

Lib. Harward Lodge

20

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

NO. 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.
WHISPER LOW.

BY G. G. MBSAD.

When the gushing tear-drops flow,
Burning from the melting eye,
And the heart o'ercome with woe,
Upward swells with sorrow's sigh,
Kindly soothe the bosom's throes,
And the fountain gently dry—
Whisper low.

When the bright and healthful glow
From the cheek and brow has fled;
When the tears refuse to flow,
And the heart seems cold and dead;
Would you kindness then bestow—
Would you raise the drooping head—
Whisper low.

If your heart with passion glow,
And you long the tale to tell;
If you silent burn to know
How to wield love's magic spell,
Go where blushing roses grow,
And to her you love so well—
Whisper low.

Go where gentle waters flow,
In the calm, secluded vale,
When the stars of evening glow,
And the moon is shining pale;
There your vows with fervor pour
To the loved one, fair and frail,
Whisper low.

Whispers in the ear, you know,
Speak of feelings strong and deep,
As the winds of winter blow
With a wild and wailing sweep.
Then to rouse the heart from woe,
Or from love's ecstatic sleep—
Whisper low.

St. Louis, April, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Leaning on my arm, Lady Eugenia descended the stairs, and entered the ante-chamber. On seeing Richard, she retained the hand he extended, and inquired if he had had an explanation with Sir Wilford.

"A most complete understanding now exists, Lady Eugenia."

"Then you know my right to love you. I shall not be utterly desolate since I still have his son."

The next moment she had passed into the chamber, and we were alone.

"Dear Judith," said Richard, "what a strange experience this is! My whole life has been strange, however; but henceforth I shall no more feel the effects of hidden causes, and it may be that the future will recompense me for the past."

"I believe so—but explain this mysterious relationship; how impossible to realize you are not Angus Murray's child, and my cousin Richmond. The old days at Morton come to mind, and it almost seems as if we were boy and girl again, and the years since then a dream. I half expect to wake and find your head in my lap, as when we lounged away the evenings in the deep, moonlighted oriel of the library."

"How you used to spoil me," Richard replied, his eyes wearing the look of happy retrospection; and to think those hours will come again—oh, Judith, I am too blessed."

And he seated himself on a divan at my feet, placing my hands on his head, while he buried his face in the folds of my dress.

"After all, Richmond—for I must call you so sometimes—I am glad you are not any relation to me. You will seem more wholly my husband when I remember that you are only that."

"You were to have been mine before this, but it is better that this revelation should come before marriage, that I might never doubt the fullness of a love which cares not to look beyond the dear one for its excuse."

Just at this moment Lady Eugenia summoned us into the chamber. Sir Wilford was much changed, and rested heavily against the supporting pillows. Dr. Gray sat by the further side of the bed, while Lady Eugenia occupied a seat at the head, pale, and with marks of recent tears on her face. Richard and I took the outstretched hands of the dying man, who said, huskily:

"I have now made my peace with all whom I have wronged, and I find dying far pleasanter than living has been. Only a brief good-by, and all is over. I never thought to leave mourners, but instead of the lonely death-bed I have always pictured, I am surrounded by love and tenderness. Of you, Judith, I have nothing to request, save your acceptance of my prayers for your future happiness. I have that knowledge of your heart and mind, that renders any advice or directions which I can give, presumptuous, and any requirements useless. You will do all that is kind and wise, for you have borne your trials in that spirit. May you for many years repeat the pleasantest days of your life with Richard at Morton, and be spared to cherish and comfort him, till dutiful children shall soothe your dying moments, as you have mine."

After a short silence, he continued:
"Richard, may you long be spared to glory in so true a wife. May prosperity enable you to forgive the father who cursed you with existence, since the ban is removed while youth and buoyancy yet remain. I know your generous feelings, the devotion you would offer if my life could be spared; but since

that cannot be, transfer it, for my sake, to Lady Eugenia, who will amply recompense your kindness. Think of me sometimes—be warned of my mistakes, yet remember me as tenderly as possible, and if it be permitted to departed spirits, I will support you in all trials and dangers."

Lady Eugenia wiped his damp forehead, and, clasping her hand, he said:

"There is no need for further speech between us, dear friend. In this last hour we have cleared away all doubts and injuries. Would that we had done so before; but thank Heaven, we are at peace before I leave you, Eugenia."

Tears rushed to her eyes, and she hid her face on Sir Wilford's breast, while he feebly held her to his heart.

Richard was standing beside me, and I felt his arm tremble as I leaned on it for support. The next moment the encircling arm slid from Lady Eugenia, and its owner sunk more heavily against the pillows. She looked up, startled at the sunken features, and exclaimed:

"Wilford—speak to me."

A faint smile was all the answer.

"Oh! this is death!" she cried, "must I lose you? Wilford—can nothing save you?"

"You must be calm, Lady Eugenia," remonstrated Dr. Gray, coming forward with the only plea that would have weight at the time with her, "for the sake of us all—we suffer in witnessing your distress."

May I never again see such piteous, dumb agony as looked out from her beautiful eyes, and hovered around her parted lips.

Sir Wilford was now past any outward token of recognition. The film gathered over his lustrous vision, and the manly chest scarcely fluttered; we gazed as if spell-bound. Suddenly a low, quivering sigh, a statue-like repose—

"Sir Wilford has left us," said the doctor softly, glancing from the now inanimate form to the watch which he held; then stepping forward, he hastily added, "Lady Eugenia allow me to conduct you from the chamber for a short time."

These words were too late to prevent what he foresaw—they fell on unconscious ears. Before applying restoratives, her ladyship was carried to her own room, where I remained till the sense of her bereavement returned; then, amid the succeeding paroxysm of grief, I softly stole away.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had passed since Sir Wilford's death, and the agitation caused by the event of his illness had subsided sufficiently to allow some return to our old routine of calmness, especially as the strange episode was hidden from public knowledge, with the exception of my inheriting Sir Wilford's fortune.

"Judith," said Lady Eugenia, coming into my room just before dinner one day with a note in her hand, "I have invited Richard to dine with us, as I wish to settle some matters between you, and Mrs. Berkely will not be at home till late. But before he comes I wish to understand your mind fully, for you know, my dear, you have both agreed to regard me as a mother."

"I am but too happy, Lady Eugenia, to have you take so much interest in me," I replied, "and will certainly give all my thoughts to your inspection."

"Then let me ask you to delay your marriage, which was to have occurred long before this? You do not answer, but I know the reason. It is a needless delicacy, for much as I prize your society in this first period of mourning, when there is no other human being to whom I can speak freely with the consciousness of being understood, yet I greatly wish to see you and Richard united. My sorrow is not of that kind which is comforted by sacrifice, and I desire you will not refuse an immediate union."

I could only press the hand I held as token of my gratitude for this constant care and generosity toward me.

When we entered the drawing-room, Richard was already there, and never had I felt so proud of my love before. There was a subdued air and filial tenderness in his manner to Lady Eugenia that recalled his bearing toward his mother, and so identified him with old times, that I lived in the past, rather than the present, all that evening.

"Richard," said her ladyship, when we had settled ourselves for a long conversation in the soft summer twilight, "where do you intend spending the honeymoon?"

"I should expect, the very walls of Morton to cry out against me if I went elsewhere," he replied, "and I know it is Judith's wish to go there."

"And when are you going?—the loveliest season is fast passing."

"Judith must decide that."

"She authorizes me to appoint the third day from this," replied Lady Eugenia, making a sign for me not to interpose; "and you must leave for Morton directly after the ceremony."

"If you are lonely at any time, there will always be a place in our hearts and home for you," said Richard.

"I anticipate great comfort in visiting you, and some months hence will do so—if you are not away, at Christmas, perhaps."

Thus building plans for the future, we were un- aware of the lateness of the hour, till Mrs. Berkely returned, and Richard departed.

On learning the agreement for a quiet wedding, Mrs. Berkely declared that every occasion was eagerly sought to outrage her feelings. She had thought it was bad enough to have me marry a commoner, but had hoped to get that overlooked by judicious display at the nuptials. Now she dared say, instead of moire, lace, orange flowers, bridal cortège and breakfast, I would go to some poky little church, heathenishly early in the morning, looking raw and

frozen, where a snuffling old rector would mumble over the service, while I stood in a quaker travelling dress—conducting the whole affair as if I were very much ashamed of myself, and hoped to hush all remembrance as quickly as possible.

It was out of the question not to be amused at her injured vehemence, but Lady Eugenia replied with a smile that I was going to wear white, and be married by special license in her drawing-room.

Oh! then I was not really going to conduct so scandalously as she had feared—had I any objections to a few guests?

I answered that most decidedly I had.

"Well, I shan't waste any more words with you," rejoined the widow, "only I must say that if I were young and handsome, and as proud of a man as you are of Captain Yarrington, I should make some little display."

"Poor Jennie!" said Lady Eugenia, soothingly, "ever since she cheated herself out of pomp and show by that trip to Gretna with the elegant Augustus Berkely, she has ached to thrust her wasted opportunity on others."

Blushing and laughing, the subject of this sketch acknowledged it was useless for one to contend against two, and left us to enjoy our victory in quiet.

Engrossed as we were with preparations, the appointed time came swiftly round, and with only those who were nearest to my heart about me, I made the great change of my life, and I could not but believe that henceforth a brighter, clearer path was before me.

"Dear Judith," whispered Lady Eugenia, as she bade me God speed on my journey to Morton, "I can not say some things that you ought to know, but in this letter you will find a full explanation of what will enable you to understand me without prejudice to those who are mentioned in its pages. I know it would be hard for Richard to tell you these facts, yet he thinks you should be acquainted with them, and I am thankful it is in my power to relieve him. Good-by, dear child, and may you be as happy as my heart desires."

Mrs. Berkely, too, bade me farewell with tears in her eyes, and as I whirled away from the square, I realized more fully than ever that my life was changed, and that I was dependent henceforth on the being beside me.

CHAPTER XII.

It would be difficult to say whether joy or surprise predominated at Morton Manor, when it was clearly understood that two such pieces of good fortune had occurred as the return of the heir, and my humble self as his wife. The only drawbacks in their opinion, were, that the name of Murray was gone, and that the wedding had not taken place at the village church with the customary celebration.

Again I sat in the dim old library, the honey-suckle tossing its clusters through the windows in a perfect frolicsome luxuriance. Richard gathered some sprays and twined them in my hair, their fragrance mingling with the song of birds, and the fresh morning breeze that stirred the quivering aspens, until the floor was one checker of flickering light and shadow.

"There," said my husband gaily, "you look like a Flora—a rural queen. Ah, Judith! fate is fate, and when we think we have slyly given her the slip, we discover we are blinded by the very meshes she has just thrown triumphantly around us. There was no need, dear, to strive so hard to escape being mistress of Morton—it was a clear case of 'Love's Labor Lost.'"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, startled by a peculiar significance in his voice.

"Judith, never hope to hide your generous deeds from me; by meaning is, that the Manor is yours as much as if you had accepted it when first offered by another; but love, not law, has restored your right."

"Richard! was it you whose face I saw that night when I watched with aunt?"

"Yes. Your letter summoning me, if I would see my mother alive, nearly crazed me. I feared I should arrive too late, and how slow my progress home seemed. The late train left me at the nearest station not far from midnight, and despairing of finding any conveyance in that desolate spot, I set out on foot for the Manor, in the furious storm. As I walked up the avenue, the light in my mother's room reassured me. Just as I was on the point of rousing some one to admit me, you opened a window, and before I could speak, were gone. A strange impulse seized me—a desire to witness my mother for a few minutes unseen. I also dreaded to disturb her by loudly announcing my arrival, as I must do to arrest the attention of servants. The old elm that shaded the window would aid my wish, and I quickly mounted to its lower limbs, which commanded a view of the sick room. No words can describe the shock I experienced at the spectacle. Since my correspondence with mother had ceased, I had no means of hearing from Morton. Intuitively I comprehended the austere change in her life by the utter absence of attendants save yourself, and a nameless air of severity surrounding every object, which I was certain did not proceed from poverty, unless self-imposed. Even as I looked, those cruel words were spoken, which convinced me that there was no relenting toward me. I could not invoke a curse by discovering myself, and I was constrained to hear what made me heart-sick."

"In speechless agony I witnessed all. It seemed some impossible dream, and my sensibilities were partially benumbed. I was in a bewildered stupor until awakened by your singular movements. With feverish eagerness I saw you take the will from the desk again, and destroy it. As you rose, you caught sight of my haggard face, and wishing above all things to avoid recognition, I hastily ascended a

few branches, so that when you reached the window, there was no token of my neighborhood."

"Oh, Richard!" I exclaimed, relieved to learn that it was he who held my secret; "yet the whole figure was unlike you before or since our meeting as strangers."

"Very true. But I was haggard from fatigue and grief. My person was neglected, and the wind had disheveled my hair, which I then wore long."

"I thought you an apparition, for, as I always reasoned, you were more like an old-time cavalier in appearance, than anything more modern."

"Yes, my large travelling cloak and Hungarian hat were un-English, but not peculiar at that time in Europe."

"And it was you, also, in the picture-gallery. Why were you there by stealth? Why did you not make your return public?"

"Because I was wretched. My only object in coming was defeated, and I would not have taken the Manor against my mother's expressed wishes for any consideration. I determined that if you would not accept it from me, I would never see it again, but will it to you myself, so that you would not evade ownership. Yet I could not at once quit the old place, or still the craving to see you. Sometimes the impulse was almost irresistible to declare my presence, and receive the sympathy which I was so much in need of; but after obtaining the solace of that family group of portraits, I dared not trust my self-control longer, but left the place immediately."

"But you came once more—in the room where I slept the night after."

"I do not understand you, Judith."

"Who could it be?" I exclaimed, and related the circumstances of the stranger's visit.

"Sir Wilford, of course; the miniature you saw on that man's neck was in his possession at the time of our misunderstanding; and in the papers he gave me, as proof of his statements concerning me, you shall find some allusion to the adventure. Would you like to see them?"

"I have not asked any solution of the mystery that has surrounded you heretofore; but since you desire I should understand it, I am happy to receive your confidence."

"Here, then, you shall sit and read the full account; I will bring you the papers, and then leave them to tell their own story."

So saying, he went from the room, and presently returned with a journal and letters, which, having placed before me with the words, "Recollect, Judith, the memory of the dead is sacred," he stepped on to the lawn through the French window, and I was at liberty to read undisturbed.

A note in Sir Wilford's handwriting, to Richard, stated that having received a letter from Mrs. Murray a short time before her death, in which she requested he would obtain possession of manuscripts too important for careless eyes to see, he had, knowing the location of the room where they were, taken the quietest method to procure them.

I opened the journal; it was my aunt's, and dated far back, before the existence of Richard or myself. The first record was at the beginning of Christmas holidays at Morton, when the gaiety which so suited her then was maintained. Among the guests were the names of Sir Wilford and Lady Eugenia Meredith, strangers, but invited with their hostess, who was a neighbor and intimate friend of my aunt's. It was doubtless during this visit that Sir Wilford learned the plan of the house sufficiently to enter and collect the evidences of Richard's parentage after her death.

Nothing of special interest occurred until the autumn following. Then came the season of my aunt's appearance in fashionable life, as an acknowledged beauty and wit, and the frank confessions of her pleasure in this adulteration had a singular effect on me—the pages yellow with age, the characters mostly long since deceased, and the brilliant image conjured up by description and recorded compliment, now but a handful of dust, as it were, in Morton churchyard!

Extracts from the diary will explain better than I can the course of events resulting so strangely and unhappily.

Oct. 2.—Again I meet with Sir Wilford. Lady Eugenia, he tells me, is ill. How lovely she is, and so charming, yet her husband displays little pride in mentioning her. I fancy they are not very well content; but, then, any symptom of affection is considered vulgar among fashionable people; one would think every married couple were endeavoring to demonstrate their exceeding indifference and even personal dislike to each other. Poor Mr. Murray! he does not take kindly to this custom, and indeed it is ridiculous.

Oct. 5.—Notwithstanding my fling at the affectations of high life, I must confess my convenience, and since I have availed myself of them, must acknowledge my obligations. How much I was indebted to Sir Wilford's careful attention to-day, during our excursion to Richmond, for my pleasure in the trip. Now if it were orthodox to wait on one's wife and nobody else, I should have been forlorn enough, and should continue so till his return from the business trip to Morton. But really, so many contend for a place in my service, that I am better supplied than ever, as my husband's grave manner keeps them at a distance generally. To be sure, Sir Wilford is rather more privileged, for, as Angus says, "He is a person whose character we know," and while Lady Eugenia is unable to join us, is at liberty to make himself useful.

Oct. 9.—It is truly said, "Let no man be certain of anything but uncertainty." I would not have believed I would do such a thing as waltz in public; not that I imagine it is any worse for me to do so than for others; but Mr. Murray is so averse to "such exhibitions," as he calls them, that the dance has been "taboo" to me.

Indeed I scarce know how it all happened. But every one was taking part, and when I replied to Sir Wilford's invitation, that my husband thought it objectionable and immoral, he said with that peculiar manner of his, so irritating and yet overwhelming—

"For heaven's sake, my dear lady, speak low; your social reputation would be ruined if you were to be overheard. Morality is punishable with ostracism here, and, indeed, I cannot wonder it is so, if that graceful exercise is without its pale. Look, how beautifully those circling figures wave to and fro, and can you resist that bewitching *Deux Temps*?"

Just at that instant the band struck up one of the most inspiring strains, and it would have taught a savage of itself. I knew that I waltzed finely, that my companion was accounted equal to a foreigner in the exercise, vanity tempted me, and my senses were bewitched by the exhilaration of the time, place and circumstances. Doubtless Sir Wilford saw my hesitation, for I continued standing, and the first I knew, his arm was around my waist, and we were in the circle; it was impossible to retreat now, and in a few rounds all reluctance disappeared.

I was conscious of murmurs of admiration as we flew past groups of spectators, and Sir Wilford was congratulating me on my independence when I discovered we were the only couple left on the floor.

"Let us go!" I whispered, terrified, to my partner;

"I cannot, indeed I cannot continue."

Instantly Sir Wilford led me to a little nook apart from the crowded rooms, and quite deserted; I was in a strange state of mind—I sank into a seat, and after struggling vainly to conquer my nervous agitation, burst into tears!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Baby Culture.

A mother who has evidently acquired experience in this most important science, writes as follows, from New Haven to the American Agriculturist:

"How are the most of babies treated? Are they not smothered in blankets, kept in warm rooms, and cool fresh air avoided as if it were a pestilence? Do they not worry and cry for this very want?—and then does n't nurse come to helpless mamma and insist that the little creature is hungry, though nursed but a short time before? Then, hungry or not, its cries are stilled with food it does not need, bona fide pain comes, diseases often follow in dire succession, and mother and nurse are well worn out before many days with such a worrying child. Who would not worry under such treatment? Babies appreciate oxygen thoroughly, and there would not be so many 'terrible infants,' were there more of it in sleeping and living apartments.

Well, to be practical, and 'give my experience,' which consists, at the present time, of as healthy specimens of boys and girls as ever made parents' hearts brim full of thankfulness. I have pursued from their birth undeviating regularity in sleep, food and out-door life—nothing but downright rain preventing the latter. Mothers tell me, 'Oh, it's a very good way, if you can only carry it out; but—I can't.' Well, if children are not worth self-denial; if they are not better than calls, or company, or visiting, then they must go to the servants; but to those warm mother hearts which made light of all fatigue and care for the sake of the baby—who accept the sweet task committed to their hands by a Heavenly Father, how much better to have the key of sunny faces and joyous tripping laughter, than wry faces and shrieks 'that make night hideous.' If a child is born healthy, all it needs to thrive is the carrying out of simple, natural laws. For the first few weeks, every two hours is often enough for nursing, after that once in three. It will then be regularly hungry and regularly satisfied; if it cries, you will know it is not hungry, and its stomach will never be overloaded.

Let it sleep in a crib by your side—never with you; then sleep is longer, sweeter, more refreshing. Never wake a child—no, not to show it to the Queen of England. Wrap it well, all but the face, and take it daily into the purest air you can find. Let its baths be not decidedly cold water, and before nursing, and then another nice nap will follow. As it grows a few months older, keep it out of doors half the time, and in summer its best naps will be under the broad roof of heaven; and in winter don't stop for cold, but wrapped up like a perfect mummy, out with baby, and if you want to see the little one's cheeks take on the rose, let it feel the splendid tonic in a sharp north-wester; and it will smile at the snow flakes as they softly melt on its velvet cheeks, and grow daily so strong and fat and happy, that the little life will be one continual hymn of praises to God for its own existence.

The observance of regular hours for the morning and afternoon naps, and laying the child in its crib wide awake, when the time comes, is of the greatest importance. It all turns on commencing right, and then there's no trouble. How infinitely better to lay a laughing, playing creature, with a good night kiss, to sleep its healthful sleep, than the common rocking and hushing so often repeated, and in vain—or the watching by the bedside, or the leaving of a light to go to sleep by. Never reward a child for crying by giving the article desired; wait till it stops. Teach it to amuse itself often, and not require some one to be constantly shaking a rattle, or turning a window, but lay it on a bed or floor with a plaything; a slippage is an unfeeling amusement when all other objects fail. Lastly, always endeavor to have a serene, pleasant face when you nurse your child. Chameleon like, it is taking hues to its soul that color and shape it for life and eternity."

It is glorious for a man to endear himself to his country; to perform noble services to the community; to be the object of praise, veneration and love; but it is odious and detestable to be the object of public fear and execration."

LAY OF THE DESPAIRING.

BY CORA COLEMAN.

Wildly blow the breezes
With a wailing sound;
Downward plash the raindrops
On the thirsty ground;

Original Essays.

SPIRITS, AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCER.

ARTICLE TWO.

Is the work of cultivating man's human and divine nature so difficult, and does it involve such a profound knowledge of man's inner nature and of all the forces and influences which can affect it, that man himself is incompetent to perform it, and that therefore interior wisdom must undertake it?

To my mind, it is evident that the wisdom of the earth is not yet competent, knowingly and judiciously, to cultivate man's interior nature. Man is not even a competent cultivator of the human body; and his cultivation of the human mind is, to a great extent, mere guess-work—a blind experiment in the dark, with hardly a single well-established, clearly defined principle to guide him.

In this department of man's nature we hardly know what is health, and what is disease; what is normal, and what is abnormal. Indeed, it is rarely suspected even that diseased action may exist there, as well as in the body, or in the mind. Now, it is evident that the intelligence which does not know what is healthful and what is diseased action of man's life and loves—which does not know how to change life and love from an abnormal to a normal state—which knows nothing of the natural metamorphosis of life and love, cannot be a judicious, reliable cultivator of life and love.

Let any one suppose that I am mistaken, I will call for the world's science and skill in the cultivation of man's interior nature. Here is the miser, wedded to his gold and silver. How much of his love of gold and silver is healthy, and how much is the result of diseased action? How much that would be healthful in another, is an evidence of disease in him; or how much that would indicate disease in another, is healthful in him? If he is really diseased, how shall he be cured? If he is in health, how shall that health be preserved until the natural transition takes place, and his love of gold and silver are metamorphosed into a higher love? The world's wisdom says to the miser, under all circumstances, indiscriminately, whether of health or disease, "You must not love gold and silver." But he has been told that, over and over again; still he loves them. The world has preached against avarice from the foundation of the world; and still avarice reigns in the affections of as many as ever. Again the world's wisdom says to the miser, "To set your heart upon gold and silver, is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." How often and how long has that remedy been tried? Yet the miser still clings to his gold and silver, and believing himself on the road to perdition, perhaps, more parts with enough to purchase favor at his journey's end—does not change in his love, therefore, but only makes a speculation.

But here comes the lustful man. Who can care him, and how? But first tell me how much of lust is the result of healthy action, and how much is indicative of disease. Who is it that can penetrate this department of mystery, and as the members of the human family pass, one by one, before him, say to this one, "Yes, I see clearly; you are in health;" and to another, "Yes, I see clearly; you are diseased;" and thus reading each one, as clearly as the watchmaker would a watch, decide, with un-

erring certainty, what to do and what not to do in each particular case? The wisdom of the world says to lust, just as it says to avarice, "You must not do so; it is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." And this is said to lust, in all of its states, whether of disease or of health. The remedy has been tried for centuries; yet man's lust has not abated one jot or tittle.

But here come the revengeful man, and the jealous man, and the ambitious man, and men of wrath, cunning, deceit, and men of all shades and degrees of selfishness, and of all the different types of human love and affection. What can the wisdom of the world do for them? The wisdom of the world says to them all, as it said to lust and to avarice, "You must not do so; it is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." Then what does the wisdom of the world amount to? For all human states, whether of health, or of disease, it administers the same remedy—a panacea, indeed, if it is capable of removing disease from the diseased, of giving additional health to the healthy, and of promoting the sublime metamorphosis of the human nature into the divine nature. But the remedy is impotent. It has been tried, and has failed; for the world is still human in all of its loves and affections, as much so as it was centuries ago; and the divine natures of men and women yet slumber in the germinal state, as much as when Christ first announced and represented the divinity in man.

Then we need help from interior wisdom. We are getting it; but it is coming in ways that conflict with the world's wisdom; and, of course, turns upon the very army of workers that are sent to us by interior wisdom, and that are guided by interior wisdom to do for the world what the world is evidently incapable of doing for itself. I stand before the combined wisdom of the world, and ask it to take my case, and make of me all it is possible in the nature of things to make of me—to unfold all that is yet latent and germinal in me to the fullness of all its innate possibilities. The world's wisdom is compelled to confess its ignorance and its impotence, in the presence of such large demands; and it says to me, "How can I do that? I know not the germinal possibilities of the humblest plant, or of the most inferior animal; then how should I know the germinal possibilities of man's human and divine natures? I do not know the infallible science even of vegetable and animal hygiene; how then can I know the infallible science of human and divine hygiene? I cannot, with absolute certainty, take even a grain of wheat safely through all its phases of growth, and without the possibility of failure, keep its vegetable life, at all times, up to its highest standard; still less can I take man safely and unerringly through all the phases of his development, giving each its fullest and highest expression, and culminating in the matured divine nature." I turn, then, from the outer world to the interior; and with a confidence that there is a wisdom there which understands my case, and is competent to do all for me that can be done, I resign myself trustfully to it, willing that it shall do with me as in its judgment seems best.

But it may be asked, "Is it necessary that either men, or spirits should interfere with, or take any particular care of, man's human and divine natures? Will not these natures fare just as well, in the long run, to be left in the keeping of God, or of the principles of nature, without any especial care or cultivation from finite intelligences?"

This question we will consider in our next communication to the BANNER.

PROBLEM.

Can a medium infallibly identify a communicating spirit?

ANSWER.—Empirically speaking, sometimes Yes, and sometimes No. To decide the problem rationally, we must find out the law or laws that govern the case.

That it is possible for atoms and beings of all kinds to identify or find out other atoms and beings—and that this faculty or power is infallible within, and only within certain limits—is proved by all our knowledge of the entities of the mineral, vegetable and animal planes. There is not one exception to this rule within the whole circle of human experience; consequently, we have no right to assume that exceptions beyond that range, or anywhere, are either actual or possible.

But though the knowing power is universally possessed, no one finite being or entity possesses it in an unlimited degree; nor does an organism possess it in the same degree at all times. Thus a crystal in solution, or excited by heat or friction, is more discriminative than the same apparent substance in a solid or an unexcited state. The attractive and discriminating power of a tree is more lively and potent in summer than in winter. The power of scent in a dog is not always equally perfect. And, if we advance in the scale of being up to the spirit plane, the elements of mutability become still more numerous and complex.

I think I see one law, however, underlying and controlling the identifying faculty in all its phases and manifestations, viz., the Law of Use. The greater and truer the use, the more complete and reliable the faculty in all cases; and so great is the use of the discriminating power among the elements of air and water, that if atoms of oxygen could not discriminate between hydrogen and nitrogen, and vice versa, we should have, instead of air and water, only their elements in chaos, and vegetable and animal life would be wholly precluded from our planet—a catastrophe which is only prevented by endowing every atom of the three elements with the power of knowing and thus combining with the others infallibly; and we see accordingly that they never make a mistake—nor can they ever, so long as the Law of Use continues the highest law. Or, to take an illustration from a higher plane: if man could not distinguish his own and other beings' characteristics—could not tell his friend, or his wife, or his child, "from a side of sole-leather"—there could be no such thing as human intercourse, or human procreation, or human existence; wherefore, to admit that human beings really do exist, is to admit that they possess a power which, under the Law of Use, is indispensable to man's existence.

Now as every law is co-extensive with the plane it governs, as the law of gravitation extends to all matter, and the laws of geometry to all surfaces it follows that the Law of Use must extend to every part of the moral and spiritual planes, as well as to the planes below them. Consequently, that when a true and holy use requires that a communicating spirit should be known to his medium, or to the person addressed through the medium, then will such use be certainly consummated, in spite of all inferior powers. That when the use is only frivolous, or conjectural, the spirit may fail to make itself truly known, or the medium may easily be mistaken as to its personality. And that the degree of certainty or reliability, in all such matters,

will depend partly upon the importance of certainty to the recipient mind, and partly upon the diligence and fairness with which the recipient shall seek the truth—certainty being of no real use to those who are too lazy to seek it, or too stupid to value it, or too irrational to seek it in a rational way.

LA-100-100.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS AT NATICK, CONTINUED.—JONAH COMES FORTH.—NINEVAH SHAKEN.—BEDLAM LET LOOSE, AND THE SPIRITS COMMANDED TO EXHIBIT THEIR POWER.—THE SHEPHERD SMITTEN, AND THE FLOCK SCATTERED.—NOTE: MANIFESTATION WITNESSED BY MY WIFE AT MR. FELTON'S HOTEL, MILFORD, MASS.—ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO EXHIBIT IN SCHOOLHOUSE HALL, NATICK.—JONAH AND HIS FAMILIAR SPIRITS.—JONAH COMES NEAR BEING INCARCERATED IN THE WHALE'S BELLY BY A CIVIL OFFICER.

The conduct of the Jonah—noticed in my last Chapter—in his connection with the Davenport Boys at Natick, is beneath notice; and I should not notice him, were it not that the opponents of Spiritualism here, flatter themselves that a death-blow was given by him; and that the reader may see whether under the circumstances, the demonstrations were, or were not a failure. He had a great deal to say about conditions; as though no conditions were necessary. And that if spirits could manifest themselves at all, they could do so under all and every condition that might happen. And he knew, too, full well, that his strength lay in promoting discord and confusion; and for this I never saw a man better adapted.

Notwithstanding the conditions on which the Boys consented to come to Natick were violated at the outset, yet they consented to go on. A committee of two was chosen to tie them. Both had been sailors, and they had the privilege of tying them just as they pleased. They commenced their work. The cord used was small, terse, and about as large as a pipe-stem. Soon after they began to tie them, Mr. Rand discovered that they were daubing the rope with paint. He considered this under the circumstance an insult, and said the paint must be removed, or he should not proceed.

Although it was understood by Mr. Rand and the Boys that this was to be a circle only of friends, yet Mr. Bly and his clique had managed to select the committee. No one objected to having the boys tied as thoroughly as possible; but every one had a right to expect that they would be treated with common decency.

After some words, the paint was removed and the Boys were tied—the committee declared, as thoroughly as it was in their power to tie them. The Boys were seated on a bench punctured with holes, at a distance of three or four feet apart. Their hands were tied behind them, and the cord was wound around their arms several times, fastening them firmly behind them. Their legs were also tied together; and to complete the whole, the rope was passed through the holes, and thus they were made fast to the bench.

The committee being satisfied that they had tied them as firmly as it was in their power to tie them, others were asked to come forward to the box, and see for themselves the condition of the Boys and the box.

Musical instruments hung in different positions around the box out of the reach of the Boys. Everything being ready—to the satisfaction of the committee—the door was now closed. Mr. Rand holding a match in one hand, and the hand of another gentleman with the other, extinguished the light. Almost instantaneously after the light was extinguished, the musical instruments were heard being played upon. Soon after a grum voice was also heard, coming out from the box, saying: "Light! light!"

Mr. Rand now lighted the lamp. The box was examined, and the Boys were found securely tied just as they had been left. Again the light was extinguished, and immediately we heard the rattling of the ropes inside of the box. In about fifteen minutes more, we heard the same grum voice calling out: "Open the door!"

The lamp was again lighted, and the door was opened, and the Boys were found free. I say "in about fifteen minutes"—I think the time was noted by some one in the audience—and stated to be between fifteen and twenty minutes. And I think it was also stated that they were tied with about fifteen feet of cord.

In response to a remark from Mr. Rand, that the manifestations for some cause did not proceed as he should like, the ghost of Jonah appeared, rising up in the audience, and a voice was heard proceeding out of the whale's belly, saying:

"The reason is obvious—A Jonah is here!"

At the mention of Jonah, Ninevah began to quake! Bedlam was let loose—and "confusion ran riot!"

I was never in so noisy a gathering of any kind. Jonah and his kindred spirits came to promote confusion, and to break up the circle, and they succeeded. Some called for Bly, and some for the Davenport Boys. And the rabble demanded that the spirits should go on. Another suggested that Jonah himself should go into the box and be tied. Ira, the eldest of the Boys, stepping out on to the platform, holding in his hand a piece of cord about three feet in length, proposed to tie the Jonah with that, so fast that he would never get away without aid. But Jonah was too wise to submit to his tying that night.

After a good deal of angry discussion, the meeting broke up. The shepherd was smitten, and the sheep scattered. The cry of humbug was raised louder than ever. And, I am sorry to be under the necessity of recording it, the Spiritualists in this place, with a very few exceptions indeed, joined in the cry. And there were those, too, that joined in this cry, who know—if they had been influenced as they claim that they have—that under the conditions made in that circle, it was unreasonable to look for anything like a satisfactory manifestation from spirits. These must acknowledge one of two things, viz: That they have never experienced what they claim, and have themselves been humbugging community, or else they had no right to expect any successful manifestation from spirits, through the mediumship of the Davenport Boys, under any conditions that were afforded them, while they stopped in Natick. I saw nothing while they were here to convince me that they were trying to deceive others or practicing upon the credulity of community.

The manifestations, as far as they went—as the reader cannot fail to see—were not a failure. If there was any failure at all, it was in the spirits (as they claimed) refusing to go on in that noisy rabble. I am not advocating the cause of Mr. Rand nor the

Boys. I do not know where any of them are; neither have they any knowledge of my intentions in writing this. I am simply aiming to relate facts as they have passed under my observation, desiring to do justice to all.

After the meeting, that evening, the Boys were treated with marked neglect; and even, in a few instances, received open insult. Mr. Rand seemed to feel bad. He said he knew the boys were true, and he hoped to have an opportunity to satisfy the people of Natick of that fact, by reliable tests, which he and others had witnessed.

Although it was apparent to myself and others, that any further attempt to hold a meeting in this place would not be likely to result in good, yet Mr. Rand determined to try it again. Accordingly, the next morning he gave public notice for an exhibition in the school-house hall that evening. In the forenoon he also gave a private exhibition at the Spiritualist's hall. The room was well filled, and the Boys were tied, if possible, tighter than on the evening previous. One of the gentlemen who tied them, on this occasion, had also been a sailor. He said he tied Ira as securely as it was possible for him to be tied. So tight was he tied, around the wrist, that a deep dent was made in the skin, the size of the cord, which remained hours afterward. I saw it twenty-four hours after, and asked Ira why he submitted to be tied in that manner?

"I wanted them to be satisfied!" was his reply.

But they were not satisfied. And I doubt whether any amount of testimony, or phenomena, would have satisfied some of them. As soon as they were tied, others were asked to examine the condition of the box. Before the door was fairly closed, the instruments in the box were played upon. The door was again opened, and the Boys were found tied just as the committee had left them. The door was closed again; and in thirty minutes or less it was re-opened, and the boys were free.

The cord was thoroughly examined, to see that it had not been cut; but it was found to be in the same condition that it was before the Boys were tied.

At the commencement of the exhibition that evening, Mr. Rand stated that the order would be changed, and that the Boys would be tied by the spirits. But Jonah was in the hall; as also his "familiar spirits." No sooner were the lights extinguished, than there was confusion all over the hall. A voice from the box called for light. A light was produced, and Mr. Rand stepping upon the stage, requested the audience to keep quiet and let the manifestations proceed.

Three times he made this request. Was the request unreasoned? Let those who profess to understand the conditions of spirit manifestations, and who so freely denounced the Davenport Boys as humbugs, simply because they failed to satisfy their most unreasonable demands that evening, answer this question. There were those present, it is true, who did all in their power to maintain order.

Around Jonah, his familiar spirits had gathered; and repeatedly he was requested to keep quiet; but it was of no avail. As soon as the lights were out, all kinds of noises were heard. Peppermints, nuts, and other things were thrown upon the stage. After lighting the lamp for the third time, Mr. Rand announced that there would be no further attempt to exhibit that evening.

Jonah now appeared to the audience in a visible form. A gentleman present, who was anxious that the manifestations should proceed, tried to quiet him; but he immediately put himself in an attitude for a fight. But as it happened, police officers had been engaged, and were present, (but of course could not act when the lights were out). One of them stepping up to Jonah, requested him to take his seat, and keep quiet. But his response was:

"Who are you?"

The officer, putting his hand upon him, replied: "You take your seat, sir, and keep quiet, or else you will find out who I am! You will have to go with me to the lock-up!"

Jonah, finding himself in the hand of an officer, was glad to take his seat. He did not exactly relish being the second time incarcerated in the whale's belly.

I have given, in as impartial a manner as possible, the circumstances,—which it is boasted here have been the overthrow of Spiritualism—as they passed under my observation. It is true, we have not held regular meetings since; but there are those here who, in my opinion, are as firm in the belief of spirit manifestations as ever, and would be glad to see the work progressing in this place, and are ready as ever to receive the evidence of the future existence of the Immortal Spirit. Whether, under all the circumstances, the demonstrations through the mediumship of the Davenport Boys, were, or were not a failure, the reader must be his own judge.

In this connection, I have refrained from expressing my opinion of the genuineness of the manifestations witnessed through the mediumship of these Boys; but in some future article I may give you some testimony from reliable sources that will be hard to contradict or disprove. I will say, however, I have seen nothing to convince me that they are not true.

The Sunday following, my wife was present at a sitting in the parlor of Mr. Felton's Hotel, in Milford, Mass. She says: "There were present about twenty individuals. Among the number was Mr. Felton and family, the committee who tied them in the Town Hall, Milford, the Saturday evening previous; and also, Mr. Berry, who tied Ira on the occasion alluded to above. The Boys were placed in the box, and also the rope. The door was shut and locked, and the lights were put out. In about ten minutes, at the longest, a voice inside called, 'Light! light!'"

A light was then produced, and the door was opened, and the boys were found—Mr. Berry and the committee who tied them in Milford say—tied as securely as they tied them.—It takes the committee usually about three-fourths of an hour to tie them; but in this instance they were tied in ten minutes, or less.—The lights were again extinguished, and immediately different musical instruments were played upon inside the box, and different tunes were also played. A hand was also plainly seen coming out from the box. As soon as the music ceased, the box was again opened, and the boys were found as they were left—securely tied."

Is Christ on Earth?

I have some misgivings, Messrs. Editors, whether I should relate to you, for publication, what I witnessed at a seance with Mrs. Kirkham on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th of March, and yet I do not know why I should withhold it.

I had been addressed by two of my family, and then by an unknown voice, who intimated that he had been many years in spirit-life, and had come to earth to infuse into the hearts of Spiritualists a more Christ-like feeling, and denounced those who treated the Bible as an ordinary book, as "false teachers," &c. After him the countenance of the medium assumed a wonderful repose—the exhortation to a higher life that followed, was uttered in a low, but distinct voice; and then, I did not doubt the love of my heavenly Father, but in my agony of mind, I prayed, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, but not my will, but thine, be done."

I asked, Do you speak in the first person? No

answer was given, but the voice repeated, I prayed to my Heavenly Father—"Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me; but not mine, but thy will be done." And when on the cross, I prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And then was personated the crucifixion—the arms extended, the head at first thrown back, and the countenance exhibiting intense agony. Gradually, it lost its painful expression—the head fell upon one side, and life was apparently extinct. The personation lasted two or three minutes, and during it, a voice came to me from another part of the room, subdued, but clear and distinct—"Christ is present."

I have no comments to make, except, that during the personation, the medium seemed to have lost her identity; she did not appear like herself, and was weakened several days by the personation.

PAUL PAX.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I sent it to my friend, through whose wife "Revelations," and "Further Revelations from the Spirit-World" were made, and the following are extracts from the circle to whom it was submitted.

"My friend, Christ's spirit comes to every one who seeks him in the right way." "If the circle your friend speaks of, was in that frame of mind, that the Saviour could sympathize with, he no doubt was there."

We do not mean to say that Christ was present in the room, but that if the circle was in harmony, he would send down his influence, and if the peculiar kind of manifestation was needed to meet the plane of the circle, there was no reason why the scene on the cross should not have been enacted."

Inebriety and Total Abstinence.

In reply to my friend and brother, "Paul Pry," I would say, that I fully comprehend his answer to my note on his article headed, "Inebriety and Total Abstinence;" and that I may not have entirely understood his meaning, or the extent to which he intended his opinion to apply in said article; but permit me to say that, from the kindness so manifest in the answer in question, I am now fully of the opinion that it did not find its way to your press through the "printer's devil," or any other devil; but, whether right or wrong, it was the offspring of pure thought and intention on his part, and published for a supposed good end, on the part of the editor. So let it rest, and hope for good results. But permit me to say, that I have seen, felt, and associated so much and long with the article called rum, (I mean all that will cause drunkenness) that I am most sensitive when I see it, or its effects, treated lightly, or a name given it less than the one given by Cassio, viz., "Devil"; for, from much experience in all its phases, I can but look on it and its effects, as an instrument and end, not one whit less terrible than even a Calvinistic Devil, or a Spiritualist's Hell, both of which are supremely bad in themselves, and should be avoided, if possible, and dreaded either in approach, progress or end. For one moment contemplate the fate of him, who has literally wallowed through the course of rum in earth-life, to be haunted and beset by its entailed curse in the spirit-world. Can the human mind fix itself on a more terrible fate here, or anticipate a more exorcising fate or hell hereafter?—from both of which may the infinite mind deliver us! Rum and its results is a subject to which my mind has been called into active service, and against which I have thrown all my powers for the last five months, and I cannot look on it as anything less than the greatest curse that does or can inflict or affect the human race.

Where would the human race have not stood, or to what height not have arrived in the scale of intellectual advancement and physical endurance; had it not been for rum, and its concomitant or kindred associates? With a mind free to act, and a will to acquire greatness; with no motive to step aside, or allure to detain; with an eye single, and steadfastly fixed on intellectual and physical advancement; with a mind to grasp, and memory to retain all that can improve—I say where would not the human race have stood, or to what height not have arrived, in the order of God's intellectual or physical creation, had his progress not been retarded, and his aspirations frustrated and wrongly directed by the intoxicating cup? All, or nearly all, have been more or less influenced by its allurements. All, or nearly all, have shared in its poison; its footholds may be traced from the diadem of the palace to the rags and want of the destitute hovel; its ruin may be traced from the loftiest philosophical mind, to the lowest and least appreciated of human intelligence. Its venom has entered the avenues and arteries of most all associated humanity, and dimmed, if not destroyed, the brightest of intellects. The strongest form has shrank beneath its pressure; and the fairest figure shriveled in contact with its touch. All, yea, all, have shared in its course, and stood agnost at its power over the human body and mind. Now, if all this be true, (and I fully believe it) have not the well wishers of our race reason to condemn it and its use in the strongest terms? In fact, I would ask brother "Pry," can language be found sufficiently strong to meet the necessity of the case?—and should not all means be used to effect a cure? I will not pretend to defend the self-righteous, neither the moderate drinker, in their Pharisaical condemnation of the drunkard; but the subject is so vast, and the means to be used so diversified, we should tread lightly, and condemn with caution, when we come in contact with, and administer to those who are striving to cure the infectious disease.

Pardon me for the length of this letter; but I feel that I could not say less, and have my say on the subject. In all reforms I am with you.

Yours respectfully,

New York City.

JOHN DR. CLUZ.

Intelligence is Free Agency.

I desire to impart a thought, which has been suggested by reading the discussion from week to week of the Boston Spiritual Conference, on the question of Fate and Free Agency. I would suggest that man stands, in principle, in the elements; and of course he stands thus undeveloped, awaiting unfoldment. The Almighty cause, will, and power elements, move forward the mass of elementary principles, to their grand destination, irresistibly; and as intelligence is his only element of freedom, being light to see by, &c., the man-principle is alone intelligence, when it is carried out to its ultimate. Therefore man, though circumscribed in the process of his unfolding and development, is set free to exercise his cause, will, and power elements, (for man is an element throughout his whole being,) just in proportion to the amount of intelligence he can exercise. Consequently I would ask this question, What is intelligence but cause, will and power, combined in one element?

Man, know thyself—learn the laws of thy being. When this lesson is accomplished, thou wilt then know who governs the universe. JOHN R. ROBINSON.

Dundas, Ill.

Something to Think of.

It strikes many people with astonishment in these latter times, as well it may, that men do not as yet come up before the people who promise to be equal to the present emergency, just as they always have in past crises in the affairs of nations.

And yet there is a ready solution for all this. The present generation of men, who are recognized as the men of the time, were bred and educated to believe, first, that money was the highest standard of merit and worth, or, second, that political success was, and between these two stools all our so-called "leading men" of the present day are pretty likely to come to the ground.

The May Anniversaries.

About holding the usual Anniversaries in New York, which have been deferred for the present year, the New York Herald says:—"Apart from the decline of the religious zeal which used thus to manifest itself, the anniversaries have this year to contend with the popular excitement occasioned by the momentous events now transpiring throughout the country.

It is impossible that a large community of people like our own can withdraw their attention from the seat of war, to quietly listen to reports of tract societies, and such like, even if they had the means and the will to contribute to the support of such institutions.

Mrs. Mary Macomber.

A gentleman who listened to Mrs. Macomber's lecture last Sunday evening, remarked, that "she must be a scholar of no ordinary attainments." We doubt not that many who have listened to the deep and clear strains of eloquence that have been poured forth from her lips, have the same impressions; while the facts are the reverse.

Western Virginia.

The recent demonstrations to the west of the Blue Ridge, in Western Virginia, designed to erect another State on the soil of "old Virginia," to be named "New Virginia," tend to throw a new element into the complications of present affairs, and to make it still more problematical where we shall all come out in the end.

Fallen Women.

We learn that the movement in London for the reformation of fallen women, has been attended with remarkable results. Similar means have been adopted in other large cities of Great Britain, with success. In Glasgow, over two hundred have been received in the Refuge and provided with employment, mainly through the efforts of a single lady, who devoted herself to this work; and many more have applied, but have been rejected, for want of means for their support.

Lectures at Allston Hall.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak at Allston Hall next Sabbath, the 26th inst., after noon and evening, and these will be the last lectures of the season before the Spiritualists of Boston.

Odd Fellowship and Secession.

One of the virtues of this noble Order is shown by the following extract from a letter from Capt. Sampson, of the Washington Light Guard, of Boston, now in the Federal service, to his brothers of Tromont Lodge, in this city:

"It may be interesting to you to know that my colleague, Brother Dike, commander of the Stoneham Light Infantry—Company L of this Regiment—who was badly wounded during the affray at Ballimore, was taken to their homes, hospitably entertained, and kindly cared for, by members of our noble Order, notwithstanding the fact that they were Secessionists."

The Varieties of the Races.

This week we resume the publication of Dr. Layton's lectures. The third of the series, with the above caption, is on the third page of the present number of the Banner. It exhibits great study on the part of the Doctor, and gives facts such as have taken nearly a lifetime to collect. By all means, read it.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

There has been a religious war, almost, in Newfoundland. At the legislative election on the 2d inst. a liberal mob in Harbor Grace showed itself very illiberal toward Protestants, demolishing their property, destroying a newspaper, and driving the editor—a Yankee—to take refuge in the garrison. It was only when threatened with artillery practice that the rioters dispersed. In another town, two men were killed and six wounded, by a political mob; the election was forced, and regularly elected candidates retired under threats of violence.

The \$10,000,000 loan bills have passed both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature.

LITTLE DOLLIE DUTTON.—This little "Queen of the Fairies" will commence her lectures in Boston next Thursday evening, May 23d, at Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. She is accompanied by a corps of performers, who give a pleasing variety of her entertainments.

S. PHELPS LELAND will speak at Sturgis, Mich., June 9th; at Brushy Prairie, Ind., June 16th and 16th; at South Kirkland, Ohio, June 22d and 23d; at Adrian, Mich., July 21st and 28th. Friends in the East, desiring his services on Sundays, will please write soon. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

There is philosophy in the remark, that every man has in his own life, follies enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

Henry Ward Beecher sends a son to the war as Second Lieutenant of one of the companies of the "Brooklyn Phalanx."

David H. Todd, of Kentucky, brother-in-law of President Lincoln, has received an appointment as First Lieutenant in the Confederate army.

We understand Gov. John Pierpont has tendered his services to the Governor of this State as Chaplain to one of the Massachusetts Regiments. We hope Governor Andrew will commission him for this duty. He is the man for the place.

A young lady in Brandon, Ct., says if any young man who wishes to "embrace an opportunity" will come to Brandon he may do better.

SUICIDE AT CHELSEA.—Mrs. M. Leach, sixty years of age, and belonging in Newburyport, hung herself on Thursday morning at the residence of Mr. S. Jones, Chelsea, where she was visiting. The act is attributed to intense grief consequent upon learning that her son, who resides in New Orleans, had joined the rebel army.

The wife of a rich proprietor, residing at Cannstadt, in Wurttemberg, has just been safely delivered of four boys, who, with the mother, are doing well.

An exchange says that "an extraordinary case of absence of mind occurred on Saturday morning. A neighbor stepped into our reportorial sanctum on that day, and asked us—not to receive some mark of his 'distinguished consideration,' no!—but whether we could change a five-dollar bill! With our realizing sense that there is not so much change in this blessed world, the request was a cruel one; but we forgave the trespasser, if he can forgive himself."

A sedentary life spent in idleness, withers both body and mind at the same time.

A private letter received at New York from the South, says:—"The Northerners need have no expectations in regard to the bones of Washington. We will see they are not desecrated by the touch of abolition hands; they are our sacred inheritance."

"War is murder set to music." [Investigator, please comment.]

A real lady never gossips. She is too thoughtful, too amiable, too modest, too wise to gossip. Gossiping women are not womanly ladies.

We once heard an Englishman give his hostler orders as follows:—"Early, take the arse off the horse, slip the alter hover is ead, hand give in some ay hand some hoats."

Madame de Puisieux says: "Curiosity has ruined more young girls than love;" and Koehoborne remarks, that "daughters who wish to know too much about love, seldom lose time in wishing to practice it."

There is now but little doubt that Jeff. Davis will give his desert before he takes that dinner at the White House in Washington.

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought," that he was tied up, labelled and sent off on a "train of ideas."

The Brownsville (Texas) Sentinel says that large bodies of Mexicans are garrisoning the frontier towns. There is now no doubt that the Lone Star State will soon have lively times in looking after our Government troops, various tribes of merciless Indians, and predatory bands of Mexican soldiers.

Fire Low!—The Massachusetts soldiers, who fired at the Baltimore mob, aimed a little too high, and many of their shots went over the heads of the miscreants, or else five times the number killed would have bitten the dust from their bullets. Let this be remembered by all other Northern soldiers. Fire low! Put the lead right into the hearts of the traitors!

If a young lady was entering a convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of regret would you call it? An unavailing, (a-nun-a-vailing!) it is stated that 19,000 men are now organizing in this State, and anxious to be called into service.

To indulge our unrestrained and irrational appetites, is a kind of license which is mean and degrading; and it is always attended by repentance.

Anatomists say that a man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says Digby, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill I contracted in 1854—I ain't the man."

One of the meekest things we have heard of in the present crisis, is reported by members of our beloved Boston Light Artillery. On board the steam transport De Soto, the government stores were sold by the steward to the soldiers at the rate of twenty-five cents for a cup of tea, fifteen cents apiece for lemons, six cents for a glass of water, and other things in proportion.

Jo Cosc thinks, when the forces of the Union are all mustered, they will be ready to give the upstart rebels a thorough peppering.

The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stale egg at him, bawled out: "Sir, your motion is out of order!"

The Ohio Farmer, with the bold caption, "FARMERS, BE INDUSTRIOUS," says:

"We cannot too strongly urge on the farmers of Ohio, and the great grain-growing region of the United States, the absolute necessity of raising the largest crops possible. They should work early and late. Not a moment should be lost. They will have to feed an army of half a million of men for six months to come, and their labor will be well rewarded by 'war prices.' Work!"

The naturalist, Cuvier, so tradition saith, Descended to the infernal regions after death, And, straying in that dismal place, A demon meets him face to face, Commands him to kneel down before his feet, Or at a mouthful he would Cuvier eat.

The naturalist, nothing daunted, stands quite firm, And answers back the demon in his turn: "Horns! cloven-feet! graminivorous! you eat me? My friend, though I'm a stranger in this place, You can't fool me, after I've seen your face." A. F. P.

A wit says, Jeff. Davis's tears of repentance are private-tears, (privaters.)

The Investigator calls Spurgeon, the great London revivalist, "a furnace!" In one sense he would be useful here about this time, Digby thinks.

Prince Alfred of England was expected to arrive at Halifax on the 20th inst. It is Her Majesty's expressed wish that he shall not be recognized publicly as a member of the Royal Family, but simply as a midshipman, traveling for observation and pleasure.

It is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:

The first bird of Spring attempted to sing, But ere he had sounded a note, He fell from a limb—a dead bird he was him, The musk had friz in his throat!

Seven or eight men were buried by a land slide at the tunnel on the Vermont and Canada Railroad, on the 16th inst. One is dead, the others were rescued.

Hon. John Milton Earle, Indian Commissioner, states in his last report that the whole number of Indians in this State is 1610, there being 775 males, 829 females, and 378 families. The number of those between the ages of 5 and 21 is 732. The oldest person on the list is Thomas James, one of the Christians-town tribe, whose age is 83; and the oldest woman is Mehitabe Ames, one of the Gay Head tribe, who is 80 years old. What a small remnant of the powerful nation who, two hundred years ago, were the terror of the then scanty white population of the Province.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield has reduced his rates to one dollar for a communication, and gives his services to the poor on Saturdays, free of charge. This is a move in the right direction, and will be hailed with joy by many whose means are limited.

MARRIED.

At Charlestown, Mass., May 16th, by the Rev. Mr. Bartol, Hon. R. T. TALMADGE, of Andover, New York, to Mrs. CLEMENSINA S. MOORE, of Cornwall, New York.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Passed to spirit-land, from Byron, Michigan, March 15th 1861, EMMA FITZCO, aged 18 years. This true, generous-hearted child of nature, and lover of her truths, beauties and harmonies, was a medium through whom Heaven's vicissitudes delighted to administer whatever philosophy lent her rule, sickness brushed her spell of pain. In all the vicissitudes incident to an earth-life, she stood forth a living epistle of virtue, benevolence and charity. Her affable manner and courteous bearing won the regard and admiration of all who knew her. She cheerfully and bravely defended the progressive truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, and her sympathies and activities were always with those who were in the van of every reform designed to improve the human race. A highly intelligent and affectionate nature gave her a strong hold on a large circle of friends and relatives, who will recall with pride and satisfaction her exemplary life and endeavor to emulate it. She has left sorrowing parents, a kind and affectionate companion, and the hopes of a future happiness have been thus early blasted, we deeply sympathize with him in this sudden bereavement. As he has been made to realize that earthly pleasures are but momentary, may his remaining life here be a monument to her who has gone before, who had love and devotion sufficient to endure with fortitude the severest affliction. While the many sorrowing friends are deeply moved by this sad and unexpected bereavement, there is joy mingled with the grief, as some of our mortal sorrow and affliction is soled in the belief of spirit communion and immortality. Whilst to the parents we would say we know that with her it is well, to brothers and sisters, and all allied by consanguinity, we would say, we are glad that she has gone to her rest, as your sister still lives; so that you may, in your struggle through life in this sphere, feel her presence as a source of strength and consolation, and whilst holding sweet communion with her loving spirit, you will behold her presence in the midst of our trials, and receive the joys that awaited her there. May the consolations of the angel-world soothe, comfort and cheer her large circle of mourning friends, and make us worthy her loving ministrations. E. L. BAZER, North Ridgville, Ohio.

Died at North Spaulding, April 26th, 1861, A. V. STEVENS, aged 53 years.

Dermatology.

We consider it to be the duty of journalists to take notice of that which most interests the public, and if there is any physiological subject that interests the young, the middle-aged, and the old, it is the diseases of the scalp, and their constant evils—loss of hair and premature greyness. The question asked is, what will remedy the evil? Certainly not the numerous nostrils which are marked off by the proprietors of patent medicines, who do not understand the nature of Capillary Diseases. In fact there seems to be a general lack of knowledge respecting the hair and its diseases. Even our best physicians know very little about the matter, simply because it forms no part of their education. There is not, as far as we know, in any standard medical work, to exceed a page, in reference to capillary difficulties. Now in order to treat successfully diseases of the head, loss of hair and premature whitening, a physician should thoroughly understand their nature and pathology—make a specialty of their treatment. Dr. Perry claims to have made the treatment of said diseases a specialty. In proof of his claims he has written a scientific work on the hair and its diseases. We are told that it is the only book of the kind ever published in this country. It contains about two hundred pages, embracing much valuable information. The Doctor shows a familiarity with the subject which could only be acquired by years of patient research and practical experience. As to the philosophy and success of his system, he has reliable certificates from physicians and others in every city where he has practiced. Those who are interested can read the advertisement in another column.—Pfeiffer.

J. V. Mansfield.

We call the attention of our readers to his advertisement. It will be seen that he has reduced his terms to one dollar and on Saturdays nothing to the poor. A good move. Who will not test Spiritualism now that any one can do it for one dollar? Or are there those who have so little interest in the future that any knowledge of a hereafter is not deemed indispensable? May 25.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Cannot be spoken of too highly. We have used them and received great benefit from them. They were recommended to us by one of our best physicians. Try them, reader, if you are suffering from any of the complaints for which they are recommended.—Concord Standard.

Remedy for Outcast Women.

Any benevolent persons who are willing to contribute furniture, bedding, linen, stock or stores, for the hour or garden, to aid in forming a small experimental home for the above unfortunate class of persons, to be commenced immediately, are respectfully invited to call on, or write to, Miss Emma Hardinge at 18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Persons of the above character, sincerely desirous of reforming and becoming inmates of a home where kindness and industry prevail, can apply as above. 81 May 18.

Reform Bookstore at Chicago.

By a reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that a Depository for Spiritual and Reform books is about to be opened at Chicago Ill. We congratulate the friends of Progress of the Northwest on their prospect for increased facilities in procuring liberal works. Mr. Brown is the Publisher of the Free Hall. Speakers and others who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

With Mr. Brown's Reform Bookstore at Chicago, and Mrs. J. E. M. Brown's at Cleveland, parties at a distance from the Boston and New York Publishers will be able to procure new works without the risk of sending long distances by mail.—Herald of Progress.

Meeting of Friends of Progress. The next Quarterly Meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress will be held at Cottage Grove, Union Co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of June, 1861. It will be a Grove Meeting, if the weather is suitable—if not, it will be held in the Free Hall, Spencer, where those who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

For particulars, address OWEN THOMAS, Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Ind. May 18.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Schuyler County, N. Y., will hold their first annual meeting at Reynoldsville on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th of May. Reynoldsville is situated on the stage route from Helderberg to Watkins. All the friends in this section are invited to attend. Good speakers will be present, and free expressions on all reform questions will find an open platform.

ADVERTISEMENTS. A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

SPIRITUAL AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH-WESTERN HARMONICAL BOOK DEPOSITORY, Located at Chicago, Ill.

The friends of Reform and Progress throughout the North, will have long been in need of an establishment like the above, where their desire for knowledge of all the important topics of the age can be gratified. Consequently, by the earnest solicitations of friends and advocates of Liberalism and Progress in the West, a Reform Bookstore has been opened on the corner of Monroe street and Post office Avenue, Chicago, Ill., where a general assortment of Liberal, Reform, and Spiritual Publications, can be purchased at Eastern prices. The books that are advertised in the Herald of Progress and BANNER OF LIGHT can be obtained in Chicago, at prices same as quoted in these papers. Orders from the country solicited.

Authors and Publishers of the various Liberal and Spiritual Books will find it to their interest to correspond and send a specimen copy of their publications, with trade prices, as soon as issued from the press. Address W. C. BRUSON, Publisher, Box 2646, Chicago, Ill. May 18 2t

DR. A. N. SHERMAN.

Eclectic Physician and Healing Medium. WHOSE almost miraculous cures are proverbial through all the Northern, Eastern and Middle States, may be consulted at NO. 354 TREMONT STREET, (between Pleasant street and the railroad bridge.) A long course of study, perfected by an experience of twelve years, has enabled him to exercise his remarkable power of renewing the vitality of the system, and restoring the patient to health, in all cases of chronic disease, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, and all the various forms of Paralysis, Fractures, Displacements and cases of Rupture, in less than half their time, by his mode of treatment. Please call or send for a circular. He can cure in one month by simple application of hands. 19c May 25.

J. W. BRACKETT,

MANUFACTURER OF PIANOS, \$140. \$175. Piano-Fortes, Pedallers and Pianos with Organ Pedals attached, for Organists. The subscriber would call special attention to his Pianos, it being a very small piano, constructed on entirely new principles, unsurpassed in power and quality of tone, and possessing a freedom and purity never before attained. Every instrument warranted. J. W. BRACKETT, 18 Avery street, Boston. May 25. 6t

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. MANSFIELD'S SPIRIT. Gifted by thousands of actual, written tests. Friends who departed this life, in various parts of the world, return and communicate through him by letters—being (as far as he can learn) the only one possessing the power of direct communication with the spirits of the departed. He is enabled to communicate with the absent loved ones, or acquire information of any kind, from any spirit, he charges one dollar for a communication, and on Saturdays, nothing to the poor. Hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. 19c May 25.

OTAVIUS KING, Eclectic and Botanic Druggist, No. 654 Washington street, Boston, has always on hand every variety of Medicinal Drugs, Herbs, &c., selected with great care; pressed and put up by himself, and warranted pure, and of superior quality. Also, Dr. Clark's celebrated medicines; Beech's, Thompson's, concentrated, and most of the compounds used by the Physicians of the West. Liberal discount made to Physicians and Healing Mediums. May 25. 6mos

MISS W. FERGUSON, M. D., graduate of the University of Philadelphia, Clairvoyant, Physician, and Healing Medium. Office hours from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m.; and from 2 till 6 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays evenings, from 11 till 9. Office No. 2 Pine Street Church, 638 Washington street, Boston. 4w May 25.

PLEASANT BOARD ON FAVORABLE TERMS.—A man and wife, of two or three single gentlemen, may obtain board, with pleasant rooms, on favorable terms, at No. 75 South Street, near the Worcester Depot. Also transient boarders accommodated. 2w May 25.

DR. H. SAMPSON, Electro-Magnetic Physician and Healing Medium, from Providence, R. I., has taken rooms at No. 87 Kneeland street, for the treatment of Diseases of Females in all forms. 4w May 25.

NEW BOOKS.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM: Being a Debate held at Decatur, Mich., between A. B. Whiting, the well-known Spirit-Writer, and Rev. Joseph Jones, celebrated Western divine of the Methodist Church. Said Debate was reported verbatim by C. O. Flint, of the Chicago Democrat, and makes a neat pamphlet of nearly 100 pages. Sent free to any address on receipt of forty cents, or four dollars per dozen. Also a work on "Religion and Morality," being a Criticism on the Characters of all the noted Bible men of Genl. Early Church Fathers, &c., with a Defense of Spiritualism, by A. B. Whiting. This book contains historical information that cannot be found in any fifty volumes, or in the English language. Sent free for thirty cents or three dollars per doz. m. Address A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. May 18. 4t

BUY THE BEST.

SNOW'S PENS will be sent to the readers of the BANNER, by mail, postage paid, at the regular gross price, five or circular points, as ordered. Address F. B. SNOW, Hartford, Conn. Superintendant Snow's Pen Company. N. B.—Medicine and Lectures will be sent at half the list price send for a circular. 19c Dec. 8.

SPIRITOSCOPES.

W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Indiana, is manufacturing the SPIRITSCOPE or DIAPHRAGM, and is prepared to ship them to any part of America, at \$2 each. They are neatly constructed, and will give a receipt of forty cents, or four dollars per dozen. Address A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. May 18. 4w

THE REVEALER: Being an account of the Twenty-one Days' Entrancement of Abraham P. Pierce, Spirit Medium, at Belfast, Maine, together with a Sketch of his Life. Sent free to any address on receipt of fifty cents, or four dollars per dozen. A new supply of this highly interesting work is just received and for sale by B. A. HALL, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2w May 18.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES.

DR. ALFRED O. HALL, M. D., Professor of Physiology, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principles, may be consulted on the treatment of all diseases of humors, and all kinds of ailments, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. He is a regular agent of the United States Dispensary, and is a justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are pure and reliable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1. 19

OPENING BATTERIES ON THE ENEMY.

He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of Mankind.

PROP. S. B. BRITTON and DR. S. B. LYON, Electro-pathic and Magnetic Physicians, have recently removed from New York, and established themselves in the quiet and beautiful village of Lancaster, Mass., where they will attend to the duties of their profession, bringing the most subtle and powerful agents in Nature—Vital and Galvanic Electricity and Human Magnetism—to their aid in the preparation of remedial agents, and the general practice of the Healing Art. The location they have selected must be eminently suited to the wants and tastes of all who desire to seek health and pleasure in retirement, away from the noise of war, the glitter of fashion, and the strife of business. While the country about Lancaster is noted for the most fertile and rugged aspects that distinguish the scenery of North-western Massachusetts, it nevertheless possesses unusual attractions. The principal village is on a beautiful eminence that overlooks the Nashua river valley. In addition to good society, pure air and water, productive fields and extensive farms, the most agreeably diversified—all the charms that group slopes, fertile meadows, stately trees, and clear, flowing waters contribute toward a pleasing landscape, and a quiet but delightful summer retreat for the invalid.

Doctors Britton and Lyon have Rooms for the reception of patients directly opposite the Orthodox Church on Main street, Lancaster Centre. Persons from abroad who desire to place themselves under treatment can be accommodated with board and reasonable prices, varying according to the means of the patient and the accommodations required. Office hours, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. until 5 o'clock P. M., Sundays excepted. Persons applying at other hours should call at the residence of the parties, at North Lancaster, one mile north of the Centre. Letters addressed to either of the parties named, at Lancaster, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

DR. LYON is an Eclectic Physician who was never shackled by once current and formulae, and who brings to the discharge of his duties the results of a large and varied experience. Prof. Britton—in evidence of his claims to a comprehensive and familiar knowledge of the laws of Vital Electricity and Human Magnetism, and of the application of the Electro-psychological processes to the treatment of disease, and the equilibrium of the vital forces and organic functions—respectfully submits the following explicit testimonials FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Professor Britton, whose philosophical lectures on the phenomena and law of Life and the Mind have attracted an interest on a profound study, pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism—we are credibly informed—some twenty-five years ago, under the instructions of the venerable Professor Stone of New York, deceased some years since, who was distinguished in his day as an electrician, chemist, and mechanical philosopher, and as having been the pupil of Benjamin Franklin. For the last fifteen years Professor Britton has made the history of Vital Electricity and Human Magnetism, in their relations to the human body and mind, his principal study.—Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

In a notice of Mr. Britton's contributions to the science of MAN, the Home Journal says: "They are written in a style at once classic and scientific, an enlightened philosophy and spirit everywhere pervades them, and all have an interest. Prof. Britton has evidently studied man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of highest position."

Professor Britton has not only been successful in explaining the philosophy of his subject, but eminently so in the practical application of its principles to the successful treatment of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. The cure of Mrs. Sarah E. Lockwood is a striking case; the facts are well known in this community, and they may be said to have occurred within the sphere of our own observation.—Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.

Mr. Britton's theory is, that the human will has a direct power over electricity, and that means physiological effects can be produced. He illustrates this view by a large variety of illustrations drawn from the accredited records of science, as well as by his own private experiments.—New York Evening Post.

Professor Britton continues to excite great interest by his remarkable psychological development. The relief administered by him in several cases, is a very curious fact. To us outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—New York Daily Tribune.

Prof. Britton has attracted the notice of many of our medical men, who regard them as contributions of great importance to the healing art.—Jersey City (N. J.) Telegraph. To cure the chronic urticaria of a boasting skeptic, "Prof. Britton gave him an emollient without a particle of medicine. The gentleman vomited in less than one minute! Those who used medicine should take the Professor's intellectual pills, as they have no bad taste, and the operation is sudden and effectual."—Springfield Republican.

At the conclusion of a public lecture a young lady presented herself to Prof. Britton, stating that she had a very bad cold, and a consequent neuralgia, and that she had been in less than ten minutes the young lady was entirely and permanently relieved of all hoarseness and soreness.—Jersey City Sentinel and Advertiser.

We were much struck with Prof. Britton's wonderful experiments in illustrating the laws of physiology. His command over the functions of life, motion, and sensation, in his patients, is apparently perfect and entire.—Brooklyn (L. I.) Daily Eagle. May 11. 4w

NEW BOOK

BY EMMA HARDINGE NOW READY, THE WILDFIRE CLUB, BY EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain; against the common testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no purple robe or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, and becomes universal only by its truth." Vida "Baselias."—Dr. Johnson.

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung the beads or words of life. It may be here. It may be there that I shall live again.—Pfeiffer. But live again I shall where'er I be.—Pfeiffer.

CONTENTS.

The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres. The Monarchs, or the Spirit-World. The Hanged Gorge, or The Last Tenant: Being an Account of the Life and Times of Mrs. Hannah Morrison, sometimes styled the Witch of Rockwood. No. 1: A Fragment, or a Narrative concerning a Haunted Man. The Improvisator, or Torn Leaves from Life History. The Witch of Loveloch. The Phantom Mother. The Story of a Recluse. Haunted Houses. No. 1: The Phantom Specter. Haunted Houses. No. 2: The Saffron Ghost. Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest—An Incident founded on Fact. No. 2: The Christmas Ghost. The Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact. Note.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM BERRY & COMPANY, 81-2 BRATTLE STREET, 1861.

Price \$1. Bookellers, and controllers of public moor, agents are requested to send in their orders early. Price per dozen, \$8. Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free, on receipt of \$1. 19c Feb. 23.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Editor. A Journal of Health, Progress and Reform, devoted to no sect, belonging to no party, not given to one idea. The following will continue to be distinctive characteristics of THE HERALD OF PROGRESS: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, MEDICAL ARTICLES, WHISPER AND PRESCRIPTIONS, BY THE EDITOR. WITH GUESSES AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS—SPIRIT MYSTERIES, TIDINGS FROM THE INNER LIFE, VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE, DOINGS OF THE MORAL POLICE. Mrs. Love M. Will continue her faithful historical portraits entitled, "Saints and Sinners." Also, "Spiritual Workers in and Around New York," admirable sketches from life by Miss Susan G. Hoyt.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS is published every Saturday on a double folio of eight pages, for Two Dollars per annum, or One Dollar for six months, payable in advance. Specimen copies mailed free. Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers, 274 CANAL ST., NEW YORK. April 27. 19c

OH! YOUNG MAN!

You can never be cured by Medicine. Never! For a dime (no stamps) I will send you a full explanation of my New Method for preventing spermatorrhoea, and all such. Address LA ROY EUGENIE, Boston, Mass. May 11. 4t

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. M. C. Cozart, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Our Circle.

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

The Uses of War.

There never was a time in the history of the human race when the minds of men were possessed of power by which they might fight for their individual rights as at the present time. To-day every mind incased in human, capable of thinking for itself, and demanding that which is necessary for its sustenance, of its God, is rising up in its own superiority, claiming to be God of all beneath it.

Darkness and death, moral and political, seem to hang over your nation. As far as mortal comprehension goes, this seems to be the case; but there never was a time when the star of glory was shining brighter than at this hour—when man lived nearer to his God than at the present hour.

You think you are at enmity with those who suppose they are at enmity with you; but in reality it is not so. The God within you is rising up to assert his rights, as is the God of those who oppose you; but there is in reality no enmity between you.

War is the greatest blessing the law of progress can bring upon you, for it scatters and withers all that you have need to be rid of, but do not know how to be.

This beautiful American Republic has long been shrouded in individual error, and this very contest is but to teach you what you are—to give you that knowledge of individual life which peace and quiet could never give you.

The golden rule has been heard of and talked of, but has never been practiced. "Do ye unto others even as ye would they should do to you."

The North says we cannot countenance Southern slavery; but at the same time the North folds her arms and countenances Northern slavery.

Oh, it is wisdom that bids man do right, and he cannot learn wisdom save by experience. He must cut off the right arm, he must pluck out the right eye, ere he can learn wisdom.

And who rideth on the storm which has burst around you? God! that mighty Intelligence, that will not forget you, nor at any time forget the poor slave in his chains.

Then pray that the storm may rage—that the winds howl, the ocean of discontent roll over every one of you, until you shall be able to rise up in the majesty of your power, crying, "I will do henceforth and forever to others as I wish others to do to me."

Then there shall be no need of your going to war, of doing those things that speak so largely of death and of desolation.

Clara J. Webber.

I suppose there are a good many degrees of freedom. I judge so from my own condition. The gentleman spoke of death being a messenger sent to free the spirit.

But I believe everybody has a right to throw off the chains that bind them as soon as they can, and nobody has the right to hinder them.

My father and mother were professing Christians. My mother died when I was young. My father died when I was sixteen, and at his death we found we were worth nothing, and must seek a living in the world as best we could.

Three years ago I died on North street, in the most miserable place God or man ever thought of. I thought, when I died, I was surrounded by devils; but it seems it was only my clouded vision that made me see them so.

contend with its influences than I was. I had not been scarce outside of the town I was born in; I had read much, and was called a good scholar, and yet I had no knowledge of the world; and I came to this modern Babylon, all oversophisticated.

This gentleman induced me to leave the situation. He said I would do better to take music lessons, and fit myself for some better position than seamstress in a hotel. He had all his plans laid, and I was led on step by step, because I know so little of the world.

My two sisters are married and respectable; they are living now respected. I do not know that they ever knew me I died, or how; for after I found myself so fearfully fallen, as I did, I kept away. I said, "I do not want to see them," and so I changed my name.

So, then, we argue against capital punishment! Yes, because it floods your cities and quiet valleys with demons. As the spirit-world has ever been closely allied to the natural, it is possible at all times for disembodied spirits to find forms through which they can work to your ill.

You may say that you are instruments in the hands of Jehovah to call them home. We do not believe He needs you as such. All nature tells us he needs none of your aid to call his children home.

When the criminal finds himself closed in by prison walls, what is he thinking of, think you? Does he think, "If I get my liberty I will do better?" No. He thinks, perhaps, "If I get out I will never get here again."

It is easy to reform your criminal. Confine them, if you please; but do it with the spirit of justice and of love. Seek to inform the criminal, not only as to your law, but his own also.

Eighteen years ago I hung upon the scaffold. I went out with a more terrible feeling of hatred than I had ever known. I lay down with a mantle darker and more strong than I ever had before, and for sixteen years after I left my mortal body, I lost no opportunity to influence any mortal body I could influence for evil.

Two years ago, I found myself growing weary of my course of action. I perceived there was more beauty to be gained by doing good, more peace by doing good than evil. I said, I have been revenged. I have caused many of earth's children to groan in sorrow.

I do not live as I used to. I live where it is n't cold, and you do n't get cold and die. As—No, sir. I don't go to school. I get told everything without going. Folks here give you everything you want.

What you see my father, and then come and tell me? [Somebody suggested that the party he spoke to could not go where he was.]

Thomas Fitzgerald. It is hard for me speak here, for I am scarcely free from my own body. I made a vow to come here, as soon as possible after death. I died this morning, between five and six, at Montgomery street, New York. My name is Thomas Fitzgerald. I am twenty-six years of age. My disease was consumption. I left a wife and one child. All is well with me, and my highest conceptions of Spiritualism realized.

Emma. My dear father—do all the good you can, and do not mind what any one says to you, and the buds and blossoms of spirit-life will watch over you.

The Criminal. A great deal has been said and done in reference to the best manner of disposing of your criminals. State, church and individuals have talked and acted upon this one thing, but all have made a great mistake in dealing with the criminal.

How shall we protect ourselves from the evil influences that surround us in consequence of being surrounded by criminals? is a question that has been rife for ages past, among you. Nations have risen up in their strength and power, and have crushed out the one life of the criminal, but the one only. The animal form they kill, but the spirit they cannot harm.

When civil law passes such judgment upon the criminal, he passes into the second life with feelings all rebellious to Christianity and morality, as found among you. He protests against it from the moment you thrust him uncared for into the spirit-world, for you but meet him with a spirit of retaliation.

When the church prays with and for the criminal, they strive to enforce their own religious opinions upon the criminal, and as he stands aside from their religious law, he will not, he cannot accept any part of it. It may be offered in honesty and blindness, yet he rejects it, for it is not what his soul demands.

Civil authority says we must protect society from the criminal, either by the gibbet or the walls of the prison house; we must confine the body and spirit as far as we can, or we must sever the connection between the two, that we may rid society of the evil.

The church at one time says, Let us remonstrate with, and pray for our criminals. This is good so far as it extends, but it does not extend far enough. When the church prays with and for the criminal, they strive to enforce their own religious opinions upon the criminal, and as he stands aside from their religious law, he will not, he cannot accept any part of it.

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Yet we know society must be protected, and the cry comes up, "How shall we protect ourselves?" We have devised several ways to raise the criminal and do away with crime; but, alas! criminals still exist, crime walks among us, and prison houses are still filled; death is still called upon to avenge us. Why is this so?

It is because you have never touched the criminal; because you have sought to bring him under a law he cannot obey. As he is a criminal, he stands outside of all your law, and if he does, you may strive in vain to thrust your laws upon him, not only here, but in the higher state of life.

So, then, we argue against capital punishment! Yes, because it floods your cities and quiet valleys with demons. As the spirit-world has ever been closely allied to the natural, it is possible at all times for disembodied spirits to find forms through which they can work to your ill.

You may say that you are instruments in the hands of Jehovah to call them home. We do not believe He needs you as such. All nature tells us he needs none of your aid to call his children home.

When the criminal finds himself closed in by prison walls, what is he thinking of, think you? Does he think, "If I get my liberty I will do better?" No. He thinks, perhaps, "If I get out I will never get here again."

It is easy to reform your criminal. Confine them, if you please; but do it with the spirit of justice and of love. Seek to inform the criminal, not only as to your law, but his own also.

Eighteen years ago I hung upon the scaffold. I went out with a more terrible feeling of hatred than I had ever known. I lay down with a mantle darker and more strong than I ever had before, and for sixteen years after I left my mortal body, I lost no opportunity to influence any mortal body I could influence for evil.

Two years ago, I found myself growing weary of my course of action. I perceived there was more beauty to be gained by doing good, more peace by doing good than evil. I said, I have been revenged. I have caused many of earth's children to groan in sorrow.

I do not live as I used to. I live where it is n't cold, and you do n't get cold and die. As—No, sir. I don't go to school. I get told everything without going. Folks here give you everything you want.

What you see my father, and then come and tell me? [Somebody suggested that the party he spoke to could not go where he was.]

Charlie Jackman. I want to see my mother. She lives up town—in Boston. Her name is Jackman. I'm five years old. My name is Charlie. My father sells clothes, long of Mr. Merrill. I've been dead ever so long—since 1860. I've talked once before. I said I'd come here, but I don't know anybody here. I had the cramp. I went out playing and caught cold. They buried me in a box, all fixed with flowers, and my mother cries 'cause she did n't keep me in, so I need n't get cold.

I'd like to have my father bring me home. I've talked to my Uncle Moses before. My mother is up in Worcester street, and I want to go up there. My father never seen me talk since I went away. I said I'd come here next time I came. Would you give me some other kind of clothes when I come here? I've got lots at home. I'm most six years old now, and am bigger. Would you bring my mother here? She do n't know mediums.

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What you see my father, and then come and tell me? [Somebody suggested that the party he spoke to could not go where he was.]

You can leave your body in a box, and they'll let you in here. I did so, and they let me in. Ans.—I see children, and flowers, and we play here, and we do n't have to have our coats put on when we go out, and we do n't take cold here. We do n't have to take medicine, here, neither. Do I have to take medicine here to go home? Do I have to have the doctor? Well, I'll go home, now, then. May 9.

Margaret Floyd.

Our spirit home would be desolate indeed without the presence of little children; and yet it is better, far better, that they remain on earth until matured—better for them that we lose our pleasure.

I have been in the spirit world two years. My name was Margaret Floyd. Before my marriage I lived in the city of Boston—some time in Charlestown. After marriage, I moved to Troy, New York State; I left two little children, very young, and so great has been the attraction there, that I find myself at times almost unable to appreciate the glories of my new home.

Oh, ye mothers, who are still living in the company of your little ones on earth, prize your material bodies, and take care of them—if not for your own sake, for the sake of the little ones you have given you by God. You may have opportunity to watch over them, if you stand on spirit shores; but you may not always be able to grasp them with material arms, which perchance can alone shield them from the blasts of mortality.

But God says, "Know that when I lay my hand of affliction upon you, I do it that you may learn your spiritual needs." I am happy at times in my new life, though I find it differs from what I expected. My religious staff broke at death. I leaned upon it during the hours of mortal existence, but at death it broke, and I had no staff left.

Dear lady, will you deign to hear, My homage through this rustic rhyme, Although I cannot reach, I fear, The hidden treasures of the mine

Written for the Banner of Light. TO MRS. W. A. D., OF BALTIMORE. BY A. P. COOMBS.

Dear lady, will you deign to hear, My homage through this rustic rhyme, Although I cannot reach, I fear, The hidden treasures of the mine

Though fortune with her flattering smiles, Hath strawn thy pathway o'er with flowers, Thou heeded not her siren wiles, But hath reserved thy nobler powers

Oh! thou art privileged to stand Upon the outer verge of earth, And gather rubies from the strand Of crystal streams of heavenly birth.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

A Lecture by Mrs. M. H. Macomber, at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday Evening, May 12th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

In every great crisis of the world's history the finally determining force has ever been the outworking of a universal, indwelling principle, under various manifestations. So the dominant spirit of these present times, in our national affairs, is but the expression of what has been called "wild justice"—terrible to tyrants—the last resort, the armed resurrection of oppressed humanity.

The eternal and immutable laws of the material world exemplify this same trait of wild, avenging, yet reforming justice, which has asserted itself once and again in the existence of every nation upon the face of the earth. Not always externally or apparently triumphant, it has still found a voice in the individual soul, waiting and biding its time for victory.

The expression of this idea has constantly been of a character corresponding to the unfolding of mankind. It has sometimes seemed cruel, vengeful, selfish; was mistaken for the mere law of retaliation. But the rule of "an eye for an eye," a life for a life, death for insulted honor—the "vendetta," the scaffold, the duel—was simply the wild justice of a wild age.

The spirit which is aroused now in our free North, is that of Revolutionary times; it is the high heroic determination to vindicate, even to the sacrifice of every personal consideration or ambition, the eternal liberties and rights of man. Our banners is inscribed the glorious motto, "Liberty or Death!"—Freedom's holiest rallying cry. Such is the love for humanity, of which we have heard so much,—the love of justice.

It is not from affection for the negro, but for his right as man and brother, that our people, even the most zealous abolitionists among them, resist his enthrallment, and rejoice in the hope of its speedy dissolution.

And for our own rights, too, threatened by petty Southern tyrants, we are compelled to stand, in very self-defence. Justice to ourselves is now to be protected. If freedom is aggressive, equally so is slavery; but the former must conquer.

But in the hour of fiercest strife, in victory or in seeming defeat, and whatever spirit the foe may manifest, we should never lose sight of the one great idea for which we contend. Let not our sublime and resolved love of justice degenerate into hatred, and ferocity, and love of strife. The nation's temper must be sorely tried; men and women will learn, in these days, what spirit they are of. The times that try men's souls are here and now. Our fathers' struggle was for the achievement of nationality; our struggle is for its salvation. Law and social order against treason and anarchy; freedom and justice against oppression and violence; that is the issue of the times, an issue made up at the very time the government was formed, and continued down to the present, now to be finally settled by the inevitable arbitration of the sword—the only peace-maker in such disputes, where the respective parties are eternal right and persistent evil.

The nation is now about to repair its error of eighty years. Hitherto we have not had a republic, but a despotism of a white majority over a black minority. Very different will be the order of things when this struggle shall be terminated. For, whatever may be the first result, truth, justice, will finally prevail.

The eternal years of God are here. We shall have a virtuous, a vigorous Republicanism, worthy to be the joy and the crown of the whole world. The spirit of the age, the spirit of a glorious prophecy, walks abroad in the earth; its power shall redeem the nations to liberty and happiness. Justice will reign in every corner of the earth. Contemporaneous events everywhere proclaim it. The voice of reform is heard in both the hemispheres. Despotism itself, willingly or unwillingly, enfranchises the enslaved, and bids the oppressed go free. In the midst of such sublime indications, it is impossible to doubt the ultimate result of our own trial, of the terrible conflict we have entered upon. It will be a more abiding Union, a more universal suffrage, a nobler liberty.

The present is a conflict between affinity and rebellion, the latter destined to be overcome and annihilated. Then, when there is no longer occasion of strife and contention among the people of this Continent, we shall behold the millennium of peace and good will, and "neath one glorious flag, integral America shall march on to her high destiny, to the fulfillment of the gracious mission now for wise purposes temporarily interrupted.

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Correspondence.

Pattam Conn.

This enterprising little town, with its patriotic name, was all astir yesterday with warlike music of fife and drum and military parade, factories closed, and schools let out, that children and operatives might see and hear, run and hurrah. I can hardly realize that I am in the land of steady habits, and the Connecticut of American industry, where almost everything is made to order, and many things—including children—in great abundance, as now she is proving it by a ready and abundant supply of soldiers, made up from the hearty sons of her industrious population.

The Worcester and Norwich railroad, and the Quinobaug river have each a track through it, one leveled up and somewhat straightened, and the other winding and tumbling over rocks and cliffs, making an excellent power for wheels and machinery, but a small part of which is yet used. The country around it has plenty of rocks, and some good farms, a good soil, and a more hardy, honest, and industrious sort of inhabitants would be difficult to find. I like the people here, and both the inner and outer atmosphere; the latter, however, might not be as agreeable at all seasons of the year as in May.

Our friends have a meeting-house of their own here, and are quite as independent as the religious societies of the place. I feel that here, as in all places I have visited of late, that Spiritualism is a permanent and increasing power, working out free-

Pearls.

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

THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.

One morn, when orient beams were bright, Just rising on the wakened world, I saw our flag of glorious light...

[George Lunt.]

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues. Nothing is so indispensable in the commerce of society as sincerity.

HYMN OF TRUST.

O, Lord Divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear, On thee we cast each earth-born care...

The first and noblest office of wisdom, is to examine ourselves, and regulate our sentiments and actions by the laws of nature and morals.

A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

These times strike moneyed worldlings with dismay; Even rich men, brave by nature, taunt the air With words of apprehension and despair...

[Wordsworth, 1803.]

It is good to soften, by pleasing recreations, the rigid expression of countenance which a severity of reflection has a tendency to produce.

A Scene.

There is a story told by one of the Seventh Regiment, that no one can listen to without tears and a glow of pride in our New England soldiers. He says: "While encamped in Maryland, I wandered off one day and came to a farm house, where I saw a party of those Massachusetts fellows—well, no, they were Rhode Island boys, but it's all the same—talking with a woman who was greatly frightened..."

The Civil War.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, now in New York, writes to that journal as follows:

"The die is cast, and civil war now exists in this country. Without cause the Gulf States have rushed into the rebellion, and must now suffer the consequences of their act; for the States that remain loyal to the Union, are now unanimous in the determination that the Government shall be supported, and that this wicked treason, which, without provocation, has essayed to overturn one of the few free governments of the earth, and establish in its place a military despotism, ruled by an irresponsible oligarchy, where freedom of speech and thought should be suppressed, and only African slavery recognized as a Divine institution, shall be put down at whatever cost of treasure and life. The contest will have but one result, whether it be reached at the end of five years or fifty."

Let there be no misapprehension in Europe on this point, nor upon the merits of the issue that is made. The line that divides the two combatants is a plain one. On the one side stand the supporters of constitutional government—those who favor the preservation of free institutions—those who dread a military despotism—those who believe in the noble principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom, that have made England what it is; and on the other side are those who prefer a military government, founded on treachery and conspiracy—those who would suppress the press and all the noble results that flow from its freedom—those who regard African slavery as a Divine institution, to be fostered by the government at the expense of every other branch of industry in the State. In this contest, I frankly confess, that I am with the government of the United States."

SCOLDING.—If laughter begets fat, it is no less true that scolding is the parent of meagreness. Whoever savs a plump termagant? The virago is scraggy—scragginess is the badge of all her tribe. It would seem that the attrition of a fierce, exacting temper gives sharpness to the human frame as inevitably as a gritty grindstone puts a wiry edge on a broad-axe.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1861.

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

JOHN WETHERSDEE, Jr., Chairman.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—My views vary from those of many present, and honestly so. My idea of war is that it retards rather than promotes the progress of the race—the progress of the mass of the people. It may be for the benefit of the few, but never of the masses. Those who become familiar to scenes of war and carnage, become insensible to the finer feelings of their natures. Man has an animal nature, and he has a spiritual or moral nature which distinguishes him from the animal alone. In order to go into a war he must lay aside his moral nature, and rely wholly upon his animal nature.

Mrs. COOLEY.—I am far from being a non-resistor, though I profess to be a follower of Jesus, and would return good for evil; but when I am assailed, I am ready to defend myself, and my life if need be, and every drop of my blood should be spent, rather than have the stars and stripes torn from our country; it is the land in which the ashes of my parents have mouldered, and I want my children to enjoy the privilege of a free conscience.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—In relation to the present war, I should say it would be for the advancement of the race, and the elevation of our nation. The doctrine of non-resistance gives us no hope of redress for any wrong, or retaliation for insult. If we tamely submit, and claim the principles of non-resistance as our guide, we have nothing to hope for. This very war has inspired every son and daughter so that they will never be caught asleep again, as they have been. This war will teach every man to be prepared for either war or peace, as the wise virgins, with their lamps trimmed.

Mr. WETHERSDEE.—If the question was whether war was an evil, there would be but one side to the question; but the question is, the influence of war. I think the result of war has been for the world's good. Any person who has read history enough, must know that the history of the world, is a history of war; and the time was when there was more warfare than there is now, and in the past, wars were plentier and more sanguinary. War produces agitation—or, in fact, agitation is war. War must come out in some form, and does the race good by driving out a worse state of affairs. I defy you to find a single war which has not been an improvement to the human race. The war of extermination of the Indian race waged by our fathers, made way for the present civilization, and the war of the Revolution was one of the noblest events that ever happened, so far as its example signifies anything. Take any war, and you'll find the result has come down to war in some good way or other. The thirty year's war in England did much to elevate the human race, for the contest was between Rome and Renssion; and had not that war been carried on, we should all be Catholics now. By war, the lance is put in, the impurity flows out, and the corporation is better for it.

Dr. GARDNER.—In taking Nature for our guide, we see that all advances made by a disturbance, going down to the cause of things—not only with man, but in every kingdom of Nature. Wars are thus a part of the necessary process of natural growth. I look upon war as an evil, which is merely an antidote for worse evils. The passions of the human soul must find vent, or expression, or discharge themselves in poisonous eruptions. All agree that slavery is the foundation of the present war, and out of the war, great good will come, both to the oppressors and the oppressed; and the punishment will be equal to the crime, both to the North and South. By the wrong the South has done the negroes, they are rendered incapable of treating others honorably. But from the present struggle will grow up a better state of society, both North and South. A physician often has to put a patient through nearly all the agonies of death, in order to save his life; so it is with great national diseases. The condition is inevitable to the state in which we have been living; and the disease is so deep seated, and so dangerous, that the remedy should be applied at once. Even though it took a million lives to-day, to crush the rebellion, better so, than two million in a year hence.

Mr. THAYER thought the Revolutionary fathers did not take a step in advance, by their struggle for a "nominal independence," as he styled it; for they kept in bondage others whose bondage for an hour has been called worse than a thousand years of that our fathers endured.

Dr. SHERMAN.—I may have misunderstood the subject of discussion, but from the nature of the remarks, I should suppose it was slavery and its effects, instead of war, and its effects upon the progress of the race. With the exception of the remarks made by Mr. Cushman, and yourself, Mr. Chairman, the burden of all that I have heard this evening has been upon the former subject. I despise duplicity, whether it be in the ranks of Spiritualists or in the sanctity of the church. If the meetings of the former are to be prostituted to such irrelevant subjects, I shall stand as much in dread of them, as I do the meetings of the latter, where their pulpits are desecrated by the subject of politics, and false charges against Spiritualists. That this is a war against slavery, as has been assumed, I most unquivalently deny. It is a war, so far as the South are concerned, against our common country, perhaps incited more or less by the real or supposed treachery or fanaticism of abolitionists. And on the part of the North, it is against our common enemy, traitors to our National government, rebels against our country's laws, and aggressors upon all our private rights. Against these, we war with all our energies. Much as war is to be regretted, in such a war my whole soul responds to the call. My son is already in the scene of conflict, and if need be, I am ready to follow. But while I am ready to resist aggression to the last, I shall never be the last to practice it. The effect of war upon the progress of nations, is much a matter of opinion. When infidelity waged its barbarous and bloody wars upon Christianity, and subdued their enemies, they felt themselves justly in the ascendancy, and that all their sacrifices and blood, had only the effect of elevating them so much higher in the scale of human progress. But when Christianity in turn, supplanted them by a still more barbarous, revengeful, and bloodthirsty war, they congratulated themselves with similar reflections.

War, in the abstract, has often been but an inglorious and ignoble combat, yet not without the most brilliant exceptions—among which, we might cite that of 1776, where victory perched upon our standard, and those stars and stripes that now decorate your room, waved for the first time over the "land of the free, and the home of the brave." Its effects have been to elevate our nation in the scale of being, and bring us nearer the perfection of our maker, God. No nation upon the face of the globe can compete with us in the arts and sciences, and still our motto is "Excelsior." On whose brow victory will repose in the present conflict, it does not require a prophet to predict. The progress of the nation, since the war of '76, has been too rapid, now to be shorn of her laurels, to allow her banner to be tarnished, or her honor to be sacrificed. Were it possible for your sons, your brothers, or your sires to fall, we have still among us spartan mothers and daughters enough who would rush to the field and crush the traitors' power beneath their feet, and secure to posterity the blood bought privileges so richly inherited from our fathers.

LIZZIE DORRIS.—The one who does not have faith in the progress of the world, must believe that creation has slipped out of the hands of the Almighty. The fact of a thing's existence is its own reason for existing. War has always existed in some way or other; and every war is a wave which carries civilization still higher. One of the most fruitful causes of war has been Christianity. Sanguinary and terrible have been the wars of Religion. Christ knew such would be the result of his teachings, for he said, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." No matter how pure his principles were, we have seen the result of his teachings upon others. We hear much said about the Saviour of the world—altogether too much. It is time we should go to work and see

If we have not some little merit in ourselves, and not borrow it all from him. I have got tired having that Jew, that Hebrew placed before me so constantly as our Saviour and guide. I respect him—believe he was noble and true; I reverence and admire him; but at the same time I recognize in humanity something noble outside of him. It matters little whether Christ did so and so, so long as there is a Christ-spirit in the human soul, which God sanctifies and hallow, because of its presence in the human soul. War is an evil, which brings upon us disasters and pains at which the heart mourns; but we should not look only at the little point of time over which we are traveling, but looking back into the dim past, run our gaze over the trifling present into the grand future. Doing this, we shall find war has been a benefit to the race, and a cause for the ultimate of limitless good.

Next week the Conference will consider the subject: "What effect does the premature death of the body have upon the soul or spirit in the world of spirits?"

WAR ITEMS.

The well informed Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, "Occasional," looks for warm work in Virginia before many days. He says:—"The Disunion leaders are rapidly concentrating their forces in Virginia, particularly about Richmond and Harper's Ferry. Within the last few days they claim to be able to capture Fort Monroe, though upon what grounds I cannot anticipate. Do not be surprised if within a few days you hear of an advance upon Harper's Ferry, Alexandria and Richmond, on the part of the Government. The vigorous blockade of all the ports of the seceded States, extending from Pensacola to Norfolk and Richmond, and their utter exclusion from all the advantages of railroad connection with the producing or free States, will compel them to make a short campaign, and hence our first conflict will be a desperate one on both sides."

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to all the Collectors, Surveyors and other officers of the Customs, precisely similar to that recently addressed to those on the Northern and North Western waters in relation to commerce with the insurrectionary States, with the following addition: Among the prohibited supplies are coals and telegraph apparatus of all kinds.

The assurances that the administration is vigorously prosecuting its measures against the insurrectionary States have a substantial basis. All the members of the Cabinet, together with the President, are animated by a common principle in furthering plans for consummating the Government policy.

Earthworks are to be erected all along the Railroad from the north through Maryland to Washington, which is now completely encircled with encampments, controlling all the Railways.

A Hartford paper states that the mills in Rockville and Stafford, Ct. are busy working extra hours in filling orders for military cloths.

Gov. Letcher has issued his proclamation prohibiting the exportation from Virginia of any flour, grain, beef, pork, or other provisions.

The arms reported as having arrived at New Orleans were 50,000; instead of 250,000 stand, as stated by the papers.

Gov. Andrew says in his Message, "Let us never—under any conceivable circumstances of provocation or indignation—forget that the right of free discussion of all public questions is guaranteed to every individual on Massachusetts soil, by the settled conviction of her people, by the habits of her successive generations, and by express provisions of her constitution. And let us therefore never seek to repress the criticisms of a minority, however small, upon the character and conduct of any administration, whether State or National."

"This morning," says the Herald of the 16th, "there was an outbreak of patriotic indignation against Sylvester Lakin, blacksmith and wheelwright, at 393 Broad street, opposite Prouty's wharf. It was alleged that Mr. Lakin had uttered obnoxious sentiments, and a crowd of three hundred or more gathered about his place and demanded that he should display the American flag. Lakin vacillated the ranch, and a neighbor procured a flag and put it up, assisted by Mrs. Lakin. This saved the building from being torn down, and appeased the crowd, and order was restored." Suppose the people read the Governor's Message again; or is this the French Revolution repeated?

The official account of the affray at St. Louis shows that the troops were outrageously treated by the mob as they marched through the streets, and that they did not fire until they had been repeatedly fired upon. The first man whom they shot had fired three barrels of a revolver at them, and was about to fire the fourth at an officer, when he was killed by the soldiers.

The New Orleans Delta says that the cost of maintaining the Southern army at Fort Pickens is \$10,000 per day; also, that the time for taking the old seat of Government at Washington, without a desperate battle, is evidently gone by.

The government has appointed B. F. Butler of Massachusetts, a Major General of the U. S. Army.

The Maine Regiment, which arrived here on Wednesday, en route for the seat of war, are a stalwart set of men. They were enthusiastically cheered as they passed through our streets.

It is said that the First Mass. Regiment will be accepted for three years, although Gov. Andrew has not yet officially designated the regiment for active service. It is expected that an officer of the regular army will soon be here to muster into service the five regiments called for from this State, and probably this regiment will be the first taken. The companies will have to be recruited up to the full number of 101 men each, and this can be done in a very short time. Equipments can be had at short notice, and the regiment has already over 700 new rifled muskets.

Upwards of a thousand men are now employed at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard.

The Union Defence Committee of New York have received the assent of the President and Secretary of War to forward the fourteen regiments now ready for service, and the necessary orders will be transmitted immediately without regard to Albany officials.

Advices from Fortress Monroe state that on Monday a band of Secessionists at Hampton sent a detachment to Col. Dimmick, commanding the sole possession of the road leading across the Dyke which has been lately under guard of the garrison.

Col. Dimmick's reply was, that he would give the rebels just ten minutes to disperse. Two companies of Massachusetts troops were then ordered forward, and cannon were placed so as to sweep the entire distance. The Colonel, with watch in hand, waited for the expiration of the time, when not a rebel was to be seen. Two hundred Massachusetts troops then

took possession of the Dyke and bridge, and will treat all rebels in the same way hereafter.

Pennsylvania proposes to furnish fifty-five regiments for the war; she appropriates three millions. This is liberal and devotedly patriotic.

A number of Scotch merchants doing business in this country have offered to the Government regiments of their countrymen.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, who is a Secessionist, expresses the belief that the demands of the Southern army of their leaders, will compel the leaders to march them upon Washington; that though Virginia will be unwilling to do this, yet at the command of the Rebel Congress she will be forced to submit to the measure.

The Wisconsin Legislature convened in extra session on the 16th. Governor Randall's Message recommends six regiments, in addition to the one waiting orders, to be put in camp and equipped by the State; also an appropriation of a million dollars for war purposes.

The first regiment of Michigan volunteers, and three companies from Pennsylvania, in all, 1100 men, arrived at Baltimore on the 16th. They marched through the city and took the cars for Washington. They are fully equipped, have fine bands, and made a splendid appearance. They received cheers and other tokens of admiration.

The Bangor Union says a letter received in that city from a ship master in New Orleans, dated May 4th, states that the fast steamer Calhoun had been armed and fitted out as a privateer with a crew of picked men, and was then only waiting for her commission, which was hourly expected. There were twenty ships there that might become prizes, unless they could get away before the Calhoun got her commission. Strange to say, the Calhoun is commanded by a native of Portland, Maine.

The Louisville Journal says of the war: "Whatever suffering this war may bring upon the people of Kentucky, they must endure patiently, bearing all the while in mind, that their hardships, however great, weigh but as a feather in comparison with what they would have to suffer if they were to mingle in the strife, rendering their State the scene of its desolating ravages."

INDIVIDUALITY OR ORGANIZATION?

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine:

Sir—In your letter of the 21st January, you made a remark or two, which I desire to notice. You say you have a "strong belief that the subject is now so widely and deeply spread, that it is becoming a power which will have great results, and at no long day, although there is no organization," and you think "there must be something wanting in the literature of Spiritualism, that its organs should be so short-lived."

When the reality of spiritual intercourse began to dawn upon me, I at once said, if this is true, it must be for all mankind, and not for any particular people; and if it comes with us in America, it must and will show itself elsewhere. Its end and aim must be universal, and its manifestations and instrumentalities will be seen everywhere; and it will not be right to attempt to give it any form—Christian, Mahometan, or Buddhist—that would make it unacceptable to any. Still I thought that concentrated action would be serviceable—and it was attempted, but in vain. Over and over again, here and elsewhere in the United States, efforts at organization have been made—and some of them in a spirit of wisdom and freedom that removed all reasonable objection here among us—but every such effort has failed. So with the Press and every effort to get up a periodical devoted to the subject, almost all have failed; though some of them have been conducted with ability far superior to that displayed on many of the successful periodicals of the day.

To what shall we ascribe these cognate failures? Surely not to a falling off in the number of believers—for we are increasing marvellously every day, until we are counted, in this country alone, by millions. Not to any diminution in the interest which the subject excites, for we behold that interest constantly augmenting, and men of character, education, and ability, enrolling themselves in our ranks. Not to fear of the world's condemnation of it, for we have survived that in its severest form, and lived to see our belief tolerated, and in many localities actually popular. In the meantime, the cause is moving on and spreading throughout the whole earth. My own observation alone tells me this, besides information from others. Men have been to see me from the four quarters of the earth, of different nations and languages. Letters come to me from Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I hear of manifestations among the Indians on the Rocky Mountains, the slaves at the South, the Arabs in Northern Africa—the natives of the isles of the Pacific. I have heard of my own publications being found on the Himalaya Mountains, in Japan, and among the whalers in the North Seas. I behold Spiritualism in the churches—Catholic and Protestant—and that so strongly existing there, that the priesthood have been obliged to recognize and tolerate it, and some even to use it. The pulpit has stilled its denunciations, and the Press has learned to acknowledge its reality; and now, day by day, numbers are added of those who shall be saved. And yet no organization of our adherents can be successful, no concentration of our power be permitted? If this movement had been of a human device, the human means of organization and concentration would long since have been in full operation. But if it is Divine in its origin, it needs no such mortal appliances, but each soul shall move in its own orbit around the great centre of the system—forming part, indeed, of a harmonious whole, but preserving its own independent individuality to the end.

I have often, within the last six or seven years, reasoned with the spirits with whom I have been in communion, in regard to the plan of their operations—have well understood what it was, and have, from time to time been instructed wherein I could aid in the work. Evils which afflicted the past and retarded the progress of truth in the olden time, they were determined now to avoid. Man's proneness to worship objects palpable to the senses, rather than the invisible Creator of a boundless Universe, should no longer be indulged with the opportunity of defying the instrument rather than the Divine influence. This movement was not, therefore, confined to one instrument, but was confided to many, and that of every conceivable grade of society, so as to render the worshipping of them too absurd to be thought of for a moment. It has therefore been a cardinal principle with the spirits to let no one man have an undue prominence over his fellow; and we have none such, and are not to have. No Mahomet, or Luther, or Wesley, is to be found in our ranks to interpose their imperfections between us and a direct reception by us of the Truth from the same source whence they claimed to obtain it. No one man shall stand in our midst like Moses, clothing his commands with the formula: "Thus saith the Lord." But each shall work out his own salvation: to each shall be accorded the liberty of doing so in his own way; and each shall be taught to worship the Lord God and none other.

There was another evil which the spirits were determined to avoid, and that was one which would surely flow from organization. In every organization there must be some minds to lead, guide, and govern—and hence would arise inevitably an oligarchy among us. So it would be with any publication well grounded and permanently established: its controlling mind would surely lead, guide, and govern the masses. There is such a proneness in man to save himself the trouble of thinking for himself—such a disposition to indulge a mental indolence, by

accepting a faith ready made for him, that the deluging in all ages have taken the advantage to enslave and benight him. Hence the churches, which have done such immense good in speeding man upward, have been shorn of much of their power and their usefulness to advance him still further; and from this cause the Church now has become, as the Jewish Church became 1800 years ago, an instrument rather of man's retardation, than of his advancement. Had this matter in which we are engaged been of human origin, it would have been easy to have formed a hierarchy among us. There are enough among us who could be tempted with the prospect of power; and the constant demand we hear for something certain, definite, reliable, from the spirits, shows us that there are enough ready to yield to the temptation of having somebody to think for them. And I know of nothing short of Divine wisdom that could have prevented these elements, so rife as they are among us, from producing the same results which have been seen since the world began, trapping from the same causes. I confess that when these designs were revealed to me, I could hardly conceive it possible to escape the consequences which the whole history of the race seemed to declare were inevitable; and I have watched the movement with great interest to see if the purpose would be carried out. I think now, from the success which has attended the effort thus far, that it can. God grant that it may! For there is no tyranny so debasing as that of mind over mind—no bondage so destructive to human progress, as the mental. Your own poet has nobly said:

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.

And when any human device, be the pretence what it may, stands in the way of the advent of the truth to each mind, according to its own capacity to receive it, its direct tendency is to enslave, and to retard, if not to debase the immortal spirit of God that is within us. The High and Holy Ones who are dealing with us now see this, and seeing, they are determined to avoid. Hence all seems chaos in our ranks; yet we are moving forward with a harmony of action that is marvellous in its existence and in its results. While the untrained mind can behold in the firmament nought but wild confusion of the stars, the astronomer can see, pervading it all, that order which is Heaven's first law. So we, who look beneath the surface of this movement, can see a scheme—a plan wisely devised and steadily executed.

Organized public meetings are rare among us; but private circles, "where two or three are gathered together in His name," are everywhere. In this city, amid our 40,000 or 50,000 Spiritualists, it is hard work to keep up a weekly meeting of 400 or 500; yet private circles are numerous, and every day. To keep up a periodical devoted chiefly to our cause is very difficult, yet almost all the newspapers are open to us, and the general literature of the day and the arts and sciences are redolent with the principles which Spiritualism teaches. The pulpits are ostensibly closed to us, but they are nevertheless pouring out our doctrines to their people and vitalizing Christianity under our unseen but pervading influence. Everywhere throughout the whole earth the manifestations of the spirit presence are of the same general character. The variations are slight, but the agreement in characteristics is found everywhere. This is true both of the physical and mental manifestations, and it is frequently found that where they show themselves for the first time, and to those who have never witnessed or heard of them before, they are of the same general character, and demonstrate their origin to be in one general purpose. The truths taught by the manifestations have the same general character everywhere. Varied as they must be, and as they are, by the character and temperament of the spirit communicating and the moral holding the communion, they yet all agree in the main features of the teachings. The two great features are to show to man how intimately, in his mortal life, he is connected with the spirit-world, and to reveal to him what is that world into which all are yet to be ushered. And on these points will be found everywhere a substantial agreement of revelation, be the discord in the teaching on science, philosophy, or doctrine, what it may.

There is, then, in this movement, concentration of action, though not of our handiwork—there is organization, though not of mortal fashioning; and we can well afford to dispense with any of our own contrivances. Let it not, however, be understood that there is nothing for us to do—nothing in which we can act in concert with each other. There is indeed much for all of us to do, both singly and together. But the first great work which each has to accomplish is with himself; for until each has interwoven into himself, as part of his very being, the great truths now being revealed to him from beyond the grave, he is not fitted to participate in the mighty movement which is stirring up the human soul from its deepest depths. The revelation addresses itself to the senses; but it will not do to treat it merely as a matter of curiosity or sensuous gratification—it addresses the understanding; but it will not do to deal with it merely as a philosophy. It speaks to the heart, and to the spark of divinity that is planted there, and there is but one response that can spring from the heart—and that is devotion. It is the Spirit of God communing with its offspring—of righteousness and the judgment to come—and that is religion. Everywhere, in every form and in every language, it is uttering the same sentiments—telling us of the future, and teaching us how to meet it. No mere human concert could have done as much in attaining this end as has been already accomplished in the last decade; and who is there that will not say of the work, surely,

The hand that made it is Divine? Truly yours, J. W. EDMONDS. London Spiritual Magazine.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALBANY HALL, BROADWAY PLAZA, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.45, and every 15 minutes in the evening. Lizzie Doten will speak next Sabbath.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening at 7.12 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is: "What effect does the premature death of the body exert upon the Soul or Spirit in the world of Spirits?"

A meeting is held every Thursday evening at 7.12 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 10.1-2 A. M. and at 3 and 7.1-2 P. M. F. Clark, Chairman.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

DANVERSBORO.—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 Fannie Davis, June 2d, 9th and 20th; Mrs. R. H. Burr, May 10th and 20; Miss Jennie Davis, June 2d, 9th and 16th; Dr. A. B. Child, June 23d; Mrs. F. O. Hizer, June 30th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hizer, during the month of July, during the month of August; Mrs. Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th. LITTLE.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall, Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hizer, during May; Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. F. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase, three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GROCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

NEW BEDFORD.—Meetings are held 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 20; Miss Fannie Davis, June 2d, 9th and 16th; Dr. A. B. Child, June 23d; Mrs. F. O. Hizer, June 30th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hizer, during the month of July, during the month of August; Mrs. Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th. AUGUST 25 and Sept. 1; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d; Warren Chase, Dec. 29.

Foxboro.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month in the Town Hall, at 1.2 and 5.1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fannie Davis, June 10th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, June 30th.

WATRAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows:—WATRAM, CONN.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures on afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7.1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, last two months in May and the first Sunday in June; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForest during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

Providence.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, during the month of May; Mrs. F. O. Hizer, during the month of July; Mattie E. Hulet in Aug.; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macomber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougal in Nov.; C. A. Hill, in Dec.

COLUMBUS, PA.—The Spiritualists of this place hold meetings the first Sunday in each month in their church.