say that I was deranged previous to my death. Well, this all may be, for I do not remember their taking me to a large house, where I saw a great many others. This, they tell me, was the Lunatic Asylum near Trenton, N. J. It seems very strange to me that I could go through death, be buried, and be in spirit-life, and yet seem as though I had just awakened from a state of apathy. I was a man of some education, though not a classical one by any means—but sufficient to make me reflect on different things. I took the world as I found it, and did not waste my time by reflecting on it as I would have it. My brother John is here with me. He may communicate at some future time. He has been here longer than I have, but does not seem to have much desire to manifest himself. To me it is a great pleasure, and the height of my ambition, to avail myself of such knowledge as will make me a welcome visitor to the inhabitants of earth. I was known to many, as I occupied rather a public position, being the Captain of the steamboat "Trenton," which ran up and down the Delaware River; and from that boat I was transferred to the "Stevens." But I have now a more important voyage on which I have entered than ever was undertaken by any temporal Captain. It is the exploration of the sea of truth. My vessel is not limited, for it is capable of accommodating all of humanity who feel, like myself, desirous to serve

as her crew. I will detain you no longer, but respectfully sign myself the friend of all who read this. PETER KESTER.

THOMAS REESE.—I have been in spirit-life long enough to know that a man can do more good than to sell rum for a living. I was a mason by trade, and a few years before my death I went to tavern-keeping at Marshallton, Chester county, Penn. I sold my tavern and purchased a farm a short time before I removed to spirit-life. This removal was induced by the fact that my system was not able to contend with alcohol any longer. I have a wife and two children, with whom I would like to speak. Anything sent to Benjamin Reese, Marshallton, will reach them. Let this be published, for there are many there that will know it is me.

Dr. HOLCOMB.—I died at Everettstown, about five miles from Milford, in New Jersey. I resided there, and am now desirous to give some evidence to my friends of the truth of Spiritualism. I was a native of New Jersey, and practiced medicine there for many years. I find there is a great deal of superstition and ignorance in the world, and many men are bound by the *ipse dixit* of others without reasoning for themselves. My desire is for my friends, that they shall test and try everything by the standard of reason, and adopt that which corresponds to their teachings, and reject that which does not most implicitly endorse. What is truth to you to-day may not be to-morrow. That which your mind would receive to-day may be unfit for it to-morrow. As each day's sun must do its work toward the bringing forward of vegetation, so each day of man's existence must do its mission in advance. My name is Dr. Holcomb. I entered the spirit-land three years ago this winter. I have an only daughter, who is married, and resides where I died.

DAD RILEY.—Well, the boys have quit plugging me now; they don't bother me any more; and I feel myself as good as anybody else, if I did die in the poor-house; to be sure, why should n't I? for I guess that is the biggest house in the country. I was a tolerably old man when I died. I had been here long, but long enough to know that it isn't fine clothes that make fine men. I just thought, "I'd come and show some of the big bugs that I could talk as well as they could. I died in the poor-house in Bucks Co., Pa.; and before that I lived in New-hope, Bucks Co. They took me from New-hope to the poor-house, and there I died. They tell me you publish these things. My name is Dad Riley—at least if you put that to it the people will know who it is.

CHARLES ROBERS.—I have not much to say; only as a good many of my friends round Frankford, Philadelphia, would know me, I thought I would like to do something to get them so that they could talk to me themselves. Some of my friends here told me that you could help me do that, and I thought if there was chance, why here's for it. My father is a dyer; and when I died I lived in Sellers street, Frankford. Anything sent to William Rogers, Frankford, Philadelphia, will reach my brother. I have a great deal of advice to give him, and would like to have an opportunity to speak with him. Good bye, now. I may come again.

PETER TAYLOR.—I used to tend toll-gate at Easton Bridge, Pa. I have been in spirit-life a little over two years; was quite an old man when I departed. The way that my friends may know me as being no deceiver, is from the fact that I died the very day, as I afterwards learned, that the Scott Legion came up to bury one of its members in our town. I am very anxious that many with whom I am acquainted should have a knowledge that we can communicate. My name is Peter Taylor.

MARY WILSON.—I was the only child of my parents, who reside in Oxford, Chester Co., Pa. They know nothing about Spiritualism, but I am desirous that they should be convinced. I would like to show them that their daughter is not entirely gone, but that she can come to them, and often is around, although she has no opportunity to speak to them. I wish particularly that they should become interested; they could interest others, and a medium would then be obtained, and I could communicate to them. My name is Mary Wilson.

BROOKS.—I was murdered by people stamping on me during the administration of Governor Porter, of Pennsylvania—a man for whom I have but little respect, because he pardoned the chaps that did it. But I simply want to say that I had a wife, but she belongs to somebody else now. They live in Middletown, Dauphin Co., Pa. Anything sent to Henry Brooks, at that place, would reach him.

JANE ENGLISH.—Nine years have rolled away since I entered the spirit-life, but it seems as though it might only be a day; for while in life I was insured to labor, as well as being the subject of a weak constitution, but I am here to bear testimony that one hour in spirit-life amply compensates one for all the ill endured on earth. I was an umbrella and parasol-maker. I died in Philadelphia. My name is Jane English. I have a sister in that city who will see this.

HIRSH MORTON.—I feel as though I was not particularly anxious to do anything, except it is going to do some good; and I thought by coming here I might do something. I resided at Norristown at the time of my death. I lived with my sister-in-law, who is a widow. Anything sent to Mrs. Morton, Norristown, would be likely to reach her. If she saw my name, it would make her look into Spiritualism. I died of dropsy, and this sister waited on me during my sickness. She used sometimes to aid in cleaning the jail. She has two daughters—one named Maria.

TRY SOCIETY.

Motto—"Live for Eternity." RESPONSE—"The Holy Spirit helping me, I can." ORDER OF THE SOCIETY.—To train its members to "Search the Scriptures daily."

MEMBERSHIP.—No one can become a member who will not permit his or her name to be written to the following: "I promise to try to read carefully each day one chapter in the New Testament, and that one day by the Try Society."

This promise stands until request is made to have the name erased. The first day of this year we read Matthew, first chapter; second day, second chapter, &c. September 16th we completed the "first reading" of the Testament; September 17th we all commenced again at Matthew, first chapter. To-day, December 25th (Christmas), we are reading Acts xi. January 1, 1861, we will read Acts xviii; January 24, Acts xix, &c.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE TRY SOCIETY.—The Try Society originated the latter part of 1859, among a few students of Danison University, Granville, Ohio. As we daily read the same chapter in God's Word, as we realized we were drawn out in prayer for each other; it seemed to add interest, also, to the chapter. Our love for the Try Society grows as we see that it kindly forces us to read, each day, carefully a chapter. It is certainly better than reading a dozen chapters once or twice a week.

As we are officers in the Great Sabbath School army, we especially love the Try Society, in that it very much assists us to secure on the part of our scholars a daily searching of the Scriptures. In our Sabbath Schools we have our teachers and scholars join the Society, and then use the "Try Society chapter" for our lesson. We find it gives to the children quite a field for usefulness. Many of our members have been obtained by Sabbath School scholars.

The growth of this Society, and the unselfish donations in money received, convinces us that it is a vine of God's own planting.

The first of this year we were twenty strong; July 1st, over 1,000; and now, Dec. 25th, we have over 2300 names from twelve different States.

DEATHS.—During the year, four have died; three were Christians; one of them, a little girl in Kentucky, while just entering the river of death, looked back to add another word for the Try Society, and her soul then passed on, clinging to Jesus. She died

young; yet she made a success of life, for she had "lived for eternity."

PUBLICATIONS OF THE TRY SOCIETY.—Our treasury is supplied only by voluntary contributions. Every few months we take the money in the treasury and have circulars, pamphlets, reports, &c., printed, and supply our agents as far as we can. No money paid for services rendered by our officers.

Letters for information should be accompanied by at least one postage stamp.

W. B. SEDWICK, Cor. Secretary.

Granville, Ohio.

GLEANINGS FROM "PESTUS."—NO. 4.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

It is fine To stand upon some lofty mountain thought And feel the spirit stretch into a view; To joy in what might be if will and power For good would work together but one hour. Yet millions never think one noble thought; But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind Which drives the darkness out them, like hounds.

Nothing but what is, is; Else God were not the Maker that He seems, As constant in creating as being. That Only which comes direct from God, His spirit, Is deathless. Nature gravitates without Effort; and so all mortal natures fall Deathwards. All aspiration is a toll; But inspiration cometh from above, And is no labor.

Man bath a knowledge of a time to come— His most important knowledge: the weight lies Nearest the short end; and the world depends Upon what is to be. I would deny The present if the future. Oh! there is A holier life to come, or all's a dream.

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood: It is a great spirit and busy heart. The coward and the small in soul scarce do live. One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem. Than if each year might number a thousand days. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best. Life's but a means unto an end—that end, Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.

had first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. M. Macomber last four Sun-
days in June.