

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

NO. 26.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
UNREST.

I'm weary, weary now of wandering over  
This desert world,  
Which once so beautiful seemed, and fraught with  
gladness,  
Now dark and cold.  
All gay and joyous things but seem to mock me—  
I'm sad to-day—  
All that for which my restless soul is seeking  
Is far away.  
Hopes that would lead me ever onward, upward,  
In God's own light,  
Rise to deceive, and sink my o'er-tired spirit  
In darker night.  
I dream of higher spheres of thought and action,  
Where lives the soul;  
Why should the heart by wrong be crushed, and never  
Attain its goal?  
I'm weary now of striving ever vainly,  
Rugged the way,  
And joyless, is the future's narrow vista  
Of my life's day.  
The lurid clouds that round my pathway hover,  
With anguish rife,  
Impel my soul to crave the boon unbidden,  
Of rest from life.  
But hark! an answering voice from realms ethereal  
As I complain;  
A voice whose gentle tones have power to soften  
The wildest pain:  
"Arise from out thy finite, human sorrows,  
Immortal one;  
Why dwellest thou within the gloomy shadows  
Of earth alone?  
Dost thou not see beyond, the glowing brightness  
That o'er thee bends?  
And are thine ears closed to the spirit voices  
Of unseen friends?  
Be strong, be cheerful—lift thy drooping spirit  
From out the dust.  
Thy share of well-earned joy awaits thee;  
Be true, and trust."

Newburgh, N. Y., 1861.

M. D.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## JUDITH;

OR,

### THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

#### CHAPTER IV.

This narration from Armstrong gave me an indescribable feeling. I seemed to be surrounded by a palpable mystery—fascinating, yet horrible—and I scarce knew whether I desired it to be unraveled or not. But I consented to remain at Morton Manor until my cousin's arrival, as I presumed he had started for home on receipt of my letter announcing his mother's illness, and might therefore be unprepared for this lonely house; in that case, I was well aware I could best sustain him in his first sorrow.

Several days passed after this conversation without any event to excite remark; and between the solemn isolation of this almost deserted old Manor the questionings of conscience in regard to the destruction of the will, and the speculative reveries that assail one in solitude, I was fast falling into a singular state, between apathy and disordered imagination.

My chamber opened on a gallery that was used as a sort of promenade in rainy weather, and was hung with pictures and portraits. This had been a favorite resort of mine in the days when I lived at the Manor. There was a fine full-length likeness of my aunt as a bride of twenty; one of my uncle, taken at the same time, and also one of Richmond as a boy of six or seven years, besides another of aunt at the age of forty, and of my cousin when he left home for college.

It was a week since I had watched by my Aunt Murray's death-bed, and I sat in my room alone, gazing at the images in the fire-brands, as I composed my mind for retiring. I nearly fell into a drowsy once or twice, and finally resolved to commence preparations for the night. As I wound up my watch I was surprised to find it so late—past twelve. I had nearly dozed when I heard a slight noise in the gallery. Thinking it of no consequence, I took no notice; but in a minute more I distinctly heard footsteps. It occurred to me that some one might be ill, and Armstrong was coming for me; but I at once rejected the supposition, for the experienced housekeeper would not call me up for assistance or advice.

"At all events," thought I, "if I am wanted, I shall hear a knock in a second."

None came, however; and still the footsteps continued; they seemed to halt occasionally, and were soft and slow. I never was cowardly; besides, a person with evil intentions would hardly choose a picture-gallery to perambulate in so quietly. Curiosity overcame what little tremors I might be disposed to have, and, noiselessly opening my chamber door, I looked into the gallery. The moonlight streaming through the large, long window at the further end, made objects clearly visible; and there, half way between me and the easement, stood a tall figure, with folded arms, gazing upward at one of the portraits—that of the bride—probably attracted by its conspicuous white shawl and great beauty.

Presently the strange visitor moved nearer, and halted again before Richmond's portrait, taken in childhood. Next he stopped before that of my uncle. To my amazement he now commenced to take down a small sketch, representing the assembled family, which had been the work of a young artist friend of

Richmond, while visiting the Manor, and had been considered remarkably faithful in point of likeness. This audacious act aroused me, and forgetting to be timid, I rushed forward, exclaiming—  
"Stop, or I will alarm the household!"

Instead of betraying confusion, or attempting to escape, the man turned full to me, and, stepping for the first time from out the shadow, revealed to my startled eyes the identical apparition I had seen on the night my aunt died—even to the cloak and hat, shading the haggard, wild face and tangled masses of hair. Something, I cannot explain what, sent a thrill through me; it was not fear, but a state of semi-consciousness; my physical faculties seemed suspended, without any loss of strength, and I stood like a statue not more than two yards distant.

This singular being advanced still closer; and now a mist swam before my sight. I believe I should have fallen; but two strong arms upheld me, conveyed me to my chamber, and placed me on a lounge. When I gradually regained my perceptions, I saw that the door was shut, and found I was fastened in. All was silent in the gallery, and I debated whether to leave my room by another door, leading to the other end of the house, and tell Armstrong this adventure, or wait till morning. I saw by the waning fire that some time had elapsed since I first left my chamber, and I was certain that no one remained in the gallery; so, as I felt weak and shattered in nerve, I threw myself on my bed as I was, and presently fell asleep.

When I awoke from the heavy slumber which follows exhaustion, the sun was shining brightly in at my windows. At first I wondered at my dress and position; then the events of the preceding night recurred to memory. I was half disposed to believe it all a dream; but the door fastened on the outside convinced me of the reality.

As I reviewed the incidents they acquired a greater importance, as objects seen through the mist loom up. On further reflection, I decided not to mention the circumstance to any one, as there was no danger to apprehend from this nocturnal guest, and the servants would be needlessly frightened—perhaps quit the old Manor, and raise injurious reports of its being haunted. I left my chamber, and went round into the picture hall. The family group was gone, and I wondered if its absence would be noticed, and thought not, as it was quite a small sketch.

But I found my nervous system was not so reliable as formerly. I did not enjoy the thought of passing another night in my old quarters, so I resolved to quietly take another room, without making anybody wiser.

I now began to be surprised at Richmond's non-appearance, and the absence of even a letter, when one was brought me with a foreign postmark. My cousin deeply regretted his inability to come to Morton Manor himself, and attend to the necessary business, but requested that I would superintend all domestic arrangements, as Mr. Floyd would be authorized to conduct the legal affairs. He begged me to make Morton Marsh my home, to draw whatever sums were proper for the support of its ancient dignity and my own comfort—in short, to constitute myself "Lady of the Manor."

This, however, I would not have undertaken on any account, and at once replied to that effect, promising to have a supervision of the household, though I might not reside at Morton, and to consider it my home whenever I desired rest from labor. I also gave directions for the placing of an elaborate monument, such as he described having ordered from Italy, which was now on its way to Morton. Having thus concluded my commissions, I retired to my new chamber, expecting to spend in quiet the last night I should probably pass at the dear old house for months. This room was one that Aunt Murray had used for summer occupancy, and contained many articles of her handiwork. One conspicuous piece of furniture was a cabinet of polished mahogany, dark and rich, of plain but elegant shape, and in aunt's happier days the receptacle of many autographs, written to amuse her leisure hours.

I did not sit up late this night as on the preceding, but awoke from my first sleep at very nearly the same hour that had witnessed my midnight adventure. As I lay musing on it, a branch of the great elm tree by the window at the foot of my bed rebounded against the panes as if from the grasp of some one. My heart stood still for a second, and then labored heavily; was this night to be a companion to the last? My first impulse was to retreat; but I was deeply, painfully interested in this mystery, and there was evidently no disposition on the intruder's part to molest or injure any inmate. I could not but remember the strong yet gentle support of those arms as I was carried back to my chamber, and I resolved to see the end of this enterprise. Drawing the bed curtains closely, excepting a chink at the foot and on one side, I awaited further developments with what calmness I could.

The shawl was now carefully raised, and a man stepped into the room, having gained access by climbing the tree. I now began to repent my temerity—this was not he of the cloak and hat, but a broad-chested, muscular, yet finely formed fellow, who lighted a dark lantern, and in so doing revealed a black cravat mask, the large eyes shining through ghastly contrast. A cold perspiration started out from me; my only hope was in silence and escaping notice. Fortunately my orderly instincts had led me to hang my garments in the wardrobe, and so there were no traces of my toilette to betray me.

Having examined various objects, the intruder took a bunch of keys from his pocket and unlocked the drawers of the cabinet. Every roll of writing was carefully examined and replaced, at first; but soon he selected occasional documents and secreted

them about his person. Finally he made a gesture of triumph, and untied a wrapper. It covered a thick package, sealed securely, and after reading the direction, he tore it open. A bundle of letters fell out; these he pocketed, and hastily ran over the accompanying note—with an impatient exclamation he crumpled it and put it with the rest.

In so doing, something fell to the floor. He picked it up, and the rays from the lantern fell on the glitter of a gold-cased miniature. After examining it, he drew from his bosom a picture of corresponding size, at the same time seating himself on the foot of my bed, thereby causing the curtains to part rather more widely. His back being toward me, and the likeness in front of him with a strong light on it I saw distinctly—the face of my Aunt Murray!

This sight thrilled through me. Who could this stranger be?—evidently the same I had seen before, although when divested of the cloak his figure appeared different. This belief gave me a little more courage, and I lay revolving what would be the termination of this drama. Raising the portrait to his lips he kissed it tenderly, and seemed overcome by emotion; for some minutes he bowed his head, and then with a sigh arose to continue his search.

It appeared as if the principal object of his desires was found, for the remaining articles were hurriedly turned over, and, when examined, all were replaced with an attempt at neatness. The drawers were relocked, and he was evidently about to leave the place, when, in passing the bed, the curtains flew aside sufficiently to give a glimpse of me!

He started, and involuntarily drew a pistol from his breast pocket; then drawing aside the drapery, he saw it was only a feeble woman with whom he must contend, and exclaimed:

"Who are you—what have you seen?"

"A sight that has terrified me," I answered with strange, forced calmness.

"How long have you been watching me?"

"I was awake before you came—I was roused by the boughs of the elm-tree striking the window."

"You are a brave girl. Who are you?"

"Judith Kennedy, the niece of the woman whose miniature you carry about you."

A strange impulse compelled me to speak thus. I was singularly free from terror, yet I trembled inwardly like an aspen.

"So you saw the likeness; I might know whom you are by the resemblance—you have her spirit, too."

"Do I know you?" I inquired, a strange suspicion darting through my mind.

"Only as I do you; I never saw you before."

"Are you intending to carry away my aunt's private papers?"

"I shall answer your question by another. Who has examined the contents of this cabinet since Mrs. Murray's death?"

"No one; the room has not been opened for occupancy for more than two years, and has not been disturbed in consequence."

"Then I will answer candidly that I do intend to take these papers with me, especially as they are addressed to me. Are you satisfied?"

I reflected.

Notwithstanding his entering a house by stealth, and committing what would be lawfully considered burglary, this stranger had an unmistakable air of high breeding—there was a grace even in his unceremonious conversation, and he had certainly rejected the greater part of the manuscripts—indeed, all but a journal and the package of letters. So I answered heartily—

"I am satisfied that you speak truly."

"Now, Miss Judith, I have a favor to ask—that you will remain forever silent on what you have seen and heard this night."

I readily gave the promise, as it coincided with my plans, only making a stipulation that he should not again visit Morton Manor, as it might terrify the household, and cause general desertion.

"Do not fear, young lady; I have no inducement—the house will no longer contain any one that was dear to me; you may be at rest on that point."

"Then you may rely on my discretion," I repeated.

"A thousand thanks; and in return for your kindness, may you never be placed in such circumstances through life as will demand the performance of such sad offices for you as I have this night painfully rendered."

Respectfully bowing, he closed the curtains, and in another moment I heard the easy unlatch, slide back again, and the last faint sound die away.

"This finishes the mystery which is greater than ever," thought I. "Now shall I stay here or go to my own chamber?"

I felt I had nothing to fear in the former course, and I disliked going through the halls at this time. But sleep did not descend on my busy brain as on the former occasion, and with weary eyes I waited for daylight. It came at last, and I lost no time in rising. I had nearly finished dressing when I saw something on the floor beneath the cabinet. It was a ring—very massive—a coat of arms set in brilliants. Trying it on my hand mechanically, I noticed that it fitted my largest finger; of course it must have fallen with the miniature, and rolled so far as to escape the eyes of the stranger.

Here was a clue which might sometime reveal all this mystery to me. I would trust to the future and be patient. During the forenoon I procured the key of the cabinet, and examined the remaining papers. They were of no particular interest or value, however, except a card with a deep black border, which had fallen back of the upper drawer, and on it was written:

"London, Nov. 19th, 18—  
Brighton, June 25th, 18—"

The dates were of successive years, and in different handwritings; the latter was my aunt's.

Such a weight of sadness now began to oppress me, that I was glad my last day at Morton Marsh had come. I left directions concerning the domestic administration, and bade good-bye to the servants till next summer. Stepping into the carriage, a bend in the approach soon hid the scene of so many startling events occurring in such brief space from sight, and I left the enchanted Manor and self-released heiress for the practical metropolis and humble governessing once more, as I supposed.

#### CHAPTER V.

London! Despite its smoke, and fog, and din, there is a sense of mystery, and wild contrast of splendor and squalor which thrills the perceptions of the merely imaginative, but appeals the mind of the reflecting.

Thus I felt as I again neared the wilderness of buildings, whose murky shadows seemed to envelop every intruder and inhabitant in the nameless spell of its influence. I cannot hold the dwellers of great cities fully accountable for all the evil in their every-day actions—so much crime and untold, unseen horrors are hourly committed, must contaminate the moral atmosphere, and impressive natures must reproduce the miasma that is breathed in, purged and modified by natural refinement in the educated, and the elevating temperature of companionship with pure children at the sacred hearthstone of home, in the lower class.

Having been used to relying on myself under all circumstances, I was not in the least disconcerted at finding no one at the end of my journey to escort me to Portman Square, where I arrived, weary and dusty, without the prospect of any welcome or respite from duty. But self-imposed duty! Yes, there was a charm in that thought. Before three days were over, I was settled in my old routine whose wearing, prosaic monotony made the exciting scenes of the fortnight at Morton Manor appear like a fading dream. But the thread of romance was not destined yet to vanish from the web of my life.

Christmas holidays were come, and the family with whom I lived not being of the fashionable kind that retire to a country-seat at this season, the house was full of relatives of their own sort. People of the stamp so utterly unbecoming and tiresome to me—substantial, narrow-minded, creature-comfort-loving beings, purse-proud, coarse-fibred of heart and brain, and whose very sympathy even to me would have been an exemplification of asking for bread and receiving a stone. I need not have troubled myself, however, to imagine what their tenderness would have been like, for no such absurd idea as entertaining it for me ever occurred to a soul of them. That I could have feelings was incredible; a governess was a servant, and, hired as a machine, was she not amply compensated for being the object for wrath and disdain to expend themselves on?

Among the visitors who came last, was one pair that awoke some speculation and interest in my mind. The niece of my employers, who had been something of an heiress and a country belle, had covered herself with glory in the estimation of her family, by securing a needy baronet who had run through his patrimony, but still possessed the inalienable title, and power to confer rank on a wife. His connections were influential, however, and appeased by his timely offering of a wealthy match and prudent change of conduct, lent him their assistance to regain the footing he had perilled. Still Sir Stephen Canston was not immaculate. He considered that the enormous sacrifice of betting, gaming, and dissolute living to the shrine of propriety and conservatism, was all that could be demanded to render him a model of generosity, and continued to practice the less open and minor degrees of these vices, without too close scrutiny from those he had propitiated so unexpectedly.

The accession of an actual live nobleman in a family of enriched tradesmen, was irresistibly seductive; and as the noble peer's connections had contributed, as it were, to their mutual and solid aggrandizement, Sir Stephen was a law to the whole coterie. It was of no consequence that he exacted undignified concessions, lorded it over his elders, quizzed the female portion, and sneered at the male, or even that he repaid their slavish hospitality with derision—they could not be deprived of the consequence which "my nephew, Sir Stephen," gave them during the remaining portion of time, and for this they were willing to be taxed.

Lady Canston was evidently too well satisfied with having secured the value of her money in title and position, to exact any great tenderness or devotion from her husband, which, indeed, she was hardly capable of appreciating. She was rich in flesh and color, more full of tact and high ambition than her family generally, and it was amusing to watch her daily display of some new fashionable air or item picked up by close observation in the two seasons of London life among her husband's set. There must have been a dearth of interesting objects for me to find employment in studying this couple, yet Sir Stephen might have been a man of some note, if he would have cultivated his naturally good powers.

The morning after their arrival, I was in the conservatory selecting some flowers for my patroness, Mrs. Burleigh. Sir Stephen, in company with a young sprig of his own family, who, being a younger son, and little thought of in the august precincts where he belonged, had consented to spend a few days with the Burleighs and be lionized; Sir Stephen, linking arms as an acknowledgment of equality, sauntered up and down on the paving, just outside, as a gentle exercise before lunch, and seeing me, either unconscious or careless of the transmission of sound through the glass walls, pronounced:

"There, George, that's the first bit of anything—"

like blood and breeding I've seen about the Burleighs since I made my advent into their circle. They shun such things as they would the plague; shows their sense, though; they are boorish enough without invoking contrast."

"Who is she?" inquired the Hon. George, languidly lifting his eye-glass. "Can't be anybody, after all—a close dress, and not-lunch time yet."

"Oh, that's nothing! These savages are so ignorant of taste, and murder *les biensances* so shockingly, that I would not be in the least surprised if some feminine of them were to descend to breakfast in a full suit of diamonds. I've got Letty into some shape; but she never was quite so uncouth as the rest."

Letty was his lordship's wife!

"However," he continued, "I went wrong the young lady so cruelly as to suppose her to be one of the tribe—but who can she be? A woman with that face and style would never be guilty of such anachronism in dress. I have it. She's a companion, or governess, or some such thing—old but reduced family, obliged to amuse herself by intellectual accomplishments—for a compensation. You know the circular by heart, George."

Having concluded their remarks and stroll, the two gentlemen entered the house.

There must be an inextinguishable amount of vanity in the human breast. The approbation of such persons as Sir Stephen Canston had no value in my eyes, yet this flat of superiority did not strike me unpleasantly. Still I must do myself the justice to remark that the tribute to my personal advantages was less dwelt upon than the fact of my total dissimilarity to those by whom I was exclusively surrounded, and whom I had at times feared I might grow to resemble by force of propinquity. Sir Stephen was a critic, he had unquestionable standards to form his taste upon, and he had honestly declared me an approximation to them.

Dwelling upon these reflections, I became somewhat absent-minded, and finally found myself on the top ranges of the green house, instinctively gathering the clusters of azaleas, instead of standing in my accustomed place, and using the pole with garden shears attached. With a laugh and blush at my nonsense, I descended to terra firma.

That evening a message came from Mrs. Burleigh that Lady Canston was to sing, and I was wanted to play the accompaniments. So I went to my thankless task, for no matter how skillfully the player humors the voice of the singer, supporting by delicate embellishment in the poorer notes, and vanishing in the place where the "points" are made, thus rendering an almost indifferent performance creditable, he never receives any glory—to the vocalist is mysteriously ascribed all the effect. My task was not so trying on this occasion as it was sometimes. Lady Canston had a really good fresh voice—a genuine love of music, perhaps rather of the showy order, and required help in softening what existed, rather than furnishing what was wanting.

Sir Stephen displayed unusual politeness to his spouse. He turned the music, chose the pieces, and applauded warmly. At last, he even signified his intention of taking part in a duett himself. Everybody was delighted. "Sir Stephen sang so finely," "such a delicious tenor," etc. For my own part I was skeptical, but soon ceased to be so. That fine ohest, which I could not but notice, was good for something besides being looked at; there was a degree of taste and cultivation, far beyond her ladyship's singing, that made my occupation a pleasure. Sir Stephen seemed to enjoy it himself—he warmed with the exercise of his fine powers, and graciously consented to continue.

"Not a solo, Mrs. Burleigh; you must really excuse me; but another duett, if you please." And he selected one from "Favorita," requiring a different organ from Lady Canston's.

"Why, Sir Stephen," cried the lady, "you know I am a soprano. It is out of the question for me to take the part of Leonora."

"I know that, Lady Canston; but among so many young ladies, we can surely find one contralto."

Lady Canston smiled incredulously, knowing the extent of their proficiency.

No volunteer could be found. Mrs. Burleigh then said:

"Miss Kennedy will be happy to serve you, Sir Stephen—she instructs my daughters."

This was doubtless just what Sir Stephen anticipated. Being questioned by my employer as to my ability, I simply offered to attempt the duett. It was impossible to resist the enthusiasm of such a cooperator, and I experienced one of the rare gleams of sunshine that occasionally fell across my path. Our performance was applauded, and Sir Stephen was profuse of compliments. As my quality of voice differed too widely from that of Lady Canston, to provoke comparison, she was gracious also, and aware of the improvement to her own performance from the support of an alto, suggested future practice of many duetts; I foresaw few more lonely evenings until the close of Christmas holidays.

Escaping from so much unwanted attention, I retreated to my room to correct the accumulated school tasks of the children, that I might gain some leisure when lessons commenced again.

After this evening my hitherto monotonous life in Portman Square underwent a change. Not that I was treated with the slightest approach to equality—a most business-like brevity pervading all intercourse, Sir Stephen and the Hon. George alone being courteous. I sometimes pleased my fancy with picturing the treatment I should receive as Heiress of Morton Manor! Sometimes I fancied Sir Stephen's deference would hardly have been greater even in that case, and I was rather annoyed as he was not so polite to the Burleigh ladies as to induce the idea of gallantry to the fairer sex universal. My doubts were painfully settled at last. Again I was in the hot-house, when Sir Stephen



sauntered in, affecting ignorance of my presence there previous to his entrance. It was so well done that I was deceived.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kennedy," he said, bowing; "Mrs. Burleigh requested me to smoke among the plants when I felt inclined, as some of them look drooping; but of course—"

"Pray don't mind me," I replied; "I shall only stay a few minutes, and the scent of a cigar is not disagreeable."

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### THE REAL PRAYER.—A FACT.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

I stood within a shadowy-aisled  
Cathedral, vast and dim,  
And listened to the organ's tone  
Like a perpetual hymn.  
'Twas not the time for service grand,  
When thousands gather there—  
Only a few with stricken hearts  
Went low in silent prayer.

The pictures on the walls were works  
Of some great Master hand,  
And bade the solemn past return,  
Like what heaven's angels saw.  
And what a heaven was in the eye,  
And face, upturned, divine,  
Of that Madonna! could one help  
But bow at such a shrine?

And oh, the agony of him—  
The Christ upon the tree!  
I turned away—too much, too much  
Like stern reality.  
And Saint and Martyr, bearing rack  
And torture for "His sake,"  
O'er all the walls—enough it seemed  
The heart well nigh to break.

I looked again at them in prayer,  
And said, "who knows the heart?  
Those pictures—like reality—  
Are but the works of art.  
And may not those be pictured prayers,  
The essence passed away—  
Devotion's form without the soul,  
These worshippers to day?

I paused in thought, and said, "thy soul,  
Religion, tell me where?"  
When through the opened door there came  
An answer to my prayer.  
A ragged, little errand boy,  
With bundle in his hand,  
Walked silently and knelt him down  
Where I had dared to stand.

He dropped the bundle by his side,  
And crossed his hands in prayer,  
And lifted up his little face  
A living picture there.  
And what an earnest, speaking face,  
How eloquent the form!  
Face, form and ragged garments said,  
"God shield me from the storm."

Madonna, Saint and Martyr face,  
Faded like mist away;  
The past be with the past," I said,  
"Devotion lives to-day."  
That look of earnest, trusting faith,  
No hypocrite may wear;  
This poor, lone, friendless, kneeling child—  
The very soul of prayer."

#### The Last Days at Gaeta.

It appears that the bombardment on the 11th and 12th was of extreme violence. The explosion of the powder magazines had rendered the rifled cannon useless; but the fortress still replied with the other guns. The Neapolitan artillerymen displayed the greatest bravery. Twice they silenced the guns of the Batterie des Capucins.

On the 13th, although negotiations had been partially opened, the bombardment continued with the same violence; two batteries of the fortress were demolished, and then the capitulation was signed. It was the fortress that fired the last cannon shot. At the moment the capitulation was signed, the Piedmontese threw 50,000 shells into the fortress.

On the 14th the Sardinian troops occupied one half of the town at 8 A. M. At the same time the Queen, the Princess, the royal household and the Foreign Ministers embarked on board La Monette. The King passed the Neapolitan troops in review, who wept as they presented arms to him. An immense crowd was assembled, and the population shed tears. The King was very pale with emotion. Royal honors were paid to Francis II. as he embarked on board La Monette. As the vessel left, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and the flags were lowered from the batteries, while the garrison shouted "Long live the King!" though in presence of the Piedmontese, already in possession.

A dispatch from Naples says General Cialdini and the army have attended a mass for those who died in the late struggle. General Cialdini has published an order of the day, announcing the taking of Gaeta. The tone of the order is very moderate. It concludes as follows:

"Death throws a sad veil over all human quarrels. The dead are all equal. Be generous to the vanquished. Your hatred cannot last. As a soldier, Victor Emmanuel fights and forgives."

The Sardinians are actively engaged in clearing Gaeta of its ruins.

The city has suffered enormously from the bombardment.

CHILDREN.—What would this world be without children? We often hear people ask. What would heaven be without children, is a question quite as pertinent, and forces itself upon us as the little ones are translated from this world before any bright has fallen upon their purity. One-third of those who are born upon the earth are drawn up into the heavens before sin has touched them, like drops of dew exhaled in the morning, and reflecting the glorious rainbow on the evening sky. When we lose them, our loss seems irreparable, and we go forth weeping; but we look up, and ever up, and find they are not lost, but gone to be the living transparencies of the Divine light and love, and to shed down upon us the softened lustre of the heavens. Such are the children who, in the language of Burke, are "put in the place of ancestors."

Here is a picture hanging upon the study wall, which brings up a throng of images from the past. There is the clear dark eyes which used to flash fire and sunshine, and which almost glows now from the wall; the countenance that used to light up with so much brilliancy of thought and of love. The living face vanished away from sight, but the mind and soul have plastic power over form, feature and expression; so we are very sure that the spiritual body wears the same countenance as that in the picture, only beautiful in the tints of immortality, and that we are to see it again—another, and yet the same.

The following words, if spelt backwards or forwards, are still the same: "Name no one man."

## Original Essays.

### MORTALITY AND MOURNING.

How very few pause to reflect on the amount of death and mourning this globe daily witnesses, as regularly as its inhabitants witness the light of the sun! Still less do they reflect on the regularity of mortal transits. They observe not that universal mourning is measured by decades of years, and is rotary in its occurrence. Nor do they detect the discriminating precision which selects its daily and annual harvest of victims, nor discern that diseases and apparent casualties are quite as natural instrumentalities employed to remove human beings from this sphere, as is so-called old age, starvation or exhaustion.

The statistical tables of mortality exhibit a daily disappearance of over seventy thousand people, of all ages, from our earth. One half of these are children; a disproportionate few of mature septuagenarians, or those who surpass the age of seventy. There is about an equal number of each sex, going and coming; but, to offset the exit of old and young, twice the number of infants are born as die, in the same interval. From the fact that the seventy-two thousand infants born daily, to replace nearly the same number of people that die daily, we infer it was a forethought of Nature, or her Director; for all of them had been preparing, for months before, to be born to meet this emergency. All her preconcerted agents are duplicate, and are nearly simultaneously moved to commence the work. This instigation is essentially prophetic of the exits to occur. It somewhat resembles her exquisite process of supplying by fresh particles, the places of effete particles excreted by animal bodies.

The sad expressions, accompanied by sinking hearts, "He is gone!" and "She is gone!" are regularly repeated, every twenty-four hours, in the various languages of the bereaved in different sections of the world, over the departed lives of more than seventy thousand human beings. Each death occasions at least five mourners, on an average, which amounts to over one third of a million mourners in the daily aggregate, or over a hundred and twenty millions annually, and in ten years, more than twelve hundred millions, which are equivalent to the population of the globe.

Were there not a selection of victims, the aggregate random depopulation would vary from the few to the multitudinous, in different years, and be likely to involve also an alarming disparity of the sexes. Indeed, were not the forces of Nature held in check, devastation and depopulation would be likely to become universal in the conflict of unbridled elements. If we regard only one extremity of the order—the exits—we may infer that our sicknesses and accidents are absolutely owing to ourselves, and that the various modes of death experienced are of our own unqualified origination and application, and notwithstanding their regularity depends on the innumerable antagonisms exhibited by the many phases of humanity ever extant; and this would ascribe to man the authorship of his own organization, temperament, and surrounding circumstances, which is a clear *reductio ad absurdum*; for, what power has a man, or rather an unborn infant, to create himself? Observation of the other extremity—the births—indicates not only a regular supply of numbers to replace the departures, but also a numerical equality of the sexes. The annual increment, too, of the births over the deaths, is just adequate to allow the law of Nature, regulating this department, to be permanent. Did she permit children to attain the age of fifty, their offspring in arithmetical progression, would very shortly occasion such a throng of inhabitants, that a modification of her law would be requisite, and uniformity would be otherwise out of the question. For this reason, then, apparently, among others, the heaviest burden of mortality falls upon the young. They are selected chiefly. The examination of both extremities of the line, rather tends to show that the correspondence between the two, removed as they are from each other in time and circumstances, proves them to be individually under the sole control of a higher than human influence, and under one and the same power.

That the course of events cannot be diverted by us, is very obvious. Ourselves are but struggling straws upon the current's surface. When we entertain bitter reflections upon our own conduct in the sick chamber, after the decease of a friend, we must remember that he was mortal and a candidate for selection to help form the aggregate for the day, year, and century; and when we say, if he had only lived, and so on, or omitted to do so, and so, let us not forget to say at the same time, if he had only lived, all these reflections would have been scattered to the winds; his death alone, which was unavoidable, beyond our prevention, as the event has demonstrated, invests them with all the importance and weight they have. Reflections are regrets over untried or vain experiments; they are shadowy theories, while the result stands the recorded and ineffaceable practice of Nature, who never hesitates to enlist us into her service whenever she needs our agency, whether we are willing or not, or whether we are conscious or not what we are doing, or what will be the result of our conduct.

If we survey the general aggregate of mortality throughout the world, it appears that the city of Boston, with its population of one hundred and fifty thousand, would be entitled to an average daily loss of nine individuals. Being a city, it contributes a little more than this ratio, and by so much surpasses the country. It ranges from about ten to seventeen a day. Now, we observe that the city is continually receiving recruits of all ages from the rural vicinity; and this change of temperature, habits, air, water, and light, exerts some influence either for weal or woe on the emigrants.

After the decease of a friend, a review of the treatment may develop a series of errors, which before were deemed correct steps. However blind a propounded enigma may at first appear, its solution simplifies all previous perplexities. After Columbus had placed the egg upright on the table, his companions instantaneously understood what before was apparently impracticable. The question arises—Could we have done any differently under the circumstances? And how could we obviate the circumstances? Do we originate our thoughts, the very thoughts which suggest and instigate us to the course we pursue, and necessarily control our actions? If not, why lacerate ourselves with self-condemnation reflections? The loss is enough to endure, without the additional scourging. However familiar the acts may seem which led to the fatal result, and however close home they may thrust themselves and claim us as their authors, it is no more reason to believe them our unqualified offspring, than because our own feelings and life are familiar to us, to conclude we produced ourselves.

Just consider carefully the jurisdiction who have over ourselves, as to our birth, parents, time, place,

stature, complexion, temperament, constitution, circulation of the blood, digestion, respiration, insensible perspiration, organization, etc., etc., how limited it is, and we cannot reasonably wonder at our commission of what we style errors, which are in reality only variations from the standard we have assumed for our cynosure. Then, if we further reflect how uniform is the developed plan of Nature, and how necessary it is that every object and event be exactly as it is, from the most trivial to the most momentous, in order to preserve her unity and integrity unbroken, we must admit that, however oblique things may appear, as a stick is refracted in the water, they are actually right, and our standard is but partial compared with that complete one of Nature, and hence a limited view causes the visible distortion.

If the subject of grief is a deceased child, it is consolatory to remember that, whether he is in an unconscious or a conscious condition, it is an improvement on that he has just left, so far as he is concerned. If unconscious, he cannot suffer from any cause; if conscious, his employments and surroundings must be quite as congenial to him in his new sphere as they were when he was with us; and, as it has often happened, when he had been engaged in play with his little companions, he reluctantly left the sport at his parent's call, so would he dislike to quit his more agreeable amusements there for the purpose of returning here, especially when he knows that our continual tendency is toward a reunion with him, at an inconsiderable interval of time. His bodily ailments are over, and our anxiety for his health, reputation and safety is at an end. We must also remember that, had the child lived, childhood is a perishable state here; it merges into manhood or womanhood in a very few years, if it runs the gauntlet of life's diseases and casualties with impunity; and even then the mortal transit is inevitable. Every parent incurs the risk of a loss of children; and the very agony experienced by a disinterested parent in the death of a child, is ample to induce him to thankfulness that his boy or girl has escaped such a bitter ordeal by a premature departure, and that the departed did not live to be an orphan. This in behalf of his child, and in behalf of himself, the reflection that the little pioneer has not only weakened his attachment to this sphere, and achieved an effectual step of preparation for his own transit, but will be a personified and sincere welcome to him to his destined home.

Every fibre of assistance at such a crisis as the unavoidable surrender of human life, is of inestimable value, richly worth the grief, even, as the price of its purchase. Let the parent, too, remember how many years he lived without the child before its advent, as a demonstration that he could live comfortably without it, and, however dubious the prospect may seem at present, that he can so live again. Also, that if the child's departure is any actual loss in a universe so mathematically exact in its inventory of great and small, visible and invisible, object and event, act and thought, and so precise in its every movement, it is the parent's, and not the child's loss. The child's welfare is a matter of permanent moment to himself, but his terrestrial existence is only a mere gratification to the parent. The one is a part of the youth's destiny and life; the other is merely a temporary portion of his parents' earthly enjoyment. All such considerations are relevant in a case of bereavement.

The loss of a relative or friend strikes upon the sense strings of sensation as the loss of other objects, but with greater or less intensity, as the subject may be esteemed in value, or as instrumental in securing our own happiness. Our selfishness often blinds us to the fact that our lamentation is a substitute for his; that we have been practically running a race with the departed to determine which shall survive the other; and that he escapes the mental agony we are undergoing. We would not have him or her so painfully contorted within as we are by our feelings; nor would we voluntarily exchange conditions with him, nor, if we reasoned dispassionately, have him exchange with us, and be restored to life, a candidate for another death, either for us to lament again, or to transpire after our own decease, leaving him an agonizing survivor. Neither would he be likely to wish a return for a second trial.

That we are to endure the pangs forever, as we are apt to believe at the early stage of our grief, cannot be; for we ourselves shall not live forever on the earth. If our conscious existence is continued beyond this life, we shall again meet our friend, and that, too, inevitably before the lapse of many years, perhaps months. How old are we? What is the average length of human life? How many die suddenly? and what is our chance? are questions worthy our attention. If death makes us totally and permanently unconscious, of course our suffering ceases at that crisis. Still further, if we survive the transit, our future longevity will be extended enough to satisfy the most fastidious.

One of the sources of uneasiness at the death of a friend, may be discerned in the fact that some darling expectation, and some darling habit which has riveted itself and the expectation into our hearts, have been abruptly foregone, snapped. Our occupation seems gone; and we are suddenly thrown upon our own resources to commence another set of habits; and we find it an arduous task, everything but the deceased seeming tame and comparatively unattractive. We have been in the habit of living with him; we must now contract the habit to live without him. Time alone can effect this; but nature insists upon it. But, we are in the stress, and must confront it. Resolution is required when most difficult to be mustered. Patience is essential, but the nerves and the emotions are wildly vibrated by recollections, associations, the vacuum of disappointment, and sometimes reflections. However, Nature makes no exception in her restorative appliances. Soon as a wound occurs in her domain, she begins without delay to repair damages. In this case, her employed remedies are time, objects, and events; and the anguish occasioned by memory is one of her most significant hints for us to veto the entrance or stay of all thoughts relating to the deceased, and to endeavor to forget; and that the sooner we do this the quicker we shall find relief and tranquility; for we cannot reverse her wheel, neither with regrets nor actions, nor can we aid the departed by grief or misery of our own. As a retreating object constantly increases its distance from our standpoint, till it successively baffles the naked eye, the opera-glass, the spy-glass, and finally the most powerful telescope, so does the flux of time remove from our presence, and blunt the keenness of our memory with regard to the deceased. If we aid her, what seems now absolutely intolerable, will in time be quite comfortable to endure; and those pangs which now appear to be an incessant battery, will be less and less frequent, and less and less pungent, as other habits supersede the ruptured one; and the lapse of a few months will enable you to regard the event with considerable complaisance. Experience teaches

this lesson. Every day you live brings you a day nearer to the entire cessation of your grief, which also becomes gradually but surely mitigated, as the interval of time from the calamity increases. Patience, then, is the grand talisman, and time is the grand magic panacea, which nature has provided for the alleviation of mental and cordial distress. And as the judgment belongs to a department of our constitutions altogether different from that of the emotions, it cannot deeply sympathize with the latter; and therefore, pretty much all we can expect of that faculty, is to observe and admit patience and time to be the actual indisposables in such emergency. They smooth the road, and render your once Herculean task of forgetting, one of comparatively easy achievement; for we have permanently resident within us the satisfactory consciousness that the oblation is not total, and that we can revive the recollections at our pleasure. All that nature really effects is a subjection of the blunted grief to our own control.

To those anxiously wishing themselves in company with their cherished predecessors, we would remind them of the emotional operation experienced by the homesick, or for those who are commencing a long but temporary absence. Soon as they are convinced of a speedy reunion, the anxiety subsides. The vivid zest of the actual meeting does not continue long. You hardly realize you have been separated, so closely has the chain of absence healed or bridged over by your mutual presence. Daily intercourse now resumes its previous monotonous tameness; and perhaps even the little jars of misunderstanding again appear. Such must be the experience in future, if we continue our conscious personal identity after our mortal transit. If we do not, or release into literal non-entity, our uneasiness will, of course, soon cease, as we have before intimated. Patience for a few months, we repeat, is our cardinal desideratum, while time can blunt the keen edge of death's irresistible weapon. Impatience is our constantly beleaguering tempter. The human heart is the arena whereon these two antagonisms contend for supremacy.

We cannot but conclude that the practical effects of our own judgments may not always be as we anticipated or desired; and consequently, may be productive of much uneasiness, dissatisfaction, or misery in ourselves. This can only prove that they do not conform to the standard we have erected and adopted as our own. It does not prove that standard to be correct. Subsequent events may clearly demonstrate to us that impatience has goaded us to entertain an erroneous view subversive of our comfort, and that a correct view might have been as comfortable then, as at a future time it turns out to be. What was deemed an error of judgment often results to the contrary, in the eye of wisdom. Then, it would seem that the judgment was controlled by some power superior to us, and so influenced as to conform to the true standard erected by that controlling power—a universal and not a partial criterion; for, had we controlled it according to our desire, the result would have been reversed, and therefore so much the worse for us in the end, however agreeable it might have been in the beginning. The grand controlling power of Nature can see further, and is more disinterested than we can possibly be. Implicit trust in the perfect adequacy of this power to produce the best results, would conduce much to human tranquillity, and tend to relieve us from the oppressive feeling of responsibility we often assume.

Death is as much an institution as life. All have an interest in it. Each is a stockholder. No one can monopolize its relief or its discomforts. It is as natural for us to lose friends as to have them born. In a loss, we are not alone: seventy thousand companions leave the earth on the same day; and our little infants are accompanied by over seventy thousand at their birth. And it is only a question of time with ourselves; the event is certain, and then, thank God, comes the reunion.

And we repeat, it no more follows that, because our friends seem extinct with their lifeless bodies, they are dormant, stagnant, dead, than that, because we cannot see the stars in a clear day or in a cloudy night, they do not exist and are not in active operation. A very thin screen will intercept the eyesight, and a very simple fact will confound the human mind. It is quite warrantable to suppose, from what we observe about us, that everything is in a congenial sphere, well adapted to it, and nicely equipped for its destined work. We may safely rest assured that, if our friends are alive in another condition or sphere, they are agreeably employed, and in a higher degree of occupation, than when among us in the visible form: so much higher that they would no more voluntarily return to earth and don their old inert and gravitating garments of flesh, than we would retrogress into helpless infancy as a permanent state. Nor does it follow that, because we do not penetrate the real reason of things, nor comprehend the actual object of our being here, there is no substantial and systematic destiny marked out for us by the Power who, without our previous knowledge and consent, gave us existence; and of course, placed us here for His purpose, and not ours solely. He has made it so agreeable to us, that we cling to life amid much adversity, and has surrounded us with pleasant externals to engage the senses and amuse the mind, while he is silently but effectually executing His plans in a substratum of our essence which we do not perceive, and hardly suspect.

Once in a while we are surprised to behold the unaccountable effects, as they are extruded by the interior influences outward upon the surface. We ascribe them to our own negligence, when analysis would prove that certain fatal results are totally independent of any responsibility of our own, though they may necessarily affect our feelings for still another unknown purpose. While cities are builded on the earth's surface and are active in industry, volcanic action may be busy beneath, beyond human suspicion; while we are asleep, the assassin may be plotting our death. So, while we are absorbed with our daily occupations, and by the external panorama, the grand work of our unrevealed destiny is doubtless industriously progressing; and the hour of completion will be struck by the clock of fate for our transit into another sphere, and to commence new duties there now getting in readiness for us.

TRUTH.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalized in all climes.

Proposals have been made by an engineer to throw a bridge across the Straits of Messina, binding Sicily to Charybdis, and clenching Italian union with bonds of iron.

### FORMATION OF CIRCLES.

BY DR. A. JOHNSON.

I am a resident of New York, and a firm believer in the beautiful and heart-cheering philosophy of Spiritualism. Among the Spiritualists of this city, I have found some of the best practical Christians I have ever met with—persons who are co-operating with the angels in alleviating the distresses of the sick and administering to the needs of the poor and unfortunate, living lives of sacrifice with the single motive of doing good, and following in the footsteps of their Divine Redeemer. Individuals of this class have not only the smiles and cooperation of the angels, but also the spirit of God to cheer them in their labors of love. One such Spiritualist is worth five hundred marvel-seekers, or cold intellects. I have thus given the favorable feature of Spiritualism, in which I find much to approve; and, on the other hand, I find much to deplore. The wonder-seekers, the theoretical speculators, and combative Spiritualists, are a great drawback to this heavenly religion. It is a deplorable fact that such persons are always found, whose crude absurdities not only retard in a great degree the advancement of all truth, but their ignorant, dogmatical assumptions have driven hundreds of well-disposed persons from attending Conference meetings, because they were not willing to remain in such an atmosphere. And many well-disposed persons, who were charmed with the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism—those who were lovers of peace, and whose religious elements were somewhat developed—could not abide this discord; and many of that class are enjoying peacefully this doctrine at their homes, while others have gone back to the churches from which they came.

The want of order has been a great impediment to the spread and successful and practical result of Spiritualism in this city. What good is Spiritualism to the world, unless it purifies its advocates, and they become living, practical examples of their faith?

My principal object at this time is to inquire through the medium of your paper, the best method of forming a Developing and Harmonious Circle, which I have endeavored to accomplish for seven years, but have failed to do, because I have not been able to find a suitable number of progressed minds who seemed to understand the benefits which would result from such a union. I have found too many whose only aim seemed to be to witness the marvelous, or to make a mere display at such gatherings, and treat spirits as if they were their slaves, and that class of persons generally pretend to know more than the spirits do, and their principal aim seems to be to convince their friends of the toys they have found to play with. So far as my experience goes, I know of nothing which is so well calculated to secure progress and harmonize individuals, as a properly arranged circle for spiritual development.

I have met well-disposed persons who were unwilling to join circles where there were no more than five members. My experience is, that where there are but few members, the communications were not sufficiently varied to interest individuals to keep them together for any considerable length of time. I think that each circle should be composed of at least from eight to twelve individuals, whose intellectual, religious, and spiritual culture would be upon the same plane, and at each meeting the circle should become harmonized at once. Each member should, before meeting with the circle, withdraw his mind from all mundane affairs, and allow his aspirational nature to become in rapport with the angel world, and then there would be no loss of time when the circle met. No member should enter a circle with a selfish desire to meet his own spirit friends, or seek those of high-sounding names, or depend upon the medium for a wonderful display of spiritual power. Much more depends upon the harmonious condition of the circle, for exalted communications; than upon the medium. All those who desire high and holy communications, must become living and acting examples of their faith, in their daily intercourse with mankind. Then, by a never-failing law of affinity, they would be surrounded by an influence which would at all times interest and elevate its members; and a band thus formed—all being baptized with the true spirit of Spiritualism—could not be easily separated, and the union and communion of such a band would form a combined experience, into which would enter, by the close proximity of the angels, the very atmosphere of heaven.

During all my experience in circles, for years, I have found suitable conditions only six times for a very high order of spirits to approach us. Then the communications were permanently above those which were received on ordinary occasions, and they purported to come through the same spirits who had charge of the circle, and when they were questioned for an explanation, they assured us that it was owing to the harmony of our circle, which attracted spirits from the higher spheres, and they (the controlling spirits of our circle) acted as mediums to convey to us their communications. They remarked, at the same time, that if we did not appreciate such communications, they did. If we did not consider ourselves highly honored by the approach of such exalted beings, they did.

From my own observation, and that which I have been able to gather from this philosophy, I am satisfied that it requires nice discrimination to form circles, because there is a principle involved, and rules should be strictly adhered to. I am also convinced, that in order to get good communications, more depends upon the circle than upon the spirits. Our friends in the higher regions are just as much subject to conditions as we are; cause and effect are observed in heaven as well as upon the earth. Spirits frequently approach circles with the hope of interesting and instructing them, and when they approach they find only one or two in attendance. At other times, as they themselves have said, "We find here to-night a dark, instead of a light circle. How can you expect us to enter into your atmosphere while there exists so much discordance?"

In the formation of circles, I believe it is necessary to classify minds. Those who are merely on the intellectual plane, should consist of that class. Those who desire physical demonstrations, should form another circle; the scientific another; and those who are on a religious and spiritual plane, and desire to have their intuitional natures developed and harmonized, should be exceedingly careful to select only those who are mentally and spiritually, upon the same plane. Each meeting should have one aim, one object; and the most suitable condition for successful communications, is harmony.

My reason for recommending a large circle, in preference to a small one, is, that I have observed that where the greatest amount of talent is centered, there our invisible friends make the greatest demonstrations; and they seem to take more interest in such gatherings than we do. They will not be lacking on their part to make these meetings as varied



and interesting as the condition of the circle will admit.

I am perfectly satisfied that our eagerness in accumulating facts of Spiritual philosophy is so great that too much time has been spent in discussion; which is well enough for intellectual culture; but such discussions do not develop the intuitional nature, which is the principal education and preparation we need for heaven.

Every paper which is engaged in disseminating the truths of Spiritualism, should advocate the formation of circles; for there is nothing which is so well calculated to produce a healthy tone of the cause as a heavenly-inspired circle; and from my own observations, I am fully satisfied that experiences can be had in a harmonious circle which can be met with under no other circumstances. If this subject were properly appreciated, there would be a circle formed in every block, in every city, throughout the Union. Any information which can be given, will be thankfully received by the writer.

In regard to mediums, as a class, I sympathize deeply with them, and more especially with those who are not fully developed. Those who are in a transitional state, with highly nervous organizations, and as sensitive as a sensitive plant, are exceedingly susceptible to all influences, and too often exposed to uncongenial atmospheres, from which influence some would shrink as from an adder, were it not for their poverty or surrounding circumstances, which not unfrequently subjects them to all manner of insults and suspicion. While in this state, they are like sheep among wolves, and sometimes become the prey of brute animals and hypocrites in human shape—vipers which should never be allowed in company with a delicate being that heaven is preparing for a high and holy mission; to destroy the usefulness of such an instrument, must incur a fearful responsibility.

I would advise all Spiritualists who have at heart the love of God and humanity, to club together and sustain every delicate female whose mediumship is of a high, moral and religious order, so as to keep them from influences which would retard their mission. Nor can I conceive how men can be employed to a better advantage, than to nurse these tender plants of God. Mediums are but human beings, subject to all laws, and until they shall have become sufficiently progressed so as to have more strength from heaven than from earth, they should be sustained. What, I ask, requires more care than a pure-minded female, whose heart yearns for sympathy, in a cold world where selfishness reigns, and where every harsh word and look are as piercing daggers through the heart? What is material suffering, compared to the mental anguish of such a creature? There are those who suffer more mental anguish in one hour than coarser souls could possibly suffer in a week. Spiritualists, above all others, should think carefully of this subject, and give their aid and guardianship to those who need their care.

New York, February, 1861.

#### NOTES HERMENEUTICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY HORACE DRESSER, M. D., LL. D.

NUMBER ONE.

The object in view in the exegesis, from time to time contemplated to be given, of passages from the Evangelists and Apostles of the Nazarene, is to give their proper and natural rendering into English, and hence to arrive at the true intent and meaning of the writers. The translation given to the world by King James's Commission, and which for so long time has given direction to the thought and faith of the people, has come to be no longer considered a safe text in the treatment of questions arising under the teachings of physical and psychical science in this our age. The illuminations of to-day have exposed the deformities and falsities of the old systems of theology, whose currents from the pulpit have swelled into those floods which for so many generations have inundated the earth with error, and left upon so much of its fair face a Dead Sea of sorrow and superstition. These systems have been sustained, if not caused, in a great measure, by the faulty, if not false, version of the Greek into English. The men who executed the task of translation committed to them by their monarch rulers, as well as the people of their age, were ignorant of the spiritual phenomena mentioned and often described in the books put into their hands to prepare for the English reader. Profoundly stupid and unknowing touching the facts and philosophy of the spiritual manifestations found in the record before them—nothing in their own experiences, nothing in the literature with which they were familiar, having furnished them antecedents or precedents of such description—they failed to discern the thoughts and things in the minds of the writers. But Greek words and language were before them, and they must be made to have, at all events, some significance in the English tongue, whether they conveyed the thought truly or otherwise.

By the aid of supposed analogies—by the use of the figures in rhetoric—by such appliances as they were able to summon, they turned out the text now in common use, in language which, in many places, distorts the thought of the writer, prevents monstrous effigies having no antitypes in the world of mind or of matter, and clouds over the idea which was visible in the original. Had they not been thus ignorant of spirit-life and its laws, of the spirit-world and its phenomena, we should have had a truer version; and the incongruous and inconsistent statements, the erroneous and false teachings found in many passages of the sacred Scriptures, would never have occurred. When the ignorance of a man works woe and evil to himself alone, we are sad to see him suffer; but how much deeper our sadness to see whole generations of men suffering from his ignorance! Paul, the true apostle of the Spiritual Faith, at first living ignorant of the principles and laws of the inner life and spirit sphere, and consequently unable to discern how were produced the signs and wonders of Jesus and his disciples, but afterwards coming to perceive and understand the operations of spirit, wisely affirmed, "concerning spiritual phenomena, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." Another instance touching spiritual ignorance: A dignitary and ruler of the Jews, Nicodemus, came to the Great Teacher of spiritual truth and philosophy, owning his ignorance and seeking knowledge concerning the miracles, so-called, which were done by him at Jerusalem and other places in Judea. The man's ignorance of spiritual matters was rebuked by the caustic inquiry, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" Thus much by way of preface.

The colloquy of Jesus and his night visitor, from which we have just quoted, furnishes a fit example for the present note. We proceed, therefore, to examine a scripture, and shall present it both in the common version and in the Greek text.

COMMON VERSION.

John, chap. 3, ver. 7.—Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again.

Sec. 8.—The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit.

GREEK TEXT.

*Johnn Keph. III: 7. Mo thanmases off eipon soi—Del umas gennethenai anothon.*

8. To pneuma opou thelei pnei, kal ten phonon autou akouels all ouk oldas pouthen orchehai, kal pou upagel—oulos esti pas o gegennemenos ek tou pneumatous.

1. *Mo thanmases off eipon soi.* The word *thanmases*, rendered *marvel* in our English translation, is perhaps clearly enough unfolded in its meaning, to the mind of the reader. *Marvel*, though not obsolete, is not now used by elegant writers to express the idea that was in the mind of Jesus, upon observing how his teachings were understood by his cautious guest. *Astonish* is the more appropriate word. He was astonished to hear him whom he declared to be "a teacher sent from God," say, "Except a man be begotten from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God," as, in justice to the original, we are bound to give it in our vernacular.

2. *Del umas* The word *dei* is impersonal, and properly precedes a noun or pronoun in the accusative case before a verb in the infinitive mood, and signifies, there is need—it is necessary—it is proper—it ought—it behooveth, &c. Its presence is scarcely discernible in our common translation; its use should, however, enter into it more fully, in order to give the words spoken greater force and fuller meaning.

3. *Gennethenai anothon.* These words we have rendered—"be begotten from above," in our quotation above from the language of Jesus to the Rabbi, the former of which words, when spoken of men, signifies to beget, to generate; when spoken of women, it signifies to bring forth, to bear; give birth to, &c. It would seem that Nicodemus received the language used by his teacher, in the feminine sense, and literally also, and not in a spiritual and figurative sense, as intended he should receive it. Well might the listener to such teachings, understanding them in the sense indicated by his interrogatory, be astonished, and give expression to his feelings in the language of wonder and astonishment—this would be met by words corresponding with such conditions of the mind—hence the answer; *me thanmases*—be not astonished.

Both these high interlocutors were Jews, and, no doubt, spoke to each other in Hebrew, though the report of their conversation comes to us clothed in the Greek. Whatever may have been the words used, it is clear that they were not understood by the visitor of Jesus. *Anothon*, meaning from above, instead of again, never could carry the idea of a birth, whatever might be its relation to *gennethenai*; besides, chronologically, begetment is before birth.

Jesus meant to teach, and he did teach, that there must be in man, in order to the existence of a divine harmony in him, not a new birth or another birth in any sense; nor a reconstruction, regeneration or recreation of him; but that into the very essence of him, into the elemental life of him, just as he is found in nature, really and substantially, without destruction of anything of him belonging as a natural entity, perfect in all the physical bestowments of the Creator, there should come, in addition to all, an influx of the divine, setting in motion and bringing into action already existing powers, but which, as yet, had remained barren and unproductive—of which themselves, without the juxtaposition of a quickening element, would forever remain unfruitful. The spiritual and divine elements, which are from above, must find their way into man, to perfect him and fit him for the harmonies that will be enjoyed in his pathway of an eternal progression. A receptivity of the natural to the spiritual—a union of the divine with the natural, ever inaugurates the kingdom of heaven in man.

4. *To pneuma opou thelei pnei.* The eighth section of the chapter from which these words are taken, teaches Nicodemus concerning the operations and influences of a spirit, or the spirit of a person who has departed this life, upon a person still dwelling in the natural world, and being in his natural body. Nowhere else in the New Testament, where it is so constantly translated spirit, or ghost, are we able to find *to pneuma* rendered wind. The proper Greek word for wind is *anemos*; and by no usage whatever of Greek writers can the common version of the words, *to pneuma*, be justified. Even in Matt. vii, sec. 25, 27, where it is said "the winds blew," the word *anemos* is used. What evidence is here of the ignorance of the commissioners of James concerning spiritual phenomena. The whole context shows that the word *pneuma* was spoken of the soul or spirit of a man. It had been properly translated spirit by them just before; and, if at all consistent, they should have absurdly rendered the words thus: "Except a man be born of water and of the wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind."

Nicodemus, no doubt, had seen cases of entrancement, etc., which to him were inexplicable, and by him were set down as miracles—Jesus told him that a spirit was the producing cause of the phenomena which he had witnessed. *Pnei*, from which comes *pnei*, primarily signifies to breathe, whether it be as in the case of common respiration, or of some peculiar inspiration or expiration; and the record should run thus: "The spirit breathes into or inspires *opou thelei* whatsoever one it wills of chooses." Such seems to be the case now-a-days with all susceptible media in our midst.

5. *Kai ten phonon autou akouels.* Whatever, indeed, may have been the act of the spirit, whether entrancing or controlling in some other manner the person upon whom it chose to exercise its power, the result certainly was to make itself heard. *Akouels*,—thou hearest; and what is heard? *Ten phonon*—its voice, its word, its language, its speech, its discourse. Has the wind the attribute of language?

6. *All ouk oldas pouthen orchehai, kal pou upagel.* The spirit is not visible to the natural eye, and what is here affirmed of it is in harmony with its laws. We discern not its ingress nor egress. *Out oldas*—thou dost not behold; *pouthen*—in what way; *orchehai*—it enters; *nor pou*—to what place; *upagel*—it departs. All this is plain to any one familiar with spirit-phenomena.

7. *Oulos esti pas o gegennemenos ek tou pneumatous.* In like manner with the invisible and mysterious agencies and operations of the spirit spheres, and spiritual beings who visit us, and sometimes speak of the things of another life, to understand and solve which are so difficult problems, are the beginnings, transitions and completions of that state or condition of man in the earth-life, which brings him into harmonious relations with this world, with the life to come, and with the Deity himself. These operations of spirits, and of the Divine Spirit, alike hidden from the visions of the outer eye—we observe only the phenomena. He who is begotten from above, has received the Divine effluence, mani-

fests it, but is unable to explain it, any more than he can the cases of spirit visitation and manifestation referred to in the text before us. We render the remainder of the Greek text as follows: In like manner is every one who is begotten of the Spirit, or, in other words, who is quickened by the Divine affluence. The absurdity of the common version may be seen by translating *pneuma* into the same English word; it would seem, surely, that there can be no good reason for a different use of it in the same sentence. The same word, in the Greek text, begins and ends the section. We will end the sentence with the same word as the common version begins: So is every one that is born of the wind.

If the foregoing interpretations, criticisms and explanations be correct, we are warranted in presenting the following reading of the passages chosen for our frequent exercise:

Sec. 7. Do not be astonished that I said to you, it is necessary that ye be begotten from above.

Sec. 8. A spirit breathes into whatsoever one it chooses to inspire, and you hear its language; but you do not behold in what way it enters, nor to what place it departs; in like manner is every one who is begotten of the Spirit.

#### SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

Some weeks since I enclosed to you a correct abstract from the published reports of the resident physician of the Stockton (Cal.) Insane Asylum, showing the whole number of insane persons on the subject of Spiritualism and religion from the year 1860 to 1869, inclusive. At that date the report for the year 1860 had not been made. Enclosed I send you that report, made on the 21st of this month, showing five Spiritualists, and fifteen religionists of the orthodox denominations now in the Asylum. This report I take from the Sacramento Union of the 22d of Jan., 1861, made by the resident physician, as required by law.

The case now stands thus, including the whole number from the commencement of the institution to date: Spiritualists, thirty-one; religionists, seventy-seven; showing about seventy-five per cent. of insane church members over those of the Spiritual faith. As you may not have received that report, permit me to say, that my object in sending it was to refute the assertion made by Prof. Anderson, some months since, to his New York auditors, that he had, the past year, (1860), visited the California Stockton Insane Asylum, and there ascertained that there were thirty-three insane Spiritualists there within its walls. The reports show that he either willfully or ignorantly stated what was false; and in either event, it does not place him in a very enviable situation for candor and integrity of purpose. His object, doubtless, was a pecuniary advantage, and a present popularity with that class of persons who would not otherwise lend his exhibition their patronage and august presence. All observers of the times do not know that no mountebank is too low for their patronage, smiles and approval, who will denounce the Spiritual theory. It is a lamentable fact, but nevertheless true. Mediums particularly seem to be objects of their especial hatred. They appear to forget that, on the day of Pentecost, the people all began to speak with other tongues—that the prophet declared that, in the latter days, the daughters and sons should prophesy, young men should see visions, and old men dream dreams. (See Acts ii: 4, 17, 18.) Paul, in his Epistle to the First Corinthians, chapter 14, verse 39, says, "Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues." "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy." (1st Cor. xiv, 1; do, chap. 12, 13.)

All these things are now done through mediums—and more. They heal the sick; they see spirits and converse with them. Some mediums are lifted up between the heavens and the earth. Why not? Ezekiel says, "Moreover the spirit lifted me up, and brought me unto the east gate, &c." (See Ezekiel, xl, 1.) Ezekiel further says, "That he put forth the form of an hand, and took me by a lock of mine head; and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven," &c. (Ezekiel viii, 3.) He also says, chapter 2d, 9th verse, "And when I looked, behold an hand was sent unto me; and lo, a roll of a book was therein." (See also Dan. v, 5, and 1st Chron. xviii, 19.)

I could fill a sheet of paper with these quotations and Bible references, all of which confirm the power of spirits to communicate with mortals. What has been done may be done again. God's laws are unchangeable; and when spirits communicated in Bible times, they did so by a fixed and unchangeable law of their being; and as the same law still exists, there is no reason why they should not now give us exhibitions of their love, goodness and power. Scripture nowhere proclaims against it, but we are commanded to "try the spirits." St. Paul says, "Now concerning spiritual gifts, I would not have you ignorant." If his other epistles have a bearing and weight with the present generation, then why has not the above passage?

But our church-going friends say that we select a passage here and there. So do they; no two denominations select alike. They are no more to blame than we are, for no two men look upon the same thing in the same light. But I claim that Spiritualists have a right, according to every principle of reason and logic, to confound them with their own works; nor is it unfair that we should select for ourselves.

One word more about our mediums. It is very common among the creed-loving souls to speak of mediums as insane. Now, as it is an undeniable fact that, in these latter days, men do see visions, and are lifted up between the earth and heaven by spirit-power, as we claim, and as healing by laying on of hands, and speaking with tongues, and prophesying, etc., are also claimed for our mediums, I say that, if it be a fact that they are insane, and all they do is but the ravings of the madman, may we not, with the same propriety, and more, even, say that those who claimed to do the same things eighteen hundred years ago were also insane? And if the one is to be discarded, then, upon the same principle, discard the other; for the present may be tested, and brought home to our senses, while the other is the "say-so" of somebody, somewhere, ages since.

We believe in the present inspiration, and the church in the past. Now let us see who exhibits the most sanity; and I will only quote, or make reference to one or two passages of the Bible, and then I will close. Spiritualists believe that spirits can and do communicate through our brothers, sisters and friends. The church say, "No, we don't believe it; it's a humbug—away with it! Spirits have no power to come to earth, or to control mediums to make them speak."

The church believe that a spirit spoke through Balaam's ass, and the ass saw the spirit and turned out of the way, and finally fell down and said to Balaam, "What have I done unto thee?" etc. Then they believe that Balaam's eyes were opened, and he saw the angel, etc.

But this is not all; they believe that Mary Magdalen, the best friend and follower of Christ, was possessed of seven evil spirits, and that Christ drove them out; also, that he drove unclean spirits out of an insane man, and they entered into the swine, and drowned them in the sea. Yes, they believe this, although it is uncertain who wrote the history of it. I leave your readers to judge who exhibits the greatest amount of insanity in their belief—Spiritualists, or the church? We think, after all, that if they are not insane, their materialistic feelings and proclivities prepare them to believe in their kind of mediums, while our feeling and proclivities prepare our minds to recognize and sympathize with our kind of mediums. And while they made asses of themselves by going the whole *swine* of Jewish memory, we go the present inspiration, and believe it is of God. "Try the spirits!"

R. B. HALL.

San Jose, Cal., Jan. 27, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### A WANDERING SOLILOQUY.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SMITH.

Give me the lovely, deep, sequestered vale,  
Rich with the harmony of gurgling rills,  
Within whose realm the breeze repeats its tale,  
Sheltered from storms by high encircling hills.  
Surrounded thus, fond memories of youth  
Enfold me gently in their loving arms,  
And lift me, with a strong and tender ruth,  
Above a world of constant, dire alarms.

Through all the chambers of my heavy heart  
In such a realm, glide fancies undefined—  
Regrets and mournings for the cold world's art,  
Blend with the joy of an exalted mind.  
The rippling of a rill, the rustling tree,  
The river surging on its pebbly strand,  
The sighing wood, have languages to me  
I fain would wish the world might understand.

Give me the thunder with its pean loud,  
Shaking defiantly earth, sky and sea,  
Whose homestead is the vast and threat'ning cloud  
Which echoes back its mighty minstrelsy.  
Give me the shock of worlds when down the night  
Great Jupiter the lightnings hurl, and Mars  
With sword uplifted hurries to the fight,  
And hurls his lances through the pallid stars.

The mighty sea, thundering upon its shore,  
Or madly leaping up some craggy rock,  
Which stands unmindful of its deafening roar,  
Defiant still, to each aggressive shock;  
The sea, whose white waves as they proudly rise,  
Break into many a weird, fantastic form,  
Itself proclaiming, to the arching skies  
The ally of the lightning and the storm.

Hath more of harmony than art hath given,  
And unto me a music sweeter far,  
Lifting a requiem for its dead to heaven,  
Or raging with an elemental war.  
Give me the faultless art of Nature's hand—  
It doth inspire—the canvases only charms;  
Give me the ocean, hurrying to the land,  
More grand than any shock of human arms.

Ireland, Vale of Avoca, May 18, 1860.

\*This beautiful vale, so justly celebrated by Moore, is situated in the county of Wick, which, though generally counted as more or less picturesque, is by far the most interesting and attractive to the traveler. Its mountains, though not lofty, are remarkable for their beauty, while its valleys and undulating country blend into the softest and most enchanting scenery.

#### Spiritual Phenomena.

##### EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

##### CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF HELEN HANCOCK.—SINGING HEARD FROM INVISIBLE AGENTS, BY HER WATCHERS JUST BEFORE HER DEATH.—MANIFESTATIONS IN HER OWN FAMILY.—MY DAUGHTER BECOMES A SEER.—MEDIUM RECEIVED THROUGH HER MEDIUMSHIP—SAW AND DESCRIBED AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE, (STEPHEN D. LEWETT, BELLINGHAM, MASS.) HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, FUNERAL PROCESSION, AN IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH, ETC., CORRECTLY.

During the year 1856, Mr. Franklin Hancock, to whom I have so frequently alluded in these articles, buried his two oldest children. Helen was his oldest child, and at the time of her death, was in her twelfth year—an active, promising girl. A few weeks before her death, Dr. J. Doves Dods delivered a course of lectures in Natick, and stopped with Mr. Hancock. When he left, Helen and my daughter accompanied him to the cars, and when he took his leave of them, he said:

"Now remember, children, if either of you are taken sick, send for me, and I will come and cure you."

Whether Dr. Dods foresaw that either of them was soon to be taken sick, or not, I am unable to tell; but in a few weeks after this was uttered, the hand of sickness was laid heavily upon Helen, and no earthly power could arrest it. Dr. Dods was sent for, but could not be reached till it was too late. I allude to Dr. Dods here, because I am impressed that what followed may have had some connection with his mediumship. Dr. D. was with her during the last hours of her sickness, doing all in his power to aid the spirit in an easy flight from the rudimental to the second sphere of human existence. This was all he could do; for from the first hour he saw her, he was satisfied she could not remain long in the form. She died Saturday morning, Dec. 6th, about six o'clock. What passed at that still hour of morning, I will give in the language of Rev. B. F. Bowles, taken from his sermon preached at her funeral, in the Congregationalist Church in this place, in the presence of some of the witnesses, and they never to my knowledge denied a word of it. And, furthermore, not one of them were Spiritualists. The following is the extract:

"The form before us, you know, was said to be dead at half past six o'clock on the morning of yesterday. Well, at two o'clock, of the same morning, while two friendly women sat by the bedside of death, music, as of a juvenile choir, was heard, as if in the air, to pass and re-pass the window. The watchers sat, one at the head of the bed, and the other at the foot, said, 'Nora, did you hear anything?' 'Yes,' said Nora, 'I heard music.' In the adjoining room sat two others. They were questioned: had they heard anything? Yes, they heard music, as of a choir of children in the air, pass and re-pass the window. Three times was this choir heard to pass and re-pass the window. The witnesses are unknown to me, but they are well known, I am told, to many of you. They are representatives of different religious interests. Their sanity and veracity, I believe, are unquestioned. They are your neighbors—you can question them."

About two weeks after the death of Helen, one evening at tea time, I sent my daughter, Eleanor Frances, then in her twelfth year, into a room in the upper part of my house, where I had an evening

\*Nora was a servant girl in the family, and a Roman Catholic. The lady at the head of the bed was a member of the M. E. Church in this place. One of the witnesses alluded to as being in the other room, was a member of the Baptist Church in this place.

class in book-keeping, and where I had just built a fire, to take the blow off from the stove. Eleanor Frances and Helen were playmates; and during the last sickness of Helen, Eleanor Frances was with her most of her leisure time, up to a few hours of her death. Dr. Dods was also with them, administering to the comfort of Helen. They were both very fond of the doctor. I mention this circumstance, because I am impressed that it had much to do in the immediate development of my daughter; for, up to this point, we had not discovered the development of any medium powers in her.

On the evening alluded to, just as she was about to turn to come down the second flight of stairs, she saw, as she thought, a tall man coming up. Her first thought was, that it was one of my class going up; but gradually the form vanished before her on the stairs. She told no one that night what she saw. Previous to this, she was naturally very timid, and would seldom retire at night without requesting some one of the family either to go with her with a light, or to leave the door of her room open, so that she could communicate with the family. But on the night in question, after my class was dismissed, she came into my room quietly, and sat there some time, scarcely saying a word; and when I said to her, "Eleanor, you had better go to bed," she took her light and went to her room. I asked her:

"Shall I go with you?"

She answered, "No."

"Shall I leave the door open?"

"No."

And, from that time to the present, I have never heard her ask any one to go with her, for the sake of company, or to leave a door open, through fear. This I could not help noticing at the time. The next morning she told her mother what she saw; and her mother asked her why she had not mentioned it the night before.

"Because," she said, "I was afraid Sarah would laugh at me."

As soon as I had ascertained what she had seen, I questioned her closely, and to my astonishment she gave a full, clear and correct description of the personal appearance of my father, who died twelve years before she was born, and of whom she had never heard me say but little.

From this time, for nearly two years, there was scarcely a day or an hour in the day, in which she did not see and describe the earthly appearance of some spirit friend of her acquaintance, long since passed into the second sphere of man's existence; and in many instances they were individuals of whom she had but little, or no previous knowledge. She not only saw persons, but places and scenes, and described them accurately. She saw her grandfather so frequently, that he became to her almost a familiar acquaintance, as much so as though he were living with us in the family; and frequently she would speak out, saying: "There's grandfather!"

During the first year of her seeing, she spent much of her time in sitting with others for tests; but with me she seldom sat, and yet I received some very convincing tests through her mediumship. Others, I am told, received equally as good tests; but I shall relate only what I know to be facts, and leave others to relate what they know, if they are so disposed. Whenever I have received tests, either through her mediumship, or through the mediumship of others, they have generally come unsolicited and unexpectedly to me. I will give a few tests which I received through her, that the reader may gain some idea of what and how she saw.

One evening, after my class was dismissed, and as I sat at my table busily writing, she came into my room and took her seat by the side of her mother, behind me, and was sitting there quietly, when, all at once, my attention was arrested by her saying:

"I see a man standing behind father. He is a short man, and seems to know father. He went to school to father, or with him, or had something to do with him about books. He talks curious; when he talks, he twists his mouth around so," (imitating the manner with her mouth.)

As soon as she said this, I thought in a moment who was meant; for I was never acquainted with but one individual who spoke in that manner, and that was Stephen D. Lewett, of Bellingham, Mass., who died there in October, 1840, five years before she was born, and whose name I am confident she never heard me mention, and of whom I was not thinking, and had not for many months previous. He never went to school to me, nor, I think, with me; but we both taught school the winter previous to his death in adjoining districts, and were often together. Being satisfied as to the identity of the spirit, I now said:

"If it is Stephen Lewett that my daughter sees, will you show her your father's house?"

She then went on and described the house: the upright part, the ell in the rear of the house, a shop, and other particulars which had gone from my mind. Again I asked:

"Will you now show her the house where your funeral services were held?"

And here, I would remark, she was never in Bellingham, and knew nothing about the place. She then described the house, and said she should think it was a large two-story white house, and remarked: "They had a long way to go."

The funeral services were held in the Baptist Meeting House in Bellingham Centre, about two miles from his father's house. She evidently did not see the steeple, and mistook it for a two-story dwelling-house. Again I asked:

"Will you show her your grave?"

She then followed the funeral procession from the meeting house to the grave—spoke of their passing down a hill, and of rising a hill as they entered the yard. She also spoke of an enclosure, which she thought was around the grave. But the enclosure which she saw is not, I think, around her grave, but near to it. If I recollect rightly, there was but one enclosure in the yard, and that was a wooden one, around a lot near to Capt. Lewett's lot, where the remains of Stephen lie mouldering back to earth.

In my next I shall give other tests, which I received through her mediumship.

Many a malignant old curmudgeon, says the *Herald of Progress*, merely to gratify his hatred of his natural heirs, has bequeathed his whole estate to some public institution, and thus immortalized himself for benevolence!

A bachelor says the reason why women are called the "softer sex" is, because they are so easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a mere dandy husband, to a thrifty mechanic.

Why is a clergyman near the end of his sermon like a boy who has rent his integuments? Because he's tired his clothes.



## Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

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

## A STREET CONVERSATION.

Passing up Washington street, the other day, I was accosted by Mr. S—, a gentleman well-known to the public, and somewhat prominent in the earlier history of Spiritualism as a speaker under spirit-influence. Drawing me one side, and speaking in a low but earnest tone, he said:

"I wish you to answer me frankly a serious question. Do you, honestly, in your heart of hearts, believe that spirits communicate?"

"Assuredly I do, else I should renounce the belief as publicly as I have avowed it."

"But do you not have doubts on the subject?"

"Never, when I have the clear use of my mental faculties. I did not avow the belief at the outset until I was thoroughly convinced by overwhelming proof; and the almost daily confirmations occurring since, under my personal observation, leave me no room to doubt, while I have the use of my rational powers."

"Well, I think you are honest, and wish I could believe as firmly. I thought I did once, but the detection of so many of these miserable impostors, pretending to be mediums, totally upset me. I used to believe that spirits spoke through me, but I now think it might have been something else. There is a power that even now controls me, makes me go from place to place, interferes with my business, prevents my making money; and I find it is of no use to try to do anything contrary to it. But I don't believe it is spirits."

"Does not that power manifest intelligence, and is it not distinct from your own mind?"

"Yes; but it doesn't present itself as something tangible outside of me. I have called upon the spirits, many a time, to show themselves in tangible form, so that I could see and feel them, as I do you, and then I would believe. Now, if they are spirits, why don't they do it?"

"That spirits sometimes assume tangible forms, I do not doubt, for I believe I have felt them; but why they do not in your case, I will not presume to say. Yet, this fact, is no proof that spirits do not act upon you. A spirit, strictly speaking, is a being invisible and intangible to our external senses. You admit that an intelligent power, distinct from yourself, and yet unseen, often impels you to do and say things contrary to your own will and judgment. It seems to me this is the same thing as admitting that spirits influence you. And I think no one who has seen you thus influenced, as I have repeatedly, can rationally doubt that this is the case, whatever opinion they may have as to the character of these spirits."

"Well, it may be so. But what good does it do? Here I have been broken up in a good business, strip of all my property, and am prevented by this cursed power, whatever it is, from making money, or doing anything more than just living from hand to mouth. And this is just the way it is working everywhere. I have traveled all through the country; I know nearly all the prominent Spiritualists in New England and the Middle States; and I know hardly one who has gone into Spiritualism earnestly but has been ruined in his business, and reduced to poverty. The only exceptions I know are some hard-fisted fellows, who have managed to hold their own, and, perhaps, in a few instances, to make money by the help of spirits; but where there was any openness and generosity of soul, the victim has been sure to get fleeced, in one way or another. Now, is not this diabolical? And, besides, among all the Spiritualists I am acquainted with, I don't know of one who has been made morally better by Spiritualism. There are a few, who were good before, that have not been injured by it, perhaps; but I haven't known one who has been really reformed, while a great many have become 'free-lovers'—husbands and wives have separated, families have been broken up, impostors have been multiplied, and a generally bad influence has been exerted upon society. Now, can it be that celestial spirits are engaged in such a work as this?"

"Your bill of indictment is surely a grave one, and no doubt it seems true from your point of vision. I do not question the influence of evil and seducing spirits in some cases. But let us take a broader view. First, as to the pecuniary ruin of business men—If the chief good of man consists in 'making money,' in accumulating wealth, and living in ease, luxury and selfish indulgence, becoming respectable in State street, etc., (as we are very apt to imagine,) then it does seem that good spirits ought to help us in this. But I am satisfied that higher intelligences have a quite different opinion on the matter. They seem to think that our eager pursuit of these earthly goods, and our success in obtaining them, are real obstacles to our seeking for and laying hold of the more enduring wealth of the spirit. Hence they find it necessary, as wise and faithful guardians, if we will not voluntarily turn from the external to the internal, to so order affairs that we may be stripped of our earthly reliance and made to feel our utter helplessness, in order to call forth our yearnings toward that which is higher and imperishable. My own experience has led me to think they are right in this; and though the lesson is a bitter one in the learning, it is most valuable when learned. Without, then, presuming to pass judgment upon the spirits who have so annoyed you, or to pronounce upon all cases of alleged pecuniary loss through Spiritualism, I am not able to say, in any case that has come within my knowledge, but it was the best thing that could have happened; and instead of these things being an evidence of diabolism, they seem to me just what should be expected, if celestial beings have actually undertaken to fit any of us for co-workers and companions with themselves."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mr. S—, doubtfully; "but what can you say of these undeniable 'immoralities'? They surely cannot come from any good source."

"Very true. But, without conceding that everything you have specified is unqualifiedly evil, let us take a rational view of the matter. I long since discovered that Spiritualism is a different thing to different persons. Spirit-influence seems to act as a stimulant to the activity and growth of whatever is in us. It is thus a revealer of character. It brings to light hidden things. It has revealed things in myself, which I did not suspect were there before. It has doubtless done the same for others. The effect of the present powerful influx of spiritual light and heat upon humanity seems precisely like that caused in the external world by the sun in spring time. So long as winter continues, you see no signs of weeds or reptiles of any kind in your garden. You may imagine it will be only a paradise of flowers, and fruits, and singing birds. But the increasing

light and warmth quicken into life things that have lain dormant. Noxious weeds, as well as fragrant flowers and pregnant buds, begin to show themselves; hideous and slimy reptiles crawl forth, aroused by the same genial rays that invite the feathered warblers. And if you don't take care of your garden—if you adopt the free-and-easy philosophy, which lets everything grow that will—you expect to see all that is most choice and valuable choked out, and weeds and reptiles run riot over the whole. Now, is the coming of spring an evil, and sunshine a curse, because these things result?"

It is the same in the inner world—the gardens of our souls. You see the parallel, and I need not elaborate it. Our business is to work in these gardens—to root out of ourselves the thorns and weeds of selfishness, and to exterminate the reptiles of deceit, jealousy, slander, and all the rest of the slimy brood. I know there are some to whom Spiritualism has been a mighty aid in this work, both by stimulating all that is noble and celestial within them, and by disclosing and helping to overcome evils of which they were before unaware; showing them they were no better than others, and thus demolishing all self-righteousness and silencing harsh judgments.

Doubtless there are others in whom the effect, thus far at least, has been quite different—in whom various selfish proclivities, heretofore kept quiescent by spiritual inactivity, or cloaked over by a respectable social standing or a 'credible profession of religion,' have, under the stimulus of spirit-influence, burst all restraints, and are exhibiting a rampant growth—perhaps with the effort to check or desire to root them. Such persons pervert what is in itself good, to evil ends. They must inevitably reap the appropriate harvest in due time. But is it right to consider Spiritualism, or the increasing power of the great Spiritual Sun from which all this movement proceeds, a curse because of such results? I am satisfied that the great purpose of Spiritualism is the purification and regeneration of individual souls—an end too often overlooked or ignored by mere marvel-seekers. If earnestly made use of for that end, it is a mighty power for good; but if abused for any selfish or base purpose, the consequences may be fearful."

Mr. S—, looked puzzled, but made no answer, and I bade him good morning.

## That "Lost Orb"—Who Knows?

The *Herald of Progress* takes exception to the following language in the Tract entitled "Evil: Its Source and Remedy," namely:—"Hereditary and transmitted evil began somewhere—that is certain; and, for ought I know, just as likely on the 'lost orb' described by Mr. Harris, as anywhere else."

This the *Herald* deems an "unphilosophical admission," and would "be glad to see it expunged from future editions of the tract."

I shall be happy to gratify my good friends of the *Herald*, provided they can supply me with any positive knowledge that will justify it. That there should be planets or worlds in the universe older than this earth, and at the same time in worse moral conditions, seems to me no more unphilosophical, than that there should be on earth individuals and communities older than others, and yet sunk deeper in vice. And there are persons who seem to be past redemption, at least in this radical mental stage of existence. Who knows but a whole orb may be equally so?

Mind acts on mind, throughout the universe, so far as I can judge. The mental sphere of one planet must affect that of another, it would seem, just as one person affects another. Who can say, then, but an evil and tempting influence from an older world may have affected our race in its infancy, leading to the first violation of its pure intuitions?

I do not claim to know anything about it; nor do I think it of any practical consequence to us. Seers and spirits both assert and deny it. Perhaps they know. But until I get some more satisfactory information, I must be so "unphilosophical" as to confess my ignorance.

## Chat with Correspondents.

S. HINSHAW, GREENSBORO, IND.—The request you make would be very gladly complied with; but the attempt to organize Spiritualists is beset with difficulties which I as yet see no satisfactory way of overcoming. So diverse are their opinions on almost all subjects, save the one fact of spirit-intercourse, that I doubt if any considerable number of them can be held together for any length of time on that basis alone. I should be glad to see them associate for some practical purpose in the promotion of a true life, rather than for the mere maintenance of a belief; but this cannot be expected until they arrive at some more clear and harmonious conception of what a true life requires. However, I will re-consider the subject, and inform you of the result.

S. B. B. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I am happy that I can do anything to afford you pleasure and instruction. "Speak thy Truth" is an injunction as philosophical as it is important. I shall endeavor to give it constant heed.

E. LEWIS, PENNSVILLE, IND.—Your order has been attended to. The publication of which you speak has been "suspended" since last Spring; and I fear by this time it is "dead, dead, dead." I can sympathize with your loss, having suffered much more severely myself. The course of its proprietors has not been explained to me; but I presume no wrong was intended.

NOR A DOCTOR.—Several correspondents have applied to me for medical advice and aid. I would gladly minister to their need, but the "gift of healing" has not been bestowed upon me. Doubtless these friends have mistaken my address for that of Dr. J. R. NEWTON, of No. 40 Edinboro' street, Boston, who has exhibited extraordinary power over disease in many cases. To him all such applications have been forwarded.

[Other correspondents will be attended to speedily.]

The white man robs the Indian, and if the poor victim utters a word, the pale face cries out, "Indian is robbing me," or "Indian is killing me," and down comes the parent—the Government, with its cruel weapons on the head and shoulders of the Indian. The whites have so long practiced these outrages on the Indians with the consent, and often with the aid and protection of the General Government, that they have become more bold and outrageous than ever. Even now our army is punishing the Indians of Oregon, because they resisted the outrages of the whites which had stung them to desperation, and private scouting parties go forth on their own hook and shoot down Indian men, women and children, as they would the ravenous beasts of the forest!—*Portland Pleasure Boat.*

VALUABLE RECIPE.—An amalgam of chemically pure copper with mercury, possesses the property of serving as a solder for metals, and as a cement for glass and porcelain, to which it adheres strongly. At the expiration of ten or twelve hours it becomes sufficiently hard to take a polish, like brass or silver.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

OFFICE, 31-33 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year, - - -	\$2 00
" " six months, - - -	1 00
" " three months, - - -	0 50

Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:

One year, - - -	\$1 50
Six months, - - -	0 75

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 22 cents per year, for prepayment of American postage.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Business Letters must be addressed, "BANNER OF LIGHT," BOSTON, MASS.

William Berry & Co., Publishers.

## VEGETATION.

A man can't positively declare that he has lived, until he has been startled out of his sluggishness or self-sufficiency by the sudden approach of a new idea. How many declare, with eminent self-satisfaction, that they do not care a tiff about such or such a new movement, or about such and such plans and projects—let those that do care make the fuss over them; for their part, they are determined to eat and drink and get rich and live! Nothing is life to them, that has not the potato and raw beef flavor to it. A slice of nice ham is a good deal more closely interwoven with their happiness than an occasional thought of kindness and charity; and a roast duck, or a pair of woodcock in their true season, or something hot to drink and a good ride afterwards, are placed a good way ahead of opportunities for refinement and the delights of an improving intercourse. All things are clouded in a materiality; to them there is no life, except that which they can readily taste, touch and see.

Very few people are awake; very many people are asleep and vegetating. To be awake, is not to be nervous and excited all the time, for that common symptom indicates not much more than a superficial state of existence, any way; there is many a thoroughly alive and active soul that attracts no share of public attention, but seems rather, to outward vision, to be brooding in silence over its own thoughts and wrapped up in exploring the mysteries of its own existence. The fault is often to be laid to the temperament; but even that, inheritance as it is, need not be tyrannical, and hold on its grasp forever. We are all of us born into certain moods and conditions, it is true; but we can about as easily be born into other and better ones, if we will.

When we sit down and thoughtfully consider what we are all driving at, what we are looking forward to as an aim and purpose, what life is worth, any way, and how truly and untruly, how economically or wastefully we go at the things we deem most worthy of our exertions—it must affect every one very strangely to find how much work is performed for securing a very small result, how unreal is the bulk of what we get, after all, and how perfectly blind we are to the important points, while so regardless of the minute and insignificant ones. We allow, however, that ill conditions compel the most of us to take the views and follow courses which they otherwise might not take or follow; yet none of us are therefore called upon to give up everything, nor to abandon those lofty ideals that, once in life at least, have flitted in diffid shape across every human brain. It is common enough to hear men say that because they can do nothing, to right these wrong conditions, and make the world over anew all at once, therefore they will try to do nothing. They forget that it is only through suffering and long patience that any good is born to the world, and that to begin and do something toward establishing a better tendency, is to accomplish the first great measure that "costs."

We all of us go through our days more as if they bothered us, than as if we enjoyed them. On many hands the hours hang with leaden heaviness, so that their possessors are driven to all sorts of ingenious subterfuges to get rid of them. Time—life—is, apparently, the wretchedest gift of which they ever become recipients. Only to kill this day, and then the next, and so on along toward the gray hairs and the eternities—seems to be the only problem. What a sad commentary is this to make on the character of what we call our modern civilization! It is generally claimed that we have now secured all the comforts, and the improved inventions, necessary to a smooth passage down the St. Lawrence of existence, till we come to the Falls; but if the way we all live is to be taken as a fair commentary on the actual state and value of that civilization, we have but to say that it is a poor enough affair, at the best. If luxuries are only time-killers—why, we think the world can get along better without them, and the quicker they become so scarce that few, if any, people can get hold of them to enjoy them, the healthier it will be for the human family at large.

Too many of us do but barely vegetate; and few enough grow and develop. It need not be so; we are only stating the lamentable fact that it is so. It will always be so, of course, until one and another, until you and we, after giving this matter our most serious consideration, look into it for ourselves, and resolve to change the conduct of our lives radically and altogether. To lie in the sun and sleep, like the Congo native, is, apparently, supreme felicity with some. They do not wish to be put to the trouble of thinking—that they prefer to leave entirely to other hands. They want nothing so much as peace—a sort of peace that means letting alone, and not coming to them with any of these vexing public problems. They beg you won't disturb them in their selfish enjoyment. Only get along without coming to them, and that is all they ask. How they do hate to be forever in a fever, in a fuss, in a stew, over what does not concern them any more than it does the imaginary man in the moon! They would, to be sure, have all things smooth and easy—air cushions everywhere; no jolting over rough roads; all the while sunshine; plenty to eat; plenty of sleep, with naps and luncheons thrown in; and, in fine, a very general sort of *status quo* in affairs, such as allows nothing to be oversteered, and no new order to supersede the old.

What would life be, and what would it be worth to any of us, if such a law were to pervade the divine law, out of whose grand operations proceed changes of every sort without end, and development and progress to limits of which we now have but feeble conception? It is well that the God Somnus has not got control, as it stands now. Enough of our number are asleep and snoring now; but it is cause for gratitude that we are not all of us rolled

up in this porcupine heap, waiting with such sublime stolidity for events to come along, and sweep us with their stronger breath quite off the planet we encumber.

## The Peace Policy.

Evidently this is to be the great line of action for the new Administration at Washington. Those who read the considerate and well-weighed speech of Senator Seward in Congress, last winter, were pretty well satisfied what shape public affairs were going to take as soon as the new administration entered on the discharge of its duties, and as well satisfied, too, that the course to be pursued was that of Peace. We have better and more satisfactory evidence, at the present time, that this is actually true; and that, so far as concession and conciliation will accomplish the grand result so much desired of all men, these powerful auxiliaries will be tried to their utmost capacity of expansion.

It was wise in President Lincoln to issue his Executive orders for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, no matter by what explanations or excuses such a step is made palatable to the pride of a powerful party. It is exactly the position we have supported in relation to this vexed question from the beginning. It is no matter that the government loses control over the fortifications by the act, while it is well established that harmony is secured by the means; a noble example has been set to a disaffected section of the country by the very government of the country itself, and, whatever foreign nations may think and say of the measure, it is in perfect keeping with the ideas on which our national character and power is based.

Peace is the only policy for this government, in a case like this. Our Constitutional fabric rests upon the theory that genuine revolutions are forever to be respected; and if the present Southern disaffection has assumed the proportions of a real revolution, then it is for the interest of all sides, and eminently consistent with our radical principles, that the great movement should be recognized in a proper manner, and treated even as we would ourselves insist on being treated in like circumstances. It is not so much matter what was the first cause of all this trouble; sufficient is it for the present purpose that it does really exist, and does certainly demand a sober hearing before the tribunal of the whole country? Are they who oppose it so strenuously, and even so bitterly, afraid, then, to try their own principles by the standard of the day, and the passing hour? It does indeed bear that look, at least.

If we can but put our opponents in the wrong, we have all moral forces on our side to help us. The judgment of the civilized world must then come over to us, and offer its aid. Above all, we enjoy the secret consciousness that, so far as there may be a wrong, we have kept clear of it; and, hence, that we have no need to stop to cover our tracks, but can go right straight along on the open path of our destiny. We do not see how the President could have done any less than he has, while we are equally sure that he could hardly have done any better.

## Humanitary Movement.

Miss Emma Hardinge calls the attention of the citizens of Boston to an institution to be called "The Female Horticultural Society," which she is attempting to found exclusively for the rescue, reformation, and employment of homeless and outcast females. The design is to make the institution self-sustaining and wholly unsectarian. Miss Hardinge's plan has met the cordial approval of the leading minds in various cities of the States, and will be presented fully before a Boston audience, next Thursday evening, at Tremont Temple, when Miss Hardinge proposes to give a free lecture, explanatory of the movement, and earnestly solicits the attendance of all true philanthropists on the occasion. Notice will be given of the lecture in the day's advertisements.

We will add to the above, a statement of the fact that Miss Hardinge's movement has attracted much attention in the various places where she has lectured, and she deserves encouragement for the self-sacrifices she is making in behalf of woman.

## New Bedford.

Intelligence from this whaling city informs us that the people are not so far engrossed in the worship of the "money king" but that many of the most influential, public-spirited and liberal citizens are sustaining and carrying on a series of Spiritual lectures, in Concert Hall, every Sabbath, at which all the best lecturers and trance speakers are engaged. Dr. Charles H. Crowell, of Boston, spoke last Sabbath to crowded houses, and we learn, gave great satisfaction. Dr. C., though not ranked generally among our lecturers, has few equals in the field, and is ready to answer calls to speak when they will not interfere with his regular practice as a healing medium.

## New Music.

We have received from the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., of No. 277 Washington street, the following sheets of music, just published: "Valse de Beau Monde," by A. P. Light-hill, M. D.; "Merci Jeunes Amis," from the opera of the Sicilian Vespers, arranged for the piano and violin by George Case; "Petit Enfant," a favorite French song, by Quindant; "From Love, and Home and Thee," music by W. Guernsey; "The Old Bangle," written by J. L. Young, music by J. W. A. Cluett; "They come in Dreams"—song, words by Miss Lucy Ladd, and music by G. W. Stratton. Also Mozart's "Agnus Dei," from the First Mass, and Marcello's "Qual Andante Cervo."

## Miss Emma Hardinge.

This gifted lady medium lectured last Sabbath, afternoon and evening, to large audiences, the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. The lectures were able and instructive, and, like all her efforts, calculated to insure popularity. Miss Hardinge will occupy the same desk March 24th.

## Miss Hardinge's New Book.

This volume, the publication of which has been delayed somewhat, will be ready for delivery on or before Saturday, March 23d, and will be for sale at Allston Hall on Sunday, March 24th—Miss Hardinge's last Sabbath in Boston.

## Notice.

JOHN CRAIG, H. B. BUTLER.—You have written for books, but do not state in any of your letters the name of the town you live in. We have been waiting to see if some letter would not give us of a place to send to. We have other John Craigs on our books, as subscribers. The post-mark is seldom plain enough for us to determine by it.

## Agent.

Valentine Nicholson will solicit subscriptions for this paper in Ohio and other Western States.

## Lecturers and Lecturing.

We should judge there had been a lull in the business of lecturing, during the winter just past. It has often been a matter of wonder to us how some of the professional lecturers have held out as long as they have; we had feared even for their stock of mind and lung-power. But political complications doubtless have a great deal to do with the matter; when people are anxious about the future and straitened for the present, they are not over-inclined for mere amusement—as the most of lectures profess to be—nor do they find in the saying of lecturing men any clue to the way out of present difficulties. What we may have, in the line of attractions and novelties, next winter, it is not easy to predict. The changing times require men adapted to each new phase. It may be that the harvest for professional lectures, in this country—for this present generation at least—has already been garnered in.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Digby has read Dr. Child's book, "Whatever Is, is Right." He has no doubt of its truthfulness, for, as an illustration, he says when he was a boy he was tempted to steal an article of value from his master. He took it and locked it up in his trunk, with the intention of disposing of it on the first favorable opportunity. But something whispered to him to keep it. He did so. In the meantime the shop was robbed. But the article his master prized the most was safely returned to him. So good came out of evil. Digby's conscience has been expanding ever since.

A GOOD CUSTOM.—Women in the olden time were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture; and this practice gave origin to the word "spinster," which is now applied to maiden ladies.

A Western editor expresses his delight at having been nearly called "honey" by the girl he loves, because she saluted him as "Old Beeswax" at their last meeting.

HUMAN NATURE.—If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out, "He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If he succeeds, they beseege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

Always be at work for the attainment of an object. If the object itself is not important, the pursuit is. The fox, when caught, is worth nothing; he is followed for the pleasure of the following.

Sergeant Charles Henry Pierce, of the Engineer Corps, has been appointed a Lieutenant in the army.

A few weeks since, two sportsmen, firing simultaneously, killed sixty-seven wild geese at one shot, (four barrels,) at Montauk, Conn. Since then, more than fifty persons have been there to get the same shot, and came away with "nary goose."

Venemence creates dislike, and excessive mildness contempt. Be neither so severe as to be hated, nor so tame as to be insulted.

DISCUSSION ON SPIRITUALISM.—We understand that Mr. Treat commences a discussion, on Monday or Tuesday evening of this week, with Isaac Rehn, the able and well-known representative of Spiritualism in Philadelphia, on the question, "Whether, does man cease at death, and are the Spiritual Phenomena the work of mortals? or, does man exist after death, and are the Spiritual Phenomena the work of immortals?"—*Doston Investigator*, 13th.

## CLOUDS.

Heaven but tries our virtues by affliction,  
And oft the cloud which wraps the present hour  
Serves but to brighten all our future days.  
[Dr. Brown.]

Some writer says: "I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How, then, can they govern others? Those who govern well, are generally calm; they are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild."

What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? *Ans.*—One is an assault with intent to kill; the other, a kill with an intent to eat.

Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

Thomas Hood once admonished a gossiping Christian to beware lest her pious should prove, after all, to be nothing better than Magpie.

We are indebted to Bro. P. Butler, of Springfield, Ill., for a fine photograph of Miss Laura E. A. De-Force. Bro. B. suggests that photographers who are believers in Spiritualism would do well to send the portraits of lecturers and mediums to editors of spiritual papers, that they may form a cabinet of them. Our friend would doubtless be pleased to supply orders for duplicate copies of this pygmy, for Miss DeForce is one of the most beautiful as well as popular and gifted speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

## BRIGHT MOMENTS.

There are moments of life that we never forget.  
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;  
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,  
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

A Dutchman thinks "honesty is the best policy," but it keeps a man tam poor.

Opposition and persecution do more for a man than any seemingly good fortune. The sneers of critics develop the latent fire of the young poet. The anathemas of the angry church inflame the zeal of the reformer.

"Which is the funniest, you or I?" I, to be sure, because I'm the queerist.

Patrick O'Flannegan, being in an uncertain state, and not quite able to distinguish at a late hour of the night his own house from his neighbor's in a row of similar ones, concluded to make a bold push and trust to luck. Ascending the steps, he rang the bell, which was answered by the lady living next to him, and who knew him well.

"Can you tell me where P. Patrick O'Flannegan lives?" said he.

"Why, you are Patrick O'Flannegan," said the lady.

"Bo-botheration! I did n't ask you who Patrick O'Flannegan is; I want to know where the old chap lives."

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of men.

"Bill, that's a horrid smelling cigar you've got."  
"Oh, well, it's only a cent cigar."

"I guess that's so—especially the scent!"

When a woman intends to give a man the mitten, she generally begins by knitting her brows.

Paper neck-ties have recently been invented. Rope neck-ties for particular occasions were invented long ago.

Those who would preserve their health at this season of the year, should live on light food.

There is yet great hope that love of country will predominate over its enemies, North and South.

A wag in New York, seeing a man drive a tack into a card through the letter "t" in the word "Boston" printed on it, seized the letter and exclaimed, "Why, what are you about. Don't you know that laying 'tax' on 'tea' in Boston once caused a thundering mass there?"

There is no exception to the rule of three. As your income is to your expenditure, so will the amount of your debts be to your cash in pocket.







## The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine 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 named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from any one they recognize, write us whether true or false?

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

Thursday, Jan. 31.—Do disembodied spirits know disease and recovery? Elouezar Francis, Boston; Mary Elizabeth Cordes, Thomas Boswell, Fryeburg, 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 unfolded harmoniously? Joseph W. Layton, Boston; Michael Brady; Charles Jackson Masters; Peter Leroy.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Is Spiritism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Parsons, Dover, N. H.; Jake Moore; Mary Augusta Soward, 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 Seward, 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 Almida Whortey, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davis, New York.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—Is not American Slavery unconstitutional? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice 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 may principles are there in the economy of nature? and does not every epoch in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah S. Parker; Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Hersey.

## Eternal Happiness.

"What proof have we that the whole human family are destined to be supremely happy?"

This is the question given us to answer this afternoon.

In reply we will ask, What proof is there that man will not be supremely happy? What proof is there that man has not the elements of happiness in his own being? Nature can nowhere furnish you with this proof, but she will give us proof that man's destiny is to become happy. Live as long as he may in sorrow, that desire to become happy or to overreach the boundaries of misery, will have its effect. God implanted this power within each individual of the human family, that it might grow and bring the individual to happiness in the end. From the fact that all desire to be happy, you may know for a positive certainty that all will be happy. There is not one living in mortality, or who ever did live, who does not live in desire of happiness. Nor is there one who fully expects that God has appointed a place wherein to punish the sins of those who have sinned against him.

Some may have believed it in the external, but that belief comes only by external education. There was nothing in the soul to substantiate such a theory, and it has no immortality; and if it has none, it must die with the body, and go back to the ages whence it came.

You can have no better proof that God decrees you shall be happy, than that you have in your own being—a desire for happiness; for so sure as you have this desire, God must satisfy it. Why did he give it to you, if he did not give you wherewithal to satisfy it? Nature never wastes anything. God never bestows anything in vain. That which seems to be a mere nothing, contains the elements of eternal power.

"Lord Jesus remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Was it the simple prayer offered by the malefactor that was heard and answered by the Eternal through Jesus? No. But the internal desire for peace, for rest, for liberty, for life; and God through Jesus could not have answered in any other way. He might have said, "I demand peace and joy, for it belongs to me. Though my sins are as scarlet, I demand to be white as snow, for I desire to be happy."

Our God is a natural God, and he works through natural means continually. He places within the soul of each individual the seeds of all that is to be. When first the soul awakes to conscious life, it knows for a positive certainty that eternal happiness belongs to it. God cannot rob it of this—he has no power to do it. Believe us, he has no power to do it, for God cannot trample upon his laws any more than you can. You have no right to rise up and condemn your brother because he sins. God hath not given you anything in your composition to give you this right. He says, "I will take vengeance—not you." This simply means that the God of the individual, will attend to the demand, and carefully, too.

Now, then, oh spirit who hath questioned us, turn and look within the mirror of your own soul, and see if you cannot discover a something reflected from thence that will give you a knowledge you so much desire. From the fact that you desire it, it must come. Man is endowed with a power by which he can grasp all that is necessary for his advancement, for his peace, for his comfort, for his everlasting unfoldment. Who gave it to him? The same God whom you have been taught to believe will consign one part of his children to eternal damnation. He hath given each one this power, and by that power all must attain salvation. Believe, we say, in this God, and where does he dwell? "Lo, I am with you, and where does he dwell? "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." With you, and you, and you, each form of individualized life. And must that portion of Deity sink in eternal misery? No; it must rise; it must robe itself in garments of righteousness and immortality.

So, then, fear not, who stand quaking on the verge of the hell that hath been pictured to you. Know that it is but a picture—that there is no counterpart in your own souls; and if there is none there, hell cannot be real; and the same God who calleth to all his creatures continually, who sendeth forth his every creature every hour, who bringeth into new life every moment, will not at any time so forget himself as to fail to answer your demands—his child, his subject; so ask him for eternal happiness and if he be God, he must give it you. Jan. 26.

## Elijah White.

It's pretty hard work. I've come here from New Haven. My name was Elijah White. I was nineteen years old. I've been dead as now about six weeks. I made a promise to come here just as soon as I could. I've tried to come before, but I could not do it. I was sick about thirteen months. My folks are all disbelievers in Spiritualism, but I believed it. They said if I would come and appear like myself, they would believe.

I gave my mother a copy of the "Harmonical Philosophy" just before I died. I knew she had never dared to read it, but she promised me before I died that she would read it. I give this only as proof that I remember it, and that I come here.

You will oblige me by saying I have but very little power here, and was unable to say all I wanted to. I seem to have almost lost the power to make sound. I didn't speak a loud word for something like seven months before I died. Jan. 26.

## Jackson T. Elton.

I have endeavored, through a variety of ways, to reach my brother, who is residing in Philadelphia, but I have been unsuccessful, and was obliged to come here as a last resort. I am not partial to the public way in which we are obliged to come; but sometimes avail ourselves of what we do not exactly like.

I wish to hold communication with William Elton, of Philadelphia. My own name was Jackson T. Elton. I lived to be sixty-one years old. I have no

one thing in particular to speak of to him, but I think I can give him some general information that will be just what he needs now.

I have lost sight of some of my relations that were transplanted before myself, and I suppose it is because they had more faith than I did, or have not so strong a desire to communicate with earth's people as I have.

I was a paper manufacturer by occupation; did not do much business for some few years before I gave up all of earth.

Now, if you will be so kind as to publish my poor letter, I shall feel under obligations to you. I suppose it might have been disease of the heart I died of. I went to sleep, and did not know when the change took place. I was found a corpse on the following morning. The story in regard to my death that was quite rife shortly after my death, is totally untrue. I had no desire to take my own life, nor did I do so. I will give you the year of my death, if that will answer you—1847.

I speak slow, because I would not use my own body any better than in this way. Jan. 26.

## Samuel Adams.

I come back to get a little information. I have been to you before—some time ago. I want to know what is to be done in case a pensioner dies? Well, suppose the State of Massachusetts was indebted to me for a certain amount of pension money—I want to know if they ought not to pay it to my heirs? The State never manifested a desire to be just to me. I have got those who are relatives to me who are no better off than I was. They attempted to deny owing me; but if I had lived long enough, I should have proved my claims. I know they owe me, and I want to know if they have not a right to pay those I left. I proved my service, but they did not consider it positive proof. I never could learn exactly what the trouble was. They were always going to see to it, but never did.

I was in the war of 1812. I got disabled in it; and I thought I'd come back and see if I could make anything out of it. I tried a good while at it here; but the longer I tried, the further off I got. I think the laws of Massachusetts are bad.

If I could only get the law to recognize my rights, it's all I can do.

I suppose this is but another one of the trials that would amount to anything. I had a great many of them here.

If there is any chance of my folks getting my pension money, I want them to. If they can't, I'll not trouble myself about it any longer. It's been a thorn in the flesh to me for years, and I will be done with it now.

Me happy? Yes, I'm as happy as I can be now. I'd like to get my pension, for I'd then see my folks better off, and that would make me happy.

My name was Samuel Adams. I lived in Boston, and was a wire-worker. I kept in Devonshire street, once in Water street, and in Federal street. I ain't going to tell about my injuries. I always got mad when I talked of them. I was old enough to know a great deal. I was only mistaken in one thing; that was, I didn't believe in any hereafter. In this I was mistaken.

I don't like your laws at all—they are rotten all through—there is n't a sound limb clear through. There's one terrible thing that ought to be done away with—surmising a thing to be true, and then reporting it as a fact.

I'm particularly angry Massachusetts. Yes, it's my native place—wish it wasn't.

It won't be any use to trouble my head about that pension money any more, will it? Good day, then. Jan. 26.

## Ada Augusta Doane.

I wish to communicate with William Doane, in New York. My name was Ada Augusta Doane. William Doane was my father. I was fourteen years old. I died of disease of the throat, two and a half years ago. I have a mother and two sisters with me.

My father is a wine merchant. I have communicated once in writing, and for a while I thought my father would meet me and let me speak with him; but he's forgotten to do so, and I have waited until I am weary, and I thought if I came here and spoke, I would meet him this way. I will describe myself, so he may know it to be me.

I was very slim and straight; had light brown hair, and dark blue eyes. I had a scar on my left hand. I was burned when I was very small. If my father will please to pay attention to my coming here, he will make me very happy.

That's all, sir. Jan. 26.

## The Soul.

"What is the highest manifestation of the soul? and is the soul of the atheist immortal?"

Love is the highest, the grandest, the noblest manifestation. Not that which is bounded on all sides by two humans, not that which is limited, but a love as infinite as Jehovah—a love that can look upon all the unfoldments of nature, and say, "I love you because God has made you." A love that will stretch forth its hand at all times to save humanity—a love that will wander through hell, if need be, to save the children of the Father—a love that will look with soft eyes upon all God's creatures—a love that owns no enemies, that stands in opposition to none. This we conceive to be the highest manifestation of the soul.

When Jesus was passing through the agonies of death, then that highest manifestation was given. Every other act of his life might have been pure and holy, but none bore so much resemblance to God, to the Divine, as that legation to the human race, at his last hour. After thirty years of sorrow and despair, coming up to Calvary's Mount to be crucified by his enemies, behold what a Divine unfoldment was there! When the soul was crushed beneath the iron heel of opposition, it gave forth its most holy income, and it gave it forth in this wise: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Can you conceive of a higher unfoldment, of anything more Godlike—anything that stands above it? Look from the very depths of your soul, and ask from thence if you can have a conception of anything more grand and noble?

Love, pure and undelfied, that giveth to all their meat in due season, that carrieth in the right hand the sceptre of charity continually; that saith to all the sons and daughters of God, "Ye are mine in brotherhood; though you stand in opposition to me in thought, I love you."

Now the soul gives out these manifestations, and unfolds itself in this way better when crushed than at any other time. When the waves of sorrow roll over it, and darkness closes around it, the tomb of darkness brings out oftentimes that glorious and grand manifestation, love—infinite in its nature, boundless, eternal, having no beginning, no ending. Oh, what is higher, what is holier! We can conceive of nothing. If our questioner can, he stands outside the pale of humanity as connected with Divinity.

Is the soul of the atheist immortal? In the first place, we inform our questioner that there are no atheists; there never was one, there never will be one. The soul prohibits it, the God of man denounces it. The internal never did disclose it, and never will, even if the external approve it. You may wrap yourself up in the belief in the external form, and yet in the internal you do believe in a Supreme Intelligence. Inasmuch as God hath made you, he hath given you this grand principle, and nothing can rob you of it.

If the atheist have a soul at all, it is immortal, for all souls are. If he has once been admitted into conscious life, he can never pass out of it. He may disbelieve as long as he pleases in the external, yet he is immortal, and destined one day to believe in the same God that is recognized by the flower, the tree, the rock, the sea, the air. Everything that is sounding out praises to God, he, the atheist, must one day harmonize with.

Can you find for one instant one who claimed to be an atheist, who passed from this life without ever giving a hope, at least, of a Supreme Father? No, you cannot find even one of the individualized souls who have passed beyond the physical, will prove.

If man would know more of his soul and better of his God, he must study more the unfoldment of the soul. He must not take the words for truth, but

he must study the act, and not only one act, but every act, and see if he does not find in every son and daughter of God, a hope proven at least in the existence of a Divine Intelligence.

Go where you will in the darkest shade of human life, and even there something is recognized higher than the human. Stop down in the human scale as far as you will, and there is a force even there which recognizes an almighty Power—perhaps not the Power you recognize, but one adapted to the individual, and just as true to that soul as is your God to you.

Inasmuch as Jehovah claims all men, he has given all an internal belief in him, if not in the external.

These external things are but poor realities when compared with the internal. They are but the fruit of a variety of conditions and circumstances. If you would know the man or woman in spirit, study not the one act or word, but all; and, in so doing, you shall read the true Jehovah.

Love! what a divine manifestation! When it shall be more perfectly unfolded in the human family, how glorious the result! Inharmony, discord and war, such as now exist, shall be known no more; Love shall sit upon the throne of judgment, where Revenge now sitteth.

When love shall be better unfolded, heaven shall be upon earth, and the sons and daughters who are clothed upon with flesh, shall better know their God, and shall know more of joy; and love shall be as a sea of glass, which shall reveal the glories of the future life. For lo! it hath the key to all the chambers of heaven, and it alone can open them.

Oh, listen to it as it comes to you in the soft voice of charity. It shall lead you to the holiest of temples, where you shall commune with God.

Love, then, is the highest unfoldment of soul, according to our conception. And there are no atheists, and never can be any, and every soul must be immortal, because they are Gods of themselves. Jan. 26.

## Isaiah S. Keith.

How strange things turn out. I always imagined I should have the privilege of walking the earth in bodily form again. I supposed it would be my own body that would be raised; but instead of that, we borrow bodies for the time being.

I was drowned in the Kennebec eleven years since this time. My name was Isaiah S. Keith. I claim Kennebec, Me., as my native place, or former home. I was then, thirty-nine years old—eleven years ago. There seems to be a great drawing from earth to us, and the crowds are immense who are passing from our place to their old homes. I have been told this was in consequence of the proper condition of the earth to receive disembodied spirits. It is better adapted to their reception now than at any time before.

It would seem it is natural in more than one way. It is from the condition of earth and the condition of the minds on earth, and that of those who are divested of the mortal body. From my early youth I was subject to what might be called fits. I think I am right in saying that I was attacked with one of them when I was drowned. I will here give a little account of my feelings after I was first separated from my body. It will be interesting, even if my friends do not believe in my coming.

My first sensation after being immersed in water, was as if a great multitude of horsemen were passing over me—the surface of the water being as hard glass, on which the horsemen could ride. It seemed to me as if every one that passed over me must touch me. The noise was terrible! After this passed away, I had a desire to sleep, I was so very weary. I seemed to feel a sense of weariness creeping over me; and if I had been resting after a hard day's work, on a bed of down, I'd not have felt easier. And I hoped those people would not return again with their great noise, for they would disturb me. After that, I found myself standing about a foot from the water, supported by the air, and yet I appeared as much myself as I ever was. And I was struggling with an intense desire to grapple my body and draw it to myself. The desire to gather it to myself, as though I had been separated from it, was terrible. I soon saw I had no control of it, but had somehow or other miraculously escaped from it, and I thought "I have got two bodies; and if I ever reclaim the other, what shall I do with them? Shall I walk about with two bodies?" All these thoughts passed through my mind—for mind I had. I cannot tell how long I remained in this condition; but wherever my body floated, I seemed to have a desire to place myself directly over it. I suppose the attraction had not been severed. After remaining in that condition, what seemed to be hours, I looked about me with a desire to get away from that place, and immediately I recognized my oldest brother standing by me—Joseph. He called me by name, and said he was glad to see me here, but sorry to see me under such circumstances.

"Do you know the folks are very anxious about you?" he asked.

I had never thought of that. "What?" said I, "am I not to control my body again?"

He answered me that I should have known that, by the ineffectual efforts I had been making to control it.

My brother then asked me where I would like to go.

Well, I told him, I would like to go where he wished to take me.

"Then I will take you home."

"What!" said I, "have you not forgotten it, so long ago?"

"No," said he; "we frequently go there."

Then I asked him what he had done with his body, for I never thought but he used that.

"I had done with that long ago," said he.

I seemed to have a dread of going to my friends, and he said he could not take me, unless my will or desire was strong enough.

"What!" said I, "cannot you take me there?"

"No," said he, "there is no law of force here. I cannot take you to any place you do not desire to go—you have done with the law of force."

Then, said I, I have a desire to rest. And with that he took me to a place where I soon found some I had known on earth, and I rested so sweetly!

I seemed to be partly conscious and partly unconscious. A complete picture of my life passed slowly before me. Yet it did not make me unhappy, although I saw many dark spots upon it.

"Why should these dark spots make you unhappy?" said my friends, "as they were natural to you, and you but lived out your nature in them?"

This was so different from my religion, that I was lost in wonder.

This is a part of my experience. If I could get a private interview with my friends, I would give them more of it, and prove myself to them; and, more than all, I would give them something to take away all fear of death, and make them happier than they have been since they have arrived at years of discretion.

I'll thank you for writing for me, and hope to see you again. Jan. 29.

## Sarah Hanscomb.

I hope I shall be as fortunate as some others. I wish to communicate with reference to my brother's children. He is unable to, and for that reason I desire to.

My name was Sarah Hanscomb. I lived at Elliot, Maine. My brother's name was Stephen. There were seven children left without a father to care for them, and it may seem strange we have not made an effort in their behalf, before. We will here say that we have made many efforts. We sometimes sow seeds that spring up, and at other times we sow seeds that do not spring up.

We wish those children to know something of the better land; we wish them to be spiritually educated. It is as easy to educate them spiritually, as materially. We have suffered because of our dark spiritualities, and we have returned to ask that others may have the light.

There are other members of our family who have come with spiritual wisdom; but myself and the father of the children wandered in darkness for a time, because our education was too material. We were taught of the Christ and God of the church; but the true Christ and God of humanity we knew nothing about. We worshipped on a plane

too material, and these children are being brought up in the same manner, and we return to ask that light be shed upon their pathway.

Those of our family who have entered our spiritual home later than ourselves, are more happy than we are, because they came with more light. And now, that it shines for all, once more before I leave I will ask the guardian of the children to see to it, that spirituality is given them, that they may come up to the higher life, knowing where they are coming and whom they are going to meet—not a few who stand ready to assuage their sins and weaknesses, but the whole party of humanity who have been set apart from the flesh. We want them to know this, because we want them to find comfort after they come to this sphere. Jan. 20.

## James Good.

My name was James Good. I was here some weeks ago, and requested an interview with Thomas Lord, of Hartford. Simply say I come here, requesting an interview. I don't care when I get it, so that I get it under favorable circumstances; but have it I will. As far as he is concerned, it won't make much difference whether he held the same body he now does, or after he leaves it; but so far as I am concerned, it does make some difference. Jan. 29.

## Susan Cassell.

My name was Susan Cassell. My father lives up in Southam street. I was nine years old when I died. I can't help laughing, it seems so funny here. I've got a white body now—is it going to be mine always? My father's name is William, and mother's name is Ellen. You can go where you want to, here, can't you? When I was sick, a year ago, I had hot spells; and that's what I died of. Father wants me to come back, and he'd give me a first-rate medium to talk with. He wanted me to come where all the white folks come first; and I got a white body. My head ain't curly now. I used to brush and grease my hair to make it straight. I want so black as my father and mother; yet I was just as good to be black; but I wanted to get white, like other folks. It was n't good when the boys and girls only you nigger.

Tell my father I came here, but I had to laugh to see I'd grown white as soon as I wanted to. My father is a barber. He told me to tell you he'd sell you good hair oil, if I'd come here. His shop is most up to Roxbury. Jan. 20.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## TO MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

Suggested by her lecture at "Bryan Hall," Chicago, in behalf of the homeless and abandoned females.

Dear lady! pardon me the crime  
If I in careless, awkward rhyme  
Crave just a moment of thy time  
From duties high and holy:

With throbbing heart and tearful eye  
I listened to thy thrilling cry  
For those left in the streets to die—  
The homeless and the lowly.

Oh, falter not, but onward press,  
'Till all they hope of happiness  
For thy frail sisters in distress  
Shall ripen to fruition:

The wreath of fame thou may'st not win,  
But she—the saved from shame and sin—  
The poor discarded Magdalen,  
Will breathe a deep petition.

And bless thy name, and hourly pray  
That God will guard thee every day,  
And send thee strength to aid alway  
Each erring child of sorrow.

The rich will heed thy righteous call—  
For rich and poor alike may fall—  
And wealth, at least, but "buys the pall"  
That poverty must borrow."

But faint not, though the proud pass by  
With lofty and averted eye  
For God will prosper all who try  
To walk in paths of duty.

Thy toil is in a noble cause,  
And earnest men will surely pause,  
And lend their aid till justice laws  
Shall drape our earth in beauty.

May more of hope, and less of fear,  
Repay thy toil from year to year;  
May gentle spirits linger near,  
Thy footsteps ever guiding:

May heaven aid thy grand design,  
May charity and truth combine,  
Until the light of love shall shine  
More steadfast and abiding.

I trust thou'lt live to greet the day,  
When thousands taught by thee to pray,  
And counseled when inclined to stray  
From virtue's peaceful places

Are gathered in some safe retreat,  
Where fragrant flowers the senses greet—  
Where music, low and soft and sweet,  
With smiles shall wreath their faces.

Chicago, Feb. 19, 1861. G. P. R.

## The President a Spiritualist.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer is responsible for the following:—

"It so happened that Conklin, the celebrated test medium, was in town the day that President Lincoln arrived on his way to Washington. Being a Republican himself, and not wishing to run an opposition to the distinguished visitor, he broke up his own leaves at the 'Johnson,' to attend that of the President at the 'Weddell.' The moment he sat eyes on the lion of the occasion, he recognized in him a very peculiar individual he had formerly met at his rooms in New York, but at the time did not know his name. He used to come alone, sit silently, and depart quietly. On one occasion he got an extraordinary test, which was thus chronicled in 'The Spiritualist,' published in New York at the time:—

## A GOOD TEST.

A gentleman called upon Mr. Conklin on the evening of March 21st, for the purpose of communicating with his spirit friends; and after asking some twenty mental questions, all of which were correctly answered, he wrote the following questions:—

"Can you inform me of Mr. K.'s condition?"  
It was answered—"Yes, he is present now."  
Q.—"When did he die?"  
A.—"Yesterday morning; he is happy, but cannot communicate yet."

The gentleman stated that Mr. K. was a friend of his, and that he had left him three days previously, in Wisconsin, twelve hundred miles distant—said by his physician to be fast recovering from a long and severe illness.

The gentleman called again the next morning, and stated that a brother-in-law of Mr. K.'s had just received a telegraphic dispatch, informing him of the death of Mr. K. on the morning mentioned by the spirit.

Here was intelligence received twelve hours in advance of the dispatch, of an event which had occurred twelve hundred miles distant. (Savans, please explain.)

"Mr. Conklin says that Mr. Lincoln is the identical 'gentleman' referred to in the above extract—that he remembers him from his peculiarities of person, his frequent calls, and as the recipient of this particular test. So with this link of connection established between the spheres, spiritual association with the patriots of the past, thus availing himself of the wisdom of the two worlds, President Lincoln ought to have his political pathway so enlightened as to give the country assurances of perpetual union and peace."

An old lady stepped into one of the stores of New Haven the other day, and after looking for some time at a pile of water pipes lying in the gutter, exclaimed: "It is indeed an awful state of things, when we are obliged to have cannons piled up in our streets."

## Correspondence.

## Apparitions and Spiritualism.

A constant reader, and sincere admirer of your paper would respectfully solicit a little light on the following items:

1st. In Chambers' Information for the People, Vol. 2, page 326, we have an account of the burning of Bessy Dunlop, on a charge of witchcraft. She avowed that her familiar was one Thome Reid, the ghost of a soldier slain at Purkie, in 1547, and who, after his death, seems to have become an inmate of old-land. She related that Thome Reid, who appeared frequently to her in the likeness of an elderly man, gray-coated, and gray-bearded, wished her to go with him to the fairy country, and gave her herbs to cure various diseases. On the same page is an account of Allison Pearson, who admitted her familiarity with fairies, from whom she frequently received herbs for the cure of disease, and that Patrick Adamson, who was created Archbishop of St. Andrews by James VI., actually took the medicine prescribed by this woman, by which he believed that his illness was transferred to one of his horses.

Now if these, and many other cases that might be given, were mere delusions, and not real cases of obsession, may not the speaking, seeing, healing, and other mediums of the present day, be laboring under a similar delusion? and may not those who take, and believe in the efficacy of the prescriptions of Mrs. Mettler, and others, be placed on the same footing with Archbishop Adamson? Is the spirit-land any more a reality, than fairy-land and old-land? If intercourse with departed spirits is a reality now, may it not have been then? and without the enlightening and liberalizing influence of science, brought to bear on the human mind since the days of James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England, might not Mrs. Conant, Cora Hatch, and a host of other mediums, share the same fate of Bessy Dunlop, and Allison Pearson, whose familiar or guardian spirits could not save them from the stake and the fog? Let us hear something on this subject through the BANNER.

2







## Banner of Light.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL,  
BOSTON.

Sunday, March 10th, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge continued her series of lectures at Allston Hall, Boston, before overflowing audiences, on Sunday, the 10th inst.

## AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The theme of the afternoon's discourse was "The Law of God and the Laws of Man," and the text selected, "One generation passeth and another cometh, but the earth remaineth forever."

The genius of the age is changed. No more have we the mere recession and advance of the waves of progress; change is now the spirit of the universe. There is a marked difference in the efforts of all reformers of this age, from those of any which have preceded. The attempt is no longer to establish some reformatory scheme, or to legislate through old forms. There is a spirit of restless inquiry abroad. Not in the mere spirit of change are they asking, in the true spirit of reformation, whether a better standard, yet unimagined, does not exist. It is the belief that there is such a standard, that, while the generations pass away, that remains forever, which informs the efforts of the friends of progress of this day. In all the present modes of reform, or attempts at reform, those who strive to educate the people are no longer seeking to imbue the mind of youth with their favorite ideas, but to search for the spring of influence and character in the mind of youth. It is no longer "Thus saith the Lord," but, "What saith the Lord."

"One generation passeth and another cometh, but the earth remaineth forever." And it is here that there is a difference between the laws of God and of man, between the finite and the infinite, between the temporary and the eternal. The most permanent foundation, the best rule, for human institutions, is to be found in the magnificent scheme of God's eternal handiwork. Government is a part of the divine order of things. The most powerful minds, by necessity, gravitate to government and legislation. The element of government is found in the human hold. The father, the judgment and strength, the father, to whom is entrusted the supply of the wants of the family, the lawgiver, the ruler, the monarch. The mother, representing the loves and the affections, the delicate tendrils of human feeling that are wound about the heart. In the relations of father and mother and child we have the perfection of government. The great Father of the universe we call the Father God. Everywhere we find, in the external world, the Mother Nature. In her grand scheme of provision there seems to be recognition of our necessities, and gathering them up, she presents them to the Eternal Father, in one grand prayer. All the wealth of the harvests of the earth are a daily answer to the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." So in earthly government. Every government the earth has ever known is formed upon the model of the family government, and only in proportion to its exact adherence to this model does it contain the elements of permanence.

The magistrate is placed in his position, in the divine order, not for his own benefit, for his own aggrandizement, but for that of the people. Again, there are grouped the legislative authorities of the nation, representing the mother principle. Here are the wants and necessities and cries of the people, all represented in the many voices of the many that surround the one man. Just so long as and so far as the people are happy, the monarch is good, and the legislators are the ministering spirits. There was a day, long ago, when the scheme of patriarchal government realized this ideal. All the governments of earth have finally fallen. It was because the chief magistrate ceased to be the father, because the laws he gave him around in protection, because his power has been rendered inoperative. It is the sword of selfishness, that has severed the ties between the people and their ruler.

Precisely the same Divine order underlies the institutions of commerce and science. How is commerce perverted! In the Divine order of God it was destined to outwork its benefit from the highest laws. It is one universal system of fraud to obtain the largest return for the smallest outlay. Is this the love of God? Think not thou wilt escape if another suffers from thy fault. There is not a star that shines on the remotest rim of space, but is anchored close within the heart of God, and sustained by His almighty love. Not one spark can be turned from its place without the destruction of the whole. And yet we fancy that when we legislate for one, and not for another, we are injuring those only who are directly affected by our action. The anguish of broken hearts passes into the heart of all. This air is charged with sighs, and thick with human tears, and all proceeds from the violation of the law of Divine government.

There is, too, a social law, not less potent than the others. Our social law permits us to bestow our society, or gifts, or wealth, only on those already stored with the good things of earth. In the customs of society is a danger stronger than any that ever fettered a felon. Does the law of God accord with this?

Next comes the law of religion, which should expound all other laws. But read the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Aye, surely this is the law. Look abroad, and see if your God is not a unit. Where is He? Ask if He be the God of the Presbyterians or the God of the Universalists, whether He has fashioned ten thousand million curious little creatures with all the wonder of a soul and all the wondrous mechanism of the human structure, little sinless creatures that never spoke but the one simple word Mamma—ask whether it can be the God who condemns uncounted millions of such as these to perish in eternal destruction, so terrible that were there one soul beneath your feet, at this moment, in the torments of an Orthodox hell, you would, every one of you, break through the crust of earth and tear down, with your hands, to the lowest depth of hell, to snatch him from his awful fate. Is it the God who condemns His blue-eyed children to that doom? Is it the God of Saul, or the God of Paul? The God of Saul applauded him when he held the clothes of righteous Steven, and the God of Paul denounced him unless he should turn his other cheek too, when he was smitten. In every age, every clime, we find the same variation. We must know God before we can obey the law.

"Thou shalt worship no graven image." Why, then, destroy the forms of beauty; for if love is worship, God himself has stamped upon your hearts the instinctive worship of beauty.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Where is the land of the homeless wanderer? Give him a chance to obey this law, and it will be only his dutiful children that will live long. Do not the disobedient sometimes extend their life to the longest period of human existence, while the good and dutiful die young? This commandment will not work.

"Thou shalt not steal," nor kill, nor covet thy neighbor's goods. Remember this, poor-hungry rogue, that, looking on the rich stores of provision, first covetest, then steal, and then kill to defend their act. No man steals that does not first covet; no man kills that does not so because he either wishes to steal, or has first stolen. The covetous thought in the heart steals and whets the knife of murder. Remember, then, all ye that break these three commandments—they are the most divine, they are founded upon the most sovereign of all God's just and immutable laws. Yet human laws permit the monarch to cast a wishful eye on the possessions of his subjects, and make him a legalized coveter, thief, and murderer. The laws are founded on Divine order, but they do not work. At every step the partial laws of man contravene them, and impede their execution.

But the world is everywhere demanding a better, a nobler standard of right than man has set up in his Cakes and Blackstones, or in his social and scientific institutions.

There are laws of science, too. And while

God's institutions are eternal, science, with the word "impossible," shuts the gates through which angels are bringing of heaven to earth.

The great law taught by Jesus, and on which the universe was founded before man was, is the law of simple justice. The rocks teach it you. They give forth their debris to fertilize the earth, and this clothes them, in turn, in beauty. The very flowers teach it you; it loves the leaf that unfolds its bud; when it laughs in the face of the joyous sun, it returns, in its beauty, its sweet perfume to gladden the day. The air teaches it you; the winds that sweep off pestilence carry away the spices of Arabia on their wings. The metals teach it you; they give you use proportionate to the care and labor you give them. And so does the ground, and so does every voiceless thing that God has made. The little child, the school-boy, the young maid, teach it you in their gratitude for kindness and love. The man of commerce grows old and gray beneath the time-worn, corrupt human institutions, and he is the only one who rebels and rebels against this law. In his selfish isolation, he cares only for himself. He alone is the suffering one of earth that stands a victim to the laws of man. He stands outside the joyous smile of nature; he stands corrupt in all his institutions. The moment he abandons the law of kindness and equal justice, he places himself in the situation of him or her he injures, and forgets that the royal law of everything in nature is to do to one another as you are done by.

O reformers! let our parting words, then, give you hope! The earth remaineth forever; generations and human institutions are passing away; but the earth, and her glorious law of love, her kind and tender law of justice, remain forever. She is the bride of God, the mother of you all. Go to her and learn of her, and then you will cease to say, the laws of God and man; for all shall be, forever and forever, the laws of God.

## EVENING DISCOURSE.

"The Life and Times of Satan, or the Kingdom of Hell and its King," was the subject announced for the evening's lecture.

Before the lecture, Miss Harding read from the Bible passages descriptive of the Devil of the Old and New Testaments, and, also, popular accounts of the Devil as regarded in the superstitions of various modern nations, with a passage from Bailey's Festus, embodying the conceptions of the arch-fiend entertained in the nineteenth century. The text of the discourse was:

"I have chosen you twelve; and one of you is a devil."

The idea of a pure malignant impersonation of evil, a personal devil, such an one as this Scripture has described, such an one as for eighteen hundred years has lashed into obedience the groaning children of humanity, would appear almost too gross, too contemptible, to deal with, in the nineteenth century, were it not for the fact that his reverend name is still universally current among men—the old theological rod yet held up to men. In these days of science, with such knowledge as we have of the Creator's ways, we yet are called upon to confide with the idea of a kingdom and king of pure, unmitigated evil. In reverence to that God who is Love, in reverence to that dear Name that in all ages has welled up from the inmost heart of frail, weak, trembling humanity, as it has extended its arms to the Infinite, with the yearning cry—"Abba, Father!"—we desire to know whence comes this cant of evil, this spectre conjured up from the dark theologies of the past, terrorizing the soul of man in the name of the kingdom of hell and its king.

It is to be remembered that we have a very strong antagonism to encounter. If there is no Devil, there is no need of salvation, we need not the interposition of any power with God, to save us; Him who made we believe strong enough to preserve. It follows, then, from this reasoning, that if we dismiss our Devil, we dismiss our scheme of salvation, with its necessity; and, therefore, the foundations of our churches; and with our churches we set aside our priests; ergo, we have to contend with our priests. It is the same in our scholastic and in our theological system. The child can observe for himself; kindness may teach him; but so long as a rod is necessary, we must have a schoolmaster to administer it, and schools in which the schoolmaster can act; ergo, if we dismiss our rod we loosen the very foundations of our schools, and dispense with schoolmasters.

First, of the origin and birth of this evil spirit. Here we enter upon a plane of mystery. Here we find a very marked confusion in the tangled web of creation. We find mismanagement, somewhere, but are almost at a loss to trace its beginning.

It is related that the world was created in six days, and at the end of that period God saw everything that he had made; and behold, it was very good. Shortly after the dawn of the seventh day commences the personal history of our first parents; and very soon after their advent on the stage of life, we take up the history of the old serpent, who, a later revelation informs us, was really the Devil—although the Book of Genesis does not say so. The time is very short between the sixth day, when all things were pronounced "very good," and the Fall; and yet, during that brief period, theology declares there was a tremendous war in Heaven, a mighty conflict, during which Lucifer succeeded in drawing to his side a third part of the host of Heaven, and descended bodily into an already prepared abyss, termed Hell, with its caverns, and pitfalls, and oceans of fire. No history is given of the creation of this ether world. And this transcendent battle must have occurred between the time when God pronounced creation very good, and when he found it very bad indeed.

We are told, in modern phraseology, that there is no condition of evil, however dark or painful, of which Satan is not the father. Naturally arises the question—who was the father of Satan, and whence did he come? The answer is obvious and inevitable. And here we find either a great misunderstanding on the part of the Creator, or else the possibility of creating a power that (which Fetus declares impossible) should be actually co-equal with himself. Is it possible that our God, in fashioning perfection so radiantly bright, was necessitated to create equal imperfection? Such an assumption must limit either His wisdom or His power. Nevertheless, from this contingency we cannot logically escape. Hence we find it best to ask very few questions about the origin of Satan.

His appearance on the stage of human life presents other difficulties. We find him tempting our first parents—to do what?—to become wise—"Be come as gods." Afterward we find the Heavenly Council remonstrating amongst themselves, against the possibility of man's advancing any further. "He is become as one of us," they say. Ah, is it so? were there more Creators than one? Perhaps one was the author of man, and another the author of Satan.

Here follows the tale of the fall of man, and his persistent degeneracy. In order to dispose of this disagreeable possibility that man should suddenly become too good, too perfect, too great, he must be driven out of Paradise. Later in the world's history, the Creator, surprised and overwhelmed that his machine does not work well, determines to destroy the whole race by a flood. But fearing, possibly, that another race like the first could not be produced, a portion are saved. But even in the life of the only one who was deemed worth saving, we start the new generation with a drunkard and one accursed.

What can be expected, afterward, but a constant triumph of the power of the tempter? Age after age, we find Satan rising higher and higher in the scale of authority, and man, and, of course, the Creator, sinking lower and lower! The rest may be related in one of those figures which will not insult the sacred name that we have used—Creator. We find a sculptor fashioning statues that do not answer his expectation. He first dashes them in pieces, then re-creates them from the fragments of the old, and when, at last, they persistently refuse, in their immobility and impossibility, to perform functions that he has not assigned them, the sculptor cuts himself in two, one half descends to earth

and becomes a statue, and calls upon the race to destroy him, that the other half may be appeased. This is the scheme that has grown out of the creation, or the impersonation, of the ancient myth concerning the origin of evil.

Let us now endeavor to ascertain whether in any respect the history of this personage conforms with the character theology has stamped upon it. After the tale of Paradise, the next mention of Satan is in the poem of Job. In this poem there is a marked change of ideas, however uniformly of terms may have been preserved. Satan appears amongst the sons of God, reporting himself free, and absolutely acting with the power and in the capacity of an agent of the Ever-living Father of the race. It is by His permission that he tempts Job; and the result is to prove the worth of Job. We should never have had the legend of the patient man, the story of his long-suffering and endurance, had not the notion of Satan called it forth. Satan, here, then, is the fire in which the thrice refined gold of Job's character was tried, which else might have lain in the quartz forever.

The Devil next plays a part in the history of Ahab and Jehoshaphat. We are told that King Ahab desired to go up to battle, and, wishing to know whether he should be successful, sent for a certain number of prophets, to report to him. Accordingly, we are then introduced to a Heavenly council, where once again the sons of God, or spirits surrounding His throne, take counsel with the Infinite One concerning the best means of enticing Ahab to his ruin! Obviously, the power of the Being who had created Ahab was insufficient to control his fortunes. He needed the advice of one of his ministers, and receives it in the proposition of one who offers to be a lying spirit, and go out into the mouths of Ahab's four hundred prophets, and entice him to his destruction. Was this the act of God, or not? If it was not, then revise your Bible; for there it stands recorded as the act of the Maker of the Universe. You talk of the father of lies—which was the father of lies then?

The next appearance of this theological demon is in the temptation in the Wilderness. In this narration we learn that the Devil took the Sinless One, up into a high mountain, and tempted him. In one gospel, Satan is represented as offering the government of the kingdoms of the earth on his own account; in another, he offers it by permission. Here is either some great mistake on the part of the transcriber, or some falling off in the character of the inspiration. But still, we find the story repeated of Satan amongst the sons of God; while the brightness and purity of him, whether he withstood the Satan of his own heart, whether he battled with that Devil which he proclaimed, with his own truthful lips, was a bad man, and a bad man only, or with a real, personal fiend—still shines out from the temptation alone could have revealed. O ye strong and mighty, that have never fallen, have ye never been tempted? Ye that have written yourselves immortal, and that have come out from the fire of temptation, bless your God that amongst His shining sons ever stands the tempter, Satan, and that the foundations of Heaven are laid in the Kingdom of Hell, or darkness.

We are told by St. John that the Devil was the old serpent—the same with the famous dragon, whom again and again modern commentators obstinately persist in locating in the skies. The blending of religious and astronomical ideas, in past ages, still retains its influence on modern creeds and formulas. It is obvious that the great dragon of the Revolution is nothing more nor less than a splendid constellation heralding in the darkness of Winter.

Thus much for the Jewish Scriptures. When we take up the traditions of other nations with regard to the Fall, we enter a region still more mysterious—absolutely mythical. In the barbarisms of India, and the mystic savagisms of Egypt, there is no absolute personality defined as the embodiment of pure evil. Siva the Destroyer, of the Hindoos, was also the Reproductor. Typhon, the Destroyer, of the Egyptians, was the twin-brother of Osiris, the Lord of Heat. At first the dreaded deity of tempest and inundation—when the Egyptians found that the yearly deluge was the cause of the fertilization of Egypt, they grew ashamed of their Typhon, and, coming to regard him as a good, wise, and beneficent god, made him the Judge of the Dead. So with the conception of an evil spirit in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans; the hateful and loathsome deities were the sons and daughters of Jove, each one an instrument in the hand of the Supreme for the instruction and benefit of the race.

But we are indebted wholly to Christianity for the creation of a personal Devil. And not until the death of the Master, not until the Pentecostal days were done and the tongues of fire had ceased to blaze—not until an age of bigotry and prejudice, does the orthodox Satan of our time become a part of human belief. Hitherto, we find him among the sons of God, or shining among the stars of Heaven, and doing the work of his Maker. But from the days when Christianity grew strong and powerful, and it became necessary to rule the consciences of men, within and without the Church, with a rod of iron, the Devil became impersonated in just the requisite form.

In the advent of Milton, we find a marked era in the history and appearance of this mighty personage. Whether by Providential dispensation or through the machinations of the Adversary, that hapless genius was early doomed to grope through life in utter darkness. Whatever the cause, the result was a magnificent one. If thou didst it, O Satan, thou didst well deserve to stand amidst the sons of God! For with the close of the physical eyes, there came a splendid illumination of the spiritual eyes of the man, until Heaven was opened to his view, and the archangelic hosts stood in shining array before him. He wrote the history of the skies, and saw and felt and knew what he wrote. The glorious conflict of the seasons, the mighty war waged in the human heart—all this was spread out before the illumined mind of Milton, and gave that stamp to his splendid conception of Lucifer, that elevated him at once from the low, mean, grovelling fiend to the resplendent Prince of the Air. This was the work which the Devil performed by striking out the eyes of Milton, who rewarded him by immortalizing him, raising him from a demon to a hero. From this time our Lucifer's character and personage is changed. He is now a splendid angel—"not less than an angel ruined."

"In shape and gesture proudly eminent." We behold him in all his fallen majesty, and weep with him.

"Such tears as angels weep."

All this grand panorama of angelic existence is traceable to the famous astronomical religion of the skies. The ancients, accustomed to observe only surface truths, found their beneficent divinity whatever was capable of ministering to their physical and aesthetic requirements. The sun was the fertilizer, the cause of that Summer which to them was life and redemption. Therefore they believed that the sole God and the sole Creator was that god whom they supposed to inhabit the sun. Without a god of evil, they recognized the effects of darkness and winter and famine. All crime, if traced to its source, will be found to result from want, from that starvation of the physical and moral energies that demands daily bread for soul and body. The serpent was at one time a radiant constellation of Summer, but finally passed to the to the Autumnal sign, and hence became the symbol of destruction. This was the origin of the idea of Lucifer's fall from Heaven, and also of the fall of man.

O Lucifer! radiant child of the skies! thou Satan that standest amidst the sons of God, doing the will of thy Master! thou mighty spirit, that wisperest temptation, and callest forth the thieves and sinners of the soul, till we become men and women, wrestling with thee! hast thou not left thy blessing upon us? O men and women! trace down the history of that Christianity founded in the name of him who declared that if you took the sword you should perish by the sword—of him who turned his cheek to the smiter and his back to the scourge, and with dying lips prayed Heaven for his murderers. The religion founded and carried out in his dear and all hallowed name, has been marked, from the days of the Apostles down to this nineteenth century, with one long track of fire and blood. There has

been no age when this tremendous name of Devil has not sanctioned all the cruelty that only our origin in the wild beasts of the field could account for. But the day is ended when it can any longer excite aught but a smile. It is, indeed, still used amongst you as a rod of coercion. But stand upon the platform of your reason, and demand what is the meaning of the word. Take the definition given by Jesus—"I have chosen you twelve; and one of you is a devil"—a bad man, that is, the soul of a bad man. Alas! we need not go very far to look for demons. The minds that could conceive of a God capable of sanctioning and commanding the horrors that have been inflicted upon humanity in the name of religion, are worthy of the character that Jesus bestowed on Judas Iscariot.

Where is the kingdom of this mighty potentate? Do you find it in the moon—because it is not the oak? Do you find it in the wild, weird world of yore, with its huge, billowy seas, and its leafing flame, and its murky atmosphere, with no flowers, no lofty forest trees, and no glorious living things—because it is not the beautiful world of the present? Do you find it in the ages of the past—because they are not the useful, inventive periods of to-day? Do you find it in pain and suffering, those sentinels of law? Do you find it in sorrow, that has unlocked all the streams of human sympathy and benevolence? Do you find it in crime? Why, then you must be content to have one mighty treble in creation, and no bass; to have all things in unison, with no plaintive minor strain; to have all trees ready-made oaks, and no acorns; to look for roses, and forget that they were once unlovely roots; take only the pure white lily, and forget the blackness and corruption of which it was born; take the kingdom of heaven, and forget that its foundations are in hell.

O, our Father which art in heaven, this is the season when Thy strong hand is heavy upon us! Shall we curse Thee because the earth has been clothed in the white mantle of snow, because the storm king has desolated the land, and with mighty breath has swept the earth clear of pestilence and impurity? Shall we curse Thee, in sight of the tender young Spring already here, with her garlands and her blossoms all ready to come up into life? When the burning heat of Summer succeeds, and withers the tender lily, and fades the delicate roses, then rejoice, rejoice! the vines are hanging their luscious fruit, and giving forth of their splendid luxury, to gladden thy heart, O man! The golden fields are ripe with corn; Nature is singing her great harvest-home! Shall we curse Thee, O God of the Summer, when the mournful sighs of Autumn sing the requiem of the dying Summer, or when the beautiful Autumn lays down her splendid crown, to die? Shall we curse Thee as each rolling year succeeds, stored with good, and growth, and light and life, and daily bread? Shall we curse Thee because man is but a child, and is growing up to the stature of manhood, and then springing up to godhead in the better and brighter world?

O, fathers, we bless Thee that Satan stood amongst the sons of God! We bless Thee for pain and suffering—a portion of Thy divine ministry—the sentinels that warn us of the mystery and grandeur of our own structure. We bless Thee for poverty and adversity—that starving lips and perishing frames have been obliged to labor, and invent, paint, and write, and sculpture, and give to the world gems of art and use, all forced out of stern pain and want. O, God of Ages, we bless Thee that Thou hast, in the fullness of time, permitted the radiant star, Lucifer, to re-ascend to his place—hast permitted the spirit-mediums of the nineteenth century to proclaim that Satan is dead, and Lucifer is risen again!

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1861.

## SUBJECT—"Special Providences."

JOHN WETHERS, JR., Chairman.

DR. N. B. WOLFE.—A belief in Special Providences, is to imply that Deity occasionally departs from, or acts in contravention to, the legitimate or organic laws of the universe. If this be a correct apprehension of the subject, I am constrained to assume the negative of the affirmation, and will give my reasons for so doing. The priesthood tell us that the days of miracles have passed. I do not believe that miracles ever had a *de facto* existence, save in the minds of the ignorant and credulous of the race, who either would not or could not investigate the causes of certain phenomena, chiefly or devoutly ascribed to extra-natural origin. In making this assertion, I am not unmindful of the miracles ascribed to our elder brother, the gentle-hearted Nazarene, which have been held up to the admiration of mankind for almost two thousand years. No, I place myself alongside of my loving Master, and with him go from place to place and witness the display of his power—his natural power; but I see no power displayed that does not belong to any other harmonious man—to you, sir, to myself! no contravention of natural laws—no special providences. The Orthodox conception of God and his attributes is very little in advance of that which obtained in the world, far back in the mazy solitudes of Oriental antiquity. Indeed, in the cosmogony of Hindoo religions, Brahma, and the other Gods were more liberally endowed by their tawny worshippers with Deific character, than is to-day the God of Moses and Elijah. You can find more spiritual truth and freedom of soul in the Pantheon of Heathen mythology, than has ever emanated from the gorgeous creed edifices of St. Peter, or St. Paul, because there is no room in our creed-bound beliefs for the religious development and freedom of the soul. The restraints of infancy are imposed upon the movements of manhood.

Let me present you with the portraits of two distinguished persons, who illustrate in their public character their belief and disbelief in Special Providences—they are Lord Viscount Palmerston, First Minister of the British Empire, and James Buchanan, Ex-President of the United States. These gentlemen shall be the limners of their own characters.

A few years ago, the Asiatic cholera, so fatal to human life, because so little understood, was marking with devastation and death, its advancement toward England's happy homes. The people became alarmed, and the church militant, through their clergy, sought to interpose a special plea with Providence to avert the impending danger. To do this, the First Minister of the realm was petitioned to appoint a day for national fasting and prayer. Poor children, they were terribly frightened! and prayer, they thought, was their only denier.

Palmerston, with a true parental heart, saw the folly of his people, and with a slight admonition, told them "that lime-washing and clean sewers were more efficient prophylactics than fasting and prayer; and that they had the authority of the government to attend to these duties at all times." All honor to the man that dare tell such a truth as such a time! Lord Palmerston was no believer in special providences.

There is no Asiatic cholera to alarm, no famine—no pestilence to threaten the country over which JAMES BUCHANAN ruled. But treason, glutted with corruption and spoils, had unheated its murderous blade, and held at the very throat of the nation. The pirate crew ran riot through the household, and yet he called the nation to prayers! Oh, James Buchanan, my venerable friend and benefactor, by whom I've stood in sunshine and in storm—I will not upbraid thee now. The slanting rays of thy life's setting sun are lengthening over the laws of Wheatland. Power, patronage, and official favor will never again be dispensed by thee. The flatterer and sycophant will now desert thee, but, dear old man, I love thee still! Your heart is good, and I know it! But why, oh why did you not call the nation to arms, instead of to prayers? Your appeal to Providence has been in vain. "God acts by general, not by partial laws."

MR. BURKE.—It makes no kind of difference to any one here what conclusion we come to in regard to this question; for the laws of God will go on the same as ever, in their workings, in spite of us. God's reasons always are imperative, and no human mind can fathom them. No conclusions of men can alter His established purposes. That there are gen-

eral laws, no one denies. How do we know it? Who told us? We see the action of certain forces of matter, and, for our own convenience, give it the name of law—for the sake of applying a term to express our meaning; and, from certain actions, we call them general laws. Now has God ever altered his laws to meet our circumstances? A few years ago all Europe was scourged by the Asiatic cholera. The Pope and his satellites prayed to God to avert the horrid pestilence from their fair country, but prayed in vain. The rigid people of Orthodox Scotland, on the other hand, felt that God would pay better heed to their prayers, if they cleaned the highways and lanes of their cities; and God did avert the scourge, because reason and religion acted in harmony. If there are special laws, why do we not see them carried out? Has there ever been any necessity for such laws? What would be the use, to-day, to continue the miracles of Christ, when the light of reason and Christianity beam universally? Some suppose that when a special dispensation of God's providence is needed, God will put forth his hand to do it. The day of such things is passed; but it does not argue that it may never come again, when it may be required. I, surely, shall not presume to say James Buchanan was not doing his duty when he proclaimed the fast. Was it not better to avert civil war by an amicable settlement than by the sword? I cannot see that the course the Ex-President pursued shows anything of weakness, imbecility or ignorance.

JACOB ELLSON.—God governs the Universe through laws adapted to every possible condition the creature can be placed in. With the Creator there is no time or space, no past or future; it is one eternal Now. His presence in law constitutes a providence so perfect, that no effect can be rendered by any individual link in the chain of causation which does not exist in the Divine mind, and is not in accordance with His will in that sphere of activity. His general government, or Providence, must be composed of the special and particular. Its perfection consists in its adaptability to all the departments governed. Special Providences suppose a divine or spiritual interference, through laws affecting the life, character and destiny of the individual and the world. All harmonious, loving souls are more or less conscious of a co-operative agency, a receptive instrumentality or mediumship, through which the Divine Father transmits from the creative sphere His special and particular messages of love which warm and purify the hearts and consciences of the race.

A few weeks ago, in a neighboring town, a child was playing on the floor, while his mother or nurse was ironing. The woman heard a voice saying, "Take up the child!" The command was repeated, and obeyed, and in a moment after the door fell from its hinges, upon the floor, directly where the child had been sitting. This was a case of special providence.

MR. THAYER.—Were we Gods ourselves, instead of men and women as we are, and like Him could we see the end from the beginning, there would be no impropriety, certainly, in coming together to speak of anything special in His manifestation; but as we are not, and must look at everything from a different standpoint than he does, there is a propriety in talking upon this subject. A pious old gentleman of my acquaintance was once resting himself after he had been falling trees, when he heard a voice saying "Take care!" He left his seat, and upon the spot where he had been sitting, a large limb fell, that would have killed him instantly had he remained. This he always regarded a special providence. We must talk about things as they appear to us—from our point of view. We speak of the sun's rising and setting. To us, it does rise; but, in point of fact, we turn around with the earth to meet the sun. So it is with special providences.

MR. HUNBERT.—The universality of Providence nobody doubts or denies; not so special providence. Direct or special intervention of God or Providence would be a miracle; and, if I understand it, a miracle is a violation of the laws of God—a house divided on itself; or a miracle is a law of God unknown to man until its phenomena was explained. We know that God organized attraction in proportion to destiny; that he organized the most beautiful system of distributive justice, and one no less beautiful in the economy of means or agencies. If I comprehend well all the meanings of the word special, it seems convincing to the mind that there is an exception to general rules, of individualism. By special providence Joshua was able to stop for twenty-four hours the rotary laws of the universe; by special providence a certain widow of the Bible could, with a single bottle of oil, fill all the jars and vases she could procure; by special providence Jesus Christ changed the water into wine; by special providence, also, we shall see God travelling the curve line, as the shortest ways from one point to another, to the exclusion of the straight line. If God cannot violate his own laws in this last enumerated case, why should you accuse him of duplicity in the other cases? All the laws of God are infinitely wise, and they could not be differently contrived. God provided that olive oil could not be produced but through the olive fruit. If God could produce olive oil without olives, then he could also produce a duplicate law in violation of the first.

MR. GROSVEEN.—I cited the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, as an example in illustration of the subject. The Levite priest did not believe he was sent that way by special providence, and so did not relieve the distressed of the poor sufferer. The poor Samaritan who "by chance" passed by, relieved the wounded man, and trusted to special providence to replenish his purse so as to pay the man's hotel-bill. In the beginning God made man in his own image; and as man thrives by special actions, so does God Almighty. The stars seem to go in a straight line; but, after all, they travel in a wide sweep around the central sun.

DR. DILLINGHAM.—I am afraid we shall not be able to discuss the Deity, with all our logic and acumen; but that Deity moves his purposes to the selfish will of man, I cannot allow.

MR. PLACE.—It is incumbent upon a modern philosopher to explain his reasons for belief in any proposition. The facts named to-night are well authenticated—as well as human testimony can establish anything; and we cannot push such facts as Bro. Ellson has stated out of sight. There are too many such cases to admit of the hypothesis of hallucination. The growth and development of a true are governed by general laws, but when distracting forces have produced a disturbance, there is need of special efforts to remedy the defect; and nature always seems to supply that special force. You cannot suppose life and motion without law. There is a field of general operation and special operation; and law is only the mode of operation.

DR. WELLINGTON.—If this building were on fire, and I should give the alarm, and you escape to the street in safety, would it be a special providence? Would it be any less a special providence if a disembodied spirit, acting through a medium, were to give you the same warning? Many of us have heard most beautiful music, when no earthly hand could have produced it. Was it any more a special providence than if produced by a spirit in the body? The most necessary thing is to define our meanings, on a question like this. Some define special providences as events taking place outside of law; but I cannot see that anything can transpire without the power of law. I believe in special providences as I understand the term—as general laws carried out by special agents, or by indirect means—not in opposition, but in harmony.

MR. WHITTEN.—I do not believe in special providences, nor wholly in general ones—if I did, I should believe that if God were immanent, He could make or unmake at pleasure, unconfined by law.

JURAT LADD.—We find in nature an infinite variety, all blending in certain unity. So there is an attraction between bodies, in the aggregate. There are laws which not only regulate the whole, but every part of the whole. It seems to me there can be no law that does not comprehend every particular.

DR. LEWIS.—The "substance" of the Dr.'s remarks was that life, motion and matter are one; and as the lesser cannot hold the greater, so God cannot be confined by substance.