

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

NO. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light.
A WISH AND INVOCATION.
TO ONE STRANGELY FAIR.

BY EARL MARBLE.

As down life's surging, shoreless river,
That cascades flows on, on, forever,
Thy bark is tremulously sailing
Through Grief's sad cry and Sorrow's wailing,
Decked may it be, in every weather,
By fairest flower from greenest heather!

And watch it, O! ye angels smiling,
With Love and Joy the hours beguiling
That oftentimes seem so dark and dreary,
Thus changing them to fleet ones, cheery;
And flowers of Hope, thought in death sleeping,
Rejuvenate, and, stealing, creeping,
Let bright and rosy Beauty, blushing,
Be gently blended with the gushing
Of the fondest heart's affections purest;
And let her walk be steadfast, surest,
And give her love that which endures
Long after Earth's dark, dreary even,
All through the golden day of Heaven.
Boston, Mass., 1861.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

From the German of Franz Hoffman.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

It was very early when Ulrich awoke and cast his eyes toward the window. The darkness of night yet overspread the earth, and only a feeble, grayish glimmer, playing against the frosty panes, announced the tardy coming of the day. Ulrich would gladly have rested longer, not upon his feather bed, for he was not rich enough to possess one, but within the hay-sack into which he crawled at night ever since cold weather had commenced. But he remembered that he was entrusted with the care of his sick mother, and that he had to prepare her breakfast; and this thought chased all weariness from his eyelids, and he crept forth hastily, felt around in the darkness for his clothes, put them on quickly, and thrust his bare feet into a pair of old shoes that were a world too wide for them. But what mattered that? He was at least protected from contact with the chilling floor.

Walking very carefully, so as not to awaken the sleeping mother, he stepped toward the small iron stove, and threw in a few chips that he had gathered in the streets the day before; then he rolled up a piece of paper, and striking a match, soon heard the merry fire crackling, and saw its bright reflections illuminating the naked walls of the room. Carefully adding a few more pieces of wood from time to time, he placed a sauce-pan on the stove, took a three-legged wooden stool and sat down before the fire, thereby accomplishing a double purpose, that of warming his almost frozen hands, and at the same time keeping the light from shining on his mother's face, for he did not wish her to awaken until the morning meal was ready.

The red glare of the flame rested fully on the boy's pale face, and gave to its fine and sharpened outline a seeming of health and bloom. In the fitful gleam his cheeks glowed rosy, and the fire sparks shone no brighter than his dark, lustrous eyes. This boy of thirteen might have been called handsome, if his thick black locks had not hung around his face in such utter disorder, for he had not thought of arranging them, until he had prepared the customary soup, and had warmed his stiffened fingers. He then stepped up to his mother's bed and watched her slumber. He could not behold her face, for that was turned to the wall, but he heard her low and regular breathing, and he knew that she rested well.

"Poor mother!" he said softly. "God be praised for granting you one night of refreshing sleep. Sleep on, until the breakfast is quite ready—it will surely do you good."

He bent over her again, nodded his satisfaction, crept toward the door, and hurried out. There was a pump before the house, and he bathed head and hands in its ice cold stream, then with a broken comb he contrived to smooth his matted hair. Wiping face and hands upon a corner of his linen jacket, he returned to the miserable tenement to find his mother still sound asleep. He attended to the fire and to the soup, and then placing himself before the spinning-wheel, he piled his occupation with a practiced hand and with masterly activity.

In the meantime the dawn was breaking, and its pale gleams penetrated even the frosty panes into the wretched abode. It was a very wretched place, with its bleak, blackened walls. Its scanty furniture, consisting of two wooden three-legged stools, an old table, whose elaborate carving denoted ancient beauty and better times, although rickety and insecure through hard and long usage. Then there was Ulrich's hay-sack, and the bed of the sick woman, whom he named mother. But amid this air of privation there was naught repelling; none of the disorder and squalor commonly attendant upon poverty; the floor, the stools, the bedding, all proved the cleanliness and order to which the inmates had been accustomed.

When the soup had boiled enough, Ulrich took it from the fire and poured it into an earthen plate, which he put on the stove, that it might retain its heat. The odor was very tempting, and he cast

longing looks toward it; but he overcame the desire to taste, and sat down quietly to his task at the spinning-wheel. A ray of sunshine fell upon his figure and dazzled his eyes, and his features stood clearly revealed. Indeed, he was a handsome boy; but necessity and privation, sorrow also, and care, had left their melancholy impress on the speaking face. His cheeks were pallid and sunken, and his splendid black eyes seemed to glisten from cavernous depths. The clothes he wore were all too wide for him, and hung around his tall, slender form, obscuring its native grace and ease. A casual observer would have taken him for one of the numerous beggar boys with which the city of Hamburg, like all other great cities abounds. And yet there was something uncommon, almost noble, in the expression of Ulrich's countenance. It was veiled, but not entirely hidden by the imprint and surroundings of poverty.

"Ulrich!" called a soft, very weak voice, from the corner, where stood the bed of the sick mother. The boy sprang from his seat, and hastening to the bedside, gave her his hand, saying with a cheerful smile:

"Do you feel any better, mother?"

The poor woman nodded her head and endeavored to smile in return, but she was checked by a convulsive fit of coughing, that seemed to rack her emaciated frame with a fearful power. With troubled and tender solicitude Ulrich strove to render her every assistance. He raised her in his arms, held her poor head against his breast, and wiped the cold drops of perspiration from her brow. At length the paroxysm gave way, and feeble and exhausted she sank back upon the pillow.

"I am better, now," she whispered. "Do not be alarmed my good boy, the bad cough will leave me sometime. Oh, if it only would not leave me so weakened. And I pity you most, my dear, poor Ulrich. While I ought to be doing for you, you are working for me. And you rob yourself of sleep to earn bread for me—oh!" and she sighed deeply.

"Do not be troubled about that, mother," said the boy. "What does it matter? I can spin quick and well. Only take good care of yourself and get well as soon as you can."

The poor woman shook her head.

"We are all in the hands of God, and God is Almighty!" she said, reverentially. "But believe me, Ulrich, I shall never quit this bed. Here, here, my son, deep in my breast is the death-wound that cannot be healed."

He turned even paler than he was, and a tender gleam of the deepest compassion shone from his tear-filled eyes.

"Mother," he said, with a strong effort to overcome his emotion, "this must not go on so. Let me try, and I will get a doctor, who will give you some medicine that will make you well. Let me alone, and I will find help, mother."

"The poor find no help," was her disconsolate reply. "They have no friend but God alone, and he has numbered the remainder of my days."

Ulrich concealed from her sight the terror and the grief those words had caused him; and he fondly stroked her wan cheeks, and kissed her attenuated hands, continuing his prediction and promise of speedy help to come. He then urged her to eat the soup he had in readiness; she took the plate from his hand, and swallowed a few spoonfuls, and then entreated him to eat the rest. But Ulrich took a piece of stale bread from his pocket, and said:

"I will put the soup away, mother, until you have a better appetite; perhaps you will take it at noon, and I do not know that I can cook another by that time."

The sufferer sighed again wearily. "You deprive yourself of everything that you may give it to me," she said; but the Lord will reward you for it, you good, good boy! He will surely hear the prayers I offer up for you!"

"Never mind, mother; you are sick and I am well, so of course you ought to have the soup, and I the bread. Don't say a word about it, and try whether you cannot go to sleep again. I will finish my spinning, and will take the yarn home; perhaps I shall receive some money from Mr. Leeborg, though his pay-day is always Saturday; if I get it you shall have some more soup, this evening, and I will eat some too."

"But if he does not give you anything?"

"Then—well—then I shall beg again," said Ulrich, without the least embarrassment of manner. "It is no sin, and people give me something, even if it is not much."

"Beg—you beg! and for one who is not your own mother! Oh, Ulrich, surely, surely God in heaven will reward you," said the poor woman with a burst of grateful tears.

"Nonsense, mother. What are you talking about?" the boy cheerfully replied. "Though you are not my own mother, have you not brought me up and loved me as if I were your own? And so I am doubly grateful, and love you all the more. Who knows what would have become of me if you had not taken charge of me? But, mother, if it does not hurt you too much to speak, I wish you would tell me how I first came to you. Will you, mother?"

She nodded acquiescence. Ulrich drew the spinning-wheel close to the bedside, so that she might not have occasion to exert herself in speaking too loud. While she told the story, he spun diligently on.

"It is nearly ten years ago," she said, "that I traveled with my departed husband to Dresden, to visit an aunt of his who resided there. She was old and wealthy, and had written him an imploring let-

ter, promising golden rewards if my husband would come and assist her during the war panic that then overran the land. It was not for the sake of the golden rewards that we undertook the journey; but my husband said:

"She has shown me many favors in the past, and she shall not call upon me in vain; I will do my best for her."

He obtained immediate leave of absence from Mr. Roland, in whose employ he filled the situation of book-keeper. We took our little savings, hired a carriage, and proceeded on our way. But, behold! when we arrived in Dresden, we found the aunt dead and already buried. She had thought of us, however, and left a roll of money for us, containing a hundred dollars, and it was delivered to us by the landlord in whose house she had lived. He was a true-hearted, honest man, and would not permit us to return the next day, as we had intended. We must remain a few days and rest beneath his roof, he said, and we accepted his friendly offer, for we were wearied by the rapid journey, and overwhelmed by the sudden news of aunt's death.

When we had made our arrangements for departure, we heard many rumors of a battle about to take place, and our kind host renewed his entreaties that we should remain longer. But my husband longed to return to his business, and we turned homeward. At first all went well: we encountered many soldiers, but they allowed us to drive on unhindered, for we had good passports, and did not look at all like dangerous characters.

We stopped one night in a little village, and the next morning we heard the thunder of the cannon, and found ourselves, as it were, in the midst of the scenes of battle, which it would require much prudence and foresight to avoid the sight of. I was very much alarmed, and I begged my husband to return to Dresden; but he would not hear of it, and deemed it best to pursue our way. We remained, therefore, in the village, hoping that the conflict would cease, or would be withdrawn from that vicinity.

But the cannonading grew louder and drew nearer, and suddenly a multitude of armed men made their appearance on horseback; cannons and powder-wagons followed, then the infantry, and a confused mass of people, all Frenchmen. Not long afterwards their pursuers came in sight. The French took possession of the village, and the work of destruction went on before us. The balls flew around, and the frightened inhabitants sought refuge in the cellars, and we followed their example. Even there we could hear the terrible noises, but our lives were in no imminent peril. In almost one hour the French were compelled to give up their position, and to take flight again. The Prussians and Austrians followed them, and soon it was quieter around. We crept out of the cellar, and, as if by a miracle, we found our horse alive, and the carriage untouched. The whirl of the battle was still raging at a distance. My husband said:

"Now is our time, for the way is clear before us."

The horse was soon harnessed; we took our seats, and off we went at the full speed of the trusty grey. Our path lay directly over the battle ground; and, oh God! never shall I forget the sight I was compelled to gaze upon, with dread and shrinking fear. Even in the village we had met with the wounded and the dead; but there, upon that bloody field, it was a terrible, never-to-be-forgotten picture! Death and destruction reigned; all that was fruitful and beautiful torn down, broken, and cut away. Long lines of the dead lay there, men and horses mingling indiscriminately, and wherever the eye rested it saw heaps of the slain, and alighted upon blood and ruin. My heart sickened within me as I looked, and, almost fainting, I urged my husband to drive on speedily from the dreadful spot. But was it possible? Were we not obliged to move on step by step? For broken remnants of muskets and swords, crushed wagons, dead horses, and most horrible of all, fallen human beings, blocked up the way, and we had to take many a roundabout turn to prevent the wheels from passing over those in whom, perhaps, the spark of life was not yet extinct. I held my hands before my face, that I might behold no more. But all at once my dear departed husband called to his horse to stop, and cried out:

"Oh, gracious God! wife, do look! See the unfortunate little child!"

I looked out, and saw a little boy of about three years of age, running wildly about and weeping bitterly. We called him toward us, and he came, and asked for his papa and mamma, and cried out aloud when we could not tell him where they were to be found. I looked at my husband, and he understood my mute appeal. We took the little one into the carriage and drove on. After many repeated efforts, I succeeded in soothing the poor little wail, and he fell asleep in my arms.

"What is to become of him?" I inquired.

"We will leave him at the next place we come to," said my husband. "It appears to me that he must have lost his parents in the universal confusion. The authorities must make all the necessary communications, and endeavor to restore him to those he rightfully belongs to."

I fully agreed with his views of the matter. But when after three hours' ride we arrived at a town, no one seemed to know anything of the child, and none were willing to keep him there. We could not trust him upon the world, and so, finally, we concluded to take him with us. We left our names and address with the magistrate, in case that the parents of the boy should seek him, that they might know where to apply. We arrived safely, with our little

charge, in Hamburg; and it was as much as I could do to soothe and comfort him on the way, for he cried incessantly, and called for his papa and mamma in a piercing wail. He prattled, too, of a handsome coach, and of the beautiful Holste horses, and much such childish stuff; but nothing that he said could give the least clue to the finding of his parents or their whereabouts.

In Hamburg we advertised the occurrence in the newspapers, but without avail. No one called upon us for the child, who, in the meantime, had become very dear to us; and, as we could not do better, we took him in the place of our own child. This is the whole story, Ulrich; and the little boy found upon the battle-field, the poor little wanderer was myself—my son!"

"That was I!" exclaimed Ulrich, and a teardrop glistened on his long black lashes. "Oh, mother, how many, many thanks I owe you!"

"Not so, not so, my child!" she lovingly responded; "for you were a present to us from the good Lord," she continued. "We had no children, so we took you to our hearts, and you have richly rewarded us for the little we have done for you. When seven years ago my good husband died and left me desolate, you were my only consolation. And afterwards, when I became ill, when I could no longer work, when hunger and misery threatened, was it not you who tended me, labored for me, ate, even begged for me? Oh Ulrich, my beloved son, a thousand, thousand times have you returned the good received!"

He made no reply. He simply pressed her hand, and sat awhile, silent and immersed in thought. As if awaking from a dream, he asked her tremulously:

"Have you never heard from my parents?"

"Never. God only knows whether you will ever find them. But it is not impossible, for two things that we have carefully guarded may sometime aid you in the search. They are your clothing—that in which we found you, and a miniature portrait in a golden locket, which you had around your neck. I have kept these for you until you should be old enough to understand and appreciate their meaning. You are old enough, and wise enough, now, and I will not delay longer. In the table-drawer, yonder, you will find them."

Ulrich took the key that his mother handed to him, and unlocked the drawer. He found a little blouse of brown velvet, with little pantaloons to match, both trimmed with a silver braid; also the medallion which contained the likeness of a young and lovely woman. He could not look upon those objects without emotion and a strange longing to behold the original of that pictured face. He asked the sick woman whether she thought it was the mother he could not recollect.

"Probably it is," she said, but we have no certainty. To restore her to you must be the work of God alone."

He put the child vestments in their former place, but the locket, pendant from a fine gold chain, he placed around his neck, and concealed in his breast. "So there shall it rest," he said, "and often will I look upon it, so that the features there shall be engraved on my memory."

He chatted awhile with the good woman whom he loved, as a son, and confided to her all his surmises and hopes, spinning diligently all the time, until the task was completed and the yarn rolled off. He then bound it together, and said he would go out and seek to obtain payment for it. Before he left the room he added wood to the fire, and prayed his mother to remain in bed until his return. Then with hurried steps he went upon his errand.

First he went to the merchant who was his purchaser for the yarn, but he received no money, and was told to return on Saturday.

"Very well, it cannot be helped," he said to himself as he passed out of the shop. "But mother must have a doctor, and to get one I must have money. I will sell the gold chain, that is of no use to me, and will hang the locket from a string, that will do just as well and be much stronger."

With resolute steps he bent his way toward a street wherein many jewelers and silversmiths dwelt, in the hope that one of them would purchase his chain. But ere he reached that street, an incident occurred that, for the moment, thwarted his plans and drew him toward another vicinity, at some distance from the street of the jeweler's.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

"Fire! fire!" arose the fearful cry, and was caught up and re-echoed by the multitude, until it reached the furthest portions of the city. At the same time the alarm bells sent abroad their brazen clamor. A stream of people issued from the houses, with pallid faces, fear and terror in every eye, each asking the other "where is the fire?" No one knew positively; opinions varied; the one said here, the other there, until the cry was heard:

"A warehouse full of sulphur, oil and spirits, is on fire, in Wall street!"

Ulrich was so frightened that he trembled in every limb, for in the near vicinity of Wall street was the little house in which he with his sick mother dwelt. Doctor, gold chain and everything else was forgotten for the moment, and as if endowed with winged feet he sped homeward. Passing with remarkable agility through the dense masses that were rushing toward the same locality, and almost breathless he gained the designated street. He somewhat relaxed his speed, for he saw by the direction of the fire that it was at some distance from his home, and that as long as the wind remained in that quarter there

was no danger to be apprehended on the part of his suffering mother.

Ulrich had a strong desire to lend a helping hand that very moment, and for that purpose he had already taken one of the fire buckets; but he suddenly recollected that it was his duty to return home and re-assure the poor invalid of her continued safety. He cast the bucket from him.

"Good for nothing sluggard and drone!" he heard an angry voice exclaim, and as he turned around in surprise, he saw an elderly gentleman in a coffee-brown overcoat, who was sternly regarding him. "Good for nothing sloth and dolt!" he continued, "can't you help with a good will, when you see everybody, even old folks, such as I am, helping here?"

The boy pouted his lip, and was about to give a harsh answer in order to defend himself against the unprovoked assault; but the grey hair, and something in the glance of the old gentleman inspiring respect, controlled the outbreak, and he replied with deference.

"I am going to comfort my sick mother, sir. I will not be gone more than five minutes, and then I will draw water like any of the rest."

He ran off with lightning speed, and vanished round the corner. The old gentleman gazed after him with a strangely awakened interest. "A pretty boy," he murmured. "Eyes like two flames! ahem! he might be about that size, now."

He said no more, for the continually increasing mass swelled and surged around him; busy arms exerted themselves to the utmost, and strove manfully against the encroachments of the devastating element. The old gentleman passed on the bucket that Ulrich had dropped, and received another; a living chain of humanity it was that formed itself and passed on the saving water from hand to hand. The stranger stood in the midst, and in the next moment he had forgotten the boy.

The conflagration spread, despite of the strenuous efforts made to subdue it. A warehouse filled with combustible materials fed the flames, and bade defiance to the streams of water continually poured upon it. Before twenty minutes had elapsed, the adjoining buildings were on fire, and the cries of alarm and terror succeeded one another rapidly.

Ulrich had returned, and was in the line of the extinguishers, laboring with all his might. Fire engines were whirled to the spot; women screamed; little children wailed, and men called loudly to each other. The flames flickered high, and hissed overhead; here and there a wall fell down with a terrific crash, or a staircase gave way—an entire story was demolished; while the noise around was deafening. Ulrich ran hither and thither, seeking to assist, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, although the morning was excessively cold; but the glare thrown out from the burning houses, made the surrounding atmosphere an intolerable heat. To this were added the enormous clouds of smoke that, forced downward by the wind, spread over the streets; the flying sparks, that continually ascended, to return like a fiery shower upon the heads of the toilers. All this, combined, caused many to retreat from the conflict of the elements. But Ulrich kept his place, confining his operations to the one vicinity; thus he found himself close by the side of the elderly gentleman in the brown overcoat, who was helping as assiduously as ever to pass on the filled buckets.

"Here I am again, sir!" the boy called out. "You see, now, that you scolded me without any reason."

A friendly glance from the sharp, grey eyes, seemed to request his pardon, for there was no time for many words. The gentleman and the boy worked on with undiminished good will.

Suddenly there arose a piercing cry that was heard above the crackling of the wildly rolling flames, the crash of falling timbers and the prevailing confusion. Involuntarily all eyes were turned toward the spot whence that thrilling cry proceeded, and with surprise and horror, Ulrich and his companion beheld a woman gesticulating frantically, and pointing toward the fourth story of a house, the lower portion of which was already enveloped in flames.

Looking up, they beheld a child some five years of age enveloped in grey clouds of smoke, and surrounded by flying sparks that were scattered through the air like rain-drops.

"Merciful God! my child—my child! Save it, or it must burn to death!" screamed the distracted mother, in tones of heart-rending despair; while above, the poor thing wailed piteously, and stretched forth its little hands toward the crowd below. A silence as of death pervaded the multitude. Amid the hissing of the fire was distinctly heard the imploring childish voice:

"Mother, mother! help me down! I can't come by myself! Help me, mother!"

Stricken dumb with emotion and sympathy, the spectators looked into each other's faces, as the cries of the mother and child blended fearfully together. But no one ventured to help, for to do so involved almost certain self-destruction; for the lower part of the house was consuming rapidly, the flames leapt from the windows, and the stairways were already a prey to the conquering element; at any moment they might give way beneath the feet of those hardy enough to venture the ascent, and bury them beneath the ruins.

The hapless mother, overcome with grief and anguish, fell upon her knees, insensible to all around. But a cry from the child aroused her. She sprang to her feet, and rushed toward the house, determined, as it appeared, to die herself, if she could not rescue her child from the cruel death.

Hundreds of arms were outstretched to hold her

back. She struggled fiercely for a time, but her strength gave way, and with a heart-rending moan, fell senseless to the ground.

"A hundred souls for the brave man who will save the child!" cried the old gentleman in the brown coat.

"Courage, good people! I am old, I can only pray for the child. But you are young and strong and agile, many of you. You can save it, if you will!"

The men looked down in embarrassment—they glanced at the sea of flame before them, and shrugged their shoulders.

"Sir," said one, "if there was any possibility of a rescue, we would not wait for the promise of money. Look there! a part of the stairway is falling. There is nothing to be done. God have mercy on the poor little thing!"

The man was in the right. In the interior of the house there were sounds of falling timber. A dense cloud of smoke luridly illuminated by glancing reflections issued from the broken windows, and the whole building seemed to totter from the foundation. "Back! back!" hoarsely yelled another. "It may fall at any moment and bury us beneath the wreck. Back, I say!"

The danger was near and imminent. And as if spell-bound, again all eyes were directed to the child, that, crying still more wildly, stretched forth its little hands despairingly for help!

At that moment Ulrich returned—for he had suddenly disappeared at the moment when the unhappy mother had been rendered insensible by fear and grief. Upon his shoulders he bore a short ladder, and around his body he had wound a rope; his black locks dripped with water and his clothing was wet through; he had apparently immersed himself on purpose, in order to carry out the design, which was obvious at once to all.

He placed the ladder against the house, and exclaimed joyfully when he found that it reached to the windows of the first story.

"Boy, where are you going! What do you intend to do?" asked the old gentleman, taking the venturesome boy by the arm.

"I will save the child, so that the poor mother may be glad again. Please let me go, sir."

The gentleman released him, and, agile as a cat, Ulrich climbed the ladder, while a loud, thundering shout of encouragement burst from the assembled mass. Clinging to the window sills, he swung himself within the house, and vanished from the sight of those beneath, in the clouds of smoke and flame.

"Merciful Lord! he will be burnt to death!" "He's lost!" "God help him!" "They are both doomed!" broke from the men, none of whom had dared what the poor boy had done. Some envied his boldness; others bewailed the young life that seemed irretrievably lost, and all looked with eager expectation, with the keenest excitement, toward the window, where they hoped to behold him, if he ever reached the child.

Ulrich thought of nothing else than of reaching the topmost story in the quickest possible time. Through the smoke he saw the stairway yet standing, although enveloped in flames, that played around it from all sides. He covered his face with his hands, and sprang fearlessly up stairs. He reached the landing safely, drew breath, and the staircases fell with a crash behind him. He hastened on, but the atmosphere was so dense he could scarcely breathe. He felt about him with his hands, stumbled and fell; gathered himself up and rushed on. His breathing was oppressed; he came nigh choking, when he observed a gleam of light; it came from a window. With his last remaining strength, he broke the panes of glass and leaned out, taking a copious draught of the fresh air without. He heard the loud huzza from below, for they could distinguish the outlines of his figure.

The cries of bravo, and the clapping of hands, seemed to inspire him with fresh energy. He stepped resolutely from the window, and espied the second staircases leading to the upper rooms. It, too, was burning, but only in a few places. Avoiding these, Ulrich ran on, and found himself in that part of the house where the child had been seen. But where was he to find it? The doors were locked, and the smoke around him grew heavier with every instant. He called loudly:

"Where are you, little one?"

But he received no answer. Probably his call had been unheard amid the crackling and falling sounds. Gathering together all his remaining strength, he broke open one of the doors with repeated kicks. The room was empty; but in the next he found the child, and the little fellow sprang joyfully toward him, rejoicing with tears to behold a friendly face, and know a saving hand so near.

"Be quiet, sonny," said Ulrich, soothingly, and he hastily unwound the coil of rope from around his body. "Be quiet; before five minutes are over you shall be with your mother."

The child was soothed by this promise, and Ulrich redoubled the speed of his movements, for he knew that every second of delay augmented their peril. The adjoining house was a mass of flames, and they touched the very window by which Ulrich had descended with the little boy. The wall that separated the houses was of a glowing heat. The child cried suddenly:

"It burns there! it burns there!"

The fire had broken its way through; in a few moments all would be destroyed.

"Be quiet! Don't be afraid, little one!" said Ulrich. "I am nearly done."

He tied one end of the rope to the window sill, fastening it with a triple knot. Then he thrust it out of the window and found to his joy that it reached to the ground.

"Now come," he said to the child. "Shut your eyes, and hold on fast to my neck, and don't let go, let what will happen. Do you hear?"

The child promised obedience, and passed its little arms closely around his neck. To make sure of his light burden, Ulrich took the sleeves of the child's blouse in his mouth, and held them firmly between his teeth, thinking the while:

"So, now, if the stuff is only strong enough, he cannot fall off."

He then swung himself again upon the window sill, caught at the rope with both hands, and glided blissfully down.

"Quick! quick!" cried a voice from beneath; "the window is burning, and the rope begins to take fire!"

Ulrich glanced upward in alarm; the window was in full blaze, and the rope was smoking in several places. He allowed himself to glide down more swiftly—another moment and he reached the ground in safety, with bleeding and torn hands, it is true, but otherwise unharmed, with the rescued child on his

back, who cried for joy and called for his "dear mother!"

"Poor boy!" said the old gentleman. "How your hands bleed."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "but I do not mind it, for the heart of the poor mother that bleeds no more. Only see, sir, how happy she is!"

Oh, unspeakable was the mother's ecstasy. She pressed her child to her bosom, pressed her lips to his rosy mouth, folded him closely in her loving arms, as if she would never, never let him go. And then her upturned look of thankfulness! The pearl of joy sparkling in her tear-filled, radiant eyes—the streaming tears falling over the beloved head of the dear child, saved from the most terrible of deaths! And lastly, the breathless, tremulous inquiry:

"Where is he who brought my child out from the fire?"

The crowd had gathered around the blest and happy mother, after they had shouted their acclamation to the youthful hero. At her call and question all looked around for the courageous boy, but he was nowhere to be seen, and no one had observed whether he had gone. One inquired of the other, but there was no time left for search.

"Back, back!" cried a thousand voices, "the roof is coming down!"

All made their escape. The mother with her child were carried from the spot. The roof fell in, a fiery mass, and the house followed. Thick clouds of impenetrable smoke and dust, and occasional sparks from the yet smouldering flames, arose from the ruins, and enveloped the place with a fog. The necessity of combating the power of the conflagration again, resumed its way, having been somewhat interrupted by the interlude of the rescue. In a few moments more, the boy who had so nobly risked his life was forgotten; and again all hands were busy in the effort to bar the progress of the destructive element.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD OSCAR AND HIS SONS.

BY GEORGE G. W. MORGAN.

Old Oscar sat in easy chair,
After his evening meal and prayer;
His three fair boys were sitting there
Beside the cheerful fire.

"Come, boys," said he, "I pray you say,
In frank and open, manly way,
Where, each, your thoughts and wishes lay,
To what your minds aspire.

Then freely tell me, eldest son,
In what directions your thoughts run,
And name the way, if there is one,
That I can aid your aim.

The time will come when each will be
Sole master of his destiny;
The road is open, wide and free,
To honor and to shame.

You'll find in each pursuit you choose
A way—if you will rightly use
The means supplied—and not abuse—
To honor, wealth and fame;

Whilst all around you, everywhere
You'll need to use the greatest care
To 'scape the many schemes to snare
And bring you into shame.

Some spend their lives in idle dreams,
Whilst others have too many schemes;
You'll mostly find between extremes
The path to safety lies.

Be active, useful, prudent, kind,
And keep a pure, well balanced mind;
Both good and evil, you will find,
Each thing on earth supplies.

Though danger lurks on every side,
Life's labyrinth is open wide,
And little help to aid or guide
The path that should be trod;

Still with His mercy all may dare
Attempt the task, and even share
Whose thoughts are pure and worthy there,
Their joys who dwell with God."

The eldest boy sat by his side,
His form erect with manly pride,
Responsive to his sire's reproof:
"Dear father, I aspire

To be a soldier of great fame,
And gain a high, ennobled name,
And save nations rule and tame,
And conquests fresh acquire.

To lead a host of daring men,
Have every one opposed by ten,
And drive the lions from their den,
In wild and fierce despair;

And in its stead a fortress raise,
And live apart from vulgar gaze
As best comports with soldiers' ways,
On rich and luscious fare."

"Not thus do I desire to do,"
The second cried—"a different view
I take of life, and shall pursue,
A trade that better pays;

No charm in soldiers' lives I see,
Wild tumult would not answer me,
A man of wealth I mean to be,
And spend in ease my days.

A merchant I would rather be,
And send my ships on every sea,
And have all climes return to me
Their treasures rich and rare;

I'd have large mills and factories too,
Which day and night my work should do—
I'd live as princely merchants do,
Who nothing need or care."

The youngest cried, "When I'm a man
I will pursue a nobler plan,
And strive to aid my fellow man
With all my might and power;

I'll raise the lowly from the ground,
And seek where virtue may be found;
On works of mercy always bound,
I'll spend my every hour.

I'll live a pure and blameless life,
And seek a prudent, virtuous wife,
And pass my days devoid of strife:
At least that is my plan;

With gentle arts of love and peace
I'll strive to make man's joy increase,
And Discord's direful reign shall cease,
And Peace shall dwell with man.

In courts of law I fain would plead
For innocence, and be, indeed
To all oppressed, a friend in need,
And ever strive my best

To gain that bliss which nought on earth
Will yield to man of equal worth:
He's poor, in truth, who feels a dearth
Of peace within his breast."

"My boys," old Oscar cried, "I see
You neither in your thoughts agree,
And fear you all are doomed to be
Debarred your hopes to gain;

Still life's before you—take the way
That each thinks best; I trust you may

Not be compelled at last to say
I've spent my life in vain.

The soldier's is a noble art,
Where patriot zeal inspires the heart;
Who's soul's prepared to set its part,
Who'll never from duty shrink;

But he's a debased whom lucre leads,
Whose soul's pleased with cruel deeds;
Cursed is the sword that often bleeds,
But never stays to think.

While Commerce much that's good imparts,
It brings from distant foreign parts
The produce of all skill and arts
That else were lost to man;

Yet, 'tis a fact I grieve to tell,
Some merchants who "on 'Change'" excel
Will traffic with the fiends of Hell,
And scoff at Heaven's ban.

Self-interest is their only thought,
Their principles are cheaply bought,
The only precept they e'er taught
Is this, boys: "Will it pay?"

More greedy far than hungry hogs,
With hearts more hard than maple logs,
They even covet blind men's dogs
To barter them away.

The courts of law afford great scope
To those who would in earnest cope
With tyrant might triumphant cope
And tardy justice wretch;

But those who've been in courts declare
An honest lawyer's very rare;
In some the meanest culprit there
Is seen upon the bench.

Take this advice from one who knows,
How prone the world is to oppose
The progress and ascent of those
Who would in life excel;

Keep up a brave and manly heart,
And scorn all mean deceit or art,
And in life's play, whatever your part,
Be sure you act it well."

Two left their father's tender care
And rushed abroad, scarce mindful where,
Li'e's prizes and its blanks to share,
A better-skeller race.

The third remained behind at home;
He had no thought or wish to roam;
To him there was "no place like home,"
He could not leave the place.

The eldest joined a warlike band,
And spread destruction round the land—
Both far and wide on every hand
He forced the foe to yield;

Until at length a mightier host,
With greater force than he could boast,
By stealth surprised and stormed his post;
His bones bleached on the field.

The second grew both rich and great,
And gained vast wealth and huge estate,
But callous grew of others' fate,
Nor cared for others' woes;

His brother man he bought and sold,
His heart was selfish, hard, cold;
His sole delight was hoarding gold—
He deemed all men his foes.

The third was gentle, kind and true,
Who did as he'd be done unto,
Though void of wealth no bribe grew
Upon the path he trod;

He lived an active, useful life,
Beloved by children, friends and wife;
Where he appeared he banished strife,
And died at peace with God.

Original Essays.

DIVINE RESPONSIBILITY.

BY GEORGE W. MORGAN.

Shall the Judge of all the earth do right?

[Abraham to Jehovah.

It is the vogue of all theists, especially of theologians, to exalt the Divine Sovereignty as to allow no principle in deity morals, but the "good pleasure" of God, according to which, as Paul affirms, he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In opposition to this sacred conjecture, I maintain that the Supreme Being is himself a subject of Law and Order, as much so, to say the least, as any of his creatures and finite dependents.

With all that has been earnestly and reasonably said and written, and pondered concerning the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, doubtless the logical conclusion has been generally reached, that, since Infinite Wisdom can not err, and Perfect Benevolence can purpose no evil, therefore, with the Almighty, no motive to injustice is possible. Let us now advance upon this rational conviction, and learn furthermore, that, above his exemption from all incentives to do wrong, God is bound to do right by the same law that Man is, being accountable to the very judge and vindicator of human rectitude, which is Conscience.

For what is our Conscience but an impress of God's—an inspiration of his immutable love of Right? There is but one Morality, and therefore but one Conscience, which is the absolute bond of moral obligation for all intelligent beings. Moreover, since every natural instinct is an index to a corresponding trait of Divine Character, our felt responsibility is an exact duplicate of that which our Creator overrules. We admire the logical aptness with which a sacred writer demands, "He that teacheth Man knowledge, doth He not know?" and with the same cogency of reasoning we may assert that the Author of cerebral Consciousness must himself honor the principle of Duty.

Mankind have little respect for preaching without practice. A good example outweighs all the counsels of lip-sacrifice. This is what authenticates the teachings of Jesus, what has sanctified his mission and hallowed his name, and will perpetuate his influence to the end of time. Many of his maxims had been announced at different times long before his day; but the world hears them only from him, because he lived what he taught as no other reformers have done so well. This is natural. I hesitate not to say that we could not worship God "in spirit and in truth," if in any wise we had become persuaded that his moral character is a contradiction of Conscience, or less than our sense of Right. If he enjoins men to love their enemies, allow himself to be "angry with the wicked," and do verily purpose their "everlasting destruction," as many religiousists have fancied, then he is like the petty despots of earth who bind for others heavier burdens than themselves will bear; and there is no other way to redeem the Divine Character from this aspersion, but to admit that God imposes no laws which he does not keep.

It is impossible to conceive why any intelligent being should not be responsible for all voluntary conduct. We readily exempt infants, idiots and maniacs from the scrutiny of accountable beings, for the sole reason that they are not intelligent; and

we invariably measure a man's moral obligation by his endowed and circumstantial ability to do right. Excellence of character never lessens, it rather enhances, our notion of responsibility. The recollection of God's Infinite Perfection tends only to enliven and confirm our conviction of his superlative obligation to deal justly with his creatures, as the Guardian and Trustee of all finite interests. Then the instinct of Conscience is broader than the sphere of selfhood. It does not admonish one as a subject of isolated obligation, but rather of universal law. When it urges me to be just, it presses the assurance that all ought to be; and nothing would shock our moral sense so much as to think the Author of our Conscience ignores or disregards its dictates, accepting for himself no Law but license.

But Reason goes further. It is easy to demonstrate that no accidents of birth or fortune, nor all the prerogatives of personal superiority, can qualify a man to violate with impunity the laws of his own being, or to be happy in making others wretched; and what is thus true of Man, is equally predicable of his Maker. For us there is but one way to Heaven, and that is the right way, or way of Right; and the Infinite Father himself remains in Heaven, or conserves happiness, only by virtue of his undeviating Rectitude.

The normal ultimate of all affection is gratification in one or many of its numberless phases. But this end is never to be attained without an instrumentality, a means and a method, which are respectively provided for man in his organism of wants and appetites, the world of appetite supplies, and the Law of Adaptation. Our affectional nature is three-fold: sensational, rational, and sentimental; and this triune endowment qualifies us for three corresponding classes of enjoyments. Those of the sensational class will come at our bidding, if we err not as to the substance of what we seek and in the use of what we obtain. But no sane man will think of satisfying hunger with mere dirt, nor of suiting his taste to anything unpalatable; and not even a sot expects to experience gratification alone in the misuse of alcohol and tobacco. Want must be fed and appetite controlled; else disquiet, disease, or even death may be the consequence. Our vital wants are exigent and our appetites procurative. Without the gratification of these we suffer, but without the replenishment of those we die. Our motive to eat is thus twofold, but gustfulness is secondary to sustentation; and such is the relation of all the appetites to the wants they represent: they are agents of life, and cater for more than sensational enjoyments, which is reason enough why these are conditional.

A like statement applies to our rational nature. It abhors the false. It rejects the absurd. It can relish no mystery. Its proper food is Truth. As you cannot cheat the physical appetite by putting bitter for sweet, so you cannot please the mental with any counterfeit of reality. Nor is Reason to be more than tantalized by faith; for to believe in the unknown begets a thirst for knowledge. Even unwitting error hampers and galls the soul as the chain of a slave. None can know and not hate the tyrant. Ignorance is darkness; credulity is blindness; prejudice is intemperance; and all vices are as moribund in their mental as in their physical forms. Bigotry, superstition, and many kinds of religious affection, are distempers of mind as tormenting as our maladies of flesh. Intellect without its fill of intelligence only fits one to be more wretched. To inquire, to reason, to learn, to understand, are exercises as naturally pleasing as to see, to hear, and to eat; and to abstain from them is like going without a dinner when one is hungry. Our rational enjoyments, therefore, not only depend on our love of Truth, but are to be measured by our actual wisdom.

The same may be said of our sentimental nature. It loves no deformity. It craves Beauty and Excellence, and longs for Heaven. It sickens at the sight of Evil, and pities the suffering. It hates Malvolence, and abhors Wrong as a viper. It delights in loving and being loved; but it worships only Worth, and Merit is its natural food; therefore it seeks to be worthy and lovable. To the upright an unearned commendation is like a thorn in the flesh. The best use of a good name is a spur to character, that one may bear it without self-reproach; for guilt is more pungent than blame, and honor is sweeter than praise. Our moral enjoyments spring from our love of Right, which is ever coeval with Virtue. Taste, Benevolence, and Conscience constitute susceptibilities to peculiar and exquisite gratifications, provided the individual life be shaped into harmony with their ideals; otherwise one would be happier, or rather less miserable, without these endowments. For a lame horse is not ashamed to limp; a lion eats his prey alive without pity; and some partially human beings, for a like reason, perpetrate great atrocities with very little remorse. What gentleman would not be mortified to do some things that a clown is proud of doing? To a benevolent mind "forgiveness is sweeter than revenge," and if the best man in the world should for once stoop to do the wickedest act, could he help finding in his own breast a deeper hell than any villain carries?

Man is a progressive being. Time was when he had little of the sensitiveness which he now feels, less of the Reason which he now manifests, and almost no Conscience at all. This we may gather from history by reverting only so far back as the age of Moses, who was perhaps among the best of his contemporaries, though he made it a religious duty to hate an enemy and render evil for evil, and worshiped no better God than Mars. Bid the Captain of Israel march two thousand years this way, and what a pigmy he looks beside "the Prince of Peace." Another era passed, and all the worshipful in Jesus, though none the less Divine, shall be recognized as a concrete attribute of Humanity. For, by the law of natural progression, Immanuels are yet to multiply on Earth taller than the God of Christendom, whom none shall fancy else than noble men and women.

Man must progress. There is no power in Nature to conserve life and prevent its unfolding. None of the living could help being born, nor may a child refuse to grow. Bushmen will not always burrow in the ground like woodchucks. In time the lowest tribes will turn to men with urbane arts and sciences. So every peasant is to be a sage; for a fool's head is an egg of Wisdom yet to be hatched, and the heart of every knave is a hibernacle of Godness. We often have a rascal, but never a man. Sometimes, to save the man, a wretch will hang himself, as Judas did. But when such sinners die of penitence, you may be sure that angels go to Heaven.

Until we find a bound to human growth, where is the model of a perfect man? Nowhere, in fact, but in our Maker's mind. That is the paragon of every soul. That "Son of Man"—that finished work of God, has never been revealed to mortal eyes. None but our Father knows what we shall be. But this

is knowable and relevant: Man will never reach a sphere of reasonless or reigning will, where Reason should not guide and Light is not supreme; for Progress verges not to lawlessness, but loyalty to Truth. Responsibility is everywhere the counterpart of Character. The two grow together and strengthen each other. Wisdom is never without the discernment, nor Goodness without the choice, of Right; so none but little minds, I should say, puerile souls, can have a meagre Conscience.

Jesus, the conventional type of excellence, is at present our best example of a sentimental nature. His benevolence was, perhaps, too strong for the feeling of obligation, and made him unconscious of acting from Principle. His thought of Justice was merged in the sense of Love. Doubtless his righteousness was a habit of affection more than of decision—a yearning of Charity, rather than a yielding of Duty. Yet his Responsibility was all the more positive for this. For Benevolence does not supplant Justice; it fulfills it. Conscience is not the ground of obligation, but only its expression; and if its motions grow inaudible to Virtue's ears, it is only because they are anticipated. Perfection of Character breaks no bonds of Rectitude. Wisdom makes the yoke of Conscience easy, and Love makes the burden of Duty light. Not otherwise is any spirit free.

Now all this talk about the Responsibility of Man, applies with larger truth to God. If we cannot do wrong and still have peace of mind, much less can He. Not that the Infinite is subject to moral admonitions, as we are; for His absolute Righteousness makes it impossible that He should be. Guided by the law of Benevolence, which is paramount to that of Justice, He fulfills the latter in advance of all suggestions of what we call Duty. He has no more need of an organic Conscience such as ours, than of eyes and ears. If he does not see and hear and feel and taste as we do, it is because his modes of intellection and enjoyment are superior to those of sense. So he may dispense with a monitor of Right, only because his moral Character transcends its use. But this position does not invalidate the doctrine of Divine Responsibility. It rather puts it on a more reliable basis, by making the Rectitude of God as certain as his obligation.

Had Jesus stooped to perpetrate a wrong like that of David with the Hittite's wife, The stolen amour must have pandered less To his small appetite, and yet the sin Had plunged his soul into a hell of guilt Such as sackcloth has never symbolized. So God himself, if He should grow remiss And err a trifle from the True and Just, Would fall from Heaven and grope in Erebus, More damned than any guilty man can be.

But to the spotless Nazarine, if history has not exaggerated his character, such a moral obliquity as that of the royal patriarch was impossible. Jesus, according to the portrait we have of him, was in no danger of violating his Conscience, because of his superior Benevolence. And the like is true of God. Enough to say of our Father in Heaven, as I have heard some worshiper in prayer a thousand times— Omniscience never finds a chance to err, And Perfect Goodness cannot purpose wrong.

The conclusion is broader than my thesis. The Supreme in Character is the only being who is absolutely RESPONSIBLE.

GOD IS TRUTH.

Man will reverence the God who made him, when His truth flashes upon the mind. The true is God. There is in all the natural manifestation of creative power, a wisdom which compels man to acknowledge the Being who controls his destiny. In all the mysteries of Nature, God lives in secret. All mystery is cause and effect not understood. All truth is mystery explained. There can be no effect without cause. The invisible elements of Nature are all the production of causes which man will in future investigations unravel, by the powers of his reasoning faculties.

The men of genius are, in the life of God, in so far as they investigate and demonstrate his truths to the world. Every truth which is in man's knowledge, allies him to the God of all truth. The world is yet to see that all undiscovered truth is God not understood. Truth is but an established law of God, fulfilling His designs. Man is without that true reverential nature, when he neglects to find the true and real, and feel that God is the sustaining power.

The life of man is the mystery of the soul. He comprehends not his own being. The philosophy of the sages cannot unravel the soul's mysterious existence. All their investigations lead man into the mystery of mysteries, and make him the orphan in a world of opposite conclusions. The mind is not the voluntary agent that has been contended. Theory is the subtle knowledge of wise men. Facts are the immutable intrusions into the world of mind. The basis of all true knowledge is facts. God requires man to study His laws, that the true light may beam in upon their souls. The laws of man's being are but a series of causes and effects, each fulfilling its appointed results.

In the realms of Nature, the operations of the invisible are in the more mysterious departments of cause and effect, it is true, but they are controlled by the same immutable laws. The simplicity of all God's works invites man to study His real designs.

There is in Nature the invisible powers of God's agency in the affairs of man's life. His laws are the correspondent of his designs. Men are moving in God when they obey his laws. It is the end ordained that God shall be the sustaining power to help man onward in his endeavors to fulfill his laws.

The true and real tell men that life is not in the artificialities of man's inventions. Man makes one world; God makes another. Man's designs are for the promotion of his own selfish purposes; God's designs are for man's happiness. Man and God are asserting their supremacy in all things which tend for the real advancement of the race in the true design of Creation. God tells man to obey His laws; man tells man to disobey them, making his own ideas of life the standard to teach his neighbor. Men are fancied Gods in their instructions to their fellow-men. They teach their own lives and make God's laws to have no meaning. The earth is filled with man's wisdom. The world is sacredly in love with man's designs, forgetting that God is not honored when His laws are not fulfilled.

E. J. L.

Portsmouth, N. H.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—The first manufactory started in Nashville after the secession of Tennessee, was an establishment for making coffins.

The voice of the people is the voice of God; or, as Thomas Paine quite as tersely expresses it, "Whatever a whole people wills to do, that is right."

Written for the Banner of Light.
CLOUD PICTURES.

BY EDA WILDEMAN.

Footprints of angels, temple steeples ascending,
Howling glimmers of the scorching choir;
Swift winging o'er the lustrous courts of oven,
With the wan trophies of the palm and lyre.

Far spreading fields o'ergrown with jeweled blossoms,
In the vague distance, dim, mysterious portals,
Leading into the poet realm of dreams.

A royal city, with proud banners waving
From fortress, turret and emblazoned wall;
The revel's mazy whirl—young love's betrothal,
In the time-honored, quaint, ancestral hall.

A martial throng, on fiery steeds advancing,
At the war demon's battle cry of hate,
With glittering sword and shield, the mailed armor
Of warrior pageant and of kingly state.

The prison bars through which some pining spirit
Gazes in sadness on the world below;
On jagged peak and desert plain outspreading
In the far Northland's realm of endless snow.

A bower of lilies 'neath the tropic heavens—
A mossy bridge that spans the flowing tide
Of a pearl-river, on whose rose decked margin
The Spirits of the beautiful abide.

Then ruined battlements, strange feudal castles,
Fantastic towers and minarets of gold;
Gigantic spectres, weird and looming shadows,
Aerial shapes of most celestial mould;

Deep, haunted woods, and white-winged barges floating
On the heaven-mirrored bosom of the sea;
Isles of enchantment—velled by rainbow splendors
The opening gates of immortality!

Beautiful pictures! by the hand ideal
Of my life's fairy reverently traced;
The oft-time weary pathway of the real
Is by imagination's love-spell graced.
Philadelphia, Sept., 1861.

A VISION—AN ALLEGORY.

It was a vast country, covered with forests, scarcely broken by the rude agriculture of its untutored inhabitants. On its shores appeared a few strange vessels from distant lands, freighted with a people before whom the forest and its tenants gave way, and a happy cultivation lent a smiling aspect to the scene. Among these soon appeared another foreign race, who, compelled to servitude, gave idleness and its attendant vices to the heretofore industrious race. The scene became confused, and in a portion of the land the race which had occupied the inferior position, seemed dispelled as a mist in the atmosphere, which, floating away over other portions of the land, descended as a gentle shower among the hill tops, and trickled in tiny brooks and rivulets in the little valleys, until all were united in one broad stream, flowing gently between two mountain ridges, outward, to the broad expanse of ocean. The people along the stream conceived the idea of damming up the waters, to make them a never-failing source of power and wealth; and soon a barrier is built across the gorge, and the current of the waters is stayed. Mills appear, in which the waters turn innumerable wheels, and seemingly all is busy and prosperous. As nature, after doing this labor, pass on to the sea, as waters intended.

But the busy builders conceive the idea of compelling the waters ever to work, and below the mills a reservoir appears, into which the ever-moving waters are turned, and means are devised to pump them back into the mountain gorge, behind the dam. The waters gradually rise, and there is danger that they will overflow. A busy multitude appear, who, now filled with the infatuation of regarding their waters as their wealth, heap up immense piles of earth upon their dam. A few, more wise, remonstrate, and point out the dangers that might result should any great catastrophe liberate the waters, and advise means for permitting the waters gradually to be lowered, so that they need not present a threatening aspect; and some more wise than these, advise that the dam be abandoned, inasmuch as even slight causes might make the stream wash it away, and spread desolation and terror in its path.

At this point a commotion spreads over the whole people. They who are so intent upon building their dam higher, call on their distant neighbors to come to their aid, using all means of persuasion—and, failing in this, resort to threats—but cease not all the while to labor at their dam.

The gorge is fast filling, and the dam is high. The waters set back in a stagnant mass to their mountain sources, and the busy doers, ever true to nature, pour down gentle showers on the hills. Here and there the waters threaten some weakened portion of the dam, and the builders now become exasperated. A portion of them redouble their labors on the dam, while another portion make war on their distant neighbors because they will not aid in building the dam higher.

At this point the vision becomes confused, and can only be seen through a misty veil. But through the dim atmosphere there is a strange blending of the clash of arms, the imprecations of the dam builders, and a tumultuous dashing of the waters against the dam, and against the mountain sides of the gorge. Strange cries are heard that the dam is breaking, which as yet are caused by little rivulets trickling down the steep acclivity.

A new panic arises from fears that those upon whom the builders make war may get access to some vulnerable part of the dam, and open a way for the waters to depart. And through the dim scene now comes the cry that this is done!

The scene grows more dim, as events in the future recede from the grasp of the little intuition or provision there may be in the human mind; but in that dim scene one fancies he beholds a tumultuous torrent of water, filled with the filth and mud of the gorge, in which it has lain so long stagnant, rushing madly with destructive violence through the barriers imposed by human hands, spreading desolation over the vast territory it would have irrigated and enriched under wise treatment, and losing none of its force, except in destruction, until it reaches its final home in the sea.

And yet it may be questioned if the torrent, in its mad leap to liberty, inflicts more than a temporary evil on the land over which it spreads. True, there is a loss of life, for the dam builders are overwhelmed at this worse than useless, self-imposed task. Their mills are swept away, and the heretofore pleasant valley becomes a scene of wild confusion; but the remote points reached by the waters are irrigated and enriched, and the few builders who escape destruction, learn a lesson of wisdom in a sad experience.

Whose shall dam up the waters of life, as the dam builder who dams up the waters of earth, and makes no provision for the escape of the waters into freedom, shall do so at his own peril. So sure as the freest shall sweep away the dam of earth, so surely the immutable principles of right, implanted in the human soul, shall sweep away the wrongs inflicted on humanity, and involve in destruction those who inflict those wrongs. A great moral law underlies all moral operations, as a great physical law underlies the operations of physical nature. Who will build against God's laws?

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Seance in London.

We copy from the London Spiritual Magazine the following graphic description of manifestations, through the mediumship of Mr. Home, which took place some time since, at the mansion of a person of distinction, in Hyde Park Terrace, London:

Two baronets—one an M. P., and the other the heir and representative of a deceased M. P. of eminent ability; the wife of a distinguished living M. P.; a German lady; the lady of the house—a medium; another lady—a medium; Mr. D. D. Home, the American, or rather the Scotland-born medium; and myself—making eight in number, were present. The hour was a little after 9 p. m. Neither of the three first named parties had ever seen any spirit manifestations, and, as far as perfect politeness admitted in the house of a believer and spirit medium, they were evidently skeptics: the rest of the party were mediums of greater or less power, and seemed quite as much interested in watching the effects of the spirit manifestations on the three new comers, as in any spirit manifestations that could be shown.

We all made a circle round a heavy table, capable of seating nine persons comfortably, (crinolines included) and all placed their hands on the table, which was covered with an ordinary damask cloth, (a powerful non-conductor of electricity, completely negating the theory that spirit manifestations were brought about by electricity,) and we were desired by Mr. Home to chat and talk as naturally and cheerfully as we could, and not be too eager or expectant of spirit manifestation, which he stated had a strong tendency to defeat the object. Accordingly we made ourselves as merry as we could, and laughed and chatted, and told anecdotes of a laughable character, to carry out the advice of Mr. H. In about five or ten minutes, which passed very agreeably, the table was tilted and turned beyond the power of our hands laid on the table, and we all tried to turn it mechanically. There were six lights burning in the room. The floor (a first floor) shook and trembled in a manner that all thought resembled the vibrations or tremulous motion on a small steamer's deck when the paddles are in full work: some said it more nearly resembled the tremulous motion on a screw steamer's deck, in which I concurred. This tremulous motion ceased at intervals, and this seemed to strike the new comers very forcibly: it was amusing to notice their startled looks, though they said but little beyond concurring in the observations as to the tremulous movements. The walls also shook at times with a tremulous motion. The table, which was a very large and heavy one, was frequently lifted a few inches from the ground, and at last it rose from the ground at least three feet, and remained thus suspended 'twixt heaven and earth, like Mahomet's coffin, for a minute or thereabouts, probably more than less. The gentlemen were invited by Mr. Home to sweep with their legs underneath the table whilst so suspended, to ascertain if any machinery was underneath, and the two gentlemen who were newcomers swept with their legs under the suspended table to catch any prop or other machinery that might be applied to raise the table, and they confessed that no such machinery or prop was present.

This seance, wonderful as it will appear—"stranger than fiction"—was not considered to be an entirely successful one; and the lady of the house, with characteristic kindness and true politeness, after apologetically speaking of the meagreness of the manifestations, invited me to another seance on the following evening—an invitation I most gladly accepted, although it kept me in London an extra day, and overthrew all my previously arranged movements.

At this second seance we met rather earlier—a little after 8 p. m.—in the same first-floor room: the seance partly consisted of the German lady; a friend of the family; a barrister of eminence of fourteen years' standing at the bar and well known to the public; a literary man—an author of established reputation; the lady medium of the previous evening; the lady of the house; Mr. Home, and myself—making altogether eight persons; all being on this occasion believers, except the author, and all but the barrister, the author, and the German lady, mediums; and it may be remarked that the author had written a work on a kindred subject to Spiritualism, which had caused a great sensation in the scientific as well as the literary world.

The same tremulous motion of the floor and walls as on the preceding evening, took place; and the table was tilted and turned with even greater power than before, and rose perpendicularly from the floor, from three to four feet, and remained in this position suspended (Mahomet's coffin fashion) for about a minute, and then descended to its original place, as softly and gently as the fall of a snow flake. An accord was then played by an unseen hand, whilst it was held by one of the party present, as well as by myself. I held it over the back of the chair on which I was sitting, using the back of the chair as a rest to my arm, the accordion hanging over the back of the chair. I sat on the opposite side of the table to Mr. Home and the lady of the house. The accordion was also played whilst lying on the floor, and also on the table, and was lifted without visible means from the floor to the table. Music of solemn and impressive character was played on the accordion by invisible agency.

I happened to use the word "death" in speaking of a deceased brother, when the music of the accordion was instantly changed into the most discordant notes, indicative of reprobation, I ever heard from that or any other instrument (violin not excepted). The lady of the house remarked: "You have used the forbidden word, for the spirits always say there is no death." I apologized to the spirits for using the forbidden term—pleading ignorance, when, even before my apology was half uttered, the discordant notes ceased, and the harmony was resumed with a softened cadence indicative of satisfaction and forgiveness. Subsequently, when the accordion was not being played on, I again inadvertently used the forbidden word "death," alluding to the same brother, when three heavy, rapid and decisive knocks underneath the table (strongly indicative of disapprobation and reprobation) were heard; I again apologized, when three gentle raps were heard from the same quarter, indicative, it seemed, of approbation and forgiveness. I asked if "departed this life" was an allowable phrase, when two seemingly indecisive raps, indicative of "doubtful" were heard.

A small spirit-hand, warm and soft like that of a child, touched my hand and placed in it a small hand-bell, and, at my request, took the bell from my hand underneath the table to its mother, who was the lady of the house, and who seemed perfectly satisfied that it was the spirit-hand of her little boy, who died three or four years since, aged about eight years, and whom she addressed as such, and received repeated responses, spelt out through the alphabet, such as might be expected from the spirit of a deceased child to its mother.

The bell was carried to several of the parties present and placed in their hands; and lastly, was elevated above, and touched most of our heads, and rung in mid-air, revolving round and touching our heads (my own included). I could see the bell when it passed round my head opposite the window. I could see the bell occasionally as it passed between me and the window, the blinds of which had been drawn down by invisible agency, which was unmistakably patent to all—the blinds having been drawn up and let down several times apparently with no other object than to prove the absence of human agency. Pieces of mignonette and geranium flowers were placed in my hands by spirit hands, and inside my waistcoat. I saw one of the hands distinctly, which, as it came between me and the window, was distinctly visible, as the blinds did not altogether exclude the light of a summer evening and the gas lights in the street.

The curtains at last were drawn by invisible means, and then Mr. Home stated he was being lifted up by spirits, and he crossed the table over

the heads of the parties sitting around it. I asked him to make a mark with his pencil on the ceiling. He said he had no pencil. I rose up and said I would lend him mine, and by standing and stretching upwards I was enabled to reach his hand, about seven feet distant from the floor, and placed therein a pencil, and laying hold and keeping hold of his hand I moved along with him five or six paces as he floated along in the air, and only let go his hand when I stumbled against a stool. Mr. Home, as he floated along, kept ringing the small hand-bell to indicate his locality in the room, which was probably forty by thirty feet, and I saw his body eclipse two lines of light issuing from between the top of a door and its architrave—such door leading into an adjoining room that was brilliantly lighted. Mr. Home was replaced, as he stated, with the greatest ease and gentleness in the chair from which he rose.

Previously to Mr. Home's ascension, the spirit hands of two of the barrister's deceased children touched him, and, I believe, were placed in his hands. He was greatly excited and affected, and at first shrunk away from the touch to the extent of pushing his chair violently from the table, and with so much excitement as to cause him to apologize to the lady of the house for thus giving way to his feelings, stating he had never before been touched by a spirit-hand, and that the touch of his deceased children's spirit-hands had for a moment quite overcome him. He did not doubt that the hands were the spirit-hands of his dead children.

Questions were asked of the spirits, and rational answers given by means of the alphabet, in one of the ordinary ways of communicating with spirits. It is right that I should say, that this seance (as in the preceding evening) was commenced with prayer, which I understood was the usual course of proceeding at these seances.

I make no comments on the above, and advance no theory or hypothesis. I have confined myself simply to facts, which I could substantiate by legal evidence in a court of justice; and I add my name, address and profession, and have only one desire, and that is—that truth may prevail.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
JAS. WASON, Solicitor.
Wason Buildings, Liverpool.

Astonishing Spirit Manifestations.

I am daily called upon by persons desirous of investigating the subject of Spirit communication, to inquire for reliable test mediums. For the information of all such inquirers, I will state briefly the result of a half hour's sitting with Mr. C. H. Foster, at his rooms, No. 75 Beach street, on Wednesday of the past week.

I wrote some six or seven names of spirit relatives and friends upon as many slips of paper, out of sight of the medium, and folded them so that it was utterly impossible for any human being to ascertain what was written therein, purposely selecting names that were not common, and placed them upon the table before him. He did not touch them, except with a pencil, and with that pointing to each one alternately, asked either spirit whose name was written, to respond by the "raps," when the one touching the manifesting spirit's name was touched. Soon the response was heard, and I took the pellet indicated in my hand, when he requested the spirit to produce the name upon his arm. In an instant, he bared his arm, and the name "Melzar," was written thereon in legible characters. The medium spasmodically seized another slip of paper and a pencil, and held them in one hand under the table, the other hand remaining in sight upon the top, and, in an instant, withdrew it, having written thereon the word "Junior." I then unrolled the pellet, and "Melzar Jr.," was written thereon. This was the name of a brother who was a martyr to freedom, having been murdered in Virginia, in 1848.

Mr. Foster then took a pencil, and was writing a communication, and suddenly called out, "Selina," when another pellet was selected in the same manner as before, and upon opening it the name was found written thereon. This was the name of a sister, who passed to spirit-life in Hingham in August, 1860. Another pellet was selected by the invisible, and held by me, and the name "Silence," appeared upon his arm, which name, upon opening, was found written on the pellet. This was the name of my mother. During all this time loud and distinct raps were made upon the table, the floor and the walls of the room, apparently out of the reach of the medium. As before stated, these names are all very rare or uncommon, while others that were written, but not responded to, were very common names.

The question for the skeptic to answer is, Whence came the answers, and how were they produced upon his arm? I would recommend all skeptics to call upon Mr. Foster, and witness for themselves, and especially would I suggest to the learned "Investigating Committee," (falsely so-called) of Harvard College—Professors Pierce, Agassiz, Horsford and Gould, to call and give the world the results of their examination and learned investigation, as an addenda to that report, which they promised, but did not publish, some four years ago. Learned gentlemen, "How were the raps made," which you heard in the Albion rooms? The public have a right to know upon what evidence you predicated your award at that time.

Yours for the truth,
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.
Boston, Sept. 13, 1861.

War is not for that which we supposed it was.

War signally defeats the objects it seeks to gain. Men go to war for the maintenance of their earthly well-being, while war in any, and in every way, tends to make our being miserable. Men declare and sustain war, ostensibly, for the defence of our homes and our households, while war desolates and destroys them. It is claimed that war protects the wealth of the people, while it only consumes and annihilates it. It is claimed that war defends our rights, while it really causes them to be trampled upon, and torn from us; that it makes a Nation's glory and power shine forth brighter upon the earth, while it actually dims its glory, debilitates and enfeebles its power. In one word, the ostensible object of war is to make us happier and defend our earthly prosperity, while its effects are sure to make us unhappy, and to break our earthly prosperity all to pieces. War is a terrific sledge-hammer that batters against this world's prosperity and this world's glory. And it is a plain fact that men who go to law and go to war, think they go for the maintenance of this world's products and possessions, but the result is deplorably the opposite of this.

Now there must be some power divine that rules the destinies of men, and makes them do in darkness, blindly, what they would not do in light, with vision open; that leads them directly away from what they love and seek, into earthly losses, degradation and humility, by the alluring belief that they shall attain the objects they pursue. I cannot doubt that an unseen wisdom makes men do this devastating work for a good they see not and think not of. So the afflictions of war are necessary and inevitable, with certain conditions of human life, and they are

consequently right. War exists; it is a dreadful calamity to our outer senses; but doubtless there is a good in it, for the reason that it exists, but physical sight cannot see it.
A. B. C.

Correspondence.

Autumn.

Autumn is dawning, and soon will be here, (when the sun drops over the line.) Already the leaves are falling and falling, and the winds are drifting them here and there. Old winter has started from his northern lair; we feel his breath in the morning air; he comes creeping down with a silent chill from the icy slopes of the Arctic hills. He will strip the trees of the last green leaf, and steal o'er the waters like a midnight thief; he will rob us of every autumn flower, and seal up the roots with a magic power; but when he spreads his white banner on every hill, hope in the buds will be living still, and the roots, while sleeping in frozen earth, will be dreaming of spring and another birth. Thus the secret round of nature's powers is over typifying ours. Already the frosts of autumn are creeping over many of our heads, whitening and thinning the hairs; soon the currents of life will slacken and chill, the vital heat will retreat from the limbs to guard the citadel of life and defend it till the storming of death shall compel a surrender of the body, absolute and unconditional. But the soul walks out with its side arms and personal property, but nothing more. How beautiful is our philosophy, which now steps in and assures us it shall find a new life, and form, and substance, and friends, and flowers—a spring and a summer-time warmer and richer than earth could give to the body—homes and hearts more congenial and warm—beauty and fragrance more rich and rare.

Strange, strange it is, that so many should turn away from this subject to the cold sectarian formula, and listen to the vibrating themes of burning hell and freezing heavens, of terrible death and an angry God—when by turning to the beautiful teachings of Nature, with the messages from spirit-life, they could realize the truth long since written for the "traveler's guide"—"seek, and ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given." But now in these days of ignorance and superstition, the blind guides of sectarian flocks are constant in their cautioning and watchfulness, lest some of their flock should seek and find, should ask and obtain, should open their windows and let the angels in, and thus find higher and better teachers—"get wisdom from on high," and more than a promise of a spring and a life to come.

How long, oh, brothers and sisters, will you hug the idols of a benighted age—the pride and bigotry of a selfish priesthood—the ignorance and stupidity of an indolent clergy? How long will you be bound to the sectarian car, and help to drag its ponderous wheels over your own children? Can you not rise in your manhood—womanhood—and snap the green withes that bind you? Can you not open your eyes—once, just once—before the autumn of life closes into the body's winter of death? Can you not take one glance at the beautiful life beyond—at the delightful spring of the soul's new home before the chills creep over your form? If you can, the spirit will leap from its icy shell when the death chills seal its currents with a brighter hope and a stronger faith than ever Christian had, and your eyes will be opened to see the loved ones that await you, your ears to hear their sweet songs of gladness, and your lips to feel the welcome kiss, and their twining arms of angels will buoy you up in the last and lonely hours of earthly life, when those about you shall feel that you are growing cold to warm no more, that you are pulling away from them, "no more to meet in the halls of mirth," no more to cheer with song or story the little group by the fire-side.

How sweet it would be to tell them you know you are going to another happier group, to a warmer clime, to a more beautiful home, there to await them and prepare the wreaths of flowers, twined with the fadeless amaranth to crown their brows, as each shall come from a cold and cheerless world, whose summer is past to the body once warm. We who feel the blessings and know the truths of our philosophy earnestly and sincerely wish that all could join us, and make this a life of gladness and joy and love, radiant with the light of the life to come, that we could raise the sectarian veil and let in the light of spirit-life.

WARREN CHASE.
Lowell, September 14, 1861.

The Hammonston Settlement.

In previous letters I have given some general information in regard to our settlement, and its claims upon the liberal men and women of our common country. I propose, in this letter, to give some facts which will be of importance to the new settler:

1st. As to the best time of the year to settle. The fall of the year is better than any other season. Should the settler purchase unimproved land, he has the fall and winter months to build a house and have land cleared, preparatory to spring plowing. My advice is, to all settlers, to come in the fall, leaving the family in the old home until a place is prepared in the new. In this way the family will be spared much privation and inconvenience incident to all new settlements. The best way to ship freight from Boston, is by water to Philadelphia, and thence by Camden and Amboy Railroad, and from other parts of New England, New York, and the West, by Mann's line of propellers from Troy to Philadelphia. Settlers, by observing these directions, will be saved much annoyance, and some money.

2d. Do not bring seeds from the North, as it is better to purchase all seeds, young trees, &c., in the settlement, which can be done at low rates. Cuttings of currants, grape vines, and roots of raspberries, blackberries, &c., do well. The growth of currants, vines, &c., from the North, seem to be as well as those purchased at nurseries in the settlement.

3d. As to the amount of land which it is best to purchase. This, of course, depends upon the settler's means and experience. My observation and advice is, buy small farms, say five to ten acres. Clear it thoroughly, plow deep, don't fertilize it too much, and the amount of crops which one soil throws out will astonish even the settler who has farmed it on the best bottom lands of New England, or the rich prairie lands of the West.

4th. New land can be purchased on three years time, one fourth of the purchase money being paid down.

5th. This fall is a very favorable time for settlers to come and locate, as the war has had a tendency to keep the price of land down, although the tide of

emigration this fall is greater than at any previous time in the history of the settlement.

6th. There are plenty of good mechanics in this settlement to contract buildings; lumber, and all the materials for building are as cheap as at any other point. We need a company of energetic men with capital to manufacture sash, doors and blinds; and men of capital could engage in the lumber trade to advantage to themselves and to the settlement. A profitable business could be done in fertilizers and coal and fuel. A boot and shoe manufactory is needed; also an organized company to purchase the surplus produce of the settlers and forward it to market. There are now four stores in successful operation. Lecturers who visit Philadelphia would do well to come and see us; they will find a people who are liberal in their views, and willing to pay the true laborer in the vineyard. We do not claim that our settlers are exclusively Spiritualists, but a large proportion are such, and the influence of such a proportion upon the Orthodox part of our little community is to make them free and liberal. Our population is some twenty-five hundred, and some hundred families will be added to this number between this and the coming spring. The crops have been bountiful this season—more than realizing the most sanguine expectations of the settlers. We do not claim that men can live with us without work, and drones in our lives are not needed.

I need not urge upon friends who are suffering in the New England States from weak lungs and impaired health, that the winter months will soon be upon us, and the sooner a change of location is made the sooner will health be restored.

To better reach my New England friends, and others who need further information, I can be addressed at 86 Leonard street, New York city, where a plan of our settlement can be seen.

SAMUEL B. NICHOLS.
Hammonston, N. Y., Sept., 1861.

Music as a Reformatory Power.

The question with us is not alone, "What shall we do to be saved," but "What shall we do to save ourselves and others." No truly good, sympathetic soul, in this or any other world, can be perfectly happy in view of others in agony. Nothing is to me more apparent than the want of harmony, the antipodes of discord, war, and all the ills of mind and body. New ideas must be made pleasing and popular, by blending them with mirth and song. Much good has already been done through the labors of such practical philanthropists as the Hutchinsons, Higgins, J. P. Webster, James G. Clark, and many more devoted workers. I could name, none of which are more worthy of encouragement than Mr. L. B. Cushman and Miss Louie Bennett, who were so eminently successful last winter in singing for the aid of those reduced to want by the famine in Kansas. Their liberality inspired others to "do likewise," and caused thousands to shed tears of joy, and their many cherished friends in Kansas, and throughout the West, will be glad to hear that after a short season of rest and relaxation among the social joys of home and scenes of rural life, they are preparing to offer the public something far superior to all their past efforts, which they hope will combine the "useful with the agreeable," more perfectly than any amusement ever presented before. Arrangements have been made for them to combine with Hattie Brown Miller, late prima donna of Parodi's Opera Troupe, and Mr. Fred Miller, from the London Academy of Music, conductors of Parodi's Opera, vocalist, composer, &c.

Ever since the day of the ancient Roman sage, Marcus Aurelius, who denied the possibility of establishing Plato's Republic, because all men would not reason, and urged, upon the same ground, the necessity of making every reformatory movement agreeable, the want of a better combination of mirth and music with all the higher and diviner elements of human nature, has been freely admitted. At no previous time or place has this want been greater than with us at this period, of consumption, dyspepsia, insanity, intemperance, treason, and every moral disease. We have the testimony of Solomon, Shakespeare, Bellows, Beecher, and others equally eminent, who assure us that these diseases find their most perfect preventive and effectual antidote in bountiful doses of "mirth which doeth good like a medicine," and in music, without which a man is "fit for treason," and cannot "be trusted."

Nothing more than music sustains the soldier on the field of battle. Nothing so much as music consoles and animates the weary slave after his daily toil in the fields of cane and cotton. What but the rich, solemn peals of the organ and the sacred charm of song, enables old Orthodox to hold so many noble minds in bondage? Banish this attraction from the churches and how many more pews would be vacant.

On one occasion in Oshkosh, Wis., Miss Bennett removed from the choir of one church and united with that of another, and was surprised to find fully one half of the congregation followed her. On another occasion it was announced that Mr. Cushman and Miss Bennett would sing patriotic songs on Sunday evening, at Mr. B's church in Lockport, N. Y., and the spacious edifice would not contain half the assembly.

I mention these facts, hoping some of the leading speakers and writers will make some successful effort to bring the almost omnipotent power of music more effectually to our aid. Spiritual meetings, in this respect, are too often entirely wanting, and the attendance much less in consequence. Harmonical halls and spiritual people should overflow with music, song and mirth. By the support and encouragement of all true friends of progress, the artists to whom we have referred, and many others of equal merit, will meet this great demand of the age, and a New Era in popular musical amusements will assist in elevating mankind.

Please offer these suggestions to your intelligent music loving readers, and truly oblige yours for Truth, with mirth and harmony,
B. M. LAWRENCE.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept., 1861.

Henry King, of Allentown, Pa., died recently, and left a fortune of \$300,000 to his wife. His rebel brother, the commissioner, was to have had half, but his accessionism disgusted his brother, who disinherited him. Served him right.

A teacher was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to a boy. He was asked: "Suppose you had one hundred pounds, and were to give away eighty pounds—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" "Why, I'd count it!" was the reply.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit who called it forth, through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, who in a name 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.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to show that the ordinary ideas that they are more than six feet long. We hope the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Invocation: "The unreliability of spirit intercourse." Gen. Robert B. Garrison, C. S. A.; Andrew Hooper, 4th Iowa Regiment; Frances Adelaide Story, Washington, D. C.

Monday, Aug. 20.—Invocation: "The beginning of the Creation." Lieut. Greble, U. S. A.; Henry Constantine Smith, Capt. R. A. Walworth; Maria DeCorta, Baltimore; Col. Vek.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Invocation: "What is the condition of those spirits who believed in the general judgment day and the resurrection of the material body?" Betsey Jane Phillips, Exeter, N. H.; Charles Hill, seller, New Bedford; Thomas Lord, Roxbury.

Thursday, Aug. 23.—Invocation: "How does the functional life of the spirit differ from that of the earthly body?" Daniel Morgan, Newmarket, Eng.; Mrs. H. Marion Stephens, Boston.

Monday, Sept. 3.—Invocation: "Is the essence of the Spirits of the Indian race in the present civil war?" Nathaniel Faxon; David Richardson, 4th Iowa Regiment; Geo. Nathaniel Lyon; Geo. Carruth, Boston.

Tuesday, Sept. 4.—Invocation: "The second death." Lieut. Thomas Gurney, South Carolina; Samuel Davis, Northfield, Vt.

Thursday, Sept. 6.—Invocation: "Is the death of the mortal body a necessity, and if so, why?" Edward B. Richards, Bristol, Conn.; Silas Wain, Boston; Mary Murray, Boston.

Monday, Sept. 10.—Invocation: "The resurrection of the material body." Benjamin Kimball, Derry, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carleton, Ala.; Ida Main, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.—What is the Philosophy of Prophecy? Daniel Meagher, Liverpool, Eng.; Francis Theodore Simpson, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Pierce, liquor dealer, New York.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Invocation: "What is the right?" Joe Forbush, Wells, Me.; Alfred Hundt, to his brother James, Portsmouth, N. H.; Susan Brown, Lowell; Caleb French, Sanborn, N. H.

Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 108 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, (up stairs,) every MONDAY, TUESDAY AND THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

Invocation.

Our Father, thou who art infinite in wisdom, mercy, justice and love, to thee again we come through the tabernacle of the flesh. Again we lift our songs of praise to thee, in harmony with Nature's myriad voices.

We ask thee, oh our Father, for no especial blessing, for already thou hast abundantly blessed us—already hast given us the glorious assurance of thy kind protection; and for this we thank thee, oh our Father. While the nation mourns for her sons—while darkness seems to hang over this beloved country, we lift our thoughts continually unto thee, and say, oh our Father, thy will be done. Resting in perfect faith, in the consciousness that thou doest all things well. Oh our Father, in behalf of this nation do we offer praise unto thee to-day—in behalf of thy children who fight to preserve their land from the power of discord, knowing thy care for all thy children.

Shall we ask thee to be with us at this time? No, oh our Father, for we know thou art ever near to us, and we can never escape thy tender watchfulness and care, which is over all thy children, now and forever.

Aug. 19.

Resistance of Evil.

If there are any present who have a question or questions to propose, we are ready to hear and answer, if we can do so; but first it may be well to state that our subject is incapable of long control, and we shall have to be brief this afternoon.

The question was propounded:

"Is it right under any circumstances to resist evil, or return evil for evil?"

When considered from one standpoint, it is not right; when considered from another, it is right. The Scriptures have taught the Christian world to resist the Devil, and he would flee from them. Christianity, and the world at large, in the past and down to the present time, have had a poor understanding of evil—the Devil, temptation—all these various forms that may be classed under one head. We repeat it, Christianity and the world have had a poor understanding of that evil called evil. To be tempted, is simply to be drawn unto what is called evil. The law of attraction and repulsion govern the universe material, and directs also the universe spiritual. Temptation, according to our ideas, is but the power of attraction. Though it may seem to be dark, and evil in itself, nevertheless, it is a part of God's law, and just as necessary to the adjustment of mankind in any and all conditions, as the midnight dew and showers are necessary to the unfolding of the flower. The flower, the tree, and all vegetation cannot stand to the darkness. "I have no need of you; I have the sun, and can grow beneath its golden rays, and the midnight shower is of no use to me." Nor can humanity say, "I have no need of the shadows termed evil." It is well for each individual to live up to the highest light he has—or in other words, obey as well as he is able the God within his soul. If you feel it is positively right to do a certain thing, believe us, that thing is right. If you believe, you are doing wrong, the thing is wrong to you. That which may be wrong or right to your neighbor, may not be so to you. You should all comprehend yourselves, and that which is within you. There is no need of your going outside of self, to know anything about the character of God, or to ascertain what is right or wrong. Consult the great monitor within yourself, and you will seldom go astray.

We are told that Christ said to one who was tempting him to do a certain thing: "Get thee behind me Satan—I'll have nothing to do with thee." We are told Christ said those and so, when the evil spirit came to Christ, and laid before him certain things which he thought would attract our divine brother, and draw him aside from the performance of his duty; but Jesus understood the wiles of the tempter, for there was nothing in the nature of Jesus which could attract him to the tempter. He might have laid all his forces in the way of our beloved brother, but he would have regarded them as nothing, for the law of repulsion ruled within him, and he would have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan, I'll have nothing to do with thee." If it had been possible for Jesus to have been led astray by his tempting one, he would have been led astray; but the law of repulsion ruled entirely in that instance. Man suppose it was because Jesus had a superior amount of knowledge of all the conditions of life; but it was not so. There was manifested not only through Jesus the law spiritual, physical, moral and religious, but each and every part is more or less freely manifested through each and every child of humanity. It is right for our brother to do that which God prompts him to do. It is wrong to do that which he hath a prompting not to do. You need not go out into the external world or church, to know what is right and what is wrong. Within your own soul is the judge and guide. You have but to look there to learn the way to heaven.

Aug. 19.

George Mather.

I am not used to coming in time. This is my first trial. Maybe I have come too soon, but I am anxious, very anxious, to find an opportunity to speak to friends I love. I suppose I stayed quite long enough in the body, though we are all apt to

think we have not lived out half our days, till we get used to living without these bodies.

I was twenty-five years old. I have only been an inhabitant of this new and most beautiful country since the 18th of last July, 1861. I am so unused to taking control of a body that does not belong to me, and is no way like my own, that I find it difficult to say much.

I have been informed, since I came here, that the sooner we have the privilege of communing with those we love, or desire to come to, the sooner we shall be at rest, and ready for what is before us. We are apt to be looking back too much. There seems to be a feeling about me like this: I did not say half I intended to in my last hours. A great many things I might have said that would have done much toward benefiting my friends.

Oh, 'tis a mystery, this life is—all of it a mystery. I never expect to fully solve it; but I suppose we must all work in the mystery, and if we do, we shall be only gaining something new. I find the new existence is as much like that we passed through, that there hardly seems any difference, except we get rid of the body that has no longer been a friend to us. I find all things so different—totally different from what I expected, that I must say I am disappointed, and happy, too, in many respects—happily disappointed. I was an active man in my life—possessed great activity. I was ever restless, and I feel that some unrest now; and they tell me that those who do feel so, get along faster than those who take the world easy. I had supposed the other world was one of entire rest, peace and quiet, and away from the things of earth; but if I had considered nature as I should, I should have known that such ideas were not consistent, and there was not so much difference after all. But I like thousands of others, conceived of heaven as a long way off.

Now I wish I could have a conversation with some of my friends. It is pleasant to come to strangers, if you cannot come in any other way; but I think it would be delightful to come to those who know you; and I must ask my friends to so arrange it that I can come soon. They told me that's the most direct way to send my compliments to them, and if I waited patiently they would be answered sometime. If I came here, they said, there would be an opening made, at least, and I should get my wishes answered sometime.

Do you publish this? Well, I've got friends acquainted with this—I don't know what you call it; I may as well call it coming back, and I doubt not they'll be kind enough to assist me in sending my letter to my dear friends.

My name is George Mather. I was a manufacturer of printers' ink, in the city of New York.

Aug. 19.

Harriet Willott.

I have tried to believe in the mercy and goodness of God, but, oh, sometimes I have lost my faith in God, and have thought there was only one power ruling the universe, and that was for evil. I prayed, oh how earnestly! I prayed—for we do pray after we leave our bodies, that I might be permitted to come back—come back in behalf of my poor children. I left two, in this cold world. The earth seems so dark to me, since I left it, that I think it a wilderness without one flower to make it pleasant. I suppose this feeling was induced by my suffering condition before death. Oh God, where is the justice—the justice that you can find on earth? I do not find it.

I was born in the town of Claremont, N. H. My name, before marriage, was Harriet Percy; after marriage, Harriet Willott. I left Claremont when I was quite young—I think between fourteen and fifteen years of age. I then lost my mother. My father died when I was very small. Shortly after leaving my home, I do not know how long, but much as a year, I believe, I was taken sick with fever, and I settled in my right side. I give this as proof of my identity, that's all. They told me I must give what I could. I recovered from that as so to be quite well, but was never so well as when I was a child. I worked in the cotton mill in Dover, N. H., in Lowell, Mass., and in Newburyport. When I was twenty-two I was married, and moved west—to Buffalo, N. Y. I lived there some time, and then moved to Chicago. I saw some very happy days, and some very unhappy ones.

I have a husband on earth, but I have no wish to communicate with him. If I had, I know I could not. But I have children, two dear children, left without a mother, and with no father's care, in the land of strangers. I left nothing for them but a mother's love, and that has drawn me back. Oh those little buds of humanity are suffering, and their suffering shakes my belief in God. But I should like to see the mother who could be happy, with the full knowledge that her little ones are unhappy.

Now I wish to talk to those who have the care of my children. They are intelligent, human, and perhaps will hear me. Their name is Case—Mr. and Mrs. John Case, of Chicago. To them I come, for my children. I want them to send those children to some public institution of charity. They'll be better cared for there, or, at least, I am sure they will not have to undergo what they do now. If they doubt that I come here, they have only to ask for my presence nearer. If they do this, I can tell them of cases I have witnessed since I left my little ones, that they supposed none know of but themselves. But a mother's love can penetrate through all things material. Now if they desire rest for their souls, or to be at peace, let them send my children away from them. I ask it as a favor—I ask it in the name of God. Yes, I do believe there is a God—I cannot help believing it.

My letter will go them, sir. You need not fear.

Aug. 19.

Freddy Parsons.

Halloo, mister, why don't you ask me something? I'm Freddy Parsons. I live in Augusta, Maine. I was nine years old. I do not know what time it is now. I thought I'd been away longer. I've only been away since May. I went away in May. My father's with me. My mother is at home, in Augusta. I went there; she did n't believe it, and asked me to come back.

I'm bigger'n I used to be; ever so much. I had an awful sore throat when I died. Did n't I die? I did go away. Can I get up if I want to, and walk? These ain't my clothes. I do n't want them. Can I have some other ones?

I came to a little girl, in Augusta, but I did n't come in this way. I made raps, and then spelled out things. I want to go home and talk. Where be I, now? I was n't never here before. She told me to come where all the spirits come and wrote their letters.

I know she'll get this—she's looking for it. My father wants to come, but he can't, like I can. I do n't know why. He says it's best for me to come first. He's here with me, now. I do n't know how to talk much. I could talk better if I had on my own clothes, but I can't find any medium with clothes on like my own. I do n't know any of them. They do n't let boys come round you much, because they have to tell them so much how to come.

I liked to get drowned a year before I come here. I'm most here. I wish I'd come that way, then I should n't had to come the way I did—I could have come without such an awful sore throat.

If you'll get me a pass to go home, I can go. I can't talk to home, as I do here, I ain't strong enough. I have everything I want here, and nobody says I can't, and you do n't have to buy things here. Can I ever go and talk to my mother like I do here? She told me to come here. I do n't like to have her cry and feel bad about me. It's no use crying about what I can't help. I'm here, and they let me come back again, just as I used to be. Shall I go, now? I do n't want to stay any longer. I'll go now, if you'll put my name down.

Aug. 19.

Invocation.

Oh, thou parent of all souls, thou central luminary of the Universe, our Father and our Mother, who hast tuned the strings of all Nature, and caused

them to vibrate in harmony with thee—so, our Father and our Mother, we thy children, are constantly sending forth praise unto thee.

Oh, our God, though Nature is clothed in mourning, we thank thee that darkness is being rent from the human soul now, and through eternity the spirits are made more fully each day to comprehend the mysteries of immortality, and thus heaven is being sent among the sons and daughters of earth. We feel, oh God, that thy wisdom is eternal, and thy mighty love will subdue all evil—that thou wilt lead us all from our conditions of darkness, and bring forth the more glorious morn in the future. And thus unto thee, oh our Father and our Friend, do we send forth ceaseless songs of praise.

Aug. 20.

Cause of the Present War.

We have received a question from one of the chief minds of the American Nation. If those present have no questions to ask us, we will proceed to answer that we have already with us. The question is this:

"What is the cause of the present civil war?"

Presuming our friend has direct reference to the material cause—that which exists in the material world—we shall speak of that cause, having little or nothing to do with the spiritual—though there are spiritual causes, as well as material, as there is a spiritual as well as a material world and body. Everything, every thought, has its spiritual and its material also.

What is the cause of the present civil war? Your forefathers were short-sighted, like the rest of humanity, and they did not perceive so much of the future as perhaps they might have perceived, had they had a little more to do with the spirit of things, and less with the material, all honor to their minds and their deeds. We speak with due deference of them, and would not certainly intend to prejudice any who feel that all the actions of the past are sacred.

When the Constitution of the United States was framed, it was framed too hastily—without a proper regard to the welfare of the people in the present, and that of their descendants in the future. Our forefathers argued in this wise: "We have fought a long war, and despotism has been cast down and right has triumphed. We are weary, and desire rest." And so they sought to rear themselves a temple of Government—too quickly—without a proper regard for the future. They bestowed no definite thought upon those who were to come after them. They builded the temple of Liberty and Freedom, it is true, but looked not far enough into the future to behold the things of to-day. That there was a weak pillar in the temple they erected, the civil war that divides your nation to-day well proves. Instead of rooting out African slavery from their midst—instead of sweeping the store-houses of all the chaff, suffering nothing but the real grains to remain, they suffered something that is at least morally unsound to exist with them. "We will suffer it to be so for the present," they said; "it is of little moment, and when we have time, we will take care of it, and do away with it." But they forgot when they said this, that as the nation gained strength, African slavery would gain strength also. They forgot the child slavery would grow to become mighty—not so well able to be overcome. It was suffered to exist when the Constitution was framed, and has been suffered ever since. Now this manifest neglect of duty on the part of your forefathers was the direct material cause of your present civil war.

Your politicians have legalized slavery, and your pulpits have defended it, simply because your forefathers did not take care to do away with it. It has infused itself into your nationality, and has grown so powerful that you cannot rid yourselves of it by any mild means; hence your present civil war. There is no other cause, religious, political, or moral, for your civil warfare; but it is because of the erection of this weak pillar in the temple of your government. When you attempt now to remove that pillar, all the rest of the structure trembles. This pillar has got to be an instrument of great moral and social evil in your glorious Constitution. All the other pillars suffer in consequence, and the structure has become weak, and there is no cure through out the nation, South or North. Each seceding State declares it can no longer exist in harmony with the North, because the people have learned the disastrous effects of that one pillar upon which their fathers based the fabric of Constitution, and its tottering is felt throughout the whole temple. The North feels it, the South feels it, and it is the cause of your civil war.

Now this will teach you of to-day a greater lesson than the past has ever given you; and that lesson is to do your duty to-day, and not put it off until to-morrow. To-morrow brings other conditions and forces. And when conscience dictates to do a certain thing, or not to do it, obey the voice of conscience, which is the voice of God, and you will not have to do your duty in after years, under disadvantageous conditions. Had African slavery been rooted out in the morning of your nation, it could have been done without bloodshed; but as it is, the blood of thousands will be required to bleach your garments. Believe us, friend, this is the direct and positive material cause of your present civil war.

Aug. 20.

Robert A. Olds.

Stranger, am I to talk to you? This is Boston Mass. I thought so. I'm from Collinsville, Ill. In 1856, I used to live there, owned a farm there, and died there; but it seems rather strange to me to say died, when I seem to be alive.

I was hard on to sixty. My name was Robert A. Olds. Now spell it right, young man! I passed a pretty tolerable life when I was here—got along very well—had enough to do with, comfortably. But, since I left here I hardly know what belongs to me and what do n't.

They told me to come here, and if I did, I would probably get an invitation or a chance to talk. I want to speak to my friends out there.

Do you want any reference as to my character? Well, I'm not much acquainted here in Boston. I know one person here—his name is John C. Sharp. He's a doctor, a physician. Go to him, and he'll tell you who I am. While I am acquainted, he knows of me—that's enough, ain't it?

What is necessary to be done, in order for me to get to my friends? Well, I'll say to them to find a medium, but I do n't know as there's any there. I do n't know as I care to say anything of domestic nature here, if I can only make myself known without.

Well, what's your fee? My friends have got money enough. You're not going to charge any thing? Nothing coming up in the future, then? If there's any charge, tell me of it now, and I'll try and see you paid. All right, is it? Well, then, good-day.

Aug. 20.

Henry Stone.

Not a familiar face here! So I take it for granted I'm to send what thoughts I may have in store for my friends to them. Is it so? It's very hard for me to feel any way at home here. All the conditions are new and strange to me. This is the first time I ever attempted to come in this way. Though I have spent a few years since I had a body of my own, yet in those years I almost forgot how to talk. We are not used in the spirit world to clothing our thoughts with language and sounds, as we were when here with you; consequently I have lost to some degree that power, and have to keep up a pretty good head of steam in order to do what I wish to do, however small the work.

I've a family and friends in Detroit, and if it is possible for me to find a way to communicate privately with them, I want to. I've no wish to make a long story, or multiply words with others; I wish simply to communicate with those I know, loved, and who once loved me—whether they do now or not is another thing. If the old saying "out of sight—out of mind" is true, they may have forgotten me; but I do n't believe it. I hope I shall be able to set up an intercourse with my friends. I've been told there are mediums at my home, but I do n't know

who they are. I've some friends who know of this thing; and if they will call me, I'll try to meet them, and will do them no harm and myself much good.

My name was Henry Stone. I was a railroad conductor, running out of Detroit, and shall be well known there.

Aug. 20.

Peto, a Slave.

Yah! Massa Stone went out as though the devil caught him! I thought I'd never get in myself, massa. Well, massa, I suppose I've Peter Lewis. I belonged in Alabama. I've raised in Kentucky, but I lived in Alabama last time. I feel like now, here, massa!

I thought I'd like to come down and talk to old massa and missy, if I can; and tell you to stop sending folks down South, for they'll get loked, as sure as your're born. Massa got a heap of things all ready for you, so I think you'll get loked when you get round there. I'd like to send two or three words to massa and missy Lewis, but they tell me they do n't get this down there now. Massa Lewis lives at Greenboro, Alabama. I'd like to go down there, massa, and tell 'em I've been round here. Better plantations up here, massa, where ole Peto is, than in Alabama.

Seem' as I can see things there, you'd better stay away. Ye'll get loked, massa—I do n't but think so. Massa got a heap of niggers. Yah! I feel like now, here, dressed up like my missy. I'm up North now, where the folks are that try to steal niggers away! Massa say you all niggers here—set your own table, wash and cook, and do all things yourself. Massa say so, nigger say so, too. Golly, massa, better take my advice, and not go down there, for you get loked. Better take my advice; I see 'nough to satisfy me.

I've Peto Lewis. I think I've 'bout as old as first massa that came. I feel like new here. I think I like to go home, but massa won't know me now.

Do Lord Almighty fix white folks for niggers to talk through. Yah, yah! If you all get loked down South, massa, don't say I did n't tell ye. I think pretty well of you; don't want you to go down there and get loked. Well, massa, will I go? Don't think I've any more to say. I'll come again, massa.

Aug. 20.

I DO NOT LIKE TO HEAR HIM PRAY.

I do not like to hear him pray. Who longs at twenty-five per cent. For that I think the borrower may Be pressed to pay for food and rent. And in that Book we all should heed. Which says the lender shall be blest. As sure as I have eyes to read. It does not say "take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray. On bended knees about an hour. For grace to spend on right the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour. I'd rather see him go to mill And buy his luckless brother bread, And see his children eat their fill, And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray. "Let blessings on the widow be!" Who never seeks her home to say, "If I want 'er take you come to me." I hate the prayer so loud and long, That's uttered for the "orphan's wrong," By him who sees him crushed by weal, And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear him pray. With jeweled ears and silken dress, Whose washer-woman toils all day, Whose children have to work for less." Such people shavers I despise: With folded hands and air demure, They lift to Heaven their "angel" eyes, Then steal the earnings of the poor!

A CARD, AND A PROBLEM FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY D. J. MANDELL.

Arriving at home a day or two since, after a somewhat protracted visiting tour, on looking over my files of papers I found that our mutual friend, A. J. Davis, had published a "Programme for the Nation," stating, in substance, that "the Powers of Heaven will defeat the Federal Armies, unless the real object of the present campaign be fully accepted and systematically presented to its ultimates;" and that, "this great people must not shrink from its great function, namely, to establish the reign of freedom throughout this part of the earth."

This manifesto on the part of friend Davis, bears date, Aug. 10th ult., but I beg leave to state that I had, personally, by letter, made substantially the same declaration to President Lincoln himself, some weeks previously, just after the battle of Bull Run—the ill success of which I had before that, repeatedly predicted, as I had other specialties in our country's disaster and ultimate reconstruction on better and broader principles.

My own "Programme" for the Nation, (and more than that) already bears the date of years. It is now about fifteen years since I announced in a widely circulated New England newspaper the direct tendency of the United States to a condition like that of Mexico. My object was, if possible, to prevent this, or, failing in that, to rectify it, after the people had tried this course of selfish wisdom to the utmost, and suffered sufficiently under the consequences. Consequently, my propositions to the Country have long ere this, embraced much more than the subjugation of slavery, in connection with the usual paraphernalia of Government, as at present instituted, and have looked to and widely proposed many distinctive measures of aid and relief, as well as progress, &c., to which others have, as yet, paid but little attention. Quite recently, I have republished in a Massachusetts journal, a brief summary of some of these in connection with suggestions on the late Spiritual prophecies.

I indulge these statements with no view to make an invidious comparison between "A. J. D." and myself, nor merely to bring my own doings, &c., before the public, but simply as a matter of right and duty, which is now both timely and called for. Spiritualists have been so much accustomed to look for their information to parties who have been entranced, that they seem to have lost cognizance of the fact that on n-eyed inspirational intuition is of any worth in these matters, and it has become absolutely necessary for me to assert, (as I oft have done and do now,) that this class of intuition has been at work prior to the prevalent "rapping" dispensation, preparing for, and elaborating that, of which Spiritualism has, sometimes, reliably, and, at other times, quite unreliably, spoken.

At the next step in my lecturing system, I propose to speak under the question of "What Saves the Nation?" in which lectures Spiritualism and other "isms" will receive their due share of attention—of criticism as well as of appreciation, according to their respective merits and missions. And I give fair notice that these lectures will be another and most distinctive prelude to that re-organization of Church and State, of which the times are so pregnant.

Adopt Depot, Mass., Sept. 12, 1861.

Why is a conclusive argument like Ipecos? Because it makes a person give up.—Herald of Progress.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

Permit me, Messrs. Editors, through your ever free columns, to give forth to your many readers the experience of one of the humble mediums of the day. For nearly five years I have been used as a healing medium, and, like all such laborers in the field, meet much persecution and opposition.

On the second of June last, I was called on to visit Mr. John J. Glover, of Quincy, he being sick. I had previously met Mr. Glover at my rooms in Boston. I found him at his home, attended by his mother, nearly eighty years old, and kind friends, who came to minister to his wants. He was confined to his bed, suffering from the effects of a sun-stroke and weak nerves. At his own and his mother's request, I continued to visit him almost every day.

In the meantime, Mr. Theodore R. Glover, of Hingham, a cousin of the said J. J. Glover, came to his house in Quincy, and, after learning from him that he was a Spiritualist, and under homeopathic and magnetic treatment, threatened to place him under guardianship, as he considered him insane, assigning no cause but his believing in Spiritualism, and using this mode of treatment. J. J. Glover had been a Spiritualist, however, for some time previous to my meeting him.

Theodore R. Glover accordingly caused a citation to be served upon his cousin, to appear before the Judge of Probate in Roxbury, to show cause why he should not be placed under a guardian. I still continued to visit Mr. Glover, and he rapidly recovered, so as to be able to appear before the Judge, in company with his mother and upwards of thirty witnesses. Theodore R. Glover did not appear against him. As to the sanity of Mr. Glover no one that knows him has any doubt. Both parties are wealthy. One is a Spiritualist. The faith of the other I do not know. Certainly he manifested a lack of charity.

On the 23d of July, the day previous to the serving of the citation on Mr. Glover, I received an anonymous letter, of which the following is a true copy:

Mr. Glover—You have too long intruded on the rights of a quiet citizen of Quincy, J. J. Glover, by imposing on him your fanaticism, and it is plain to be seen what your motive is, his property. Now this must be stopped, if not by law, by force, and I caution you to be careful, as means you least expect will be used to prevent this. Beware how you visit him, or take the consequences, which may prove very serious, for you are closely watched.

Two days following I received another, of which I give a copy:

Mr. Glover—You are closely watched, and that one who threatens will do as he threatens. Be careful, and on your guard. As your friend, I advise you. You will sometime know me better. I am your friend and well-wisher.

That evening, when returning from a visit to Mr. Glover, I took the nine o'clock car on the Dorchester Horse Railroad at Field's Corner, previous to entering which I noticed a man standing alone near Mr. Sanborn's apothecary shop, whose singular dress and appearance attracted my attention, for I thought he might be disguised; but as I did not see him in the car, I soon forgot him. When I got out of the car at State street, Boston, I saw him again. I think he must have taken passage on the platform. I walked to Scollay's Building to take the ten o'clock car to Somerville; but finding myself too late for it, and not wishing to wait an hour, I concluded to walk home. While passing over Craigie's Bridge, I was followed by the same man. I walked fast till I arrived opposite the Bay State Glass House in East Cambridge, when he came up with me. I spoke to him, bidding him "good evening," to which he replied in common terms, and asked me to direct him to the camp grounds in Cambridge, which I did. He walked by my side till I came to the crossing of the Fitchburg Railroad at Bridge street. I turned to the left to go up the track, it being nearer for me than the street. He asked me if he could not go that way. I replied that he could; but that it would be further for him. He said, as he should have company, he would go that way. As we approached a lonely spot on a small bridge near the Union Glass House, he stepped in front of me and made a pass at my throat with his left hand, and struck me with a knife or some sharp instrument which he held in his right hand. The blow was heavy, passing through a thick coat, the cover of a pocket memorandum book, my vest and shirt, and pricking the skin over my heart. I recovered from the blow, and struck him across the face with my cane and shouted for help. He ran from me, and I proceeded home.

On the evening of the 12th of August I received a third letter, purporting to have been written by the would-be assassin himself, the contents of which I here give verbatim, and without improving on his grammar or punctuation:

Mr. Glover—I want you to know that when one is insulted, he will be revenged. I will do anything for money and anything for revenge. You struck a damned bad blow and I shall not lose my teeth for nothing. I shall not follow you myself now but I swear to be revenged, if it is not for one year.

I have some one watching you. I know where you live. I know where you stop in Boston. I have been to your rooms before you got this. I shall be on my way to New York but remember me. I don't care what you

Pearls.

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

A SUNNY SUMMER DAY.

Stretched silver upon the spider's nets;
The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung;
The teams that plowed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
The brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
From side to side the hissing scythe;

'Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
The scythes 'mid swaths of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider-bask
Came romping gayly down the hill.

[Harpers' Mag.]

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

MILLENNIUM.

O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven!
Mother and soul of all to which is given
The light of life, the loveliness of being,
Lo! thou dost ascend the human heart,
Thy throne of power, almighty as thou wert,
In dreams of Poets old, grown pale by seeing
The shade of thee—now millions start
To feel thy lightnings through them burning:
Nature, or God, or Love, or Pleasure,
Or sympathy, the sad tears turning
To mutual smiles, a drainless treasure,
Descends amidst us—Soon and late,
Revenging and Selfishness, are desolate—
A hundred nations swear that there shall be
Pity, and Peace, and Love, among the good and free!

[Shelley.]

Before the calm and subduing aspect of nature, hu-
man cares feel their own vanity.

CRAFT.

This is the fruit of craft:
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead.
Craft, once known,
Does teach fools art, leaves the deceiver none:
So he
That sows in craft does reap up jealousy. [Middleton.]

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1861.

QUESTION.—Affinity.

DR. CHASE.—Affinity is a power that produces all forms and holds all the things of existence together. It is the power, too, that disintegrates and dissolves material things, that are seen, and still holds things that are not seen. It is a silent power; it is above antagonism; it never flags; it never fails; it never ceases to act; it is inevitable; it is eternal. Affinity is the power that makes the aggregation of a world, and of all worlds. It makes perfection and imperfection. It holds attraction and repulsion on its bosom; for repulsion is only affinity in another form. The centrifugal and the centrifugal forces of nature are both the lawful children of affinity. The crashes and tumults of time are no less the fragments of affinity than are the securities and rotundities of time, for affinity controls all things. Affinity makes the harmonies of existence, and all the lesser circles of time and the unmeasured circles of eternal things. In the fragments of its productions evil is seen in the things of the senses; eyes; in the larger view of its infinite numbers of harmonies, its products are seen to be admirable adaptations of wisdom. The development of that which to us is pleasant, is agreeable, is desirable, bears to our conscious, outer senses, the evidence of this power. And though not yet fully recognized, it may be that this awful reality pervades our being, and all being. By the development to our recognition of this power of affinity, we find that like seeks its like in the starry heavens and in the little hills of earth; in the dew-drop and in the mighty ocean; in the vegetable and in the animal world; in magnetism and electric currents; in thought, in sympathy, in affection. In all these things we have evidence that there exists some mighty working power, which draws, holds, and abides. This is affinity.

Affinity lays out the work, and brings to sensuous view the physical aggregation that clothes a new soul. A new physical being is produced, with an undying soul within it. This physical aggregation is the work of affinity; it is held and grows by affinity; and the soul within is the servant of affinity, by which it is moved, governed, and directed. Affinity is not a child of human will or human desire. Desire is made by that which is agreeable to us, and our will follows in the footsteps of desire; both are servants of affinity, for we affinize to that which is agreeable. Our desires follow the agreeable, and our will follows our desires. We did not make that in creation which is most agreeable to us, which we love the most. We do not make our love. Love is not an active transitive verb, as we have been taught it was. Love is the effect of the things of creation upon us, that are agreeable to us—not our influence upon the things that we affinize with; so love is passive and intransitive. Affinity makes our love, and over it we have no control. There is a germ in every human bosom which the silent working, growing power of affinity will kindle to a burning flame of love for everything that Deity has produced, sometime—for everything that holds a place in creation. Affinity makes our love, and it is this power of God that shall make everything sometime agreeable to us; and then, wherever we are, we shall be in a heaven of harmony, for affinity has wrought all things out into objects of delight. This is the work of affinity to us. In affinity there is no human volition, there is no human control. Our love is never made for men and things, by us, but by the silent power of God, that we may call affinity. Words have but a surface-pretending influence upon men; they do not make men love, or keep them back; words have no effect on men to shape their destiny; affinity is the silent running current that lies beneath, and moves humanity. We talk, as the agitated waters of the mighty deep bubble and foam; these bubbles do not move the waters—so our talk does not move our lives that produce them. The power that moves the ocean is silent, but ever true, and active—so is the power, affinity, that ever moves our lives. This power is certain, and holds us in control at all times and in all places.

MR. EDSON.—I like an outspoken expression of what the speaker believes to be truth, and do not care to have the statements proved, or positions debated. Dr. Child suits me, though I do not think as he does. I believe we have, or may have some control over our love—the power that attracts and is attracted, called affinity. To illustrate, I have many friends, both men and women, scattered all over the country, some of them choice souls, about fit for the kingdom of Heaven, without further regeneration. Such is my relation to them as affinities, or unfolding effects of the same Father, that though I may not have seen them for years, I can by coming into what I call the contemplative mood, come into their spirit and look into their affectional nature, what I call the "Garden of the Lord," and obtain in some sense, the advantage of their presence. If I find myself leaning toward any one of them in a sense that tempts me to worship them, or threatens the freedom of my affections, I may by examining carefully, though sometimes I may have to

look long and close, find some fault or imperfection, which saves me from idolatry, and enables me to worship "God the Father," the true affinity, as exhibited in the unfolding Christ of the congenial soul, which was the means of my temptation. If on the other hand, we find ourselves related in business or otherwise, to contentions and to us disagreeable souls, and are tempted to despise and shun them, we may so enter into the spheres of causation, consider their proclivities, tendencies and surroundings, so as to perceive the why and how their better nature has not been understood, even to themselves; thus we may be enabled to reflect the light of life, the love or true affinity from the Baviours above us to the souls around and beneath, and express through sympathy, the love generated in the contemplation of the good, the better, and the best, upon the comparative evil which I call a judgmental control of our affinity—our affections, which keep our love cool and temper even, and eventually unfold the true affinity in every soul. Attraction, temptation and repulsion, seem to be the means through which the Creator unfolds himself in the works of Creation.

The law of love or affinity, pervades every department of Nature. It is God's mode of operation. "God is love." Mind and matter, like cause and effect, are inseparably connected. Each soul expression of life, each partly progressed effect in the mineral and the vegetable as well as in the animal kingdom, is true to itself, the mind, the spirit or God-power which provides and controls in its sphere of activity. In the more external manifestations of life in which the law or lawgiver has not obtained a harmonious expression, the law seems to clash. Were it not for the fact that the centrifugal and centripetal forces balance each other, or are balanced in love, the soul of the universe, the great humanitarian man, would fly asunder and be destroyed. Were it not for the fact that the inner love—the Omnipresent law, overrules and controls all the departments of life, individual sovereignty would be a curse! Were it not for the fact that the exercise of what little sovereignty or freedom of affection we at present possess, was the only means of obtaining a more perfected state, we might question the propriety of its exercise; as it is, we feel that there are goods and uses that we have little or no conception of. We perceive what to us constitutes the good, the better and the best. We know by experience, (it constitutes the sum and substance of our religion) that we are bound by the law of God (love or affinity), through which he is reproducing himself, to exercise, unfold and embody him in it.

It is impossible to study Nature with a spiritual desire to discover the purest beauty, the truest good, without unfolding the Divine within ourselves. It is the law of life—the result of attraction, temptation and repulsion. The different spheres of good and use which the growing soul learns by experience, as it journeys home to God, satisfies the traveler that there is an internal department of his nature in which the Infinite Spirit is enthroned in love. It is by passing through the disordered orders of love, that we perceive the uses of war and all the comparative evils which self-love and blind passions have projected upon the race. It is not until only like proportion as we learn their good or use that the soul is saved or past their need. There is no salvation from evil within its sphere. The exercise of our affections in the plane which we occupy is destined to project us above it. It is the only means by which we may obtain the good we need. Temptation is a good, it has a use, it is the divinely appointed way through which the Creator unfolds his creation. It has been said, "covet earnestly the best gifts;" it is right so to do, but there is a better way. It is called charity—a quality of love, or state of the affections, which finds its true affinity within itself, the holiest of the holy. It is called the Christ, or Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

WARREN CHASE.—I did not intend to say anything on this question, for it is, to me, a dry one. We may hunt the country all over in search of our affinity, and our success will ever be a failure. I was surprised at the position taken by Dr. Child. He said that affinity was a power. We have never been so taught, but have been taught that it was a property. Affinity does not hold things eternally, but temporarily. I consider affinity not eternal but temporary—for the reason that all things which it acts upon dissolve in time. It holds the physical body only temporarily; it holds the soul and body in connection only for a time; and we do not know that it holds the particles of the soul only for a longer time. I find the laws of affinity, as to their continuance, very similar in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms; and they are, too, very similar in the social, intellectual and moral world. I nowhere find that affinity binds anything together eternally; in all the departments of existence time breaks and dissolves its ties.

DR. CHILD.—Is the law of gravitation affinity?

WARREN CHASE.—Yes; but I cannot tell what it is. DR. CHILD.—You said that affinity was not power. Is not gravitation a power?

WARREN CHASE.—Yes. But it is a power that cannot be explained.

DR. CHILD.—Are not all kinds of attraction, affinity, that indicate power?

WARREN CHASE.—Yes. But no attraction holds two substances together eternally.

DR. CHILD.—Is not the power of all attraction unalterable and eternal?

WARREN CHASE.—The law is eternal, but the attraction is ephemeral.

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—I record my most solemn protest against the base meanings to which this word has sometimes been prostituted. I know how the silent immortal spirit is liable to be haggard by the mad usurping flesh. I am aware that the irritation of our animal senses can call up a counterfeited semblance of our spiritual emotions; that many people mistake the hot gaudy fury of their passions for the divine impulses of the serene soul; and that thus the word "Affinity" has been wrested from its legitimate meaning, and turned into an epithet of scorn; and yet, while I protest against these foisted meanings, I dare aver that there is a symbol of an infinite spiritual truth, even in them. For always the soul seeks its counterpart—the complement of its existence; only, because the pleasures which begin in the senses do but sensualize, the coalescing Spirit we seek is not ever found in this way.

Like the chemical, the magnetic, and the elective affinities of Nature, these attractions of the soul break away and change their objects. They outgrow themselves as persons, and become more and more impersonal. In the primary stages of our existence we love things; as we grow in life, things lose their fascinations for us, and principles take their places. The incessant Soul outstrips all else. Its path is strewn with forgotten loves, dead friendships, lost beliefs. For not always can these things content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It must assert itself from them, as from toys, and put on the harness, and aspire to vast and universal aims. The time comes, to us young men, when these amber-locked, snow-and-rose-bloom maidens, worthy to glide sylph-like almost on air, whom we love and worship as divine presences, shall no more allure us with lightning feelings; when, to the poet, Shakespeare shall cease to charm; and when, to the philosopher, Plato shall be dull; and all of beauty and of fair that the earth can yield, shall lose its hold upon us, because we are bound Godward; and these things, having wrought their work, can serve us not a moment longer. For

"The Lethargy of Nature

Can't trance him again.

Whose soul seeks the perfect

Which his eyes seek in vain."

Nevertheless these earthly attractions have divine uses; for it is only through our affections for the individual, that we can grow into love of the universal, and feel the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together. We win our way through the worship of one, to the worship of Him who is King and Lord of all. For it is only through our myste-

rious human relationships—with the courage, and wisdom, and purity, and tenderness that are born out of them, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these relationships dwell forever and ever in perfect fullness.

MR. WETHERS.—This question, like many others before this Conference, involves a great deal, and we get very quick beyond the confines of human knowledge in handling it. What has been said by my predecessors on the main, I like. Dr. Child says this affinity is a power, unyielding, never changing. If it is analogous to the same law in physics, it does; for instance, heat separates water. Our Bro. Chase can see nothing in it indicating permanency or eternal duration, and so in the soul's union, there, he can see no permanency. I think the atoms adhere by the power of cohesion, and there would be no change but by outside and foreign influences. So from my standpoint I reach a different conclusion from him. It appears there are forces or a mysterious attraction running through Nature, not confined to man, or animals, or to the animated world, but runs all through vegetable life, and even in the subdivisions of material things, down to the indivisible atoms, and also in the laws that control, or in connection with these atoms, simple or complex. In our minds or in our text books, we call it "male and female;" "positive and negative;" "centrifugal or centripetal;" "attraction and repulsion;" very common words, but meaningless as far as defining the idea is concerned, amounting merely to saying that is all we know about it. I would cast no reflection upon learned words, beautiful associations and poetic language. I fully prize such surroundings, as cultivation and gifts can add to plain facts. I am talking to common sense people, and would merely say, take all the high sounding and elegant language that science and art can clothe this subject with, and put it in the crucible, and the sediment will be no more than you can find in your own common iron skillets, and it is simply this: everything is dual, and it takes the two to make the unity. And after making this statement, we can take one step further, or an inference in the inductive direction, viz, that God, the original adjuster of things, either inside or outside of the forces of Nature, has taken this method to produce a world, and to beautify it after it is produced, and to fill it after it is beautified. We cannot answer why or how only it is so. Talk as long as you like, no spark of light will be emitted beyond that by any one; if there is, then the man is super-mundane, and I will worship him. I never saw that man. Drawing analogies from Nature is well. I like it. I see there is, as I have said, forces, or attractions. There is the attraction of gravitation, drawing all things to the centre, corresponding to the soul's yearning to the great central source, God. Then the attraction of cohesion, like attracting like. We see it in the associations around us. Then there is the attraction of affinity—one substance coalescing with another, for which it has an attraction. We see this in human affairs. I draw my own inference. I do not know how eternal these likes and unions can be, but the power of this liking, thus affinizing, is a dynamic force, and I like to feel and know that it is as eternal as man's conscious existence, and draw also what consolation I can from the hope that some of them will be everlasting.

MR. BURKE.—This is the shortest and the best text that has ever been before this Conference. And I think that the subject has been thus far treated in a very just and upright way. The word affinity has been grossly abused; it has been applied to that to which it did not belong. When we come to consider the subject in its real light, I agree with my friend, who said that affinity is eternal. I think it eternally abides affinity things that are eternal. With mind I abide affinity is eternal; while with matter it ceases. I must confess my surprise to hear "a teacher in Israel" say that affinity was not a power, and was not enduring. I cannot see how this power can ever cease to be for it is a law of creation. I do not advocate affinities for the sexes. Those that are claimed to exist are often no more affinities than Christ and the Devil were. Men and women have their counterparts, but are not their affinities. I think there is an unseen link of attraction that draws men of like feeling and sentiment together, which we may call affinity.

MR. TRAYER.—The text may be a short one, but the subject is a great one. I think there has never been a subject before us on which we more needed light. I believe that there is a spiritual attraction, that we should place infinitely above the outside attractions of the social, moral, or intellectual world. This affinity will, sooner or later, draw us all together into one harmony, into one heaven. This affinity shall make us accept and tolerate the views of one another. I differ from many, and many differ from me, but it is the man whose spiritual stature is more perfectly controlled by spirit affinity, who can accept and tolerate the sayings of another as well as his own. That man is a feeble man, and is but little under the control of spiritual affinity, who only thinks his own opinions right, and all the opinions that differ from his own, wrong.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON
HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, September 17, 1861.

QUESTION.—Can spirits foretell events?

DR. YOUNG.—Prophecy is an intuitive perception of the results which must necessarily follow from any existing state of things. It is a mental process to which we cannot assign any definite limit. I do not believe in fatality as respects specific matters, which depend upon contingencies in man's mental or moral growth. Human nature, like the soil of a Western prairie when cleared, will produce any crop which may be desired, if proper conditions are observed. I think spirits foretell the future from their knowledge of what is going on in the mind of the party concerned, and their perception of the necessary sequence of events.

MR. BENNING.—After twelve years experience in Spiritualism, I am satisfied that no one can get truthful communications who is not himself truthful. Those who are deceived by manifestations, get generally only their desires, by being met on their own plane of morality. For my part, I never join a circle in a cavilling or suspicious state of mind. I take communications as they come; and it is owing to this habit of feeling, and to my uniform truthfulness, that I have been favored with so many genuine communications where others were deceived. Spirits have repeatedly foretold the future to me correctly; sometimes when the events seemed so improbable that I refused to place any confidence in the predictions. Thus, on the day of the battle at Bull Run, a medium who had been speaking in a public hall, beckoned me to her and described the conflict then going on, including the taking and retaking of a battery. Two others overheard her, but we were incredulous. I asked what would be the result. She replied that it would be a drawn battle, or, as she explained, the parties would both run in different directions. Now this, I am inclined to believe, is very near the actual state of the case. By what means spirits are enabled to see and comprehend the future, I cannot tell, any more than I can explain the same power that was exercised by the Hebrew prophets; but that they have this faculty I cannot doubt.

MR. FISHBURN.—Many years ago, long before the three cent piece was introduced into our coinage, a friend of mine had a curious dream. He dreamed that, while traveling, he found himself in a strange city and without money. While passing along the streets, under these distressing circumstances, being much perplexed for the means of getting home, he thought that, on glancing toward his feet, he perceived the upper leather of his boot to be separated from the sole, and that, examining further, he found in the space thus formed, a number of

coins of various denominations—silver and copper—and, among the former, one of a novel aspect, marked in a peculiar manner, with a sort of semi-croire including three straight lines.

This was his dream. Long after, he was actually on a lecturing tour and had arrived in Newark, N.J., without ready money, and in a state of consequent despondency. While walking about the place, the trees, enclosures, &c., which he passed, gave rise to that strange sense of reminiscence, as if they had been seen in some pre-existent state, which most of us have experienced. In the course of his ramble, he struck his boot against an obstacle, and tore the uppers from the sole. This completed his distress and embarrassment; and in this extremity, the thought occurred to him of applying to some of the leading friends of Temperance in the city, stating his case frankly, and asking their assistance to enable him to deliver a lecture on that subject. He did so; succeeded in his attempt; gave his lecture and took up a collection. When the proceeds were placed in his hands, he recognized them as precisely corresponding to that lot of coins which he had dreamed of finding in his boot; and of which the most remarkable, as above described, was seen to be the newly introduced three-cent piece, which he had never met with before the evening of the lecture. This perfectly authentic narrative seems to show the existence of some power which was able to project upon the mind of the person the well-defined image of a three-cent piece, long before the coin itself existed; and probably before the idea of it had occurred to any one else.

MR. GOODWIN.—I have heard from the lips of the individual just referred to, (who, by the way, is very far from being a Spiritualist,) a still more singular instance of provision. He was compelled by some unknown influence, to rise in the dead of night, and proceed through a hard storm, to a house half-a-mile off, where he arrived just in time to detect that a stream of water coming in contact with a barrel of quick lime in the cellar, had produced ignition, which threatened the destruction of the dwelling. Some of my strongest evidences on the side of Spiritualism, I have got, as in this case, from those unfavorable to the doctrine, while on the other hand, the experience of its disciples and teachers has often tended most to incredulity. The question before us is not sufficiently definite in its statement. I have no doubt spirits can predict events by reasoning and calculation from known data, as astronomers do among ourselves. But I do not believe that there is any power of prophecy, absolute, supernatural, and having nothing to do with causation. Spirits probably are able to discern the general drift of future events; but I see no reason to believe they can assign the exact dates of occurrences contingent on the caprice of individuals, or the fluctuating policy of human governments. I have sometimes thought, that in the future state, there will be no such thing as individual spirit-existence; but that, as the different kingdoms of nature grow and merge into each other, the vegetable into the animal, and the animal into man, so man himself is only a part of the great Spirit-mind, which is to be developed, and which is dimly indicated in our vague aspirations for a perfection which we nowhere meet.

DR. GRAY.—Such cases as that of Miss Harding may, I think, be accounted for without traveling beyond the earth-plane. She was probably brought, when in the trance state, into rapport with a distressed fellow-being who was contemplating such a mode of suicide, and his agony was re-enacted in her vision. Innumerable facts have enabled examiners into mesmerism to infer that the self-registration of distant events is all the while taking place in our interiors, whether we know it, or not; and that they crop out in the trance-condition. In this way, a man, in what he may call a dream, is able to read passages in his future life. Both the *esse* and the *posse* of a man are as much bound up within himself, at any given time, as the oak is contained in the acorn. Spirits say they have the same power of entrancing us, that we have of entrancing each other; and I am inclined to believe the assertion, for I have been present in circles when the magnetic aura was concentrated with such force as to produce light, and raise the surrounding temperature; and many persons, in all ages, have been entranced when no human being in the form was operating on them. But all trivial, useless cases of prevision I take to be mere accidental openings of the spirit-plane. Moreover, much of what is called prophecy is the perception, in the prophet's nervous organization, of what is transpiring in the minds and hearts of those around him.

MR. FISHBURN.—All things that ever have existed or ever will exist, in the natural world are in existence, at this moment, in the Spiritual world. In that world there is no such thing as Time or Space; but all is an Infinite Now, apparent Time being due to a succession of states in the mind, and being more or less extended, according to the rapidity of that succession, or according to the approach of occurrences toward simultaneousness. Thus, under certain circumstances, all the events of a man's life will pass with vivid distinctness before his mind, in the course of a very few moments. This being premised, it will be seen that all forms in the natural world must have their archetypes in the realm of spirit; and a prophet, is one who, having passed, for the time being, into the spiritual, interior state, and with his physical senses in abeyance, happens to come into rapport with the archetype of some particular event which is yet to be projected into the natural world. Not that the event, as it comes to pass, is exactly and circumstantially prefigured in its archetype; for modification in form must be caused by material embodiment; and hence no spirit knows anything of the day or the hour when a foreseen occurrence is to be brought about. In this general manner, however, all the great events in human history have been foreseen by some means or other.

DR. FISK.—About three weeks ago, intending to visit my aged father, up in Dutchess county, I asked a spirit if it would rain on the next day. The answer was, "No." "On the day following?" "No," again. "On the succeeding Tuesday?" "Yes, but not all day." And just so it was, on all those days. Now, I cannot believe that I got into such a state as to foresee such things; for I know every effect must have an adequate cause. We may call what is to occur next week, or next year, a future event; but it is certain that to the person, be he man or spirit, who now positively knows such an event, it exists in the present tense, and is not a matter of mere reasoning or calculation from experience, for of such matters, even when like the predictions of the astronomer, they are grounded on the mathematics, no man can say more than that he believes they will take place, provided the requisite conditions continue to exist.

A Voice from Illinois.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I remit "six bits" for six months subscription to the "BANNER," and further than that I feel as though I ought not to say anything that would not be of "material" benefit to yourselves, as I well know the feelings of the publisher, as he opens letter after letter and finds only a small subscription and a mass of "manuscript" of no "earthly" use to an editor, and of scarcely merit enough to appear in print. But, nevertheless, we—that is, I—wish to say a word or two in regard to Spiritualism out here.

I am sure I cannot tell whether the cause is prospering in this locality or not. Yet I think it "holds its own," for the adherents hereabout are a strong-minded people, and do not give an inch when combating for the Truth revealed to them by angels, (spirits of just men and women). A few good mediums are here, one whom the skeptics say, "makes the raps." There are but few outspoken Spiritualists—only, I am sorry to say, presides over the Congregational denomination. Poor fellow! he smother-

ed the truth, and we all "feel for him," as they say at Camp Meetings.

"The College City"—Galesburg—you are probably aware, is about five miles west of this village, and contains a goodly number of tall steeples, massive brick colleges, and many beautiful residences. To say of Galesburg anything that would indicate that the people there are *liberals*, would be telling an untruth outright; but one redeeming trait is, that Rev. Edward Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, preaches there every Sabbath, and gets off some excellent spiritualistic ideas, and is no doubt doing a great work toward breaking down the bitter opposition manifested toward those who preach a more Christlike gospel. He is evidently preparing the minds of the people of that benighted place for the more wholesome, angelic, and spiritual knowledge that may, at some future time, be imparted to them by inspired men and women from the East.

I would suggest that Spiritualists, and especially mediums, keep an eye on Galesburg—the "College City" of the West. That here is a good place to preach the gospel of good tidings is most true, and in due time, Messrs. Editors, you may be surprised by the announcement of a glorious spiritual revival here in Knox County, Illinois—the home of bigotry and sectarianism. Could you send a few "Lights," or Banners thereof, to some of our Reverend gents, whom I will name, you might possibly do some good, as well as obtain subscribers. There need to be a long story told about this vicinity, and the advantages that offer to those who may come here and labor as teachers of Spiritualism; but want of time forbids me from so doing, and I would gladly leave it to able hands, did I think they would "nothing extenuate," etc. But you may hear from me again in the future.

Hoping the BANNER OF LIGHT may continue to wave over the Prairies of the West and the rock-bound shores of New England, and impart glad news to the sorrowing, and wisdom to all, I remain,

Truly yours, HENRY STONE.

Knoxville, Knox County, Ill., Aug. 22, 1861.

Mentoring and Self-sustaining Labor Institute.

For the last few years, Messrs. Editors, my mind has been impressed upon the caption of this article. Whether an institute of this kind could be carried on in harmony of the inmates and their surroundings; or if the time has arrived for such an institute, if the time is upon the horizon for such an undertaking, are there enough individuals who would like to join in it? and can their minds be cleansed from the petty jealousies that the education of the times has inculcated with them? The philosophy of Spiritualism is a beautiful one. If persons are willing to live under the dictates of reason and knowledge, and if individuals can, and are ready to throw to the four winds of the earth the jealousy, backbiting, &c., that was engrafted in their education and parentage—if there are such individuals who are seeking after happiness, and are willing to do good to themselves and others by unloading their minds of all the angularities that has been engrained upon them, then the time has come for such a movement.

I write to you, Messrs. Editors, to see if there can be found a company of men and women of congenial spirits, who could place aside the selfishness, or a great part of it, that was born within them, and come together for the real good of their neighbors as for themselves; I write to those of all grades of mediumship, so that all diseases could be broken and scattered in the institute. I also write to those in connection with the mediums, who are seekers after happiness and health—who are willing to work for their own health as for their brother or sister.

I have under my charge a place well calculated for such an undertaking, owned by an individual who would be very liberal in his offers to any one or more who would take hold of such an undertaking, if they are honest, for the benefit of their species.

The place is situated within forty-five miles of this city, and commands an undoubted supply of water medicated with the healing properties that are needed for all diseases. The buildings need but little alteration, and are large enough to accommodate from eighty to one hundred persons. Should there be any one who wishes to get further insight in such an undertaking, and has a desire to join, by addressing a note to the subscriber through the post office, such information can be had of

EDWARD DE RUSS.

Boston, Aug. 16, 1861.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF MEANNESS.—Mr. George Barker, of Boston, left his clothes on Chelsea Bridge one day last week, and jumped into the water to rescue a boy from drowning; but when he returned with the boy, he found that some unmitigated rascal had rifled his pockets of a dollar—all the spare change he had.

Obituary Notices.

Gone up higher, in North Fairfax, Vt., Sept. 9th, JOSEPH STORRY, JR., of typhoid fever, aged 27 years and 8 months. He in the early part of Spiritualism was developed as a physical medium, to give tests, that our friends, though passed on before us, are not dead, but ever with us to give proof that they live and love the dear ones of Earth the same. This was a source of happiness to him, also to an aged father and three sisters, they being full believers in Spirit-communication. After suffering some three weeks with his disease, he felt the chords of mortality begin to sever. Bidding his friends an affectionate farewell, he sang his future life and labors, departing without a struggle.

The writer was used as an instrument in the hands of spirits, on the occasion, to speak of life and its consequences, and to give some consolation to the sorrowing friends.

J. L. F.

In Dunsmuir, Vt., August 31, Mrs. AMY TEMPLE, in the 82d year of her age. The subject of the above notice, together with most of her descendants, embraced Spiritualism several years ago. In reviewing the history of Mrs. Temple, we find many things worthy of example. The destitute and forsaken found in her a benefactor and adviser, and in sickness she was ever at the bedside of the sufferer as long as her physical energies would admit. She has left a husband with whom she has spent more than fifty-seven years of her earthly life, who, although he feels deeply the loss of her companionship in the few remaining days that he has to spend here, yet he feels assured that a far better and brighter reunion is to be theirs. It was the request of the deceased that Mrs. E. B. Bemis should perform the obsequies at her funeral, which she did on Monday following, in an entranced state, to a large collection of friends and neighbors, some of whom are not willing to hear a medium on any other occasion.

Cox.

Friends of Progress in Indiana.

The next annual meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held in Richmond, Ind., on Saturday and Sunday, October 19 and 20.

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speakers from a distance who may journey in this direction will be welcomed to our meeting. By order of the Committee of Arrangements, OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.