

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## PERDITA:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

OR,

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DANSEUSE.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

### CHAPTER IX.

I must not omit to notice that my traveling companion to the town of C— was a very frequent visitor behind the scenes of the theatre. His name, I found, was Murray. I supposed he was wealthy, for he seemed to command the respect of those who only bow before wealth or power. His manner was uniformly reserved, but very observing. He often conversed with me, and seemed desirous of learning my history, but as I was very sensitive on this point, and from the first met his effort with a decided rebuff, he never renewed the attempt. I believed he had a considerable interest in the lease of the theatre, and on this hypothesis only could I account for his presence behind the scenes, since light and darkness could not be further removed from each other than were this quiet gentleman, but somewhat fastidious person, and the coarse, almost brutal managers. He rarely spoke to any of the performers but me; and in the remarks which passed between us, I found his highly cultivated taste so far in advance of all the "prophets" which attached to our caricature of a classic drama, that I felt sure he could not have had but little sympathy with any of my surroundings, or even my companions. Sometimes I heard their envious sneer, commenting bitterly on the sweet flowers and expensive fruits which Mr. Murray brought me—the only present except the twenty dollar bill which he ever offered me. Sometimes I would hear myself accused of being "so sly," and aiming at "nothing less than catching the proprietor, the cunning, brazen thing!"

Without paying the least heed to any of these remarks, my fancy still bitterly captivated by the last love which had proved so recreant to me, I yet felt a certain trust and security in the occasional companionship of Mr. Murray that I never can describe. He never conversed with me that I was not improved by his remarks; he never spoke that word that called the blush to my cheek, (a rare fact behind the scenes), and I never felt that harm or wrong could come to me whilst he was by. It was, then, with a sudden chill of fear, and almost anguish, that I one night heard him say:

"Good by, Miss Morand; I am about to take a journey in the South, and may not return for some months. I understand you are engaged for next season"—(a fact I did not know, and which have been indebted for his influence)—"so we shall meet again. Good by, Perdita."

Oh, the agony of those unlooked-for, tender words. And, ere my full heart could find utterance in a parting response, he was gone.

Six weeks later, the C— theatre was a mass of burning ruins. My scanty wardrobe, my stock in trade, my all, was amongst the wreck. All the members of the company were drafted off to other towns, and amongst them I made my way, almost penniless, to a very inferior station in a very remote place—remote from the scene of my former engagement, though not near so remote from the centres of civilization; in fact, I was once more in a great city. Unfortunately for me, the company to which I now found myself attached was a very indifferent one, and the theatre very unsuccessful. My wardrobe destroyed; I had to live in the most penurious way to scrape enough out of my scanty salary to purchase articles of dress; and, even at this rate, I was often obliged to sell the little necessities I had collected for mere bread. I was constantly sent away from our weekly treasury with half, a third, and sometimes no salary at all. My rent, and alas! my appetite with it, went on, whether the means were found to supply it or not; and at last, as I could not scrape up the means to fee an agent, nor remove to a more promising position, I determined to apply to some of the embroidery stores and tender my services to carry home and execute work.

I found little difficulty in obtaining such work, but the pay was miserable, and I had to risk its loss and possible soil, by executing it in the filth of the green room, dressing-room, or behind the scenes. Long-fagging rehearsals, too, and incessant study, left me but little time for work, and I could hardly afford the candle to work by late at night, and yet I was often hungry—always in fear of my fierce looking landlady on rent-day, and again and again I have looked wistfully at the street beggars, who, with no appearance to keep up, could herd together in kind companionship, and live, somehow, without the incessant toil which I had to undergo.

It may be questioned: Did I never look equally doubtfully at the street walkers and question—ay, question? I did. I questioned whether the meal, which I had spent two days of bitter, uncertain labor to procure, might not have been purchased over and over again by one hour's blandishments; and yet, though often very hungry, I did not fall. There was a shadow over by my side, which, like the pillars of fire and cloud, seemed to marshal me on the steep and honry road to heaven.

One night, I was returning from the theatre between twelve and one o'clock. The snow lay thick on the ground, and the weather was piercingly cold. I carried a huge bundle of royal robes, in which I had been attired that night, and which I was taking home to renovate and retrim into the guise of a peasant for the following night's performance. My heart was heavy, and so was my bundle; but there was a heavier weight yet upon my entire spirit, that seemed to drag down every limb, and make it questionable whether the mere fact of prolonging my miserable life by the purchase of a little sordid food

was worth such toil, such effort, as was rewarded by such wholly insufficient sustenance.

How quiet the river looked; how cold and dream-like the eternal stillness of those far off stars—homes of peace, perhaps. Oh, would to God I were there I thought; hungry, cold, tired, and alone! Oh, if I had courage to make but one plunge! a few brief moments of agony, and all would be over; and then would arise the question, why was there none to care for me, none to help or counsel, why? who did I belong to? I, the child of sin, the walf cast upon a shrinking world which demands of man's base passions some order at least to prevent such hapless creatures as myself being cast loose on a society fettered together by ties of kindred that will reject the living proof of man's sensuality, and woman's frailty. The world was right in rejecting me; even animals mate together in due times and seasons, and only reproduce their species in orderly supply for a demand in nature; but man, endowed with a reason and judgment that enables him to decide upon all effects from known causes, more sensual than the animal, more merciless than the tiger that careth for its young, man lives his degrading life of low sensuality, regardless of all consequences, but the brutal satisfaction of the moment, and to my mind, in this one vice, of sensuality, is a beast more degraded than the foulest of the bestial tribes, in exact proportion as he is susceptible to rising above them.

Oh, these thoughts, (forced upon me by the bitter consequences of my Parents' sin) I could not shut them out if I would; they were and they are truths, and we may talk as we will about pure souls going to a heaven of purity—purity and heaven are as far removed from this sordid of earthly crime, as the sky is from the earth; and the souls of the sensual cannot dwell anywhere very far removed from their darling earth and their darling dens of vice, if nature is as harmonious and gradual in her progression beyond the grave, as she is before it. "Shall I not quit this heavy burden I bear," I murmured, "and with it, throw off this bundle of human woes? Oh, mother, will it be very wrong, when thou, my only friend, has left me, if I follow thee?"

Placing my bundle on the ground, I stood for a moment to contemplate the frozen scene, which I felt every moment was growing too heavy for me to bear. As I raised my eyes from the ground, they encountered the form of a woman, whose steps I had not heard in the snow, and who, up to that moment, I had not perceived. But, oh, Heaven! what a reflection did I see in her of my own fatal purpose. She actually stood on the low wall that fenced in the bridge, and was preparing, with extended arm, to enwrap the mystery of eternity! Strange sights (unaccounted for by either the world's shrug, or the world's unreasoning denial of Spiritual agency) had always flashed before my eyes; and, remembering this faculty, for one brief moment, I was impressed with the idea that this appearance was only my own "wrath," or a spectral self, conjured up in warning against my own contemplated act of folly. The next moment, however, by an impulsion I could not resist, I dashed forward and dragged at the garments of the suicide, in time only to save her from the flood beneath, by a heavy fall in the snow at my feet.

"What would you do?" I cried, half madly; "rush into a world unprepared to receive you? Your peace is not yet made. Oh, wait—wait till your work is done, and the good Father, in his own time, will take you home. You will repent it miserably if you hurry away too soon, or leave the worst of human evils to rush to those you know not of."

I spoke to her and myself together, but, oh, what were my sensations when the form at my feet, springing from the ground and screaming out, "Perdita, Perdita! have I found thee again?" I felt myself clasped in the arms of poor, thin, hungry, once beautiful Flora Masters.

### CHAPTER X.

In the narrowest and shabbiest of garrets—on the poorest and meanest of straw pallets, lay my new guest, Flora Masters. I could not call her by her wedded name—I will not even recall her memory by it. By her side was a dying babe of some eighteen months old. Every rag I had in the room was piled up over their shivering forms. On the hearth burnt the few logs which I had carefully hoarded up to warm me during my coming Sunday, and on them was boiling the little store of milk and rice which was to have been my Sunday's feast. Why she, the favored child of luxury, the wife of one of the wealthiest of America's merchant princes—why she, the intending suicide, lay there, in my poor garret, dying for want, and with a babe who could draw no more sustenance from its famished mother—why all this was, is soon told.

Sold to a vile sensualist, who, in the name of marriage, bought a mere leaching slave. What but hatred, mutual disgust, and final inharmony of the worst kind, could ensue? The repulsion of her detested lot, acting upon a naturally ardent and over susceptible temperament, worked out its inevitable results in the hapless wife's mind.

A highly attractive and fascinating rouse, well skilled in the hideous art of fashion's obnoxious game, seduction, was the destined instrument of awakening the wretched Flora to the knowledge, that if she was a wife, she was also a woman, and that her hand's pledge was no warranty for her affections—eagerly sought and finally gained, by the wily but licensed slayer of feminine honor.

to which her tender father remorselessly sold her, under the name of "a good settlement."

The lover sought her for the same purpose as the husband—the indulgence of passion, the boast and triumph of conquest. Poor Flora! The work of the seducer in each case was but the work of the hour, and, in each case, the reaction brought disgust and repentance. A harder, and therefore fairer face than Flora's attracted the seducer, and she found herself alone in a great city without money, friends or means of sustaining life, beyond the hour where her last disposable garment was parted with. Letters to her hard father, and still harder sister, only called forth curses in answer, and finally came back to the despairing girl unopened. Her next phase of life was the intelligence office, where, amidst a crowd of the lowest-dregs of ill-fated, uneducated Irish emigrant society, the American lady became a competitor for the place of kitchen-maid, or nursery drudge.

In the latter capacity, she at length succeeded in obtaining a shelter. Alas! it was but a temporary one. The hour fast stole on when the hapless Flora must prove the mother of the seducer's child; and as the obvious fact revealed itself to the eye of the virtuous mistress in whose employ the poor drudge had hoped to find womanly pity and counsel, she found herself brutally thrust out into the streets with loathing and contempt, and the most unmitigated circumstances of insult, in the very hour that her dreadful condition most imperatively demanded aid and womanly sympathy.

For many weeks, the shelter of an hospital proved to the suffering mother, the oasis in the desert of her terrible pilgrimage. Then came the slow recovery, the depressing period of languor, those hours of all others in a woman's life, when her weakened body and exhausted mind most fondly yearns for kindred, home, and tender sympathy.

Well, well, she might yearn, pine, weep, till her poor dim eyes would close in swollen agony against the dreary scene of sordid hospital wards, and repulsive, coarse, unloving, strange faces. She might do all this, but alas, she could not die!

Then came the time when she and her babe, alone homeless and friendless, with feeble step, and yet more fainting spirit, paced the streets once more in search of bread.

She had obtained a recommendation from one of the trustees of the hospital, to a situation as wet nurse in a family. She must first, however, dispose of her babe, and it was a long while before she could find any one whose pretensions to decency were endurable to poor Flora, who would accept the charge for the pittance she could offer, from her anticipated wages—anticipated too, in vain.

The family with whom Flora was placed, were partially informed of the poor sinner's antecedents—informed enough, however, to brand her with her sin at every step she took. The subject of the scornful lady's sneer, and the libertine's coarse joke, and whispered insult, repelled by the meanness of her fellow-servants, talked at by all—prayed over in insulting piety by ostentatious priests, and dying a daily death beneath the heavy brand she bore, the unfortunate Magdalene was at last informed the family "could put up with her no longer."

The master complained he was harboring "a fallen woman" in his house. The mistress protested she was fit for nothing, as such persons seldom were. Pious old ladies assured her employers such creatures were incapable of being reformed, and virtuous young ladies declined to visit at the house whilst said "creature" was in it.

With her scanty pittance of wages due, poor Flora once more sat in the intelligence office to run a similar gantlet in two more places. Then she prowled round shops to get employment as a seamstress, and found as a general rule that where her beauty did not provoke the coarse insults of the employers she appealed to, it excited the virtuous indignation of honest competitors, to find out her history and drive the fallen one from the field, so that after toiling for months for wages that would not bring a shelter and bread enough to sustain the child and mother, after sleeping in bitter winter nights, week after week, in sheds and door steps, cellars and station-houses, the miserable relic of beauty once so precious, was traded off again for bread—bread for the starving babe.

I forbear to follow up the life of the courtesan. Propagandists of the fire and brimstone hereafter, you may spare your appalling threats when dealing with the woman of the town. The hell she carries with her in her hideous trade is so far more real, material and agonizing than the childish bugbears that you present, that they lose all terror for her. Tell of some hell as miserable as that she bears, inflicted on her child, sister or mother, and you may move her. For herself, she drinks a cup so deep in every downward step of her hopeless progress, that death, or any change, is a paradise to her, which she often rushes into, even before the brief period of her lightning track on destruction's wave can engulf her. Horrible, loathsome nights—days of skulking shame, hiding, remorse, lassitude and memory!

This was the life of Flora Masters until the last dread act in the tragedy. Oh, I fear to write it—and yet it should be told. To men and women both—to all, who live in decency, and yet are content to know, without uprising in one mighty mass, to suppress the horrors that are acted around them, this tale should be thundered in their ears.

In the dim uncertain light of a narrow by-street, Flora, the courtesan, almost at the last gasp of her fleeting life, was one night seen accompanying a well-dressed, but evidently half-intoxicated young man to her den of shame.

Her wasted form must practice in obscure and remote places, hence neither of the sinners beheld each other very clearly, until they stood together in the

chamber to which she had ensnared the man. Even then, the sullen, miserable girl would not have glanced, saved with disgust, on her reeling companion, had not another girl entered the room a moment after with a candle, and in passing, the stranger, she moved it over his features, with a coarse compliment upon their beauty.

Raising her eyes to follow the direction of the lamp, Flora Masters beheld in the half-unconscious face on which she gazed, the features of her own young brother, newly escaped from college, and snared by the sister, to guard whose purity he once would have given his life, into a den of vice, and almost to a sin, to speak the name of which would rend the very earth with horror unutterable.

One long, loud shriek broke through that house of shame, and then the miserable girl thus rescued from the act, but not the thought, of her dreadful sin, snatched up her babe which lay on a pallet in the corner of the room, flew into the cold, lone streets again, and fled on, and on, she knew not, cared not where. Away from herself, from infamy, from life. Yes, she must flee from life. 'T was too horrible to live a thing she dared no longer name. On, on, still on! Away to death! Thank God! at last she sees the river. There—there is death, rest, peace, and better than all, oblivion. Oh, to forget that awful scene. Quick! She has gained the bridge—the pier!

"My baby—oh, my baby! Thou at least shall never live to know this curse of life, and sin, and horror. Come home with me to God, or hell, or nothingness. All better far than such a life as man has made for woman!"

"Not yet, poor child. Not yet, my suffering Flora, Perdita's arms espouse thee, and we must go home—aye, to a home of kindness. We must think, too, aye, though to think be madness. The madness is the act, and thought shall be the medicine. For somewhere there is in Gilead a balm for every wound."

### CHAPTER XI.

Truly, my situation was not the least embarrassing I had ever known, when on a certain Wednesday following upon the Saturday night of Flora's rescue, I found myself displaced for rent; with three sticks of wood; in the blindest winter's day I ever experienced, three stale crackers, one pint of milk, and eighteen cents; a dying woman and a famishing babe to provide for, a ravenous appetite on my own account, and the prospect of obtaining from one to three dollars on the following Saturday, if we could all escape the hands of the undertaker till then; and the manager's empty benches should suddenly fill up to unlooked for repletion.

Flora was sleeping; the babe's low moans, though always unceasing before, were now fast, subsiding into ominous stillness. I looked round my bare garret with a desperation, that I believe to any beholder (had a human eye been there to see me) must have been appalling. I felt fairly savage from hunger, still more so at the spectacle of wrong and woe heaped upon my straw pallet.

Waiting until I heard the descending step of the loudly grumbling landlady die away in another hapless non-producer's apartment, I snatched up poor Flora's gay but wretchedly tawdry bonnet, worn home as a badge of her trade, but never used since, destined, as I knew, never again to disgrace her dying head. Catching at the poor sneer, I determined to try if I could raise a few cents by its sale to satisfy the immediate cravings of all our present necessities, and leave us composed enough to think what could be done next.

I had brought home a little work to do that morning, but I had neither cotton to go on with, nor could I hope to realize a cent by the work, till by the whole night's toil I had accomplished it, after my return from the theatre. In looking for some paper to wrap the bonnet in, I observed this work, hastily torn the paper in which it was folded away, and was pinning up the bonnet as carefully as I could, when my eye was attracted to the paper. It was a yesterday's journal, and on the very spot where my eyes lighted, were the names of Mr. and Miss Augusta Masters. Yes, it was actually there, before my very eyes; amongst the arrivals at a fashionable hotel in the city, where his child and her sister was then dying, famishing.

I saw this announcement, and they were at that moment within one mile from our garret, and in one short half hour from the time when I read their names. I stood, unannounced, in their presence. I stood in my thin and faded garments, my intense shabbiness and cold, and the hungry aspect of a very ill-fed, hard worked actress.

At first they did not know me; well they might be excused for that, and when the thunderbolt of my name fell on their stricken ears, I think Mr. Masters was about to rise and turn me per force out of the room, where his pale and aghast daughter sat staring at me, but I neither noticed his harsh gesture, nor yet the half choking sob of the lady as she faintly re-echoed my hated name. Mine was no selfish errand, and nought could or should stay its fulfillment.

For myself, I would cheerfully have eaten of the blazing fire that sent its delicious warmth from their hearth to my frozen limbs, in preference to the richest dainties that loaded their table, though I had been yet more hungry than I was; but for Flora and her weeping babe I came to demand, first from the world, next from the father, and lastly from the trader that had sold her young life to its diabolical shipwreck, bread, at least, if not justice, and yet I clothed my demand, for her sake, in the most humble and reverent form of speech I could command. I told them of her intense loathing for her cruel unsympathetic husband, the seducer's wiles and destruction, her street-born babe, her hunger, penance, in suffering and shame; her expulsion from decent

homes, where, by heaviest labor, she had so faithfully striven to earn her crust and food for her babe. I told them all but the awful interlude in which the brother played a part—my choking voice refused to help me there—the bridge, the rescue, the bed of straw in poor Perdita's garret, and now the wall for bread. At many points they strove to interrupt me, in vain; the flood of wrong poured from my lips in such a mighty tide, that it overwhelmed the flood-gates of restraint, and would exhaust itself before I even passed to breathe; and then—yes, then my guardian spoke:

"Begone," he cried, in those deep tones whose utterance seemed dragged up from the depths of deepest inner nature, "begone, polluted, loathsome thing, and take for thy brazen impudence in daring to approach me, the deepest, strongest curse these lips can utter, on the shameless wanton whose cause you dare to plead, and tell her this from me: tell her to die, that I may once more know what it is to breathe freely, a boon I've never known since her vile hand imprinted shame upon her father's forehead. Tell her, too, that if to save her shameful life I need but move this finger, I'd cut both my hands off, hoping thereby to hasten the hour that sees her buried beneath the earth. Begone! I say; another moment and thy own life is not safe. I hate thee, hate thee both."

And this was all; slowly, sadly, mourning for him, not for myself, shocked that one so lost as Mr. Masters should live in human form, I turned, and was about to quit the room, when a strong hand held me. It was not Mr. Masters, but a stranger. In my haste, and Mr. Masters's rage, we had both forgot that I stood in the parlor of a hotel. The room was empty when I entered, but from an open door at the further end one entered who had clearly been an auditor of the whole scene. I saw this at a glance, and oh, joy unutterable! the brightest moment that had ever cheered my sorrowful life was in that glance—a glance of recognition, by which I found in the new comer the kind acquaintance of railway cars and the green room, Mr. Murray.

The thought that had sustained me, however, in the wild excitement of despair, utterly failed me on the threshold of new born hope, and faintly murmuring, "take me away," I leaned upon the kind arms that were widely extended to support me, and for the rest of the scene I scarcely retained even a passing consciousness. Its details I have learned subsequently from Mr. Murray's own lips. They were these:

"For the last ten years, Thomas Masters," said my protector, "you and I have dealt in merchandise, politics, and the closest friendship. Last night you told me the history of a young French girl you had seduced, and whom I clearly gathered you had deserted; you told me you had educated her child, your child, in ignorance of her relationship to yourself, to save yourself from the pain of being degraded in your own child's eyes. Thomas Masters, in the frightful catalogue of woes which this day has disclosed, eating like canker worms into the heart of your every social relation, read the history, consequences, and issues of one vicious act, one false step, one stain only on the pure escutcheon of strong manhood, in the ruin of weak womanhood. Thomas Masters, if I can help it, neither this girl, her still more unfortunate dying sister, nor yet myself, shall ever again be withered by the sight of the seducer—a word which includes in itself, a man bad in every relation of life, false to his God, his love, his species, and himself. Come, Perdita!"

And as we left the room, the keenest pang that had ever shot across my mind was awakened by the consciousness that him I quitted, the basest, worst of men I had ever known, was in reality my own father.

Too late—too late! The bright, warm fire, the gentle shaded lamp, the soft luxurious couch, and all the precious dainties, the live long day the noble Murray kept heaping up my little garret, until the fading Flora lay in their midst like a dying camel on the bosom of luxurious beauty. All was vain—too late! too late! The waxen hand of death had touched the poor babe's lips already. Rooked in the cradle of eternity, that little form lay fast in its dreamless sleep—the marble monument on which was carved the shameful record of the world's cold inhumanity.

Late in the night I sat with Mr. Murray, alternately conversing in low whispers, and stealing to the sick girl's bed to catch the feeble words as they fell from her whitening lips.

Instinctively I kept presenting to her some little delicate morsel, or cooling drink, which the poor child was unable to partake of—the sting of hunger appearing to me so far triumphant above all other pains that I almost hoped to see life return with them, means to sustain it.

"Perdita, love," she murmured, "I am not hungry now, nor cold, nor lonely. Surely this must be a foretaste of heaven, where the old song says, 'There is no sorrow there.' There sits my little babe cradled in roses. Oh, Perdita! what a fairy you are to build such a lovely couch for my poor innocent—how glad the darling seems! Why, I have mourned in the fear that none would care for her when I was gone, and now she looks so happy and so lovely that I would not for the world remove her."

She looked on vacancy! no rose oracle was there, nor did those dim eyes behold that babe who lay a quiet corpse in a distant corner.

What did she see? Was it the new born spirit in its blooming Eden—or only fancy?

"No more, Perdita—I cannot swallow now; and oh, my friend, as you would save the human soul from the wreck and ruin which has lain me here to die, oh save those scrips! keep every crumb, waste not a single one, and give them to the hungry girls who walk the streets by night. Look in the door steps and under butcher's sheds, and in foul corners, where

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How complete are the relations of all past religions, as they unfold from the corresponding estates of the human mind—the chaos and the night of the more barbarous ages, the nebula, or first outbreaching of infantile humanity. We have seen and shall see that a common law underlies the whole—a unity of principle in the beginning, with no exclusive Word of God or special revelation to a chosen people; but that the status of the human mind everywhere measures the growth of its religion. Jewry and Christian land present the same phase of supernatural solicitings as everywhere present on Heathen ground. All present the links of the same consecutive chain, and all are, but the counterparts of each other.

As to the quarrel among the devotees as to what is of God and what of the Devil, it is of no more account than the modern terms of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, and is simply equivalent to the "pot calling the kettle black." The early Christians were dumfounded at the miracles wrought by the Heathen. Of course, in all cases of ignorance and superstition in the church, the Lord and Devil are the scape-goats, or universal solvents. While the Christians cured diseases by the imposition of hands, by the invoking of Jesus, and by consecrated oil, the Heathens could do the same, though Jesus and the oil were dispensed with. Of course, the saints claimed God to be their father, and assigned the devil to the sinners. "If I should allow," says Christian Origen, "that there is a demon cunning in medicine, called Esculapius, who cures diseases, yet I would say to those who are surprised at it, as well as at the predictions of Apollo, that if the cure of diseases and prediction of events be things of an indifferent nature, and which belong to bad as well as good beings, show me those who cure and foretell are not bad, but good, and worthy to be held in a manner as gods."

In the Temples of Esculapius, all kinds of diseases were believed to be publicly cured by the help of that Deity, on the same wise that similar cures were wrought in Christian temples in the name of Jesus. In the Heathen temples "were erected columns or tables of brass or marble on which a distinct narrative of each particular cure was inscribed." Pausanias writes, "that in the temple of Epidaurus there were many columns anciently of this kind, and six of them remaining to his time, inscribed with the names of men and women who had been cured by the God, with the account of their several cases, and the method of their cure; and that there was an old pillar besides, which stood apart, dedicated to the memory of Hippolytus, who had been raised from the dead."

Strabo also informs us "that these temples were constantly filled with the sick, imploring the help of the God; and that they had tables hanging around them, in which all the miraculous cures were described." "There is," says Middleton, "a remarkable fragment of one of these tables still extant, and exhibited by Gruter, in his collection, as it was found in the ruins of Esculapius's Temple, on the island of the Tyber, in Rome, which gives the account of two blind men restored to sight by Esculapius, in the open view, and with the loud acclamation of the people, acknowledging the manifest power of the God."

The Christian church supposes these things to be "the wiles of the devil or the tricks of the Pagan priests." But how, if the same things occur among the Christians? Why, then it is the Lord's work, and marvelous in our eyes. How, too, when the same phase presents itself in modern Spiritualism? Ah! then it is Od-Force, Fluid Action, Mesmerism, Electricity, with a considerable tendency to the devil by the "fools and blind."

Middleton is very much grieved in trying to save these things as performed by Jesus and the apostles, while he regrets the same claims of the successors to whom Jesus promised the continuation and abounding of the same things and greater. The ancient Fathers "lay the greatest stress toward evincing the divinity of the Christian religion on the gift of casting out devils, or the cure of demoniacs, though we are informed at the same time by the Christians themselves, that the same cures were performed by knaves and impostors of all sects and nations—by Heathens, Jews and Heretics."

Had Dr. Middleton lived in these, our days, he might have found the spiritual rationals of all these things, without being compelled to deny all but the gospel phase, and by inference, that too. There are spiritual influences of possessions, good, bad, and indifferent on the correspondent planes of unfleshed humanity; and intercourse between human beings of the two worlds when the mediumistic conditions are fitting. If we can mesmerize a person in the flesh, we know not any reason why the same may not be done by a spirit out of the flesh; and the numerous facts of the present, as well as of all past ages, afford so much proof as not to be gained in the light of present experience. It is only the ignorance and stupidity of the old theologians in setting forth these things that we combat—the baseless classifications of pulpitory and church, their mode of setting up the Lord and Devil, according to the Mumbo Jumbo programme, as witnessed in Africa by Park.

Tertullian, to deter all Christians from visiting the theatre, wrote a book in which he relates that "an example happened; as the Lord is witness, of a woman who went to the theatre; and came back with a devil in her; whereupon, when the unclean spirit was urged and threatened in the office of exorcising for having dared to attack one of the faithful, he replied: 'I have done nothing but what was very fair, for I found her on my own ground.'"

Among the Christians there was some confusion as to the greater or less potency of names in casting out devils. It will be recollected that this same difficulty arose when Jesus was practising exorcism in Palestine, when it was charged upon him that he was Master of Beelzebub's house, and cast out devils by his power. Justin Martyr asserts that the name of Jesus was a name of potency in exorcism, when king, prophet, and patriarch failed; yet "the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob," when used by the Jewish exorcists, was generally too hard for the devils. It appears that the Gentiles were equally successful in "this art of exorcising with certain fumes and ligatures." It also appears that the word Sabaoth, so much used in incantations, was an overmatch for the devil "if applied in its original Hebrew, but if translated into the Lord of hosts, it avails nothing"—virtue has gone out of it, and the devil maintains his ground. It may be that it was through the slips of the many translations of the Bible that the devil

has acquired such a tremendous grip of the Orthodox churches, hence it will not do to have the Word translated out of the original Hebrew, least

"The Devil slip in, the crafty bogie, And down to hell kick each church fogie." According to Josephus, Solomon was particularly instructed by God in the art of casting out devils for the benefit of mankind, and that he left behind him a receipt of those charms and exorcisms by which he used to drive them out; which same method was the most effectual even to his time. "For I saw," says he, one of my countrymen, Eleazar, casting out devils in the presence of Vespasian, his sons and officers, and a multitude of soldiers. His method was this: he applied to the nose of a person possessed, a ring which had a certain drug or root under the seal of it, which Solomon had prescribed; and so by the smell of the ring he drew out the devil through the nostrils of the patient, who fell presently to the ground; upon which he adjured the devil never to return, rehearsing the name of Solomon with certain charms, which he had composed and left behind him."

Such was the way in which the God of Israel instructed Solomon to cast out devils, thus showing, contrary to what Justin Martyr had affirmed, that devils were subject to the name of Solomon. So we may see that Heathens, Jews and Christians, under like conditions, could witness similar phenomena. According to an early sect of Christians, the God of Israel was himself a devil. Christian Jerome relates of St. Hilariion that being possessed by a holy spirit, he encountered a devil in a huge Bactrian camel, and cast him out, the beast falling suddenly to the ground as he came within the magic circle or spiritual aura of the Saint. Rarely, the horse tamer, is performing like wondrous miracles in our day, thus proving the mesmeristic medium encircling beasts, men and angels. St. Hilariion was also one of those medium sensitives "so full of the power of the Holy Spirit as to be able to discover from the smell of bodies and touch of clothes" the nature of the demon, the vice or the disease. Modern Spiritualism can certainly boast of a large number of such saints.

The early Christians who hoped and believed that the coming of Jesus was to silence the other oracles, or to shut out all the Pagan manifestations of the spirit, were utterly confounded that the same phenomena still continued. Of course, there was no resource left but that the Demons had an open field with Jesus. Three hundred years after the coming of the radical Reformer of Nazareth, Justin Martyr asks the question, which might as pertinently have been asked any time before or since. He says, "If all the arts of delusion are abolished by the coming of Christ, how comes it to pass that Demons still speak by those who are called ventriloquists?" &c. Notwithstanding the boast that the oracles were dumb, the Gentile spirits continue to speak with mortals. It appears, too, that the Christian exorcists often failed in their contests with the Demons. Many of the Saints were possessed by these in the sanctuary, and up to the very front of the altar, and would there "expose and blaspheme the mysteries," inasmuch that "they should never be ordained or taken into any order of the clergy, nor allowed to pray in common with the congregation, but be produced always separately, and commanded only to bow down their heads, while the rest of the assembly were offering up a prayer for them." This method would have shut out St. Paul, who had a thorn in the flesh and otherwise buffeted by a Demon or Satan. St. Peter, also, must go to the left, for he, also, was possessed and blasphemed the mysteries, cursing and swearing, and declaring that he knew not the man. Jesus, as a seeing medium, had already told him that he saw Satan, or a Demon, desirous to have him that he might sift him as wheat; and although Jesus prayed for him, the Devil prevailed, and dashed Peter headlong from truth and propriety. Even Jesus himself was possessed by a Demon, and after fasting forty days, was taken, first to the wilderness, to the pinnacle of the Jerusalem Temple, and then to "an exceeding high mountain." But in this case the Demon did not prevail, for Jesus was the stronger battery, "or else, how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house?" These are the words of Jesus, who was mighty in spirit, not only to cast Demons out of himself, but out of others also.

But as we are all weak, it is well for those Pharisees who think that they stand, to take heed lest they fall. Jesus claimed no partial favoritism of heaven that he was a battery capable of making the Demons give way, causing seven to secede from Mary Magdalen, but says, "If I cast out Devils by the Spirit of God, then the Kingdom of God is come unto you." In other words, as it is to me, so it is to you. The same laws and conditions open the Kingdom of God to you as to me for the manifestation of the Spirit. God is not derided in his laws or the principles of his being. Hence all assumption of an independent Satanio, Demonic principle of being, is to divide the Kingdom of God and bring it "to desolation," as a "house divided against itself." Hence the everlasting "desolation" of all Christendom by setting up a Kingdom of Satan apart from the oneness of "the Father of all Spirits," and universality of being. When we learn that the spirits in Prison are our brethren—when we learn to teach and to treat them kindly as "heirs of the self-same heritage" in the ultimatum of their being, having the same pilgrimage of progression, we then shall be found working with a far more Godlike and potent exorcism.

In the primitive church, as well as everywhere else, there were clairvoyant visions, ecstatic trances, and the discovery of men's heart or mind reading. Says Cyprian, "besides nightly visions, even boys among us are filled with the Holy Ghost, and in fits of ecstasy, see, hear and utter things, by which the Lord thinks fit to admonish and instruct us." "This ecstasy was a temporary madness, or loss of sense, and is called by Tertullian, the Spiritual virtue, in which prophecy consists. Suidas says, that "of all the kinds of fury or madness, that of the poets and prophets was alone to be wished for." But when this fury, or madness, or Holy Ghost, came upon heretic and heathen, as well as saint, the Church decided off hand, that it was only devil or demon; and the same besotted craft and stupidity obtains even in our day. The Bible, Philo-Judaicus, and Josephus show that the inspiration of Hebrewdom was manifested in the same "temporary madness." "The Spiritual man is mad," says the Bible. "A divine ecstasy and prophetic madness fall upon us," says Philo-Judaicus. And the same says Josephus. The same Holy Ghost is found overshadowing Gentile poets and prophets, whether manifest in Delphic Pythia or Cumaean Sibyl—the same divination by fury, which characterized the Hebrew poets and prophets.

The worldly wisdom of Cicero, was rather gravely that the word of God should be spoken through madmen. "What authority," says he, "can that madness have, which you call divine, that a wise man should not be able to force what a madman can; and that he, who has lost all human senses, should presently acquire divine ones?" By which it will be seen that Cicero did not fully understand the manifestation of the Spirit which confounded the wisdom of the wise, and brought to nought the stupidity of the pulpit. Nor has the "stupidity of the pulpit;" ever succeeded in finding that what they call the Holy Ghost and the Devil, were links in the same chain or continuity of being with the variable status of unfolding, marking its rise and outgrowth, its greater or less degree, upon the same scale of progression. Had Cicero understood mesmeristic possession, he would have discerned the spiritual things of the disembodied, when they possessed the medium, or the prophet. Middleton himself, having no key to the spirit-world, is sadly inconsistent in promise and conclusion, admitting phenomena in the Gospels that he denies out, though the mode of being is the same. The Romish Church, though demented in craft and superstition, has at least preserved its consistency by receiving like phenomena as equal in all ages, though like their brother Protestants, they have stupidly and damnably interpreted the Spiritual estate of Nature. That good spirits as well as the less good did possess mediums, was readily admitted by the church, if within their own congregations. We have already cited in one of our "Glimpses" from Tertullian, who "wrote a treatise to prove the soul of man to be corporeal and of human shape," the case of the "ecstatic maid," of whom he says, "as he happened to be discoursing on the nature of the soul, she fell into one of her trances; as soon as the service was over, and the people dismissed, she came, as usual, to relate to him what she had seen—which was always carefully taken down in writing, in order to be examined—when she declared that there was shown to her among other things, a human soul in bodily form, yet so as to appear to be a spirit; not of a void and empty quality, but what might even be handled, tender and lucid, of an airy color, and in all points of human shape." This, Dr. Middleton calls the "wild dream of a frantic, or fiction of a silly woman;" and yet modern Spiritualism proves it to be completely true. We ourselves, in the presence of similar seeing mediums, have had angels described, and names given, utterly unknown to the mediums, who were strangers; in all which, we recognized the souls of persons once resident in the flesh. Swedenborg's testimony is also very full on this head. These familiar spirits are called God, or the Lord, by Jews and Christians, and Gods by the heathen. Cyprian was possessed by a familiar spirit, whom he calls God, who is equivalent to the good Demom of Socrates. When Cyprian fled from the wrath to come in persecution, it gave great scandal, and was "considered by the clergy of Rome as a desertion of his post and pastoral duty;" to which the Saint replies, that "if he had not obeyed the Lord, when he commanded him to retreat, he should sin, even by suffering martyrdom." Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, affirms to the same of himself, and "swears to the truth of it; that in the time of a persecution, he was commanded by God in a vision, to retire from Alexandria, and was wonderfully preserved and guarded by him in his retreat."

Thus we see that the familiar spirit-world was made up of Gods, Lords, Angels, or Demons, all manifesting in similar modes of being—admonitions, visions, dreams, trances, and spiritual possessions outside the Bible as well as in. "And shall we not believe a most holy bishop, even upon his oath?" asks Dr. Dodwell. The same holy bishop heard "a voice from heaven, which expressly enjoined him to read all heretical books without reserve." While St. Jerome had a contrary revelation. This rather staggers Middleton, "that God should enjoin contraries to his saints and servants." But if the Dr. could have been rid of the association of the name of God or Lord, so common in old time as expressive of eminence, whether of man embodied or disembodied, he would have seen that the familiar Lords or Gods would be as likely to differ from each other in opinions as if they were yet dwelling in the flesh. One account states that it was the Devil who appeared to Jerome and flogged him black and blue for reading Cicero.

The self-contradictions in the church, like the self-contradictions in the Bible, were covered, not explained; and it was a rock of offence and stumbling that all the phenomena of the Lord, visions, ecstasies, &c., should be equally manifest on Heretical and Heathen ground. The true believers, or Orthodox church, had to resort to a great deal of artful dodging to maintain themselves in position as the only truly elect of the Lord. They began to look about to see how they should escape the common road of ecstasy and vision, and find a more exclusive one to the presence of the Lord, as the Lord would speak by the heretics, by Miriam as well as by Moses. So, too, it was found that the Heretic Montanus very fully abounded in the gifts of the Lord, visions, ecstasies, and other spiritual gifts. To get rid of these parallel manifestations of the heretics, "it is remarkable," says Middleton, "that those who undertook to expose and confute them, employed such arguments against his prophecy, as seemed to shake the credit of all prophecy. For, whereas, the Montanists delivered their prophecies always in ecstasies, or the loss of the senses, it was then urged against them, 'that this was the proof of a diabolical spirit, that the true prophets never had such fits, never lost their senses, but calmly and sedately received and understood whatever was revealed to them.'" And "Epiphanius makes this the very criterion or distinguishing character between a true and false prophet, that the true had no ecstasies, constantly retained his senses, and with firmness of mind apprehended and uttered the divine oracles. St. Jerome also declares that the true prophet never spake in ecstasy, or madness, like Montanus and his mad women, Priscan and Maximilla, but understood what they delivered, and could speak or hold their tongues, whenever they pleased, which those who spake in ecstasy could not do. Eusebius also mentions a book of one Miltiades, written against Montanus, the purpose of which was to prove that a prophet ought not to speak in ecstasy. Yet from the testimonies collected above, we have seen that before the Montanists had brought these ecstasies into disgrace, the prophecy of the Orthodox, as well as that of the heretics, was declared to be excited in ecstasy. And it appears to have been the current opinion in those earlier days, that the prophets also of the Old Testament received and uttered their revelations in ecstasy."

Athenagoras expressly affirms it, and says, "that while they were under the divine impulse, they were transported out of their senses, and delivered in ecstasy what was inspired, being mere organs of the Holy Spirit, just as a fife or a flute is of him who blows into it." Justin Martyr asserts the same; "that the spirit of God descending from above made use of them as of an instrument, just as the quill strikes the harp or lyre, to reveal to us the knowledge

of divine or heavenly things." Tertullian also declares, "that he who has the spirit within him, must necessarily be deprived of his senses, especially whenever he beholds the glory of God, or when God speaks by him, as being then overshadowed by the divine power."

These self-contradictions of the Christians have the same aspect in our day. Some declare Spiritualism to be of God; some, the Devil—some, Od-Force—some, Fluid Action—some, Electricity—some, Magnetism, &c., &c.; yet they see it sweeping over the land like "the mighty rushing wind," or the Holy Ghost. Gifts of tongues, discerning of spirits, inspiration in and out of the trance, vision, or ecstasy. After the Roman "Empire became Christian, a general corruption, both of faith and morals, began more openly to infect the Christian church, which by that revolution, says St. Jerome, lost as much of her virtue as it had gained of power and wealth."

We have seen that in old time, the dove was a symbol of God, Lord, or Angel. When Polyarp was about to be martyred, "there came a voice to him from heaven, saying, be strong, Polyarp, and acquit thyself like a man; and though nobody saw who it was that spake, yet many of the brethren heard the voice"; and while at the stake, a dove was seen to fly from him.

St. Chrysostom observes "that in the infancy of the church, the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit were bestowed on even the unworthy, because those early times stood in need of that help, for the more easy propagation of the gospel; but now," says he, "they are not given even to the worthy, because the present strength of the Christian faith is no longer in want of them."

According to this Father, the most worthy of the church were given over to be tormented by demons. He concludes with his friend Stagirius who is obsessed and "horribly tormented" by one of these evil spirits. The Father, in his books of consolation, assures us "that neither the tombs of the martyrs to which he had often applied for relief, nor the repeated endeavors of the most holy and colorated exorcists of those days, were able to drive the devil out of him;" He then sums up his consolation to his friend, by declaring his possession by the devil to be a "clear demonstration of God's particular regard for him, who would never have hindered the effect of so much grace, nor exposed his own servants to so much shame, if he had not known it conducive to the greater good and probation of Stagirius."

Thus we see that the devil was too hard for the saints, and had taken the church into his own keeping as necessary to its salvation. C. B. P.

SPIRITS AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCER.

ARTICLE FIVE.

We have stated, in our preceding articles, that there are two classes of spirits in the interior, that is, the regenerated and the unregenerated, or the developed and the undeveloped. We have also stated that, of these two classes, the regenerated or the developed are related to us as cultivators, while the unregenerated or the undeveloped are related to us as workers.

The workers are in rapport with our human states, and through that rapport operate upon our human loves and affections, with no higher aim than their own immediate, personal pleasures and selfish gratification. This work of theirs, however, tends to produce, as a natural result, the ultimate death of those human loves and affections in the spirit-workers themselves, and also in the persons in the work who are thus worked upon; and it also tends to produce, as a necessary consequence, a quickening of the divine loves and affections in the spirit-workers and in the persons upon whom they work; in other words, it tends to the regeneration and development of both. Still the spirit-workers themselves do not aim at these results, as they have no aims or object beyond the gratification of their own selfish desires, appetites, loves, &c.

The spirit-cultivators are related to us, not through a rapport with our human loves and affections; for to them such a rapport is impossible. They are no longer capable of living the human life, or of enjoying the human loves and affections, for the simple reason that, by an actual growth, they have ceased to be human beings and have become divine beings—they have laid down the human life, never to take it up again, and have taken up the divine life, never to lay it down—they have shed the changeable, perishable, mortal nature, and have assumed the unchangeable, imperishable, immortal nature. The cultivators are therefore related to us, not by a rapport with our human states, but through a perception and a knowledge of our human states. Were they in rapport with our human states, that very rapport would disqualify them for being wise and judicious cultivators of those of us who are in such states; for that rapport would put them on a level with us, and thus limit their vision and their aims to the boundaries of the human sphere, and to the pleasures, gratifications and pursuits of that sphere. But to be a wise and judicious cultivator of any degree of life, one must have emerged from that degree and passed beyond it, and out of the reach of all its limiting and circumscribing influences. The passage any degree of life gives us a knowledge of it, and the emergence from it into a higher degree, removes us from the sphere of its influences and of its peculiar class of stimulants and inspirations, and places us in a position where we can look back and perceive, and understand the degree which we have left, without participating in its inferior order of life and action.

For instance, I approach a person who is in a violent fit of anger. If I get in rapport with him, so that I feel just as he does, and like him, hunger and thirst for an opportunity to give full expression to my anger, it is evident that I am in a proper condition to work with him by feeding, sustaining, encouraging, and even stimulating his already excited feelings. But it is equally evident, that that very rapport disqualifies me from being his adviser, disqualifies me from perceiving and understanding his real internal condition and his real internal needs. In that condition of rapport with him, I, like him, can have but one object in view, and that is the immediate gratification of my angry feelings. In that condition of rapport with him, I cannot give him the judicious help of either science or art; for I cannot perceive what effect the excitement is producing on his internal nature, whether it is producing a good effect, or a bad effect. In that condition of rapport with him, I cannot tell whether a judicious cultivation of him in this particular instance, would require that his anger should be at once subdued by a free and copious expression of itself, or whether it should be prolonged and intensified, or whether it should be gradually let down to

none but dogs and street walking girls would hider, there are the hungry ones—and oh, Perditia! hunger is so very hard to bear—and cold—it makes one so cruel, reckless, and hateful—oh, how hateful! Why Perditia, I've hated God! cursed him again and again, because he made me, and did not save or aid me. I wonder why I was ever born—shall I go to hell? 'Tis all true, Perditia, every word you say. 'I've carried my own hell about with me so long that I do not fear the Christians'. I did not make myself. My father!—oh, my father! That man they called my husband—was it right of God, Perditia, to trust a fair young girl with two such men—the one to sell, the other to buy her? The night is over, now; I see the morning breaking. The room grows light—oh, see the walls dissolve—and now, oh God! I'm in the fields again, free in the air—the radiant, cheerful air! Are those birds singing, Perditia, darling—or is it angel voices? Hark! they are calling me. How sweet they sing! Mind the words, Perditia, listen—listen! 'Home, home! sweet home!' Farewell! I'm going home!"

Reader! you who have traced up thus far many passages in the life of Perditia, but little more belongs to you, or even remains, that would interest you. The sum of all is quickly told:

In a lovely cottage completely embosomed in woods, where ancient rocks fling up in wild but picturesque confusion, covered with moss, or rearing up grey heads of primeval granite, deck the scene with stern but natural beauty—where flowery dells and winding walks, murmuring brooks and tiny foaming cataracts unite in loveliest combinations to form a scene of nature's fairest, wildest architecture, the whole made fine and rarified by art; removed from the city's hum, and yet within the reach of valued neighboring friend, there dwells Perditia Murray—wife to a railway friend—the best of men, because the purest, truest, and most unselfish. This generous, whole-souled man, laid one poor sister in the tomb, and

"Sped her parting soul to light and bloom," and with the same kind hand that smoothed her dying pillow, placed the sacred marriage ring upon Perditia's hand.

The month that saw my precious Flora the bride of Paradise, beheld me bride of this doubly ministering angel.

Some noble blossoms have sprung from off this stem. Two tall and high-souled youths, with the father's brow, heart, brain, and deep-toned sense of right, and two blooming girls divide with them our love—all four are members of the world's great body politic.

The dignity of labor, the imperative demand for use, and the right for the world to give to each a place and mission, and receive in return the full usury of the talents God has lent them—these are our children's heritage independent of sex or external surroundings.

My eldest boy is an engineer—my second, a chart-maker. In the mighty deep, and wondrous earth, these gallant pioneers are busy in searching out for future ages, "the footprints of the Creator."

Think you my girls, because they happen to be girls, are debarred the right of plowing in the same sublime vineyard of their father's planting? One as a horticulturist, the other as a physician, have torn from the world that right which God endowed all creatures with, and nothing but society could have dared withhold from woman. The world may sneer at them, because they are useful, and ridicule them because they have courage enough to convert their Creator's gifts into blessings, but it is thankful for their services, nevertheless; and the girls themselves are contented to labor for God's world just as long as they feel it to be God, and not to the world, they will have to render up their account.

Are we then happy? Oh, silent kingdom, where the infinite alone can dwell, in the unseen depths of our grateful hearts, do thou answer for us! The kingdom of heaven—laid on the foundations of duty, beauty, use and charity, garrisoned round by principle, fed by hope, and illuminated by faith—is within us, root and branch. What can we ask for more? Until we meet with thee, oh precious mother! darling sister Flora! in the morning land, where sorrow comes no more! FAREWELL.—[X. Y. Gleaner.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE AND LIGHT.

BY ELIZA A. PETTSINGER.

There's a high-towering cliff that looks over the main, Where low, sighing breezes send a mournful refrain, O'er the bosom of the deep—at twilight's soft hour These low, sighing strains bear a charm and a power.

On this high-towering cliff I stood all alone, And nought could I hear but this sad, dreary moan O'er the deep swelling sea—only this could I hear In the still hour of night—my soul sad and drear.

The pale Queen of Night in her soft silver sheen Was sparkling with gems, and with beauty serene Her soft rays fell on me like a spell of delight, And wrapt all my senses in a halo of light.

This light on my vision so radiant did beam, That my soul seemed entranced—it was surely no dream, For I saw, as I sat there, the star-covered dome, And heard all around me the sea's dashing foam.

And long did I muse, deeply shrouded in thought, On the dim-spectred Past, and the doubts it had brought; When lo! in the distance, of pale golden hue, A light, shadowy cloud burst full on my view.

I gazed on in silence as it near me did glide, When a bright lovely maiden stood close by my side— She was surely an Angel of Love and of Light, This beautiful maiden—this goddess so bright.

Her face was so radiant with wisdom and love, That I knew she had come from the bright realms above; About her fair shoulders, like the sun's golden ray, A cloud of bright ringlets in beauty did play.

Around her fair form of Divinity's mould, Fell softly and lightly this same cloud of gold— Her deep, lustrous blue eyes bedazzled my sight, As she read all my thoughts with her deep eyes of light.

Her silver-like tones, on that night calm and still, In my sad soul awoke a deep, joyous thrill, As she sung of the home where Love reigned supreme, The home clad with beauty—the poet's bright dream.

She bade me be calm—that all yet would be well, That where the soul was free there should I dwell— Each harp should then be tuned to Wisdom and Love, In sweet tones of accord and harmony above.

As these last soft echoes died away on the air, She was waft in the cloud, and her bright-golden hair Nevermore did I see—nor the deep eyes of light Of this maiden so fair—this goddess so bright.

San Francisco, Cal., 1861.

"Find me but half a dozen persons whom I can persuade that daylight is not owing to the sun, and I will not despair of whole nations embracing the same opinions. For be an hypothesis ever so ridiculous, if it can be maintained for sometime, until it gain the character of antiquity, then it is sufficiently proved."—De Fontenelle.

a lower state, and maintained for a time at that standard, or whether it should be gradually dis-

These are all very important points to decide upon in the judicious cultivation of that phase of the human nature; but, if I am in rapport with it, I am not only incompetent to decide these points, but I am incapable of perceiving the importance or necessity of deciding them, or even of taking any thought whatever about them. I repeat, then, that neither persons in the body, nor spirits, are competent to be intelligent, judicious cultivators of any state or degree of life, until they have outgrown that state or degree, and thus become superior to it. This kind of superiority is, of course, not a superiority which can be assumed at will, neither can it be relinquished at will. It is a growth, as much so as the growth of our bodies, which we can neither add to, nor take from, by any effort of the will.

The cultivators of the interior, as we have said, are related to all the different qualities and degrees of the human nature, not through a rapport with them, but through a perception of them, and through a knowledge and an understanding of them. This perception, knowledge and understanding of all qualities and degrees of human life and love, enables them to know what is the internal condition of any particular being in the human sphere, no matter whether he is in or out of the body; and also enables them to know whether his interior nature is in an active, growing state, or in a torpid, inactive state, or whether it is in a condition of health, or of disease; and it also enables them to determine what shall be done to preserve its healthy action, if it is in a state of healthy action; or what shall be done to stimulate and awaken it to a healthy action, if it is in a torpid or diseased state; or what shall be done to calm it down to a healthy action, if it is in a state of violent commotion, which is consuming and destroying it.

As we have said on a former occasion, the world's science and the world's art give us no knowledge, and no certain system of practice in this vast and important field of operations. The world's supposed science, commonly called religion, consists of crude traditions and childish fables, which have come down to us from the infantile ages of the race; and the world's art in this department originated in an age which invented charms and incantations in both religion and in medicine—in the art of healing the body, and in the art of healing the soul. Medicine has advanced somewhat beyond that point, and is steadily, but slowly building up, a true science and a true practice. But religion still clings to its charms and incantations, and would feel degraded and desecrated to be called a science or an art.

But, nevertheless, there is a science of the soul—a science based upon principles as clear and as demonstrable as those of the anatomy, the chemistry and the physiology of the body; and there are practical arts, applicable to the hygienic cultivation and to the healing of man's inner nature, which may be reduced to rules and formulas as simple and as clearly defined as any well established rule or formula for the cultivation, protection, and healing of the human body. These arts and sciences which have reference to the inner nature, are the only religion of which the cultivators of the interior have any knowledge; and when we shall have grown up to understand them, they will form our only religion, and will supersede all our childish forms and ceremonies, our meaningless charms and incantations, and our impotent gods and helpless idols before whom we bow, and to whom we pour out the incense of our hearts in worship. The nobler faculties of an adult man can never rest contented with the doubts, and fears, and guesses of childhood; neither can the nobler faculties of an adult race ever rest contented with the conjectures, the superstitions, and the religious follies which had their origin in its infancy. The adult intelligence of the race ever refuses to rest upon anything which is less substantial than eternal principles, or which is less demonstrable than the truths of mathematics.

In what way do the spirit-cultivators cultivate us, and in what way do the spirit-workers work upon us?

Not every human being is in the hands of the cultivators; but we will not stop now to inquire who are in their hands. Suffice it for the present to say that those who are in the hands of the cultivators are so by a natural law, and not from any partiality or favoritism; and that those who are not in the hands of the cultivators are debared from that relationship by a natural law also, and not because of any hatred, prejudice, or indifference toward them.

Now to enable us to give a clearer answer to our questions, let us suppose the case of an individual who is in the hands of the cultivators. Let us furthermore suppose that one of the predominating traits of his human nature is a love of money, or, in phrenological language, acquisitiveness. This is a human love—it is a selfish love—it is a limited love, and hence, so long as the individual is governed by such a love, his universal and unselfish loves are overshadowed—they lie in the torpid, germinal state; whereas they should take the lead and rule his whole being, giving every thought, word and deed the stamp of divinity. The cultivators, who by a natural law have taken charge of him, see that this love of money must die—must be taken from him, not by violence, but through a natural process. Accordingly they subject him to such a process of cultivation—such a system of discipline, as shall cause that selfish love to ultimately in death. How do they do this? Not by talking to him—not by telling him that he must cease to love money, and cease to put forth his energies in order to acquire it—not by telling him that he must be nobler and better; for they know very well that no one can change his own nature simply by willing, or resolving to change it—they know very well that no one can cease loving anything simply by being told that he ought not to love it—they know very well that everything in nature, including man's loves, changes only by a growth and a development—they know very well, therefore, that if they want their pupil to cease to be ruled by his selfish love, they must take it out of his power to love money supremely. They must make him grow above it. They must bring him to that state where it will not be necessary for him to fight and contend against the selfish love. They must bring him to that state where, so far from his having to depend upon his will power and his resolutions to enable him to overcome that love, he cannot, even by an effort of his will, descend again into that kind of love. When they have brought him to such a state, the work is done—then the individual can be trusted—then let temptation come, or, figuratively speaking, let the devil come, and offer him all the golden sands of California and all the wealth of India to purchase from him one untruthful expression, or one wrong or unjust deed, or one violation in any form of his highest conceptions of right, and he will find it impossible to accept the bribe. In

this department of his nature he has been born from the human to the divine, and he can no more return from the divine to the human than his full grown body can return to his mother's womb.

Then how do the cultivators thus regenerate their pupil? Perceiving and understanding his nature and his true needs, they hand him over to the workers—to those who, like him, are in the human state of their affections, who delight in the rapport with the human states of persons in the body, and who delight, therefore, in doing the work which is committed to them, as it consists in stimulating the human loves of men and women, and, by a rapport, reveling with them, and feeding upon the magnetisms which are generated by such stimulated human loves. The cultivators do not commit their pupils to any class of workers, indiscriminately; but they commit each one to that class of workers only who are adapted and qualified to do the peculiar kind of work which he needs. Neither do the cultivators permit the workers to do their work in their own way, without any control or government. It is all under the supervision and control of the cultivators, who also understand the object of the process, and who alone know when the work is progressing properly, and when it is completed.

Now what does the history of Spiritualism reveal to us as the actual work of these interior workers? I speak now of the actual work that has been done by them for the regeneration of mediums and others, in this one element of their human nature, namely, the love of money. We are all familiar with the doings of the gold-hunting mediums, who have been led by invisible influences from one part of the country to another in search of gold mines and silver mines, and in search of lost and buried treasures. Under the guidance of these invisible influences, these workers, many mediums and their followers, have waded creeks and rivulets, searched their sands for gold; many of them have dug deep holes in the earth, and blasted far into the solid rock in search of mines of gold and silver; many of them have gone out secretly and stealthily, by night, or by day, to find treasures which they feared they could not lawfully hold if they should find them where the workers told them they were deposited; many of them have visited and explored remote parts of the country, allured by the promises of invisible workers, that they should be taken to inexhaustible beds of valuable ores—lead, iron, copper, coal, &c. In all these cases the gold, the silver, the lead, the copper, the iron, the coal, the buried and the lost treasures, were never found. Then what result was attained? A result more valuable than the simple possession of all the riches of the earth. The mediums and their followers who were thus deluded, had all the benefit of the pursuit of the delusion. Their love of money was aroused and kept stimulated to the highest degree, while they were in the pursuit of imaginary wealth; as much so as if they had been in the pursuit of wealth through any of the legitimate channels of business; and if the pursuit ended in disappointment, that is not different from the results of the selfish pursuit of wealth in any of the ordinary business, mercantile or speculative occupations—whether successful or not, the result always is disappointment.

Again many mediums and others who are susceptible to impressions from the interior, have been allured and excited in the particular human love of which we speak, with the promise of mechanical inventions of one kind and another, from which they were led to expect immense fortunes, but which either proved to be entirely worthless, or if of any account, passed from the medium's hands into the possession of other parties, leaving the mediums as poor, or poorer than ever. Then, again, mediums and other impressible persons have been stimulated with the hope and the prospect of making immense fortunes in some legitimate business, trade, mercantile pursuit, or in some special speculative transaction which has also ended, like all human pursuits, in disappointment. All this is the work of the workers.

Furthermore, where mediums happened to have money or property of any great amount or value, it has generally slipped from their grasp since they became mediums, having either been squandered in foolish and meaningless ways, or lost in speculations which were suggested to them by the spirit-workers who were in rapport with them. But while their fortunes were going, they had the benefit of the hope of success, and the benefit of the strife and struggle—the intense yearning to save their wealth when they saw that it was going, and they had the benefit of all the disappointments which attended their efforts. This is what their cultivators wanted; they wanted their love of money and property, and their yearnings for such things aroused and excited; and they wanted it all to end in disappointment.

These are the experiences and this is the kind of discipline in which the cultivators of the interior put their pupils. It is a discipline which is attended with strife, struggles and intensification of feelings and emotions, which constitute the life of the human affection that is under cultivation. It is a life which consumes itself and finally dies a natural death, because, like the life of all human loves, its duration is limited, as much so as the life of a plant or an animal. The disappointments, sufferings and agonies which attend the experiences and the discipline referred to, are unavoidable—they are the decomposing processes, or rather they are the evidences, the indications that the human element—the mortal thing—is being decomposed, dying, yielding up its life through suffering and agony, as in the case of the death of anything else that is endowed with sensibility or sensation.

All this is, of course, Greek and Hebrew to those who do not understand the philosophy of it; and mediums may, in their childish conceptions of their own independence and individuality, declare that they want to have nothing to do, and will have nothing to do, with either such workers or such cultivators. But the whims and notions of mediums will not be heeded by the cultivators of the interior, who know their needs better than they themselves do. The wisdom of the interior no more thinks of consulting us as to what discipline we shall be subjected to, than the wise parent thinks of consulting his child as to what school he shall be sent to, or what studies he shall be put in. The parent knows that in order to make the child more completely self-protecting and self-reliant, he must be educated, even though he should fret and struggle and rebel against it; and so interior wisdom knows that there is no real independence, no complete individualization, until the adult state—the divine state—is reached; and, therefore, they take upon themselves the responsibility of securing that state to mediums and others in spite of themselves, and by the very system of cultivation which they, in their ignorance and selfishness, rebel against.

The memories of the loved and lost steal upon us as the sweet south wind upon a bed of violets; they come like the breath from the gates of heaven's bowers, left ajar when they entered.

Reported for the Banner of Light. SPIRITUAL COMPREHENSION AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday-Evening, August 6, 1861.

QUESTION:—When called on to make a statement of the peculiarities of modern Spiritualism, what shall be our answer?

REV. MR. DUES.—There is much force and truth in what has been advanced respecting the necessity of depending on our own senses, for evidence; yet it is equally certain that if we trust entirely to them unaided, we shall be deceived, in many cases. For instance, in the instrument known as the "hydrostatic paradox," water appears to be constantly rising and as constantly descending; and our sight alone would only deceive us as to the phenomenon. That is, if we trust implicitly to an imperfect or deceptive medium in examining appearances, we shall be grossly deluded, while a correct "medium," on the other hand, will enable us to make discoveries otherwise impossible. This principle, in my opinion, has much to do with spiritual investigations. Our naked and unaided senses are not competent to conduct them, any more than the scientific man can do without his instruments of research, the telescope, microscope, &c.

Again, it has been overlooked that there seems to be a principle in Nature which affects a compensation in cases where the natural senses are imperfect or even quite lost. I once asked a blind child if he did not regret his deprivation. He replied not at all—that he did not wish to see. "Why not?" "Because I should be as ignorant as those who do not see. Does any one of your children understand mathematics as well as I do?" This was well put, for he was a good scholar in that and other sciences, and this superior mental cultivation gave him more pleasure than the possession of all their senses gives to the average of men. Spiritual mediums, in like manner, when in a state of trance have an interior faculty of sight opened, which they would not enjoy if they continued to use their bodily eyes; and I have found that the case of dying persons is analogous in this respect.

MR. PATRICK.—I do not know anything about which men are so befuddled as about their own senses. They distrust them, and seek for other guides, and yet the senses are our only safeguards from error. It is this joint evidence that keeps us from being continually led astray; and those who use them rightly and confide in them are never at a loss; while those who reject them must wander in the dark. I have no other aids in my investigations, and I want no others.

Every sect or party has its creed or platform—its formal statement of doctrine, which is applied as a test of fellowship. Now, what are the distinguishing peculiarities of Spiritualism? I think they may be found in the following points:

1st. The method by which the continued existence and the condition of departed human spirits are disclosed to mortals—and by which communion is maintained between them. Our friends who have gone hence, where are they? Spiritualism teaches they may not have gone anywhere—they may simply have changed in their modes of manifesting themselves to our senses—and sometimes not even to this extent, for it has been shown that spirits can re-organize and make use of bodily forms. Inter-communication between the natural and the spiritual world is carried on in various ways which have been heretofore enumerated. These methods are peculiar to modern Spiritualism, in that they are demonstrations to the natural senses, and which form part of each believer's direct personal experience.

2nd. It is a part of our belief, that all things are natural; there can be no such thing as what is generally understood by a miracle.

3rd. Human spirits progress not only here, but into and through other states of existence; and the change called death simply marks one stage of that progression.

4th. Each individual must atone for his own transgressions.

DR. YOUNG.—Modern Spiritualism is distinguished from ancient, in that it communicates to us the thoughts of persons once in the form, in such a clear and distinct manner that no doubt can be entertained that they are from a human source. We do not attribute them to God, or angels. The rappings are merely a spiritual improvement upon the telegraph. Table moving, and the like manifestations, are addressed to an intelligent, investigating race, and to their reasoning faculties, rather than their emotional nature. Test-evidence is given by dates and circumstances, showing that the spirit communicating must be the one it purports to be, or must, at least, have derived its information from that source. The religion of the Bible affords no such philosophical foundation for the belief in immortality, and it was fast dying out, until revived by these modern phenomena. Many of our physical manifestations are, according to my definition of the term, as decidedly miraculous, as anything on record—that is, we have no rational or scientific means of accounting for them.

DR. HULLOCK.—The leading peculiarity of modern Spiritualism, is, that it substitutes domination for authority, in all cases, in direct opposition to the invariable practice of all religious demonstrations whatsoever; whether they acknowledge for their leader Mahomet, Calvin, George Fox, Joe Smith, or the Pope of Rome. Instead of getting its evidence of authenticity from some divinely consecrated man or woman, it entirely ignores, as authority, all that has transpired previous to its own advent, and does not a knowledge even a holy child at the bottom of its faith. It asserts what no other sect has been able to maintain—to wit, the continued existence of the human spirit, unimpaired by bodily dissolution, in a state of being intensified, purified and elevated, instead of passing into annihilation, or unconsciously awaiting a resurrection of its old material form. As civilization advanced, men were compelled to abandon this latter doctrine—that each of them was to resume an organism which had been appropriated and transmuted thousands of times over, subsequently to his disuse of it—but yet they could find no substitute.

Spiritualism at once carries them beyond, by virtue of the demonstrative evidence it offers, as to the actual condition of departed human beings. I myself, have come up to this resting-place from a state of utter skepticism; but those who believed in something—what was even their previous standpoint? What conception could any one then form of spirit-existence? A spirit has no eyes—thus we infidels used to reason, among ourselves—therefore it cannot see; nor ears, and so it hears not; it perceives nothing, therefore it is nothing; and then we would enjoy a dismal laugh over the impotent conclusion. And those who assumed to teach others were themselves no better off, and could only mouth over the grand generalization that the good were to be saved and the bad to be damned; but in what way or shape

—how the Allopathic doses of brimstone were to be administered—who could tell? At last, as a sort of compromise with damnation, there arose a sect which denied immortality to all who had not attained to a certain character, or state of saving grace, and this was the best result that faith and intelligence could draw from the ancient statements as to the fate of man.

Spiritualism reverses all this by an application of the same method and principles by which we demonstrate the truths of chemistry and the mathematics. It was the course of the old system that it regarded man as having a soul tucked away somewhere in the body, which could be looked after, times when the wants of the latter were not too engrossing. The time is coming when this notion will be looked upon as blasphemy; but now, clinging to us like the curse of the fabled Fall, it leads us into unutterable mischief. We need to realize that we are even now spirits in eternity; solving the problems of to-day for all the ages.

Spiritualism demonstrates the continuous existence of the human being on a higher plane as respects intellect, religion, morality, art and science. It shows that the very child, with us a continual source of care, as soon as it enters the higher life, may come back with power to watch over those who once watched over it, and to teach, reprove and comfort them, as I personally know. Through the same agencies, Spiritualism also entirely reverses the principle of morals once regarded as the only safeguard of our social state. For, the old morality rested on precept—on history. Man was forbidden to inquire beyond the will of God—whose expression in some holy book, or by some holy person, constituted the universal basis of ethics. It is this very sentiment that has damned the world; the idea (be it said without profanity) that God could do as He "darn pleased," which underlies all the teachings in Sunday schools and Bible classes—and which asks, not "what is right?" but "what is the will of God?" We have changed all that; and let no man presume to call himself a Spiritualist, unless he clearly sees that the very opposite is true; unless he can resolve the bald precepts of the past back into those eternal principles which, through whatever medium expressed, are the Salvation of the world.

Between the human brain and a natural principle a mutual attraction exists stronger than that between mother and child; for, did you ever know of such a principle failing to work on the side of the man who invoked it—did it not hold him in its arms, and carry him on to conquest? Herein is the mission of Spiritualism, and the meaning of all this commotion—that it has brought to the light of absolute demonstration, a true immortality and a true morality. Every other system has been put a John the Baptist for this new dispensation—the world, through all past ages, has been in travail to be delivered of this the second Christ, the new Saviour of mankind.

Another fundamental distinction of our philosophy, is, that, whereas it has hitherto been affirmed, throughout all ages, and even in the most liberal forms of Christianity, that man is essentially bad, and needs a supernatural regeneration, it is now demonstrated that he is really essentially good; and that the moment he rises above the sphere of those conditions which give his motives their wrong bias, and which lie like a heavy stone over the germ of his better self, that moment he begins to show that he is not an abortion—a deformity, but that it is his nature to be erect, and green, and fruitful. All spirits come with this as their first doctrine—and it is firmly established that in the future state all the great chapter of vice and immorality is at once wiped out, as is not inherent, but the result of circumstances. Again, it is proved that there is no law binding on the soul of man but his exponent in the world around him, and is demonstrable by a method as sure as mathematics. Newton did not seek an arbitrary interpretation of natural appearances in the "word of God"—he looked right up into the heavens, and then, in his study, by applying laws which were a part of every mind which had learned them he settled the constitution of the universe. So the spiritual world has come down into our midst, is manifest to our senses and subject to the deductions of our rational faculties.

MR. ADAMS.—It will aid us, in answering this question, to consider in what respect the vision of the modern world differs from that of former ages. Evidently, not in the natural structure of the organ of sight, but in the adjuncts brought to it by science in the form of telescopes, microscopes, &c., by which a new world was included within its scope. This will illustrate one of the main peculiarities of modern Spiritualism. Had our interior senses remained locked up, we should now be no wiser than ten years ago, and our condition would correspond to that of the naturalist, or astronomer, if deprived of all his aids to observation. And it is most astonishing that any one can stand up, amid all the evidence of new spiritual powers, and the opening of the interior senses, and deny that we know anything of Spiritualism, except through our natural organs of perception. I maintain that the whole power and glory of this gospel depends on this opening of the interior senses.

Do we see spirits with our natural vision? Are not spiritual things "spiritually discerned?" I well remember how, as by the stroke of a thunder-bolt, this truth was brought in upon my mind, when, twelve years ago, Judge Edmonds described to me my old spirit friend, the Methodist preacher, and thus led me to the serious consideration of this subject, as I have heretofore related. No appeal to my natural senses could have been so instantaneously convincing; and yet I only exercised my memory. It is a peculiar characteristic of the spiritual movement that we become cognizant of spirits in a way we knew nothing of before. Were it not so, faith would die, and we should return into the fossilized economies of past ages.

Thank God! my vision is opened, so that I do daily see spirits. By this faculty we are enabled to cross-examine the statements of mediums, instead of resting on mere authority. It also stimulates us to investigate and enlarge the field of our knowledge. Again, Spiritualism teaches that Heaven is not a walled-up New Jerusalem—a confined area, in which existence, without any other employment than prayer and praise, would soon become insupportable—but a field for the limitless expansion and untiring exercise of every human faculty, through eternal years.

Lastly, it makes religion a personal matter to each one of the human race, instead of being a question of latitude and longitude, as with the old Jews, in teaching, and with modern Christianity, in actual fact. Instead of carrying us passively, like drift-wood, on the stream of a transient "revival," it teaches that the kingdom of heaven is within us, consisting of peace, and brotherly charity, and active benevolence; and that God is to be worshipped as a spirit, universal and eternal, and that, as with the leaves and fishes in the wilderness, His salvation is not confined to the chosen "few," but is ample for all the generations of men.

Written for the Banner of Light. "A SERMON ON THE MOUNTAIN."

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

To-day I stood upon a grand old mountain That lifts its forehead, broad, sublime and high, Where oft I gazed in dreamy hours of childhood And thought if at its height, I'd touch the sky— But now, though landscapes spread in beauty round me, Though sunset hues shed glory o'er the place, I stood alone, the sky as far beyond me, And not one glimpse of Heaven could I trace.

My childish dreams through knowledge had departed, As other dreams had faded, too, away, I had ascended to my child-heart's temple— The answer to my prayer still further lay. I sat me down upon the mountain's summit, And could have wept at those old dreams of bliss, To think how oft the child's first grand ideal Must end in cold reality like this.

Where now are all the clouds, like fairy barges, That used to moor upon that mountain high? I see them sailing still afar above me, "Alas! thou childish heart, they're not more nigh." Where now was that bright, gorgeous summer rainbow That once I thought I'd grasp within my hand; And win me thus a happiness forever, If I upon that mountain height could stand?

All faded like the dreams of early childhood, And in that thought the sun's rich hues grew dim, The crimson clouds all through the western heavens Seemed but a gory, dying conch for him. And e'en the landscape, late so bright and glowing, Now sinking into dim, mysterious shade, Seemed but the pictured memories of my day dreams O'er whose enchantment now the pall is laid.

I thought how all through life we climb the mountains, And hope to find the real of each dream, But only see them turn to dust and ashes Just at the moment when they nearest seem, Hope, flitting onward, ignis fatuus gleaming, Forever tempting, ever gone before, Until the world wears such a bitter meaning, I only wish I was a child once more.

And lost in bitter thought the evening gloaming Crept darker in my heart than on the hill— When lo! a presence fell like mantle round me, And all my soul awoke with sudden thrill. Where was it? Was this Sinai's, Horeb's mountain? I felt the living God in power pass by, And like the ancient Prophet heard this mandate—"Thy shoes from off thy feet," "thy God is nigh."

Was this the Mountain of Transfiguration? For Moses and Elias then I saw, Or other angels there so strangely like them, Revealing still the Father's Mystic Law. Then soft and sweet I heard a voice of music That said "O mortal, when had thou a dream As beautiful as are the Truths of Heaven That come to thee with grand, prophetic gleam?"

Thy childish heart said, scale the lofty mountain, And reach thy hand and touch God's very sky, And God and angels and the dear departed, And Heaven with all its glory will be nigh, And hast thou not reached out thy hand in darkness, And touched the hand of angels on thy way? And have they not upborne thee to the mountain, The portal of God's grand, eternal Day?

If thou hast not gone all the way to Heaven, That Heaven has bent in mighty love to thee; And as thy feet are standing on life's mountain, Thy hands are clasped by Angel Hosts with me. Then mourn no more, or say thy grand ideals In realms are not still more brightly given, Though rich thy childish dreams in mystic beauty, Seest not to-day thou standest nearer Heaven?

The presence passed—but left a flood of glory, A rainbow in my heart, not on the hill, And trembling at my strange and wondrous blindness, I bowed in reverence to the Father's will. And waver I'd still have faith in childish dreaming, No matter how they seemed to fade and die, Remembering when it seems the darkest, furthest We reach our hands, and somehow touch the sky. Plymouth, Vt., July, 1861.

IS IT WICKED TO WORK ON SUNDAY?

The Christian Church says that it is wicked. But there is not to be found a single word in all the recorded utterances of Christ, that directs men to keep the old Jewish Sabbath as the Church now keeps it, (or pretends to) all over the land of Christendom. And there is nothing in all the teachings of God in Nature, which claims that for Sunday, more or less, than is claimed for any other day in the week. The sacredness that is claimed for the Sabbath-day, above any other day in the week, is a claim that has had its birth, its nourishment and support, alone, in the external teachings of synagogues, churches and meeting-houses. This claim must vanish, sooner or later, for it has no basis in Nature; it is only the smoke of opinion that will cease to rise, when the fires of life burn clearer. An editor of a popular Protestant Review, said to me, that it was a wonder to him why the Church observed the Sabbath after the manner of the old Jewish Church; for, he said, that "Christ nowhere favored it, but directly opposed it."

Whether we will have it so or not, our first business on Sunday, the same as on other days of the week, is to take care of our physical bodies; to wash our face and hands; to put on and wear our clothes; to eat and drink what Nature demands. While we have physical bodies, these demands of Nature are imperative, and this work that we all do, in answer to those demands, is not wicked. And is it any more wicked to talk about food on Sunday, than it is to eat it on Sunday? Is it any more wicked to hoe beans on Sunday, than it is to eat them on Sunday and digest them? Is it any more wicked to make silk dresses on Sunday than it is to wear them for others to look at on Sunday? Is it any more wicked to talk about earthly things on Sunday, than it is to think about them? Is it any more wicked to cultivate the earth for use on Sunday, than it is to walk on it for pleasure? Is it any more wicked to do good on Sunday, than it is to talk about doing good on Sunday?

While men have material bodies, these material bodies must have material food; the demand for which, is just the same on Sunday as on Monday; the digestion of which is the same on every other day of the week, as on Sunday. And I cannot see why the production of which by labor, is not just as lawful on Sunday, as on any other day. The claim that Sunday is more sacred and holy than any other day, is a myth of past ages; is a claim of pretense, not reality, for all the works of Nature's God are just the same as on other days.

Once knew a man isolated from society, who miscounted the days of the week, and taking Sunday for Saturday, worked all day and kept Monday for Sunday. From the sacredness that is claimed for the day, he did not discover his error; he only found it out from the lips of other men. Sunday is really just the same as other days, throughout all Nature; and in this holy book, the Book of Nature, we cannot find one word that tells us it is wicked to do good work of any kind on Sunday. And to this end are the teachings of Christ; and also the dictates of common sense. A. B. C.



BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, Tuesday Evening, August 13, 1861.

QUESTION.—Spiritualism and its effects—on the Church that is, and is to be.

Dr. CHASE.—Spiritualism; its effects; the church—subjects that cover a large area. Philosophy, to conscious perception, can fear Spiritualism all to pieces. Spiritualism, to the soul where it is felt, drives away philosophy as the rising sun of the day-time drives away the vapors of valleys and meadows that the night-time produces. Feeling is deeper, is better than reasoning and philosophizing, and is nearer allied to the soul. Spiritualism sets us afloat on the rivers of feeling, of affection, of sympathy. These rivers run beyond the boundaries of time, and will bear us on to the ocean of eternity. Philosophy is for time; in matter it is useful; and with the love of matter its mission will cease. Our physical bodies go to the grave, and with them and with their affections goes philosophy. Feeling, affection and sympathy are attributes of the soul—but philosophy is not. This physical body is not an attribute of the soul, but it is a product. Spiritualism does not tell us about physical things that perish; philosophy does this. Spiritualism is the first religion that shall bear humanity away from the recognition of creeds to the recognition of feeling for the governor of our life. Spiritualism leads its votaries along step by step, until the proclamation in the awful eloquence of silence bursts forth from within, saying, that desire is the governor of each soul—not a creed; that feeling keeps our hearts beating—not philosophy; that sympathy holds human hearts together—not organizations.

Spiritualism is something that leads us into the consciousness of a new world; the world that really governs us; the world of feeling that lies under the outer surface of sensation. The effect of Spiritualism is to tumble all the nonsenses of life into a heap of ruins for the flames of hell to burn up. And when these are consumed, hell goes out. And after this is all done, the Church that really is and is to be, is found to be the whole family of humanity. Even a bigoted man is as much a member of the true church of God as a sinner is; a deacon of a meeting house is as much a member of the church of God as a Deacon Grant of humanity is. A fellow that has got into the "interior life," and has made himself ridiculous by pretending to turn himself inside out, is just as much a member of the church of God as another fellow, who does not think that he has got into the "interior life," and is willing to live without pretending to turn himself inside out. Everybody that lives in a true member of the true church of God. Spiritualism makes this revelation.

JACOB EASON.—This question is a broad one. It includes and comprehends the two preceding questions. Spiritualism is the spiritual communion service and worship of the Infinite Spirit, in spirit and in truth. It is the church of God, which is and is to be the external product of its internal self. Its effects are to reflect—to extend the light of life—to unfold, to reform and organize the love of God to construct, create or reveal the spiritual temple of the living God. It includes within its communion all the servants who render service in the cause of justice, mercy and truth.

Spiritualists believe in the Infinite Spirit—the Divine Father, and in being guided by him in communion and fellowship in the spirit with spirits finite. Spiritualists, to a greater or less extent, see the light, hear the voice, and feel the presence of the spirit, but know not whence it cometh or whether it goeth. Spirit is called an immaterial substance; it being more ethereal than the external census of the soul, eludes our grasp, as it cannot be weighed or measured. It seems to the materialist to have neither weight nor measure, as though it did not occupy space, and was incapable of organization, extension or division. As the soul thinketh, so is it. To the spiritually blind, who accept the literal definition of the external lexigrapher, spirit is not anything but breath or wind. To such minds, what I have said, or may say, on this subject, is mere gas—transcendental nonsense—metaphysical moonshine. We grant there is some truth as well as beauty in the exclamation of the critic: "Behold, what drivelling madmen these insane Spiritualists—Nature's journey-men, are making of themselves." Be it so; but if we can but touch one such soul in the right spot, this moonshine will do its work. Truth, the great master-builder in Nature, which constructively unfolds the Christ, will have received another apprentice; the door of immortality—the spiritual gate or way of life will be opened to the critic, to walk in as well as criticise. To the practical Spiritualist, who is born of the water and of the spirit, so as to unfold the departments of his material as well as spiritual nature in the pursuit of interior good, spirit or spiritual bodies are substance—a cogitative substance imbued with instinct—perception and power to think, which unfolds and embodies different qualities of mind which pervade each other, and permeate all kinds of matter. In this sense, spirit or spiritual bodies occupy space—are capable of organization, extension and division, by, through, or in virtue of the discreted orders or individualized intonations of love and affection which constitute the tones of the different octaves or departments of spiritual life, the dynamics, rhythm and gamut of the divine theocracy. For ought we know, (and the belief is in harmony with everything known) there are as many kinds, conditions or qualities of the spiritual substance as there is of earth matter, material substance. Probably each is destined to unfold and ultimate itself through higher forms, to be absorbed by the Creator in his highest form of creation. Man, the human soul, being the effect of and the culminating point in the Creator's works of creation necessarily embodies within himself all the elements, all the life principles of the organized forms or soul-expressions of divine life which preceded him; they constitute the material and spiritual substances upon which the human soul subsists. The receptive soul receives and appropriates these elements, these partly unfolded principles of divine life, in accordance with or by the execution of the will or law of God in its plane of development. Such an execution unfolds the divine mind or form from within the spiritual temple, its holiest of the holy, which reforms, reorganizes or regenerates the human soul, causing it to bud, blossom and embody the delicious fruit of eternal life—to unfold the church of God.

MA. WELLS.—The question was a wide one. Spiritualism—fourteen years have not exhausted its definition; not fourteen hundred years, either, its effects. What effects? Its effects upon me? What, as the religionist says, has it done for my soul, or what has it effected in the world? That is a mighty question of itself; but from the wording of the question, as it reads, the design is for it to hinge on the latter part of it, viz: the church that is, or the church that is to be. What church is that? The

church that you go to, or that I go to, or the Catholic church, with its age and thousands of associations of good and bad repute coming down the stream of time—this church, once a large river, but now too shallow for large craft to sail in? Is that the church that is? Or is it the Protestant church, with its five or six hundred subdivisions—no use of many of them—Orthodox, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, &c., &c.? No one of them, large or small, can claim the appellation of the church that is. But is it not that invisible church, not represented by creeds, or enclosed by walls, but has its altar in the human heart, rooted in human nature—in fact, the aspiration of the human heart all over the world, to worship the Father. Its members are found inside of the church proper, and as often out of it, and in infidel ranks. The certificates of membership being love to man, natural goodness, they may violate the Sabbath day, and eat with publicans and sinners, but their purity of life and their goodness of heart, their philanthropy and humanity, mark them the men after God's own heart. That, I think, must be the church that is, and if I am right, then it is the church that is to be, also, more or so. And the effect of Spiritualism is to develop that church, enabling mankind to discriminate more clearly practical Godliness from articles of faith. The church that is to be is a church of works—in the words of the Master, "Love to God and love to man," the doctrine being practically that we show our belief in love to God, whom we have not seen, by our humanity, and our love to man and brother, whom we have seen.

The Government Loan.

A large meeting of Bank officers assembled in New York city on the 12th, and unanimously agreed to loan the Government \$160,000,000. The New York Times, in commenting upon the action of the banks, says:—

"This is the grand victory of the war. It has accomplished more than military success. It will greatly assist in putting business of the country on its feet. The vast expenditures required will set thousands upon thousands at work, and create an active demand for all kinds of produce. Such a demand will act as a powerful stimulus to manufacturing and trade. In the present crisis, such a stimulus was the thing, above all others, that was needed. The progress of our arms will enlarge the area of our trade to its old boundaries. We must not only conquer peace, but we must conquer back the commerce of the country. The credit given to our Government by the action of the capitalists, will have a favorable influence upon our relations with foreign nations. They will soon begin to make investments in our great loan, thus proving to their own conviction that the grand Republic still survives in all its vigor and strength. Gold will still come forward in exchange for our securities. We shall continue to keep them our debtors by the immense crops we are raising, and which will all be wanted abroad at good prices. We shall soon begin to show to England that the success of our arms is the only thing that will give her the next cotton crop. Out of pure selfishness she will soon bid us God speed. For such victories as these we are to be indebted mainly to our capital—to our inherent strength. In fact the most important part of the campaign has been fought in New York, for with an abundance of money everything beyond is easy and plain."

A Lounging Military.

It is a shameful record to make, if our Government has looked at the present revolt or rebellion, in a serious light, that the army officers have been so much in the habit of lounging around the bar-rooms in Washington. It was reported to have become a notorious vice. The people resident at the Capital, likewise, have had great cause of complaint against not only the soldiers themselves, but their commissioned officers likewise, for their semi barbarous irruptions into private dwellings and demands for refreshments. These abuses have been growing a long time. Why they were not corrected by the application of rigid military discipline by those who had the power to apply it, passes comprehension. It was reserved for young Gen. McClellan, on being called to the command at Washington, to issue such strict orders, and to see, too, that they were rigidly enforced, as have had the almost instant effect to put an end to such unwholesome practices altogether. An army, officered and led by a gang of lounging and drinking commanders, not much more than raw civilians at that, could hardly be expected to do much for the glory of our arms and the defence of the Capital from invasion.

New Publications.

"AMAZING MELODIES," a collection of hymns and tunes, religious and patriotic, original and selected, edited by Revs. J. W. Dadmun and A. B. Fuller, has just been published by B. B. Russell, 615 Washington street. It is a fine compilation, both metrically and musically considered, and will supply an existing want. Price, single copies, ten cents.

"CARE FOR THEM TENDERLY," is a new, song, sweet and pathetic, lately published by Ditson & Co., and written by Mrs. C. L. Stevens, of this city. The authoress is favorably known to many of our local readers. The song may be procured at all the music stores.

We published a couple of weeks ago, a prediction concerning the future of America, astrologically drawn from the position of the stars at the time of South Carolina's passing the Secession Act, the prediction purporting to be given by the spirit of Roger Bacon, through the mediumship of Dr. G. Mellen, of Lowell. A friend has since forwarded to us a copy of Broughton's Planet Reader and Astrological Journal, for last January, in which more than half of the prophecy was published, verbatim, as forwarded to us by "Dr. G. Mellen." We detected merit in the communication, and published it, honestly enough attributing it to the source the correspondent indicated; and we are utterly at a loss to account for such a piece of wholesale plagiarism. It was not only exceedingly stupid of "Dr. G. Mellen," but thoughtless and insane, for he must know that the fraud would be detected sometime, and the perpetrator of it receive the contempt he has fairly earned.

We would call the attention of our readers to Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE's card in another column. Dr. P. is a physician of much experience, having been in the practice of medicine for the past twenty years with good success, and we ourselves can testify to his ability to conquer any curable disease that flesh is heir to.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Artemas W. Taylor, a well known machinist of East Boston, died on the 14th ult., in Cuba, of yellow fever. His brother was with him, had his body properly prepared, and shipped it on board the brig Wm. McGillivray for Boston. On her voyage home the brig was captured by the privateer Gordon, and taken into Hatteras Inlet, thus depriving the friends of the deceased of the privilege of paying the last rites of affection to his remains.

"CLEM'S SUMMER CURE," is an excellent remedy for the diarrhoea and dysentery. A bottle is just the thing for the soldier to pack into his knapsack, as he "goes marching on." If he don't need it in a week or two, his elbow companion may. When we say this is an "excellent remedy" we are not "puffing" a quack medicine, but simply saying what we know.

A small fire often kindleth a mighty conflagration. A snowball will start an Alpine avalanche. Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who has overcome that one.

PHILOSOPHY.

Be quiet. Take things as they come: Each hour will draw out some surprise. With blessing let the days go home: Thou shalt have thanks from evening skies. —[Aleredith.]

A man is better in the wrong if he be sincere, than in the right with a falsehood to back him.

A corn-doctor in New Jersey complained of the dull times in his "profession." He explained that the hard times compelled people to wear their old boots and shoes, and in consequence they did not have any corns.

A chap was asked what kind of a gal he preferred for a wife. He replied: "One that was not a prodigal, but a fru-gal and true gal, and one that suited his conjugal taste."

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on the nightmare.

They are forming rifle companies throughout Canada. The Toronto Leader calls for twenty thousand British regulars.

The Bishop of Durham has been alarmingly ill with internal gout. The Record calls on all who are interested in "vital godliness" to pray earnestly for him!

Our troops at Harper's Ferry, don't like the "grub" furnished them. A volunteer, who has just written to his friends in this city, says he pays for half he eats. Another "investigating committee" will have to be appointed.

A New York paper says that the difference between the Seventh and Seventy-first, is that one was murdered out of the service, and the other was peppered out.

Fancies are the flowers of the soul; thoughts are its stars. A man is never so apt to go crooked as when he is in a straight.

A GOOD WAY FOR RECREATION.—A party of Yale College students walked to the White Mountains, and paid their way by giving concerts along the route. They form a capital glee club.

New gold mines have been discovered in Oregon.

Women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

An exchange says: "no man ever spoke well of a woman that gave him the sack." That is a mistake in the case of Sir John Falstaff, who spoke well of everybody who gave him plenty of sack.

The Charleston Mercury of the 2d inst. acknowledges, in two instances, that the Secessionists at Bull Run, considered the battle lost to them just before the final rout. First, it says editorially: "The battle was very nearly lost—a battle involving thousands of lives, millions of property, and the very integrity of the State of Virginia, imperiling, in fact, the whole cause."

The Secretary of State, on receipt of intelligence that the pirate Sumter was permitted to enter the port of Curacao, ordered the immediate removal of Moses Jerusalem, the American Consul there, and appointed Richard E. Morse of Iowa in his place.

John Bright, at a recent speech in Rochdale, Eng., alluded to the war in this country, and among other things said: "I say that the war, be it successful or not, be it Christian or not, be it wise or not, is a war to sustain the Government and to sustain the authority of a great nation; and that the people of England, if they are true to their own sympathies, to their own great act of 1861, will have no sympathy for those who wish to build up a great empire on the perpetual bondage of millions of their fellow-men." [Loud cheers.]

A confederate lover's letter picked up at Laurel Hill Camp, Va., runs as follows: "I say agen der Melindy weer fitn for our liburtis to dew gset as we pleas, and we will fit for them so long as goddemity gives us breth."

If you are conscious of being green, and do n't want folks to see it, try to be an invisible green.

The Duke of Buckingham is dead. He was chiefly known for his misfortunes. The great sale of the estates at Stowe, and of the works of art and virtue which filled the famous manor-house, is too recent to have been forgotten. The Duke has published the correspondence of his family since the reign of George III. His eldest son, the Marquis of Chandos, who was in this country with the Prince of Wales, succeeds to the famous title, and to what remains of the estates. The Duke was in his sixty-fifth year.

The N. Y. Fire Zouaves brought back but one "contraband," a jet black boy of fifteen or sixteen years old, named Bob. He was kept by rolling a flag around him, and smuggling him on board the cars.

Reliable private advices from Texas to the 23d ult., represent the Union sentiment as rather on the increase, and would be extensively manifested should Federal protection be afforded against the oppressions of the disunionists.

Pleasure is sometimes only a change of pain. A man who has had the gout feels first-rate when he gets down to only rheumatism.

A soldier who was once wounded in battle set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who laid near with both legs shot off, immediately sung out, "Bad luck to the likes of ye—do you think that nobody is killt but yerself?"

A rhymer, like a hen, is apt to cackle over his lay.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—Dr. Carpi, the Pope's physician, reports as follows of his patient, in a letter from Rome: "The Pope is ill. He has not only the chronic affection of the legs, which are swollen and covered with large sores, but he has disease of the heart, which may carry him off at any moment. Dr. Carpi gives it as his opinion that he cannot live three months."

The following is from the Bull Run correspondent of the *Massachusettsian*: "While Joe, a servant of Erskine Watkins, was cooking a chicken in a kitchen near the hospital, a ball passed near him and struck his skiller. In his report he said: 'Bless God I massa, I never see de chicken after dat.'"

To Correspondents.

MYRON B. COLE, *Goshen, Ind.*—As the subject of your remarks has left the ranks of Spiritualism and entered the ranks of the army—his most appropriate place—we think it would do no good to the cause to stir up the flames of hatred by printing your communication.

W. H. P., *Davenport, Iowa.*—We decline to print your communication in regard to the mediumship of Mr. H. M. Fay. Your remarks are just; but we cannot continue the discussion, pro and con, except to the exclusion of more interesting matter. We have allowed both sides a hearing, and this should be satisfactory to all parties interested.

L. BAKER, *Durham, Ill.*—Your subscription will expire with No. 26, volume 11.

KATIE GRAY.—Ever welcome, Katie, we assure you.

We have a large batch of correspondence on hand from all parts of the country—some very interesting—which we shall print as fast as our space allows. Be patient, friends. It is impossible to accommodate you all at once.

Wanted.

A few copies of No. 19 of the present volume of the BANNER. Any of the friends who do not preserve a file will oblige us by forwarding this number to our address.

H. P. Fairfield has returned to his old home in Massachusetts. The Spiritual Societies that may desire his services as a lecturer, will address him in the future at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Dr. L. K. Conoley will lecture in Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill., the two first Sundays of September. Mrs. Conoley gives recitations of Popular Poems before and after the lectures.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRANS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at a rate of one cent per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE. DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, & author of the *Nut. Theory of Medical Practice* on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

Diarrhoea and Dysentery.

A CURE WARRANTED FOR 50 CENTS. The purchase money refunded to all persons dissatisfied with its results.

CLEM'S SUMMER CURE.

A SIMPLE sweet syrup, compounded of roots and herbs, containing no drugs or deleterious substances; mild and safe in its operation, agreeable to the taste, and does not, like other diarrhoea preparations, constipate the bowels, thereby endangering the system, &c., necessitating the immediate use of cathartics; but it gives immediate relief, invigorates and strengthens the patient, and leaves the bowels in a healthy, natural condition. One bottle of the Summer Cure is sufficient for any ordinary case; one or two bottles being sufficient to cure the most violent attack; and four to six bottles are required to cure any case of confirmed chronic California Diarrhoea. The Summer Cure is adapted to all ages, sexes and conditions; none can be injured by its proper use. For children and infants, and particularly for chronic colic, it has no equal. The Summer Cure has been used in a great variety of cases for three years, with astonishing results; never yet having failed to effect a cure. To mothers with large families of children, the Summer Cure is indispensable. All agents selling this medicine, may at their discretion refund the purchase money to persons dissatisfied with its results. Price 50 cents a bottle.

A. C. GOONWIN & CO., Boston, General Agents for New England. H. H. HAY, Portland, and B. F. BRADY, Bangor, General Agents for Maine. TOWSE & CO., Proprietors, Belfast, Me. Sold by all good Druggists. 10w Aug. 24.

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Clairvoyant Physician, has taken up her abode at No. 7 Davis Street, and is prepared to examine and give her services in all cases of chronic disease. D. will give advice on business while in a trance state.—Terms reasonable.

A Circle at the house every Friday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Mrs. D. has been in practice eight years. Boston, Aug. 24.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

WORDS OF HOPE AND CHEER. ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE AFFLICTED. DR. CHARLES MAN. Hygienic and Healing Institute, No. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

THIS establishment is now in the tenth year of its existence, and has been the means of curing thousands of afflicted persons, who go forth healed in body and renewed in mind. The following are a few of the MANY HUNDRED TESTIMONIALS received by the Doctor during a long and constantly increasing practice. They are the EVIDENCES OF PERMANENT CURES produced by this

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALING, and are commended to the perusal of those who are suffering, and who desire to be relieved.

DR. CHAS. MAN, Dear Sir:—In August, 1855, I came to you to be relieved of a PAINFUL TUMOR, located on the upper part of my forehead. After you had made passage over my face for one hour, I felt the flesh to loosen. I came again the next morning, and, strange to say, after the second operation, or in forty-eight hours after the first, I was relieved of my tumor, and have never troubled since. The tumor was a hard, long substance, half the size of a hen's egg. The whole time of my being at your house was only four hours. I am deeply grateful to you, and remain as ever, your most obedient servant, E. M. MORSE, West Amesbury, Mass.

After reading the above, you shall say the cure are not permanent. This tumor was removed six years ago, and there has not a sign of it appeared since. The following case is hardly less remarkable. Very respectfully yours, SARAH G. MARCHANT, Boston, Mass.

It may be remarked of the above case that the mole alluded to seemed to be a collection of fine nerves and blood vessels upon the neck in a bunch as large as a silver. The removal of it a highly dangerous operation. It was performed, however, with little or no inconvenience to the patient. The originals of these testimonials, with many others, may be seen at the Doctor's residence.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CANCERS, ULCERS, and TUMORS. 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, and age. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 2 to 5 p. m. The Doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable DIARRHOEA CORDIAL.

A medicine much needed at this season of the year. DR. MATH'S INSECTICIDE is located at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, 4w August 16.

Book Notices.

Essays on Various Subjects, INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Catastrophes that are rapidly approaching, &c. Price 50 cents (paper); cloth 60 cents. Sold by D. APPLETON & CO., 443 and 445 Broadway, New York, and BELLA MABBI, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston. Aug. 24.

A GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

SOMETHING for every Citizen, every Fireless, every Reader! No man, no family, no office should be without it. The only correct and complete history of the war. On Wednesday, August 21st, will be published the first number of a great popular National Work, of inestimable value to all, viz: THE SOUTHERN REBELLION AND THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and consecutive narrative of Events and Incidents, from the first stages of the treason against the Republic down to the close of the conflict, together with the important documents and extracts from remarkable speeches, &c. all arranged in weekly parts, 32 pages, large 8vo, price 10 cents.

The want of an authentic and thorough History of the Rebellion, for present reference and future preservation, is the subject of general concern. No work of that nature has yet been offered to the public. It is accordingly that we are compelled to grope through the mazes of rumors, reports, dispatches, letters and editorials of the daily newspapers, to precipitate, from its confused columns, the great facts and incidents of the struggle of the Union.

To meet this want, and to produce a work of permanent value as well as present interest, the publisher has arranged for the issue of the history as above set forth—in a form and at a price which shall ensure its acceptance. All readers are invited to purchase the work as it is issued, giving a clear, consecutive narrative of the entire movement, including all the incidents and events in their exact order, and containing the important documents and extracts from the most remarkable speeches. It will not be a mere enumeration of dry and naked dates, nor a compilation of slips from newspapers, but will portray in connected and interesting narrative, the revolutionary steps, as well as the measures of the Government.

It will carefully digest all the evidence—will give all rumors and reports—will fix upon facts, and correct so far as possible the errors and discrepancies incident to a hasty narrative of the news from the struggle of the Union.

It will be written in a style suited to its theme—on one graphic, earnest and luminous, introducing such personal and social incidents as may serve to show the relations of individuals and communities to the grand events of the time.

It will thus, every body reading it, will be made acquainted with the reports of the newspapers, are the fragmentary and contradictory children of the moment, and not a correct, connected and complete history. The above publication, afterwards bound in a handsome and durable style, will be sold for the family and will be valued like the records of the War of Independence, or the Life of Washington, and worthy to be kept for children and grandchildren, as a memorial of the present times.

It will thus prove a desirable acquisition to every citizen, every family, every office, every library; and is given to the public in the full assurance that it will command the approbation of every patriot, every Union man, every good citizen, in our still glorious struggle.

To be had of all newsdealers and postmasters in the United States, and of booksellers and newsdealers in Canada, Great Britain and Australia.

Subscribers sending ONE DOLLAR in a good bill or postage stamps to the Editor, will receive the work free of charge.

General Agent for the Publication, 81 Nassau Street (Post Box 4001) New York City, to whom all orders are to be directed, will receive by mail, post paid, ten numbers. Parties wishing to furnish their friends in Great Britain, Canada, Australia and elsewhere with the publication, post paid, by steamer, will send (for ten numbers) to the publisher, \$2.00; to California, \$1.10; to Australia, \$2.00; to Canada, \$1.10. In ordering copies, the full exact address, with town, county and State should be given in every instance. Aug. 24. 4w Publisher, 18 Spruce Street, N. Y.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE. HOT AIR BATH, Of Roman and English Origin, is now in successful operation at No. 12 Avon Place, Boston.

DR. L. TILTON.

MAY be consulted upon diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Eruptions of every kind. In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, &c., &c.—in fact, most diseases originate from the unhealthy action of the skin. The Hot Air Bath Remedy we have found to be an extraordinary solvent on every disease, & thoroughly convalesced, also, a proper treatment of the skin will tend to eradicate disease located internally. We commend our system to the consideration of the public. Persons residing at a distance, wishing to take medical advice, may do so by forwarding in writing a description of their case.

Dr. T. will visit any part of the country for medical purposes. All consultations free. By letter enclose postage stamp for return mail. Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 5 p. m.

DR. L. TILTON, 12 Avon Place, Boston. Aug. 17. 4w

DAGUERRETYPE PICTURES.

FOR HEAD STONES.

EVERY person who has lost a beloved Child, Father or Mother, should send for one to adorn the Head Stone with the image of the departed one, for there is nothing more appropriate or tasteful than this. I am the only manufacturer of Daguerretype Cases for attaching the likeness of the deceased to head stones and monuments in this country. These cases are made of Parian Marble, an indestructible material, of a texture corresponding with the marble generally used for monuments. The picture is secured from air or dampness by a metal screw box, which is nicely fixed in the back side of the case, the whole arrangement being securely fastened to the surface of the monument, the case making a very beautiful ornament.

A beautiful tomb-stone is completed until it contains the likeness of the one whose name it bears. Those who have been called to commit treasures of household affections to the cold confines of the grave, will feel a deep interest in this invention, for how dear the privilege to gaze upon the lineaments of the sleeper in death, at your periodical visits to their grave. Not only would such a likeness be of inestimable value to the relatives of the deceased, in their visits to the graves of loved ones, but of mournful interest to friends and acquaintances of the bereaved.

This Case is so constructed that, the exact picture of a departed friend can be copied from it by any Daguerrean artist as to endure for years, unaltered by wind or storm, and how agreeable on visiting the churchyard to see a bright, life like picture of departed friends conspicuous over their graves.

These Cases are elegantly painted, and warranted to reach their place of destination in perfect order.

PRICE TWO DOLLARS EACH. Address the manufacturer, A. LEWIS BALDWIN, West River, Conn. Send for a Circular. Town and County Rights for sale. 5w Aug. 17.

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-VENDERS AGENCY.

ROSS & TOUSEY,

121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has removed his office, to No. 2 HAYWARD PLACE, where he will be happy to attend to all professional calls.

On Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, MRS. CONANT will be at his rooms for the purpose of making

Clairvoyant Examinations of Diseases.

Persons residing at a distance, who wish to avail themselves of the most reliable method of obtaining a correct diagnosis of their diseases, can do so by enclosing a lock of their hair, together with ONE DOLLAR and a three-cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired. Fees for Examinations \$1.00 to be paid at the time. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m., and 2 to 6 p. m. Letters may be addressed to

D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The recipe, containing full directions for making and using this remedy, will be sent on the receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address GRADDUCK & CO. July 13, 1860 225 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

SUITABLE for a small church, vestry hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth, 344 Washington Street, where it can be seen. '47 July 27.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE will spend the summer in New York City, at the Hotel de la Ville, No. 101 Broadway, from the 1st of July to the 1st of

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim to be 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 communication to those friends who may recognize them.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Monday, July 23.—Lightfoot: David Roberts, Bangor.

Our Circles.

The circles at which the following communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art our Father and our Mother, again we approach thee in the garb of mortality. Again we find our spirits rising up to thee in the channel of prayer; and for the glorious instrument of prayer we thank thee, our Father, and for all that thou hast given us, either in the mental or physical world, we thank thee.

Violent Death.

If there are any present who have a question or questions to propose, we are ready to hear them, and answer them as best we can.

If there are none who desire to propose a question, we will speak upon the condition of those spirits who pass out of the form in consequence of war, or pass from their physical bodies violently.

If there were no violent deaths, there would never be what you term physical spiritual manifestations. This may seem new and strange to some—nevertheless it is true. When the spirit is passing out of the earthly temple, if the material or earthly which is sundered, draws largely from the spirit through the forces of the physical form, the madnetic forces after death will be dependent in the same way upon that form.

Each and every spirit returns giving manifestations by a law of his or her own magnetic forces, and by using those magnetic forces left on earth previous to his or her departure. If a certain quantity of animal magnetism of an individual be deposited in an article of furniture, it becomes a medium, and the spirits can use it as they please, provided there is a form here which can be controlled; but if the spirit is not able to use, and use well, the susceptible, physical form, there can be no manifestation with that form.

When spirits desire to manifest through the medium of a human form, it can be done only by finding those particles of magnetic fluid so like their own that they can use it. After coming within a certain distance, say seven feet, of the medium, they may detect whether the medium possesses that power which will aid them well, or otherwise—for the disembodied spirit can use only that which corresponds to what it once owned, physically.

Now, in consequence of the numbers who are going to the spirit-world violently, from the battle field, a consequence, a natural result, will be—what do you suppose? Simply a more perfect physical manifestation than you have heretofore received; because the elements of animal magnetism will be ripe and ready for use. Every spirit can eventually find its own appropriate channel of communication, by a law indisputable and perfect as God himself.

So each and every one dying by violence will have the power to return and produce these manifestations. When such a spirit finds himself cast aside from the human mechanism at the highest pitch of excitement, it is perfectly natural that such an one should be unquiet in the world of spirits, till he had returned and used up the magnetism that should have been used before the separation from the body.

Nature designs that each and every spirit should complete an existence in a human form; and if, by accident, murder, or any other cause, the spirit passes out before it is wanted, or has used up that magnetism which it possessed, it must return and use these forces as best it can. Very often they are used in controlling mediums for various phases of manifestation, and are given to the medium the spirit may choose to control.

Nature is always perfect, and allows nothing to be lost. No particle is so small, though the human eye cannot discern it, but Nature takes care of it and uses it. All that Nature has given to man must be used. Every particle of the vital forces given to the human spirit, if not used in this present living form, must be used after the union is dissolved.

Leander T. Graham.

By heaven, I ain't a bit used to coming; but you do n't catch me to stay away one year, nor two. I had a pretty rough job of it to get around here, and I had to work pretty hard; but I got here, though. It's pretty hard work to talk to strangers, but I'll

do it. Fact is, if we stay away too long, folks get done expecting us, and get all over feeling bad, and do n't want us half so much as they would if we take it while the thing is fresh with them. My God, this is hard work, but I can do it. In the first place, I want to tell you what my name was. Though I've lost the old body, I suppose the name's the same. It is Leander T. Graham—one of the d—dst roughs New York city could boast of. I'll own up it's no use coming here and claiming things that do n't belong to me. But, stranger, I've got a moth, or there. She'll be just as glad to hear from me as if I was the best boy the world ever produced. I've seen some hard times. I lost my body, and a d—d hard scratch it was, too, and I ain't got over it, nor shant, till I pay off those who took it away from me. The old woman do n't know what's become of me. She do n't know I'm dead. She has some little idea of this thing, and I'm glad of it, for it's a bridge that will help me back. I thought, when I first got shot, I should get over it; but I'm d—d excuse me, I said I'd use only good words here—I soon saw the people on this side, and I thought I's a goner, sure. Then I thought, could I come back.

Now look here. I'm in for fighting, as much as ever I was. It's bad to lose my body, but d—n it—excuse me, I can't help swearing. I do n't suppose I'd showed the d—d rebels any mercy, if I'd got the chance to riddle them. But no matter. I was in the last battle. Oh God was n't it exciting times! It might as well have been me got killed as any other, I suppose. I's in the Eighth New York Regiment.

Now look here. I want to tell the good old woman, as for her, I'm all right—strapped up as well as any of them, and I think I'll get along as well as the rest. It can't be helped, and I do n't want her to shed any tears. I do n't like to see them. They affect me strangely.

I do n't suppose they'll bring my body on; but if they do, I do n't want them to shed a tear, or say any prayers. I can do my own praying—no minister can. Oh d—n it, I've been here only a few days. Oh dear, that's too bad. I said I'd talk decent. I'm sorry I swore. I want to do it again. I'll remember it.

My poor old mother lives in Columbia court; and it'll be just like her to be looking out for me. I lived in Boston once—six weeks or so—down in your Black Sea. Oh, do n't look for an angel in me—not one of your shining kind. I can't stand beside them—not till I get better things on. I could n't any way.

I wanted to send a word to the old woman. I've got a brother. He's a little sick, but will get cured up; and if he reads my letter, and do n't fight the d—d rebels, as long as he's a drop of blood, I'll fight him. He's just enough of a medium for me to do it. I suppose I was turning twenty-four. Not very old, but old enough to be had enough, I can tell you. I feel so strange here, in this new body. I do n't know how to act. I want to act out myself, but I want to behave well.

If there are any of these things around the old woman can go to, that I can come to her. I'll tell her she can get out of her trouble—want of money. It's no use looking up stairs to find me. I live right down here, where the boys and the rebels are. I'm a spirit, I know. Help them fight? I'll do it, sir. I only backed down when I could n't help it. I'll defy them to send a ball through me now, but I can help send a ball through them, well as ever. The good ones say it isn't right, but it's right to me.

Well, Mr. Clerk, good-by. Do n't know as I shall see you again, and do n't know but I shall. If we meet on this side, we'll make it all right, but till then I do n't know as I can pay you. July 25.

Anonymous.—A plea for mercy.

I cannot rest! Oh, I am here to implore you of the North to have mercy—have mercy! Remember, you cannot see the forces which have surrounded one mortal, urging him on. You cannot know how vast, how mighty is the power being exerted through one instrument, to destroy the Union of these States. But, oh, should he be thrown into your hands, have mercy! They tell me he will be. They tell me soon you will take him a prisoner. Oh, have mercy! As you hope for mercy, deal it unto others! I know he has brought much misery among you. I know he has proved a traitor to you; but no more to you than to himself and his own best interests. But oh, there is a power behind him he cannot withstand. There is a force urging him on, and he cannot free himself from that power. He would tell you so, if he could.

He would ask no mercy from your hands; but I who once walked by his side, who once shared his joys and sorrows, who left home and friends for him—I am here to-day to entreat for him. Imprison him for life, if you will, but, oh, send not his restless spirit to me unclad. Oh, have mercy! Deal with pity, as you would be dealt with.

I know those near and dear to me would have no mercy. I know it is useless to go among my own. I feel my words would have small weight there; and so I come here to you, whose souls are lighted up with sympathy and wisdom—who give heed to the dwellers of the new life, and regard the requests of the spirits. Oh, to you, people of the North, I come—not only to the little few who are here, but to the vast numbers of the North who are disciples of this new religion, and whose influence is mighty. Oh, have mercy, that in after years, when you, too, shall be called to enter upon the new stage of action, you shall be able to say, "I have dealt mercifully—done better than he." Oh, give him the hand of your fellowship and charity. Let this be your consolation in after years. Remember, there are those clinging to him for support, both here and in the spirit-world; and that will be taken away if you do not treat him with pity, and spare him for their sake.

Once again, let me beseech of you to have mercy. Do that the God of your own souls may dictate; but should he say, spare his life yet a season, spare it! July 25.

Maria Louisa Lockwood.

I want you to write a letter to my mother. I want you to write one to my brother, too. I want to tell my mother how I do n't live as she said I would after I died. My name was Maria Louisa Lockwood. I went away from St. Louis. When I went away I was twelve years old. I died with ulcers in my throat. My mother thinks I've gone a great ways off, to live with God and the angels, but I ain't. I did n't go off at all, and my father did n't go to hell at all. My mother used to say she hoped he was happy; but she said she was afraid he was n't happy. He did n't have no religion, and died out of the church. He is happier than my grandfather is, and he teaches my grandfather. He was a minister, my mother's father was—a minister of the gospel. His name was Isaac Corliss. I never see him. I've heard my mother tell of him, and he died so happy, and my mother said he went straight to heaven. But he says he did n't; but he'd give the world, he says, if he could only talk to my mother and make her know it is him.

I know my father used to drink some and swear some, but he was sorry for it, and if he was sorry he would n't do so; and just as soon as he saw it was wrong, he got away from it soon as he could. So God won't punish folks who do the best they can. I ain't been here long, and I do n't know much, but I thought I could come here. I've been dead ever since last Spring. Say my mother must n't think my father is not happy, for when he goes to her and see that she is thinking bad of him, he is not happy. He can tell her a good many things a minister do n't know how to tell. He helps me here to-day. My grandfather has been here a good while. There are a great many spirits here. My brother has gone away—gone to the war; and I do n't want him to stay away from mother, for she feels so bad. My father says my brother fights for the Union.

Tell my mother I love her dearly, and I could n't stay away in heaven like she told me about, at all. I'd have to come back, for I should n't like there, at all. My mother thinks she's all alone now, but she is n't—and if she'd only let me and father come to her, she would n't feel as though she was alone. I want her to go to a medium. I was twelve years old. My father wishes me to say he was a liquor dealer in St. Louis. He's been dead since I's a little girl. He ain't dead—he's been away, that's all. Good-by, July 25.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in Heaven—who art also in Hell—blessed be thy name. We thank thee, our Father, that thy kingdom has been set up on earth, and that thy presence is being felt, and recognized, and everywhere. We bless thee, our Father, for the great variety of manifestations of thy presence everywhere. We thank thee for sorrow and for joy. We thank thee for the past, for the present, and all that is before us.

Oh, Father, thou hast taught us to pray—hast implanted within our souls the essence of prayer, and it comes forever and ever willing to the surface, because called forth by thee. Therefore it is good to pray, for by prayer we come nearer to thee, and feel in truth that we are thy children, and thou art our Father. We thank thee for the things of the present hour—for that which brings us sorrow and joy; and as we move on in the great world of progress, we will forever and ever bless thee. July 27.

War.

We are now ready to receive a subject or question upon which to speak, from any one present. [A visitor suggested—"The War."]

The past is throwing all her latent forces into the present. The elements of the mind, that have been shrouded, as it were, ages ago in the past, have been called into action. Mind is beginning to understand mind, or to desire to understand it. There seems to be broadcast everywhere, in the material world, a general warfare. Each and all seem to be striving to gain happiness as individuals, and in the aggregate, by warfare between party and faction.

Now we cannot denounce this as wrong, because it is but an effect springing from the world of causes. Therefore it is natural and right, and just as it should be. When the human mind comes up or passes from one era or epoch to another, there is always more or less convulsion when the mind rises from one standard to another. Now your present warfare is but a legitimate, loyal result of the past, or a legitimate child of a natural cause or causes; and I is folly for any one from out the great mass, to rise up and call it wrong, and wish it were not so. Those who speak thus, forget God rules everywhere, and at all times.

Men tell us of those who disobey the laws of God. We know of no such finite laws of God man can set at naught. Therefore it is from his great law that all these things, so dark, and to you so far from right, have sprung. So it is well the nations war with each other, and that civil war exists with you; for from the seeming discord there shall grow a higher peace, and upon the ruins of the old shall be reared a more glorious temple. What though a few souls be set at liberty in consequence of your civil war? What though they may pass out from physical forms to stand no more among you? They are but tearing down the material earlier, that they may be instrumental in building the new temple.

We may say ignorance is one of the principal external causes of all war. According to higher understanding, it is because mind does not comprehend mind; because, instead of seeking to know more of the internal you have sought of the external only. In a word, it comes because you are too material—too often found wandering in material temples, vainly, even seeking to know the causes of things and their effects. Right, or what seems to be right, in the external world, must conquer, because it stands higher in its sphere, and all things will bow before its sceptre. Now it is right, according to human understanding, and we may say, also, according to divine understanding, that all humanity should be free—free to act for themselves, and to live in accordance with their individual law, for each soul has a law of its own. All war tends to freedom. One goes to battle with what for an object? That he may gain ascendancy over his enemy in one or more points, and bring his opinions in the ascendancy; and this is right—in perfect harmony with the law of progression. If mind did not go to war with mind, there would be no progress, and it is time you had something in the present to rouse you to action.

That which seems to be casting so much gloom upon your nation, is but the harbinger of a beautiful morning. You cannot always see the hand as kind, that showers blessings upon you. The bud and flower cannot blossom, unless there are midnight dews to nourish and sustain them. All vegetation sends up thanks of beauty and fragrance for the dark cloud and the drops of rain that fall so copiously upon its trembling leaves. If you had no dark shades in your picture of life, you would not know how to understand its sunbeams. One is necessary for the other. War is necessary to peace; and, as minds advance in the scale of progress, they will see this to be so, and will be more ready and willing to act in accordance with that law which all nature demonstrates to be right and true.

Each individual is a kingdom or a world within himself; and since each soul is striving for wisdom, each must strive in his own way; and as all go upward in the great march of life, there must be clouds of war and discord, as well as sunshine; for the Great Author of Life has proclaimed it so. July 27.

William Buck.

It's no use to tell me war is right. I would n't believe it if Jesus Christ called it so. Anything that makes men and women unhappy can't be right, according to my ideas.

I lived on the earth seventy-two years, and I saw a good deal of life in that time, but never in that time saw anything coming out of war that was for good. Peace brings good results, and nothing else will. For my part, I thank God for the peace-makers. Christ said, "blessed be the peace-makers;" he said nothing about blessing the war-makers. War wont bring peace to the conquered party, never. It's no use to say any war ever brings out anything good. I do n't believe God has anything to do with it. It's their own evil natures that makes men fight. I do n't believe God ever made evil, but perhaps he suffered it to be. I do n't believe there is any more direct way of going to hell than from the battle field. Unhappiness is hell enough.

Now I want to tell you one thing: I do n't care for any of you. I do n't want to have you for my enemies, but if you do n't want to be my friends after what I give here, I do n't care.

The last speaker said there were various causes that actuated you in going to war, but he did n't say what those causes were. Now you folks at the North want to do as you please, and so do we of the South. When you say so much about our slaves, you'd better attend to your own. If you'd done what was right in the first place, you'd hung these cursed abolitionists as high as Haman; but you let them go on, and you've brought about this result. You all know this war is on account of your meddling with our institutions. How would you like to have us come up and meddle with your institutions here? Our slaves are taken care of. We have to feed them, and doctor them when they are sick. You'd better go around to your cellars and garrets and attend to your own slaves.

I tell you what it is, you've seen only the exaggerated side of the picture. Now I'm telling the truth. My name was Buck—William Buck. I lived in Buckville, Alabama. I've got a son in the secession army, and I thank God he is there. I believe war is wrong; but if you are compelled to fight, it's all right.

When I was here, I had the privilege of speaking as I pleased. I could n't help speaking as I have. I was a slaveholder myself a good many years, and I know something about it; and I feel the whole cause of your civil war is in consequence of your folks—your Northern folks, who would n't mind their own business and let us alone, and take care of their own institutions and their own slaves.

Talk about war being right! You might as well say it is right to cut a man's throat, because you want to. Well, now I'll send a word or so to my son; but I do n't know how I'm going to send it, as I've been in a spirit world something like seven years. I foresee what was going to pass, but could n't help it. Every now and then you'd hear of some flaming speech against slavery, and I knew the seeds were

being sown, and I expected they'd spring up some day.

Well, if my son William should get a sight at my letter, I want to say this much to him. I do n't approve of fighting, but if he can't do any better, let him fight for his own rights; but be sure and do no more. Do n't interfere with what do n't concern him; but if he stands up for his rights, I'll do all I can to help him.

This message comes from me, and nobody else; and he's got sense enough to know it. He is n't a prejudiced mind—if he is, he is n't like his father. Well, I'm going, now. July 27.

Horace S. Williams.

I'm not accustomed to speaking in this way, so I can't say but little. I was seventeen years of age. My name was Horace S. Williams. I have a father and a mother in Albany, N. Y. I have been dead, as near as I can judge, something about nine weeks. I died at my uncle's house, in Norfolk, Va., of consumption. I suppose my disease might more properly be termed hemorrhage of the lungs. My uncle had no means of conveying the news of my death to my parents. They do not know of it, yet. I am anxious they should. My body is deposited in my uncle's tomb, and will be forwarded to my father and mother as soon as there is an opportunity.

I think I died as happy and reconciled as most do. I felt and when I went off, to be away from my mother, who had always had the care of me in my sick spells. I wrote to my father a few days before I died, but suppose that he never received my letter.

My folks are no believers in Spiritualism, but I thought if I stayed away till some one else opened the way for me, I should never be able to come. I am anxious they should know of my death.

I have two brothers, older than myself, in California. I suppose there is no way of my communicating with them at present, as I am not used to controlling in this way. I'll try to come again when I can do better. July 27.

Mary Flynn.

I want to speak to me mother and me father, that lives down in Cross street. I want to go down there, if you'll let me. I do n't know what I want to say. I want to say a good many things. My name's Mary Flynn. I's most eleven years old. Will you please let me go? It's down just by after you cross over Hanover street, in the brick block, up stairs. His name is Hugh Flynn. He saws wood, and shovels snow, and what he gets to do. I've been dead here, two years. I have a fever, and am very hot—sick a long time in bed—over so many days in bed; and when I gets so I could feel well, I was dead!

May I go down, sir? Please may I go down? I want to speak to me mother and me father. I want me father to stop bating me mother, then; that's what I want to tell him. Sometimes he gets a drop too much, and then he bates her. May I go? He can't ride, and he won't believe a Protestant, at all. I've got a body now, and I'm all dressed up, and that's why I want to go. I's barefooted when I was here. I'm dressed up nice now. I want to say to me father to stop bating me mother. They're Catholics. I'm a Catholic, too, sir. I've four brothers and sisters in all—there's Hugh, and Jimmy, and sister Kate, living out somewhere, and there's one which was me—the baby. Me brothers begs, sir. I'll give me mother some money, it's in me pocket. It's mine because I'm here, and I have all that's here now I'm here. I know this is n't me own body, but I's mine now I'm here. Please to let me go, sir? I'll be gone only five minutes.

Well, then, if I can't go, tell me mother I'll come down and see her and give her some money some time; but she must n't let me father have it, for he'll get drunk with it? Will you tell me mother and me father? If me father is drunk, do n't say anything to him, for he'll strike you. Do n't tell me father I'm going to give me mother some money, for he'll take it away from her. I want to go to see me mother myself, and I want this body to talk through. Well, good-by. July 27.

John Gillispie.

[The following was written and addressed to a gentleman present at the circle to-day. He did not remember the party communicating, but took the communication home with him to Quincy, and subsequently ascertained that such a person once worked in that town who died at about the time the message states:]

Mr. Rogers—Dear Sir: Seeing you present, and knowing you, I could not resist the desire to speak with or write to you. Will you be so kind as to tell my folks, should you see any of them, that I now know there is a reality beyond the tomb. I died eight years ago, in Quincy, of consumption. My name, JOHN GILLISPIE, Tailor. July 27.

C. H. Briggs.

[To a visitor.] Glad to see you here, father. Will send a line to the West, soon. C. H. BRIGGS. July 27.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES. Respectfully Inscribed to Miss D. L. Dix.

BY WM. H. MCELLEN.

Sadly the age of poetry has gone, And yet I fain would tune the lyre anew. That I may celebrate, in grateful song, The name of one thus nobly pure and true.

Let other nations herald forth the fame Of queens or heroines, that shall descend To ages most remote—we boast thy name, And point in triumph to the soldier's Friend.

Amid the battle's shock the thought of thee, True to thy country in her darkest hour, Will fire the bosoms of the brave and free, And nerve the Patriot with ten-fold power.

While those who, when the surging strife is o'er, Linger in anguish on the bed of death, Will wail thy name beyond the mortal shore, And murmur blessings with their latest breath.

When triumph crowns the hosts of Liberty, Radiant with glories that can ne'er depart, The memory of thy noble deeds shall be Enshrined within a grateful nation's heart.

Let messengers of mercy from on high, Gather in holy love around thee now— With songs of joy thy mission sanctify, And twine immortal chaplets for thy brow. Vermont, N. Y., 1861.

False Teachings.

"There is no kind of work that contributes so largely to our comfort and well-being, as the cultivation of the soil. Thus it is, all who do not by honest labor produce the necessities of life are virtually gamblers—I mean legal gamblers."—Dr. Child, in Banner, July 27, 1861.

I am surprised to see these obsolete fallacies ushered forth as truths by so good a thinker as A. B. Child, M. D.

All avocations, honestly pursued, that administer to the wants of the community, contribute alike to our comfort and well-being.

The young may be urged, with truth, that the cultivation of the soil is attended with the least risk, and will, with more certainty, give him the means of support in his old age; but let him not flatter himself that he is necessarily a better man, or contributes more to the "comfort and well-being" of society than the poor and despised organ grinder who gladdens the hearts of our children with his music—and who would also add to the "comfort and well-being" of the parents if their hearts were not needlessly corroded with the cares of life.

PAUL PEX.

Correspondence.

A Day among the Clouds.

This life is made up of incidents and accidents, flowing smoothly in quiet channels, or tumbling over precipices, groping in the fogs and miasma of the lower marshes of physical and sensual life, with occasional glimpses of the rich sunlight melting through, or climbing over obstacles to the bill-tops, entering the very clouds, and living in the winds, and showers and thunders, with frequent openings and expanding views of regions far and near; or, ascending to bill-top peaks, standing "while in, above the world," in the calmer atmosphere of upper air, above the clouds and tempests, the fogs and fevers of the lower life, standing where we can behold the calm sunlight falling on the clouds and rocky peaks, with our heads and hearts in the rare and pure atmosphere of a more ethereal sphere.

Few persons attain to the latter condition permanently, or retain it, long in this life, as few persons ever reach the highest peaks of mountain ranges. The outer and the inner life run quite parallel lines; each step is a lesson in the school of experience, and he or she is the best scholar who makes the best use of each lesson of life.

Saturday morning, July 27, 1861, our little group of four, "no more," started from the quiet and beautiful home in the little village of Hardwick, Vt., and driving slowly westward, in the heat of noon, entered the town of Stowe, and its active and improving village, which lies scattered along a rich farming valley, in a grove of the Green Mountains. To the westward of the village and between Stowe and the town of Underhill, rests the remains of the giant, with his upturned face, known as the Mansfield Mountain, with nose, and lips, and chin forming the highest point of land (or rock) in the State of the Green Mountains, or Vermont.

We had started to climb the whiskered chin, to scale the lips, and blow on the smooth sharp nose, but by previous arrangements we were to wait with Brother Wait near the village, till the Sunday services were over, and the Lord had retired from his houses of worship to his higher house.

Sunday came, a fine day, and when, as by previous arrangement, I had scattered two discourses over heads and hearts of the Rev. Mr. Parker's usual audience, and some others who came to hear one still more infidel than the Universalist who holds a very intelligent audience by the goodness of his doctrine, and the power of his reasoning, and they had all retired to their homes (to talk and think, I hope) we had our horses yoked, took our suppers, and a guide-board inscription on our memories, and started for the upper regions.

The first hard work fell to the lot of the horses, which was accomplished by the aid of myself and friend in pulling the buggies and ladies up, up, up, to the half-way house, which is an excellent and well furnished and finished barn—all the horses wanted; so we left them in the excellent care of the sole occupant of the premises, and with the necessary baggage of pedestrians, cast a lingering and good evening look over the village and country below, entered the dense forest following the narrow and winding pony-road two miles further up, to the neat, well-furnished, and well-kept hotel, which stands nearly under the very nose, but so at one side, as to avoid the effects of wind when it (the nose) blows.

These were the longest miles the ladies ever saw, but I had seen the like before, (on Mount Washington) but the sun went down and we went up, so we kept in the light of its fading rays, till the landlord met at the door the strangers whose voices (at least mine) he had long heard approaching—and we were all glad, he to see customers, (for the last had gone), and we to see such good signs of civilization; for we had seen only one sign of it on our pedestrian pilgrimage, and that a hedge hog, who, for a time, disputed the narrow road with us, and with his masked battery of barbed arrow-quills, held us at bay till he slowly retreated, and we passed cautiously on without a fight.

After making ourselves well acquainted with the family, and having them understand that one guest was a preacher, from whom they might expect singing and preaching, but no praying, we agreed on an early hour for Monday's call—not for washing-day, but to see the sun rise before any one else in the State could. Full of ambition, and with weary feet and light hearts, we retired, because we had tired, and tried to dream, but "nary a dream" could we catch, for the air was too thin to hold them—they all went up, (at least mine did) but the hands on time's dial kept steady pace, and the hour of morning soon came; but alas, no morning came, at least no sunrise, for we were wrapped in a mantle of thick cloud, and we were again reminded that

"The best laid plans of mice and men"

are often thwarted. We held a council, and then breakfasted, and held a council, and then held a council; searched the almanac, (a common resort in trouble about weather, and as good then as any time) but we could not see even the nose, which would have spattered us badly had it taken to bleeding; but we could feel—and leaving the ladies in safer quarters, Samuel and I felt our way up the rock to the pile of stones on the top, which I mistook for a tree at a short distance. We approached the brink and look down there, to our vision, bottomless pit into the fog, (or smoke of torment,) and I could only think of the cliff where they threw Lucifer off—the battlements in the old fight which was revealed to Milton. We felt our way back to the house, and felt better, for the landlord had found out that the moon was to change about 4 p. m., and sure enough it did, and so did the weather, for the wind blew in gusts, and the clouds broke up into floating masses, and sunshine and showers were closely mixed, and crowded fast upon each other.

Again, with winter coats well buttoned up, and mountain telescope, Samuel and I started for the chin, which, by some strange perversion of the order of nature, is, in this instance, higher than the nose. Then and there came over me one of the grandest scenes of my life's little journey. The Jupiter god was making thunder for the showers, close about and even below us, and shooting them over the plain with gusts of wind for driving engines. Thor (god of weather) was making clouds and winds to scatter and sail them about both above and below us, and often running them against the rocky peaks, delighted, if not himself, with the harmless sport. The blue sky and clear air were breaking through in many places, and Sol (another god) was smiling on the whole scene from a far western slope, making rich and exceedingly exciting the whole scene. It was indeed a rich treat to be up there among the gods, and feel perfectly safe on the rock foundation, and knowing, as we did, they were all our friends, and would not serve us any mean tricks of tumbling, as the old Jewish God did Satan.

The Old Champlain Lake lay meekly in its cosy bed far off to the west, skirted on the east by the crook-

ed border of the western slopes of the Green Mountains, and far beyond loomed up the Adirondack Mountains. Burlington and Plattsburg were white spots on the shores; the broad spread of hills and plains between us and them were dotted over with villages, farms and groves, making, with the passing clouds and showers and sunshine, a most magnificent sight.

But the whole scene was too rich for us to enjoy alone, and we made back steps on the "double-quick," and displayed our gallantry in helping the ladies to the very top of the nose, and there well guarding their frail forms from the cold, raw winds, we all enjoyed a treat with the gods, for there was not "silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." We could see the bottom of the awful fog, and it was worse than the quills of the hedge hog, and pointed with dead tops of living trees and jutting rocks far down, and we could see—well, I will not try to tell; but all the region round, and the setting sun

"Made the swift clouds a glory every one. A crushing whirl of wind and rain And eddying vapors, thunder black, Was mingling all the western plain With its own boiling rack; I saw the sunlight when it kissed The roughest edges of the mist, And how the tattered hem Of the whirled clouds grew rosy as a gem."

But the rapid whirl of changing scenes about us was only a picture of life and its thunder gusts. Stern alteration Now follows, now flies; And under plain pleasure, Under pleasure pain lies. The sun set, and Thor started a shower straight for the nose-rod, and we hurried down stairs and steps, and safely reached the house, when down came the drizzling rain, and as there was now no escape from the rain but the house, we renewed our bargain with the host, and came out the same next morning in a fog, from which we soon escaped by leaving the cloudy regions for regions below, where we found fair weather and friends, and the next sunrise were in sight of our homes. And now ends this lesson of WARREN GIRAZ.

**The Law of Mediumship.** "That strange, unmeaning "rap," the "knocking" so simple, so mysterious, and yet so distinct and unmistakable, opened up a wider field of thought than all the sublime eloquence of the pulpit. Its simple, deep and sacred intonation had a world of inspiration in it. It touched the depths of every soul, and it spread glad tidings through the land, heralded by the press. In a day, as it were, millions of minds were led to inquire whence it was, what its import, and why it thus set a world to thinking of the mysterious relations it held to humanity—who was the mighty agent that thus directed its tones?"

The rich and poor, the bold and free, the intelligent and ignorant, the noble and ignoble, all felt the strange and mysterious desire to know, to learn and to be instructed. Thus did its significance spread. Committee after committee was appointed, and yet unsatisfied. Thus a world was awakened. The wonder-inspiring "knocking" brought from the glowing depths of spirit existence the knowledge of immortality and eternal life. Thus the signal of a future state of existence was fully revealed to the just and the unjust, to the depraved and degraded forms of humanity in all their phases; to the good, the wise, the intelligent, and the virtuous; and thus proclaimed more than all the sermons and creeds ever unfolded in the very depths of the human heart—Immortality!

These raps spoke to the heart, the purely affectional faculties, friendship and love were made to kiss each other. Parent and child, father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister, innocent babes and tender and affectionate mothers, endearing parents were made to embrace each other, in the silent but thrilling emotions of their inmost being; their warmest sentiments and truest inspiration of affection, united them in a never ceasing, forever eternal, and unbounded love, pointing them to immortality and to God. Thus a mediumship opened a new era, ushered in a new dispensation. The instrument necessary for this development was a human being, a form clothed with a certain degree of receptive virtues, to permit this simple "rap" to be made by loved ones in another state of being, by every class and character who had passed the confines of death, to tell the world of man that they yet lived, that corruption had put on in corruption, that mortal did put on immortality; the soul with all its attributes survived the death of the body, and lived to learn of angels and of God how to love and minister unto us as the heirs of salvation—as members of the same family, in a higher and more glorious state.

And sadder things than these they learned. These raps thus spelt out, letter by letter from the alphabet, an unbroken immortality for man. Thus God has taken the weak things of this world to confound those that are mighty.

The next form of mediumship was tipping the table, and giving intelligent and intelligible signals that they heard and answered questions, that they once lived on earth, and chose to answer them just in the way it pleased them; that there were spirits of every moral grade of character; that some chose to be truthful, and some rather chose, or delighted in deceptions, falsities and innuendoes; hence all humanity held their moral relations in the spirit-life unaltered and definite in their identities. Mankind, by this comparatively insignificant mode of inquiry, obtains practical truths, undisputed facts, that no other revelation ever confirmed, clear, satisfactory and conclusive—where the tongue, or the hand of man had no special agency. These rappings and tipplings were significant of spirit existence, spirit identification, of spirit intelligence, of spirit affection, and all the attributes of the immortal mind, cherished beyond the confines of death.

All the volumes that have ever been written on theology, have failed to open up this sacred and practical truth. All the pitches of oratory, all the sublime energies of holy men for ages, have failed to open up this relation, while the simple rappings and tipplings have communicated to the souls of millions the all-important truths of an identified and unbroken immortality in all the consciousness of the human soul, with all its affections and attributes of social and devotional endowment, now and forever. This preaching brings the dawning of a new and a brighter day to suffering humanity—in eternal voice, simple and sublime.

The vague and idiotic mind may inquire, what have these "raps" accomplished? What meaning can be attached to these "tipplings"? They have been the signal response from millions of loved ones on the other shore. You might as well say to the shipwrecked mariner, who is lost in the surging deep, when he gains a rocky cliff, and gives the waving signal with his hand, what does it mean? It means everything. It means I live, I love, and I implore, in the unfathomed ocean of eternal life. It means that man lives, conscious, unbroken in his affections, un-

dying in his attachment to children, friends and loved ones. It means immortality, a future state of social endowment forever.

Thus these simple raps and tips are made to speak unbroken volumes to the deep-toned affections of the innocent orphan's bosom; that mother yet loves her helpless child, and in an angel's form, watches his pillow, binds up the disconsolate, yea, broken heart, with a mother's love, breathing from an angel's form. That unseen guide directs its footsteps to virtue and to God. Thus it has revealed the glorious anchor of hope, made sure, steadfast and beautiful in meetings never to be dissevered, in harmonious companies in the inner veil of the spirits home forevermore.

BONA FIDE.

**Married.** In San Francisco, Cal., at the St. Johns House, July 3, 1861, by Rev. T. Starr King, Dr. R. N. WEBSTER to Miss M. MORSE, both of that city.

**Obituary Notices.** TO THE MEMORY OF EVA, only daughter of AUGUSTUS R. and JULIA A. GARDNER, of LAUNA, who died of diphtheria, July 19, 1861, aged 14 years.

The death-sound laid the withering hand of disease upon the young life, and with raptures life, and every rapturous scene was mirrored back in joyous, beaming eyes. She is missed in the youthful circle, her accustomed place at the home-altar is vacant, and many are the hopes which have faded with her. She was a child of nature, and in something very cheering and rich-forgotten with hope and promise in her such a life. "Of such is the Kingdom of heaven." Pure and beautiful was the young life she meekly laid an offering on the death-altar. Her life was lent from Heaven, a light to shine upon the darkness of sorrow, in memory radiant with receptive power, a golden link reaching down deep into the better nature.

Why did she die so young? We may not know—but it is sweetly said, "Whom the Lord loveth he will call to himself, and he will choose whom he will." She was ready to pass victoriously through the shadows which veil immortality, and she had already accomplished a glorious mission to earth. She had laid to rest with love and joy and sympathy in a home for her father, was like a sunbeam at the heart's stone, her innocence and earnestness were a rebuke to pride and treachery and selfishness; her love was a pledge of rest when the heart was world-worn. But, perhaps the truest glory of her mission was her triumphant death. Though but a child, she was a philosopher, and of the future life, as one having knowledge. She wrapped the mantle of decay about her with the dignity, composure and security of one matured for the change. Her serene presence, that shone like a star in the life of the father that abated brother on the tented field, will be to him a protective shield against unalloyed influence.

Those who weep her absence are taught by her life, by her words, and her death, to look to the life to come, to lay up treasures in Heaven; to cherish her celestial presence. The child spirit which could plan and execute with indomitable courage and perseverance would the death-grip was upon her, she triumphed over death, and her glorious possibility. The earth has called for her, and her mortal of this treasure and in answering his behest of "dust to dust," I know that hearts are cleft with a blade of steel; over the soul rests the drapery of sadness; arms which folded their long arms in a home for her father, are now a shadow, and then fold again over the wrong heart because they clasp her not! "Gone" is a mournful sound—it comes over the soul with a whirlwind's rush—like a thunder-bolt, tears rush from their long seats, and a quick-winged angel, with a golden chain, gathers up the golden links of her life-chain. But ye sweet ones who have had life so bright, so beautiful, so glorious—will ye not come again to nestle lovingly in the hearts ye have so loved?—in the home where separation comes not, and death is a vain name, and the voice of many mansions, far, far through the chambers of the soul voices are calling, calling sweetly, "Come home, come home!"

Deposited this life in Dorchester, July 10, 1861, Mr. THADDEUS CLAPP, aged 60 years. A graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1834. He bore with Christian faith and patience, the slow but sure progress of disease, which was attended by the most skillful medical aid, and pressed to the writer of this notice, not a word of merely in a blessed future, but a knowledge of the transcendently glorious reality. He expressed himself perfectly resigned and willing to leave this world, and to go to the Father, rather than to depart, which he felt to be his lot.

The truths of what is technically Spiritism were to him facts. His father and sisters, who had passed before him to the spirit-world, frequently presented themselves to his vision during the last year of his earthly life. He was a radiant being. He was a man of unusually thorough culture and a profound thinker; he was a philosopher generally required to reverse, but simply extension. In the largest extent of a genuine catholicity of love, he was a man of disposition of doing to others whatsoever he would that others should do unto him, he certainly exhibited a pre-eminent example. In short his life—the life he lived here in the flesh—was in the most perfect sense, a life of the word, his Eulogy—an eminent example of right living.

The mortal has departed. The immortal "is put on." And to the land of spirits. My friend beloved, has gone—And where the darkness and Shall mingle with the light, And pain and sin and weakness No joy shall ever bright.

A land where angels roam Here all unshod! For knowledge shall be granted By its following light; No darkness intercepting To hide it from his view, But always, ever on earth, In love and wisdom true.

Oh, brighter are the flowers Crowned his head entwined, Than ever earthly mortal; For mortal man dejected; And sweeter the aroma Than that of the rose; Than Araby's sweet spices Send on the evening gale.

So peaceful was his exit, With hands so meekly clasped, We watched for his low breathing, Nor knew the dark shadows; And as from his own body, The spirit pure passed out, Methinks the songs of angels Went up in gladness about.

For one more spirit transmuted From pain and care and sighs, And to the Father granted A new and heavenly birth, And as a new life's river, With his lusty and glad, There may we meet together, Where death shall not divide.

Dorchester, Aug. 2, 1861. In Lynn, Mass., July 30, 1861, passed to a higher life, LEVIN MARR, only child of John H. and Lydia B. MARR, aged 4 months.

**MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.** Parties notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. We hope they will use every exertion possible in our behalf at this particular time. 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.

WARREN GIRAZ lectures in Lebanon, N. H., fourth Sunday in Aug.; Lowell, first three Sundays of Sept.; Troy, N. Y., on Sundays of Oct.; Cambridge, first Sunday of Nov.; Cambridge, Oct. 1st Sunday of Dec.; Taunton, last two Sundays of Dec. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

MISS BELLE SCOVILL lectures in Elkhart, Ind., the four Sundays of Oct.; the four first Sundays of Dec.; in Troy, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the last two Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February. Will receive subscriptions in her Eastern tour during the month of March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

MISS EMMA HARDING will lecture in Quincy, Cambridgeport, New Bedford and Boston, in September and October; in Taunton, Milford and Portland, during part of November and December, and form engagements for other Sabbaths and week evenings this winter in the east. Address, care of Bella Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

DR. JOHN MAYNIE will be in Pontiac, Mich., 21st of August. Address in care of Samuel Brotherton Pontiac, August 20th; Providence, R. I., the 2nd of Sept.; New York, N. Y., the last Sunday of Dec. and the first Sunday of Jan., 1862; in Cambridgeport, Mass., the last two Sundays of Jan.; Portland, Me., the four Sundays of February. Will receive subscriptions in her Eastern tour during the month of March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

MISS ANNA M. MIDDLEBURY will spend the months of September, October, and November in Boston, and requests that all friends in the immediate vicinity of that city, do not neglect to call on her, as a lecturer for the holidays. In those months, will apply as soon as possible at Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

MR. and MRS. H. M. MILLER are to be in Pennsylvania and New York, till November; will answer calls to lecture in Northern Ohio and Michigan for the next winter. Also, will lecture on general occasions. Present address, Connecticut, Ohio, care of H. H. Moore.

MRS. O. M. STOW will receive calls to hold two or three days meetings, or to lecture in Northern Ohio, during August and September, and in New England in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. Address till September, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, care of W. W. Moore.

MR. FRANK WHITE can be addressed through August, at Quincy, Mass.; Sept., at Williamstown, Mass.; Oct., at Taunton, Mass.; Nov., at Boston, Mass. He will answer calls to lecture for week evenings must be addressed as above, in advance.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Bangor, Me., four Sundays in August; Bradley, Mo., Sept. 1st; Bucksport, Me., Sept. 1st; New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 20th and Oct. 1st; and in New York, N. Y., the last Sunday of Nov. and the first of Dec. Address Box 816, Lowell, Mass.

MISS EMMA HUSTON has decided to stop in New Hamp. for the present. She will lecture in Littleton, Colo., N. H., the four last Sundays in Sept.; the 6th, 15th, 22d and 29th of Oct. in New England, in the fall and winter of 1861 and 1862. Address either of the above places, or at Manchester, N. H.

S. PHELPS LELAND will speak in Leominster, Mass., Aug. 24th and 25th; in Littleton, Colo., Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Nov. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Dec. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Jan. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and Feb. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 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Pearls.

And quoted out, and I would have written long. That on the stretched fore-finger of all time Sparkle forever."

THE RAIN DROP.

The rain drop, falling from a cloud, Upon life's trodden path below, Must, touching earth, its clearness shroud, And with the sizzling current flow; The sun's evaporating beams Shall disengage each earthly stain, In a new shape it upward streams To soar in its own sky again. So thou, oh Soul of Heavenly birth, Descending to this lower plane, Must feel the earthiness of earth, Its downward press, its searching stain; But to I redemption's kindling sun, Shall change thee, and thy life restore; Shall raise thee, fallen and undone, To brighter glory than before.

Go to your friend's house for a favor, and Hope will open the door, but Disappointment will probably shut it.

INVOCATION.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade Didst wake Thy weary ones again, Who slumbered at that fearful hour, Forgetful of Thy pain; Bend o'er us now, as over them, And set our sleep-bound spirits free; Nor leave us slumbering in the watch Our souls should keep with Thee!

[J. G. Whitier,

It is wiser and better to hold the torch of truth to the mind than the torch of persecution to the body.

PATIENCE.

There's not a single flower that gems the hill, Or lifts its head upon the meadow's green, That does not live a life, which, if we will, We can include in our own earthly scene— A life of patience still, though all forlorn, Waiting amidst the dew-drop of the morn.

[J. R. M. Squire.

The light of many a bright soul is clouded by the dark and imperative shadow of circumstance.

SLEEP.

Sleep hath its own world, A boundary between the things thus named, Death and existence; sleep hath its own world, And a wide realm of wild reality; And dreams in their development have breath, And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

[Byron.

Even slender joys cast a genial sunshine over the heart, and who is so miserable that knows them not?

THE FORMATION OF VEGETABLES.

Plant Growth.

The following remarks are not intended to explain the structure of plants, but to show on what external conditions the life of the plant depends, and whence its stores of nutriment are derived.

Intimately associated with the atoms which form the mass of a plant, are various earthy elements, which serve as bases on which all the various organic compounds contained in the body of the plant are built, and without which the plant cannot have its development. These elementary substances, as they are called in the language of chemistry, are derived from the earth, and are either absorbed with the moisture the roots of the plant derives from the soil, or possibly the roots may have within their organizations, special provisions made for searching for the particles it needs to complete its organization.

Aside from mineral elements which the plant derives from the soil, it also has its growth stimulated by the presence of decomposing animal and vegetable substances, and among the most important of the compounds resulting from the decomposition of organic matters are those containing nitrogen, which is usually associated with hydrogen in the form of ammonia. Careful experiments for the purpose of determining the source whence plants obtain the nitrogen which enters into their organization, prove beyond a doubt that only inappreciable quantities of nitrogen, in a free state as it exists in the atmosphere, enter into the structure of plants. The evolution of nitrogen compounds in the atmosphere by electrical and other natural causes, and their subsequent conversion into ammonia in the soil, is a natural means by which all soils are furnished with an un-failing supply of this essential to the life of plants. The gardener who finds his Garden languishing, though irrigated with the watering pot, is gladdened with the shower which carries the treasures of the atmosphere to the roots of his plants, stimulating them to rapid growth.

Aside from the elements which have already been alluded to, and which relate to the soil in which the plant grows, there is one other element derived from the atmosphere, on which a very large portion of the solid parts of all plants are constructed. This element is carbon, more familiarly known as the substance which composes coal. The amount of this substance in the atmosphere is usually less than two per cent. of the air, and so far as is known, it is very equally constituted in the upper as well as lower regions of the atmosphere.

Though carbonic acid (the form in which carbon is usually found in the atmosphere) forms but a small per cent. of the air, yet not less than seven tons are suspended over every acre of the earth's surface. The respiration of animals, the decay of various forms of organic matter, mineral springs, and the craters of volcanoes are tending constantly to increase this per centage of carbonic acid in the atmosphere. A wise adaptation of reciprocal functions in animal and vegetable life, makes the respiration of plants, if it may be so called, balance that of animals, and even more, to keep down the excess of carbonic acid arising from mineral sources.

The broad leaf of the plant, ever laved by the moving air, may in a few days sift hundreds of pounds of air, separating from it, under the stimulating influence of the chemical rays of the sun, the carbon it needs, returning in its place the oxygen so necessary to the respiration of animals. Some may cavil, and say, a wise man among us has said these things cannot all be so, though science or knowledge, based on rigid experiment, has so demonstrated—and then, your science, as you call it, is a dogmatic affair—a mere bundle of opinions. Not so. Science, like the gold-washer, sits down to wash a little truth from a mass of rubbish. It works patiently, and heeds not the glitter of mica when the glitter of the true gold of truth can be had by a little more patience. Let us not revile science. It patiently toils to attain the whole truth, little at a time it is true. One man cannot get it all, but he can share the little he gets with others, and be no loser.

Mohawk, N. Y.

J. Lewis.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, August 13th, 1861.

QUESTION.—When called on to make a statement of the peculiarities of Modern Spiritualism, what shall be our answer?

Dr. YOUNG related instances in which departed persons had been accurately described, with many circumstantial details, by personating mediums whom he knew in this city, and who could not have been themselves acquainted with the facts.

Dr. HALLOCK gave some striking instances of accurate description by a psychometrist, a stranger who had called on him and whose powers he had put to a severe test. It was remarkable, that in giving one delineation, this gentleman at first confounded the character of a certain spirit with that of a living person, whom Dr. H. well knew, but quickly corrected himself, and gave the latter with great rapidity and perfect correctness. He mentioned these as interesting psychometrical facts, but did not put them forth as demonstrative evidence of the theory of spiritual rapport. In illustration of my position that Modern Spiritualism is peculiarly distinguished from the prevailing ideas of to-day and of the past, by having its basis laid in demonstration, it may be remarked that while other forms of belief regard intercourse with the spiritual world, as the communion of saints, as miraculous, supernatural, exceptional, the Spiritualist affirms it to be normal and eminently natural—not enjoyed by virtue of special Divine permission, but in agreement with law. This same distinction is to be traced into the realm of ethics; for, according to the ancient views, the moral code has the like miraculous seal and sanction, is predicated, not on law, but on the mere will, irrespective of abstract right and wrong, of the Divine Ruler; and hence it follows that we can go on in iniquity, and yet escape its consequences by availing ourselves of some arbitrary scheme of atonement, which this absence of law makes it possible to put forth. But when we have found out that our very immortality rests in the bosom of law, we see, also, that God never compounds with us for the penalty of our sins, and that we cannot escape their full consequences. We find that the same characteristic applies to devotional religion. In the Church, Divine Worship seems to proceed from only one sentiment, the feeling of blind veneration, and it is kept alive, like a tender plant in a flower-pot, by constant nursing in the heated atmosphere of some holy place, and stimulated by organ and choir, by vestments and decorations. But the devotion of the Spiritualist, while it lacks the surface excitement of the other, strikes, like the top roots of some mighty oak, deep and wide into all the faculties of his being, and draws support from everything that nourishes it. It is not the sickly flower that blooms but once a week, in the shade of the sanctuary, but it owes its vigorous life to all airs and dews of heaven and the wholesome supplies of earth, and spreads in return its sheltering branches of Truth and Equity, of social Justice and domestic Charity, over man, in all his relations.

Dr. J. F. GRAY.—One of the characteristics of modern Spiritualism, as it strikes me, is, that it receives a different class of facts from the spirit-world, and makes a different use of them, from any of the ages gone by. In past times, every fact from the other life was supposed to demonstrate the existence of some mythical being, whose identity could not be made out. For instance, the phenomena which occurred at Delphi and Dodona in Greece, were taken to prove the presence of a superstitious divinity, called Apollo; and thus were constructed a series of ordinances, ceremonies and religious observances, devoted to various gods, so made out.

The Jewish system was supposed to demonstrate a Being, in whom we Spiritualists also believe, as the Almighty, sole Creator; but, since the Jews regarded all their spirit manifestations as intended to show forth the personal power of this single Being, their belief, I take it, as compared with ours, was much on a par with the worship of Apollo. The modern Spiritualist, instead of regarding the manifestations as direct from God, knows by their very method, that they come from some brother-mortal, out of the form, whose existence they demonstrate—and out of this fact he constructs the whole science of the relations of spirit to matter, and of life, both in the present and future world, to its divine Author. According to such a view God is not the creature of his imagination, acted on by blind devotion, or slavish fear, but is seen in the light of pure reason, as resulting from the immortality of universal man.

The modern Spiritualist worships the God of Jesus Christ, having attained to the idea of that God, by the same method as the latter seems to have done, to wit, by the operation of pure Reason, under the inspiration of pure Love. His knowledge of the chain of laws relating to human immortality and moral retribution, is the direct result of intercourse with his brother man in the other world.

Mr. ADAMS.—It seems to me one of the peculiarities of our belief, that, while all preceding religious dispensations have resulted in organizations which have become despotic, and, finally, sources of great tyranny, not only to the world, but to those connected with them, modern Spiritualism ignores anything like organization. It does not even propose to be an organization, because there is no one that knows enough to organize it. It has in itself such pre-eminent wisdom, truth and love, that it is above all its votaries, and comes to bless and organize all, instead of being organized by them.

Again, it is a new and comprehensive commentary on all theologies that have preceded, so that it gives a better understanding of the Scriptures, of the character and mission of the Christian Church, and the duties and destiny of man. It is a new influx of spiritual life from the great spiritual sun. It is a system, moreover, which meets all the demands and purposes of science. Science has never succeeded in finding the God of old religion; but Spiritualism leads us to the great sources where alone the intellectual evidences of His being and attributes can be discovered. The spiritual idea of the Supreme Being is not that of the Bible and the Church, because the latter is stereotyped in the narrow moulds of creeds. Spiritualism sends us forth to seek for an earlier creation than is recorded in Genesis, and to find a new heaven and a new earth in the minds and bodies of men. We are prompted by this system to investigate the facts of the universe for ourselves, and not rest on the fragmentary records of Moses. But the moment a scientific man has gone beyond these records, he has lost caste and incurred persecution, and the tremendous power of the church oligarchy has been brought to bear against him. Religion has been, not the handmaid of science, but the most unrelenting foe to her progress and independence—until now, when she has overcome all opposing efforts by the splendor of her truth.

As a means of satisfying the demands of the human soul, all other religions pale before the light of

this new dispensation. As a candidate for immortality, it is necessary I should recognize the Supreme Being as omnipotent; but Biblical and ecclesiastical conceptions do not present Him to us in that character; for, in the Old Testament, he is always symbolized under the types of human passions and prowess. It is no less necessary that I should know my God as an omnipresent being; but the Bible and the Church ignore this attribute, also, in the divinity. They speak of Him as located in the heavens—essentially present there as Queen Victoria is at St. James's—and represented elsewhere by apostles, priests, &c. Spiritualism, on the contrary, presents God to our conceptions as a Universal Spirit, in whom we really live and move and have our being. Moreover, other religions represent God as lacking in wisdom and knowledge—having to inform himself of the state of affairs in his dominions, by traveling about. Spiritualism reveals him to us, as altogether worthy of the love and reverence of intelligence, cultivated beings—not one who loves Jew or Christian exclusively, and has provided a hell for the immense majority of his helpless creatures.

Lastly, Spiritualism seems to contain, within itself, the seeds of perpetual progress and expansion. Other religions resemble an acorn in a flower-pot—they have to be transplanted into new soils; but Spiritualism, ignoring nationality, is to spread over the whole earth, without distinguishing between Jew or Gentile, bond or free. Its work is greater than was that of Moses, Jesus, or Luther. It is to reveal to us a new heaven; and we have but just begun to discern here and there a star, through this mighty telescope. It is the river of God, which is to roll on until its fertilizing flood shall make the whole earth to bloom and blossom like the rose. Answer, watchman, what of the night? The night is far spent—behold the dawn cometh!

Dr. YOUNG thought our peculiar position as modern Spiritualists is owing, not to the superiority of our manifestations, but to our greater freedom and courage in discussing and reasoning from them, and our entire exemption from the control, either bodily or mental, of an organized priesthood.

Mr. J. K. INGRALES.—The characteristic of modern Spiritualism, according to my idea, consists in its being the culmination and complement of that materialistic view which immediately preceded it, and which still prevails to a certain extent. It cannot fairly claim superiority to ancient systems, in its enunciation of the great principles of theology and morals; for these, as every scholar knows, were taught long before Spiritualism was thought of, and the latter has added nothing in support or demonstration of them, considered as philosophical questions. Mankind have never been without the ideas of a paternal Deity and a future state of moral retribution; and modern Spiritualism has proved these truths only to minds infected by the materialism of the past generation; and for this purpose its manifestations have been permitted.

Dr. HALLOCK.—The root of the matter is the difference between authority and demonstration. The inference is irresistible—that, if the postulate be a demonstrated fact, then the consequences must be of like character; and just so, if, on the other hand, the fundamental proposition be a "thus saith the Lord." Thus we find that, in harmony with this idea of authority, what is the base of our religion and our morals, all our institutions are seen to be natural consequences. The notion of a miraculous ruler of the universe, who governs by his unrestricted will, naturally introduces a system of compromise in order to our absolution, under certain conditions, from his arbitrary penalties; and society and government among humanity rest upon that idea.

Now, it is peculiar to modern Spiritualism, that its affirmations rest upon evidence received through one of the senses—not from divine man, in some holy place, but through all men, everywhere; and, as a matter of course, all its consequences, in every direction, are like this starting point in its reasoning. Spiritualism, in other words, applies to ethics and religion, that which we all know and recognize, as regards everything else—viz: that no truth is of the slightest use to him who utters it, unless he can demonstrate it. We have rested on the Bible, but it has not saved us as a nation. The Declaration of Independence recites the rights of man, in brave formula, yet we are now suffering the consequences of not having reached to a demonstration of these truths. The peculiarity of modern Spiritualism is in its ability to teach that men and nations need the power of translating truth, out of books, Constitutions, Declarations, into Nature, just as a scholar never becomes a mathematician by merely learning Euclid by heart, but by mastering each problem, until he has made its solution a part of his very intellectual being.

True, Spiritualism is the complement of materialism; but it is the complement, also, of the entire science of the times, showing the perfect relation which exists between the latter, and its own divine, all comprehensive philosophy—and, instead of repudiating and denouncing the results of modern research and experiment, taking all these jewels of knowledge into its own keeping, and transmitting them to posterity in all their beauty and their power, it asserts anew all those precious beliefs which it finds inherent in humanity—the instinct of immortality, the impulse of worship, and works around them, until it has cleared them from the incrustations of error and the false garb of commentators, which have so marred their blessings. Spiritualism recognizes the practical value of truth in the saving power of demonstration. The old school of skeptics could deny, and that was all; but in the grasp of this new doctrine both sides are brought up to the bench of absolute demonstration. Spiritualism answers every need of our nature, and honors all its faculties and sentiments, filling the aching void which skepticism leaves in the human soul, and awakening the powers which bigotry has benumbed.

Dr. GRAY.—Another characteristic of modern Spiritualism is, that it rejects the received doctrine of special providences, and hence of particular answers to prayer. If I am very ill, and require spiritual aid, or, as a physician, wish to render it to another, I think not of asking God to interfere, but of making use of the divine law in the case, which is eternal. While Spiritualism recognizes, and makes use of the resources of spirit-aid, it does not regard them as vouchsafed by a divine, special volition. Yet I can see how the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man might be efficient, by completing the circle of spiritual forces which the case requires.

N. B.—In the report of July 30th, Dr. Young should have been reported as saying, in his account of a spirit manifestation, that it was given through Mrs. Underhill (formerly Mrs. Brown) from the husband of another lady present; not from Mrs. U's.

It is not safe to marry a poet. A young lady should beware of a beau, who, like the bow born of the shower and sun, is always in the clouds.

SHALL MEDIUMS COME TO CALIFORNIA?

I have noticed in the spiritual papers invitations to mediums to visit California—test mediums especially. One of these calls was signed "Xenophon." The writer must have known there was no inducement for mediums to visit this State, depending on their mediumship for a livelihood. There are many here already, and others who, with proper surroundings, might be useful in demonstrating the great fact of immortality, and several who have ventured to announce themselves as mediums, have been obliged to resort to other avocations to procure a living.

I have lived in this city some two years, have attended circles, Conference meetings, and all spiritualistic lectures, and am well convinced that those who call most loudly for tests, are the very ones who have seen the most of Phenomenal Spiritualism. There are hundreds who theoretically are Spiritualists, and yet it has been brought into such disrepute by its professed friends, that it is quite impossible to sustain meetings. Instead of being harmonious, they are angular and one-sided, manifesting more of individual repulsion than social attraction. This is a sad state of things, resulting from a want of unanimity among the friends. Non-organization and secession are among us, not from States, but from each other, and disintegration is the consequence. As to physical demonstrations, there have been enough to convince those who could be reached through such manifestations, and yet the cry is, as anciently among the Jews, "give us a sign."

Brother Peebles came among us in January, speaking twice per Sunday for two months to good acceptance. The hall was literally crowded every evening, and notwithstanding the crowd he was poorly remunerated, because utterly refusing an admittance fee of fifty cents or one dollar at the door. He delivered a fluent discourse last Sunday, which will be published soon. He is undoubtedly the ablest advocate of Spiritualism on this coast, yet he will not get rich by voluntary contributions. I write thus that mediums who contemplate visiting this State, will do well to provide themselves peculiarly before starting, lest disappointment overtake them among strangers, in a strange country. The masses flocked here for gold, not spiritual things. Novelty, negro minstrels, legerdemain, &c., pay much better than anything of an intellectual or moral nature.

Looking at matters from my standpoint, touching mediums visiting this El Dorado, I heartily concur with an article recently written by Miss Munson, (now Mrs. Dr. Webber) in the BANNER, relative to making money the sole object of mediums coming to California. They should not invariably charge poor people \$5 for a clairvoyant examination—should not always have silver bars before their lecture doors—should not engage in mining speculations—should be very cautious of interfering with family matters—should be literally truthful, thus aiming to make practical the most beautiful philosophy ever conceived of by seers or angels, even.

I write thus plainly, feeling a deep interest in the welfare of truthful mediums, and I cannot remain silent, knowing that false colors have been and are being presented to the world in the name of Spiritualism. Heaven knows I would rejoice even in test mediums coming to this country, could they be instrumental in proving the facts of spirit communion and establishing a more elevated state of society; but when I think of the sacrifices they must necessarily make, and the many hardships and privations they must endure, I cannot conscientiously advise mediums to visit us. Nevertheless, if any person has the means of self-dependence, delights in travel, wishes to become acquainted with life on this coast, and is exceedingly anxious to benefit humanity, to him or her I say, come, and there is one Spiritualist, at least, in Sacramento, who will gladly welcome you.

My wife has had mediumistic powers since the nineteenth year of her age, and during the past twenty-three years has had visions and daily communion with the immortalized gone before. For the past seven years she has been used for giving tests, healing the sick, &c., and is now engaged as a clairvoyant physician, with most excellent success, as many who have been healed are willing to testify, thus verifying the Scriptural prophecy, that they shall "lay hands on the sick and they shall be healed."

The most interesting topics with us at present are war and secession. These exciting events passed, the right coming uppermost, we held that Spiritualism, in all its beauty and immortal worth, may go forth from conquest to conquest, until heaven and earth is blent in millennial perfection. D. S. CURTIS. Sacramento City, Cal., July 11, 1861.

THOUGHTS ON RECENT TOPICS.

Dr. Child's "Corporation" and Miss Harbridge's Complaint.

"Corporation" is a very good name for the new Agricultural Movements which are now engaging public attention; it conveys the idea of embodied business action. But is not the editor of the "Banner" a little mistaken, in speaking of the Plan of Dr. Child as something "new," not having been previously presented, &c.? It seems to me that the "Circular" arrangement for dwellings, farming, &c., has been not only advocated by several individuals, but was long before this, published and illustrated, with some points of importance, which friend C. seems not to have thought of; though he doubtless has introduced some features both original and good.

But is not the Doctor a little wild in some of his calculations? It strikes me that publishers would be apt to make much out of his "Corporation." His estimate is that we can get "sixteen" dailies, weeklies, monthlies, &c., for the cost of one, under present arrangements. That is, "Godey's Lady's Book," now at \$3.00 per copy, would be obtainable by the combined farmers, for about twenty cents. "Peterson's" and the "Banner of Light," would be furnished at an aggregate of about twelve or thirteen cents per year. Would not the cash jingle hugely in the pockets of editors and publishers at that rate? Surely, if Bro. Child's calculations are all of a similar sort, they will certainly require thorough reconsideration.

And there is much to be both considered and reconsidered, in the various plans, agricultural and otherwise. Dr. C.'s plan, for instance, is a "fifteen hundred dollar" one. It will do very well for those who have the "funds." But what is it for the many noble as well as forlorn ones, who have not a dollar to help themselves with, and no available means of obtaining any?

I wish it distinctly understood, that, in the TRUTH UNION, or "Brotherhood" movement, to which I have often made reference, ample provision is made for building "cottages," etc., for the multitude who are absolutely penniless; and that, too, without borrowing, giving, or lending money to do it, while every

workman is paid down for his labor. By the same principles and processes, also, the same old Truth Union methods will retrieve the embarrassments of the nation, when it comes to its worst, and will even carry out fully and successfully the plan of the Pacific Railroad, when the Government will evidently be in no condition to accomplish it.

In the meantime, those who intend to adopt any advance method in agricultural and other operations, had better take into account the improved steam plow, and the manufacturing processes, to which I alluded in a recent article in the Herald of Progress. The gentlemanly inventor to whom I referred in that article, is calmly waiting the aids which Reform measures are sure to bring him, to the great advantage of all the people.

Miss HARRISON lately sees a little the necessity of "fault-finding," and she is right. Straight-forward dealing with some things has always been necessary. Is now. In certain quarters there has been quite a disposition to hold on to things contemptible. I have seen it long, and it does not give way easily. I have even known an "assembly" take a collection and give it to somebody else beside the speaker. Other things there are, even worse; and the spirit that sustains them must come down.

In the "Brotherhood" measures of which I have spoken, I have arranged a BENEFICIARY DISTRIBUTION, through which I propose essentially to aid deserving "speakers," together with societies, families, &c. In the meantime, to cultivate a true liberality, avoiding gross favoritism and one-sidedness, is as important to "spiritual assemblies," as it is to churches and the "sects." D. J. MANDELL. Athol Depot, Mass., July 25, 1861.

Do Spirits return to Earth and Communicate?

Being in great distress of mind at the loss of very dear family friends, I thought of visiting a Spiritualist medium, as I believed if possible they would come to me—I seemed to feel their presence—yet thought it impossible, and concluded it was my own excited mind, and to not meddle with Spiritualism, but regain my strength and banish these thoughts. After a few days, I learned of a professional friend of a medium at 140 Court street—Mrs. Kirkham. I accordingly visited this lady, having never before seen her, nor did she know me. After a few moments she said, "You have many friends here—one in particular;" giving me the name, shaking my hand, calling me by name, and asking how I did; telling me the names of those present correctly; giving me test after test, that I should believe; also giving me instructions in regard to a business matter, which was of importance.

I requested this dear friend to go and influence a person that I believed needed help to call at my office. The person did call that day, in the afternoon—did not know why; but could not keep away. I also asked this dear friend to visit New York and see how a dear friend in that city was. In a short time she said the friend was not well, had a headache, &c. I wrote to New York, asking in regard to it, and found it to be true. This and many other fine tests came through Mrs. Kirkham.

I knew but little of Spiritualism, but believe it was truly the spirit of my dear friend talking through this lady. If it was not, I can only ask, Who or what was it? Let all those who doubt, try for themselves. If instructed as I was in my earthly duties, it will do them no harm. I seriously ask, Can and do spirits come to earth and communicate? All things are possible with God. Yours, P.

Vermont State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, at South Royalton, Vt. We cordially invite all friends in and out of the State to meet with us at our annual "Feast among the Mountains." All mediums and speakers who can come, are especially invited to be present and aid us with the many rich and valuable thoughts they may have in store. To all those who have attended our State Conventions, it would be needless to add, that we expect to have, as we always have had, a good and profitable season.

Arrangements will be made with the Vermont Central Railroad to carry passengers to the Convention for fare one way. All speakers will have a free entertainment during the Convention. All who purchase Railroad tickets on the Vermont Central Road will please call for Convention tickets. Tickets for the evening four cents per day. JOHN R. FORBES, NEWMAN WEEKS, NATHAN LAMB, DR. II. H. NEWTON, State Committee.

Spiritualist Picnic.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Church Hill's Grove (Camp Meeting Ground,) near the Junction of the M. & E. DuG., W. & B. V. Railroads, fourteen miles west of Milwaukee, Wis., on Thursday, the 22d day of August, 1861.

Arrangements will be made (if possible) with the above mentioned Railroads for half fares to and from the Ground. The cars arrive at the Junction from Watertown and Milwaukee at 9.45 A. M. From Madison at 10.30 A. M., and will leave the Junction at 5.30 o'clock P. M.

A general invitation is extended to everybody to come and hear the Truth.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend our Picnic.

Public lectures are especially invited to attend, W. S. HAWKINS, B. CARFIELD, GEO. TOMBS, W. D. HOBBS, H. SHORMAN, D. VAN KIRK.

Watkeha, July 21, 1861.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove and Church on the east side of the river in St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois, thirty-six miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons will be at liberty to express their sincere thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum require, each alone being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends, in the village and adjacent towns and country will provide picnic refreshments.

A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society. St. Charles, July 6, 1861.

Spiritual Convention.

The Third Annual Spiritual Convention of Ashland County, was adjourned to meet at Genoa, on Saturday, August 31st, at 10 o'clock, and continue over Sunday, Sept. 1, 1861, at which time we expect Geo. M. Jackson and other speakers. Our speaker friends and others are cordially invited to attend.

GEO. W. SHEPARD, Committee of Correspondence.

Grove Meeting.

O. L. Stulliff and Mrs. C. M. Stove will hold a two days' meeting at Sharon Center, Medina Co., Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 31st and Sept. 1st. An invitation is extended to "saints" and "sinners" to attend.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a Grove Meeting held at Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio, on Saturday and Sunday, September 7th and 8th. B. P. BARNUM, Hudson Falls, and A. B. French will be present as speakers. Others are expected. All are invited to attend. Clyde, August 14, 1861.