

# BANNER LIGHT.

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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER F. HATHAWAY.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Only a little time after this event, it was publicly proclaimed that the Doge would, on a certain day afterwards, open the large doors of the palace-hall, and suffer all the common people to pass through the same, and press his hand in personal congratulation of the event of his daughter's miraculous preservation from drowning.

The reader, perhaps, may be interested to know what the Doge thought, at last, respecting Bando. On revolving the matter in his mind, he finally came to the conclusion that this generous act of the young brigand and outlaw in saving the life of his child, was in no sense an adequate recompense for the maliciously destroying the life of the young nobleman; and he became more and more confirmed in his opinion, the more he thought of the matter over. So that when this day came, which was to be observed as a public celebration of the salvation of his daughter, he betrayed the inconsistency of feeling deeply grateful for her preservation from death, yet more fixed in his opposition to her preserver than ever before.

Bando had been duly apprised of the way the current set in the breast of the haughty Doge; and, as he hated every form and species of tyranny himself, he swore that he would have his revenge, let the opportunity for it come when it might.

The day had, at length, arrived when the dual palace was to be thrown open to the insatiable tide of the people. Never did the sun shine clearer in the heavens, nor upon a people whose united hearts were more completely in sympathy with the scene.

The working people were already crowding into the spacious square of San Marco in swarms, and the flag of the State, blazing in its heroic-looking arms upon its ground, floated gracefully in the breeze, from the spire. Up the high flight of pure marble stairs thronged the populace, eager to behold the sight of the Doge in his own palace, and anxious, more than all, to enjoy the high honor of taking him by the hand.

Bando, knowing all about this new ceremony, had taken leave of his boon companions in the cave, on the evening before, and, dressed in the coarse and homely garb of a working-man, went up the stairs to the palace, with the many others that were crowding there. His look was dull and expressionless, and it would have struck any beholder at once as belonging to one of the most honest and innocent natures in the world. He seemed struck dumb with the many novel sights that presented themselves, and took no pains whatever to conceal his wonder at what struck him as strange.

Entering the lofty hall with the rest, he pushed carelessly along. Not a soul present dreamed that it was the far-famed and much-dreaded Bando, who was passing so quietly among them. Not one suspected that the dreaded object they so much lunged to see, was so near them at that very moment.

At length he reached the Doge, standing there in the centre of the vast hall, robed in the insignia of his office, and looking as stately and noble as if it were within his right to dispute with every man his possessions, even that last one of life itself. For a single moment—and it was a moment of fate—Bando cast a keen and penetrating look at him, and then suffered his eyes to drop to the marble floor and assume their deadened and expressionless look once more.

The Doge extended his hand to him in his turn, as he did to all the rest, and Bando seized, pressed it, and passed on. Not a syllable passed the lips either of robber or ruler. He, the terrible Bando, had not even been suspected, and he was finally safe. It was a great risk for him to run, but he had an object in it.

But what was that object? Why would he choose to thrust his head into the open jaws of danger? Let the sequel tell its own story.

Crowding along in the press of the people, Bando found himself at length standing at the entrance of the ante-chamber, the door of which was just ajar.

It was the result of a lightning thought. He went fearlessly in. Walking up before a table, he took from his pocket a little packet and laid it down. Immediately afterwards he left the room.

On that same night the Doge died!

The little packet, afterwards found on the table, explained all. Henceforth, the name of Bando became a greater object of terror than ever.

The Council of Ten was in secret session all that night, to devise some method by which to bring the bold Bando to punishment; and the pale streaks of early morning light streamed through their lofty windows ere they had once thought of the approach of another day.

The manner of the Doge's sudden death was as follows:—

Upon one of the fingers of his right hand Bando wore, that day, a large and costly ring. It was constructed with the utmost ingenuity, and immense labor must have been employed to make it the fatal instrument it was.

On its inner side was a secret spring, a pressure against which by the finger it encircled caused a sharp and exceedingly subtle lancet to protrude itself and enter the object against which it was placed, without being sensibly perceived. This lancet was purposely made tubular, and at the instant of its being pressed out, a fine and insidious poison, of a power sufficiently active and penetrating to work itself at once through all the veins and arteries into the human system, escaped through the same and instantly went to its work of death.

It was a wonderful instrument, and on this very account more murderously efficient. No such had been employed before.

With the explanation of the Doge's death, which Bando purposely gave in the little packet, he closed his strange communication with these words:

"So perish in an hour they know not, all the enemies of Bando, the brave!"

A thrill of terror suddenly ran through the general heart, at the promulgation of this news. The brigand, said they, is bold. He has entered into the very halls of the dual place, in open day, and there dealt out to the proud and mighty Doge his doom; and yet he has not been taken! None could now feel that they were safe anywhere. Their great enemy traveled in the dark. His person was never seen. His tracks were diligently concealed. They could not tell of his probable coming or going. How could they feel safe?

For three long days the marble walls of the dual palace were hung with black, in token of grief for the sudden death of the Doge. Long and mournful processions moved along the waters, and up and down the liquid streets the saddest dirges were chanted by the sorrow-stricken gondoliers. The death of a Doge—the Chief man of the State—was no common event. For the time, it seemed as if the State were without a Government, and almost without order.

Never were the three inquisitors with their hundreds of spies, any busier than now. Not a gondolier entered or departed out of the precincts of the city, until he had first given his name, age and occupation. A rigid system of espionage was practised upon all alike. And still, none were able to describe the personal appearance of Bando. Some said he was a slight and handsome man, of a tender age, and very youthful appearance; while others as stoutly maintained that he went about in a rough suit, and carried a heavy bludgeon about with him every where. There were, too, quite as many descriptions of the expression of his countenance. It was a topic of discussion to know what was the exact color of his eyes. Then questions were raised respecting his mouth, and nose, and hair. Of all those, however, who were quite sure they had seen Bando, Marina, the youthful bride, now called to mourn the untimely death of her father, felt much the most certain. She was positive that she could not be deceived in his appearance, for she had seen the bold and cruel brigand with her own astonished eyes.

And thus the talk in Venice continued.

The monk, Petroni, was not very long afterwards summoned into the presence of Count Cesario, to be questioned in relation to the safety of Viola, in her present situation in the convent.

The two men—father and priest—sat together in the large room in the mansion of the count, when the latter thus opened the conversation:

"Father Petroni, these are awful times indeed for our Venice!"

"Indeed—indeed! Woful indeed!" responded the monk, drawing down his cowl still further over his eyes, and greatly increasing the grim fierceness of his aspect.

"What of the convent, Father?" asked the count, rather hesitatingly.

"All goes well, there, I think," said he.

"But is it to last long? Have you sufficient assurances that things may not suddenly be changed?"

"None but those Heaven has always granted us. We must ever trust in Heaven."

"True; but still we are bound to make what preparations we may be able, to ward off such danger as impends."

"Certainly, Sir Count, certainly."

"We could none of us have ventured the belief, you know, that a common outlaw was going to take the most valuable life in all Venice."

"No, none of us."

"And thus to deprive us of our chief head and support! What a fall, Father! What a terrible fate!"

"Ah, yes, Sir Count! Terrible!"

"Has this villain, Bando, ever been seen about this convent, yet?" asked Count Cesario, anxiously.

"How should we know, Sir Count? No one knows who he is."

"I did not think of that, to be sure; yet it would be known to you if any man had been seen lurking about the place."

"None ever has," answered Petroni.

"Should you know it, if such had been the case?"

"Unquestionably."

"But even if Viola is safe now, I do not feel that she will always be. I have fears for her, some time."

"But why? For what reason?"

"Because this Bando is so bold. He goes where ever he chooses. There is no restraint to be put upon him."

"That was just what I thought."

"I pray you, compose yourself. There can be no chance for that."

"But how know you?"

"Ah, I feel certain. I need no proofs of it. That is enough for me."

"But not for me."

"You are nervous, I judge, and skeptical."

"And our good Doge would have been alive at this very hour, had he been nervous and skeptical, as you tell me I am."

"Perhaps so," said the monk, quietly.

"Perhaps so; I know so. Had he been properly cautioned by his fears, the rabble never would have thronged the dual palace as they did, and then, of course, Bando would never have found his way in with the rest."

The monk was silent now. He was becoming convinced.

He at length said:

"I know not, after all, Sir Count, but you speak what it would be well enough for us all to pay heed to."

"I know I do, Father Petroni," answered Count Cesario, with increased vehemence; "else I should have said nothing."

"Then what do you propose?"

"Think you Viola is safe where she is?"

"She might be more secure elsewhere."

"What I most fear is this: Bando may the more easily find her where she is, for he is often in the city, though none of us can tell where; and only heaven can tell with whom and with how many he is in league."

"True, Sir Count; very true."

"Now, if Viola be secretly removed from the place where she at present is, and transferred, without a soul's knowing it, to Verona, and there entered in a nunnery, the matter may all be safely provided for."

The crafty old monk thought, for a few moments, of the suggestion, and then suddenly raising his head, exclaimed:

"You have hit upon it, Sir Count!"

"Do you approve my plan, then?"

"To the letter."

"And will you see that it is carried into execution?"

"All of it will I take upon me," he answered, a grim smile lighting up his fiendish features.

"How soon may it all be done?"

"Within three weeks."

"No, it could not be done a single day before, and perhaps not then."

"And why not?"

"For reasons, Sir Count, that may be perfectly obvious to myself, but cannot be so to you. I cannot explain."

"Pardon me, Father Petroni!" exclaimed Count Cesario, "I was hasty in putting my inquiry. I shall, at any rate, trust all to you."

"You may, and depend, too, on its being done."

"Above all, be very careful that what is done is done in secret!"

"Of that I could not fail to take special care, else would my labor all be lost. I will represent to the Abbess that Viola has suddenly died; we have such deaths frequently; and then hymns shall be chanted over her body. I can readily procure a corpse to represent her."

Count Cesario, for a moment, was lost in deep thought. His countenance never before wore an expression of such deep anxiety. Then, this brief reverie over, he silently waved his hand to the monk, to signify to him that the conference was at an end.

Immediately the cowed monk withdrew, and Count Cesario paced his spacious apartment thoughtfully and slowly, with none but himself for company.

Just at the moment when the monk left the room, a noiseless step glided stealthily along behind the arras, and then was gone.

It was Juliet, the devoted maid of Viola! She had heard all, and, with her great and heart-breaking secrecy, she hastened away to another quarter, to the balcony of old Nando, the astrologer and soothsayer.

To this being, as had been her custom since her loved mistress was taken away from her, she forthwith confided every syllable that she had overheard from the place of her concealment.

Very late that same evening, when all the houses and shops were lighted, and people thronged all the public resorts, a young and boyish looking figure was seen hurrying along, and kept on its course until it reached the house in whose upper chamber dwelt old Nando.

"Ah!" said she, as he entered her room, "you are come just in season, to-night, my pretty Fedore."

"And why so, good mistress Nando?" he inquired.

"Because I have much that I would impart to your noble master, Bando, at this very time," answered she.

"I know that he does."

"And she is hidden away from him. He does not know where to look for her."

"True, and he would know where. Tell me, Nando."

"In the Convent del Serviti."

"Is it so?" asked Fedore, in unconcealed astonishment.

"It is exactly as I have said."

"How may he see her?"

"Ah, but he must discover his own way. Can he not do that?"

"Do not you have communication with her?" he inquired.

"No; none whatever."

The boy stood thoughtfully for a moment, with his eyes upon the floor; then he suddenly broke forth with:

"I am sure he will not fail to find a way."

"But it may be useless. I have more to tell you."

"More?"

"Yes. Within three weeks' time, the cruel old monk, Petroni, has promised her father that she shall go away in secret to a nunnery at Verona. It is a solemn promise."

"Do you indeed tell me truly? How found you out this, Nando?"

"Do not put me such questions. It is enough for you to know that it is as I have said."

"It is—I am satisfied. Bando shall know this at once—at once!"

"Only be sure you are not yourself caught and thrown into some dark dungeon, before you reach him."

"I have no fears of that sort," promptly answered the brave young page.

Nando was once more alone. Fedore hastened from the apartment down the stairs, and was speedily lost in the crowd and whirl of passers along the walks.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"O, serpent heart, bid with a flowering face! Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Dove-feathered raven! wily! wily! ravening lamb! Displeased substance of divinest show! Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st; A damned saint, an honorable villain!"

Viola knelt at the confessional. Father Petroni was listening greedily to every syllable.

"His head was inclined toward the watched girl, eager to drink in everything that passed her lips. It was the holy hour of even, and the hushed and solemn twilight was mantling both earth and sky. All else was hushed and dead."

The heart of the young penitent, was in perfect harmony with the surrounding influences, and especially that came to her from nature without were such as impressed themselves upon her most deeply.

"Tell me all, Viola—all," urged the wily monk; thou hast not yet told me the half thy tender heart has felt."

And then the guileless and confiding girl went on, pouring into his ear the whole history of her love, and what was more, of her doubt and her fear; how she had loved Bando, how she still continued to love him, and how much she had periled for that love.

To every word he bent his eager attention. He pressed her again, and yet again, that she should not suffer herself to rest under the guilt of concealing anything in this her hour of confession, but to relieve her heart of everything, if she would again be innocent and happy.

Finally he placed his own lips very close to her ear, and dared—the vile hypocrite!—to propose to her a dishonorable flight with him!

She sprang up in an instant from her kneeling posture, on hearing his base words, and looked calmly but resolutely in his wrinkled and passion-fred face.

"Father!" was her exclamation.

"Yes, tell me all, my child," continued the old monk, with unparelled effrontery.

"You are base! You are—"

"Tut—tut! But heaven shall visit you with its curses, if your young lips dare to pronounce such words!"

"I care not," she still resolutely replied; "I will emblazon your shame to the world!"

"But, my daughter, consider that you are no longer of the world," said he.

"No, but soon shall be again," responded she.

"Never—never again!"

"Viola," he continued, after a pause.

She replied with nothing but a fixed and firm look.

"Come with me at once to the penitent's cell," he added. "Let us each absolve ourselves for our sins in the sight of heaven!"

It would be impossible to describe the feeling that, just at that moment, came over the mind of Viola. She did not hesitate, however, but at once bowing her head, submissively followed him.

They proceeded into an outer room, in which merely sparkled a little lantern, and on one of whose walls hung many keys of a variety of sizes. Some of them were huge indeed. Taking the lantern in one of his hands and a large key in the other, he beckoned the girl to follow him still further.

They pushed on till they came to a flight of large and circular steps. Following the course of these, they wound round until they reached the bottom of the same, from which place there ran along a great distance a dismal subterranean passage.

The walls were of ragged rock, solid and cold, from which Viola could distinctly hear, ever and anon, the drops of rain falling with a most melancholy sound.

"See me; I am all attention."

"Bando loves the beautiful Viola."

upon the floor of the passage. No gleam of light at any point from without, that she could discover, penetrated the passage; nothing but the flickering little lamp that Petroni carried in his hand, afforded them any assistance.

Viola's delicate form visibly shuddered, as she passed through the subterranean labyrinth, and she believed in her heart that she should not hesitate to turn back again, provided she could have found the entrance by which she came. All around her was dark, damp and forbidding.

After a time, they came to a little cell, apparently cut from the solid rock itself. A massive iron door was set before it, to the lock of which the monk applied the ponderous key he carried in his hand. As he turned the same, a heavy bolt slid in its socket, whose sound grated on the ears of the affrighted girl mournfully. Then setting his own shoulder against the door, he called on Viola to do the same, and aid him in pushing back the heavy mass. She did as he requested her, and, at the moment it began to move, and it had swung back sufficiently to admit of it, he suddenly thrust her through the opening and threw her with violence upon the floor! In an instant, he drew the door back again with all the exertion it was possible for him to make, and again slid the bolt back into its socket.

Now was the poor child more a prisoner than ever. His was the way the old knave would confess his sins to Heaven with her.

Immediately he took the key out of the lock, and began to retrace his steps. No cry came from the lips of Viola, and even if she had shrieked at the top of her voice, the dull rock would have smothered her cries completely, and they would have been as listless as very whistles.

Let us now go back to another scene.

Our hero, Bando, was reclining upon his couch in the secret cave, in a deep recess formed by the solid rock. He was perfectly free from intrusion of every kind. Only his young page sat beside him.

The boy was narrating to him the particulars of his recent interview with old Nando, and what she had said respecting Viola's removal, according to the design of her father, to a place more distant and secure.

He confessed further to Bando that his own heart had long felt a deep attachment for the little Juliet, the pretty maid of Viola, and that he never lost an opportunity, when he was in Venice, to visit her by stealth. He said that he had openly declared to her his passion, already; but Juliet, how muchsoever she might have secretly admired the youthful Fedore, felt much too anxious and sad about her dear mistress, to betray any return to his attachment. Her heart was all upon Viola, and could not be divided.

"On some of these occasions when you go to see and make love to her," said his master, "you will be shamed up as a prisoner! And then what?"

"Why," answered the boy, "then a prisoner I suppose I must be."

"But they will make you disclose what you know about me—where I hide myself, and all that."

"They cannot do that."

"Oh, well; then will follow the rack and the torture. It will only be the old story all over again."

"Do you think I care for those things? My dear master, I would die before I would disclose a single syllable concerning you!"

"Bravo, Fedore! Excellently said, my boy! But, at the least, I can advise you to be prudent. You can't tell how long before they will have their long meshes entangling your feet, when you may think you are entirely free of them all."

And from this they got around to discussing the momentous change in the condition of Viola, and her probable fate should no hand interfere to arrest it.

The wretched and still more threatening condition of his much-loved mistress was one of the sorest afflictions to the generous heart of Bando; and still his perplexity was so great that he scarce knew which way to turn. In all his life, he never felt so completely hemmed in by the fate he so much dreaded and had so steadily combated.

On his couch he lay for a long time, after Fedore had given up his story to him, turning over in his thoughts what had best be done. His dark and expressive eyes were cast down upon the ground, nor did he seem to remember even that Fedore was near him. As for the rest of the jovial band, they were scattered about the cave in large or small groups, some laughing and chatting gaily over their more recent adventures, and some plotting new ones for other days, but all light-hearted and apparently happy.

Occasionally, Bando raised his eyes from the floor, and thoughtfully surveyed them as they were grouped about him. The sight quickened his blood, and made him feel truly proud. He could not endure to think, however, that he was the trusty and tried leader of so many and such valiant men, and even at that very moment unable to rescue the lady of his heart from her cruel captivity. The reflection goaded him beyond endurance.

On a sudden he sprang from his couch, as if a new thought had struck him. At once his countenance assumed an expression of vivacity and delight. Life and quickness entered into his movements. His heart had become more lighter, and his spirits danced to a more merry tune.

"I have it now! I have it!" he exclaimed to Fedore, as he sprang to his feet.

"Have what, master?" asked the boy.

"My plan for Viola's rescue. It shall be done, forthwith, and you shall accompany me, too."

"My noble master, I would follow thee to the ends of the earth!" loyally replied Fedore.

"Now, then, my brave comrades," cried out Bando,

dolo, stepping forth into the brilliant area of the cavern, "all your goblets to-night, for to-morrow I must leave you all."

"Leave us?" exclaimed they. "For what reason are we to be deprived so suddenly of our brave leader?"

"I have a duty to perform in Venice," said Dandolo, resolutely. "It must be done to-morrow eve, and I must be there to do it. After that, it may be too late."

The comrades glanced around at one another, scarcely knowing if it would be safe to suffer their brave leader to leave them, or not. A fear was to be read in their very looks, that he might never return to their midst again. None, however, had the daring to give expression to such a fear. Too well did they all know the temper and the character of their courageous master.

Forthwith every man present took his glistening goblet, and poured into it a deep draught of the purest wine, and then held up the vessel before him, waiting the signal from his leader.

"The speedy release of the prisoner!" gave Dandolo, for a sentiment.

Every goblet was raised to the lips of him who held it, and down was poured the generous juice at a single draught. Their hearts were all in that noble sentiment of their leader—"Freedom for the prisoner!"

After this they struck up one of their most inspiring songs, that started the very echoes out of the solid walls again. Then, joining their hands, they danced gleefully around the table, singing in time to the step of their agile feet. Yet, through the whole of this, Dandolo continued to be sad and thoughtful. He could not avoid relapsing into the speechless mood in which the late intelligence communicated by Fedore had plunged him.

The evening of the following day arrived. Dandolo quietly took his youthful page, and, clad in a suitable unassuming disguise, they set out together for Venice. He was duly escorted by his followers from the cave to the cliff by the shore, in one of whose embayed nooks rocked a little skiff on the bosom of the water. Embarking in this, they at once shot out over the still surface of the bay, and waved their caps several times to their silent followers on the shore, in token of good wishes. The faces of all lengthened visibly, as the little boat faded out of sight, and especially as they reflected on the many narrow escapes the two must necessarily have, if they ever returned to them in safety again.

For at least a whole hour did the lusty young leader of the band and his boy page pull steadily at their oars before they came in sight again of Venice. When at last the superb quays began to appear to their eyes, and then the forms of towers, and domes, and spires, and palace roofs began to grow more and more distinct to their vision, and the dancing and glancing lights gleamed and flickered faintly and fascinatingly through all, and around all, throwing them into dreamy moods almost before they were there, Dandolo partially rested on his oar, and would perhaps have sat and reflected even where he then was, regardless of the place, and apparently forgetful of the emergency; but the musical and clear voice of his page aroused him from this reverie, as he said, in a low and meaning tone:

"Master!"

"Well, Fedore," he answered, half starting up.

"If we would reach the quay safely, and not be suspected and watched, we must needs make due haste."

"Why so, Fedore?" asked Dandolo.

"I will tell you, master. It is at seven that the night watch is set, and it is almost that, already. Between the close of the day and the night watch, a respite occurs, and in that brief interval the spies are more relaxed than at any other time. I have often taken advantage of this very hour, myself, master."

"My boy," answered Dandolo, quickly, "you are very thoughtful. I will heed well your words. So bend again to your oars."

Off they shot once more over the waters, now looking dark and sullen, steering straight as practiced oars could guide them to the Giant's Stairs. In but a little time more they were sheltered in the dark and frowning shadows that lay upon the waters beneath them. Closely pursuing this protecting track of darkness, away they glided through the sheeted streets of water, passing gondoliers, merrily singing, on their way, throwing them a word or two of pretended recognition as they floated on, Dandolo himself, some of the time, carelessly singing an air of the sweetest melody. In this style, they managed to pass on, unsuspected and unmolested, through long lines of persons who would have rejoiced to call themselves spies, had such a fearful suspicion for a moment crossed their thoughts as that Dandolo, the outlaw and assassin, was anywhere within their reach.

As he finally drew up his fragile craft by the foot of a wave-washed stair, and he and his page leaped lightly to the shore, a low and musical sound fell on their ears. They listened intently. It was the slow and solemn tolling of the great bell in the tower of San Marco, summoning the night-watch to assume their several stations throughout the city.

With the help of speedy steps, both of the adventurers found themselves soon in the building occupied in part by the old seer, Nautic, and standing in a listening attitude before the door.

There was another scene to be remembered likewise. At that same hour, Viola was alone in her dank and dark subterranean cell, piteously bewailing this most sad of all possible fates.

It appears that the monk had, as he had hinted, given out to the abbess that his young charge had suddenly been smitten with a fearful disease, which he much feared might be the plague; and that, in order to prevent its ravages among the inmates of the convent, as well as to clear up all suspicions on their part, he had caused the dead body to be secretly interred in a by-place, from which there could be no fear of contagion.

He had set at rest, with this knavish and wicked story, all uneasiness respecting the sudden disappearance of his charge. No one in the convent but himself, either, knew who she was, and no great amount of excitement, therefore, was raised over the event.

Obediently to this false information, the abbess, a pious and truly devoted woman, gave directions for the celebration of mass, and for the offering of prayers in the little chapel hard by, on account of the repose of the soul of the gentle departed. It was at this very same calm hour of even, too, when all nature wore such a holy and half-melancholy look, that they were engaged in chanting dirges for the repose and happiness of the beautiful and youthful dead.

The chapel, as it happened, was set exactly over

the spot where Viola was confined! It was a strange coincidence. And think, while the voices of her friends were raised in unison to deplore her sudden loss, and the soft and heavenly tones rose and winged their way among the arches of the little roof, Viola just caught the faintly sounding melody and listened. It was a wonder with her what it could mean, for she was not yet aware that she was hidden herself in a subterranean vault beneath the chapel itself. Then, on a sudden, it seemed to flash over her, and she at once became satisfied that these voices were unitedly chanting the repose of some soul.

"It may be my own!" her vague and wandering thoughts suggested to her; and she trembled and wept at the dream.

Lifting her eyes instinctively to the roof of her cell, she tried to pierce the rayless gloom; but they fell only against a dense bank of darkness, that seemed literally to wall her in on every side. She could not begin to penetrate it. It was impossible for her to tell whether the roof of her cell was very high, or very low. She stretched her hand up mechanically, to try to reach it; but she only groped about in the darkness. More lost did she feel, poor child, than ever!

Once more fell that sad wail of song indistinctly upon her ears; this time, more sad, more melancholy than before. O, could it be that they had been made to believe that she was dead! Could it be that they were, at that very moment, singing prayerful hymns for her everlasting happiness!

The thought sent a thrill of agony and horror through her soul; and she buried her face in her hands, as if she would shut out the very idea of the darkness that settled so heavily and oppressively upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

CALANTHE.

BY EDITH LINTON.

I had a dream—methought I saw a bright and lovely arbor, nesting in flowers; Upon the air was borne the richest scents, And mingling in rivalry, the rose Vied with the lily, which should be most fair. It was a glorious night; the sun had sunk in brightness, but had left the brilliant moon To light with radiance more soft than his. The fair and lovely scene; while silvery stars Peeped twinkling in and out from skies as blue As ever earth had seen. Within the bower Upon a mossy couch, a maiden fair Reclined in pensive musings, while around Bright guardian spirits thronged, although the maid Unconscious of their presence, knew it not; But still a power she could not comprehend Seemed to steal o'er her graceful form, and rapt In musings soft, she heeded not the flight Of golden hours, ushering in night's noon.

At last she sunk into a sweet repose, Scarce had the lids closed o'er the violet eyes, And the fair head its wealth of golden curls Showered o'er the arm on which it so repose, When unto her a vision bright appeared, And said, "Arise, Calanthe, come with me, And I will show thee a wondrous sight. To cheer thee when in life thou'rt sad and faint." Scarce had he spoke, when the fair maid arose; But lo! what a strange vision meets the eye; Of the freed spirit—what does she behold? Her counterpart reposing on the couch. She turns her wondering eyes toward her guide, He answers her with sweet and gentle smile: "My child, 'tis but the casket that enshrines Thyself, and thou shalt soon return again. Enter thy form and be as thou wast before! Only the remembrance of this wondrous vision Remains to thee to cheer thee on thy path."

The maid obeyed, with but one lingering glance Of wonder, mixed with awe and strange surprise, She followed, with trusting confidence, the guide That had appeared to her and bade her come: Their way was through bright flowers and noble trees, Luxuriant in all their verdure bright, While gurgling rivulets, dancing, crossed the path. With murmuring sound, and turning, sped away Like children wild on mischievous thoughts intent, Springing and frolic in mad delight.

He brought Calanthe where she seemed to see A busy town stretched 'neath her earnest gaze; Her guardian, turning to her softly, said, "Regard but one of these—whose'er you please." She singled out a young girl, like herself, A fair and gentle face and lovely form, And saw with wonder that she was surrounded With forms of glorious men; but when dependency Or anger, did convulse that gentle breast, Those spirits bright, with sorrow on their brows, Receded most reluctantly—while dark And undeveloped influences gained control, Surrounding her with black and cold despair; But if the maid threw off those chilling thoughts, Again bright friends returned, and all was peace. And many others saw the maid, and found How cunningly these dark, malignant spirits, Watched every opportunity to find The hour when some weak spirit, overcome With cares of earth, should, pausing, fall and grieve. "Oh," said her friend, "if all could understand And ne'er give way to passion's violence, And summon all their energies to bear The cares of earth—have confidence in themselves, And in those guardians bright who watch and help—These evil influences ne'er could take Possession of their souls to make them faint; And weary, and to drive them to despair."

Take heed, Calanthe, understand it well— Always put trust in thy loved guardians bright, And ne'er give way to evil thoughts and deeds; And thou shalt find a greater happiness Than e'er thou hadst before, in doing good. And she replied with tears within her eyes, "My kind and loving friend, I'll ne'er forget The lesson thou has taught me—and through life I'll strive to be just, honest, true and kind, To those I meet, and to myself. Who art thou?—wilt thou tell me, being fair?" "I am thy Guardian Angel," he replied; "I come to warn thee ere the ills of life Overtake thy feeble frame; thou must beware." "Tis well," replied the maid; "but I would ask— She paused—a strange and thrilling feeling passed Across her frame. She woke. She was reclining Upon a couch. But could it be a dream? Ah, no! she never would forget in life The lesson she had learned in that short hour. And pensively the maid passed on her way, Reflecting on the knowledge she had gained— And brightening many paths with joy and hope, Assisting bruised souls and wounded hearts, Fulfilling her high mission silently. Till she departed to the Spirit-Land.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure, to hear herself praised or to hear another girl run down?

## A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY BUNNY RIVERS.

The year of eighteen hundred and sixty-one has come and gone! Her graceful footsteps have wandered upon our bleak Northern shores, and her welcome voice, sweet with the melody of birds, and the softer songs of flowing rivulets, have sounded in our ears. We have felt, too, her touch as the genial breezes have wandered over our brow, lifting therefrom in frolicsome gaiety the flowing tresses, and the pulse of life has beat with a quicker and a stronger bound, as the tide of health went swiftly along through our swelling veins.

Nor has her hand been idle. With the first landing of Spring on these winter-embrowned shores, as she went on her triumphal march over the plains and through the forest wilds, lingering in the sunny garden and on the southern hillside, down which the little stream flowed in silvery brightness, she scattered seeds of verdant growth and radiant beauty. And all along the track over which she passed, sprang up tiny flowers of most brilliant hues, fairer than artist's pencil ever won to his most glowing canvas, and of fresher sweetness than perfume brought from distant climes.

Forth from the brown trunks and lifeless branches which old Winter robbed of their autumnal splendor, came the leaves, clothing the woods in draperies of delicate and grateful hue. And over all this fair array of leaf and bud and blossom and waving grass, fair Morning often threw with lavish hand her dewy pearls, to which the sunbeams lent their magic power, clothing the whole scene with most enchanting beauty. And when the sun, having performed his daily mission of shedding light and warmth with lavish benevolence upon the earth, waking the blossoms from their wintry sleep, reviving the pleasant verdure of the fields by his silent ministrations, and flooding all animate nature with new life and beauty, went serenely to his nightly rest, the fair moon and her attendant train stole out upon the deepening azure, and watched like guardian spirits the slumbers of the mortal and immortal race.

Three fleeting months fled on golden wings, months of beauty and song and sweetness, and then the bright-orbed, queenly Summer came, and the gentle Spring resigned her graceful wand into the hands of her rightful successor. Gaily the rose-bushes swung their perfumed blossoms to and fro in the soft breath of the morning, and the wild celandine threw its sweetness, too, o'er vale and grassy knoll, and the birds taught their little ones songs of gushing melody as they spanned the heights of cerulean air. The willows threw their darkening shadows far out upon the stream, and on soft beds of velvet moss we reclined in luxurious ease while listening to the musical flow of the waters over their pebbly bed, or traced them in their onward course far through the green meadows, till they narrowed to a single silver thread of surpassing brightness. And deep in the recesses of the forest there was beauty, song and sweetness too, for the thickly entwining trees shut out the brighter sunbeams, and only here and there a ray of burnished gold lit this vast cathedral with its mellow light, and there, in solitude and silence, we held communion with Nature, and through His glorious works adored the Great Architect of our being. And there at times we listened to grand choruses from Nature's vocalists, until our own souls joined in the swelling refrain, and sent up on high a song of grateful praise to the love which has made our lives so full of joy and blessing.

The Summer, too, came and went on wings of golden light and radiance, and the calm, still, Autumn stole serenely upon the earth, and walked with silent, yet busy tread through all our much loved haunts. Softly, and with a mellow richness, the golden sunbeams shone o'er field and meadow, hill and dale, and reflected with gentle radiance on the placid bosom of the stream.

The roses with their exquisite fragrance went in the train of the queenly Summer, and Autumn brought us forests clothed in gorgeous splendor from October's bloom, and asters dyed in Tyrian purple clustered by the road-side, and waved gracefully in the sighing breeze. The sweet aroma of the ripened grapes lingered long among the interlaced branches of the trees, and the squirrels skipped blithely from bough to bough as the chestnuts yielded to the Frost King's pressure, and dropped from their prickly sheaths.

The crickets chirped about the garden, and now and then a strain of melody sweeter than the notes of an Eolian harp, thrilled the soul with a delicious rapture as we lingered in the pleasant stillness of the meadows, and watched the golden-hued and crimson-blossomed leaves as they floated with gentle undulations to our feet. The warmth of the sun was as genial as ever, though devoid of its intenseness, and as the mild, golden days of the Indian Summer lent their unrivaled charm to the landscape, involuntarily floods of new and deeper delight stole through our veins, and all the restless, evil passions of Nature became softened and subdued like its own mellow ray, and more genial, purer currents, glided with healthy, soul-renewing influences through the soil of our hearts.

Autumn passed and Winter came, bringing garments of spotless dye for the earth's adorning, which glittered even in the pale sunshine like sheets of burnished silver, and to and fro waved the trees with wild, and yet not ungraceful movements, shorn of their Summer verdure, yet decked profusely with the Storm-King's brilliant jewels. Nights of moonlit radiance, almost as fair as Day's brighter glory, have followed behind the sun's departing steps, and as we gathered by the cheerful fire, and listened to the voices of "the loved ones at home," we have felt that Winter is not without its charms, though widely contrasting in character with those of its predecessor.

And now, with falling tears and sighing moans, as if the pain of dying pressed heavily upon his aged form, the Old Year has gone to swell the numbers of the past, and we have already with loving wishes, and cheerful gifts, welcomed in his successor.

And has there been no sadness to cast its shadow over these scenes, no discordant note to grate on our ears, amid the sweetness of these melodies? Is earth all beauty, its voices all gushing with harmony?

Ah, no! the tears of the sky and the voice of the wind have alternated with the sunshine; and the melody; the storm-cloud, has often covered the clear azure, and the wail of the forsaken, the sighs of the poverty-stricken, the moans of the suffering, and the

pale, cold forms of the dying, have mingled with the strains of music, the peans of fame, and the rejoicings of the gay.

And mingling with the dying wail of Old Winter, and the requiem chanted at his funeral obsequies by his retiring courtiers, came from the tropic lands of the sunny South, a strain of sad and strange discordance, whose notes seemed wildly at variance with the melody of their native vocalists.

And scarce had the Spring set her light foot upon our domain, ere thrills of sad foreboding stirred our hearts even into their deepest recesses. And while the trees budded and the flowers blossomed, and the birds and the stream mingled their notes in songs of gushing sweetness, there has been "gathering in hot haste the steed, the mustering squadron and the clattering car," all joining in "the ranks of war," and there have been "sudden partings, such as press the life from out fond hearts," and mothers have given up their children with a dauntless courage and a holy renunciation of self, and fair ones upon whose brow the bridal wreath yet lingered in all its pale beauty and exquisite sweetness, have looked the silent, yet agonizing farewell, which their tongues could not utter, as those dearer than life have gone forth to struggle for right; to gain the victory for freedom, or die in the attempt. Oh, sad, sad strain! Where is thy like on the earth? But yet, let us not robe ourselves in sackcloth, and sit down in the ashes to weep and bemoan. Let us up and be doing; "doing with our might whatever our hands find to do."

What though we may not, bodily, go forth to the conflict? Moses, and those who held up his hands while he prayed, sought not the field of battle, but stood upon a height overlooking the scene, and yet, they performed that day as signal service to the armies of Israel, as the most sanguinary warriors of the fight. We, too, can wield the weapons of prayer, and hold up the hands of others, by our strong-hearted hope, our cheerful endurance of privation, our trusting faith that "the right" shall triumph.

There are, it is true, some noble, some self-denying ones among our sisterhood, who have given themselves to the holy duties which cluster around the camp and the field of strife, who have gone to bind up the bleeding wounds, and to give a cup of cold water to the thirsting sufferer; to speak blessed words of peace and pardon to the dying penitent, and to lead him as if with angel tenderness to the very gates of the valley of death. But this is not for all. While the few can give vent to their sympathy and love in active duty, the great majority must remain at home. But are they, therefore, powerless? Oh, no, no! So surely, as by the supplications of olden time, the victory was won, so surely shall "God speed the right," in answer to "the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous," in this, our day.

Oh, let us never tire, never relax our supplications; but while we deny ourselves all superfluities, that we may share the blessings of our abundance, or even of our poverty, to those who have less, and that we may impart to those who suffer from the disastrous consequences always attendant upon national disturbances, that which shall gladden their hearts and cause their grateful blessings to float like summer melodies around our path, let us morning, evening and at noon, in all times and under all circumstances, never cease, silently, perhaps, but still fervently, to send upward our petitions—not for victory, not even for the lives of those dearer far than all of earth beside, but that freedom, the right, the glorious right may triumph, and that our beloved country, purified by the dread ordeal through which she has passed, from the prison chains of her former sins, may rejoice in the peace and blessedness of "a free nation, whose God is the Lord."

## Original Essays.

### MEDIUMSHIP AND ITS CULTIVATION.

BY J. COVENEY.

Many of the evidences of immortal life appearing through media, are frequently rejected from a want of confidence in the media's reliability.

In the ordinary affairs of life, deception is so frequently practiced and failures to do justice are so numerous, that man's faith in man is well-nigh shaken to its very foundation.

In view of such a state of things, it is not so surprising as one would imagine, that when a subject of such momentous character is presented to the investigator as the evidence of a life after death, that he should look upon the testimony and the channel through which it appears somewhat with an eye of suspicion.

Occurrences at times take place in life so strange and startling, that one occasionally doubts the evidences of his own senses. Surely, then, such occurrences taking place through others may be received with much hesitancy and reluctance.

Entering upon the investigation with these views, and mantled with ignorance and superstition, and a preconceived prejudice, it cannot be expected the investigator will at once become a convert to the truth, notwithstanding the evidence is overwhelming. But should the investigator persistently refuse the evidences presented, from the fear of deception and suspicion of unreliability, there is a process he can acquire himself that will quell the former and allay the latter.

He can become a medium himself, sufficient to prove the truth received through others. All things in nature are mediatorial. Every form of matter has its powers, functions and attributes. No one atom or form is like another in structure and composition. This infinite variety of forms gives infinite variety of powers, &c. But the powers of any one atom or form at one period of time, are not the same at any future period, for the law of the universe is advancement by the self resident principle of life within.

The form of man is the highest form nature has yet created, and possesses the highest or largest mental powers of all.

It is plain from the preceding, that it is a comprehensive study of the human mind, and with natural suitable conditions of body, can excel others that must attain it through the acquisition of labor and care.

The investigator, if he would have the evidence through himself, must not be deterred from his design by the difficulties he must encounter in discarding his ignorance, banishing his superstition, and crushing his prejudice.

To obtain wealth, rank, and position in the world, man bends all his powers and toils unceasingly. To obtain a mastery of an art, science, or mechanical branch of industry, receives unremitting attention and diligent application.

Should the knowledge of Amortality, and the happiness of man here and hereafter, be sought for with the same ardor and diligence that man seeks distinction and wealth in the world, he would not fail to become an excellent medium and a recipient and practitioner of the truth.

But if the investigator is deterred from the undertaking by the difficulties of this road, how can he consistently refuse the truth through other persons, who have met and successfully overcome them?

Although the conduct of man can in no way affect the Deity, adding to his glory, or subtracting from his fame, yet the Divine laws, as well as human, call for a state or condition of being opposite to or adverse from the existing state, to enjoy superior benefits. The advantages in the Divine laws are, alliance with truth, direction in all the chances of life, happiness here, immortality and happiness in the future.

Investigator will find by experience, should he engage in the pursuit of mediumship and obtain success, that he will have to buffet many reproaches, lose in many cases the rank he occupies in society, and oft the esteem and respect of many of his friends for this, the truth's sake. But he will be cheered and comforted by God and the angel-world. Christ says, "for so persecuted they the prophets before you."

The experiences of wise men and philosophers of the past, confirm the fact that teachers of truth are subject to contumely, and their motives and conduct misinterpreted.

Investigator will choose for himself either by becoming a medium himself, or by listening to the truth through others.

## THE OFFICE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY G. B. FOSTER, M. D.

Having perused with much interest the article by Mr. Freeland, on the "Office of Spiritualism," and hoping to aid in a more just appreciation of the merits of the subject, the following suggestions are respectfully submitted.

There are many who have devoted much time to the investigation of spiritual phenomena, and who have, through their instrumentality, become fully convinced that a conscious existence survives the dissolution of the physical body, and of the ability of spirits thus disembodied to hold intercourse with those yet in the form, those avowing such convictions have been termed Spiritualists, regardless of their belief in various forms of theology. The teachings of spirits have doubtless had much to do in producing the diversity of sentiment now prevalent among Spiritualists. Every one to whom has been propounded the question, "What do spirits teach?" is conscious of the fact of these diversities and discrepancies. It might be asked, What do they not teach, so great is the variety given through different media. The term Spiritualism is not sufficiently specific in its meaning to justify the use Mr. F. and others make of it, either as regards what it teaches, what it has done, or what it proposes to do for the world. Therefore, when we read that Spiritualism is the "new Gospel," or "John the Baptist," and that its legitimate work is to "create a new world," we do not think the writer means to claim that a belief in spiritual intercourse, or spirit communications, is one or all of these. Then what teachings or influences are to do so much for the world?

As before observed, those of spirits are greatly diversified in their character, and so far as our observation has extended, during a period of ten years, their tendency has been to produce variety, instead of uniformity of opinion.

It is not perceived, therefore, how minds so incompatible can be combined or organized, efficiently and harmoniously, upon a basis whose materials are so incongruous, in order to work out any specific reform. Every effort thus far to unite or organize believers in spiritual intercourse for any purpose, has, so far as we know, been a failure. Yet there are many who feel their isolation, having no other than the common bond of human brotherhood to bind them together, who feel that it would greatly augment their own happiness, could they become associated with those whose sentiments would harmonize with their own, in working and laboring together for the elevation and improvement of mankind.

Spiritualism is yet too much in its "infantile stage" for such organizations, and however desirable it may be to see it develop itself as a reformatory power, we feel assured that until it assumes a more definite character, no combination or association is needed for the purpose of promulgating its teachings.

Philadelphia, Jan. 4, 1882.

WAKEFUL HOURS.—There is something beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant—and over all the sleepless Eye, which since the world began has not lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every-day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase them away, as the warm sun dries up the dewdrops, while like these thoughts performed their reviving mission, they are departed.

A singular custom prevails in some parts of Bavaria, and was re-enacted only a few weeks since. When a person in a community is notoriously silly, or renders himself obnoxious to his fellow townsmen, they gather about his house, drag him forth, and hold a sort of mock trial "under the authority of Charlemagne," recite in verse the charges against him, while after each verse the assembly break into taunting laughter, and make a fearful noise with pans, bells, trumpets, whips, cracking, shouts and stamping. At the end the culprit has another admonition; and other sinners are warned that if they do not improve the next meeting will be held at their houses. With this the gathering separates as mysteriously as it came together.

# A FURTHER EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Jan. 28, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Before proceeding to discourse upon the topic of the evening, we beg leave to state that the Sunday morning discourses have been suspended, and in their place a series of conversations will hereafter be instituted. This we propose to do, because we feel the necessity of making our views more distinctly understood by individuals. While lectures on the general subjects serve to convey our ideas, it is equally necessary to make them thoroughly intelligible to each and every hearer, by other means. Many, while listening, doubtless say to themselves, "We would like to stop a little here—what does this mean?" when considering some subject in Theology, Morals, or Science. We therefore invite all our hearers, whether Spiritualists or not, to come to our morning meetings prepared with questions on all subjects proper to be conversed upon, and we will do our best to answer them. This mode of instruction has been found necessary under all religions and in all ages, in order to familiarize learners with the topics under discussion. Whatever be the subject of your doubts, we desire you to interrogate freely, to throw aside superstitious modesty, and not be afraid to hear your own voices; and we on our part, will express ourselves as freely and frankly as possible, on every subject that interests humanity.

The theme of this evening is in continuation of last Sunday's address. We shall, in some degree, repeat what we then said, and at the same time, shall enter more fully into details. As was stated, there has never been any other theory, whether in Religion, Science, or Mental Philosophy, which has given such satisfaction, to persons of all shades of opinion and of every class of mind, as the theory of Spiritualism, and this for the reason that it proves and sustains Religion—strengthens and purifies Natural Science, and gives a scope and consistency of argument that lies far beyond any fixed views or doctrines previously entertained. It supplies that absolute conviction of the soul's immortality which, to a great extent, is lacking in other religions. Were we to dwell at length on the theory of Spiritualism, we should have to travel back into bygone ages, for it does not confine itself to tipping or rapping manifestations, or to the half-ecstatic utterances of entranced mediums, but explains in a series of consistent arguments the manifestations of the past—the sorcery, witchcraft and diabolism which form the staple of a thousand tales and traditions, and refer to a period whose phenomena are inexplicable by any other means. As Spiritualism clearly unfolds their meaning and origin, we exclaim, Why, this is but a principle of Nature! Therefore the first point established by Spiritualism is, that inspiration is a natural gift vouchsafed to man by God, which, in proportion as he is prepared for it, he receives. It may be likened to a chain binding the soul to the higher life, and is the means by which the Father communicates with his children, through the agency of angels. This proposition cannot be controverted. Inspiration has flowed in upon men of every nation, clime and condition—each country has its own form of Spiritualism. Spiritualism, then, knows no special race or country—and no creed, save that of Universal Inspiration. Can we, then, say that it is a revelation of the past, and only once, the true light has descended upon the world, that all countries but one were in darkness? The enlightened observer will say that Spiritualism alone presents a solution of all traditional problems, that the evidence of natural laws proves positively that inspiration is an impartial and universal gift of God. What rests with us is to secure that inspiration in all its fullness and reliability.

Spiritualism, as a theory, unfolds these views, viz: First, The fact that the human soul lives again after death. Now, deny it as you will, skepticism on this point has crept into every department of society. The French Revolution produced a host of infidels, who have sown broadcast the doctrine of the non-existence of the soul and doubts of the Divine Being. These were followed by the German philosophers, who by deeper reasoning, have sought to establish the same conclusion; and Science, with haughty mien, adds her voice to pronounce the holy book, the earliest records of the race a fable, and consequently to undermine our security in all that follows. Then what deep and subtle arguments have the minds of metaphysicians labored to prove that the soul must perish with the physical form. All these have had their effect, and Christianity, divine and perfect as its teachings admittedly are, is now powerless to assure the race that the soul lives beyond the grave. The cry comes up from Christian hearts, "Father, if this be so, give us surer evidence!" The rottery of material science makes the same demand, in a different spirit. Even in the schools of theology arises a stifled murmur, "If inspiration be true, where is science? But science is proven true, and where is inspiration?" Then all that class standing outside of professed religion and science, say, "To whom shall we turn? If these doctors disagree, who shall decide for us, and in what direction shall we go to have our doubts resolved? We have the theory of Christianity, but its true believers are few, and those who practice on it fewer still. On the other hand, we cannot resist the proofs of science. What shall we say?" And there is no answer, till the world is again in darkness. We are not surprised that the Christian sects start back in horror, and denounce them as impostors—nor that, as the strange sounds grew louder and came from points more numerous, devils, magnetism, electricity, were successively appealed to. At last these denunciations have almost wholly ceased, and over all the world, a material something is recognized to hold sway, which is called Spiritualism. Now upon what is it predicated? This voice from the other side conveyed by intelligent communications the facts that the agents were from the other world, that they lived and could return with testimony of their existence, and continued affection for those they left on earth.

This is the simple theory of Spiritualism. How many thronging thoughts does it suggest. We are not surprised to hear professors and priests reject and denounce it, as the work of evil spirits, and say that inspiration ceased with the last word was written in the mystical record of John. We are not surprised that the men of science, who have so often boasted of their triumph over Revelation, should cry "Humbly!" and when driven from that position, fall back on magnetism, electricity, and at last, clairvoyance. But it is surprising that on a theory of such simplicity, and with no evidence but the deposed manifestations, there should have grown up a religious doctrine which more or less influences perhaps thirteen millions of minds throughout the world, including, at least, four or five millions in your own country. And how has this come to pass? Because the facts are simple, and plain, and appeal to your senses and judgment, in a manner which neither the theologian nor the man of science can refute or deny. They must remain silent. These phenomena manifest intelligence, which must be attributed to mind. There are but two sources of intelligence, viz, minds in the human form and those outside of it. This every one must admit. Mind in the human form can only manifest itself by some exertion of physical force, which can be estimated by the senses. It is the law of gravitation, can be overcome without such exertion. Now in these phenomena the law of gravitation has been repeatedly overcome without perceptible physical agency, as has been ascertained by the application of all manner of tests. Therefore we are reduced to the alternative, of attributing them to mind outside the human form. What kind of intelligence is this displayed? Evil, or does the believer in its demonic origin; and others, not prepared to receive the message. "But," says the inquiring mind, "If evil spirits were per-

mitted to come, why not good ones also? Surely, a good Creator would not permit evil spirits only to come here and produce marvels! How are we to test their good or their evil nature?" By their fruits, and by determining their identity. These spirits say they are our departed friends. Your father tells you of incidents of your childhood only known to him and you. Surely, you think, these are as much evidence of identity, the contents of a letter received from a friend by mail can possibly be. There is no surer evidence of the future existence than such a communication—no matter through what form it comes.

Again, when spirits come back again, the first utterance of one and all is, "We are not dead, but living; not gone away, but are near, and can whisper to you." Such is the appeal which constantly comes from that world. Therefore this theory and these facts, in connection with it, are clearly established. It would be useless for any one to stand up before this audience and tell them that from ten to thirteen millions of mankind had taken leave of their senses; and that, too, suddenly.

Now, with these facts before us, what does Spiritualism say? It says that Inspiration is a law of Nature, that the religious records of any age or country are not inconsistent with the voice of angels who speak to-day, that God the Father is a Being of universal love and kindness, and that the spirit-world is but a gradation of souls who have passed from earth, each to its own appropriate sphere. Now we have given the theory of Spiritualism. It is so simple and clear that a child can understand it, and it is predicated on facts which it were idle to repeat, for all parts of the world are filled with them.

There are three classes of Spiritualists.

First, The Christian Spiritualists.

Second, The Scientific Spiritualists.

Third, The Radical, or Fanatical, Spiritualists.

You must remember that the like divisions may be made of the adherents of any religious doctrine. The Christian Spiritualists are they who accept the belief of Spiritualism, because they cannot doubt the testimony of their senses; because they cannot disregard its appeals to their best affections, and because beautiful and sublime as in itself the doctrine is, and fraught with ten thousand peculiar blessings, they cannot but regard it as a further development and completion of the faith which preceded it, and prepared its way. For its moral code and the main points of its revelation precisely correspond with those of Christianity. The Science of Spiritualism, the standard of this class, and they only accept Spiritualism because it seems to them consistent with the teachings of the Saviour. That this is the case, let us proceed to convince you. Laying aside the Sermon on the Mount, that embodiment of moral sublimity, we will follow Jesus to the termination of his earthly career. Among other things, he said to his disciples, in words they did not fully understand: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." This expression is certainly conclusive, when taken in connection with the fact that our departed friends tell us there are different spheres of spirit-life, and each spirit enters the one for which it is fitted—not to remain through eternity, but, step by step, to ascend into higher and more perfect development. Then again, turning to Saint Paul's writings, we find, after Christ's ascension, the same belief expressed, as when he says, "Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I want not have you ignorant. He then goes on to enumerate the varieties of gifts bestowed by their master, and to tell them to be contented and satisfied with the gifts they severally possessed, and in conclusion, not to be envious one of another, but to remember that "one star differeth from another in glory." All this is consistent with our belief, and the Christian Spiritualist adopts it into his life, and carries into his dealings with his fellow-men, as unfolding a nobler view of his own religion, and making him more perfect and secure in soul.

The Scientific Spiritualist accepts the phenomena of Spiritualism as facts, but does not regard it as a religion. He may belong to some Orthodox church, and he views the subject with a strictly scientific eye. He says: "These things are true—they may proceed from some intelligent source, for I have tested them in every manner. They afford a new and beautiful subject of study in connection with the laws of mind, and they demonstrate the fact that those laws are universally the same, inasmuch as like causes must always produce like effects."

Now we come to the last and most deplorable phase of our subject—the Radical Spiritualists. You are very well aware that every "ism," from the earliest ages, has fallen into the hands of a certain class, known as fanatics, who exist on the surface of society, as parasites, and draw life from the body of the state, and are always floating, drifting, never lodging. According to the old adage, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," these fanatics have no settled belief in religion or science, no stability on any subject, but are driven here and there by every wind of doctrine. Among them are certain persons called reformers, and the reason why Spiritualism is not more generally extended, is to be found in the efforts of these would-be breakers up and teachers down of everything good and holy which is established in the world, who, while considering it their duty to remodel things in general, have been very uncertain in what way to carry out their mission. If they find an edifice with a flaw in any part of it, they exclaim, "That is imperfect; we must tear it down forthwith," and if it is asked what they will erect in its stead, they answer that they do not know exactly, but they will be able to build something. These people have been known from time immemorial under various denominations. When Spiritualism came into the world, they cried, and every discarded clergyman and broken-down political hack saw that it was exactly suited to the purpose they had in view. So they donned the worn-out garments of Socialism, Fourierism, &c., and assumed the garb of the new religion.

This floating class, the pests of civilized society, seek on all occasions, to establish themselves as the expounders of Spiritualism. Availing themselves of its facts with all the skill they can command, they apply their oily eloquence, which has kept in motion the machinery of a thousand impostures, and worn-out theories, to this beautiful and admirable scheme. Soon they begin to declaim against religion, to profane the sanctuary of moral probity; they even dare to raise doubts as to laws and customs which have been sacredly established for a thousand years. They denounce the laws of Christian society and stand forth the open advocates of what is vile and impure. The true reformer thinks in disgust, that this is but the work of so-called Reformers in sheep's clothing; the cause he espouses must be good. These wails and strains of society, who possess no religion and scout the very name of respectability, who cannot conceive of a moral virtue, or understand a proposition in science, and who have no idea of true inspiration, take upon themselves to explain the beautiful theories of Spiritualism; and some of them, who happen to possess, in some degree, the gift of mediumship, make that the instrument for tearing down every shrine of pure worship among men. And they make those immortal beings who could not and would not express such sentiments, responsible for the abominable theories which they desire to fasten upon the community.

That which they call Spiritualism would degrade religion and literally destroy the beauty and sanctity of her temples. These, in the world's eyes, have been the chief prophets of the religion; going from place to place, at the bidding of their necessities, they have everywhere perverted it to their unhallowed purposes and desires. Heaven defend us from such! We, at least, shall do our best to guard it from those pretenders who denounce all things in Church and State as wrong, and assert that spirits have placed the remedy in their hands alone. From them, all sensible, moral, Christian people turn aside and ask, Who are these who ignore all Religion, Law and Government, and would rend asunder the very framework of social order? Are these the expounders of Spiritualism who come to us with the speech of angels on their tongues?—these, who have never earned an honest livelihood? Whatever of truth or falsehood it may contain, if it is thus exemplified it

will never suit our purpose. Under such auspices have been instituted those ambiguous circles, and the ridiculous performances of undeveloped mediums, which none can understand, and which only tend to disgust intelligent minds. Is it any wonder that the world says Spiritualism cannot be good since it brings forth such things—since it seeks to destroy the best Government known on earth?

The Church and Society are turned against Spiritualism not because of its scientific evidence, but because of the unholy, debasing effects to which it has led. Out where it may, and we hope it may out where it is deserved, the truth is that it is the character of too many of its prominent advocates which has rendered Spiritualism unpopular. It has become a cloak for all debasing acts, a vehicle for all the dangerous theories that the brain of man, prompted by an evil spirit, has ever invented; we have become responsible for them all, and at last we are made to incite or justify every crime in the Decalogue, and have become the confederates in every scheme of imposture which can lead to notoriety or gain. Thousands have been led to do what they knew was wrong, because they have been assured that spirits desired it. Now, when people throw away their own common sense and conscience, there is very little hope for them, and we say that when Spiritualism leads to this, it should be condemned by every one, no matter how beautiful its theory. These persons have found in it something which they could be satisfied for not content with the simple faith, as pure as the dew drop reflecting the rays of the morning sun, they must start off in some new-fangled idea, without meaning or truth, and call that Spiritualism. Perhaps one of them says, "I wonder if I won't be a medium," and with the idea comes the purpose, and, perhaps, the evidence, to some degree; but, not willing to wait and wait, they crowd the faculty into premature growth, or assist it with willful imposture, or make it subservient to some new idea.

Broken-down physicians, briefless lawyers, placeless politicians, who have always been dependent upon their wives' relations, or their own friends, go about the country as mediums, spiritual doctors, lecturers, &c., literally sponging their subsistence out of honest, hard-working people. Go to the simplest country town, and if you take interest enough to stay there a few days, some person of this sort comes around for a fee, in some form, to cause people to believe he is not the worst impostor and scoundrel out of jail. Take any of the learned and excellent performers in sleight-of-hand, who have been "sent up" for a term of years, and if properly trained and turned loose on the community, they might fill with honor the places these persons now occupy.

In every crowded city, and especially in the superstitious society of your own, there is a class of persons who do not adopt any religion or morality, but who avail themselves of the marvels of Spiritualism to establish their foul ideas. There is another class—the Literary Spiritualists—who ventilate their theories through the spiritual press. Take up the periodical and other publications of Spiritualism, and you will find them (with perhaps one or two exceptions) filled with all manner of ideas, discussions, and sophistries, containing no more good sense than if they had been produced by blowing the dictionary through a horn (D). These writers are bent on reforming something or somebody besides themselves, and they are active in exposing everything, with the same exception, about which they are very careful; and we are very sorry to say that Spiritual journals sometimes give them countenance. This will not do; if it stamps upon them the stigma of approving such people and such opinions. Now, we contend, that if any one wants to reform the world, he should be allowed, to set about it on his own responsibility. If only one person is right, let him re-ceive all the credit and reward; we do not desire to share them with him. We are very well satisfied with the world as it is; and are willing to let things go on about as the laws of nature are, and the common sense of mankind may dictate. All we wish is to aid in supporting the good, which is established, and to give new glory and vigor to the sunshine of truth, but it were just as consistent for the moon, or any other dim orb, to find fault with His Majesty, the Sun, on account of the spot on the surface of the latter, as for these poor mortals to quarrel with the inevitable defects of the existing order of things.

These pale, sickly satellites, literally dependent on the charity of Christians for their subsistence, say to Christianity, There are two or three spots upon your surface, now, because of them, we will trample you under foot, destroy your organization, and break up your influence. These foolish minions seek to blot out the very sunshine of human existence. We would allow them to do as they please, we would assist the downtrodden, but if the world is to be reformed, we contend that He who made it will reform it in his own time and way. The duty of every human spirit, whether in the body, or out of it, is clear and simple—it is to perform his duties as an individual, and leave the government of the world in higher hands.

Now, we claim, that in expressing these views, we are not doing justice, not only to Spiritualism, but to many thousand sincere believers, who are ashamed to acknowledge themselves such, and for this we do not blame them. They do not deserve to share in the odium which is visited upon the very name of Spiritualism. No! they do better to enjoy their belief in calm seclusion, than if they lent their countenance and support to carry out the unholy purposes to them associated with it.

Now, Spiritualists, we address ourselves to you. To those who are upright and faithful, and wear their garments as robes of light, desiring only to hold communion with the world; we have nothing to say, but to bid them go. To those who believe in it as a beautiful science, we say, "Pursue your investigations. Mature your opinions well, as we know you will."

But to those who wear this garment of light for the purpose of concealing their own villainess and impurity—who would pluck the bright stars from the firmament and coin them into counters to suit their own purposes, we would say, Beware! God is merciful, but He is also a being of retributive justice, and that will be visited upon each of you who seeks, by thus defiling the name and mission of angels, to subvert false and unholy purposes. Criticise your selves; if the world needs reform, begin at home; commence with your individual selves; root out your false theories; fix some standard of principle, justice and morality; try to take out the beam that is in your own eye. This is friendly advice. We give it publicly, because you have made the cause suffer privately.

Let those unfeared belief be watchful of the teachers of our faith—let them beware of nauseous sophisms and the entanglement of falsehoods. Test the manifestations in every form. Receive no communications from angels which you do not think worthy of such a source. The laws of right and wrong are clearly defined—the principles of justice are distinct in themselves. If any Spiritualist tells you to do anything which will, in any degree, injure the happiness of any innocent human being, tell him he is a liar and a blasphemer. Receive nothing as coming from the angel-world which will not bear the test of the Christian religion and the severest criticism of a sane mind. It is not requisite that you should lose your senses in order to receive this faith. No! receive it in its simplicity and purity—and if you do so, from the darkness shall come light. In conclusion, allow us to say that we have but just commenced, and that, if our medium is spared, and we permitted, we shall not cease until all these sources of delusion are exposed; and the faith we profess and you believe in shall appear before you in its true original colors. Nay, if we are permitted by Him who rules all things, and by those intelligences, higher than ourselves, who control the world, we will purge, as far as possible, this cause of all those moral evils which have been laid upon it, and cause those not true and just to be before us as light causes darkness to flee, or as pale-faced errors shrink before the light of truth. Those who set firm will stand, and those who are without a firm foundation cannot but fall.

## Written for the Banner of Light. INVOCATION TO SPIRIT FRIENDS.

By Mrs. IRMA L. ROUSE.

Come, spirit friends, from homes of light,  
And tell us of your beauties;  
And teachings give of truth and right,  
To fit us for life's duties.

For oh, 'tis dear to feel you near,  
When day's deformed by even;  
And sweet to know, while here below,  
Ye visit us from Heaven.

To prompt pure deeds in every heart,  
This is your earthly mission;  
So when we've done on earth our part,  
Death brings a sweet transition.

Oh, what is Death! The fleeting breath  
Which gives us life forever.  
A joyful song this strain prolong—  
The soul it liveth ever!

Then come, ye angel ones, and list  
Unto our soul's desires;  
For though we see as through a mist,  
Your love our life inspires.

Through open doors, on shining floors,  
The sunlight seems to quiver—  
'Tis Heaven's ray, to guide the way  
Along life's endless river.

Manchester, N. H., Jan., 1862.

## GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to "Washington's Vision," which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our National difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as "teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country."—*Exchange.*

Two o'clock of the third night after General McClellan's arrival in Washington to take command of the United States army, found that just celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

"I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes," said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, "when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and laying a hand upon my shoulder, said, in a slow, solemn voice:

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you, or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington!"

Nearly before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed me these words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of storm of grape shot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, and yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

"There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though—*a mere atom of water—was suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me.* As the last word was uttered, I gazed about me, and felt as if unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grasp shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough force was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep, I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture was gone, the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze then turned Southward, and there, spread out before me, was a living map; yes, a living map; that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand coup d'oeil, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the East, to the last word was uttered, I gazed about me, and felt as if unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grasp shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough force was being sawed back and forth through and through me.

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I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map. On the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockade running, looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonlight, that illuminated everything with a strong, but mellow light. I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their silent-looking barbettes guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi, to Paducah, and in fact, every fortification along the water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed, as within the limits of a random sketch I could not do so. In a minute, but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every canon, and I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height, its blood seemed to stop in its channels, with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when once more, that slow, solemn voice, said:

"General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short."

I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map.

As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge, rough force again began its sawing motion through my heart. For, as, pencil in hand, I compared the map before me with the living map, I saw masses of an enemy's forces being hurled to certain points so as to threaten my position. Within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe poised for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

As before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so for fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my mind, and said:

"General McClellan, you have been betrayed I and, had not God-willed otherwise, ere the sun of to-morrow had set, the Confederate flag would have floated above the Capitol and your own grave. But note what I now have to say to you. Tarry not!"

And the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and noted and recorded

the minutest point I beheld without the slightest effort, delay, or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers. For a while previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noon-day sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim, shadowy figure, but the glorified and resplendent spirit of Washington, the Father of his country, and now a second time its saviour. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty rendered spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my most God-like being, I could have conceived of, dressed, or traced, as you may choose to term it, the most God-like being I could have conceived of, like a weak, dazed bird, I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more episcopate and raise up, with his waving arm, our fallen, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime benignity came gently upon his visage, and, for the last time, I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:

"General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this her first great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with His mighty hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has not passed since then, and yet the child-like Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has, since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity has been brought to her second great struggle. This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that result, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed; and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God-willed otherwise, would, by to-morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap of stones cast up over the final grave of human liberty."

But her cries have come up out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her first and last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the path of her life be one of goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wing, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be content with her lot. The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and as I still continued gazing upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of Washington. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, and I was again sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

The map, on which I had dreamed I had been marking, was literally covered with a network of pencil marks, signs, and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the pencil marks were as plain as ever, and I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent many hours in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

In an instant, thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain maneuvers at certain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in my eyes, unearthly map,) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not Heaven intervened.

That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and therefore treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of information that I need—information that the enemy would give millions to keep from me. The fate of the war is settled.

The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of national power and retribution will until the proper moment come, now and then let slip down upon its victim forerunners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come, it will sweep down upon, and form a single, united union, with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs!

God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved. And our beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his grave, perhaps the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her third and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the ceremonies of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of success and peace from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the earth in his keeping.

But the future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present.

When peace shall again have folded her bright wings and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked with the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man."

Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Spiritualists of this city discontinued holding public meetings about two years ago, after a series of brilliant lectures through Hardinge, Sprague, Wadsworth, Pardee, Hulitt, Wilson, Henderson, and others, since which time they have been scattered through the various churches, seeking the means of life, and mingling with our brethren of the Orthodox faith. The result, I think, has been favorable to the cause of truth. Persons have been approached and indoctrinated with the truths of spirit-intercourse, in this way, who would have otherwise crucified it in the name of the Lord.

I now begin to see that the mission of Spiritualism is to pulverize creeds, and not to build up sects or establish churches—to educate the people, and qualify them to approach the fountain of truth without apostolic authority, or the intervention of clergymen. By the authority of this mission, every man and woman becomes individualized, and delegated an intercessor at the great fountain of light, having the concrete world before him, as the gospel of the eternal Father. This I believe to be the tendency of all things.

In this city circles are numerous, and our friends "over the river," whenever they find conditions favorable, come with beautiful messages from loved ones in the Summer-land. I have never known so much interest felt in this city, on the subject of the new dispensation as at the present. The day will come, and that not far distant, when there will be a show of hands on this subject that will startle many with the magnitude of its numbers.

Yours truthfully, N. B. WOLZ.

OLD HICKORY AND NEW.

John asked a bit of "hickory-cake" from Mary as a gift, and recollections came as he the perfume wafted. Had other thoughts of other days come o'er her near as thick. She'd have changed the gift from "hickory-cake" to a bit of "hickory stick."

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## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person who is in a condition called the Trance. We are not published on account of literary merit, but as the spirits of our communions to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is still as good a life in it as in this. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses to much of truth as he perceives—no more.

**Our Circles.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 128 Washington Street, Room No. 3 (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to all. The doors are locked precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come at the call of mortals?" Leland Chase; Ricardo Hernandez; Peter Sears; Mary Ann Powers; Harriet Sewell; Capt. Isaac Hall.

Monday, Dec. 30.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression Endless?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Fredy Davis; Josiah Copeland.

Tuesday, Dec. 31.—Dr. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 10); Catherine Jones, Princeton, N. J.; Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Gould, Orleans, Mass.

Thursday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopple, Philadelphia; Margaret Connelly, Manchester, N. H.

Monday, Jan. 6.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become law unto himself—and if so, when?" "Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers to than for those in the spirit-world?" Willie Thomas, High Street, Boston; Eusebio S. Upton, Charleston, S. C.; Joseph Billings, Jeweller, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: Miscellaneous questions; Martha Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Hilam Kenney, to his wife in Boston; Polly Jennes, Rye, N. H.

Thursday, Jan. 9.—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man?" "What is to be born again?" William Sherman Osgood (printed in No. 10); Benjamin Bancroft, New York; Lizzie DeLeon, New York; Charles Beaman, to his son; Sally Brown, to her children; to Clarence Williams.

Monday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: "Perfection?" Richard S. Jernshire, Manchester, England; Ellen Maria Sampson, New York City.

Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "Will the Spirit of man forever retain its present shape or form?" Nancy Hagwood, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Kimball, Boston; Philip T. Monty, New Orleans.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions Thomas Haskin, Second Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Samantha T. Rings, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Tembroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Prattville, Ala.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; "Light?" Andrew Johnson, to his son, Andrew, N. Y.; Samuel D. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Oliver Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuel Sprague to Philip Sprague.

### Invocation.

Oh thou whom men call God, thou spirit of the Universe, thou mighty controller of all things, we would ask to know more of thee; we would ask that all thy creatures may come into a better perception of thee in a future and immortal world. Our Father, thou hast written with the finger of love on all we see. We perceive this, O Lord, but we desire to come into a better understanding with our being, that it may grow in all things into a conformity with thee. We ask no blessing on thy children, whom thou art daily blessing; we ask thee not for the manifestations of thy love, for thou art constantly showing that love in all the works of thy hands; we ask thee not to dry the widow's tears, for thy goodness never fails to those who are called to mourn. So, Oh our Father, in all things we perceive order and harmony throughout thy kingdom. And for this we thank thee, both now and forever. Amen. Dec. 10.

### What is Life?

This is the question that we are to consider at this time. What is life? A most beautiful and perfect machine, which runs very well in the hands of one who understands it, but a very poor one in the hands of one who does not understand it. Therefore we would counsel our questioner to seek to know more of life, that he may know how to run this wondrous machine. This is our definition. Dec. 10.

### Questions and Answers.

We are now ready to answer any question from friends present.

QUESTION.—"If we have any spirit friends present, we should be happy to hear from them."

ANSWER.—That is a question which they alone can answer.

Q.—"If a spirit have a strong desire to communicate with this medium, can he have access to communicate with this circle, at once, or must he wait certain conditions?"

A.—If the desire of the spirit is in harmony with the surroundings, the spirit can come at will; but if antagonistic to the surroundings he could not, and must wait until he come into harmony. Some spirits do not come into such harmony for many months, some for years, while others possess the requisites at the first coming.

Q.—"Is conscience an unerring guide?"

A.—It is sufficient to guide men through this mundane sphere, and we may say it is unerring. Conscience is positive and absolute in its dictates of right. If man would always obey its dictates, he would always be right. Conscience is sometimes bad and the surroundings of the man. It is the most unerring guide which God has given to humanity.

Q.—"Is it not partly a child of education?"

A.—That which men oftentimes mistake for conscience, is but education. It is often difficult to judge between the two; but as man advances in the scale of life, he can distinguish the difference readily. Beware of artificial conscience, that which is but a legacy of the past. Follow that which wells up to you from a fountain in your own soul, pure and unbiased, and you will be right. All religion of the present day is but parts or portions of that which is not a religion on earth which was not known thousands of years ago. Some men are very conscientious regarding the observance of the Sabbath and they will not do this or do that, because they say God has set apart the day and hallowed it. Is it conscience or right, or is it education which dictates many such things? We believe there are perverted consciences, wrapped around as with raiment, to follow which would inevitably lead you wrong; but if you have a simple, child-like conscience, and follow its teachings, it will never lead you astray.

Q.—"Can you tell me the distinction between asking not to be led into temptation, and that of asking for power to resist temptation?"

A.—We cannot perceive the difference between the two—if we have the power to resist, we cannot easily be led into temptation.

Q.—"Is it not safer to avoid temptation?"

A.—Most certainly it is. Dec. 10.

### Samuel T. Jacobs.

Jerusalem! this coming over Jordan's river in this kind of craft, is more than I bargained for. Well, they tell us we must live and learn. So it is all the way along. When we look ahead, and think we are going right, we run aground something, and when we think we have got to the top of a ladder, we often find out that we've got another round to climb. Come, look here, priest or devil! whatever you are. Do not be so slow. One thing at a time? Why I can do two things at a time. I reckon I was always quick at any thing I had to do. Good sense? I think I ain't displayed much good sense in the selection of such a craft as this.

My name was Samuel T. Jacobs—commonly called Sam Jacobs—but I suppose it was not necessary to give my name. I was born in Vermont, in Bradford, and died out in Michigan. I ain't bin a very long time in this world. I died in Oberlin, not in Ohio. What State? Where's your ears? Can't tell what county it was. I am come here to be just as quiet as I please. I tell you, I'd in some-

thing of a bad fix. I went out of the world drunk—mighty drunk; so drunk that I didn't know whether I went out on foot or on horseback. But I tell you, I didn't sleep long on the way. If I was dead drunk, I soon woke up. I ain't drunk now. I've got over that. They say that when a man goes back to this world, he takes on him the condition he was last in. But I ain't drunk. You see, I've got two boys, and an old woman, too. She's mighty glad to get rid of me, and I don't know about going back to see her. I don't blame her, either, and I always make it a point not to go where I'm not wanted. The boys were away when I left, and I would go some ways to talk to them. I don't know as there are any mediums where they are. They both went away after gold. There is, ha? Well, I want them to hunt up one.

When I was young, from eighteen to twenty-eight, I followed the sea, and learned to be a—might as well say it—a drunkard and a rascal. After that I had a place left me, and I anchored, and drank rum—when I could get it. There are some things I want to say to my boys, that are not pretty to say here. I will come back sober, and tell them about the place I am in, and how I am off, and I'll show them a guide-board that'll point the other way from what I've been going. Stranger, what've you got to say to that? If you do not like it, I am ready to square off and give you a wallop. I can do it.

The names of my boys were David and Sam. I find I ought to be pretty careful, braced up no tight. When you come here they tell you not to harm the craft. When did I die? I tell you I died in hot weather, but I don't know what month it was. I was drunk six weeks, and I couldn't give any direct account of the time. When I come here they said I must be sure and tell the truth, and nothing else. If I'm questioned about those weeks, I can't tell nothing about them. I can't be myself and somebody else. If you've got to talk, you must talk as yourself and not another.

How do I feel? I feel well enough. I was of an excitable temperament, but could fight better when I just got sober, than when I was drunk. Good-by, strangers, I'll meet you again. Be careful you do not say any thing I do not say. How do you leave? Same way you come? That's easy enough. Dec. 10.

### Hannah Connelly.

They tell us of a heaven and a hell apart from earth, and they speak to us of a place of rest and a place of torment; but they tell us of no place such as I have found since I left the world—no condition of mind and body such as I have experienced. And I think Christianity must be very much at fault in the matter.

My name was Hannah Connelly, and I lived and died at No. 82 Centre street, N. Y. I was American born, of American parents. My name was Kinsley before I married William Connelly. His parents were Irish, and he American born. I was in my thirty-seventh year when I died. I left two children, one six, and the other between three and four years. Shortly after the birth of my last child, William went away to sea, and I never heard from him. Since then I have learned that he was drowned, but I have never seen him in the spirit-world. My disease commenced with lung fever, and ended, I suppose, with consumption.

I am here to-day to speak for my children, if not with them. It is near four years since I left them. My eldest is at service. Poor child! Her duties are hard, too hard for her. She has called upon me many times, saying, "My mother, if spirits can come back, why not do so for us?" I have made my way through a crowd of strangers to come here to-day. I was poor, but not now. A mother's love reaches across the river of death, and she brings it back to her child. God tells her it is right, and she knows it is so.

The name of the persons my child is with, is Oddfield. I have been told that they have some faith in modern Spiritualism. If they have, I ask that they will bring about a meeting between me and my child, or with them, and then I will say what I want to say here. My youngest child is better situated. Though the people are poor, she is well treated, and I thank her protector in the name of God here, to-day. She desires to speak with me, and I with her.

I would not care to have my children educated in the popular faith of heaven and hell, which is not within twenty miles of the truth. I don't care to have my children educated in that faith. I wish to have the privilege of watching over them through earthly guardians. This is what I called here to-day for. Dec. 10.

### Patrick O'Brien.

I was at Father Haggerty's house in Dublin, Ireland. It's in all about five days ago. I make most understood there by writing me name and moving things. I told Father Haggerty I was the spirit of Patrick O'Brien, a relative of his mother, and that I had been dead nigh three years. Father Haggerty desired me in the name of St. Patrick to come here in America, where letters were written and made public to the friends of spirits, and that if I would do this, he would preach the new religion from that day forth. Thank God, I'm here to-day—and that's all I have to say about it. Dec. 10.

### James Morgan.

I find it difficult to speak. It was hard for me to get control of the subject, at all. But as I was here, I was very anxious that I should not go away without saying something. I died in Liverpool, England, the 10th of last month, of consumption. I was unable to speak loud for four or five months before I died, and lost control almost of my vocal organs. I find it difficult now, but I wish to communicate with Margaret Ellenwood, in Boston, Mass. I believe this is the place. My name was James Morgan, twenty-one years of age. I am a relative of the lady, and desire to communicate with her; I have reasons I don't care to speak of, that prompt me to come here. I hope my desire will reach her, and that she will answer me. Good day, sir. Dec. 10.

### William Stone.

Written: Dear Wife—The way is so smooth as I thought it would be before death. So I have not been able to come before. I would like to speak with you, and then tell you what I cannot here. Dec. 10.

### Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother, thou spirit of truth, unto whom each and every atom comes into correspondence, we ask thee that thou wilt hear us now, and as we ask, we feel that thou wilt give us what we need; for hast thou not written, "Ask, and thou shalt receive?" Not alone in the Book which men call holy, but every where throughout Creation, we have the evidence to teach us that thou wilt hear and answer prayer. Therefore, Oh our Father and our Mother, we ask, not in behalf of ourselves, but in behalf of those who perceive not thy glory in all things—we ask that they may know that thou dwellest in hell as well as in heaven; we ask that they may feel confidence in thee at all times, and that they may be confident of thy protection in all emergencies. We ask for the human race, that though darkness may be near and around them, they may feel that thou art in the darkness; that though silence may be around them, they may know that thou art in the silence. Our Father, the American nation now stands before thee draped in mourning. May each and every son and daughter of the land feel that they mourn not without cause; may they feel that thou art dealing with the land in mercy, because of her many sins, that she may come up before thee free from the dark stain of slavery of every kind, and that all her people may feel that they may be free. May they learn in their own way the spirit of freedom, even as every globe in nature, though free in itself, goes to sustain natural life. May they

feel the full force of liberty, even as are the heavenly deities to the inner sense. Our heavenly Father, we perceive that thou art standing with the child America, and may the atoms of the human race feel that thou art God, and not only God as known and seen in Heaven, but also seen from the depths of hell. Our Father, we ask that wisdom and light from thy heavenly temple, may gleam in our souls, and all through the world. We ask these things, and while we ask, we hear the echo come back to us, even so it shall be. Therefore, unto thee be endless praises for ever and ever. Dec. 19.

### The Purport of the Message from England.

We are now ready for any proposition which may be offered by any person present. And we would also add that we are almost unable to control our subject, on account of her physical condition. Nevertheless we shall do as best we may.

QUESTION.—"If proper, I should like to inquire what is the purport of the message from England?"

ANSWER.—It is perfectly proper. Put your question into a proper form.

Q.—"What is the purport of the message from England to our Administration concerning the Trent affair?"

A.—That which you or many may suppose as coming from head-quarters in England, comes not from that source. That scheme has been devised by your brothers, who are enemies to you, and England has nothing to do with it. Believe me—this is a mere bubble which will burst, when it comes upon the surface, and you will know no more of it. Its purpose is to demand the immediate release of your two prisoners, Mason and Slidell, with certain other things, which we do not care to specify. But it bears on its exterior, a falsehood because it demands some things, not only against American but against British law. Those most interested have made a great oversight, which will tell in time to most excellent advantage. Dec. 19.

### Theodore Jackson.

I am not here with the hope to make myself a home in heaven. I expected such a home when I was on earth, but I find it very much different from what I expected. I have been an inhabitant of the spirit-world six years, and I regret to say I do not find that peace of spirit I desire, or expected to find. I am told there is only one way by which to find that peace and rest, and that is to come back to earth, and so I am here. I have a son and a step-son in Cincinnati, and am anxious to speak to one or both of them. The name of my son is Theodore Jackson, the step-son, Charles Hepworth.

To make a long story short as possible, I will say I know I dealt unjustly with my step-son and family, and I wish to make whatever was wrong as right, as far as it is in my power to do. I should not act now as I did while on earth. I had money, and that is a curse; I had religion, but only that which was offered to me, and that was a greater curse, which led me to expect much, and I got nothing. And I am not alone in this, for there are many who are as badly off as I am. I am not here to uphold any code in religion, not excepting the spiritual doctrine. They are all faulty. If any one embraces any part, they are apt to expect too much. So that they are better off to be without it. The way to get along is to do the best you can, and God will take care of you. There are many ways of approach to the people in earth, and when sought may be found. I want to make a crooked path straight, and when that is done, I shall be at rest.

In proof of my personality, I will give an account of a conversation with my son, who is now in my death. I said, "My son, I want to give you a couple of letters, which you are not to open until one year after my death. When you open them, you are to do as near as you can toward carrying out what I have dictated. You are to tell no one that you have received these letters, but you are to carry out my plan, and I hope God will aid you. If it is possible for spirits to come back to earth, I will come and assist you." I have come, as I promised, not to assist in carrying out the plan, but to overthrow it. I was seventy-two years of age. My disease was an affection of the stomach. I was first told that it was a tumor, and then that it was a cancer, but I did not know what it was. My name was Theodore Jackson. Dec. 19.

### Catherine Perkins.

They said if I was to come here, I should find some one to talk to me, but I don't see any one; there's nobody here that I know. Friends! friends! friends! what if I ain't any? Yes, I have a little boy, and it's him I come to see about. He's ten years old. I bin dead three years. I want to see to him—that's what I want. Will you tell me how I can? He's in New York; he's with Mr. Calvin Gray; I don't know what street; I didn't see him for a month or more before I died. I died dead drunk, in the Tombs—that's how I died. All I want, is that he be brought up decent. No! no! not to suit me—not to suit me.

My name is Catherine Perkins—Kate Perkins, thirty-eight years old. Do I want any one to take him? No, my uncle, if he would do so. He lives in New York, but I don't want to talk with him; he won't receive any thing from me. His name is Thomas Murray. Yes, I'd like him to take him and bring him up decent; that's what I come here for. He's a lawyer; he is, I know, but they are better than ministers. He told me not to come to his house unless I got sober. Yes, if I could have my way, I would have him take him, and teach him law. My boy's name is William, after his father. No, he is not dead—no; he is in Europe; no matter about him; you need not ask about him; all I came for is my child. I shall suffer for my actions, and it's no one's business but my own, if I do; I know very well I did not do right; I have suffered for it, and expect to suffer still more.

What is the paper you publish this in—Police Gazette? ["BANNER OF LIGHT."] Where's that printed? Do you print just what I say? Can't I say something more? Well, are there folks like these in New York? I hate to talk to my uncle. [You had better go to him, and give up your hatred, and you'll feel better for it.] Well, I will. Tell me some one to talk to, or through. If you deceive me, you'll wish you had n't. Just as sure's you do, I'll curse you all my life. I know how to do it, by folks cursing me while I was here. This is the first time I have had a chance to come here. Dying drunk I can't help it, now, and I'm not going to mourn over it. You were never in the Tombs, were ye? 'Taint a good place to die in; there's where I went from; I have cursed everybody here. They said I must come back decent, or they would not let me come. Dec. 19.

### Joseph Willissey.

Good afternoon! This is Boston, I take it; I lived here once, myself, nine years ago. I wish to send a short letter to a friend of mine in New Orleans. Can I do so? It is difficult—I know about that. I last week had the good fortune to find an opportunity to communicate with this friend, through another person, in private. But the phenomenon was new to him, and as the person was somewhat acquainted with him, he doubted the communication. I desired him to believe and follow out my advice, but he had no faith in it, and to convince him he required me to come here. I have come here with one I formerly knew. I told him of the difficulty of getting a communication to him from here, but he will be on the look out for it.

My name is Joseph Willissey—Joe; and they sometimes called me by a slang phrase, I don't care to speak of, here. My occupation was like the occupation of many among you; it appeared all right, but it was not what it appeared, exactly.

My friend bears the name of Morrison—Charles T. I repeat the advice I gave to him, to leave New Orleans, and how to dispose of his effects there, and now say I did come to him in New Orleans, and am full of opinion if he follows my advice, he will find himself better off at the end of six months. He told

me if I came here, to mention the name of one of his family supposed to be in the spirit-land, but of whom he did not know. I believe he referred to an elder brother, who went seven or eight years since to Australia, but had never been heard from. I am informed he is in Mexico, and consequently is not dead, as people call us, who come back in this way. Good day, sir. Dec. 19.

### Nelly Gleason.

My name was Nelly Gleason. I was ten years old. I died of fever and throat distemper, two years ago. My grandmother and my uncle Henry helped me to come here and speak; I want to speak, if I can, with my mother, and my father, too. My uncle Henry was killed by falling from the yard-arm of a ship, twenty years ago, he said; he found me when I came here, and has been a father to me ever since I came. My oldest brother is here, too. My body is in Woodlawn, and my mother has worried a good deal because she could not fix the place as well as she wished; I want to tell her not to worry about it, and to be very happy. Folks meet you when you come here, and are very kind to you, and you are not afraid long, because of good care taken of you. God is not a great King, away off, but is where everybody is; and where everybody is best, there is the most of God. There is n't any devil, and mother need n't be afraid, and none of the little children need be afraid that the devil will get them. They say on earth he is in the spirit-world, and they say here he is n't here, and folks ought to know. My mother's name is Maria Gleason, and she is afraid of ghosts. I ain't any ghost, and if I could come to her, she would not be afraid.

I died in Hartford, but used to live here. It's Woodlawn out here, I mean; we had the place when we used to live here. I know where it is; it's only a little ways from here; good many children are buried there. My uncle Henry wants to come here, too. My grandmother is here. He would talk if he wanted to, but do n't like to come this way. Dec. 19.

### Invocation.

Spirit of truth, thou Infinite Jehovah, the source from whence we come, and to whom we must return, again we bless thee for the principles of truth, affecting our present and particularly our eternal portions. Our Father, the whole Christian world are about to worship before the image of heavenly good, and like that Holy Saviour who used messengers to do the will of wisdom, may they not only worship the image, but from thenceforth be made better men and better women. Our Father, the hour is drawing near when they celebrate the birth of him they call their Saviour. Oh, God, thou spirit of power, thou spirit of wisdom, we ask this much for the devotees at the shrine of Jesus, that they may look not only upon the image, but upon the life; may they wander from the tomb of the past, and see not only Jesus personally, but Jesus spiritually. May they, Oh our Father, be inspired with new resolutions and stronger purposes for good; and when they go forth from their many temples of worship, may they go to seek out suffering humanity to relieve it—may the Christian be a Christian in truth—may they throw off the dead body of formalism and put on the present light within them, and when they do this, legions of angels shall chant their praises to thee. Thou hast said, Go ye into all the earth and minister to the necessities of my people. And may it be our joy as we unveil our eyes, that our bewildered visions may see before them the star of liberty and glory. We ask this not for the present alone, but that millions to come may reach a higher path and leave the tomb of the past in their midst than those worshippers every hour, and we will sing a song of praises unto thee. Dec. 24.

### The Celebration of Christmas.

"Is it right for Christians to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour as many of them do, with songs of mirth and dancing?"

This is a question propounded to us this day. It is not for us, Oh our questioner, to declare that there is any perfect standard of right. We believe that each and all who bear the image of life, have a right to believe and act for themselves, and worship God after their own fashion. Therefore, no standard can be set up after which men must worship. The great mass of the religious mind must have a personal God to adore—must have something tangible to bow down and pray to, and ask aims of. This demand has not yet got out of the growth of the old religious mythology, which has been handed down to the children of the present day, and which they have not lost hold of. They must have something to take hold of. Therefore, let them go to their temples and bow down to the personal Jehovah; thus they worship. It is not for us to say they do wrong, although they may not have attained to the spirit of truth which makes all men free.

Another class of humanity who see fit to go forth with mirth on their lips, and the light of joy beaming in their eyes, and who enter into all the festivities of life, and enjoy the mirth of the hour, shall we say they do wrong? We believe that to worship and to enjoy such festivities, go hand in hand. They that dance do right, not less than do those who bow the knee. They may pray just as well in the festivities of a holiday as in the act of Christian worship. And frequently, persons are much more religious in their mirth than those souls which sit in sackcloth and ashes.

As it right to worship God so and so? Oh our questioner, it is right to live up to the highest light we have, and if you do, you will not be wrong. If some persons wish to celebrate by prayer and praise the birth of our good brother Jesus, let them do so; if others wish to worship the Madonna, let them do so; if they think they are right; if still others wish to go forth into the enjoyment of nature, let them do so; if they think they are right. So man does not trespass upon the law physical and moral, he is right. There is no general standard by which to worship. Let our questioner have about him the Angel of Charity, and you will have more peace, believe us. Dec. 24.

### Dennis Sullivan.

I bin waiting for a long time to come here. 'Tis most three years since I went away from my body, and I hardly know where I fetch up to. I don't know where I am now, and I cannot tell how I come to have this kind of body. My name is Dennis Sullivan; nigh as I can tell, I was about twenty-eight years old. I had not much education; I got just enough to get along, but did not know much about talking. Like all who come here, I have to come for something. I hear about this ghost-coming before I died, but I don't know much about it but what I hear about it. I got a wife and one child which draw me back, pretty hard, but it is not so much for them, but to those who do for them, I want to speak to, because I want my own to get all their dues. "They that do not do as well as they know how to, do n't go to the good place."

I want to say to Mr. David Courtney, who believes in the English faith, the Episcopal way of worship, that I wish him to go to my wife and tell her he owes me so much, and pay her; I want him to do it now and not wait till he is dead; if he puts it off, he may make an excuse that he has had hard luck, and I fear he may never pay it; for when folks put off such things, they are apt to make it a long day. He had better do it now, while the body and the money are together, and not have cause to regret it when he is where poor Dennis is. It is always well to do what you would wish you had done, when it is too late. Will he know it is me? I will only say to him, "I am Dennis Sullivan, and you know what you owe me, and ought to pay it to my wife." He lives in New York.

I worked for Mr. Courtney sometimes, in the cold months, he knows me very well, and knows that spirits can come back. I recollect very well of his telling some one that he believed in this coming back. More than all, he's got a brother that reads your paper every week. I want him to do right, that's all, since that's a great principle every

where. Now, Mr. Courtney, God bless you as long as you do well. If not, and he curses you, it will be your own fault. Good morning, sir. Dec. 24.

**Rhoda Wilkins.** I have been requested to come here and tell the truth; I am asked to convict either myself or some one who stands convicted by law. Oh, God, if there is a God—oh, if there is, send, oh, send strength, not to me, but to those who have erred. Send, oh, send forgiveness, not to me who, but to one weaker than myself. I wish not to condemn one of God's family. I have been charged to speak the truth, and I come not to condemn one who is already wrapped in the garments of weakness and of darkness. I did not commit suicide. This is the plain, honest language that I am to speak. Did she who stands charged with my murder, commit the act? No! no! no! she—but the weakness that possessed her, there is a tribunal before which each sinning soul is summoned. None can escape it. They need not go before any earthly tribunal. The great Jehovah has implanted a conscience in the nature of all, and before it every individual must be judged—before it the weak sister must be judged, and if convicted at all, God grant it may be there. Even the dearest of my earthly friends should be God-like if they wish to hold communion with the highest and holiest of heaven's courts.

I have learned during my short sojourn what it is to suffer. I thought I had learned it on earth, but it proved to be only on the vestibule of sorrow. But when the entire truth is known, as I have known, and we see as I have seen, then comes suffering what men and women never dreamed of here. I am Rhoda Wilkins. Oh, tell, tell the world to have mercy, to deal as God has dealt with the poor child who stands convicted of my murder. I cannot wish her, I cannot have her convicted for the frailty and weakness of humanity to me. Oh, plunge her not into the whirlpool of despair, but rather into the pool of Sileas, where the waiting angels stand ready and will take off the garments of weakness. Dec. 24.

**Alice Maria Buckley.** I lived in Augusta. My mother wanted me to come here, if I could, and tell her if I was happy, and if I came here, she should feel happier herself. She wanted me to tell what I did for—no, died of, when I died, and how old I was, and what kind of dress I had on when I was dead. My name was Alice Maria Buckley; I was six years old; I died of sore throat, last March; I had on my spotted dress, pink and black, after I was dead—no, I did n't have it on, but my body did. Miss Phillips put a ruberound the neck and sleeves, and sewed here [on the breast] and put my boots on and curled my hair. Oh dear! I don't want to stay here any longer—I don't like to. I've said all my mother told me to. She asked me if I was happy. I am when she do n't cry; when she cries, I am not happy. I want to go. [You can go when you wish to.] I can't! I don't know how. Dec. 24.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### A WINTY LEAF TIPPED WITH SUNSHINE.

BY KATIE GRAY.

Old Winter I roll on in your icy car.  
Blow your cold breath over the world,  
Exit in your pride as onward you ride,  
With your Arctic banner unfurled.  
"That your way for all time is won,  
But a Tyrant you are, and like others, I deem  
You'll find your rough race quickly run."

So our rivers and streams, the pride of the land,  
You may bind all fast with your white northern hand.  
You may shake out your flag, and from fold after fold  
Let many a frost-bite descend;  
Our fingers may tingle, our toes may be cold,  
Our houses may crack, and our windows hold  
Your legends of frolic in symbols bold.  
As your wicked career soon will end.

Unseen by yourself is a dear little elf,  
Enchanted by sunshine and flowers,  
And gently she glides on the soft breezy tides,  
All fragrant from sweet southern bowers.  
Your arts are undone, your spell is all gone,  
Naught is left but a ripple of air,  
And again to the world this blest truth is borne,  
That the rough shall give place to the fair.

From Philadelphia.

"Friends and readers," the benevolent and energetic Father Beeson is still pursuing his labors for the Indian, and some glimmerings of success appear to dawn upon his efforts. An incident that occurred to him last week, was so remarkable and pleasing an evidence of spirit-power, that he desired me to communicate it to the BANNER.

Some years ago, he met in Boston with an Indian whose English name was Joseph; he was an intelligent Indian of the Flat Head tribe, was sick and destitute, almost in the last stage of consumption. Father Beeson took charge of him for weeks, and nursed him tenderly; he was then assisted by several persons, some of them Spiritualists, and when the poor Indian died, he was provided with decent burial. Through the medi



## Pearls.

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

## DAY BY DAY.

Every day has its dawn,  
Its soft and silent eve,  
Its noontide hours of bliss or hate—  
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years  
Before us and behind,  
And scorn the little days that pass  
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small, sweet face  
As beautiful as near;  
Because it is so small a face  
We will not see it clear.

We will not clasp it as it flies,  
And kiss its lips and brow;  
We will not bathe our wearied souls  
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes  
Away in sad disdain;  
Though we would give our lives for it,  
It never comes again.

Beyond the grave angels will not question thee as to  
the amount of wealth thou hast left behind thee, but  
what good deed thou hast done in the world to entitle  
thee to a home among the blessed.

## COMPASSION.

Blest indeed is he who never fell,  
But blots much more who from the verge of hell  
Climbs up to Paradise; for sin is sweet;  
Strong is temptation; willing are the feet  
That follow Pleasure; manifold her snares,  
And pitfalls lurk beneath our very prayers;  
Yet God, the Clement, the Compassionate,  
In pity of our weakness, keeps the gate  
Of pardon open, scorning not to wait  
Till the last moment, when His mercy flings  
A splendor from the shade of angel's wings.

The man who seemeth worse  
Than I, may purer be; for when I fell  
Temptation reached a loftier pinnacle.  
Therefore, O man, be CHARITY thy aim;  
Praise cannot harm, but weigh thy words of blame,  
Discredit the virtue that itself exalts,  
But turn to that which doth atone its faults,  
And from repentance plucks a wholesome fruit.  
Pardon, not wrath, is God's best attribute.

[Daguer Taylor.]

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases  
as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the  
evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of  
life.

## DEAD SOULS.

Most souls are shut  
By sense from grandeur, as a man who snores  
Night capped and wrapt in blankets to the nose,  
Is shut out from the night, which, like a sea,  
Breaketh forever on a strand of stars.

[Alexander Smith.]

Let your efforts ripen into good deeds—your hopes  
and aspirations into works of beneficence and blessed-  
ness.

HENRY S. CHAPMAN AT LYCEUM HALL,  
BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, February 2, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

It is natural for man to believe—that is his in-  
stinct; to disbelieve, the exception. Superstition  
is said to be belief without evidence, but if this be  
so, there is less superstition in the world than we  
think for. In strict language, belief without evi-  
dence is impossible, as is a shadow without sub-  
stance.

If a man believe the Chimera of the Greeks, he  
conceives of nothing in the abstract not existing;  
he only puts Nature in wrong combinations, and this  
blunder Nature sometimes makes herself, when she  
puts two heads upon one neck.

If a man believe in many gods, he only amplifies  
one idea into many. If a man believe in many gods,  
he only amplifies one idea into many. If a man be-  
lieves in the Koran, he believes in revelation as much  
as he who believes in the Bible, and he who disbe-  
lieves them both acts from some present necessity,  
as real and imperative as that which prompts the  
faith of a Christian. Hypocrisy in belief is impos-  
sible; belief minds neither fog nor rack.

Belief is no juggler; it may be hidden, but not  
counterfeited. The mind is noted upon and is not a  
self-acting power, and really has no choice of opinion.

A man is not master of his digestion, but he has  
a discretion over his dinner. He may put himself  
in the way or out of the way of evidence; but when  
the evidence appears, he can neither will nor forbear.  
His opinions are formed as certainly as molten lead  
takes the form of the mould.

But all this does not acquit us of responsibility.  
In much that we do, belief is the key to our conduct.  
Bad beliefs make bad manners. Right beliefs be-  
hind right action, as surely as integrity lies behind  
justice. But has not every man a right to his belief?  
Any man has a right to a right belief.

The head is a perfect structure, a contrivance for  
thinking, not for feeling. The intellect has light,  
not heat; reason, not passion; logic, not love.

When a man reads the New Testament for the  
first time, he tries it exactly by what he knows. If  
he knows but little, he tries it but little; and if he  
tries it before his reason alone, he will be incompe-  
tent to understand it. He may fire volleys of logic at  
its spirit, but it will glance off, and more than likely  
recoil upon himself.

A man may accept the proposition that Paul re-  
ceived a revelation, but that is really nothing to him.  
The question is, has he himself received a revelation?  
for it must not be forgotten that it takes a revela-  
tion to understand one. Is he wiser for what was  
revealed to Paul, only when it is revealed to him?

Paul says he was caught up in the third heavens,  
and this is a challenge to reason. Millions of doubt-  
ers have stumbled over this statement. Hume, Gib-  
bon, Hobbes, wasted books, argument, satire, to dis-  
prove phenomena which girls of a dozen years can  
give us the philosophy of to-day. We can do but  
little except write our opinions. The other world so  
far as heard from, is a world of opinions, and if  
there is a world of positive knowledge, it is

"That bourne from which no traveler returns."

Our dogmatists, whether of theology or politics,  
are only the chips floating down the river of time.  
The deep tide runs up, the ebb is only on the sur-  
face, and we are here to explore the river, not to

wind the chips. When our ship sinks, how expert  
are we to step forth with a fresh impeachment of  
creation.

But there is a golden undercurrent in this river,  
chippiness, and anagness, and ebbness, and this bears  
up its bosom fleets of ideas. Whole navies of  
thought, worlds of religion and faith, and from these  
came Neptune, prolific-headed Jove, Saviours and  
Saints. Let nobody be frightened if our political  
bubble bursts to day, there'll be another one to-mor-  
row, and better. We see only the drift stuff, and by  
this we mark the motion of the tide.

God is underneath the world moving it hence to  
its last battle, and this is to be the battle of giants.  
When you shall hear the voice of Liberty shrieking  
from her prison house, it is the voice of God. The  
slaves shall hear it; the sable bondmen of the South  
shall hear it—the slaves of the North shall hear it;  
slaves in body, slaves in mind.

Faith sees the day when white and black shall  
stand up enfranchised alike, when priest and lay-  
man, ruler and subject, shall swear allegiance to  
God and human rights. True faith is faith in God,  
and He is more than a thrice-fancied fancy. Intelli-  
gence, will, motion, these make a Personal God. There  
is intelligence to perceive, there is will to act, and there  
is a reason for acting. His intelligence perceives  
everything. His will determines everything, and  
this action accomplishes everything. Take away  
these attributes and activities, and you have noth-  
ing left. Invest a being with those powers, and *He*  
is God.

A man of faith covets no calamity, and shrinks  
from no danger. If Nature sends her plague, and  
gives him no warning, he knows he is wanted else-  
where, and that with him the undertaker has noth-  
ing to do. He knows his body must come sometime  
to disaster, and the only question, if there be one, is  
as to whether the disaster is here in himself. He  
sees truth as the central law of the world, and he  
sees this unwittingly confused by burglars and  
swindlers.

"Honesty among thieves." No thief will trust  
himself with himself; truth must divide the booty.  
Put organized burglary upon itself, and you would  
very soon reduce that romantic art to a private  
speculation. God could in no way so thoroughly de-  
stroy the world as to make one piece of villainy suc-  
cessful.

This faith sees *law* not *miracle*, and this is the  
shrine at which nature herself worships. Nature  
offers no policy or insurance upon a leaky ship, she  
suffers no miracle to intervene for amends upon the  
infraction of law. With some men, faith is only  
the hazard of commerce. If insurance companies  
are sound, they will coin up the wrath of the ele-  
ments; in no case shall their coffers suffer. They  
fret and sould because things go wrong. This is too  
weak, that is too strong, the frame of the world is  
out of joint, the tenons are out, pin and mortice are  
gone, the beams and rafters hang askew, and the  
rickety old world reels in the wind; but the reel is  
in them, not the world.

There is no quarrel in nature, there is no conflict  
of positive forces; there is only a last word in the  
race, a ground tier in the ascending series. The sun  
is no less in January than in June; we have changed  
our position, and have the *soliole* for the rose.

Prove to me that God has made one mistake, and  
I will prove to you that He has made a million.  
Prove to me that one soul will be lost forever, and I  
will prove to you that the gates of hell are as broad  
as the race. The man who believes one half the  
universe is opaque, is always in that half.

The soul in her embrace with God is mother  
to our faith:

"The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring,  
And ever upon the old decay  
The greenest mosses cling."

Entire reliance upon God—this only is complete  
faith. Faith works, doubt lounges. No royal deed  
of valor ever lags behind a halting sword. Give a  
man a great idea, and great faith in it, because it  
is of God, and his mind is a furnace from which his  
thoughts go hissing into the world like heated shot.  
He dares to do who dares to suffer. Faith is fa-  
natical only when it is real. The realities of life are  
his wonders, and what on earth we call miracle, in  
heaven is law. There is immense room for faith in  
our religion. While we have been clamoring for  
more facts, the angels have been calling for more  
faith. The angels cannot enter the air of our scepti-  
cism, and if they send a thought there, warmed in  
the melting gush of love, it coagulates, and hangs an  
icicle in the frosty chambers of the mind.

From the facts of Spiritualism reason draws phi-  
losophy, faith religion. These are the two wings we  
are to fly to heaven on. Reason is the blood of our  
philosophy, faith is the life of our religion. God is  
love, and so is religion. A God mad is a God un-  
throne. Peter put his faith into the Crucifix—  
that held Luther at Worms. Peter put his soul into  
his idea, and armed Europe for the rescue of the  
Sepulchre of Christ. Luther had an idea grander  
than Peter's, and he sunk it into the heart and  
brain of Europe.

Judaism was built upon the unity of God, Christi-  
anity upon the Son of God, and what are we built  
upon? The ministry of angels; to whom do they  
minister? Whose agents are they? With what cre-  
dentials do they come to us? Shall we lay other  
foundation than that the "Nazarine" laid, who was  
Christ? He came into our world a strange and un-  
natural being. The laws of nature snapped in his  
fingers, and he held the two parted ends in his  
hand. He lived as no man had ever heard of, he  
died heroically, divinely, and overmastering the  
grave, as we shall; he arose, descended to the re-  
gions of the lost and plucked up death by the roots.  
And who was he? This question will not be pushed  
aside; it will press upon us from all quarters.

The various Spiritualistic lines must converge to  
one centre. Nature herself is centralizing. She  
leans harder to that than to democracy. The mind  
is not a republic, reason is monarch. The forest is  
no republic, the lion is king. The ante and the be-  
come make no republic. The sea is no republic, leviathan  
is monarch of the deep. The air is no republic,  
our eagle is a royal bird by nature. Religion is no  
republic, God is its King, and Christ is His ambassa-  
dor to the world. He is our brother, and brother-  
hood is royalty in heaven. Religion, then, is a king-  
dom, and brotherhood is its royal blood.

We have the elements for a universal religion  
whose "High Priest" shall be the Son of God. We  
may gather truth from the ends of the earth. There  
is no philosophy that does not lend us some truth,  
there is no religion whose face is not lighted up some-  
times from heaven.

But our spiritual descent is more clearly traced  
from Moses than from any other. If Moses hung the

pillar of cloud into our sky, he hung the pillar of  
fire also. There is scarce a Hebrew picture that has  
not an angel face in it. Moses has come down to us  
for interpretation. Have we not said to the school-  
men, "Your Bible is our witness?" Have we not  
thrown our plummet deeper into the old Hebrew sea  
than the theologic draftsmen of to-day? We have  
disputed with the doctors in the temple, and now  
must be about our Father's business. The Hebrews  
followed the cloud and the fire, the Christians followed  
the cross, and what shall be the talisman of our faith?  
A cloud capped cross hung round with angel portraits;  
and with this upon our flag, unstained of the world,  
and come of a heroic faith, we shall have the post of  
honor in the world's last battle.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by  
A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of  
the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS  
ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

## CHAPTER IV.

## MESMERISM, PATHETISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.—MESMERISM OR PATHETISM  
STEPPING STONES TO SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA OF  
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—PSYCHOLOGY—MIND ACTS  
UPON AND CONTROLS MINDS.—PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER  
OF BONAPARTE, WEBSTER AND CLAY.—AN INCIDENT IL-  
LUSTRATING THIS POWER.—MR. SUNDERLAND'S PSYCHO-  
LOGICAL POWERS.—MESMERISM—FREDERICK A. MESMER  
—PATHETISM—DEFINITION OF THE TERM.—CONDITIONS  
NECESSARY TO PRODUCE THE PHENOMENA WITNESSED  
IN MESMERISM, PATHETISM, ETC.

"Humbly I—for knowledge strives in vain to feel  
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;  
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal  
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?  
So let us deem it and e'en the tears we wake  
Shall then be blessed, for that high nature's sake."  
Mrs. Hemans.

That there has been in every age of the world a  
class of phenomena which could not be accounted for  
on the known laws of nature, and could only be traced  
to super-mundane origin, every careful, scientific in-  
vestigator has been forced to admit. Such has been  
the phenomena in the last three chapters. But I  
come now to a phenomena which to a greater or less  
extent, I believe, has been traced to natural laws,  
and accounted for on mundane principles; and as it  
has been attempted, and by scientific men, too, to  
classify them under one general head, and to show  
that the agent employed in the one is the same as  
that employed in the other, I deem it important at  
this point to introduce the subject of Mesmerism and  
Pathetism, and to trace, as far as is necessary, the  
analogy between that and the phenomena which I  
have chosen to call Super-mundane. But as it is my  
object to give a relation of facts, rather than theory,  
I shall occupy as little space in doing this as pos-  
sible, and then give the phenomena witnessed in Mes-  
merism or Pathetism, and let the reader draw his  
own conclusions.

In the phenomena given in the last Chapter, and  
which I believe are analogous to those given in Chap-  
ters 1st and 2d, the agents operating were invis-  
ible, and as only the result was witnessed, it could  
be traced to no known law in nature by which to ac-  
count for the strange and mysterious phenomena  
which occurred, and hence, men became fearfully bi-  
goted, superstitious, and cruel. And, as I have  
shown in my last chapter, thousands of the most val-  
uable lives were sacrificed to their ignorance and su-  
perstition, and, as men would not reason nor investi-  
gate—presuming (as it is possible) that the agents  
were pure spiritual beings, returning in this manner  
for the good of mankind, rather than their destruc-  
tion, it became necessary that the phenomena should  
assume such a form as would lead men to a success-  
ful analysis of the true cause, and to trace the un-  
known by the laws which governed a known agent,  
which could produce similar phenomena. That is,  
to place a stepping-stone from the known to the un-  
known, and MESMERISM AND PATHETISM HAVE BEEN OR  
WILL BE THE STEPPING-STONE. Yes, the stepping-  
stone that will lead men to understand, acknowledge  
and appreciate the Super-mundane Phenomena, now  
more properly called Spiritual Phenomena, not only  
of the nineteenth century, but of all past ages.

Psychology is that science which pertains to the  
soul or mind of man. Mind acts upon and controls  
mind. The stronger minds control the weaker. Or,  
in other words, some minds are positive while others  
are negative; and the positive control the negative;  
hence, the mind of one man controls that of another.  
Sometimes it so happens that the mind of one man  
controls the minds of hundreds and even thousands  
and tens of thousands at the same time. This we  
see illustrated in the case of successful reviv-  
al preachers, orators and military generals. Such  
was the psychological power of Bonaparte over his  
army, that he could lead them to the very cannon's  
mouth, while their ranks were being mown down in  
swathes, and the ground over which they had passed  
was literally black with the dead and dying. By  
this power Webster and Clay could move a nation's  
Senate, and carry almost any measure they at-  
tempted.

I remember, some twenty years ago, listening  
to a sermon at a quarterly meeting of the Free  
Will Baptists in Maine, from a preacher by the  
name of D—. He was a coarse, rough, illiterate  
man. The house was filled; and he was surrounded  
by ministers who, intellectually and by culture, were  
head and shoulders above him. Such was his psy-  
chological power over his audience, that before he  
had half completed his sermon there was not a dry  
eye in the house; and old men, young men, maid-  
ens and matrons, and ministers, too, were sobbing  
audibly all over the house; and yet if that audience  
had read a report of that very sermon in some news-  
paper, there was probably not one of them but  
would have been utterly disgusted with it. This was  
not the first time he had moved audiences in that  
manner; perhaps he had witnessed the same effect  
from his sermons a hundred times or more. The  
effect was attributed to the outpouring of the  
Holy Ghost, but out of the pulpit he was the last  
man of all the ministers present on whom I should  
think the Holy Ghost would be likely to rest. To  
me, at the time, it was a mystery. I was sensi-  
ble that there was nothing prepossessing in the  
appearance of the man, and I was sure that in a lit-  
erary point of view his sermon was far below par.  
But I now understand that the magnetic force of  
his own mind was stronger than that of his audi-  
ence, and throwing out this magnetic force upon  
negative minds, he psychologized or pathetized them;  
and hence the phenomena witnessed. I have seen

LaRcy Sunderland, in his exhibitions, produce a still  
more striking phenomena, when he was talking in a  
dry, monotonous manner.

In my view of the subject, mind not only acts  
upon mind, but upon matter or substance; and all  
gross substances, if moved, are moved through the  
electrical forces of the mind; and hence, Psychology,  
Mesmerism, Pathetism, and what Prof. Grimes  
calls Biology, are synonymous terms.

MESMERISM.—Whether Mesmer was the first to dis-  
cover the science which bears his name, I am un-  
able to say. That he discovered a new principle in  
mental philosophy and a phenomenon growing out  
of this law, and promulgated it to the world, which  
will render his name immortal, is a matter of record.  
That he was not aware of the full extent of his dis-  
covery, or under what head in metaphysics to class  
it, is evident; and so it took his own name—viz.,  
Mesmerism—which is essentially the same as Pa-  
thetism. Concerning Mesmer, however, Mr. Sunder-  
land makes this remark: "The terms Clairvoyance  
and Mesmerism are used without sufficient reason.  
Mesmer never produced either a state of trance or  
what is now called Clairvoyance at all. He induced  
a species of physical results which were manifested  
in convulsions and the like." Although we shall  
treat all phenomena growing out of the distinctive  
sciences called Mesmerism, Pathetism, Biology, An-  
imal Magnetism, &c., under the head of Pathetism,  
yet as the name of Mesmer stands prominent as the  
discoverer, we will not pass without giving a brief  
notice of that individual.

FREDERICK ANTHONY MESMER was born in the  
small town of Messemburg, Prus. Sax., February 22d,  
1734. Early in life he was endowed with a faculty  
of mind not common to those of his associates, and  
being himself of an intuitive turn, he was led to  
examine the cause of what seemed to him to be a  
new and hidden property of the mind. His psycho-  
logical experiments led to the discovery of new truths,  
and to the establishment of new principles in science  
known to the world as Mesmerism or Animal Mag-  
netism. In 1766, at the college of Vienna, he took  
his first degree in the school of medicine, and about  
the same time published his treatise upon the heav-  
enly bodies, in which he broached the theory of mag-  
netism in the most distant manner. This work sub-  
jected him to severe criticism, ridicule and abuse.  
In 1773, we find him practicing upon the theory of  
his work, at the bedside of Mademoiselle Christianne  
Gasterling, producing a remarkable cure, and illus-  
trating not only the power of mind over mind, but  
also over disease. This cure was regarded almost  
as a miracle. His friends and enemies flocked from  
all parts to witness the miracle; for the unweary  
and paralyzed body of a young lady was animated  
with new life. That he had discovered a new prin-  
ciple in science, he fully illustrated in Paris, where  
he was then stopping, by giving sight to the blind,  
making the lame to leap with joy, and raising the  
sick from beds of death. But Mesmer shared the  
fate of every other new discoverer. He was assailed  
and driven back from Paris to Vienna. In 1779, he  
was again in Paris, where he found a new and pow-  
erful ally in the person of Count D'Eslon; but he,  
too, soon turned upon him and reviled him in the  
most cruel manner. But in his friendship for Mes-  
mer, D'Eslon had attracted toward him and his fa-  
vorite science, some of the most distinguished men  
of the age, among whom we find the name of our own  
countryman, Benjamin Franklin. But now he was  
destined to meet with what seemed at the time, and  
was regarded at Paris, as a total failure. Concerning  
the event which probably had much to do with ter-  
minating his existence on earth, I extract the follow-  
ing from one of the journals of the day:

Mesmer re-appeared in Paris, and standing one  
lovely Sunday morning in the portico of the Church  
Notre Dame, he listened to the sullen toll of its pon-  
derous bell, and although at the time the spiritual  
leader of a hundred thousand followers, he sighed to  
think he was not acknowledged as the founder of a  
science. The door of the great Cathedral opened—the  
people passed into its aisles, and the pealing bell  
gave place to the full and harmonic swell of the mag-  
nificent organ. The morning services of Easter Sun-  
day were commenced as Mesmer entered, attracted by  
a single voice that, in the choir, led the touching re-  
sponses, so full of pathos, which every one who knows  
the Catholic ceremonial will readily call to mind. The  
singer was the blind Mademoiselle Pauline Paradis,  
and Mesmer sought her to apply his science to the cure  
of her misfortune; whether he restored her to sight or  
not is of no great moment; but certain it is he so re-  
sisted her that to her dying moment she never forgot  
his kindness. Yet his apparent failure crowned his  
fate. He was almost hoisted from Paris, and Vienna  
treated him still worse; and broken-hearted, not how-  
ever, penniless, he sought the seclusion of the moun-  
tains of Switzerland, where, in communion with God  
himself, he lived in retirement near Lake Constance,  
until early in the summer of 1784.

With whitened hair he stood, one calm moonlight  
night. He looked upon the clear mirror of water that  
reflected back the starlight, and in deepest anguish he  
wept, sinking upon the ground, and fainted. Lying  
there, he became chilled, and never recovered from the  
shock he had contracted. He sought his place of birth,  
and disheartened, returned to Messemburg to die, and in  
his very chamber where he first saw the light, he ex-  
pired, closing his eyes forever upon the earth on the  
10th of March, 1815. It was a bright and glorious day  
when years fell upon his corpse and over his body  
until early in the morning, but their song was of an  
other welcome—their hands released a prisoner of  
eighty-one years, and led another spirit to the realm of  
progressive delights. Thus Mesmer passed away. Un-  
ostentatiously, he was entombed in the quiet of the val-  
ley, and he was at rest, after a life which has never  
perhaps been paralleled on earth. He came in an age  
of fanaticism, after every grade of enthusiasts, in the  
very footsteps of most glaring impostors, with the  
most startling theory ever propounded on earth—a  
reurrectionist, in our times, could not promulgate a  
greater innovation; and pausing now to look upon  
reformer, we see in him one of the grandest martyrs  
ever seen, promptly thrown over universal contempt,  
although crushed by injustice, and overwhelmed by a  
mighty mad right. Yet the city that spurned him  
first reveres his memory, and in the Grand Cathedral  
at Vienna, his monument towers high above the name-  
less graves of his persecutors. In solemn grandeur it  
stands, and the epitaph written by Kant, tells the  
world that Mesmer did not live in vain."

PATHETISM.—Psychology, as we have already de-  
fined it, relates to mind, or the influence one mind  
has over the mind of another, or, in other words, it  
is law governing mind. Pathetism relates not only  
to the mind, but also to the body, and in most of the  
phenomena produced, which class under this dis-  
tinctive science, both to a greater or less extent, are  
affected. The term is derived from the Greek word  
*pathos*, to experience, to be affected with anything  
good or bad, to suffer, to feel; and also from the root  
*pathos*, passion, affection, that which has suffered,  
a condition, a disposition; and from which we have  
apathy, sympathy, &c. In further explanation of  
the term, Mr. Sunderland says:

"Sunderland's Treatise on Pathetism, p. 115.

"Banner of Light."  
I use the term mind, here synonymous with soul,  
meaning the spirit as defined by kind writers, who  
make a distinction between the soul and the spirit or  
mind of man; making the soul the spiritual body or  
clothing of mind or spirit.  
[Sund. Treat. on Path. p. 115.  
Do, p. 90.]

"All power, therefore, which one mind exerts over  
another, and the influence which are felt by one from  
another, directly or indirectly, and whether intended  
or by design, may be denominated pathetism, because it  
is the nature of the human mind to influence and be in-  
fluenced by these laws, conditions, susceptibilities and  
associations which Pathetism accounts for and ex-  
plains."

Under this head I design to give a class of phe-  
nomena which have been witnessed in the experi-  
ments in what is commonly known as Mesmerism or  
Animal magnetism.

I have, perhaps, already sufficiently explained the  
conditions which must necessarily exist in order  
to witness a result. The conditions are an agent  
who operates, and a subject who is operated upon.  
The former is active, while the latter is passive, or,  
in other words, the mind of the subject is in a nega-  
tive condition to the mind of the operator. Both the  
agent and operator are visible—that is, bodily.

To give as clear a definition as possible, I would  
say Pathetism is the power which a positive mind  
in the body exerts by its magnetic forces over the  
mind and body of another individual in the body,  
who is negative to the operator. And by negative  
we simply mean that the magnetic force of the  
mind of the former is stronger than that of the latter,  
and that the phenomena desired may be pro-  
duced, it is not only necessary that these conditions  
should exist, but the minds of both the operator and  
subject must be in sympathetic relation.

The subject of Mesmerism and Pathetism has be-  
come so common it will not be necessary for me to  
explain in this place the modus operandi; nor am I  
in this to give a treatise on Animal Magnetism,  
Mesmerism or Pathetism, but if my readers wish for  
a full explanation, I would refer them to La Roy  
Sunderland's Essay on Pathetism, &c., where they  
will find the general principles laid down, and as I  
progress in this work, more of the principles will be  
evolved under their appropriate heads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## To Mediums and Others.

In publishing my articles on SUPER-MUNDANE  
PHENOMENA, when I come to the manifestations of  
the nineteenth century, I wish to give, as far as pos-  
sible, new facts, gathered from the experience of  
mediums, and observation of others—facts which are  
reliable, with names, dates, and, as far as practic-  
able, reliable witnesses. If, therefore, MEDIUMS will  
give me what they have experienced, and others  
what they have witnessed (by writing to me at NAR-  
TICK, MASS.) under the following heads, viz.: Som-  
nambulism, Visions, Trances, Clairvoyance, Impres-  
sionable and Inspirational, IDENTIFYING SPIRITS, Spirit  
Light, Spirit Touch, Spirit Voice and Music, Seeing  
Spirits, Spirit Writing and Drawing, Raised Letters  
on the arm, or other parts of the body, Psychomet-  
rical Readings, Healing the Sick, Lost Property found,  
&c., &c., they will confer a favor on me, and I be-  
lieve, aid in establishing the great and glorious  
truth in the minds of the doubtful on earth, that the  
spirits of the departed are still with us.

Natick, Mass., Jan. 27, 1862.

A. H. DAVIS.

Central States' Convention of Spiritual Speakers  
and others, at Binghamton, N. Y.

At the National Convention of Spiritual Speakers in  
Owego, N. Y., Aug. 1861, the undersigned were ap-  
pointed as a Committee to represent New York, Penn-  
sylvania and New Jersey, to cooperate with the New  
England and the Western States' Committees in the  
furtherance of the cause of Spiritualism, and, if deemed  
advisable, call a Central States' Convention during  
the year. This call is, therefore, hereby given, and all  
public Spiritual speakers, mediums, editors and others  
who can cooperate, are invited to assemble in free and  
fraternal Conference, at Binghamton, N. Y., at 9 A. M.,  
Friday, March 7, 1862, to continue in sessions during  
Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th.

The Convention will be devoted to the narration of  
facts and experiences; the elucidation of Spiritual sci-  
ence, philosophy, religion and reform; hints to true  
growth, culture and mediumship; the application of  
Spiritualism to social, civil and every-day life; the  
best methods to advance the common cause, and insure  
a more thorough cooperation and communion between  
the people and the pioneer laborers now going forth in  
response to the Macedonian call of the ages.

The times are auspicious for a series of celestial  
influences, and all are urged to attend.  
Binghamton is a fine, large town, centrally located  
at the junction of the Erie, and the Syracuse and  
Binghamton Railroads.  
J. Y. MARRS, Webb's Mills, N. Y.,  
J. CLARK, Auburn, N. Y.,  
MISS LIZZIE LOWE, Leon, N. Y.,  
J. H. W. TOWNSEY, Penn Yan, N. Y.,  
G. M. JACKSON, Prattsburg, N. Y.,  
MRS. E. O. KINGSBURY, Philadelphia, Pa.,  
G. C. STEWART, Newark, N. J.

We, the Binghamton Committee, hereby heartily  
join in the above invitation. The Firemen's Hall, the  
largest and best in town, is secured for the occasion.  
All public laborers, and as many others as possible,  
will be entertained free of expense. A small door fee  
will be taken at the evening sessions, to meet ex-  
penses, and the balance, if any, will go to aid needy  
speakers who render efficient service in the exercises.  
Speakers who arrive the day before will call at the  
office of T. A. Sedgwick, Canal street. The Committee  
will be at the Hall at the opening of the Convention.  
T. A. SEDGWICK,  
J. L. RANDALL,  
J. W. CUTLER,  
CHAS. HOPKINS,  
H. BROWN.

## Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Kenduskeag, Me., and vicinity,  
will hold a series of Meetings in Kenduskeag Village,  
on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, commencing  
Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and closing Sunday with  
the afternoon services. Some of the best speakers will  
be present on the occasion. A particular invitation is  
hereby given to all speakers, and also to the friends in  
general, who can make it convenient to meet with us.  
Arrangements will be made to accommodate all that  
will come.

CHESTER WELLS,  
Y. B. PALMER, } Cor. Com.