

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

Written for the Banner of Light. INCOMPATIBILITY.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

"Fair Lady, I have sought thee long,
To proffer love of mine;
I am a Knight of high degree,
Sprung from a princely line.
This morn I saw thee take the path
That winds above the vale;
I dared to come and seek my fate,
To win thee, or to fail.
Great store of wealth to me belongs,
In my ancestral halls;
And foeman's foot hath never trod
Within the moated walls.
My broad domains on either hand,
Outstretching, thou may'st see;
A varied scene of hill and dale,
And forests waving free.
Large flocks and herds crop the rich meads
Along the river side;
The dappled deer through woodland glades,
Doth roam in antlered pride.
The stately swans, like milk white-clouds,
Sail o'er the silver mere;
And verdant lawns and gardens gay,
On every side appear.
My hawks and hounds are matchless all,
My steeds are fleet as air;
And trusty followers not a few,
For me would do and dare.
All these, and more, are mine;
And yet they failed to pleasure me,
Unless, O Lady, I may hope
To give them all to thee."
"Fair words you speak, Sir Knight," she said,
"To make your purpose plain;
And yet they fall upon mine ear
Without a force or aim.
Your bold retainers and your flocks,
To me, could bring no cheer;
I would not follow hawk, or hound,
To the downfall of the deer.
Your castle grand, your hoarded wealth,
Your gardens, bright and gay,
Could never lure one wish of mine
On wandering wing to stray.
I see no chaplets round thy brow,
By royal Thought inveigled;
Thy hand bears not the signet stamp
Of noble deeds achieved.
No high renown has linked thy name
With any glorious day;
Thine armor glitters well, yet shows
No dint of mortal fray.
Canst see you far off city, where
The Orient glory falls?
My heart is with my happy home,
Within those shining walls.
Adown upon the shelly strand,
My plannet waits the tides;
E'en now the murmuring waves roll in,
To kiss her golden sides.
Then fare the well, thou gentle Knight,
I leave thee on the shore;
Thy Love still dwells in Terra's bowers,
While mine has gone before."

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

This supposition was correct. The next evening Richard spent with us, and on my asking if I should retain the package, replied that he preferred to tell me its contents, written in case the meeting should prove fatal to him.
"But what provoked the encounter?" I inquired.
A cloud settled on his face, and he said sadly:
"I had intended to restrain myself under all trials, but circumstances rendered it impossible. Judith, hear the affront, and then blame me if you can. I was feigning with a friend in a public gallery, when Sir Wilford Dudley entered the place, and engaged in the same exercise. By some accident a ribbon around his neck became unfastened, and a miniature rolled from his bosom to my feet. As I picked it up to return to him, I could not avoid seeing the face; it was beyond the possibility of mistake, a likeness of one whose claim to my reverence and love can end only with my life; and, startled by finding it in Sir Wilford's possession, I unthinkingly exclaimed:
"How came you by this portrait?"
"I am not disposed to explain the occasion of a lady's giving her portrait to her lover," was his silent rejoinder.
"I knew the statement was false; and, exasperated by the calumny, I gave him the lie, at the same time demanding the miniature. He refused, and immediately left the gallery; a few hours later I received a challenge, but declined to accept it or retract what I had said, sacrificing my inclinations to principle. While yet irritated by these events we encountered each other, and further provocation from him destroyed my self-command utterly. You know the consequence, and can you condemn me as severely as at first?"
I was obliged to confess that there was great excuse, but urged the folly of duelling, arguing that it was no settlement of the question which was right or wrong, but merely which was the better marksman.
"I know all that you would say," Richard answered seriously, "and though convinced of the truth, when the trial came, opinion could not with-

stand provocation. And yet, although Sir Wilford has from the first of our acquaintance chosen to be antagonistic to me, there has been some peculiar impulse of forbearance underlying my irritability, that renders him the last man in the world with whom I would have sought a quarrel."

"Yet his society at Ventnor always affected you unpleasantly?"

"There was a reason for that, Judith. I believed he was attracted to you, and jealousy prompted the exhibitions you beheld."

"Are you quite certain it was not on Miss Blackburn's account, instead of mine?" I mischievously inquired, for now that he was exclusively mine, I was disposed to be sensitive regarding the past.

"Perfectly certain," he replied, with earnestness; "you were then as now, the attraction, but I wished to study you with freedom, and there was a charm in seeing you at all hours and occupations, so unconscious and natural—it gave me a home feeling, to which I had long been a stranger."

"But Aletha evidently took your attentions to herself."

"Her heart could not be touched by the mere politeness of a preoccupied man; she is fond of power, and of displaying it, but there is little tenderness in her nature."

"Then why was she so moved as to forget herself that afternoon by the sea-side?"

"Pique—you did not chance to see what she did, and her self-love was wounded at my warm praise of a dependent."

"There must have been something very offensive to the sight, for I am sure your allusion might have been appropriated to herself."

"Not if my glance at you were rightly interpreted; but your eyes were fixed on the waves. Had you met mine, I should have declared the sentiments I had been betrayed into expressing prematurely, during our subsequent walk. How strangely lives are severed and mingled! trifles part, and force cannot unite, unless it is so decreed. Judith, I am becoming a fatalist."

"Why so?"

"Because natural laws seem to govern nothing but matter. Mind is independent of any theory yet discovered. Oftentimes we cannot draw a correct inference from the simplest circumstances. For instance, love and hatred are purely arbitrary, since quite as frequently we can give less reason for, than against either emotion. I am capable of affection as entire as most experience, yet it has never been fully called out till now."

"Indifference on the part of others is the last complaint you should make," I replied. "You are gifted with the power to draw persons to you. I need but instance Lady Eugenia; she is and has ever been a true friend of yours. Her interest is remarkable. Since this unfortunate affair, she has not failed to send frequently to inquire for Sir Wilford's condition, as I am persuaded, on your account. Indeed, what other motive could she have?"

"Lady Eugenia is very kind, Judith, and I appreciate her goodness, yet friendship is a poor substitute for those near and fond ties which I never have enjoyed; but I trust this cloud on the first bright phase of my life may belie its threatening aspect."

I could only express my earnest hope that Sir Wilford would recover, consoling myself by the thought that in any event he had forced the past on himself, without provocation.

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Wilford became worse, until I dreaded the reports from hour to hour; while Lady Eugenia's suppressed excitement showed that she suffered equally. The physician who attended him was also her medical adviser, and kept us informed of his patient's state, and after a consultation with him one morning, Lady Eugenia rejoined me in her dressing-room with marks of recent weeping. Alarmed at her dejected air, I inquired if the worst had happened.

"No," she replied faintly, "but he is delirious—Dr. Gray has little hope of his recovery." She trembled violently for a moment, struggling with emotion, which finally overcame her, and then with a burst of sobs fell on my shoulder without further attempt to compose.

I intuitively felt that consolation was useless, and, full of sympathy, remained silent.

"Judith," she said presently, "Sir Wilford is constantly calling for you, and the doctor thinks it best to gratify him. If you go, I will accompany you."

I was surprised, but consented to any measure that should be deemed advisable, and in a short time we stood by Sir Wilford's bedside with Dr. Gray, who had dismissed the nurse from the room before our entrance, so there should be no restraint in our expressions. The sick man had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and his fine profile was sharply defined against the dark hair that rested on the pillow. Lady Eugenia knelt beside him and appeared to forget our presence, as with one hand gently clasped between hers, she gazed at him with a look that moved me, although I did not comprehend it, while Dr. Gray, who had known her from an infant, walked hastily to the window to conceal the tears on his wrinkled cheek, motioning me to remain with her.

The agonized expression presently gave place to a sad earnestness, as if memory were busy with a mournful past. Sir Wilford moved slightly and muttered something indistinctly. Lady Eugenia started back, and pressing her hand to her heart, left the bedside and threw herself into an easy chair close by. Dr. Gray was with her in a moment, apparently remonstrating with her, but she shook her head, saying:

"No, it is not imprudent—I should be far more agitated at home. Here is my place, and I must remain, at least while he is insensible. Beyond that, have no wish to stay."

Sir Wilford now unrolled his eyes, but they were devoid of consciousness. Yet, when at Dr. Gray's request I advanced toward him, although he evidently failed to recognize me, his countenance lighted up, and he stretched forth his hand. Perceiving that I hung back irresolute, he became impatient; and when I went nearer, drew me to a seat, and clasping my fingers, appeared tranquil and happy. An indescribable train of thought, or rather fancy, seized hold of my brain, so wild and causeless, that I scarce dared scan it closely. I magnetically felt the relationship between certain parties, and without being aware that the knowledge existed.

Delighted with the effect of my presence, Dr. Gray begged me to continue with Sir Wilford till some change should occur; and, despite the fears of the kind old physician, that she would suffer in consequence, Lady Eugenia remained with me, and together we shared the duties of watching by the sick-bed. There were times when it was heart-rending. Sir Wilford would rave of incidents and persons that caused my companion to shudder and weep, as she convulsively clung to me for support. And again, he would speak her name with a tenderness that was more touching to me.

A week passed thus, when the physician called me aside one night, previous to leaving for a few hours, and said:

"Sir Wilford's fate will be decided before morning. When he awakes from his present sleep, he will probably be conscious. I have induced Lady Eugenia to take some rest; so when he comes to his senses, and finds you with him, do not allow many questions, or mention her name. If, however, he is collected, and anticipates dying—by the way, I have never asked if you are experienced in such cases as this?"

I signified that I was competent to any emergency, and he continued:

"I was so sure of it from your manner, that I have not thought to inquire formally. Very well; in case death is inevitable, and he has anything special to say, as I judge he must have from his mentioning you so often, do not check him, but aid all you can to spare unnecessary exhaustion. You know what to give him, and the quantities. I shall be back as soon as possible—perhaps before the crisis—meanwhile I hope for the best. Good night."

I returned to the sick chamber, adjusted the light, prepared the medicines, and then took my seat by the patient, while the nurse dozed in her chair at the further end of the room, hidden from sight by the curtains.

Again I sat through the silent watches by a flickering spirit, and the night when my aunt died passed in review before me. The hours passed—neither Lady Eugenia nor the doctor joined me, and the nurse had lain down in a chamber communicating, whence her heavy breathing filled me with that sense of desolation felt by a wakeful person among slumberers.

While absorbed in a reverie, Sir Wilford moved, unrolled his eyes, and feebly asked for drink. I held the glass to his lips, and when he had finished, he said:

"You were kind to come, Judith—I would not have missed seeing you. I suppose you know the cause of my illness?"

I nodded acquiescence. Ceremony was thrust aside.

"You doubtless feel hard toward me, for Captain Yarrington's friends must now be my enemies; but you do not understand all. With any other man I could have restrained myself, but the attempt in connection with him was absurd."

Yet his sentiments toward you were entirely opposite," I remarked.

A flush of anger overspread the pale, wan face before me.

"Well they might be; he is pampered by everybody he comes in contact with. He once deprived me of all I held dear, and has turned you from me—you who are the only link to the dear past."

I hastened to assure him of my sympathy and friendship.

"Are you not attending on me for Yarrington's sake—that you may repair the consequences of his profligacy?" he eagerly inquired.

"No, Sir Wilford; I am here simply because you seemed soothed by my influence—it is injustice to consider me an enemy."

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, "but I am so used to seeing those I love turned from me by misrepresentation, that I have grown bitter; but you have proved friendly throughout our acquaintance, which has been full of pain and pleasure to me. I have something to say to you now, and I wish you to speak freely, as I know you will, Judith. I have no brothers, sisters or children—no one in this world who can feel wronged by whatever way I may choose to dispose of my property. Will you gratify me by becoming my legatee?"

I could not answer. This coincidence of circumstances was like a dream, in which the past is enacted, and I was half disposed to struggle and wake from it.

"Do not deny this request," resumed Sir Wilford, thinking me silent from pride or disapproval. "You cannot understand my motive, but it is pure and dictated by love for one whom I hope soon to meet—for I am no believer in church doctrines, child, and no barriers will prevent my seeking, eye, and finding in the next world her from whom I was separated in this."

His suppressed vehemence shocked me so that I involuntarily shrank back. Noticing my movement, he smiled sadly, and continued, more gently:

"You will not refuse to let a dying man's spirit depart in peace, will you?"

"Indeed, sir, I prefer you would make some other disposal of your property."

"Judith, your sensitiveness is morbid—you cannot offer one good reason for it. I have no relatives

to reproach my memory or your acceptance—the breath of calumny cannot assail you. If you choose, I can give your kind attention to me during illness as my motive—for I presume you will stay by me to the last."

"Indeed, I will, sir," I replied, heartily. Sickness had weakened Sir Wilford's wonderful sang froid, and he closed his eyes to drive back the tears that suffused them at my warmth of expression.

"Judith," he said, presently, "you will gratify me in the respect I spoke of. Tell me you are not burdened with a sense of unwelcome obligation to accede to a death-bed request?"

"I take your gift in the same spirit that it is offered, sir, and assure you that there is one person who appreciates those hidden traits which have been overlooked by others, if your life has been desolate."

"Thanks. You have removed a load from my conscience and given me a positive pleasure; for once in my unhappy life, duty and inclination agree."

He lay silent from exhaustion awhile, and I reflected on this bewildering turn of fortune's wheel. A second time wealth was thrust upon me, and on this occasion successfully; but I was oppressed by the thought that Richard was to be enriched by a ruyder, in accordance with the laws of honor, as the world phrases it.

"You should be mistress of Morton Manor," Sir Wilford observed at length; "your cousin has no right to it."

A thrill shot through me; but the next second I dismissed the wild idea that had suggested itself to me, viz: that the man whom I had seen peering into the chamber window the night I destroyed my aunt's will, was Sir Wilford himself.

"You were sacrificed to a pampered idol—to Richmond Murray."

It was evidently not he—and I returned to my former blankness on the subject. But the charge against my cousin was false, and I said:

"I was not aware before that you knew more of me and my past surroundings than my name and companionship to Miss Blackburn; but you are misinformed concerning Richmond—he was never pampered; on the contrary, he did not receive his deserts."

"I don't understand how he failed to do so. Is he not master of Morton? What do you consider he merited, but did not obtain?"

"His mother's love, which was more precious to him than the Manor a thousand times over. Oh, Sir Wilford! if your life has been dreary from affection that has met no return, pity my cousin."

"He is no cousin of yours, Judith; oh, I am in my senses, and able to prove what I assert. But why are you sure his mother was not devoted to him?"

"Sir Wilford, I don't know why I am impelled to speak to you so freely; but dearly as I loved my aunt, I must own that she treated her son in the most unnatural manner."

"How so? You may trust me Judith—I have a deeper motive than curiosity."

"In every way, sir. She never caressed or indulged him; always repelled his fondness and gaiety, till he left home in despair. And when he displeased her by his marriage, she seemed content to have a good excuse for disowning and disinheriting him."

Sir Wilford's countenance was expressive of sad and earnest thought.

"Unnatural, indeed!" he said, musingly; "then my dislike has been founded on false grounds partly. I have less to forgive than I thought. Judith, how long have I been delirious?"

"About a week, sir."

"You have been here all that time?"

"Yes; Dr. Gray thought it best."

"What have I raved about. Did I startle you?"

"You have been in a stupor mostly. What you did say was disconnected?"

"What hour is it?"

"Nearly morning, sir. I expect Dr. Gray every moment."

Sir Wilford was exhausted, and we remained quiet again. Before long the physician returned, and I saw at a glance that his fears were realized.

"Doctor," said the patient, "I presume you are willing I should see a friend to-day, and my lawyer?"

I should like some stimulant to give me strength till it is through with."

Then, looking at me, he desired I would take some rest, saying I should be needed more in a few hours than now; and I left the room to report to Lady Eugenia, and recruit for the scene which I knew was not far distant.

CHAPTER X.

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly, and fearing lest I might be wanted I arose at once, made a hasty toilette, and went into the ante-chamber adjoining Sir Wilford's, to be in readiness. Dr. Gray rose as I entered, saying:

"Sir Wilford has just asked for you. He has a friend with him; but you will go in just the same." And opening the door for me to pass, he shut it immediately, remaining outside.

It required all my self-control to suppress the exclamation that sprang to my lips. Sir Wilford lay half raised by pillows, and at his side, holding his hand, sat my cousin Richmond! I seemed a prey to some strange delusion; for, as I approached nearer, I saw that the new-comer was familiar in form and air. He held out his disengaged hand, and said:

"Do you not recognize me, Judith?"

The voice settled all doubt, and with a rush of contending emotions, I realized that my cousin and Richard Yarrington were one! It was some time before I could speak. I sat opposite, scanning every feature, and studying how I had been blinded to the knowledge before.

After all, it was not so strange as might appear;

the forehead and eyes, although beautiful, were peculiar only as they were perfect in form, color and expression. They were of the stamp often found among high bred, finely organized natures, and might have counterparts; the individuality of his countenance was in the mouth, chin and contour of the lower part of the face. These were so marked that they induced the belief of singularity in all, and much of the mobility which belongs to the eyes alone in many persons, was usurped by them.

Until now, Richmond had concealed the whole of these features by a long, silky beard and moustache, that permitted little more than his fine teeth to be seen. This had given him a thoroughly un-English, foreign aspect. The circumstances under which he was introduced to me, were unfavorable to recognition, for I received an impression of his history from Lord Orford's description to his mother, before his friend rejoined us on the evening of their arrival.

With the removal of the beard, several years were taken from his appearance, and although he was darker, graver, and more matured than when I had bade him good-bye on his departure for a foreign university, yet at twenty-seven he was the same Richmond who had welcomed me to Morton in his boyhood, and left us while yet a mere youth. Our separation had lasted during those years that effect the most marked change in a man, and I ceased to wonder at my lack of penetration.

The identity of a supposed stranger with my girlhood's companion, explained the frequent sense of intimacy I had experienced from the first with him, and though the attempt to reconcile two persons in one was somewhat confusing, it was not without its charm.

"Well, Judith," said Sir Wilford, after allowing my agitation and reflections to subside into a clear understanding, "is the revelation unpleasant?"

"No, sir; it is somewhat startling, though, and I can scarce wonder that I did not recognize my cousin before."

"We are not relatives, dear Judith," said Richmond, taking my hand; "that happiness is yet in store for us."

"You will next tell me that your name is not Richmond Murray?" I exclaimed, hardly knowing what I uttered.

"Even that is correct," he replied; "my name is truly Richard Yarrington. But though changed by law, I had not a legal right to that I bore previously. I am not a Murray, though I have supposed so till this day." And with a yet more serious air he clasped the outstretched hand of Sir Wilford, who said:

"Judith, you are not a woman to love lightly or unworthily. Could any circumstances connected with one whom you held dear weaken your affection for him, provided they were not brought about by flaws in his nature, and he was unchanged by them?"

There was a strange intensity, almost an agony of entreaty in Sir Wilford's tone and manner as he awaited my answer.

"No," I answered promptly; "I do not hold a man responsible for anything but his own actions."

"I knew you were a self-thinking girl," he exclaimed; "forgive me for doubting your generous nature one instant—only my anxiety could have bewildered me."

He closed his eyes, and a faint color fluttered into his cheeks. When he opened them, there was a different look in their clear depths from what I had ever seen before. The impassibility which had been his distinguishing trait was gone, and a serenity amounting to softness took its place.

"Judith," he said, "approaching death is a wonderful clearer of mysteries and misunderstandings; the beliefs and sentiments of a life-time dissolve in its breath to chimerae that we can hardly credit could have so enthralled us. I have this day secured to you what would be called my riches; but the chief treasure is yet unmentioned—take then with the blessing of his unworthy father, my son, whose heart is already pledged to you."

My hand was lying in Richard's, and Sir Wilford rested his upon them. As their faces were brought closer by the movement, I was startled at the exact likeness between them.

"But, Sir Wilford, why make me conspicuous, as you have done? Here is a claimant for your name, and a worthy successor."

"No, Judith," he replied; "I am proud of my son; would be glad to recognize him before the world—but it cannot be, it would blight him. No, it is through you that his rights must be obtained, as his happiness also must be your gift. Oh, the satisfaction of this hour repays me for all past suffering."

A spasm contracted his features momentarily.

"I am failing," he whispered, "and much yet remains to be done. Richard, you can explain these things to Judith, while Lady Eugenia is with me."

We left the room, and I went, at the doctor's request, to summon her ladyship.

"Did Sir Wilford ask for me of his own accord?" she inquired tremulously.

I assured her of the fact.

"Oh, Judith! how did he seem? Tell me, that I may be prepared to meet him."

"He is completely changed—all the finer part of his nature is brought out, and he spoke tenderly of you."

"Go with me to the door. Is he much weakened?"

"Not in appearance, but he is sensible of a difference."

TO BE CONTINUED.

An ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks, in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head, he ejaculated: "They must be iron clamps, to keep der cirkel from breaking up der road."

NORTHMEN, COME OUT!

Dedicated to the Massachusetts Regiment.

BY CHARLES GUTHRIE LELAND.

Air—Durch den herauf!

Northmen, come out!
Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again,
To flag and fort and tented plain;
Then come with drum and trumpet and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
The foe is waiting round about,
With pike and sword and bayonet,
To tender us their Beauregard;
With shot and shrapnel, grape and shell,
We'll give them back the fire of hell;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Give the pirates a roaring rout;
Out in your strength and let them know
How working men to work can go.
Out in your might and let them feel
How mudsills strike when edged with steel;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Come like your grandfathers stern and stout;
Though Cotton be of kingly stock,
Yet royal heads may reach the block;
The Puritan taught it once in pain,
His sons shall teach it once again;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!
Forth into battle with storm and shout!
He who lives with victory's blessing;
He who dies gains peaceful rest.
Living or dying, let us be
Still vowed to God and Liberty!
Northmen, come out!—Vanity Fair.

Original Essays.

PROPHECY.

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."—*Joel.*

"I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied."—*St. Paul.*

Prophecy is perhaps one of the highest gifts of "the spirit," inasmuch as it can result from no blind faculty or intuition of the human mind, but from a deliberate and scientific calculation. Then if "coming events cast their shadows before," the intelligence must be infused into the mind of the sleeper or medium by some unseen spirit friend, dear friend, who has a deep concern in our well-being, and who has made the calculation on scientific principles. For as the future, as yet, has no existence, it is impossible for the human mind to instinctively see down through the long lapse of ages yet unborn. Yet the poet says,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

Neither is there any blanks or ruptures in nature. Milton's "great chaotic void" has no existence; but the whole universe is one

"Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Nature's ethereal, human, angel man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing."

In like manner no event was ever isolated; but the whole past, present and future must constitute one unbroken chain of cause and effect; for the poet again declares

"All chance direction which we do not see."

The cars never run off the track without a sufficient cause; and our voluntary acts, and our thoughts, are all the result of causes. Any one then who can accurately and scientifically calculate this chain of cause and effect, can prophecy.

The scientific astronomer is a prophet, who can predict an eclipse, however far distant in the future, inasmuch as he can accurately trace out that chain of cause and effect that shall lead to its production. On the same principles an eclipse that has transpired, however far distant in the past, is calculated. The physician sometimes attempts to prognosticate the future course of disease on different principles. He says the disease will take a certain course, because it has done so in other like cases. But as there may be unusual causes operating upon the patient, the prophecy is often wrong, and seldom anything more than an approximation. Now the cause of disease is an inharmonious impression made upon the vital forces of the system, and hence evades our external senses. But from this very cause it is visible to our spiritual senses, when not dormant, and to the senses of spirits. Now if the physician could see the operation of the cause of disease upon the system, he might measure the resulting effects accordingly. This we claim spirits are enabled to do, and that from the first infusion of poison into the system, as is evinced by an abundance of examples like the following.

CASE 1. Some thirty years ago, a brother of the writer, after three or four days of most uncomfortable mental disquietude, received the impression, as if a voice had said, "you are going to be sick." Being several miles from home, he immediately made up his mind to return, and started without delay, when the disquietude entirely left him. He had been at home but a day or two, when he was taken with a typhus fever that continued several weeks, and would undoubtedly have proved fatal at any place where he should have received less care. How ardently the spirit, in this case, labored to save the life of the individual, is evinced by the long continued mental disquietude, which undoubtedly was the result of the attempt to impress him.

CASE 2. Last autumn I attended a little girl nine years of age, sick with follicular inflammation of the bowels, which proved fatal. A short time before she was taken sick, and while attending a funeral, her mother said to her, "Let us go and see the children's graves; for perhaps we shall not be here again this fall." When immediately a voice seemed to say to her, "Yes, you will; Emma will be buried here." She afterwards dreamed that Emma fell into a "black, deep water, and sunk out of sight." Emma herself dreamed that her father, who was absent, came home, and "she did not run to meet him." She also dreamed that she saw a wagon standing in front of their house, with a coffin in it, that "was neither very large nor very small," and headed toward a meeting-house, and the graveyard, previously mentioned. There were also many other wagons headed in the same direction. When the father came home the little girl was very sick, and she merely recognized him and nothing more. She died, as the mother anticipated; the funeral was held in the meeting-house, and the body was buried in the graveyard, as above indicated. This was the mother's only child, and she loved her dearly; and though she continued to hope till she was informed that she must die, she was not unprepared for the intelligence. It was therefore a kindly warning.

CASE 3. Several years ago, a gentleman had a sister living near by, sick with consumption. He dreamed that a certain individual came and said to him, "Your sister is dying—she wants you to come." He also dreamed that he saw his father, who had been dead a long time. He had a blank paper in

his hand, and pointing to a knoll, below which was a brook, said, "The papers are not made out; Roxanna will live a year yet." Next night the individual came and said, "Your sister is dying; she wants you to come." He went and told her that she would not die then, but would live a year longer. At the end of the year indicated she died, and was buried on the knoll that had been pointed out.

In all these cases there is much reason to believe that the poison had already infested the system, and hence the prime data of calculation on the part of the spirit.

Spirits exist more directly within the sphere of causes than we do, and hence many circumstances that to us appear to be the result of the merest chance, they are able to calculate and predict with great accuracy. Several dreams well calculated to show the remarkable sagacity of the communicating intelligences are published in Dr. Abercrombie's work on the Mental Powers; some of which are republished in Owen's Footfalls. These were wholly inexplicable to Dr. Abercrombie, but at this day are well understood.

But how is it possible for the prophetic spirit to trace an individual's life years into the future, and predict a disease that will then take place, and which will prove fatal. And how is it possible that many minute and very unusual circumstances connected with the funeral obsequies can be thus long foreseen. Such predictions, however incredible, are nevertheless veritable facts.

CASE 4. A clergyman, Mr. John Wilcox, some years before the advent of Spiritualism, while plowing in the field, received a very vivid impression, as if a voice had said, "Your wife will die at the end of eight years." He instantly dropped his work, went to the house and reported to her the intelligence that he had received. She died at the end of eight years with consumption.

CASE 5. Some years before the advent of Spiritualism, Perry W. Bates, being from home, had stopped at an inn in Adrian. He retired to his room, but was still awake, when he saw his former wife standing in the room. She talked to him, and said, "You will soon be very sick, but will recover; at the end of four years you will be sick again, and then you will come where I am." In a very few days he was taken with a severe inflammation of the lungs, but recovered. At the end of four years I was again called to him; he had taken the same disease; and though I repeated the same treatment, bled, blistered, and gave calomel, opium, ipecac, and antimony, without stinging, he died nevertheless.

CASE 6. The gentleman already mentioned in case third, Mr. Willard Lincoln, dreamed that he was in San Francisco; actually described the harbor, which he had never seen; saw one of two brothers, his neighbors, who were in California, embark and make the journey home. The other brother he did not see. Before this, and in the same night, he dreamed that there was a funeral gathering, and a sermon preached at the home of the brothers; but no corpse or coffin was to be seen. It was more than a year after this when one of the brothers died in California. Several months later the intelligence arrived and the sermon was preached as above indicated, after which the other brother returned.

CASE 7. A sister-in-law of the writer became troubled in her dreams. She dreamed repeatedly of eggs, snakes, &c., by which she remarked that she knew that trouble of some kind was coming; for it always did after such dreams. She then dreamed that she was in the midst of a very miry marsh, and could not extricate herself; when looking around she saw that I was present, and I said to her, "follow me and I will lead you out." She followed with great difficulty; black water boiled up around her feet at every step. She got through, but was completely exhausted—By this she said that she knew that she should be very sick, but would recover; and that her sickness would be at my house, she said she knew, for while struggling in the marsh, she saw my striped barn, which she well knew.

She next dreamed that she was in a strange looking place, and saw an individual whose head was surrounded by a radiance like the sun. He pointed out to her a beautiful place, which she thought must be heaven. He then said: "You cannot come now, but first go back and prepare yourself, and then you shall come."

She again dreamed that she had fallen in deep water, and while struggling to save herself, a sister who had been dead several years, came to her and said: "Do you know what this is intended to represent?" She answered, no. She then said, "You will soon be very sick, but will get well again; but soon after that you will be sick again, and then you will die." She then asked, how long before the last sickness?—will it be one month, one year, two years? to which respectively she obtained the answer, no. But to the question, will it be within three years she obtained no answer at all, but her sister vanished from her sight. Hence she said she knew that she should soon be very sick, and would then recover; but between two and three years after that she would be sick again, and then she would die. These visions she had at her brother-in-law's, at Hillsdale, twenty-five miles from my place, and as I had two children sick with typhoid fever, I sent for her. While at my house the younger child died. This she had seen in a vision laid out in the same place and manner as actually took place, though she had not related this till afterwards.

The coffin was brought in for the child in the evening; she had retired into an adjoining room to rest, and had shut the door so that she could not have seen the coffin brought in. Next morning she told me she saw the coffin brought in for the child; and she wanted to know what that large coffin was for; she said it was brought in by five or six men, who sat it down. They then came and looked at her, and were busily consulting among themselves whether they should leave it or not. They finally concluded that it would not then be needed, but thought it would be required by-and-by. They then took it up and walked off with it. This vision she had before she had gone to sleep. Her first sickness finally came on in the form of a typhoid fever, of the gravest character, and though she barely escaped with her life, yet she never once, during her lucid moments, lost hope.

Not long after she had recovered from this disease, she dreamed that she saw a funeral train on the cars. Two sisters were present, besides her brother-in-law's folks from Hillsdale, and myself. Her father and mother were absent, likewise a brother-in-law from Adrian, and my wife. It was a very long train of cars, and far ahead of the car we occupied she found the coffin, in the mail car, among mail bags. It was enclosed in an outside rough box; and of this box a small spot on the centre of the lid was planned, as if some one had commenced planing it, and had then quit. She then looked, and found it contained her own corpse. This was accompanied by very beautiful music, unlike anything she had ever heard.

Many of these predictions were told to me before her first illness, and they were all carefully recounted again six months before her death, which took place in September, 1859. Before that time I had no expectation of ever finding one iota of spiritual truth in Spiritualism; since that time I have never for one moment doubted

1st—The "Life Immortal;"

2d—The "Communication of Saints;" and,

3d—The "Gift of Prophecy."

Her final illness came on about two and a half years after the former attack indicated, while at her brother-in-law's in Hillsdale. The grave character of the case was wholly overlooked. Hence I obtained no information touching her illness till three or four days before its final termination, when I drove out to see her, taking three of her sisters, including my wife. To our surprise, we found her laboring under a disease of the brain, and beyond all hope of recovery. Now every one was present that was to be in that funeral train, and every one was absent that was not to be present, excepting my wife; and next day I drove home and took her along, as she became anxious to return.

The prophecy now could not come out true without I should return, and there was no probability of this, for I had several patients on hand, and no one of her sisters had any expectation that she could now receive any help. But next day one of the sisters, while gazing at her, thought that she did not appear as sick as in her former illness, and that if I was there I might cure her; and though she was opposed by the other sisters, she nevertheless sent me a dispatch. This I received in time to get out there next morning, only three hours before she died. There were the bearers; the coffin enclosed in the rough box, with a spot planned on the centre of the lid, the workman having undertaken to plane it, but had given it up because he was pressed for time; her corpse was placed on the cars, and in the mail car among the mail bags; it was a very long train of cars; the corpse was far ahead of the car that we occupied; her brother-in-law's folks from Hillsdale, two sisters, and myself were present on the cars; her father and mother, a brother-in-law from Adrian, and my wife were not present; and all exactly as she had long foretold. The music, of course, mortal ears could not hear. The funeral was held in Adrian. Her friends were all skeptics in Spiritualism; not one of them was looking for the fulfillment of any prophecy; and the fact that she had made such predictions only flashed upon my mind for the first time while on the cars, and after every particular had already been fulfilled.

"Well, if the same predictions had been unfolded to me, and in the same manner," replied an atheist, on hearing the last case recounted, I too would have been satisfied."

But I do not offer the above as prophetic demonstrations to any one, for their truth depends upon testimony, which is often subject to more or less suspicion—especially when the facts recorded are unusual. The cases that I have recorded are all spontaneous, though the last mentioned lady became a highly developed medium before her death, though the fact was hardly known to her friends. A true dream is nothing but recent recollections promiscuously jumbled together, and the great majority of dreamers are by no means dreaming mediums. Still spontaneous dreaming mediums are not uncommon; many such are usually to be found in every neighborhood; and he who doubts our evidence, can undoubtedly find an abundance of the same kind at home.

DR. EPHRAIM LATHAM.

THE SILENT VOICES OF POWER.

The degree to which the thought and meditation of our solitary moments affect the world at large, is but very little considered, and probably still less appreciated. "Oh, that I could speak or write the thoughts of my innermost," is breathed as the involuntary sigh of many a soul. Great seems the pity that such gems should be lost. But are they lost? Hath not a thing been accomplished even in the very act of thinking? And who shall say that the aggregate thought of the Universe has not been enriched thereby?—that hitherto undefinable feeling may not in this very effort, have found an organized existence, such as it possessed not before?

I will not undertake to say how many midnight writers' pens, or Sunday talkers' tongues, will be made more glib from this your seemingly fruitless meditation; for it is surely wondrous to behold how thought reports itself from mind to mind, even when it would appear fast locked within.

A thought is barely conceived, before its inception is signalled throughout an entire stratification of the mental world. It does not report itself immediately to the outer consciousness, but it is nevertheless duly registered, and there awaits its fitting summons to action.

Great, then, is the importance of right thinking; that we arrive at a correct conclusion on a single subject, is a matter of consequence to the entire Universe, even though our lips or pen utter it not. Of a truth it will find expression from some other quarter all the sooner for its birth in us; for some persons are as surely employed in the silent generation of thought, as are others in its enunciation and elaboration. Some prepare what others express, and yet is it rare indeed that the parties concerned recognize, if they at all understand, the mutuality of such relations.

I formerly had the acquaintance of a gentleman, who, having occupied a portion of his time in writing upon subjects of general improvement and reform, had, in a series of years, collected a great quantity of very important manuscripts. Not being entirely satisfied with the arrangement and expression he had been enabled to give the matter, and knowing of no one into whose hands he could consign them for a more perfect adjustment, he still felt that in some shape or other the world must have the benefit of his considerations. I saw him therefore, deliberately consign the whole mass to the flames, for the purpose of liberating the life of the thought which was more or less confined to the paper from the process of writing, and doing this in all faith, believing that the matter would soon appear in its proper connections, and in better shape than he was able to arrange it—the truth of which opinion I think he has already in part, if not in full, realized.

This may be regarded by many as a very fine point on which to exercise faith, but nevertheless the fact is before you for what it is worth; and in view of the philosophy of the act, I have no personal apprehension that the example will be imitated to the serious injury of the Universe, but probably in very many cases, the result would be quite the reverse.

In this connection it might not be inappropriate to illustrate the way in which the quality of a person adheres to a letter, paper, or other substance, in kind and degree corresponding with his peculiar thought and feeling at the time of contact;

not that the substance thus imparted may not contain to a certain extent, the story of his entire life, but more especially it represents his condition at the time of contact.

This subject is already familiar to a large portion of community, but calls loudly for a general acceptance, as a great and important truth.

Hoping thereby to throw some additional light upon this subject, I will relate an incident I recently witnessed at the rooms of Mrs. A. C. Latham, No. 222 Washington street, Boston. A lady of somewhat a skeptical turn of mind being present, desired to test the power of one person to describe the character, attributes and physical condition of another, simply from the emanations that might appertain to an article with which she had had contact. She accordingly handed Mrs. Latham a note, which it afterwards proved she had been commissioned to bear to one of her friends. Mrs. L. continuing to hold the note in her hand, entered into an immediate description of the writer, first, however, remarking that the note was surrounded by two other atmospheres, which proved to be so; and she further said that it produced the sensation as of passing through two doors in order to reach the writer, of whom she gave a minute description, mentioning a trouble which she possessed in her head and heart. Also stating that the substance she received from the letter caused her to see all kinds of landscapes, and pictures, and feel as though she wanted a brush and paints. One picture in particular impressed her very strongly. She then gave the general characteristics of the picture, which it seems were identical with one the writer was at the time executing.

How great the tale which the few invisible atoms imparted by the writer were—sufficient to disclose! undiscovers to all outward senses, and yet sufficient to give access to the secret recesses of the writer's soul. Contemplate this, and with one of old exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, oh God!" that every one of the little atoms that we are daily shedding by thousands, has power to unfold the story of our life.

If then we are so impressing ourselves—as it were repeating our entire nature in myriads of atoms—what potent sermons can we not be continually breathing, even in the silence of meditation: sermons which may kindle a flame in many a soul and echo from a thousand tongues and pens.

This then is thy mission, ye silent voices of power. We are the exponents of the divine nature which worketh too deep for expression. And though all be not cultured to declare thy secrets, as in the case illustrated, yet nevertheless they are the constant recipients of thy power, though it may be all unconscious to their outer nature. If then this be so, it ought to incline speakers and writers to great modesty in their claims to originality, while it should be a fact of encouragement to that unrecognized class of workers, who are none the less surely though silently exerting a powerful leverage for the elevation of the world. Yet to this class must come contentment that other hands shall pen, that other tongues shall tell the truths they know, but which are lodged too deep for expression. For when they seek their utterance, they simply learn their helplessness, and as is true of all, from acknowledging their helplessness, they come to know a blessedness far greater than the happiness they sought from expression.

Thus doth the universe in ceaseless effort work to teach us our true uses. That we ask not to do all things; but all things being done, we rest contented in having done our part. We all clamor for the noisy places. Who then will do the hidden work, and thereby become sharers of that blessed grief felt by the great struggling spirit of Nature—even that same sacred grief which the "man of sorrow" knew, and which all must taste as they approach the Father.

DELTA.

Prof. S. B. Brittan.—A Tribute.

When the early dawn of modern Spiritualism brought the first notes from the other life, and sent them echoing over this—this watchman on the tower, and teacher of the most liberal Christianity, gave his ear and heart to the cause, and true to his highest feelings and noblest nature, left his post and pay in the old battery, and became a leader and pioneer in the ranks of the advancing innovators.

From that time to the present, no tongue has spoken more eloquently, no pen has written more ably and scientifically than that of Mr. Brittan. Many times he has had occasion to falter and look back; many times circumstances beyond his control have thrown him off the track in which he was laboring as a skillful engineer; but never has his countenance quailed, nor his heart faltered. He has borne a uniform testimony, and kept a steady aim, and when one route was lost, or too rough, has taken another, which led to the same goal. Sometimes for a few weeks we do not hear from him; but whenever we do hear from him, his tongue and pen are ever on the side of truth and the new Gospel.

He is practically and scientifically convinced of the truth, and cannot, with his honest heart, surrender it for the golden salaries which await his recantation. Weaker heads and vibrating consciousness might turn back to the "flesh-pots of Egypt," but he cannot.

Educated for a teacher, and sustained liberally by the society that employed him, he had to sacrifice almost the bread for his family, to become an advocate of those new truths; and often has his pay been to his heart and conscience, instead of to his pocket and larder; and often has he looked to and felt the congratulations and responses from the other world, where treasures are not of gold and silver, but of affection and joy.

For years I have watched with anxiety and the deepest interest the course of this early pioneer and devoted friend of our cause, and long have I hoped to see our friends able to support him as a teacher of the Harmonical Philosophy, at the head of a school where he could be well sustained, and teach by his eloquent tongue and silver pen the most important truths and principles which it must soon become our duty to teach and put into a practical education.

The time seems to me to be near at hand when we must start schools, to begin where other schools end, and put the scientific discoveries into use and practice, and educate for a higher, purer, nobler life. For instance, science has long taught that tobacco is a poison, and ever pollutes and debases those who use it; and no class of men are better acquainted with this fact than physicians; and yet no class of educated men are more, if as much, addicted to its use, and often they are so filthy and their breaths so offensive, as to greatly annoy their patients.

Science has long since established the fact, that swine's flesh is not suitable for human food, and yet, even at our colleges, it is a common article of diet. Science has long since established the fact, that diseases—insanity, imbecility, vice, &c., are transmitted from parents to children; and yet we continue to mate and marry our children, apparently for the

very purpose and expectation to have these results, and then turn to theology, and charge it to God.

Is it not time we had schools, to put these and other great and important truths into our education, and make them practicable? I know of no one more capable than Mr. Brittan to take charge of such an institution.

WARREN CHASE.

April, 1861.

Spiritualism and Theology.

The Rev. Mr. Newton tells us that Spiritualism teaches him that "Regeneration, Atonement, Salvation by Christ," &c., &c., "instead of being dogmas, resting on authority of any book or teacher, are truths written in the very nature of our constitutions."

My spirit friends give me no such teachings, and I have those, "orthodox" and pious in the highest sense of the term—i. e., their piety was in their hearts rather than in the head.

But, perhaps, from the last part of his sentence, I do not understand his true meaning. If by "regeneration" he means that we must forsake our sins; by "atonement," that we must sorrow and repent of them; by "Christ, the God man," that although a man, he possessed a greater portion of divine inspiration than any other; and "Salvation by Christ," that by his teachings, example and power to aid those who call upon him, we may become better prepared for the higher life in the future—if such is his meaning, why use terms that have befogged the world for nearly two thousand years, instead of those that all can understand and profit by? But if Mr. Newton means "Atonement and Salvation by Christ," as understood by the church, then I repeat that my spirit friends have given me no such teachings.

I like the letter of Mrs. Warner, in a late Banner. It bespeaks a well balanced mind.

P. S.—I have lost my "spiritual" cane—the bamboo with Chinese engravings. As a cane, it has but little value; but as the gift of a friend after he had left the form, it is valuable to me. I cannot offer any reward to the finder, but my thanks, and to pay the expense of returning it to your office.

April 28th.

PAUL PAX.

OUR WHITE DOVE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

A White Dove out of Heaven flew,
White as the whitest Shape of Grace
That nestles in the soft embrace
Of Heaven when skies are summer blue.

It came with dew-drops' purity,
On glad wings of the morning light,
And sank into our life, so white,
A Vision! sweetly, silently!

Balmily nestled our White Dove:
Nestled and made our bosom swim
With still delight and over-brim;
The air it breathed was breath of love.

Our Dove had eyes of baby blue,
Meek as the Speedwell's by the way,
That looketh out as it would say—
"Who kissed me while I slept—did you?"

God love it! but we took our Bird,
And loved it well, and merry made;
We sang and danced around, or prayed
In silence, wherein hearts are heard.

It seemed to come from far green fields,
To meet us over life's rough sea,
With love of promise from the tree
In which a dearer nest it builds.

As fondling mother birds will pull
The softest feathers from their breast,
We gave our best to line the nest,
And make it warm and beautiful!

We held it as the leaves of life
In hidden silent service fold
About a rose's heart of gold.
So jealous of all outer strife!

When hilly sleep in soothing palms
Fellowed the darling little head,
How lightly would we round the bed,
And felt the silence fall in balms.

But all we did, or tried to do,
Our flood of joy it never felt;
Only into our hearts would melt
Still deeper those dove eyes of blue.

Quick with the spirit of field and wood
All other birds would sing and sing,
Till hearts did ripple, and homes did ring;
Our White Dove only cooed and cooed.

With every day some sweetness new:
And night and day, and day and night,
It was the voice of our delight,
That gentle, low, endearing coo!

God, if we were to lose our child
Oh! we must die, poor hearts would cry;
She looked on us so humbly;
So mournfully to herself she smiled.

One day she pined up in our face,
With a low cry we could not still,
A moaning we could never hear,
For sleep in some more quiet place.

We could not help, and yet must see
The little head droop wearily,
The little eye shine eerily;
My Dove, what have they done to thee?

The look grew pleading in her eyes,
And mournful as the lone light
That in some window burns all night,
Asking for stillness while one dies.

The hand of Death so coldly clings,
So strongly draws the weak life-wave
Into his dark vast silent cave;
Our little Dove must lose its wings.

And so it sought the dearer nest,
A little way across the sea,
It kept its winged company,
Then sank into its leather rest,

And left us long ago to feel
A sadness in the sweetest words,
A broken heart-string mid the chords,
A tone more tremulous when we kneel.

But dear, my Christ! do not cry;
Our white Dove left for you and me
Such blessed promise as must be
Perfected in the heavens high.

The stars that shone in her dear eyes
May be a little while withdrawn,
To rise and lead the eternal dawn
For us, up heaven, in other skies.

Our Bird of God but soars and sings;
Oft when life's heaving wave is at rest
She makes me feel that I did
I feel a winnowing of wings.

And meekly doth she minister
Glad thoughts of comfort, thrills of pride;
She makes me feel that I did
This moment, I should go to bed.

Be good, and you shall find her where
No wind can shake the wee bird's nest,
No dreams can break the wee bird's rest,
No night, no pain, no parting there.

No echoes of old storms gone by;
Earth's sorrows slumber peacefully,
The weary are at rest, and lie
Shall wipe the tears from every eye.

Be not grieved above measure for thy deceased friends. They are not dead, but have only finished that journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take. We ourselves must go to that great place of reception, and in which they are all of them assembled; and in this general rendezvous of mankind we live together, still active in another state of being.—*Anti-Phanias.*

Can any one tell how it is that a man who is too poor to pay ten cents a week for a good newspaper, is able to pay fifteen cents a day for tobacco and cigars, to say nothing of an occasional drink?—*Exchange paper.*

GOD.

[The following Ode to the Supreme Being is a translation from the Russian. It was written by one of their distinguished poets, "Lerghianr." This ode is said to have been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Peking. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into the Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung in the Temple of Jedd. It is gratifying to know that these nations have done themselves the honor to bestow such praise on this noble composition.]

O thou Eternal one, whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In thy sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands, or the Sun's rays; but God, for thee
There is no weight or measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, and the dark
And that is lost, as thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness, didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; and from thee
Sprang forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin—all life and beauty thine.
Thy word created all and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shall be glorious! great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
Thou art the beginning, with the end hast bound
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee.
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver moon, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters to thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unweary through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command;
All gay with life—all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou, to those, art as the moon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are a thousand worlds compared to thee!
And what am I, when heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimed thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I then?

Nought but the influence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on thy wings I fly
Pager toward thy presence! for in thee
I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity,
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art, directing, guiding all, thou art,
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit-land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Dethy.
I can command the lightning, and am dust—
A monarch, and a slave, a worm, a God.
Whence came I here, and how? So marvelously
Constructed and conceived, unknown, this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
—For from itself alone it could not be.

"LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY."

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Miss LIZZIE DOTEN lectured at Allston Hall, under spirit influence, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, the 6th inst. The first discourse, upon "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the Battle-Cry of the French Revolution," was substantially as follows:

The day and the hour has come for men and women to be in earnest. The days which kings and prophets have longed for, yet died without the sight, are opening before us now. The prophecy of the past is about to be fulfilled. The world is trembling beneath the entry of that glorious Kingdom which "cometh not without observation." The things of time are to be shaken once more before the spiritual kingdom can be established. Men's souls grow great and strong; they leave fear and weakness; they awaken their innate, slumbering power, and come forth ready-armed for the contest. The times are full of import. In the sounds of battle, borne to us on every Southern breeze, not the gathering of embattled hosts is the mightiest of the signs of the times; a great principle underlies all this change, which proclaims the work of the Lord in our midst. Mankind speaks a varied language. Through all the past, words of sublime and invincible power, spoken in every tongue, yet breathing the self-same sentiment, have from time to time become, as it were, the living exponents and asserters of humanity's dignity and right.

The war-cry of the French Revolution was written upon the fleshy tablets of men's hearts before it sounded forth beneath the fierce rule of the Jacobins. Liberty, fraternity, equality! It was the prayer which came up from the heart of the gathered parties of the world when they were first condensed in space. "Give us liberty," said these powers, "liberty to grow and to expand, liberty to fulfill the mission which God has impressed upon us."—God's own spirit struggling up through these atoms, disintegrating them, and obliging them to take on other forms of being, to change and progress, and assimilate with other particles of matter, until the universe should be perfected before Him. In those vast solitudes, untrod by man, before the fiat had gone forth when man sprang up in majesty and might, to comprehend and rule all things, the self-same political, civil, intellectual, moral and religious trinity was declared. Man came, and gave it a form of speech—"Liberty, O God! liberty for my expanding soul. Let not the universe restrain me! I am of thee, and a part of thee, thou Divine One! Thou, and thou only, shalt be my limitation!" Although man understood not the secret of his own being, though he knew not this cry of his own soul, or how to translate it to his own understanding, yet, in the silent language of the spirit, in "groanings that cannot be uttered," still he cried aloud for liberty. "Fraternity, fraternity!" cried the soul of man. "O ye worlds that soar through heaven, and shower around us your mystic influences, are we not brothers and sisters? Did not the same power create us, O ye mountains, and rivers, oceans, rocks, hills, streams and forests? May I not claim fraternity with the Divine Cause of the life within me? Shall I not arise triumphant, and rule ye all?" And they all answered with that last cry—"Equality! equality! Ye may have your liberty, and your fraternity; but we are all of God, all creatures of His power, all have our sphere of action and of development. Equal rights, then, equal privileges for all. There is a harmony in difference. Though you, as the last-born child of God, may claim for yourself liberty, and claim with us fraternity, we claim of you, before God, equality."

Man has given to the world the fruit of his own feeling and experience, so far as he was able to give utterance. Transcending his physical conditions, through his power of intellect, he has obtained reign and rule over the material universe; he laid his hands upon the elements, he restrained their strength, he crushed them beneath his feet. Thus intellect achieved and asserted its supreme liberty. Then, when intellectual and physical strength

walked hand-in-hand, last of all came that moral element, which was the crowning glory of the sons of God. Then man looked up, and recognized his relationship to higher powers. Invisible to the external eye, these celestial presences, "Liberty! Fraternity with the children of God before the throne! Lo, we sacrifice and relinquish all things, that we may enjoy this mighty privilege, that we may feel that there is no partition wall in this great Universe."

But not all the children of men partook of this rapid progress. One after another they came up, slowly, upon the plane of advancement, unfolding gradually. Nation succeeded nation in power and culture, all claiming for themselves liberty, fraternity, and equality, according to their conceptions, and according to the limitations of their vision. But they forgot this underlying and overruling principle, that while they claimed liberty and equality for themselves, there was a law of fraternity abroad in the earth, and that they were but members of one great human family, and what they claimed for themselves was the right of all.

Here is the secret of national decay. When a people grow great in their own conceit, when they deem themselves to have absorbed and assimilated all strength and glory, when they feel that they may defy a heaven with their power, then it is that their doom is sealed—they are weighed in the balance and found wanting; their kingdom is divided, and given to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, to be disintegrated and scattered, until from the wreck and the relics a higher and more glorious kingdom shall be built up.

That longing for liberty, which is, as it were, instinctive in the hearts of the people, which cannot be crushed out by time and circumstance, ever springs up and finds expression in the middle class first; and there it is most prominent.

The aristocracy fold their hands, and say—"We have everything we need; why should our souls be troubled about principles of reform?" The lower class are crushed too low; they are too abject to speak out. But the working, thinking, middle class it is, who proclaim and secure the triumph of the immortal principle of freedom for all.

The French Revolution was a lesson to the whole world. All revolutions in government are preceded by revolutions in thought. Ere the throne of the Bourbons began to tremble before the moral might of the people, there had been a revolution in the religious sentiment of the day.

Voltaire had promulgated his subtle philosophies; Danton, Mirabeau, Robespierre, and a host of others, had spoken the truth clearly and openly, and priest and prelate went down before them.

Infidelity, then so termed, reigned in the hearts of the people; they almost doubted the existence and attributes of a Ruler of the Universe. They doubted the immortality of their own souls, and they were ready to wrestle fiercely with the elements of earth around them. Such, at least, is the historical picture of those times.

Lifeless forms and ceremonies could hold them, can hold you, no longer. When you begin to feel a desire in your souls to attain something higher and more worthy of your divine nature than present conditions of life and belief, then it is that you are fitting yourselves for an external and a political revolution. Already the spirit of this people has risen in rebellion against its own Constitution. You think that you rebel against the South, or that the South rebels against you; but it is the principle in your souls, in the heart of your brothers there at the South, that is crying out continually those three words of power—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality! Not those of the South who are, arming themselves to strike the fratricidal blow, but those poor brothers of the dusky brow who have been crushed so long beneath the iron heel of oppression. They have spoken to your hearts, and you have responded nobly in the vote of last November. [Applause.]

This people know and feel, though they do not confess it, that the very Constitution, whose strong arm is now stretched forth to crush this Southern rebellion, is wrong in itself. Give us the true liberty, say the hearts of the people; give us that liberty which springs from the uttermost depths of the soul, and declares its native majesty; give us that liberty which, like our religious faith, is not to be repented of.

What is liberty? In the past, it has meant, in the mouths of tyrants, the right to rule the feeble many; in the hearts of the people, to indulge their own sins and iniquities without restraint. With the people of the United States it has been to enjoy the freedom of their institutions; to whitewash the walls of their commerce every sea; to go forth gloriously beneath the protection of their Stars and Stripes; to boast of their independence while their poor brothers of the South have been groaning in abject bondage. O men and women of the nineteenth century, is it not indeed time to be in earnest, and to give a nobler definition to that holy word?

In the prison where the Girondists were confined just previous to their execution, was written in blood upon the wall—"True liberty is of the soul." This is the only true definition of liberty. The saints and heroes of past ages, who have fought and conquered in the great battle of life, look down upon our world, and see that a new leaf is about to be written in the history of nations, and at the top of the page they behold inscribed that sacred word, Liberty. Let all the succeeding words be but a definition and a description of that term. No longer let that definition be spoken merely by human lips, but let it be wrought out by human hearts and hands! [Applause.]

Fraternity—a word how little understood! The fraternity the world knows now is that which prompts to look your brother in the eye, and ask, in your heart—How can I best obtain the advantage of you?—how can I best serve my own selfish interests through your instrumentality?—how can I rise to power by stepping upon your free-born neck? Is this the fraternity which links heart to heart and hand to hand, and sends a thrill of consolation, life, and joy through every soul? Is this the fraternity the spirit-world know, when, bending from the celestial heights, they reach out their hands to you, and cry aloud—"Come up hither unto us, that we may feel and know that we are children of the self-same Father?" It is rather the fraternity which was known in the French Revolution, when, after condemning a Girondist to death, the National Assembly went forth and fraternized with the vile, low, gross, grovelling mob, and clasped assassins, robbers, and thieves to their bosoms, crying out—Hail, fellow, well met! It was such fraternity as the North and South know—when you have condemned to death some of the holiest and noblest measures that could be brought before men, and then gone out to fraternize with the Southern mob. But now the moral sentiment of this people has risen up and rebelled against such selfish wrong. After having compromised and bargained for peace and temporal prosperity until your souls shuddered with disgust at the contact with such contamination, you have pushed the tempters resolutely from you, and said—"No! stand in your own defense! we will no longer fraternize with death, destruction, and sin! Stand apart, until we have subjugated this power of tyranny in your midst, until we have proved that we are sons of God, and worthy of the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Adamsses, the noble patriots that have gone before!"

Liberty—fraternity—equality! In one sense, there is no equality, none under the face of the august heavens; for all men differ in kind and in degree, "as one star differeth from another in glory." But there is a harmony in diversity which brings about equality in your own sphere and your own plane of experience. There can be no equality while one man does not respect the right of his brother; there can be no equality while there is one person who cannot stand up and say, "I must be myself, I cannot copy after any other man; I am an individual, and here I take my stand, nobly, for God, truth, and the right!" There can be no equality while there is not perfect freedom of speech—when words can be raised in the Athens of America, to put down a man who speaks from the deepest convictions of his soul; or when mobs go forth to force a man to hoist the Stars and Stripes hypocritically above his dwelling, his office, or his place of business. But there is still a Ruler of the Universe, a hand

writing the destinies of man upon the firmament, a power that even now is stretching forth its scepter over the nations; and when the word is spoken, the besom of wrath shall sweep away all oppression and wrong, North and South; and then from these mingled elements shall spring up a greater and more glorious Republic. There must be a change in the affairs of men. The men of the North have a lesson to learn; and out of the fiery trial of this hour they shall come like gold doubly refined. The disinterested patriotism of the Revolution is again to be manifested in this generation. You will deny it to our faces, but you are glad that this change has come over the spirit of your dream, even though you suffer in your selfish interests. A glow of exultant patriotism is kindled in your souls that you never knew before. Among you there are patriots, philosophers, politicians, of whom the world has never dreamed; but these stirring times are to call them into action; and they are to stand up noble and true before the world. All mere earthly ambition shall vanish away, and upon your banner shall be inscribed one word—Liberty! and to that shall you stand firm, forgetful of all that tinsel glory and glitter which has seduced the hearts of the world so long. Oh, what is earthly glory? Ask Caesar, when he fell at the base of Pompey's statue, slain by those he loved so well; Ask the Carthaginian hero, when he kept his fearful vow; Ask Napoleon in his exile. Ask the world of spirits now—And one answer, and one only, from that viewless host is given: "Man's highest earthly glory is to do the will of Heaven; To rise and wrestle nobly, with a dauntless moral might, Or to die for truth and freedom, for humanity and right!"

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES.

The subject of the evening lecture was, "The Demand of the Times." Text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one."—Luke 22, 36.

We give our text, to-night, with a slight alteration from the original, thereby appropriating to ourselves the privilege of many commentators and translators. Now let him that hath a purse, take it, and also his knapsack; but he that hath no sword or musket, let him sell his Sabbath-day garments, and buy one. "Truth is mighty, and will prevail," whether it be advocated and supported by the eloquence of the rhetorician, the strength and power of the philosopher, or by the more forcible means of the sword, the musket, the cannon, and the bomb-shell.

Much is said, in these latter days, about the Star Spangled Banner. It is, indeed, a great and glorious emblem. A free and noble people have looked up to its splendid insignia, and rejoiced beneath its protection. And yet, if it is only a poetical figure, if there is no principle nestling in its folds, it is no longer a protection to you.

There is a time for all things—a time for peace, and a time for war. Change is, of necessity, the constant law of the world. Then he who cries "Peace!" where there is no peace, is a traitor to his country and his own interest. There are spirits from the celestial spheres who will come to you and counsel you, even now, in this trying exigency of your national experience, to say soft things. There are others, who see the festering and cankered wound; they see that a mortification—aye, in more senses than one—will take place, which will not only spread its virus through the veins of your national prosperity, but will leave the blush of shame upon your cheeks for a future generation; and they bid you strike deep with the scalpel, and remove this sore before the public health is ruined. The men who thus counsel are strong and brave and true; while in the secret purposes of Davis, and Floyd, and Wigfall, and a host of other traitors, the destruction of this Union is planned—aye, still more important, the chains of three millions of God's children riveted anew. While this has been going on, as they supposed, in secrete, another and a higher counsel, of Lovejoy and Brown and Parker, have been looking down upon the proceedings of these rebels, and saying, "Thus far shall ye go, and no farther." [Applause.]

There is an influence in Heaven above that watches the affairs of nations and of men. And this nation, so highly favored in its beginning, has come of age, has now reached that point of culmination, when the alternative is presented to it. Choose, this day, which you will serve—Slavery or Freedom? And thank God, the North, as it were with one united voice, shouts out, from the green hills of Berkshire, even down to the Potomac—"We and our house are for Freedom." Of what advantage is it now, that men shall stand up in Boston Music Hall, or elsewhere, to preach to the hearts of men, when the times are so eloquent? Each man has become his own preacher. Each man who goes out from the comforts of his own home, tears himself away from the arms of affection, and declares himself a soldier of the truth and right, has become a more eloquent preacher than Chapin, or Beecher, or Theodore Parker himself. That eloquence which speaks out in stirring deeds, which moves the destiny of nations, is abroad now in your streets. Now is the day of activity; now is the time to try a man's real strength. The man who puts his hand in his pocket and takes out his hard-earned dollar, shows his sincerity more truly than he who stands all day crying "Lord, Lord, have mercy on this people!"

The past few years have been marked by intense and unprecedented mental activity in all classes of society. The newspaper has become the scripture of the people; and men and women begin to know what the nation is doing. In every hamlet they have their lyceum lectures; and men have turned their backs upon the old theology, become thinkers in reality, able to discern truth, and to reason for themselves. Phillips, and Garrison, and Parker Pillsbury, and Remond, stood forth as teachers; some rebelled against their words, yet still felt that they contained something of truth and justice. The seeds they scattered broadcast took root in your hearts, and you were ready for this exigency.

The slaveholding aristocracy of the South, presuming and encroaching continually upon forbearance, have reproached you with cowardice. They were mistaken in the mettle of the North; they knew not that the sons of old Plymouth took had fires and snows of steel, and that if they were struck too hard the fire would dash forth. Now the point is reached where forbearance is no longer a virtue. We would not counsel you to brutal revenge; but we would solemnly advise you, before God and all his glorious heraldry of angels, to defend the principles of the men of the Mayflower, of the men of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, with your lives, your fortunes, and your sacred honors. Take a solemn vow, either that this nation shall be united in righteousness, or you will say unto the South,—"Go ye your way; take the portion of goods that belongeth to you; but beware that you touch not that which belongeth unto us." [Applause.]

The times are stern, and strong, and energetic; they are speaking to men, and to women too, to come out from ease and luxury and elegance, and take part in the mighty work of the day. The times demand that all this teaching, and preaching, and intellectual cultivation of the past shall now be brought into effective play. The times demand that there shall be no shrinking, no shirking from duty, no falling back upon your interest. The times speak out in your cities, your towns, and your villages, and their language is significant. The interests of Lawrence and of Lowell were bound to the South, which furnished the raw material their spindles wrought up and returned to them in the useful fabric and finished garment. Lawrence and Lowell have now entered into another business relation with the South; and not alone, but with all the hissing bayonets of the North at their back, are ready to defend themselves and their sacred honor. [Applause.]

We know there are many men who are so far indignant that they will say within themselves—"We care but little for nationality; we feel that our country is the world, our countrymen mankind." They are right. It is not a mere nationality that you are to defend, but an immortal principle; and God is on your side. If you go down merely to crush the Southern rebellion, your hands will be

palsied. Seven thousand men marching through your streets in a torchlight procession, meant something more than the election of Abraham Lincoln; meant a principle—meant that those torches could be exchanged for muskets, in defence of that principle, which will surely come uppermost at last.

God deals with principles, but He uses instrumentalities; and He has ordained that even the very wrath of man shall serve Him. Eventually this soil is to be purged from the sin of slavery. There is no alternative between disunion and the entire abolition of that hydra-headed evil. 'Tis true that wisdom is better than weapons of war; but there is a time when Divine power and justice are manifested through the right arms of the sons of men. When the child is brought into subjection, it can sit quietly and learn its lesson aright; but so long as it is violent in its outcries, fierce in its rebellion, the words of reason are in vain. Through your agency the world shall behold the traitors and the knaves receive their just deserts; and the poor and oppressed, which have cried daily unto the Lord, shall be raised up to liberty and to life.

Let him that hath no sword, sell his garment and buy one. Look well to the signs of the times. Standing here beneath the folds of your glorious flag, lift that sword which you have purchased by the sacrifice of self-interest, and swear to the God of Sabaoth that, as for you and your house, you will serve the Lord, and leave and inheritance of freedom to your children, which shall never be lost, but shall shine purer and more glorious unto the perfect day.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XII.

SENSATION EXPERIENCED WHEN WRITING UNDER INTERMISSION—EXPERIENCE IN CLAIRVOYANCE—SAW AN INDIVIDUAL DYING NEARLY TWO HUNDRED MILES DISTANT—COMMENCED SITTING IN MY OWN ROOM ALONE, WITH MY DOOR LOCKED, AND RESULT—DEMONSTRATIONS—A TEST WRITTEN FOR C. W. HAZELTINE—THE DAVENPORT BOYS AT Natick—THE CONDITIONS ON WHICH THEY CONSENTED TO COME VIOLATED IN THE OUTSET—A JOHAN PRESENT.

I have been exceedingly careful, always, not to give the spirits too much credit for what is done; and yet I feel willing that they should have all the credit that belongs to them. When writing under influence, I find it difficult at all times to tell how much is really due to spirits, as my mind is usually more or less active; and unless they completely control the hand—which they sometimes do—I am not able accurately to discriminate. I seat myself to write. Perhaps I may have arranged the whole subject in my mind. I take my pen, and the first I know I am impressed. The impression at first usually comes in the marked manner I have described. I copy the word, feeling at the same time the current in the arm. As soon as I have copied the word, another comes, and another, and another, and so on, without any marked impression, as fast as I can pen them. I write often without knowing what the next word is to be; but find, when I get through, that the connection is completed. In this way I have sometimes given names and dates without knowing anything about the correctness of them. Sometimes I have been surprised while writing thus to find myself engaged in thought on some subject foreign to what I am writing, but most usually I follow what is being penned.

To write easily under this influence, I wish to be alone and passive; the least noise breaks the current. If my own mind becomes too active, and I supply thought, I immediately feel the backward motion to the hand—which was alluded to in chapter ten—and I have to stop to correct whatever is written wrong. It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of what is experienced under these conditions; but in some of my future chapters I may again attempt to explain more fully.

In the course of her communication, Miss Waterman said: "You will soon begin to see." Sometime in October following—I think it was—I went to my room, as I was accustomed to do at noon, and laid down on the bed to rest. In a few moments I was thrown into a quiet, passive condition—a condition which to me was exceeding pleasant, and which I have often experienced since. At the time, and for weeks after, I regarded it simply as a state of gentle, quiet, soothing slumber. But I could not help marking this difference: I always came out of it instantaneously, instead of waking gradually as I do from common sleep; and while my eyes were closed to external objects, I seemed to be conscious of what was passing around me; but as I never experienced it only while laying down to rest, I did not regard it as the trance condition, and perhaps should not, had I not been told afterwards by trance mediums that it was.

On the occasion alluded to I saw a man. He seemed to be sitting upon a bed, and bolstered up by pillows, or else supported by some one or more around the bed. I did not see any one else in the room. I saw him, and saw the bed; that was all I did see. I saw him clearly, plainly and distinctly, so that I could have recognized him afterwards if I saw him among a thousand persons. I was impressed that it was Ormel Drake, of Union, Me., dying. I had never previously seen him to know him. Why I saw him then I could not tell, unless it was for a test to me. I knew he was sick, for his sister, at the time, was a member of my family, but she was at home on a visit, and we had just had a letter from her stating that he was better. When I went below I said to my wife, "The next time we hear from Maria, we shall hear that her brother is dead." She asked me how I knew, and I told her what I had seen. When Maria returned, we ascertained by her that her brother died the same day, at the same hour of the day, and in the exact position I saw him.

Late in the fall of 1853, I commenced sitting in my room alone. I usually went into my room about six in the evening, locked the door, and sat at least an hour at a time, and gave way to whatever came. This practice I continued all through the following winter. These sittings were for my own development, and I have but little to give to the reader concerning them, except to say I experienced in my own soul the fullest assurance of the existence of my spirit friends; and often, in the fullness of my soul, I was made to say, "Alone, and yet not alone." I heard the cry of humbug from all quarters, all around me, but yet it did not reach me; for in that room I had the fullest assurance that the cry was false, at least in some instances. I received but little sympathy and encouragement in my views and experience from others, but did not rely upon others for my belief; and it is well I did not, as I shall soon show. There was no visible medium there to humbug me, and certainly I had no motive in deceiving myself.

During the winter of 1859 I began to delineate. The delineations I received by holding a sealed letter to my forehead, when I received marked impressions (as given in chapter eleven) concerning the writer.

The writers—in most instances—were known to me at the time of delineating. From some letters I received no impressions at all; but when I did receive impressions, they were usually correct. I also seemed to receive impressions when I came in contact with certain individuals. Relating to this subject I will give only one test, although I might give several.

In the latter part of the Winter, or early in the Spring of 1859, Mr. Charles W. Hazeltine came to my room for the purpose of sitting with me to receive a communication. We were together nearly an hour without receiving anything. Just as he was about leaving I felt influenced to write. I took a seat at my desk; and the following came:

"The wind is blowing hard upon the briny deep, the ship is tossed to and fro; and in that ship is one who for a long time has been a familiar acquaintance of him who sits at your right. He will know who is meant."

After reading this to him, I asked:

"Charles, what does this mean?"

"I don't know," he replied. "It is all Greek to me. I have no acquaintance at sea."

I replied, "It is Greek to me," but handing him the paper, I remarked: "You had better keep it, and see if anything ever comes out of it."

Probably I should never have thought of the circumstance again, had it not been that some time after, when I was in Maine, I received a letter from him, with the same sort of paper enclosed, in which he remarked:

"I here enclose a few lines which you gave me for a test, and which at that time was all Greek to me, but my friend has arrived from a voyage at sea, and is now with me. At the time I received the test from you, my friend says that he had a heavy gale at sea and came very near being lost."

About the middle of March, this year, the Davenport Boys came to Natick. As their advent in Natick was attended with intense excitement, and as the opponents of Spiritualism considered this the death-struggle of Spiritualism in this place, I shall give, somewhat minutely, the facts in the case, so that the friends and foes abroad may have a correct basis of judging; and if I state anything that is not true, I shall be happy to be corrected. And here I would say at the time, I had no particular anxiety to witness the manifestations which came through them. True or false, it would not have changed my belief in Spiritualism, for my faith is not based upon what I have witnessed, but upon what I have experienced. Furthermore, I took no part whatever in getting them here, but when they came I was bound to witness the manifestations and judge impartially; and, also, to treat the boys, to say the least, with common civility. M. V. Bly had already been in Natick and exhibited his pretended expose of Spiritualism. His spleen seemed to be vented principally upon Mr. Mansfield, Mrs. Coan and the Davenport Boys, and in my opinion, he could not have chosen four more difficult mediums to overthrow than these; and he may find, if he lives long enough, that he would have acted with more wisdom if he had taken the advice of Gamaliel to the council of the Jews who tried the Apostles: "Refrain from these men, and let them alone! for if this council or this work be of men it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

The question of spirit manifestation had also been freely discussed in the Lyceum, and some of the friends seemed to feel that in order to allay the strong current of prejudice that was existing in the community, *pro and con*, they must get the Davenport Boys here. Accordingly, Mr. H. L. Bowker of this place, made arrangements for them to come; that is, so far as to feel authorized to state in one of Mr. Bly's exhibitions that they would be at Natick.

Soon after this, Mr. Rand—agent for the Boys—on his way to Milford, stopped at Natick, to see what arrangements could be made. This was Saturday afternoon. He saw Mr. Herring, and told him that the Boys would come to Natick the next Tuesday; and that it was his wish, to have only a small select circle at first; and to invite only a limited number; and only those who were Spiritualists, or friendly to the cause. The object of this, was, that the friends might have an opportunity to test them; and afterwards, if it was thought best, they would exhibit in public. Mr. Herring came to me, and requested me to make the necessary arrangements. At first I declined having anything to do with it; but finally consented to prepare the requisite number of tickets, and see that they were distributed. These I prepared, and the next morning placed them in the hands of two or three professed Spiritualists for distribution.

On Tuesday, Mr. Rand and the Boys arrived at Natick, and I offered them a home with me, while they stopped, which they accepted. That afternoon, Mr. George O. Willard, then editor of the Natick Observer, came to me and asked me for a ticket. I told him that the circle to be held that evening, was to be a private one, in order to give the friends an opportunity to test the Boys, and that I had no authority to admit him. At the time, I thought that his object in asking a ticket, was to investigate the phenomena; I therefore introduced him to the Boys, stating that he was connected with the Observer in this place, and would like to be present that evening. They replied, "Admit him by all means. It is our practice to admit members of the press." I mention this circumstance to show how some other circumstances came about. At the very time (I afterwards told) Mr. Willard was negotiating in that mean and underhanded way, to gain admittance to our private circles, Mr. Bly was in his office. How Mr. Bly got his ticket, is not positively known; but it was probably obtained in the same way that Mr. Willard obtained his. These were the conditions that were being prepared to manifest in; and those familiar with circles, can judge how much might be expected.

When the hour came, the room was jammed full. There were probably a third more present, than there had been tickets issued. Among those who came in, was a stranger. He wore spectacles, or goggles—I am not certain which—and a long flowing false beard. He afterward introduced himself as "Jonah," and I verily believe he may have had some relationship to that worthy; or perhaps, the spirit of Jonah had come back and taken possession of him; for his after conduct very much resembled that of Jonah, when he sneaked away to hide himself from the Lord, to prevent others from gaining a knowledge of the truth. But Jonah, we are told, repented; so there must have been some mistake about it being the spirit of Jonah. It must have been some false or lying spirit—for we read about such; perhaps the Devil, assuming to be Jonah, come, if possible, "to deceive the very elect." What followed, I shall attempt to give in my next chapter. Without expressing an opinion as to the genuineness of the manifestations, I shall confine myself, as nearly as possible in relating the facts; and leave the reader to be his own judge of what may, or what may not be the origin of the manifestations, witnessed through their mediumship.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit who came in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

Our Circle.

We commenced regular sittings on Wednesday, May 8th. Admittance ten cents. Free tickets for those who are unable to pay will be given.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from any one they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Wednesday, May 8.—The uses of war; Clara J. Webber; Mrs. Wing; Thomas Fitzgerald, M. X.

Kate.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," not only in the church, the Bible, or the hearts of the professing Christians, who build around their temples a wall of adamant, made up of the tears of the unbelieved through who dwell outside of the pale of churchdom, but in the soul of the prostitute—she who bears the mark of infamy upon her brow, branded there by the scorching reproof of the world-be God's chosen.

Blessed, doubly blessed are they who can see God in this part of human life; and, shall I say, cursed, doubly cursed, are they who cannot see him here. Yes, for upon every act of theirs is written a curse more terrible than the faded fables of eternal damnation. Oh, ye church-going thieves of woman's virtue; ye whose outward sanctity the world can see, but whose inward festering sores the world knows nothing of, beware! for soon ye shall stand unmasked in the world of spirits; and then who shall give you a garment to hide your many deformities? Not they who are living—not dead witnesses against you. The mountains will not echo back your cry for aid, and the valleys will mock at your unquiet spirits.

A few short months ago I was in the full possession of my earthly body. Now that body is fast going to dust. Yes, I lost it in the prime of my womanhood, and my spirit entered the etherial life far too soon for my own good, though the world may say it was a pity I did not die sooner. But the world and God are two, and I am now dealing with the latter. But why did I pass on ere the frosts of old age had settled on my brow? I will tell you why. It was by reason of the false condition of society. That false condition not only induced me to wander from the path of virtue; but with stern, unyielding command, bade me forever to remain in the shadow that has folded so many in her embrace. Yes, society commanded this; and to society, then, I owe my untimely death; and believe me, many millions have the same obligation to lay at its feet.

What, then, shall we do to reform society? First reform the individual, and then society will change her garments from being becoming. Ask your selves, oh, ye would-be holy ones, if the blood of the millions who pass into untimely graves annually, is not crying out to you, and if it is not, then you may well fold yourself up in the mantle of righteousness, and expect the highest seat in the kingdom of Heaven. But until you can acquit yourselves of all sin, you have no right to condemn, even the lowest of God's creatures. And if you do, you shall only make more hideous your own sins, and more lasting your own misery, both here and hereafter.

A few weeks since, I was drawn to the home of my earthly joys and sorrows, by the strong magnetism of sympathy that came from the soul of Miss Emma Hardinge; and after coming into full rapport with earth and its mediums, I found I had something to do in behalf of my fallen sisters. The multitude who gathered around to listen and learn of Miss Emma Hardinge, told me I was possessed of powers by which I might benefit that class to which I once belonged, and to which I still claim to belong—outcast women. For a time I questioned as to how I should aid them. Should I use my power to rid the earth of my tempters and deceivers, or should I use it to enlighten the tempted? The latter I chose; and am now engaged in visiting and communing with that class in whose behalf the noble soul, Miss Hardinge, so zealously, and allow me to say, so effectually labored. The world and Christianity say they cannot be reformed. The assertion is false—false as the source from whence it came—and when once the proper kind of an institution shall rear its walls to shield them from the world and Christianity, then woman, the weak, the fallen, shall be a living witness to the lie.

I do not come to earth to plead with the world and Christianity in behalf of the outcast, or to tell them that I am now repenting my course of life on earth. No; I now see them in all their blackness, and I scorn them as they once did me.

Do not start in pious horror, oh, ye virtuous Christians! Ye here see but the reflex of your own sins. I am but throwing back that which you cast upon me; or, in other words, your sins are fast finding you out. But I come back to do what I may be able to do toward raising those over whom your Juggernaut cars of false judgment are continually rolling.

KATE.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, April 23, 1861.

QUESTION:—What is the inculcation of Spiritualism relative to Human Government?

Mr. PARTRIDGE had not much time to consider the question, having been engrossed by his exertions in behalf of our actual government. Manifestations of spirits are from the elements of love and wisdom. This is true of the Supreme spirit, and no less so of our departed friends; and these elements are manifested more strongly and clearly in the other world, because not interfered with by the impulses and sensations of the physical organisms, as is the case with ourselves. But man is placed here to grow in these elements to be developed more and more toward perfection in love and wisdom, in each successive generation. Spiritualism, then, must inculcate principles of human government proceeding from these elements of love and wisdom in the spirit; and the Declaration of Independence is the clearest and fullest proclamation of such principles, because it acknowledges all men to be free and equal, which is precisely the doctrine taught by Spiritualism, that tells us that all spirits are equal as far as respects their right to enter such spheres, in the other world, as are best adapted to their condition. And this was intimated by Jesus, when he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He signified that there are as many planes or degrees in the other world, as there are degrees of life and development among human beings. Hell is nothing but the condition of being out of your proper place or sphere, like a fish out of water, which is the height of misery, whether in this world or the next.

As all creatures and things are developed by degrees, there can be no law adapted to all time, for any class of beings; and in accordance with this rule our Constitution provides for peaceable, orderly changes in the form of government, as often as may be required by the advancing needs of the people, through the exercise of their elective franchise; in this also agreeing with Spiritualism, which, having nothing to do with physical sensations and disturbances, always proceeds by peaceable methods. Hence Spiritualism does not recognize revolutions, since Wisdom, Love and Equity always prevail in the other world, as they would in this, but for physical perturbations; for the spirit is always right; and only seems to turn traitor through the pressure of bodily wants, which must be gratified, even by un-

awful means. Hence, Spiritualism must inculcate some government, as the only means whereby spirits, with their diversities of love and wisdom, can be steadily and harmoniously developed; for otherwise this end could no more be accomplished, than the physical resources of a country can be developed in a state of war and anarchy.

Among the most profitable inculcations of Spiritualism, are those which relate to the mode in which government can be changed in a peaceable, orderly manner, just as the various and constant changes in the universe of God are accomplished, where no convulsions occur which can stop or turn back the beneficent course of things. Just as impossible I deem it in this age for any sudden and violent revolution to break up a government whose plan and constitution must be considered to have been inspired, at least indirectly, from a higher sphere of wisdom.

(The speaker dwelt on the fundamental principle of our government, viz.: the implicit submission of the minority to the constitutionally expressed will of the majority; claiming that it cannot result in any injury to individuals or communities, and is in accordance with the highest principles of Spiritualism.)

Mr. PINK.—It has just been asserted that Spiritual manifestations are always from the love and wisdom side. If so, they must be from God—in fact, they must be God. Now, when I have claimed before you to be taught of God, and to know God, I have been considerably laughed at and interfered with; but now, Spiritualists, indirectly at least, claim quite as much as I do. If your position be correct, it follows that those of you who love spiritual manifestations, and regulate your lives by them, are God-men and God-women. I want to show you that human governments are here only because men are not lovely, wise, divinized; and mere growth, development, in a natural direction, will never make them so; just as an oak, however large, though sprouting from a mere acorn, never is anything but an oak; and an evil tree will never bring forth good fruit. Man is produced imperfect and selfish, and such he will remain through all the stages of his natural growth.

As to our national government, it is based on the sovereignty of the people, who, if they were perfect, would need no laws or government; whereas, in fact, it is a system of compromises between good and evil, which is necessary, because the people are not to be trusted. An embracing and self-sacrificing spirit of human sympathy is the first place of advancement toward spiritual perfection. This is expressed in the command, "He that has two coats, let him give his brother that needeth one of them," &c.; and, if you had this spirit, you would not now think it right for men to go forth to murder each other. The two sections of the country are both fighting for exactly the same objects, self-preservation, and self-aggrandizement, and what they call vested rights, which are nothing on either side but vested wrongs. What spirit in the other world but would be perfectly willing to let the South withdraw and govern herself as she pleases? In this contest, nothing will be gained in a spiritual point of view, unless it shall teach both sides that they are in the wrong. If you of the North were on God's side, you would not be engaged in this conflict, for you would acknowledge and act upon that Divine truth which requires of a man that he shall lay down himself.

Dr. GRAY read the following further testimony from the gentleman whose narrative has previously been related to the Conference, respecting the identity of his wife:

Thursday evening, April 19th, 1861.—Present, Miss Fox and myself; the door looked, and a heavy trunk against it. The light was extinguished and we were requested not to ask questions. After sitting quietly for nearly an hour, I became impatient. The raps replied, "Be patient, wait, and you will be rewarded." Soon after a tremendous knock upon the table startled us; it was lifted from the floor; the door was violently shaken; the key turned rapidly backward and forward in the lock; the window was raised and shut several times; in fact, everything movable in the room seemed in motion. Questions were replied to by loud knocks on the door, on the window, sofa, table, ceiling, everywhere. After these powerful manifestations, an illuminated substance, like gauze, rose from the floor behind us, with a heavy rustling sound like silk, and moved toward the door. The key turned and was taken from the lock. I requested the light to come in front. As it passed, the key was struck upon the sofa, and upon the top of the table, and, finally, was placed in my outstretched hand. The previously described electrical rattle became very vigorous as the gauze—steps being now distinctly heard—passed around the table, and, approaching our faces, touched mine. The gauzy substance was shaped as though covering a human head, and seemed drawn down tight at the neck. After touching me it receded, and again approached. Upon close examination, the substance now seemed in folds over a melon-shaped oblong, concave on one side, and in this cavity an intensified brilliant light. Into this I looked intensely for a face, but saw none.

By raps, I was requested to "look beyond the light." As it again approached, I looked as directed, and saw an eye. Again receding, with the rattle, the light became brighter, and re-approaching, the gauze had changed in form, was grasped by a female hand, and, like an unfolded handkerchief, was held before a face, concealing the lower part from the nose down, but revealing to me, in a thrill of indescribable happiness, the upper half of the face of my wife, the eyes, forehead and expression in perfection. The moment the emotion of recognition had passed into my mind, it was acknowledged by a succession of quick raps, as though a spirit-audience had thus expressed applause at the success of their efforts. She now reappeared several times, the recognition becoming each time more nearly perfect. The expression of serenity and blessedness I will not attempt to describe. I asked her to kiss me, and received a kiss upon my forehead. Then, passing around the table to my left, the light approached my face; an arm was placed around my neck, after which, by a lock of my hair, I was drawn gently toward it, and a palpable, real kiss was implanted upon my lips through something like fine muslin.

This was frequently repeated, and was audible in every part of the room. A head was laid upon mine, the hair falling luxuriantly from my face. We were seated about ten feet from and facing the white wall of the room; the light moved to a point about midway between us and the wall, when the rattling increased in vigor, as the light, which gradually illuminated the wall and brought into perfection an entire female figure facing that side of the room and back toward us. The light was apparently in her hands, and was at intervals shaken, the arms moving in the net. This shaking was repeated whenever the light grew dim. The figure was of the form, size and height of my wife, and remained visible during fully half an hour. By raps then came the following—"Now see me rise." Immediately, in full brightness, she rose gently to the ceiling, remained suspended for a moment, then descended and disappeared. An effort was made to speak aloud, but the sounds being unpleasant, I requested they should be discontinued, which was answered in a loud whisper, and my name and her name were repeated, and my questions answered, affirmatively or negatively. The figure also appeared before the mirror, and was reflected in the glass, and many other remarkable manifestations were made during the sitting, which I have not time to describe.

Sunday evening, April 21st.—Present, Miss Fox and myself. The room was carefully examined, the doors looked and a large trunk placed against them. I am positive no person could possibly have entered during the sitting. The light was extinguished, and after nearly an hour of quiet, interlarded with a few raps in reply to scattering questions, a startling rattle came upon the table, the door was pounded open and shaken, the window was raised and lowered, and a general commotion took place among the movables of the room. The light, accompanied by the rustling and electric rattle, rose from the floor the moment these noises ceased, and, approaching my left, the same female figure previously described appeared, but, in this instance, showing the upper part of the figure—head, neck, arms and waist; the head surrounded by a luminous halo, two to three feet in diameter. The back of the figure was, in all cases, turned toward us, the light being held in front, be-

tween it and the wall. My overcoat, which was upon the sofa ten feet distant, was here brought and placed upon my shoulders. The light being behind, I turned to look, when a hand was placed upon either shoulder and I was turned back to my former position. Hands were placed upon my forehead, my head caressed, a head placed upon mine, the hair falling down my face into my hand. I grasped the hair—to all intents and purposes, human hair—but it eluded my grasp, and melted or vanished, but was afterward whisked at me playfully, creating as much wind as an ordinary fan. The spiritual robe was frequently dropped over my head and face, as positively material in substance, for the time being, as cotton or muslin, of a very fine texture. The light always appeared inside this substance, encompassed by numerous folds. At one time, the globe was at least two feet in diameter. At last, the light came suddenly to within a short distance in front, was violently shaken with a sharp rattle, shining brightly upon, and revealing the full head and face of my wife—every feature and lineament in perfection, but spiritualized in shadowy beauty, such as no imagination can conceive, pencil delineate or pen describe. In her hair, just above the left temple, was a single white rose, the hair being apparently arranged with great care. The light was sometimes shaken twice, sometimes three times, before receding, as often showing the face. We were frequently requested to close our eyes, opening them as the rattle became loud to find the light near our faces, streaming upon the spirit-face and lighting it up, till there could be no possible mistake in the recognition. By raps—"I can appear in different colors."

The next appearance revealed the same face, with a pink rose instead of a white one. The whole head and face were shown us at least twenty times, each time being recognized by me—the perfection of the recognition being in proportion to the brilliancy of the light. The kisses, real as they are, have now become so common, in these manifestations, that I no longer record them as wonderful in comparison with the more stupendous wonder of seeing my wife and recognizing her face to face. An effort to speak aloud was crowned with success, so far as calling me by name; but the effort to converse was not entirely so, the sounds being at times unpleasant. Cards were written upon, in explanation of the phenomena. These manifestations could not have been produced by human means, and the competency of the witness, of which I entertain no doubt, be admitted, they are conclusive evidence of spirit-identity.

Mr. COLEMAN expressed his surprise that there should be any doubt as to the reality of the manifestations just related; though he thought it a pity there should be only one witness in the case. He had himself seen some very striking manifestations since his recent arrival in this country, from England, with the purpose of more widely investigating this subject. At a circle in Boston, for instance, several rings were drawn from the fingers of persons present, after which a spirit-hand, wearing the same rings, had appeared, and scattered them over the table. On another occasion, in presence of several well-known gentlemen, extraordinary manifestations were given, similar to those of Koons, of Ohio, such as playing on instruments, including a large bass viol. That these things are done in a darkened room, is no objection to their genuineness, which, indeed, is confirmed by that very fact, since articles are moved very forcibly, yet with such caution and accuracy as to injure no one in the circle.

(In last week's report, instead of Rev. Mr. Bliss as the name of one of the speakers, read Mr. Sprague.)

WESTERN LECTURERS' CONFERENCE.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23—FIRST DAY.

According to the published call the Conference convened in Sturgis Free Church at 10.30 A. M.

At the suggestion of F. L. Wadsworth it was moved and declared that S. P. Leland, of Ohio, not as President pro tem, W. F. L. Von Vleck as Secretary, pro tem. F. L. Wadsworth, E. Whipple, of Ohio, and E. Woodworth of Michigan, were appointed a Committee on permanent Organization of the Conference.

The attendance in the morning was small. Lecturers present: S. P. Leland, Ohio; J. H. Randall, Mass.; Edward Whipple, Ohio; E. Woodworth, A. C. Stowe, Michigan; W. F. L. Von Vleck, New York; F. L. Wadsworth and Gilman Clark, Maine.

Remarks were made by F. L. Wadsworth and S. P. Leland.

The Conference then adjourned till 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Met according to adjournment. The following speakers were present in addition to those in attendance at the morning session: S. C. Coffinberry, J. T. Rouse, Harriet Bishop, Michigan; G. W. Holliston, and Chas. H. Holt, Missouri.

The Committee on permanent Organization not being ready to report, remarks were made by F. L. Wadsworth relative to the immediate purposes of the Conference. He was followed by Messrs. Rouse, Randall, Holt, Coffinberry, Holliston, Woodworth and Harriet Bishop.

The Committee on permanent Organization made the following report, which was adopted by the Conference:

President—Hon. S. C. COFFINBERRY, of Michigan.

Vice Presidents—S. P. Leland, Harriet Bishop.

Secretary—F. L. Wadsworth.

Assistant Secretary—W. F. L. Von Vleck.

Business Committee—F. L. Wadsworth, E. Whipple, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, J. T. Rouse, J. H. Randall, E. Woodworth, G. W. Holliston.

The President, Mr. Coffinberry, returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him, concluding with a few remarks pertinent to the occasion, after which the Conference adjourned until 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Wadsworth, from the business committee, laid before the Conference a plan of procedure during the several sessions, allotting the morning to speakers, ten minutes each; afternoon and evening to lecturers, &c. Adopted.

A greeting from the members of the Worcester Conference was then read. On motion, the President appointed Mr. Rouse, Mrs. C. M. Stowe and Mr. Holliston, a committee to draft for this Conference a resolution thereon.

Mr. Wadsworth was then called upon and gave a history of the movement, commencing with the Quincy Convention, showing the relation that existed between reform laborers and the increase of harmony and strength that may result from such gatherings. To-day we have been greeted by a band of co-laborers hundreds of miles away. How quickly our hearts beat a response. Assured of sympathy on all sides from those with whom we labor, our strength becomes two-fold. This present crisis, the worldly tumult, calls for our greatest effort; it can be made through harmony, by "unity of feeling," not otherwise.

Mr. Rouse expressed himself unreservedly in favor of the movement for three reasons: 1st—He had felt the need of unity among speakers. 2d—He deemed Spiritualism the hope of the world; thousands of the poor and needy were looking to it for aid. 3d—By this time, by co-operation, we would be prepared to rid the world of theological bondage; 'tis not our object to "number Israel," but to do good.

J. H. Randall deemed it essential that we should co-operate. His experiences had been very bitter during the past winter, the result of being a stranger to Western speakers and people. He considered this Conference and its kind a preventive of such inconveniences.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe expressed her sympathy with the movement. Wished that every lecturer could and would sympathize with every other lecturer. Discourage none who were not equal in experience with us.

C. H. Holt wished all to be looked upon with charity. Hoped we could live up to our professions. Referred to expense of travel, and advised an effort for half fare.

S. C. Coffinberry, after considering all the benefits to be derived here by Conferences, saw a far greater benefit in the future, continuing on through eternity. Our magnetic influences one for another give strength. We are like children in the market place,

one with berries, another with flowers, &c.; each can dispose of his or her own. We can exchange with each other to mutual benefit. He thought these Conferences would not only be a benefit to lecturers but to the people.

Mr. Whipple cordially coincided with the speakers whom he had heard. What mean these Conferences? Do they not indicate the want of our natures? Why these differences in our natures? All differ. This life is the garden of the human soul. Study your natures—bring yourselves into harmony—one with another.

S. P. Leland offered the following, which were accepted for future consideration:

Resolved, That the memorable sentiment embodied in the Declaration of American Independence, that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—is an outgrowth of the highest development of human justice.

Resolved, That if it is indeed, in its nature, according to the definition given to that term by Christians. Resolved, That while we are proud to incorporate this sentiment into the universal selfhood of our philosophy, we hold that its application is religious as well as political, is for the soul as well as for the body, is without limit, boundless as the universe, and infinite as the deathless ambition of an immortal soul.

Conference adjourned till to-morrow morning.

WEDNESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

F. L. Wadsworth presented letters of sympathy and co-operation from H. F. M. Brown, J. M. Peabody, (now in Cal.) H. P. Fairfield, James Cooper, M. D., Stephen J. W. Taber, M. C. Bent.

G. W. Holliston spoke to the following queries, viz: 1st. Are speakers essential to meet the exigencies of the times?

2nd. What do they propose to accomplish? 3d. How can speakers associate and systematize their efforts so as to better answer the demand for the same, and escape the embarrassments which now partially paralyze their efforts?

4th. How are communities to associate their efforts so as to give better support, and more efficiency to laborers, and secure that sympathy they so much need?

He thought that the necessity for speakers had, by some, been repudiated; he so understood Dr. Child. It is essential that speakers understand well their position. They are to supply a certain public demand, and should be able to know what particular wants they can individually supply. There is a necessity of system in the labors of reform lecturers. They should have an understanding, together, so that a repetition of ideas by different speakers in the same place may be avoided.

Mr. Wadsworth thought Dr. Child was misunderstood. From personal acquaintance he could say that such were not his views. He thought that the reformers of the present age had less to contend with than those of any other—that each one would receive what they absolutely needed. It becomes us as men and women to overcome, as far as possible, by our own innate powers, perplexing circumstances. We all have to "grub" before we can sow; sow before we can reap. Early pioneer experiences, though hard, are a necessity, and we are benefited by them.

S. P. Leland was glad that things had shaped themselves as they had. He believed that Spiritualism must become scientific. That speakers must have something to tell the people. That they were liberal enough to pay for what they really received.

Further remarks were made by Messrs. Holt, Von Vleck and Holliston, when the Conference adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

S. C. Coffinberry spoke of the lecturing system, and approved of the present mode of itinerancy, giving it a preference over any association yet produced. He considered Organization detrimental in its influences upon the human soul, and hoped that we should labor on manfully, nobly, for the degree of advancement made by us as so much toward liberalizing and elevating humanity.

J. T. Rouse said, We find ourselves in the midst of agitating thought. Everything goes by steam and lightning. The nearer we approach to divinity, the greater is our velocity. Old things are being analyzed—nothing is considered too holy for the crucible. We may sometimes become fearful of this agitation. For one, I fear it not. What I consider truth today, I may cast aside to-morrow. If anything, men are too fearful of conflict, and spend too much time in watching their "record," that now may be consistent with yesterday in belief. We want men and women who can speak of great thoughts in reform—in all reforms. We are all "parts of one great whole"—all essentials. Our efforts are co-operative. What do we propose to do. I must give my best thoughts, let the results be what they may. We can only expect people to receive according to their wants. "Blessed is he that findeth his work and doeth it." I must determine my own work, and then be devoted to it. It does not follow that all such will have good hearings. Those who speak most fearlessly, suffer most. Their reward is in "conscience void of offense." This is of more importance than plaudits or money. We may be misunderstood, but I know we have strong hands, warm and willing hearts to help us. Whatever we may do, let us do it in such a manner that the world will know that we are in earnest. Then we make a gain.

The queries of Bro. Holliston were called up. Bro's Donj. Farley and L. K. Conoley were added to our number.

Bro. Conoley being called upon, expressed his interest in the queries before the Conference, and narrated some of his experience bearing upon them. He believed that the Spiritualists were the noblest class of people on earth.

Remarks were made by Harriet Bishop and J. H. Randall. The Conference adjourned to 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

The Sturgis choir favored the Conference with one of their beautiful songs.

J. H. Randall read a poem entitled "Beautiful and Beloved." After which he gave his view of "Policy and Principle." He said, men generally do that which they consider is for their best interest; it is natural for them, and this is what I call Policy. Principle is a primordial substance—a cause self-existent. I do not approve of catering to public opinion, nor of sacrificing principle to time, being self-aggrandizement. I think we should look ahead; that is, work for all. I have no doubt that men do at times question the policy of a movement, prompted by the purest motives, as well as a devotion to principle. That there are individuals who sacrifice a noble for a mean policy, is evident. A mean policy is based upon negative; a good, upon positive principles. We should make use of the good. There is not a philosopher who does not sanction the use of a good policy. There is a good and divine policy in our efforts to disperse established customs, and introduce better ones.

Truth has been, is, and will be, persecuted; yet it lives—it does not ask to be tolerated—it tolerates itself. It is for our interest to reform, or to remove anything which is injurious to us, or that will in any way impede our progress. Let us act as become reformers. Gird on our armor and make our policy according to our principles.

The choir again interested the Conference with a beautifully pathetic song, entitled, "Come this way, Father."

J. T. Rouse had received a revelation. He said, when re-revealed, however, it proved to be one of his victimisms in the form of a burlesque, on dictatorial Organization.

Pithy and appropriate remarks were made by others. After which the Conference adjourned.

[NOTE.—Mr. Abram and Mrs. Nellie Smith, lecturers, are new arrivals to-night. Audience good; interest manifestly on the increase.—REFORMER.]

THURSDAY—MORNING SESSION.

Mr. Wadsworth presented letters from Bros. John Mayhew, F. L. H. Willis, G. B. Stebbins, Baxport, Me.; S. S. Jones, St. Charles, Ill.; Miss Laura E. A. DeForest and Mrs. S. E. Warner.

J. H. Randall offered the following as an expression of his feelings touching the relationship and duty of Speakers:

"Inasmuch as the dissemination of knowledge is indispensable to the advancement of humanity in that which pertains to happiness; and as all true reformers have this object in view—

Resolved, That they should cultivate a fraternal feeling, seek to strengthen each other, to become appreciative of each other's labors, and inspire anew those who are weary, worn, or discouraged, in their efforts to alleviate the pains and remove the bonds of a suffering and enslaved humanity.

Resolved, That as a majority of Reformers count investigation, and advocate "Free Speech," that every discourse delivered upon a free platform like this, whether by a Normal, Inspirational or Trance Speaker, is public property; hence we have a right, and ought, to criticize with manly and womanly nobles, as those who work with us, as well as those who are against us.

Mr. Randall and others advocated the resolutions. They were adopted.

Bro. Rouse offered the following, which were accepted for discussion, and laid on the table:

Resolved, That while we regret the open hostility now existing between the North and South, we can but rejoice at the inauguration of any revolution which promises in the future to strike down the chattelhood, and establish the selfhood of Humanity.

Resolved, That we recommend to the laborers in the field of reform, to avoid that dastardly and reprehensible silence on vital questions for which the popular Priesthood has been distinguished.

F. L. Wadsworth read further communications from the Worcester Conference, recommending the appointing of a committee to co-operate with the Quincy committee in carrying out the designs for a national convention. Referred to the business committee.

Conference adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

G. W. Holliston advocated the "Necessity of a moral Science." We, to-day, are reaping fruit, the seed of which was sown by our ancestors. It was often sown in sorrow and tears. Its growth is the result of energy; direction to energy is given by knowledge. In all ages of the world, in all departments of life, we have enjoyed according to our capacities; suffered in proportion to our ignorance of things. Humanity loves truth, and worships at its shrine. Men strive to live up to their highest aspirations. We cannot have a government in advance of the people. If you are tired of wars and bloodshed, you must raise the people above it. You cannot force an existence of that which is not legitimate with the capacities of the people; we need a moral science, based upon knowledge. Why are we as we are as a people, as a nation? Because our moral culture and advancement have not been equal with improvements otherwise.

Bro. Rouse's resolutions were taken up, which he advocated. Further remarks were made upon the same, favorable to their adoption, by S. P. Leland, J. H. Randall, E. Whipple and L. K. Conoley.

Conference adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

S. C. Coffinberry spoke to Bro. Rouse's resolutions, after which they were laid on the table.

The resolutions of Bro. Leland, introduced at the second session, were taken up. He (Mr. Leland) discussed them at length, taking the ground that all could claim equal rights, but we differ in capacities. He marked the periods in human history when these rights had been claimed, to the dismay of oppressors and overthrow of governments. He dealt unsparingly with the oppressors of the past, and not less so with the political and priestly rulers of the present. They were wrestling from human beings, black and white, the rights that were inalienable.

J. T. Rouse, S. C. Coffinberry, L. K. Conoley and Sojourner Truth, (colored) made time pass quickly by their remarks and remarkable hits.

A change having been made in the order of exercises for the morning, the Conference adjourned until 9 A. M.

[NOTE.—Up to this time the Conference and interest have been constantly increasing; the excitement consequent upon the war news is great; nevertheless, a good degree of harmony and earnestness pervades the meetings. To-night the "Free Church" was full, and frequent demonstrations of approbation were indulged in by the auditors.—REFORMER.]

FRIDAY—MORNING SESSION.

F. L. Wadsworth, from the business committee, reported S. C. Coffinberry, Constantine, Mich.; J. T. Rouse,

is unjust, and subversive of man's and woman's natural rights.

Resolved, That this Conference recommend to those engaged in the field of reform, the agitation of this question, to the end that universal freedom, absolute individuality, and consequent harmony, may be established.

The resolutions were advocated by Messrs. Rouse, Coffinberry, Hoyt, Holliston, Von Vleck and Holt.

Laid upon the table.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe repeated the beautiful poem, "Over the River," after which she said man occupies a position which enables him to take a broad view of things. In the contemplation of his life, he finds that he holds a relation which prompts him to call Nature his mother, and God his father. The spiritual gospel to him may be called the everlasting gospel. As the heaven, it is "leavened the whole lump." It places no man above another, and yet it bids him not grope in darkness. It penetrates fountains and ruffles, and finds the woman. It searches the dandy, to stir his manliness. O, poor dejected mother, there is a help for you you know not of—the spirit-world is near you, around you.

Men should not believe without evidence. Let not the opinions of others go beyond their own vital worth. You will serve God by serving mankind; not by forms, but by living truly can we be spared the rod. As long as there is inharmonious here, there will be in spirit-life. Go forth, all, and battle for the right.

By request, Mrs. Stowe repeated the highly meritorious poem, entitled "The Outcast."

Adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Rouse's resolutions on marriage were taken up and further considered by Messrs. Randall, Coffinberry, Gardner, (of Sturgis) and Wadsworth. They were adopted.

The committee appointed to prepare a response to the greeting from the Worcester Conference, reported the following, which was adopted by the Sturgis Conference:

The Speaker's Conference, now in session in Sturgis Mich., respond to the fraternal greeting received from brothers and sisters of the Worcester Conference. We acknowledge with gratitude the words of cheer and sympathy with which you are pleased to favor us, and are happy to extend to you in return our sympathy and hearty cooperation in the efforts now being made to establish between the Eastern and Western lecturers a more thorough acquaintance and fraternal feeling.

Our Conference thus far has been characterized by harmony and good will.

Hoping that most or all of us may have the pleasure of meeting you at the Worcester Convention, where a better understanding may be promoted and an enduring friendship established, we again assure you that we are with you for the triumph of truth and right, and the inauguration of an era of peace and good will to mankind.

L. K. Conoley—transcendental—was then introduced. He said the great question in this country is the African race and the bonds of chattelhood. Mind is ever antagonistic to matter, always subduing, and by contact elevating the apparent grosser of nature. All matter is life, and consequently never at rest. Man is a representative of the universe, both physically and spiritually; even a single drop of blood contains every particle, every attribute of the universe, even Jehovah. In the sublimation of what we call gross matter, that is, all below the human plane of development, in ascending to the higher, or what we call spirit, must pass through the human to reach the spiritual; and in the reverse, all that is spiritual must pass down through the human to invest earth matter with the divine; so the different races, though ever distinct, must pass through each other in adhesion and reversion; thus the highest Caucasian element must mingle with the lowest African, and vice versa; so that no one can say "holy, holy," to the shame of others.

Emigration and civilization are ever tending westward, because the grosser is ever tending eastward. Therefore the theory that the earlier inhabitants of America came across the Pacific or Northern ocean, is philosophically untrue; but that the people of America crossed westward to Asia must be a truth in science. Those nations migrating eastward always fail to maintain their identity.

There is a horizontal movement to the earth not yet recognized by science, that changes the relative condition of the races to the influence of the planetary system, so as to move the human family one quarter way around the globe every two thousand years, thus in process of time giving the deserts of Africa all the advantages of Europe or America. God and nature are no respecter of persons, nations or countries. The lowest devil shall mount to highest heaven, and the highest God may be found in hell. Heaven must go through hell to learn sympathy by suffering, and hell shall taste of the joys of heaven, that the songs of redemption shall resound from the mountains of celestial glory.

Mrs. Nellie Smith was introduced, and delivered a discourse upon the "Mission of Woman." The effort was one of great beauty and merit, equalling any thing that we have seen or heard. "If we meddle we shall mar," so forbear an attempted synopsis. The Conference unanimously requested, if agreeable to Mrs. Smith, that a copy for publication be furnished the "Banner."

The Conference adjourned to seven in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Charles Holt said—I find a text deep down in the human soul to-night. It is individuality. Be thyself; do thy duty thoroughly. In various times individuals have stood forth; they in part have been the benefactors of the race; they have shown their individuality. We find also that men are absorbed, as in a Christ, a Swedenborg; that there are those who have truths which they harbor in their souls that they dare not utter. We can never have a thorough reformation of the human family as long as such is the case, and we want brave men—men who have a bravery of the soul to dare and do.

E. Whipple followed with a discourse of thirty minutes, claiming the spirit's immortality from the evidences produced by nature. Space will not permit a full report of the lecture. A partial, disconnected report would be unjust to the speaker. Suffice to say, it was well timed and well received.

F. L. Wadsworth spoke of the present condition of society. He said, We find religious, social, and political discord to be world wide. We need a consciousness of future life based upon fact, which will result in the appreciation of religious worth, which when extended and applied in social circles, great or small, will of necessity remove all conflict there. The same continued, carrying with it, as it will, justice to all mankind, will remove the causes of contention. I know not how peace and purity can be lastingly inaugurated in society, except by establishing it, by earnest cultivation, in the individual members thereof.

Mr. Wadsworth, from the business committee, then offered the following, which was adopted by the Conference:

Greeting to our Brothers and Sisters in the West:

Before we separate, we can but extend to you the hand of fraternal regard. Your letters have come to us, every one of them, laden with assurances, (which we cannot distrust) of sympathy in our Conference and profers of co-operation in our works.

All of these are cheerfully accepted, and as cheerful ly and surely will we work with and for you. These are the times that try men's souls," and who, more than we, should be brave, and strive for a oneness of feeling, based upon honesty; a "unity of purpose," based upon individual devotion to the labor we love. Co-laborers, we trust our meeting has not been fruitless; we have touched hands, heads and hearts, with those who were, but are not now, strangers to us. We feel better for it—we recommend this movement for acquaintance and exchange of sentiment and feelings to you. We co-operate with the East, and trust by kindly circumstance, to be able to meet many of you with our Eastern friends in Oswego, N. Y., in August next, where a genuine soul feast will be ours.

The following Resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we tender to the President of this Conference, Mr. S. C. Coffinberry, our unforgotten thanks for his services as presiding officer during our sessions; and that we hereby assure him of our appreciation of the kind and courteous manner in which he has performed the duties devolving upon him.

Resolved, That this Conference do hereby respectfully express to the friends of Sturgis their heartfelt gratitude for their kindness:

1st. In rendering to us the use of this commodious house for our Conference sessions.

2d. In granting to us, without stint, the hospitality of their homes.

Resolved, That to the "Sturgis Choir" we give thanks for their favors in song.

In consequence of the general good feeling that existed, it was voted that the Conference hold an extra session, commencing at 9 o'clock, Saturday morning.

Adjourned accordingly.

[NOTE: The sessions today have been marked with life, interest and good will toward all. The attendance increased. I know of none who are dissatisfied with the result.—REPORTER.]

SATURDAY—MORNING SESSION, (EXTRA.)

The Lecturers all present with a good number of friends. No special business being before the Conference, the subject of "God worship," was familiarly introduced by Rev. Rouse. He believed that "God worship" as usually understood, was debasing. He had no respect for, and thought he owed no allegiance to, the popular Christian God.

F. L. Wadsworth thought that we as reformers, needed a change in expression. Our views of God and worship are not justly conveyed; he had confidence in, and aspirations toward the will and wisdom man, instead of Nature.

S. C. Coffinberry discarded the idea of God and worship, and substituted therefore, cultivation, improvement of that which we have within us. The human mind is the highest manifestation of intelligence.

E. Whipple said, is there not a worship true and noble? Does not the soul go out to the all pervading spirit of the universe? He believed that worship was necessary to man's nature.

S. P. Leland did not believe in worship of any kind—did not believe that the organ of reverence (phenologically established) had reference to worship.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe thought we had three classes of faculties—each had a function to perform—that worship was a part of life.

Miss Harriet Bishop thought that worship was an expression of goodness.

W. L. F. Von Vleck said he had a consciousness of immortality—was willing to admit the existence of God, and believed in true worship.

Charles Holt thought that God-worship indicated a lack of individuality.

L. K. Conoley believed that the worship of God was the most elevating and refining of anything we have a knowledge of. "There are Lords many and Gods many."

Mrs. A. C. Stowe said—Worship is admiration, love for the lovely devotion to the good.

J. H. Randall, could not comprehend God. He accepted the existence of matter and mind, and had inexpressible feelings of devotion, of admiration to and for these great principles.

G. W. Holliston objected to the term worship, and accepted reverence. He worshiped nothing—he revered all things which to him appeared good.

The question was then dismissed.

Congratulatory remarks and proffers of general good will and feeling were made. In a word, the Conference resolved itself into a committee of one, to go out and seek continually for human good.

It was then moved that we adjourn this Conference sine die; and, Resolved, that we meet, as many of us as possible, in Oswego, N. Y., in August next, there to continue and enhance the unity and love we have inaugurated here.

Thus closed one of the most harmonious meetings we have ever attended; but one thing was regretted, that, the inability of many to be with us, who would have been but for the condition into which the country has been thrown, "hard times" being the universal cry. Our report of the proceedings is necessarily meagre; perhaps some may think it unjustly so, but they will bear in mind that the Secretary was Chairman of the Business Committee, and further, that reporting on such occasions at least, is no petty amount of labor.

Charity, I trust, will be allowed to cover the multitude of mistakes that may be made, while we return to the Conference our thanks for their appreciation and genuine good will manifested.

We can not close without speaking of Bro. J. G. Waite and others, of Sturgis, who have so nobly aided us. Verily, we expect on the other side of the "river," to meet a "host" of as good and true souls, from Sturgis, as were ever ferried "by the boat-man pale."

F. L. WADSWORTH, Secretary.

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.

H. MELVILLE BAY lectures in Quincy, Mass., the last Sunday in June; two first Sundays in July at Bradford, Ct. With bold circles for physical manifestations through May in New York City and vicinity, and to Cambridgeport, Quincy and Boston the latter part of June and first of July. All business letters for Cambridgeport, addressed Cambridgeport, care Geo. L. Chad, 370 Main street; Quincy, care Mr. Rogers; New York, care Prof. Spence, 183 East Broadway. At all the lectures and circles the Life, History and Improvement of the Davenport boys are presented, he being the only authorized agent for the sale of these works in the East.

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Taunton, 4 Sun. in May, Providence, 5 Sundays in Sept. Bangor, 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in June. Bradley, 3d and 4th Sundays in June. Cambridgeport 4 Sundays of July. Bangor 4 Sundays in Oct. and 1st in Nov. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Miss L. E. A. DeFonce lectures at Vincennes, Ind., May 13th; Newburgh, May 14th to 20th; Oneida, N. Y., May 20 to 30; Plymouth, Mass., two first Sundays of June; Cambridgeport, 3 last; Providence, July; Quincy, Mass., two first Sundays of August; New Bedford, first, and Saratoga Springs, N. Y., last of August and 1st of Sept. Putnam, Oct. 1st and 2d; New York, Oct. 3d and 4th; Portland, Me., Oct. 4th and 5th; Concord, N. H., two last; Portland, Me., Oct. Address as above.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Putnam, Ct., in May; Stafford, June 2d; in Williamstown, June 9th; in Windsor, June 16th; in Clinton, Mass., June 23d; Bethel, Vt., June 30th; South Hardwick, Vt., 4 Sundays of July. Will be at the Worcester Convention in April. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at club prices.

Mrs. LUCIA McKEAY will speak through the month of May in Elkhart and Goshen, Ind. the three last Sundays in June in Toledo, Ohio. Will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of her Sunday appointments on week evenings. Address, care of Mrs. H. E. M. Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio; C. South, Elkhart, Ind.; C. Cole, Goshen, Ind.; and Henry Reed, Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. FANNY DURAND FALCON will lecture in Worcester, May 5th, 17th and 24th; in Cambridgeport, May 12th; in Taunton, June 23d and 30th; in New Bedford, July 7th and 14th; in Stoughton, July 21st and 28th; in South Hardwick, August 1st and 8th; in Springfield, Sept. 1st, and in Chicopee, Sept. 8th. Address, No. 25 Kneeland st., Boston.

Mrs. M. B. KERRY will speak in in Charleston, May 10th and 20th; in Quincy, May 24; in Newburyport, June 10th; in Gloucester, June 23d. Her address is Lawrence, Mass.

LEO MILLER will speak in Philadelphia, four Sundays in May; Bangor, Me., four Sundays in July; vicinity of Bangor through August; Cambridgeport, four Sundays in Oct.; Providence, R. I., five Sundays in Dec. Mr. M. will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

N. FRANK WHITE lectures four Sundays of May at Detroit, Mich.; the five Sundays of June at Oswego, N. Y. Address, through July, at Seymour, Conn. Applications from the east should be addressed as above.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks in Toledo, O., May 16th and 20th; Detroit, Mich., five Sundays of June; Lyons, Mich., four Sundays in July. Address accordingly.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will speak in the Eastern States until late in the Fall, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Lehigh, Mass., box 316, or as above.

Miss BESS SCOWELL lectures in Elkhart, Ind., the four Sundays of Oct.; Providence, R. I., the four Sundays of Nov.; New Bedford, Mass., the four first Sundays of Dec. Will receive applications to lecture in the Eastern States during Jan., Feb. and March of 1862. Address as above, or Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. EMMA HENDERSON designs passing the Summer months in New Hampshire and Vermont. Those wishing to procure her services as a lecturer will please address her at East Stoughton, Mass. She will lecture in Sutton, N. H., the four last Sundays in June—the 9th, 10th, 23d, and 30th.

J. H. RANDALL may be addressed at Quincy, Sandusky Co., O., until June; and thereafter, until further notice, in care of Mrs. H. F. Brown, Cleveland, O. Those in the New England States who may desire his services as a lecturer next Fall and Winter, will please address him soon.

ANDREW and NELLIE SMITH will answer calls to lecture in the West during the Spring and Summer. Mr. Smith (franciscan) will improvise music on the Melodion when required. Address, Three Rivers, Mich.

Miss LIZZIE DOTY will speak four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. F. O. HERRIN will lecture during May, in Lowell, Mass. during June in Providence, R. I., July in Quincy, Mass. Address till April, Spencerport, N. Y.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBS will lecture four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

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

Miss M. MUMFORD, Clairvoyant Physician and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal. Miss M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND may be addressed at Portland, Me. in May; at Bridgeport, Vt., in June and July. Afterwards at Taunton, until further notice.

W. ELLIS CORDELL will accept calls to lecture, under Spirit influence, on Spiritualism and kindred subjects. Post-office address, Roxbury, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Bradford, Me., each alternate Sabbath for the coming year; one fourth at Glenburn, and one-fourth at Kennebec.

H. E. PARFIELD will speak as the friends may wish in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, the months of July, August and September. Address, Elkhart, Indiana.

H. L. BOWEN will give ticket lectures, or otherwise, on Mental and Physical Anatomy. Address, Natick, Mass.

Mrs. E. CLOUGH, trance speaker, 2 Dillaway Place, Boston. Mrs. M. H. COLLE, care of R. Marsh, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. Mrs. A. H. SWAN, care of R. Clark, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

Dr. O. H. WELLINGTON, No. 202 Northampton st., Boston. Dr. H. DICKINSON, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Dr. H. F. GARNER, 40 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

M. O. QUINCY, No. 314, Boston. LEWIS B. MONROE, 14 Bromfield st., Boston. Mrs. R. H. BURT, 40 Carver st., Boston.

CHARLES H. CHOWELL, Boston, Mass. Dr. P. B. HANDELSON, Boston, Mass. Dr. C. H. HARRIS, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. D. H. DAVENPORT, Boston, Mass. Dr. C. O. YOUNG, Boston, Mass. CHARLES O. FLAGG, 69 Warren st., Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. S. M. Y. BATES, 23 Water st., Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. E. F. ATKINS, Cedar Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Rev. SILAS TYLER, No. 48 Warren Street, Roxbury.

Wm. E. RICE, Roxbury, Mass. Mrs. J. E. BROWN, South Boston, Mass. Mrs. J. E. BROWN, South Boston, Mass.

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CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY.

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of DISEASED SCALPS, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE BLANCHING, a specialty, has established himself at 219 Waverley street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Hays) where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

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

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

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseased Scalps, and Restoring Hair. It is no doubt will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind. There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of these diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the scalp can get rid of all the impurities that are upon it, and new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of the hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretions between the skin contain an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, and the hair assumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for the hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse, they should not be discouraged. The one preparatory system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases be useless, and in some positively injurious.

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

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in treating Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching, he has in his possession the most reliable testimonials from Physicians, Clergymen and others in every city, where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, 219 Waverley street.

All consultations free.

All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. B. O. PERRY, box 2837, Boston, Mass.

March 23.

SEWING MACHINES.

SAMUEL C. HART.

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his complete assortment of

FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES; SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES, BINDERS, HEMMERS, GUIDES, SHUTTLES, ROBBINS, AND ALL OTHERS—

Sewing Machine Fixtures.

The above will be sold low at prices to suit the times. Persons taking to operate machines.

SEWING MACHINES TO LET.

At Sewing Machine Exchange, Dec. 8. 6m 17 Franklin Street, Boston.

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!!

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

THIS is an Institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no superiority over like establishments. It does claim equality with all, and like it, it is free.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS, and Bores of all descriptions. First not of a hereditary nature, treated in the most satisfactory manner. He would call attention to a newly discovered

REMEDIES!! BLOOD PURIFIER, P

Pearls.

And quoted old and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched-forth floor of all time
Sparkle forever."

JANETTE.

When I was young, and you were young,
Janette, my own Janette,—
When merriment was on the tongue,
And eyes were seldom wet;
Ah! how I loved my darling one,
Red-cheeked and laughing-eyed!
In all the lands beneath the sun
Who had a fairer bride?

Nor ever summer sunshine fell
More brightly than your hair,
Nor could the tales that poets tell
With your gay smile compare.
How loved we one another then!
How glad we were at heart!
But now at three-score years and ten
How quick the tears will start!

For I am old, and you are old,
Janette, my own Janette!
Nor are your tresses bright as gold.
Your lips like crimson yet;
For you have kissed the brow of Care,
Sung Religion's psalm,
Dat underneath your snowy hair,
Your brow is very calm.

My white-haired bride—my patient wife!
Our bark of youth is wrecked;
Yet will I, on this shoal of life,
"Love, cherish and protect."

[Springfield Republican.]

We should cultivate peace and good-will toward all men; but we should form intimate connections alone with those of wisdom and probity.

THE MAY-FLOWER.

The snow still lay in shady dells;
Still, nightly, Frost rebuilt his shrines,
And though all day in sapphire coils
Cleopatra drops rang crystal bells,
Chill night-winds moaned among the pines.

Yet through the forest sped a sound,
As if of dryad—whispering shrill;
A sense seemed crescent in the ground,
As if, awakened from sleep profound,
The gnomes were rising in each hill.

Lo, Spring! with rose-buds in her hair!
Light-glorious Faith! and, as she swept
Along the wood-aisles, all the air
Took from her robes a perfume rare,
And May-flowers marked where she had stepped.

Dear Flower! I see the Pilgrim maids
First dare the fearful forest's edge:
What music fills the astonished glades,
What long-lost gloom each cheek pervades,
As they hail, kind Heaven's fair pledge!

And still, when Spring's softening skies
The first rays pluck thy brassy cheeks,
Thy blossoms blush beneath blue eyes,
Still joyous laughter hails the prize
God sends to keep our memories green.

Strive to be pure in thought. If our mind is free from evil, our actions will be so also. Let us never intend, much less commit a wrong act.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

When the prophet thought to sin,
Tempted by his heathen guide;
When a prince's grace to win,
Prophet lips would have been tied;
Even the same the brute controlled—
Found a human voice to say,
"Master, smite me not!"—Behold
An Angel in the way!

So, when Vice, to lure her slave,
Woos him down the shining track,
Spirit-hands are stretched to save,
Spirit-voices warn him back.
Heart of man to evil prone,
Chafe not at thy sin's delay;
Bow thee humbly down, and own
An Angel in the way.

True virtue consists in improving the mind, and in purifying the heart.

"SPIRITUALISM AND THE WAR."

Judge Edmonds on "The Times, and our Duty in regard to Them."

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Pursuant to announcement, Judge Edmonds occupied the desk at Dedworth's Hall, morning and evening, of Sunday, the 5th.

The following report embraces the substance of both discourses, which were listened to by large and intelligent audiences.

This morning, I read to you a prophecy given to me in 1852, of events now upon us. The one I shall now read, is of a later period, and more definite in its character, and was given through Mrs. Sophia Brigham, of Massachusetts. It is contained in a book published in the early part of 1859, and purports to be a discourse of Washington to John Quincy Adams, shortly after the entrance of the latter into the spirit-world. In the discourse, the spirit recounts the objects and principles of the leaders in the Revolution, and affirms their sincere belief in the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, in their unqualified and universal sense. They had intended the Constitution to secure the blessings of freedom, unity and peace to all who dwelt under it. They had been sadly disappointed. That instrument had been perverted to answer the unholy purposes of a wicked oligarchy, and sustain the inhuman system of slavery. But it is their intention to remedy all this, and make it a Constitution of equality. With them all compromises and concessions were as dust in the balance, compared with the great question of human liberty. A Union which owes its perpetuity to slavery, is not worth preserving, and is not approved by the Most High. The spirits of the brave who have passed away are unseen, but not unfelt, of men. They pray for your speedy delivery from impending calamities. With sad hearts they look down on the land they love, and see what fearful strife the institution of slavery will engender, at no distant day, and that it will lead to dismemberment and civil war. Shall we remain dumb and insensible to the cries of three millions of our bleeding, persecuted and down-trodden fellow-men? Shall we forget the higher Constitution, written in the depths of human nature? disobey the divine laws, and knuckle to basely, ephemeral compromises with wickedness? God forbid! Let America take warning from the fate of Sodom and of Rome. We can discern the period rapidly approaching, when arms shall be taken up, and the rights of your fellow-creatures vindicated at the point of the bayonet—when the buildings of your Capital and the monuments of your mighty dead shall tremble to the roar of artillery. This contest will far exceed that of the Revolution in extent and destructiveness, and will, at least, equal that in sublimity of moral power. But, when it has passed away, mankind will realize the blessings it will bring. No more will the clanking of chains and the sighs of the oppressed be heard, but uninterrupted freedom will prevail over the land. What the patriots of the past desired to accomplish, their descendants will perform with the timely assistance of invisible powers.

This morning I called your attention to the existence of three elements in our midst, which rendered

the pending Revolution a matter of absolute necessity, based on the laws of Nature and of God, and not to be averted by any form of compromise or concession. These were, first, the enormous increase of wealth among us, during the last twelve years, and the consequent growth of luxury, extravagance and selfishness. Secondly, the extension of the elective franchise to the most ignorant and debased of our population, by which the power of the nation is confided to the lowest classes, and disorder, corruption and violence bear away and pollute even the fountain of justice. Thirdly, the institution of slavery, which has alienated the two great sections of the country, and established in these sections, respectively, two different orders of society. As a result of this, we now hate the South with a cordial hatred, which we vouchsafe to no other people in the universe.

With respect to the first of these elements—nothing but the most abject distress and sorrow could save this nation from sinking into the present condition of Spain, which, without the interposition of Providence, is the inevitable consequence of the sudden and excessive acquisition of wealth. Revolution has come upon us as a gift of the Duty, to arrest us in our mad career toward the abysses of national ruin and degradation. In our wild pursuit of gain, we have neglected to worship God; and we have measured everything great and noble by the standard of avarice. As an instance—during the twelve years, marvels guaranteed to us recorded hitherto, in sacred or profane history, have been witnessed by millions, all over the land. Yet, the dead have spoken, and the miracles upon which the Christian religion has been built, have been re-enacted in our midst, with vastly increased impressiveness and efficacy. Inanimate matter has been set in motion, without human contact, as has been witnessed again and again, by multitudes in every corner of the world. God has thus spoken to man, and, in our greedy insanity, we have remained deaf as adders to his summons.

In this very city, the chief seat of the Mammon we adore, have these things been done; and yet how few have taken note of them! To us, indeed, who have been more heedful, it is a matter of little moment whether the world listens to these warnings, but to the world how important! Wealth has closed their senses to these manifestations of God's providence; and now how vain is all our wealth! It cannot buy us peace, comfort or consolation in this hour of dire necessity; for God has decreed that the Moloch we have worshiped shall be powerless to protect his devotees. The whole \$1,200,000,000 received from California cannot buy an hour's remission of the impending calamity. And our troubles come upon us at the very time when this wealth is in our midst, in greater abundance than ever before; the means of employing money are not to be found, and our surplus millions are lying in our banks, as useless for any purpose of promoting human happiness as the paving-stones in our streets. And this is because riches are bestowed by Providence for the exaltation, not the debasement, of their recipients. It is not the fault of wealth in itself, but it is ours, in that we have abused the gifts of a bountiful God. In proportion as our vaults have been crammed to repletion, have our hearts been hardened to the cries of suffering humanity all around us; and we are now to be taught to open those stores, and scatter our hoarded treasures among the needy and destitute. The rich man has found out that, if he would preserve a portion of his wealth, he must not shrink from distributing a needed share among those who have gathered to defend him and his from the assault of the marauder. Yes, he shall yet do his duty by his fellow man, and relieve himself of his superfluity, whether moral or physical, in aid of suffering humanity.

So as to the second element I have mentioned—our error in giving the power of government into the hands of the ignorant and debased; we are now suffering the consequences which are necessary to awaken us to a sense of our folly; and the first stage of the Revolution is now warning us to pause in a course in which we have set at defiance the maxims alike of prudence and patriotic pride. In this we may learn a lesson even from our enemies. The new Constitution at the South was not submitted to the people; it proceeded from an intelligent and educated ruling class; who confront us with it, as a release, in one hand, while they present the bayonet with the other; and shrink as we may from the fratricidal menace, we cannot but welcome their advance out of that system of democratic misrule which has inflicted such evils upon ourselves. Those evils are being corrected, because the existing crisis is showing us how unsafe it is to put the power of the Union into hands unfit to use it.

De Tocqueville, that most sagacious among foreign observers of our institutions, has remarked upon the training which our people received in the art of self-government by being left alone by the mother country during the earlier period of their growth as colonies. Every native citizen was taught self-government. He learnt the important lesson in the school, in the family; he drew in the vital spirit of regulated, constitutional liberty with the very air he breathed. Well for us had we been resolved to confine the privilege of citizenship to those who had enjoyed such advantages, and had not merely been taught to read and write; but the demagogue has hurried us on, in the assertion of the naked principle of universal franchise, until we have made the ignorant and degraded of far more account, politically, than the virtuous and patriotic. And now behold the result! We are asking, "Where is the man for the crisis?" and nowhere is an answer returned—save in an expressive silence. The demagogue rules us, in the zenith of his baleful splendor; it is time that his sun should set, and that the dawning of patriotic rule should announce the day of our salvation.

So, also, slavery has become the means of its own retribution—our national vice is made the instrument to scourge us. The South has really believed it to be a great good, and has clung to it with a tenacity worthy of the best of causes. Now they find themselves in the midst of mob-violence and civil war, as the legitimate result of what they have so fondly cherished; while the North, which has trifled with and flattered the gigantic evil, finds its peace and happiness invaded, its country destroyed, and its nationality overthrown. For Virginia herself—the mother of States and statesmen—Virginia, who obtained for her son the command of the army of the Revolution, and who furnished the occupants of the Presidential chair for thirty-two years out of the first thirty-six, of our national existence— even she has fallen from her high estate, and is now to be the battle-field of the contending sections—yes, and the scene, too, of the final conflict between freedom and slavery, in which the extent of her sacrifices and sufferings shall mark the degree of her departure from the line of duty to God and man. In that conflict her Eastern borders shall march against her Western; neighbor shall fight against neighbor—brother against brother—father against son.

From slavery has sprung the presumptuous arrogance and the spirit of domination which characterize the South, as they are the inevitable results of giving to man uncontrolled power over his fellow-creatures. No unvarying is the operation of this rule, that even from my two years' occupancy of the judicial bench, I have contracted a habit of domination from which I am not yet entirely free. This spirit it is which has incited 8,000,000 of people to plunge headlong into war with 20,000,000, possessing tenfold their resources; and their intolerance of all free speech or publication, which opposes their sacred prejudices. Thus we can account for their utter ignorance of the condition of things among ourselves. They thought it impossible that the people of the North could rush to arms, as one man, for freedom only. But the cry for help against the ravages of this domestic foe will yet reach us from the South itself; and as we are on the point of exterminating that destroyer of our peace, she will send forth an answering appeal in the day of her extremity. It may not come until wide-spread distress has been inflicted by servile insurrection, and the mad passions of a brutal and ignorant population have spent themselves in outrage; but come it must—and when it comes, what is to be our answer? Shall it be dictated by a spirit of hatred and of evil passions? No, indeed!

We, especially, who have been blessed from on high, have the holy duty to perform of subduing the bad passions of those around us; and when that hour shall come, upon the three millions of Spiritualists

in the United States will depend the result. For it is they who have produced the present state of things—by no organization, or concert of action, but all of us, as we have been taught these beautiful truths, embracing principles of the largest liberty, have confronted the question boldly, and slavery has fallen before our mandate.

We held the balance of power in the last great political contest, and we are strong enough to hold it still; because those same principles of harmony which blind us together will cause us to answer gently the cry of the distressed—will lead us to the house of the sick man, and teach us to moisten his lips and bathe his fevered brow; and such will be the duty of Spiritualists in the time that is to come. Those of us who are strong and able may be called upon to do battle for Freedom, here, or on far-off fields of carnage; and perhaps to perish in her cause. Be it so! Thanks be to God, Death has lost its sting for us! Let our example show the world it is so; and that death in the righteous cause may indeed be met and welcomed. We are enlightened above the world around us; let our light so shine that it may glorify its heavenly source and guide our fellowmen to their happier destiny! And those who cannot take an active part in the contest, have yet very important duties to perform. How many widowed hearts will ache before that contest shall be over?—How many orphans will cry for help? While father and husband are fighting for freedom, far off, mother and children will suffer in our very midst.

Now we come to the glorious task of Spiritualism—of that religion which not only teaches its followers how to die, but prompts them to a tender care for the lives and welfare of others. Let us remember that even harder for the poor to bear than poverty, is the thought that they are uncared for by others. And their sufferings are not necessary, for you can remove them. You, whose knowledge of a blissful truth has brought you here to-night, go forth, and bestow on others somewhat of the comfort and consolation it has brought to you. Save the mother from prostituting herself for bread; save her children from a life of vagrancy and crime. Be it your important duty, in this emergency, to lift suffering humanity from the degrading temptations incident to a life of want and misery; and, believe me, no man or woman among you can, with safety, let that duty alone. Let not my admonition slumber in the hearts that now respond to it, but let it bear fruit in active beneficence, on your part. Another of your duties is, not to ask that this contest, so smoothed over, as so often before in its earlier stages, nor seek to arrest it till the work of Revolution is completed; but yet see to it that, in our part of the performance, we are governed by no evil passions.

On the battle-field let the Spiritualist remember the forbearance and love which his faith teaches him; even though snarling under the shock of violent bereavement, let him implore forgiveness for the enemies who know not what they do. If such shall be our course, and the coming conflict in banishing from the mind of the coming conflict the fiendish passions it is calculated to excite, we shall demonstrate, to this world and the world of spirits, that we fought for the preservation of freedom only, without the alloy of a single unworthy motive.

I regret to learn that the society which has worshipped in this hall has been dissolved, and that there is now no concert of action among you; no stated assemblages before whom I can lay the appeals of the suffering, and find for them that relief which you have always been so ready and so bountiful in bestowing. It cannot be that our association is to die out, just as the crisis is reached which demands the utmost from it. Has God spoken to us—have the dead come back to us for this? It will not be! I know the required means will be forthcoming, and the influence that will be poured out upon you will be most effectual in urging you to performance of your whole duty, whether it be actual warfare, or the tending of the sick, or the relief of the destitute, or the allaying of unholy passions and setting bright examples of forbearance and forgiveness.

In conclusion the speaker remarked that, as it had been proposed that the audience should aid in defraying the expenses of his lectures, he would consent that a collection should be taken up, on condition that the proceeds should be applied to the relief of the family of a volunteer who, under the impulse of patriotism, had left them entirely unprovided for.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, April 30, 1861.

QUESTION:—What is the indication of Spiritualism in relation to Human Government?

Dr. Youns.—Spiritualism, in its essence, inculcates that man, as an immortal being, has the same opportunities of progress afterward, as in this state of existence, and, therefore, as we desire our own advancement, and that of our posterity, we should cultivate the highest tone of behavior and feeling, toward one another, so that government may be based upon the immortal possibilities of improvement in the human mind. Spiritualism teaches that, in every case, human progress is the outgrowth of human endeavor; of a personal application of every thought and expression which tends to do away with the present demoralized condition of society. There is a vast power within it that is capable of flux and reflux—of being drawn from one plane to another of natural development. This is shown by civilized men, in peopling a new country; first they clear the forests and drive away savages and wild beasts. But the consumption by the settlers of the products of the soil, is deducting so much from one end of the chain, to add to the other. The civilization of to-day is the product of the moral and intellectual cultivation of the human mind; it is the result of the accumulated ideology of the past, planted in the soil of the existing generation. Spiritualism teaches that there are as many stages of progress in the other world as in this; and that a spirit does not attain to a higher nature merely by passing from the latter to the former; but that it grows by the same moral and spiritual nutriment as when here. The result of a comparison between ourselves and our ancestors, eight hundred years ago, is, that where there was then one man who had attained to a certain height of ideologic conception, there are now ten, and this is the necessary result of improved cultivation of the affections and intellect. Hence it is the duty of every Spiritualist to endeavor to develop himself, his offspring and society around him, to the highest standard of principle that human beings can attain to, in respect to government, science, moral and religious truth, and all that goes to make up the complete greatness of humanity, in order that each individual may have free scope for attaining the height of culture. We should seek to frame institutions and laws so that every man shall stand upon an equal plane, as respects advantages of growth, moral, mental and spiritual. Any lack of growth the part of an individual is due to the excessive accumulation of animal powers by those around him. It is by society, and not by himself, that he is crippled.

Nothing is more certain than that, if you cultivate aright the faculties of man, they will as inevitably grow and expand, as a vegetable when duly supplied with air, sunshine and water; and if any man be repressed but a little in this life, he starts from a proportionally advanced point in that beyond. In the first place, the opportunity of equal growth should be allowed to every individual, by acknowledging his right to an equitable and sufficient compensation for his labor. The doctrine that every human being, on being transferred to the spiritual world, forthwith becomes a sort of demi-god, even if an idiot here, is a mere assumption, and must have a mischievous tendency, for nothing could be so well adapted to psychologize a man's mind into a state of apathy toward its highest good, as the idea that its improvement here does not influence its state hereafter. Man is the creature of circumstances, and will grow in the direction of his training; and will rise in proportion to the promotion of healthful, equitable conditions of growth.

In the present crisis of national affairs, it is our duty as Spiritualists, to stand by the right, to enforce the doctrines established by our fathers of man's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and to aid in preserving the Government from the demoralizing manifestations now being made against it. I look upon the present state of things as but the natural product of American institutions, the martyr-child of '76. The men of the Revolution were actuated rather by vague, indefinite hopes and aspirations, than by a full conception of their rights and duties. The Declaration of Independence was from the happy inspiration of Jefferson and Paine; but its ideas had not penetrated the map of humanity sufficiently, to be thoroughly infused into social and political institutions. These ideas are now receiving the homage of the loyal States more intelligently than before, and a favorable result of this contest will insure a future progress we have not dreamed of for American institutions; when we shall have entirely cast off the worn-out garments of our British progenitors.

FATHER BEESON then took the stand, and made an earnest appeal in behalf of the Indian tribes of this country. He urged their claims upon the considerations of Spiritualists, especially, who had so often listened with benefit to the communications of spirits of that race, and reprobated the doctrine which has so perverted and stultified the benevolent instincts of our people, that the aborigines necessarily perish before the march of civilization. He thought, that in their public meetings, Spiritualists were too much given to mere theorizing; and that in justice to their own inculcations, they should repay the benefits they had themselves received, by earnestly working for the practical good of others. Though, at present, but a limited circle, they should feel that the world is their field and mankind their care. He had lately returned from Washington, where he obtained an interview with the President, and received encouraging assurances of the just intentions of Government with respect to the native tribes under its protection. But the all-absorbing troubles of the times had prevented a favorable issue to his applications for the present, and he had had much opposition to endure from parties interested in the prevailing system of fraud and spoliation.

Dr. GRAY, to show the interest taken by inquirers, in the proceedings of the Conference, and the importance attached to them, read a letter he had lately received from Epes Sargent, Esq., of Boston, in which that gentleman refers to the accounts of manifestations from a wife to her husband, as having especially excited his wonder, and led him to desire further developments. "Our own senses having been dulled by familiarity with these marvels. We cannot fully appreciate the value our meeting derives from their effects on the outside world, which has no such means of investigation."

FATHER BEESON now introduced one of his native protégés to the audience, which was favored with a pleasing specimen of her vocal abilities; after which a collection was taken up, for the benefit of the GRAY.

Dr. GRAY submitted to the consideration of the Conference his plan for the formation of a scientific society of Spiritualists, and some such title as the "New York Psychological Society," for the purpose of collecting and registering authenticated facts, bearing on the relations between the spiritual and natural world. Such a body could obtain a charter, in a way which he described, without expense. It would then be empowered to receive donations; and its funds, if any, could be committed to trustees. Its only officer (and he would more properly be called a servant than a dignitary) might be a Secretary, whose duty it should be to arrange and preserve all papers and written facts received by the society, and transmit them to his successors. The speaker also suggested that every member who addressed such society at its meetings should be required to furnish it with a synopsis of his discourse in writing, to be deposited in the archives. The annual transactions of such an association, he had no doubt, would be read with at least as much interest as those of the famous Royal Society of London.

From letters which had been received from Europe and various parts of this country, we might see how much good had been accomplished by this Conference—how much more than might be effected at less expense, by a thoroughly organized association, such as he proposed, and which he hoped would be formed before the first of June next. As he should be absent for some time to come in Europe, he would take pains to collect and forward to it all spiritual facts of interest which might come under his observation in the Old World; and in this he should be joined by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, who was to be his fellow voyager. If this course was steadily followed, our successors, even though the present manifestations were, from unknown causes, to cease, or change their form, would not be obliged to dig up their Bible from the mud of mere vague tradition, but might fall back upon a mass of circumstantial recitals, supported by a cloud of witnesses.

Mr. PARTRIDGE fully approved of the propositions advanced by the last speaker. He thought we should not be doing our duty if we neglected to preserve, for the benefit of posterity, what the spirits had been teaching us for the last twelve years. We need to be assured that all facts recorded were authenticated by the utmost strength of human testimony. At present this was, in most instances, very far from being the case; and hence our narrations were viewed with suspicion by the general public.

A lengthened and animated debate then took place on a motion to refer the plan of organization of the proposed society to a Committee of Three. This was finally rejected, and the whole subject was laid over for general discussion at the next meeting.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 7, 1861.

SUBJECT:—"What influence does War exert on human progress?"

Dr. GARDNER, Chairman.

Mr. WESTERHAESE felt interested somewhat in the subject; but only rose to set the debate in motion. I believe War has been beneficial to human progress. The people of this planet know more and are better civilized on account of war, than they would have been without such disturbance. Way back in the age of force, it was the rule that might made right; that was a time of selfishness, and the strong ruled; then there were fighting all over the world, and after the different wars had taken place, the races improved, for by conquest of one race by another, the defeated were taught the merits of their captors, and mental and moral expansion has been the result. We can hardly put our eyes upon a single struggle, where the parties, after they got tired of the carnage, have not given their attention to cultivation, and gained in knowledge and in civilization. The wars in each nation have been peculiar to it; but no nation has ever been successful in war, that I know of, where improvement, justice or liberty have not been the purpose of the contest. Many men are killed off in war who do for their country's good. We know that by looting off part of the limbs of an apple tree, the limbs that are left bear bigger and better fruit. So after a sanguinary war, the men that are left have more room to live in, and those that die die honorably, instead of dying on the gallows or in disgrace, as they might. So war strengthens unweakened limbs, and brings out the pure gold. But after all, I would as much think of recommending you to all court misfortunes and hardships for the strength and experience they give, as to encourage war.

Mrs. ———— "Diseases cause great festering sores; and when the sores have matured and run out, the body is purified. So it is with war; it has the natural effect on nations that diseases has on individuals. I would not encourage wars, however."

Mr. BURKE—There are many kinds of wars—of thought and of strength—in mental and physical life. It is wisely said that experience is the best teacher we can have. Wars always originate with the baser portion of a man's nature; and like everything else that belongs to human nature, there is always something that will result in good. God is so economical and judicious that He never sends unmixed evils among us. Everything has something good about it. That good may result from war, nobody will deny; but to prove that it is good to the actors, would require a different kind of logic from

any I am accustomed to. That it is good to those who come after, none will deny. War plunges nations into debt, which the children's children will not outlive. Then the morals of the camp are far from pure, and those who leave their homes, moral and upright, will come back more or less debauched, and incapable of building up a respectable community.

Mr. THAYER.—This is a grave question, and few can conceive of its importance. I have always found it took two to fight, and as I won't fight, I have no fear of getting into war. Whoever wants to fight with me, will have to fight alone. But yet, with my good chance of a long life, I do not believe we shall ever see the end of the present national struggle. Wars have never elevated humankind; but all progress has been in spite of war. To-day, even our women are ready to fight. Our mediums preach from the text, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." But I do not see how any one can pray and fight at the same moment. Do you believe there'll be any Fort Sumter in heart? [A voice.—A Pickens, probably.] Yes, but poor Pickens, who has advocated war, for these Boston editors, who have been quoting from the Bible to justify the present war, the words of Christ who enjoins the giving of *almes*, spelling it, *arms*, thus perverting the words of the Saviour, who always taught peace and forbearance, to command the putting of weapons into men's hands to blow out each other's brains with.

Mr. KAULBACK.—The result of war is surely beneficial so far as it compels the admission of rights to one class, which they have demanded from another, who have withheld them. When any institution fails in its service to humanity—gets worn out—war is the best instrument to improve it. War brings with it temporal injustice, but does away with greater and more cruel injustice. But it is, after all, an obstacle to the advancement of mankind; for all true progress must come through the school and the pulpit. The morals of the camp have been called bad to-night. They are so. The soldiers now under arms in the nation's service, I am told, spend their spare time gambling. Those who have not the cash, but two dollars of their future pay against one dollar cash.

RUFUS ELMER.—The question is not whether war is Christian, or right, or wrong, but what its effects? In the abstract, I am opposed to war—I think it is unchristian; but there are worse things than war, to which war may be an antidote. My friend says they have no war in heaven. I believe there was once, for half an hour, and then it was stopped. There is war in the atmosphere, and the world is purified by it. Our present struggle is a war against war, and this is the homeopathic remedy. There are two black clouds, and when they meet there will be a smash up, and God knows it, and will probably provide it for the general purification. This is a time when we have got to conquer or be conquered. This is the "irrepressible conflict" between despotism and freedom; and without war on our part, we know which must rule. Shall we be conquered by despotism, or humble the despots in the name of God?

LEZZIE DOWEN.—There is one important consideration which affects the well-being of the race. It is a fact that the noblest man, physically speaking—the most vigorous and able-bodied—is selected to fight the battles, and are killed off; and those buff, from physical disability, are left at home, to continue the human species. How does this effect the human race? What might not human beings have been, but for wars in the past? Yet war is a necessary evil, and is preferable to other evils that might accrue. In the present, the law seems to be, to meet and mingle; and when the Goths and Vandals met, in Rome, the interbreeding and amalgamation helped to strengthen our race and ennoble the other. In the present war, our Southern brethren need to be elevated from their barbarism, and by this struggle they will be enlightened as never before. Pulpits and schools could never teach them what Northern rifles will. This war will be a great help to their progress; and God always overrules our evil for his good. There is always a good within every evil. Such times as these bring out man's noblest powers, and the coward becomes valiant when he finds he has right on his side; and all humanity is advanced in the scale of being. Man is a humble instrument in God's hands for the doing of great good.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—I think the Conference should name some particular war, in order to have this question discussed. Some wars are unjust and wrong; others are based on the principles of justice and universal good. A nation had better be in debt than sink down in luxury and vice, brought about by prosperity. The luxury of Boston and New York has destroyed more men and women than the fire-arm will in the present contest.

Dr. GARDNER.—I am of the opinion that all necessary conditions are essential; and among these is war, though there is something peculiarly terrible in the destruction of human life. Religion has been the cause of more bloodshed than any other power, and it is in the hard struggle that the rough corners are worn off. God works in this way. I like Mrs. Elmer's illustration of the thunder storm. The battle of the elements brings about an equilibrium, and establishes a balance between the combatting elements. There is no life without death. We all live through decay, and through our decay thousands of other beings are put into life. Through means of warfare God makes the wrath of man to praise him. The death-blow to American slavery was struck when the first shot was fired upon Fort Sumter; and the South must now learn a lesson they could learn no other way. I hope no great amount of blood will be spilt, but we must prepare for the worst. We are fighting for principles—for the American flag, which is their emblem; and God will give our victory a universal significance.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BUNSTED PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.45, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BRONX STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7.15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"What influence does War exert on Human Progress?" 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 3 and 7.15 P. M. F. Clark, Chairman.

CHARLESTOWN.—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. Speakers engaged:—Miss Annie Davis, May 10th and 20th; Mrs. M. B. Child, 24th and 30th; Miss E. DeForest, June 10th, 24th and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer during August; Mrs. Macomber, during October; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, during May; Miss Lizzie Dolan in June; R. P. 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. R. H. Burr, May 10th and 20th; Miss Fannie Davis, June 24th and 30th; Dr. A. B. Child, June 24th; Rev. R. Fellows, June 30th; F. B. Felton, July 8th and 14th; Chas. A. Hayden, July 21st and 28th; J. S. Loveland, Aug. 4th and 11th; Miss DeForest, Aug. 18th; Emily A. Johnson, Aug. 25th and Sept. 1st; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 15th; Miss Lizzie Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd; Warren Chase, Dec. 29th.

Foxboro.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 7.15 and 9.15 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mr. G. B. Stephens, May 10th; Mrs. Fann e Davis, June 10th; Mrs. M. B. Conney, June 30th.

WATUNAB, Conn.—Engagements are made as follows:—FURNACE, for May; Miss L. E. A. DeForest, Aug. 1st and 8th; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, in June; Mrs. R. DeForest in July; Mattie F. Hulet in August; Mrs. M. B. Child, in September. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7.15 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, last two Sundays in May and the first three in June; Mrs. M. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Dolan during September; Mrs. Laura DeForest during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding in May; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, in June; Mrs. R. DeForest in July; Mattie F. Hulet in August; Mrs. M. B. Child, in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macomber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougal in Nov.; L. L. Miller in Dec. The Spiritualists of this place hold meetings the first Sunday in each month in their church.