

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

NO. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light. VOICES OF HOME.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

I hear the sound of the tinkling rills,
The rush of the mountain streams;
They mingle with every waking thought,
And they haunt me in my dreams.
I catch the voice of the singing birds,
Through aisles of the forest shade,
And my heart responds to their joyous song
As when in my childhood made.
The tall old trees, how they stretch their arms!
How they wave and beckon to me;
And the evening breeze keeps whispering there,
"Waiting, yes, waiting for thee."
The vales and dells, and the old hill-sides,
In sunshine and flowers are dressed;
They know by this they shall win me back,
Like a child to its mother's breast.
My favorite nooks have watched for me long,
They did not forget to prepare
The hanging boughs and the carpet green,
And the moss-grown rocks are there.
And I feel that strange, mysterious thrill
That comes when a friend is by;
This tone keeps haunting my soul for aye,
Where art thou, the summer is nigh."
It comes, and the voice of the world grows faint,
Far away seems its strife and din;
It comes, and the phantoms of life are laid,
And the Angel of Peace comes in.
I'm weary of wrestling with sin and wrong,
It needeth a stronger than me;
My hills, my streams, and my mountain air,
World-weary, I turn to thee.
Away, then away with the scenes of strife,
Away with the thoughts of pain;
With thee I'll forget that the world has cares,
With thee be a child again.
For there's one that is waiting long hours for me
Mid thy hills, Green Mountain Home;
My mother is watching the bursting flowers
That tell of my hour to come.
Then, hills that I love, I hasten to thee,
Like a bird to its woodland nest;
I am weary and faint with the toils of life,
And I know that thou wilt give me rest.
I will cast it aside—this crown of thorns,
Too deeply it pierces my brow;
My mother will take me, her wanderer back—
Proud world, I forget thee now.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER VIII.

We were again settled in Park Lane, and although the first symptoms of the fashionable season had manifested themselves, I was still with Lady Orford. After our return to London, Miss Blackburn had seemed more like her old self, and my stay had been so in accordance with Lady Orford's wishes, that she would not allow me to answer any advertisements, saying she should find me a place with some friend presently.

The seaside had transformed Alethia. Her once pale countenance was now tinged with color, and the lameness had so far yielded to the mode of treatment prescribed, as to be imperceptible, only a liability to weakness after over-exertion remaining. With the vigor of health came a desire for society, and the triumphs she might now reasonably expect to command. It was, therefore, settled that she should be formally brought out, and presented at the first drawing room.

Now that I was regarded as almost a member of the family, I saw more of Lady Orford's visitors, and was especially attracted by one of them, who was an old and intimate friend. Lady Eugenia Meredith was the loveliest blonde I ever beheld; although probably forty years of age, there was a rare delicacy of feature and complexion, suggestive of youth. I doubt she would have been taken for more than thirty. The charm of her soft, trusting eyes and manner was heightened by a most musical speech, and I could not wonder that she was an object of attention, even in the presence of younger and gayer beauties.

Lady Orford evidently esteemed her highly, and from her remarks, I judged that sorrow had passed over this exquisite woman, though sparing external marks.

Lady Eugenia lived comparatively retired, and though without any family, had a residence in town and country, their precincts being generally enlivened by her cousin, Mrs. Berkely, a dashing young widow, who actively represented her relative at parties, operas, and on reception days. But this round of excitement was distasteful to her ladyship, and as she was sure of a quiet morning at Lady Orford's, who had not yet commenced the fashionable routine Alethia desired, she was frequently at Park Lane.

Still the weeks glided by, till one morning while at the National Exhibition of paintings, a gentleman standing near the entrance turned from a picture as we crossed the threshold, and discovered to our view Captain Yarrington. The pleasure of the meeting was mutual to every one but Miss Blackburn, who received his inquiries and congratulations on her improved health, in the same distant manner which she had adopted subsequent to the memorable afternoon on the sea-shore. The Captain joined our number, and while passing through the rooms, managed to fall back beside me, saying in a low voice—

"I have been to Morton Manor, Miss Kennedy—how lovely the old place is. No drawings can do it justice."

I was delighted to hear from the homestead by so recent a visitor, and inquired:

"You talked with the housekeeper, of course. Is she not a perfect original?"

"Yes, indeed. She asked so many questions about you, and seemed much gratified to learn of your welfare and happiness."

"You saw the family portraits also?"

"Certainly. Yours is not among them—how happens that?"

"I belong to another branch. My mother was a younger sister of Angus Murray, the former owner. He died before I went to Morton."

"I noticed several likenesses of your cousin. Do you consider them good?"

"I do not think his charm of manner and play of expression could ever be portrayed, but they were considered excellent when taken—especially the latest."

"Was there thought to be a strong likeness between him and your aunt?"

"No sir; indeed, I never could discover any, but then there was as little to my uncle, not even a family resemblance."

"Singular. However, we sometimes have to look beyond the parents to account for features or expressions."

A remark addressed by Lady Orford interrupted the conversation and drew the Captain to her side. My thoughts went flying back to the spots he had so recently seen, and I was alive to few external impressions until we had finished the tour of the rooms, and Yarrington bade us good morning, receiving a cordial invitation from her ladyship to call at Park Lane.

Not many days afterward, the Captain was announced. I was answering a question of Lady Eugenia's, who chanced to be with us in the drawing-room, instead of Lady Orford's boudoir, as was generally the case. I could not but notice the peculiar emotion in her countenance, when she first saw the new comer; it was scarcely describable, but in a moment had vanished, so that when he was presented to her, only a wistful earnestness remained. Yet her gentle nature seemed stirred to its very depths under the placid manner which resumed its usual sway. Her eyes were frequently fixed on Yarrington with a dreamy sadness, and although she did not join in the conversation, every word and gesture on his part seemed to interest her; no one else observed these peculiarities, being otherwise occupied; but my sympathy with her ladyship induced various speculations concerning the cause.

After his departure, Lady Eugenia inquired concerning her parentage, and seemed disappointed at the result. To my surprise, Alethia, who could not have failed to perceive his superiority of heart and mind in the freedom from conventional restraint during the summer at Ventnor, made several half-slighting remarks, and I was convinced that her coolness had its origin in something more lasting than caprice or petulance. From the influence which Sir Wilford Dudley had appeared to exercise for the last few weeks at the seaside, I believed that he had prejudiced her against Yarrington—unjustly I did not doubt, for both report and observation were in favor of the latter. Miss Blackburn's irritability toward me, however, was scarcely attributable to the same agency, as Sir Wilford was uniformly polite and friendly in his manner.

From this time fate seemed determined to bring Lady Eugenia and Captain Yarrington together, for he never called at Lady Orford's that she was not present, and still the hidden agitation on her part existed as at first. There was a tenderness in the glance that lingered on his face when his attention was diverted from her, and yet I could not decide if his presence was most productive of pain or pleasure. An incident occurred which settled this point.

They both accepted an invitation to dine with Lady Orford, who had invited no other guests, and on our assembling in the drawing-room after dinner, the conversation fell on the last opera debutante. Lady Eugenia contended that the character chosen was very unfavorable for a first appearance, adding that she did not understand how any singer could consent to take the part at all.

"But surely, you admit the brilliancy of the music?" Alethia inquired.

"Of course. Yet it is a terrible opera to witness."

"The famous 'Brindisi' contains beauty enough to dilute into a whole act," said Yarrington.

"Still I agree with Lady Eugenia," remarked Lady Orford; "I have seen the character finely represented, yet I feel no desire to witness it, as in the case of other tragedies. What a monster must that woman have been whose history furnished such instances of depravity! Indeed, none in modern times offers a parallel."

"The name itself is indelibly associated with evil and crime," said Alethia. "I can see no beauty in it—and how any one can give it to a child is strange. Do you not sympathize in the fancy, Lady Eugenia?"

"Looking at the person addressed, I saw that she was deadly pale, and the taper fingers that clasped the fan which she nervously held were apparently rigid. As I was about to ask if she felt ill, I was prevented by her reply.

"I do. To me it is most significant of misery and wrong."

"You disagree with us?" inquired Miss Blackburn of Yarrington, who seemed unusually grave.

"It was my mother's name," he simply answered.

What apologies would have been offered I cannot say, but our attention was diverted to Lady Eugenia, who fell fainting from her seat as the Captain concluded, and he was barely in time to support her.

Before the consequent confusion subsided, her senses returned, and she insisted on being suffered to recline quietly on a lounge, refusing every restorative, but allowing Captain Yarrington to fan her,

which he did with the same charming tenderness and solicitude that pervaded his attentions toward all women. Lady Eugenia remained silent, sometimes closing her eyes; but such a happy expression overspread her face that by degrees the others fell into conversation again at her request, satisfied that no unpleasant result would follow the temporary weakness of her nerves, and the evening passed as cheerfully as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Miss Blackburn's dislike to me again beginning to display itself, I was anxious to procure a home elsewhere, when, to my delight, Lady Orford announced that Lady Eugenia Meredith was desirous to have me reside with her if agreeable to myself. I could not have chosen a more satisfactory change, and with sincere gratitude for the kindness I had received for more than a year, I left Park Lane.

A totally novel life now opened to me. Mrs. Berkely was exceedingly affable to the new claimant for her hostess's regard, and felt more at liberty to pursue the gay round so in accordance with her tastes, since Lady Eugenia was not lonely during her absence. The entrance of the lively little widow always seemed to bring the entire gaiety of West End into her cousin's luxurious and quiet boudoir. So full of news and good-natured gossip was her conversation, that although I had no previous knowledge of the persons mentioned, they soon grew to be familiar characters, and were generally pointed out to me during our drives in Hyde Park. Miss Blackburn, who had been brought out, was a frequent subject of conversation; her brilliancy and large fortune attracted, while her sharp wit caused her to be feared as well as flattered.

One morning Mrs. Berkely was unusually thoughtful—a sure sign of some new plan; which was presently divulged.

"I wonder, cousin Eugenia," she said archly, "how far I can presume on your good nature?"

"A long way, Jennie," replied her ladyship, smiling. "What scheme are you revolving so earnestly?"

"Borrowing Judith, occasionally."

I looked up with such simple astonishment, that the speaker burst into a merry laugh.

"Judith will probably see gayety such as she never imagined, if she is to accompany you," remarked Lady Eugenia.

"Nevertheless, I promise myself that pleasure. Mrs. Cecil was captivated with her singing the evening of your last visit, and is longing to obtain the same attraction for her musical re-union next Thursday. She has obliged me in various ways, and I would like to gratify her, if Miss Kennedy will consent."

"Indeed, I leave it with Lady Eugenia," I answered, much amused at the naïveté with which Mrs. Berkely proposed to pay off her social debts with my vocal powers.

"I should really like the child to see your friend's fine collection of paintings," said her ladyship, "and the set she will meet there would be agreeable to her, I am sure. What do you say, Judith? Will you see a little of the fashionable world under the auspices of my gay relative?"

It was settled therefore that I should go, and immediately Mrs. Berkely, with whom dress was an instinct, began planning a suitable attire. Every known color and shade was discussed and discarded as unsuitable, although it was decided that I should lay aside mourning.

"Oh, dear!" cried the vivacious lady, who seemed to regard me as a child would a doll to be dressed, "you are going to prove troublesome. I do not doubt, after all my pains, you will look as out of place in Mrs. Cecil's rooms, as an antique statue in a ball room."

Even those who opposed it, seemed to feel that, after all, mourning was my wear, and so it was conceded that white craps and violets should be chosen.

To say that I was not in a pleasurable state of anticipation, would be to assert a superiority of mental balance seldom possessed by young persons on their first entrance in society. On the evening in question, Mrs. Berkely herself superintended my preparations. Not an ornament was allowed, but violets and foliage relieved the dress, while in defiance of all prevailing styles, my hair was plaited, and a curl descended on each side to the shoulder. As I crossed the room to go down stairs, I caught a full length view of myself. Was that stately stranger the quiet girl who daily performed her simple toilet before its depths? For the first time I realized the fact that never comes to any without a thrill of wonder and joy—that I was handsome. Not a doll-like beauty, nor a brilliant belle, but statuesque, peculiar, distinctive.

This discovery effected one good result—it gave me more confidence, and I felt that I could meet the curious stare of Mrs. Cecil's guest without the consciousness of provoking unpleasant comments.

To my surprise, the elegant drawing rooms were filled to overflowing on our arrival—it was scarcely my idea of a musical reunion, and I could see that my chaperone was unprepared for such a crowd.

In reply to some expression of the sort, after my companion's salutation, our hostess said:

"I know the number of invitations has rather exceeded the original design, but so many were anxious to hear the promised treat you must excuse me."

Mrs. Berkely was too prominent a person not to be speedily surrounded by several fashionables to whom I was introduced with the laughing assertion that she was engaged to play the part of dowager for that evening. While listening to the remarks of these about me, a gentleman advanced from a group near the door—it was Sir Wilford Dudley, who expressed great pleasure at meeting me again, and stated that he had but just returned from abroad, where he had left Lord Orford. I presented him to Mrs. Berkely, whose reception was, as I thought, rather cold; she left me at liberty to converse with him by giving her attention to an acquaintance on the

other side, and Sir Wilford put forth his conversational powers for my entertainment with marked success.

With the most delicate consideration he appointed himself my escort throughout the evening, so that I did not feel conspicuous as a stranger. He accompanied me to the piano, turned my music, held my bouquet, and so unobtrusively contributed to my comfort that I regretted my measured gratitude for his kindness. The mystery that attached itself to his motives and acts in the eyes of others, did not give me the impression of being excluded from equality in his estimation. Indeed I fancied, that with me a corner of the curtain was lifted, and his inner life unguarded, for I was not only at ease with him, but haunted by a consciousness of acquaintanceship before the summer at Ventnor.

When Mrs. Berkely prepared to leave, Sir Wilford expressed a hope of seeing me often during the season; but I replied that Lady Eugenia Meredith, with whom I resided, seldom went out, and the subject was dropped.

"Ah! how I pity you," exclaimed Mrs. Berkely, as she sank back in the carriage, "to have that man mount guard beside you the whole evening, when others so much more desirable were desirous of his place."

I assured her that Sir Wilford was a most entertaining person, as I thought even she would confess on greater intimacy.

"Never!" she ejaculated; then, in a more quiet tone, "I am too much biased against him ever to change my opinion."

There was another comparative stranger who shared Lady Orford's sentiments. What could this eminently refined, discreet gentleman have done to create such violent prejudice?

"Do not think me actuated by idle curiosity," I said; "but I have heard your sentiments expressed before, and yet my knowledge of Sir Wilford gives me no clue to any reason."

"I dare say he is entertaining; but he must have a depraved heart to cause such misery as he has inflicted."

"I heard Lady Orford mention his neglect of his wife."

"Neglect!" repeated Mrs. Berkely, "that is comparative kindness to his actual treatment of her; and she was too lovely and forgiving to expose him to the world; only her family knew the facts. Of course they never can forgive him, though I presume he is not so malicious as they should."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

ZEMIN: AN ORIENTAL VISION.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Zemin lived in those early ages of the world, in those happy times, when men were under no other restraint than what the harmony and felicity of society endeared to them. Fortune had been lavish of every gift in her power to bestow, and Zemin seemed her especial favorite. (She had placed him in a country adorned with unfading verdure and unnumbered flowers.

Immense forests of cedar and palm were his; in quiet valleys, through which sang fertilizing streams, gazed his countless flocks; and every pleasure of primeval elegance and simplicity was his. Easily can the felicity of Zemin be imagined. But when man refuses to give attention to the voice of his internal preceptor, sure is he to become dissatisfied with his lot, however beautiful may be his surroundings, and however bountiful his fortune be to him.

The youthful Zemin was endowed with a most benevolent heart and cheerful disposition, yet the ardor of unrestrained youth soon made him deviate from the path of rectitude, led him into many errors, and excited innumerable desires. In the happy state he enjoyed he at last beheld nothing but insipid uniformity. He was assailed incessantly by new ideas and new wishes. Bountiful as Nature had been, there was nothing that could satisfy the now unreasonable Zemin.

Reclining on his downy couch one day, wearied with the reveries of fruitless wishing, Zemin fell into a profound sleep, when Azor, the spirit to whose care the genii had entrusted the whole earth, undertook to rescue the youth from his delusion, by the imaginary scenes, and ideal events of a dream.

In a dream, then, Zemin was removed to the foot of a tall cedar on the summit of a lofty mountain; away as far as his eye could see stretched his fertile possessions. Instead, however, of viewing them with delight, and feeling a proper spirit of content, he burst into complainings, offering all his possessions for some imagined joy, for something he had not. Suddenly his eyes were dazzled with a light ineffably splendid. A vast cloud, variegated with gold and azure, diffusing around the most exquisite fragrance, slowly descended from the sky. In its midst appeared a celestial, whose look, benign and sweet, stilled the terror which his sudden appearance inspired. It was the great Azor, who, without making himself known, thus addressed Zemin:

"What melancholy thoughts disturb thy peace, oh! Zemin? Tell me, that I may remove them."

"My life," answered Zemin, "is a burden to me; the living day presents forever one unvaried scene. In sylvan shades I wander, and in enameled meadows, yet find I nothing new; no longer do I feel the joy which on once beholding them was mine. The crystal streams no longer sweetly sing their songs; all things wear a dreary sameness to my gaze. So, like, once the fairest, has now no thrilling charm. Divine enjoyment long since yielded to the drowsy reign of satiety. My heart beats still, but with indescribable vacuity. Oh! thou great genius, for

such thou dost appear, make of these insipid scenes a country vast and beautiful, like that where celestial beings dwell, that I, in endless and in various joys, in variety and voluptuousness of pleasure, may reap unutterable and undiminished ecstasy."

Scarcely had he finished these words when he fainted away at the feet of Azor. In an instant the whole country assumed a new appearance. Nature bowed to the creative power of the celestial messenger. Tivoli's translucent streams, Tarentum's vast luxuriant woods, the fragrant bowers, where reposed Venus and Adonis on their bed of roses, would but imperfectly portray the richly varied beauties of this new Elysium.

Zemin recovered from his swoon and views the scene with wonder and astonishment. He is seated on a bed of violets; balmy zephyrs waft fragrance to him from ten thousand flowers. Rising, he wanders through delightful groves, where untroubled harmony incessantly salutes his ravished ears, and his enraptured eyes knows no where to rest. So after the many perils of a tedious voyage, with ecstasy the worn and weary mariner views afar off the Canary Isles, styled justly and anciently the *fortunate*. So sees he yet distant the beauties of their hills—so forgets he toil and weariness as he senses the delicious recollection of their woods, and catches the dying cadence of some plummy native's melodious song. Zemin is lost in the ecstasy of delight and admiration.

Now he only sees—now he only hears. Suddenly seven nymphs, more charming than hours of Paradise, appear before him. All the enchanting beauties of the landscape fade before his enraptured eyes. They flee before him to some distant thicket, pursued with all the ardor of desire—nor does he long pursue in vain. Happier than the fated son of Priam, his transports are not confined to a single Helen. With all the attractions of variety, and with charms peculiar to each, these youthful beauties by turns allure him. But days went by and the moments grew sluggish in this dream of rapture. New desires, more impetuous than before, sprang up in the bosom of the restless Zemin. He tears himself from the arms of his nymphs and seeks the lonely embowering shades, and to Echo vents his sad complaints. "Unhappy Zemin!" he exclaimed. "When, when art thou to enjoy serenity and peace? What felicity canst thou hope for, if the most exquisite pleasures are succeeded by satiety? I have mistaken the objects of desire. I long for more than this base enjoyment, this utter slavery to sense. I see how inglorious it is to spend life in indolence and inactivity. My views expand. I feel myself formed for purposes nobler far. I long to vie with heroes, and to win immortal renown by ways unknown to the voluptuary. I will no longer be imprisoned in a myrtle bower—no longer live unheard of and unknown. Ah! if Azor would once more be propitious! Now indeed feel I desire worthy of myself and of his applause. I would see my possessions the world—my power formidable to my subjects. I would be lord of mankind, a god on earth, hurling thunder with one hand and dispensing blessings with the other."

At this moment Zemin was lifted up by an invisible arm and borne swiftly through the air. Underneath him he saw an extensive country, intersected with forests of lofty cedars. Mighty rivers thundered upon the sides of rugged mountains, and distributed themselves into innumerable canals, which conveyed all the blessings of opulence and plenty throughout the empire.

As he sped on, vast cities rose in the midst of fertile plains, with glistening domes and magnificent towers. "All these," said the invisible genius, "are thine." The heart of Zemin was exalted, as he beheld the fruitful lands and thickly populated cities of which he was to become sole ruler.

Azor alighted on the earth, and Zemin found himself at once in the midst of a venerable assemblage of sages and heroes, who, before he could recover from his astonishment, proclaimed him unanimously their sovereign. How great art thou now, oh, Zemin! A nation prostrates itself at thy feet, and their acclamations fill the air with thunder. A troop of warriors conduct their new monarch to a magnificent palace; his subjects repair in crowds to do him homage, and kiss the footsteps of his throne; innumerable crowds bring him the riches of the provinces, the gold of the islands, the gems of the East, and the fragrant spices of Arabia. Jerusalem, in her grandeur, did not surpass his capital. Rome, in the glory of her people, was not as proud.

Zemin was delighted with the warlike sound of the trumpet and the parade of military pomp. But ambition asserts her sway in his restless bosom, and longs to wield the sceptre of the world.

A mighty array gathers at his command, and at its head he marches against the princes whose domains border on his own. The clash of arms and the groans of the wounded and the dying are sweet music in his ears. Success crowns his expedition, and he defeats them with fearful slaughter.

Ambition, fed by the acclamations of triumph and victory, gives Zemin no rest. Soon his successful arms deluge another nation in blood, and he goes on from conquest to conquest with rapid steps. His empire stretches from sea to sea, and the highways of the world pour all their wealth at his feet—yet is he unsatisfied.

He is tortured by the idea that other nations exist who have not experienced the invincible power of his arms; and he mourned, like the Great Alexander, that Heaven had not created other worlds for him to conquer.

Millions of slaves were abject enough to worship him, yet among these a few illustrious dared to suggest to him the duties of humanity, and propose a model for princes in the example of Deity, who is all-powerful only that he may do good.

Zemin turned a deaf ear to their counsels. Un-

moved by the eloquence of tears, and deaf to the cry of slaughtered innocents, he scorned attention to the precepts of Wisdom and Justice, and they became his unrelenting judges, and his downfall was near at hand. Ambition satiated, resigned her reign, only that Tyranny and Oppression might assume the rule. A powerful nation that had long enjoyed the blessings of liberty and independence, excited his anger by their contentment.

He marched against them. They sought no aggressive war. Fighting for all that was dear to them as citizens and men—liberty and their homes—they first successfully resisted his attack, and at last totally defeated him. Zemin fled and saved himself from the just fury of the victors.

The late defied hero now perceives he is but a man. After inexpressible fatigue, he finds himself in the middle of a valley surrounded by lofty monasteries, where the stillness of the scene invites him to repose. He throws himself down beside a fountain, where solitude and his sad reverse of fortune lead him to serious reflection.

"Ah! Zemin," said he, "how hast thou been deceived by visionary hopes? Where now are fled those blissful dreams of greatness that made thee imagine thyself a God on earth? Wretch that thou art, in what misery has thy own folly involved thee? O cruel war, didst thou not know that my request, if granted, would be all fatal to us? Oh! ye happy tenants of the forests, how freely do ye range through all your native glades, unenslaved by the passions that forever agitate lordly man! Proud reason gives not to him what simple instinct gives to you—the sweet enjoyment of all the blessings of which parental nature is so lavish. At this instant a gaudy butterfly perched on an adjacent flower. Awhile he beheld it fluttering, with fickle pleasure, from the rose to the lily, from the lily to the rose. 'Oh! Azor,' exclaimed Zemin, 'twice hast thou too readily granted the request that was to be so fatal to me. Hear me, for the last time, when I ask, what will insure me felicity? I envy in my present state the lot of yonder insect. I have been the slave of desire—the master of the world, and they have brought me misery. I now would wander in blissfulness among the beauties of Flora. Transform me into a butterfly. His body in an instant dwindles into the shape of a worm, and four painted wings display their beauties to the sun. The soul of Zemin wonders to find itself confined within so small a space, but his desires are now more moderate and do not lead him beyond his proper sphere. The new butterfly, eager to try his wings, leaves the flower, then suddenly alights, rises again, and flutters with caution into an element to which he had never been accustomed. With ecstasy he enjoys the exhalations of a thousand flowers. Away he hovers over the numberless beauties, and declares his transports to them. He flutters to the lily and delves into its silver cup, which, gently swayed by the balmy zephyr, lulls him to rest—he settles upon the rose, and glides over its leaves with exquisite delight—he hears the side of a little brook of water, whose opposite border is lined with flowers of every hue, and rising upon his gilded wings, directs his course toward them. Suddenly, a cruel enemy to the insect tribe—a rapacious crow, darts toward him; the water below him affords no escape, and straining his fragile wings, he makes for the shore; but his speed is nothing to the certain sweep of the crow, who seizes him in her bill, to carry him as food to her young. The fear of death had such an effect on Zemin, that he awoke. He started and looked about him, and was overjoyed to find the danger to which he had been exposed was but a dream. He finds himself on his couch, his Selima by his side, who never appeared more beautiful than now. Zemin reflected on his dream, and was astonished to find those desires so clearly pictured in it, by which his bosom became so often agitated.

"Yes," cried he, it is some benevolent spirit, perhaps Azor himself, who has designed to procure for me this vision, so instructive. His guardian care has performed during sleep what could not have been effected while the faculties were awake, and the body had all its influence over the mind. I am convinced, at last, that my life has hitherto been nothing but the dream of a soul disordered by error, and in a state of abject slavery to the tyranny of the passions. What new and nobler thoughts spring up in my mind! How little now do all the grandeur of the world appear! Why have I been so long a stranger to the truly sublime views that now elevate my soul? O! Eternal Being, guide my footsteps by the light of thy unerring wisdom! Already do the mists of error that veiled thy attractions vanish before me.

Beautiful Selima, with pleasure do I return to thee, and all the fervency of my earliest and sincere love comes up to crown thee. Henceforth my own heart shall be the only empire I shall aspire to govern. Not conquest of others, but self-command shall be my duty and my delight. Vain and visionary all joys, save those which piety and virtue, temperance and moderation, contentment and a grateful heart, never fail to bestow.

Paris, France, 1861.

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

Now, while civil war is raging in our beloved country, it is not inopportune for us to print the following thrilling description of the destruction of Jerusalem, from a lecture by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton:—

Six years after the birth of our Lord, Judea and Samaria became a Roman province under subordinate governors, the most famous of whom was Pontius Pilate. These governors became so oppressive, that the Jews broke out into rebellion; and seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem was finally besieged by Titus, afterwards Emperor of Rome. Not tragical on this stage has the same scenes of appalling terror as are to be found in the history of this siege. The city itself was rent by factions of the deadliest war with each other—all the elements of civil hatred had broke loose—the streets were slippery with the blood of citizens—brother slew brother—the granaries were set on fire—famine wasted those whom the sword did not slay. In the midst of these civil massacres, the Roman armies appeared before the walls of Jerusalem. Then for a short time the rival factions united against the common foe; they were again the gallant countrymen of David and Joshua—they sallied forth and scattered the eagles of Rome. But this triumph was brief; the ferocity of the ill-fated Jews soon again wasted itself on each other. And Titus marched on—encamped his armies close by the walls—and from the height the Roman general gazed with awe on the strength and splendor of the city of Jehovah.

Let us here pause—and take, ourselves, a mournful glance at Jerusalem, as it then was. The city was fortified by a triple wall, save on one side, where it was protected by deep and impassable ravines. These walls, of the most solid masonry, were guarded by strong towers; opposite to the loftiest of these towers Titus had encamped. From the height of

that tower the sentinel might have seen stretched below the whole of that fair territory of Judea, about to pass from the countrymen of David. Within these walls was the palace of the kings—its roof of cedar, its door of the rarest marbles, its chamber filled with costly tapestries, and vessels of gold and silver. Groves and gardens gleaming with fountains, adorned with statues of bronze, divided the courts of the palace itself. But high above all, on a precipitous rock, rose the temple, fortified and adorned by Solomon. This temple was as strong without as a citadel; within more adorned than a palace. On entering, you beheld porticoes of numberless columns of porphyry, marble and alabaster; gates adorned with gold and silver, among which was the wonderful gate called the Beautiful.

Further on, through a vast arch, was the sacred portal which admitted into the interior of the temple itself—all sheathed over with gold and overhung by a vine tree of gold, the branches of which were as large as a man. The roof of the temple, even on the outside, was set over with golden spires, to prevent the birds settling there, and defiling the holy dome. At a distance, the whole temple looked like a mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles. But, alas, the veil of that temple had been already rent asunder by an inexplicable crime, and the Lord of Hosts did not fight with Israel. But the enemy is thundering at the wall. All around the city arose immense machines, from which Titus poured down mighty fragments of rocks, and showers of fire. The walls gave way—the city was entered, the temple itself was stormed.

Famine, in the meanwhile, had made such havoc, that the besieged were more like spectres than living men; they devoured the belts of their swords, the sandals of their feet. Even Nature itself so perished away, that a mother devoured her own infant; fulfilling the awful words of the prophet who had first led the Jews toward the land of promise:—"The tender and delicate woman amongst you, who would not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness—her eye shall be evil toward her young and the children that she shall bear, for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the seige and straitsness wherewith thine enemy shall encompass thee in thy gates."

Still, as if the foe and famine were not scourge enough, citizens smote and murdered each other as they met in the way—false prophets ran howling through the streets—every image of despair completes the ghastly picture of the fall of Jerusalem. And now the temple was set on fire, the Jews rushing through the flames to perish amid its ruins.

It was a calm, summer night—the 10th of August—the whole hill on which stood the temple was one gigantic blaze of fire—the roofs of cedar crashed—the golden pinnacles of the dome were like spikes of crimson flame. Through the lurid atmosphere all was carnage and slaughter; the echoes of shrieks ran back from the hill of Zion to the Mount of Olives. Amongst the smoking ruins, and over piles of the dead, Titus planted the standard of Rome!

Written for the Banner of Light.

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY S. FELLOWS.

The winds were fair, the waves were clear,
The azure heavens were calm and bright,
And every prospect waited cheer,
As sunk the daylight beams in night.

A boat was on the restless wave,
And joy was in the boatman's breast,
And while the ripples gently laved
Their boat, some slept in peaceful rest.

No fears disturbed their quiet mind—
They saw no danger in their path,
They knew not of the rising wind,
They dreamed not of the tempest's wrath.

But while they slept it waited near—
The blackened clouds the sky o'ercast;
And now its fearful voice they hear,
As in its might it rushes past.

They quickly rose, and looked around,
And saw their craft by wild waves tossed;
They heard the breakers' rushing sound,
And thought themselves and vessel lost.

Darkness and terror press around!
They soon expect the engulfing wave—
Their only thought—they must go down
And find a dark and watery grave!

Ah, they forgot the Master, then,
Who slept within the vessel's side;
How glad that thought arose to them—
Perhaps he rules the storms and tides!

They quickly sought him where he lay,
And cried, "awake—we sink—we die!"
Thy voice divine the storm may stay—
Oh save, for death and ruin's night!"

He rose and spake! the tempest ceased—
The angry waves obeyed his will!
And all were calmed to quiet rest,
By the blest mandate—"Peace, be still!"

A higher lesson claims a thought,
As from the simple page we turn;
With heavenly wisdom it is fraught,
The best man ever seeks to learn.

However calm the present hour,
To pleasure given, or quiet rest,
The storms of human passion lower
In some dark corner of the breast.

If present scenes are passing bright,
And skies are calm, and waves are clear,
All sail alike into that night,
Where storms and darkness ever peer.

See, then, the Master of the soul
Within abides, a welcome guest;
Whose heavenly voice its storms control,
And calm its winds and waves to rest!

All nations should this wisdom seek,
To guide their "Ships of State" aright;
For if without our Master's meek,
They're wrecked, and lost in storms and night!

The storms of life, the waves of death,
All yield obedient to His will;
And every wind will hold its breath,
At His blest mandate—"Peace, be still."

Fall River, April 17th, 1861.

GOT THREE CENTS' WORTH.—The Portsmouth Chronicle says that in one of the churches in that city lately, while the minister was reading the hymn, a well-dressed and respectable looking man walked up the aisle in front of the preacher, and stood looking him intently in the face. After the hymn was read, the pastor motioned to the stranger to be seated, and he immediately sat down upon the rostrum, and remained there until the prayer was commenced, when he suddenly jumped up, and fixing his eyes upon the man of God, looked at him until he had got through with his petition. He then handed the minister a three-cent piece, and unceremoniously departed.

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm Owen Smith, and Owen Jones, and Owen Brown, and Owen everybody."

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

TENTH PAPER—FOURTH SECTION.

SPIRIT-COMMUNION—HOW TO EVADE ITS PERILS IN REACHING ITS BENEFITS.

The first section of this paper contains a copious specification of contingent evils, to which are commonly exposed not only the votaries and practitioners of mediumistic communion with disembodied spirits, but all mankind, however the multitude disclaim Spiritualism and repel the name of Spiritualist. Later meditations on this subject have convinced me that this point has been neither put in extravagant terms nor pushed with all the force of argument which its bearing upon human interests and its implication of unconscious danger, fitly demand. Two sections have followed, disclosing such human advantages to be derived from a general converse of men and angels as none of the living can afford to lose, whatever perils may be incurred in gaining them. Besides, the most foolish of all expedients for eluding these perils, would be a resolve to "have nothing to do with the spirits." Indeed, one might with better reason abandon human society, since the free intercourse of mankind is fraught with more alarming dangers. But to counsel either, were about as practical as the thought of never eating again after hearing that somebody has got choked at the dinner-table.

No sentient being can exist long without communing with one's species. For this reason the life of a hermit has been rarely attempted and never realized. It is a very common but mistaken notion, that a man is essentially different from an angel. In verity, all souls are of the same species; and the embodied are more intimately related to the disembodied than is revealed to our benighted senses. The inhabitants of the spirit world are not at all isolated from mankind; though, for want of spiritual discernment, their sublimity is not always manifest, and their personal approaches and special influences are but rarely perceived. The thought of non-intercourse with those of our former associates who have merely put off the sensuous garments of the spirit, but remain otherwise where and as they were, indicates our want of information. To clairvoyant eyes, as well as to clear-seeing brains, the two worlds are one, the two spheres of life being intermingled like the union of body and soul in a living man. Every society on earth; every family and social circle; every organization for human culture or escape from earthly evil; every tribe, nation and empire, is largely composed of disembodied members, as united in purpose, as divided in opinion also, as the living parts of sense. The old inhabitants of the New World have not wholly departed. The veterans of the first Revolution are citizens of the Yankee Nation to-day, and are soulfully siding with the two great gathering parties now about to contest the political motion for another. The present conflict of dissenting States is yet to be overruled by unseen actors. The destiny of our growing Republic, like that of all the old empires, while it seems to turn on the conventional will of the people, or the vacillating course of rulers and statesmen, is decided by the rivalry of super-mundane powers. It is so also in private life. Solitude is a fancy. One is never less alone than when one thinks to be so; and something more than common sense must be employed by such as would choose their company. But few are aware of this latent Spirit-Communion, and in this—IGNORANCE, with its unlucky progeny, *Presumption*, consist all its lurking dangers.

Ignorance of Human Nature, especially of its spiritual department, including the psychical attributes of Humanity in both worlds—Ignorance of the diverse character of disembodied spirits, of the various modes of Spirit-communication, and of the clandestine influence which one soul may exert upon another, either consciously or unconsciously, whether in or out of the body—this is the root of those mortal evils, the cause of those unwitting personal exposures, the external description of which was given in the first section of this paper. The human mind is never idle; and its operations in reference to things unknown, are called *Imagination*, which, when penetrated by later information, generally proves to be *Presumption*. The inductions of fancy concerning the spirit-world and its characteristics, are often determined by the religious prejudices of individual training. These several agents of false thinking give birth to three prominent presumptions. 1. That all disembodied souls are holy, or at least harmless, and may or may not commune with mortals. 2. That departed spirits differ in character, but that the righteous only are *privately permitted to approach mankind*, as missionaries of human good. 3. That there is no spirit-world—that a man gives up the ghost and perishes; or, if there is, that no intercourse is possible between the living and the dead. These presumptions are respectively cherished by multitudes; and any one of them puts the presumer in negative relation to all denizens of the invisible spheres, and welcomes all teachings, all influences and all impressions which seem to descend, with no question of a spurious inspiration. Such being the consistency of the dangers I would expose, the reader cannot fail to see that the warning applies not to Spiritualists alone, but most emphatically to the larger portion of mankind, who unbelievably imagine they have no interest in "the humbug of table-tipping and pretended spirit-rapping." I respectfully suggest to all such imaginers that the part of prudence demands of everybody so much investigation of the unaccountable "impotence" of unknown tricksters as will procure a rational assurance of safety in indifference.

Ignorance is the universal sphere of danger. In any part of God's dominion, whether in or out of the body, there is no safety for a soul without intelligence. Investigation is the only remedy for ignorance, the only corrective of presumption. Seek the science of spirit-life, if you would escape all psychical exposures to disease, temptation, deception, enmity and arrogance—if you would know how to select the invisible companions of your soul in its earthly sojourn, and so be prepared to enjoy the best society when you also become an inhabitant of the spirit-land. For, let me say in one breath, the means of spiritual safety are also those of success to the highest ends of human endeavor. Aim, therefore, to secure the Uses and Ultimate Benefits of Spirit-Communion, and fear none of its Perils. Voluntary Communion with all the inhabitants of the spirit-world, *secundum artem*, is the only medium of spiritual intelligence, and therefore the only method of escaping all the chance evils of involuntary and unwitting fellowship, both embodied and disembodied. Knowing this much, who does not wish to learn the art of voluntary Spirit-Communion, and perhaps regret to find it an undeveloped art, yet to be born of experiment? But the earnest are never hopeless; and such will not

falter when I promise to show them only how to begin what they must practice for Heaven's sake.

The first step in this undertaking is, as I have already said, *Investigation*. But how to investigate, is the question. Well, you may commence this beginning of the work with the consultation of mediums, if you please. Every locality is supplied with one or more of these; and I think it advisable to procure the services of such as are of unquestionable reliability. I mean as to moral as well as professional character, for the purpose of testing the overwhelming testimony of recent times to the fact of Spirit-Communion. But I want you to mind also in what character you engage in this business. Do not go to a medium as you may have been accustomed to go to meeting, to gaze at the minister with unseemly reverence, or shut your eyes and elongate your face for witless devotion. Beware of marvel. Keep your eyes and ears open, and your intellects awake. Beware of self-deception. Have a care not to believe too much, nor predicate any authority upon the mere source of what is proposed for your consideration. Nevertheless, eschew all captiousness, discard unreasonable suspicion, and play no cunning tricks. If you would make the most of oral communications, reduce them to writing for deliberate perusal, and study their implications.

The best evidence of progress in this private way, will be a quickened appetite for spiritual information—a craving for principles as well as facts, demanding larger methods of investigation. You will then attach yourself to some circle of Spiritualists whose united object is sought only through "LIGHT MORE LIGHT!" and you will not wait for my advice to patronize the Rostrum of trance-speakers, or to enquire your queries to the Conference-room where free thoughts are entertained, and free speech is never disposed of.

You will of course provide yourself with the BANNER OF LIGHT, which, beside being an able and diffuse teacher of Spiritualistic principles, prints some half a dozen communications every week from the democratic ranks of souls in Hades. These messages, coming as they do from all sorts of characters, constitute collectively a most rare development of life in the spirit-world—a record of supermundane experiences from which the rational student may readily deduce momentous answers to the deep questions of human hope.

You will also take the Herald of Progress—the mouth-piece of the clearest seer and most lucid medium of celestial intelligence that ever had a hearing among mankind. You will become convinced that the Harmonical Philosophy is a piece of Inspiration, or a result of clairvoyant researches in the spirit-land; and hence you will perceive the importance of learning that as a desirable preparation for the life to come. You will wonder that you have so long neglected, and will now begin to read thoroughly, "Nature's Divine Revelations." You will make five wholesome meals of "the Great Harmonia," and finally resolve to have the whole library of spiritual truth. Indeed, to become "wise above what is written" every way of Human Nature and Destiny, is the normal aim of the earnest investigator, who is taking the first step toward Spirit-Communion.

The second step in this beginning of human wisdom is *Self-Discipline*. Investigation will produce intelligence of something to be done to the end of a salutary Communion with all the diverse spirits that "walk the earth unseen," idle, wanton and mischievous, or as ministering angels to the sick, helpless, and outcast of mankind. I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of Inspiration, which I do not fully understand, but merely assert the fact that it is an influence less certainly divine than has been generally imagined, though not less positive as a principle apparently good or evil, according to the degree of intelligence by which it is over-ruled. There is a class of inspirational thinkers who speak or write from impression, as they tell us; that is, they are somehow in a manner unknown to themselves, occasionally exalted in mind, so as to discourse in a style above their ordinary capacity, yet without being entranced or entering the superior condition of the Seer. Such mediums are consciously inspired, or impressed with abnormal intelligence, but they know not how. It is a mooted question with others also, whether the agency of such mediumship is directly and singly personal, or whether many spirits conspire to produce a spiritual influx of thought. Some, indeed, have queried whether this inspiration is not subjective; that is, whether the supposed mediumship is not a fluctuating capacity, which causes the brain now and then to take long breaths of aural intelligence with which the very atmosphere of earth is supposed to be saturated. This is rather opaque and improbable. The truth is doubtless contained in one and perhaps both of the foregoing hypotheses, which are meant to explain only an external fact, not a principle having many phases of manifestation. It is relevant to ask right here, why an impressive mind may not be influenced to not below as well as above itself; and whether derangement, intoxication, unusual despondency or perplexity, would not be likely to facilitate such a compromise of self-hood, in case that a controlling agency, sufficiently perverse and abandoned to a motive, should chance to be at hand. I have read of persons having been seized by impression beyond the limits of their own information to feed the starving, administer relief to the sick, or convey a warning to such as were unconsciously exposed to injury or death; and such acts are very reasonably turned to the credit of good spirits. Why should not bad spirits sometimes do the reverse, since both worlds are plentifully supplied with desperate characters, who seem ready to serve the Devil in anywise, and on very unreasonable terms? In my opinion, we have only to draw aside the veil of ignorance, with which the very respectable fact of Inspiration is shrouded, to see an implement of most alarming danger to mankind, in the hands of the invisible workers of iniquity. There is the same proof of hellish inspiration as of heavenly. How shall we avert the one in wooing the other?

I have said that Self-Discipline is the second step to this end. To see this we must consider the reason why all are not equally susceptible of inspirations, either good or bad, and why there are different manifestations of the same general principle. All are doubtless impressible at times, in some degree; but all are not sensible of exotic suggestions, either for want of that kind of mental culture which is needful to acute observation, or because of a natural sluggishness of temperament. There is also a radical difference between suggestions of thought and desire—between the excitements of intellect and those of appetite, as well as much disparity in the sensitive force of distinct sentiments. Beside, mankind are exceedingly various in character, because of their variegated cranial developments. This is why all do not act alike in like circumstances, and why all cannot be influenced alike by the same force and quality of inspiration. Herein we discover the

virtuous character is obstinate to immoral inspirations. Good men and women are not controlled by bad spirits. They may be impressible with evil thoughts, but not with evil desires; those will be abortive, and those not even conceived. Good angels can hardly dissuade evil-minded persons, and evil spirits have little to do with such as are striving to be virtuous. It is the morally careless that is likely to be tempted, while the willingly vicious is the readiest tool of such of the ex-criminals of earth as return *in ergo* to be their own avengers.

Let not the most temperate liver be suspected of too rigid a discipline. The best exemplar of mankind did not esteem himself perfect, notwithstanding his self-surrender to the will of the Father. Out of his own experience he framed the exacting precept—"Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many who seek to enter are not able." This gate of Heaven is *righteousness*, without which we must ever fall of reaching the Benefits of Spirit-Communion. If we would escape forever the insidious influence of evil spirits, we must maintain a positive relation to them by the comparative dignity of our own characters. We must have health of body and a sound brain as the habitation of a sane mind. To this end we must eat, drink, sleep, labor, and also think; and these exercises must be defined and regulated by enlightened Reason. We must elevate the soul and keep the body under. We must out loose from all downward affinities by seeking Truth, choosing Right, and worshipping Worth. We must wish to be wise, aim to be just, hope to be Godlike. Thus, if we would get out of all bad company, we must get into the society of good angels, by keeping our brains and hearts always receptive toward the highest inspirations of intelligence and purity. To this nobler end we must obtain "the Magic Staff" of Equanimity, and follow the spiritual advice of Galen to one of his earthly favorites—"In all circumstances keep an even mind." Avoid excitements of every kind; beware of excess in eating and drinking; abjure all carnal indulgences; in a word, be as *unselfishly-blessed* as Jesus. Then will you begin to realize the Benefits of Spirit-Communion; though in one sense, but a *lonely blessedness* in your earthly sojourn, enabling you to retort on the devotees of luxury as he did—"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

The third step in the way to Spirit-Communion, is *Social Beneficence*. I do not mean by anything I have said for caution's sake against the influences of "evil spirits," to counsel their heartless repulsion, or even neglect. It were perhaps better to call them undeveloped, unfortunate, or even *abused* spirits; since their depravity is clearly traceable to earthly causes over which they had no control, and for which others are more responsible than they—to parental mistakes, and to later social wrongs and circumstantial constraints. It is the great foible of mankind hitherto to overlook these negative sources of ill-nature, misname its manifestations, and misconceive the natural deserts of its victims. I have employed the same exceptionable terms in former paragraphs, for the purpose of deepening the impression of dangerous associations. I now pray to be absolved from every seeming intention to calumniate the weakest and most wretched of God's creatures. It is the last rational step to universal sympathy, to discern all impressions of guilt and ill-desert as relics of error—as the sheer prejudices of primal ignorance. Let us, then, rise magnanimously above the antiquated sentiment of innate malice, and cherish and act upon the truthful conception of misrepresented want, untaught aspiration, mistaken good-will. Let us reduce this thought to sentiment. Let us strive to feel its truth, until our hearts go out in pity for the disreputable sufferers in Hades. Let us begin to think in earnest if we cannot do something for their relief, and in this spirit we need indulge no fears of their malign influence. Such a state of mind is the best of all safeguards against immoral inspirations. A soul imbued with such a motive is proof against all seductive suggestions and malignant purposes, however secret and insidious.

Nor do I offer this counsel merely for safety's sake. Something can be done for the immediate consolation and prospective elevation of the downcast exiles from the sphere of sensuous life. I appeal to the sixth page of this journal for illustration of what I am saying. Multitudes of homeless spirits are constantly in attendance at the time and place appointed, awaiting an opportunity to improve the human means provided by Mr. Berry, for making known their sublimity wants. "Please print this message and send so and so," is the common request of these eager invisibles, who talk like real men and women. "I want to commune with my wife—my children—my folks. I have been in this new world one year—two, five, ten or twenty years, and this is the first time I have been able to return in this way." Bless God and all concerned for this privilege. Will you have the kindness—

Now would it not be cruel, shameful, wicked, to refuse the reasonable requests of these earnest petitioners—to turn a deaf ear to their prayers, merely because they were not as good as they should have been when alive on earth, and according to their own confessions are almost as blind as ever? Here is Rebecca Collins, who, in a recent number of the BANNER, says she has "three dear children here on earth, the cold waters of poverty constantly rushing wildly over them; and because they are poor, they sin; and because they sin, they suffer." She is full of trouble in their behalf. Can not somebody who reads her message help this loving mother to save her daughters? Other poor spirits are praying for light; some of whom, full of penitence and despondency, dare not look up. Will we not let them look down to us? If the reader will do me the favor to turn from this question to the 143d page of that epistolary narrative entitled, "Natty, a Spirit," and read the whole chapter on "Spirits in Prison," I shall be understood. The author's advice on this subject is excellent, and I wish it might be practiced by all Spiritualists. Such labors of love as he describes from experience will surely have their reward; though I suppose ALLEN PUTNAM is one of the last of mortals to think of that.

I will only add to my reflections on this topic, that practical Beneficence toward the living "spirits in prison" would equally favor the end in view. The malignity of "villains" and executed criminals is inflamed by the memory of wrongs endured in the body, at the hands of rulers and the law-making power. Social evil is thus the seed of posthumous enmity. To kill a man is not the way to dispatch an enemy. If governments were wise, they would not let loose their worst offenders, to repeat their crimes by proxy, and beyond the reach of human constraint. For hanging is no cure of depravity; and "punitive justice" while it is not compensative to any party, exasperates its disembodied subject; and provokes an age of infernal retaliations. A general substitution of Beneficence for punishment, with a reasonable reliance upon educational means,

would both humanize mankind and reduce the number of wretched emigrants to the spirit-world.

I have now indicated three steps which are necessary to be taken by those who would initiate individual Spirit-Communism. It is plain, however, that this heavenly want cannot be fully realized—that is, to the degree of its ultimate beatitude, before the era of Universal Rectitude; and this also is the natural sequel to the birth of Human Nature. There is, antecedent to this, an all-important lesson for each and all to learn, which human experience is just beginning to teach. It concerns the principle of Parentage and the unfathomable responsibility of parents. It is a hopeful reflection, that every ugly soul was born of a handsome woman; that all evil spirits have been brought up by men; that every Godlike angel was once a laughing baby in the lap of maternal love. Let mankind desist from raising the Devil, and his ghost will be laid forever. Let man and woman learn the Divine Art of angel-making, and there will be no more abortions in the shape of muscular rascals or evil spirits. Natural children only will then be born, to be transformed into good angels. By that time all our savage ancestors will have outgrown their infernal reputation, and none but the gracious seraphim will return to commune with mortals. Thus and then "yo shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man; those being the spiritual offspring, and this the NATURAL CHILD of Adult Humanity—the complete earthly development of Human Nature." Then the lion of Self-love will lie down with the lamb of Sympathy.

And neither fear nor danger,
Of lurking foe or stranger,
Will trouble any ranger
Of "Paradise regained."
Or Heaven on earth attained;
For Wrong's a self-saver,
And Heart a Love-exchanger,
When Life is once explained.

West Acton, Mass., February, 1861.

I now see that the mystical term in this saying of Jesus is susceptible of another interpretation in addition to those given in the beginning of this paper; and that, according to the above conception, the proposition in the Greek text, is correctly rendered by upon in the received English translation.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

From every point of view is manifest the God, demon, soul, or spirit-world, with a priesthood as mediators, whose work has ever been to submerge the free and healthy uprisings of the human mind. Like trembling slaves, we have feared to stand face to face with the ghost-world, the spiritual counterpart of ourselves, but have sought to placate its lower plane by bloody sacrifices, by titles of mint, anise and cummin for such as we have created our gods, though human like ourselves. However veiled in mystery, behold the common origin of all religions, with no exception of the Biblical record—suns, stars, stones, in transformations of a dark and undeveloped humanity. Moral precepts in all are overlaid in the interminable rubbish of gross rites and superstitious ceremonies, the supposed way of life to the kingdom of God. The mind thus closed and riveted by priest, by school, and by church, the preponderant residuum of slime submerges the beautiful growths from above. We are taught that God spoke his infallible word only in some savage Scriptures of old time, but the mind, more fully grown, wants something more

"Then a successive tide long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark."

Our own day is about to behold a more republican or democratic state of things than the blindly worshipping of Jewish mundane, or transmundane spiritual status, or the confining of present time to Judean bottles. Old wares, old clothes, whether Jewish or Gentile, will be taken at their current worth in the market. Thus "every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven," is ready to redeem the old coins at their true worth in the larger unfolding and more brightly shining of the new, not with arbitrary balances to weigh some as holy and infallible, and others as profane and alloy, when analysis shows them of a common metal.

Besides ventilating and purging the ancient floors, the work of our day is to open new ways to the spirit-world; to classify its phenomena, to observe the laws thereof, to scan the interblending links of mesmerism, somnambulism, trances, &c., and to read the veil of mystery and priestcraft, which have so long afflicted undeveloped humanity with their "Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimerae dire;" "for," in the language of Dryden,

"Priests of all religions are the same,
Of whatever descent their Godhead be,
Black, stone, or other homely pedagogue."

The Westminster Review foresees that the American mind will not much longer be subject to "Jewish speculations;" and well may it be so when there is no longer any speculation in the old-eyes to glare with. Mr. Mayo, of Albany, an outward preacher of the coming day, foresees in Spiritualism the outline of the coming "American religion." "Mr. Conway, of the Cincinnati 'Dial,' a capital harbinger of the new infowing, also foresees the old superstitions, as being rolled together as a scroll to be burnt, while from their ashes will be gathered whatever may remain as precious gems, to be set in the new galaxy of brilliant of the new heavens and the new earth.

Finding in the old theologies the common origin of their varieties, we are at liberty to arrange and classify according to Darwin's "Natural Selection." We have already had a shy at the good and evil principle of Persia, since engrafted upon Christendom as the Lord and the Devil in certain balancing proportions, equivalent to the good and bad demons of Hindu, Babylonian and Grecian. We have also taken a cross cut through the holy land of Palestine, where the Lord created both good and evil, nor shall we fail to find the similar phenomena in the Indian powwows of North America; or in the witchcraft and revival meetings of Christian civilization; for all are outgrowths from the spirit-world, darker or lighter, according to mediumistic surroundings.

The North American Indians, says Major Rogers, besides their general idea of Deity, "have some idea of angels, or spirits of an higher and more excellent nature than man; to these they attribute a kind of immensity, supposing them to be every where present, and are frequently invoking them, imagining they hear them, and act, or endeavor to act, agreeable to their desires. They likewise hold of an evil spirit or demon, who, say they, is always inclined to mischief, and bears great sway in Creation," but as "this kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer," though the Indian knew nothing of the Christian plan, yet did they "fast for several days, in which time they expect the good genius, or propitious spirit will appear or manifest himself." They undertake to unfold the mysteries of religion and a future state, to solve and interpret all their dreams, visions, &c. This author supposes these things to

be "religious impostures as among the Christians," so difficult it is for a materialist to comprehend the outpouring of the spirit. The Indians, also, like the ancient Orientals, spiritualized the sun, moon and stars, and invoked them as witnesses to their sincerity. They believe in witchcraft, and like Moses, will "not suffer a witch to live." Their Seers, Prophets, or Medicine men, make their calling and election sure in their labors with the spirit-world by preparatory steam-baths; thus proving that "cleanliness is akin to godliness," and that an apt condition of the body, is fitting for the proper infowing of the spirit.

The Indians saw and conversed with spirits. "I saw a vision, at which my spirit was much troubled, and trembling at that doleful sight, a spirit cried aloud 'Behold my son whom I have cherished,'" &c. This is equivalent to the spirit in the ancient vision of Job, when the hair of his head stood up. We are assured by an Indian, now in the spirit-land, that when he now appears to his brethren in the flesh, he is supposed to be the Great Spirit, the same as were similar apparitions in ancient Judea, as when the Hebrew children "saw the God of Israel" in the wrestling of one with Jacob, and the performing wondrously of one of the same sort before Manoah and his wife. Though the same infallible Word declares that "no man can see God and live," and that "no one hath seen him at any time;" and when the revelator, John, was about to worship a ghost or spirit as God, he was forbidden, because the ghost declared that he was only one of his brethren.

Drake, in his "Aboriginal Races of North America," comparing the Indian religion with the Christian or biblical, says that "It so happens that in attempting to substitute one faith for another, in the minds of the Indians, the one proposed admits of no better demonstration than the one already possessed by them; for their manner of transmitting things to be remembered, is the most impressive and sacred. That anything false should be handed down from their aged matrons and sires, could not for a moment be believed; and hence that the stories of a strange people should be credited, instead of what they had heard from day to day from their youth up, from those who could have no possible motive to deceive them, could not be expected; and therefore no one will wonder for a moment that the gospel has met with so few believers among the Indians." They had their dealers in mysteries, powwows, conjurers or priests, who healed them when sick, or appeased the wrath of invisible spirits. Their spirit-land for the "brave and virtuous, was a place of perpetual spring, with everything that the most perfect happiness required. Now, as a belief in any other religion promised no more, is it strange that a new one should be slow in gaining credence?"

Nor were miracles at all wanting in their plan of salvation, in the various gifts in the manifestation of the spirit for every one to profit withal. "Green leaves could be caused to grow in winter, trees to dance, and water to burn," quite equal to Jonah's gourd, the rustling of Ezekiel's dry bones, or the strange fire from the Lord. The Sagamore, called Squando, had a vision of God as a tall man dressed in black clothes, who "commanded him to leave his drinking of strong liquors, to pray and to keep Sabbath, and go to hear the word preached." This was doubtless the spirit of a clergyman from the other side of the Jordan, speaking in the name of God, as did the ancient spirits by Moses and the prophets. We are rather pleased with the proscription of strong liquors as enjoined by Squando's God. The similar God of Israel was also quite as explicit in the minutia of keeping Sabbath, and other small ways of the Lord. The Indians were quite as philosophical in their disposal of witches as were their brethren in old Jewry. As late as 1821, a woman of Red Jacket's tribe was condemned and suffered death as a witch, in accordance with the laws handed down by the traditions of the elders. The executioner of the decree was brought before the white man's court to be proceeded against. "The witch doctrine of the Senecas—thou shalt not suffer a witch to live—was much ridiculed by the Americans." Red Jacket was a witness, and replied, "What! do you denounce us as fools and bigots, because we still continue to believe that which yourselves sedulously inculcated two centuries ago? Your divines have thundered this doctrine from the pulpit; your judges have pronounced it from the bench; your courts of justice have sanctioned it with the formalities of law, and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adherence to the superstitions of his fathers! Go to Salem! Look at the records of your government, and you will find hundreds executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation upon this woman, and drawn down the arm of vengeance upon her. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people have done? and what crime has this man committed by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the injunctions of his God?"

In visions, in trance, and in prophecy, the Indians were nothing behind the other religions of the world. Saint Paul was caught up to the third heaven. The prophet brother of Tecumseh, was likewise entranced, taken up into heaven, where he saw angels sent by the Great Spirit, who spoke thus to him—"The Great Spirit is angry with you, and will destroy all red men; unless you refrain from drunkenness, lying and stealing, and turn yourselves to him, you shall never enter the beautiful place which we will now show you." A head chief of the Delaware nation "lay to all appearance dead for three days." While thus in the Spirit, "he saw a man in white robes, who exhibited a catalogue of the people's sins and warned him to repent." Lambert, cited in a note to Drake, rather dryly supposes that text from Revelations will be quoted to prove that the Indian is a false prophet. Of course, how can there be a true prophet outside "the pasteboard barriers of the Bible!"

By long fasting, the Indians could sometimes see the Great Spirit, as could Daniel in Babel; and in all other spiritual gifts the Indians were nothing behind the very chiefest of old Jewry. In just dealings, the Indians have ever been superior to the Christian whites. Probably Black Hawk, as well as any one, shows the way of the Christian whites in loving their neighbors as themselves. He says—"Black Hawk is an Indian. He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and paposes, against white men, who came year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal.

An Indian, who is as bad as the white men, could not live in our nation; he would be put to death, and eat up by the wolves. The white men are bad school masters; they carry false books and deal in false

actions; they smile in the face of the poor Indian and cheat him; they shake them by the hand to gild their confidence, to make them drunk, to deceive them, and ruin our wives. We told them to let us alone and keep away from us; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and colled themselves among us like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch; we were not safe; we lived in danger. We were becoming like them, hypocrites and base adulterers, lazy drones, all talkers and no workers. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse—they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. Black Hawk will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty. His father will meet him there and commend him."

The kingdom of heaven is rather far from those who esteem themselves to be saints, or the chosen of God, and their neighbors Heathen, created for the use of the Saints. We do but perpetuate the Mosalal impersonalities in exterminating such as we may deem God to have accused, as if an all righteously Supreme could ever curse any of his people. The Hebrew Lord could not drive out the Jebusites because they had chariots of iron; but he swore terribly against Amalek forever. The Indians are our Heathen, whose lands we are to go in and possess as the Lord our God has given us, without money and without price, or, to be balanced by a gospel of rum; for the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. Drunken Noah curses Ham. This typifies the African children, accursed forever, as per Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, and very much of modern Orthodoxy. Thus, in the words of Dryden:

"By education most have been misled;
So they believe, because they so were bred.
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man."

"The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
As ever tried the extent and stretch of grace;
God's puny people, whom he debauched with ease,
No king could govern, nor no God could please;
Gods they had tried, of every shape and size
That Godsmiths could produce or priests devise;
Where Sanhedrim and priests enslaved the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration."

In our bibliolatries, we are but the blind worshippers of the old Spiritualisms, mystified by our priest-hoods. In vain does Gasparin try to extricate the biblical from the parallel planes of unfolding, and yet he admits that "Nothing is more badly classified than the Divine and the Satanic prodigies. We are all disposed to rank among the former the wonders of our friends, and to leave the latter the wonders of our adversaries. Catholics, Jesuits, Protestants, each attributes the extraordinary acts of the others to the Devil. They all reserve miracles to themselves alone, according to their adversaries only Satanic Prodigies."

This author completely stultifies himself through his one thousand pages in trying to make it appear that the Bible is an exceptional record in the way of Spiritualism. All is miraculous or inspirational within the pastebord boundary, but "nothing without. Protestant, Catholic and Pagan, are alike denied any other or later spiritual gifts; and yet his collections of Spiritual phenomena completely nullify his own positions, and prove the identity and perpetuity of such Spiritual modes of being alike outside as within the Bible; and alike in their sources; such as the invoking the Holy Christ, laying on of hands, and otherwise conveying the spiritual influx, as in old Jewry prophetic, and in early Christian Apostles. See Josephus and Philo Judeaus as testimonies for old Jewry; nor has Spiritual Christianity ever been entirely without a witness of continuous Spiritual gifts.

Gasparin, like many others, would close the opening heavens when ready to pour out its spirit upon all flesh, so that the old and young may dream dreams and see visions quite as orthodox as any in old Jewry. Such democracy of the kingdom of heaven is as gall and wormwood to the priesthood; hence they would divide by the old gifts of the Bible, and by none others. Yet tell, if you can, the difference of the outpouring of the spirit on Camaraid of France, or on Hebrew in Palestine. We cite from Gasparin. Elle Marion expresses herself as follows: "When the spirit of God takes possession of me, I feel a great warmth in my heart and its vicinity, which is sometimes preceded by a shuddering of the whole body. At other times, it seizes me all of a sudden, without my experiencing any pre-sentiment of it. When I find myself seized, my eyes immediately close, and the spirit causes an agitation of my body, making me sigh heavily and give vent to broken sobs, as though I had difficulty in breathing. Indeed, I feel that this spirit performs in my mouth the words he wishes to make me pronounce. During the whole time of these visions, I always feel my spirit tend toward my God. It is to God that I entirely abandon myself in my ecstasies, in the government of my tongue," &c.

So, too, with the Covenot prophets, among whom, even children of the tenderest age were in the spirit and uttered oracles. Thus from the mouths of babes and sucklings did the spirit-world manifest itself. In one case, an "infant, three or four months old, was lying wrapped up in the cradle, and it had never spoken or walked of itself. When I and my friends entered, the child spoke distinctly in French, in quite a loud voice, considering its age, so as to be plainly heard in every part of the chamber. It exhorted to repentance, just as I have seen others do when in a state of inspiration. We all prayed and wept around the cradle. After the ecstasy had passed away, I saw the child in its ordinary condition. A boy, only fifteen months old, was in the spirit, and spoke as though God were speaking through his mouth, always making use of this expression to give certainty to his words: 'I tell thee, my child,' equivalent to 'the word of the Lord came unto me.' Many other children, as well as grown persons, were thus seized and spoke as the spirit gave them utterance; and one author does vainly try to extricate them from the category of old Jewry, as if Lane and his company were in an epidemic of prophecy when the "spirit of God was upon him" in like manner; and so of pentecostal mediums, who spoke in various spiritualistic tongues; and so, too, of the possessions in revival meetings.

"Animal Magnetism" suffices for our author to cover all mysteries of Godliness not upon the Bible call page. He says "this magnetism, is to be met with in all secrecy, both ancient and modern," only it must not be permitted to score the "riddles" and "dark sayings" of the Bible. "Touch not mine anointed, and do my priests no harm." Spiritualism on Hebrew ground is divinity, on Gentile ground is magnetism, and so sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander; and it is a good rule that wont work both ways. Such is the logic of the old theologues.

It would appear that the Catholic nuns knew how to work the miracle in the handwriting on the arm by the finger-God quite as well as some of our modern mediums. Gasparin cites M. de Monconis, who, with many others, had had the curiosity to

visit the "possessed" of London. "On the morning of the 8th of May, 1816, I went to see the Superior of the Ursulines. My patience was put to the test by being obliged to wait in the parlor more than a half hour. This delay made me suspect some artifice. For that reason, after paying her my compliments, I begged her to show me the characters that the demon who possessed her had marked on her hand while she was being exorcised; she complied with my request, and drawing off the glove from the left hand, I saw in letters of blood on the back, beginning at the wrist and extending to the little finger, the following words, *Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and Francois de Sales.*" Upon close scrutiny, this handwriting by the finger of God, proved to be quite as genuine as the modern cantharidian miracle.

C. B. P.

LIFE.

The recent debate on the question of Life, before the Boston Spiritual Conference, as published in the Banner of Light, has exhibited the subject to be of much more interest than it was generally supposed to have. The debate has presented it in a different light, one which is calculated to awaken thought, which in time will increase and dispel the darkness, which has from the beginning covered the revelation of Life in the development of organic form. This view of the subject is a very important one, and will be so admitted by all, who on investigation are enabled to trace the result of action along the highway which Life has opened, and marked with the footprints of development. If the knowledge of Life is important, it is in this world only that we can avail ourselves of the means to assist us in searching into the mystery of that power of substance, which is without doubt the highest revelation to man. To learn the truths of Spiritualism, we are compelled to ask the intelligence producing the phenomenon; in like manner, if we would learn of Life, we must seek in the character of its productions the cause of their existence, and the purpose of their development. Geology reveals to us that there was a time before the introduction of organic form, when the earth was one vast waste of rock and ocean, presenting a scene of grandeur beyond description, of turmoil and ruggedness. It is generally conceded that the first development of organic life was a seaweed of the most simple character, a stem without joint or branch, the offspring of a soil with as few properties in action as nature could combine and cause to produce. The soil was evidently the detritus of the primitive formations, deposited in some favorable nook on the ocean shore, exposed to light, moisture and heat. In this first successful effort of nature to vegetate, the highway of Life was opened onward and upward. No one will deny but that the development and construction of forms are modes of action for a definite purpose; admit this, and form is but a motion of Life, caused by a combination of properties being placed in a favorable condition for action. Crystallization is the instrument by which Life selects and arranges particles to build the form which the combination can produce and sustain. From this we learn that however wonderful and glorious the productions of Life are, it has evidently seen the day of small things. The first development of Life was simple from necessity; it could not have been otherwise, because it had but few properties in action, and they in a crude state. In the same rock where we find the form of the weed, we also find a fossil bivalve, the birth of sensation and instinct. In the plant were treasured the life-sustaining properties of the animal, and as the vegetable was evidently the offspring of the mineral, we may with safety infer that the animal was the development of the life-principle of the plant. Supply invariably precedes the demand. The harmony of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, indicates the relation they bear to each other. The evidence that vegetable and animal forms of life were developed in the first instance without a propagating cause, is proof positive that there was a way, and that this way was opened by a motion of Life. We find toward the close of this period that organic forms had disappeared, and when in the succeeding formation they again appeared, they were a new garb, manifesting that they were the offspring of new combination of properties, the children of a new condition. The constant change of the surface of the globe by upheaval and depression, the disintegration of the rocks, and the accumulation of vegetable and animal matter, caused the appearing and disappearing of the productions of the earth repeatedly; every change of forms was in the advance, manifesting the progressive development of creation. The birth of organic forms dates to an extreme distant period, even from the time when the tops of the mountains were islands of the seas. Since then Life with her thousand fingers has been crumbling and changing the primitive condition of matter, until we have some ten miles of secondary formations, in which we find recorded the rise and progress of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which exhibit a harmonious relation throughout, ever changing, yet every change developing a higher organization, until form has merged into the present. The evidence that creation progressed harmoniously over the whole earth at the same time, is the uniformity of the rocks, and the marked advance in the construction of organized forms.

The position of rocks in dispute, have been determined by the scale of progress evinced in their fossil remains. There are many theories to account for this; but the only natural cause to which can be attributed the uniform progressive development of Life throughout unnumbered ages, is the progressive property of matter. If Life and Matter are distinct in nature, the one subservient to the other, how came they so intimate in relations, that action is evidently the offspring of inertia? and wisdom without a manifestation, except it wanders outside of infinity to express it? It is far more reasonable to suppose that the physical universe is the seat of Life, and the foundation of all structure. The only manifest action of Life are capable of receiving, is in our physical nature; the highest is in ourselves, where the essential is outworking the immortality of mind by the arrangement of particles. The grosser parts of substance we can analyze; the essential, the organized living principle, we cannot comprehend—it is spirit, and only spiritually discerned, yet all of earth.

Every species of vegetable and animal life, are the offspring of a natural combination of properties, and every combination (forming the sum total of action) has in the scale of creation produced a living form. As an evidence of this, we would notice the failure of every attempt to perpetuate Hybrids by causing generation to take place. The fact is, no such combination exists in nature; if there was, the Hybrid would have been a species. Man is the offspring of the full developed condition of the Earth; he embraces in his construction that combination of properties which was required to

produce every animal and vegetable that ever existed. Not one form could have been omitted and the same result obtained, for Man is the ultimate of substance, and all forms below are parts of the ultimate. Harmony, equality and adaptation have ever manifested that action embraces wisdom and goodness. As means multiplied by the progressive development of matter, so has there been an ever increasing display of a wise superintending care, by making all things work together for the happiness of Earth's population in all conditions and in all ages. The animal kingdom, particularly in its adaptation, manifests that every changing condition of the Earth's surface was transmitted through the supply in quantity and properties, in constructing each species of animal in size, form and habit. The harmony was so perfect, that there is written on every page of creation, goodness and happiness are inseparable to action. In surveying the magnitude of evidence amid the ruins of ancient worlds, in which are so wonderfully displayed the mysterious elements of matter, which have progressed in creation from the crude primitive earth to the machinery of thought giving expression for Deity—we can but be struck with the infinity of wisdom in every action of Life, so elaborately illustrated by adaptation to condition, that the whole manifests that adaptation is Life, and is ultimately in man by the development of mind with an ever increasing capacity, through which the Deity of Life within, will forever unfold the attribute of wisdom in love.

ROUSSEAU.

Troy, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

BY ELIZA A. FETTSINGER.

There comes a time upon my memory drawing,
Ere dreams of care along my soul had crept,
When smiles I sought, which like the dews of morning
By winds are often swept—
I did not deem that those we then had trusted
Could e'er our young and truthful hearts betray.
I sought for Truth—Oh! would she come and brighten
The shadowy way?

I sought her in the friends that hovered round me,
But learned too soon that blandest smiles deceive,
I looked beyond the throng that long had bound me
For what it did not give;
From out the faithless crowd I saw upspringing,
A little world of beauty all my own—
There came but two or three around me clinging,
The rest had flown.

And in this little world we were unchanging,
Faith, Love and Truth together did entwine
Around each heart presiding at our banquet
A sacred charm divine;
I there did find for what I'd been despairing,
Kind, faithful hearts, whose smiles did ne'er betray,
Patiently each other's sorrows bearing
Along the thorny way.

But soon our peaceful nook must be molested,
Capricious Fortune, with her hanging tide,
Bore us apart—whose stern and willful bidding
We did not chide.
Each in separate paths again were straying,
Oft sighing for the pleasures left behind,
And one with sorrowing heart was praying
This little world to find.

It came anon—the fervent prayer was answered;
The few and faithful still again were found,
Like wheat remaining, while the tares were scattered
By adverse gales around.
As Time, her dusty chariot onward speeding,
Brought fervent aspirations to my soul,
I sped along—the adverse winds unheeding
That o'er my pathway stole.

Dwelling apart from haunts where Fashion lingered,
Or trod in hollow pride her heathen way,
My heart looked forth from out a night of dreaming
Into the opening day.
The misty clouds that o'er me hung so dreary
Were all dispelled by the sun's first dawning light,
Whose peaceful rays to my patient soul were bringing
A day more bright.

On Nature's fair, unsullied page outgleaning,
New secrets sprang harmonious to my view,
The thirst for knowledge in my soul was springing
Known only to the few;
New beauties rushed upon my raptured vision,
To ethereal realms my soul then took its flight,
And alaked its fevered thirst at founts elysian,
That played in liquid light.

Bright, radiant forms then came and hovered near me,
And on a banner borne by one I saw
Distinctly traced in letters bright and golden—
Truth—the higher law.
The Prophet-Bard was there with Wisdom glowing,
And as he touched his Harp's electric string,
A strain of liquid harmony outflowing
Upon the air did ring.

Then other minstrels came with Harps, undying,
To Love and Wisdom tuned, whose wondrous song
Along the Imperial arch resounded
In echoes loud and long.
In new delights and joys I then did revel,
These anthems in my soul an echo found—
The voiceless tone within that long had slumbered
Had caught the sound.

And now is found the boon—the priceless treasure
Which o'er my soul doth shed her peaceful rays,
Now leads me onward where a higher pleasure
Perchance my coming stays.
Her image, ne'er despoiled—nor ever changing,
But beaming brighter still along the coming tide,
Shall be the beacon-star my path to brighten,
My steps to guide.

My soul hath found a voice—hath found a duty;
Along the thorny way now blooms the rose.
The Tree of Life to fair, unfading beauty
Harmonious grows.

My sad and sighing Harp no longer slumbers;
Its feeble tones to Truth shall e'er be given,
And if one heart shall echo back its numbers,
'Twill lead me nearer Heaven.

San Francisco, Feb. 19th, 1861.

A family recently lost an infant child of exceeding beauty. After his death, a lady inquired of his little sister, scarce four years old, if she knew where Eddy was. Her reply was, "Oh, yes; Eddy was so pretty that God was in a hurry to see him, and so he sent for him."

ADVICE GRATIS, BY DIGNY.—Picture to yourself, oh, fair young reader, a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and ere you be old, learn to love and pray.

AN OLD STORY.

As in a narrow public way
A girl was passing with a tray,
It chanced to jostle from his path
A testy lad, who in his wrath
Cried out, "Deuce take it!"—but the maid,
Quite unabashed by what he said,
Passed gaily on, exclaiming, "Nay—
The Deuce, you see, can't take the tray!"

A distinguished clergyman being requested to open the services with prayer, but not having been invited to preach, declined, saying, that "as his friend was going to the mowing, he might whet his own scythe."

to Wheeling, instructing the Collector to seize the government property there, but he refused, and arming himself and others, announced his determination to stand by the government.

—We hear of several instances where fresh recruits have been married to their sweethearts before leaving home for the wars. They preferred to run the risk of leaving widows to dying bachelors! As chivalrous as brave.

—Ten thousand muskets were on Wednesday forwarded from the Watertown Arsenal to the seat of war. Orders have been received to manufacture six thousand cannon cartridges for six-pound brass field pieces, and thirty-two-pounders. Musket cartridges are being made at the rate of 10,000 per day. Adjutant General Schouler recently contracted for 20,000 Minnie balls.

—We learn that a steamer has been chartered by the State authorities to convey supplies and provisions to the Massachusetts Volunteers at Annapolis and Washington. She will be supplied with an effective armament from the Navy Yard.

—The act of Lieut. Jones in destroying fifteen thousand stand of arms at Harper's Ferry, together with the ammunition and shops there, is probably one of the most important in the progress of affairs thus far; for Virginia volunteers had been mustered in sufficient force to use all these arms in their intended raid upon Washington; but by this act they go, if they go at all, unarmed.

—The New York Times remarks of the naval power of the North in this contest with the South: "We hold in our hand the very element of their existence. We could reduce them to beggary without moving or equipping a soldier. A few ships stationed off their forts would do all this. With the mercantile marine in our harbor, which could be got ready for sea in a week's notice, we could almost instantly throw 100,000 men upon any point to be attacked. We might threaten a dozen points at the same moment, and so divide and distract the enemy, that resistance at the point where the blow was to be struck would be impossible. With the command of the sea in our hands, the South, with ten times their present means, could not defend themselves. They have more than five thousand miles of frontier line to protect, requiring three times the number of men they could bring into the field. With such a frontier to guard, how supremely silly are all threats of invading the North."

—It is quite as certain that Kentucky will follow Virginia in her secession movements as anything else. That is the way even the Union men talk there.

—According to the army register, the military forces of all the States is estimated at upwards of three and a half millions of men, distributed as follows:

Northern Free States	2,336,816
Confederate States of the South	378,632
Border Slave States	604,724
Territories	11,222

Total militia of the country, 9,313,244

In case of a general war, a large number of Confederate troops would be compelled to remain at home to prevent servile insurrections.

—We discover very little bitterness of feeling toward the people of the South as such, but an unflinching determination to oppose rebellion, and sustain good order. Very many who enter the contest, will do so feeling that they are fighting the battles of the better portion of the people of the very States which, under the forced rule of disloyal leaders, have passed the secession ordinance.

—Gentlemen from South Carolina Thursday, say the Southern troops were in excellent condition and discipline. It was the intention of the Southern Confederacy to march to the North fifty to sixty thousand men, expecting fifty thousand additional in Virginia.

Commander Drees has been directed to charter twenty light steamers for three months' service, to be armed with nine inch pivot guns, and fit them for sea.

—Mr. Simonton reports that Judge Robinson, of Richmond, offered General Scott, a commission as commander-in-chief of the Confederate army forces. The General interrupted him with the declaration that if he went any further in making such a proposition he (Robinson) would not be permitted to get back to Richmond alive; adding that, having sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, he realized all the honorable obligations of that oath, and should of course observe it.

—A Northern man with Southern principles having given vent to some sentiments not wholly consistent with the present state of the public mind in these parts, a young man in the store where the malcontent happened to be, seized him by the back of his pantaloons behind, ran a holing hook through the cloth, and hoisted the gentleman high into the air, where he was kept with legs and arms stretched out, much like a frog in the act of leaping, till he gave three lusty cheers for the Union, three for Major Anderson, three for Abe Lincoln, and three for old Massachusetts.

—The celebrated New York Seventh Regiment, with full camp equipage, have been ordered to Washington.

—Advices from Ohio state that twenty thousand men will be raised there in addition to the quota of thirteen thousand asked for by Government. Arms are being purchased for one hundred thousand men.

—From the White Mountains to the ocean, New Hampshire is ready to do her whole duty for the Union.

—Orders have been received at the Navy Yard to fit out the frigate Colorado and the sloop-of-war Perry. The former is in a state of forwardness, and workmen have commenced removing the roof which has protected the hull from the weather while the vessel has been in ordinary. The Perry will require a thorough overhauling and repairs.

—The Baltimore American has a letter dated Annapolis Wednesday morning, announcing the arrival there of the steamers Baltic, Conzacoalcos, Columbia, R. R. Cuyler, J. S. Shriver, Ariel, Harriet Lane, Boston, Maryland, and a tug from Havre de Grace, with eight thousand troops, provisions, &c.

—The Massachusetts and seventh Regiments marched for Washington on Wednesday morning.

—It is stated that the Constitution has been ordered to the mouth of the Potomac river, to block the Baltimore.

—The Baltimore American says the Federal Government is rapidly reinforcing Washington, via Annapolis. Officers of the Norfolk boat report having passed five ships, supposed to contain Government troops.

—Late accounts from New Orleans state that the Mexicans are getting up another guerrilla war on the Rio Grande, above Brownsville. The town of Roma has been pillaged and burnt, and many American families murdered. Brownsville has also been threatened.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MARTYRDOM.

A Lecture by Miss Emma Hardinge, at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday Evening, April 21st, 1861.

The subject of Miss Hardinge's discourse at Allston Hall, on the evening of Sunday, 21st inst., was "Martyrdom;" introduced by reading the account of the martyrdom of Stephen, in the 6th and 7th chapters of Acts.

Martyr! To most minds the word conveys the vision of a sea of blood, the shadow of a leaping flame, the shriek of suffering, the sigh of the broken heart. For a dark veil has obscured the perception of both cause and effect; the world has looked on the martyr only as a fragment of existence, not as a part of eternity.

One of the grand revelations of Spiritualism, is to unlock the cause for which the world's martyrs have suffered, and bid us trace the effects of that suffering. We cannot judge by fragments. The hour of the present things about us, as it were, a vast winding sheet; death is everywhere. If we know not whence it comes, whose hand has dealt the blow, all our knowledge of the present is incomplete.

Comprehensively defined, martyrdom is a condition of unjustly inflicted suffering. Whenever a man raises his hand in wrath, he makes a martyr, unless the blow is struck in defence of God's broken law.

What is this law? The laws of God, in their primal simplicity, are enough for man. In the wildest state of nature, the beast of the forest, and the savage of the plain, are never subject to disease or crime. All crime results from disease. Crime is the effluence of a diseased, abnormal state of the body. It is the negation of some particular organ, producing a corresponding result in what we term the mind. The mind, in sympathy with the body, outworks diseased action just as surely as the body becomes the subject of some abnormal depression or elevation.

With the artificial wants of civilization, with the lines of demarcation mapped out between the strong and the weak, come these artificial passions whose indulgence produces disease; and, as the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, so do crimes radiate everywhere, almost to infinity. To sustain the criminal—the strong criminal, or to sustain those who have absorbed wealth or power, there must be laws which press upon the weak. These are man-made.

The laws of God provide for every human soul, for every living thing. For every appetite which belongs to the animal world, a supply has been ordained. Therefore, that every conscious existence shall live in harmonious relation to God's universe, every appetite, in moderation, should be gratified. There is pain, and wrong, and antagonism, and wrath, and oppression, wherever there is the least attempt to narrow down these laws by artificial systems of man, or to change or convert them.

The consequence, therefore, naturally arises, that man-made laws, unless they are in direct harmony with God's, inflict suffering upon some human being; and they who thus suffer are "martyrs."

The penalties that grow out of the violation of God's laws are neither punishment nor martyrdom. They are wholesome lessons, that teach the ignorant and recall the vicious to the sense of duty. They are the school-books in which man reads the character and works of the Deity; and whenever he fails to learn his lesson, though he may haply stumble on the knowledge in act, yet, if he so fall, the penalty of suffering will force him back to the book. This is not martyrdom.

Thus, the diseases inherited among men are not traceable to God's laws; they are the man-made accessions from time to time the fathers have visited upon us, and are one form of martyrdom. Suffering forms no part of the Divine plan, except for the violation of that law which suffering alone can recall the transgressor. Blessed is chastisement so inflicted; but we denounce every species of suffering which one human being forces upon another, whether it be through the crime of the fathers, or through the artificial systems by which some live in luxurious excess, and others perish for the want of the superfluity that falls from the rich man's table. No matter what the circumstances may be, there is no martyrdom.

The case of holy Stephen is not our only illustration of martyrdom. It is martyrdom of one kind, the worst, it is true; but there are others, which are endured in the world around us every hour. There is martyrdom in governments. The true principle of government insists that the governor should be the father, the legislator the mother, the subjects the children; and wherever this paternal care is not exercised, wherever this maternal love is not represented, look not there for obedient subjects or a happy family.

There are martyrs, too, of the family circle. What martyr can suffer a more perpetual flame of fire eating into the soul, than the hapless wife subject to the cruel scourge of a hard, unfeeling husband's rule of life. We have seen, day by day, the rose fade from the cheek of the young and the happy; we have seen the wasting worm gnawing the brow and marking deep furrows upon the uncomplaining forehead of her who is compelled to endure the daily martyrdom of a crushed heart. The oppressor's smile is diffused on all around, friends, companions, strangers, may share the courteous speech and the kindly glance; but all the bitterness, all the rancor, is stored up for the helpless martyr at home.

There are martyrs of kind, strong, good men, that labor and toil, and look for the sunshine of home, the family hearth upon which they have laid up, as on an altar, their hearts best treasures. They can bear the rough, grating angles of life, day by day and hour by hour, if there is but the holy of holies, at last, where heavenly rest shall smile upon them, the fond bosom to shelter them, the true and loving eye in which they can read comfort and peace. They know not the daily martyrdom they inflict, who deny sunshine to the home, light to the household hearth. The martyrdoms of daily life are in the minutes, not in the hours.

There are martyrs of the garret, martyrs of the cellar, of whom the world knows little. Who made them what they are? Now and then some terrible tale of crime is enacted, some hideous raid upon the city's peace is made from out this dark band of martyrs. They are the victims of that which preceded them. They are either driven, pressed, crushed down by false systems of education or systems of punishment, or they are the fatal inheritors of their parents' crimes—martyrs to civilization.

There are martyrs that have adorned you this day, that have spun your carpets and your garments, and decked your houses with their industry, that have made you fine and comfortable and happy; and you little know how they toiled like beasts of the field, and for what pittance they toiled. God help them! They are your martyrs. The gay colors and the fair forms, the beautiful order in which your sport is stained with their blood, in burning with the flames of their wasted lives. Still you cry, "We know it not!" and still the pitying angels may echo the words of Jesus, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." But the hour is coming when, in this great analytical age, you can no longer live ignorant of these things. It is a part of the spirit's work to show you the sympathetic relation that subsists throughout humanity, how you are all bound up in one chain of cause and effect. It is from the martyrdoms of the past that present ills are welling up. Wherever there are starving lips, cold and homeless wanderers, pitiful beings craving for bread, and longing to work, and striving to carve themselves a way in the world's uses, and cannot do it; these are the martyrs of this and every age.

But that species of martyrdom of which we have this night read the illustration, is the most terrible, because it is the most useless and the most senseless: martyrdom for religious opinions. Our religions are more precious to us than all our worldly interests. "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul," that lives forever? That soul no death, no change, no falling dynasties, no crashing institutions, can extinguish.

The standard for the conduct of human life, is absolute justice. The world acknowledges this. But in religion we cannot find the standard. There is nothing from whence we can appeal, nothing to which we can appeal. We pretend to found religious opinions upon revelation. The revelations differ in every climate, every country, every time, under the different conditions of civilization or savagism.

The revelations that come to man, to be revelations at all, must be adapted to his state. They cannot be infinite; for man is finite, and can grasp nothing more than is adapted to the time. No revelation, therefore, can transcend its time. You grow, and your revelations do not; you change, and your revelations stand still. One revelation is not sufficient.

The revelators may be dishonest, interested; the revelation may be misunderstood; the revelation is narrowed to the speech, costume, condition of the time. But a perpetual stream of revelation, when it is in harmony with Nature; the perpetual flashing before the eyes of the seer, of the bright and better land; the perpetual footsteps of angels, treading the sands of time, and deepening, but never effacing those footsteps; all this in harmony with the angel within, proclaims forever and forever the immortal soul.

Life-practice, too, is defined in the same way. All that you do bears fruit; the ground you walk on, if well used, will return its uses to you; the flowers you culture, if well cared for, will smile with gratitude in your face; the works of your hands will repay you according to the faithful care and attention you bestow upon them. The works of the soul will do the same.

Justice! Spirit of Justice! most beautiful, most perfect Law! We need no commentators, no Coke or Blackstone, no courts of justice or equity or law. Thou art a universal court in thyself. Thou holdest thy solemn tribunal on every mountain-top and in every valley. Thou dost smile forth thy dictates from the brow of infancy; thou dost gleam and dance in the sunlight of the loving eye; thou dost speak from the lips of silent gratitude; thou dost proclaim thyself in the moistened eye and in the fond grasp of the hand of friendship.

Justice! Queen of all law and equity and rule! Thou art the life of the spirit, the incarnate Word of God, the "Logos," the Reason. This is the standard of life-practice, the eternal source of all religion. Appeal to this, and there shall be no difference amongst you, no sectarianism, no variety. There can be no persecution for religious opinion.

There are martyrs this day—martyrs in homes and hearts, martyrs of bereaved mothers, martyrs of anxious sisters, martyrs who see torn from them their bright and peaceful, and happy institutions—who see everywhere a great sword, dripping with blood, suspended over their once peaceful and prosperous land. Who made these martyrs? There is wrong somewhere; and those who rise to redress that wrong, fight on the side of God. It is His purpose that every human creature shall be righted; and when injustice is done, He gives to His vigorous man, the reins of power, and calls upon him to do His work. But look to it, that when you take the sword, whether it be the sword of justice or the sword of war, that you are fighting for the right. Look to it, that when you attempt to teach, or attempt to set right your fellow-man, that you are setting him right. Fear not, then, though all the world be against you; those that fight for God are never alone.

Mohamet, the tradition tells us, fled from his enemies with only one companion. In the darkness of night they heard the tramp of the pursuers, and concealed themselves in a cavern by the wayside. As the sound of the horsemen and the chariots drew nearer and nearer, the trembling companion cried, "Oh prophet, they are many, and we are but two!" And the prophet replied, "There are three of us; God is with us!" Oh martyrs! if God be with you, who shall be against you?

To-day there are martyrs of a different kind from those whom history and the world's consenting acclamations have made glorious—martyrs whose voices will not be heard. We shall look upon you, dead faces, upturned to the skies, and the chariot wheels draw nearer and nearer, the trembling companion cried, "Oh prophet, they are many, and we are but two!" And the prophet replied, "There are three of us; God is with us!" Oh martyrs! if God be with you, who shall be against you?

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L. K. Connelley called upon us on Thursday last, says the Cleveland Sunbeam, on his way to Detroit, Michigan, and the Sturgis Convention. Dr. Connelley and lady have given lectures in Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., to large audiences recently. We are glad to learn that the friends in Buffalo are hungering for spiritual food sufficiently to turn out in large numbers after a winter of spiritual famine. Dr. Connelley and lady expect to labor for some months in Michigan and Wisconsin.

It is said many of the Southern troops keep pretty well cornered. When Scott shells some of their cities, the Cobbs will probably get damaged.

The Woman's Rights Bill that has been before the Ohio Legislature for sometime, has at length passed, and become a law of the State. Women have, at last secured to them by law, the use of their own property—all the rents, issues and profits of real estate, and also the avails of their own separate labor. This is a great step in advance.

The cobbler sticks to his last, but the printer sticks to his "stick."

Jo Cose, seeing a U. S. flag upon the scales of a man who on Boston Common affords our citizens an opportunity of being weighed, casually remarked, pointing to the flag, that indications were that the Union would have its way. Nobody could see the joke, except the blind man who near by sells cigars.

Publishers of daily journals are getting rich in consequence of the present national troubles. We understand the Boston Journal prints daily an edition of ninety-one thousand. No wonder they are inflated!

The National House, Haymarket Square, spread to the breeze, from a staff forty feet in length, a flag fifteen feet wide by twenty-four feet long, on Thursday last. It was hoisted by three young ladies, and when the folds of the Star-Spangled Banner shook themselves to the breeze, there arose three hearty cheers from the spectators below.

SHAKEN IN THE FAITH.—A friend of ours, of rather liberal belief touching religious teachings, relates an anecdote of himself and of the event which made him rather skeptical in the matter of prayer. When he was about seven years old, his parents sent him to the store with a small jug for molasses. In coming home, the jug fell from the handle. The boy had heard much of the efficacy of prayer, of its miraculous power of healing the sick, &c., so he thought at once that he would try it. Accordingly, he stuck the handle in its place, and held it there whilst he repeated the Lord's prayer. That was of no avail, the handle would not stay on; he laid then held the handle in its place once more, whilst he repeated the child's little ditty of "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c. That did not effect a cure; the handle was not joined to the jug. He then gave it up in despair, and his faith in prayer from that moment was lost.

Answers to Correspondents.
JOHN RUSSELL, EVANSVILLE, IND.—Your subscription expires with No. 17, Vol. 9.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLESTON HALL, DUNSTON PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here on Sunday afternoon at 2.45, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. Macomber the two first Sundays of May; Lizzie Doten the two last.

CORVINTON HALL, No. 14 BARNFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritualists Association meets every Tuesday evening at 7.15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is: "Woman's Sphere."

A meeting is held every Thursday evening at 7.15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman. Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10.15 A. M. and at 8.15 P. M. P. C. Clark, Chairman.

CHALMERS HALL.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.
CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. The following named speakers are engaged:—Mrs. Fannie H. Polton, May 12th; Miss Eunice Davis, May 19th and 26th; Mrs. R. U. Bart, June 2nd and 9th; Miss L. B. DeForest, June 10th, 23rd and 30th; Mrs. O. H. Oyster during August; Mrs. Macomber, during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wolfe's Hall, Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Oyster, during May; Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. F. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.
NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Oyster, May 6th and 13th; Mrs. R. U. Bart, May 19th and 26th; Miss Fannie Davis, June 2nd and 9th; Mrs. O. H. Oyster during August; Mrs. Macomber, during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7.15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss F. Davis, May 6th and 13th; Mrs. B. S. Townsend, May 19th and 26th; Mrs. M. B. Macomber in June; Mrs. M. B. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForest during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge in May; Mrs. F. O. Oyster in June; Laura E. DeForest in July; Mattie F. Hulet in Aug. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. B. S. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. B. Macomber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Sougall in Nov.; Leo, Miller in Dec.

WESLEY, N. Y.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2 and 7.15 o'clock P. M. in the Universalist Church, (formerly Episcopal.) Seats free. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. B. S. Townsend, May 6th and 13th; Mrs. M. B. Macomber, May 19th and 26th; Miss Fannie Davis, June 2nd and 9th; Mrs. O. H. Oyster during August; Mrs. Macomber, during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

NEW YORK.—Meetings are held at Dodworth's Hall regularly every Sabbath. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak every Sabbath during the month of May.

Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning.

HORROROUS AND SORE THROAT.
This unpleasant and painful result of "Catching Cold," or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be removed by allowing one or two of "Bronche Brachet, French," or Ough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Hence, Singers and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

"We have found them of great service in allaying Bronchial Irritation, and in soothing hoarseness produced by Colds."—Rev. Daniel Wise, late editor of Zion's Herald.

J. V. Mansfield
Is with us again. This distinguished Writing Test Medium, through whose hand more than one hundred thousand tests of Spirit Identity have been given, to sealed letters and otherwise, has taken parlors at No. 12 Avon Place, Boston. For the time Mr. Mansfield gives to each letter, he requires \$3 and four three-cent postage stamps, to accompany the blank letter. Private Sances at his office daily.

May 4.

Pawners' Bank—Auction Notice.
The undersigned will sell at Public Auction, on Wednesday May 23d, and following days, in the Great Hall over Union Market, the whole of the forfeited Merchandise on deposit at the Pawns' Bank.

Renovals and redemptions can be made up to Saturday preceding the sale. Catalogues and full particulars hereafter.

CLARK & SON, Auctioneers.
May 4.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
TAKES—A limited number of advertisements will be in 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 New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the highest praise of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass.

Oct. 1.

CHAIR THOMAS, Hoisting Medium, Camden, Maine, examines diseases by letter; names of persons and residence only required. He calls attention to the following certificates:

I, Job Gray, of Camden, Kent County, State of Maine, do depose and say, that I was taken sick of a fever, about a year since, which left my right leg paralyzed. For three weeks it was entirely useless. My physician said that it would be necessary to place a splint in my side, as a last resort. At this juncture I sent for Capt. Caleb Thomas, and he was with me about an hour and a half. During this time a severe prickly sensation was felt, and the extremities of that time I walked across the room, and the next day I went out around the village by the help of a cane. I soon threw that

The Messenger.

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

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

The National Troubles.

We find ourselves unable to pursue our usual course, or that we have heretofore pursued, in consequence of inharmonious elements of the human mind. They are so inharmonious, that we find it difficult to control our mediums at all; and this afternoon will be used by us in experimenting. We purpose to see what we can do under existing conditions.

It is not necessary for us here to state the cause of the inharmonious, for you all know it; but it may be necessary to state that each and all of our mediums are being largely drawn from at the present time.

You will ask why they are drawn from. We answer, to aid that spiritual army which is engaged in this conflict—those unseen forces that are ever present with humanity, assisting in whatever they deem right and good. We will now answer any questions propounded to us by those present.

Question.—What is to be the result of the war between the North and South?

Answer.—We are told that the "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Suppose we were to tell you the present excitement shall build you a foundation of peace stronger than you ever stood upon? You have long been shrouded in death. You have not understood yourselves or the country at large. Now these dead elements are to be acted upon, and brought to life. Out of evil good always comes. The present condition of your country is one we may well weep over, looking at it from a material standpoint. But seeing the result, we thank God that things are as they are.

For the last twelve years darkness has enshrouded you, notwithstanding so much spiritual light has been given you. Brother has been against brother, friend against friend, and each for himself. Perfectly natural, we admit; but all have been looking to individual interests, and not to the good of the whole.

We apprehend much blood will be shed in consequence of this agitation of thought. But what is that to the good you will receive? We believe there will be many widows and orphans among you. What shall you do for them? Do what the Lord your God bids you to do—not the God you have worshipped in the past; but the God of to-day—your own souls.

Q.—Will the slaves gain their liberty?

A.—Not as many expect.

It shall be as the opening of the door leading to Liberty's Temple; it shall be like the morning star betokening the coming day; it shall open up to them better things, and give them a better understanding of themselves and those they are connected with. It will not set them free at once; but it certainly will open to them the door of liberty.

As men learn wisdom, they must free themselves from bonds and shackles. They can no longer be slaves when they have gained wisdom.

The great conflict, for great it will be, will benefit them as it will you.

Q.—Will it result in two distinct Confederacies?

A.—Certainly it will not. The South has ever been dependent upon you of the North, as you of the North have depended upon them; you cannot stand separate. We see what you came from, and what are your natures and capacities. We therefore say you cannot live separate. Prophecy was that speech, "United we stand, divided we fall." You may exist divided for a time, but not for long time.

Q.—It is thought the North contains elements, as does the West, to enable them to live independently of the South. Is it not so?

A.—The North, the South, the East, the West, may think they can exist without the other, but they cannot. They do not see the hidden things that keep them in their proper places. We repeat it, they cannot live alone. You were wedded together by a power higher than yourselves, and vain it is to seek to sunder yourselves from that which has been your sustenance, for you cannot.

Q.—It is the opinion of many that the slave is not capable of being brought into a state to enjoy freedom. Do you hold this opinion?

A.—It is the nature of man to rise continually; day by day, and hour by hour, we leave the old and join the new. The slave is fast coming up to your standard of intellect. But how is he doing? By simply coming in contact with you? No. But by the mingling of races. This is the natural mode of raising him. You talk of colonizing them, but this will never be. That slavery that you may look upon within your own borders, at your own doors, is far worse than that at the South. The people of the North are continually putting their heels upon the necks of the poor of the North. They you have here is worse, inasmuch as your poor are more intelligent than the slave. This agitation of thought shall not only tend to liberate the Southern slave, but the Northern slave also, for it will give him a better knowledge of all around him, and there shall be such a mingling of thought that you shall all know each other better than you have heretofore.

We do not advocate Southern slavery. In the abstract we see it wrong. But inasmuch as the black is not fitted for liberty, we say wait until God shall give him wisdom to break his shackles, which in time he will wear. If he were here at the North you would require more of him than he could perform. If he could not perform what you expect, would you sustain him? The slave is of no use to you; he is to the South, and by virtue of the law of self the slaveholder must take care of the slave. In one respect he is himself; for a man's property is himself in a certain sense. A man will part with life rather than to part with property. They must sustain the slave; you could not do it. So, viewing the slaveholder and the slave, both of the South and North, we can but cry out, "Oh, Lord, we give this work into thine own hands—take care of it as thou wilt."

April 24.

Slavery.

If I know what faith is, and I believe I do, I consider it to be a sword—a two-edged sword—which God has placed in the hands of men by which they may bring all things they desire to themselves. Before I left my mortal tabernacle, I had faith to believe that God would liberate the slave. I had faith to believe that his arm was mighty enough to work out the salvation of the poor negro; and to-day I think I see some of the fruits of my faith—that I can look into the not far distant future, and see the future I prayed for, and had faith to believe God would set up upon earth.

I look upon that poor degraded class of beings you call slaves, and I see them receiving power from the Almighty, their God and my God; and that power is teaching them how to act, so as to become free men and women. I see a deadly fear taking possession of the masters, and courage and hope, such as I never before saw, taking possession of the slave. I see the power that has lived in the master transferred to the slave; and before long the slave will proclaim his freedom to the eye of an astonished world. I can look into the future with a prophetic eye, and see the slave a free man. And I can but thank the Father of the slave, that he has come to their rescue in good time; that he has called forth the armies of the spirit spheres and of earth to act in their behalf. Oh, bless him; because he hath visited you and the slave; in mercy and thank him that faith is beginning to walk in your midst; that the Ethiopian is looking up to God; I care not who rises up in your midst, to tell you that the slave is not capable of enjoying his freedom. I believe he is. I alone am responsible for this. It comes from the inmost recesses of my being. It comes up from all life; "Ethiopia shall be free." Then that which hath been robed in dark-

ness, shall see the light. Men shall know beyond a doubt that every son and daughter of God, who bears his seal upon the brow, is entitled to freedom.

God of the slave and the freeman, shall we thank thee for this glorious manifestation of thy power? Will thou receive the praises of our souls? We feel thou wilt not cast them away as worthless. So, oh, God, we praise thee for the works of the present hour.

April 24.

John Brown.

When I was called upon to meet the messenger, Death, I thought it was very hard to be called away from my place of action—or the only place where it seemed to me I could move and act aright. I even went so far as to think God was not on my side, for if he had been, he would have kept me in my body. But now I see he set my spirit free, that I might conquer, and not be conquered.

What was the killing of my body? It was only the opening of the door to set my spirit free, that I should not be conquered spiritually. Now I feel that God was right and I was wrong. God never stood nearer than when he called my spirit here. Did he desert me? No. But he said, "Come up hither, John Brown, that you may work more effectually."

I am here to tell Virginia that I live, and live to call to freedom the slave. From the depths of my soul I thank Virginia for what she did for me. She never did mankind so good a service before.

Once again let me thank God I am here to act—free from the shades of mortality. Man's power is very limited when in the body; but when he loses that—more particularly when his spirit is torn from it while it is in full health—he cannot know the power the spirit has. Thank God, there are many left on earth so like myself, that, through them, I can work effectually.

April 24.

James Burns.

Faith, I would think it both God and the other chap what's helping him. For myself, I like peace all the time. Every one has a right to speak what he likes here. For myself, I don't think niggers are worth fighting for. But that's my own think—nobody's else.

They showed me in here to speak about this time, that I may make peace where somebody else made war. [To change the magnetism thrown upon the medium by the earth spirit.]

It was in South Boston I lived when I was here last. I was sixty-four years old. I have got two sons here; one has gone off to fight, I suppose. My name was James Burns. I'll say this: I do not like taking this place after somebody else has come. That old fellow talks about being helped by God; but I think it's the other chap that helps him. I'd like to talk to the boy left behind. James has gone to the war, and Patrick has got his head full of it. James belongs to the Hibernian Society.

I died most three years ago. I lived in Silver street once. I died on B street.

April 24.

James S. Lapham.

I am at peace, and would not return. I cannot speak here to-day. All is confusion, and we feel it badly. [This was written.]

Tell Ellen I should like to come to her, if I could. John is in the East Indies, and well. I told you I would tell you this as a test; so here it is. I sometimes think I should like to be on earth a few months, just to go down South and see what I could do.

Now do not think me descending from an imaginary high state, for I am now no more than I was in the flesh; and for so much you must consider me. I will come and talk to you as soon as I am able to. You will recollect it is now two months and eleven days since I left you.

You told me not to give anything but my name; I wait for you to ask me more. JAMES S. LAPHAM.

April 24.

Peter Faneuil.

As Wisdom shall be diffused among the Nations, they shall learn war no more.

April 24.

OASTLES.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Time, that blunts the edge of things,
Dries our tears and spoils our bliss;
Time has brought such balm to me,
I can bear to speak of this.

She was seven and I was nine—
Pretty people we to plan
Life, and lay it grandly out—
She the woman, I the man!

Sang the river on the shoals,
Sang the robin on the tree;
Earth was newly made for us—
Later Eve and Adam we.

Lightly fell the apple-blossoms,
Paved the road with red and white;
Sunshine floated through the day,
Slavery atoms through the night.

Seven years have come and gone;
Drop the curtain, change the scene!
Life, when one is nine years old,
Does not say the thing it means.

Other arms have clasped my Eve,
Other lips have called her fair—
Ah! but little wild blows down
Spring-time castles in the air!

From this window I can see
Up the road to Meadow Farm;
That is she upon the porch
With the baby on her arm.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, April 9, 1861.

QUESTION.—The Identification of Spirits.

Dr. YOUNG related an incident tending to show that Mrs. Cora Hatch speaks in a genuine trance state. Not long ago one of her audiences was singing a hymn to a particular tune when she passed into the trance; and, when she had concluded her address, they raised the same tune, which had the effect of embarrassing her, by giving her the idea that she had not gone into the trance state at all—was totally unconscious of the interval between rising and resuming her seat.

Dr. GRAY read a paper by John H. Hunt, on the problem, "Can a medium identify a communicating spirit?" of which the following is a brief abstract: Answer, sometimes Yes, and sometimes No; according to the laws governing the case, which are: 1st.—It is possible for atoms and beings of all kinds to identify or find out other atoms or beings, and this faculty or power is infallible within, and only within certain limits. But, 2d, no one finite being or entity possesses this faculty in an unlimited degree. One law, however, seems to underlie and control the identifying faculty in all phases and manifestations, viz., the Law of Use, as is shown in the discriminating power among the elements of air and water, without which power we should have those elements only in a state of chaos, and vegetable and animal life would be wholly precluded from our planet. In like manner, to admit that human beings really exist, is to admit that they also possess this power of discriminating or identifying, which is indispensable to their existence. Now, as any law is co-extensive with the plane it governs, it follows that the Law of Use must extend to every part of the planes below them; and, therefore, the degree of certainty or reliability and identifying will depend partly upon the importance of certainty to the recipient; and partly upon the diligence and fairness with which the recipient shall seek the truth.

The following was propounded as a collateral problem.—How far does this same Law of Use regulate the power of spirits and of men to communicate or interchange desires and ideas? or, language, whether of that of signs, raps, or vociferation, being in itself but a dead system of mechanical results, is it not the discerning, or at least the existence of a mental or spiritual use therein, that elevates such me-

chanical propulsions into mental or spiritual communications? And can communications between minds or spirits be actual or perfect, any further than it subserves a true need or mutual use?

My friend, whose communication has been published, has had two or three sittings since, which, were equally productive. Last night his wife offered a form which was made visible by the spirit-illumination, and performed several physical acts, and by which he was kissed on the forehead five or six times, with an audible sound. He did not see the features this time. She attempted to call him by name, but the medium was so terribly agitated and shocked by the unearthly, guttural sounds which were produced, that this manifestation was considerably interrupted. All this must sound, to most hearers, in the last degree incredible, and yet my wife has been repeatedly kissed in this way, and that with a hearty, old-fashioned smack, sufficient almost of itself to recall the memory of the spirit who performed the osculation.

Dr. BENTHLEY remarked on the illustrations which might be adduced, in support of the positions taken in the paper just read, from the laws of chemical combination and crystallization. As to spirit-identification, and the question whether spirits out of the form can be assisted by them in the form, he believed that if communications were necessary to benefit our friends in the other life, we should have them, if otherwise, not; and it is as wrong for us to ridicule the efforts of undeveloped spirits in this direction, as for the scholars in a higher school to ridicule those in the primary department.

Mr. ALLYN.—There are instances where persons have identified large numbers of spirits. Last October I arrived in this city from ship-board, a total stranger, and, being shortly afterward at a medium's, she became entranced, and represented the death scene of a person dying of consumption—distressed for breath, coughing, &c. Now I have lost two brothers by this disease; one ten years, and the other one year ago; and the manifestation at first reminded me of the latter; until the medium took out a watch and pointed to it with a peculiar smile, which recalled to my memory the brother ten years deceased, who was a watchmaker by trade. This shows that the idea in my mind did not influence the medium to perform the action, which led to identification, because the idea was suggested by the action, and must have previously been in an inactive, latent state.

Next day I called again, and held a conversation with my brother as directly and confidentially as I ever did in my life. Affairs of real life, peculiarities of temper and disposition, &c., were spoken of with entire accuracy.

A farmer in Ohio named Dennison, whom I knew well, stated that he could see a number of spirits together in a room, and recognize their features as certainly as while they lived. He also saw many whom he did not know—and this shows he was not psychologized into his belief in the former case. When a person entered the room for the purpose of investigating who had not been in the habit of attending circles, he would almost immediately see and describe, clearly and satisfactorily, some deceased friend of that person.

Mr. COLES wished to know if Mr. Partridge had been correctly reported as saying that he thought no more of impersonations by spirits, than of similar performances among ourselves on the part of good actors or mimics.

Mr. PARTRIDGE replied, that he had no correction to make in the report. He had merely intended to indicate the distinction between conclusive and inconclusive evidence. His idea was, that spirits in the other world are persons still, as they are here; and, if spirits there choose to mimic another, he did not know why they should not do it, as well and readily as when here. Therefore such evidence is not, in itself, conclusive, because a spirit might even create an organism to represent another. He desired to set aside all that class of evidence which is derived from external facts, as it regards the question of identification; and to sift the mass of testimony, in order to arrive at what should be accepted as conclusive and solidly reliable. "I was in hopes that by this time the Conference had taken up a new question, for I think we are in the habit of running our questions into the ground, and making our hearers sick of our discussions. When we have said all we have to say on a given topic, we should cut off debate at once, and not keep up the pretence of sifting at the same mark, while we are really aiming at everything else as well."

The question I should like to have brought up is one which is more fundamental even than that now in dispute, viz.: what is the essential nature of this thing—this spirit, we speak of identifying, in certain cases? Some worthy persons have an idea that we Spiritualists profess to bring before them a galvanized image, say of George Washington, in his cocked hat and knee-buckles, which is the only idea they have of a human spirit's appearance; whereas, they know that absolute identity has nothing to do with externals. We have to put spirit into direct and intimate contact with spirit in order to obtain full and solid identification. Now, what is this which we thus identify, as distinguished from all external surroundings? Friend Hunt's idea, in the paper read this evening, is that the human being is a centre of conscious vitality, which recognizes itself in consciousness, and, therefore, necessarily recognizes its surroundings. No centre of vitality can recognize itself, without discriminating between itself and its surroundings. The consciousness of life forever—that is immortality; and no form of being below this grade of conception has immortal existence. Now the thing we recognize as a spirit is a centre of conscious being, the I am, the Me, which we are here trying to identify. I think it important for Spiritualists to try to find what this essential thing is. That by which we prove absolutely your identity here, that same evidence will prove absolutely your identity in the spirit-world.

Mr. COLES.—Do I understand Mr. Partridge to say that the mimicking impersonation is done by the medium, or by the spirit itself? If by the spirit, then it appears to me far less difficult for a spirit, possessing as it does the power to read my thoughts, to reproduce them in manifestations, and thus deceive me into the notion that I have identified some other spirit. I think each of these different modes of manifestation affords reliable testimony to the minds for which it is suited; hence the great variety in the manifestations so that all minds may be appealed to. If we take as our standard the opinions of one solitary mind, we shall soon have to reject the phenomena in toto.

Mr. PARTRIDGE observed that the preceding speaker's objections appeared to be identical with those he had himself stated against all external testimony to identity. Such testimony, he repeated, should be looked upon as simply showing the means by which spirit aims to come into contact with spirit, in all genuine, bonafide instances of communication.

Mr. GOODWIN.—Before I took hold of Spiritualism, I was much opposed even to investigating the subject; but, in St. Louis, I happened to become acquainted with a lady medium who induced me to call at her house. When, there, she showed me into an ordinary sitting-room, I going in first, and there being no third person present. Immediately on my entrance a table, placed against the wall, turned right over, without visible agency, as if with the intention of smashing a looking-glass behind it. I stepped forward to prevent this, when a tremendous rapping announced that my friends were ready to communicate—the medium sitting, all the time, two or three feet from the table, and not touching it—and among them was my wife. I thought of a thorough test, which I desired her to answer; and put my ear to the table, the better to catch the response, when I was astonished by the sound of *laborious breathing*, so loud that it could be heard at a considerable distance. Now my wife, during her last illness, suffered under a disorder of the respiratory organs, which made it distressing to hear her breathe, and the sounds she then made were exactly like those I now heard. I had not said a word to the medium about the character of my test question, which had been propounded mentally, and she was an entire stranger to myself and my history. After conversing on other subjects, I asked for a repetition of the manifestations, and it was again given, so loudly that it might have been heard in any part of the house. On another occasion, in

the presence of my little daughter, the medium pronounced my wife so completely that the child recognized her, and was much affected. I have had several such demonstrations, through at least five different mediums, all strangers to me. I cannot conceive how it is possible to identify spirits more satisfactorily than in such instances, and if we doubt such evidence we shall by-and-by begin to question our own existence and that of the Almighty.

Mr. BROWN.—Last October, at a circle in this city, a spirit manifested itself through a trance-medium, when I was paying very little attention to the proceedings, but whom, after a while, I thought I recognized by the gestures. I crossed the room and accosted it, and soon found out that it was a man who was the last I expected or wished to meet, either in or out of the body, namely, a Catholic priest, who having committed a murder which I was instrumental in detecting, had escaped the vengeance of the law and fled to parts unknown, swearing revenge against me and my family. He was a man of education and previous respectability, but fell a victim to woman's wiles, and committed the crime to hide the consequences of his folly. Without disclosing these circumstances at once, I asked if the spirit recognized any one present; after the fourth repetition of which question, it replied in an angry tone, "You know me!" I felt rather uneasy, but mustered courage to approach, and offer my former enemy my hand; when he said, "Would you touch this blood-stained hand?" I glanced at the medium's hand, and remarked that I saw no blood on it. "You cannot see it, was the reply, but I do."

Then the medium began to pace up and down the room with an appearance of angry agitation, knocking over chairs, and brushing rudely against ladies. I threw myself in her way, and was handled rather roughly. At last she seated herself on an ottoman, where she remained some thirty minutes silent, with her face buried in her hands. I went up to her, but was seized and hurled violently across the floor. I then began questioning at a respectful distance. I asked, "What can I do for you?" There was no reply. "Shall I pray for you?" "No! I want you to weep—weep—weep—for me!" I could not help weeping, for the scene was such as I never saw before, and never wish to see again. It continued until past midnight. My mind dwelt on it all day. In the evening I returned to the circle, when the same spirit immediately took possession, and, weeping bitterly, kept up for two hours a scene of terrible excitement and bad feeling. I became satisfied that there was no mistake in my identification—though I had not thought of this person for more than ten years. He has communicated with me a dozen times since, and is now in a calmer state, and rather given to the discussion of moral and religious topics.

Mr. GOULD.—I suppose we are all agreed as to the great importance of identifying spirits. It is very desirable we should adopt the method which is most certain and satisfactory. I apprehend with some the purpose and object of identifying is not properly regarded, and they aim at it in a wrong direction. Spiritual intercourse cannot remove doubts, so long as the inquirer depends upon second-hand evidence. A few months ago, being applied to by some ladies, I directed them to Mr. Foster as giving very good manifestations; and, when we got a sitting, we obtained answers to test questions, and other manifestations to which I could take no exception; but, afterward a gentleman present, who was well acquainted with leglerheim, explained, as seemed to me very completely, how all these feats could have been performed by means of slight of hand, so that I should have denounced Spiritualism on the spot as a rank imposture, had it not been for my other experience. Any Spiritualist who fails of obtaining the requisite manifestations with himself, will always fall short of complete satisfaction.

Dr. GRAY.—My purpose in pursuing this inquiry, as a member of the Conference is, not to make myself more certain of our survival of the life of the body; nor yet to purify my own moral state—that is entirely a private affair. It is, to give to the world the facts which have come under my observation, and afford them the benefit of our extended investigations into this subject, so that they may be saved from making a bad use of the few facts which may have come in their way. I do not look on this Conference in the light of a church or a place of moral discipline, but as a kind of missionary society, to give all the valuable facts that we have, generously, faithfully and accurately. The importance of considering the question with reference to the truthfulness of facts is evident when we find that, from the most fallacious evidence, mediums claim to be inspired by such spirits as Franklin, J. C. Calhoun, &c., and that consequences most injurious to our cause grow out of the too ready an admittance of such claims. It is not important for us to show that we take pains to discriminate in our examination of these phenomena; and that our belief is not based upon unsubstantial, illusory, shadowy fragments.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER TEST THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF JENNIE WATERMAN—MARY AND MY FATHER AGAIN—POWERFUL ELECTRICAL CURRENT PASSED THROUGH MY ARM—WHAT I EXPERIENCED AFTER LEAVING MRS. WATERMAN'S—A PIANO PLAYED WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE AGENT—BEGAN TO CONVERSE WITH SPIRITS—HOW IT IS DONE—MY EXPERIENCE OF THE SENSATION—WHAT MAY, AND WHAT MAY NOT BE CONSIDERED RELIABLE.

On the afternoon alluded to at the close of the last chapter, I took the cars, and, accompanied by my daughter, I went to Boston. After ten o'clock I went to find Miss Waterman, and called at No. 222 Harrison Avenue, the place where I was directed by her advertisement; but when I arrived there, I was told that she had just moved to the corner of Elliot and Carver streets. I allude to this because I think it may have some connection with what was communicated through Mrs. Childs: "Go, and if you do not find her at home the first time, go again." I then went to her place of residence, and was met at the door by Mrs. Waterman, the mother of the medium. Mrs. Waterman asked me in. I took a seat on the sofa. Jennie was seated by the door in the opposite part of the room. I told Mrs. Waterman my object in calling. Mrs. Waterman replied:

"We have been moving this week; and, besides, Jennie is not very well, and I prefer that she should not sit this evening."

In reply, I told her that I should be in the city the next day—that it would be just as convenient for me—and, on the whole, I preferred to call then.

Up to this point, Jennie had not spoken; but while we were arranging for a sitting the next day, she was entranced, and said:

"Just over the head of that gentleman, I see a lady. She is a bright spirit, and seems to be surrounded by a band of children—Mary. Just above her, I see a man—William." (The Christian name of my father.)

She then arose from her seat, and walked across the room, and when she came to the folding doors, which were open, she stepped back quickly, as though frightened at something she saw. I said to her:

"What do you see? Anything to frighten you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "but he is so tall!"

She then went on and gave a full and clear description of the personal appearance of my father.

She now took a seat; and taking a seat by her side, I took her hand. Again she went on and described the personal appearance of Mary. She also sang, and read poetry in the same modulations of voice I had heard Mary read in, a hundred times or

more, twenty years before. She laughed and joked me, just as she was wont to do when I knew her in the form; and, at the time, it seemed so life-like, that I almost fancied I heard her voice, and saw her form, as in "by-gone days"—those days, long to be kept in happy remembrance. All at once she broke suddenly off, by saying:

"I have a friend with me, who wants to come! He is a powerful fellow. He is an Indian!"

At the word Indian, I started back; I was having—what seemed to me—so pleasant an interview with Mary, I felt as though I did not care about the Indian's coming, then. As though she saw my feelings, she said:

"No matter. He need not come now."

She then went on in the same lively strain as before; when, all at once, I began to feel a powerful electrical current passing through my arms. Up to this time I had never experienced anything like it, and would not have believed it possible for any one to, without the aid of an electrical battery. But since then I have had the same current passed through my arms till it burned like scalding water, without the aid of any visible agent. The reader may discredit this. But I shall not blame you, for without the experience I have had, doubtless I could not believe it possible; and yet it is true to the very letter. In relation to every other particular, Mrs. Waterman can bear testimony with me; for she was present in the room during the whole interview. And here I would also remark, that neither Mrs. Waterman nor Jennie knew me or anything concerning me; not even my name—which I did not give them until the next day, for I had determined that, if the spirits had any test to give, they should do so without any aid from me. Consequently, during most of the interview, I kept silent.

I left Mrs. Waterman's that night, at a late hour, my soul filled to overflowing; and passed through the least frequented part of the city, where, under ordinary circumstances, I should not, at that time of night, dare to pass without a fear; saying, as I went along, "I am so happy, I am so happy, I will never doubt again!" But a voice came, clear and distinct—I heard as plainly as ever I heard any audible voice—"Yes, you will; yes, you will!"

Next morning I awoke early, and felt impressed to get up and converse with my sister, with whom I had not as yet conversed on the subject of Spiritualism. While I lay thinking about it, I heard the piano in the room immediately adjoining mine strike up, as though some one's fingers run several times briskly over the keys. I thought my sister was up, and immediately I got up, and, putting on my clothes, I went into the room where the piano stood, but no one was there. Next I went into the sitting room, but no one was there; next I went into the kitchen, but all was as silent as midnight there. My sister's bed-room led immediately out of the kitchen. I went to her door and spoke to her; but I had to call three times loudly, before I could arouse her sufficiently to obtain any response. In a word, no one was up in the house, nor had there been that morning.

From this point I began to converse with spirits. But this, I am aware—excepting to those mediums who have been brought into the same or a similar condition—will not be understood; for, to understand it clearly, would be to experience the same. Yet I should not fulfill my whole duty in relating my experience without alluding to it. If others will not believe, because they have not experienced the same, I cannot help it. What I experience, I know. With me, it is not a matter of belief, but positive knowledge.

The reader may ask, "How do you converse? Do you hear any voice?" I answer, "No!" But the language is just as intelligible, as though I heard the articulate sounds of a human voice. And here, I would ask, what is language, but sensation?

Articulate sounds vibrate in the air, and strike the auricular nerve, or nerves, and from thence are conveyed to the inner man—the Spirit, or the Soul of man. So it is by sensation, after all, that we hear, and not by sounds; which, simply considered, are meaningless. Or, in other words, by the impression which one spirit in the form makes upon another spirit in the form, through the agency of sound, which is nothing more nor less than sensation, or impression.

Spirits out of earth forms, have the power of causing this sensation upon another spirit out of the form, and upon mediums in the form, who are brought to the right condition, without the aid of sound; that is, they have the power of making their thoughts felt.

Now I think I shall be better understood in relating what I have experienced on this point.

Almost immediately after the manifestation at the house of Mrs. Waterman, I began to experience this sensation. It came embodied with thought—slow measured—like the ticking of a clock, or the falling of drops of water, or the vibrating motion of a pendulum; and with every vibration there came the impression of a distinct word or syllable, thus: "We—want—you—to—give—way—to—impressions—to—night."

ments I have not been able to retain. This latter I consider pure spirit-language, or impression. Ordinarily, I receive the best impressions that I can retain, when writing. The sensation experienced, as far as the movement of the hand is concerned, I have explained in Chapter X. At the same time, I usually feel a slight pressure on the top of the head. This pressure I always feel when impressed, whether writing or not; and if it is continued much over an hour at a time, it becomes disagreeable, and sometimes even painful. At first, this used to alarm me; but I soon found that it wore off in a short time, and as soon as free from the influence, I was all right again.

I will finish my experience on this point in my next chapter.

Two remarkable tests through Mrs. L. F. Hyde, Test Medium.

I have for years been investigating the truth of Spiritualism, as evidenced by the various phases of mediumship so rife in your city, but until very lately, have never received anything to satisfy my mind upon the subject, though I have consulted many mediums and visited many circles. My attention was attracted to a communication a few weeks ago, in the Banner of Light, which claimed for Mrs. L. F. Hyde superior powers as a medium, and enumerated several tests she had given, which certainly did seem striking and conclusive. Understanding Mrs. Hyde to be a public medium, I called at No. 48 Wall Street, but was informed that she had taken rooms at No. 8 La Grange place, off Washington Street.

Accordingly the next day I found her at her rooms, and in my turn (for there were quite a number of ladies and gentlemen waiting, who came before me) had my sitting. In a few minutes Mrs. Hyde was entranced, when a spirit purporting to be that of my mother, came and called me by name, and with an endearing familiarity which my mother always employed toward me. My mother's name was then given correctly, a very singular one indeed, *Charity Ann*, when she proceeded to speak of the business I thought of engaging in, declaring with an energy of emphasis, that if I ventured, I would lose all, and that ten days would divulge the unworthiness of the party with whom I was about to associate, either as a gentleman or business man. The ten days have passed, and I can only say, this timely remonstrance of my mother, (for I cannot doubt it was her watchful spirit spoke), has spared me a personal humiliation, and saved me at least six thousand dollars from irretrievable loss.

As a spirit test, it may not have been my mother, (pray who was it then?) but as a business test, I must feel grateful to the medium at least, who thus gave me this timely warning.

Since that time I have frequently had sittings with Mrs. Hyde, and received many evidences of spirit intelligence, which, for positiveness, staggers all unbelief. I have also introduced several friends to Mrs. Hyde, who felt interested in the subject from hearing me speak of the test above stated. One of these gentlemen is a wholesale merchant on Pearl Street, and was addressed by a spirit claiming to be his brother B—, who, after giving his name, the name of his business, where and when and what he did of, proceeded to say, "have nothing to do with any paper having the name of B— upon it." No reason was assigned for the distrust thus implied, but events have elapsed since then, proving that had this counsel been followed, my friend would have saved between three and four thousand dollars.

In both these cases, the results so truthfully predicted, but so little expected to be truthful, we have proof of strong business capacity at least in the medium, if not in the spirits controlling her. I would say, however, in justice to Mrs. Hyde, that she has given me the most convincing tests of spirit intercourse that I have ever received, although I have consulted many mediums reputed very good.

Mrs. Hyde is a very ladylike woman, and without solicitation, I most cheerfully award her this public acknowledgment of my appreciation of her worth as a medium.

Yours very respectfully,

A MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR.

Mr. Mansfield in New Orleans.

I am pleased to know that Mr. J. V. Mansfield has returned to his home in Chelsea in good health, from his Southern tour, including his sojourn in our city. He arrived here during the excitement caused by the secession of this State. The astonishing course of these events intensely occupied for a time all minds rendering his mediumship unnoticed.

When a more quiet state of the public mind occurred, his rooms were the mart of many inquirers, who received a knowledge of the future life which was till then but dimly imagined or unknown. Members of the different professions, persons of all ages, parties, and classes of society, have received through Mr. Mansfield's mediumship communications, most of them, I learn, satisfactory, and wisely adapted to convince those to whom they were given or directed of the fact of universal spirit-life, instructive and beneficial to them without intermeddling with domestic, social or political relations.

I feel that great benefit has resulted from his visit; that it was at the right time, though seemingly at first inauspicious, a waste of time, to him, and pecuniary loss. He has the satisfaction of having the good wishes and kindest recollections of all here with whom he has been associated. His truthfulness, sincerity and benevolence have enrolled for him a large band of friends in Louisiana.

The mediums and Spiritualists scattered over this city and vicinity are grateful to him for his kindness, and the opportunity they have enjoyed through him of free communion with the denizens of the higher world. They look forward with hope and confidence to another visit, when conditions are more favorable, and when he may be here more generally known and better rewarded for his devotion to our peaceful and glorious cause, whose gospel is peace; whose cardinal principle is fidelity to self, family, friends and country, in all their relations, under all circumstances, and wherever located, recognizing the eternal present as the time and place for action.

Yours ever,

E. C. HYDE.

April 8th, 1861.

I THINK OF THEM.

Ask the prisoner to think of liberty;
Ask the hungry to think of food;
Ask the weary to think of rest,
But ask not me to think of thee.

As hope is to the broken hearted,
As the sunlight is to the floweret,
As cooling water is to the feverish lips,
So are the thoughts of thee, to me.

All that is beautiful in art or nature,
All that would make my life more dear,
All that can raise my soul to heaven,
Comes with the blissful thought of thee.

ANNIE.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

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

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Taunton, 4 Sun-
days, May 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, June 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, September 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, October 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 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14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, November 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th

