

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.  
GONE TO THE WAR.

BY ENOLA.

Gone to the War! How each simple word  
Thrills the wife's lone heart that with grief is stirred;  
How the mother crushes the blinding tears  
That start when the distant drum she hears;  
How the sister watches with eager eye,  
As the gaily uniformed troops go by;  
As the maiden shrinks from the crowd away,  
To sink of her lover enlisted to-day.

But wife, mother, sister, and sweetheart dear,  
Are precious words to soldier's ear;  
They nerve the heart that would else grow weak,  
And bring the flush to each paling cheek;  
They turn the thoughts from the cruel fight;  
And the latest prayer that is breathed at night  
In the soldier's camp, does to God commend  
Mother, wife, sister, and dear, dear friend.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE DEAD MAN'S CROSS ROADS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE DE LA  
BEDOLLIÈRE.

BY STEPHEN J. W. TADOR.

I.

CLAIRVOYANCE OR SPIRITS?

In 1788, Claude de Saché, a hardware and iron merchant, had become the master of the most extensive and flourishing business in Tours. For many years a widower, his only child was Marcelline, a lovely girl twenty-three years of age, who had obstinately refused many rich and advantageous offers of marriage, in order that she might remain with a father whom she devotedly loved, and assist him in his commercial operations. She fulfilled her functions with so much zeal and capacity, that he never feared to confide the whole direction of his affairs to her, whenever he was obliged to be absent from home.

On the 24th of December, 1778, she was alone, occupied in re-reading a letter from her father, who informed her that he had obtained a large and profitable commission at Versailles, through the interposition of Pierre Gamain, locksmith of Louis XVI., and that he was engaged in arranging the means by which he should deliver the quantity of iron he had stipulated to furnish. This letter was dated many days previous; but Marcelline was at ease concerning her father, whom she supposed to be either at Versailles or at Paris.

Before retiring to rest, according to her custom, she made a general inspection of the whole establishment. Carrying a lantern, and accompanied by her faithful watch-dog, she examined the house, the out-houses and the yards. She next entered the garden, a part of which was situated on the river Cher, just as the church clock of Saint Gatien was striking ten.

Marcelline had gone to the great shade-trees, which bordered the garden, and was retracing her steps, whose sound alone interrupted the stillness of the night, when suddenly it appeared to her that a cry of alarm issued from a thicket near the Cher, and there was visible before her, not as an apparition, but as a real being, her father struggling with two bandits, who had unexpectedly attacked him, and who struck him with a kind of iron-loaded canes which they carried. M. de Saché fell wounded in the head, and then the horrible vision vanished. Marcelline immediately flew to the thicket, but she found it dark, deserted and silent.

The watch-dog had not moved or barked. It was evident the animal had seen or heard nothing of all the terrible transaction. All was peaceful in the garden. Not a branch, not a dry straw, not a grain of sand was deranged.

"What a frightful dream!" said Marcelline to herself, as soon as she could collect her ideas; "and yet," thought she, "I am broad awake, my eyes are open, my heart beats, my understanding is in its natural state. Is this a presentiment, which, by some marvelous and inexplicable incarnation, has clothed itself in a visible form? Is it a mysterious and supermundane communication? Is my father indeed assassinated or in extraordinary danger?"

She entered the house, and passed the whole night in a state of violent agitation. The next day, at the first dawn of light, she ran to Fruit Place, where resided her confessor, Father Meron, canon of Saint Pierre le Puellier. She waited the moment when he usually came out to go to the church, and stopping him in the passage, she narrated to him the strange scene of the previous evening.

The canon desired Marcelline to enter the house, and when he had listened anew to her revelations, he said:

"You may be the dupe of an illusion. Your imagination, deceived and weakened by some physical cause, has perhaps conjured up a phantom; but it is also possible that this apparition is the reflection of a melancholy reality. Our theologians cite analogous cases. Hear what the Bishop of Hippo writes to Evreux, Bishop of Uzale."

Father Meron took a large folio volume from one of his burning shelves, and began to read as follows:

"With regard to visions, even those from whom we learn something of the future, it is impossible to explain how they are produced, or at least to know in advance what passes within us when we think; because we clearly perceive that there exists in our souls an infinite number of images."

"For pity's sake!" interrupted Marcelline, "have compassion on my ignorance. My comprehension is not suited to the magnitude of metaphysics. What I wish is your opinion concerning my father's danger."

"The bonds of sympathy," replied the grave

canon, "and especially those ties which connect the father and his child, are so intimate, that if the sufferings of the one manifest themselves to the other, even at a distance, this would doubtless be a phenomenon beyond our limited comprehension, but it would not be contrary to the general laws of the world."

"My father is in danger, wounded, dying, dead perhaps!" cried Marcelline, carrying her hands convulsively to her forehead.

"Beware, my daughter, of placing too much importance on a vision whose character is yet undetermined."

"Whether it is real or chimerical," said Marcelline, "its effect is the same. It is a source of anguish to me. What remedy is there for it? What advice have you to give me?"

"Take counsel of yourself. If you can recover sufficient calmness to wait, write to M. de Saché. If your anxiety is intolerable, go forth in search of him."

Little satisfied with this conclusion, which left her a prey to perplexity, Marcelline proceeded to the palace of Lange, then occupied by the carmelites; and related her strange history to the superior. More impressive than the canon, Sister Maria was moved, groaned and turned pale at the young girl's relation, whose trouble was augmented by that of this respected dame. Marcelline's agitation increased to such a degree, that she quitted the convent with a determination to go immediately in pursuit of her father. She confided the direction of affairs to an old cashier, hastily collected some clothes, ordered post-horses to be harnessed to a berlin, and set out toward Paris.

Traveling was not then very rapid, even by post. All that the best postillions could accomplish, by lashing the best horses, was to bring our fair traveler in two days to Orleans. Fatigued and harassed, she entered the common reception-room of the Martini inn, whose colossal fire-place was unfortunately blocked up by the numerous lovers of calorific.

The circle was closely formed, and not a soul offered to give way for the young and graceful stranger. If they had known that she had set out on a long journey in search of her father, would they have manifested more kindness? It is very doubtful, because Reaumur's thermometer indicated a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero, and this excessive cold seemed to paralyze the politeness, and even the humanity of the company.

Happily for Marcelline, whose filial pre-occupations did not prevent her from being sensible to the rigors of the temperature and the churlish selfishness of those who frequented the Martini inn, a little old man, who nodded in a corner, raised his head by chance, stared from a pair of large and limpid blue eyes, and opened a capacious mouth with an exclamation of "Ah, ha!"

He was the proprietor of an extensive Nivernais forge. Physically he was well-fed and rubicund. Morally he was cheerful, jocular, a friend of pleasure, and bidding defiance, as much as possible, to care. Although gratified to recognize an acquaintance, Marcelline yet experienced a secret regret that it should be M. Darandot. It suddenly occurred to her mind that if she revealed the determining cause of her journey to a man of his character, he would be sure to ridicule her.

"Come to the fire, mademoiselle," said M. Darandot, rising, but still retaining possession of his chair, which would otherwise have been appropriated by an eager supernumerary. "Upon my word, had I expected to see an acquaintance, you are the last one of whom I should have thought. You must have much courage and serious business to draw you from home during such weather as this."

"I—I am on my way to Paris to join my father. Some time has elapsed since I have heard from him, and I have set out to meet him under an impression that my services may prove timely and useful."

"If that is all you can return to Tours. Your father's health is excellent to a marvel, I can warrant you, because we came from Paris together. We supped together in this house, and eight days ago he went to Nevers in order to make a purchase of smelted iron. I am to join him there."

"Is he at Nevers?"

"At Nevers, or at some forge in the neighborhood. This is certain; no man of fifty has a more lively eye or a fresher complexion. Ah, if you had seen him with me as he tossed off his bottle of old Beaune, you would have no inquietude upon his account. But install yourself in my chair, and while you warm, I will direct the landlord to prepare some dinner."

Marcelline sat with her head inclined forward, gazing in the fire-place, and isolated in her reveries. She said to herself that she was foolish, that she was unnecessarily alarmed, and that her conduct might be misinterpreted. Was it becoming to be racing over the country in this manner on the strength of a chimerical fear, of an hallucination, of a dream?

But suddenly from the black depths of the fireplace the spectre of M. de Saché was detached! The red flames, from which he seemed to issue as from a burning thicket, cast movable reflections upon his forehead, which was seamed by a gaping wound. His lips moved with a trembling motion, as if they would enunciate sounds, and one would have thought that the gesture of his arms indicated the direction she should go.

Marcelline's fingers convulsively grasped her chair, and she pushed back from the fire with an involuntary movement. Her eyes became more glassy and more haggard than those of the phantom. The company, who did not comprehend her emotion, contemplated her with stupefaction, and were even affrighted when they saw her rise, utter a cry, and lean

back against the wall, breathless and without strength.

"The dinner is on the table!" exclaimed Darandot, who entered at this moment. "What is the matter that everybody is on the stir? Mademoiselle de Saché, are you ill?"

Marcelline looked where the spectre had shown himself, and he was no longer visible. She recovered sufficient presence of mind to say, as she again took her seat:

"It is nothing. In a few moments all will be right. Pray leave me to myself awhile. I already feel better."

She was pale and agitated, but no alarming symptoms displayed themselves on her countenance. M. Darandot accorded to her wishes, and while he enjoyed himself with that wine of Beaune which he loved so much, he forgot the daughter of his friend. At length she recurred to his mind, and he went to see how she was. He found it difficult to gain this information, as she had been for half an hour on her way to Nevers.

II.

THE CARD-PLAYERS.

Passing over an interval of eight days, we once more see Marcelline, not in a post-chaise, but on horseback; not abandoned to solitary reflections, but accompanied by a cavalier of an elegant figure and handsome features, though his aquiline nose was some what reddened by the cold. Do ties of sympathy and an exchange of devotion exist between the two young people? We have no means of being assured, as they are silent. The night falls, and they are in haste to arrive at an isolated house which they perceive on the summit of a hill. It is the inn of Mont-Goubelin, situated about two miles from the village of Saint-Benin d'Azy.

They dismounted. We will enter with them into the most spacious hall of the inn, but not in so good taste as that of Martini. Many tables were set, but only two were occupied, and one of them by two of those carmen, or mulsters, who, in Berry and Nivernais, transport wood, coal, minerals, sand and other articles. These two specimens of a half-savage race were covered with broad-brimmed hats, from which hung some faded ribbons. The original blue ground of their patched blouses was half-hidden by the mud of the roads, and the filth of the stable, mingled with that black dust which impregnates the air in the region of the furnaces and coal-pits.

At the other table, placed near a lamp and fire-place, was seated the old Darandot.

"Well, my son," said he to Marcelline's companion, "what news?"

"Nothing but a confirmation of what we already knew. On the 24th of December, M. de Saché passed the day at the forge of Anlezy, from whence he departed on horseback in the evening, with the intention of going to Nevers. Since that time he has not been seen."

"Come," sorrowfully observed Darandot, the elder, to-morrow we will continue our researches, and may they have a happy result. In the meanwhile, let us accord some slight refreshment to our exasperated stomachs. We have occupied ourselves as long as we ought, without an intermission, with the fate of my unhappy friend, about whom I begin to entertain serious inquietudes. It is possible—and there are so many suspicious people in this region—but, bah! let us banish all black ideas, and do honor to the viands."

Marcelline was deaf to this seducing invitation, and remained immovable upon her chair. She seemed plunged in a profound reverie.

"Mademoiselle," said Albert Darandot, respectfully addressing her, "my father's words are very proper. Although we have as yet discovered no traces of your father, should we therefore lose all hope of discovering him? You are fatigued, and have eaten nothing since morning. Let me beg you now to take nourishment and repose. You will need all your strength to fulfill the duty you have undertaken."

Marcelline allowed herself to be mechanically conducted to the table, and passively accepted a plate of soup.

"Let everything have its turn," cried Darandot, senior. "The gravest preoccupations should never make us forget our physical wants. Oh, how I do wish for a bottle of Beaune! But, for want of better, here is Indret wine, and if you will drink two glasses, it will bestow upon you a considerable degree of serenity."

Marcelline did not hear him. She gazed fixedly at the two carmen who supped in a corner of the hall, and the five individuals of the same profession, who came successively to form a group around them. The vigilant Albert followed the direction of the young girl's eyes. "I comprehend," said he to her, "the repugnance with which this view inspires you, and also the manners and conversation of those gross people. But how can it be helped? We are going over countries almost savage, and we cannot find the comforts we could like in the inns where we are obliged to stop. Of the three rooms we have engaged here, there is not one sufficiently large to allow a table to be set in it. We, consequently, must be resigned to supping in this common hall."

"I am glad, my friend Albert, that I can avow to you what I should never dare to confide to so unpalatable a banter as your father." What is my object? To trace out my father, and to bring his murderers to condign punishment, if he is dead. Well, since I have observed these men, I think we are in the way of making discoveries."

Albert cast his eyes on the group of carmen who were drinking and peaceably playing cards together. He could not help suspecting the fatigue and anxiety

of his pretty companion had made her a little light-headed.

"I perceive," continued she, "that you do not accept my conclusions. Though you are more indulgent to my reveries than your father, you are as inaccessible as he to manifestations of the invisible world. Still, at the risk of provoking a smile of incredulity, I declare to you that among those men there is one who is acquainted with the fate of my father. Are you not struck for example with the figure of that big man there, whom his comrades nickname Sweeting?"

Albert examined the individual whom Marcelline designated, and could see nothing so very remarkable in him. It is true that it would be difficult to detect any expression whatever upon the physiognomy of a man absorbed by the combinations of pique, and whose mouth only opened to drink or to mutter the phrases of the game.

"If, as I presume," said Marcelline, "my unfortunate father, who had about him a large sum of money, was surprised in an ambush, attacked, robbed, and assassinated, that Sweeting was one of the leaders in the horrible conspiracy. Hitherto he has been calm, but now observe! A dispute has arisen between his adversary and himself, his passions break out, and his eyes gleam under his thick eyebrows; his mouth contracts itself; he stretches out his hand to seize his iron-loaded cane. Great God! how much he resembles the man I saw on the 24th of December, on the banks of the Cher!"

Marcelline buried her face in her hands. The quarrel became heated; reproaches and the ille were exchanged, and the two antagonists hurled at each other that long series of provocations which, among people of their character, invariably precede a combat. The tone became more and more acrimonious, and the host of the Mont-Goubelin, his servants, the other carmen, and Albert himself, all interfered to stop the contention. The war was appeased for an interval, to be rekindled by a word. Finally, in a sudden gust of rage, Sweeting raised his iron-loaded cane and struck his adversary on the head.

While some pressed around the miscreant, and others around the wounded man, Marcelline convulsively seized Albert's arm, and exclaimed:

"Monsieur Darandot, cause that man to be conducted to prison, for it was he who assassinated my father!"

III.

THE UNEXPECTED WITNESS.

As a conclusion to the foregoing scene, Jean Belami, nicknamed Sweeting, was seized by the assemblage and put into the hands of two members of the criminal police, by whom he was transported to Nevers. He was entered on the jailer's books as being arraigned for committing a murderous assault upon Antoine Pavillon, his companion. With regard to the inculpation directed against him by Marcelline, no one paid any attention to it. On hearing her accusation, Sweeting contented himself with regarding her askance, and murmuring in a disdainful tone:

"What nonsense is it which that mad-woman utters?"

The case was investigated by the cares of the king's procurator for the presidial of Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier, and it was with difficulty that Marcelline was allowed a hearing in the matter. She did not think it her duty to conceal from that magistrate the supermundane motives which had influenced her since the 24th of December. She expressed herself with a communicative exaltation; but the man of the law had a cuirass of positivism impenetrable to all the illusions, sympathetic relations, presentiments and combinations of the metaphysical world.

"Mademoiselle de Saché," said he, "the peculiar hallucination which has guided you may not be absolutely imaginary, but it is not admitted by jurists-consults. The law requires facts, proofs, and tangible things. A dream exhibits your father to you menaced with death; you go without hesitation to his assistance; you acquire the conviction that he has disappeared; you suppose him assassinated; a secret voice assures you that you behold one of his murderers—all this may happen in the mental world, but it does not answer the requirements of the judicial world. This Sweeting, even were he by chance guilty, would escape all pursuits based on such shadowy foundations."

"But," replied Marcelline, "it is the very singularity of the circumstances which ought to lead to a prosecution of this case. Acknowledgements more or less imprudent, presence in this or that place, the possession of such or such compromising articles—these are the data by means of which justice is commonly determined. Now is there not, in the matter we are considering, something more sublime and inspiring than the usual indications of courts? Here is a daughter, at the distance of a hundred leagues from her father, notified that she has cause to tremble for his existence. Here is a daughter whom a providential chance brings into the presence of the murderer. She beholds him furious, raging, his savage cane raised, such as he was on the day of his first crime. Here, gentlemen of justice, are considerations that ought to excite your zeal to the utmost. You are made acquainted with these circumstances in a most extraordinary manner, by a directing will, and to you it belongs to exercise all your subtilty to gain exact knowledge, to establish a legal presumption, to discover all necessary indications, and to group together the diverse elements requisite to conviction. You have an uncommon advantage; in the usual course of legal investigations, by the proceedings themselves, you establish a truth of which you were previously ignorant; in this case, the truth is known to you in advance; it has been manifested to you with an almost miracu-

lous brilliancy; it precedes you and enlightens your steps."

"I cannot controvert your statements," coldly answered the procurator, "but the accused obstinately denies your allegations, and I see no way of making him confess the truth now that M. Target has suppressed the rack in all preliminary legal examinations."

The trial of Jean Belami commenced on the first of February, 1789, and seemed likely to end on the same day. He was convicted of the murderous assault on Antoine Pavillon, but the other charges against him were not established. The only serious circumstance, bearing on the last accusation, was that the miscreant had in his possession a watch manufactured by Bisot, a watchmaker of Tours. The villain pretended that he had purchased this watch of one of his comrades who was not now in the country. Marcelline alone was able to tell whether this watch belonged to her father; but she was not present, and had not been seen for several days at Saint-Pierre-le-Moustier. It appeared as if she had finally recoiled before the solemn explanations that a court of justice demanded. But at the very moment when the procurator was about to conclude, Marcelline entered. She had quitted the plain and almost monastic costume she had maintained since her departure from Tours. She was now arrayed in a very beautiful satin dress, adorned with embroidered flowers, and with a close fitting and low corsage. Her hair was elaborately dressed in the mode then current among ladies of fashion.

She was accompanied by a man of high stature, and of noble and regular features. He was enveloped in a rich and ample traveling cloak, leaned on an ebony cane with a massive gold head, and advanced with an ease and dignity that seemed habitual.

This person was M. de Saché.

"Gentlemen," said Marcelline, taking her father's hand and gazing at him with an affectionate effusion of the eyes, "I wish to introduce another witness."

At this unexpected presence, Belami's assurance forsook him. He grew pale, tottered and fell headlong, crying, "May Saint Cyr protect me! I am indeed lost!"

In fact, the recital which M. de Saché made, when the general emotion had subsided, left no doubt of the culpability of the accused and of Antoine Pavillon, who was then his accomplice.

Anxious to reach Nevers, M. de Saché left the forge of Anlezy on the 24th of December, 1778, at seven o'clock in the evening. The severity of the temperature, which was seventeen degrees below zero, made the roads hard, and two and a half hours were time enough for the ride. Unfortunately, however, after having traversed Saint-Benin d'Azy, M. de Saché lost his way, and found himself in the midst of woods, he knew not where.

Under such circumstances, a light, or a noise, which indicate the presence of man, are received as a benefit. M. de Saché was filled with joy on hearing the tinkling of a bell attached to the leading horse of some carmen's teams. Jean Belami and Antoine Pavillon, who had charge of these teams, told the traveler he was fortunate in falling in with them, since they were going to Coulanges and could point out his route to the very gates of Nevers. M. de Saché followed them without suspicion, but when they came to a place called the Dead Man's Cross Roads, they suddenly attacked him, hurled him from his horse, and beat him with their heavy canes till he was senseless, and till they supposed he was dead. They then robbed him of his purse which contained several hundred francs, his portmanteau in which were eight hundred louis d'ors, his watch, and his pistols which he had no opportunity to use.

Left for dead by these wretches, M. de Saché came to himself after lying in a state of complete stupor for many hours. His groans and cries, by good luck, were heard by an honest collier not far from him. This man bore him to his rude cottage—a rudimentary structure whose four walls were composed of clay, and its other parts were in a style to match.

This habitation was hidden in the midst of high trees, and was more than two leagues from any village; but it was well furnished with provisions, and there was a fragrance in its atmosphere in consequence of the many bundles of herbs which hung from the beams of the ceiling. The collier did not confine himself to coal, but was also a sort of physician and fortune-teller. He bravely undertook the cure of the patient confided to him by Providence. The case was not very difficult. The flesh of the face was cut in a number of places, and contusions and ecchymoses abounded about the head; but the hat fortunately prevented any fracture of the skull. The carmen, suddenly metamorphosed, on the occasion of their attack, to assassins and robbers, performed their work rather unscientifically, and when they had beaten their victim into insensibility, they hastened to rob him. Happy in their unexpected booty, they did not equal professed brigands in their terrible care to extinguish life completely.

During his treatment, which continued a month, M. de Saché was desirous of communicating information of himself to his family and friends, but a frost-set succeeded the severe cold, and intercepted all communication. At the end of January, when the cold set in again, he expected to go personally to Tours, and had not opened a correspondence. In the meanwhile, the persistent Marcelline multiplied her excursions, and at length found the retreat where her father had languished for a month or more.

Marcelline's dream-pictures, inward sight, spiritual vision, or whatever it may be called, and her extraordinary filial devotion, gave her a kind of celebrity which was unpleasant to her. She was installed among the local curiosities of Tours. Strangers, who visited the city, contrived various pretexts to visit her; but they quitted her disappointed. There was nothing mysterious or visionary in her appearance—



nothing that indicated a person endowed with "second sight." Visitors only saw a beautiful woman, but a woman as placid as a nun, and her fine figure arrayed with exquisite neatness and taste. She was once more her father's assistant, and sat behind her desk making out accounts with exemplary assiduity.

Belami and his accomplice made circumstantial confessions, and pointed out the place where they had secreted the louis d'ors and the pistols. They admitted their guilt, and implored the clemency of the tribunal. They were condemned, however, to the gallows, but escaped execution. Forgotten in prison, during the first troubles of the revolution, they effected their escape, and made amends for their crime by an after life of good conduct.

M. de Sacho soon retired from business, and Marcelline became the wife of Albert Darandot, who was settled at Imphy, where he was the proprietor of an extensive and very profitable foundry. M. de Sacho remained at Tours, as he imagined that he could find nowhere else so mild a climate, so fertile a soil, or flowers so finely colored. When Marcelline had presented her husband with a son she sent him, every year, to pass his vacations with his grandfather. During these visits, whenever her son was afflicted with any indisposition, she was sympathetically availed of it. One day she said to her husband: "Our Gustavus coughs, and is threatened with the croup. It is necessary that I should go to him without delay." She departed for Tours, and found her child the subject of that complaint which is often so fatal. The assiduous care she so timely gave him was the means of his preservation.

The day when M. de Sacho felt the first symptoms of the disease which carried him off, the 23d Floral of the year VII. (April 12, 1799), Marcelline received some friends at her house in Imphy. She said to M. Darandot: "Excuse me to our visitors; my father is ill. He calls me. I see him. I must hurry to his bedside." When she reached her father, he said: "My dear Marcelline, I expected you."

Let those comprehend these mysterious relations who can do so. I am only an exact historian, and content myself with merely narrating actual occurrences.

#### A SINGULAR DREAM.

Some ninety years ago there flourished in Glasgow, Scotland, a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of the members, and the licentiousness of their orgies, was called the Hell Club. Beside their nightly and weekly meetings, they held one grand saturnalia, in which each one tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star among them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B—, who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promises in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless disposition.

One morning, after returning from the annual festival, Mr. Archibald B—, having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse that he always rode, and was proceeding towards his own house—then a country seat embowered with trees, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of the night prevented his discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, and said:

"You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, while he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see, by-and-by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth, who plunged his spurs into the horse, attempting to fly, but in vain.

However fast the animal flew, the stranger was beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but, instead of being dashed to the earth, as expected, he found himself falling, falling—still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going.

"Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger, and immediately innumerable echoes repeated the fearful sound: "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but instead of the cries, the groans, and lamentations which the terrified traveler expected, nothing met his ear but the sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, was a scene! No amusement or pursuit of man on earth but was being carried on with a vengeance that excited his unutterable amazement. There the young and lovely still swarmed through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore the brutal rider through the excitement of the gaudy race! There over the midnight bowl the intemperate still drew out the wanton song of maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of Mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view.

He soon perceived that he was among old acquaintances whom he knew to be dead, and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved from the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend, Mrs. D., whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo, requested her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to be very unlike what he had expected, and, indeed, a very agreeable one. But with the cry of agony, she answered that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures; and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults:

"There is no rest in hell!" while, throwing open their vests, each disclosed in the bosom an ever-burning flame. These, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their vice on earth was now their irrevocable doom.

In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but as he quitted him, he said:

"Remember—in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and whether from the effect of the dream or his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days, during which period he had time for many serious reflections,

which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and having rung from him a confession of the cause of the defection, with which, as it may be supposed, they contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolution, he joined them again, and resumed his former course of life; and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in hand at the table; when the President, rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying: "Gentlemen, this being leap year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c., the words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell! But ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his comrades, he sat out for the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thought; till in the gloom of a winter's morning he mounted his horse to ride home.

Some hours afterward, the horse was found with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the roadside, about half way between the city and B—'s house, whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

This is a true story, and no fiction; the circumstances happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative was reprinted.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO A B A T,

FLYING INTO A COUNTRY CHURCH DURING EVENING SERVICE

BY EARL MARBLE.

Why wing'st thy way in here? Why flitting go  
Through corridors, and o'er the pulpit grand,  
With joy apparent beaming from thine eye,  
So dark and sightless, lest all light be quenched  
By overhanging gloom, so thick all else  
Doth quell before its fearful density?  
Didst think the minister's sad, solemn voice,  
Re-echoing in accents gloomy, wild,  
From each still, vacant spot, and idle pew,  
Resounded from a noisome sepulchre,  
Where naught but Death doth drearily repose?  
Or from dark cave, where reigneth dampness, gloom—  
Where poisonous snakes, and lizards, slimy, foul,  
And thy own kindred, doth in harmony  
Together dwell? Didst think the gloomy choir  
West grumbling, hooting owl, perched on a tree  
In darkest recess of the forest wild,  
Who singeth over his sad song of gloom,  
And thinketh 'tis most joyful melody?  
And dost thou think that overhead, in dim,  
Secluded corners, and 'galast gray-dark walls,  
Hang cobwebs, large and dank, which ever tell  
Thy fabled haunts—the day turned into night?  
The candles burn but dimly, and their wicks  
Extend e'en higher than the flame. That light,  
Faint though it be, thou'lt have put out, so that  
Thine eyes couldst better see to snare thy prey.

Aye! I flit around this mammoth human cave—  
This sepulchre where Death doth live, and Life  
A smothered death doth meet, and call it life!  
Flit o'er thy kipred human heads, who, dreaming not  
Of life without, sit here in damp and mould,  
While over them doth hang the cobwebs old  
Of musty ignorance, and at whose feet  
Creep superstition's lizards, snakes and toads,  
And in whose ears doth ring the mutterings  
Of ignorant, conservative old owls,  
Who sit beneath the foliage of trees  
Grown in the Past, and sing their songs therefrom,  
Which, hearing, all the bats around, anew  
Their flight begin, and flap their wings for joy—  
And e'en the moon, which in the darkness doth  
A faint light give, they and their minions dark  
Would quench, and blot each star from out the sky  
Of struggling light, that they the better could  
See in the gloom to hug their images.

#### Proofs of Progress.

We think we may make the assertion, without being questioned, that, in spite of many drawbacks, progressiveness and improvement are the prevailing characteristics of modern social life. Our better faith is always in the progress of man; our higher wisdom is seen in regarding human aspirations and endeavors as strongly tending to the ultimate realization of happiness and peace. Neither does the world, bad as it is, present any unanswerable proofs that such faith is a delusion, or such wisdom mere folly. We do not live and move and have our being from day to day without beholding some proofs of advancement, some signs of substantial improvement around us. Our real and artificial wants are all supplied, or may be supplied, by the able hand of industry. We may be told, however, that if we would consult the Blue Book of Civilization we should change our favorable opinion as to the progress of society; we are not unfamiliar with the contents of that famous volume, and yet, admitting the importance and correctness of its statistics, we cannot but say that, much as they unhappily detract from our cause of rejoicing, they are, nevertheless, but the shadows of the more substantial good of society. Nature has its Blue Book as well as human society. Trees grow with wheat, weeds with flowers; there is a good and bad soil, and even the wheat and the flowers themselves sometimes become blighted and fade away. What happens to them under the sunniest of skies, and in the most favorable of climates, is simply analogous to what may, and, indeed, actually does happen to man in his civilized state. But the great and innumerable evils in society which we regret, are not peculiar to civilization, nor, in fact, to modern times, huge cities and dense populations, only. Mankind, from the earliest ages, have been heirs to pretty nearly the same complaints of body and mind as now. Their homes in the wilderness of antiquity and in the polished cities of to-day have witnessed about the same mortal passions, energies, and actions. The only difference between us (which we admit is great) lies in the ever-extending sphere and power of human action, which are, of course, in our favor. But, notwithstanding our great social evils, shortcomings, and delinquencies, to assert that we have not advanced argues utter ignorance of human history, and is, moreover, a reflection upon Divine Providence. Are not the very perception of evil, and the agreement of all enlightened minds that reform is needed, evidence of our advancement? Historically, philosophically speaking, the most fatal thing that can happen to a nation is blindness to its own errors and failings. In such a case, it must inevitably fall into debasement and extinction. Such, however, is not the case with our modern civilization, for the moral and intellectual insight which perceives the diseases of society can also propose the remedy for them, and may possess the energy to adopt and carry them into execution.

An avuncular while engaged in his vocation the other day, this exalted the merits of a carpet: "Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this most excellent article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

#### Original Essays.

##### NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What a strange conventional world! Out in the fields and woods it stands in relief, and I can look with a clear eye at the deformed ways of artificial life. They would have no love the rigid form, but I get me from it—from the gantling ways of men to the paths of Nature. How sweet the landscape, domed with the azure. I see now; it is not constitutional, it is only habit which makes man cleave to the artificial life he has instituted. In society he can, by a trick, pass for an individual, but here he learns his littleness. Society asks a few favors, which, if he grant, she declares him a great fellow. She only asks him to say "pretty polly" just as she says it, and its all right. But Nature has no "pretty polly" to ape. She is a sealed volume to all but her kindred spirits. If you can comprehend me, very well, say the tall trees and wild roses. In society we feel how great we are; in the woods, how little. Communion with Nature mellowes the feelings, and awakens the soul to a sense of its own self.

Meditate for an hour under the shade of that tall elm; listen to the wind's melody among the swaying branches—the insect's busy hum, the carol of the feathered tribe—and when you arise, say if you are not better—if loftier determinations have not been formed.

A story is told of a pirate—a stern, hard man, who had shed the blood of hundreds, and made hundreds of others walk the plank. Well, this iron man rested under a magnolia, which grew by the blossom-bordered rivers of Florida. Years had passed since he had felt the influence of love. Its voice was so silenced that it seemed blotted from his breast. Not an emotion of friendship swelled his heart, gnarled with crime. He hated his race with the bitterness of insatiable hate.

He sat there surrounded by loveliness, an ugly monster of crime. Little beauty saw he, more than that the moss furnished a comfortable seat, until a pair of turtle doves attracted his attention, by alighting on a branch over his head, and commenced cooing and manifesting their affection for each other. There the rude man laid and watched the doves far up in the branches, enjoy the delight of each other's regard. The fountain long dried burst forth afresh; the rock was smitten, and the waters gushed forth in youthful vigor. The pirate arose—a pirate no more. His guardian angel had spoken through the turtle-doves, and his black flag disappeared from the waters of the gulf.

So is it the world over, Maine or Florida—Massachusetts or Ohio. This glorious voice vibrates on the heart, and is never lost. In the woods no walls imprison. They are not a parlor, with its penitentiary air. Everything is joyous and free. Art has entirely failed, and is the poorest of imitators. Its St. Peter's dome is a child's toy to the blue sky arch; and its columns and arcades—what are they to a thousand square miles of colonnades of giant oak and elm? Under their shadow you can rest at ease. No formality here. The moss grown trunk is a better seat than an easy chair, and the grass far finer than Brussels carpeting. Look around. You observe nothing but the beautiful and true. You are not heated with falsehood or deception. If you are truly Nature's child, she sings songs for you and reveals great truths unknown before.

The seat by the brookside! How the waters babble and laugh over its rocky bed, meandering through rich pastures and flowery meadows; twisting and turning, among knolls of anemones and sweet vernal grass. Leaving the roots of the ash and the hickory, it comes merrily on to our feet, bringing the surplus of the summer shower, which the clouds poured from their exhaustless brims to cool the sultry afternoon and revive the vegetation they saw drooping below. On it rushes to the lake of storms—the blue waves of Erie, which spread out in calypsoes. Beneath its glassy surface, however, dwells the spirit of power, which, once aroused, snaps the three-decker like a reed. Here is no terrible force to be seen—all is peace and harmony. It is all peace and harmony. It is dreamy, yet grand. The low, dull, rustling murmur which pervades the forest, is an audible voice. It speaks of whirlwind and storm, grumbling in their sleep. They may awaken in the hour.

The gleeful squirrel chatters to us in his own dear language, and talks with his sparkling eyes. Ah, that we could understand what he had to say—perhaps as wise a tale as our philosophers with all their pride. There he sits on that old stub of a tree, and tells us of a little family he is rearing in a felt-lined nest, which he sincerely hopes will become fine squirrels some day. The red-bird pours out a song from its full heart, articulate with the richness of love. Its notes ring through the tree-arches, and return in a mellowed voice. Ah, beautiful bird! Red as flame, with wings black as night. Away up in the tip-top branch of the tall tree it has hung its nest, and all day the wind rocks its little ones. Sing on, sweet bird; rich is your note with angel melody.

There is a flower at my feet. Ah, it is only a thistle—a prickly, ugly thistle, say you. But there is beauty in a thistle, for all its jagged, spine-covered leaves. The little bee loves it. It has come for many a mile to enjoy the soft bed of purple petals, and dust itself with pollen. There it works for the honey and the meal, and when satiated, returns to the teaming hive, like dusty miller from a dusty mill, with two pollen balls nicely rounded in the hollow of either thigh. Wait awhile, and it will return. The worker is never idle. And that great golden butterfly loves the thistle. It loves repose on the fragrant flower turned kindly to the sun. There is nothing ugly or deformed. You may scream at a worm or caterpillar, and exclaim, "Horrid! loathsome!" but Nature gives you the lie. She loves the caterpillar as dearly as the singing-bird; and the worm, so disgusting to you, is beautiful to her. After she has fed the caterpillar awhile on oak leaves, she transforms him into the brilliant butterfly, and sends it floating on the air, sipping nectar from a thousand flowers. She changes the worm, after it has burrowed under ground, in old wood and leaves, into some strange form of beauty. The spider, the scorpion, the centipede, are all alike useful in her eyes. The slimy monster wallowing in stagnation, is as respectable as the admired gazelle. She never says, "Horrid!" but lovingly: "Dear ones, go on as you have begun."

It is very dreary here in the wood. Has an opiate been bestowed in some witch of a way? The world of men rises and floats before us, and we never wish to return. Like the mariner who ventured down among the coral groves to the abode of the fairies, so brilliant a world has flashed on us, we would tarry forever. We are never content watching the blending of earth and sky; or the line where

waves and azure blend. Let us remain here eternally, and gaze on the mystic play of day and night, morning and evening. The horizon's brim backs our picture, turn which way we will—a mystery. It wells the world from us. Thin as gauze, but impenetrable as iron.

On the banks of the calm lake I feel like sleeping, but never sleep. It is a spiritual magnetism which floats there—an aura which somnambulizes all who approach. But when the storm lashes, the magnetism envelops me stronger, and penetrates with a rapturous grandeur, sublimity and awe.

I do not wonder that the child-like ancients assigned gods to localities, when their presence can be so plainly felt. I have fancied I heard the clash of Neptune's chariot-wheels out on the mad ocean. The worship of such divinities is the easiest in the world, when awed into silence by the thundering cataract, or the heart almost bursts at the throb of the surging waves. At such times the soul must worship. It must utter its irrepressible thoughts. Ah, mute gazer, stand on the white sands of the ocean's shore, and look off on the boundless, hurrying waters. Have you gone mad? Nay, if so, it is a delightful madness, like the intoxication of hashish, or fumes of opium. A mighty grandeur has seized you. The chant of the waves is the hoarse bass of Nature's eternal song. Their unrest inspires us with a sense of terrific power. Shout wildly. To the surging of the billows join your voice. Not more inspiring is it, but more awful than the forest bower, where every tree is a string in the mighty harp, tuned with its fellows to chant the Eolian harmony of the zephyrs.

We are magnetized wherever we go or stay. It is a beautiful, a dreamy, a wild magnetism, as the aura comes and goes. I have sat me down, far from home, by the water's rocky shore. The lonely spirit found copulation in gazing on the fearful waste, so like the infinitude of itself.

"Look here," said the waves in hoarse grumble, "we are always alone. A ship passes now and then, but swiftly. In revenge, for pastime, we gnaw at these rocks. So we can console thee."

Such consolation was worse than a rebuke. What an insignificant atom am I, in this infinite waste of atoms! It is far lonelier on the barren shore than on a ship far from land. The line where earth and water meet. The sandy or rocky belt, with here and there a few dwarf bushes; or the deep indentation clothed with sedge, contrasts desolation with desolation. More philosophical, perhaps, the water represents the feminine, the earth the masculine principle of nature. One firm, inflexible and unyielding; the other plastic, and bending to suberna necessity. If so, then we love such scenes from the union—the harmonious blending of the two elements.

Calm lake, stormy ocean, laughing brook, have invisible magnets which draw us from the crowd, as loadstone draws steel filings from a mass of sand. We love their communion. Never do we tire gazing off from the ocean's brim. Over its calm face we see stalk the storm's shadow, with the red lightnings wreathed around its contorted brow, and madly muttering in thunder. How awful is that brow in the thick darkness of night, when revealed by the flash of lightning! I have stood at such a time on the high cliff. The light came on the seething hell below; white gleamed the manes of the leaping waves from the dense blackness; ebon curtains hung overhead, torn and twisted by winds. How I wished the light would tarry. So quiet it went, nothing could become definite. Not so with the hoarse voice; it struck like a crashing explosion, and then rolled and mumbled away in the clouds of the north, and then came back like a new crash from the south, and then, like a great ball rolling across the clouds, grew fainter, and died away.

What are fire-works to the lightnings which light up a thousand square miles of cloud? What are illuminations the crowd run to see? Why, the summer lightning, blushing the horizon, is better; and how compare the dancing beams of the northern fires, when the snow blushes, and the frosty air glitters with diamonds! Ah, poor boaster, thy boast how insignificant to the flashing meteors of the heavens! The most magnificent rocket is the aerolite, bursting in flaming stars.

Who ever wearied of seeing the sun rise? In winter we pass a long, cheerless night; in summer, the nights are too warm, so we arise as the auroral beams glid the east with grey twilight. It is a frosty morning. The air appears frozen stiff and hard. We look out of the frosted window. Grey is the east just above the tree tops. Day comes slowly, but when the sun shows his white rim, how the air twinkles, and how profusely are the trees decorated with gems.

In summer the mornings are cool and delightful. The air is filled with a lambent glory. How fresh the dewy landscape. I know not whether the morning is better than the evening, when the weary sun drops down behind the western cloud-curtains, and glows above them with a red, lingering glare, tinging their edges with silver, like lace on a dark mantle; or suffuses with a rich glow the whole arch of azure.

I have seen the southern shower pass over just at even, pouring out easily gushing raindrops, and when setting in the east, the sun painted a vast bow of gaudy colors on its brow. Then, after this wonderful exhibition, the sun sank in a blush of crimson, and the stars one after another trimmed their silent flames. The planets gazed from the blue depth like the eyes of guardian angels. The zephyrs came loaded with the incense of the flowers, saying: "Cheerily, cheerily." All these are ministers of Nature.

How artificial we live. In the fields we realize the stiff, starched life of ours, to which we are so accustomed, we forget its ugliness; so calloused it does not fret us. But take a breath or two of this delicious air; feel for a moment the restraints of life are thrown off, how hard is it to return? And when we do it with new affections, we hate this artificial, galling conventionality. Let us to the woods, then, and turn savages. That is what some wise men would have us do. They think happiness is perfect only among savages. It certainly had not ought to be. To enjoy ourselves there is no need of our eating grass, or dancing around the camp fire, dangling the scalp-look. The sooner this old controversy is ended the better. "He who stands highest, enjoys most," is an axiom. But he who can enjoy most, can suffer most. The finest strung harp is most liable to be broken. The more nervously susceptible to pleasure, the more to pain. The highest organization can be preserved natural, as well as unnatural. So do not run after the deer like a wild dog, or browse twigs; but be natural, filling the sphere for which you were designed. The woodpecker, tapping the dry limb, is as pleased with the hidden larva, and it tastes as sweet to him as the luscious peach to us; but that is no reason for our turning woodpeckers. Every one has a sphere which he should fill, and not get into any body's else. Let the

wild Indian enjoy his carnival; the Fijee Islander his human banquet. We prefer a higher sphere.

There is a Spiritual enjoyment above that of the external senses. We find it in solitude. The soul is filled beyond expression. The hum of the insect is indistinguishable. Now we see clearly the tricks of our artificial life, which would cheat us into a belief that formality and cunning is happiness, and keeps us ignorant of true freedom.

Really there is no use of going to the woods to seek Nature. She is right with us in palace and hovel. The plough-boy can converse with her as well as the philosopher. He may receive truths which will overturn the world. Cutting furrows in the ground may as deeply furrow the brain; and commanding a team, learn one how to command men; scattering the grain over the mellowed field may learn how to scatter the precious grains of truth. The mechanic while smoothing the board can smooth his own character.

Such are the gymnastics I love. Nothing should be done in vain. There is none too much strength in the world, and none should be wasted on dead weights. Ploughing is far better for health than dancing; swinging axe or scythe better than throwing the arms against the air. The birds give better concerts than the opera, and every one's life is a better drama than the theatre affords. In ourselves is combined all that we need; and if but used, there are no obstacles to our Spiritual growth.

Nature smiles on those of her children who help themselves. She gives all that is asked of her. That we are not Handels, Mozarts, Newtons, Compts, is not her fault. She has done the best for every one. I believe I enjoy all I can. I am assured my cup is full to the brim. I am satisfied in being Caucasian, and not Indian or Asiatic. I envy not the ox, satisfied with clover.

Walnut Grove, Ohio.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE—NO. II.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

The method of reasoning from the effect to the cause, is not so generally followed, because it is done with much greater difficulty. Men of science do resort to this method; but only a few that the world has known have been capable of entering into this subject profoundly. It requires a much greater number of observations, or facts, to enable the reasoner to draw a satisfactory conclusion respecting the cause of a given phenomenon. To illustrate, suppose that only three causes, or principles, exist. Let us now suppose that we observe one fact, or phenomenon. Since it is only possible for it to be produced by one of three causes, which we will suppose to be known, our question is reduced to the comparison of the given phenomenon with the three causes, and thus to discover the relation that exists between the phenomenon and one of the causes. Suppose, on the other hand, that at least six causes exist, and only three of them are known, it will at once be perceived that the problem is more difficult; and when we have reason to think that many causes (these may be secondary notwithstanding) exist, as is the case of Nature, our question becomes one of still greater difficulty. But the known relation that exists between a given cause, and the effects that flow from it, renders the question which we have been considering much less difficult than it might at first appear. To give a case from nature, let us choose one of the many that the discovery of the true system of the world has presented. The ancients observed that the planets Mercury and Venus oscillated from one side of the sun to the other; but this appearance could be explained by supposing the existence of two bodies to account for the phenomena of each of the planets; by the motion of the planets in straight lines; and by their motion around the sun in curved lines. Accordingly we find that they adopted each of these causes in succession. We shall afterwards see that when the method of reasoning from cause to effect is combined with observation, it will enable us to penetrate far into the arcana of nature.

The method of reasoning from analogy, or comparison, although frequently resorted to, is not so readily used, so as to obtain correct results, as the first method that we have referred to. We frequently draw conclusions from comparative reasoning, when our analogies are not complete. It is a quite common occurrence to hear people bring up a fact that really has no direct bearing on the case. We should always seek for a parallel case, and then an examination of it will be of some assistance to us; when the case is not parallel it only helps to confuse us. To illustrate, I will give this case of analogical reasoning. The geologist, in examining the structure of the earth's crust, finds the different strata deposited, as if they had been placed with much care and order, and not thrown confusedly together. It is conceived that this could be done by the special action of the Deity, or by the slow action of the existing laws of nature. To determine which of these causes has produced the known result, we observe the present action of those laws, and see what effects they are at present producing. Since the latter is a parallel case to the former, and its results are the same as those formerly produced, we hence conclude that one and the same cause produces the geological phenomena that we observe, both ancient and modern.

But for analogy to be of any service in drawing correct conclusions respecting phenomena, presupposes a uniform course of action in nature; that is, a general law regulating a particular class of phenomena. Were it not for this uniformity, we could not rely on the results of comparative reasoning. But experience has taught us that when we choose exactly parallel cases, this method is reliable. It will at once be seen that this method of reasoning presupposes some considerable knowledge of facts and phenomena; for without a variety of cases to refer to, our conclusions are not so reliable. We therefore see that this method really leads us to a study of nature, in order to have a fountain of knowledge to draw from. But in the cause and effect method we have only to assume a basis (and I am inclined to think that it is quite frequently done), and our conclusions immediately follow.

The last, or inductive method of reasoning, is the least understood of any; but it has an advantage, as we shall presently see, over all others. In induction we observe a series of phenomena, and from this we draw a conclusion. If we find that a certain phenomenon always, under all circumstances to which it is subject, occurs in a certain order, we infer that it always will. This is the simplest case of induction. In general many different phenomena have to be observed, and it requires years of close observation and study before we are enabled to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. In the first stages of induction, it is sometimes found to be convenient to adopt a conclusion that approximates to the truth; and then by a frequent correction, as experience warrants it, we can ultimately arrive at



the truth. A great deal of our knowledge thus obtained will be of an empirical nature, but it will yet be positive knowledge, because it will be a record of actual phenomena. But this principle proceeds upon the supposition that nature is always true to herself, and always to be depended upon as to uniformity of action. Experience has not yet pointed out a case where she has failed in these things. The method of induction, partially or fully applied, is the only sure way of arriving at truth; and it is a sure way under all circumstances possible, because it is an actual interpretation of nature herself, as she is. Even in the cause and effect method of reasoning, it is necessary to pursue the inductive plan sufficiently far to arrive at a proper basis, to found our future reasoning upon. Hence we see that the former should properly follow the latter in pursuing a scientific course respecting these things. But, as we shall afterwards see, the cause and effect method was very probably the first pursued; and hence this furnishes an instance where the course of nature, as revealed in the conduct of mankind, is to commence near the top, as we may express it, and work down to the bottom, for a solid foundation, and thence build up on a sure basis. The course of the human mind, in respect to religion and science, is another case of the kind. Some people find fault with this course, but does not the God of nature know best? This course is in exact accordance with nature—otherwise it would not have been. The last method of reasoning, then, is that which actually consults Nature, and bids her reveal her secrets; and hence it is the course to be recommended to the inquirer in all cases.

Perry City, N. Y.

#### THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN BRAD.

I stood by the open casement  
And looked upon the night,  
And saw the westward going stars  
Pass slowly out of sight.  
Slowly the bright procession  
Went down the gleaming arch,  
And my soul discerned the music  
Of their long, triumphal march;  
Till the great celestial army,  
Stretching far beyond the poles,  
Became the eternal symbol  
Of the mighty march of souls.  
Onward, forever onward,  
Red Mars led down his clan;  
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,  
Was riding in the van.  
And some were bright in beauty,  
And some were faint and small,  
But these might be, in their greatest light,  
The noblest of them all.  
Downward, forever downward,  
Behind earth's dusky shore,  
They passed into the unknown night,  
They passed—and were no more.  
No more? Oh, say not so!  
And downward was not just;  
For the light is weak and the sense is dim  
That looks through heated dust.  
The stars and the mailed moon,  
Though they seem to fall and die,  
Still sweep with their embattled lines  
An endless reach of sky.  
And though the hills of death  
May hide the bright array,  
The marshaled brotherhood of souls  
Still keeps its upward way.  
Upward, forever upward,  
I see their march sublime,  
And hear the glorious music  
Of the conquerors of Time.  
And long, let me remember  
That the palest, faintest one  
May to diviner vision be  
A bright and blessed sun.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLMSTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, June 11, 1861.

QUESTION.—To what extent do Spiritual communications partake of the illusory character of the medium?

Mr. ODELL, in proposing the above question, said that it appeared to him that communications were often given strongly of the medium's mental peculiarities; partake of his views, and but seldom rise beyond his capacity. He wished to elicit opinions as to the reason of this.

Mr. PARTRIDGE.—We are in the habit of thinking of God as a spirit pervading everything—an essence, like the magnetic fluid, not discernible by the senses, but only through its effects. Now, it is my theory that human spirit, in like manner, is an element which pervades many, if not all things—and that its mode of action is analogous with that of God in Nature; and, if not precisely similar, comes nearer to it than anything else known to us. As we speak of the relations of God to matter, so may human spirits be said to manifest themselves in various ways through matter, and to have some degree of control over it.

As to the means by which spirits obtain control over mediums, my idea is, that the human spirit having passed through the physical organization and left it, becomes so much attenuated and purified that it penetrates into the human frame like electricity, and being also related to the intellectual system and the will, it controls any single part of that frame, at pleasure; as, for instance, an arm or the organs of speech. The disembodied spirit has a certain purpose to accomplish in taking possession of the medium, and, by means of it, force and intellect combined, the moment it enters the body, the medium must conceive the idea of the spirit, and must manifest with more or less of clearness and accuracy.

Hence it is often the case that the spirit moves the limbs of the medium, unconsciously to the latter. By the law of the case, the medium is subjected to the will-force of the spirit in all instances of genuine manifestations. We should keep in mind that mediums, in so far as they are really mediums, at all, are mere instruments—and hence we can have no ground for charging them with incompetency, or throwing upon them the responsibility of their actions or utterances. We might as well complain because the shafts and pulleys of a machine will not do their work when there is no fire under the engine boiler.

It is true that, often, a great portion of the medium's utterances is the product of the medium's own mind; but this is because the spirit does not entirely occupy the medium, but controls only a part of his frame. [A voice.—How do you prove that?]

If the medium is entirely under control, he will utter the thoughts of the spirit, and those only; but this does not often occur, for the reason that it is not often necessary to the attainment of the immediate object sought; and in this, as in everything else, the forces of Nature are economically expended. When, for instance, it is only needful to control the med-

ium's hand, the spirit does not interfere with his consciousness while making use of that member—it does not seek to control the man himself.

The medium's own spirit, when superseded by the disembodied intelligence, I suppose to be in a similar condition to that of a mesmerist subject, when in rapport with the operator; it is overcome by superior force, and lies inactive, torped. Of necessity, the possessing spirit is always superior, i. e., positive, to that of the medium—I think the phenomena of mesmerism are chiefly, if not wholly, referable to physical causes.

A spirit chooses a medium as its instrument of manifestation—it does not make the instrument—and it undoubtedly chooses the medium best fitted for its operations. We may use the Scriptural comparison to illustrate this process; the spirits sow the seed, but whether the increase be of wheat or some other grain, or whether there be any useful harvest at all, must depend upon the nature of the soil. The quality of the manifestations cannot transcend the capacity of the instrument. It is difficult for a spirit of exalted intellect adequately to set forth its views through a medium of inferior mental powers. I do not think that mediums, generally, are more prone to intentional deception than any other class of persons—or so much so as Spiritualists suppose. We attribute to their direct agency outward manifestations which were, in fact, the work of spirits. Sometimes there has been undeniable imposition practiced; but, on the whole, there is more of truth in these phenomena than we have been disposed to admit; there is a superior power at the bottom of them.

It cannot be supposed that persons would voluntarily put themselves forward to act in this capacity if it were not so. It is not such a glorious privilege, for a delicate woman especially, to be brought before the public in such a manner. Mediums have been influenced to speak in public with their eyes closed, because if they had seen the audience they could not have spoken at all—and when they became more accustomed to the situation, this precaution was omitted. If the faculties and organs of the medium were allowed to act at the same time with those of the spirit, the result would be a failure, as is proved by plenty of manifestations.

The idea I have already thrown out, as to the omnipresent, or all-pervading, nature of the human spirit, has an important bearing on the question last discussed by the Conference; as being the element and principle of union among the whole human family; and that on which we must predicate our political Union, social organization, government, peace and prosperity, if we have any.

I have always gloried in being able to thwart God's purposes—for I believe that human beings are more than mere instruments in His hands. In the universe of life we come nearest to God. I don't say that we control God; but neither does God control us, in all the minutiae of our lives; there are things we can do which are contrary to God's will, as well as opposed to our own interests and happiness and the progress of Humanity. Having intellect and force, we are more instrumental in thwarting God's purposes than all the Universe besides. I don't say we cannot do wrong; but that we do it in spite of God. Our sins progress us much faster than our virtues—We are constantly striving to get above sin, whether we ever do so or not.

Mr. HOWE doubted the possibility of two spirits occupying the same organs of the same body at the same time.

Mr. PARTRIDGE thought the idea did not involve a contradiction in terms.

Mr. COLES related some instances in which entranced mediums had moved tables, &c., evidently without volition or consciousness on their part—thus showing that another spirit was concerned. Sometimes he had observed that they put forth sufficient muscular strength of their own to produce the movement, but in these, too, they were the unconscious instruments of another power. He did not see much difficulty in supposing that two spirits might be in the same body at the same time, and if their forces ran in the same direction, their joint action would give a more favorable result.

Mrs. FENNER had personally known a family whose mental powers and attainments were below the average, yet in which a little girl only three years old had shown herself, as a medium, a complete mistress of French, German, and Italian. The spirits had instructed this child's father, through her, how to make a pegging machine, which proved very efficient; and also a corn-planter, now quite extensively used. A lady who was quite a musician died, leaving a little girl not four years old. Soon afterward, the child, who knew not a note of music, and was not able to reach the keys, desired the piano to be opened, and performed upon it in a style which brought tears to the eyes of every hearer, and would not have discredited a young lady of three times her age. Her friends are not believers in Spiritualism, popularly so called, and do not desire these manifestations to be publicly known.

Messages are given through myself on subjects entirely outside the sphere of my own knowledge. No doubt, in nineteen cases out of twenty, communications partake more or less of the peculiar condition of the medium; but this is not always so. I have been influenced to write, at the same time, on two different subjects, while my thoughts were occupied in something else. In my unconscious trance state, I have given opinions which are no more my own than black is white—and in better language than I could use. I know that the idea has gained considerable currency that all, or by far the most, of what proceeds from mediums, is the product of the medium's peculiar condition; but when minute directions are given us respecting matters of which we are totally ignorant, and we are thus led to unexpected discoveries, or gain valuable information. When, for instance, I am told where to look for an article which I have lost for twelve years, and accordingly find it at a distance of five hundred miles—then I cannot doubt that a medium is really what the name implies. I know that spirits communicate, and they have never told me anything that could pain the most delicate mind, or tend to lower my womanhood; on the contrary, by enabling me to help my fellow-creatures, they have brought me happiness.

Mr. ————On the 27th of last June, I attended a circle at the house of Mrs. Schriber, in this city, at which the question was asked, "Who should be our next President?" It was answered there would be two, viz., Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Jeff. Davis; and that the election would be followed by a severe contest between the North and the South, in which the former would finally prevail.

Dr. GRAY.—As respects the power of distinguishing between the medium's own ideas and utterances, and those of the spirit, I would call attention to three points. First, as to all matters on which we

have not arrived at certainty, we are ourselves all the while on two planes. For instance, A. B. No. 1, says one thing on any disputed question, and A. B. No. 2, takes the other side, and the matter is debated in this sort of double soliloquy, until, by some extraneous influence, or process of thought, A. B. arrives at a clear conclusion, and the topic is laid aside. Second, to take a still deeper view—two distinct processes of vital action are continually carried on, in our own bodies, viz., those which belong to the voluntary and the involuntary functions, respectively. Thus, my respiration—the motion of my heart, the creation of bile, saliva, &c., is performed on the plane below consciousness, or the involuntary plane, but, nevertheless, is performed by myself; and, in like manner, mental operations take place on the corresponding plane, from which they well up into the conscious plane, as thoughts, anticipations, ideas. Hence we see it is as impossible for mediums to tell, with certainty, whether their suggestions are received from their own minds or from outside sources, as it is for observers to ascertain the point. There is but one decisive test—"By their fruits ye shall know them." From the facts related by Mrs. French and others, it would appear that the medium is often inspired by other minds, but the process itself of mediumship affords no evidence whatever of the fact. I do not know that a spirit is a thing which has any relation to space. Perhaps all spirits would not occupy as much room as the point of a needle. Instead of speaking of spirit as omnipresent, I would use the term *omni-permeative*. Third, *Rapport*. What is rapport? It may be a duplex relation, also. Put a chameleon on a green-covered table, and it will assume that color. This is certainly not a mental operation. The animal's integument has a delicate ganglionic connection with the green cloth, in consequence of which it can only reflect the same rays of light. May not this be expressed by the word *rapport*? We cannot understand how, but we know there are harmonic relations which are independent of the spirit. Can it be denied that we, too, are in rapport with all things in the universe? But the human being has rapport on all planes of his existence. I can imagine that, on our ganglionic plane, our organs do feel the state of things in the universe—that they mirror them all. It may be that in certain states certain organs may be sympathetically affected, so as to enable me to appreciate the condition of substances outside of them, just as the skin of the chameleon was affected. Rapport with us takes place also on the conscious plane, because we are able to transfer ideas thereto from the lower plane, the intervention of a spirit not being necessarily involved in the results of such transfer. This may be illustrated by the progress of ideas in the case of an inventor. All at once, by transfer from his ganglionic plane, where he had not been conscious of their existence, the rudiments of an important invention first received, perhaps, by contact with some other mind, flash into the upper voluntary plane of thought. He takes out a patent, and changes the face of society. Spirit may often act upon our minds by a similar succession of processes. All they have to do is, to put the external senses of a medium to sleep, and let his spirit have full play. I don't believe all this talk of high and low spirits. I regard every human being as of equal dignity and worth with every other—all spirits have not equally good instruments. All that is necessary is to let the divine, infinite spirit, which is buried beneath every organism, manifest itself freely, and the divine science of Spiritualism will, at last, so bless and adorn human relations—will lead us into such harmonic mutual rapport that, in investigating truth, there will be but one will. There is no assignable limit to human cognition. While living, you and I may be in rapport in China, as well as with minds in the heavenly world. I don't know how far the direct appreciation of facts and truths is resident within us. It is probable that the delight we experience when we discover a truth in the upper, or intellectual plane, is merely a leap of joy on the part of the spirit, on making its external perceptive what itself knew thoroughly all the while. The other night, in a troubled sleep, I dreamt that my only son, who had been absent in Europe for some years, and whose return I was not immediately looking for, had just landed at this port—that he came into my room and went with me in my carriage to call upon my friends. I awoke just in time to hear the guns of the steamship Fulton as she entered the harbor; and in a few hours my son was at the door. According to Mr. Partridge, some spirit came and announced his arrival; my own opinion is, that my son's longing for home influenced my physical so as to cause the impression.

Dr. Young asked whether it would not follow, from Dr. Gray's views of the nature of spirits, as just stated, that they must come to be in fact identical in views and purposes, and hence lose their separate conscious individuality? He wished Dr. G. to take this home and sleep upon it.

Tuesday Evening, June 18, 1861.

QUESTION.—continued.

Dr. BARTHOLOMEW desiring to enforce the position he had taken at a previous meeting—relative to the views of slavery, entertained by our Revolutionary statesmen, read a passage from Randall's Life of Jefferson, being part of a speech of John Randolph. This, together with the original draught of the Declaration of Independence, was sufficient to show that our forefathers' abhorrence of slavery, in all forms, was not an ephemeral idea, but the studied and settled doctrine of their day. He did not know how to get over this fact, and go on to affirm that the Constitution is opposed to it.

Mr. PARTRIDGE read an article by the city editor of the Tribune, in the current number of the "Sunday Courier," referring to cures performed by Dr. James R. Newton. From this it appeared that the writer had witnessed the speedy cure of a sea-captain, who being taken to Dr. Newton's in a carriage, and carried up stairs to the consulting-room, had come down arm-in-arm with the doctor, perfectly restored to the use of his limbs. This induced the editor to try the doctor's powers in the case of his wife, who was affected with partial paralysis, and gnawing pain in the spine; and she, too, after a somewhat longer interval, was completely relieved. These are perfectly reliable cases, as I know the parties very well, and they are not Spiritualists. The question is, by what power is Dr. Newton enabled to work these effects? He does not profess to be a Spiritualist, or a Spiritual medium; yet, undoubtedly knows he is a medium, and does not announce the fact, for fear of the prejudice which prevails on the subject, and which would restrain many from applying to him. Such cases seem to have occurred but rarely before the advent of modern Spiritualism. They are now quite frequent, and this, I think, supports the argument in favor of their Spiritual origin, especially when taken in connection with the fact that most healing mediums feel and

know that their cures are effected by Spirit-power. A year or two ago some persons from Philadelphia performed many cures just in this way. There is an eminent Catholic clergyman in this city, who privately exorcises similar powers in the cure of disease, and has somewhat hurt his standing in the Church by so doing, as it is contrary to her doctrines to attribute such effects to agency of disembodied spirits. How is it that spirits perform these cures? From lack of examination, I have not fully made up my mind on this question; but most cases of bodily disease probably arise from obstruction in the physical organism, which prevents the free flow of the spirit through all its parts, and the result is either entire, or partial paralysis, and in the latter case, much pain and inconvenience; just as when a limb or finger is partially frozen. Spirits are, in some states and degrees, so fixed and attenuated as to permeate particles of matter, like electricity and the other imponderable fluids. They permeate the persons of mediums, and in this way, also, they lend their aid to restore the bodily powers of those who have become partially paralyzed by the obstruction of their own spirits. Aged persons have thus been relieved of deafness and blindness. The cures are generally permanent. The method appears to be the same as that of Christ and the Apostles. Every medium is not a healing medium, and there are mediums for the healing of special diseases, and special organs of the body; by whom all complaints are more or less relieved. Some may be inclined to attribute these cures to what is called psychological influence, viz: the control obtained by the operator over the will of the patient, the enfeebled state of the latter being regarded as the real cause of the physical inability; but I do not consider this as a correct view of the relations between mind and body in a state of disease. I think that the mind is influenced primarily by the state of the physical organism. When the spirit of any individual permeates every article of his body in a nominal manner, that individual must be in perfect health; if his spirit be at all obstructed, he must be in that degree dead; and death itself is entire obstruction and final separation of the spirit from the body. Any portion of the frame not perfectly permeated by the spirit, because at once a foreign body, as much so as a splinter of wood in the finger.

Dr. Young said he would be very glad to attribute the healing phenomena to spirits, and he hoped there would be a shower of them. But he remembered what he had been told by Dr. Gray, a popular physician of Stephentown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. When the doctrines of Hahnemann had attracted his attention, the doctor was led to doubt the entire philosophy of medicine; and finally thought he would test it by a course of negative experimentation. For a considerable period he went his rounds as regularly and attentively as usual, but administered not a particle of any medicine stronger than bread-pills and colored water. His success was greater than ever before. In consequence, he came to believe that the so-called science of medicine is a humbug, excepting, perhaps, in the use of some few familiar remedies, well tested. This physician never felt himself under any spiritual or mesmeric influence. He lent his patients the force derived from his own confidence, and this was sufficient in most cases, because the majority of diseases, of specific type, are self-limited, and result in recovery after running a certain course, except when they terminate unfavorably in typhoid fever, and death ensues from prostration.

I do not intend to throw any doubt on Mr. Partridge's relation; but, on the other hand, Dr. Newton's attempts at cure are not uniformly successful. I know of one case in which he did no good whatever; and of another, (that of a distinguished architect of this city) in which the patient, who was led to the Dr.'s house totally blind, was able before he left to distinguish the outlines of objects, and to read small print, for the first time in three years. It may be that, in such cases, besides the ministrations of hope, there is a vital force given off by the operator, which electrifies the patient's members. Still, I hope these effects are correctly imputed to spirits, yet, so long as the phenomena themselves do not directly confirm this theory, I must remain in doubt; for, I do not think Nature ever has two ways of doing the same thing. The lifting of a table is conclusive testimony that some force is active, outside the human spirit, and, as such, we are bound to accept it. But, as to this healing process, every man has more or less of an excess of vital power, which may pass from him spontaneously; and, just in proportion as a man uses his sympathetic spirit, just in that proportion does he avail himself of this extra vitality to do good—in conjunction with faith and confidence on the part of the patient.

Mr. KIMBALL did not think Dr. Newton would knowingly lend himself to deception. In his own case, after repeated calls on the doctor, he had received only slight, temporary benefit.

Mr. COLES said that his mother-in-law had a contracted finger for years, for which she had tried almost everything without effect. Finally, she was induced to apply to a "faith-doctor" in Ohio, who, after merely looking at the useless member, told her to go home and it would be well after a certain length of time—and it was even so. He related some instances of non-cures by Dr. Newton.

Mr. KIMBALL knew of a case in which a man's arm was covered with warts, which were removed directly by simple manipulation.

Dr. SPENCE.—"What difficulty in the way of a correct idea of spiritual manifestations may be traced to the medium personally?" An essay was read on this subject, which Dr. S. reserves for separate publication.

Mr. PARTRIDGE thought the essayist had stated his position a little too broadly; at least he (Mr. P.) did not wish to be included among those Spiritualists who entertained the idea that the thoughts of one mind, by its own will, can be transferred to another. A man is not two beings as this opinion would imply. His mind is not to be separated from his body, so as to act out of its own proper instrument, or envelope. I do not believe that one mind can pass out of that instrument, and express itself, or obtain information. Hence I regard all those "psychological" phenomena which are adduced to prove the direct and independent action of mind upon mind, as merely manifestations in the physical plane; communication being first set up by physical not mental, contact. In all his performances, the "psychological" person is not deceived, in his own consciousness; he will acknowledge, when questioned, that he knows he is not really the character which he is physically constrained to represent; his judgment is correct, but, for the time being, his bodily organs are controlled to act in opposition to it. Under these circumstances, of course, like a piano out of tune, his manifestations will not be as harmonious, as when his natural and normal relations are undis-

turbed. [The speaker was asked how he explained the fact that A. J. Davis announced the discovery of the planet Neptune, only so far as it had become generally known in Europe, at that time.] I give the spirits credit for the exercise of judgment, discretion, in these matters—whereas many take it for granted that they necessarily tell us all they know on a given subject, if they tell us anything.

Dr. SPENCE remarked that Davis, in this instance, though he then thought he saw the truth for himself, now acknowledges that he was in contact with the astronomer's mind, and gained it in that way. Had he really been inspired by spirits, they would have imparted to him a clear and comprehensive idea of the planetary system.

Mr. COLES.—People are continually asking, why spirits do not say this and that which it would seem they ought to say.

Dr. YOUNG.—It is impossible to impart an intelligible statement of any scientific subject, whatever may be the automatic power of expression, without a sufficient knowledge of the elementary principles involved. Hence the inference is clear, that no one can unconsciously reproduce and utter the thought of another in the shape of an astronomical theory, depending upon the nicest mathematical processes. Almost any other hypothesis is more probable than that any mortal can thus be made the unintelligent, mechanical medium for the communication of such matters.

Mr. PARTRIDGE.—Dr. Redman departed from this place, in this city, last night, of heart-disease. He was one of the best mediums I have ever known; although in some cases, certain peculiarities of his highly sensitive organization may have caused doubts as to the genuineness of his manifestations. In my estimation, we have lost, in him, a very remarkable medium, through whom have been given communications of a most exalted character, as well as most astounding evidences of spirit-intercourse. A self-made man, he had attained considerable proficiency as a physician, and was, in all respects, a useful member of society.

#### "SPIRITUAL PARASITES."

Yea, verily, this is most essentially needed, if what Mrs. Spence has lately written, concerning spiritual "parasites," &c., be true.

But is the specific statement, or idea, of Mrs. S. true? The general fact stated by her is doubtless correct, but her philosophy in the matter is questionable. When she says that certain "natures," (in the body or out of the body) are "good feeders," she utters a positive truth; but when she says that "it is dangerous to put them on short rations," she contradicts some of her own fundamental propositions; for as she seems certain that the death of the "human nature" is but the outbirth of the "divinity within us," why, then, to starve the "human nature" of those gross "feeders," would not be "dangerous," but would be as essential to their redemption as it would be "natural." And here let me ask Mrs. S. why it is not just as advisable for us to comb out, cleanse off, and even starve, these "parasites," as it is for them to prey upon and poison off, prematurely, the "men, women and children" of this lower world?

But the theory of Mrs. Spence is evidently drawn from her "annihilation" ideas—from her assumption that the interior man is liable to "dwindle and perish before it reaches the adult, divine state, which is immortal." I do not believe, with Mrs. S., that while "the body is consumed" by "incessant" mental or emotional action, the *soul* or spirit is also "starved"; for the prominent and historical fact of human experience is directly contrary to such an idea (wherever the mind and heart are rightly directed, as I demonstrated at the late Worcester Convention. Neither do I accept the assertion of Mrs. S., that the exhaustion of magnetic forces from "men, women and children," by "obsessing" spirits, is essential to the growth of both the spirits and mortals. On the contrary, the whole theory that is being foisted upon Spiritualism, to the effect that a participation in earthly grossness, is necessary to spiritual development, and is "all right," is at once false as it is foul. The perishing of the soul or spirit, whether in the body or out, consists simply and entirely in its being burdened, or buried in earthly absorption or sensualism—nothing more; and all spirits who are styled "undeveloped," are so by virtue of being overclouded, borne down, and held down by the great mass of terrestrial attractions or magnetisms by which they have become clogged. The lesson to them is—and their earth-experience should and will teach them this—that they must be "good feeders," no longer; that they must forsake their present impurities without taking on anything additional in that direction; that they must cast off their clogs without causing needless suffering to mediums, or any other class, embodied here below; and Christ, "THE WAY," is the open door for this. Through His hallowed path, the dreary and wasting miseries of mere worldly "experience" are saved, except such as are unjustly caused by unrighteous antagonism.

Intelligences, whether visible or invisible, who persist in placing themselves on a level with vermin, making themselves "parasites,"—"good feeders," as Mrs. Spence expresses it—must not be astonished if the comb and brush are applied in their case, as in similar cases made and provided. It is pleasant always to render even a portion of our own strength and substance to anything in the form of humanity, where it is needed; but when a mortal or spirit shows merely the inclinations and habits of a vampire, and is even more than beastly in draining out the life-pulse of others, then an entire change in the programme—the "change of heart." I might say—involving the absolute suspension of gross "feeding," and of something else besides, is decidedly important to the salvation of both the "parasite" and the victim. And I sincerely trust that the time is near when the disposition to yield up the entire sympathetic energies to magnetic control, and to the dictum, the wear and tear of spirits, is to pass into oblivion.

Mrs. Spence has justly recognized the predominance of the "human" over the "Divine" in existing spiritual relations; but she must hear in mind that the *Satanic* is but the reflex of the "human," when mentally detached from the "Divine" connection; and that, consequently, according to her own publicly avowed "experience," her own states and provisions are, as yet, mostly within the "human"; and give, mainly, the *Satanic* side of the question involved. She cannot speak the clear philosophy of that "straight and narrow way," (to which she has alluded) until she has arisen to the knowledge of God, and has conquered the power of Prayer, all of which she confesses herself to have been arbitrarily deprived of by her spiritual dictators and oppressors. She will be a wiser benefactor to the mediums, &c., (whom she proposes to help), when she has thus made her connection with the "Divine." And so, in like manner, will all inspirational elements become more helpful of Humanity, when they have thus risen to their truer expression; and in this, all Spiritualists, and others, may see a most significant hint toward the "HIGHER UNFOLDING."

D. J. MANDELL.

Athol Depot, Mass.







Macumber in August; Warren Chaco three first Sundays in

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,  
NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



## 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, June 6.—Invocation: Nature; Stephen B. Dike; Laura Ringe.  
Tuesday, June 11.—Human Will; Orlin Barker; Charlotte Ann Peery; Louisa Robertson.  
Wednesday, June 12.—Invocation: Man's Power over Circumstances; Horace Sherman, N. Y.; Andrew J. Forbes.  
Thursday, June 13.—Invocation: Alexander Carson; Samuel Leonard; Maria Parker; Ben Holmes.  
Saturday, June 14.—Invocation: Unrest; Lydia Ferguson; John B. Spencer; Addie Bortecore.

## Our Circle.

We have completed the fitting up of our new Circle Room, at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 153 Washington street, Boston, in a style of elegance and neatness worthy the visits of our friends, both spirits and mortals, and shall open it FREE TO THE PUBLIC, on Monday afternoon, July 8th, at the usual hour.

## Washington Hedge.

They said I should not come here to-day. I want to tell you there'll be no preaching here, and no prayers to-day.

I've got a medium in Baltimore, and they want let me do as I want to. I've been dead six years, and I've been raising the devil ever since. I went out in the wrong way, and I'll stand mediums on their heads, if I want to. That medium's folks are all righteous folks, and they treat me like the devil, and so I raise the devil.

I'd like to see them concentrate her mind by reading, so they can say their prayers. I know the ropes in these ships, and I came. If I'm going to stay in hell longer, I'm coming back to raise hell there once in a while. That medium's name down there is McGraw. I want to let them know I come here to-day, and that if they will let me go there, and will not treat me ill, I'll use them well. I have got folks here who want to hear from me; but if they will let me come, I'll try to behave myself.

My name was Washington Hedge. I died in New Orleans. I got into a fight, and got killed, six years ago. I got the worst of it. The world hated me, and I hated the world. I mean the Christian world—that class that set themselves up for something, and ain't anything, either. They said I was dumb—that's because they don't know. That medium down there is a good medium. I was a circus rider. I've been in all the different degrees, and can do most anything in that line.

Now I want you to tell my medium out there that I came here, and that I will use her well if she don't oppose me. If they will let me do as I have a mind to, I'll do as well as I can. Her folks would like it, but I'm coming here to give them a bit of a thrashing. They have a little too much religion, and I will take it out of them. Ah! they said I should not come here; but I'm ring-master to-day. I always drove through this world in a hurry. I was born pretty near one of your Shaker villages. They will lament my situation. I'm in hell—master of the ring there. If you can only do as you want to, you'll like the place.

There shall be a prayer offered here to-day. I can't bear it. The last thing I heard was a prayer on earth, and it made me mad, and I told them they should not pray; and I won't have it here.

That medium is a good girl, but they do not like me to come there. Now if they do not let me come in the evening, I'll take her out of bed and dance her.

I use to go to Mrs. Porter's in New York, but I did not kill her. She's well enough off, now. I did some wonderful things there. When she died I got another, and I haven't had any other. I just skimmed around, and found her, and knew I could do pretty well with her; but the old folks raise such a fuss, they made me use the girl hard. May 31.

## Evil.

When men's religious fables shall have their foundation in science, then these spiritual and moral tornadoes will cease to exist. It is because mind does not understand mind, that we find so much of that called evil in your midst. When men shall learn that darkness is essential to light as light is to darkness, then these millions of unhappy souls shall begin to receive something of wisdom. We would not for a moment question the wisdom of our Father because he hath created such darkened elements of humanity; for we know our Father is good, and all he hath made is equally good. To say that one atom in the universe was bad, would be to say our Father was bad also. And however much the dark atoms may interfere with our happiness, we hope we shall never complain, but feel that they are as necessary to the picture of life as are the brighter shades, which we might not appreciate but for them.

They forget that the great human family are all interlinked. They forget that there is but one fountain from whence cometh all things, whether dark or light, good or evil. All spring from one fountain, and all are bound to the same ultimate. Though we may be daily brought in contact with the dark atoms, we must feel that there is something in their nature which must be unfolded, and that fragrance will be as acceptable to Jehovah as the flowers of higher life.

The scientific minds find much pleasure in wandering in the darker shades of life; for they know only the worth of the condition of life they have attained by contrasting it with darkness. The mountain-top has no right to look down upon the deep gorge beneath it, saying, "I am higher and holier than thou," since they spring from the same source. The angel has no right to descend into the lower condition of life, telling its denizens that they are evil. No; our Father was never known to forget the smallest particle of life, and we may rest assured that he loves all alike. So, when the children, or unenlightened minds come to you, know it is well. They come to gain light and peace, such as they cannot gain in spirit-life. We are not disposed to offer prayers in behalf of such souls, for we know each soul must offer prayer for itself, and that Jehovah will not accept prayers which do not come of each soul for itself.

Each human being has a law of its own, and by it it comes nearer and nearer to Deity, until the low is merged into the great general Godhead. May 31.

## James Maloney.

It's not so easy to pick your company, as it is to talk about it. I was a mason's tender. My name was James Maloney. I worked for Mr. Peiros a long time. I have been dead about five months. I died an honest man. I didn't die drunk. I took sick, and, I suppose, in all, I was sick about two weeks. All that was done for me was good for nothing, and I died.

I'm pretty happy, but I'm waiting all the time to know where I'm going. I've been round here most all the time.

I'd like to send something to my wife and children. I know it is hard to get round there, but I want to let my wife know that everybody who has a mind to learn here, and to try, can come back and speak.

I lived in Sea street, pretty near High street. My wife is very slow to understand things, when once she gets explained to it. I have got nothing to say about the church. I met an old friend who asked

me, had I got prayed out? I told him I was well enough off, and didn't know what I'd got prayed out for. He said he couldn't get anywhere, and thought his folks had not used him right.

I don't know what to say to my wife. It's one thing to talk to her, and another to talk to her alone. I'd like to talk to her, but I've got nothing to say about the priests. I don't see but the Catholics are as well off as the Protestants. I hear a lot of the Protestants complaining because they didn't find things here as they were told by their priests. Our priests do not tell us much about it, you know, so we don't get disappointed so much, perhaps.

My wife's name is Honora. I have four children, thank God. Their names are James, Bridget, Mary, and the little one, I don't know what it is called. Faith, it was not in this world at all when I left.

I want to be honest all the way along. I was an honest man, and I want to be so as long as I live. May 31.

## Henrietta S. Sprague.

I feel so much of my earthly weakness, I am hardly able to control; but I have spent so much time in learning to come, and am so very anxious, I think I shall try to give what I wish to. It is now a little less than three months since I left my home on earth, my husband, my mother, my child, my brother and sister, and dear friends.

My name is Henrietta S. Sprague—my name before marriage, McHenry. I was in my twenty-first year. I had been married a year and four months—some days over; and I died of consumption, I suppose.

I have had a strong desire to return since I left, that I might tell my dear friends there is an open highway between the two worlds that all may travel over who wish to. I found my profession of religion left me on this side, but it was a great comfort to me while here. After I left here, my wants were attended to by kind friends who came before.

I was born at Charlestown, Mass. I died at Georgetown, D. C. My husband has said, if Spiritualism were true, he should think I would find a way to return to communicate. I hope he will not be disappointed because this is the only way I find open. I wish he would avail himself of the privileges which are all around him, and give me the privilege of talking to him.

I might find it difficult to control a medium differently organized from this one, but I will try. I have no wishes to express about the little one I left, for I know it will be tenderly cared for; and as I am appointed to watch over its course, I do not fear for it. The shadow of its earth-life does not seem long to me, and if it should come early to its mother, there should be no tears, no mourning, that it leaves the chill winds of earth.

I hope to be able to speak to my own dear friends; however, it remains with them. I can only come and occupy forms and places they may be able to assign to me. To my dear mother, I will say that much of her Christianity, which has been her support through life, will carry her further into the future than mine carried me. Were I to attempt to bless that dear mother, I should fail, for I can conceive of no blessing large enough for her. To my brother and sister I will say that I advise them to seek and know of these mysteries of the kingdom, before they are called to death's maid.

For my husband there are garlands blooming in the garden of my spirit-love. Love will nourish them, and love will nourish those I have with me. I want to be diligent in all duties, and not, above all things, to forget those things that belong to the spirit-world. May 31.

## Premature Death.

It is a favorite belief with some spirits in the body, that the spirit can get along much faster and better without the encumbrance of the flesh. It certainly is the favorite belief with certain minds on earth. But it is a belief that is unsound, and he or she who rests upon it, will find sooner or later that it is a mistake.

That it is better for man to work out a certain part of his existence in the machine called the human body, everything in nature will tell you. This human machine is calculated to be brought in contact with the material things of life. But the spirit devoid of the physical form is not adapted to this material plane, and sometimes it finds very hard work to bring itself in rapport with materialism under the best conditions. The spirit of man becomes pure, smooth and wise, by being brought into contact with the rough sides of life, or the lower points of animal and material life. Our wise Creator determined, when he made these bodies, that the spirit should remain in the body until it had learned all it could. Many people suppose that the spirit is better able to look into the past when disembodied, than when in the flesh, but this is a mistake also.

If the spirit passes to the spirit-world under favorable conditions, it is able to look into the future better, but it is not able to look into the past as well. Now man must come up step by step the ladder of progress. Your mother nature gives you lessons in perfect harmony, and they follow so close upon each other that you are hardly capable of distinguishing the difference. We have said the spirit of man must come up step by step of the ladder of progress. Man would be incapable of immortality if he could come up without a knowledge of past events, the lessons of experience. He would have no foundation. Many are the lessons of experience man must learn, if he would be perfect.

You say when your infants pass early to spirit-life, they have got rid of suffering. "I thank God that my child has been freed from all possibilities of trouble here," says the mother. Oh, what a mistaken idea! That little one must return and gain all the knowledge he should have gained in a body, and he must do so under hard circumstances. There is nothing that ever has been, or ever will be, but is incorporated in your form. This is true, and science will teach you so. It is also true that the infant must learn of earth all he would have learned had he remained in the body. Now man should take care of the physical body. He owes it to God, as the principle who called him into life, and to all things in the universe. If he fails to do so, every atom in the universe suffers, and man cannot be just to the human mechanism unless he understands it; and therefore it is his duty to understand it. He must stretch out his power as far as he can, and let every faculty of the soul be brought into action, in order that you may gain an understanding of self in the future. By doing this, you lay a fine foundation for your life in the other world, for, by doing so, you gain more easily that knowledge of the more refined forms you take on in spirit-life. You are told that the spirit-body is an exact counterpart of the human body. So it is when it is perfect; but we have quite as many monstrosities with us as with you. Many come to us not exact counterparts of the human body, because nature's law has not been understood. The suicide supposes he will better himself, by getting rid of the poor body. Oh, what a mistake! And the poor wretch soon finds it out, after having quit the body, and there is not one who would not give all he may possess in order to regain that power. Every spirit who came here prematurely, or in infancy, will tell you that it has lost much by not being matured on earth. Sorrow and experience, in all forms, beget wisdom. There is not one piece of human mechanism out of seven that is not capable of living out its appointed physical time, or of doing first what nature designed it should. Then why is it that so many come to us immatures? Why do they so early lose their forms?

"Is because you do not understand them; you have been taught to serve to well the laws of the outward world, and they have been contrary to the natural law. The soul demands certain things, for its unfoldment and progress, that your national and civil laws out-times deny. It is well to render obedience to natural and civil laws when you can; but when they are contrary to the demands of your soul, then you should live up to the natural laws, or the higher, and let the civil law under your feet. Men are fast beginning to believe they are much more than they once thought. Instead of being mere atoms in the world, all the laws of the natural and spiritual life are brought down within the compass of your own being.

You are not to blame because so many forms rest

beneath the sod ere they should rest there. You doubtless in most cases keep their loved images with you as long as you can, but that care may extend a great way further than it has or does at this time, by adding a little knowledge. You can do so much to-day because you have so much knowledge to act upon, but must remember each day and hour is given you to improve upon. You must not think because you have got so much knowledge to-day, that you ought not to get more to-morrow.

When the child, or one who has passed to spirit-life in infancy, attains a certain age in spirit-life at which he is capable of looking back and perceiving results of earth, then begin his sorrows—his hard work. The child must come back to earth and learn just what it would have learned on earth in a physical form. Now, if that form is a necessity to the spirit at one time, it is a necessity to all. All who desire to live upon earth, then, must miss the body; and all must desire, for it is implanted in every human soul, to learn all of earth. It may lie dormant for a time; but when aroused, it must work so much harder.

It is the duty of all who have charge of infant minds, to see to it that they are taught in reference to their spirit as connected with matter. Instead of teaching them of the frivolities of life, teach them of the substantial things of physical life and spiritual. Out of the physical forms you should gather enough strength to form a perfect shield against all incongruities in spirit-life. If the soul of man be polished at all, it becomes so by passing through tribulation and sorrow, such as pertains to earthly life.

So, then, you who fear to come in contact with earth's stern realities—who fear to be brought in contact with the rough edges of material life—know that wisdom hath placed them for your enlightenment. Every sorrow brings its beautiful blossom of joy. Your darkest hours here—those which seem all filled with midnight gloom, are the harbingers of others equally brilliant.

Then let perseverance and knowledge be your guardian angels, and, rest assured, you shall find a mansion in the spirit-world well adapted to your wants. June 1.

## Martha Yates.

My name was Martha Yates. I used to live in Plover. I have been dead most four years. I died of cancerous humor of the throat and lungs. I was sixty-seven years old. I have left two daughters. I wish very much to send some line to them. I aint used to travelling round. I never went far from home, and I stayed pretty quiet since I died; but I got so anxious, I thought I would see what I could do towards coming back. I was sick a good many months, and I used to wonder why I was kept to suffer so. But I do believe I should have been more unhappy if I had come without so much suffering.

I used to have some doubts of being happy in the heaven we used to hear so much about. I thought I might be happy for a time in the occupation of praising God as we were told; but I thought I might change. I want to tell my children I do not change, but wake up just about as we died. I do not think I could be happy in such a life now.

My daughters' names are Nancy and Martha. I really wish I could talk with them. I don't feel that I have changed. I know our dead bodies are unpleasant to look upon, but it does not seem to me that one need be afraid of the spirit of a friend. I hope the girls will get rid of such fear.

Their father and I would like to come to them. He does not dwell in the same sphere of thought I dwell in. We are satisfied to live apart, I am nearer earth than he. June 1.

## Albert Hammond.

It is tough work, the best way you can fix it—this getting back again. This coming down to the requirements of a body not your own, is rough, sometimes, to those not acquainted with it.

I suppose I was in a little bit of a hurry to get back, and it makes it tough for me to hold on; but I come back here to see what is the best way of doing some things. I don't feel just right. I'd like to know what you are all coming to. I was hung three weeks ago, at Richmond. What in the devil are you all doing here at the North? Why in hell do you not all Scott do his work? What is he waiting for, till every honest man in the South gets hung? The mob hung me. I was born north. I was a Union man, and I swore I would utter that sentiment; and I swore if one man laid his hands on me, I'd shoot him, and by God, I did. His name was Becks. But I was hung for me. My name was Albert Hammond. I was born in Boston. I lived out there some time. I was thirty-three years old. I have no family. I voted for Lincoln, and what have I got for it? Strung out at the rope's end. I know there's hundreds of Union men there, but they dare not speak out. "For God's sake, don't speak your sentiments," they said, "for they will hang you." I swore I would, and was called reckless.

There's plenty of Union men who have not got money enough to get out of the Southern States, starving to death there. Why don't you come out and aid them? All business is stopped, and every man is pressed into service who does not deal in the necessities of life. There are hundreds thus pressed into service, whose fathers and sons are in the Secession ranks. I know plenty of families in Richmond where one or two sons in a family are Union men, and all the rest are secessionists. What will these Union men do, when pressed into the Southern service? There are hundreds that have always been loyal men, who think you are standing aloof.

Well, I have learned something by coming here. We thought you were all asleep. I'm glad you are not all dead here. They told us Lincoln was nothing, and that the Republican party were dissatisfied with him. Is it a fact that you are working? Well, the fact is, I passed out in the midst of the heat, and have not known anything since.

I lost my body, and you lost an enemy. God, I thought you were all drunk, or dead, or asleep; and that was the general opinion of the Northern men there, when I left. The first thought I had when I left, was that I'd come back and see what in hell you were all about. The cities are controlled by rebel law. They are more numerous than the Union men. I said, half an hour before I died, I hoped it would be my lot to shoot Jeff. Davis; and I wish to God it had been.

I'm glad I came here to-day; perhaps I can give you a little idea of who I am. You know the man who performed so many slight-of-hand wonders—Blitz? Well, he married my cousin—her name was Hammond. I did business on Vine street. They handled me rough, and left me hanging for the rable to shoot at. That didn't hurt me much, but my friends told me of it. I can't help feeling revengeful when a man is hung by the neck for expressing his opinions, his property, it is hard. They wanted to press me into service, but I swore I would never run out the Secession flag. June 1.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## "IT IS WELL."

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

Farewell, darling baby, farewell,  
That we've cherished and loved, O, so well!  
The angels are calling, they're waiting for thee,  
In their love-arms enfolded, triumphantly free.  
Thou may'st blossom in Wisdom, nor sorrow shall cease,  
But in a true harmony dwell.

Our beautiful rosebud, farewell,  
Till we come in thy sweet home to dwell;  
The friends passed before thee, thy guardians shall prove,  
And leading thee on by the dear tie of love,  
Shall make us regret not thy passing above,  
Where there tolls not a funeral bell.

Farewell, precious jewel, farewell,  
Lent to us for a brief, happy spell;  
No seasons of suffering are thine, or of sin,  
But a crown from the fairest immortals thou'lt win,  
A life of bright promise they'll help thee begin,  
"It is well with the child, it is well."

Providence, June, 1861.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## VOICES IN NATURE.

BY JOHANNA GRANT.

O takes a many to me they tell,  
The sighing winds and the sobbing rain,  
For the chiding hand within my soul  
Responds to their voices of pain.

And oft it hath thrilled to Ocean's songs,  
Now sorrowing and now sweet,  
When his giant sons from his bosom rushed,  
And died as they kissed my feet.

And it seemed as they fain would have borne me away  
To their grots all paven with pearl,  
Where the Triton sounds his wretched shell  
And the Nereids their tresses comb.

And the pines have chanted a mystical lore  
From a weird and tremulous lyre,  
And the rocks their ancient records showed  
Inscribed with pens of fire.

And the voyagers of the upper deeps  
That sail in ships of gold,  
Have signalled to me of the glory-worlds  
Their radiant eyes behold—

Of the orb'd Eden-isles that gem  
The boundless aural sea,  
Where our blessed angel-kindred dwell,  
From sin and suffering free.

And O sweet flowers, can I forget  
The communings so dear,  
That breath from out your balmy lips,  
With a charm that has no peer

Save in the bosom paradise  
Of pure affection's shrine,  
Where the tender flowerets of the soul  
In fadeless beauty twine.

Through every form, to the spirit's touch,  
Life's pulses throb and beat,  
And the seeing eye and the hearing ear  
No dumbness or death can meet.

## SPIRITUALISM IN EUROPE.

Letter from J. Rollin M. Squire.

Some well disposed person, dear BANNER, has said that every man is entitled to rest and respite from his affairs; therefore, were I so inclined, I might plead under this head, and claim forgiveness for my long apparent forgetfulness of you and your claims upon me, adding, by way of making a better cause, many sincere promises for the future.

But my life has not been one of rest. Nearly six months in Paris have been spent by me in the salons of the curious Parisians, and the doors of my apartments have been constantly open to those who cared to seek me.

Somebody, so I read from one of your issues, has said that Spiritualism is dying out in America. This, of course, finds no credence with me; yet, were it true, then, indeed, the march of progress no longer follows the fiery car of Helios, for I assure you Europe is quite alive to any new phase of the subject.

On arriving in Paris I resolved to seclude myself for a time, until I became sufficient master of a language of which I knew but very little, to warrant me in attempting the oceans of society in such a city as Paris. Following this resolve, I took an apartment in a quiet quarter of the city, and commenced the *J'ai Tu as si a Nous avons rone avec les*. In three weeks I was discovered, by those who were somewhat acquainted with me through the French journals of New Orleans, and nothing would satisfy them but my immediate transferal to a quarter more *comme il faut*. The last of October found me domiciliated in Rue du Boulol 21, in apartments well suited to receive the friends of my friends, which, you know, comprehends a system of multiplication hardly believable. Then commenced a term of labor which to a degree deprived me utterly of rest, and nearly convinced me that I did not exactly belong to myself. Every evening found my salon at the disposal of eight or ten inquirers, to whose importunities I had listened until I was obliged to appoint a time for their reception. At last I resolved to try the experiment of numbers, remembering that at the home of my Hancock street friend oftentimes upwards of thirty persons had been witnesses of my manifestations, hoping to have more time and rest at my disposal; therefore I gave it out that my rooms were open on Thursday evenings to whoever cared to come. My salon was well suited for thirty or thirty-five persons, yet for four months every Thursday evening it was crowded with from forty to sixty. Then came another view of the subject; men in France are not all kings, as in America, speaking in a republican sense, neither are the women all queens. Literature has its qualification for society, as well as the title list, and each in their sphere have their high and low stamp. The titled society have no *amour* for literary, about which the latter manifest no sort of anxiety, while both are on equal terms towards "*la foule*" the multitude.

Therefore Thursday evening was taken possession of by the multitude, and the week finished by the rivals. I had at first thought, on the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, to make my manifestations in some way recompense me for my time; but those who knew Paris better than I objected to this, on the ground of the moral weight in my favor found in my unselfishness, and kindly offered to be of any service in their power to me.

Thus passed four months, during which time nearly every journal in Paris took up the subject of Spiritualism, some for, some against it. I have most of the editors of Paris as witnesses, and am happy to be able to say that those who saw me became my defenders, those who did not, my accusers through supposition.

In February, I left Paris for Algiers, to see the Duc de Malakoff, who had expressed a desire to witness the manifestations. I remained in Algiers twenty-five days, during which time I gave seven-teen seances, and had the pleasure of seeing the subject take firm ground, leaving behind me a most interesting lady, who became during my stay a most extraordinary medium.

From Algiers I went to Tunis, attracted thither by a desire to see something more of Orientalism than one sees in Algiers, which is rapidly becoming French in character, as also to visit M. Leon Roches, Consul General and Charges d'Affaires de France, to whom I was sent by his brother, commander of the port of Algiers. Beyond a few evenings spent at the houses of the different consuls, Spiritualism found no sympathy in Tunis.

The city of Tunis is sufficient to rob one of all love for Orientalism, and make one regret that, having seen, he may no more dream of Eastern splendors. The streets are narrow and unpaved, carriages being unknown, except to the few foreigners who inhabit the town, and being of service only for the country. The house of the Arab is nearly devoid of all architectural beauty outside, and, excepting in a very few instances, seldom more than one story in height. Inside, its claims are not great, beyond a curious combination of outline and color, which, if

not beautiful, has the quality, to the stranger, of being unique.

The climate of the northern coast of Africa is beautiful, which is decidedly in the favor of the Tunisian, for, were it otherwise, one would expect an eternal plague in the city from the quantity of filth in the streets, which load the air with a constant odor at first almost unbearable.

I visited the ruins of Carthage, lying about two hours from Tunis, covering a hill side which slopes to the Mediterranean in a gentle curve where was the port where once floated the fleet of Hannibal. There is little to be seen now, except the scattered masonry of the Carthaginians, and the long line of their wonderful aqueducts, the site having been nearly entirely excavated by Mr. Davis, who has just finished a labor of three years in that vicinity. I had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman at the house of the American consul, and listened with pleasure to his account of the antiquities discovered by him. He told me he had found one piece of Mosaic which had been taken by the English Government, the value of which more than covered the entire expense of three years of toil.

I am now on my way to Paris to commence what I deem a work well begun, and not yet quite finished. I remain a few days in Genoa, Turin, Milan, Geneva, and when again in Paris, hope to add largely to the numbers who can say, "I myself have seen," having met at my own rooms during four months, upwards of one thousand five hundred different persons. You may expect hereafter to find me more dutiful, and lay my long silence more to circumstances than to self.

J. R. M. S.

Genoa, Italy, April 8, 1861.

## Correspondence.

## Spiritualism in the Far West.

Allow me to place a few notes upon your bright folds, dear BANNER, in remembrance of the kindly attention I received from the friends of Reform in the Valley of the Mississippi.

April 1st, I bade adieu to the loved ones at home, in the Gateway city of the Northwest, and set out upon a long pilgrimage toward the shores of the broad Atlantic.

My first lectures were given at Decorah, Iowa, where I found the good cause in a flourishing condition. The large number of firm believers that greeted me on my return, presented a great contrast to the reception I met with, just two years previous, when by the solicitations of two or three venturesome individuals, I gave a series of eight lectures there, being the first, upon the subject of Spiritualism ever given in Northern Iowa.

Next, at Waukon, where a little band of Free-thinkers have kept the car of spiritual progress in motion, by procuring the efficient services of Mattie Hullett and Belle Sougall.

Next, at Dubuque, one of the finest cities of Iowa, where I gave lectures to large and intelligent audiences, notwithstanding the tramp of soldiery and music of the life and drum, mingled oftentimes with the words of peace and love from the communicating spirit. From Dubuque, paid a flying visit to Independence—gave one lecture to a fair audience. Here I took the hand of good Brother and Sister Daniels, who are laboring with earnest hearts and undaunted courage for the furtherance of the good cause, by sending forth on its missions of love, the "Rising Tide," whose waves, let me predict, of spiritual inspiration, will eventually wash all selfish conservatism from the spiritual soil of the Hawk-Eye State, at least.

Davenport, one hundred miles below, my next place for lecturing, furnished small, but attentive audiences, the war excitement being intense. Gave four lectures, which were well received. Davenport has been highly favored, having been visited by the best lecturers in the country. Misses Sprague, Hullett, Sougall, and Messrs. Whiting, Chase and others, have labored here, and to great advantage, though the friends seem to lack unity of action.

My next movement was from the city of Dubuque to Geneseo, Ill. This has been one of the strongholds of Spiritualism in the State, having been favored with lectures in the early days of Spiritualism by Mrs. Spence, Bullene, Tuttle, &c., since then, by nearly every lecturer who has visited the West. Owing to the removal of a large number of its prominent Spiritualists, some to spirit-life, others to distant parts of the country, they have become weakened—only in numbers, however, for a more faithful band of earnest believers I have never had the good fortune to meet, than greeted me here.

From Geneseo I journeyed to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Davenport. Dr. DeWolf has been the standard-bearer of reform in this city for many years, with none to follow, except from "a far off." This place has been like many other places in that vicinity—overlooked by lecturers going West. Mrs. Spence gave the first lectures given there, nearly three years ago. I delivered four lectures here to good audiences, though the excitement, consequent upon the prospect of civil war detracted much from the number of attendants, but not the interest felt.

A more orderly, intelligent people than those who greeted me each evening, I have never met. The last lecture was largely attended, owing to a wide circulation of the notice, and the privilege for the audience to select the subject. A clergyman who was appointed one of the Committee, with two others, whose names I forget, presented a theological subject. Colonel Thompson, Governor of Nebraska Territory, acted as chairman. The Committee returned a report of "well satisfied," with a request that the lectures be solicited by the citizens to remain and continue the lectures for a week. Previous engagements prevented, and I was obliged to decline. Let me say to all lecturers in the West who journey thither, do not fail to visit Mount Pleasant, when convenient to do so.

La Harpe and Terre Haute, Illinois, I visited next, both new fields for Spiritual missionaries. T. Gales Forster has lectured at La Harpe with good success, and awakened a deep interest in the minds of the people in regard to our beautiful Gospel. Speakers are cordially invited to visit La Harpe at any time. Arrangements will be made by notifying Dr. N. B. Butler.

From La Harpe, a journey of four hundred miles brought me to Vincennes, Ind. This



indebted to the kindness of Dr. Wilmot Moore, and Mr. Geo. editor of the Vincennes Herald, for the good order that prevailed. Speakers wishing to lecture there, can address Judge Bishop, or those above named.

My last lectures in the West were given at Newburgh, Ind., a few miles east of Evansville. Captain T. F. Bethel is the representative of Spiritualism in N., and has, by his untiring efforts, succeeded in breaking up the "hard-shells" of Orthodoxy, and Spiritualism has its scores of devoted believers there now, when but a few months since, but a single individual avowed a belief in Spiritualism.

May 21, I bade the beautiful land of sunset and my many loved friends dwelling there, farewell, and again commenced my journey eastward. And now from the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, I would send over all the broad prairies and bright rivers of the West, a fervent "God bless you," to all those who so kindly cared for the weary itinerant, whilst wandering and sojourning in their midst. And with the assurance that they are still remembered, now as the genuine New England welcome greets me on my return to the Atlantic States, I can but feel that there are many bright and sunny spots along the winding and uneven pathway of the spiritual itinerant.

L. E. A. De Foros.

Plymouth, Mass., June 12th, 1861.

#### Vampires.

Such, I believe, is the term applied to a fraction of society, or its social outlaws, who hang about armies and battle-fields to plunder the dead or living, to steal from dead men's pockets and out of dead fingers for rings—beings without human sympathy for the living or dead.

Not only have the barbarous and feudal ages found them in and about their battle-fields, but even in this civilized and enlightened age, and in this last fratricidal war of our country, their presence and acts are reported. In our calm hours of reflection, surrounded by friends, we can hardly believe there are such persons among us; and our Christian neighbors cite it as an evidence of that total depravity which they preach.

A sinister class of persons, in a different field of action, have been engaged, for some years past, in secretly robbing Spiritual mediums and lecturers of their hard-earned reputations, when often this is all they have for facing or combating a cold, selfish, sensual and superstitious world; for many of them come from shops, farms, homes, or other places where they earned their bread, and left all to open the intercourse, or defend it, between the two spheres. Instead of meeting sympathy and encouragement, they are often the objects of the most base, vulgar, false and slanderous reports, coming usually from religious entrenchments or theological parties, where the attacking party is perfectly secure in the service of religion and morality—for our sectarian Christians claim to have all the morality, and, of course, all are condemned who do not join them, and all are pronounced good who do.

Many of our most sensitive mediums, with delicate and shrinking natures, have been driven back to private life and obscurity by the attacks from these theological "masked batteries," thus encouraging the enemy to redouble this effort to drive all back, for they have found this the only successful mode to attack Spiritualism, to destroy the influence and reputation of its advocates, or silence them. Hence they resort to any means, however unscrupulous, to do this. Many others not silenced or driven to obscurity, have been compelled to withhold from the public their notices of places for sittings and appointments, to prevent these lags from stringing up the prejudice, jealousy and hatred of the neighborhood, as is often done where the speaker or medium is not well known; and is often done by circulars or letters from unknown sources and persons, who claim to know him or her guilty of terrible deeds and crimes unheard of before, or by the medium's friends.

Hundreds of times, in my experience of ten years, have I met in my travels these missiles thrown into my path and that of nearly every public speaker and medium in the field; sometimes printed, sometimes written, signed, "a sufferer," (who could never be found), "a lover of truth" (need proof), or some unknown name, real or fictitious, but in either case equally irresponsible, and out of the reach of tribunals established to protect persons and characters. Others whom these enemies call hardened sinners, and on whom they redouble their attacks, have paid no attention to them, but kept themselves constantly before the public, and in reach of friends and foes, law and gospel, and remained unharmed by these explosive shells from the masked batteries of the enemy.

But there is no doubt that this has been determined on as the only successful mode of attack, and to charge us with crime, which, if half true, would long since have lodged us all in a state prison, and where if they had any character, or their statements were true, we should soon go. We are strange beings, greatly prone to exaggerate. The showman's drove of camels fell from five hundred to one poor beast, on appearance; so it may be with the subject of one of these nondescript beings, who says in a circular which recently fell into my hands, "There is an organized band of Spiritualists in different parts of the country, who are acting in concert for the purpose of exposing all the doings of this class of persons. They act in secret, and have their members in every town and village throughout the United States."

Rather extensive. I was not aware before of there being Spiritualists in every town and village, and quite surprising to hear this of the Southern States. But probably they are preachers or prominent church members, who are about to steal the name of Spiritualism to serve the Devil in; if not, Spiritualists are already organized with more numbers than we supposed we had of converts even, before those who opposed organization knew it. I have often seen these letters, filled with language no decent person would write, and no delicate or respectable person ever use, such as comes only from the lowest grade of society, and often they charge persons whose looks are whitened by the frosts of half a century, and whose forms are already stiffening and obliterating the grave-yard, with follies, vices, or crimes, which are known only in the wild passions of reckless and dissipated youth, of course harmless, when such persons are known, but often effective among strangers, and often charging persons with the basest of crimes who have never met an action or a complaint in their lives, but whose lives have been spent in so dealing with every person that they can meet them in any world without an accusation. For myself, I can forgive all such enemies; they will not harm me, even if they do succeed in persecuting some strangers from seeing or hearing me. My work in this sphere will soon be done. My family are secured against the

pinching wants of poverty that tortured us in earlier life. My Autobiography is printed, so all can read who wish to know me and my life. My children have reached man and womanhood, educated and prepared for life, and ready to aid their parents if we need; trained to love and respect us from childhood; they will not fall when we call. Therefore, I can afford to cast my bread on the waters, and as my soul is nearly ripe, to let the cormorants have my body.

WARREN CHASE.

#### New Spiritual Manifestations.

I have for some time been intending to give you a brief account of a peculiarly pleasing manifestation of the spirit. We often hear of mediums through whom the spirits can perform upon our earthly musical instruments, but for a year past, at the Misses Swasey, in this place, we have often listened with rapture to the soothing, transporting notes of the spheres, produced upon their own instruments. The spirits manifest also by the raps and trances speaking, through Miss E. S. Swasey. Her sister is an invalid, having been confined to a bed of pain and suffering for many years.

When we first heard the music, we thought it the tinkling of a small bell in the distance; as it drew nearer, it sounded like the snapping of the string of a guitar. In a few days they gained the power to produce different sounds or notes, and soon we learned to listen with delight for the coming of the soft, melodious strains, bringing such soothing, heavenly influences to the weary earth-child.

The spirit was described by another spirit through Miss Swasey, as a young lady very bright and beautiful, robed in pure white, with a wreath on her head, a snake over one shoulder, and a girl around her waist, all of bright, sparkling flowers on long, flexible stems, that imparted, when she moved, a waving, trembling motion. She had a harp in her hand, and gave her name as Harmony. She was accompanied by three little spirits having small harps. They called their names Joy, Peace, and Love. When they could make us hear the notes of their tiny harps, they would manifest great delight, laughing and clapping their hands in childish glee.

Soon other spirits joined Harmony, giving their names as Melody, Symphony, "The Psalmist," Bright Star, an Indian spirit, also often came to soothe the weary pale faces with her heavenly notes.

We can distinguish the music of Harmony from other spirits; it has a clear, ringing sound, more like the sound of a music box than anything I can compare it to. At times it is so loud and distinct as to be plainly heard down stairs. In answering questions or giving communications, they will strike a string of their harps at the letters, instead of the usual raps. At times when the sisters are singing, they will come and accompany them through the hymn.

A few weeks since, the Misses Swasey were visited by a sister from Boston, who had never witnessed any spirit manifestations. A short time after her arrival, the notes of music were heard; it seemed to be somewhat different from that we had usually heard, but she knew it at once and listened in astonishment. She said it must be one who had been sick a long time, and died at her house, and who used to play the banjo for hours at a time. Then another spirit played, which sounded different still, who, she said, was King, who played the piano forte, while the other accompanied with the banjo. She said she should know their playing, let them be where they would. They then rapped out, "We wished her to know that we never forget those who treated us kindly in the earth life."

Altogether, this is one of the most convincing, soothing, heaven inspiring manifestations I have ever had.

A. LINDSAY.

Laconia, N. H., June 1, 1861.

#### Spirit and Matter.

Spirit is substance, and substance is matter; therefore the difference between a grain of sand and an atom of the Deific spirit, is not in essence, but in degree. What is commonly termed matter, is only a lower form or condition of spirit. Hence to affirm that spirit is the product of matter, is declaring a half-truth; for, as the lower essence is negative to the higher, the product of the two is of an intermediate gradation; this gradation in turn becomes negative to a still higher one, and the process is repeated; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Applying this hypothesis to man, we affirm, that in proportion as he becomes positive to external conditions, just in that proportion will those conditions appear material. Thus with the progressive soul, the ideal is constantly blossoming into the real, and the empire of matter is ever being extended. All will agree, first, that matter is negative to spirit. Second, that matter is co-existent with spirit. Third, that the two cannot be separated. For if matter is not negative to and co-extensive with spirit, how could worlds and systems with the concomitants have been created or unfolded? He who has the power to discover an essential difference between the two elements, would, by the same power, be able to say, this is matter, and this is spirit. But as it is evident that we cannot separate the two, nor give to each an identity, therefore upon what basis can we predicate an essential difference?

F. T. LANE.

#### A HUMAN SKULL.

A human skull! I bought it passing cheap—Of course 'twas dearer to its first employer; I thought mortality did well to keep Some mute memento of the Old Destroyer.

It is a ghostly monitor, and most Experienced our wasting sand in summing; It is a grave domestic finger-post Of Life—an emblem of the shadows coming.

Time was some may have prized its blooming skin: Here lips were woo'd, perhaps, in transport tender: Some may have chuckled what was a dimpled chin, And never had my doubt about its gender!

Did she live yesterday, or ages back? What color were the eyes when bright and waking? And were your ringlets fair, or brown, or black, Poor little head! that long has done with aching?

It may have held (to shoot some random shots) The wits of Nelly Gwynn, or Daphne Watts, (Two quoted heads, two philanthropic sirens!) But this I surely knew, before I closed The bargain on the morning that I bought it—It was not half so bad as some supposed.

Not quite as good as many may have thought it. Who love, can need no special type of Death: He bares his awful face too soon, too often; "Immortal" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath; And does not yet green elm contain a coffin?

Oh! a car mine, what lines of care are these? The heart still lingers with the golden hours, An autumn tint is on the chestnut-trees, And where is all that boasted wealth of flowers?

If Life no more can yield us what it gave, It still is linked with much that calls for praise—A very worthless rogue may dig the grave, But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

[Harper's Weekly.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTUREMEN.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

II. McVILLIEN will lecture two first Sundays in August in Stafford, Ct. Will hold circles for physical manifestations in Cambridgeport, Quincy and Boston the first of July. All business letters for engagements addressed Cambridgeport, care Geo. C. Cate, 870 Main St., Quincy, care Mr. Rogers. Mrs. ANANDA M. STORREY will lecture in Cambridgeport four Sundays of July, Providence, five Sundays in Sept., Bangor 4 Sundays in Oct. and 1 in Nov. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON will lecture in Oswego in July; in Cambridgeport, Quincy, New Bedford and Boston during September and October; in autumn two first Sundays in November. She will be happy to form engagements in the East for the rest of the winter, and thus inform her friends in the West of her inability to return to them this year. Postoffice address, care Geo. C. Cate, 870 Main St., Quincy, care Mr. Rogers.

Miss L. E. A. DeForos lectures at Providence in July; Quincy, Mass., two first Sundays of August; New Bedford, first, and Saratoga Springs, N. Y., last of August and 1st of Sept.; Putnam, Conn., 2d and 3d Sundays, and Concord, N. H., two last; Portland, Me., Oct. Address as above.

WILLIAM CHASE lectures in South Haverhill, Vt., four Sundays of July; Troy, N. Y., first Sunday in Aug.; Glover, Vt., second Sunday in Aug.; Lebanon, N. H., fourth Sunday in Aug.; Lowell, first three Sundays of Sept.; Worcester, last two Sundays of Sept.; Troy, N. Y., 10th Sunday of Oct.; Quincy, Mass., 1st Sunday of Nov.; Cambridgeport, Dec. 1st; Springfield, Sept. 1st; Chicago, Sept. 3d; in the Charlotte, N. C., 15th, 22d and 29th. Address, No. 25 Kneeland St., Boston.

Miss FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in New Bedford, July 7th and 14th; in Stafford, Conn., July 21st and 28th; in Quincy, Mass., Aug. 1st and 8th; in Troy, N. Y., 15th, 22d and 29th. Address, No. 25 Kneeland St., Boston.

Mr. FRANK WHITE lectures through July, at Seymour, Conn. Applications from the east should be addressed as above.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks in Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. He will be in the east after August, 1861. Those in that region, wishing to secure his services for the fall or winter months of 1861-2, can address him at Detroit, Mich.

AGOSTA A. CURRIER will speak in the Eastern States, until the fall, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass. Box 815, or as above.

Mrs. BELLE SCOTCHALL lectures in Elkhart, Ind., the four Sundays of Oct.; Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of Nov.; and Quincy, Mass., the four Sundays of Dec. In Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the three last Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

Miss EMMA HARRINGTON speaks passing the Summer months in New Hampshire and Vermont. Those wishing to procure her services as a lecturer will please address her at East Stoughton, Mass.

J. H. RANDALL may be addressed until further notice, in care of Mrs. H. M. Brown, Cleveland, O. Those in the New England States who may desire his services as a lecturer next fall and winter, will please address him soon.

ABRAHAM and NELLIE SMITH will answer calls to lecture in the West during the Spring and Summer. Mr. Smith (formerly a Unitarian minister) has been in the Melodion when he lectured. Address, Three Rivers, Mich.

PHILIP LELAND will speak at Adrian, Mich., July 21st and 28th. Friends in the East, desiring his services on Sundays, will please write soon. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. E. OASE, Jr., is now on a tour East for the Summer and Autumn, and will make engagements to speak in the present in Central and Eastern New York, and the New England States. Address, at Oswego, N. Y., care of J. L. Pool.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER will receive calls for Pennsylvania and New York from 15th of July till 1st September. Address Kingsville, O., care of E. V. White.

W. A. D. CURRIER, as a lecturer, can be secured by addressing him at St. Charles, Ill., in care of Hon. S. B. Jones.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will spend the months of September, October, and November in Boston, and requests that all friends in the immediate vicinity of that city, desiring her services as a lecturer, call on her for the Sundays in those months, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mrs. M. M. STOWES will receive calls to hold grove or two-day meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio, during July and August. Also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. Address till September, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, care of G. W. Meers.

H. P. FAIRBANK will speak the Sundays of July in Sturgis, Mich. The Spiritual Societies that may desire his services, as a lecturer, call on him at Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. ELIZA D. SIMONS will lecture in New Boston, Mass., July 7th and 14th. Address, Bristol, Conn.

Rev. ELIAS TREVELL will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, explaining its philosophy and phenomena. Address 40 South Street, Boston.

Mrs. M. HARRINGTON, a Spiritualist and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal., is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

W. ELLERY COPELAND will accept calls to lecture, under Spirit influence, on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Postoffice address, Boston, Mass.

W. K. REPLEY will speak in Bradford, Mass., each alternate Sabbath for the coming year; one fourth at Glenburn, and one-fourth at Kenduskeag.

Mrs. F. O. HYZEL will lecture during July in Quincy, Mass. H. L. BOWEN will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

E. WHITFIELD will answer calls to lecture in Southern Michigan up to July. Address, Sturgis, Mich.

Mrs. M. H. STOWES will receive calls to hold grove or two-day meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio, during July and August. Also to lecture in New England in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. Address till September, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, care of G. W. Meers.

Mrs. B. ANNA REYER, Trance Speaker, of Plymouth, Mass., will answer invitations to lecture.

Mrs. A. F. PATTERSON, (formerly Miss A. F. Pease) will respond to calls to lecture. Address, Springfield, Ill.

Mrs. M. H. COLES, care of B. March, 14 Front Street, Boston.

Mrs. H. L. SWAN, care of B. March, 14 Front Street, Boston.

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Mrs. J. H. STURTEVANT, Crown Point, Ind.  
JOHN HOBART, Indianapolis, Ind.  
W. H. WATKINS, a Trance speaker, Rockford, Ill.  
MATTIE F. HULLER, Rockford, Ill.  
ADA L. HOLT, Chicago, Illinois.  
Dr. L. K. and Mrs. S. A. COONLEY, Michigan City, Mich.  
Mrs. D. CHADWICK, Linden, Genesee Co., Mich.  
Mrs. M. J. KURTZ, Canton, Kent Co., Mich.  
Mrs. G. M. STOWE, Yonkers, N. Y.  
Rev. J. G. FISH, Ganges, Allegan Co., Mich.  
HENRY A. WALLACE, Bushing, Mich.  
ELIZABETH WOODWORTH, Leelle, Mich.  
A. B. WHITTING, Albion, Mich.  
E. V. WALSH, Detroit, Mich.  
Geo. MARSH, Adrian, Mich.  
Mrs. S. E. WARNER, Dalton, Ga. Co., Wis.  
G. W. HOLISTON, M. D., New Berlin, Wis.  
BANKFORD MILLS, Salem, Olmsted County, Minnesota.  
A. W. CURRIER, Marion, Olmsted Co., Minnesota.  
Rev. H. S. MARBLE, Atalasca, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

#### Boston Advertisements.

##### CAPILLARY DISEASES.

###### DR. PERRY,

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in the world who has cured the treatment of DISEASED SCALP, LOSS OF HAIR, AND PREMATURE BLANCHING, a specialty, has established himself at 29 Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Royce), where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

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

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

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseases of the Scalp, and Restoring Hair. It is no doubt will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind.

There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of these diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretions pass off and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia are the principal constituents of white hair. Between the skin and the hair there is an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, and the hair resumes their natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their hair has been injured, they are often discouraged. The one permanent system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some troubles, in other cases it is useless, and in some cases it is injurious.

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

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in treating Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching, he has in his possession the most reliable testimonials from Physicians, Clergymen and others in every city where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, 29 Winter street.

All consultations free. All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. B. C. PERRY, box 2837, Boston, Mass. June 23.

##### TO THE AFFLICTED!

###### CHARLES H. CROWELL,

Medical Medium;  
Rooms No. 108 Washington Street, Boston,  
(Banner of Light Office).

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will give advice in all cases of chronic diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into more intimate contact with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

Examinations—Examinations and Prescriptions at office, \$1.00 family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given.

G. L. BEAN & CO.,  
PROPRIETORS,  
No. 17 Tyler street,  
BOSTON.

I cheerfully recommend the HAMDON LINIMENT to the afflicted. Having the power to look into its Health properties, I have watched its effects upon severe cases of Chronic Rheumatism; many cases have been cured; three persons have been cured of White Swellings by the use of this Liniment. If I was in the earth-form, I would speak in praise of its merits. I can still look into the human system and sympathize with the afflicted. A Liniment has long been needed—one that is absorbent, and relaxative, and this Liniment will meet all the wants for Rheumatism, Spinal Curvature, Stiff Joints, &c.

Sold by G. O. Goodwin & Co. 13 Marshall street, Weeks & Potter, 104 Washington street, M. S. Burr & Co., 26 Tremont street, wholesale agents; Boston; Bush, Gale & Robinson, 188 Greenwich street, New York; W. F. Phillips, 149 Middle street, Portland, Maine; and retail by dealers generally throughout the United States.

G. L. BEAN & CO., Proprietors,  
No. 17 Tyler street, Boston.

March 23 8m

1,200 PER YEAR FOR ALL—Only \$10 capital required! Active men wanted to cut Stencil Plates, with Full Color Illustrations, the only perfect Stencil Tools made. Their superiority over all others appears in the curved edge, which is patented, and by means of which a most perfect and durable die is formed, which cuts a beautiful letter, and renders the cutting of Stencil Plates a simple and profitable business. Two hours' practice enables any one to use the tools with facility. Young men are clearing from \$5 to \$15 per day with my tools. Circulars and samples sent free. Address, A. J. FULLAM, No. 13 Merchants' Exchange, Boston. 6m March 10.

OTAVIUS KING, Eclectic and Botanic Druggist, No. 654 Washington street, Boston, has on hand every variety of Medical and Surgical Instruments, selected with great care and pressed and put up by himself, and warranted pure, and of superior quality. Also, Dr. Clark's celebrated medicines; Beach's Thompsonian, concentrated, and most of the compounds used in the Eclectic Practice. He has a liberal discount made to Physicians and Healing Mediums.

Board for YOUNG CHILDREN—Infants and young children can be accommodated with board and careful attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1 Newland street, out of Dedham street, Boston. Terms reasonable. Oct. 13.

BUY THE BEST! SNOOW'S PENS will be sent to the readers of the BANNER, by mail, postage paid, at the regular gross price, five or circular patterns, as ordered. Address J. P. SNOW, Hartford, Conn. Superintendence Snow's Pen Company.

N. B.—Medicines and Lectures will be supplied at half the list price. Send for a circular. Dec. 8.

THE MISTAKE OF CHRISTENDOM; OR, JESUS AND HIS GOSPEL BEFORE PAUL AND CHRISTIANITY—312 pages 12mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Also, LOVE ANE MOK LOVE; OR, HOW TO MARRY, 200 pages 12mo.—is sent by mail for one dollar. Address GEORGE STEARNS, West Coast, Mass. Dec. 15.

MRS. MITCHELL'S CELEBRATED CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINE. Pulmonary, \$1 per bottle; Restorative Bypur, \$1 and 50¢ per bottle; Liniment, \$1; Nutritional Mixture, \$1; Hygienic Cordial, 50¢; Elixir for Cholera. Wholesale and retail by S. T. MUNSON, June 2.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW! THE NEW METALLIC PEN. WARREN & LUDDEN would call the attention of all business men to the New PATENT COMPOSITION PEN, which is a most perfect, and consequently the most desirable pen in use. It is diamond pointed, the points being selected from the best Italian, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. The pen will appear from time to time in public print—of the most flattering character. The great excellence attained in the production of this pen has been accomplished by a series of improvements extending over thirteen years. It is reasonable to suppose that ere long this pen must take the precedence of all others now in use. P. B. All orders will be promptly attended to, and on the most reasonable terms. Address WARREN & LUDDEN, 109 Broadway, Room 3 Gilsey Building, New York. March 10.

#### ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!

DR. CHARLES MAIN,  
No. 7, DAVIS STREET,  
Boston, Mass.

THIS is an Institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our countrymen, who are afflicted no superiorly over like establishments. It does claim equality with all, like it, or unlike it. The doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CLAMOR, Trunk. Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address plainly written, and state sex, age, and from what city, county, or State. A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M. The doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHÆA CORDIAL.

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

July 31

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.  
MR. MANSFIELD, of Boston, No. 12 Avon Place, Medium for the world of spirits. Certified by thousands of accurate written facts. Friends who departed this life, in various parts of the world, return and communicate through him, letters—being (as far as he can learn) the only one possessing this peculiar power. To enable all to commune with the absent loved ones, or acquire information of any kind, from any spirit, he charges one dollar for a communication, and on Saturdays, nothing to the poor. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. May 25.

FREE TO THE SICK.  
I WILL send prescriptions and advice to the sick free, when their complaints are stated. For Clairvoyant examinations, or Psychological Reading of Character, enclose \$1 and two three-cent postage stamps. Dr.



## Pearls.

— elegies  
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched finger of all time  
Sparkle forever.

## ALL'S WELL.

The clouds which rise with thunder, shake  
Our thirty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;  
And wrongs from man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks furthest into heaven;  
On gleams of star and depths of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew. [Whittier.]

Harsh words are like halibut stones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

## LOVE.

Come near, my Beautiful, and let me gaze  
My soul all out into those beaming eyes.  
Until I lose my being all in thee.  
For is not love a losing of one's self  
In that which is beloved? Love feels no self.  
For though it springs in self, yet, like a flower,  
It lives not for the self, but yields up all  
Its breathing essence to the wooed air.

There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

## A FANTY.

I've sometimes thought that I could shoot me down  
Unto the muddy bottoms of the sea,  
And hold my breath there—till, 'midst stones and  
shells,  
And jewels yet unborn, and riches sleeping,  
I tore up fortune by her golden hair,  
And grew a God on earth. [Darryl Cornwall.]

Perfect happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.

## BEAUTY.

Thus was beauty sent from heaven  
The lovely ministrant of truth and good  
In this dark world; for truth and good are one,  
And beauty dwells in them; and they in her  
With like participation. [Athenide.]

Sweet blue eyes are the violet blossoms of the soul.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

## BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1861.

QUESTION:—Has there ever been any inspiration that essentially differs from the inspiration of this age?

DR. CHILDS.—Inspiration has been called "a breathing in"—while it is more immediately, to us, a breathing out. Inspiration is unknown to us, until expiration gives us a consciousness of its existence. All thought is inspiration. Expiration alone bears evidence, in outward life, of unconscious, silent inspiration in inner life. We think; every thought is inspiration. We speak; every word is inspiration, that is always born of inspiration. To call one man's thoughts inspiration, and another man's thoughts something else, is like saying that one man's heart beats to the demands of his physical existence, and another man's heart beats to the demands of something else. Each thinking man and thinking woman is a man and a woman of inspiration. Every human utterance is the reflected breath of inspiration, the character of which is fashioned by the nature of the breather. The ungenerous epithets and the exuberant condemnations that a few men have weekly and intrusively heaped upon this Conference of Spiritualists—have repeated and repeated until they have become vapid, stale, and nauseating; I say that these utterances are expirations that come of, and tell the character of their inspirations. The nature of these men make the character of their inspiration, and their expirations speak to us and tell what the character of their inspirations are. Their inspirations as are true to them as were the inspiration of Bible writers to them. They are right and true to their condition; their opinions and condemnations are right to them—for such is the reflection of their inspiration that they give to us. Jacob Edson is inspired; he utters his inspiration in words, by his expirations; his utterances may not be so tangibly defined by the measuring strings of philosophy; and we may say that we cannot understand his "interior," "inmost," "all soul" doctrines; but we may say that he is peaceful, liberal and generous to the views of others, and abuses no one. John Wetherbee says that he can't see everything that everybody else sees, but he doesn't backguard and abuse others because they see what he cannot. But his nature is such that his inspiration darts him sometimes to step where he sees no human tracks, and to pick a flower that has not been picked before. Mr. Grosvenor is as much inspired as were the prophets of olden times; but his expirations virtually pretend and declare that his inspiration is better than that of his fellow-men. His inspirations are true to him, and so are the inspirations of every man.

The inspiration of most men reaches not beyond the boundaries of the atmosphere of self; so they avail nothing of interest to others. A fault finder is never inspired beyond the limits of selfishness. Inspiration is thought, defined. How far does my inspiration go out beyond the walls of my own ism, my own creed, my own church, my own opinion, my own dogmas, my own hobby? Just so far as my inspiration is of interest to, and in harmony with the inspiration of other people. What is inspiration? It is the respiration of the soul. The soul inspires and expires every instant of its existence, and the broader the realm in which it breathes, the freer is its breathing. The original thinker breathes that which is new and fresh; the scientific, philosophical, or historic man, breathes the breath that others have breathed, over again; he only repeats, in his utterances, what others have said before. The ungentlemanly protestation, we weekly hear against the beautiful subject, Spiritualism, that calls us here, is not particularly original inspiration, for it has been breathed by many other breathers, and every new breath of this old breath adds fetor to this inspiration. Some men now begin to find inspiration in their own religion and mind not the religion of others; while others are only inspired with a second hand inspiration to pitch into the inspiration of others. Does the inspiration of the present, differ from that of the past? Are not men about the same now as in ages gone by? Is not the nature of man about the same? Are the laws of nature changed? Is not God about "as so" always? Yes, we have reason to think that these things are as they were; and if so, we have no reason to think that the inspiration of to-day differs, virtually, from inspiration that has been. This inspiration that is so much talked about; that is claimed, to come only through very holy and

divine men, and not through professional sinners, is an inspiration that may be satisfactory to some self-righteous folks, but it must be ever unsatisfactory to the deeper home inspiration of common sense.

MR. BROOKER.—I am inclined to think that the inspiration of this age does differ from that of the past. I am sure that I never heard of such inspiration as that which Dr. Childs has given this evening.

MR. EDSON.—There is nothing new under the sun. It is well that we should define the word inspiration, and understand what it is. I like the definition given here last week, viz., "It is something that touches the sensation of the soul." I claim that the principle of inspiration is eternal; but men are different, and are consequently differently affected by it. The laws through which inspiration is given are not changed, but the conditions are ever changing. Inspiration differs as men differ. There is a sense, I think, in which the Almighty gives the soul understanding that is above the ordinary affairs of human life. [Question.—What evidence have you that one public speaker is inspired more than another?] Those who are capable of answering better, at the time the question is given.

JUDGE LADD.—It is important to know what inspiration is before we can compare that of the past with the present. What is the popular definition? I do not think our definition, in a general sense, should differ from the theological definition of the past. Inspiration in the past has been considered plenary; but I think that there is a profound philosophy in the definition of inspiration given by the first speaker this evening. How do we derive our ideas? From God, we say, or from surrounding influences. Ideas come into the mind by influx, and are measured by our capacities for receiving; and our capacities for throwing them out are measured by our capacities for receiving. Just as we become receptive of inspiration just so far we become useful in life. The power of this reception is born in that part of our being that is called the wisdom faculties. I recognize inspiration as coming from the Divine power; the divine Personality that permeates all creation. [Question.—Does God inspire the lower faculties, which, when exercised, makes men act wicked?] I do not recognize wicked acts as coming from God direct.

DR. GARDNER stated that he held a letter in his hand that was written under spirit influence. [Question.—Was there a letter ever written that was not written under spirit influence?] I cannot answer that question. I fully coincide with Judge Ladd in what he has said. The question before the Conference to-night, it seems to me, asks: Is the inspiration of the Bible and the inspiration of modern Spiritualism the same? I contend that they are. The idiosyncracies are the same, or are similar, in both; the contradictions are about as great in one as in the other. In the Bible age of the world, as well as in this, the laws governing mediums were the same. Moses had his inspiration, which was peculiar to himself; and Joshua, David, Jesus, John and Peter had theirs—each peculiar to the man inspired. So, to-day, Miss Harding has one mode of inspiration peculiar to herself; Miss Doten another; Miss Sprague, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. H. and other mediums have each peculiar inspirations. The inspirations of to-day are the same, or at least are analogous to those of the past.

MR. WETHERBEE said he was satisfied in his own mind that there had been no essential difference in the inspiration of all ages. True, we had no Ezekiel now, as they had three thousand years ago; and they had no Shakespeare then. But we have inspiration; so had the ancients—and the source and the principle is the same. Our Brother spoke of the Spirit of God as being inspiration. For myself, I know but little of God, and little of the Spirit of God; and my observations and reading teach me that I am not solitary, that few or none know any more. The Bible speaks of the Spirit of God thus: It is said of one of old, the "Spirit of God" came mightily upon him, and he slew him as he would slay a kid. I read, that a similar spirit came upon Theseus and Hercules, and, for aught I know, upon Heenan, or a gladiator. I see no difference between them; if one, then all were the Spirit of God. I maintain that the Spirit of God, in no especial sense, appertains to the Bible, the inspiration there being like the inspiration of to-day, of human origin. That does not deny to either Spirit influence, that being of human origin also. I believe in no created angelic or supernatural intelligences, or an order superior to man, but that all originated in this mundane sphere. I do not believe in Gnomes, gnomes, satyrs, genii, or witches, or anything else supernatural. There may be, and doubtless is, something that suggested such to the ignorant mind, and that something was mortality passed into spirit life. Whether inspiration is self-galvanism, or the galvanism of others, or of Spirits, or of all, I know not, and it is hard to determine; but whether the one or the other, it is the same that has followed us, and been our source of inspiration from the infancy of the race till now. I, like others, would like to have given my definition of inspiration, but have not thought of it sufficiently to do so with brevity; but certainly we all have had our inspired moments, self-inspired or inspired by others. It is written that Thucydides, when young, about sixteen, was with his father, standing near Herodotus, the so-called father of history, and heard him recite his histories at the Olympic games, and saw the applause he received, and it inspired him with a kindred desire, and gave the bias to his future life, and Thucydides ranks among the first of ancient historians. Now if a man in the form can inspire another—and we all know he can—then spirits who are men out of the form can do so, and unquestionably do. I said we all have our inspired moments; not all alike—all cannot be Beethovens, Shakespeares, or Ezekiels—but all can have moments of inspiration, and the inspiration is tinged of individuality. The inspiration of energy and honesty of purpose shines through the mentality of Peter and Paul, and the inspiration of love and sympathy through the teachings of Jesus and John. The inspiration of a human oyster is different in effect and influence from the inspiration of a human Pegasus, but is the same in principle, and it may be in source. All have felt different conditions in their own mentality—moments of illumination; few can have failed of noticing moments, in their life's experience, of inspiration, though not in the same degree with Columbus, Patrick Henry or Paul. This illumination which comes at times to all, is inspiration; and if we are poets, or prophets, or artists, or reformers, it is at such moments we produce our masterworks, and the productions that have immortalized us are done at such times. It is one of the inherent qualities of man, whether in the form or out of it, to receive inspiration, or to inspire others, and when the light comes, whether to David, Pythagoras, or Bacon, or Milton, or Pope. If in an ignorant age or a civilized one, the lesser lights receive the influence from such, and the world grows

illuminated, and every ray of inspiration tends to move the race Godward. I see no impropriety in ranging the kinds of inspiration, and in our own minds we do, and that which elevates, moves to great deeds for human benefit, or if you choose that which is strongly tinged with the religious sentiment, may be more properly called inspiration than that which may be tinged with selfishness. The religious world claim the Bible as special inspiration. According to this arrangement, they are right. But to claim it as exclusive, and deny it to the religious teachings of to-day from mediumistic sources, they are wrong, because unprejudiced observation will convince all that they are essentially the same.

REV. MR. THAYER.—My impression is, that whoever framed this question had in mind that kind of inspired men who were moved by the Holy Ghost—that is, by a power which is superior to the human. The question before us is, are men and women now, as in the past, inspired? I believe the inspiration now is the same as then, but only in a degree. [Question.—Is the Holy Ghost a person?] I think not; but is a form of Divine manifestation. [Question.—What is the difference between a spirit that is divine, and one that is not divine?] One influences us to live for others; the other to live for ourselves.

MR. DUNKE.—Is there a difference between the inspiration of to-day, and that of the past? There is always some cause to prompt us to any act that is done. Now there is the same cause for inspiration to-day that there was in Bible times? An influence that is produced by one man upon another man is not inspiration, and we should distinguish between this and that of the past. There has been an inspiration in the past that differs from that of to-day. Where did Christ get the beautiful doctrine that teaches us to overcome evil with good? [A voice.—From spirits.] This beautiful doctrine was inspiration. Do the inspirations of modern times give us such doctrine as this? [A voice.—Make us practice this doctrine.] As a man's inspirations, are so will be his expirations.

MISS DOTEN.—Those who have preceded me have covered the ground. I do not think that the inspiration of the past essentially differs from that of the present. We aspire, and our aspirations are answered back by inspiration. [Question.—Is not every desire of the soul a command that calls for inspiration?] Yes. There are various kinds of inspirations, and these inspirations of to-day, are founded in a great measure upon those of the past. The inspiration of Daniel and Isaiah makes the inspiration of the churches to-day; and the inspiration of these men, so deep, so beautiful, and so high, was not of books, but was of intuition. All new things come of inspiration; all inventions are of inspiration. [Question.—Is the invention of infernal machines for human destruction, of divine inspiration?] Yes. A man that is truly good is always inspired. [Question.—Does the power of gravitation to-day, differ from the power of gravitation in the past?] No. [Question.—Then admitting the power of inspiration to be as fixed in nature, as the power of gravitation, how can inspiration essentially differ in one age from that of another age?] It cannot. A. B. C. Same question next week.

## LITTLE MATTIE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

DEAD! Thirteen, a month ago!  
Short and narrow her life's walk.  
Lover's love she could not know,  
Even by a dream or talk.  
Too young to be glad of youth;  
Missing honor, labor, rest,  
And the warmth of a babe's mouth  
At the blossom of her breast.  
Must you pity her for this,  
And for all the loss it is—  
You, her mother with wet face,  
Having had all in your case?  
Just so young but yesterday,  
Now she is as old as death.  
Meek, obedient in her sight,  
Gentle to a babe's breath,  
Only on last Monday's morn,  
Answering you like silver bells  
Lightly touched! An hour matures:  
You can teach her nothing else.  
She has seen the mystery hid  
Under Egypt's pyramid.  
By those eyelids pale and close  
Now she knows what Rhameses knows.  
Cross her quiet hands, and smooth  
Down her patient locks of silk.  
Cold and passive as in truth  
You your fingers in split milk  
Drew along the marble floor.  
But her lips you cannot wring  
Into saying a word more.  
"Yes" or "no," or such a thing.  
Though you call and beg and weep  
Half your soul out in a shriek.  
She will lie there in default  
And most innocent revolt.  
Ay, and if she spoke, may be  
She would answer like the Son,  
"What is now 'twixt thee and me?"  
Dreadful answer! better none.  
Yours on Monday, God's to-day!  
Yours, your child, your blood, your heart,  
Called—your called her, did you say,  
"Little Mattie!" for your part?  
Now already it sounds strange,  
And you wonder, in this change,  
How he calls his angel creature,  
Higher up than you can reach her.

'Twas a green and easy world  
As she took it I love to play.  
(Though one's hair might get uncared  
At the far end of the day.)  
What she suffered she shook off  
In the sunshine; what she feared  
She could pray on high enough  
To keep safe above the wind.  
If reproved by God or you,  
'Twas to better her she knew;  
And, if crossed, she gathered still  
'Twas to cross out something ill.  
You, who had the right, you thought,  
To survey her with sweet scorn;  
Poor girl, who had not caught  
Yet the octave-stretch forlorn  
Of your larger wisdom! Nay,  
Now your places are changed so,  
In that same superior way.  
She regards you dull and low  
As you did yourself exempt  
From life's sorrows. Grand contempt  
Of the spirits risen awhile.  
Who look back with such a smile!

There's the sting of 't. That, I think,  
Hurts the most, a thousandfold!  
To feel sudden, at a wink,  
Some dear child we used to scold,  
Praise, love both ways, kiss and tease,  
Teach and tumble as our own.  
All its curls about our knees,  
Rise up suddenly, full grown.  
Who would wonder such slight  
Made a woman mad outright!  
—Show me Michael with the sword,  
Rather than such angels, Lord!

Cornhill Magazine.

THE RULING PASSION.—A correspondent of the Boston Investigator vouches for the truth of the following: "While a preacher, the other Sunday, in Camp Curtin, was holding forth in his wildest strains about the goodness of Christ in dying to save all men, a member of the Buck Tail Rangers from the Wild Cat District, who had been under conviction and was deemed a hopeful case, jumped up and cried out, 'Bully for Christ! Bully for Christ!'"

## THE POOR MAN.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

One day a Rich Man came to a poor man, who stood talking by the roadside.

It was where a fountain, gushing from the rocks and half-shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel: a diamond shone above his young forehead amid the curls of his chestnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men toiling in the harvest of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvest were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold—all were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor Man who stood talking by the roadside was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests blooming in the lap of emerald valleys—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace lifting its white dome into the sunset heaven from amid a grove of palms—and yet the poor man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men who listened to him with earnestness, and hung upon every word as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men—the very poorest of the poor; some clad in rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitted with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half-kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and perfumed hair, and jeweled robes, were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power wielded by this Poor Man had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However, he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hand to his fair forehead. With all his wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from leper's sores; the curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed and pressed his hand to his brow and shuddered within his robes of price.

He was unhappy. Quickening his footsteps he drew near the Poor Man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear enchaind by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "MASTER."

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "MASTER" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands, and said in a tremulous voice—

"MASTER! WHAT SHALL I DO TO INHERIT ETERNAL LIFE?"

It was in these words that the burden of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death to have a hold on Immortality?

The Poor man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palaces with slaves thronging before its portals—and last of all upon the crowd of miserable men who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undigested suspense the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke:

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man retreated backward and bowed his head as suddenly as though some hand had smote him on the forehead.

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

It was as though he had said—

You have a palace, Rich Man. Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man. Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests with the labor of hopeless bondage, and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, Rich Man, and flocks of sheep upon every hill. Let the flocks of your sheep clothe these naked ones; let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones

some nourishment, some life. Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are—as much entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself.

And as the Poor Man spoke, his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man, recollecting from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The Rich Man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life and Immortality in the next.

## THE LADIES' FLOWER GARDEN.

Aside from the intrinsic beauty of flowers, and the graceful, refined air imparted to dwellings by their presence and neighborhood—advantages too apparent to need more than the merest mention here—I beg to urge upon my sisters who are country dwellers, (and few others, I suppose, read our agricultural papers, though they thus lose information I should be sorry to forego,) the cultivation of flowers as a means of health.

English people who come here, and tourists generally, while they allow that the early type of womanhood in America is usually beautiful, lament that that beauty is so fleeting and evanescent. It is said that "while English ladies, from thirty to fifty, and even sixty, are in the full bloom of matured womanly beauty, the good looks of our ladies are in the wane long before they reach the age of thirty."

Thin, scrawny and nervous, if not confirmed invalids, as most of us become soon after the teens are passed, (for we must acknowledge that there is "more truth than poetry" in these assertions,) it certainly behooves us to look about and see if the fault is chargeable upon the dryness of our climate as compared with the humidity of England—the eating of fresh instead of stale bread—the "red hot stoves" that scorch us like a simoon of the desert—or the difference in the daily life of English and American women, as regards out-of-door air and exercise—either, or all of these, that make so wide a difference in the health and personal appearance of ourselves and our sisters "over the water."

It is scarcely to be doubted that the three first named peculiarities may have certain ill consequences, since climatologists and physiologists so assure us; but judging from the magical effects of a pleasant drive—a walk, not too long, among the fields and forests—or an hour's work in the flower garden, upon my own depressed spirits and tired limbs, and from similar effects observed in others, I am induced to believe that the acknowledged early depreciation of feminine strength and loveliness in our otherwise favored country is owing, in a greater degree to this last named peculiarity of our domestic habits, than to all other causes combined.

What we most need is air—abundant and unadulterated! Not taken in the homoeopathic doses that we find within the four walls of our dwellings—fenced off from the outer world by hermetic ceilings and windows—contaminated by odors from the culinary department, and robbed of its purifying and invigorating qualities by repeated inhalations and exhalations, till it has become a noxious rather than a healthful element; but sweet and fresh and pure, as Nature evolves it from her great laboratory, and sends it out to all her children, free as the light, and more unfailing!

I might refer you to England, where the physical training of both sexes is considered hardly, if at all, inferior to mental education; and where long out-of-door exercises alternate with shorter in-door studies; and while the latter are dropped, perhaps, when school and college days are ended, the former are continued through life. It is doubtless owing to this fact, that there are, we are assured, more perfect specimens of the *genus homo*—sound minds in sound bodies—"in that country than in any other in the world.

France expresses her out-of-door life in the single fact that she has in her language no word signifying "home."

Germany turns out her people like an overgrown school enjoying perpetual holiday; and though they smoke and drink *bad* *ad infinitum*, the pure outer air, which they take in along with these "slow poisons," carries them through a long and happy life in spite of pipe and potation.

But it is useless to multiply words about what we already fully understand. We want a remedy for this confirmed habit of in-door seclusion and consequent premature decay. And devotion to Floriculture generally and extensively, on the part of all country ladies at least, seems the most pleasant available, and all things considered, the most effectual means of securing the needed fresh air and healthful exercise.

I do not suppose but that prolonged daily walks, rides and drives, may be equally advantageous to feminine health; but it somehow does not comport "with the genius of our matter-of-fact people" to make persistent effort for what has in it no more business element than the improvement or continuance of health. Then the two latter modes of out-of-door progression are not within reach of thousands; and a walk "for nothing," to a lady already fatigued with household cares and duties, is not sufficiently tempting to induce her to undertake it often—while a flower-garden at the door, arranged, as it should always be, with nice gravel or plank walks, is attainable at all times, even in the early morning, and directly after a shower. There is enough of business in its cultivation, even on a small scale, to satisfy an energetic woman that she is not quite throwing away the time spent upon it. Its quiet, unpretending air, soothing to excited nerves, and including pleasant thoughts and gentle cares, is refreshment and rest. The flowers to one, especially, who has no other pets, become like sweet, familiar children—they acknowledge so gracefully your attention, they do not chide your neglect—and finally, forgetting that they are not sentient beings, you come to talk to them and caress them, as if they appreciated your society and were grateful for your care; and you come in from your ministry to the gentle creatures, with a freshness about the heart and cheek that your tired self an hour before would not have believed possible.—N. Y. Mentor.