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THE WOUNDED ZOUAVE.

BY WM. H. MCELLEN.

They carried him back from the fatal glen,
To the hill-side green and fair,
Away from the presence of maddened men,
And silently laid him there.

Fleebly and faint came his faltering breath,
While, borne on the sultry air,
The thunder of strife and the groan of death
Commingled with his prayer.

As the life-tide ebbs from his noble breast,
He turns from the surging strife,
To his city home, and the dear one left,
When he struck for a nation's life.

"Oh, Mary!" he murmurs, "I'm back once more
From the field of woe and pain;
We shall part no more, for the war is o'er,
And peace has dawned again.

"Companions, hark! 'tis the fire-bell peals
On the silent midnight air!
And I hear the rattle of engine wheels—
We must join our comrades there!"

But the death-damp stands on his pallid brow—
One faint and faltering breath—
One thrill convulses his being now—
And he sleeps in the arms of death.

Vermont, N. Y., July, 1861.

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY GEORGE S. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is unquestionably an original thinker and writer; a man of deep insight and powerful utterance, in whose mind the dreamy superstition of Asia and the practical common sense of New England are strangely, yet harmoniously blended. He stands alone in this country, and like the old philosophers whom he describes as "babbling Jupiters sitting on their clouds, and prattling from age to age to each other," he has no cotemporary.

True it is that America has produced many men of genius, talent, and learning, both as writers and speakers, but we find none among them who is made up of the fine materials which belong to the nature of Emerson, and none who has such bold and startling thoughts, or who has clothed them in such rich and varied garments.

For the first time in American history, a man is born, in his person, who dares to think for himself; who puts under his foot all creeds and traditions, and seeks the spirit at first hand. He abandons the beaten tracks of the old theology, its incomprehensible dogmas, and the absurd mysteries of its faith; having tried them long and earnestly for food and life, and found them bones and death. They can yield him neither nourishment, support, nor consolation, nor can they satisfy his intellect, or the longings of his soul. These things, then, he has done with forever.

And this abandonment of the old ground of speculation and belief, is one of the secrets whereby his writings are made so attractive and fascinating. There is, indeed, such freshness and charm about them that they read like a new revelation. He is free, bold, and impulsive; puts our language to new uses, and makes it speak with new eloquence. There is, at times, a strange music in his sentences, which allures and captivates the mind, and his words are often great and memorable. A true inspiration abides with him, and fills him with the sacred fire. He wastes no breath; does not stoop to the tricks of speech, nor pander to the prejudices or convictions of men; but he goes direct to his mark, sometimes with an abruptness which is startling enough. And the reason is that he has really much to communicate which concerns his fellows, which vitally concerns them; and he leaves, therefore, the ground of a law of expediency, and speaks prophet-like, from the high platform of the conscience and the intellect.

It is easy enough to see how much he has struggled, how bravely he has fought, to gain the vantage-ground which he occupies. He does not talk from reminiscences and recollections of other men's experiences, but all he utters is unmistakable conviction, and bears upon it the impress of the fiery ordeal through which he has passed. In some of his earlier writings he is as earnest as Paul, and his injunctions flame like swords, and pierce to the very heart. Rely upon yourself, and believe in God—rely upon no man or men—how holy soever they may be, or how venerable their memories may have become through the faith and reverence of the ages which have consecrated them. This is the base of his doctrine—the foundation upon which all his teaching rests. Like Macell, he teaches the "individuality of the individual," exhorts to purity, and commands all men to obey the spirit and the moral law. And this obedience is to be implicit, without questioning or faltering; not rendered for "daily food," or any selfish consideration, but because it is right, and in accordance with that unchangeable integrity which upholds the universe.

"Brother, sweeter is the law,
Than all the grace love ever saw;
We are its suppliants; by it we
Draw the breath of eternity.
Serve thou it not for daily bread—
Serve it for fear, and want, and need.
Love it though it hide its light,
By love, behold the sun at night;
Though the law should thus forget,
Here enanored, serve it yet.
Though it hate thee, suffer long.
Put the spirit in the wrong.
That were a deed to slay in Eden,
By waters of life to slings heeding."

So he writes to a friend in 1847. During the early part of his life he officiated as pastor in one of the Unitarian Churches in Boston; but he was by no means popular, although some of the highest men of the city attended his ministrations. He had, indeed, none of the elements of popularity in him. His thoughts were too remote from the range of ordinary minds to make him acceptable to them; but those who understood his doctrine loved the teacher. He had not warmth enough, however, for an orator, but was cool and statuesque. His compeer, Channing, on the other hand, was full of enthusiasm—spoke to the popular heart and sympathies, and had a large congregation.

The Unitarian faith, which to him was so vital and all absorbing, was to Emerson not of so much moment; nor did he set it forth with any prominence in his discourses. He dealt more with morals than with doctrines; loved speculation and brought down truths to earth from those rare regions which only the greatest spirits have traversed. Unitarianism could not confine a mind like his; he soon saw that in spite of its professed liberality and rationalism, it was neither liberal nor rational; that it could tolerate no thinker who went beyond its orthodoxy; and, in short, that there was no rest for him within its boundaries.

He does not appear to have come to this conclusion suddenly, but by slow and gradual convictions, which he is prompt enough to announce, however, as soon as they have assumed a tangible form in his mind. He first of all starts his congregation by informing them—in his own cool, calm, unassuming manner—that he will dispense in future with the usual administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, because it is a purely Apostolic ceremony, and not binding, therefore, upon modern Christians. Then he abandons prayer, and all forms of prayer; and finally breaks loose from the Church, and becomes a High Priest of Nature, in his own right.

The result was soon manifest in his writings. He was now untrammelled and free to speak the thoughts which flooded his soul; and he was faithful to this freedom. Everywhere, in his books, he exults in it, and seems to swim in a divine atmosphere. And yet he is not a complete man, nor do his writings possess any epical unity. It is true that certain ideas run like threads of fire through them all, giving to them a kind of consistency; but it is not architectural consistency; all is fragmentary and incomplete. He is the spokesman of many thoughts, not the organizer of a philosophy, although we think his essays are of more sterling worth than any system of philosophy which he could have devised. They contain, certainly, a strange mixture of thoughts and opinions, and he has gone to the remotest East, as well as to the schools of Greece, Rome, England, and Germany, to ask of them Goethe's great question: "What can you teach us?"

In the character of his mind he is akin to the most opposite men; to Plato and Socrates; to Plotinus and Swedenborg; to Montaigne, also, and to Franklin; and he is as thoroughly versed in the laws of prudence, and the economy of housekeeping, as in those subtle revelations which come from God to the soul, and constitute the spiritual wealth of the world. He is one of the giants who will not be "slaughtered with pins," nor allow the concerns of the spirit to outweigh the responsibilities of practical life. He is a seer, who looks on all sides of nature and of human life, and announces what he sees. He is not tied down to one idea, however, magnificent or holy, nor does he seek to make converts, or stereotype men in creeds, or found an institution. He is too large for sectarianism, and lives in the wide latitudes of the intellect, under the starry heavens of faith.

For although the intellect is ever uppermost in him, controlling his visions and imagination, and giving an "icy tinge to his warmest colorings"—so that his readers sometimes doubt when they would most believe—still he is never profane, but trusts the spirit with the faith or confessor. If he cannot reconcile contradictory truths, he knows that to the infinite mind all truth is one, and his religious trustfulness is nowhere more apparent than in his announcement of such truths, for to trust where we cannot trace, is both piety and wisdom. It is this bravery in the cause of universal truth, which separates him from the partisans, who only see with one eye, and are satisfied with such vision. To him every truth is polar, and has a positive and negative side. Thus, good presupposes evil; virtue, vice; and both are necessary. There is no absolutely pure thing in the world, and none absolutely impure; for there is no perfection out of the Supreme Being, and all the creatures he has made are liable to err.

"That pure malignity can exist," he says, "is the extreme proposition of unbelief," and he might have added: That pure virtue can exist is the extreme proposition of fanaticism. Emerson, however, has an indestructible faith in goodness as the ultimatum of humanity, the goal to which all the struggles, deeds and aims of men are tending. "The carrier in the sun will soon convert itself to grass and flowers; and man, wherever thou seest him, whether on gibbets, or in brothels, is on his way to all that is great and good." Such is the strange, strong, and ultra way in which he puts his deep conviction of God's moral government of the world; and although it is liable to painful misconstruction, it is, nevertheless, a profound saying. For what are individual crimes and national enormities to the all-perceiving eye that measures the round of the sphere, and judges humanity by and in its results. Are they not the mere mountain peaks, the excrescences, and jagged eruptions which, when beheld at a point of vision sufficiently lofty, lose their angularities, and cease to interfere with the curve of the circle? To the philosophic mind, this is sufficient ly apparent, and the grand upward and onward

march of the human race, in spite of the obstructions which private misdeeds, and public wrongs, wars and revolutions, have opposed to it; is the historic proof of the proposition.

Emerson, however, does not, by any means, intend to assert, because human misdeeds are overruled for good, that therefore man is an irresponsible being; on the contrary, he, of all modern teachers, has insisted that man is responsible; that rewards and punishments—or, in other words, compensation—swiftly and inevitably succeeds action of what kind soever; that there is no cheating the great spirit of the Universe, who will have justice done now, and makes every day a day of judgment. His essay on "Compensation" is a vindication of this doctrine against the fallacies of tradition and the falsehood of creeds. He asserts that there is no escaping out of the divine hands, inasmuch as the divine laws have their roots in the human soul, and execute themselves with speedy and relentless justice; that the reward or punishment is not put off till after death, but administered on the instant—not in the shape of a "crown of life," or a "bed of unquenchable fire," but in a decrease or an enlargement of the spiritual being. And although this doctrine may not be material enough to convince the common mind, which cannot believe that justice is really done, unless it see the sword and the judge, is nevertheless true. For to suppose that God will give material compensations either here or hereafter, is to misapprehend the nature of his government in relation to the human soul, which is purely moral and spiritual.

Emerson was the first modern teacher who called attention to this subject, and demonstrated the laws by which the Nemesis of God maintains the balance of justice in the world. With him, as we said, justice is not theological, but spiritual; not arbitrary, but absolute, and must be done. The priest has no power in this sphere; cannot enter its precincts, nor interfere with its judgments. For what the Orthodox priest holds to be most immoral, viz., a want of faith in theological dogma—in the atonement, for instance—the resurrection, miracles, or the immortal life—Emerson will not admit to be such at all, because they are merely speculative questions, and cannot therefore be assigned as criminalities before the tribunal of the Eternal. This position, which is the stronghold of Protestantism—the only ground, indeed, upon which Protestantism can rest as an institution—is still lamentably misunderstood, even by those who lay claim to the priesthood of the dispensation. It is true that Roger Williams, with an insight which was really remarkable, and a liberality which cannot be sufficiently admired, incorporated this principle of the right of private judgment—in all matters of conscience—in the constitution of Rhode Island; but out of that noble Republican State, we shall not find, even in this day, any national recognition of it. And it is singular that a Puritan of those old, stern, and implacable days, brought up in the straightest system of ecclesiastical government, should have been the first man to build it into the masonry of a State. It required a large, free intellect, a great heart, and a firm resolution, to accomplish this magnificent and sublime fact, in the face of the terrible opposition which he met with from the priests and members of the Associated Colonies. But it is a truth in itself, and an inherent right of man. Hence its stability in Rhode Island, and its adoption and announcement by the thinkers of these more modern times.

Emerson insists upon it as the first condition of moral freedom, and the only ground of a rational and enduring faith. He infers that Puritanism in New England has worn itself out; has answered its purpose, and must now give way to more enlightened views, and to a nobler ideal of life. A little band of men who, if they did not adopt all his teachings, had like aims and aspirations with him, also saw this clearly enough; they saw likewise that Puritanism stood in the pathway to a better revelation, and was a hindrance to higher life and action. Hence they resolved to commence a crusade against it; not in any antagonistic form, but more by affirmations than protests. They sought truth with the fervor of saints, and propagated it with the zeal of apostles. This revolution, however, in the minds of these reformers was not effected altogether by the force and circumstance of the time, nor was it entirely a reaction, springing from Puritan decay. For a long time the choicest spirits of New England had been occupied in the study of the old Pagan writings—of the Eastern religious books—and of the great German thinkers. German literature had taken deep root in New England, and its best writers were well known there, as Carlyle was, long before they were recognized in the mother country. And this study, intense and earnest as it was, produced a rich fruitage of thought, and a desire for a wiser and holier life than the students saw around them in society; and, as it always happens in periods of mental revolution, the desire was accompanied, in more than one instance, by divine illuminations, and, in most, by a heroic enthusiasm.

W. H. Channing, in his contribution to the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, informs us that the summer of 1839 saw the fall down of the transcendental movement in New England, of which these students were the originators. They subsequently formed themselves into an association without laws, "compact, records or officers," the only "password" to membership being a hopeful and liberal spirit. Its chance conventions were determined merely by the desire of the caller for a "talk," or by the arrival of some guest from a distance, with a budget of presumptive novelties. Its symposium was a picnic, whereto each brought of his gains, as he felt prompted; a bunch of wild grapes from the woods, or bread-corn from his threshing floor. The tone of the assemblies was cordial welcome for every one's peculiarity; and scholars, farmers, mechanics, mer-

chants, married women and maidens, met there on a level of courteous respect. The only guest not tolerated was intolerance; though strict justice might add that these Illuminati were as unconscious of their special cant, as smokers are of the perfume of their weed, and that a professed declaration of universal independence turned out in practice to be rather oligarchy.

Be this as it may, however, all the members of this society of the "Likeminded"—so called by "outsiders," as Mr. Channing tells us, because no two amongst them were of the same opinion—were in earnest. They would struggle no more for any mere earthly destination; for wealth, lands, and honors. A higher prize was within their reach; the spiritual world was open to them, with all its sublime immunities and beauties. They could become eternal through love; and walk as gods upon a godless and profane earth!

It was natural to expect much from such enthusiasm as this, based as it appears to have been upon learned, as well as a moral culture; and much really sprang from it, for it gave to America a new literature, and infused new life into the rising generation. What it might have accomplished had it assumed an organic form, and have bound its members together by a common faith, is quite another question. Perhaps it would have revolutionized the whole of America, and established a new Catholicism, under the shadows of whose altar men might once more have sat in blessed peace.

For truly, a Catholic religion is not incompatible with individuality of thought; for worship of one kind or another, is indispensable to the human soul. But the hour is not yet ripe for such an institution. Individualism must first do its work, and resolve its own problem; and in the meanwhile we must be content to live alone—each one of us units, instead of a grand society; but the latter will come! Romanism foreshadowed it. Romanism was necessary to hold the world together during the infancy of the European mind. Protestantism is dissolving that immense association, now that the intellect of Europe is becoming mature; and when it is mature, we shall have a new revelation, which, without ignoring the intellect, shall furnish us with a religion worthy of its homage.

As a sign of the times, a sign of decay and death on the one hand, and of wild, earnest longing after the noble, the true, and the godlike, on the other—Transcendentalism, in Puritan, practical New England, is a remarkable phenomenon; and although the early enthusiasm which accompanied its announcement, and halled its presence, is dying away, the solid fruits survive.

Emerson must be historically regarded as the father and high priest of this new illumination among us. He was one of the "Likeminded" whom Channing speaks of as composing the little society at Boston, in the year 1839; and who, by his orations and essays, had already distinguished himself in the literary world. It was not as a literary man, however, in the sense of a bookmaker, and magazine writer, that he was regarded, or upon which his fame rested; but it was as a teacher who had a message to deliver, and truths of high import to announce. No doubt the richness and wealth of his style was a great attraction, and secured him a hearing in quarters where he would otherwise have been excluded; but his manner of delivery was ruinous to his success as an orator. It was stiff, cold, and unimpassioned, even when the grandeur of the thought carried his audience away, and might have forced an iceberg to speak with the tongue of an angel. Still he was listened to with that respect which genius, sincerity and virtue always command. He lectured at various literary institutions, and appealed to the young and ardent, as well as to scholars. His lectures were a new thing in Israel; nobody had ever heard such discourses before; so full of thought, power, wisdom, truth, and intellectual daring. In speaking before the literary society of Dartmouth, he said:

"This country has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, should reimburse herself by a brood of Titans, who should laugh and leap in the continent, and run up the mountains of the west on errands of genius and of love. But the mark of American merit in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in fiction, in eloquence, seems to be a certain grace without grandeur, and itself not new, but derivative; a vase of fair outline, but empty, which, whose sees may fill with what wit and character is in him, but which does not, like the charged cloud, overflow with terrible beauty, and emit lightnings on all beholders; a mass which does not lay the grasp of despotic genius on us, and chain an age to its thought and motion."

Emerson saw how imitative was the American mind at that period in its art and literature, and he put the scholars of Dartmouth, in this lecture, which is printed in his works, upon their metal. He would raise them to manhood and self-reliance; and teach them to look within for the help which should move the world afresh. It is to scholars especially that he speaks in this lecture, and he shows them their true vocation, and the vast resources which are at their command.

"The resources of the scholar are," he says, "in proportion to his confidence in the attributes of the intellect. They are co-extensive with nature and truth, yet can never be his, unless claimed by him with an equal greatness of mind. He cannot know them until he has beheld with awe the infinitude and impersonality of the intellectual power and worshiped that great light. When he has seen that it is not his, nor any man's, but that it is the great Soul which made the world, and that it is all accessible to him, he will then see that he, as its minister, may rightfully hold all things subordinate, and an-

swerable to it. When he stands in the world, he sees himself its native king. A divine pilgrim in nature, all things attend his steps. Over him stream the flying constellations; over him streams time, as they scarcely divided into months and years. He inhales the year as a vapor; its fragrant midsummer breath; its sparkling January heaven. And so pass into his mind, in bright transfiguration, the grand events of history, to take a new order and epoch from him."

All this was no doubt new and startling enough to his hearers, and the man who could utter it was either mad or inspired.

"But," he adds, "the soul so feeling its right, must exercise the same, or it surrenders itself to the usurpation of facts. Essential to our riches is the un-sleeping assertion of spiritual independence, as all the history of literature may teach. A false humility, a complaisance to reigning schools, or to the wisdom of antiquity, must not deprive me of supreme possession of this hour. If any person have less love of liberty and less jealousy to guard his integrity, shall he therefore dictate to you and me? Say, to such doctors: 'We are thankful to you as we are to history, to the pyramids and the authors; but now our day is come; we have been born out of the eternal silence; and now will we live—live for ourselves—and not as the pall-bearers of a funeral, but as the upholders and creators of our age.'"

Such were the brave words by which Emerson hoped to quicken the Dartmouth scholars into new life and new endeavors. For the scholastic teaching of America, like that of England, was painfully slavish, and by confining the mind to old models of thought and learning, it crippled the intellect and fettered the spirit. There was too much mechanism about it—too much dry and unproductive lore; so that one might pass an entire academic course, and be after all but an Encyclopedia of facts, or a linguistic, or mathematical mill. Emerson's aim was to put a soul into this inorganic rubbish, so that it might be used as materials for a man, and not for a showman. He wished to give to scholarship a nobler empire; to convince the scholar that his acquisitions were for spiritual as well as secular use; and for the former most of all. Everywhere he appears as an alternate iconoclast and renovator. He breaks the old idols, and shows how now ones can be made. Not by handicraft and joinery, but by the plastic agency of great ideas. He is for the development of the spiritual nature—as such—as it is in man—not as the priests have hitherto moulded it, and called by the name of development. There had been quite enough of that; enough of base soubriking to dogmas and mysteries, which wore frauds and quackeries. Now he was for trying what the virgin soil of man would produce from its own inherent vitality.

Let the scholar respect himself, stand by himself, and accomplish his own work. The universe is as fresh to-day as it was when God first created it. It has the same wisdom to impart as it had in the dim times lying far back in history, when Eastern men received it, and stamped its impress upon the world, for so many hundred years. Inspiration is not past; new Bibles have to be written; new revelations to come; new civilizations to be built up; and art and science are yet to be explored in their deeper recesses. The world is full of hope; the universe still a Sphinx, her riddles unresolved. We know little; not the meaning even of the simplest weed. The Universe waits for an interpreter. Why not, then, young scholars of Dartmouth, try to become such? All the learning and institutions of the world fall loose, and unhang themselves before the mind of Emerson. Nothing is sacred in his eyes save the human soul.

The past is good for the past; good to us as instruction, as a thing for guidance, not in its path, however, but in our own. "We are born out of the Eternal Silence, and our turn is now come."

He makes as light of the old divinity as he does of the old scholarship, and has many things to say to the drones. In 1838 he is called upon to deliver an address before the "Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge," and he executes the commission with a strange, wonderful and beautiful daring. Other men may refuse to speak from the soul to his fellows—may shuffle the responsibilities of conviction—and pander to the dead idolatries if they please; but not so Emerson. Life is short, and lies are to be deeply rooted in the world for him, at least, to waste time in their eradication. He will speak the truth—and let it do its own work against lies.

And now the young students are all assembled to hear him; and there he stands upright and impassible before them. He begins by speaking of the beauty of external nature—"the air full of birds, and sweet with the breath of the pine, the balm of Gilead, and the new hay; night bringing no gloom to the heart with its welcome shade, and the stars pouring down their almost spiritual rays, man, under them, a young child, and this huge globe a toy." A noble and beautiful world, the perfection of which he is constrained to respect. How wide! how rich! What invitation from every property it gives to every faculty of man! So it seems to us as we converse with it through the medium of the senses; but the moment the mind opens and reveals the laws which traverse the Universe, and make things what they are, then the great world shrinks at once into a mere illustration, or fable of the mind. Then come the questions, "What am I? and what really is?"—questions which the intellect is ever putting to the Sphinx, never to be answered; although it is through the intellect that a knowledge of nature and the powers and uses thereof can alone come. But there is something higher than this—a deeper and profounder faculty, whose awakening opens to man the portals of his divinest beauty.

"A more secret, sweet, and overpowering beauty appears to man when his heart and mind open to the

sentiment of *virtue*; then instantly he is instructed in what is above him. . . . *He thought*. He knows the sense of that grand word, though his analysis falls entirely to render account of it. When in loneliness, or when by intellectual perception he attains to say, *I love the right*; truth is beautiful within and without forevermore—*Virtue*, I am thine; save me, use me; then will I serve day and night, in great, in small, that I may be—not virtuous but *virtue*; then is the end of oration answered, and God is well pleased.

He then shows how immutable is virtue in the world, how evanescent is vice; how all things are on the good man's side, and give him arms, hands and feet, to win the battle; whilst everything shrinks from evil which is not absolute, but private—"like cold, which is but the privation of heat"; that the perception of this "law of laws," awakes in the mind a sentiment, which we call the religious sentiment, and which makes our highest happiness.

Such are the views which Emerson exhibits in his introduction to the discourse, and by which he intends to show that ideas, knowledge, virtue, and religion, are in the *soul*—that the external world is but the medium of the soul's development, and becomes at last, a mere "illustration and fable" of it.

Hence he does away with the notion of exclusive revelation, and of a God manifest in the flesh, as this expression is theologically understood; for he asserts that the soul *finds out* all things, and when it has awoke to the perception of the sublime idea of virtue, that it becomes bathed in an illimitable flood of light and glory, and is one with God. He takes away therefore all exclusive divinity from Jesus Christ—as the founder of the faith of Christians—and places all souls that love virtue and God in the same category with him. Thus he continues his address:

"Historical Christianity has fallen into the error that corrupts all attempts to communicate religion. As it appears to me, and as it has appeared for ages, it is not the doctrine of the soul, but an exaggeration of the personal, the positive, the ritual. It has dwelt, it dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus. . . . All who hear me feel that the language which describes Christ to Europe and America, is not the style of friendship and enthusiasm to a good and noble heart, but is appropriated, and formal—paints a demigod, as the Orientals and the Greeks would describe Osiris or Apollo. . . . That is always best, which gives me to myself. . . . That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen. . . . By his holy thoughts Jesus serves us, and thus only. To aim to convert a man by miracles, is a profanation of the soul. A true conversion, a true Christ is now, as always, to be made by the reception of beautiful sentiments."

He then speaks more directly to the students: "Let me admonish you, first of all, to go alone. . . . Yourself a new-born Bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity. Be to them a man. . . . Be to them thought and virtue; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend; let their trampled instincts be generally tempted out in your atmosphere; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered. By trusting your own soul, you shall gain a greater confidence in other men."

This address is remarkable as exhibiting the earnestness and enthusiasm with which Emerson threw himself into the new movement of Spiritual reform which had commenced with the little society of the "Likeminded" in Boston. There were other earnest men—men of learning and genius—and high and beautiful women too, who were connected with this Society—but none shone so conspicuously as Emerson, for none had his great gift of speech. He could translate his thoughts into rare English, as we have seen, and robe them with an eloquence which had never before been heard in America. Alcott, Thoreau, Channing, Brownson, Margaret Fuller, and Miss Peabody, were among the reform party—the dear, spiritual saints who were going to make a heaven upon earth; and all these persons were, more or less, people of note and fine gifts.

They established a periodical called "*The Dial*," which was the expositor of their views, and made Emerson the editor of it. This book contains papers of much merit, although the "Likeminded" differ from each other very widely upon some important particulars. There is a good deal of cant too, in the book, and a use of words in no English meaning. Emerson's contributions are far the most sensible and practical; although they are often tinged, as might have been expected, with a strange, mystic coloring. Mr. Alcott—of whom it behooves all who approach him to speak with the reverence due to his great, though much misunderstood, and ignorantly and often vulgarly abused mind and character—is one of the contributors to this periodical; and although he falls as a writer, there is stuff enough in him to float a whole fleet full of his detractors; and we will venture to assert, from a careful and critical estimate of him, that no such man has appeared among us since the days of Socrates. He must be heard, however, in his happiest moods, to be appreciated; and even then, they who sit in judgment upon him, should be competent to judge—which nearly all, who have hitherto spoken of him, have proved by their flippant and patronizing tone, that they were not.

We learn also from Emerson, that he is not only a fine suggestive talker, but a man of very rare insight.

"I think I could spare any of my friends sooner than Alcott; he always brings me new fire from the empyrean, and feeds me with a holy love. He has, too, a strange faculty of discovering the best books in a library, no matter in what language they are written, nor whether he knows the language or not." These are Mr. Emerson's words.

Among his friends, however, for the present, let us look at Emerson himself in the further light of an essayist, or intellectual and moral teacher. We have seen him as a propagandist, earnestly striving to get men to be true to themselves. We are now to see him as a spectator on his own account; as a thinker who has cut Christendom adrift from his thought, and like the ancient Pagan philosophers, has sought to live the "alone with the alone."

We have already spoken of his views upon responsibility, and upon rewards and punishments. He delights to penetrate the secrets of nature, and lay bare the laws of her government; and in the "Essay on Compensation" already treated of, he has done so, traversing the whole circle of the physical and moral world, and showing how all things are balanced and held together.

For materialism, as a gospel to man, he has the profoundest contempt. It is the dog theory, and will not prevail. It debases the soul, robs it of its glory, and strips the world of its poetry and beauty. It pits a man to the clay, and cuts his wings so

that he cannot soar even in imagination; it is falsehood; and every man's consciousness gives it back its own lie.

In his essay quaintly styled "The Over-soul," Emerson sets forth his spiritual theory in opposition to the dog theory of materialism.

"All goes to show that the soul is not an organ, but animated and exercises all the organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, or comparison—but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will—is the vast background of our being in which they lie; an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed. . . . When it breathes through the intellect it is genius; when it flows through the affection it is love. . . . We distinguish the announcements of the soul, its manifestations, and of its own nature by the term *revelation*. These are always attended by the motion of the sublime. It is an ebb of the individual rivulet before the flowing surges of the sea of life." Thus we see that Emerson is a Spiritualist in the profoundest signification of the term; and that if he teaches doctrines opposed to those of Christianity, as generally interpreted, he is faithful to the spirit of Christianity. He maintains that the soul is all; the originator of truth; and that Christianity itself is no more a revelation than any other truth is a revelation. He is no idolater; and looks upon persons as mere organs of spiritual manifestation. He does not believe in human gods, and has no knee for that worship; but in God as the great Unknown, unspeakable Being—upholding all things, guiding and controlling all things—he has the deepest faith. He goes, therefore, direct to him as the fountain of all light and truth, and will have no mediator. What God speaks to his soul, that he also speaks to men. There is no tradition in his writings; no heresy—but the message is delivered at first hand.

Hence the earnestness and enthusiasm which mark the whole of his first published essays and orations. And yet he has no system of thought and belief. He often contradicts himself, and the most opposite statements lie side by side in his pages. We are to reconcile them as we can. Neither is there any attempt made to reason out a position; it is all affirmation. He speaks with the authority of a prophet, and the license of a king; and we feel that what he says is true, and good for life and conduct.

He is at home in the highest and the lowest regions of thought. In his paper on "Love," he comes right to the solution of that profound mystery which the word love symbolizes; and it is certainly as fine a discourse as any to be found in Plato, in Plutarch, or Jeremy Taylor.

He has a word also to say about "Prudence," and "Friendship," and his essays on "Self-Reliance" and "Heroism" are two of the most vital contributions which have in late days been added to our literature.

Thomas Carlyle introduced these essays into England in collected form, with a characteristic preface, in the year, we think (but speak from memory) 1840, and they gained immediate popularity. Many subsequent editions were printed on all sides, and sold at one shilling per copy. And for a long time it was customary in England to swear not "by him who sleeps in Philæ"—the solemnest oath of the Egyptians—but by "him who lives at Concord!" In the meanwhile, Emerson was bringing fresh messages from the gods—"not in his sleep, I fancy," as Thomas Carlyle says—but in his widest waking hours. Among other compositions, he had written his completest and best, styled "Nature," which is a solution—so far as it is possible to solve it—of the mystery and meaning of the universe and of the human soul. This is the groundwork of it, being a passage from Plotinus: "Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul! Nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know." The treatise is wrought out under the following headings: "Commodity," "Beauty," "Language," "Discipline," "Idealism," "Spirit," "Prospects."

The length to which this article has already extended prevents us from making any analysis of this treatise, or any extracts from it. Nor is this necessary to our purpose; for it contains nothing new in *idea* which may not be found or deduced from the extracts already quoted. Emerson wrote this essay within the walls of the old manse at Concord, which was subsequently occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

We now approach a new epoch in the mind of Emerson, which, to all students and lovers of him, must be intensely interesting. It will be seen that up to this point he has been a spiritual and moral teacher, a propagandist of new truths, a priest, and an apostle. We have now to regard him in another light, viz., as a secular thinker. For in the second series of "Essays," published in 1844, he drops the prophetic mantle which he had previously assumed, and speaks upon men and the world in the language of a philosopher. He has passed out of the influence of the great solar system by which he had been first attracted—that system, we mean, which the souls of Plato, Proclus, Plotinus, Kant, Fichte and others mainly constituted, and instructed by the eloquence and wisdom of these mighty sons of God, he steps once more upon the solid earth, folds his fiery wings around him, and is content to deal with humanity in a lower sphere. He never abandons, however, the high, grand, and spiritual insight to which he has attained; but he does not again stand upon this ground, or use this insight exclusively. There is other ground besides the spiritual—the ground of intellect, morals, social life—and he will traverse this.

Hence the second volume of "Essays" treats of Experience, Character, Manners, Gifts, Politics; also with other themes of a higher kind—such as the Poet, Nature, Nominalist and Realist, etc.

The change in the tone and manner of these performances, compared with the previous ones, is very striking; and in an artistic sense they are much superior to them. It is beautiful and pleasant reading, this book of Essays, and the style is much freer, purer, and more idiomatic than that of his predecessor. We are indebted to Montaigne for this change in Emerson's style and mode of thought. It is clear that he has studied Montaigne—that he has to some extent adopted his skepticism—and become more catholic than he was wont to be. Not more liberal, perhaps, but more *sided*; calmer also, and freer from Hebraic enthusiasm. Let any one compare the admirable paper on Manners in the second, with that on Prudence in the first series of Essays, and he will see at once what we mean by these statements.

But the best books which he has published are the "Representative Men," and "English Traits." The

former exhibits a keen insight into human character, as well as fine powers of analysis; and we think the papers on Montaigne, Swedenborg and Napoleon, are the best of these portraits. The criticism of Montaigne is a fine piece of writing, full of graphic strokes and genial recognitions. They are all good, however, and it would be difficult to match them in our literature.

Emerson has been compared to Carlyle; but the difference between the two men is sufficiently wide and characteristic. Nor was it possible, except by a large stretch of imagination, to compare them at all as to manner and art, until the publication of the "Representative Men." Now, however, such a comparison may be fairly instituted, for we find them both in the same domain, and engaged in the same work. Biography is the forte of both, too; and neither has written so well as when engaged in this department.

We have no time to compare them in any lengthened detail; but if we take a glance at the Cagliostro of Carlyle, and the Napoleon of Emerson, we shall immediately see the likenesses and differences which exist between the two writers. Carlyle is a great artist—a great anatomist and physiologist, who lays bare, also, the motives and springs of action, as well as the action itself; and he follows his hero from the beginning to the end of his history, with a merciless fidelity, making him more and more distinct, more vivid and life-like, at every stroke of his pencil. He is a colorist, too; now wild and barbaric; now soft and sunny as a Claude landscape. He overlooks no feature of his subject, but gives us every one of them; until at last we feel that we have before us a true and faithful portrait.

Emerson deals very little in coloring, very little with the outer life of any of his heroes. Now and then we have a gleam of this sort, but it is incidental, and not a necessary part of the work. His method is to seize upon the idea which moved his subject, and to work from that outward. He gives us the result of his studies of human character, not the cold process of them. He knows the cause and the effect, and can trace the effect to the cause. In the paper on Napoleon we have no history of the man, properly so called, but we have his spiritual image; Napoleon unrolled from the flesh; Napoleon in ideas; and yet we feel that this also is a true portrait.

Leaving this attractive subject, however, let us now look at Emerson as a poet. Here again we trace the same characteristics which mark his prose compositions. A mystic spiritualism pervades them all; deep hidden meanings lie also at the bottom of them, no doubt, whether we can discover them all or not; for a man of Emerson's integrity does not write without meaning. He, in fact, interprets Nature for us by the hieroglyphical cyphers which he finds flaming in the chambers of his own soul. Nature is to him a great picture book of spiritual facts—a symbolical revelation for the soul to read; and he who has eyes can discern here and there how close the poet lies to the very heart of Nature. But his poems will never become popular. They are too mystical and refined, and deal too much in abstractions, to be generally read and appreciated. It is only the few rare spirits akin to his own that can love and understand them.

It is nevertheless a disgrace to our critical literature that no attempt has ever been made by the critics to come at their soundings; and the fact is significant, enough. The Sphynx, Monodino, Hermione, Intial, Delphic, and Celestial Love, are the most mystical in the book; and are crowded with meanings. Of the lyrical kind are the Humble Bee, Helen in the South, Good-by, Proud World, I'm going Home, To Eva, etc. Nor must we forget the beautiful Threnody, written on the death of the poet's son.

There is little attempt at melodious utterances in any of these poems; they are for the most part rude wood-notes, echoes of the forest and the prairie, and very often the rhythm is singularly deficient, as if in very defiance of the laws of art. And yet the lines often ring with music, or have a deep, soft, sweet undertone which is really charming. The poems, however, are all studies; and are not to be read in haste, for mere literary gratification, but for the high purposes of culture and life.

Emerson was born in Boston in 1803. He graduated at Harvard, and took his degree of A.B. in his eighteenth year, devoting himself thenceforth to theological study. He afterwards became a Unitarian minister; but growing too large for his congregation, he resigned his ministerial charge, and took to literature, as we have already seen and stated. He soon after made the tour of Europe, visiting many of the great men in England on his way, and amongst them, Thomas Carlyle. The latter visit laid the foundation of a long subsequent friendship and correspondence, the benefit of which the world has yet to receive. We have already seen how he passed his time in writing and lecturing, on his return to America; and we have endeavored to trace through his writings the progress of his mind during that period up to the year 1847, when he again visited England, by the special invitation of a large number of his friends and admirers, to deliver lectures at the Mechanics' and Literary Institutions of that country. He gave his first course in the Manchester Athenæum. Few people there present know what to make of these lectures. The manner of the lecturer, too, was to all appearance most eccentric. He mounted the rostrum in a free and careless manner; took his manuscript out of his pocket, and standing bolt upright, began to read as if he were a great overgrown schoolboy saying his task. There was no effort in his elocution; it was downright plain reading, and nothing more. Now and then his face lighted up, as with the Delphic fire, but it was a momentary ebullition, and the statue was itself again. When he had finished his discourse, he made his exit as abruptly as he had entered; and as he never stopped while he was reading to give time to the applause of his auditors, neither did he remain on the platform for a moment to receive it, when he had concluded. He subsequently lectured in most of the large towns in England; and in London he had for his audience some of the highest literary and scientific men, artists, and noblemen, which the country can boast of.

Emerson is married, and has one son and two daughters. He lives in Concord, Massachusetts, in a house on a farm of his own, within a short distance of the river.

In social life he is simple and unpretending; his manners are polished and pleasing, and he wins you as much by his silence as his courtly speech. He talks but little in mixed company—although his mind is always on the alert to arrest and welcome a new thought, or a new view of life whenever it turns up. It is only when he is alone with a friend, or congenial friends, perhaps, that you discover what manner of man he really is. Then he lights up his discourse with the lamps of the wise and good of all ages, and grows large and eloquent. But he is not a talker, like Carlyle, De Quincy, or Coleridge—a monologue, who holds you entranced by the hour together; on the contrary, he is slow of speech, and he

gets out his sentences in emphatic spasms. His reading we soon see is not only extensive and profound, but often of a very rare kind. He makes no display, however, and his learning is merely introduced to illustrate his thought.

He is not a warm, genial man; has no generous and social impulses; but warns you off from that "island" which he is, and which he knows so well how to guard. His "reverence for the intellect" makes him unjustly cold to the social relations"—although he says he trembles when he thinks of those "disparaging words" of his friends. But it is a true judgment, nevertheless; and puts both himself and his friends in a false position, when they meet. And yet he is always kind, hospitable, and a gentleman.

In personal appearance he is tall, and rather thin, with a long Yankee face—large, prominent nose—large head, and great compass of forehead. His eyes are clear and bright, and seem as if they were set under a sunbow of smiles; dark gray or blue eyes, in which there is a singular expression at times, when he is engaged in earnest speech, as if a spirit were speaking through them. The whole expression of his face is very fine, with the exception of the mouth, which, like that of every strong-souled man, is sensual. His hair is of a lightish brown, not clustered in curls, but "long, lank and brown," and lies careless athwart the forehead, or is thrown negligently over his royal head.

This paper, we well know, is not a biography of Emerson, although, perhaps, it is the only kind of biography which can at present be written of him.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimmed eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a trembling hand—"What time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall; I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows except myself, and if you live, you will, before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down on one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission, but, undaunted, we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of Seventy-Six, but they know little—neither can they imagine—the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative."

From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all the phases of fortune—now good and now ill, at one time victorious, at another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn cheeks as he was conversing with a confidential officer. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

One day—I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shined brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning, just after dark, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing steadily upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from the mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually, the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify; the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion."

Presently, I heard a voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!" while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dis-

appeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing, between Europe and America, the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. "Son of the Republic," said the same mysterious voice as before—"look and learn!"

At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid-air, between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean, in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying—"Son of the Republic, look and learn!"

I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say—"Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn!"

At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It drifted slowly and heavily over every village, town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light; on which was traced the word *Union*, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said—"Remember, ye are brethren!"

Instantly, the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying—"Son of the Republic, the second peril is past—look and learn!"

And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America, increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or as the sand on the sea shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn!"

At this, the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it upon Europe, Asia and Africa.

Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of those countries arose thick, black clouds, which soon joined into one; and throughout the mass gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, cities and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic—look and learn!"

When the voice ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long, fearful blast.

Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead shined the word *Union*, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!"

As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns, and cities, springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, erud in a loud voice to the inhabitants: "While the stars remain and the heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the word *Union*, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said "Amen."

The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had at first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said: "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon this Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his Land, and the *Union*!"

With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States. In *Union* she will have her strength, in *Disunion* her destruction!

Such, my friend, concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let them remember that in *Union* she has her strength, in *Disunion* her destruction."

A fine old German gentleman, just returned from a visit to Faderland, bringing with him his frau, met an old friend not many days since, and after some little conversation the old gentleman inserted the index finger of his right hand among the short ribs of his better half, who had, up to this time, taken no particular part in the conversation, but stood leaning against the counter communicating "mit" herself. Her lord and master accompanied the poke with the exclamation—"Petsy! Petsy!" "Vot you wants, Shon?" "I wants to introduce mine friend, Shabob Stump; the more you know him the better you gets acquainted mit him."

It is stated that the "census embraces seventeen millions of women." Who would n't hate to be the census? asks Pretence.

* The Essay was written previous to the publication of Mr. Emerson's last book—"The Conduct of Life." Mr. Phillips placed the manuscript of this Essay in our hands some two years ago, but up to this time circumstances have prevented its publication.—Eds.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THOUGHTS OF HOME.
To my Wife and Children.

BY REV. E. CARR, JR.

I'm far away in the stranger's land,
'Neath the stranger's roof to-night,
And my heart is weary with grief and pain,
With wrestling with this world's might.
Around my heart there comes a spell,
As I'm thinking dear, of thee,
Of darling Glady, and Kate and Nell,
My little children three.

I wonder to-night if you are all alone,
Or if some one is with you there;
If the children are fast asleep,
Or playing around your chair?
Has Glady some childish tale to tell,
And Katy some trick to play?
While the laughing eyes of little Nell,
Dance like the starlight's ray?

And every now and then, do they pause,
As a shade comes o'er their face,
With longing and impatient tones,
To ask mamma for me?
Dear little hearts, I cannot tell
When again I shall be with you,
To kiss your laughing cheeks and lips,
Like buds in the morning dew.

I almost wish, sometimes, I were
On the other side of the sea,
That rolls its waves on the shining shore,
Where the departed be.
And sometimes I think I see them come,
With bounding step to the silvery strand,
And wave their hands o'er the shivering air,
As if to hurry me o'er.

But, weary at my long delay,
They fade away in light,
While the shades of earth come gathering round,
To enfold me in deeper night.
And I wake again to think of you,
And my little children three,
And memory and love forbid the thought,
And say it must not be.

There are loved ones there that have gone before,
And I love them as none can know;
And I feel the thrill of their deep, deep love,
Through all my pulses flow.
I hear them speak in a whispered voice,
And the rustle of angels' wings
I softly hear, as I know them near,
Beams me from earthly things.

But my loved ones here I also love,
With a love that none can know;
And I cannot leave them orphans now,
In a world of grief and woe,
For their little feet that run to meet
My own, at the close of day,
Would falter and fall, and their cheeks grow pale,
As they fell by the weary way.

Mexico, N. Y., 1861.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Answering Sealed Letters.

Within the last year I have received, through Mr. J. V. Mansfield, eight or nine (I think) communications, purporting to come from the spirits of those who once dwelt on earth, and who, having passed through the change called death, declare themselves now dwelling in the spheres. My mode of procedure was this. I addressed a letter to some particular spirit, precisely as if writing to an absent person on earth. I put numerous and various questions which, with the view of making the tests as strong as possible, I would number as one, two, three, &c., and would require specific answers numbered like the questions. Enclosing my letter in an envelope, I used every means I could think of to render it impossible for this envelope to be opened and riddled without detection. Several of these letters I sealed in the ordinary way, and then covered the sealed surface with a piece of thick paper, fastened thereto with gum tragacanth so firmly, that on their return to me I could not myself open them otherwise than by slitting the opposite superscribed surface with scissors. In nearly all these cases I found the written paper adherent with the gum to the inside of the envelope, so that I necessarily tore it somewhat in getting it out—an irrefragable proof that they had not been tampered with while away from me. The sum of the matter was, that both these and the whole residue of the eight or nine letters addressed by me to the spirits came back to me in precisely the condition they went from me. I could have staked my life on their having never been opened. Two or three, moreover, of the rankest unbelievers in spirit manifestations, on examining these letters, expressed their unqualified belief that they had not and could not have been opened. But what then?

This: To each of these letters I received a reply (usually of considerable length) following the course, my letter had taken, touching on all or most of the topics I had treated, especially giving numbered answers in regular sequence to each of my numbered queries. Sometimes a single one of my letters contained twelve or more of these numbered questions, and the eight or nine letters of mine comprised together a large sum of inquiries. But (as I have intimated) nearly all of these were answered in the order they were put, and where an answer was withheld, a reason was assigned, showing the question to have been noticed and considered. In short, to these many letters of mine, I received responses just such as such letters might have received from a mortal friend at a distance. Whoever dictated these responses must have gone carefully over my letters and framed the responses with such letters before them the while, or else daguerreotypied perfectly on the memory. Now who was it that read and answered my sealed letters, line by line, question by question? Did Mr. Mansfield read them, clairvoyantly, and then respond to them?

A multitude of reasons might be given why this was impossible, but one will, for the present, suffice. In one of these spirit answers, a passage in my life of quite unusual character, was alluded to and dwelt on at some length and with considerable minuteness. It was an aggregate of events which occurred several years ago, which was not touched upon or referred to in my letter, was not in my mind while writing, and had not been in my mind for years, to my knowledge. Still further: only two persons on earth, besides myself, were privy to it, and both these persons were hundreds of miles distant at the time. And, finally, I never spoke to Mr. Mansfield in my life, and never saw him but once, and that across a public hall, and should, therefore, probably not know him if I met him; so that I never could have recounted the matters in question to him. If, then, Mr. M. could be supposed to read, per clairvoyance, what was actually in my letters, and to fabricate appropriate replies, how would you explain his calling up and dilating upon long past incidents not referred to therein?

I think I have said enough to show to those who feel an interest in Spiritualism, that in Mr. Mansfield they may find a medium from whom they may derive most valuable aid in their investigations. I forbear saying more at present, as remarks of mine on the same topic will probably appear at no distant day, in a different shape and at greater length.

Respectfully, D. H. BARLOW.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Correspondence.

Is Spiritualism Dying Out?

I have read with much gratification and pleasure, Messrs. Editors, the able discussions of the Spiritual Conference reported through your valuable paper, and especially has the late question—"Is Spiritualism dying out?"—awakened within me such an interest that I am prompted by the internal workings of my own feelings to respond in behalf of our section of the country.

Never has any moral reform, since the apostolic age, met with the same determined and virulent opposition. Spiritualism has; the vilest and most opprobrious epithets, vituperation and calumny have been lavished upon this heaven-born truth, designed to redeem and save our race from that fearful moral degradation and ruin in which ignorance, superstition and bigotry had well nigh plunged us. We hall, with demonstrations of joy, a salutary change in the mode of warfare, or tactics of our enemies. Finding that there was nothing so heinous in the doctrines and principles inculcated by the new philosophy, many long since have been constrained, to exclaim: Why I there is, after all, nothing so bad in this new doctrine springing up amongst us, as we had anticipated; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and minister unto the sick and needy everywhere, is inculcated by its advocates. Church members, and even ministers, who, a little time ago, were first and foremost in their condemnation and abuse, are many of them now disposed to come and commune with the swift-winged messengers of the upper spheres.

Now, but a few days since a venerable divine, whose looks have been whitened by the frosts of over seventy winters, sat inquiringly by my side in interrogating the spirits, asking for that medical aid and advice of a spirit doctor he had vainly sought to obtain from earthly friends.

No; "Spiritualism is not dying out" in this section, where it early made its appearance. That much that does not belong to it has been swept away, and now only remembered in the past, is true; but Spiritualism, pure and unadulterated, as taught by the angels of the New Dispensation, is too deeply rooted and grounded in our midst to soon die out, especially when watered by the distilling dews of heaven, and peacefully and gently falling around us, will flourish and continue to grow heavenward.

We have recently been blessed with the labors of Dr. Mayhew, who called and gave us four lectures, on his western tour, this season. A more able and eloquent advocate of Spiritualism is not in the field. Thousands who have as yet never heard this champion of spiritual truth, would well to seek an early opportunity to listen to the words of inspired wisdom as they fall from his lips. With such speakers our cause will never die out.

Miss Libbie Lowe, also, has of late been in our midst; and whom to hear, is to love and venerate the truth as it flows pure and unadulterated from angel minds.

We are anticipating calls from other favorite speakers, while in the meantime we are conducting a newly organized school, or institution for moral and intellectual instruction, which meets regularly every Sunday morning in our Spiritual Hall. Short and practical lectures on Physiology, Botany, History, Vocal Music, &c., &c., are given by competent persons; and with a constantly increased attendance of pupils and spectators, now nearly filling our spacious edifice with their bright faces and cheerful smiles, we are encouraged to go on, and while success thus crowns our labors, we repeat, "Spiritualism is not dying out" in this green spot, daily visited by angel messengers.

In this connection we will mention one thing that has had a detrimental influence in many places in this part of the country in retarding the onward march of our soul inspiring philosophy, and that is a lack of organization.

In some small towns and villages, at first, leading Spiritualists took an active part, and by dint of energy and perseverance succeeded for years in keeping up an interest, and sustaining speakers from their own pockets when other means failed, and went on swimmingly, till in many instances it proved to be a thankless task upon the few, and after years of labor, toil and anxiety, spending their energy and means in a cause they dearly love, have retired, sick and disheartened at the apathy and indifference of others; and for the want of some proper organization, calculated to secure concert of action and promote harmony, meetings are not kept up, and in many places the cause has the appearance of dying, when to-day there are hundreds of believers in spiritual communion, where there were ten a few years ago.

It is to be most devoutly hoped that some step will soon be taken by the leading minds among us to establish some general plan of organization, by which the thousands, yea, millions of Spiritualists in America can act more in concert, and meet with increased success in establishing Spiritualism upon a foundation against which the storms of Orthodox wrath cannot prevail. Hoping and watching for some such movement for the few past years, I now rejoice in the fact that the subject of organization is coming more prominently before the people. With it we can prosper, and without it our cause must, in many sections, languish and suffer.

Order is the first great law of nature, and without organization there can be no order. I do not mean by organization to shackle the soul with creeds, or to trammel our aspirations with such dogmatical restrictions, as many fancy must be inevitably connected with organization. Let us be free to think, believe, and act in the proper direction, as the unfettered spirits floating at will through the unbounded spheres of their own happy home, and to secure this, give us something around which we may rally as one man, and be found beneath the ample folds of our broad floating banner. A. HARLOW, M. D.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Aug. 12, 1861.

Lecturing Tour of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller.

Mrs. Miller and myself canvassed a great part of the "Western Reserve" during April and May. Although through the former month the travelling was exceedingly bad, and the public mind, in toto, roused to the highest pitch of war excitement, yet we made, on the whole, a tour of efforts which was characterized by indications of the best results. In almost every town we visited. Though but a small pecuniary compensation was afforded us, we enjoyed the whole-souled hospitality of many devoted co-workers, who lent us sympathy, kind counsel and invigorating influence, which are so genial and salutary to the over-taxed, care-worn itinerant medium and world's preacher.

Many times during the trip we were called upon to address volunteers (on various occasions), when their friends would rush together by hundreds, and even thousands, to listen to the farewell addresses to those ready for the battle-field, or the soul-thrilling

appeal which would call every one to a due consideration of the duty devolving upon him as an American citizen.

On several occasions, while Mrs. M. was speaking, whole assemblies, as it were, poured out their flood of tears to think that a "Rebellion" had broken out in this land of light and liberty, which called for the patriotic action of the noblest men of our country—the flower of the land—whose blood, perchance, was to drench the soil of their nativity, which they went forth to defend.

At Cherry Valley we were cared for by the parents and brother and sister of Mrs. S. E. Warner. After basking in the warm, sunny rays of their congeniality and pure benevolence, no one can wonder that Mrs. Warner is endowed with the ability she manifests and the philanthropic efforts she makes in behalf of humankind. These friends have long been practical reformers, and a theory which cannot be profitably reduced to practice, receives no encouragement from them. With their blessings, combined with those of other friends here, upon our heads, (and in our pockets,) we sped on our way home to finish our engagements there for the present.

Our local and permanent engagements are all completed; and again we have engagements through Pennsylvania and New York. We have been and are laboring, principally, in the pioneer fields. After our present engagements are filled, we are to turn our faces westward, through Northern Ohio to Michigan for next winter. Friends desiring our services, can address at our places of appointment or permanently at Conneaut, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox.

At Penn Lino and Linesville, Pa., yesterday, we had crowded houses of attentive hearers. Dr. J. T. Aiken, Spiritual Magnetic Physician, of Linesville, is constantly employed in healing, and is giving good satisfaction among all classes.

Yours in the eternal brotherhood,
July 22d, 1861. H. M. MILLER.

Farming Corporations.

Messrs. Editors:—Believing that the following letter, which I have just received, contains some practical suggestions that may be of use to the people of this State, I send it to you for publication. Though I cannot regard the soil of Massachusetts as being, even in any tolerable degree, adapted to the farming interest, yet it is our home, and has the advantages that are the results of the industry and enterprise of two centuries. There are millions on millions of uncultivated acres in the West, of deep rich soil well adapted to farming interests, and to this western country all the advantages of civilization are available. A. B. CHIN.

North Easton, Mass., August, 1861.

DR. CHIN.—Dear Sir: I find an article in the BANNER OF LIGHT, which interests me very much, upon Farming Corporations, of which I suppose you are the author.

This very subject I have thought upon for many years, and have long been looking for some leader in the work, and I hope the day has arrived when the people are to be led out of the present condition of forced labor upon one part, and idleness upon another part of mankind. Every one knows, who has ever thought upon the subject, that the present mode of doing business must enslave mankind more and more. Millions are multiplying on one hand, and poverty on the other.

The wealthy can do business upon a large scale with the aid of machinery, with half the laborers that usually used to be employed in the same business. Farming is to be done principally by machinery, and is even now to some extent. Therefore the land belonging to the rich man, and the machinery to work it, will be theirs also, and the great question is, with the laboring community, how shall we compete with the rich men in getting our share of a decent living? I see no other way at present but to form Farming and Mechanical Corporations. Let the laboring men put together their mites, their skill and labor, and the rich men will find their match.

All now wanting is good and faithful leaders in the great reform, and the world will in time (not far distant) be saved from the fear of starvation, which now is the block to the wheel of future and higher progress in happiness.

I see that your plan is to go West for this purpose. In forming communities and operating them, I presume the Western country would be the best. But in my opinion, corporations would succeed best in old New England. My ideal of it is this: In and around most any of our New England villages there are any quantity of what is called unproductive or unimproved land, which the owners pay but very little tax upon, on account of its unproductiveness. Their land is, in reality, as good as the most of other cleared lands. It only wants labor to make it so.

Suppose the Legislature next winter should grant the privilege to the owners of these lands to operate upon them in a corporate capacity—each one to appraise his land at the present market value, and receive the amount for the same in corporation scrip—in other words, certificates of shares? Let these lands be taken in parcels, from one quarter of an acre to one hundred acres, situated within a circle of two miles around the centre of the village. Of course land of all grades would be thrown in, and therefore would require many laborers to subdue them. But, I presume, not much more than would require to clear out West. But this, in my view, is the main thing, after all, to set people to work, in some useful industry, at least a few hours every day.

The next thing is, how and when shall the Corporation get laborers and pay them for their labor?

These pieces of land being situated in and around the village, are easy of access to and from the village, and to the laborers residing there. Our villages at this time are well stocked with idle men, women and children, many of them of noble minds, but narrowed up by the fear of coming to want. These laborers would, I have not the least doubt, if the subject could be laid before them, enter into this enterprise, take stock in the Corporation, and pay for it in labor, if they have nothing else to pay. These laborers living in the village, in many instances, in their own houses, would find it about the life they desire to live, to walk or ride to their pieces of land and labor a few hours every day, and return to their village homes and labor the remainder of the day in their own gardens or at some mechanical business.

Let these several pieces of land be appropriated to various uses, each piece to be managed to the best skill of some one laborer, thereby throwing some responsibility upon him or her for faithful management, and as farming can be divided into many branches, all can be tolerably well suited to their tastes. The wages of the various laborers must be proportioned to the amount of labor required, and also skill, but in all cases should be paid off in farm produce, stock shares, and anything which the Corporation manufactures or raises or exchanges its products for. No promise to pay in money should ever be made, as the Corporation will not manufacture such cursed goods. Let the centre of the corporate business be in the village, their counting-room, store-house, stables, granary, &c., be there; let every manager of every lot of land report himself to that place every day, and the amount of labor done under him on his lot of land.

The advantage of starting this in New England will be that our roads are all built, our houses are all built, our schoolhouses are all built, our churches are all built, and the Corporation would have but very little outlay to make, excepting in the rough land; and as this enterprise would not stop at farming, it would soon branch out into all kinds of manufacturing and mechanical arts, thereby affording employment, a few hours per day, for every man, woman and child in the village, who is capable of performing labor.

I am heartily glad that you have branched the subject of Farming Corporations. I hope others will be induced to enter upon the enterprise. Let a few well informed men or women pass through New England this fall and winter, and present some plan, the best that can be thought of, and make a beginning, even if on a small scale. I am well satisfied that the present condition of mankind demands it. I should certainly engage in it if a Corporation should locate itself within a few miles of my residence. I am not competent to write out my own ideas in a manner that may be seen in full, but have done the best I can at this time.

Yours, for the bettering of mankind,
S. SUMRIN.

Notes from the West.

A few notes from an itinerant may not be uninteresting to your readers, dear BANNER, nor unimportant to spiritual reform. It is gratifying, at all times, to know how our cause progresses in different parts of the country, and especially in such times of national and political excitement as these.

Our Grove Meeting at Brushy Prairie, Ind., June 15th and 16th, was a complete success. Bro. J. T. Rouse was there. His home is Vandalia, Mich.; and though physically blind, he is one of the best lecturers we have in the field, and gave us a couple of lectures at Brushy, that are seldom surpassed in point of penetration and eloquence. The audience was large and appreciative, and all went away feeling "it was good that they were there." The Spiritualists of that place have a fine church, built at their own expense, the doors of which are open to all. Lecturers passing that way would do well to stop. Address D. J. Huntsman, Mongomaqua, La Grange county, Ind., to secure an engagement.

The meeting at South Kirtland, Ohio, June 22nd and 23rd, held in one of "God's first temples," was well attended. Mrs. C. M. Stowe and E. Whipple were there, with their hearts and souls brim full of spiritual truths. Mrs. Stowe is a trance-speaker, extensively known in the West, and popular with all. She speaks in a clear and attractive manner, and sends truths home to the hearts and heads of her hearers, with a style and force not easily forgotten. Mr. Whipple bids fair to become a good speaker. His metaphysical and spiritual discourses attract admiration among the spiritually minded, and among such will secure him an enviable popularity. The lack of a scientific education is the great want of most of our young men, and especially new speakers; but men are demanding that quality of mind, and the future will reap the rich rewards the great present is distributing. Young, as well as old, must study. The age demands close thought—demands science—and will be satisfied with nothing less. Speakers wishing to secure an appointment here will write to E. R. Kingsley, South Kirtland, Lake county, Ohio.

At Farmington, Ohio, we had a meeting all will remember with pleasure. A. B. French, O. L. Sutcliffe, A. G. Leland, E. Whipple, and others, were speakers. Mr. French is well known in Ohio as an able exponent of the Harmonical Philosophy. Mr. Sutcliffe, one of the pioneers of spiritual reform in this part of the country, is gladly welcomed in the field again, and his words sound as familiar as, when a school-boy, I used to hear him talk, when every word seemed to leap from a soul on fire. A. G. Leland is a young man of marked ability, and gives promise of undoubted success as a speaker. Lecturers calling here, may address S. S. French, as above.

At Middlebury, Ohio, I met many old friends, whose dear remembered faces seemed daguerreotypied on my heart. Middlebury is a home to a wanderer—almost like the promised Canaan—where one can pleasantly while away a few days in rest. To secure engagements here, address S. L. Tinker, whose home is always pleasant.

Spiritualism in Northampton is little known, yet one is sure of an audience there. At Hudson, Spiritualism is as good as over; but Free-love has cutaneously "switched" it from the main track. It is to be hoped it will get on again.

The Grove meeting at Conneaut, O., July 18th and 14th, was well attended. I spoke both days alone. The friends here are few in number, but earnest and reliable. Mrs. H. M. Miller resides here. She is highly spoken of as a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred topics. I understand she is to spend most of the Winter in the East, and I bespeak for her success. She is an amiable woman, and an interesting and attractive speaker. Speakers visiting this place can write to E. J. Bonney.

At North Newbury, Geauga Co., Ohio, July 20th and 21st, the speakers were Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Mrs. Cowles, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Stoddard, H. L. Clark and others. Mrs. Cowles is an earnest speaker, and it is to be regretted she is not more extensively known. Mrs. Shaw's speech was full of vividness and pathos, and Mr. Clark's lecture on the Signs of the Times, was beyond all praise, being one of the grandest efforts it has been my good fortune to listen to during this national excitement. The audience was variously estimated at from one thousand to one thousand five hundred. Speakers wishing to stop here can address H. Smith, as above.

At Euclid, the attendance was small on account of bad weather, yet the meeting went off pleasantly. The friends here seem to be in earnest. The present speaks well for the progress of Spiritual reform.

Yours fraternally, S. PHELPS LELAND.

Prospect Mountain, Aug. 3d, 1861.

Dr. E. L. Lyon in Western New York.

Permit me, dear BANNER, to inform the public through your columns, of the doings of Dr. E. L. Lyon, of Lowell, Mass. On the first of July, he called on me, an entire stranger in this section, except what little knowledge we had of him through the press. On the following Sunday we gave him a hearing in our little hall, and he gave us one of the best lectures we have had in a long time. He dealt largely in historical facts in reference to the origin of the Bible and Christianity. We were so pleased with his lecture, we engaged him to speak again on the following Sunday, and the result was, we were equally satisfied as with his first.

He was then invited to a place eight miles east of us, called Cicero, where he talked to a large and intelligent audience. From thence he went to a place called Brewerton, some four miles north, where he gave several evening lectures, and was, as report says, well received. From there he went still further north some ten miles, to a place called Hastings, where he gave them a lecture on Sunday.

In the meantime, while the Doctor was perambulating about this vicinity, the friends in this neighborhood concluded to get up a Grove Meeting, to come off on the 4th of August. Accordingly we made all necessary preparations, and by the kindness and courtesy of our friend, A. J. Kinnear, we were permitted to occupy his beautiful woods, for which we tender our sincere thanks.

This morning, all things being in readiness, the people began to congregate; and by half past ten, the woods were well filled with an intelligent and attentive audience. There was no disturbance through

the whole day, but all was harmony, quietude. The Doctor gave us one of his substantial lectures, dealing out facts with an unsparring hand. Subject for forenoon discourse, "Inspiration." The subject of the afternoon lecture was "Man; the greatest study of mankind is man." The philosophy of our physical and spiritual being was most beautifully portrayed.

Heaven was propitious, and gave us a beautiful day, although the distant thunder brought tidings that the clouds were shedding copious tears in other localities. At the close of the meeting, the Doctor was invited to a small town some twenty miles east of us, where he and his lady will make it their headquarters until after the Convention in Oswego. Their communications should be addressed to Manlius Station, Oneonta County, N. Y., care of Miss E. C. Tallmadge.

The Doctor is undecided at present as to his whereabouts after the Convention, but will endeavor to keep the BANNER posted. Thine in haste, ORRIS BARNES.

Clay, N. Y., August 4, 1861.

A New Spiritual Church.

I have long been waiting, watching, and at last wondering why some one has not written you, dear BANNER, about the dedication of the new meeting-house in Somers, Conn., June 26th, built by brother Calvin Hall, for the use of the Spiritualists, and all who are wishing and seeking to know the truth. I, with a goodly number of friends of progress from Springfield, was present, and I can truly say that a better meeting I never enjoyed. The day was fine, and we had every blessing we could desire. The house was filled by an attentive audience of all stages of development, from avowed sinners to the sinless Shakers. There were familiar faces, separated by many years of absence, brought together by the glorious light of Spiritualism, from all the adjacent towns; and our good Bro. Burnham from Wilimantic—how gladly I gave him a hearty shake of the hand, and thought of the days long passed, when I was teacher and he scholar. We had a powerful choir, whose music thrilled our very hearts with joy, and these sentiments,

"Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies,"

were not thought of; but we felt that it was a little foretaste of the music of Heaven. We had three very able speakers. The morning lecture by Mrs. Middlebrook, was eloquent, sound and sublime. She said—"We have not come here to dedicate this house to God—it was his long ago—even when the trees were in the forest; but we come to dedicate it to humanity." In the afternoon we were instructed by a logical and excellent discourse from Mrs. Ostrander. And in the evening, last but not least, we harkened to the kind, sweet words of love, through Miss Susan M. Johnson, who spoke beautifully and touchingly respecting the building of the house by our good Bro. Hall. It was enough to do any one good, to see the good old farmer, realizing more than compensation for all his labors, by one such audience. But to be applauded by angels! what a glorious reward. And as they showered blessings upon his venerable head, tears of joy and gladness coursed down his cheeks. God bless him! and may he live to see a great harvest of souls from this noble deed.

The exercises closed, we parted with a hearty "good-bye," and returned to our homes happier and better for that day's experience, which will long be remembered. Yours, E. S. SHAMANS.

Springfield, Aug. 4, 1861.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

It may not be uninteresting to the numerous readers of the BANNER to hear something from the Northwest.

We left Raleigh, N. C., about the 15th of March, and arrived in this city March the 21st. Our first lecture was a reply to a discourse preached by Rev. Mr. Adrian, of the Advent Church. We have spoken twice to the friends of Lake City, who appeared to enjoy the lectures.

We have quite a number of Spiritualists in and around Lake City, who have principally emigrated from the East to this delightful country. Persons wishing homes in the Northwest would do well to look at Lake City and the lands in Wabasha county. The best of land can be bought for two and a half dollars per acre, which will produce from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat per acre. Lots in Lake City can be had on terms too suit emigrants. "The country is perfectly healthy." Eye hath not seen nor ear heard of any place in America that excels Lake City in surrounding attractiveness and scenery.

The friends of Spiritualism in Minnesota, are speaking of calling a Convention. We have just received letters from two of our lecturers in this State, A. W. Curtiss and Sanford Miles, stating that Spiritualists were numerous in their section of the State. Elder Davis, a trophy from the theological rostrum, is to lecture for us next Sunday evening. These facts in relation to Spiritualists in Minnesota, speak of the success of lecturers—living and dead, of mediums who called us to seats around tables in the cities and villages of older States, for the most of us obtained this immortal "jewel"—this fond hope that never—no, never dies in the land from whence we came. J. P. NEVILL.

Lake City, Minn., July 30th, 1861.

The Brain and Heart.

With your permission, Messrs. Editors, I would like to present the following question for the consideration of your numerous patrons and correspondents:

That the heart is the seat of all animal life, from the smallest insect to man, and that the animal ceases to be whenever its pulsations are stopped, is abundantly evident. That the brain is also the seat or home of the intellect, is equally evident, and its possessor is said to be wise or foolish; good or bad, in proportion to its amount and quality. Disarrange or remove the higher portions, and all traits of manhood are gone or suspended, and the Clay or Webster, Seward or Sumner, is reduced to the level of the animal.

Now the question I would ask is this: Are not the brain and heart each life centres, representing the positive and negative, the voluntary and involuntary, the intellectual and animal, the male and female principle; and while the man and woman and all below them in pairs are reproducing the animal, is not the same principle operating through the brain and heart of the individual, and reproducing the intellectual, or spiritual, and who are our successors and heirs to whatever intellectual treasures we may have acquired during a long or short life, as the case may be—in fact, ourselves reproduced in a higher and more perfect form? J. T.

Westfield, N. Y., July 31st, 1861.

Eleven launches carrying heavy guns for use on the Potomac have been sent from Boston.

DAILY ROUND THE BANNER.

BY WM. M. ROBINSON.

March on, to fields of battle—
O'er your country's call—
Ye sons of hardy freedom—
Be heroes, one and all;
And when you meet in combat,
Let every man feel
The strength of loyal purpose,
At point of Northern steel!

Chorus—Then rally round the banner,
By heroes' heart-blood dyed—
The stars-spangled emblem
Of Freedom's hope and pride!

Remember lips that kissed you—
The bosoms you have pressed,
And know your deeds of valor
Will swell each loving breast.
How parents' eyes will glisten,
How wives' fond hearts will beat,
When patriot arms shall triumph
And rebel hordes retreat!

Think of your comrades murdered
By treach'rous steel and shell!
Think how the brave young Warren
And Lamb and Venable fell!
Think of the hero Ellsworth,
Brought low by traitor shot;
And teach us that their murder
Shall never be forgot.

And think, too, of the martyrs,
Who shed their blood like rain
To raise our noble banner
O'er many a battle-plain!
Oh, teach us that their purpose,
The past has made sublime,
Shall still live on in earnest,
Throughout all future time!

Chorus—Then rally round the banner,
By heroes' heart-blood dyed—
The stars-spangled emblem
Of Freedom's hope and pride!

This Fall.

It is believed that the disbursement of the immense amounts of money, almost exclusively in the Northern States, that have been borrowed by the government for the purposes of war, will tend to give us a lively cash trade this Fall, and put thousands in possession of means which they would otherwise lack. We do not, indeed, see why this will not be so. The government has been authorized to borrow five hundred millions of money; some of that money will, of course, be spent abroad for arms, but the bulk of it will go to the soldiers, the mechanics, the artisans, and the traders, large and small, whose necessities will require them to scatter the money thus repaid among others who stand ready to supply them. In this way we shall all of us soon find that activity has commenced again, and business is at our doors. We need not, any of us, be despondent; though misery is bad enough in itself, it is only aggravated when we wrap around us the needless insignia of mourning. Let us bear up awhile longer; these things are ordered, and ordered wisely. Out of this black cloud we shall certainly emerge into full day.

They See It Now.

We are instructed, on reading our political daily papers, to see with what reluctance and hesitation they begin to admit the coming of the great changes in State, which we have prophesied and discussed so long. But they begin to do it, and that is the first part of the fulfillment. Here and there, they talk of the probable breaking up of all parties on their old basis, and a complete reconstruction after other principles. A journal like the New York Herald almost daily utters predictions, and in the most emphatic manner possible, that, only a little year ago, would have been received by the leaders in political movements with sneers and ridicule. The change has been taking place for years, only it did not fall to dull and sordid perceptions to detect it. Its progress, at its culmination, has become so rapid, however, that now it may be observed "with the naked eye," by any one. We are certainly to undergo some marked and critical transformations; but they will only prove a wholesome test of the strength of free institutions. We shall go forward. By this sign—which we may all read in the heavens—we shall conquer all evil, God helping us.

Persecution.

The following is an extract from a letter of a lady subscriber, requesting us to stop the paper sent to her, and forward it for the remainder of the term due to a friend. Such conduct on the part of a husband toward the sharer of his joys and sorrows, cannot meet with too stern a rebuke. Perhaps the time will sometime come, however, when woman will be man's equal, and not his slave.

"I have been receiving your paper at _____ since last May, and supposed at a change of place of residence I could still receive the BANNER. But my husband is a strong opponent to Spiritualism, and the other day, learning I was a subscriber, he immediately burned up those I had by me, reminding me that others would share a like fate. The carrier of my family had prevented my reading those; the others I had sent to a friend—an old lady—to whom I wish the remainder of the year's copies directed.

When the iron band of persecution is stayed, then, perhaps, I may be able to again peruse its columns. But few would suppose that in an age like this, in a country of its boasted rights and privileges as ours, man would think to enslave the mind of woman and cramp her soul to his own narrow sphere of vision.

I trust the time will come when her rights will be acknowledged, when she shall be free to choose her own religion, and her intuitions held as sacred as is the wisdom of man supreme."

The Prince's Errand.

There is much surmising relative to Prince Napoleon's visit here, at this juncture of affairs; some declaring that he is merely looking about for himself, like any other gentleman, where there is a likelihood of a good deal being seen, while others profess to see in his visit the astuteness of the Emperor, who desires, without doubt, to obtain the most intelligible and reliable information he can about our internal relations, and especially about the status of the "Southern Confederacy." So the Prince went as far as Manassas, where he reviewed half a dozen thousands of the choicest troops Beauregard could bring into line for him, but to a polite pressure to push his personal investigations further on, even to Richmond itself, the "new Rome" of the present disturbed day, he offered as polite and persistent refusal. He keeps his own mind on the subject of his visit, and it is said he knows how to do it, too, better than the majority of his brother Gauls.

A Card.

Editor of Banner of Light:
Sir:—As some of your readers and my correspondents seem to be under the mistaken impression that I am still in some way connected with and responsible for the management of your paper, please allow me to state that my late brief connection with the BANNER as Special Contributor, was terminated some time since, for reasons beyond my control. Respectfully yours,
Boston, Aug. 23, 1861. A. E. NEWTON.

Attempt to Place a Spiritualist under Guardianship.

We copy the following account from the Boston Herald of the 16th inst., that paper echoing the voice of the people more than any other we know of. This was a case where there is room for much comment concerning the conduct of some of the repulsive relations of Mr. Glover, who cared much less for his health, happiness and belief, than they did to obtain possession of his property. Mr. Glover, the persecuted, is an estimable gentleman, beloved by all his friends and neighbors, and one of the most philanthropic spirits in the town of Quincy, yet careful and cautious in his business relations as any man need be; and these circumstances made more dastardly the attempt to deprive him of his property while lying weak and helpless on a sick bed.

On the 23d ult., a petition was filed in the Probate Court for Norfolk County, by Theo. R. Glover, of Hingham, for the appointment of a guardian over John J. Glover, of Quincy, who was alleged to be insane, and incapable of managing his property, amounting to \$100,000 or \$150,000.

John J. Glover, who is a single man, was at that time sick at his mother's house in Quincy, from the effects of a sunstroke and under the care of several spiritualist doctors. It was talked about among the neighbors that the Spiritualists were exercising an undue influence over him, and acting upon these reports, the petitioner, a cousin, commenced these proceedings. In the meantime, John J. Glover recovered his health, and yesterday, when the case came up before Judge White, at Roxbury, he appeared with some thirty witnesses, to show his sanity. The petitioner did not appear, and proceedings were dropped.

Mr. Durant, counsel for the respondent, asked that the costs for witnesses be imposed upon the petitioner. The Judge said there was no doubt of the power to make him pay the costs, and directed that a bill of them be made out and presented for approval at the next session of the Court.

New Publications.

We at length have a great desideratum supplied in the new serial, "The Southern Rebellion and the War for the Union. A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and a 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 important documents, extracts from remarkable speeches, &c., &c." in weekly parts, large 8vo., at 10 cents per number. This most admirable work it gives us great pleasure to announce to our readers' attention. It is very comprehensive in its plan, and is, beyond doubt, one of the most enticing books to read, as well as one of the most valuable to preserve, of any work yet offered to the public on its all important subject. The first number embraces a history of all former conspiracies against the government—a full digest of the last National census—the full vote for President in 1860, and other interesting matter. We trust the great enterprise will receive the consideration it so richly deserves at the hands of every intelligent citizen of the United States. It is for sale by all news-dealers, as it issues in weekly numbers. Subscribers sending \$1 to Fred'k Gorham, (post box 4001) New York City, will receive, post paid, ten weekly numbers. This valuable work should have an agent in every town or county. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston, are agents for this publication.

THE ATLANTIC for September, is as full as ever of good things. We have not time to dissect them this month, all are so entertaining. Not satisfied with securing the best talent of the new world, its publishers have extended their ambition over the old continent, and the pen of Martineau and others adds new merit to its pages.

A Bit Superstitions.

The last use a professing Christian would think it good to put a Bible to, above all other books written or printed, is the stopping of bullets. As well might it have been urged on Tom Sayers—if the rules of the ring allowed it—to place a copy of the Holy Scriptures around his countenance, whereby he might "stop" the blows of Heenan. There is such a thing as being a little superstitious. Protestant Yankees affect to laugh at Roman Catholics for the worship of images and relics and other like objects, but do not see with what a blind zeal they go into the worship of the Bible, pretending that every copy of the same is, by some mystery, made preternaturally holy, even as they think every word of it is preternaturally inspired. *Alas!* to carry out their superstition, they quote with an air of triumph instances in which the placing of a Bible in the left breast pocket saved the life of one and another—as if, as somebody says, a pack of cards would not have performed the office just as well; besides keeping down the risings of a superstitious tendency. We forget; it will not do for any of us to think we are quite free from those faults or weaknesses with which we charge our brethren.

Correction.

On associated farming, in last week's Banner, your type made me say there shall be a treasurer. Please say no treasurer instead, and you will oblige, as I have seen too much running away of treasurers with people's money to ever entertain the idea of recommending depositing money in any person's hands.
Yours, WM. BAINSWORTH,
Madison, Ind., Aug. 19, 1861.

The Wildlife Club.

Have you read the "Wildlife Club" by Miss Harding? I have, and think the tales as much above the average tales of the day, as "Stuart's Washington" is above the "Washingtons" that hang from the sign posts of our country taverns. PAUL PRY.

To Correspondents.

VINDEX—Ever welcome, no matter what your name is.
Mrs. C. A. F., PHILADELPHIA.—Let us hear from you concerning matters in the city of "Brotherly Love," as often as you please to write.
R. P. ANDLER.—Wherever you are, please let us know your address. We have a letter for you sent to our care, from a friend of yours, which he says is of immediate importance.
T. O. WESTWORTH, APPLETON.—There is much truth in your remarks; but it is impossible for us to put them in print, for the present at least, as we are completely over-run with just such matter.

A. B. WHITING, ALBANY, MICH.—Your communication is acceptable. We shall print it "entire" as soon as possible.

In answer to a "Correspondent," we would say, that we make no charges for notices published under the head "Movements of Lecturers;" but if any one feels it a duty to pay, he or she can remit whatever they choose, as "material aid" from any quarter is particularly acceptable at this time.

Our friends everywhere are earnestly requested to aid us in keeping the BANNER on a paying basis during these hard times. As the present volume is nearly out, we trust those of our patrons whose term of subscription expires with number 23, will continue their papers, and induce others to subscribe.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING AND SPIRITUALISM.—In the "Life of Dr. Channing," published in 1848, the biographer, in describing the death-bed scene of that distinguished Unitarian minister, says, "In the afternoon he spoke very earnestly, but in a hollow whisper; but the only words I could distinctly hear were, 'I have received many messages from the spirit-world!'"

Messrs. A. Williams & Co. have all the leading Pictorial and Literary weekly papers to August 10th, including Punch. The engravings in the illustrated London News are well worthy of preservation.

Mrs. Mary Parmenter, of Rochester, N. Y., died recently at the age of 102 1/2 years. For a century she had never known one day of sickness, except that incident to thirteen additions to the American population.

Miss Windle, the well-known authoress, was arrested in Alexandria on the 21st, as a correspondent of the rebels. She had been closely watched, and boldly avowed "secession," proclivities, and made no secret of her correspondence with the rebel leaders. She will be sent to Washington.

The murder of Mr. H. M. Deale, a British resident of Naples, near the city of Mexico, has caused much excitement there. His house was attacked by a company of twenty or thirty horsemen at night, and it is believed Mr. Deale was wounded on the first discharge of firearms. Rushing to the door he offered to let the assailants carry off what they chose; but they informed him that they only sought his life, as he was a foreigner. After some remonstrances; he was struck down amid the direst imprecations.

The Seventh Maine Regiment, en route for the Seat of War, passed through this city on Friday last week. They are a fine looking set of men, and we have no doubt will render a good "report" of themselves.

PHILANTHROPY.—There is a man in this city who is making war on the spirits because they won't teach him how to cure the potato rot.

The anonymous writer who sends us, through the mail, weekly, from Jericho, a batch of unintelligible jargon, would save both time and money by turning his attention to some other pursuit, as his letters go into the "waste basket" as soon as received.

No man can go down into the dungeon of his experience and hold the torch of truth to all its dark chambers, and hidden cavities, and slimy recesses, and not come up with a shudder and a chill, and an earnest cry to Heaven for mercy and cleansing.

Generally a man's self-love increases in proportion as he grows unworthy of his own or anybody else's love.

The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense, is to address her as such.

The mind has a certain vegetative power which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

New Post Office.—A new Post Office has just been established in the westerly part of Milford, Mass., entitled "Hopdale, Worcester Co., Mass." Letters and papers need be addressed simply, Hopdale, Mass.

The blush of true modesty is like the soul of a rose in the heart of a lily.

May Heaven shield and angels guide
The tempest-tost and sorrow-tried.

An unlucky private in one of the New York regiments was wounded in the battle of Bull Run, and his father arrived at the hospital just as the surgeon was removing the ball from the back of his shoulder. The boy lay with his face downward on the pallet. "Ah, my poor son!" said the father, mournfully, "I'm very sorry for you; but it's a bad place to be hit—in the back!" The sufferer turned over, bared his breast, and pointing to the opening above the armpit, exclaimed—"Father, there's where the ball entered!"

The winking of lovers has been defined, as an affection of the eye.

They have a free market in New Orleans for the families of soldiers who are left without the means of support.

Punch very sensibly says, if young ladies were less studious of dressing for dinner, and would rather devote themselves to dressing the dinner itself, they would afford much more satisfaction than they do to their parents and friends.

Why is the letter G like an individual who has left an evening party? Because it makes one gone.

Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent if you said her children were pretty?

Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

The N. Y. Independent print officially—of course paid for—the acts of Congress. This is the first instance known of Government patronage being bestowed upon a religious newspaper.

At White Brothers' music store may be found all the new music of the day. They have several new quicksteps from the piano, just issued. They have a fine lot of melodions for sale, or to let; also, a nice large organ, suitable for a small church or vestry, together with every other kind of musical instrument for sale.

Another Son of a Gun.—Cl. Fletcher Webster, son of the Constitution's Great Pounder.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—A married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed by domestic endearment, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad he is not alone, and that there is a little world of love at home, over which he is a monarch.

Official reports foot up the Federal loss at the battle of Wilson Creek, Missouri, as follows:—Killed, 223; wounded, 721; missing, 291. A large number of the missing men were taken prisoners by the rebels, and since then have been released.

It is estimated that ninety-five thousand new troops will be at the National Capital by the middle of the present week.

A happy father, blessed with his first baby—a boy, an uncommonly fine boy—feels slighted that Congress did not include in the income tax a per centage on "first babies." He thinks a large revenue might have been cheerfully collected from this source.

A "Burden" the Rebels will find "more than they can bear"—Cobden Berdan, with his sharpshooters.—*Vanity Fair.*

It is said that if there be anything that will make a woman swear, it is hinting for her nightcap after the light is blown out.

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 Royton, 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 their many rich and valuable thoughts they may have to offer. To 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. Fare at hotels, eighty-four cents per day.

JOHN R. FOREST,
NEWMAN WEEKS,
NATHAN LAMB,
DR. H. H. NEWTON,
State Committee.

Grove Meeting.

O. L. Sutcliffe and Mrs. C. M. Stowe 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 "sinners" and "sinners" to attend.

Grove Meeting.

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

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Reform will hold a two days' Grove Meeting at Berlin Green, Lake Co., Wis., on the 14th and 15th of September. The same will be held at a general invitation is extended to all. Mediums and speakers are especially invited.

Per Order Committee.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents 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 N. Y. Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, will be held at the office of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

A CARD.

Information has been received by the subscriber which is most important to be known to married persons who are ignorant of the laws of reproduction, which establishes the fact that MATERNITY, under any and all circumstances, may be strictly under control of the will. This is a perfectly natural method, the efficacy of which has been tested beyond a doubt. I will send this information to any address upon receipt of \$2.00. Medical examinations and prescriptions, or Psychometric Readings of Character, may be forwarded by mail on receipt of \$1.00. Clairvoyant examinations Free. Advice \$1.00. Address DR. H. L. BOWEN, Natick, Mass., or call at my office 7 Davis street, Boston, if Aug. 31.

TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. W. P. SNOW, the reliable test medium, has taken office at No. 39 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., where she will attend to Clairvoyant Examinations and Spirit Communications, also, deliver lectures in the vicinity of Boston. Aug. 31.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFYING OBJECTS 500 TIMES, will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 25 cents in silver, and one red stamp. Five of different powers, sent free of postage, for \$1.00. Address, H. BOWEN, Box 515, Boston, Mass. Aug. 31.

Diarrhea 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 barks, containing no drugs or deleterious substances; mild and safe in the operation, agreeable to the taste, and does not, like other diarrhoea preparations, congest 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 warranted to cure any one case of confirmed Diarrhea or Dysentery. 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 children teething, it has no equal. The Summer Cure has been used 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 truly invaluable.

25¢ All agents selling this medicine, may at their discretion, return the purchase money to persons dissatisfied with its results.

Price, 50 cents a bottle.

G. O. GOODWIN & Co., Boston, General Agents for New England, and H. P. BRADSHAW, Bangor, General Agents for Maine.

HOWES & CO., Proprietors, Belfast, Me. Sold by all good Druggists. 10¢ Aug. 24.

BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-DEALERS' 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 inducing a look of their hair, together with one dollar and a three-cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired.

25¢ 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,
July 20. if No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND
FURNISHERS.

HAVE REMOVED TO CHAMBERS
NO. 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Now "Parlor Building") a few doors south of Milk street, Boston. If July 13.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES C. discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colics and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up by the doctors. His child was cured, and he himself cured. Distant of breathing his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is no safe and reliable symptom of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficulty of expectation, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, catarrhs, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address

ORADDOCK & CO.,
July 20. if 225 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SUITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth's, 314 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE will spend the summer in New Hampshire, commencing the 1st of September at the usual place, No. 79 Beach street. If July 27.

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

New Books.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits." Price 50 cents (paper); cloth 75 cents.

Sold by D. APPLETON & CO., 43 and 45 Broadway, New York, and BELA MATSUI, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Aug. 24.

OPTIMISM, THE LESSON OF AGES. By Benjamin Blood. Price 50 cents.

INTERVIEWER 18 IS RIGHT. By Dr. Child. Price \$1.

NARRATIVE OF DR. H. A. ACKLEY, lately of Cleveland, Ohio, in Spirit-World. Price 10 cents.

The above, together with a great variety of Spiritual and Reform Publications, are constantly for sale by BELA MATSUI, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Aug. 31.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

WORDS OF HOPE AND CHEER.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. CHARLES MAIN,
Hygienic and Healing Institute,
No. 7 DAVIS STREET, Boston, Mass.

THIS establishment is now in the tenth year of its existence, and continues more than ever to be THE RESORT OF THE SUFFERING, 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.

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HEALING.

and are recommended to the perusal of those who are suffering, and who desire to be relieved.

DR. CHAS. MAIN, Dear Sir:—In August, 1855, I came to you to be relieved of a PAINFUL TUMOR, located on the upper part of my jawbone. After you had made passes over my face for an hour I felt the tumor to loosen. I went to 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 been 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, Most respectfully yours,
E. M. MONK, West Amesbury, Mass.

After reading the above, who shall say the cure are not permanent. This tumor was removed six years ago, and has no sign of its appearance since. The following case is hardly less remarkable:

DR. MAIN, Esteemed Sir:—At the age of nine years one of my lower limbs was drawn up close to my body from the effects of a spasm. It remained in that position for ten years. I applied to you, Jan. 1, 1859, and was soon enabled by your mode of treatment to stand erect and walk like any other person. The case is a wonderful illustration of the efficacy of your method, and all have been cured of their ailments. With the utmost esteem, remain your true friend,
LEWIS G. GRAZER, Salem, Westmoreland Co., Penn.

DR. MAIN, Dear Friend:—It is with great pleasure that I inform you respecting my health, which is greatly improved. Since I began to take your medicine, I have taken up the tonic and blood, and think very highly of them. Please send me more if you deem it advisable. I feel a deal of gratitude that words cannot express for what you have already done for me, and I know not how I shall ever sufficiently repay you.

I remain very sincerely your friend,
MRS. F. ADAMS, Ellsworth Maine.

DR. CHAS. MAIN, Dear Sir:—In consideration of the effective service rendered to me recently in the removal of a troublesome mole from my face, which has annoyed me from a child, be so kind as to send the accompanying present as a token of my regard. I must truly consider you a benefactor.

Very respectfully yours,
BARBARA G. MARCHANT, Boston, Mass.

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

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CANCER, ULCERS, and THROAT.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner is written by the spirit who has been called to the aid of the living. It is not a mere collection of facts, but a revelation of the truth as it is. The spirit who has been called to the aid of the living, is not a mere collection of facts, but a revelation of the truth as it is. The spirit who has been called to the aid of the living, is not a mere collection of facts, but a revelation of the truth as it is.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Thursday, Aug. 1.—Invocation: "Was the natural body of Jesus ever resurrected from the dead, and did he rise again as a natural being after death?" Jack Woodbury, N. Y.; Zouaves, Charles Torrey; Mary Page, Augusta.

Monday, Aug. 6.—Invocation: "What is the difference, if any, between the future condition of the spirit of a suicide and that of a soldier who dies by the hand of an enemy?" Frank C. L. Southey, Quincy; Polly Sawyer, Portsmouth, N. H.; Samuel B. Collins, sailor, Gardiner, Me.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.—Invocation: "Was not Jesus the only one who had perfect man that ever lived upon earth?" Galley, a slave, to Missa Jemel Shelton, Gaston, Ala.; Larkin Moore; Katy Pans, Nashua, N. H.

Thursday, Aug. 8.—"The origin of soul;" Simeon Pembroke, Thomaston, Me.; Ann Willman, Cincinnati, O.; Wm. B. Saxton, Boston Light Artillery.

Monday, Aug. 13.—Invocation: "The process of change from material to spiritual existence;" Waterman Ellis, Sheffield, Conn.; Albert M. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; E. E. Ellis, N. Y.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Invocation: "Retribution and Compensation;" James Power, Penn.; Eunice Jarvis, Me.; Philip Haggerty, New York City.

Monday, Aug. 19.—Invocation: "Is it right, under any circumstances, to resist evil, or return evil for evil?" George Mather, New York City; Harriet Willcutt, Ontario, to Mr. and Mrs. John Case; Fanny Parsons, Augusta, Me.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Invocation: "Is it the duty of the present civil war?" Robert A. Olds, Cincinnati, Ill.; Henry Stone, Detroit, Mich.; Pete to Massa Lewis, Greenboro, Ala.

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.

Questions and Answers.

The electrical condition of the atmosphere will prevent our pursuing our usual course this afternoon; but as we are present, if there are any here who have any question to propose, we will hear and answer it.

[A visitor stated that he had, in his experience with Spiritualism, often been brought into communion with spirits who exhibited a strong desire for ardent spirits. He inquired if it were well to give them any liquor.]

That depends somewhat upon the physical condition of the medium; but, under most conditions, we should say it was well. When the spirit passes out of the form while it is under the influence of intoxicating liquor, it is almost always the case that the spirit is obliged to return and throw off that influence under the same or corresponding conditions. The spirit is always more or less affected by the use of ardent spirits. Many suppose it is not so; but we, who have seen the spirit in its various conditions on both sides of existence, know it to be so. Sometimes the spirit is bound to these conditions for a long time, and is unable to throw them off. All spirits who pass out of the physical form when that form is under the influence of liquor, if at all conscious, have a desire for the same that produced that influence upon them, thinking, vainly, too, that that will restore them from their terrible condition. As the desire is the same as that of earth, and as it springs from a natural cause, it is usually well to gratify it, for in many cases a cure is effected.

[Question.—"Do spirits progress as fast, that are taken from the body prematurely, as in the course of nature?"]

Certainly not. Nature has given to each and every spirit a certain amount of what we may call labor, to perform through the material or human organism. It has just so much of vital force to use up; and if, by accident, the spirit passes out of the form before it has used up that nature designed it should in the human form, it must return and perform under disadvantageous circumstances what it should have performed in the body. How often we hear it said, when an infant passes on, "It is well—the spirit is pure, and we ought to be thankful God has removed it from all pain and sin. This is a mistaken idea; for the little one must return and learn of earth. All individuals are endowed with certain faculties, and by them are to gather the knowledge nature designed they should. If they do not gain it before the change of death, they must return afterward, and gain it. There is no other way to produce this result. Nature has given to each a temple wherein to grow, and if it leaves it prematurely, where shall it find another? Nowhere on the face of the earth. So it must work through another to perfection.

[Question.—"At what time of life does the spirit arrive at maturity?"]

There is no invariable standard. Each spirit has a standard of its own. If nature has endowed the form and spirit with just so much of the forces requisite to keep these two in union, they may serve her so long, and no longer. Nature designed the form should use up all its forces, and we find no positive time set for the fulfillment of any of her laws. There is a vast and infinite variety prevailing all things; so what would be time to one, would not be to another.

[Question.—"What are we to understand by the remarks of children, that they go to school, are happy, etc.?"]

They give you just so much of knowledge as they have to give. As they never passed through the experiences of life, they cannot give you a just estimate of what is lost. They tell you they are happy, and so they are; but had they lived and passed on like ripe fruit, they would tell a different story. Nearly all your diseases come in consequence of ignorance of law—law that pertains to individual human forms and spirits. The law always punishes those who do not keep her commands—the infant as well as the person of mature age. Law is no respecter of age, condition or individuals. The fire will burn whatever comes into its reach—no matter whether through ignorance or otherwise. So it is with those who pass on early to spirit-life. Ignorance of law does not shield them from its consequences. Each and all must pay the penalty of infringing law—each and every one, even the infant, who passes out of earth-existence before it breathes of material air. They tell you they are happy; but when you compare theirs with the happiness of full grown souls, you will find it far from the standard of true happiness.

[Question.—"Are there any new faculties added to the spirit, to enable it to appreciate the beauties of the spirit world?"]

There are no new faculties added, but the old ones are sharpened by throwing off the outer garment of the flesh.

[Question.—"What are the advantages of studying the laws of magnetism and mesmerism?"]

The law of magnetism is so mighty that it would take an eternity to unfold it. Knocks, and you will find, according to your capacity. And when you have received one gift, you will be ready to receive another. If you remain idle, where would be the heaven to which you all desire to go? Still forever and forever in the future.

[Question.—"Are those spirits who study the law of magnetism while in the form, best able to take advantage of mediumship?"]

Most certainly; those who understand the law do not have to wait to gain that knowledge.

[Question.—"Why do we not hear oftener from the powerful minds in science, who have devoted a life, time to this subject?"]

Some spirits can return almost immediately—again, others, not for a hundred years. Those of refined and spiritualized mind, are not so well able to come into rapport with earth and its conditions, as those nearer your plane. They are as anxious, no doubt. Should I tell you who the spirit is that speaks oftener at the opening of your seances than any other, you would scarce believe me. You are doubtless, some of you, familiar with the history of Thunderbolt and Lightfoot. I am Lightning, at your service.

[Question.—"Is time in the spirit-land identical with that of earth?"]

We do not measure it as you do on earth. You divide it into seconds, minutes, hours, days, and years. It is not so with us. We divide time, so to speak, by the changes of thought, of our own condition, by a variety of ways and means. Everything with us is natural—nothing is artificial. You live in an artificial world, almost entirely. So great will be your change from the artificial to the spiritual, or natural, that many of you will say you had no conception in reality of natural life, before.

[Question.—"Is desire an effectual mode to draw spirits to us?"]

Not always. It operates strongly in favor, but is not a sure rule. Sometimes the atmosphere, and sometimes the condition of the medium, and a variety of things, may prevent. Each and every spirit returns by law, and must take advantage of lawful conditions, and can at no time trespass upon the law of control. They cannot come, unless the law is perfect for them to do it. A passive condition of spirit is more necessary than all else.

[A visitor said: "I have spent much time in aiding the progress of undeveloped spirits, through a medium of this city. But I have been told that such spirits undeveloped, seeing me there, might follow me home to my family, and produce more mischief there than the little good I could do them would compensate for."]

Friend, keep your own spirit high in the moral sphere, and you need fear no spirit, though it comes from the lowest depths of hell. Always do that which seems to be your duty, and have no fear for the consequences. If you have been earnest in your efforts, rest assured no harm will happen to you. Clouds may cross your path, but they are only harbingers of sunshine. There must be some one ready to bring the progressing soul up to harmony and peace. If you feel you are doing right and doing your duty, continue as you have begun, and you shall exclaim against you? It was thus I was brought from the condition of darkness to light, and I know well how to appreciate those friends who have extended the right hand to me. Give ear to your own internal impressions, and never heed the say-so of the world.

[Question.—"Can we influence spirits without a medium?"]

Each and all are mediums, to a certain extent, and can make use of their own powers.

[Question.—"Do spirits hear conversations between mortals?"]

That depends upon the elements of the atmosphere; the condition of the medium, and your own magnetism. If spirits come into near rapport with you, they can hear as well as I do through this medium. That is, they apprehend the thought; but sound, the clothing of thought, belongs to the material world, and can only be appreciated by material senses.

[Question.—"Are not electricity and magnetism the father and mother of the universe?"]

When considered from one standpoint, they are, most assuredly; and they are the creative and sustaining power of the universe.

July 29.

David Roberts.

Say, what port is this? A mighty long voyage I've been on. What year is this? '61? They tell me I've been gone since '52. It's hard to tell where I've been. I've kept in sight of land all the time. It's mighty hard knowing where you are, after you lose your material bearings. I tell you. I want to know about my brother. My name was David Roberts. I was thirty-one years old. I suppose I was lost at sea, in '52. I sailed from New York, bound for Havre. I expect I was lost overboard.

Jerusalem! What a splendid invention this mediumship is! Why the devil didn't I know of this before? The fact is, I got a blow on the head. Where the hell I went to, I can't tell; and when I came to my senses I had no sort of a body to navigate with. I don't care for my old body, though—I don't want that; but do you know where I can find my brother Sam? He lived in Boston. He's a sailmaker by trade. I hailed from Bangor, where I was born. I don't know whether he does business for himself or not. Hurrail! help me find him, will you?

I went aloft, the last I remember of. It was in the night. It was the bark Sarah Ann, of New York, Captain Ingersoll.

"I'll ask my brother to go to a medium, like this. I have been trying to find my way back for a long time, but have not been back before. I'll tell you an old shipmate I know. His name is Taylor. I'd like to know where he is. He owes me twenty dollars. I don't want it, but Sam may need it. I knew a sailmaker by the name of Kelly—belonged down our way. I knew a fellow here by the name of Pool.

I followed the crowd of spirits here. I come here a day or two ago, and asked for a chance; and I don't know how the devil I come it, but I'm here. I joined the crowd down where I live—I expect it's down—'taint up far, I guess.

Well, there's a chance of my finding something of my folks, is there? I don't know where they are. I haven't seen a relative since I've been here—not one. My folks went before I died. I didn't want to call them down where I was. I haven't been hardly myself, yet. I've been just about half drunk, all the time. If I recollect, we were three or four days out. I don't know whether it's the effect of the d-d knock I got, or the ram. I never was a hard drinker—never. A half glass I'd feel more than some folks would ten.

Tell Sam I'm alive, and I want—well, I want a trumpet to speak through. I haint been round long enough to know what I want. Something trouble me mightily, but I could make it all right if I could only see him. If not, I shall have to drive on to the next place.

July 28.

Disobedience of God's Law.

"What will become of those who do not God and obey not his law?"

This subject we have received from one of your Massachusetts clergy, who is in the regular service of the Gospel, according to the Calvinistic faith. We propose to speak upon it at this time.

With all due deference to the feelings of those with whom we come in contact, we must, in justice to ourselves, contradict the assertion of our brother clergyman. We know him to be standing upon a platform that will soon fall beneath him, and unless he comes down therefrom, he peradventure may fall, also. Our Reverend friend will agree with us when we declare God to be infinite—everywhere present, and when we declare that all things are created by his power and supported by his law. Now if God is infinite, and does indeed take up his abode everywhere, there can be no place where he is not, no atom he hath not created, and no thing he doth not control. We say our Reverend friend will agree with us in this assertion, and at the same time he will declare also that there are some who love not God and do not obey his law.

Now, if God is everywhere, there must be a part of God in every human form and in every spirit. If he controls everything, he must control all his children. If his power is infinite, and no bounds are to be set upon him, then each and every child of his creation is at all times controlled by him.

Now love is an indispensable element of man's spirit-

ual nature. He could no more exist without it than he could exist in the physical without breathing. Love, we say, is an indispensable element of his nature. There is no one without it, no there is no one without God. Now as there is no one without love, each and all must love something; and are you conscious of any place where God is not? No matter what the individual has sent out his love after, according to that power he loveth God—perhaps not as our Reverend friend loveth God, but according to the individual's capacity to love God, and he could do no better.

The miser loves his gold and silver; but if God is everywhere, he is in the gold and silver as much as in the human being. Now if the miser loves God, as gold and silver, it is no less a love of God, though on a very low material plane. We are told God takes up his abode in hell, and if so, does he not take in all else—and in the mighty dead as well as anything else?

Now there are none living, and none ever did live, who do not love God and obey his law—each one according to his capacity and his moral and spiritual unfoldments. One loves God in one way, and another in another way. Each must love something, and God is in everything.

Who are they, if there are any such, who do not obey God—who render not perfect obedience to their God? They must be a certain set God never had anything to do with, and whom he never called into life, and does not control; for all God's creatures must of necessity be subject to the source from whence they came. They cannot in any way infringe upon the law that makes them and sustains them. It is out of the question—wholly so. That there is a vast variety of soul-unfoldments or degrees of moral development, we know, and that there are no two unfolded exactly alike, we also know; and this should account, to any rational mind, for the difference in loves, and all the various elements of the soul. This law should account for the difference in the manifestations of the divine in the human, for where one is worshipping gold and silver, another is offering up prayer to his own God in his own particular way, one day at least in seven.

But we believe the great Father of all is no respecter of persons. We believe he calls only for that he hath given. If one individual is not endowed with certain faculties of soul-unfoldment, God will require of him no more than he has planted. One believes it is right to worship God one day in seven—to lay aside all manual labor, and to offer prayer and praise to him; and if he did not do this, he would commit an almost unpardonable sin. Another goes into the fields, or away from the haunts of men, and tall spires, and gilded churches; he believes he has done service to the God within him, and feels nobler and happier.

Now who shall say that the soul-worship of the one is not as acceptable as the other? Not He who judges righteously, and He alone is judge of all things. Our Father has taught us to judge of no man—to cast censure upon none. He has taught us this through all the avenues of nature. But external life teaches us many things not in harmony with nature. The religion of sects differs from that of nature, and thousands are almost wholly devoid of truth in consequence of draping themselves in these artificial robes of righteousness.

July 30.

William Chamberlain.

Can't exactly get the hang of things here. I want to know how to use this body quite as well as my own—that's the most I want to know. I haint got settled enough to know what I do want, yet. It's only a week ago to day since I lost my own body. My name is William Chamberlain. I was one of the volunteers—Second Maine Regiment, Co. A. I died at a place I suppose they call the hospital, at Alexandria, a week ago. I was so far on the road toward home. I feel almost deserted. I tell you, as though I'd got turned out of house and home too quick. I suppose it's all right, though. I'm not sorry I went out as I did, but I am sorry for one thing—that is, that the people of Massachusetts and Maine did not send out better officers. I don't speak for myself, I suppose you all know; but it's high time somebody did. If you ever expect to conquer the South, you must send out better officers.

Portland was my native place. I was a mechanic—carpenter.

I am as weak as it is possible for one to be. I was wounded in the shoulder, at Bull Run. I tell you what it is, you aint going to gain the day, unless you make some different arrangements. It won't do to send your men onto the battlefield with empty stomachs. They may be ever so well disposed to fight for their country's honor, but without strength they can't do it.

I ain't sorry I died for the cause, but I am sorry I went as I did. I'm sorry I've got no body to fight with. But I've no regrets to offer. I know of any quantity of your Massachusetts men who might have been saved and brought home alive to their friends, if they'd been better looked after. It's no use trying to disguise the truth. You'd better know it now, and know what to do.

I am coming to my folks with a message soon, but I can't to-day.

Send out competent men. You don't know what you are doing, when you send out boys in command, who know nothing of military science, and still less of what belongs to humanity.

July 30.

Abraham Miller.

They say it is a duty of all of us to do what we can toward making folks happy. I have a boy—a son; his name is George H. Miller. He went out in the Michigan Regiment. He is missing and supposed to be dead. I want to inform his friends that he is not dead, but alive, and not wounded, but well—well as he can be considering all things.

I don't know anything about talking this way. I'm a poor old man that never had much education, and don't know hardly what to say; but if I can only say half a dozen words, they'll carry more peace to some persons than a long sermon from some other. Abraham Miller is my name. Good-by, sir.

July 30.

Frances Amelia Lathrop.

My spirit is weary—very. I have sought for rest, but have not found it.

I was born here in Massachusetts—in Springfield. My husband was born and brought up in the State of Vermont. Some eighteen years ago we moved South, and for the last years we have been living in Richmond. Soon after, war broke out, and my husband was pressed into service, very much against his will. He wanted to settle up his affairs and leave with his family for the North; but he was not allowed to do so, but pressed into service. About the time of his leaving me, I was quite sick, but not dangerously so, and thought I should get well; but I suffered so much from the separation at this time, that death came to my relief. I left three little children behind me. Their father does not know of my death, and the children have nobody to care for them but our servants. Oh God, if I could only go home I have a sister here in Massachusetts—a dear sister, whose heart will bleed when she hears of my misfortune. I wish her to institute some means whereby she can get my children, if their father does not return to them. I know it will be impossible to do so immediately, but it can be done eventually. I expect she is in Boston. Her husband's name is Wallace. She has been recently married, and I am not acquainted with him.

My father's name was Alexander Keene, of Springfield, Mass. My husband came from Vermont—I don't know what town—it was near the Canada line.

I am told it is not always we can come through a medium when we desire. I will not ask her to go to a medium; but if she will write to Mr. D. S. Lester, Richmond, I think he will devise some means to assist her in procuring the children. My name is Frances Amelia Lathrop. My husband was agent for a Company—I don't know what.

Oh, if I could go to them—but I cannot. Oh, the condition of the city—you don't know anything of it. Every one is fearful the next moment will be the last on earth.

Oh, exert yourself in my behalf, and you'll lose nothing by it. My children are too young to understand this message, should I send it to them.

The youngest is an infant; the next between four and five, and the next between seven and eight. July 30.

George Kent.

[Written.] My dear sister, you would not reproach yourself for what you do, if you had as good an understanding of the spiritual law as you have of the minor things of life. Fear not. All is well.

July 30.

GeORGE KENT.

"LIFE AND TIMES OF SATAN."

A Lecture by Emma Harding, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, August 18th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Miss Harding prefaced her discourse by reading from Glanville's work on Witchcraft several passages describing the manner in which, according to their confessions, pretended witches, in England, Scotland, and Sweden, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, had formed their contracts with the Evil One.

Of the Jewish devil, we read, "And he laid hold of the Dragon, that old Serpent, which is Satan, and bound him a thousand years."

Of the Devil of Christianity, "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil."

We would not, in this nineteenth century, insult the understandings of reasoning men and women by considering the actual personality of a being of pure and uniform malignancy; nor should we have called your attention to these fables of a grossly superstitious age, by which men sought to strengthen their belief that such a being divided with God the dominion of the universe, were it not that the acknowledgment of such a ruler is still involved in that of the kingdom over which he has so long borne sway. Men have long been ashamed of the man in black, and of mistaking the utterances of the magnetic condition for the miserable state of witchcraft; nevertheless, they are not ashamed to retain the kingdom over which he was supposed to rule—and to call into life the imps of darkness while they ignore their great leader.

The cry of evil which has so long seemed hushed in the grave of an extinct superstition, has been recently raised once more, by the revival of that class of manifestations, at one period called miracles, at another witchcraft, and now extensively stigmatized as diabolism. But since we have the kingdom of evil, we must either acknowledge a-d reinstate its ancient king, or shoulder its workings upon the altar of all good—our Father in Heaven, whom we are commanded to love "with that love which casteth out fear."

We have a right to question whence originated this cry of Evil! Evil ever raised when man, that ignorant engineer, becomes entangled in the machinery of Nature's unknown forces. The ancient nations, whose astronomical religion we explained last Sabbath, when they inquired for the origin of evil, could not discern that the infinite life is ever converting evil into good; they imagined, therefore, that some obstructive, opposing principle, must be ever working to counteract the efforts of beneficent Deity, symbolized by the sun. But they could find nothing which appeared to share His empire with the God of Light, and therefore they inferred that the rival power had originated in the revolt of certain evil principles against the latter. They observed that, at the passage of the autumnal equinox, the sun entered into certain constellations—the most powerful and resplendent of which was called the Dragon, the Great Serpent, or the Scorpion, from the most noted physical pest of the East, as marking the most stormy and desolate season of the year, when the powers of evil seemed in the ascendant over the earth. But, when mid-winter was passed, and the sun had entered the sign called the Virgin, they said the God was born again, and had trampled the power of evil and darkness under foot. Such was the glorious origin of the ever renewed kingdom of light and goodness; but we have yet to discover if the wintery constellations were actually inhabited by those evil principles which the modern mythologists have so carefully transplanted from the sky to the earth.

Our next point may have something to do with the beautiful fable of the fall of man. At a certain period of the year a certain star was observed in the heavens, just at the peaceful hour of twilight, so beautiful, in its tender and solitary lustre, that man hailed it as Venus, the very queen of love and beauty. But the ancient observers soon discovered, also, that at a later period of the year—when desolation and fear prevailed—this radiant orb had fallen from its high estate, and became the herald of the dawn—Lucifer, the morning star—a tremendous and dreadful sign—the precursor of the Great Dragon and the demons who sparkled in his train.

With the spread of the great Astronomical Religion, co-extensive with all ancient civilizations—even those of our own continent, and the isles of the sea—prevailed this tradition, from which was derived the notion of the Fall of Man. It was embodied by the metaphysical Hindus in the story of Siva, as the principle of destruction—it was known among the Egyptians as Typhon—among the Persians as Arimanes—in short, it was everywhere a part of the great primary idea of the perpetual alternation of vice and virtue, good and evil, represented by the changes of the seasons, and the varying operation of natural forces. It was reserved, as the triumph of Christianity, to impersonate these starry heroes of Heathendom. This was effected by the following transitions.

The first intimation we have in Scripture of the person termed Satan, is not very clear. He is introduced as a spirit, who, when the Almighty is at loss how to entice Abah to his destruction, obligingly offers to put a lie into the mouths of all the four hundred prophets of the Jewish monarch—a wholesale operation in mendacity, which we cannot but attribute to the very Father of Lies, if we suppose that a falsehood then was what it now stands for. At all events, we cannot fail to see that this spirit was very deep in the councils of the Lord. We next find him, in his undoubted personality, standing in the midst of the sons of God, and, after a colloquy with Him, permitted to go forth and tempt Job. We know not what heavenly reporter was present at this conference; but, if we are to take this portion of the Bible in its literal sense, we must acknowledge that all the sons of God would have been unable to evoke so much piety and patience as Job displayed under the operations of Satan. All honor to Satan, then, if to him are due our manifestations of these qualities, and of the power in man to strive with evil.

The next passage in our hero's history occurs in the New Testament—for Moses and the prophets are very silent on the subject; perhaps because the exceeding wickedness of the Jews being mostly perpetrated in the name of the Lord, they did not stand in need of aid from Satan; and he did not resume his dominion till a later age. In the first narrative

where he again figures, we are once more at a loss, in considering that mysterious Temptation in the Wilderness, in which he played so conspicuous a part. We may, it is true, call to mind that it was a general custom for all who convalesced themselves set apart for a special mission as religious teachers, to retire for a season into solitary places, there to commune with their own souls, and ascertain their fitness for the enterprise before them; and it may be supposed that, as in the case of St. Anthony and others, this might give opportunity for the assaults of various spiritual foes in the shape of carnal enticements and the promptings of pride and ambition. But, if nevertheless, we must, in this case, carry out the literal notion of a personal solicitation on the part of the Evil One, we find that he did not here conduct himself with that sagacity which is considered appropriate to his character; and that he did not even show that he possessed the knowledge commonly attributed to him. Though he must have had every possible advantage for apprehending the character of Jesus, we find him foolishly endeavoring to tempt the Creator and Sovereign of the Universe by making him a paltry offer of a part of his own undoubted dominions! Satan, unquestionably, forgot himself, in this interview. But let us repeat the words of my text, and ask whether we find anything like this separate personal existence attributed to the evil principle, in Christ's own unequalled utterances of truth and philosophy. We find that the only devil he recognized was the spirit of a bad man. "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil."

This was spoken of the man Judas. Where is the Satanic personality here? Ah! but Christianity was not yet born. We have made a creed out of the name and ceremonial usages we have associated with the Master, and we forget his soul-saving words, which embrace all the laws and commandments. But, so far, we are dealing with him—and we have not yet impersonated Satan.

The last reference to the Evil Being in the Bible, is in the words of the Apocalypse, which we have quoted. In this passage there is a strange mixture of all the various characters under which we have already considered our subject—viz., as the old Devil—as the talking Serpent of Paradise, as the Great Dragon of the sky. If these words have any meaning at all, it must accord with the supposition of so-called "Infidel" commentators, that they represent the notions of the old Astronomical religion, which transferred, by correspondence, the contest on the face of Nature and the sky, to the heart of man, and traced it alike in the dance of atoms and the rush of worlds. "John the Revelator," knew and understood well the craft of Masonry and the mysteries of Astrology.

The pure and simple teachings of Jesus did not embody all that was deemed requisite by the early rulers of Christianity. Their watchword was, "our craft is in danger." The people must be kept in ignorance and fear; for, if they were simply taught that "God is Love," they would resort to him in direct worship, without the intervention of oblations and ceremonies; and the Christian makers of shrines and images would be left without employment. Therefore, the "Great Dragon"—the "Old Serpent," was summoned from his retirement, and made the bugbear, by which a cunning priesthood frightened grown-up children into submission, and extorted tribute from them.

And, after so many successive transformations, what new form was he now made to assume? Naturally, he was depicted with the most hideous and repulsive features which could be borrowed from the old mythologies with which Christianity was then engaged in deadly conflict.

Prominent among the demon-gods of Paganism was the deity known as Jupiter Ammon, borrowed from the Egyptians, who had distinguished him in their Astronomical worship, by giving him the horn of the Ram, representing that constellation through which Jupiter (the Sun) passed when in the full triumph of his kingly ascendancy. This symbolic adornment, stripped of all its majestic significance, was bestowed on Satan, who was further equipped with hoofs and tail, which are thus accounted for. In their early days of persecution, the Christians were compelled to hold their meetings in retired groves; and, in order to frighten off the prying Pagans from intruding, they resorted to the expedient of dressing their outlying sentinels in the garb of the old satyrs and fauns with whom popular superstition had peopled such places. This custom is still commemorated in the superstition of the Walpurgis-night, so familiar to us in the modern drama.

Thus complete in all his personal attributes, the Fiend was of great service to the priesthood in their mysteries, or sacred dramas, as a means of striking a wholesome terror into the breasts of sinners and heretics. He has also assumed countless other forms, but always the most hideous, according to the ideas and characteristics of different times and countries. In one age he appeared in the gown of a Doctor of Laws; next, he seemed all bedaubed with printers' ink; afterwards, he was represented successively as wielding the instruments of astronomical and geological science. Now he is engaged with the benignant Franklin, in bringing the lightning down to earth; and now he looks forth from the presumptuous eyes of Swedenborg, and guides the presumptuous hands of Mesmer. The point of the devil's hoof was seen on every useful thing in Nature, and every scientific doctrine which seemed to dispute the locality of the ancient purgatory.

The last transformation which Satan has undergone, was brought about in this way: There was a time, when, in the midst of great political convulsions in England, a lonely and obscure scholar attempted, by his writings, to awaken his countrymen to a better perception of the forms of government. In his poverty, he was unable to recommend his plans to popular favor; and the intensity of his application, which he could not be induced to relax, at length brought on him the calamity of total and incurable blindness. But his occupation was not even then gone. His sublime intellect, brooding over its vast treasures of learning and imagination, was stimulated by the outer darkness in which it dwelt, to soar above the petty politics of the day; and the pure, illuminated genius of JOHN MILTON knocked at the gate of Heaven, and found admission! He grappled with and dragged to earth the sacred mysteries of the skies; in his gorgeous Epic unfolded to the world the eternal conflict of the forces of Nature—and crowned Lucifer as the defeated but indomitable hero of the War in Heaven. Beside the "ruined splendor" of the "lost archangel," the devil of popular mythology became, in the eyes of all readers of "Paradise Lost," the gross and hideous creation of a groveling fancy. The qualities of lofty ambition—unconquerable pride—magnanimity and self-devotion, with which the poet has invested the character of the infernal chieftain, have procured for him a sympathy so strong in human hearts, that the worlds of poetry and art are more loth to par-

Pearls.

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

VANITY.

False and fair! Beware, beware!
There is a tale that stabs at thee!
The Arab seer—he stripp'd thee bare,
He told thy secret, Vanity!
By day a mingling foot is thine!
Thou runnest along the spider's line—
Ay! but heavy sounds thy tread
By night, among the coffin'd dead!
Fair and foul! Thy mate, the ghoul,
Beats, batlike, on thy latticed gate;
Around the graves the night-winds howl:
"Arise," they cry, "thy feast doth wait!"
Dainty fingers thine, and nice,
With thy bodkin picking rice—
Ay! but when the night's o'erhead,
Limb from limb they rend the dead!

[Aubrey de Vere.]

Men generally make way for him who is determined
to push boldly past them.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

My boyish days are nearly gone:
My breast is not unsullied now;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
Cut their deep furrows on my brow:
And life will take a darker hue,
From ill my brother never knew;
And I have made me bosom friends,
And loved and linked my heart with others:
But who with mine his spirit blends
As mine was blended with my brother's?
When years of rapture glided by,
The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou and I,
My brother, grew in love together:
The chain is broke that bound us then:
When shall I find its like again?

[Rev. John Moultrie.]

FORBEARANCE.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

[Emerson.]

No man will ever regard you as his dear friend if you
make yourself too cheap to him.

NATIONAL SPIRITUAL CONVENTION,
OSWEGO, N. Y., AUGUST 13 TO 19, 1861.

TUESDAY MORNING SESSION.

According to the call so long before the public, the National Conference of Spiritualist lecturers and teachers, began to assemble in Music Hall, Oswego, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, August 13th. Quite a large number of speakers and others appeared at the first session, and the company increased at the arrival of each train during the day. F. L. Wadsworth of Maine, read the published call for the Convention. J. H. W. Tooley, now of Penn Yan, N. Y., was elected President pro tem, and U. Clark of Auburn, N. Y., Secretary. The President opened with appropriate congratulatory remarks, to which the audience cordially responded. The following were elected as a committee to nominate permanent officers for the Convention, and to report the next morning: F. L. Wadsworth, G. M. Jackson of Prattsburg, N. Y., U. Clark, Mrs. S. S. Chappell of Phoenix, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson of Stratford, Ct.

The propriety of holding confidential sessions for the benefit of lecturers and other laborers and teachers, came before the Convention. F. L. Wadsworth, one of the movers in these Conventions, urged the importance of meetings in which might feel free to communicate. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson was happy to attend such a meeting, in order that she might renew her strength for the hard field before her. U. Clark alluded to the various kinds of laborers, the diversity of their gifts and experiences, and the need of their coming to a mutual understanding and a hearty co-operation with each other. There should be no running after a morbid, sickening, blinded sympathy, but a manly and womanly spirit of independence and a consciousness of individual responsibility, regardless of frowns, favors, or persecutions. J. H. W. Tooley urged the necessity of these confidential sessions. We should know each other, in order that we might effectually co-operate. We claimed the right of taking our friends into counsel with us; there are experiences which we cannot throw open to the world, experiences the richest and deepest, and the burden can be lifted from our souls only as we are enabled to make frank and fearless confessions to those who are prepared to come into communion with us.

Dr. Wiltse, C. Doolittle, J. D. Miller, J. Colfax and H. K. Davis, all of Oswego, were appointed a committee to exercise discretion in regard to admitting visitors to the sessions in question. B. Dean of Leo, Mass., objected to everything that might look like exclusion; we ought to open our hearts and our souls to the world, whether we were judged right or not. There was nothing secret which should not one day be revealed on the house-top. Dr. Lyon contended for the need of untrammelled communication with each other. We suffered most from misjudgment, from the lack of sympathy, and knowing and understanding each other. Reports went forth, and prejudices were aroused against certain individuals, while few, if any, understood all the causes and conditions involved. Mrs. Holbrook, a venerable sister from St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., felt it her duty to open her mind; it was good to be here where the spirit of freedom prevailed, and she hoped all might feel their spiritual strength renewed and go on their way rejoicing.

Mr. Tooley urged the importance of hearing from woman; her heart was an inexhaustible fountain of those divine emotions which humanity needed for its redemption from the sordid, the selfish and sensual. It was the bitter lamentation of Lord Byron that none knew him, none understood him, and he went forth a wanderer, vainly seeking for that soul-sympathy which might anticipate all the needs of his nature. Instead of brothers and sisters, we find society studded full of spies, each seeking to detect and magnify the slightest imagined defects, and to herald them forth to the world. Mr. Dean thought we ought not to expect the world to understand us; Jesus was not understood; the more Christlike we become, the less anxious shall we be for the appreciation of others. J. Peck of Oswego, spoke earnestly of our duties, and the helps and hopes of the great work of our espousal.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Voted that speakers in the Conventions be limited

to fifteen minutes, unless in special cases when the audience requested an extension of time.

F. L. Wadsworth protested against a report which had gone out, representing these confidential sessions as designed for the narration of social experiences. No such specifications had ever been either published or understood. We had nothing to do with idle rumors; the wickedest sort of reports had gone out, not only in regard to this Convention, but most of its members. We were to go on our way calmly, freely, and with a pure purpose, and heed not the clamor of those who know us not. Dr. Lyon spoke of the momentous movements of the age, and the duty of buckling on our armor for the right. Chauncey Barnes was moved to offer some remarks on reformation. We were to take a lofty position, as he had endeavored to take it, and call on God and angels to aid us.

Mr. — of Utica, N. Y., quoted a speech from one of the published lectures of Dr. R. T. Hallock, but the brother was so absorbed in the subject, he forgot to give Dr. Hallock credit. Mrs. S. S. Chappell, of Phoenix, N. Y., gave a portion of her early religious and spiritual experience. She told how she first became strangely influenced as a medium, how she came near losing her senses for a time; and when she went to her father and told him she feared she was losing her senses, he assured her that he then just began to have some hopes of her. She had come out of her trials, and found a work for her to do as well as the spirits. Mrs. Wilcoxson and Mrs. Fowler each related experiences. U. Clark maintained that all these experiences with the initiatory phenomena of Spiritualism, were designed to bring us to a consciousness of our immortality and the divinity of our nature. While we are not to forget the thousands still needing spiritual manifestations, we are to remember the importance of putting into practice the principles already unfolded. This is no easy task; it is a work of earnest life. We may prate and preach and speculate, but are we prepared to act? We may picture out great missions to be accomplished, but it is quite another thing for us to begin our individual work at home and live out our mission. We may call on the Heavens, but its angels come not to our aid of hope until we are willing to lay ourselves on the altar of sacrifice, regardless of all save eternal principle. We may be called on to sacrifice for a time, fleeting friends, false relations, endearing sympathies, long cherished associations, and all sordid and selfish aims, but these shall be followed by a glorious recompense and the whisperings of that still small voice sounding deep in the soul beyond all the clamor of the external world.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

This session opened with a largely increased attendance. After introductory remarks by the President, and C. Barnes had given some of his experience, the committee for nominating permanent officers reported, and the following were elected: J. H. W. Tooley, President; Dr. T. Hamilton of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. A. M. Spence of New York, Vice-Presidents; U. Clark of Auburn, Lita H. Barney, of Providence, R. I., Secretaries; F. L. Wadsworth of Maine, Henry C. Wright of Boston, D. Sherman of Macon, Ga., G. M. Jackson, Mrs. S. Cleveland of Penn Yan, N. Y., Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson of Bridgeport, Ct., Miss A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, Vt., Executive Committee.

Mr. Tooley accepted the President's chair with appropriate remarks, and then alluded to his personal experience from childhood. Without entering into any details, he spoke of social life and disruptions, all the causes of which could be understood only by those who had been similarly circumstanced. Such sad experiences, in the lives of reformers, were to be judged by higher standards than those which sought for scandal and slander, and pronounced unqualified condemnation. There are men and women now before the public, who are held up as the targets of merciless scorn and denunciation, yet who, if their whole hearts and lives were known, would be idolized as the martyrs of an ideal life. They may have made what we call mistakes, and are now honest enough to own them and heroic enough to mark out a new course. Society pets and praises those who seek to float along in conventional currents, but when they feel no longer able to live or die, and arm themselves with fortitude to come out from all false relations, they are tattooed as sinners. Let us have done calling hard names, and seek to find a true solution of all the problems of society.

The executive committee reported as the order of the Convention, that three sessions would be held each day, two hours to each session; the first three days to be devoted to laborers, and the last two mainly to public addresses.

F. L. Wadsworth read part of the Call for the Convention, showing that the exigencies of the times were such, we were now in a transition, and peculiar demands were made on spiritual and other reform workers. We might not be able to lay out any specific course or devise any new programme of labor, but we could confer with each other, give free expressions to our aims and aspirations, and strengthen each other in our individual efforts. Dr. Lyon offered a series of radical resolutions. [The reporter fails to find them among his minutes.] U. Clark spoke of liberty and individuality; said we had professed so much general liberty, we had but little individual life; we have spread out our liberty over such a broad surface, it had become exceedingly diluted and thin; we now need to begin to practice freedom as well as preach it. But we do not advocate a lawless and licentious liberty. We talk about being ourselves, acting out our self-hood; but let us be quite sure that we have first unfolded a true self-hood in harmony with a high human, spiritual and divine standard. Men and women may practice all sorts of the vilest rascalities under the cloak of freedom and individuality; they claim the right of acting out themselves; "be thyself," is their motto; but there is a better and a worse self-hood; we must unfold the highest ideals of life and nature; these ideals are within us; but we sometimes need angelic influences to aid and strengthen and inspire us. Our poor human nature sometimes sinks and almost despairs amid the contending elements; anon the waves threaten to engulf us, and then we are lifted so high heavenward, glory-gleams from the immortal world flash into our souls through the night and storm.

Dr. Lyon alluded to his experiences and his misfortunes, and elicited the sympathy of the audience. At the close of his narration, Mr. Barnes went forward, took the hand of Dr. Lyon, and in the name of his invisible guardians, gave him words of hope and encouragement.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

N. Shepherd, of Fulton, N. Y., spoke of the inspirations of ancient and modern times, and maintained an identity between Christianity and Spiritualism.

Mr. Von Fleck said he believed in agitation; he liked to be agitated, even though he was opposed. Opposition did him good; he didn't believe in too

much complacency or placidity; he thanked the man who stirred him up. It is necessary to have our tempers tested as well as our self-control, our faith and credulity. He had made it one of his specialties to oppose what he deemed the false and deceptive among so-called mediums. We need not fear exposures; our faith and philosophy will stand all the better and stronger for our vigilance.

F. L. Wadsworth spoke of the changes and higher demands of the age. Spiritualism is not now what it was when it first became inaugurated. We have something more to do than seek for external manifestations, or convince the world of immortality. New issues have arisen; various changes have taken place in the public mind; new demands have appeared; practical reforms are now presented, and we are called to apply our principles to the needs of humanity. Higher toned lectures are demanded in adaptation to every department of mind. We need the scientific, the philosophical, the religious, the social, the reformatory. Lecturers who fail to meet these demands must pass to some other field of labor, and their places will be filled by another order of teachers.

G. M. Jackson followed, taking the same position, and urging the necessity of our recognizing the great movement of the age. Our speculations must be reduced to practice, and we must respect and encourage those who dare stand up in defence of what they deem the right, the free and the true. While we are extolling freedom, heroism and reform, let us show ourselves consistent. There are many professed Spiritualists who seem to be seeking for the popular, the respectable, and they have more regard for reputations and precedents, than they have for principle and progress. They are exceedingly sensitive and squeamish if any dare stand out fearless of popular prejudice, and they fear the cause will suffer. True, we are called on to discriminate, and to exercise wisdom as well as charity; and whatever our better convictions teach us is wrong, let us protest against, and not gloss over with the specious sophisms of "Whatever is, is Right." But while we are thus discriminating, we may not denounce any mortal, nor fall back on the old Orthodox course of persecution, of penal fires and eternal condemnation.

H. Butler of Tioga, Penn., referred to his experience in coming out in the new faith in the midst of a benighted people.

Mr. Dean, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, and maintained that mortals had no right to judge each other. We were to look into causes and conditions, and then we should be enabled to account for all so-called evils and errors, without exercising censorious judgment.

Mrs. Wilcoxson thought individual confessions were good for the depressed soul. We were too fearful of each other, and lacked mutual confidence. Spiritualism unfolded the secrets of all hearts; the world is afraid of it, because its light searches out the hitherto hidden things of darkness. Nothing can be concealed from the light now unfolding; let us not be startled at the revelations made of individual experiences. Lecturers and mediums are among the first whose lives are unfolded, and their terrible experiences are to benefit the world.

Henry C. Wright said he liked the reading of the call for this Convention; it proposes that we consider the demands of the age. Does Spiritualism come up to these demands? He believed it did; we want a religion for humanity; this religion gives us the most exalted ideas of man, the brightest hopes and encouragements; it gives us the ideal of a better church, state and society, amid the evolutions which threaten all the old order of things; amid these national agitations, it affords us the foundation of eternal principles; while mourning fills the land, messages of comfort come from the departed of those fallen on the battle-field; while our earthly statesmen tremble, we are assured that our celestial sires and patriots are still standing firm and seeking to guide the destinies of our country. In the midst of our country's crisis, we are called to meet the one grand issue, shall slavery or liberty rule? As Spiritualists, we have but one answer. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Whoever talks or fights against liberty or for slavery, is a traitor to God and humanity. We may take no alarm at the changes and warfare in the midst of which we now find ourselves. Governments, churches and institutions may be threatened, but man is superior to them all; humanity can never be crushed out, but will rise above the ruin of all external things.

Mrs. J. F. Culver of Syracuse, N. Y., spoke briefly of the beauty of Spiritualism in unfolding the gospel of love; she rejoiced in mingling with brothers and sisters who sympathized not only with each other, but with all humanity, and mingled the loving voices of heaven with those of earth.

Mr. Tooley commented on the mere abstractions in which some were inclined to deal. In this age we were called on to deal with facts and principles, and the stern needs of humanity. We could no longer live in rituals or dogmas; we must do something more than speculate in regard to Deity, or wear away our souls in prayer. We must translate God into actual life, and work as well as pray. In vain we shall weary the heavens with our tears, groans and petitions; we must prepare conditions, and work and wait. He did not ignore prayer, when rationally understood and exercised, but humanity had been groaning for centuries for something more than a form of mumbled words. We must come down to the plane of common life, and address the head and heart of man.

Chauncey Barnes, not very clear as to the meaning of what had just been said, pitied Mr. Tooley, and proposed to pray for him, while the latter appeared as though he was far from solicitous about requesting the petition of our well-meaning, enthusiastic Brother Barnes.

The afternoon session was closed by remarks from U. Clark. He said a state of transition ran through every department of life and society in the present. Everybody in state, church and society seemed in a transition, a suspended condition. Governments were shaken, and the best statesmen of the age seemed breathless with suspense. The church is undergoing unparalleled changes, and men and women are mourning over Zion in doubt and alarm. Social life is rent with disruptions, and the tenderest affections are left bleeding in unutterable agony and suspense. Amid the awful warring elements, we stand just now in appalling pause. We are like Saul of Tarsus, smitten blind and dumb beneath the manifestations of celestial power, and like him, we cry out, "Lord, what would thou have us to do?" In this hour of dread transition, what else can we do but call on Heaven to help us unfold the divinity of our own souls, and stand up heroically as Jesus stood, though we seem to stand alone? We are not alone; legions of angels wait on our noble resolves, and shall crown us with conquest.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON
HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, August 20th, 1861.

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

Rev. Mr. Bliss.—It is one of the peculiarities of modern Spiritualism, so far as I am concerned, that it has never weened my faith in that kind of testimony respecting wonderful occurrences in past ages, which has been delivered to us through ancient records. I have never believed what I could not understand; yet I feel bound to place confidence in the narratives of unimpeached witnesses, as to many things of which I have no positive proof. Among them is the relation in Genesis, of the appearance of angelic messengers to Abraham, and his entertainment of them in the usual style of primitive Eastern hospitality. Such visits from superior beings to mortals are very often alluded to in the Bible, and they appear to me to have a spiritual idea as well as any part of the sacred volume. I can see nothing in them which ought to give rise to incredulity or contempt. As to contradictions in Holy Writ—is there any history which is free from them? None of you now could compile a correct account of even very recent events. Most of you, for instance, suppose that there was a monument erected on Bunker's Hill to commemorate the battle so called. In fact, the monument stands on *Breed's Hill*, at least half a mile distant from the elevation from which it takes its name, and it was placed there simply at the desire and for the advantage of the people of that neighborhood. So all human historical testimony is a mixture of truth and error. Viewed in this light, I consider the Scripture manifestations the most conclusive and rational in existence, allowing our modern Spiritualism to be true; and I cannot conceive how they were made, if not through "mediums." I believe no man can read the Scriptures earnestly without receiving inspiration; and without inspiration it is impossible to understand them. There is, nevertheless, a sense in which they may be said to be untrue—according to the paradoxical arrangement of many things, both in natural science and the moral character of man.

Dr. Young.—The great peculiarity of modern Spiritualism is, that it demonstrates the facts which form its foundation; while the groundwork of ancient religion consists of traditions and writings, of whose truth we have no positive evidence, and which, therefore, amount to nothing in the minds of those who require demonstration. The result of modern Spiritualism, however, is to confirm the accounts of ancient marvels of a similar character; while, without these latter, we should not have known how to interpret the phenomena of the present day. But for our previous acquaintance with the doctrine of spirits, as handed down to us in the Scriptures, we should not even have known how to interrogate the rapping intelligences, when they had succeeded in catching our attention, so as to establish that perfect system of telegraphic communication between the two worlds, which is the distinctive achievement of the modern era.

It is peculiar, moreover, to these manifestations, that they do not purport, as did those of by-gone times, to proceed from the Divinity, but from our departed friends, who confirm this alleged origin by the accounts they give and the memories they recall of their earthly existence. We cannot claim that the phenomena of any age are either in advance of, or below, the standard of social enlightenment in that age. Had printing been invented in the days of the Scripture miracles, we might now possess a much more accurate record of them; but the reason that these phenomena were not then dwelt upon with more emphasis, or evidences of immortality, was that the belief in man's future existence was general and unquestioned. Yet it is remarkable that the facts of the Bible-narrative have never been adduced by Christian authorities in evidence of human immortality which has always been rested on a merely dogmatic basis. We have now the advantage of better teachers—viz., the very spirits of men themselves, and the definiteness and completeness of our knowledge inspires us with the more earnest desire for its universal promulgation.

Mr. L. Judd Pardee.—Men must speak on any subject, either from experience or intuition, and, perhaps, it were well, in this discussion, to unite both. Spiritualism is to be gauged and measured by the spiritual as well as the natural faculties; and how can it be discussed by any one not profoundly and thoroughly conversant with it on all sides and in every one of its relations? Such is the wide and varied range of philosophic inquiry which it includes, that one man will speak of the distinctive characteristics of Spiritualism very differently from another. There is some difficulty, too, in getting at this question, for the simple reason that our doctrine has not yet individualized, crystallized, being in a state of imperfect development, and hence its peculiarities are not fully apparent. To be sure, we may judge vaguely of its future, as we may predict something of the man from the youth; but how shall we, as yet, measure it in all its height, and breadth, and unity of power? To approximate these, we have to rise beyond our individual experience, and hold communion with immortal principles.

Still we may speak of its characteristics in its present state; and it seems to me that these are shown, first, in its breadth, and secondly, in its variety; and the origin of these qualities is to be found in the peculiarities of this age, when compared with any that has preceded. Spiritualism is coeval with the race; but when we understand that it has its special dispensations, we see that its character, in any age, must be determined by the character of that age. It is beyond all dispute that our age is advanced, unfolded, more than any former period, and consequently the facts of our modern Spiritualism must bear a corresponding stamp. This age is especially marked by the development of the rational individuality of man. The whole brain of the average human being has now opportunity of development, instead of being brought into activity in particular regions only, as was the case in ancient times, with the exception of a few like Socrates and Plato. True, the religionists of our day are still in bondage to error; but the tendency of the times is to free them from their chains.

The philosophers of the past found the people so sunk in ignorance and superstition as to render hopeless the task of instructing them; but now all classes of men must have a reason for the faith that is in them, and, accordingly, the lessons of inspiration are addressed no less to their intellect than to their feelings. Every past age was supplied with facts; but the facts of this age are broader, richer, more satisfying to the reason. Who, indeed, can fathom the depth or count the riches of this divine philosophy? It contributes to satisfy the requirements of man, in his threefold nature—religious, political, and social; not merely giving him a glimpse of a future state, or dispelling a few erroneous opinions, but disclosing the universal salvation of the race.

It is greater in its promise than its present fulfillment. By-and-by, when the age of disintegration has run its course, it will be found that Spiritualism is distinguished by constructive force. In other words, it will set about the resolution of those formulas of angels which it has drawn from their home in the skies, and thus clarify men's consciences, purify their hearts, and fit them for the advent of that love and wisdom which at last shall save the race.

Mr. Pink.—If anybody asked me for the peculiarities of modern Spiritualism, I should say that one of its greatest peculiarities was for Spiritualists to claim all the time that they have the truth, and all the time that they do not have it. Our earnest friend has just sat down after the confession that Spiritualism is not the truth, but the preparation for the truth, which should redeem mankind finally—that it is a sort of John the Baptist, not in itself the Saviour. It was an honest and true confession; I never yet saw a Spiritualist who dared to say he had found the truth. And so you might just as well be Millerites or Mormons, for they too are waiting for the truth, and yet think they have it. Now, why not have Christ at once? No man or woman adopts what is not true, but because he or she has a false heart. The true heart will never stick to anything but the truth. Only get once into such a condition of faith that you are willing to let go of anything, because knowing yourself safe in the hands of some Power, whatever you may call it, and then you would begin to get the truth. You have not got it now, because your false hearts cling to a thing, whether true or not. The true Gospel is, that there is not a single being in the Universe that is not safe; and the object of a revelation is to bring mankind to a knowledge of this fact, instead of believing, as all the world has believed, that God hated them. For this purpose God sent Jesus into the world, that mankind might find out, after they had exhausted all their malignity against this spotless image of the Eternal, that they were all forgiven, in spite of the worst they could do.

But just so long as you continue hugging this platform of Spiritualism to your bosoms, and wishing it to be true, so long you will never have the truth you are seeking. All this speculating and theorizing will never make you immortal, any more than they can make one hair white or black. Even if you established your doctrine, what good would it do you? Would it save you, or reform your lives? What is the use of taking thought for to-morrow? Why cannot you live now? I have found, in my own experience, that there never was such a liar as the organ of Hope.

But now I always know I am right. My life is conformed to the truth, and it makes no difference to me if all the world says, "Not so." I carry the testimony in my conscience, and cannot be deceived. And every one of you is just as pure and holy as I am; the only difference is, that you do not know the fact.

Dr. Young.—I like to hear brother Pink talk; but I would suggest to him, that no one can know anything but by phenomena; and the question is, not what we consider truth to be, in the abstract, but what evidence have we of the soul's immortality, which is demonstrative; and in what respect does such evidence differ from ancient evidence on the subject? I think the brother will admit that he would not have had the first idea of immortality, if he had not been taught it in childhood, from the Scriptures; and therefore his argument is based on the assumption that he has the right apprehension of what Christ affirmed, and not on observed phenomena. Yet I think he has received more light from Spiritualism than he is willing to confess; for it is from ancient Spiritualism, at all events, that he has derived his knowledge of immortality. I think Spiritualism comes to put us into a condition to bless our neighbors, and recognize their equal rights, according to the precepts of Christ, in order that there may be perfect harmony in the future state to which we are all tending.

Mr. PARTRIDGE read the following account of a spirit-communication and prophecy received by him, remarking that he had sent it to the Herald, and other leading papers, [except the BANNER], several months ago, but they had declined its publication:

SENIOR or GEN. JACKSON ON THE WAR.—On the evening of the 24th of January last, a highly intelligent and influential gentleman from the State of Pennsylvania called on me and expressed a wish to witness some of the spirit manifestations of which I had previously spoken. I went with him to the house of the late Dr. A. G. Redman, medium, and with him we sat down at his table. The invisible intelligence soon took possession of his arm and hand, which seized a pencil, and addressed us in writing communications on papers before us under which we wrote questions, and the medium's hand passed from one paper to the other, often thrusting aside our hands while in the midst of writing questions, and writing replies very rapidly and upside down, convenient for us to read without moving the paper, and in this way each of us was kept exceedingly busy during the whole evening. The communications at first purported to come from the spirits of the relatives of each of us, until the spirit of my sister, in the midst of a communication, broke off abruptly and wrote, "Do you believe it? Old Hickory sits on the sofa."

I wrote: My esteemed friend, will you give me your views of the present crisis in our country, and say what shall be done, and what (if anything) I can do?

A.—Like a sickened snail has our Executive sat upon his bench till the waters of revolution and madness have nearly drowned our glorious country; and now what is to be done? Nothing, nothing, by the high heavens, but the iron mouth and the needle points, to drive it back. As God lives, the very cotton will be dyed in blood ere its next harvest.

Q.—When will blood begin to flow, and when will it occur?

A.—I fear before the advent of the next administration. They are mad; they can't wait; O, for fifty thousand halloo.

Q.—Will the South attempt to take the Capital?

A.—Not by an organized force.

Q.—Will Lincoln be peaceably inaugurated at Washington?

A.—Yes, amid general confusion.

Q.—Please say how and where the battle will begin?

A.—The regular contest will begin by a righteous effort on the part of the Administration to protect its property. Next, on the waters of the great Mississippi.

Q.—How long will the battle continue, and what will be the result?

A.—Fourteen months. A wiping out of the slave system.

Q.—Do you see anything for me to do or say in this crisis?

A.—Only all you can to prop up and strengthen the sentiments.

1st, God and our Country.

2nd, Our Union and its Constitution.

3rd, Death to Traitors.

'Tis said, and said; we must not weep, but be up and doing.

Q.—Do you think Lincoln will be sufficient for the crisis?

A.—I know no man more capable. Would to God he were there now; firm, yet just; patriotic, yet moderate; fearless, yet upright. My motto at this time is, Art gives us means, and God the strength to apply the match.

Yours, for the noble whole,

ANDREW JACKSON.