

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 24.

Written for the Banner of Light.
ANGIE, THE OUTCAST.

BY FEMMA TUTTLE.

Ha! they laugh, but I've been dreaming,
With a strange, a truthful seeming,
That in heaven thine eyes are beaming
With a lustre, pure and bright.

In heaven! I will cease my weeping,
If thy fragile form is sleeping,
'Neath some mound, where flowers are peeping,
Up to kiss the golden Light.

If the angels, glory hidden
From my sight, thy soul have hidden,
To roam o'er their Spirit-Eden,
I'll not weep that thou didst go;

But I cannot bear the thinking
That thy pale young lips are shrinking,
As a purple draught thou'rt drinking,
From the bitter cup of woe.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF
MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LOON.

CHAPTER I.

Did you ever watch beside a death-bed?

Is it not a weird thing to note the flickering shadows on wall and ceiling, mark the slow progress of the hours, and feel the brooding stillness that seems to loom up and fill the empty halls and staircases, conscious, meanwhile, that each moment brings nearer the final parting of soul and body?

With such thoughts in my mind, I sat gazing upon my aunt who lay in a state of unconscious lethargy.

Hour after hour the tall old-fashioned clock on the landing had boomed out its slow solemn strokes, until the quivering echoes of midnight had long since died away.

The candle swayed and flared as a faint gust swept by the door, and the charred brands smoldered sullenly in the fire-places, thickly strewn with ashes. The wind which in the evening had sobbed and wailed around this ancient manor-house, and clashed the leafless branches of the old elms in the avenue rudely together as they swayed creaking to and fro, had now subsided, and the monotonous dripping from the ivy that clustered about the window panes indicated that the storm was past.

Darkness and silence reigned within the rambling old mansion, broken only by an occasional falling ember, or that mysterious creak in the timbers as if from the footsteps of invisible feet.

Indeed an almost palpable presence seemed stealing into the house, filling every crevice, and gradually advancing through the dusky corridors to the rooms where I sat. If ever any one felt the icy breath of the Grim King of Terrors, I surely did that night, while awaiting the coming of Death at Morton Marsh Manor-house.

Presently Aunt Murray roused from her stupor slightly, and labored heavily for breath; I looped the heavy bed curtains further apart to admit more air, and drew my shawl shiveringly around me.

And now she muttered incoherently as if conversing with some one; while her glazing eyes and relaxing jaws indicated the approaching crisis.

At length after another quiet interval she started up, and gazed anxiously about, and for a moment I thought the lucid interval which so often precedes dissolution was urging her to say a few last words. But I was disappointed—she sank heavily back again, and resumed her former incoherent muttering. By degrees the words became plainer, yet they seemed disconnected, and I felt an instinctive repugnance to possess myself of another's thoughts so unconsciously betrayed.

At length after a little silence, and still in that deep lethargy, she raised her right arm impressively, and with a voice and emphasis so solemn that the bare recollection thrills me to this day, said:

"It is a condemned house, God's curse rests upon it!"

Immediately a dark color suffused her face, and then with a groan she awoke, glanced around the chamber, and recognized me.

"Judith Kennedy," there was a painful earnestness in her manner, "Judith Kennedy, come nearer, and listen to what I have to say—do not interrupt me."

I had begun to express fears that she was over-taking herself.

"I shall not suffer from speaking, and what I wish to tell must pass my lips before my soul can go in peace. And do not call the servants to witness my dying struggles—let the rigid repose give a decent calmness to my distorted limbs and features before you summon them to your assistance."

I silently assented.

Closing her eyes she remained quiet a moment as if resting from the fatigue of the long sentence, or classifying in her mind what was to follow. Then in a low, but distinct tone, very different from the former gasping utterance, she commenced.

"Judith, you know I have always been called a strange woman—if my history were fully known I do not think it would belie that impression. But of myself or my failings I do not purpose to speak; I shall soon stand in the presence of the final Judge who knows the secrets of my heart, and from his sentence there will be no appeal. I have ever been a proud woman, and I cannot humble myself even at this time to make confession to any fellow mortal."

During a short pause I gazed at my aunt.

In her youth she must have been what is called a fine, stylish woman, and also a very gay and worldly one. For several years after my uncle brought his bride home, the old manor house was one constant scene of brilliant confusion, for there were many families of excellent standing in the county who were well pleased with this infusion of fresh vigor, and entirely disposed to reciprocate the gaieties of the manor.

The only drawback to the happiness of the Squire and his lady was the absence of an heir. The fine old estate which had descended from father to son for countless generations, seemed likely to pass to a distant branch of the family, and nothing therefore could exceed the rejoicings, when, on his return from a short tour abroad, Angus Murray held in his arms a fine, healthy boy, who promised to become a worthy successor to the stalwart, jovial Squire.

When my cousin was about six years old his father died, and henceforth so much court was paid to little Richmond as the future master, and so little restraint put upon his actions, that it was a marvel he was not spoiled past bearing.

Such however was not the case. I shall never forget my first impression of him, when at the age of thirteen I was offered a home by Aunt Murray, until I should be able to depend upon my own exertions.

A lonely little orphan whose pale face, red swollen eyes, and huddled black garments denoted recent bereavement, I alighted in the paved court at the manor one fine summer morning, in company with Abbott, my aunt's waiting-woman, who had been sent to bring me.

On the broad stone steps, in a light riding suit, booted and spurred, stood a slender handsome lad of fifteen; looking at the groom who was tightening the girths of a black Arabian, which, with a stout bay cob, had just been brought round to the door.

While giving his directions to the servant he carelessly tapped the toe of his boot with his riding whip, and with the fresh morning sun glancing down on his shining chestnut curls, and bright dark eyes shaded by the visor of his jaunty cap, he formed the most graceful picture which hangs on the walls of my memory's portrait gallery.

No sooner did he spy us, than with an air of courteous dignity, already acquired through a sense of power to command, he advanced, and bestowing merely a casual greeting upon Abbott, took my hand saying:

"This I presume is my cousin Judith. I am happy to welcome you to Morton Marsh, and trust you will soon become as familiar with the place and its inmates as if you had never been a stranger to either."

What a fascinating elegance of manner there was about this mere lad; the smile that hovered around his curving lips, and softened his brilliant eyes might have aroused the envy and fruitless emulation of many an exquisite of twice his age.

I looked the gratitude I could not express for this flattering reception, and saying:

"I will not detain you, as my mother is doubtless impatient to see you—an *amateur*, *cher cousin*!" he vaulted lightly into his seat, and followed by the groom, dashed off down the avenue, turning in the saddle, and lifting his cap again, as he disappeared in an angle of the road.

I was equally well received by my aunt, who soon grew to be very fond of the shy quiet girl that was always ready to fill up any chink in her large gay household, and before long my sisterly devotion to Richmond, gained me a lasting hold on his esteem and affection.

Loud was his remonstrance when my eighteenth birthday having arrived I announced my intention of putting the thorough education I had received to some account in supporting myself. Aunt Murray, too would have been glad to have me stay with her, for she had insensibly grown to consider me as her "thinking cap."

But I possessed an exceedingly independent nature, and the sense of living upon the bounty of others however cheerfully bestowed, was not to be longer endured, and I remained steadfast.

Finding that bribes, threats, and coaxing were of no avail, Richmond finally contented himself with procuring me a most eligible situation as governess, and forcing upon my acceptance a roll of crisp bank notes, on leaving me in my new quarters.

Seasons rolled on, and my short yearly vacation was always spent at the Manor House. By degrees, however I saw Richmond less and less frequently; he was at one time a University student, and at another, travelling on the continent, but although we did not correspond, I had numberless proofs that I was kindly remembered, in various little gifts sent from abroad, and occasional messages in his letters to his mother, such as:

"Tell cousin Judith, I so much wished she could have been with us in our survey of these interesting localities—she is so capable of appreciating these rare antiquities," etc., etc.

Little did I imagine the change which was to devastate this smiling scene of peaceful happiness!

Richmond had been in Europe nearly a year, when vague rumors to his prejudice came floating down to Morton Manor. They were to the effect that young Murray had become entangled with an artful girl of low parentage, and had even carried his chivalrous notions so far as to marry, and openly acknowledge her as his wife.

At first this report was wholly discredited, but when Mrs. Murray, annoyed at its circulation, and desiring to put it down at once, wrote a request that she might be authorized to deny the statement positively, Richmond's answer confirmed the truth of what she had heard; he stoutly defended his

conduct on the plea, that in the one act of a man's life which concerns himself only, he has the right of unfettered liberty to choose whom he pleases, and concluded with the significant remark that "he should hold any person who made disrespectful mention of his wife, or failed to treat her with due regard, to a strict account."

And now came a curious phase in my aunt's conduct.

That she was deeply grieved and mortified at the dishonor my cousin had brought upon the hitherto spotless name of Murray, was clearly evident. But to my surprise I looked in vain for that tenacity of a mother's rights which would produce a sense of injury at this abuse of confidence and indignation at having this respectable woman, as every one termed her, thrust in her face for recognition as one entitled to honorable consideration.

Neither was there any relenting after the first natural displeasure. No fond maternal impulse to excuse him on the score of youth, and subtle influences against which circumstances might have rendered it difficult, nay, even impossible, to contend and conquer.

Indeed, but that the supposition was wholly untenable, I could have believed that Aunt Murray was well satisfied to have an excuse for the line of conduct she immediately adopted.

It had been perfectly evident to me for several years that the life of gay excitement she led was becoming distasteful beyond measure, and whenever I endeavored to comfort her by alluding to a perhaps not distant period when my cousin would bring a bonny young wife home to relieve her of all care and fatigue, she would look absently at me and exclaim—

"There is but one choice in the whole world proper for him, and if he fails to make that one, it would have been better had he never been born."

Now that all her hopes were blasted, she availed herself of the pretext to follow a course of life, which, I am sure she had long wished to lead.

She at once dropped all her fashionable associates, maintained the most rigid seclusion, even reduced her household to as few servants as possible, and seemed impelled by some hidden remorse to a life of great austerity.

I had always noticed that aunt never manifested any of that yearning tenderness, so natural toward an only son, but I had attributed it to a somewhat cold temperament, and masculine self-reliance. Yet I marvelled that there were so few demonstrations of pride in his manliness, intellect, and beauty, and that winning charm of speech and manner so unerringly irresistible to all save herself, although she was not always successful in escaping its influence.

All mention of his marriage was forbidden, his very name interdicted, and gradually the circle of her acquaintances dwindled away, chilled by their reception, until with the exception of the parish minister and his family, she saw no one week after week, and month after month save the house servants.

Her old partiality for me continued, and she repeatedly urged me to discontinue governing, and reside with her. But although I was glad to afford her what little satisfaction of my company I could at stated periods, I was conscious that in the mental miasma at Morton Manor, I should become jaundiced and paralyzed, and therefore steadily declined accepting the invitation, steering my heart to the entreaties of this lonely woman by the reflection that I owed duties to myself as well as to others.

These retrospections passed rapidly through my mind while my aunt lay resting, with closed eyes; she now complained of the close air, and requested that the window at the foot of her bed might be slightly raised.

As I lifted the sash, a gush of warm, perfumy air swept in, for it had cleared away unusually mild, and the wind was south. When I resumed my seat, Aunt Murray continued:

"You are, of course, aware, Judith, that my husband left his property to me unconditionally, with the exception of a very handsome allowance to Richmond; subject only to his personal control; but you, probably, do not know that on hearing of the disgrace he had brought upon our name, I at once disinherited him. I am not wandering, child," she continued, seeing my start of astonishment, and keen glance at her face, "and you need not remonstrate. My determination is unalterable, and I could find it in my heart to curse even you, if I thought you would so break the spirit of my will, as to divide with Richmond what belongs by right to you alone. Yes, my dear, you are my sole heiress, and may the possessions—which have proved a fatal snare to me, prosper in your hands, to the promotion of your happiness, and that of all who may be dear to you."

I was silent from surprise.

I, humble Judith Kennedy, a lady of wealth and leisure, the means of accomplishing the good so often hopelessly planned, and of realizing the day-dreams I had wondered at my audacity in conjuring up, placed without warning in my hands!

My brain fairly reeled with excess of happy expectation. And let not the reader despise the effect produced upon me by "mere filthy lucre." It was not the miser's greedy thirst of accumulation—but one must be circumstanced as I had been for years, to appreciate the meaning of wealth.

In that little world were comprised influences, independence, liberty, and rest. One must graduate in the same school of adversity before he may dare pronounce judgment upon my elation.

"I had hoped," my aunt continued, "that the different family interests might be joined by a marriage between you and Richmond, but it is worse than useless to speak of that now. He has chosen

his own course, perhaps it was the wiser in the end."

Strange that in speaking of her son she should discard his customary appellation of Murray, and use the endearment of his christian name. Was it possible that this icily expressed displeasure was but a mask over the depths of imperishable love? It was scarce possible to embody such a fancy, so strangely at variance with her reply to my often repeated pleadings that my cousin might be summoned—

"I have no dying blessing to bestow on him—if he comes it will be but to receive my curse, and hasten my departure."

Had my aunt known that I had ventured to even inform him of her illness, I do not know what would have been the result of her anger, but of this fact she remained in happy ignorance.

"Judith," she now said, "open my writing-desk, and in a secret compartment at the right, you will find a document—bring it to me."

I did as she desired, and gave the paper into her trembling hand.

She slowly examined it, to make sure it was what she supposed, and then rolling it up, said:

"You may put it back. On that page are written the words that make you your own mistress, and give you a more than handsome competence. Remember, I charge you to let no foolish scruples interfere with your retaining and enjoying this lawfully acquired wealth, and—Judith—remember also—should you ever bestow one penny upon Richmond, so surely, if it be permitted departed spirits to revisit this earth, will I continually haunt you, till my reproaches shall destroy happiness and rest forever."

So bitter was the vindictive feeling against her only child, even to the last, so terrible and unnatural was this strange energy, that, gazing upon her twitching muscles, and glaring eyeballs, I fairly trembled.

"Judith," she suddenly exclaimed with evident exhaustion, "promise me solemnly that you will never divide this property with Richmond."

I hesitated, for although such a thought had not entered my mind, I felt an instinctive reluctance to bind myself to any line of conduct.

My irresolution was at once detected. "Promise," she cried, becoming fearfully agitated, "Judith—I implore you—I cannot die in peace unless you swear this thing to me."

Distressed and alarmed at the effect of my silence, I hurriedly said:

"Yes, yes, aunt, I promise whatever you require." She dictated a solemn form of words which I mechanically repeated.

Her eyes now sparkled with triumph.

"You have now sworn to respect my wishes, and never forget that from whatever motive you uttered the oath, it is equally binding, and nothing can ever release you from the obligation thus voluntarily incurred."

The words were scarcely spoken before she fell heavily back. I attempted to raise and support her, but she waved me off, and alone in her fast ebbing strength entered the Valley of Dark Shadows.

I stood as if fascinated, regarding this mysterious transition from living, breathing, conscious flesh to dead, stony, silent clay. Already she appeared past perception, and the grey hue settled down, the dull eye glazed. By a violent effort I unclosed my paralyzed lips and exclaimed:

"Aunt!"

No response from the nearly inanimate form, and in the deathly silence I heard but the heavy beat of my own heart.

Was she already beyond call—already within the boundaries of that "Silent Land" whither the foot could not penetrate, and my voice floated echoless?

Like a galvanized corpse she sprang up in bed, stretched out her bony arm, menaced me with up-lifted forefinger.

"Remember!" she cried, and fell with a dull sound.

A sharp, quick rattle, a convulsive shudder through her whole frame, cramping and fearfully distorting it, then the limbs straightened themselves; the eyes half closed, a faint groan, and that senseless image was all that remained of Lucretia Murray.

CHAPTER II.

Like one in a dream, I stood chained to the spot, revolving these changes in my mind. A sudden remorse at my late exultation overtook me, shaking my soul to its very centre.

What right had I, for one instant to appropriate to myself what belonged, by inalienable right, to another—to build visions of the future upon the promises of insanity?

But my aunt was not insane; the will was an evidence that, on her death-bed, she had but fulfilled intentions formed during sound health. "Shame! shame!" cried conscience, sturdily. "Shall a guilty purpose be voluntarily carried out, and vindictive malignity be gratified by an indifferent agent?"

"But," thought I, "my cousin has been deprived; why need I share with him in defiance of the commands of the dead, and my solemn oath to the contrary? Why perjure myself?"

As I thus reasoned, a flash of shame arose. And was it come to this? Was I desirous of sheltering a sinful impulse behind the plea of sacred obligation? Was my avarice indeed so cowardly as to screen its frightful aspect with the mask of religious duty?

Well, then, be this my punishment; I will pronounce sentence on myself unflinchingly.

Since your tender conscience, Judith Kennedy, will not permit the letter of your oath to be broken by dividing the fortune, resign it wholly.

Bitter judgment, but my soul arose to kiss the rod in submission, and said, "Let it be done."

But relentless conscience was not yet satisfied.

"Judith Kennedy," it said, "look well into your deceitful heart, and drag forth the misshapen forms of sin and vice that cower there. It is not sufficient to relinquish your unlawful gain; you are not one to value greatly mere wealth; you are ambitious, and the voice of wondering admiration would sound like music in your vain ears. With your temperament, to give up these long wished-for advantages and resume a life of toil would not be so difficult, if the compensation came in the shape of fame—the moral heroine, whose name and story should be eagerly told and listened to, after the frail materials of her noble organization had mouldered to dust."

"Let there be no gratification of self-love and hypocritical pride. Let not the right hand know what the left doeth; do this thing honestly, as unto the Lord, hoping for no reward, even as the bond-slave deerveth none for the performance of his duty only."

The will must be destroyed.

Then none will know the injustice of the unnatural mother; the son may reverence her memory, and no adulation turn a too susceptible brain, inducing after regrets and self-contempt.

Having decided upon the line of conduct to be adopted, I lost no time in putting it into execution. But with those stony, vacant eyes fastened upon me, the thing was impossible. Feeling conscious that I delayed the act I meditated beyond the present state of excitement, I should lack courage to perform it at any future period, I overcame my repugnance to touching the ghastly white form before me, and pressed down the icy lids over the visionless orbs. How frightfully suggestive was that rigid outline beneath the sheet I drew up as a covering.

A current of damp air now reminded me that the window was still open. I closed it, and proceeded to my task.

Taking the will from the desk again, I hurriedly read the contents. It was as I expected—by it, I was mistress of Morton Manor, and the fortune of Aunt Murray. I held it in my hand, for several minutes—should I dare to destroy it? I glanced fearfully around—all was still as the grave.

Finding that my courage was fast ebbing, I resolutely seized the candle—the fire was out—and kneeling by the fire-place, lighted a corner of the paper. It blazed fiercely, and dropped piecemeal, a devouring red line running round the blackened edges when it was quite consumed, I scattered the ashes beneath the brands, and rose, with a sigh of relief.

Was it only fancy?

I could have sworn, as I glanced toward the end window, that I beheld a face peering into the room.

Instantly the consequences of any one's witnessing the deed I had just committed, rushed full upon my mind. A desire to be rid of such intolerable suspense, overcame my natural fears, and I rushed to the casement, threw open the sash, and looked eagerly into the gloom. Nothing met my strained sight—all was quiet; not a crushed twig, or quivering bough, to denote the recent presence of a living soul.

But for all that, the vision of a pallid, haggard face, eyes lowering as midnight storms, and heavily shaded features, set in a framework of wild, black hair, was none the less distinct.

On second reflection, I was quite disposed to regard it as the phantom of a wearied and heated brain. The folds of the large Spanish mantle thrown over the shoulder, and the wide-brimmed conical hat were more like the cavaliers of Van Dyck, than any thing in real life. The only mysterious aspect of the case was—why should my imagination have conjured up that particular and unusual form?

Glad to escape from a spot where I was beginning to be assailed by a thousand nameless terrors, I hurried through the dusky echoing passages, to call the servants.

As in a dream I directed the several necessary offices to be performed, and listened to the wondering exclamations at my courage in remaining alone with the dying, as if they had been uttered in an unknown tongue. Now that a deed which rendered me a criminal in the eyes of the law, had been perpetrated, I felt a vague terror of detection which benumbed my faculties.

Instantly wrote to Richmond, informing him of his mother's death, and prepared myself to appear composed when the scene, which I knew would follow the funeral, should take place.

Dreadfully I submitted to be fitted to a suit of mourning, but when the mantua-maker appealed to me for more minute orders, I cut the matter short by requesting her to exercise her own judgment as to what was proper.

The sound of strange feet, as they trampled heavily overhead, annoyed me, and I could scarce repress a bitter smile and shudder when the seals were affixed to all the desks and articles of furniture likely to contain the important document.

What a mockery it seemed! How triumphantly those shining bits of wax seemed to gleam forth their hidden knowledge upon the closed understanding of the beholders.

It was a leaden November day that cast its sombre gloom over the procession that wound slowly along to the old church where the past generations of Murveys rested. The service was cold and brief, and as the coffin was lowered to the side of that which held my uncle's dust, I morbidly speculated at what time, and under what circumstances, this dreary vault would open to receive me to its silent protection.

As I expected, on our return to the house, after accompanying the new empty tenement of Lucretia Murray's soul to its final home on earth, the seals were broken, and a search instituted for the will.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Banner of Light.
THE DREAM OF DREAMS.

Dim, shadowy region that stretches away
Where fields of a boundless eternity lay;
Gray, mystic land, on whose phantom-like heights
Gleam flashes of fitful, phenomenal lights;
Send back from thy boundaries one answering word!
Oh! grant that the spell of thy silence be lifted!
Thou strange, unknown country, whose gateway is
Sleep.

Where souls of the living, departed ones meet,
Roll back the dark mists of thy grandeur and gloom,
And blazon thy hills in the liveliest of noon!
Too long has a veil o'er thy beauty been flung!
Too long have thy prophets in mystery come!

Far, far, through the twilight thy terraces rise
Like gardens supernal, ascending the skies.
Deep vaults of blue ether re-echo the swell
That pours from the host of thy high citadel;
And broad as the spread of a mighty expanse,
Sweep onward the bounds of thy upward advance.

But only in slumber, when vision is dim,
May mortals thy sacredness enter within.
And only in dreamy repose may we tread
Thy mountains and valleys, thou home of the dead.
And well it is so; for the Spirit would pine
To leave all thy beauty and brightness behind.

Yet strange are the glimpses that break on the soul
When wreaths of thy shrouding envelop unfold.
Like mists of the morning, half hidden, half bright,
There gleam through thy shadows sweet pictures of
Light.

And moss-grown remembrances, green long ago,
New-bud in the warmth of thy halcyon glow.

From out the dark ground of thy magical scene
Start distant fruitions, and things that have been;
Low breathings of voices we've yearned for in vain.
In dear, well-known accents, salute us again;
And eyes, that we closed in the dampness of death,
Look love from a fount of affectionate wealth.

Oh! might I art thou, in thy grandeur and gloom,
Thou dream-land material—by shadows entombed.
For out from the Past, with thy magical power,
Thou callest the secrets of many an hour.

And martyrs and heroes, in lengthened array,
March forth 'neath the wand of thy sublimed away.
Yea! might I art thou, yet regal, benign,
For in thy gray dawning two peoples entwine.
One clad in the hues of an earthly estate,
And one in the vesture immortal await;

While through the blest waves of thy shadowy sea
Float lucifer outlines of what is to be.

FRANK.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STRAUS.

Tenth Paper, Second Section.—Natural Uses of Spirit-Communion.

In the first division of this paper I referred to some of the abuses of Spiritualism, together with certain human perils incident to a common ignorance and misconception of the diverse characters, capabilities, and offices of disembodied spirits. I also expressed an intention to follow up that revelation with some suitable suggestions as to the best way of escaping the alleged perils, without sacrificing the valued privilege of communing with the wise and worthy in the better land. Without recalling this promise, I am now minded to waive its fulfillment to another occasion, that I may present some of the rational motives to an enlightened intercourse of mankind with all the inhabitants of the invisible spheres.

I have no faith in exclusiveness. I cannot sympathize with our barbarian ancestors who shut themselves up in walled cities, treated every foreigner as an enemy, and smothered every natural desire for a hospitable acquaintance with the outside world. I abhor the selfish and short-sighted policy of old Jewry—the self-styled peculiar people of God—who would have "no dealings with the Samaritans," regarded all the Gentiles as poachers, would acknowledge no true, listen to no parley, consent to no compromise, and have no sort of intercourse with their uncircumcised neighbors, other than that beligerent kind which was necessary to "root out the heathen" from the mythical land of promise. Apollonius who will for those ancient zealots, and the spirit of Hebrew monopoly, as manifested in later times, even on the shores of our own New England, I will not excuse the ugly saints of either age. To me the close communion of the Puritans among themselves is somewhat contemptible, and their heartless repulsion of the aborigines who had welcomed them to a home in America, looks intolerably selfish—all the more for the historical juxtaposition of their doings with the notable examples of Roger Williams and William Penn, who in the same age illustrated the happier policy of benevolence, and discovered some of the uses of communion even with savage spirits. Neither will I advocate by implication the judicial principle of retribution whereby certain classes of human spirits are commonly devoted to imprisonment and death, as being not only worthy of punishment, but unfit to live, on account of the criminal habits to which they have been educated, or the dispositions to crime, with which they were unfortunately born. A little more rational communion of mankind with each other, and of judges, jurors and legislators with undeveloped spirits in the body, would dissipate the insane notion of "punitive justice," show a readier way to keep the peace among men, and tend to diminish the earthly generation of demons to people the pandemonium of disembodied souls.

Mankind have made great advances in the social state since the pokerish times of early ignorance. The blood of democratic hearts seems at length to flow through the cold shoulders of ancient aristocracy, melting the icy distinctions of high and low, and impelling the people to shake hands without reserve. There is no more gaping at strangers; everywhere urbanity is frank as well as fearless, and etiquette assumes the mien of friendship. It cannot be said now, as formerly, that "nations separated by a narrow frieth abhor each other." They do not contrive artificial obstructions to intercourse, as of yore. The Chinese Wall is found to be more substantial and enduring, than were needful for the safety of the people it was made to protect. In these days we are becoming conscious of security by other means, learning that the old enemies were the progeny of older ignorance, and that acquaintance forestalls the need of defense. We are more concerned, therefore, for the means of communication—for railroads and telegraphs—than for military and naval preparations. We build more factories than forts, and more merchantmen than men-of-war. This is because we have discovered that commerce is less dangerous than subjugation; that peace is more lasting, and toleration less expensive than victory; that industry and trade are more profitable than plunder. It is this discovery, together with the larger growth and culture of humanity, which is

instituting the gentler men of nations toward each other, as manifest between us and our mother country by many fraternizing acts, especially that of becoming the guest of her old rebel in America, as she recently did in the person of her royal prince. The international sympathy excited on that occasion indicates nothing less than the prospective formation of a Universal Brotherhood, which event will be followed by greater social advantages than have as yet been imagined.

Thus it appears from a glance at the conduct of mankind toward each other for a series of generations, that the natural utilities of social intercourse were generally ignored in primitive times; that they are slowly learned by experience, and are only beginning to be appreciated after the lapse of ages. This reflection discloses the fact that human society is progressive, and warrants the expectation of an ultimate Cosmopolitan Communion as the medium of universal harmony.

The common mind is susceptible of two very distinct motives to association. These are known by experience as the assurance of getting good and that of doing good, and are best distinguished by the proposal to give or receive. But it is manifest that individual susceptibilities to these apparently inconsistent pleasures are exceedingly various. Children and all undeveloped souls have very little pleasure in giving; men and women of ordinary character prefer to receive; while only the greatest and best minds are able to approve the saying of Jesus, that it is superlatively blessed to give. Now let it be conceived that mankind have been moved hither to associate almost solely for the purpose of getting good, and notwithstanding the general success to this end, it is easy to see wherein and wherefore few, if any, have as yet tasted the honey of personal communion. It is in and for the sheer want of that generosity of feeling and action which are due to a wise conception of the unitality of Nature, which makes of all worlds one Universe, and of all spirits one everlasting and ever-growing community. It is no extravagance, however, to say that humanity will in time outgrow the folly of selfishness, which is characteristic of puerile spirits, and cannot consist with human greatness. None can help growing, while development roots out error and fosters benevolence. Individual maturity, therefore, will put every soul on the track of the excellent Nazarene, like him to find the highest enjoyment in doing good. Then a world of loving angels, some of whom are now occasionally entertained as strangers, will be manifest even to eyes of sense. I mean that Heaven will appear on Earth through a wisely beneficent Spirit-Communion of normal men and women.

Let it be furthermore conceived that men and angels are all of one species, and that human nature is identical, only progressive, in all spheres of its development; and it will be seen that the two general motives to human intercourse ought also to obtain between the mundane and supermundane brotherhoods. Indeed, since all who dwell in the Spirit-world once dwelt on earth, having the same birth and destiny as mankind, it is rude and monstrous for us in our sublimity to be indifferent to the interests of our former bodily and future spiritual associates. Moreover, since old and young, wise and ignorant, and all sorts of character have passed on before us, it is probable, even without reflection, that we might both get good and do good by an inter-spiritual reciprocity of thought and sympathy. But in view of the testimony of many who have made the experiment, much to their own satisfaction, it seems that nothing short of a superstitious insanity can make anybody hesitate to try the possibility, at the same time neglecting to consider what is the use of mediumistic communion with the quondam inhabitants of earth, including "the spirits of just men made perfect."

This proposal is so reasonable, its affectional objects are so natural and familiar to every head and heart, that a question of its utility seems much like asking, *What is the use of knowing anything about those we love, who have merely preceded us in emigrating to a new country, and whom we are bound to follow sometime in the future?* Is there, then, no real desire to commune with departed friends, and no implication of it in our reverent treatment of their dead relics? In our sad recollections of their earthly sufferings? In our cherished mementos of their living kindness? In our solemn mention of their dying words? In our mournful visits to the lone spot where their bones are entombed? In the tears we shed upon the sacred mound which hides, as we fancy, something which we vainly seek? In the kiss of a flower plucked from the grave, and the secret, silent prayer that these tokens may be recognised by the soul that is not there?—Is there no meaning in all this? And were it possible, by open or impression, or in any imaginable way, for the mourner to get a response to this yearning from that dear parent or child, that brother or sister, that lover or wedded companion whose absence is mourned, who has gone, as one hopes, to Paradise, but really one knows not whither, who can doubt as to what good it would do?

Again, it seems like questioning the value of foreign information. What, then, is the use of mails, telegraphs, and newspapers? As I infer from the avidity with which the dailies are read, people are generally fond of news. What is going on in Europe, and the four quarters of the globe; how every racial behavior and is treated by the police of vengeance; here, there and everywhere, everybody is in haste to know before dinner, and again before bedtime, every day. To tell their impatient inquisitiveness of a world full of casualties, is all that such flaming prints as the *Heralds* of Gotham and Shawmut are good for. What is the news? Is the most popular inquiry on earth. News of all sorts, and from the farthest regions of this lower world, is desirable enough, and doubtless very useful; why not then from the upper world, to which it is commonly understood we are all going as fast as Time's locomotive can bear us? Is it possible that nobody cares what the inhabitants of that world are about, what preparations they are making, or neglecting to make, for our approach? Why Man! do you suppose there are no events worth knowing outside of your little temporary habitation? Is it likely that all the folks in the other mansions of the Father's house are idle? or that everybody in Hades—all the late citizens of earth—are gone to sleep, and that nothing happens while they are dreaming? If not, would you not like to hear the latest news from Paradise, or read the doings of a moral police for souls in Erebus? Hear, then, the cry of angelic newsboys repeating "*Celestial Chronotype, Herald of Spirit-life, and Tribune of Psychodom*—all about the ball of Progress, the death of Superstition, the birth of Freedom, post-moral cures of depravity, and the jubilee of converted saints and infidels!" Finally, it looks like disputing the worth of knowledge. But who really doubts the use of books, such as our earthly betters write? Who ignores the utility

of the world's great library—the written wit and wisdom of past ages? Do the authors of ancient lore know less now than when they lived on earth? No; they are wiser, not only for being older, but for being exalted to a superior plane of intelligence. Why study the essays of Franklin, Bacon, Aristotle, and other departed sages, yet have no interest to learn their later thoughts upon the same or other subjects? It is likely that after their longer experience and maturer meditations, they are now prepared to revise their former works, and improve somewhat upon their comparatively juvenile lucubrations. Why not prefer their best teachings? Why should Christians and Infidels be careless of learning whether Paul has accepted "the Age of Reason," or Thomas Paine "The Epistle to the Galatians," or whether both have not found a better gospel than that of doubt or faith, since graduating to the world of more than sensuous or rational discernment?

There can be no reasonable doubt that Newton knows more about astronomy to-day, than when he last looked through a telescope. Our earthly examples of clairvoyance demonstrate the superior powers of disembodied souls to prosecute the optional purpose of scientific discovery. The moral probability, not to say certainty, that Copernicus and his Spirit-born disciples could tell us all about the Moon which earthly astronomers are eager to ascertain, is in itself an item of use which the most materially-minded student of Nature ought to appreciate. Here is suggested the means whereby all the natural sciences may be greatly advanced. Through the ecologic testimony of superior spirits, we may learn not merely whether our neighboring planets are inhabited, which is still a matter of uncertainty with most scientific inquirers; but how long since, and with what sort of people; that is, to what various stages of development the several planetary races have attained. Some of the planets, as Jupiter and Saturn, are much older than our world, and our young humanity is probably far outstripped by its seniors, in individual excellence and social order. It is not unlikely that something of their exemplary ways might be copied with advantage to ourselves; and our own aspiring race would surely take courage from the history of other climbing worlds.

Such are some of the immediate uses of Spirit Communion. Thoughts of other uses crowd the mind for utterance. Yet I pause for the present, obligingly hinting that another section may follow another look at the subject toward its remoter bearings.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER V.

Circles and teachings of 1853 continued:—The Second Sphere.—In this sphere spirit is not entirely disconnected from matter.—Matter in the Second, on the same plane, or degree of refinement, as spirit in the First Sphere.—Affinity the controlling power of the Second Sphere.—Some remain in this sphere centuries without desire of advancement.—Do spirits labor to obtain food and clothing in this sphere?—The language of Earth incompetent to convey the true ideas of advanced spirits.—The Third Sphere.—There is but one death, but the spirit is constantly, by undergoing a change in its passage from Sphere to Sphere.—In this Sphere Earth propensities are lost.—Occupation in this Sphere.—Concluding remarks concerning these teachings.

The reader may begin to think that the last two, and the present chapter, bear but little relation to the caption at the head of my articles. But be patient with me, kind reader, and I will soon give you more of the Phenomena of Spiritualism;—and indeed, these teachings, coming to us as they did, were of themselves, a marked phenomenon; but with this article I shall aim to give all the extracts I have to make at present, from my reports of our sittings in the winter of 1853 and 1854; and shall then proceed to give facts in relation to the Phenomena.

In my last chapter, our teachings had brought us to the point called *Death*, when the spirit leaves the First or Rudimental, and enters upon the Second or Spiritual Sphere of Man's existence. In relation to this Sphere, Martin Luther continues:

"Some make a great mistake in advancing the idea that Spirits in the Second Sphere are entirely unconnected from matter. Such is not the case. In the Sphere we are now considering matter appears in a greater degree of refinement; still there is matter in this sphere, as well as in the Sphere we have advanced from. All matter, in this Sphere is of as high a degree of refinement as is the spirit in the rudimental or first Sphere. It is a fixed law in nature, that nothing can advance faster than the power which impels it on; or, in other words, that the fountain cannot rise above its source. The material part of this Sphere is continually acting upon the lower Spheres, as well as the spiritual upon the spiritual. When spirits enter this Sphere, they follow the law of affinity, which is the controlling power of this sphere. As there are so many different degrees of development in this Sphere, all find their proper level; whether they are attracted. Some remain for centuries in this Sphere, and manifestly inhibit so little desire for advancement, that they come to the belief, that there is no higher attainment for the IMMORTAL MIND."

"That there is matter in this Sphere, you must take on the responsibility of spirits who have inhabited it; as you can have no positive knowledge of yourselves, while you remain in the rudimental Sphere. I do not say that we inhabit earth, positive earth, as you understand the expression; but that in this sphere, there is a combination of refined matter, which in every degree answers the same purpose to those who are residents here, as the gross material of your earth does to the inhabitants of the same."

You may have heard from some source, that spirits are compelled to labor, to provide food and clothing in this sphere; but I am of the opinion that the language used to convey such ideas is figurative. But that the spirit when it is removed from the Earth body, is not so far sublimated as to exist without sustenance outside of itself, you will have no great difficulty in imagining. But the Great Author of life in his all-wise provision, has instituted proper means for the sustenance of all his creatures, in whatever sphere they may be called to pass a portion of their existence.

In the language of men, there occurs no expression which will convey a true idea of many things which we, as advanced spirits, have to encounter; hence, you will perceive how hard it must be at times to express ourselves in a manner to be completely intelligible to your minds. From this cause, we are often under the necessity of making use of terms,

which relate to the lower, to convey our ideas of matters pertaining to the higher Spheres. What sustenance spirits need, in the Spheres above the Earth Sphere, is of a nature which is in conformity with what you call the sustenance of the vegetable kingdom, and which I can in no better way explain than to say, that the growth or advancement of the spirit is a matter of necessity, under the different degrees of sublimation to which it permits itself to be brought. Thus, if a spirit has no desire for progression, it will have no affinity to attract it to a higher plane, where provision is in waiting to develop it to a still higher.

This is as near as I am now able to give you an idea of spirit life in the Second Sphere; therefore, we will pass, as we have already done from a lower, to a higher Sphere; and in doing so, we must pass what is called the dividing line. But here we have not to so great a degree, to experience the trying conflicts of the death struggle; for there is but one death; and that is the death of the earth body. After the spirit assumes its spirit form in the Second Sphere, there is no perceptible change in the apparent form of the spirit; as it advances from Sphere to Sphere yet there is a continued change in its organism, which I can in no better way explain to your minds, than to say, that it is continually becoming more and more transparent as it is its onward development more and more delivered of the particles of matter which pertain to the rudimental Sphere. Consequently, in its passage from Sphere to Sphere, it retains the same body, in a different degree of refinement. In its passage from the Second to the third Sphere, the spirit does not encounter so many startling scenes, as it does when it enters the second from the rudimental sphere."

"When the spirit has passed from the second to the third Sphere, it loses all of what is called earthly propensities. Here, it is in full and perfect compliance, with the laws of spiritual progression and harmony. No spirit can be elevated to this plane, who has not been so far divested of earth desires, and earth passions, as to become transparent, both outwardly and internally."

Spirits in this sphere, fixed their chief occupation in visiting such as they have an affinity for, who are below them, either in the second or in the rudimental sphere, to become acquainted with the souls desire; and when fully aware of the souls longings, to render such aid as is in their power;—and that power is daily being augmented. This sphere is a sort of connecting link, or medium, between the higher spheres and earth. Some remain much longer in this sphere than others; their minds not being so far advanced but what they find ample employment for a long time in laboring for the good of others, without looking so much to self advancement. . . . We will now pass on with our teachings to the Fourth Sphere."

I will now bring my extracts from the teachings of 1853, to a close for the present; although I have given but a small amount of what was received and which I have in my possession. But I have copied, I think, enough to give the general reader, an idea of the character of those teachings. In relation to the interest and importance of these teachings, and the source from whence they emanated, the reader must be his own judge. That they did not originate in the mind of the medium, I am well satisfied, in my own mind; and so was every other member of that circle. These teachings continued through the winter and into the spring months of 1854; and yet, I have made extracts from my notes only up to the circle held Monday evening, December 19th, 1853; and have given—but a small portion of what was received up to that point. I stopped with the passage of the spirit from the Third to the Fourth Sphere. The teachings continued on through the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and into the seventh or highest sphere of man's progression. Before closing the chapter I will give some of the leading heads, without making any extracts from my written report. Monday evening, December 19th. The communication from Martin Luther was continued; and the following subjects were treated upon; viz:—THE FOURTH SPHERE.—The change in the spirit from the third to the fourth Sphere not so great, as in the lower grades.—Spirits in this Sphere, live to do good, for the sake of the act; they delight in the scenes that surround them—communication from Herschel with a desire that his teachings should be incorporated into the notes. December 26th; The communication from Martin Luther was continued, and the subjects treated upon were as follows:—THE FIFTH SPHERE.—From this sphere, none but such as felt a strong desire to benefit their friends ever return to earth.—Spirits do not linger long in this sphere.—In the passage of the spirit from this to the sixth Sphere, there is not so much of a realization of advancement as is the case in the lower Spheres.—The change is made more in compliance with an inward desire for advancement, than from any change of will or purpose. Enjoyment in the SIXTH SPHERE is so great, that many think that they have arrived at all that is for them to attain. THE SEVENTH SPHERE.—None from earth have ever advanced to more than the first three circles of this sphere—what is given from advanced spheres, is given by impression.

Besides the subjects already alluded to, we received teachings from other spirits upon a large variety of subjects, from which I may at some future time make further extracts; but I shall leave them now, and pass, in my next chapter, to my experience and observation of the manifestations; and if I have not witnessed and experienced as much as others, I think I shall be able to give some facts, which will tend to establish the truth of spirit intercourse, as far as testimony can be relied upon as evidence.

"The term Sphere, as used in these teachings, I understand to mean a change of condition, and not necessarily of location. The spirit passes on to different degrees of refinement; becoming more and more sublimated, or divested of gross material, till finally it emerges into the great center of life, which is God."

ANECDOTES OF THE DEAD.

MR. EDITOR—I have in possession a well worn book, with the following title page:—

"News from the Invisible World; or Interesting Anecdotes of The Dead. In a number of well attested facts; showing their power and influence in the affairs of mankind; with several extracts and original pieces from the writings of the best authors. The whole designed to prevent infidelity, show the states of separate spirits and evince the certainty of *The World to Come*. By John Tregobart. A new and improved edition. There appeared Moses and Elias talking with him." Manchester. Printed and published by J. Greave & Sons, 1827."

Had the book been compiled for our own day, it could hardly have had a more pertinent preface—I will quote a portion of it:

"It has been the general opinion of all nations, even of the most barbarous, that man does not die

entirely, but that his better part subsists after the dissolution of the body; and this original notion for the soul's immortality has induced the most learned and most ancient nations to indulge that belief of the possibility of the visible interference of spirits upon certain momentous and awful occasions. There is nothing more commonly talked of than apparitions of departed spirits, of demons and ghosts. Several respectable authors have written upon this subject. It was deemed no unwelcome task to collect and extract from the most learned and judicious, the most remarkable narratives which prove the reality of these several appearances."

"For the return of spirits after death, the scripture supposes it in more instances than one; for instance when the witch of Endor raises up Samuel at the desire of Saul. The book of Job, where Eliphaz observes that God oftentimes calls man to repentance by visions and dreams. When our Saviour walked upon the sea, the disciples cried out for fear. 'It is a spirit.' When the rich man desired Abraham to send Lazarus to his brethren, he evidently supposed it possible for the dead to return and converse with the living. The reality, therefore, of the apparitions of angels, demons and departed souls, cannot be denied without destroying the authority of the scriptures, which relate and suppose them. We may also confirm ourselves in this great truth, that spiritual beings as well as departed souls, as angels and demons, are invested by the Supreme Being, with an extensive power of acting upon sublunary bodies, and causing in them very great and very dreadful alterations. Job. 9, 12—21."

Then follow 450 pages in narrations, poetry, and quotations. I will copy a few if you think they will be instructive or entertaining:

Page 260.

"A remarkable occurrence, extracted from Morton, who took it from Dr. H. Moore.

"In the northern part of England. (I think Lancashire, for I had the story from a clergyman of that county), the minister before he began to read prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the bans of marriage. He opened it, and saw written in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport: 'That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, had robbed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard.' The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily if he had placed any paper in the prayer-book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names written therein, were those of the clerk and sexton of the church. The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared thereon, but it was a plain piece of white paper. The justice accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must certainly have been disordered, when he imagined such strange contents upon a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest entreaties prevailed on the justice to grant his warrant against the sexton and clerk, who were taken up on suspicion, and separately confined and examined, when many contradictions appeared in their examination; for the sexton who kept an ale-house, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there—but the clergyman recollecting that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory, the place was searched, and the body was found, on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact accusing the clerk as his accomplice, and they both were accordingly executed."

This gift of seeing spiritual writing is quite common in these days, and I believe it to be one of the most direct modes of impression.

I have not unfrequently seen sentences appearing one after another, written on a table or on the ceiling. The writing seems frequently to be brilliant like characters in golden light, but on a white ground the appearance is as of writing with ink.

From Belshazzar's Feast to our own day the laws are the same.

Yours,

L. M. W.

TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENTED.
MR. EDITOR:—A. E. Horton, of Fort Atkinson, Wis., late of Pilot Hill, Eldorado Co., Cal., relates the following as his first experience in Spiritualism of which he was then, as of every other spiritual faith, skeptical. News having come to him at his store at Pilot Hill, that an Indian was about to be hung under the miners' law, as administered by Judge Lynch, at a point about a mile and a half from his place, by a company of eight Irishmen, for having killed a pig belonging to them, he was induced to inquire into the matter, supposing he knew the Indian about to be hung. Seizing his revolver, and leaving one of his men in the store, he started for the scene at his ordinary walk, but being twice bidden to "hurry—hurry," by what seemed to be a voice addressed to his outer senses, while on looking round in every direction no person was to be seen—he started on a run, and reached the place just as they were about to bring the Indian out of the Irishman's shanty to execute him. "I then," he says, "crowded into it, (this shanty) and finding the Indian to be one I well knew, and had often trusted in and about my store, questioned him as to the truth of the case. He stated that he had neither killed nor tried to steal the pig, but that his dogs had seized it, and he was in the act of clubbing them off when the Irishmen discovered him, and felled him to the earth, from the wounds of which assault he was still bleeding, and covered with blood. They then bound him and brought him to their shanty with intent to hang him. I asked the Irishmen if they saw him kill the pig. They said no, but they saw him raise his club, and saw his dogs at work, and meant to hang him according to miner's law, and bade me 'leave the shanty.' I replied that I knew the old Indian to be honest, that he was a cripple, and that the first man who laid his hand on him to execute him, should be mediated by a pill from my revolver, (and a Californian in those days meant what he said, if he was not a braggart.) I then told the old Indian, after enticing him to walk out ahead of me to my place of business, (constituting myself his rear guard, revolver in hand)—and likewise the Irishmen, that if they would follow to Pilot Hill, we would have a miners' court called together and give the Indian a fair trial; if found guilty I should then wash my hands of the matter. They followed me, and soon there were mustered about one hundred and fifty miners, who elected a jury of twelve men to try the case upon testimony. When the character of the Indian was shown to be peaceable and honest, he was acquitted, and a sum made up to pay the Irishmen for their pig. The dead pig was given to the Indian who refused it, saying he did not like pig, but

loved squirrel better. The Indian was a hunter, or trapper of these, and was crippled by having his shoulder dislocated permanently—the head of the bone being thrown outside of the socket, and upward, so that his elbow was drawn in, and rested nearly upon the pit of his stomach, which, when he presented his hand to be shaken, made him an awkward figure. And here is the nub of my story.

About three years after this event, (having returned to Wisconsin, read of the phenomena of Spiritualism and became interested in it), I visited New York, a stranger, and in the entry of Dods-worth Hall, after attending a lecture, I heard parties talking of circles. I made known my wish to inquire into the subject, and being a stranger to mediums and the city, was invited to attend a private circle in Grand street. The medium was a trance or clairvoyant medium. Soon after I entered she described to me the spirit of my brother standing by my side, described his very features, complexion, hair, etc., exactly, and told me he had lived and died what the orthodox term an infidel—which was true. I then reflected, that she might easily have supposed I had lost a brother, and guessed at him by seeing me—though I had no whiskers or mustache as she had described him to have. I said to myself, this is not the evidence I want; she immediately said, there is an old Indian wishes to speak to you, and I said "Very well, let him speak." She then immediately threw her elbow into the pit of her stomach, and projecting her hand exclaimed, "How do you do, brother—don't you know me?" I paused and said no; when like a stroke of lightning it came to me from the mouth of the medium, "I am that old Indian whose life you saved in California!" Who shall deny this to be evidence? Five years having transpired since the death of this Indian, he comes to me and not only talks to me as was his custom, by calling me "brother," but when I fail to be retained as to what particular Indian among many I had known was hailing me—he not only at once displays himself theatrically both in posture and deformity, but tells me briefly and sententiously of the service I had rendered him, under trying and peculiar circumstances. Can the world wonder that old time sayings and fossil creeds are breaking up under such demonstrations of spiritual truth? Had I not have hurried to his rescue, as warned by the words, "hurry—hurry," I had lived and died as my brother did, without believing that "if a man die he shall live again." A. R. HOBSON

MRS. L. F. HYDE, TEST-MEDIUM.

Messrs. Editors:—Among the very few good and reliable test-mediums, now before the public, for giving tests of spirit identity and intercourse between the nether and supernal world, is the lady whose name I have placed at the head of this article.

It has been my privilege to know many mediums, some of whom have reputations co-extensive with the country and the teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy; and I know of none, that have given more reliable tests to the inquirer than this lady. A few of the many I have been made familiar with, will illustrate the quality of her mediumship.

The Rev. J. P. called upon a medium of New York, and received a communication of a most convincing character, from the spirit of a cherished friend, long in the "summer land." Mr. P. inquired if there was any medium in Boston through whom the spirit could communicate, to which the spirit replied "yes," and indicated Mrs. Hyde, who was entirely unknown to Mr. P. by reputation or otherwise.

On his return to Boston, Mr. P. made inquiry for, and found Mrs. Hyde at 49 Wall-street. He desired a sitting, and though unknown to the medium, as soon as she was entranced, the spirit that had promised Mr. P. in New York, spoke, making allusions to the promise, calling Mr. P. by name, and mentioned the relationship existing between them, and the ties of consanguinity. The identity was complete and Mr. P. who has visited many of the very best mediums in the country, bears willing testimony to the superiority of Mrs. Hyde's medium powers.

Another gentleman, well known as a successful business man in Boston, lost a son, who was also engaged in business of a mercantile character. This son, a man of thirty-five years' growth, died suddenly and his business was left very much unsettled. The father sought an interview through Mrs. Hyde. Papers, and their character were described—where they could be found, private letters alluded to, names given of men, houses and dogs, and much other information by which the intelligence was clearly recognized as the spirit of the young man. All parties were entirely unknown to the medium in her normal condition.

A third gentleman, (a skeptic in the power of spirits to return and communicate with those in the earth form) Judge B., sought an interview with Mrs. Hyde, and found her at her rooms in her house on Wall street. The Judge and the medium were entire strangers to each other, and yet as soon as she became entranced, she called his name, and gave him unmistakable evidence of the presence of one of Massachusetts' most distinguished and most honored statesmen. The Judge asked the controlling spirit to describe the place and time, when they had had their last interview on earth, which was at once done to the minutest particular. The tears trickled down the judicial face of the Judge, attesting that some fountain had unexpectedly been opened by the medium. The Judge then inquired of the spirit, who had induced him to visit this medium, when the name of the advising party, a friend of the Judge was promptly given.

One more case may be cited, I hope, without making this article too lengthy for your columns. A stranger visited Mrs. Hyde's rooms, and desired to commune with the spirits. Mrs. H. was soon entranced, when a spirit claiming to be that of a late partner in business with the individual present announced himself, and established an unmistakable identity; and affirmed that only ten days had expired since his departure from the earth form. The gentleman was astounded, and as the spirit had called his name, he concluded that the medium knew all about him and his business. He accordingly shaped his line of investigation somewhat different. He went home and sent his sister to the medium; then a brother again another sister closely veiled and hooded; and so continued for a space of several weeks, thinking to surprise the medium into a disclosure of duplicity. To all these, though they came masked, and at irregular times the same spirit responded and stated the object of their mission to the medium.

The tests were conclusive, and conviction of the great truth of spirit communications has settled deep into the hearts of that family, who are now "diligent to deliver" for light and truth.

Any number of equally good tests could be added to the foregoing, to establish the high claims of Mrs. Hyde to public consideration, as a test medium, for

spirit investigation; and as she is a lady of unblemished integrity of character, it gives me pleasure as a friend to truth, to call public attention to her merits as a medium, and her worth as a woman.

Very Respectfully,

Boston Feb., 1861.

Ner.

For the Banner of Light.

I'VE SEEN THE SHOW.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS BOY.

Threescore and ten I've watched the show!
The Mammoth web of Life,
With motley woof of joys like tow,
And iron warp of strife.

My boy! near by me patient sit,
While I recount each Act
Of this wild play—its scenes of wit,
Or drama, farce, or fact.

I've found that those who gazed with grief,
And turned their backs in scorn,
Calling the Showman Cheat! and Thief!
Came first to gaze next morn!

I've heard the Priest the word abuse,
And brand it false and vain;
Then seen him kiss the waiter's shoes,
Some carnal love to gain!

I've heard men cry, "The Union's all!"
At leaves and fishes rail—
Then seen them beg the crumbs that fall,
And bless a fish's tail!

I've seen Reformers urge the tide
Of war on public sin;
Then, Jehu-like, their hobbles ride,
An office sty to win!

I've seen the Lawyer, plunging, wade
Black mud his villain through;
Then laugh to think what fools he'd made,
Of Court and Jury too!

I've seen the Doctor carve and roll
His solemn pills of bread—
Wax plump of face and gaunt of soul,
On subjects life and dead!

I've heard the pious Merchant cry—
"With justice I'm content!"
Then seen him thump his yards so sly,
To sponge a quarter cent!

I've seen the Deacon, fresh from prayers,
Weigh out his sugar'd sand—
Water his rum and gid down stairs,
Shouting for Canaan's land!

I've seen the Farmer milk his pump,
And sell the creamless whey—
Then smite his breast a godly thump,
And talk of Judgment Day!

I've seen the gloved Aristocrat
Butt heads with uncouth goats—
Paw ragged loafers like a cat,
And take his pay in votes!

I've heard grave Parsons flippant prate,
Of Satan's Pit of Elives—
Then send their neighbors through that gate,
And take to Heaven themselves!

I've seen grey Maidens in their ire
Young Hymen spit and roast;
And then play bride in bride's attire,
And bundle with a ghost!

I've seen our Churchman, red with spleen,
Crush feeble virtue's fame;
Then crown her child St. MAGDALENE,
For slips of taste the same!

I've seen them pile on wayward Jack
His every sin, and steep it
Then rock the sins of saints, a lack!
In Satan's lap, to sleep!

I've seen swart Justice, "neath its wing,
Wash Mammon head and hoof;
Then, Haman-high, poor Lazarus swing,
On circumstantial proof!

I've seen at large "His Honor" moved,
Who'd robb'd the Public Draw;
While pale, boy-thieves, in prison proved
The equity of Law!

I've seen the Church award her grace
To Vice, that owned her Plan;
But Virtue doom, that could embrace
No creed, but love to man!

I've seen before the Altar placed,
Unholy misers first;
While poverty, as sunlight chaste,
Was frowned away accurs!

I've ever seen that Might was Right;
That Wrong was Right, in gold—
But that the Right, with gold no might,
Was cabbage—bought and sold!

I've seen it all in Life's short space;
And this have come to know—
He must, that here would win the race,
Out-sham Prince Barnum's Show!

New-London, Conn.

AN OLD OBSERVER.

THE VICTOR (N.Y.) CONVENTION.

The Spiritualist Convention at Victor, N. Y., on the 6th, 7th and 8th insts., was one of the most novel and interesting character. The officers were John H. W. Toohy, of Cleveland, O., President; L. K. Conoley, Vice-President; U. Clark, of the Spiritual Union, and Mrs. S. C. Cleveland, of the Penn Yan Chronicle, Secretaries; Marcus Wright, Wm. Dickinson of Victor, H. B. Smith of Avon, Miss Olive H. Frazer of Elmira, and Mrs. W. Reynolds of Putneyville, Executive Committee.

Three sessions, two hours each, were held each day; the morning sessions devoted to ten minutes voluntary speeches, narration of facts and experiences; the afternoon and evening sessions, opened for select addresses, and closed by volunteer speakers. James G. Clark, the inimitable vocalist, favored each session with his touching and harmonic songs. Among the regular speakers were the venerable ex-Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston; whose solid facts, sound logic and unaffected eloquence, were irresistible; L. K. Conoley, whose clear reasoning and religious fervor were well adapted to all appreciating minds; M. A. Hunter of Granger, a trance speaker of fearless thought and pioneer zeal; Mrs. S. S. Chappell of Phoenix, the heroic inspirational sister whose mission promises to prove wide and useful, and whose appeals stirred the depths of every listening soul; Miss Mary J. King, the trance speaker, and the Assistant of the Clarion, whose modest mien and womanly influence mingled with the harmonic breathings of spirit-life; and J. H. W. Toohy, whose chaste rhetoric, bold oratory and original thoughts flashed the deepest convictions home to all who heard. Among others who participated were G. M. Jackson, the trance speaker of Bennettsburg; Chauncy Barnes, the agitating medium; Father Lowell, the eccentric, outspoken, ice-breaker; J. E. Churchill, the artist; H. Butler, the healing medium of Wellsboro, Pa.; I. Allen of Lockport; J. W. Seaver, the stirring pioneer of Byron Centre; L. E. Barnard, the lecturer from Ohio; G. W. Ripley of Montpelier, Vt.; Dr. Rodgers of Brockport, and U. Clark of Auburn.

The following significant resolutions, by Dr. Toohy, were discussed:—

Resolved, Since day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night addeth knowledge, that experience is progress; and that a love of Scientific knowledge and Spiritual truth, rather than a fear of God and a dread of hell—is the beginning of Wisdom.

Resolved, That Spiritualism in aspiring to be the exponent of nature and the herald of destiny, must become practically, as well as sympathetically, the expositor of Man—the champion of his rights, the harmonizer of his relations and the friend of universal freedom.

Resolved, Since "life is real and life is earnest," that the nobler loves and aspirations of the soul should not be cramped, confined or crushed by the assumptions of "thus said the Lord" in the past; nor by a thus said "the people" in the present; as wisdom is approved of her children, independent of church dogmatism or governmental pretensions.

Resolved, That Spiritualism in proclaiming its independence from all creeds, ecclesiastic and secular, does but authorize the belief that the Institutes of the Divine Rectitude are organic in nature—constitutional to the soul and blissful in aspiration; and that practical life will reflect the divine harmony of the original plan, so soon as angel wisdom inspires, and scientific sense educates the race.

Resolved, However, that in thus dissenting from our fathers and protesting as we do against the cant and tyranny of churchism, as well as the slavery and hypocrisy of fashion; that we do but acknowledge our obligations to, and show our respect for the good and true of all times and climes; men and women, who in ignoring the authority of mere custom—did so—not because they loved man less, but nature and God more.

Resolved, Therefore that tolerance is a necessity, and respectful spiritual and social intercourse a blessing; and that all religion (so-called,) that makes sacrifice a virtue and suffering a necessity, is the offspring of ignorance and the enemy of healthy and harmonic progress.

Resolved, Then, that to be true men and women, we need freedom from the bondage of ignorance, the superstition of mere personal belief, and emancipation from the authority of cant, custom and public opinion.

And finally be it Resolved, That Spiritualism, in common with the philosophy of the body, seeks to make each soul a law unto itself—and each organization a temple, fit for the indwelling of a holy spirit, in order that communion of spirit and angel intercourse may be an actual and practical part of daily life.

The enthusiasm of the Convention was somewhat stimulated by the manner in which the meeting was excluded from the lecture room of the Universalist church which had been previously engaged for the occasion. Due notice of the Convention was published, and all the preliminaries were arranged, when, a few days before the appointed time arrived, RAYMOND W. W. DEAN, pastor of the Universalist church, bustled around among some of his most bigoted parishioners and official members, and succeeded in getting a small majority to vote the lecture room closed against the Convention, regardless of previous contract, regardless of the notices gone out, regardless of the impossibility of securing another place for the meeting, regardless of all the principles of honor, justice, and toleration, regardless of the fact that some Spiritualists and other liberal citizens had contributed towards building the church.

The Universalist lecture room having been closed, the Victor committee, consisting of Marcus Wright, Wm. Dickinson, D. Goodwin and E. Fisher, issued the following circular, appointing the Convention at Haykin's Hotel Hall:

Yellow Citizens:—In consequence of unexpected intolerance, and presumptive meanness, on the part of a bigoted Minister in this place, together with a certain Trustee and two or three Members of a Church hereof supposed to be devoted to the dissemination of Christian sentiments and feelings in this community, (since calling themselves Christians,) we have been obliged to accept the use of the Hall above mentioned, here being no other place where a public meeting could be held. The hall which has been closed against us—who only ask the privilege in kindness and honesty, of worshipping Deity according to the dictates of our own conscience, and as we feel called upon to do according to our best understanding—has been used during several years past for almost all purposes within the range of reason, as Catholic Meetings, Theatrical Exhibitions, Negro Lectures, Concerts, and on several occasions Spiritual Lectures and Manifestations, with a variety of other things. We call upon you, people of Victor, to reprove this act of closing the doors against a portion of your fellow-townsmen, and many distinguished strangers from abroad, who have had this hall on former occasions, and who were promised it on this occasion more than two months ago. We ask only justice and what is right—will you grant it? or will you persecute us for our honest opinions—opinions we cannot control, since our minds are only the subjects, and not the masters of evidence? To us, Spiritualism is true; and if you are not afraid of it, true gentlemen, (as we are assured you are,) why try to keep it from the minds of the people here. Are you afraid of your priestcraft? If the truth is with you, it hath eternal endurance in its nature, and Spiritualism cannot prevail against it, nor harm you in such case. But if you deny our rights, and it should ultimately be decided that the truth is with us, your most unmanly tyranny will prove your ruin; for, in all good faith, do you think that the people of Victor will decide in favor of injustice because clothed with wealth, or wrong, because supported by a few would-be aristocratic lords? Nay, give us only justice, simple justice, with forbearance and toleration, and we will meet you on the common level of Universal Brotherhood.

We trust Spiritualists and all unsectarians, after awhile will take the same hint, and learn never to contribute a dollar or even their countenance or personal attendance towards any church or ministry not openly or avowedly dedicated to freedom and humanity. The conflict is hastening in which Spiritualists can no longer compromise an iota of their principles or rights. Bigoted sectarians, like maddened Pharisees, desperate in view of the mighty onward marchings of God's eternal truth, and threatened with an utter overthrow of their tottering and tottering hierarchies, now seem to wage a blinded and an insane warfare. The Victor Convention, after all, was a success, though the Hall in which it met was rather inconvenient and the weather extremely cold and stormy. The most cheerful and harmonious spirit dominated, and the lessons of the occasion went out among the people. Many happy allusions were made to the closed lecture room and its priestly guardian.

The frank and fearless expressions, the bold and independent positions, the earnest and heroic resolves and the harmonic sentiments recognized by all the speakers during this Convention, were significant of the high grounds being taken by the masses of Spiritualists. There was no reckless or wholesale denunciation against opponents, but the broadest charity was exercised. About twenty public and private speakers were present from various parts of the country, and about forty different localities were represented by the attendants, all reporting encouraging signs of progress, all breathing the same spirit of sympathy and fraternity without recognizing any external authority, creed, organization or sworn compact, all asserting the right of angel manifestations and individual liberty. Each had some personal experience to narrate, showing how all Spiritualists are compelled to come out in the midst of trials and tribulations, and in many instances dissolve all their old relations with parties, churches, neighbors, friends and families, and stand as it were, alone with the angel world. Many noble appeals were made for believers to stand firm and true to the deepest, divinest, purest intuitions of their own unfoldings, souls, though all the world frowned, and even nearest and dearest friends for a time failed to

understand their motives. There should be no compromise. We should be true and free and pure, though all save God and angels forsake us. We could be born into the new, only as we become disintegrated from the old and stood out individualized, independent of all external institutions, customs, prejudices and opinions. We were to pass on unmoved by the slanders and misrepresentations of the outer world; seek first the Kingdom of God in our own natures; seek our true relations and maintain them at all hazards, without violating the rights of others or ignoring any obligations or sympathies, belonging to our respective spheres. On these points, the venerable John Pierpont and other speakers dwelt with heroic eloquence. All Spiritualists prepared to act accordingly. Much more is involved than many now anticipate. It was contended that Spiritualists should stand above all slanders, suspicions and hasty judgments against each other, and condemn no man or woman under any circumstances. We were all more or less marks for our enemies, and if we joined them in denouncing each other, or even kept silent, we condemned ourselves—we exposed ourselves to similar censure—we compromised our sentiments and proved traitors to our principles. If we judged each other by the false standards of the Church, or of so-called popular opinion, we did violence to the teachings of the eternal life. During one session of the Convention a slight controversy arose, and one of the brethren began to make some allusions to the past alleged failings of another brother who was present, when the whole Convention, with unanimous voice, called for order, and insisted on silence in regard to the past alleged failings of all mortals whose present seekings were for the good and true. That scene afforded one of the most melting and overwhelming evidences of the power of Spiritualism. The rebuked brother himself sat down in silence, and, regretting his haste, declared that he seemed forced by unseen intelligences, who designed only to point a moral against the sin of raking up the past and pronouncing judgment.

Let such Spiritual Conventions become rife throughout the country, and the cause of humanity will more rapidly progress. The meeting was formally closed on Friday evening, with a vote of thanks to the few noble, indefatigable friends who opened their homes in Victor; but several of the speakers remained over Saturday and Sunday, continuing the Pentecostal season of celestial refreshing.

URIAH CLARE,
MRS. S. C. CLEVELAND,
Secretaries.

COOR L. V. HATCH AT DODSWORTH'S HALL.

Sunday Evening, Feb. 17th, 1861.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Before proceeding to elucidate the subject of this discourse, it may be well to state, that we deem no apology necessary for the introduction of such themes, on this, or any other occasion. The present state of public sentiment, and the intimate relations between political religious and moral welfare, in this country are sufficient reasons for appealing to the sense of human justice in any manner which may seem effectual; nor can it be thought unsuited to the sanctity of the day, to refer to truths which had their origin in the highest human minds, prompted by the purest motives. Were it not that your present principles as a nation, have reached a state which clearly tends toward the destruction, not only of your governmental fabric, but of the deeper interests of morality, we might pass by these topics, and leave them to work out their own results. But we cannot help comparing the doctrines, which were given forth under the highest principles of patriotism and integrity, with the wicked and reckless efforts of demagogues at this day, to destroy the glorious structure, which was created under the guidance of those principles. I therefore purpose to elucidate the well-known theory or proposition—commonly called the Monroe Doctrine.

Politicians will understand at once, what this term refers to—in the mind of the general public, it implies merely a passage, rather vaguely understood, in the history of our country. Between the years 1816 and 1824, James Monroe, the immediate successor of Madison and the immediate predecessor of John Quincy Adams, in the Presidential chair, in one of his annual messages to Congress, gave utterance to a theory which at once became incorporated with the foundation of your government, and is part of the secret of its success, and of the admiration which the world has bestowed upon it. It was this; that hereafter, no European Government should be permitted to exert any control, either by the acquisition of territory, the establishment of protectorates, or the open exercise of political influence, over any part of the American Continent—in other words, that the people of this Continent have the sole right to control their own political affairs and relations. The immediate occasion, out of which arose this affirmation of Mr. Monroe's, which we have stated substantially if not in his exact words, was as follows:—

Columbia, and the other provinces of Spain, in South America, under the lead of Simon Bolivar, a man inferior only to Washington, in all that constitutes a wise and patriotic statesman, desiring the final overthrow of the influence of the mother country, and Europe in general in their affairs, sought for and obtained, (probably with the approval of Great Britain,) the support of these United States. As they afforded great sources of revenue to the parent countries, the latter refused the recognition of their independence as long as possible. This could not be endured by our government. It could not look calmly on and see those fair provinces convulsed and devastated, to serve the interests of monarchs who had nothing in common with the people, and therefore under the influence of patriotism, and against the remonstrances of a part of the commercial interests of this country, Mr. Monroe resolved to give Liberty the greatest guaranty within his power, by establishing the principle of this theory, as permanent and fundamental in the policy of his government. He never failed to call to his aid and counsel the most patriotic of his countrymen, and being well versed in governmental policy and diplomacy, he had no hesitation in uttering the sentiment we have quoted. But when announced, the mercantile class in this country was roused to great fear, lest the result of the conflict which might ensue with European powers, should be disastrous to our commercial interests; consequently, the greatest efforts were made to counteract this policy. But their end was never accomplished, and we may say that, since that time, until now, it has been the settled and recognized policy of this country; and no protection on this continent by a European power has been tolerated, with the single exception of that exercised by England on the Mosquito Coast, which was always a fruitful source of difficulty, and has virtually been abolished. Even the British possessions which lie north of us have been sometimes relieved from tyranny and persecution by the appeals and influence of your own government. But this objection on the part of the commercial classes was at last removed. The magnitude of this doctrine is fully realized only when we reflect that no monarch on earth—that no other government, whatever, has ever dared to assume such a privilege—to take such a stand—with reference to so vast an extent of territory. Alexander the Great, in the plenitude of his power, would never have ventured upon such a declaration, without being prepared to enforce it at the point of the sword; nor was such a doctrine known in the Roman Empire, save in its strictest form as an all-grasping military despotism. Napoleon, that chief of military intrigues, only dared to make a similar proclamation at the height of his career and at the head of the invincible veterans of his Imperial Guards. It is not generally known that this declaration of Mr. Monroe's gave rise to

the American party, with the influence and the fall of which you are all acquainted, and which did much to establish the popularity of the doctrine. The policy of our government has been to hold this position, in defiance of all other powers; and this it has so far done, that although Great Britain has, at times claimed the right to derive revenue from portions of this Continent she has never dared to collect it, without first informing our Government; nor has she dared to enforce any tyrannical authority on this Continent, for fear this Government should regard it with the utmost displeasure. Thus, not by force of arms, but simply by her moral influence, this nation has held in check the efforts of tyrants in the New World; for the successive revolutions which have distracted Mexico, arose not so much from the influence and intrigues of Spain, as from the ambition of petty rulers, and it now seems as if through the influence of our former virtuous example, Mexico may at last establish her freedom, while that of America is about to fall. Strange, that a theory which has led to such majestic results—so well calculated to establish freedom on a basis—after being enforced for nearly a third of a century, should be so entirely disregarded now! When we consider that, on this Continent, embracing quarter of the habitable globe, these United States having first established their own liberty, after conflict with one of the most powerful Governments in the world, next declared, "We will uphold liberty among neighboring nations in spite of all monarchs and recognize any Government which seeks to conquer its independence from any tyrants," we may say that history has never given birth to a more majestic sentiment! If this be not calculated to encourage the spirit of Liberty among our weaker sisters; if this be not extending to them a helping hand, by lending them our moral influence to quell the tyrants who would injure them for selfish ends; then, we do not know what moral ability and integrity are! Acknowledging this, the statesmen, politicians and patriotic writers of our country, have all been loud in the praise of this doctrine, as a most high and noble conception of policy, and it has remained until very recently, by unanimous consent, the policy of your government—and the terror of all the monarchs of Europe, who have ever dared to propose a protectorate over any part of this continent, in defiance of your republic; and we have always been regarded as giving the greatest guarantee of freedom, and as bequeathing the richest inheritance to after generations, by thus proclaiming that justice and freedom would ever find support in our government. You know the influence which our government has brought to the support of oppressed and struggling nationalities, elsewhere; how they have sought from it advice, assistance, and protection; and how, in granting them, tyrants have been defied and their power restrained. Nobles, truest, and most sublime is that doctrine or theory in any department, which has bequeathed to future ages the highest inheritance of Justice and Freedom, and which, simply in virtue of its moral integrity causes the right of sovereignty to be held in abeyance, effectually subdued by the power of right! And this government, engaged in the enforcement of such rights and the establishment of such principles, until finally the whole Continent with its boundless territory and its countless millions of revenue, might claim and exercise the same privileges with ourselves, the world besides not daring to say nay—this government, we say, so engaged, would present the greatest moral spectacle, were it not for the dark picture of the present before us.

Sunday Morning, Feb. 25th, 1861.

SLANDER.

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he who filches from me my good name, Robs me of that which no thief can steal, And leaves me poor indeed."

The commandment to which we have referred, and the passage we have quoted, bear distinctly and positively, upon the subject of this morning's discourse, which is Slander. While we condemn all vices and crimes, we must remember that charity is the greatest of all Christian virtues, and that it is our duty to look with compassion upon all who err, in any way. Probably, of all the commandments of the Old Testament which apply to the relations of human beings to each other that which refers to the bearing of false witness, is the most important, for killing and stealing, though great crimes, are in some cases, so lightened by loosely dealing with them, in a manner sanctioned by social custom, or Christian usage and law, that we regard them with some degree of leniency, and even argue that they are right. If a man kills another, he may have been impelled by some cause he deemed sufficient; and at the worst, he can never, indeed, restore the life of his victim; but still he has not injured his soul; the community pities the sufferer, and inflicts a just punishment on the murderer. If a man steals, the full extent of his offence is at once admitted; and a legal theft, after all, brings with it its own punishment; the person robbed is commiserated by all classes, and the person who steals is committed to the penitentiary or jail, for a certain period to give him the opportunity of repenting of his misdeed. But slander is that insidious form of evil—the careless or malicious injury to character, which constitutes the great bane of Christian society. It is an offset to the benefits, directly and indirectly, resulting to society, from the rapid and universal diffusion of intelligence, that it should aid in the growth of this evil, which actually gives rise to nearly all forms of vice and crime. This may seem a wholesale assertion, but before we close we may be able to prove that murder, theft, and all other forms of criminality, may be attributed directly or indirectly, to slander. There may be said to be three forms of slander. 1. The circulation of what is calculated to do injury to the reputation of another, through mere carelessness or loquacity. 2. Calumny which has its rise, in a spirit of envy, of another's success, or good qualities. 3. The wilful and malicious fabrication of falsehood, for the purpose of depriving others of their social happiness and reputation. The last, we are glad to say, is not very prevalent, and is generally condemned. The first is really more injurious, because, being a milder form of the vice, it is more carelessly and habitually committed. I honor more the man who kills his brother, thinking himself justified by the law of self-preservation, or by motives of revenge for unendurable wrong; or him who, under the pressure of want, or some crushing social evil, commits a theft—I honor either of these more than him who wilfully and willingly deprives his neighbor of his good name; and, consequently, of peace of mind and social prosperity. Insidious in its working as some subtle poison, the victim of slander endures all the tortures of a lingering death, losing at last, friends, happiness and reputation—all, perhaps, from a single careless expression of a pretended friend. So prevalent is this evil, that no person, however good or great, escapes the calumny of society. It is customary to criticise motives, if we cannot condemn actions, and to say thoughtless things, without one hard feeling toward the object of our censure, or a wish to do him harm. When these have traveled round their circuit they are magnified into accusations of vice or crime, sufficient to ruin the reputation of any one. It is not Christian to speak loudly against great and open evils in society, when such as these can be secretly and safely committed. It is better to die by the hand of the midnight assassin, than to have the foundations of life sapped by the breath of slander. No person among us is wholly free from this disease; from this habit of uncharitable criticism; of insinuating ideas to the disadvantage of others. For instance, without really knowing anything about people, we say, "They may be good people, but I don't like this or that in their behavior." This expression of opinion soon becomes a positive assertion; and before it has passed through a dozen minds, the subjects are held forth as downright

villains; and especially is this true of the sensitive reputations of the female sex; they are blighted by the breath of infamy, often without the commission of the slightest wrong. This practice, more than all other influences, prompts to crime—because the frequent hearing of the name suggests the deed with which the imagination is familiar, and which otherwise would never perhaps be thought of. And while we would not conceal from the public mind anything likely to throw light on the real nature and results of crime, we do say that this method of showing young people every shape of sin, before they would otherwise think anything about it, is positively the most fruitful source of wrong-doing among them. If you would preserve the virtue of the young, you should take heed lest, by bringing them into participation with social slanderers, you become the means of sinking them in vices they would not have dreamed of. The surest guaranty of their purity and safe-guard against temptation, is the shielding them from the very knowledge of vice and crime. It is a very general error to suppose that the more information the public receive on the subject of vice and crime, the less danger from them. This may be very well in the case of those of disciplined minds and sufficient firmness of character, but let us see how it applies to others. We read of a murder, which may have been prompted by some motive of which we know nothing; instantly there springs up in the community a disease—a mania, for murder. A man under the pressure of some imagined social wrong, commits suicide—he is, perhaps, a monomaniac. Immediately we hear, on all sides, of similar cases, caused by publicly parading before weak minds, the motives and influences in the first case. We would not conceal a beneficial example; but the result, in these cases, is like that which follows the infliction of capital punishment, which gaping crowds are called upon to witness, as a means of deterring them from crime, while, in reality, it is simply barbarous—diabolical—utterly unsuited to a Christian country, and worthy only of the darkest ages of despotism and superstition. From the fact that all persons are gifted with some degree of intelligence and goodness, and anything calculated to weaken morality tends to impair the strongholds of society, it should be remembered that anybody who is guilty of any thing to the prejudice of public virtue, is guilty of conspiring against the public welfare, by attacking its very foundations.

Again, we often, in more thoughtlessness, and without the least intention of doing wrong, repeat the utterances of others which may have originated in malice or envy; these when sufficiently circulated, become fixed and positive facts, and often produce an entire wreck of mental and moral integrity in the subject of them. For instance, a young man, at the commencement of his business career, is, perhaps, groundlessly assailed, or, through indiscretion, commits some trifling error. It is inferred from this, as a positive fact, that he is unfit for business, or is guilty of some grave offence; all this is calculated to do him serious injury, and if it goes on, he is at last ruined in public esteem, and in his own, and plunges into reckless dissipation. This is no uncommon occurrence with young men just beginning life; and yet the older and wiser should remember that even if they do wrong, this is the very class which most need encouragement and consideration; and that their own reputations will not be enhanced by breathing imputations against others. And often the names of aged and worthy men are defamed by every epithet which the thoughtless or the malicious can give them. The highest positions afford no security. For instance, the present President of the United States cannot escape from the universal calumny, which is the habit of our society. He is accused of every form of public crime, from high treason to embezzlement; and this because he either simply fails to do what is generally expected of him, or through lack of judgment, falls short of what his situation requires. And even if he be weak, it is no reason why Christian men should calumniate him as they do. But in fact, no man in high station can escape the imputations of those who differ from him in opinion, or avoid criticism, misrepresentation, and falsehood; and this evil extends to every form of civilized life; each look, word and act, forms a target for the whole volley of the traducer. This may seem a strong assertion, but it is a true one; and we honor more the man who professing to be a robber, or a murderer, commits crimes justly looked upon as horrible by Christian society, than him who would destroy through thoughtlessness, envy, or malice, the reputation of another. A man may be murdered, and pass into a better life; he may be robbed of all his possessions, yet still have something to sustain him; but if he lose his good name, he has nothing to do but to drag out a life of infamy and regret. Let this be unrestrained, and every influence calculated to encourage Christian virtue, will fall to the ground. Yet it is encouraged in the domestic circle; the young and innocent are asked all kinds of questions, and hear criticisms which they do not at the time understand, but which fester in them that spirit which afterwards becomes the bane of lives. You shall see a young man just entering upon life, full of high principles and joyous hopes, who will be caused, perhaps by one breath of contagious slander, to retire from his position and plunge into dissipation, because society is so full of thoughtlessness on this subject. We should remember in our conversation, that all who listen to our unguarded remarks cannot possibly know we do not intend to inflict injury—that the slight utterance of what perhaps is not really meant, kindles the spark which soon spreads into a flame, destructive of an individual's character and happiness; a train of gunpowder is not surer in its effects; the insidious work of poison is not more all pervading, or more fatal. It saps the manhood, the intelligence, the integrity, of its victim, and sends him to the grave, while the moral evil itself, at first reluctantly admitted, at last is adopted in our social usage. So prevalent and so firmly established is this system of encouraging slander, that I can scarcely believe this is the enlightened age which boasts its society to be established on a basis of integrity. The extent of the vice is almost incredible. Your laws doom the murderer to death, for the security of society; but the condemnation of the man rests with his conscience; not with you, who can, none of you say, "I am entirely pure from like wrong." There should be due allowance made; if a man steals, you do not know what wrongs he has endured; what years of struggle and temptation; how society may have sinned at him, and prevented him from getting an honest livelihood; lastly you may not know the inherent weakness in his moral nature, which prevented him from resisting its evil impulses. You should treat him as an invalid—with skill and consideration. So with any indiscretion, moral or social; and even as respects this vice of slander, while we condemn the slanderer, as the vilest of murderers, we would apply the law of charity even to him, for, without charity, the best of us are as absolutely nothing. To curb and root out this propensity, three things are essential:

1st—Charity; the greatest of Christian virtues.
2d—The control of speech; the great freedom of speech and of the press in this country, is one cause of the prevalence of innuendo and scandal. Never speak unguardedly; always reflect, that what you say may be misconstrued; and that, with the best motives, you may injure a friend you would lay down your life to serve.
3d—We should not expect more from others, than we are conscious we should ourselves do in the same situation. Then, if they excel this standard, we shall rejoice; if they do not equal it, we shall not condemn. It is necessary for every member of society to guard against hasty criticism of the actions and motives of others. It would be far better if we spent the time thus wasted, in self-examination; and left the faults of others to be also dealt with by themselves. But, in fact, we often endeavor to conceal our own faults by making those of others more prominent. This should not be; we should view the whole human family with charity. The most odious of vices is that egotism which arrogates the right to condemn others, though itself may be no better. The noblest of virtues is that which deals justly and kindly with all men. While we look with abhorrence upon the murderer, we regard the private assassin of character as more guilty; and the sinner for broad may do worse than the whole-

sale robber of reputation, who is often called just and true. We are glad that this nation has erected a high standard of excellence for its public servants, and will not allow high officers to escape merited censure. True, they are to be more pitied than offenders of lower degrees, for the petty thief has, in confinement, years in which to expiate and repent his misconduct; while he who prelates on a sufficiently large scale, has no such opportunity for recollection while enjoying, in impunity his ill-gotten gains. Yet this one with his seared conscience, left in quiet possession of that for which he stained his soul with guilt, should most receive the pity of Christians. Finally, guard your own minds; and the minds of your household against the entrance of this insidious viper. Whoever this spirit of slander gains possession, whether it speak thoughtlessly, through envy or through malice, all the foundations of happiness and religion fall to the ground. You cannot be truly virtuous—you cannot be loyal and faithful to country or family, nor even to yourselves, as men, unless this spirit shall guide you: *Speak well of all of whom you can; but speak evil of none. When you cannot speak well, remain silent.* Then, no harm will be done through your utterances; and you will never give encouragement to that highest form of vice, (which most injuriously affects persons of high moral nature), the habit of speaking evil of characters, when you yourselves have not a moiety of their goodness; you will be prepared for a manhood of usefulness and honor; while, in the opposite case, you will be fit only for a career of blackguardism and political obnoxiousness.

NEW YORK SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, At Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 26, 1861.

QUESTION (CONTINUED).—Is the testimony of the medium, as to the source of his or her inspiration, evidence; and, if so, under what conditions is it to be regarded?

Dr. Young corrected an error in the previous report referring to his relation with his spirit-father and Jesus Christ. He wished to be understood that he was impressed, on occasions, to ask himself what his father would do, in like circumstances; and he believed his father's spirit was always with him, and that it supported and assisted him, and similarly with the spiritual influence of Jesus.

He then entered into a critical examination and comparison of the different views entertained of the question by previous speakers. Dr. Gray's theory and Mr. Partridge's he thought mutually contradictory; while Mr. Adams' hypothesis was directly inconsistent with his own account of his conversation with Judge Mason, the latter being still in the body. That narrative would go to show that it was impossible to establish a spirit's identity, for Judge Mason was unconscious of the conversation; and if he were really present during the vision, without consciousness, the fact would refute the notion of a spirit's individuality, for we cannot disconnect consciousness from intelligent, voluntary operations of the mind. Dr. Hallock's theory is the profoundest of all, since it represents a spirit as so clairvoyant, so supernaturally advanced, that it cannot be recognized, unless by some circumstance or peculiarity—which might, after all, possibly be given or assumed by some other spirit. He referred to the well-known case of Laura Bridgman, the blind-and-deaf-mute, of Boston, who having learned the finger alphabet, was observed to use it in her sleep, so that her attendants could perceive what she was dreaming about; thus showing that the spirit has as much need of the form, as the form has of the spirit. As to the instance on which Mr. Ingalls laid so much stress, where his mind anticipated the spirit communication, he thought it might be explained by supposing that gentleman to be clairvoyant with the spirit, as he was well-known to be favorably organized and endowed—all these various explanations leave us perfectly at sea. In my view, as it is evident, in cases of genuine trance-speaking, that another intelligence is speaking behind the screen. When that intelligence gives a plausible and consistent account of itself, we are bound to accept it as the clearest identification possible. If one thing may be "interpolated," why not everything; so as to leave us at last in a barren waste of skepticism? I do not look for fitful, jerking inspirations from prophets, in these days. Spirits, at present, are engaged in erecting their structures of thought within us, on a material and social basis; and their truth is confirmed by their appeals to our moral sense and our intelligence.

Mr. Hoxie remarked that he had thought it but right, in regard to the assertion made by Mr. Adams, that a quart of water might be poured into a quart measure full of sand, without displacing the latter, or overflowing—not to proceed against it by the *reductio ad absurdum*, but to submit it to the test of careful experiment. He had accordingly procured sea sand from Coney Island; had dried it thoroughly, and found that the water overflowed when poured in only to about half the capacity of the vessel. He therefore felt warranted in saying that the statement had been made by Mr. Adams, without due circumspection; moreover, such a fallacy, once exposed, must impair the value of all testimony from the same source, unless corroborated by outside evidence. In answer to questions, the speaker described in detail, his method of conducting the experiment. He had not washed the sand before using it, and so could not positively say it did not contain some foreign substance, such as chloride of sodium.

Mr. Adams.—I think some of the conditions of the gentleman's experiment deceptive, especially with regard to his not wishing the sand; however, I will myself repeat the experiment, and report the result. As bearing on the question before the Conference, the speaker narrated a very recent instance in which he had proved his power of identifying spirits, to the perfect satisfaction of two ladies from Charleston, S. C., perfect strangers to him. He had described the father and brothers of one of them, giving minute particulars of their expression and appearance, so as to leave no room for doubt. I knew I was correct, felt the names impressed very strongly; moreover, in two instances, I actually saw the spirits; and, in those, I am confident it was not a mere impression made on my sensorium by my guardian angel. The speaker repeated the statements and arguments on this point, advanced by him on former occasions. In the case of writing mediums we are to examine the evidence of the documents they produce, according to the general rules in such cases, and accept or reject them according as their matter and style agree, or not, with their pretended source. This right of examination the world has always exercised, as regards what purported to be inspirational writings, and has rejected multitudes of them. Even in our own Scriptures, there are passages, from which their inspiration ought to be regarded as of a broken and intermittent character—as for instance where the prophet Daniel says that "those who sleep in the dust shall awake."

Now, modern Spiritualism teaches us that the earthly body can never undergo a resurrection; and, moreover, the threats of retributive eternal punishment which follow in this passage are monstrously inconsistent with just conceptions of the Deity. So with a similar passage in Matthew, ch. 25. And as the inspirational writers of our Bible are thus seen to be mistaken, so I admit that modern mediums, whether writing, rapping or tipping, may be mistaken, also. Especially is this true with regard to trance-speakers, in whose utterances there certainly are more involuntary mistakes, the products of hallucination than in any other form of mediumship. But in the case of a *seeing* medium, who sees spirits in his normal state with his eyes open, and identifies them satisfactorily, I do think his impressions are, to him, at least, evidence; though I am not prepared to force such evidence upon others. Yet if the whole world were seeing mediums, there would then be no difficulty in inducing others to believe we had seen our relatives and friends, from the other world. Friend Hallock asserted that there are many facts of consciousness which cannot be demonstrated to others as the fact of one's own existence; this is because they are axioms which form the foundation of all reasoning, and are known to be true the moment they are stated. Just so with regard to the identity of spirits seen by a seeing medium; we cannot prove, it any more than

we can prove our own identities to each other; nevertheless, the evidence convinces us, according to that law of belief which relates to memory. I admit the necessity of cautious investigation in this matter, and that a large number of spirit manifestations are not genuine, but we should not throw away along with them the very life and marrow of Spiritualism; for if we cannot allow of identification in these cases, how do we know that our own relatives come back at all? Must we not be forever in doubt as to the most important and interesting aspects of Spiritualism, and must not this doubt bring torment and anguish to our bosoms? This doubt, in my own case, is forever removed. My conviction brings peace and joy to my bosom; and, if my testimony shall not be received by others, it will not fail to give me complete satisfaction in the consciousness of immortality beyond this life.

Dr. GRAY related the story of Ignatius Loyola's conversion and his ecstatic vision of the Virgin Mary and Infant Jesus during which he was declared to have been invisibly sustained, three feet above the floor of the chapel, face downwards. He declared that the Virgin encouraged him, on this occasion, to proceed with the organization of the Society of Jesus, which afterwards made so much turmoil in the world, and which still exists. He had all the evidence that friend Adams claims, in his own case. Mr. Harris believes that the Deity in person appeared to him, to inaugurate, through him, the New Jerusalem Church on a new platform—and if that sort of testimony is reliable, *a fortiori*, Mr. Harris, claiming to have communed with the Great Spirit, must have the strongest of all. For a great many persons believe, in spite of Mr. Adams' assumption and exclusion, that God, has appeared in human form. It is a long story and an old one. It is surely more reasonable to suppose that men in general—who, like Loyola, Harris, Swedenborg, John the Revelator, think they see the spirits who inspire them, face to face—are mistaken, hallucinated, than to suppose they are all right; for if they are right, we are in a pretty state of confusion. Neither is friend Adams' testimony as to what undoubtedly transpired in his own consciousness, evidence as to the source of his inspiration. For do we not know that the earthly habiliments and bodily marks and scars are not those of our friends in the spirit-land? Is not the risen body a different thing in substance, and, to a certain extent, in form, from that which we bear about with us here? The first manifestation to me of the spirit of my little boy, took place through a medium who saw him, fifteen years after his departure, just as when he lived on earth. I have no doubt she saw him, but her testimony is but a single hint in the evidence which establishes the fact to me. My point is, that the visual representation of my boy, before the medium, was a different thing from what he really was in the spirit world. And so my boy assured me, for he said he did not wish me to think he had not grown, during the interval since he left the earth; but that it was necessary for some reason that he should appear in that form; and the next question is, did the medium know who it was that created and placed before her, that representation of my child? I say that, in these cases, a spectrum is impressed on the retina of the mediums' spiritual eye, just as surely as an image was ever thrown upon the corresponding part of the bodily organ; but does the medium know the potency which produced that spectrum? The evidence which establishes Spiritualism is entirely outside of all this; it is the connection of these phenomena with some useful end—it is their ennobling influence upon our natures which constitutes the only reliable proof of their genuineness. I am far from denying that *consciousness* plays an important part in this matter of Spiritualism—but the impressions made upon that faculty, in any case, is not to be regarded as evidence for another. Spiritualism has taught me to reject from that category everything but facts capable of demonstration.

Mr. PINK. We know we possess a great many powers we are not conscious of. For instance, when I was introduced to Thomas L. Harris, I felt a strange and unaccountable influence from that man, a feeling which I cannot describe. Mr. Harris of course knew nothing about it. In like manner, in company with a friend, I once passed close to a man in the street of whom I knew nothing, but who attracted me in such a manner that I whirled right round. This man was Dr. Chapin. Since we can exercise such power over each other unconsciously, and since so many forces are constantly at work in our vital mechanism, unperceived and unthought of by ourselves, why may there not be some power residing in us, sufficient unconsciously to ourselves, to produce the rappings and other phenomena of Spiritualism? Why cannot such force be exercised by spirits in the body, as well as by spirits out of it? The speaker went into an examination of the objections made by previous speakers to the genuineness of the prophet Daniel's inspiration, maintaining that it was sufficiently borne out, by the fulfillment of his predictions, and that he had good evidence, as well as all other Scripture prophets, that the source of his inspiration was more than human; and, in the course of his argument, explained his views of the resurrection and last judgment.

Dr. Young raised the point that, if we do not accept the testimony of the medium when in the true medium condition, as to the source of his inspiration, we have no evidence that the phenomena are not wholly the work of an old friend, the devil.

Dr. GRAY related a fact of recent occurrence in illustration of his doctrine of evidence. A friend of mine lost his wife last Christmas Day, to whom he was deeply and devotedly attached. His grief was the more profound and inconsolable, as he had no faith in a future life. After some weeks, he came to me for relief. I recommended him, as an only resource, to try to obtain an interview with his wife, through the despised Spirit-rappings, and we went together to Miss Catharine Fox's. He there gave his history to the medium, without his name; and the first manifestation which occurred was his being seized on his knee by a human hand, which was not the hand of the medium, as they were inside mine, nor her feet, which were resting on my wife's. After this had produced, on the part of the mourner, an earnest state of attention, he wrote a number of questions, without allowing Miss Fox to see them. Answers were rapped out; he said nothing, but manifested intense excitement. He afterwards showed me the questions, declared the answers were correct, and that some of the words in which they were conveyed were such as his wife would have been likely to use. At the second interview, he had brought to the circle a small photographic likeness of his wife, on a card. I was not with him on this occasion, but he testified to me that the raps had spelled out to him, "Charles, hold the card under the table." He did so, when it was seized by a hand, and was found to bear, on the blank side, a beautiful message, in the exact handwriting of his wife, expressing her joy at communicating with him. I saw the card, and have no doubt whatever that the communication it bore was written by a human being, not in the body here. The third interview took place last night, when the intelligence desired the room to be darkened, and said that it would try to manifest itself to actual sight, on the external plane.

Soon after, while we were sitting in darkness and silence, a small globe of light appeared about two feet in the rear of Miss Fox's seat, and rose to about the height of his wife, when in the form. The husband was then requested to take the photographic card from his pocket, and hold it over the open space between the two divisions of the table. He did so, when another globe of light arose so as to illuminate the picture, and he saw it plainly. Then from the other side of the table there came another globe of light, about the size of a human head, and in that was seen the outline of a human face, distinctly marked. This ended the last interview. I have no doubt others will follow with still better results. Now here were, first, physical manifestations; then communications in writing; then the construction of a temporary figure, in time and space, corresponding to the party alleged to be the spiritual agent. My criterion is this—that the individuality of the Spirit must be made out by characteristic manifestations—by phenomena peculiar to itself. Although it may be said that they may be manufactured for the occasion by mischievous spirits, still, when the individual Spirit has manifested his identity in the most satisfactory way pos-

sible, and when he has come for the purpose of lifting a man from the mire of sensuality into a higher plane of being, the totality of evidence must attain to the certainty of a demonstration in physical science. The phenomena which force upon us a conviction of individuality, are to be held as sufficient proof of that individuality.

Banner of Light.

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NATIONAL TROUBLES.

If we went along smoothly all the time, and never came to an obstacle, as a joiner sometimes brings his jack-plane against an ugly knot in the wood, it is hard telling what sort of men and women we should be. For nothing is truer than that prosperity continued without interruption in time corrupts the virtues, or weakens them by dilution, at the least. Were we to be permitted to go on as a nation, at the rate we have been going for the last thirty years, it is almost certain that we should forget both ourselves and the objects of our free government, in the prosperity that would have spoiled us, for very self-complacency. A great many persons among those who may be classed with the anxious and the suffering to-day, stand quite ready to admit that we needed nothing so much as a general check and correction; that we have grown rich too fast, and have become forgetful thereby; that, almost any sort of a crisis would be good for us when it came, if only to make appeal to a different class of faculties from those which have already received such undue development, and to call into active play those 'moral' qualities that have hitherto been ignored almost entirely.

There is one symptom of these times that cannot but strike one as not a little peculiar. It is this among all our politicians, publicists, and statesmen, not one can be found who is able to tell by what way the nation is to be safely piloted through its present perilous embarrassment. Whatever their previous discipline in public life may have done for them, it is certain it has brought them no wisdom in this regard, much above that of a great many others who never went into public life at all. It is, on the whole a good thing for us, however; for it proves how really incompetent are those who would complacently assert that they possessed all the skill and ability, and, besides, brings back upon every individual a pressing sense of the need there is that all shall at last sit down calmly, and, instead of forever deputing to others, consider for themselves.

It rather delights us just now, much as we are otherwise exercised about the immediate troubles of the country, to think that the men who had so long boasted at the head of parties and organizations that they and they alone, were the great men of the land, are obliged to confess, and to do it openly, too, that they are utterly helpless to rescue their fellow-citizens out of the jaws of the present danger. Nothing could be so good for these men themselves, since it brings them per force to a standard by which they had never before thought it necessary to apply themselves; and makes them feel how small they are, how much they must of necessity shrink from their former assumed dimensions, and of what little comparative account they are in the management of the world, any way. And then again, it is a good thing for men to be made to know that they must at some time come to take upon themselves some responsibility, instead of shifting it to the convenient shoulders of their public servants. If the latter break down, or in any way virtually confess their inefficiency for a crisis, of course the matter must revert to the people themselves; by them to be considered and settled.

And this is precisely what the men at Washington are doing now. Desolating their entire incapacity to grapple with a problem of so unexpected a nature and of so gigantic a size, they are ready enough to propose that the whole matter shall be referred back to the people, for their adjustment. This is a confession of faith in the genuine popular sovereignty such as we like indeed. It fully equals all that Jefferson held on behalf of man's competency to govern himself, and is the most emphatic assertion of a truly democratic faith that this generation has listened to.

We remarked that this nation needed a trial, an obstacle, or even a crisis of some sort, in order to call out from the depths of its being, elements that have had very small chance hitherto. Though trial and trouble themselves are never to be desired, but rather the contrary, we have that abiding faith in Providence which does not permit us to forget that all is overruled for ulterior good. We have observed and reflected enough to know that whatever seems wrong and hard to-day, comes right and easy tomorrow. Hence, grounded in the conviction that it is difficulty and trial chiefly that deduces a final good, it is obviously from the highest motives that we are led to welcome seeming evil from whatever quarter it may come. "The strawberry grows under the nettle," says the poet; and so are fine spirits neighbored by those of baser quality.

Just let us all stop and reflect, a moment, upon our past career. A small planting of colonies, skirting the Atlantic shores between a few parallels of latitude, striving on to independence, to a dignified national existence, to the assertion of plenary authority over the face of the globe, and to unparalleled success in all those pursuits that typify comfort and external happiness. In invention, no people ever equalled us. In energy and rapid execution, we have left all other nations far behind. We have thrown open virgin lands to the almost unrestricted occupancy of the whole world, and millions of men and women have come among us and increased our national wealth and health thereby. We have barred the land with railroads; constructed bridges; excavated tunnels; spanned ravines thought impassable; built steam vessels almost without number; opened up routes of communication from one part of the country to

another; erected cities as thickly as plums in a Christmas pudding; laid the foundations of future universities; established a noble system of common schools that is the greatest boast of the age; given a generous support to churches of every denomination; grown rich and powerful withal; and, in a word, come to think there is no such thing as successfully withstanding our progress.

For this very reason it is that our life is thus far rather external and on the surface, than internal and profound. We talk much and loud, and of course consume less time in reflection and self-examination. We are confident, assured, and full of self-assertion. We are impatient of restraint, and will hardly bear contradiction. Our life is fast, and therefore it lays hold upon few, and those cheap and handy, objects as it passes. We think little of a man who does not care to make a slave or a dwarf of himself by making a fortune; and, to make that fortune, we employ the Spanish theory, by doing nothing but work for a half-dozen years, and doing no work at all afterwards. We pause to take no comprehensive views of things, or to try to place objects in their proper relations; but rush in with a slap-dash and a hurrah, staking the whole wealth of our earthly happiness on the cast of a single die. Money has come to stand for everything; what was not of so much money value, was of course worth nothing. If a man was not "making money," he was doing nothing, and must therefore be set aside. Our literature, our manners, our speech, our whole social state had become thoroughly imbued with this spirit, and the slang of the shop and the market was to be heard above all utterances everywhere. Culture, in silence and solitude, is voted a slow coach, a wretched bore; nothing is worth the while but sensation; in that our people hold perpetual carnival. The style of living, of thought, of speech, and of manners, has all become overlaid with a metallic veneering, as different from any that the world ever saw before, as we sincerely hope it is from any it may live long enough to see again.

But beneath all this are truly humane and noble elements, which have been crowded down and covered up. They have been yet had no show. The steam, and haste, and confusion of the time has forced them down, and, except for an occasional voice of lamentation, almost out of sight. It is high time, then, these better elements were honestly made appeal to. It is late enough in the day for us to come to our senses, before we are divorced from them entirely. And these troubles conduce to just that end. How many, even now, are made to realize the instability of the property basis, and to know that all merely money values are factitious and changeable. How many, for the first time, give room to reflections, freighted with anxiety and even with dread, who have always been saved that trouble in the past, and would a thousand times rather have some one else take it from their shoulders for the future. And thus is the good that is surely to come of all this, to be brought about. Of course it comes by the road of care, or it would never come at all. Our highest good is ever sent to us; we should never seek it by the way it monopolizes for its travel.

A New Sort of Gun.

We have just been reading a little paragraph in the papers about a new invention in the line of war-like implements, that in spite of the seriousness of the topic, actually made us laugh, in spite of ourselves. A Mr. McCord, it seems, of Sing Sing, has brought to practical perfection, a new gun, which is calculated to discharge successive volleys without the trouble of reloading, or even of waiting for the weapon to cool. It is said that several military men, of competent judgment, who have examined the arm, pronounce it a success. It works thus: it is discharged by simply turning a crank; the loaded balls, with percussion caps attached, passing into barrels from a hopper, so that the only labor of loading is that of shooting the balls like grain into the hopper! It can be kept in action from hour to hour, or even from day to day, just like any other piece of machinery, and it is thought might be propelled by steam! This machine is certified to fire 240 balls per minute, forty balls to the pound. The inventor expects, however, to soon construct an arm that will discharge cannon balls, though with less rapidity.

Good-bye, Winter.

You have been a cold companion, and we are not so sorry, therefore, to see you leave. The one good thing you have accomplished is, to make us desire more ardently the opening of Spring. The chilly snows, heaped and frozen, have made us all sick and tired to death of them. Sleighting has proved too much like work. The mercury in our thermometers has run pretty low, and we have hardly seen much of it during the season. Then there were, certainly, two or three biting days, that deserve to be set up in all future almanacs, for a warning to all winters to come! If the people fancy such weather as we had, one day last month, with the mercury down to about of thirty degrees below zero, or if they can so much as say they can endure it, we say, let them go to Siberia, Greenland, or the open Polar at once. For ourselves, it would kill us outright, only getting used to such a snap. Those who are in love with real Winter, ought to have been out all night, on that famous eighth of February, and come in to tell their friends how it seemed, the next morning.

Literature.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR MARCH contains a series of capital articles, always excepting the Tales and the Poetry; these Tales we never had the highest opinion of. The two articles "German Universities" and "Gymnastics"—the latter, by T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, are good enough, however, to compensate for every other lack. No man with a beetle's energy can sit down and read that paper on Gymnastics, and not go off straightway and take a pull at the ropes or a tug at the dumb bells. An article entitled "a Book of the North" contains a humorous and sprightly account of a little out-of-the-way spot in Canada, only a few miles from Quebec, in the course of which are to be enjoyed many fine bits of criticism. The "Autocrat" furnishes his story, and Mrs. Stowe commences a Novel in the May number. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields lack nothing in the matter of energy, for pushing forward this Magazine to success.

Spiritual Circulating Library.

Our friend Bela Marsh, to meet the wants of the Spiritual reading public of Boston, has opened a Circulating Library for the use of investigators of Spiritualism, and liberal minds generally. His catalogue embraces many choice works, and is arranged in good taste. Bro. Marsh's establishment is at No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, and in addition to the enterprise we have alluded to above, he keeps, for sale all reform, liberal and spiritual publications.

Special Contributions.

BY A. H. NEWTON.

The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications designed especially for him should be directed to care of Box 3235, Boston.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION.

The idea of Unlimited Progression is attractive to most people. There is an almost universal longing for something better—a yearning for something conceived of, yet unattained, which predisposes the mind to the acceptance of such an idea. The common experience of each individual in the present life, and the current history of the race, seem to foretell and illustrate the doctrine.

We are individually introduced into conscious existence at zero, and thence advance through successive stages of growth, unware of any limit to what we may acquire. We see nations which a few centuries since slowly emerged from barbaric ignorance, now making rapid and accelerating advances in science, refinement, and the useful arts. New discoveries and cunning inventions are springing forth day by day. None of us can set bounds to this progress. And since its mainspring is in an insatiable desire of the human mind to know and to enjoy, the inquiry seems rational, Why should it not continue, in some form, so long as mind shall continue to exist?

With modern Spiritualists the doctrine of Progression is a favorite one. But they, like others, are not agreed as to its nature and methods. Many have vague and questionable notions respecting it. Some hold that all human beings are inevitably destined to eternal advancement in good or in happiness, and this by virtue of an innate and irrepressible power operative within themselves, superior to volition. Others think it is determined, in some measure, at least by choice, and that there is such a thing as progression from good to bad, and from bad to worse, at least through an indefinite period of existence—ending perhaps in—?

These are important questions. Let us not be satisfied with an answer on the authority of any man or Spirit. Let us rather examine them in the light of the authoritative laws written in our own constitutions and experience.

Every visible living organism is, doubtless, the embodiment of an invisible life-principle. These life-principles differ, of course, in their qualities and potencies, as the visible organisms differ in forms, functions, and duration. The life-force of an annual plant, for example, expands itself in a single season; that of an oak may continue to expand for centuries. The life-principle of an insect may exhaust itself in a few days or hours; that of an elephant may flourish for a century. All these reach at last the limit of their power of expansion or progression, when decay of the visible organism succeeds.

These life-principles, when set free from decaying organisms, doubtless continue to exist; perhaps for a season they remain individual entities—some suppose they may be always such. The more probable theory seems to be that they are eventually absorbed by higher forms of life; and thus man, being the highest form of all, may combine within himself the elementary life-principles of all creatures below him. In this way he is capable of becoming a universe in himself.

The animal life-principle, or soul of man—that which is distinctively human in him, constituting him an individual—seems to follow the same law, so far at least as the visible organism is concerned. This reaches a period of maturity, or highest development; after which decay and dissolution follow. Who can say that the same may not be the case with the invisible organism—the soul—which survives the body? Though this may continue to exist and to expand, even for ages in the after-life, who can positively assert that it may not, like the body, reach a limit somewhere? (Observe that I am speaking of the human soul—not of the Spirit.) This question is asked, rather to provoke careful inquiry than to give a definite answer here.

Let us turn to another thought. Two kinds or modes of progression are readily conceivable. One may be termed *continuous*; the other *ascending*. The first is a progressive expansion of the powers and capacities pertaining to any one degree or quality of life; the second, an ascension from a lower to a higher degree of life.

The familiar example of the caterpillar and butterfly affords a partial illustration of both. The creature progresses first from an apparently lifeless egg to a full-grown creeping caterpillar. This is *continuous* progression. Reaching its limit on that plane of life, a transformation takes place, and forth comes the winged, soaring butterfly. Here is *ascending* progression—advance to a higher grade of existence.

Man has at least a double life; and he is capable of realizing both these modes of progression.

First, he may advance in the development of all that pertains to his strictly human life-principle or selfhood. This includes not only physical development from infancy to maturity, but all possible achievements of human intellect in all departments of science, art, ornament, luxury, and social improvement. Perhaps none may tell what possibilities are yet latent in the merely human life-principle or "soul" of man. These we may expect will be progressively manifested in the life of the race on earth, and in the experience of individual souls in the after life.

Secondly, man may rise out of the first or "natural" plane of existence, to the enjoyment of a *higher degree of quality of life*. This, in distinction from the human, may be called the *divine* life; or in distinction from the "natural," it may be termed the *Spiritual* degree of life.

These distinctions are not fanciful or arbitrary. Let us endeavor to get clear ideas of them. All life-principles are, no doubt, primarily *loves*; that is, life of any kind is a manifestation through matter of a subtle essence or potency, which, for want of a better term, we may call a *love*. It attracts and draws to it that which is like itself. Loves, then, must be of different qualities. The basic element of any individualized being must be a self-centering, self-preservative love. Nothing else can constitute or maintain individuality. On the contrary, the peculiar element of the universal Being must be universal, all-comprehending love.

This is the distinction between self-love and divine love. The one cannot be, as some seem to imagine, merely a refinement of the other. The difference is that of a discrete degree. The one centres and ends in the individual self; the other overlooking self, expands and delights in the Universal, the Absolute, the Right, the True—that is, in God.

"Takes every creature in, of every kind," while self-love is the centrifugal force which throws man out, making him an individual world,

divine love is the centripetal force which strives to round his course into an orbit of beauty and eternal harmony. The first is necessary to make him a man; but unless subordinated to the latter, he flies off in a tangent, and wanders in sunless, hopeless darkness.

Again, from the principle of self-love, when developed inordinately, it is well-known, spring pride, envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge, tyranny, and all other hateful "works of the flesh." From divine or spiritual love, on the contrary, spring spontaneously humility, generosity, justice, benevolence, charity, and all sweet graces of the spirit.

If these distinctions be correct, the first mode or kind of progression cannot be properly called *Spiritual*. It is but a continuous development of the human natural or selfish life-principle. And even could we be sure that this process can go on endlessly, it is doubtful whether in itself it would be desirable—albeit it is the kind of progression that most people seem to be dreaming of.

Such progression, of itself, is not certain to produce happiness. Who does not know that the most learned, talented, skillful, luxurious, and powerful, whether nations or individuals, are far from being always the most happy? In truth, is it not a law written in our constitutions, attested by almost universal experience, that living for merely selfish ends, whether refined or gross, leads sooner or later to disappointment and bitterness?

Nay, more: Does not progress in this direction point directly to decay and dissolution? Loss of power, both in nations and individuals, is proverbially the consequence of luxury and selfish indulgence. The more entire the surrender to the lower appetites, the more rapid the decay. Who can say that there is not a disintegration of the mental structure itself? Who can affirm that the merely human life principle may not sooner or later reach the limit of its potency, and then like other natural products, fall into desuetude and disorganization? And who can reveal what agonies may attend the slow process of this "Second death"?

These are questions not to be too lightly dismissed. But even if the case be otherwise, what thoughtful mind can wish for endless progression in mere selfishness? What else could this be but to "dwell with everlasting burnings?" No "orthodox hell" need be more dreaded than a "heaven" of selfishness, if such a thing were possible.

What, then is Spiritual progression? Its first stage is, being born or introduced from the natural into a higher degree or quality of conscious life, as distinct from the highest human as this is from vegetable life.

Its rationale may, perhaps, be briefly stated thus: Man's human life-principle, being the apex and crowning product of Nature, (or of God through Nature)—the highest point where she approaches Deity—is capable of receiving within itself a germ of the Universal Spirit, which in its nature is an unselfish love. This germ, under suitable influences and proper conditions, may (analogously to all other germs) be quickened into activity, and may expand till it pervades and possesses the whole personality. This process may be more or less rapid, accordingly as it is favored or otherwise by surrounding conditions. Receptivity, or humility and teachableness, are plainly among the requisite conditions. As the process advances, it causes an overcoming and successive putting off or clarifying of all human loves—a surrender of the selfish will into sweet acquiescence with the Universal Will—a calm, joyful trust in an all-controlling Power, and an all-directing Wisdom. It does not require the death of the physical body, nor does it necessarily follow this event, as some imagine; but it does require a *voluntary* dying to, or withdrawal of the affections from, all earthly objects, in so far as they minister to the selfish life.

With some persons—those of a plastic, yielding temperament—the process may be comparatively easy and smooth, unmarked by severe experiences, with others who are more positive and self-willed, it is often attended, in its earlier stages at least, by struggles, agonies and heart-rendings indescribable. All who experience it must expect a sufficiency of severe discipline, to induce a letting go of all external ties and reliance, and a resting solely upon the internal and the everlasting. Those who understand the uses of such discipline, will not go whining about under it to excite sympathy, nor boasting of it as evidence, that they are special favorites of the Almighty; but will joyfully and modestly accept its lesson, as intended for their profit.

This kind of progress may be expected in due time to deliver its subjects from all bondage to earthly passions—from all pride, envy, jealousy, and other unlovely traits—and introduce them into a new world of perpetual youth, of unselfish love, of ever-increasing delights.

This is *SPIRITUAL PROGRESSION*; it embraces and presents in a rational form, the grand truth underlying the church dogma of "regeneration" or "new birth." It is an ascension from the "natural" to the spiritual plane of conscious life.

THE CONVENTIONS.

I have a word to suggest in behalf of speaker and mediums who may wish to attend the Conferences and Conventions to be held for their benefit the coming season. Being but slightly identified with this class, I can speak freely. It is well known that many of them are poorly able, if at all, to bear the expense of attending these meetings, especially when held at a distance from their fields of labor. I have good reasons to believe that several of our best lecturers were detained from the Quincy Convention, much against their wishes, by the imperative obstacle of an empty pocket. Will not the friends who are enjoying the ministrations of these laborers in various localities, see to it that the like does not occur again?

Once more: The time of the proposed National Convention was fixed in August, for the reason that many speakers reserve that month to themselves for rest and recreation. Some, no doubt, have already engaged for that month. Will not the societies who have engaged them, in view of the benefits which may be derived from their attendance at that Convention, generously grant them a release for the third Sunday, should they desire it?

Lectures.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Blanchard's Hall East Broughton, March 12th and 13th, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

MR. AND MRS. ABRAHAM SMITH will speak at Valparaiso and Crown Point, Ind., the first three Sundays in March. Afterward they will visit Muncie and Joliet. Friends desiring their presence on week evenings, please address them at Valparaiso, care of J. Pierson.

Miss EMMA HUNTER designs passing the summer months in New Hampshire and Vermont. Those wishing to procure her services as a lecturer on Sundays or week evenings, will please address her as early as possible, at East Broughton Mass. She lectures in Sutton, N. H., two or four times in June, the 6th, 10th, 23d, and 30th.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

THE RIGHT STAMP.—Bro. W. B. Smart writes us from Jacksonville, Cal., as follows: "Enclosed find \$2.00, which will pay for the BANNER OF LIGHT for fifteen months. May your Light continue to shine until the dark dens of superstition be irradiated with the beams of the glorious Harmonical Philosophy. Fear not to publish the whole truth, and may the BANNER be never guilty of truckling to superstition. Our land of gold is a land of spiritual darkness, and mediums are sadly needed, as well as lecturers. But though in darkness, we wait in patience."

The printing press used in printing the first edition of Robert B. Thomas's Almanac, is now used in East Princeton, Mass., for pressing out tallow.—*Exr.* Digby suggests that it has been put to good use that it had been used on "lean matter" long enough, and was now bound to go in for the "fat."

Poverty, ignominy and death, are accounted the most formidable trio of mortal calamities. Let us therefore endeavor to counteract their influence by their only proper antidotes, occupation, virtue and true religion.

THE ENIGMS OF THE PAST.—"Really," said a printer, in conversing with a literary man about errors of the press, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint." "Indeed and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, sir, the poet intended to say:—

"See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," instead of which we made him say:—

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

The critics were down force on the poet; but we don't see why. A man "with his shirt on fire" must be a highly poetical object, as his life would be in imminent danger.—*Boston Courier.*

A man who is willing to be flattered, often gets flattered.

A gentle angel wandeth
Throughout this world of woe,
Whom God, in mercy sendeth
To comfort us below.
Her looks a peace abiding
And holy love proclaim;
O follow then her guiding,
Sweet Patience is her name!

She leads us through this tearful
And sorrow-stricken land,
And speaks, resigned and cheerful,
Of better days ahead;
And when thou art despairing,
She bids thee clear thy brow,
Herself thy burden sharing,
More hopeful far than thou.

The library of the late Leigh Hunt has been for some days on sale at Ticknor & Fields', Boston. We believe that it was purchased entire by one of the firm, in England. It is, indeed, a matter for congratulation that these consecrated books have come to Boston, where so many love the gentle poet, and will prize as a treasure a volume or an autograph.

He who writes against the abuses of the ages in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread and the malice of the many for his fame.

The fashionable ladies of England are beginning to wear striped stockings of red, white, and blue, or of other harmonious colors. The effect is said to be very pretty.

The Romans worshipped their standards; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is one one-tenth of an eagle—a dollar—but we make all even by adorning it with tenfold devotion.

No wonder the heart should fail,
And a heavenly purpose fade,
The eye grow dim and the cheek grow pale,
When upon a sudden, in the night,
A voice from heaven shall say,
"So many poor victims should hold,
When the good are content to worship their God,
And the rich to worship their gold."

Move patiently on, O earth!
Till Mercy's wandering dove
Shall fly to the rosy realm of its birth,
And rest in the bosom of love:
Move patiently on till the crucified Christ
Shall gather his radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
That the world has trampled down.

It is said the Southern girls are as patriotic and beligerent as the men. We do suppose, says *Vanity Fair*, that if a regiment of gallant young Northerners went to Charleston just now, the fair ones would rise en masse and take them all—for better or worse.

QUANDARY.—If a person catch hold of your ear, and demand if he has the wrong plug by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

Men would live exceedingly quiet, if these two words, *mine* and *thine*, were taken away.

Why are many of the factories at the North like race horses? Because they are running on short time.

PATIENCE.
Learn to suffer and endure—
Triumph fails to patience never;
Under sorrow lieeth cure;
Long to bear is mighty lever.

Fortune is a balloon to the lure,
Fortune and during the great patience ever;
Summer dries thee, ford secure;
So thou wait by winter's river;
Chain and bolt may hold thee sure;
Link and rivet file will sever;
Keep thee patient, strong and pure,
Last, and God will be the giver.

The vultures tenderly watch over the sick lion. Kind nurses! for night and day they hover round, and do not leave him till he dies. If they do not pray for him, what is the same to them, they prey on him. This is real kindness, and the vultures are rewarded.

I AM averse to the communication of my religious tenets to the public; because it would countenance the presumption of those who have endeavored to draw before the public, and to reduce public opinion to erect itself into that institution of the rights of conscience, which the laws have so justly proscribed. It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or, at least, to be ready to do so.

So thou wait by winter's river;
Chain and bolt may hold thee sure;
Link and rivet file will sever;
Keep thee patient, strong and pure,
Last, and God will be the giver.

Pleasures, while they flatter a man, sting him to death.

THE DEATH BLOW TO DELUSION.—No profession or pursuit has been so obscure and disgraced by superstition as the practice of medicine. Pope Adrian, by the advice of his physicians, wore the powder of dried toads suspended from his neck in a bag, as a protection against pestilence; and during the great plague of London, in the reign of Charles the Second, annulets of arsenic and quills filled with quicksilver were worn in the same way, as a safeguard against that fearful scourge. Such were the medical prescriptions of some three centuries ago! What are they now? Certainly in many cases not so innocuous. The corrosive minerals are now forced into it, to the imminent peril of health and life. Fortunately, however, we are not utterly abandoned to the tender mercies of the mineral mages. Professor HOLLAND, the enlightened Samaritan of the nineteenth century, has furnished the world with two vegetable remedies, sufficient for the cure of all the diseases which afflict the internal organs, the muscles and the fleshy fibre.

His Pills and Ointment are at once curative and conservative. They sustain the constitution and the vital strength of the body, while they break up the very sources of disease. Fever and ague, bilious remittants, and all disturbances of the organs of digestion, give way under the action of the pills, with wonderful uniformity; and maladies that affect the skin are relieved with no less certainty by the ointment. Thanks to the enterprise and energy to a nation or a continent, these remedies are not confined to a nation or a continent, but are the words of Shakspeare, the field of their usefulness is "broad and general as the vital air," and includes both hemispheres.

—N. Y. Democrat.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be in order in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

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QUESTIONS OF THE AGES.

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THIS brief Treatise has been pronounced by some of the best thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks, the most lucid, thorough and satisfactory dissection of the vexed question of Evil, that has yet appeared. It is comprised in a tract of twenty-four pages, being No. 4 of the series by the same author.

Price 5 cents single; 50 cents per dozen. Postage 1 cent each. Sold by the author at 231 Washington street, (room 8,) Boston. Postage stamps received in payment, when ordered by letter.

Sold also, by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, and at the Banner of Light Office. Feb. 23.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

BY THE REQUEST OF MANY FRIENDS, Mrs. F. McQuiston again opens rooms at No. 151 Harrison Avenue, cor. Indiana St., for the healing and examining of those who may desire. Rooms open from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 6 P. M. Public Sitting Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock. She will speak upon any subject the circle may desire. Admittance to Evening circles 25 cents. m92w

MR. J. V. MANSFIELD.

THIS distinguished Writing Test-Medium for answering sealed letters may be addressed at Chelsea, Massachusetts, Box 60. His fee is three dollars and four postage stamps. Persons wishing his services will please not write any superfluous or needless matter on the letter they desire the spirits to answer, but seal it so that it cannot be disturbed or tampered with without detection. The answer and the sealed letter will be both promptly forwarded to the writer. m9 ly

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CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free of receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, shortness of the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inflammation of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 23 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa. m94

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THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of Diseases of the Hair, and Premature Baldness, a specialty, has established himself at 29 Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds) where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Baldness.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair: Irritation of the Scalp, External Skin, Suppressed Secretion, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Sensitive Skin, Matted Secretion, Eczema of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Baldness.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles which has ever been presented to the public for the restoration of the Hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseases of the Scalp, and Restoring Hair. It is no doubt the most intelligent and reflecting mind. There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature baldness, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of these diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature baldness is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretions between the skin contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores, the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, the natural components of the hair resume their ascendency, and the hair acquires its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The only preparation system for any class of disease, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases it is useless, and in some positively injurious.

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains what disease of the scalp has or is producing a loss of hair, or premature whitening, prescribes such remedies according to the nature and circumstances, as will remove the disease; hence his great success in treating Capillary Diseases.

All consultations free.

Inquiries or other communications should be addressed to Dr. H. C. PERRY, box 2337, Boston, Mass.

Feb. 16.

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BY
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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." Vida "Hellas."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung The beads or words of life. It may be here. It may be there. It is all around us—*Dr. Johnson.* But live again I shall where'er be.—*Plutarch.*

CONTENTS.

The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Sphere. The Monomaniac, or the Spirit Bride. The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant: Being an Account of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Brookwood. Life: A Fragment. Margaret Infolix, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man. The Improvisatore, or Torn Leaves from Life History. The Widowed Lover. The Phantom Mother, or The Story of a Recluse. Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Picture Spectra. Haunted Houses. No. 2: The Sanford Ghost. Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest—An Incident founded on Fact. Christmas Stories. No. 2: Faith; or, Mary Macdonald. The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact. Note.

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1861.

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Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free, on receipt of \$1. Feb. 23.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTR

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by a spirit, whose name it bears, through Mrs. H. H. GOWAT, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as facts of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *visiting 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 put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Jan. 24.—Is there any difference between soul and spirit? and what is the difference? Daniel McCusky, New York; Jehad Pessico, 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 W. 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 in the soul of the Adept? Isiah S. Keith, New York; Sarah Hancock, James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity have a soul? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emery Stone, New Hill, Me.; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, Boston; Betsey Worthen, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Thursday, Jan. 31.—Disincarnate spirits know disease and recovery? Spencer Francis, Boston; Mary Elizabeth Cordes, Thomas Boswell, Freyberg, Penn.; Mary Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Friday, Feb. 1.—Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we know that the soul may be beguiled harmoniously? Joseph W. Lyon, Boston; Michael Brady, Charles Jackson Masters, Peter Leroy.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Is Spiritualism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Torrey, Dover, N. H.; John H. Moore; Mary Augusta Beward, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary L. Ware.

Friday, Feb. 8.—Why do not spirits assist in breaking up the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala.; Abigail Phillips, Mary Seewany, New York.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon race? Isaac P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Frances Almada Whortley, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—Is not America a very unchristianized country? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alma D. Lacy, Montreal; Samuel Robbins, Salem; Anna Smith, Wm. Jones.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, Margaret Ellen Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murry, East Cambridge; Joseph Astor.

Thursday, Feb. 14.—How many principles are there in the economy of nature? and does not every spirit in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah S. Parker; Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Horsey.

Is the Soul Tempted?

Is the soul ever tempted, and if it is, does it ever yield to temptation?

Yes, the soul is tempted always, but not according to the accepted definition of the word—temptation. To be tempted simply signifies to be attracted.

The soul as an essence, as a principle, never changes. It is continually the same. Mark us; in principle, in essence, in element, we say it is the same.

And yet this element is subject to the law of temptation, or, in other words, the law of attraction. By the force of that law, the soul throws off its encasement of life, or unfolds itself, or gives to you, in the external life, of its hidden treasures.

There are many forms of temptation, or many degrees belonging to the law of attraction. Man has hitherto misunderstood it. He has placed upon it a crown of evil, and he has robbed it with a garment of rage, and he has done this because he did not understand it—because he failed to read it in its internal depths; and thus he only reasoned from what it gave in its external.

Yonder sun tempts the earth to yield up her store, but if there were no corresponding law of attraction or temptation in the earth-principle, it could not obey the law of attraction centered in the sun. So it is with the soul; a legion of angels may come near to you and tempt you to an enjoyment of the beautiful, but unless there is a corresponding force, or power, or element in your own internal being, you cannot be tempted to enjoy the beautiful, or, in other words, you cannot be attracted by that point or degree in the law. The vast variety of forms that you call evil, existing with you are not what you suppose them to be. Each form is simply a something that has been born by the law of temptation or attraction. When two individuals meet, if the one throws out his power of firmness, and there is a corresponding power in the other, believe us, it comes to the surface immediately, and the consequence of this is discord, inharmonious war. Thus all discord is but the result of law—positive fixed law. Mark us, the soul, in essence, cannot be affected by any law, or changed. It cannot be enlarged; but when it unfolds itself, it throws off—it gives to you in conscious life, of its stores that have been heretofore hidden from you. The great Eternal Father is continually drawing his children toward him by temptation, and yet the prayer saith, "Lead us not into temptation." We shall hereafter speak with reference to this prayer more particularly. We say the great Father is continually drawing his children to him by temptation.

This is the mighty power in which all are being educated, and yet within each individual, or conscious soul-principle, there are the germs of all you see in the external world; or, in other words, man, the conscious soul, has an unfulfilled supply, or source, in his own being. Hence he is to live continually true to his own soul-essence, to gather that which will continually unfold him to those around him.

When the animal nature of the individual is brought in contact with gross degrees of the law of temptation, the result is a throwing out, or unfolding of a substance or like life in the individual. When a Jesus was tempted by that intelligence called evil, mark you the result of that temptation, or that power of attraction. Certain spirits came to him, using all that point of law you understand under the head of firmness, that they might arouse him—that they might induce him to turn from the path he was walking. Behold, a corresponding power was called forth, and he said, "Get thee behind me."

Here there was a positive good from a positive evil. It was necessary for that part of his nature to be unfolded; the degree of law was necessary to produce the effect we see in the age in which he lived. How wise, then, was the great Eternal in sending the evil ones, that this point of law might be strengthened, unfolded. This same law has its influence, or uses its power over each one of God's children. By temptation you all progress; you all throw off your old garments by this law. Then cease to ignore that which is but leading you on in the vast highway of human existence—that which does not simply point the way, but ever goes before, and draws you out from the internal of your soul.

Then, in this sense, the soul is tempted, but not necessarily changed; for the soul can no more change in its qualities than the God of all can change, and all his unfoldments proclaim him the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Thomas Dall.

The novelty of my position pleases and surprises me. When I was informed that I could speak through a human body, I supposed I should have one near like the one I lost. But I see there is a vast contrast, and I am led to wonder a little; but so long as it acts as my mouth-piece, I suppose it will answer my purpose. I find myself in the possession of all the organic system, and I consider it as much a miracle as any of those claiming to be such in the time of Christ. I was a little rising fifty years of age when last in my own body; I resided in this city (Boston), and followed the sea for a livelihood, for a number of years—in the capacity of captain for the last twelve or thirteen years of my business life. I retired from business some few years before my death—three, I think.

I have a confession to make here which may astonish some of my acquaintances, but none of my most intimate relations. Instead of passing out of my body under natural circumstances, I left it under unnatural circumstances. I cannot tell the precise cause of this, but I know I was over-joyed

upon periodically, for a number of weeks prior to the change. So great was the power that, at the last, I was unable to resist it. I remember distinctly I had my market basket in my hand going out to make purchases, and in passing through the hall, this unaccountable power seized me, and I retraced my steps, passed through the kitchen, and went into the most extreme apartment, and there hung myself. I do not think the whole operation occupied more than twenty minutes. Yes, I believe in twenty minutes or less from the time this power seized me, I was free from my body—a very strange circumstance, but nevertheless a true one. A near relative was the first to discover my body. With great presence of mind, she called out one person into her confidence; they removed me to my chamber, where every effort was made to restore what was lost. They then gave out word that I had died suddenly in a fit, not wishing to bring disgrace upon the family, and perhaps death upon my mother, then lying sick.

Some fourteen years have passed since then—a little more—and I come back, not because I suppose I shall benefit any one who may know me by my confession, but because I feel it to be my duty to make such. I have ever regretted this last act of my life, on earth. I have ever felt unhappy in consequence of it, although I did not see any way to avert the darkness; I do not see any way now by which I might have averted it; but I am told there is a way, and that all may come in possession of that knowledge who strive to. I would suggest that all who may be affected as myself, make very strenuous efforts to obtain that way; for if they come to Spirit-life by suicide, they will suffer—if from no other causes, from principles inculcated educationally. For a long time, I felt unfit to meet any of my friends in this sphere, and when my dear mother came to me, I feared to meet her, feeling that she knew of my death. I feel that Nature had not had her perfect work, but that I had thrust myself where I did not belong.

If this should be seen by any of my family, I hope they will think kindly of it, and believe that I come from sincere motives. Not only this, but I hope it will induce them to investigate the things pertaining to the new life. I am satisfied that all who do this in the right spirit will gain a reward.

My name was Thomas Dall. I resided at the south part of Boston. Jan. 23.

Mary Frances Moody.

I've been here three or four times, and I couldn't speak. I used to live in South Berwick, and was eight years old. My name was Mary Frances Moody, and I had a fever, and died. I have got a mother here with me. Her name is Sarah, and she could not learn to speak so well as I, so I have to come. I've got a brother Joseph, and if you'll please to let me speak to him, I'll like you very much. I don't know where he is, so I want you to find him for me. He was nineteen years old when I died. I've been here three years. I should like to talk with my father when he's right. Mother says he has gone from Berwick now, and he is not with my brother. I've got two brothers here with me, and a sister.

I was the youngest child, and I came here last, and I'm nearest to earth; that is why I can speak better. I have been here before, but I had too much fear to speak, the superintendent said. Jan. 23.

Laura Hodgdon.

I'm Laura Hodgdon. I was born in Salmon Falls; died at Lowell. It is nearly nine years since. I was sixteen years old. I was in the spinning room at the Massachusetts [mill]. I have a mother, two sisters and one brother. I suppose they don't know I am come back, but I should like to let them know. I was taken sick on Wednesday, and died on the following Sunday. I believe they called my disease congestion. I think the trouble must have been in my head, as I had too much pain there.

I should be very happy were I am if I could speak where I wish to. We are not troubled about how we shall get along here, but we have other troubles that will make us sad if we let them. I did not find the religion that my mother believed in, and that I tried to believe true. No one seems to know more about it than I do. Many I ask about it say, "I am as much disappointed as you are." But I am with many who tell me they are not disappointed, and I believe those people learned more about the Spirit-world than I did before I died; I would like to have my friends learn more than I did. My grandmother has been here since last March only. She was very old, and very rigid in her belief, and she tells me that her religion which gave her so much happiness on earth, is a source of great unhappiness to her here, for her dreams have not been realized. Yet she is not very unhappy, for she is like others who are disappointed. She believes God is just and good, only she didn't understand him; my folks are Presbyterians.

I will ask my friends to meet me at any place where I can write and speak, and I will tell them many things I cannot tell them here, and I will thank you for writing for me, and bid you good day. Jan. 23.

Walter Fobes.

I heard of this thing, and thought I'd try, myself. I think I have taken lessons enough to know how to talk according to my fashion. I don't know what class of people you are in the habit of receiving, but I've been told you took in all sorts, and done for them.

First place, I'll tell you what I came for. I've got a wife and three children; I don't know as it would be a bad idea to speak to them. For two years before I died, I drove a hack in New York—generally hailed from the Astor House. I am a little green in this business, but I suppose I'll learn by practice. It is a deuced hard world to get through with on this side or ours. I take it, the world has a good many sides, and every time you shift quarters you come out in a new rig.

My name is Fobes—commonly known as Walt Fobes. My name was Walter.

I poked myself into a place in New York, pretty well up town, where they had a sort of a school for us Spirits—I don't know what to call it—and I didn't meet with a very good reception there, for they didn't want anybody they didn't know. I got a friend to spell out my name by a machine they had there, but it didn't amount to anything.

My folks lived in Haled Court. My wife's name is Mary Ellen.

I had some kind of a disease, which didn't come out. The doctors said I'd taken a violent cold, and it would come out in a few days; it did come out, but on the wrong side. It was his business to have known, but he didn't. I didn't care a shilling about the old body, as long as I got rid of it.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA CIRCLE.

THROUGH S. H. FAIST, MEDIUM.

SARAH BEARN.—I wish I could convince my husband of Spiritualism. He reads the BANNER, but still does not seem inclined to have his mind made up either one way or the other.

My name is Sarah Bearn. I died at Rochester, N. Y., my husband is engaged in selling farming implements, and machinery, he was in Philadelphia about the 20th of October, 1860. He boarded in Fourth street.

SARAH HAZEN COR.—Oh Mother, I hear such pretty music, such bright songs; it is the angels singing, they want me to go home with them. Now, mother, don't hold me back, because I want to go so bad. This is what I said to my mother, before I died, and when I came here, I found the angels were here. And oh, how beautiful everything around me was! But still, mother, I felt drawn to you, because you felt so bad, and cried so much, when I left you. Oh, mother, you must not feel so badly, because Christine is better off, and she will come back when she can, and try to soothe you.

My mother's name is Alice Walmsley, and she lives in Buffalo, N. Y.

I will try to say something by which I may be recognized. My family are all Episcopalians, or at least lean that way. There is something beyond that, however, for them to learn, and I have come to see whether I can start them on the right track. It is not my intention now to give a lengthy communication, but simply to tell the family that after they left Haddington, and went to Elkton, Maryland, I

was with them, and I have followed them in their subsequent removals. The one with whom I am most desirous to communicate lives in Dubuque, Iowa. They tell me that you send our letters to them; direct this, then, to Mrs. J. E. Coe, Dubuque, Iowa, and it will reach her. My name is Sarah Hazen Coe.

J. POLLOCK.—I am a Democrat, I don't care who likes it. There is one thing that is a satisfaction to me—that is, that I bear the same name as a former governor of your State. A little while after he was elected, which I helped to do, I was kicked in the head by a horse, which caused my death. I can't exactly tell where the stable was. There are two men, Tom and Jack, there, and they will be perfectly wild when they see this, for they always thought pretty well of Jim Pollock. I lived in the southern part of Philadelphia, and I was kicked while carrying a horse; it was in the southern part of the city; it was old Southwark; I think it was down Sixth street. I have one brother and two sisters—my brother is in California; I don't know where my sisters are.

EDWARD HARRIS.—I am here to try to communicate. I died with the cholera in 1849. I was on my way from Philadelphia home, at which place I had been going to see a friend. Before I arrived at home I was taken with the cholera, and I stopped at a hotel. Everybody seemed to be afraid of me, and I did not receive the care and assistance which I required. My name is Edward Harris. I resided at East-town, Md. I used to have an uncle who told us stories about people coming back from Hell, and burning holes in the knuckles of those who undertook to shake hands with them. And it is very comfortable to come back, but have no desire to harm any one. Please send a copy of this to Stephen Harris, East-town, Maryland.

FRANK ANDREWS.—I have come to say something, by which I may be recognized—but, at the same time, if a person is to be judged by the company he keeps, I would prefer not coming yet. Jim Pollock has a company with him that I don't like, altogether, and consequently I preferred waiting till the last spirit had communicated, so that you might be positively certain that neither he nor I were connected with that party.

The circumstances of my death were rather peculiar. I attended a party, and during the time it was going on, I left the house, and I commenced coughing violently, and spit up what I considered to be a part of my lungs. I then went to my own residence with some assistance—this was immediately across the way. I laid down on a sofa, and called for salt, and exclaimed, "I am dying." My wife, and other friends, came around, but I expired almost immediately. I am desirous that this should be published, as many of my friends in Philadelphia would then have an opportunity to see it. I left two children and a wife.

My name is Frank Andrews; I died in Cocalan, Lancaster Co., Pa., about eight years since. Please send a copy of the BANNER to the postmaster, at Cocalan, Lancaster Co., Pa.

SLATER BROWN.—Well, it seems singular that I should come, but I am like a good many others, and have an interest in making myself known. I feel as though I wanted to convince everybody that we can come back and talk to them. I was a great business man when I lived on earth, and am somewhat inclined that way now. I have been in spirit-life five or six years. I would like to come and give a communication to my children and friends. I can observe and foresee things better now than I could while on earth. I was an old man when I left earth, yet I feel young enough now. I was mistaken, it is seven years since I came here, time flows faster than I thought. My name is Slater Brown—anything sent to Squire Housekeeper, at Chestnut Level, Pa., would be recognized.

WHAT?

She was working a slipper; but she didn't like that; she sang a little melody, that would not do; she tried to read a little, then she played with the cat. And then commenced a note—"Dearest, why did you not?"

And then she tore it up, and then tried to keep still. And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

He was reading a novel, but he didn't like that. So he took down his bed-room, that would not do; then he whistled to his dog, then he put on his hat. And then commenced a note—"Dearest, why did you not?"

And then he tore it up, and tried to keep still. And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up the lane.

He, too, quite by chance, of course, came along; so they met, and they stopped; not a look would either deign.

Then he said—nothing, and naught had she to say. At last he looked up at her, and she looked up to him. "Why did you not?" "Dearest, why did you not?" [Once a Week.]

Correspondence.

Newburyport Matters.

Undoubtedly there is much that is spurious mixed with the truth in Spiritualism, and of course, some mediums who cannot always be relied upon. I am always glad to give my testimony to what I know and can affirm to, and it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the mediumship of H. L. Bowker, of Natick, whose advertisement is in your columns. He is psychometrical reader. I have known of his power from personal evidence, and believe any one who shall write to him will be fully satisfied. He is an utter stranger to me, having never seen him, and I only desire to call the attention of friends to him as a truthful and reliable reader of character, etc.

We do not hold public meetings now, as the accommodations are not such as to suit; yet, the cause goes on fully; circles are held, and mediums are developed, of which the public never hear. There is, however, a lack of knowledge in conducting circles, and from this lack the best developments are not attained; circles being held by these who have a desire to know for themselves (called curiosity, but in fact, is a desire to investigate without being exposed), they lose much knowledge which they might get by consulting those who have had advantages. This I think to be a growing evil, one which all possible means should be taken to reform.

An amusing incident recently took place in one of our orthodox churches. The pastor was taken suddenly sick and called upon a Baptist clergyman to conduct a meeting for him. The people met, when lo, a babe was brought in to be baptized, a deacon went into the pulpit for advice, the clergyman said he could perform the rite but should need more water, as the child must be covered all over. The audience smiled, appreciating the joke, and finally the parents not desiring the child to be baptized carried it away till some more propitious occasion.

I have before spoken of our Public Library; there is a fund belonging to it, the income being applied to the purchase of books; there is a superabundance of books on all subjects, and especially religion, except Spiritualism. The Spiritualists are a goodly number, and as the fund was left for the whole people, we last year applied for the purchase of spiritual books. Among the lists was the works of Davis, Edmonds, Owen, Tuttle, Harris, etc., but they were refused, on the ground that they did not buy books of an immoral tendency. I have taken occasion to look over the library, since, and find most if not

the modern novels are on the shelves. I also have seen many books which are unworthy a place in any library; among them are Rabelais' works, Grammont's Memoirs of the Court of Charles II., and even the Ten Days of the Decameron by Boccaccio; certainly some of the vilest books ever written, and they were purchased by a committee of five, three being orthodox clergymen. I have been told that there were others much worse. This being their criterion, I am glad they consider Spiritualism to be immoral, for it is the opposite of what they consider fit for the public eye. I have since conversed with one of the clergymen, and he said his greatest objection is that Spiritualism, being of a transitory nature, the library should not be hampered by any expenditure, in that direction, that it would soon blow over, etc., and at the same time said they had put Pres. Mahan's book on the shelves. And so it seems they do consider it of enough moment to let the people see whatever is written against, and there certainly should be liberality enough at this day to hear both sides, but the truth is they do not intend, so far as the Church can help it, to allow the public to have any chance to investigate, but to take their *ipse dixit* as in their own church.

No further said Spiritualists were not a class fitted to investigate, that he could select from the public those who would be likely to believe in the delusion; much of the phenomena he believed to exist, but it could be explained by natural laws. I asked him why he did not propose an explanation, as we were ready to give them all the opportunities to investigate. He said it was a subject for scientific men, and not the clergy. Scientific men have investigated and they are obliged to admit to themselves at least that no other than the spiritual theory can account for it. The Harvard committee dare not make a report for they can only say that it is of a spiritual origin and having the experience of the past before their eyes, they dare not give their opinion. Prof. Hare the "Farrady of America," after thoroughly examining, gave the result of his investigations over, after which he was hooted and derided by the "convinced followers of old dogmas. If there was one man in America esteemed by all as a great and scientific man, it was Prof. Hare before becoming a Spiritualist. The Harvard Professors have not moral courage equal to Prof. Hare and dare not reply; the fact is patent to all that priestcraft has such an overruling power that they can crush any one who steps before them. It is this that prevents many of the popularly called scientific men from investigating and believing; 'tis a humiliating admission but true nevertheless. England can teach us a great lesson on this score; look at the manner in which our mediums are received by the first minds in that country and compare it with our own.

I hope and trust a better day is at hand, for in our city government this year there is a liberality quite unexpectedly, the board of Mayor and Aldermen is composed wholly of Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists or Liberals in religious sentiment, and the other board has but two persons who are members of a church, and what is more noticeable is the fact that the defeated candidates were nearly all orthodox, the candidate for Mayor being a clergyman of the Christian denomination. A sign of the times worthy of notice, showing that the public have more faith in liberals than stringents in belief. The *Herald* recently published an item stating that a Spiritualist of this city who awhile ago had left his family and gone away with an affinity, had returned to his wife again. This is not so, in the first place, the man did not leave his family for an affinity, but because for twenty years he had lived with a woman with whom he had never agreed, the parting was mutual, being satisfied that twenty years of trial was sufficient to show they could not agree. He came home to see that his family were properly cared for, and without the least intention of living with his wife again. There are many families who prefer to live a lie, rather than meet the unmerited opposition of those who mind other people's business instead of their own. The same paper recently had an article on Swedenborg in which it is charged "that Spiritualists claim him as favoring their fantasies." Swedenborg was a bigot, after his kind, about a far seer in spiritual things, true he charged his followers to beware of spirits, but he knew that they were not then able to discriminate; Spiritualism has opened the door to all that Swedenborg alone enjoyed and it exposes many of the fantasies of Swedenborg as all who are conversant with his writings may know. Will any of his followers, at this day agree with him that water is a simple element when science shows it unmistakably to be a compound? Swedenborgians should be chary about calling Spiritualism a vagary when their great leader is so open to criticism.

Rev. Mr. Guinness has been holding meetings in this city for some weeks. He has created a good deal of interest in the Church, but not out of it—just as well, for there are as many in as out of the church who need reforming. He said he did not ask anything for his services, but after a while gave a hint that a little of the needful would be acceptable; he does not believe in preaching for money, but thinks he should have money for preaching. There was a collection taken up in the Churches last Sunday, to pay for his valuable services. It seemed to me it would have been better for him to have had one of his own meetings set apart for his benefit night, but perhaps it would remind him of when he was on the boards.

It appears to me to be a severe commentary on our settled preachers, to import a sensation preacher to get up a revival. We have twenty clergymen, with a population of about 13,000—a good supply, and ought to get along without outside help. This preaching is an expensive luxury; the annual tax for this city cannot be less than \$40,000, this is from an actual computation. I do not think, taking all the churches on an average, that there are three persons in each, whose income is equal to the pay of the pastor. Is there any reason why a clergyman should receive more than others; that he should live more luxuriously than the society? Any one, on looking back will find that ministers' salaries have increased at least 100 per cent, while no other branch has held its own. Is there not a little too much of the man worship?

But I have digressed a little from Mr. Guinness. He was formerly an actor by profession, and herein lives much of his power, he appeals to the affections. On one occasion he portrayed a death scene in the pulpit, so vividly, that all were carried away by his feelings. If the same number of persons outside the Church should go night after night to a theatre, as the people do to hear Mr. G., they would properly be called dissipated, for it is nothing less than religious dissipation, and it is the same sentiments and passions which are appealed to in both cases. A goodly sum of money was collected for Mr. G. a great deal more, I dare say, than would have been for the poor of the city.

These revivals may do some good. I do not doubt they do, but there is much of the ridiculous mixed with it. Of the large number who were converted a few years ago in this city, few are now in the narrow way. It is impossible to renew, at this time, the excitement of that day; the whole public mind is too much interested in matters relating to national affairs, to get into a religious excitement.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 14, 1861.

F. L. Wadsworth, Terre Haute, Ind.

Week following week has passed away since I left the snow clad hills and fields of New England, westward bound—to speak to friends of reform as the "spirit moveth." I have thought ere this to send to you, and through you to my eastern friends, my thoughts and feelings as far as convenient or profitable. Geneva, (O.) was my first place to lecture. Good men and women live there. I chanced to find them full quiet enough for health. I left them four lectures which I hoped served them for the time. Geneva friends are sure—like iron, though sometimes cool, they are hard to bend. Painesville I stopped at next, and the "Disciples" permitted me very graciously the use of their church—which was comfortably well filled. Cleveland came next—two weeks there—audiences small according to their custom—with few exceptions. I stopped with my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown still lives and thrived at 288 Superior-street where she dispenses the "Gospel" according to A. J. Davis, Thomas Paine and other notables. Chagrin Falls was my next place for a week. Good audiences and interest. Thence to Milan, where seven times I have been—always with pleasure, for 'tis one of the sunniest places on the Western Reserve. East Norwalk, in close proximity, has its Spiritual "meeting house," where one snowy evening I talked to a good thoughtful audience. Thence on I went via Dayton—where the never-to-be-discouraged "Davis" lives all of the time—and where S. J. Finney is now engaged. Thence I went to Richmond, (Ind.) Here are located a large number of thinking men and women—enough of intelligence and soul, if combined, to form one of the best liberal societies in the West. As it is, they stand headed by "Friends of Progress," "Spiritualists," "Liberal Sunday Institute," etc.—three would-be permanent stalks to one root—Liberalism. I gave three lectures here—enjoyed myself, and in one of the best of houses rested. I had appointments at this place for two Sundays (20 27th of Jan.) 26 and 27, the "Friends of Progress" held their "Quarterly" at Dublin, 18 miles away—and, to work for the best results, most people went to that place. We had a fine time. Dr. James Cooper, Ella Gibson, Charles H. Holt, John Hobart, etc., were there to speak to those who came to hear. We had five lectures—with a quantity of spy suggestive talk thrown in. I shall long remember Dublin and the "Friends of Progress." Sometimes I have said to myself—I will go there again. I went from there to Indianapolis—a city on a plain. The "The Steeple City." The "Capitol City," "big" enough and old enough to be ashamed of its conservatism; of its—late and long sleeping just beginning to wipe the Theological and Political cobwebs from its face and ask "What's up?" "what's up?" The reform is up—and thinking—and because of this *slam democracy and Old Theology* are going up. Indianapolis makes a promise to clear hands with its neighboring cities and help on the moving mass. I gave three lectures there to good and increasing audiences, and shall give more on my way North in March. Jacob Eldridge, and others are active here and good speakers would be well received and do much for the advancement of Liberalism. Feb. 2nd, I came to this place—here, for the present, let my journal be vailed. In general, I can say, as far as I am able to observe, dull times are West. Relative to Spiritualism, I judge from observation, it is doing well, comparing the past with the present, those least favorable to it, can but admit its gain. I have never before been in the West (and I have been here much) when there was so great a degree of investigation manifest as now.

"The world rolls on the Light grows stronger—The People's advent's coming."

So mote it be, dear BANNER and friends, we will still work on "each in time and place," and who can effectually say "thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Yours, F. L. WADSWORTH.

Terre Haute, Ind., Feb. 11, 1861.

Sarah M. Thompson, Toledo, Ohio.

There has never been a time, since I have been a laborer in this cause, when there has been such an anxiety manifest in the general mind, as there is at present. During the past three months, I have been laboring in different parts of Michigan in the northern borders, at different towns on St. Clair river. I find the majority of first class minds ready to lay off their garments of superstition, and adopt the liberal sentiment of the age. Infidel minds are being aroused, and in them do I see the noble structure of reason developed. The instant our philosophy is proved to them, that instant they cry out, as with one voice, "Immortality is ours." As our aged fathers and mothers greet me with their thousand "God bless you's," it repays me for all the deprivation and censure that I, as well as other mediums, must share from the outside pressure. I would here say to the people of St. Clair, Newport, Detroit, Monroe, Dundee, Dearfield, Hudson, Jonesville, Moscow and other inland towns, I thank you for the noble generous spirit you have manifested to me, for the cause's sake. May God bless you, and good spirits guide you, as I know they will, if you are true to your own nature.

I have witnessed at the house of Mr. Wilbur in Adam's township, three miles from Hillsdale, the most astonishing manifestations.

Mr. John McQueen, of Hillsdale, and wife, are the mediums. He was formerly a member of the Methodist Church, and his wife is still a member. The manifestations are these:—

Rapping, spirit writing without the aid of physical hands, musical instruments being played upon spirit hands presented to each one in the circle, and last, but not least, the voice was distinctly heard and the force that was brought to bear upon the center of the table, at that instant, was so great, that every person was raised from their seats at one and the same time.

This investigation has been going on for several months. There were about sixty persons present on Wednesday night, witnessing these demonstrations. It was a request of the family that I should make a brief report of what they were witnesses of from time to time.

Pearls.

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

SITTING ON THE ROCK.

The tide has ebbed away—
No more wild dashing 'gainst the adamant rocks,
Nor swaying amid seaweed false that mocks
The hues of garden grey;
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;
No inlaid pools reflecting Heaven's clear brow—
Deth storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry
That not a tide might ever have swept by,
Blowing it with rude moan.
Only some weeds, fragment, idly thrown
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;
But Desolation's self has grown serene.

After the mountain rises,
And the broad estuary widens out,
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about
Seaward, a white bird flies.
A bird? Nay, seems it to these eyes
A Spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea,
Oodling, "Come thou up where all we glad souls be."

O life! O silent shore!
Where we sit patient of great sea beyond,
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,
But sorrowful no more.

A little while and then we, too, shall soar
Like white-winged sea-birds into the infinite deep;
Till then, Thou, Father, with our spirits keep.

Miss Muloon.

"We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken.
Maugre all the selfishness that chills the world like cold
winds, the whole human family is bathed with an element of
love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses
whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who
honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in the
church, whom, though infinitely, we warmly rejoice to be with!
Need the language of these wandering eye-beams. The heart
knoweth."

R. W. Emerson.

ANGEL.

O, teach me not the barren creed,
That Angels never haunt the soul;
That 'tis a dream, O never held,
I would not lose their sweet control—
Low-whispering spirit, still they come
And bid the dear emotions start,
With visions of our childhood's home,
That "Mecca" of the human heart.

O, chide me not, nor break the spell—
All I have loved, or love, is here;
The kind, the good, the true, they dwell
In friendship's smile, and pity's tear!
A little faith may rend the guise,
And what our yearning hearts adore,
Will change to seraphs from the skies,
Who linger watch till life is o'er.

O. D. Stuart.

Most men work for the present; a few for the future; the
wise work for both—for the future in the present, and for the
present in the future.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT ALLSTON HALL, BOSTON,
Sunday, Feb. 25, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir sang; the controlling influences, through
the medium, offered up an invocation, the choir sang
again, and the lecturer prefaced her remarks by
reading the following selection from the seventh
chapter of Luke:

"And one of the Pharisees desired him that he would eat
with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat
down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city, which
was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the
Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster-box of ointment. And
stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his
feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head,
and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.
Now, when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he
spoke within himself, saying, This man, if he were a prophet,
should have known who and what manner of woman this is
that toucheth him; for she is a sinner. And Jesus
answering, said unto him, Simon, I have something to say
unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a cer-
tain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed him five hun-
dred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing
to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore,
which of them he loved? Simon answered and said, I suppose
that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him,
Thou art rightly judged. For he to whom he forgave more,
the same loveth him more. And he said unto her, Thy sins
are forgiven."

It hath been said, that the wisdom of man is foolish-
ness with God. We know there is an essential dif-
ference between the wisdom of God and the wisdom of
man. Christ and the Church of Christ, treat sinners in
a far different way from each other. Why is this?
Is it because the Church fear the world will take
too much courage? It is perhaps easier to swing the
hammer of condemnation, than to heal with love,
and men will choose power rather than love; but as
men progress, they will grow up into the great hu-
man observatory, and look out upon the broad wisdom
of God, and bring up all that is grand in their nature,
and personality in their lives. Jesus ate with pub-
licans, and sinners; and the woman taken in crime,
kneeling before him, and his holy eyes looked down into
her nature through the guise of sin, and spoke to
her hungering soul the words, "Neither do I con-
demn thee. Go, and sin no more."

He who climbs the rugged path toward human
perfection, and faints on the way because of his
weakness and human frailty, expecting no more
of heaven than he has earned by toil and constant
struggle, is the one for whom heaven's choicest
glories are in wait. If you would read your brother's
heart, first read your own. If you would know the
effect of trials upon others, take them upon yourself.
First, go into the kingdom; then open the door
for others to come. When you do this, you will
understand the powers that actuate the meek and
humble Jesus. The nearer you come to the heart
of Deity, the more you drink in of his deep flow-
ing love, and of the charity that suffereeth all things.
There is no true religion if it is not founded upon
your own soul.

Read the dictionary definition of "sinner," and then
see what was the definition given by Christ. Stand
there side by side with the infinite Father, and what
do you think his definition of saints and sinners
will be? The lexicon of heaven differs very much
from that of Webster or Worcester. God sees men
and women just as he made them, with their wants,
longings and desires, which drag them down to
a mortal hell, or beckon them upward to celestial
heights.

There are two kinds of saints—the world's saints
and the Lord's saints. The same may be said of
sinners—there are the world's sinners and God's
sinners. Who, what and where are the world's
saints? They are those who make long prayers,
and devour not only widow's houses, but morally
speaking, devour the widows themselves. They go
to costly churches, and sit in the uppermost seats
in the synagogues, and in times of stern necessity,
will speculate in corn and flour, in sugar and
molasses, in coal and wood; will buy low, and sell
high; and while their brothers in the human fam-
ily are starving, the world's saints will withhold
the necessities of life, till the price is so high that
it will make them immensely rich. They draw
out the last hard-earned copper of their less favored
brother, to add to their treasury, and then give
God the thanks for fortune's favors. They will always
tell you what you should do—will point you to
Jesus' example. They feel their chief consequence
depends upon the magnanimity of the master, and
yet forget his service. Why does the Church not
heed the divine commands of mercy to men? De-

cause those in public places are thoroughly cor-
rupt. How dare you condemn them, and call them
corrupt? Because they shut their eyes knowingly
to the light—because they profess the doctrine of
Jesus, and forget his principles. They have not the
word of love nor the hand of aid, to prevent a man
from becoming a sinner, and then condemn him for
his deeds.

Deacon Pennytruce was converted at a revival meet-
ing. He felt himself the vilest of sinners. (He was
very near the truth!) He experienced the pangs of
conscience, felt himself redeemed by the blood of the
Lamb, and was received into the church of God.
When the time came that was appointed for Deacon
Pennytruce to die, he went off singing psalms, and
while his friends were weeping around his bed-
side, he was translated, and entered into the heav-
enly kingdom. As he was led up and down the
celestial courts by his angel guardians, he felt he
could not be satisfied till he had listened to the
wailings of the damned. The angel led him into
the realms of darkness, and Deacon Pennytruce be-
gan to tremble, for fear he should lose his way.
For the darkness was dense, and the stench of sul-
phur began to be insufferable. Soon hell was open
to his hungry vision, and while he stood trembling
and a-king, he beheld the damned souls writhing
in torment. While he looked, he beheld one sinner,
tossing and away on the lurid waves, more than
any other the tormented of hell. He turned to his
angel guide, to know who this could be, the enormi-
ties of whose life had earned him such a doom. "Lo,
this is Deacon Pennytruce—wise in his own con-
ceit. He was a Christian, and one of the world's
saints."

As man enters heaven, so shall be as his view of
eternal life; and if he is not now converted, he
must enter heaven as a little child. Such was one
of the world's saints. Can you not understand that
in the soul is God's judgment seat? The man must
be saved by his own soul. You can find these
world's saint anywhere up and down the world.
They attempt to serve both Mammon and Jehovah.

But, thank God, there is another side to the pic-
ture. Who are God's saints? Where are they, and
how may we know them? God sets no such mark
on his creatures. There are kings who never wear
a crown; there are prophets who never prophecy,
and poets whose words remain unspoken, and there
are none but the angels who know the secret. The
Lord's saints are not easily recognized upon earth.
They are known, but are so rare that they are but
little understood. Could Jesus come to earth to-day,
and his blue eyes look deeply into the eyes of the
people, he would be disregarded, so little is the world
fitted to know the truth. Though lips may be
touched with a coal from off the altar of inspiration,
the voice is disregarded. But there is no greater re-
buke than a real soul. A philosopher has said truly
that "all things are at risk when a thinker is let
loose upon this planet." So weakness and meanness
tremble before the gaze of a living soul. The life of
a man is the greatest rebuke a man can have. When
one is ready to sacrifice his all on the altar of hu-
manity—ready to do something ever for the aid of
the suffering and the trampled upon, you find him
one of the Lord's saints. Real men are they who do
not talk so much as they act. Such are, in truth,
the ones who write their names on the pages of the
world, and pass on.

Poor Jeremy Jones was one of the Lord's saints.
His name was Jones, and this was enough to put
him down. What could a Jones do? And Jeremy
Jones said: "Because I cannot go forth with the
power of eloquence, and be heard of men, I will, at
least, endeavor to serve poor Jeremy Jones, that he
may be as true as can be to the great God who made
me." And not one thought that ever swept over the
great sea of human souls, but he tested it, whether
it came from the Deity. Jeremy Jones cultivated the
spirituality of his nature, and bowed his soul to the
indwelling truths of the Almighty; and, in spite of
his name of Jones, his soul and mind expanded, and
the little children loved him, and even the dogs in
the radius of his magnetism, and men and women
acknowledged the moral power that went forth from
his presence. You may shut God's truth out of
your soul; and when a response fails to come to you,
you may be sure you lack the magnet to draw it
from the heart of Deity. Jeremy Jones asked for
truth, and God gave it to him, and he went his way.
He approached the gate of heaven with fear and
trembling. "I fear I have not got on the wedding-
garment; but I love God, and esteem and serve my
fellow-men. I pray the great eternity to pour its
treasure into my soul, that I may scatter the kernels,
down into the hearts of my brothers, where they
may grow under the sunshine of God's love." He en-
tered the gate of the celestial city, and his robes
were white as no fuller in the universe could whiten
them, and he felt strong enough to take the whole
world in his arms.

But who are the world's sinners? Born to pov-
erty and woe, and nursed under suffering and crime,
which fit like a ban upon them as soon as they
breathe the atmosphere of earth—such are the
world's sinners, children of inharmonious parents
and denied the thinking of one good thought, or the
doing of one good deed. The world's saints treat
them with disdain and contumely, saying, "because
God has given to me more than he has to you, I can
afford to be good, and better than you are. You
were cursed at birth, and born in sin."

Ah, how often do you go up and down the streets
of your city, meeting the children of poverty and
wretchedness who have come out of the alleys and
garrets in which they live their weary lives, to beg
a few pennies, and to whom a word of love would be
as a star in cloudy midnight! But the saints of the
world discard the entreaties of the poor children,
and at length the little child eyes in his heart, "If I
cannot do anything at this business, I will do better
in another, for money I must have!" And then
commences a career of recklessness and crime.

The world know not how many noble-souled
women have been driven by the saints of the world,
into the thoroughfares of your cities, to thrive on their
sin, nor how many a kind-hearted policeman has
been touched by their misery, and often lending
them a helping hand, said to them, "neither do I
condemn thee; go and sin no more!" They know
human nature in varied bearings, and know that in
your aristocratic street there are women whose
hearts are less chaste and pure than the condemned
and outlawed night-walkers of your city.

What constitutes the world's sinners then? Sim-
ply being found out. There are sinners with
blacker hearts than are ever brought before the
civil tribunals—who sit at the communion table of
the Lord. Why does not God put his stamp upon
such men, with their rotten consciences, and women
with their syren smiles? When God sees justice
done with the world, to whom will the bill be pre-
sented, and who will settle the account? Not to
those who struggled up and grasped forward for the
truth and purity but to those who broke their hold,
and pushed them back into the pit of sin.

Who are the Lord's sinners? They are those
who made the world's sinners sin. The millionaire,
rolling in his carriage over the bleeding hearts of
those whose life he has crushed—to him, and not to
his victims, will the judgment come—for every sin
goes back to its own birthplace. You who have con-
demned the sinner of the world will know that no
one lives but has committed some error; and only
the pure and spotless soul can condemn. You who
sit in condemnation, will look first to your own souls.
The one who had every want ministered to by father,
mother, sister, brother, and has clasped hands with
the chosen one, and feels all is well, looks with
scorn upon her fallen sister, and says, "You are
not virtuous, but I am." But look into the soul of
the virtuous dame, and perhaps you will find it the
nestling place of fouler crimes than her frail sister
ever dreamed of—of selfishness, pride, envy, and
deceit.

It is said, the sin against the Holy Ghost can
never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in any
other. Such sinners are God's sinners. Spirits are
endeavoring in vain to escape from the penalty
brought upon them by their sin. They have sinned
against the truth, and the scar marks the deed for-
ever. They have gone into outer darkness, where
there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth;
and it was their own choice on earth, and they have
gone to a hell, a grade lower than that of human life.

But the Lord's sinners are few, and far between.
You are, we repeat it, better than you know of.
Christ did not condemn the woman, because she
loved much, and love is the golden key that lets
men into the world, and the world into men. It is
the religion of eternal life. Jesus knew this; the
Pharisee did not. The woman who comes in contact
with purity, and knows how to appreciate, can never
turn back to the beggarly elements of earth. Love
is to achieve the world's salvation, and bring the
world's sinners into their true relationship to Deity.
He will take the hand of sinners to teach them to do
His will, and purify them till they stand perfect
before Him.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

In the Evening, the medium made a prayer, in
which the controlling influence saw fit to implore
God's blessing upon the "Tycoon of Japan, the Em-
peror of China, and the President of the United
States," and that the latter might "have a speedy
and safe removal from his office; and as he is tasted
of glory, may his soul be satisfied, and let him retire
into seclusion, and above all things seek understand-
ing." Also to bless the succession of Presidents,
and "may he who is about to assume the Executive
chair be another link on the chain, which shall
strengthen the bonds of harmony and peace."

Then followed a pungent sermon from the Spirit
of old Mather Byles from the text: "The fathers
have eaten of sour grapes, and the children's teeth
are set on edge." He viewed the present
state of American affairs as the result of the mistakes
of our ancestors morally, religiously, socially, intel-
lectually and above all, politically. The sermon
was a powerful production, and riveted close atten-
tion, and its occasional sallies of wit and sarcasm,
produces demonstration of applause. The subject was
handled boldly and well, and its propositions were
self-evident. Only cramped space compels us to
forego a longer report.

But the feature of the evening was the improvisa-
tion of the following poem, by the Spirit of Edoan
A. Poz. We publish it in full, and though it is a
masterly production, and eminently characteristic
of its distinguished author, a faint conception can
be obtained by reading it, of the power and spirit
in which it was given through the medium. Her
whole manner seemed changed, and every fiber
seemed drawn to its utmost tension, so mighty and
powerful was the influence. Every breath was
hushed while the poem was being delivered, and it
seemed as though the hearts of the vast audience
had ceased beating, so profound was the silence.
When the medium had repeated the last line,

"Fare you well. I go—I go!"

the influence left her, and she would have fallen
to the platform in her exhaustion, but for timely
assistance.

The note in introduction was given at a subse-
quent sitting, by the same spirit through Miss
Doten, in order that the poem might be better com-
prehended by the general reader:

THE PROPHECY OF VALA.

The prophecy of VALA is founded on the Scandi-
navian mythology. ODIN, the great All-Father, is the
sovereign power of the universe; Thon, a lesser
god, of whom it is said "his mighty hammer smote
thunder out of everything." BALDUR was a son of
ODIN and of FRIGA. He was slain by HÖRDER, his
blind brother, who was persuaded to the act by
LOKE, an evil spirit corresponding to the Hebrew
or Christian Devil. The VALKYRIEN were the geni
of the battle-field. The three NORNEN were the
fates who watered the tree YGGDRASILL, at whose
roots it was said that a dragon was constantly
gnawing. THE HEIMSKINGLA was the circle of the
universe. VALA was a secessor or prophesier, who
was summoned from the dead by ODIN to tell of the
fate of BALDUR, but on her appearance refused to
do so, and to the astonishment of all, prophesied
the death of all the sons of ODIN, at the day of
RAGNAROK, which corresponds to the day of judg-
ment, with the exception that it was also the day
of the reconstruction or renewal of the world. The
prophecy of VALA, as given in the old Icelandic
Edda, I have used with perfect freedom, to present
the idea that good, though apparently overcome of
evil, shall ultimately triumph.

I have walked with the fates and the furies 'mid
the wrecks of the mighty past,
I have stood in the giant shadows which the ages
have backward cast,
And I've heard the voices of prophets come down
in a lengthening chain,
Translating the truth eternal, and making its
meaning plain.

Backward still, ever backward, 'mid wreck and
ruin I trod,
Seeking life's secret sources, and the primal truths
of God.
"Tell me," I cried, "oh, prophet—thou shade of
the mighty past,
What of the truth in the future?—Is its horoscope
yet cast?

Thou didst give it its birth and being, thou didst
cradle it in thy breast—
Show me its shining orbit, and the place of its final
rest!"

A sound like the restless earthquake, a crash like
the "crack of doom,"
And a fiery fulmination streamed in through the
frightened gloom.
I stood in the halls of Odin, and the great All-
Father shone
Like the centre and sun of being, 'mid the glories
of his throne;

And Thor, with his mighty hammer upraised in
his giant hand,
Stood ready to wake the thunder, at his sovereign
Lord's command.

"Ho, Thor!" said the mighty Odin, "our omens
are all of ill,
For the dragon gnaweth sharply at the roots of
Yggdrasill.
I hear the wild Valkyrien, as they shriek on the
battle-plain,
And the moans of the faithful Nornen, as they
weep over Baldur slain.

A woe to the serpent Loke, and to Hörd's reck-
less ruth,
For goodness is slain of evil, and falsehood hath
conquered Truth!

Now call thou on mystic Vala, as she sleeps in the
grave of time,
Where the hoary age hath written her name in a
frosty rime;
She can tell when the sun will darken, when the
stars shall cease to burn—
When the sleeping dead shall waken, and when
Baldur shall return."

A sound like the rushing tempest, and the won-
drous hammer fell,
And the great Heimskringla shuddered, and swayed
like a mighty bell.
There were mingled murmurs and discords, like
the wallings of troubled souls,
Like the gnomes at their fiery forges—like the
howlings of restless ghouls.
Then out of the fiery covert of the tempest and the
storm,
Like a vision of troubled slumber, came a woman's
stately form.

There came a hush as at midnight, when the sheeted
dead awake,
And even the silence shuddered, as her words of
power she spake:

"Mighty Odin, I am Vala,
I have heard your thunder-call,
I have heard the woful wailing
Sounding forth from Wingolf's hall,
And I know that beauteous Baldur,
Loved of all the gods, is slain—
That the evil Loke triumphs,

And on Hörd's rests the stain.
But my words shall fail to tell you
Aught concerning him you mourn,
For the leaves that bear the record
From the tree of life are torn;
And while Hecla's fires shall glow,
Or the bubbling Geysers flow,
Of his fate no one shall know—
Understand you this, or no?"

"I will sing a solemn Sage,
I will chant a Runic rhyme,
Weave a wild, prophetic Edda
From the scattered threads of time:
Know, oh, Odin—mighty Odin,
That thy sons shall all be slain,
Where the wild Valkyrien gather
On the bloody battle plain;
And thy throne itself shall tremble
With the stern, resistless shock,
Which shall rend the world asunder
At the day of Ragnarok.
Other stars the night shall know,
From the rock shall waters flow,
And from ruin beauty grow.
Understand you this, or no?"

Vainly shall the faithful Nornen
Water drooping Yggdrasill,
For the wrathful, restless dragon
At its roots is gnawing still.
Loke's evil arts shall triumph,
Hörd's eyes be dark with night,
Till the day of re-creation
Brings the buried Thor to light;
Then a greater God than Odin
Over all the worlds shall reign,
And my Sage's mystic meaning
As the sunlight shall be plain.
Out of evil, good shall grow—
Doubt me not, for time shall show.
Understand you this, or no?
Fare you well! I go—I go!"

There came a voice as of thunder, with a gleam
of lurid light,
And the mystic Vala vanished like a meteor of the
night;

Then I saw that the truth of the present is but the
truth of the past,
But each phase is greater and grander and mightier
than the last—
That the past is ever prophetic of that which is yet
to be.

And that God reveals his glory by slow and distinct
degrees;
Yet still are the nations weeping o'er the graves of
the truth and right.

Lo! I summon another Vala—let her prophecy to-
night.
With the amaranth and the myrtle and the aspho-
del on her brow
Still wet with the dew of the kingdom, doth she
stand before you now:

"Not with sound of many thunders,
Nor with miracles and wonders
Would I herald forth my coming from the peaceful
spirit shore,
But in God's own love descending,
With your aspirations blending,
I would teach you of the future, that you watch
and weep no more.

God is God from the creation;
Truth, alone, is man's salvation;
But the God that no man worships soon shall be
your God no more.

For the soul in its unfolding,
Evermore its thought remoulding,
Learns more truly, in its progress, 'how to love and
to adore!"

Evil is of God, twin-brother,
Born of God, and of none other;
And though Truth seems gain of error through the
ills that men deplore,
Yet, still nearer to perfection,
She shall know a resurrection,
Passing on from ceaseless glory, unto glory ever-
more.

From the truths of former ages,
From the world's close-lettered pages,
Man shall learn to meet more bravely all the life
that lies before;

For the day of retribution,
Is the final restitution
Of the good, the true, the holy, which shall live
forevermore!"

"Understand you this, or no?
Fare you well. I go—I go!"

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 27, 1861.

SUBJECT.—"Fate and Free Agency."

REV. RICHARD THAYER, Chairman.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER said this subject had excited
thought in all ages, but had not been settled. Glean-
ings of truth were elicited, but we could not get the
whole truth. There was evidence favoring both
fate and free agency. Man, unquestionably, was
governed by fixed laws, but differing measurably
from the laws that govern all else. Man has a tri-
une nature—an animal nature, governed by the
laws applicable to that nature. He has a moral
nature, which controls, or should control, the lower
or animal nature, and the third or intellectual
nature, which acts in unison with one or both of the
others—each have their expression through special
organs of the brain. The sphere of the animal is
to take care of the man; the moral to act as judge
and direct, and the intellectual to enlighten the
judgment of each; and any want of harmony has its
legitimate effect. Man is fated to act under the
strongest motive; to-day a man could not do differ-
ently from what he does, his actions date back
and there the responsibility lies, and now depends
upon organization; but if he knows he has these
biases, then he is responsible for his acts. Animal
preponderates and moral yields; moral prepon-
derates and animal yields. A man with an equally
balanced head, is the more fortunate. A man who
has committed a murder, in doing it, may be from
the fact that he may have been controlled by antece-
dents inherent in himself, leading to the act over
which he had no power, because he did not originate
the motive or controlling influence.

Mr. WETTERBERG said a thought or two had oc-
curred to him which he would utter then. He
thought the future of events, even to details, were
all known. If the infinite intelligence knew, ages
ago, that wood would grow scarce, and provided at
a certain time that the human mind would discover
coal, and also provided the supply for that demand,
then all the minute details of eventually must be
known also; and that premonitions, prophecies
and dreams occasionally foretold events, not coti-
dences, but of a complex character; and these being
so interwoven with contemporaneous things as that
events not foretold must have been known by the
producing power, though not written in the prophe-
cy, because those events must have been the result
of antecedents, or correlative circumstances. No
one can doubt the existence of these occasional facts.
No one supposes them usual, but the occasional
fact is indisputable; and most people have had
experience of it in their own family, or circle. Any
one disputing it as being only a relic of superstition,
has not given the matter thought. Every one feels
the truth suggested by the poet when he says:

"As the secret of life sheds its mystical lore,
The coming events cast their shadows before."

If this or these are facts, then events are known,
and man is but the filling up of the fabric, either
warp or woof, of the picture or scroll of history—
and, of course, is not free, but in the hands of fate
or Divinity.

One other thought occurs: Are the actions of a
man and, therefore, of Society, governed by fixed
laws, or are they the result of chance, or supernatu-
ral interference? It can hardly be other than the
first. Any act must be the result of its antecedents.
One can never tell the whole of a man's antecedents,
or his own, or the external circumstantial pheno-
mena that bear upon his actions or the antecedents.

That is the province of the Infinite. But the nearer
we approximate to that knowledge, the nearer we can
foretell what the future actions of a man will be,
or what events will be on the admitted principle that
like causes produce like results. The cause of cau-
sation knows exactly the detail of the future.
Angels may, to a certain extent, and man occasion-
ally by segments, when conditions are right. Ad-
mitting these facts (and speakers here do in other
connections) the logical conclusion clinches fate.

Mr. RICE said, the idea of a man being a free
agent, is absurd. A man, or a God-making one an
agent, and that agent being a free agent, is a con-
tradiction of terms. If he is free, he is no agent;
does a man make himself? No!—Nothing is ours.
The power that makes us, is the responsible power.
Who makes the will? We did not come of our
own accord. God is infinite, and must not God do
and know what he does?—all of it? Certainly,
otherwise, he is below infinite. God does, and is
responsible for all. Man is no free agent at all. He
is simply an instrument to do, not what he pleases,
but what God pleases.

Dr. GARDNER explained an illusion to his remarks,
and said the brain had nothing to do with the spirit.
It was simply the instrument through which the
spirit acted, and if a man's brain was deficient in
causality, he could not manifest clearly the relation
of cause and effect, and if he illustrated, he might
do it by comparisons, if he had that organ de-
veloped.

Mr. HUMBERT, the Divine will was never made
patent but through eternal laws, perhaps unknown to
us, but all harmonising in that great concert that we
call Universal. Our destiny and the destiny of every
thing conceivable, not excepting God himself, is to be
confined in that universe; and in that point God
himself placed a terminus to his free agency, for
would he, it would be impossible to him to step out
of it.

Mr. ENSON thought it an important and practical
question. He saw a law underlying every thing,
which bespoke law and fate. The question intro-
duces us to the sphere of causes, and that begets charity,
and we can never accept the bad we see, without
reverting to causes producing that so-called bad.
I do not quite accept Dr. Gardner's view of a triune
nature; I do partially. I recognize in man the
divine. I think we are dual beings, rather than
triune. The love element is a fountain of causes;
I believe in fore-ordination or fixed fate; but man is
not so far fated as to be removed from responsibility.
The fate blends into a philosophical necessity, so to
speak. The doctrine of a perfect Providence ap-
proaches near fatalism. The Adamic plane has not
much freedom in it. Back of us is a divine source
of action, we feel this Providence is a perfect one,
and by it we must progress until there is perfect
freedom. He then read a short passage from Bush-
nell upon the subject, which was interesting and to
the point.

Mr. BURKE said the question was an old one, but
not a settled one. It seemed to him that there was
truth on both sides of it; and thought it would be
well to find out wherein we were free and wherein
we were fated. Physically man is fated, he is just
so tall and looks just so, whether he will or no.

Madame De Stael was fated to be a homely woman;
man is fated in a similar way, or the reverse—metaph-
orally he is not so, he thinks as he pleases; a man
may have a thought to take a watch from his neigh-
bor's pocket, but alters his mind and thinks "honesty
is the best policy." Now he alters his thought,
and is free to do so. Some thing therefore is not
fated and that is the mind of man.

Rev. Mr. THAYER said the question was one of
great interest. We are free in such a sense as to
make us responsible for all our actions, otherwise he
is no more responsible