

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. X.

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NO. 3.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

BY ELIZA A. PETTSINGER.

In earnest tones a woman's voice is pleading  
For poor forsaken ones across the main:  
In gentle love their lonely lives now leading  
To usefulness again—  
A woman stands with helping arms extended  
To those whom Custom ne'er has sought to aid,  
To those whom Church or State has ne'er befriended;  
But all assistance stayed.

Now Fashion points with cold and cruel finger,  
And turns her haughty head in scorn and pride  
From those she's doomed in useless lives to linger,  
From Hope and Love denied.  
She tramples on the weak—the strong upraising,  
To bold Aggression widely opens her door  
Whose creaking hinges on the lone one turning,  
Bid her come no more.

Oh, Custom, hang thy head and veil thy blushes  
And look upon thy deep-stained soul within!  
Examine well its soiled and shattered tablet,  
Nor dare to speak of sin!  
Oh, veil thy face, white woman, noble, fearless,  
Stands forth in all her queenly strength and pride,  
Daring to plead for the desolate and the cheerless,  
Against the opposing tide!

As once with Inspiration, fervent, glowing,  
The saintly Maid of Arc went forth with helm and sword,  
On each brave warrior in the ranks bestowing  
God's battle-word;  
The conflict won, the vanquished foe retreating,  
Retreated their hopeless steps, their homes to gain,  
While Peace unfurled her pure and spotless banner  
O'er field and plain.

"But too much fame had been the meed of woman!"  
Too lofty aspirations in her soul had shown—  
A veil of strength—of power more than human,  
Around her then was thrown.  
Thus speaks the Past; when bold and dark oppression  
With impious hand o'er sought the light to slay,  
That from eternal founts was then revealing  
A more auspicious day.

Now Freedom dons the golden shield and helmet,  
Unfurled her banner to the whispering breeze,  
Whose stainless form, with Light and wisdom glowing,  
Is borne across the seas—  
Where Tyranny long with firmless hand uprearing  
Her weak and tottering throne of boasted might,  
From whose decaying spires now bold, unfearing,  
Ascends a form of light.

A form of light and beauty now is glowing,  
With hopeful aspirations caught from High;  
A voice is heard throughout the land proclaiming  
The promised Era nigh—  
Oh, who shall crush this living form of beauty,  
As now from olive to olive she wings her way;  
Or who that voice of fervent, zealous pleading,  
Shall deign to stay?

Though hilling priest beholds the form advancing,  
And seeks with nerveless arm and weakling force—  
With dwarfish skill his fetters now is forging  
To stay its course;  
Though frowns the bigot as he fondly clingeth  
To old and musty creeds so basely won—  
Though hate and malice point the shaft he hurleth,  
The proud form marcheth on.

O'er towns and cities vast, like magic springing,  
Presides this genius of the coming age—  
Minerva-like, the peaceful emblem bringing,  
As seen by Bard and Sage.  
Behold her footprints on the plains and mountains,  
Along the proud Sierra winds her way,  
Where sighing winds with cool and crystal fountains  
In mingled music play.

From bright Pacific shores of teeming beauty,  
Where Hesper's rays make glad the bounteous plain,  
Vibrates a sound to souls long tried in duty  
Across the main.  
Oh, faithful ones, the cross so bravely bearing;  
Oh, weary not while Angels cheer thee on!  
The unfading wreath each brow shall soon be wearing,  
For victories won.

Arouse, ye dormant souls in every clime and nation!  
In aid of woman's woes is heard a woman's voice;  
From woman's lips that glow with inspiration  
The pean sounds rejoice.  
Rejoice, rejoice, a brighter day is dawning!  
When mind o'er mind doth hold electric sway;  
From Earth's night now beams the joyous morning  
Of endless day.

San Francisco, Cal., 1861.

Suggested by reading of Miss Emma Hardinge's noble work in the great School of Reform.

A MAN OF FEELING.

Of much he talked, and much he wrote,  
Fine words of feeling, nicely blent  
With tender touches, sweet to quote,  
And little thrills of sentiment.

Oh, fine and sympathetic toes  
That turned aside to spare the worm;  
Kind heart, that disregarded woes  
Which merely took a human form!

Except when far Tahiti's sons  
Could draw his bounty o'er the main,  
And leave those hungry wretched ones  
To perish in a neighboring lane.

Oh, noble soul! surpassing all  
In depth of pity, breadth of sense,  
How often has the crowded hall  
Reechoed to thine eloquence!

And men bepraised the liberal hand,  
And men extolled the mighty views,  
And spread the name throughout the land,  
That figured in the morning news.

Then reverence the good man's grave,  
And let your grief be like his own,  
And give him all he ever gave—  
That soft and tender thing—a stone!

Translated for the Banner of Light.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ HOFFMAN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOYAGE TO VALPARAISO.

A wicked man will always find ways and means for the execution of his evil plans. And Mr. Creeper had soon formed a plan that promised the surest results, and having also found an accomplice, he lost no time in putting it in execution.

One day Mr. Creeper sat alone in his chamber and thought of Ulrich with a frowning brow and compressed lip, for he had not succeeded in undermining the principles of the good young man. A servant entered and announced a gentleman of the name of Wilkens, who desired to speak to Mr. Creeper.

"Wilkens!" the name seemed familiar to him, he bethought himself, and remembered that if it was the same, he had been in his employment some years ago, had committed a forgery, and had taken flight. Mr. Creeper felt inclined to deny him an interview; but he at length thought otherwise, and bade the servant show him in. A young man, the senior of Ulrich only by a few years, entered. His miserable, ragged clothing, his unsteady glance, and the low, frowning manner with which he approached, were all calculated to inspire disgust; and even Mr. Creeper cast upon him a look of haughtiness and scorn, although he had resolved in his own mind to make him the instrument of his designs.

"How dare you come into my sight after the shameful betrayal of your trust?" he thundered. "Do you not know that I can throw you into a prison at any moment? What do you want with me?" "Bread—I want bread!" cried Wilkens, the forger. "Ever since I committed a crime, I have been pursued by misfortune. A part of the money I took has been stolen from me; and the rest melted in my hands like spring snow. Ill-gotten gains are of no avail, sir. Poor and helpless as I was, I sought employment, but no one would favor a person who had neither passport nor certificate of good faith to show. I was compelled to beg. That was too much for me. I determined to return here, and on my knees entreat your forgiveness; and obtain that, or—and he smiled with bitter sarcasm—"a place in the penitentiary! Here I am now, Mr. Creeper; do with me as you will."

The rich merchant bent his piercing looks upon the wretched sinner. "Ah, sir, you know that the penitentiary awaits you," he said. "You know that you are in my power, that I can cast you down to earth and trample upon you, or restore you to your former position."

Wilkens trembled beneath the angry glances of his former employer. He had hoped to gain pardon, as the wealthy man must have long since forgotten all about the paltry sum once taken. And now in place of what he expected, he found a stern and threatening judge.

"Have mercy, sir—have mercy!" he cried, falling at Mr. Creeper's feet.

"Well, perhaps the matter may be arranged," said the merchant, thoughtfully. "The question is, whether you would be willing to give your services on a certain point; then I would not only forgive the past, but give you a situation in which you could support yourself without stealing."

Greatly astonished, the man looked up and cried: "Oh, my dear sir, I will do all that you demand. All—all! You may rely upon me as upon yourself, for your hand lies so heavily upon me, you know I could not escape you. I am your man, Mr. Creeper, in all that you desire."

A contented smile played around the thin lips of the plotter, and he resumed, in a more friendly tone:

"Rise, Mr. Wilkens; my servant shall show you to a room, and shall provide for your immediate wants. In the meantime do you remain as retired as possible. In a few days you shall know what I demand of you, and, if you serve me faithfully, you will not regret having called upon me."

He called a servant, gave him his orders, and dismissed Wilkens. He continued to pace the floor for an hour or more; then he murmured to himself:

"That will do—it cannot fail!"

And he sought Ulrich to request his company on a visit to Herr Breitenbach, telling him that his presence was needed there upon some business of importance. Although Ulrich often went to see his adopted father, he could never come too often, for the old gentlemen loved him truly as a son. And he was received with so much cordiality and joy that day by Herr Breitenbach and old Martin, that Mr. Creeper was almost forgotten.

"You come to-day at quite an unusual time," said the good man, smiling, as they took their places at the tea-table. "How is that?"

"We have come upon peculiar business," replied Mr. Creeper. "I have news from Valparaiso, in Chili, that makes it indispensable to have this interview with you, my much esteemed Uncle. Our correspondent and business friend, Acosta, announces to us that great and sudden losses call for the immediate assistance of his friends. Acosta is an honorable man, and not only will your house lose the sum of some hundred thousand dollars in case he is

compelled to fail, but it seems to me that our friendly intercourse of so many years demands that quick and energetic steps be taken in his behalf. My first thought was to embark for Valparaiso myself, and investigate the condition of Acosta's affairs, and take measures accordingly. I do not doubt but the man can be extricated from his troubles, but I would not act without your concurrence, and I came therefore to receive your decision. I have brought our good Ulrich with me, because he has kept the correspondence and accounts with Acosta; and can therefore give better information than I am possessed of."

Herr Breitenbach sat for awhile immersed in thought, with corrugated brows. Then he said: "Acosta must be helped even at a sacrifice. The hundred thousand dollars he has of us are a trifle; for that matter, no one need go to Valparaiso; but four eyes are better than two, especially when two of them belong to a troubled man. I would have no objections, nephew, if you would undertake the journey; but who then would see to the business? I am too old, and Ulrich is again too young. How would it do to send him to Chili? You say he has kept the accounts with Acosta for the past year, so I think we can well trust him with the matter. What do you think, nephew?"

Mr. Creeper could not restrain the expression of triumph that flashed from his eyes. Old Martin caught the glance, and unable to overcome his suspicions, resolved to watch him closely and prevent by every means in his power the departure of Ulrich. He had opened his mouth to give utterance to some of his objections, when Mr. Creeper prevented him, by saying:

"I, too, have thought of Ulrich, and will not deny to you, my dear uncle, that your proposition has given me joy. I dared not propose the matter to you, because I know how dearly you love this worthy young man. I thought that parting with him would prove too painful for you; and so I preferred going myself. I know of no one else so well calculated in a matter requiring so much insight and tact, and I determined to place the decision in your hands; but if it costs you the slightest sacrifice, if you are unwilling that Ulrich should go, then am I ready to depart upon the moment, dear uncle."

"What nonsense is this about sacrifice and trouble?" replied the old gentleman. "The boy must go out into the world sometime, and it is good to be thinking about it. How is it, Ulrich; will you undertake this matter?"

"With all my heart," replied Ulrich, "for Mr. Acosta is, without doubt, a trustworthy, honorable man; and if I can do anything toward aiding him, I should not shrink from any responsibility or trouble, least of all the voyage."

"Very good, my son; you speak as I expected you would," said Herr Breitenbach approvingly. "Well, journey on, in God's name! That you may have the pleasure of rescuing an honest man, I will let you go without compensation, and will give you my blessing. The way is long, but God is everywhere, and will extend his guiding hand over you, even far beyond the seas! Begin your preparations without delay, my boy; for the sooner you leave us all the quicker will you return."

"The Johanna, Captain Peters, is ready to sail," said Mr. Creeper; "if Ulrich is expeditious he may take passage in her to-morrow morning early."

"But he shall not go! he shall not, say I!" cried old Martin vehemently, and he stretched forth his hand toward him, as if to hold him fast. "Herr Breitenbach, bethink yourself! If any misfortune were to happen to our 'heart's boy,' we should never forgive ourselves as long as we live! Do not let him go, master; for if you do, I prophesy to you that we shall not behold him again."

"Why, old Martin, are you a fool?" said Herr Breitenbach, gazing upon the old servant with disinterested eyes, while Mr. Creeper cast upon him a half-anxious, half-fearful look. "Why, what is the matter with you?"

"The matter with me is, that I think the water treacherous; that Valparaiso is far beyond the seas; and that our Ulrich will be surrounded by a thousand dangers, as soon as he leaves the shores of Europe behind him. Do not let him go, master! Mr. Acosta can be helped without his incurring peril; and if he remains here, we, you and I, can watch over him. Dear Mr. Breitenbach," softly entreated the old man, "I have served you for more than forty years, and have never trespassed upon your kindness; please grant me my desire, and do not let our Ulrich go from our eyes. I have a presentiment that the voyage will bring him evil. Keep him with us, dear sir! Indeed, you will regret it if you let him go!"

Herr Breitenbach appeared to waver in his resolve; but Ulrich, who anticipated the gain of pleasure and knowledge from a trip to foreign lands, himself spoilt all the plans and wishes of his true old friend, Martin.

"Dear father," he said, "I am no longer a child, and surely I am safe in God's keeping everywhere, as you said just now. Let me go; good old Martin means well, but there is really nothing to apprehend."

"You are right, Ulrich; be it as I have said," doctored Herr Breitenbach. "What, then, said you growler, with your superstitious notions! Let me alone with such nonsense. Go with God, my son! He will guide you safely back to our arms."

Creeper smiled complacently at these words, but old Martin dropped his head upon his breast in a sort of utter hopelessness. But suddenly raising it, he said:

"Good; if Ulrich is determined to go, he shall at least not go alone. I, old Martin, will accompany him! Yes, I will not forsake him, and before anything happens to him, it must be my turn first."

"Nothing of that, not a word, you obstinate curmudgeon, you!" cried his master. "That would be a fine arrangement. You would roam around the universe, and old Breitenbach may be left to take care of himself, eh? No, no; the boy is old enough to take charge of himself, and does not need you, Martin. But I want you, so that we can talk together of the 'heart's boy,' when he is far away. And therefore you must remain, while he goes. Not another word upon the subject—all is arranged."

"But, Herr Breitenbach," said the old servant, who was almost weeping, "can you really have the heart—"

"But, old Martin, can you have the heart to leave me here alone," interrupted his good master. "The boy can get along without us; but I, who have been a friend to you through so many years, shall I sit at home forsaken and alone, without one true soul to help me bear the pining? If you can do this, go, Martin, go; leave old Breitenbach alone, and—"

"No, sir! no, my good master! If you speak to me so, I cannot," broke forth old Martin, and wiped away a tear from his grey eye-lashes. "Go, then, my heart's boy! go without old Martin, who will stay at home and pray for you. But listen," he said in a whisper, as he clasped Ulrich in his arms, "be aware of deceit and treachery. Mr. Creeper may appear as friendly as he chooses; old Martin cannot be deceived. Appearances deceive, my boy; and, believe me, this man is plotting evil against you. Heaven grant that all may prove better than I fear, but I cannot help my forebodings. Be upon your guard, Ulrich!"

Herr Breitenbach interrupted the whispered communication by telling his adopted son to lose no time in preparing for the voyage; and, with a mutual understanding, the young man withdrew.

He spent the last night of his stay at the old and well-beloved home. Never had an evening passed so swiftly on. Only when the clock announced the hour of midnight did he tear himself away from the enraptured arms of his benefactor and the faithful Martin, that he might not rob them of the necessary repose. He could not sleep that night, but wandered restlessly up and down, recalling the warning words of his trusty old house-friend.

"The good, loving heart," he murmured, as he threw himself into an arm chair, while a narrow streak of crimson in the east announced the coming of the day, "he sees spectres in my path, and never ceases to cry out 'appearances deceive'; forgetting, in the meantime, that appearances are as much in favor as against Mr. Creeper. With the love of God in my heart, with a clear conscience, what have I to fear?"

Leaning back in the soft chair, he was overcome by weariness and fell asleep. And while he slumbered his persecutor sat awake and plotted.

Captain Peters had received his orders, and was waiting impatiently for a passenger, recommended to him by Mr. Creeper. For an hour the boat was kept waiting on the beach, to take the stranger on board the Johanna. At length he made his appearance, accompanied by Mr. Creeper. The day had fully dawned as the two men neared the boat; they shook hands. Wilkens was the name of the recommended passenger, and, as he jumped on board, Creeper called out after him:

"Do not forget; if you bring me good news—you know me—I will reward you richly."

"I will remember and fulfill all," replied Wilkens. "The plan is so well arranged that it cannot possibly fail. Before a year is over, you will hear from me, Mr. Creeper."

The boat sped swiftly on; the merchant gazed after it until it vanished in the midst of the anchored ships that thronged the harbor. He smiled sarcastically, and rubbed his hands with great show of satisfaction, and as he retraced his way with rapid steps, he murmured to himself:

"I shall at last be rid forever of the fellow. Every thing promises a certain success, for Wilkens is a determined secondhand, and 'he is in my power'; he is lost if he turns traitor to me."

CHAPTER VII.

IN VALPARAISO.

A long sea voyage of many months is a monotonous affair. Ulrich was very glad, therefore, to find a fellow passenger on board also bound for Valparaiso, in search of the fortune that he candidly told our hero would not smile on him at home. He had been told that the Germans were much sought for, in that distant land, and having some letters of recommendation from Mr. Creeper, he hoped to obtain suitable employment in some mercantile capacity. He gave the young man his name, and promised his friendly regard, wherewith to enliven and beguile the unavoidable monotony of the voyage.

Ulrich, young and inexperienced, was heartily pleased to accept such offers, and so the young man became intimate in a short time. Wilkens shared Ulrich's cabin, and lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself into the favor of his companion. He played the flute, sang, told stories, and always showed a cheerful countenance, the latter an acquirement not to be too highly prized at sea, where it is impossible to get out of the sight and reach of disagreeable people. When poor Ulrich was taken captive by the terrible sea-sickness that so seldom fails of attacking the novice, Wilkens proved a constant attendant and invaluable friend. He spoke cheerily to him, inspired him with courage and patience, and

scarcely moved from his side, till he recovered. Our young friend felt grateful for all this friendliness, and it caused him to overlook with indulgence the various hints that in moments of forgetfulness seemed to escape Wilkens, and which, if earnestly considered, would have denoted a lack of conscience and principle. If any remark was made by Ulrich upon this point, his fellow-traveler would color, stammer forth an apology, and acknowledge that he spoke frivolously at times; he promised amendment, and Ulrich, who had become used to his society, was ever ready and willing to pardon.

During the three months' voyage, Wilkens had completely won the confidence of the guileless youth, and had extorted from him a promise that he would use his influence with the Senor Acosta to procure him a situation. The unsuspecting victim had not the slightest foreboding that the man he deemed so true was purchased by his direct enemy, to execute a plan which was to hurl him to destruction.

After many weeks passed in contemplation of the heavens and the ocean waste, the Johanna approached the coast of Chili and the gladdened voyagers beheld the green and sunny land of their destination. After all had been arranged at the anchorage, the passengers were at liberty to go on shore; but no one left the vessel except Wilkens, as the sun had set already and the shadows of night were closing rapidly around. Wilkens said that he could not control the impatience he felt to stand once more upon the firm earth, and he promised to return early in the morning, to assist Ulrich in discharging the cargo, at which he was to superintend. The Johanna was to take in cargo immediately, that very day if possible, and return to Europe without delay; such were the strict orders of Mr. Creeper, and Ulrich was thankful for the promised aid of his associate in the press of business that weighed upon him.

While everything was silent on board the ship, and all had sought their hammocks, Wilkens sauntered about on shore, and well provided with the instructions of his treacherous employer, he sought the tavern of one Senor Mendoza, said to be situated in the immediate vicinity of the landing, but he could not obtain the desired information until he met a half-drunken sailor, who was passing down the street and singing lustily.

"Padre Mendoza?" he cried, as Wilkens questioned him. "Who should know Padre Mendoza better than me? I have just come from there; and if you do not object to giving a thirsty fellow a pint of Cape wine, I am your man, and will take you to Padre Mendoza's."

Nothing could have pleased Wilkens better. He took the sailor by the arm, and promised him as much wine as he could drink, and in a few moments they reached a long and low building; from which issued the boisterous mirth, or rather discord, of a rough assemblage. The man opened a door and led Wilkens into a room that was filled with cigar smoke as with a dense fog.

"Where is the Senor Mendoza?" screamed the sailor, amid the ever increasing din.

There appeared a small and slender figure, with a shrewd face, a long, thin nose, a pair of little, sparkling, cunning black eyes, that seemed to pierce the thoughts of others. He looked at the half-inebriated tar, and said sternly:

"What do you want, Juan?" and he frowned darkly upon him. "Go away, I will not give you credit for anything more."

"I do not want any credit," said the sailor, laughing; "this Senor," pointing to Wilkens, "has promised to pay for as much wine as I choose to drink. So out with it; two pints at once! Juan is thirsty; and your wine, Padre Mendoza, is the best to be had in this miserable place."

A look of the host's questioned Wilkens as to the truth of the man's assertion; and that conspirator nodded, and put a gold piece in the hand of Mendoza. The sailor was served, and when he had settled himself comfortably beside his comrade, Wilkens whispered a few words to the attentive and smiling tavern-keeper.

"In a moment, Senor," he replied; "just you go on before—two steps to the left in the corridor, and you will find a quiet chamber."

Wilkens took his way, found the designated room without much trouble, as the corridor was lighted up, and entered. A moment later Padre Mendoza followed with a light, and asked obsequiously:

"What can I do for you, Senor?—Mendoza serves willingly so rich and generous a cavalier."

"The service I demand of you is slight, but you shall be amply rewarded," replied Wilkens in the Spanish tongue. "I have occasion to put out of my way a young man who is in my way at present, Senor Mendoza. Will you undertake this matter? A hundred pistoles shall be the price for the successful work."

Senor Mendoza, stepped back and looked upon the speaker distrustfully.

"Do you mean that he shall taste a few inches of cold steel?" he inquired. "With such affairs the old Mendoza has nothing to do. Keep your money, sir, and do not tempt an honest man."

"Hold! I do not mean that, Padre," cried Wilkens, approaching the host. "But I have heard that you have plenty of friends who are in need of sailors at all times. Well, there might be a vessel going to the East Indies shortly, and the captain might be in want of men, and I could deliver up to him a robust young fellow, if you would only take the trouble to hold him fast, honest Padre. You shall not do it for nothing, if you take care that the fellow does not return to Europe for some years to come. One hun-



dred pistoles, Padre Mendoza! Decide quickly, if you please."

"Ah! a hundred pistoles!—It is worth the having! To the East India, did you say? Here! there is the Captain de Silva; good ship; cruises only in the Indian waters; and sometimes on the Southern coast of Africa, to take in ebony. The matter could be arranged; but it must be done quickly; for tomorrow or the next day, he sets sail for Madras. I will speak with him. You say a hundred pistoles, cavalier?—a hundred!"

"One hundred for you, and another hundred for the Captain de Silva, if he will remain until the day after tomorrow, and will take the fellow of whom I speak."

"Wait one moment, Señor Cavalier," said the honest Father Mendoza. "Captain de Silva is among my guests, and although he dearly loves my wine, yet will go and fetch him—business before pleasure, Señor Cavalier."

Mendoza left the room, and soon re-appeared, accompanied by a short, stout man, with a red face, black beard and hair, and, withal, coarse features. He was presented to Wilkens as the Captain de Silva. The piece of projected treachery was unfolded to him; but the captain shook his head and waved his hand in denial.

"Can't be done, Señors," he said; "papers and all ready; wind favorable; must go."

"But a hundred pistoles and a hardy and useful young sailor, captain?" said Wilkens. "For such a reward, I think you could postpone your voyage for one day."

"Hundred pistoles?" exclaimed the captain, and he looked grimly at the honest Father Mendoza, who had not said a word concerning the price. "Hundred pistoles? that alters the case. Will take in another load of hides tomorrow. Where is the fellow that is to make the voyage to Madras?"

"Tomorrow evening you will find him here," said Wilkens: "take charge of him while I am with him at the table; and when you get him safely on board, I will pay you the hundred pistoles; but not one penny before. Do you understand, my friends?"

"All clear," responded the captain, putting his broad, red hands into his pockets. "Bring the chap here; I and my people will handle him on board; and once there, you will not hear from him any more. But keep your money ready, or you will see that Captain de Silva is not to be joked with!"

"Well, as I see, Señors that you are so willing to perform the request of a stranger, I will return the favor by giving you immediately one half of the promised sum," said Wilkens, as he drew a well filled purse from his pocket.

"Here, Señors, are a hundred pistoles; share it now, and to-morrow there will be more."

"Hail Señor Cavalier, you are a man!" cried the captain, and slapped Wilkens familiarly upon the shoulder.

"Rest assured, the chap shall never trouble you again. Keep a look-out, Padre Mendoza, so that the bird may not escape us."

"Mendoza replied with a sarcastic smile; and well satisfied with the night's results, the plotter left the tavern, and sought lodgings in an inn close by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

BY R. THAYER.

"Seeing we also are compassed about with such a cloud of witnesses."—Heb. 12: 1.

How pleasant to feel while we dwell here below,  
Blessed spirits are near us wherever we go—  
When by sorrow oppressed—surely tempted and tried,  
That the loved ones who've left us are still by our side.

It may be a father, or mother, perchance,  
Whose spirit our spirit has come to entrance—  
Who, seeing some danger which lurks near our way,  
Has come to protect us, that we may not stray.

It may be a brother, or sister beloved,  
Whose affection while living we often have proved—  
Who approaches to speak a kind word in our ear,  
To make life less lonely, our spirit to cheer.

Perhaps a companion, perchance a dear child,  
Who often, when living, of sorrow beguiled,  
Has left, for awhile, its bright home in the spheres,  
To bid us be hopeful and dry up our tears.

It may be some spirit who round us would cast  
Its arms, who has lived in the ages long past—  
Has come to inform us of good things in store,  
And bid us be glad and rejoice evermore.

To the lessons they teach, O let us give heed—  
Receive nothing for truth because found in a creed,  
Then "peace like a river" to us shall be given,  
And each have on earth a sweet foretaste of Heaven.

Boston, Sept., 1861.

#### Ugly and Beautiful Women.

We say of one woman, that she is ugly; we say of another woman, that she is beautiful. What constitutes this beauty? What is the standard of that which commands our admiration? A lovely face, prominent forehead, luxuriant hair, intelligent eyes, white, clean teeth, vigor, intelligence, activity, youth and health, neatness and taste in dress, a woman's modesty, and agreeableness in her general deportment. Such things as these, according to the world's standard of beauty, constitute a beautiful woman, and the opposite of these an ugly woman. But should a woman possessing all these attributes of beauty, and more, be caught in a conflagration, the consuming flames of fire would burn them all up, and not a trace of the beautiful woman would be left for us to gaze upon and admire. These things that fire can burn up are not the enduring attributes that constitute the beauty of a woman. Those things that the finger of time can touch and destroy are not the attributes which constitute, in a woman, that beauty which the deep soul gazes upon, to love and admire. Many women, indeed, most women, have not all these outward, superficial marks of beauty; but every woman that has a soul, is endowed with all the attributes of internal soul beauty. Look at any woman's soul, and we see beauties that fire cannot burn up and that death cannot claim as its own. How trashy and fleeting is the superficial standard of beauty, when compared with the emblems of the soul that lie beneath, and live, and bud, and expand and blossom in freshness and fragrance forever. Every woman has got a beautiful soul, however ugly her face or dress may be, and it is the imperishable attributes of the soul that shall command the deepest admiration and love when the surface tinsel that we have called the standard of beauty has fallen off and gone to dust again. It is sensitive eyes, not heart and soul eyes, that make one woman ugly and another woman beautiful. All women are beautiful infinitely.

A. B. C.

## Communications.

### NEW YORK SPIRITUALISM.

Deeming that a little information concerning the character of the spiritual pulses in New York may not prove unacceptable to your readers, Mr. Editor, I beg to tender them the following items.

I presume that many, like myself, deeply interested in the success of our noble cause, have viewed with surprise and regret the apparent decline of public interest in the subject which the suspension of Sunday meetings in that city seems to imply. During the month of August last, when I journeyed to New York for the purpose of spending a much needed season of repose in its environs, my retreat was invaded by a few of my dearest friends, and in the name of hungry souls and that precious spiritual food best calculated to feed them, I was entreated to come out of my shell and deliver a few lectures to the Spiritualists of the city. In obeying this behest, I had a rather more extended view of the true character of the field than is represented by the little knot of choice spirits who weekly theorize in the New York Conference, and I am forced to the conclusion that whilst Spiritualism itself has a lodgment in the hearts and brains of thousands in New York, through whose influence it is daily and hourly spreading, its public manifestations languish only for want of order and systematized effort on the part of those who find their own excessive satisfaction in the enjoyment of private Spiritualism, but are unwilling to risk character, time or pocket to share this boon with the world. The delightful task of "out-working" noble self, has been so vigorously insisted upon by our public teachers, that their listeners have begun to obey them literally, and the majority of Spiritualists are now so devoted to the practice of this acceptable teaching, that they consider themselves absolved from the necessity of elevating their radiant light one peg above the precious bushel of self. Hence Spiritualism is the charm of private life, and yet is unmistakably waning from the public platforms.

Test mediums abound in New York; Conklin, one of the earliest and best of the class, is still to be found at his post; a number of new names, well reported of, offer sances for investigating minds at every turn. Among these, fame speaks most loudly of Mr. Colchester, medium for that most wonderful phase of spirit-power, the engraving of names on the arm of the medium. I am told that Mr. Colchester's gifts are varied and wonderful, and that the convolutions his tests bring of spirit-presence are irresistible.

To a poor student like myself, who am fain to confess I have not progressed beyond my B, C, and am often found tripping over my A, nothing in New York touched me with a thrill of more grateful rejoicing than the sound of the beloved raps, ringing out their clear peal of immortal joy bells, through the mediumship of my affectionately remembered friends, sweet little Katy Fox and her sister, now retired on her laurels, into the domestic privacy of her beautiful home with her excellent husband, Mr. Underhill. In affectionate and friendly intercourse with these ladies, I soon had the pathetic lamentations of "dying manifestations" knocked out of my head, and replaced with the conviction that our spirit friends can, if necessary, and under proper conditions, improve rather than decline in their ability to manifest themselves.

If my organ of marvellousness had not been drawn upon almost to exhaustion, during my own Spiritual experience, it would have culminated to its last point of extension when, on three occasions during my New York visit, I, with several other highly sane people (on every other point but Spiritualism), sat in Mrs. E. J. French's parlor and beheld blank pieces of paper marked, examined, and carefully tested, &c., &c., laid on the floor in broad daylight, and in a space of time varying from six to ten seconds, taken up, covered with drawings in pencil, crayon and water colors, the latter of which were invariably fresh and running wet. On the first occasion of these sittings, just as the circle had been formed and the paper was about to be laid, we were startled by the ominous cry of—"Mrs. French, your house is on fire." In less than one minute the stillness of the scene was broken by dozens of trampling feet, and before any of us could reach the room where the fire originated, the house was full from basement to cellar of the kind and eager throng, who, seeing blazing curtains from the outside, had rushed in to extinguish the flames.

About a year ago, one of the reliable sources of popular instruction, a New York daily journal, generously suggested that as the Salem and Smithfield days of witch justice were out of fashion, the next best mode of exorcising evil spirits was to set the impostor's houses on fire, and said journal would stake his word for it "this would fetch the sybils out of their trance." It would be useful to inform this noble editor that in the instance I have cited, his highly Christian formula failed of its effect. Although the uproar was loud enough to arouse the whole neighborhood, it never moved "the entranced."

After nearly all the circle had broken up in the wildest confusion, she remained immovable, and turning calmly to those that remained, said: "It is all right, no need to be alarmed." When the flames were extinguished, (very little damage beyond the consumption of some lace window curtains having been effected,) Mrs. French quietly walked up stairs to the scene of confusion, and in the same marble fixedness of eye and manner that she had retained from first to last, gave a few orders, thanked the helpers, called her scattered circle together again, and recommenced her operations with a composure that no witness, however disinterested, could have preserved in so trying a scene. Try again, Monsieur New York Editor! you are not the first doughty combatant who has found it easier to wrestle with flesh and blood than with spirits. As two of the pictures drawn at these circles were by the desire of the invisible artists presented to me, all who wish to see them are welcome to call on me, whilst I remain sufficient time in a city to carry baggage with me; and I make this offer in no very great alarm of being over-run with visitors; for whilst I hardly know one human being who would not have professed themselves willing to give half their earthly possessions to obtain sounds, sights, or substances from the awful and hitherto undiscovered realms of eternity, twenty years ago—now, when the dear ingenious hands of the inhabitants of that walled land perform before the very eyes of mortals, and under circumstances that defy the smallest attempt at trickery, works of art that remain intangible evidence of their agency, the world scarcely condescends to raise its eye-glass to inspect these pictures, and they remain

in the glorious obscurity of Mrs. French's house, conclusive evidence that a five cent sheet with a wood engraving of a popular thief or murderer, is of far higher account than the fairy-like and deeply touching parable pictures, executed by the very hands of angels.

I look upon the cold indifference with which these wonderful pictures are received, and the utter silence of the scientific and literary world concerning their production, as a keener satire on the biblical assurance that a man would not exchange his own soul for the whole world, than ever fell from the pens of Voltaire or Tom Paine. In the present hard times, I should be sorry to tender one of my somewhat scattered dollars in exchange for the soul of many an one who has watched, while the patient-loving spirits made their artistic touches on Mrs. French's pictures. I am pretty sure I should come off loser by one hundred cents for my offer. But the spirits are more faithful, and oh, how much more untiring laborers in the Father's vineyard than we are; and though much of the seed they sow falls, as the Bible assures us it did, eighteen hundred years ago, in hard and stony places, the good ground exists now as then, and surely much of it had fallen into the faithful hearts that crowded around me during my six lectures in Dodworth's Hall. Each Sunday saw my audiences increase, until, on the last night, the palling days of dear old Dodworth's Hall seemed to have revived, and a noble audience assembled to bid me farewell.

The lecture given on that occasion, by the earnest desire of several of the audience, will soon be printed in pamphlet form, and that, notwithstanding the depreciatory remarks which I heard one of my fellow lecturers making, as I passed out of the hall, and found said lecturer haranguing a crowd of listeners with the assurance that I had given the same lecture before in Boston. Good friend! who thus stood so needlessly, to neutralize the effect of my words upon a most kind and seemingly deeply moved audience, know that I repeat the subjects of my lectures more than once, twice, or thrice—whether it be possible to repeat the exact words or not in extempore addresses, I cannot say; but this I know, that after lecturing for quite three years, on subjects mainly chosen by the audience, I have been required by my spirit guides to go forth and preach "this gospel" to "every creature in the world." As every creature whom I may be able to address is not in one place at the same time, I may have to repeat "this gospel" in a great many places before every creature is reached, and my spirit guides are of opinion that the enforcement of one true principle is of more value than making an hundred new speeches, especially since the mere marvel of trance speaking is merging fast into a demand for a unique and permanent philosophy.

I will close this long article, with another, which for superior importance, demands as popular novelists word it, the consideration of a new chapter under the style of

#### FREE REFORM LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Whatever value the knowledge that spirits communicate with earth, may have been to humanity in the nineteenth century, the revelation itself owes its existence primarily to the spirits next to the mediums, through whom alone, the revelation could be made. Whatever progress of opinion concerning the soul's destiny hereafter, and its relation to human practices here, may have been effected: by the teachings of the spirits, is attributable primarily to the services of trance and inspirational speakers, and next to a few self-sacrificing and devoted persons, who, in different towns and villages have bestowed their time and substance to sustain public meetings. I consider it almost a work of supererogation to advocate the worth or point to the effect of Sunday gatherings generally—so long as humanity in its various capacities shall be organized in variety, and each one sounds a different tone in the scale of being, special work from specially endowed individuals, will be demanded for the benefit of the rest—and, oratory, like every other gift, produces its legitimate effect in suggesting thought, lending opinion, and magnetizing into harmony the minds of an assembled auditory.

Special hours only can be set apart from the urgent demands of life's busy routine to reason upon, or think over abstract principles; and special persons will be in demand to propound them; every form of thought, whether resolving itself into Science, Orthodoxy or Spiritualism, has and ever will continue to grow into hope and permanence by such means, and in one form or the other; then the people will demand and the world of speciality must supply oratory, as one source of the world's intellectual and spiritual growth. I believe we may trace the unmistakable signs of decadence in the interest manifested in the Spiritualists' public gatherings to two sources. The mere facts and phenomena of spirit communion once apprehended, the mind next reaches out to grasp the principles of life's philosophy, as taught with such wonderful breadth of analysis by the spirits, and on this point it is not all persons who are subjects of spiritual entrancement, that are competent mediums for teaching. Many of our speakers, with the most perfect faith in their being spirit mediums, industriously spend their energies in contradicting the teachings of their predecessors, a compliment which is often returned to them by their successors.

I need not dwell on the pernicious effects such heterogeneous opinions would impress upon minds seeking for stable philosophy, nor wonder that the mere fact of trance speaking fails to satisfy the seekers for spirituality. But even this objection is secondary to, and almost grows out of the total want of order observed in nearly all spiritual non-arrangements, and the absence of system and responsibility by which meetings are huddled up, and left to depend for their success, like any other ten cent show, on the amount of power the speaker possesses, to draw in, (not hungry souls) but dimes, wherewith to defray expenses. Where this practice is resorted to, as I have shown in previous articles, too many of our best and most valuable speakers falling short of the hard attracting power, are obliged to forego their due meed of remuneration, until they can no longer serve on as spiritual lecturers; if, on the other hand, free meetings are given, it is invariably at the expense of one or a very few persons, who, feeling unable, naturally grow to feeling unwilling, also, to shoulder the burden of catering longer for the public soul. To equalize these burdens, and yet afford this age the benefit of reformatory emanations, whose influence will vibrate through eternity, and certainly lay the most marked foundations for the characters of the next generation, I would propose that New York and Boston Reformers, as centres of the moving world of Eastern

America, shall each form an association for the business details of a reformatory Sabbath meeting, no more blinding in the shape of creed, dogma, or formula, than the society now carried on, inaugurated by the late Theodore Parker. Since Spiritualism proper may be narrowed down to the mere belief of communion with disembodied souls, and the doctrines taught by the spirits, embrace every kind of reform that will tend to spiritualize humanity, I would not ask for the fetter of even the word Spiritualism to enclose the neck of our reform child; neither need we ask that any recognition of the phenomenal facts of spirit communion should narrow down the platform of teaching. We who are happy enough to be Spiritualists, need neither the name nor the intellectual record of others to make us recognize their brotherhood. Let our meetings be emphatically reformatory of every abuse to which the human spirit is subject, and our only platform, human progress in its most unlimited sense. Who will tell me that in New York and Boston there are not from ten to twenty thousand minds, whose only recognition of religion would be defined in such meetings? And who will tell me, that out of the thousands of known literalists, in these two cities, a few hundreds could not be found to sustain, by small subscriptions, meetings of the above character. As neither advertisements nor show bills would be required, the hire of a good hall or church for a ten months' season would not exceed one thousand dollars. Fees for the best speakers at twenty-five dollars per Sunday, with, it may be, incidental expenses for board, &c., need not exceed fifteen hundred; and with five hundred more devoted to procuring music, three thousand dollars would cover the entire of the necessary expenses, and three hundred persons, at an annual subscription of ten dollars, would suffice to place the whole on a dignified, public spirited, and wholly independent basis. Let the choice of speakers be determined only by their known capacity to improve, instruct, and benefit their auditory, rather than by day or religious profession.

Would not this be a manufactory of noble sentiment and progressive mind worth the sacrifice of ten dollars for one year, or fifty, to place the society on a firm basis and establish it for five years? If week night lectures or public collections were deemed advisable, to raise surplus funds for libraries, philosophical sciences, &c., &c., it might increase the society's usefulness, but should not be relied on as its means of support. I would have my New York and Boston friends notice that nothing more than a skeleton of "the coming man of Reform" is here presented; but the flesh and tissue to cover the bones is not wanting, and can be had when needed; at present, with many apologies to the courteous Editor for the use of the columns which have been engrossed by this communication, I feel I have no right to trespass further than to add that in or out of such an association, this side or the other of the Atlantic, all who sympathize in the effort to shake up the dry bones of the past into the living man of such a reform association, will find a zealous, and I trust I may add, wholly unselfish co-worker in

EMMA HARDINGE.

18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Sept. 20.

#### Reconciliation in Spirit-Life.

After writing my experience with Mrs. Getchell, the medium, which you published in the BANNER of September 7th, I pursued my sittings almost daily for a fortnight, and after a few of a similar class to the first, I was visited by a new class—merchants, ship owners, professional men, many of whom I knew personally within the past fifty years, and knew them to be men of the first positions in their day, and always esteemed temperate men; several, also, who have sent beautiful messages to earth, and their revelations were astounding. I found that however moderate may have been the size of stimulants—if taken to satisfy a desire, especially if it had become habitual—that they took with them this desire, and, as it could not there be gratified, it became intensified, and, though not dark spirits, this constant longing had checked their progress, for a period of twenty to fifty years; that those who had progressed to the higher circles, when they came back to earth to control matters, were obliged to return to their homes to get rid of their sufferings from the magnetism of earth. And if I should give the names of many, the world, too, would be astounded, as I was. The antidote in all cases proved effectual.

The revelations imposed upon me duties, and, recalling the past, I took the names of fifty to sixty, very many of them my personal friends, whom I thought I could aid; and here again were revelations still more astounding. Many that were dear to me in life—high livers, but kind and good men—had remained in absolute darkness, which they all described as hell, from ten to forty years; and especially was this the case with my English friends, whom I had known during the war of 1812. Most could not see, and did not know how they got here. One had a brother, an intellectual man, and member of Parliament, whom I knew. Him I called to take his brother and neighbors to a better home; but he also wanted the antidote, and though not a dark spirit, had made no progress, had done nothing but wait for the Judgment and the coming of Christ. And this I have found to be universally the case with those who look to the atonement for their salvation. Not one had progressed beyond the plane of his life when he passed away. And how can they? They have nothing to do, and without labor there can be no progress. Charles Lamb was so weak as to be unable to control without aid. De Quincy was stronger, and said that he had not in any of his works described sufferings equal to those he had endured in spirit-life. When relieved, he felt "like a giant; I can now go forth and do work before me." Lamb was "waiting," and aid he would, when stronger, come again, and lead in the truth of these new teachings—now, he did not understand them.

I do not intend to inflict many personal details upon your readers, but there are a few cases that will be interesting.

I called to me in the course of one sitting, Joseph and Frank Knapp, Richard Crownshield, Mr. Colman, Frank's spiritual adviser, and to whom he made his confession, and Mr. White, the one murdered. Joe and Frank, it will be recollected, were hung, and Dick committed suicide after his condemnation, in prison. Joe and Dick, the two guilty ones, were in a terrible state of mental and physical suffering. They had not received a word of kindness or sympathy during the twenty odd years. When relieved of their physical sufferings, they were told that they must obtain the forgiveness of Mr.

Every call I have made, but one, has been responded to.

White. This distressed them, as they both said that he would never forgive them, and Dick said he had rather remain in hell.

"Are you not sorry for having taken his life?"  
"Sorry? I would have given my own life to have restored his, half an hour after I struck the blow."

"Well, then, when he sees you are repentant, he will forgive you."  
Mr. Colman at first stood upon his dignity—deemed that his work was finished, and had no more to do with the Knapps than any other person. He at last thanked me for giving him a more proper view of his duties, and said they should have his aid, and he would pray with them. Mr. White said,

"I am a feeble, poor old man, and why have you called me?"

When relieved from the cause of his "feebleness," and was told why he had been called, he roused himself, and said with a strong voice:

"Forgive them? Poor boys, poor boys—yes, I will forgive them. Send them to me, and they shall have my forgiveness, if it will make them happier."

"But Mr. White, I want you to go to them. They are sorrowful, but timid, and are afraid to go to you."

"Oh yes, I see—poor boys. I will go to them, and they shall see that I forgive them."

Frank had nothing to do with the murder, only he did not reveal and prevent it—did not want medicine—the most that troubled him was the belief with many, that his father and mother had perjured themselves to save him; but he said it was not true—that when he took his candle and bade them good-night, they thought he had gone to bed—he did not do so; but they thought he did; and they only swore to what they believed to be true, and he was anxious that I should make this known.

Joe has been to me since, and says they are all forgiven; that he and Dick had joined the band, and were "working out their salvation in right good earnest," &c.

The next case was that of Doctors Webster and Parkman. They had seen each other, but had never spoken, and it would fill a sheet to give in detail how these stubborn doctors were subdued; but they were subdued, and Doctor Webster has been to me since, chuckling with delight. They are reconciled to each other. "Parkman told me all you said to him, and he really believes that, of the two, he was most to blame."

Doctor Parkman, I believe, will now work himself up into better company, but Doctor Webster has some more trials to go through; he has got to meet his mother, and the girl he made way with, if I can get her name so as to call her, for I doubt if Webster will remember it.

The last case I shall mention, is that of Zachery Taylor and his daughter, Mrs. Jeff Davis. I called the old President first, and here also I must be brief. He wanted medicine badly, and described his longings graphically, with now and then an expletive, which bordered on profanity. When cured, he was told that he had also a heart disease which must be cured. Did not understand me.

"Have you seen your daughter?"  
"My daughter," roared out the old man? "No. Do not want to see her—do not know anything about her."

It was pretty hard work to humble the "old hero," and to obtain his promise to see her, to be reconciled to her, and to love her as he once did in life.

"But I cannot speak to her, to-night."

"Well, but please remain."

I then called the daughter, and there soon came the low, wailing voice that I had listened to through Mrs. Conant, when she pleaded for her husband's life if he should be taken prisoner.

"I am sick in body and sick at heart. You called me, saying, you thought you could do me good."

I was obliged to ask some questions touching her bodily disease. Had never taken stimulants only when she felt feeble and faint, and could not account for her present sufferings. When relieved, she uttered forth her thanksgiving to God, as only gifted woman can do. When calm, I asked her if she would like to see her father?

"My father—see my father? What do you mean? He will never see me. He is self-willed and stubborn. He would not see me on my death-bed," &c.

"Look around and you will see your father."

Then the gaze, and at last the recognition, and then followed the impassioned action, which lasted some minutes. Then turning to me:

"Yes, I have seen my father. He cannot speak to me to-night, but to-morrow he will be reconciled to me. Oh, the inscrutable ways of God; but a few minutes since I was sick in body, and sick at heart, and now I am well in body, and with a heart full of joy!" and with further outpourings, of which old "Paul" had his share, she took her leave.

My namesake uncle has been to me since, and says he witnessed the reconciliation between the father and daughter, and thought I might be satisfied that mine was not the work of the devil, as I had told him that some of my spirit-friends gave it that name.

September 17th.—I received three letters enclosing two dollars fifteen cents, and was enabled to return an answer that evening to three calls. One did not communicate. It must be remembered that those who speak through Mrs. Conant, come prepared to answer questions, while those that I call are mostly awakened as from a sleep, and are bewildered, with an indefinite memory as to the past—besides most of them are unwilling to give their names entire—they want to wait till they have better garments, and can give a more satisfactory account to their friends of their condition.

Those who send a dollar should know that it enables eight to ten brothers to be relieved from their sufferings; but I would not have others, with less means, refrain from seeking information from their spirit-friends. Let each send something, if it is but a penny stamp.

PAUL PAT.

Box 55, East Cambridge.

#### Why am I a Spiritualist?

This question is often asked me by my opponents. What good does it do to believe in Spiritualism, supposing it to be true? My answer is, I was once blind—now I see. I know it has done me good. I once had a dead faith in immortality—I now have a living faith. All sects have a faith of some kind in immortality; but it is only a dead faith. Spiritualism gives me a living faith with perfect knowledge of a future state of existence. It also clears away the superstitious belief of an "angry God," an "endless hell," and other false notions. It also teaches me, that death doth never shall suffer for the wrong that he doeth.

WIL THORNDIKE.

Portland, Me., Sept. 22, 1861.



## Correspondence.

## A Spiritual "Revival," and its Singular Phenomena.

DEAN BANNER.—Thinking that an account of the extraordinary revival we are now enjoying in this part of New Jersey, might be acceptable to you and many of your readers, I have concluded to give you a few of the particulars.

A short time since, Miss De Force paid us a most welcome visit, and being much exhausted and reduced in health, she thought of resting a few weeks at the hospitable mansion of our estimable friend, Judge Barr; but it seems that there is no rest for either the righteous or the wicked, for, soon after her arrival, she was induced to attend a Friends' meeting, where, Quaker-like, she was moved by the spirit, greatly to the astonishment of all, and abundantly to the satisfaction of most. The larger part of the audience seemed to realize that the ancient days of Fox and Penn were being revived. They thought the young Friend spoke as never woman had spoken, and manifested their approval of her by their urgent solicitations that she should go home and take dinner with them.

But soon a few of the old fathers and mothers learned that she was a spiritual medium, and, oh dear, in their estimation their sanctuary had been polluted. They immediately gave evidence that they had a "real for God, but not according to knowledge, for, being ignorant of God's righteousness, they were resolved to sustain their own righteousness, and to forbid her casting out devils in their synagogue, unless she followed in their wake," not having learned that no man or woman could do a miracle in the Divine name, and lightly speak evil of the source of that power.

But not so with the larger portion of the audience. To their credit be it proclaimed, they immediately formed a committee of arrangements, and resolved she should be accommodated with a house, if she desired to speak any more.

Her fame went abroad throughout this region, and the next Sunday the large court house in this place was filled, to overflowing. She held forth for the space of nearly two hours to the most attentive audience I ever saw. She gave full credit to the learned and pious of all ages, sects, and nations, for their efforts in elevating the human race; and claimed that truth was a divine principle—eternally the same, though not comprehended nor appreciated by all alike, or to the same extent by all. Nevertheless, so far as it was comprehended and expressed, it was equally a truth, equally a divine principle, whether discovered and proclaimed by Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, John Wesley, Confucius, Paul, Isaiah, or Moses. But that, as mankind became more and more enlightened, and were able to appreciate higher and clearer manifestations of truth, the old institutions, that were adapted to other times and other circumstances, had to give way to the fulfillment of the ancient prophecy: "Old things shall be done away and all things shall become new." This, she claimed, Abraham had realized in his leaving his father land, and the Gods of his fathers, and his going forth the advocate of a new development of truth, at the instance of a spirit. Moses also made an advance upon all that had preceded him; but that Jesus had made the most thorough renovation, by repudiating all the cruel enactments of Moses, retaining whatever was good in his system, and teaching that "no man had seen God at any time—the son he only hath declared him," although the Jews supposed that Moses had seen him, and talked with him face to face.

To her views in general a Rev. Samuel Aaron, of this place, took great exceptions, and advertised that he would reply to her the next Sunday evening. Of course he had a full house, for all his friends and her friends, and everybody else, wanted to hear him. Even Miss De Force and myself could not restrain our curiosity. But when we had assembled, and he had taken his position, he very courteously informed us that he could not be so inconsiderate as to reply to a lady, especially one that had only just got out of her teens; (neither did he reply, nor attempt to reply to a single proposition she had made) but he would take some notice of those spirits she professed to be influenced by. He accordingly searched the Scriptures, thinking that in them he had eternal life, and gathered up all he could find of what the superstitious of past ages recorded, relative to wizards, witches, sorcerers, &c., and paraded it as an offset, or rather as analogous to modern Spiritualism, and thus detained a large audience for near an hour with a tirade of low, burlesque and indecorous ridicule, to the disgust of a large part of the attendance.

Last evening Miss DeForce delivered another lecture; but my space will not contain the particulars. She delivered another this evening, and another tomorrow. Spiritualism has got a deep hold here now, and it will stick like pitch. T. W. O. Mount Holly, N. J. Sept. 26, 1861.

## Excursion to Hammondtown, N. J.

The friends of Philadelphia, who participated with those of Hammondtown, in their social gathering of August 23rd, will revert with feelings of peculiar pleasure to an occasion of no ordinary interest. Though the day was somewhat indolent, intermingled with sunshine and shadow, causing our number to be less than anticipated, yet it marred not the harmonious condition that seemed to universally prevail, or the purpose that brought us together—each other's happiness and advancement in the cause of truth and human progress.

The various exercises of the day were conducted in the hall, so kindly appropriated to our use, and formed a pleasing variety, adapted to our physical, social and intellectual wants. The speakers of the day were Miss Alice Tyson, Dr. H. T. Child, Prof. Longshore, Mrs. Wilhelm, S. Osburn, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Langdon, White and Wolvorton, of Hammondtown, all of whom are working for the cause of human redemption, and anxiously await the dawn of a new era, when selfishness, discord and error shall be supplanted by the fruits of the spirit, and thus humanity become a brotherhood, and "God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

In awarding true merit to true worth, we cannot fail to make a passing allusion to our earnest and faithful co-laborer, Miss A. Tyson. The teachings of our beautiful philosophy have nowhere found a more truthful expounder or consistent follower. Not actuated by motives of selfish policy or seeking popular opinion, she follows out the dictates of that inner voice, whose principle is fixed for usefulness and good. Her ministerial labors, several years in our midst, have not been without success, accompanied by the graces of a truly harmonious life; modest

and unassuming in its bearing, yet exerting an influence deep, wide-spread and irresistible. Many hearts can respond to the awakening of latent principles, touched by the inspiration of a higher life, while listening to the soul-stirring truths, the sympathetic and earnest appeals of our sister in behalf of the oppressed, the weak and sorrowing of earth's children.

Whether amid the public duties of the Sabbath, the pressing demands of the circle, the domestic ties of home, or the couch of suffering, we see her move on in the gentle tenor of her way; ready to alleviate, quick to sympathize, from the unselfish recesses of a nature, whose highest aim is the happiness of all. With such workers our cause must prosper, and woman should look well to the interests of her sphere, mission and destiny, in this progressive age, for vastly important is her office in the world's development.

In conclusion, to the friends at Hammondtown, who so kindly extended their hospitality to us, we would say, an impression, deep and lasting, has been made upon our memories, to linger with the scenes and associations of another bright oasis in the journeyings of life, to be again enacted, we hope, on some future occasion. Mrs. C. P. W. Philadelphia, Sept., 1861.

## THE THREE DAYS' FESTIVAL AT ST. CHARLES, ILL.

A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE EXERCISES, REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY L. K. COONLEY.

First Session, Friday Afternoon, Sept. 13, 1861.

Met in the Universalist Church, at 2 P. M. Quite a large number being present from different parts of the country, and the managers not being quite ready to introduce the programme, Messrs. B. P. Leland and L. K. Coonley were urged to take the stand and entertain the audience.

S. P. LELAND, in his remarks, alluded to the purposes for which we had assembled, to the condition of our country, and the great utility of conventions, in changing the sentiments of the masses, by opening the avenues for free discussion. But a few years had elapsed since speakers were mobbed for attempting to call the attention of the people to the enormous evils of intemperance and slavery. How mighty the change throughout the North.

L. K. COONLEY made a few remarks, with reference to the state of the spiritual cause in different parts of the country; spoke of the liberality of the spiritual friends in nearly all places, in offering and giving the traveling lecturers and mediums their hospitalities; that he and his company, in four years' itinerancy, from Maine to Louisiana, had almost universally found genial souls and open homes. God bless those noble spirits everywhere. He had no complaints to make.

Mr. HOWARD, of St. Charles, from the Committee of the "Religio-Philosophical Society," said they were now ready to proceed with the regular organization of the Convention, and nominated S. S. JONES, Esq., of St. Charles, as President. He was chosen by unanimous acclamation. The following additional officers were then chosen: Judge Wm. A. Boardman, of Waukegan, and Mrs. H. Todd, of Geneva, Vice Presidents. Mrs. D. P. Daniel, of Independence, Iowa, one of the editors of "The Rising Tide;" Mr. E. Dayton, of Huntley, McHenry Co., Ill., and Mr. S. P. Leland, of Cleveland, Ohio, Secretaries.

S. S. JONES, the President, presented the following, which was adopted, as the programme:

This festival shall be opened in conference at 8 1/2 o'clock on Friday, 1 P. M., and in the evening. The platform shall be opened for stated lectures, by select speakers, at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 in the evening, each day. The regular hours of adjournment shall be at 12 M. and 5 P. M., for dinner and tea.

A free platform shall be maintained through the Festival, for the full and free expression of thoughts upon all subjects admissible by the speaker, the speaker only being responsible for the views uttered, subject to the ordinary rules of decorum.

No resolve shall be put to vote, approving or disapproving of contested matters of opinion or faith; nor for any purpose, further than is essential for the transaction of the ordinary business of the festival.

The President, on taking the chair, briefly alluded to the objects of this Annual Festival of the Religio-Philosophical Society; extended, in behalf of the Spiritualists of St. Charles and vicinity, a true welcome to the friends who had come up in response to the call. He spoke of some of the important events of the past year, and trusted the present conflict of our country would result in widening the platform of freedom. He urged freedom of expression, but moderation of judgment.

The President then announced Mrs. J. R. Streeter, of Crown Point, Ind., as the selected lecturer for the evening.

Mr. E. DAYTON, of Huntley, McHenry Co., Ill., took the stand, and reviewed his feelings, from the time when he used to dispense radical truths from the Universalist pulpit; remembered the platform of freedom that he had been bestowed upon those who were called radical. Now he regarded those epithets as spurs or incentives to progression; thought there were germs of beautiful thought-flowers, in those meant-to-be-unkind words. He referred to the letters of mediums—particularly that by Emma Hardinge—containing about, remembering that he was glad to hear them; it would test the true laborers in the cause of progression.

L. K. COONLEY said he had no complaints to make, for his spirit-guides had told him and his wife, before they commenced traveling, that no extra pecuniary rewards, above necessities, need be expected; and such had been the case from that time to this. When the receipts are larger, we have to travel further and use more; so that the general footing has been about the same, and we receive the same welcome to the homes of our friends.

JUDGE BOARDMAN spoke of radical truths as being truths that were not popular. Nature seemed radical; great upheavals were taking place; mind is in revolution. The high must be made low, and the low be elevated. This is his right.

Mr. J. R. STREETER, of Crown Point, Ind., said the pathway of himself and wife had been made pleasant during the last year, by the kind friends with whom they had met. He was pleased to meet so many smiling faces now, that were present at the festivities here last year. The Judge thought all was not right. He thought he saw many things to be righted.

Mr. BREWSTER was happy to meet so many old friends, and thought we should have a good time. True, the earth might quake, and the political world crack and tumble to pieces. He thought the present war would result in favor of the Union, and would urge all to take courage—that a great social Revolution was inaugurated, which would result in the elevation of woman.

THE PRESIDENT thought Bro. Streeter ought to see "that whatever is, is right," and argued that there must be a great ruling power by which all things are ultimately. Many questions were asked, which were replied to upon the hypothesis that conditions rule the actions; and the result is the legitimate effect, as no other could be produced.

Mr. HOWARD thought the results of such teachings would be very pernicious.

S. P. LELAND thought that whatever resulted in the welfare of humanity, would be the effect of doing right. He was of the opinion that the "rat," in which many got mixed was the attributing everything, good or bad, to the direct control of Almighty God.

Mr. COONLEY thought it equally apparent that whatever is, is wrong. According to the revelations of the Bible, God's purposes were all overthrown, and everything has been going wrong ever since the Creation; notwithstanding God has made several efforts to get the world right, thus far, without success.

Mr. JOHN R. ROBINSON, of Dundee, Ill., thought it difficult to tell what is right, or what is wrong. It was evident that all things must develop; and therefore must be right in each stage of progress.

THE PRESIDENT, by rule, declared the session adjourned to 6 P. M.

Friday Evening, Conference Session.

Vice-President BOARDMAN in the chair.

Mr. STREETER thought if every thing, or act, is right, there can be no responsibility. The body was subservient to the mind, and every mind recognized its individuality.

Mr. BREWSTER again sustained the doctrine of "Whatever is, is right."

PRESIDENT JONES announced that the hour had arrived for the regular lecture.

Mrs. STREETER (entranced) professed her discourse with a lengthy but impressive invocation to the "Grand Fountain of Eternal Spirit." She then gave very effectively, a beautiful but short poem—theme "Love." Her discourse occupied about one hour. Subject: *Practical Reform*, based upon the language of Peter in answer to Christ: "Whom do you say that I am," &c. Spoke of the rock on which the Christians had built their church; and if it really meant Peter of the old time, Christ called him Satan, and logically the church of to-day is built on the devil. Spoke of the inspiration of that age, and of the present age—thought that the eternal rock on which the Church must be built.

Mrs. S. is a small, frail woman, and all wonder how it is possible that her feeble system can sustain such incessant thunder tones as those in which her inspiring lectures are given. She is regarded as a practical, popular speaker, and generally calls out large audiences.

Conference continued after the lecture by further remarks, principally a repetition of thoughts on the subject of "Whatever is, is right," by Messrs. Leland and Boardman.

Adjourned to meet at 8 1/2 o'clock, on Saturday morning.

[Owing to the very crowded state of our columns, we are obliged to defer the publication of the remainder of Mr. Coonley's report until next week.]

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, September 24, 1861.

QUESTION.—Can spirits foretell events?

Dr. BLISS read a part of 1 Corinthians, ch. 12; and remarked that what was there taught was applicable to the present condition of mankind, unless we were living under a different dispensation. Our present government dispensation was one of war and bloodshed, and hence not much in advance of the ancient Jews; while, in the right application of physiological laws, we were hundreds of years behind that people. Individuals, and especially mediums, would, now and then, perceive and announce most blessed truths, to which their lives, in the normal state, were far from conforming. The spirit-manifestations of this day were only a new form of the manifestations which have always existed; and the teachings and testimony of the Gospel are the same in effect with those of many modern Spiritualists, our chief difficulty with these old records arising from wrong interpretation.

Mr. PANTRIDGE.—I think that we have had abundant testimony within the last twelve years, that spirits can and do foretell events. To mention only one instance, out of the great number on record, there is the prophecy I have read to you which was received from General Jackson, on the twenty-fourth of January, relating to our present war. So far, it is at least certain, that no living person at that date could have foretold the present state of things with anything like the accuracy of that communication.

The fact, then, being settled; how is it that a spirit is enabled to make such prophecies? As before stated to you, my idea of a human spirit is, that it is of such a nature when sufficiently attenuated as to permeate and come into conscious contact, and most intimate relations, with all other substances, both on the mental and material planes of being; so that just as you or I, through our relations with the laws governing in this lower sphere, are enabled to foresee when planting a peach-tree, that it will probably produce fruit in due season; so, when spirits come into contact with the higher forces of the universe, the more refined essences of things, they can, just as naturally, predict their development into the great events of history, such as are now occurring in our land; and a spirit so intimately in rapport with the American political mind as that of General Jackson was, even when on earth, would now, with its increased force and clearer insight, find no difficulty in foreseeing the results of its activity for some considerable period ahead. This is all the prophecy I can recognize.

Mr. FRANKFORD.—Previous speakers in this discussion have seemed disposed to account for the phenomena of spirit-prophecy, by placing them on a basis of reasoning, like that which underlies the mathematical sciences, and resolving them into mere necessary deductions from known elements. This is certainly one way to prophecy, provided we get the element rightly settled in our minds, and no doubt spirits may prophecy in this very manner. By observing the successive stages of growth in the life of a plant, and connecting them with their respective seasons, we may prophecy the result of putting a seed into the ground; and, since political and religious institutions have their stages of growth, their regular periods for the evolution of leaves and blossoms and fruit, of perfection and decay, these also may be predicted with more or less of accuracy.

On this principle, I may claim the credit of having foretold, two years ago, that the year 1860 would witness a change in the American government, which would correspond to the death of a plant. This I did, by ascertaining, first, the climatic period of that government, and then at what intervals the leading events which had affected it had taken place, which I found to be either twelve or seven years. The product of these numbers—eighty-four—being added to 1776, gave me 1860, as the year which should witness the completion of one cycle of the national existence and its entrance on a new stage of development.

But this is not the way in which either spirits or genuine prophets among ourselves, predict the future. As I have said, in the spiritual state, there is no such thing as time; all events are now. Eternity is simply an infinite Now; and if we lived in eternity, we should live where the first ideas, the archetypes, of all things, would be in rapport with our minds, and our minds in rapport with them. This is the true internal, spiritual state; and here on earth, so far as we are in that state, and as our external condition fits us for the reception of such knowledge, so far we are able to foretell the future, it may be for a thousand years to come. All things that ever were, and that ever shall be, exist at this moment, not only in their first principles, but in every one of their minutiae. Were it not so, they could never be embodied at all.

Mr. —. I have had many things foretold to me by spirits which did come to pass, and many which did not; and in the former class were some predictions which I received with the most incredulity. My own experience, therefore, teaches me there is no such thing as absolute, certain prophecy. Moreover, I can conceive of the infinitive Past as existing in the present, but not of the Future being so contained; for the past has left its traces upon matter; and a spirit in rapport with me might read off my former history, but how it could discern that which is yet not, and has made no such marks, I cannot conceive. Such faculty would be tantamount to the possession of infinite power, for that which can foretell events precisely and minutely, must also be able to bring them about. On these grounds, I conclude that spirits have merely the same power of prophecy that is possessed by mediums and well-informed minds among ourselves; though, perhaps, the former enjoy it in larger measure.

Dr. YOUNG.—Spirits, as observing and reasoning beings, must be able, not only to anticipate the requirements of men and of nations, and so to predict events, but also to aid in providing for these requirements, and hence in bringing about the fulfillment of their own predictions, by exerting their power over their fellow-spirits, and over mortal minds, by moulding opinion, and aiding the spread of novel ideas. In such a manner, the agitation which, twenty years ago, commenced in the small circle in this city, on the subject of Labor Reform, has so widened its influence over public sentiment, as to lead to the Chicago Platform; and the Reform might, by the same process of persevering agitation, be extended to include the whole territory of the United States. This theory will account for the otherwise

anomalous cases of prophecies which have been fulfilled only partially, or with slight variations.

Dr. GRAY proposed as the next subject for discussion, "The obstacles in the matter of Spiritualism itself to its more rapid and harmonious development. In other words, 'What is there in the nature of Spiritual manifestations and associations, that prevent the spread and promulgation of our doctrines?' And proceeded to remark on this topic, as follows: The obstacles I will mention now, are

1st, *Mistakes about Identification.* Spiritualists in general are too ready to take up and act upon the mere bald assertions of communicating spirits, concerning their own identity. They fall into this error in common with most notorious founders of fanatical sects; and the result invariably is, (to the extent of their ability) that they substitute, for the normal and direct influences of faith in communion with the spiritual world, the notion that salvation must come by implicit belief in them, as interpreters between God and man. The instant a man is impressed with the idea that he is communicating directly with Deity, or some supernaturally exalted being, he becomes the Pope of an imaginary movement; and all the good effect which was designed to flow from spirit-intercourse, is, in his case, nullified. This has been the cause of the misarrangement of much zealous effort among Spiritualists, whereby they have been diverted into the vagaries of free love, &c.

2d, *Disregard of the fact and laws of Interpolation.* 3d, *Mistakes about Obession.* It is well ascertained that persons in the body can obsess each other, even at great distances, through magnetic rapport; can molest and annoy a healthy object and disturb the currents of his thoughts; and this influence is often attributed to the spirit-world. I have known several cases in which the sufferer, after having begun to form a new life, has been struck with horror by those unlucky results of rapport established with or without evil motives, and led to repudiate all further connection with the subject.

Mr. GOODWIN.—Another circumstance which impedes the spread of our belief, is implied, I think, in the very term, "Spiritualism." It has been made an "ism," and the spirit of the age is opposed to "isms." Even in churches, popular preachers are obliged to apologize for presenting their doctrinal systems under this aspect. Instead of exploring the wide field of our philosophy, we are too much occupied with facts and their particular application to the one subject of spirit-communication, and what spirits are supposed to teach. "Facts" are ruled to be "always in order" in our own discussions, and this perpetual anxiety about such testimony is an evidence of conscious weakness. It follows that the outside world, ignoring our claims to a broad, comprehensive philosophy, regards us as merely a new sect, more heterodox and unfashionable than most others. There is a tendency among Spiritualists at large, although it is disclaimed by their leading minds, to accept the utterances of spirits as infallibly true; and we are also afflicted by many of that class of persons who are always ready to embrace a new thing, and to cast off as soon as it has lost the gloss of novelty.

## DEDICATION OF A SPIRITUAL HALL IN GREENSBORO, IND.

We copy the following account of this interesting occasion from the "True Republican," for which paper it was prepared by a distinguished lady lecturer:

In this time of a general complaint of want of means, it is refreshing to see any exhibition of public spirit, especially when directed toward the advance of spiritual truth, and reform in general. I have just been gratified by an exhibition of such a spirit. In the town of Greensboro, Ind., Seth Hinshaw (the chief supporter of Spiritualism in that place) has raised a fine hall for free meetings and lectures, and on Sunday, August 26th, 1861, it was dedicated to, and set apart for the use of Spirits in and out of the form. Miss Mary Thomas, of Cincinnati, an inspirational speaker, attended, and through her the dedication lecture was given.

The text chosen by the influencing spirit was taken from the dedication of Solomon's Temple: "Behold it was in mine heart to raise a Temple to the name of the Lord my God."

The medium commenced by referring to Temples that had been raised for worship in past times—Solomon's Temple, the Temple of Juggernaut, that of the Goddess Koles, etc. She then remarked that Temples were dedicated, or set apart to the name of the ruling God or Spirit, that the service generally expressed the nature of the so-called God; thus Juggernaut Temple and Koles's altars were dedicated by human sacrifice—Solomon's Temple by the blood of animals, showing Jehovah a god of blood and vengeance, though human sacrifice was forbidden. This house is raised under different auspices, and dedicated by blood, not by the commemoration of any blood shed in past time, and toward all spirits whether in or out of the form.

First, we dedicate this Hall to the name of the God of Spiritualism. Here the medium remarked that the cry of many was, "Is there then more than one God?" No! In spirit-essence there is but one; but in revelation, he seems to change with the mind of the revelator. Tracing back history, it was shown that among other things, climate had an influence on man's idea of God, thus the stormy idea produced a stormy God. Italy a people who readily turned to the worship of the Virgin; England, with its fogs, encouraged two modes of faith, viz. Calvinistic and Armenian, answering to the divisions of government, aristocracy and the masses, thus giving the idea of a God who selfishly chose, as a king makes nobles. The power recognized by Spiritualism was shown to be the God of America; a universal God, and this idea the result of the universality of climate and people.

"To whose name is Justice, Love, Truth and Wisdom, we dedicate this hall; next, to all spirits in and out of the form, that they may meet freely at all times, coming from their homes on the earth, and their homes in the spirit-land. To free discussion on all points, setting this hall apart as a place wherein to express freely all thoughts, on every subject that may help man's earthly and spiritual progress; but especially we dedicate this hall to the spirits of those who have fallen, or who shall fall in this war. Stricken down suddenly, and taken from their dear ones, they turn earnestly toward them and would fain communicate, giving them blessings; and, come in faith, reach forth toward them, and they will meet you here."

The medium spoke at some length after this, setting forth more particularly the blessings to be attained by spirit communication, both to us and them, ending with a short invocation of spirits' help.

The whole was most interesting; the hall was crowded, some standing outside.

We also publish, by request, the

Constitution and Articles of Association of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, established at Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., August 11, 1861.

DECLARATION.

We, the undersigned, being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of humanity to the due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable them to appreciate a common paternity and brotherhood, unite ourselves into a Society, under the statute laws of the State of Indiana, enacted June 17, 1852, for the regulation of religious and other societies, by the name and style of *The Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists*.

OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the first Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and three Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled "The Trustees of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists."

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other or-

ganized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz.:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all the duties of the President in his absence or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar officers, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the Collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all moneys subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting-house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law under which this Society is organized requires:

VACANCIES IN HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any office may, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President, Clerk, and Trustees, shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding ten dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the Society, in a business-like manner, which report, when approved by the Society, the Clerk shall spread upon the records of the Society for future reference.

The Executive Board shall be qualified to give Public Lectures certificates, which shall induce them with fellowship as "Ministers of the Gospel,"—such ministers of the Gospel as are referred to in the statute law under which this Society is organized; and authorize such lecturers in the capacity of "Ministers of the Gospel," to solemnize marriages in accordance with law; which certificate may be as near as practicable in the following form:

CERTIFICATE.

To all whom it may concern: Know ye that the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists, reposing confidence in you as a public lecturer, do hereby grant unto you a certificate of Fellowship and recognition as a regular Minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize you to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

Given under our hands at Greensboro, Indiana, this—day of—A. D. 18—

President,  
Vice President,  
Clerk,  
Trustees.

Executive Board of the Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

We hold these truths to be self-evident. That we are all children of a common Parent, who through the kind care of Mother Nature, do hereby grant unto you a certificate of Fellowship and recognition as a regular Minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize you to solemnize marriages in accordance with law. We hold these truths to be self-evident. That we are all children of a common Parent, who through the kind care of Mother Nature, do hereby grant unto you a certificate of Fellowship and recognition as a regular Minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize you to solemnize marriages in accordance with law. We hold these truths to be self-evident. That we are all children of a common Parent, who through the kind care of Mother Nature, do hereby grant unto you a certificate of Fellowship and recognition as a regular Minister of the Gospel, and as such authorize you to solemnize marriages in accordance with law.

As all things in Nature are subject to change, so is the mind of man subject to change; and what appears to be Truth and Right to-day, may appear otherwise tomorrow. For these reasons any person becoming a member of this Society, and who at any time shall withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the internal forces of his own being and external surroundings; and therefore it becomes the duty of every man to strive at any time to the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties and enlighten the minds of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden, and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded and sweeping intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land" of the Higher Life, and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimentary planes of this sphere of existence; and that as the Angelic World tender their kindest offers to do for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom, and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our Brothers and Sisters of every grade of life for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom, and happiness.

That "to err is human," and that "no man liveth and sinneth not;" therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow-man in well-doing, and to chide and judge not, as in all turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes, shall be raised by contributions from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sale of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

The Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose, as shall be deemed expedient, provided they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.







### Mr. Charles H. Foster and his Remarkable Manifestations.

[Having recently witnessed the startling, but unmistakably legitimate manifestations of spirit-presence through the mediumship of Mr. Foster, in company with two gentlemen connected with this establishment, we intended to write out our minutes in full for this number of the BANNER. But having received a communication from Dr. Child upon the subject, covering the whole ground, we publish it instead, fully endorsing every statement therein made. Mr. Foster's seances are held daily at No. 75 Beach street.—Ed.]

The advent of this remarkable medium among us, who is giving forth so much testimony to prove the fact that spirits are around us to influence and talk to us, calls forth our soul's thanksgiving and gratitude. Any reasonable evidence that we could ask, to satisfy our outer consciousness that our deceased friends still live, and live with the power, too, of influencing us, not only through the avenues of feeling, but through the intelligence of words, is given through Mr. Foster's mediumship, without hesitation; without effort; with perfect ease. These manifestations of spirit-power, intelligence and identity, are truly wonderful, astonishing and inexplicable to those who witness them. To me they are awfully grand; they are miracles to my infantile perception. The chairs of philosophy and science do not, cannot explain them. Our sacred desks, which claim to tell us of the soul and its future destiny, avail us nothing, by explaining to us these modern miracles. I cannot do less than pour out my feelings of thanksgiving that the time has come when these spiritual truths flow to all who desire them, so easy and so certain that the facts cannot be gainsayed or controverted. For what a hard and toilsome journey every poor Spiritualist has led during the few years of this new development! Popular prejudice has fought it; science and philosophy have fought it; all the churches have fought it, and this world's popularity and good repute have fought it, too. So every Spiritualist has had all these things to oppose and antagonize his soul's deep and ardent longings, his soul's deep and honest convictions.

Every one who has had experience in Spiritualism, knows how hard it has been to get satisfactory communications from spirits; how much time, effort and money it has cost to get only here and there a little, that was satisfactory; how often the cold water of opposition has put out the little kindling spark that we hoped would burn with increasing light and love so soon for us. And now it is not strange that we should hail the advent of Mr. Foster with joy and gratitude—a medium whose spiritual power rises triumphant above all these obstacles that have troubled and hindered us heretofore in our beautiful, lovely Spiritualism.

On Fast Day, September 29th, I made Mr. Foster a friendly call, and, while there, gladly accepted his invitation to witness some spirit manifestations through his medium powers.

Our company consisted of three persons beside Mr. Foster. We wrote some half a dozen names each, on separate slips of paper, out of Mr. Foster's sight and knowledge, folded them close, and rolled them into little round balls, slightly larger than a pea. These balls were all made of the same kind of paper, and were about the same size. Then the eighteen balls, more or less, were shaken and mixed together so thoroughly that it was impossible for either one of our party to tell which was which. We sat by the table. Very loud raps came in various places in the room—on the table, under it, on the floor, on the walls, and on the ceiling. These raps were so heavy as to make the gas fixtures and furniture in the room rattle, and produce a sensible jarring, felt by every one in the room. Mr. Foster, in an undisturbed quiet way said, as he gazed apparently upon some unseen visitant in the room, "What a powerful man!" bowed courteously, as if some person had come into his presence, and continued:

"What did you say? Desart? Desart? I cannot hear; speak louder. I cannot understand; write your name." His left hand was then moved, as if by some unseen power, took up one of the paper balls and handed it to me, and said, "That is his name; he is your friend," and at the same time his right hand was seized and wrote the word "De Soto." I unrolled the ball, and this name was written in it. This name has heretofore been subscribed to many communications that I have received. In the same way, the lady and the gentleman in company with me, each received the name of a spirit friend that they had written and folded in the little balls.

Then Mr. Foster wrote, "Call not for the living, for ye have them with you," and at the same time took one of the balls and handed to one of our party; which, when opened, proved to be the name of a person that had not yet gone over to the spirit-world.

Mr. Foster said: "Look on the back of my hand." We all looked, and could see nothing unusual; but in the space of a few seconds there appeared "U. S. P." written as if painted with blood under the outer transparent skin of his hand. At the same time his other hand seized one of the little balls and handed it to me, exclaiming with emphasis, "Uleyetta Sabine Potter," seizing my hand and shaking it with great cordiality. It may be remembered by some of the readers of the BANNER, that this beautiful child of heaven was an extraordinary medium, and some account of her life and death was published in the BANNER near two years ago. Among her last words were:

"Take me, Death, in thy embrace—  
I'll come as bride to thee;  
The shroud shall be my bridal dress,  
Thy ivy wreath my orange flower."

She then seized Mr. Foster's hand and wrote: "I am happy; I am happy."

Mr. Foster then said: "What a funny spirit this is; he is a scholar; he is a genius; he is an artist; he is very beautiful; but not in the sense that we see beauty; he holds two hearts and both hands, and says to me, 'Mary's affinity.' What does this mean? I do not know Mary or Mary's affinity." He handed to me one of the balls, and on it was written "Mary's affinity."

Mr. Foster then said: "Dr. Child, there is here a beautiful spirit, that is very nearly allied to your own soul, but not by any ties of consanguinity. Look attentively upon my arm." At the same time he handed me a paper ball, and made bare his left forearm, on which no trace of words or letters were visible—after which, in a moment, the word "Flora" appeared in distinct large letters. Then immediately there appeared traces on the word Flora, as if another word was written over it; and while gazing upon this singular appearance, in the space of a few seconds the word "Love" was distinctly developed, and Flora had entirely disappeared. I then unrolled the paper ball, and the words Flora and Love were

written upon it. This, to me, was a very striking and beautiful test.

Many other manifestations of a similar nature to the above were made; all of which gave incontrovertible evidence of the existence and identity of spirits around and about us.

Mr. Foster has, beyond a question, well developed and very clear medium powers; and the question naturally arises in the minds of those interested in these things, what peculiar characteristics has Mr. Foster that accompany his wonderful powers? With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will offer a thought on this subject next week.

A. B. CHILD.

### Autumn Field Sports.

Most ruralists say our favorite writer on field sports—Frank Forester—"one half the pleasures of field sports to me, is other than the mere excitement. If there were nothing but the eagerness of the pursuit, and the gratification of successful vanity, fond as I am of shooting, I should, I believe, have long since wearied of it; but there are so many other things connected with it—the wandering among the loveliest scenery—the full enjoyment of the sweetest weather—the learning the innumerable and all-wonderful attributes and instincts of animated nature—all these are what make up to me the rapture I derive from woodcraft! Why, such a scene as this—a scene which how few, save the vagrant sportsman, or the countryman, who but rarely appreciates the picturesque, have ever witnessed—is enough, with the pure and tranquil thoughts it calls up in the heart, to plead a trumpet-tongued apology for all the vanity, and uselessness, and cruelty, and what not, so constantly alleged against our field sports." Poor Herbert! He wrote with an inspired pen, when he touched upon nature and her countless attractions.

### Meeting with the Hands.

Dr. JOHN SCOTT, No. 50 Bond street, New York, continues to lay his hands on the sick and they are healed. We are assured that during his four years residence in New York a great number of persons to whom life was a burden have been delivered from a frightful bondage, and made to rejoice in the possession of renewed health.

The following letter from a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, to Dr. John Scott, bears an explicit testimony to the Doctor's remarkable healing powers:

No. 91 Second Place,  
Brooklyn, Sept. 14, 1861.  
DEAR SIR—I most cheerfully tender you this certificate, acknowledging the great benefit which I have derived from your most excellent treatment. I had been troubled with a cancer on my upper lip, increasing by degrees for over seven years; and after having been attended by several Doctors in New Orleans and New York, received no benefit. I finally called upon you to examine me, and you informed me you could cure me in a few days, without pain or annoyance. I am happy to say that after fourteen days the cancer was removed, and the place completely healed up, as well as any other part of my face—scarcely leaving a scar.

I remain yours, EDWARD M. KRIGZ.

### Hotel of the Invalids.

Prof. S. B. BRITTON has removed to No. 50 Bond street, New York, (a most convenient and in all respects desirable location) where he will prosecute his professional business, in the treatment of Invalids, by the aid of Vital and Artificial Electricity, Human Magnetism, and the several Processes known only to the scientific and practical Psychologist; and combining in his methods—when the case may require it—Chemical, Sulphur, Steam and Aromatic Baths, with the addition of such other means and agents as may be properly comprehended in an enlightened eclectic treatment. Persons from abroad can have genteel apartments and board in this Retreat for the Invalids.

All correspondence intended for Prof. Britton should hereafter be addressed to him at No. 50 Bond street, New York.

### Prof. C. Butler.

We have received a letter from Mr. L. Carrier, of East Douglas, Mass., complimenting in the highest terms the Professor's eloquent efforts in that place on Fast Day. So great was the influence of the Professor's speaking upon the people, and their appreciation of it, that a band of music was called out in the evening, and poured out their delicious serenades upon him.

### To Correspondents.

J. JUDSON, COLUMBUS, PA.—We do not intend to make the BANNER a political sheet in any sense whatever; but we should have been craven indeed, when our beloved country was in its greatest peril, had we not raised our BANNER in favor of law and order. We hope yet to see the time-honored Stars and Stripes floating over every inch of Columbia's vast domain, and all her sons and daughters re-united in bonds of peace and love. It will be so.

A. P. T. HAVERHILL.—We are unable to do as you desire. The obituary notice has been destroyed. Rewrite it in a proper manner to print, and we will insert it. The article you allude to was received. We will print it if we can possibly find room to do so.

S. H. GREENSDORF, IND.—We are under deep obligations to you, brother, for what you have done in our behalf. We stand in need of the services of just such true men.

WM. THORNDIKE, PORTLAND, ME.—You may inform the party who has questioned you, that our exchange list is so large we have been obliged to curtail its dimensions. In fact, we have no occasion for exchanges, any way, as our paper is entirely original. Yet we have consented to exchange with many weeklies, providing the publishers give our prospectus one insertion in their respective sheets, and sent a marked copy to this office.

T. W. O. MR. HOLLY, N. J.—We hope to hear from you when anything of public interest occurs in your section of country. Write briefly and to the point.

HERMAN MUNSON, CALENA, ILL.—You reason very well, friend, but we do not see that it would benefit any one to discuss this abstract subject. A few minds may understand it, but the great mass do not—hence it is space wasted to fill our columns with such matter.

ANONYMOUS, BALTIMORE.—We think no good would result by publishing the message you have had the kindness to forward. We all desire peace; but we shall never have it until men and women act up to their highest conceptions of right. When each and every one does this, peace and prosperity will pervade our whole country.

J. M. OZIER, OLIVERBURG, OHIO.—This correspondent desires to ascertain the location of an artist who draws spirit- likenesses. Should this meet the eye of such an artist, he or she will do well to address us above.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A circular from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Booksellers, 22 and 24 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, announces that this firm have just published the Revised Regulations for the Army of the United States, with a full index. It is an octavo volume of 500 pages. No doubt such a work is needed at this time. When the book comes to hand, we shall notice it in full.

We should be happy to publish the report of the Wisconsin Spiritualists' Second Quarterly Meeting, held at the city of Berlin, on Saturday and Sunday, September 14th and 15th, 1861; but as it has already been put in print and circulated, and as our columns are crowded with original matter, (having more on hand than we can possibly use for months to come,) our friends must take the will for the deed. We thank them for their vote, and will try in future to be prepared for similar emergencies.

An address, by Charles H. Brainard, Esq., delivered at Allston Hall, Boston, on the anniversary of the birthday of Theodore Parker, August 23, 1861, will appear in the forthcoming issue of this paper. It is a fine production, and will be perused with interest by those who did not have the pleasure of being present on the occasion of its delivery.

We have an interesting essay in type from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, Esq., entitled "THE SPIRITS' HOME." It will appear in our next issue.

POPULAR.—At the recent Convention to nominate a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, at which there were over twelve hundred delegates, there was but one dissenting voice to the re-nomination of John A. Andrew, our present popular Governor.

Superficial minds are sometimes apt to be hypercritical. Take warning, gentlemen, or you may yet get castigated as badly as did those who once undertook to burlesque Byron out of sight. Don't fancy that you know everything, and everybody else knows nothing. Have a care, we say.

"Curses, like chickens, will come home to roost."

Dr. RUSSELL, the correspondent of the London Times, was fined fifty dollars for shooting game on Sunday, in Illinois. He is making a practical thing of his legal knowledge in this country, and will go home a wiser man than he came.

FOREIGN VISITORS IN BOSTON.—The subjects of the Mosquito kingdom are more numerous in Boston this year than they have been known to be before for years. Furthermore, they congratulate themselves on their good blood, and, though not artists, it is not a paradox to say they are masters at drawing.

DIGNITY'S LAST.—Why is a retired ice-merchant like a Custom House officer? Because he is an ex-ciseman!

One of the sharpshooters at Lynnfield, it is said, recently hit an empty keg, at the distance of a mile, twelve times in succession, thereby knocking it in pieces. Digby considers the shooter a slave in good marksmanship.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—If you visit Dungeon Rock, reader, in Lynn—whichever, by the way, is a romantic location—you will always find Marble there, although granite is the only kind of stone in the locality.

SNOW'S PENS.—The best pens made in America are manufactured by Messrs. Esterbrook & Co., of Philadelphia, for J. P. Snow, of Hartford, Conn. They make them of a score of different patterns, and send us the following liberal offer: Any reader of the BANNER can have a gross of the best pens in the market sent by mail, postage paid, by enclosing one dollar to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn.

### ANALOGY.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers  
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns;  
So men with the handsomest, gracefulst feet,  
Are always afraid you will tread on their corns.

A man puffed up with his own conceit, reminds us of a rich but brainless old woman, who is dressed in flashy silk, bedizened all over with ruffles and flounces. She thinks everybody admires her, when everybody despises her.

"What a pretty child that is," said a schoolmaster to the lady he boarded with; "its countenance is so expressive! Why, madam, how very much it looks like you!" The schoolmaster said he never had a better boarding-place after that.

Anger, though an infirmity, is nevertheless sometimes justifiable, and even noble.

A BAD BREATH.—An Irishman, at work on a stone wall, caught a small spotted animal which he took to be a neighbor's kitten; but dropping her almost instantly, he clapped both hands to his nose, and exclaimed: "Howly mother! what has she been ateing?" It was a skunk!

All good deeds, however small, help to swell the broad river of mercy and goodness.

How few who, from their youthful day,  
Look on to what their life may be,  
Painting the visions of the way  
In colors soft, and bright, and free;  
How few who to such paths have brought  
The hopes and dreams of early thought!

There are eight thousand laborers now engaged upon the Suez canal in Egypt. It is intended that steam communication will be established by it between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

Orders have been issued from Washington, suspending the drafting of soldiers in Iowa. The President chooses to rely upon voluntary enlistments and thinks this will be ample for all exigencies of the war. It is quite evident that patriotism will make better soldiers than force.

### A PRAYER FOR RAIN.

Oh, God, send down thy silvery showers  
Upon this blistered world of ours,  
And we will send back praise to thee,  
From succored earth and pleased seas.  
The tinkling leaves will whisper thanks,  
And emerald glades, and grassy banks,  
And meadows plumped o'er with flowers,  
And ripening fruit and shady bowers  
In thousand grateful, happy ways,  
Will give to thee, oh God, their praise.

Half of time is day, and half is night; but more than half our conscious being is made up of dreams—and the dreams of the day outnumber those of the night.

Some men are drones in the money-cells of to-day, who fill the honey cells of to-morrow and a thousand morrows.

SORE EYES AND CATARRH.—The following recipe for the cure of the above diseases we find in the Herald of Progress: "Mix two ounces of sweet oil with half an ounce of camphor, over the fire. Rub this ointment in the skin of your stomach, in the cheeks, on the eyes, and very thoroughly manipulate it into your temples, and where the nose is most afflicted. Snuff sweet oil into your nose two or three times per

day. Arise! Let blood flow into your feet and hands. Become very healthy, and, therefore, beautiful. Will it strongly?"

### A Card.

Having attended the Lectures, and witnessed the experiments of Dr. H. L. Bowker, on Animal Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology, Meteorology, and Clairvoyance, and, deeming them to be highly instructive and entertaining, we most cheerfully and willingly recommend him to the public as an able scientific lecturer.

REV. SILAS TYRRELL,  
A. B. CHILD, M. D.,  
J. WETHEBEE, JR.,  
JACOB EDDON,  
H. P. GARDNER, M. D.,  
PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER,  
GEORGE A. BACON.

### The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. By reference to the seventh page of this paper, last column, the reader will find an enumeration of its contents. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

### Notice.

The friends in Montpelier, Vt., will please make arrangements for me to speak there twice or three times, on Sunday, October 20th, on the Cause and Cure of the Present Rebellion, and write me at Holderness, N. H. WARREN CHASE.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium for those who wish to reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

### MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

Dr. ALFRED G. ELLI, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the medicines used are purely vegetable. No 230 Washington Street, Boston Mass. April 6.

### READY BY THE 20TH OF OCTOBER.

### A Book for Every Household.

### THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH.

### CONTAINING

### MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS

### FOR THE

### HUMAN BODY AND MIND.

### BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

This new volume contains most important information respecting the Philosophy of Disease and the Laws of Health, with methods of treatment and cure hitherto unknown to the world. It imparts knowledge whereby any individual may be greatly assisted in resisting and overcoming the assaults of disease, and enjoying uninterrupted good health. The Prescription department of the book comprises

### More than Three Hundred Prescriptions

### FOR THE CURE OF

### OVER ONE HUNDRED FORMS OF DISEASE.

It will be found to convey valuable information respecting the treatment of nearly every modification of disease incident to this climate, simplified and adapted to universal use as a book of

### FAMILY REFERENCE.

Four hundred and thirty-two pages, 12mo. Price only ONE DOLLAR! Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., 274 Canal street, N. Y. For sale by BETA MARSH, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland O., and by all News Dealers. Oct. 12.

### Choice Strawberry Plants.

"WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING" is the most prolific Strawberry known.

Single Plants have yielded 370 berries in a season! EVERY PLANT IS PERFECT AND BEARS FRUIT, which is of EXCELLENT FLAVOR and often measures FOUR TO FIVE INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE!

Persons having a large or small piece of land which they desire to cultivate.

### EXTRA FOR PLANTERS OR PROFIT.

Will find these plants to give the utmost satisfaction. Extra sized strong and vigorous plants will be supplied at the following rate:—5000 Plants, \$25; 1000 Plants, \$5; 500 Plants, \$3. Any less number, \$1 per hundred.

Full directions for setting out the plants and cultivation will be given when ordered. Orders sent to DR. CHILD, 15 Tremont Street, Boston, or J. S. ADAMS, West Roxbury, Mass., will be promptly answered. Oct. 6.

### New Books.

### BOOKS.

BETA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, keeps constantly for sale a full and complete assortment of SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKS, at the lowest prices. Also—MEDICINES that have been prepared by Mrs. MARSH, and those prepared by Mrs. METZGER. There being a CIRCULATING LIBRARY attached to this establishment, many of the above books can be had on reasonable terms. Orders promptly answered. 8m Oct. 12.

### A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

### AN EYE-OPENER;

### OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

### BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, LA BAYE, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so extraordinary, and so surprising, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. TREVILL, of New York, who, for the purpose of the book, submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington st., Boston. 1f Sept. 14.

### Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by John C. Butler, Franklin, Washington, Pa., &c., given through a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits." Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, on subjects highly important to the human family, by Joseph A. R. MORTON, Esq., of New York, in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "17 1/2c ALL RIGHT." For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price, 10 cents. 1f Sept. 14.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Departed, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harmony, Mediums, Love, Marriage, &c., etc., given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a lady. Price 25 cents, paper.

### The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady.

Price 6 cents.

The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, No. 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

### "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED.

BY A. J. MORTON, Esq., a pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing a full and complete refutation in support of the ALL RIGHT doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "17 1/2c ALL RIGHT." For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price, 10 cents. 1f Sept. 14.

## DERMATOLOGY!

## DR. B. C. PERRY, DERMATOLOGIST

### OFFICE

29 WINTER STREET,  
BOSTON,

### TREATS SUCCESSFULLY

All Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair,  
and Premature Blanching.

Dr. PERRY would respectfully inform the citizens of Boston and vicinity, that, having practiced for the past eight months in Boston with the most gratifying success, the question of his ability to cure Diseases of the Scalp, restore lost Hair, and stay Blanching, is no longer a matter of speculation, but a fixed fact, as the Testimonials he will offer can attest beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The question often asked, "What Boston residents have you?" is satisfactorily answered. Dr. PERRY would call attention to the following Certificates, as to his success in treating all Diseases of the Scalp, which ought to inspire confidence in the most skeptical mind. The Doctor might fill a book with testimonials of the cures he has performed in his specialty; but he only offers a few Certificates of cures in aggravated cases, many of which had defied the best medical skill in Boston.

People should always bear in mind that the loss of hair and premature blanching is caused by some disease of the scalp, or disarrangement of the capillary organization, and consequently no remedy applied to the hair, of itself, will be of use, until the cause is removed by a proper course of treatment. Dr. PERRY having devoted the greater portion of his life to the study of Disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching, both theoretically and practically, and the universal success that has attended his efforts, wherever he has practiced he feels confident in saying that he can treat successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching.

All communications should be addressed

"B. C. PERRY, Box 2837, Boston, Mass."

### BOSTON TESTIMONIALS.

Boston, June 1861.  
Dr. B. C. PERRY—Dear Sir:—In reply to the many inquiries respecting the success of your system of treating diseases of the scalp, and loss of hair, we present you with this written assurance of the satisfactory results attending your treatment of capillary difficulties. Acknowledging your entire success in our own cases, we cheerfully recommend you to the confidence of the public.

A. A. KEEN, Professor Tufts College.  
JOSIAH A. BROADHEAD, residence, Pavilion, Tremont st.  
WM. HAMLET, Ed. M. & M. Magazine, Boston.  
A. A. ALDEN, Boston Post Office, residence 61 Indiana Place.  
L. A. PRATT, Nourse, Mason, & Co's Agricultural Ware-rooms, Quincy Hall.  
J. D. MORTON, 107 State street.  
E. H. BRAINARD, Carriage Maker, South Boston.  
S. B. CHANEY.

L. W. FREEMAN, Proprietor Tri-Mountain House, 245 Han-

over street.

O. J. ANDERSON, Piano Maker, 239 Cambridge street, corner

Charlies.

JOSEPH T. BROWN, Apothecary, corner Bedford and Wash-

ington streets.

E. C. BROOKS, Granite Bank, 86 State street, residence 80



## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was written by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such. It is not published on account of literary merit, but as a record of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to the beyond, and to show that the erroneous ideas that are more than a few years old, which the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

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

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

**Monday, Sept. 2.**—Invocation: "In the name of the Spirit of the Indian race in the present civil war." Nathaniel Faxon; David Boardman, 20 Iowa Regiment; Gen. Nathaniel Lyon; Gen. Curtis, Boston.

**Tuesday, Sept. 3.**—Invocation: "The second death." Lieut. Thomas Gurney, South Carolina; Samuel Davis, Northfield, Vt.

**Thursday, Sept. 5.**—Invocation: "Is the death of the mortal body a necessity, and if so, why?" Edward B. Richards, Bristol, Conn.; Silas Wall, Boston; My Murray, Boston.

**Monday, Sept. 9.**—Invocation: "Progress of Infants." Samuel Kimball, Derry, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carrollton Ala.; Ida Main, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Tuesday, Sept. 10.**—"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?" Daniel Menzies, Liverpool, Eng.; Frances Isadore Staples, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Pierce, liquor dealer, New York.

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

**Monday, Sept. 23.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Page, Boston; J. Madison Page, New York.

**Tuesday, Sept. 24.**—Invocation: "How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGinnis, Washington Village; Adie Wilson, Augusta Maine.

**Monday, Sept. 30.**—Invocation: "Are any of the planets or our solar system inhabited by human beings, and if so, what is their condition?" Geo. A. Redman, New York City; Aunt Milly, (a slave), Charleston, Miss.; Mike Egan, Battery-march street, Boston; Eunice P. Pierce, South Danvers, Mass.

**Tuesday, Oct. 1.**—Invocation: "Memory and its laws in a spiritual state?" Jesse Cook, Troy, N. Y., and Harriet Page, East Cambridge, Mass.; Jack Collins, N. Y. Zouaves; Chas. Walker.

### Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, (up stairs), every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### Charles Walker.

My Dear Brother—Go to the medium Foster. I have something to tell you. CHARLES WALKER. Oct. 1.

### Invocation.

Thou Great and Infinite Intelligence, thou Giver of Immortality, thou Great Central Sun, around whom all things continually revolve, and from whom they continually draw their strength, again we approach thee through prayer. Again we send forth the song of thanksgiving and praise unto thee. We ask thee for no blessing, but we offer thee the fresh buds of truth that have grown upon the morning of our lives. We know thou wilt accept our gift, and we know thou wilt bestow thy blessings upon thy children as thou seest they need. And in behalf of all the world we thank thee, now and forever. Amen. Aug. 27.

### The Judgment Day.

We are now ready for whatever questions our friends have ready for us.

"What is the condition of those spirits who believed in the general judgment day, and the resurrection of the material body?"

When the spirit of man lays off its covering, or loosens itself from the physical body, it is precisely the same identity that it always was. If it was Orthodox while in a mortal temple, it is Orthodox in spirit; if it was Universalist before leaving that temple, it is the same afterwards. If on earth a Catholic, the spirit is Catholic in spirit-life. Each and all are in spirit the same as in material life. In the Bible there is a passage, saying: "As the tree falleth, so it lieth." We apply it in this way: As man dieth, so he enters upon the spiritual plane of life. The same law permeates everything. The change from the state of mortal to immortality is but a change of condition—not of nature. Now the spirit, when it leaves earth, and passes into the ethereal, carries with it such a belief as has been planted and nourished prior to that event. Spirits do not lose their religious belief with their bodies, but it adheres to them till they have been able to partake of stronger food, intellectually and spiritually, and thus receive the stronger light beneath the radiance of which the old shall pass away, and the new succeed it. The condition of the enfranchised spirit is precisely the same as the condition of one here in the form with such a belief. Every being who has lost his body, has entered upon the spirit plane, expecting to see all things different; but the expectation continually deceives. They have to cast off the old and put on the new, before they can see things as they are.

Thousands still believe in the old idea of the resurrection of the physical body, because they did not die believing any other way. The feeling of uncharitableness toward all who live and die outside of the pale of Christianity, is as prominent among spirits as mortals, and they hug as devotedly the shroud of sectarianism in which they were wrapped as they ever did while on earth; only as they receive the light from those above them, do they loose their hold to grasp imperishable realities.

If one is fond of looking out into the broad and beautiful expanse of Nature, outside the Church, he enters the spiritual existence more truly a lover of God, and a more apt and ready scholar of the truths of Nature. The Church cries out for God, but finds him not; as they conceived him to be, and are disappointed; thus thousands of spirits return to earth unsatisfied and unhappy.

There are many prone to accept the truths of the new dispensation, who dare not. There are thousands who would willingly lay down the things of old, and grasp the new and more beautiful, but dare not, and are ashamed to own their Lord and Saviour. And what says Jesus of such? Let us see what the record says: "They who are ashamed to own me, then will I be ashamed of before God and the holy angels." Here comes back the full force of disobeyed law. This is a sin for which there is no forgiveness, not in this world nor the world to come. A sin—we call it such, that you may comprehend us. An individual who has been aroused to a consciousness of the condition of things in the spiritual world, and has received the full light of truth upon his soul, will return thanks upon his maker, and desire to serve the Lord and Saviour where he is to be found. They begin to know he is not to be found on a throne in some far off heaven, but within each individual's life there is the guide and instructor of immortality, and each and all may look there and learn the way to heaven.

When this new light bursts in all its glory upon the dweller in the spiritual world, there is a more acute perception of light and darkness, of heaven and hell. What is the natural result? Unless educated up to a high standpoint, the individual is plunged into the deepest hell mind can conceive of, for the separation from cherished beliefs and the giving up of what were deemed the only securities of salvation, is painful indeed.

But as time revolves, changes follow each other in rapid succession. Change is marked upon every thing. And the light of the new age dispels the darkness of the older ones—that dense moral darkness that has shrouded the minds of men in the past, yet which afforded a higher knowledge than any age previous to their day.

When the body is cast off from the spirit, it hath

but gone back to its common parent—laid down upon the bosom of its mother, never to be resurrected into a form again, for the same purpose it fulfilled before. Thus many worshippers of old deities will be sadly disappointed, and will have to dwell in Hell because of ignorance in matters of religion and spirituality. Oh seek to know of these things before you enter upon the next sphere of existence. Trim your lamps, that when the bridegroom comes, you may not be obliged to ask oil of your neighbors. Aug. 27.

### Betsy Jane Phillips.

"Tis something like twenty-five years since I used my own body, and I have most forgot how to talk. But I think it is the duty of all to avail themselves of the blessings God sees fit to shower all around them. It would seem to me to be foolish to neglect any of the blessings God gives us. I want to use them, as well as others do, and I have only waited to use this, which is a new blessing to me, because I thought I was too weak, too feeble, too unworthy, to grasp of so great a gift. I stood back, and let others come, for I remembered what Christ had said, that he who would be first, must be last in some things. They who would be great in the kingdom of Heaven, must become like a little child—humble in all things—willing to wait for the proper time for them to come forward and reach their friends through one of the greatest and most glorious gifts God ever gave to man. Oh, had he given it to us when I was on earth, I think I should have received it, but I do not know. I was pretty rigid in my belief—pretty rigid. I was one of that unfortunate class of beings who believe in the resurrection of the body. I believed my body would be raised when the trumpet should sound, and God should call all his children together. I thought so, and it was a long time before I got rid of that belief; and I wish to tell my children, for I have got some on earth, that they may seek to know the truth before they leave the body, for it is harder to learn the truth after than before.

I had great expectation of something—I hardly knew what. I really did not want to go back to my own body, very much. I thought I could get along without it. Still I would honor the will of God, and if it was his will I should return to it again, I would be content. I can now tell my friends of this existence as it is, and thus aid them in the right, whereas they have been taught to believe that the world would sometime or other be brought to judgment, and they perhaps be lost. What would be your feelings if there was no one to receive you, when you come upon this side, and you know not what is before you—you know not if the next moment you will be plunged into Hell, or be called into the presence of an angry God? Oh, to believe God is ever angry with you, is a terrible belief, and especially when you are told Hell is blazing for the damned!

I lived to be most eighty years old, and was brought up in the Orthodox faith. It was hard for me to break away from a belief that had grown to me so closely. But after I had been a good while, one of my children came to me, who had left me years before, and tried very hard to convince me in regard to all these things, and that I should not take up my body again, but go onward forever in pursuit of wisdom. I was taught that as soon as I threw off the belief that impeded me, I should progress rapidly, and be able not only to receive instruction, but impart it to others. Others had told me of this before, but I thought they were my enemies, sent from the devil to tempt me, and I persisted in my belief; but when my own child, who had died without sin, came to me, I knew she would not deceive me; so from that little child who was fledged in spirit years before, I first got light. I have got some children left, and I want them to receive me, that I may talk with them, and entreat them to give up their belief; for the longer they stay here in mortal, the stronger that belief will be, and the harder it will be to get rid of it. Oh, I feel I came for something to-day, if it be for no other purpose than to break off the chains that bind my children to the Church. Oh, there are many beautiful things in this new religion of Spirituality, that I want them to know of before they come where I am, that they may not be as I was.

My name was Betsy Jane Phillips. I used to live in the town of Exeter, N. H. Oh, if I could only be an instrument in God's hands of doing some good, here, how thankful I should be. As I said before, I have been gone nearly twenty-five years. Oh, when I first came here, I thought my spiritual body would have to come back and enter the material again, by some curious process—by one of God's miracles I did not dare to look into. I only knew I had lost my body, and was robed in a spiritual body, which would enter into the material at the resurrection day. I might have come before, but I stayed away because I could come at this time with more power than I could before. God bless you. Good day. Aug. 27.

### Charles Hill.

Well, Captain, I can't say as I would like my body again. That old lady has been around here so long, she's got used to going without here; but I have not got used to going without mine. I'd like it now pretty well. Look here, sir, I want to know what regulations you have. Say what I please, eh? Is that all? I thought I'd got to come up here and be examined. I've only got to say what I please, and you write it down. Well, how are folks to do anything in this fix? My name was Charles Hill, I belonged in New Bedford. This is Boston, is it? I started to go from Valparaiso, in the ship Mary Ann, and got washed overboard mighty sudden one afternoon, and that's the last I've had to do with my body. It was the first of May, 1860. Now you see, Captain, I'm in a pretty bad fix. I was called asleep so soon I didn't square up accounts. Now, if you can help a fellow out of that fix, I'll thank you.

I's a pretty good fellow—as good as any of them that ain't any better than I. I ain't got a body of my own, so I want to buy one, or beg one, or borrow one, to go around with for a month or two. This ain't the kind I want, though. I want one I can rig up in my own way, and navigate for a month or two. By hokey, I'm strong enough, ain't I? You say I can have one only for an hour or two. Well, that's bad. I suppose I'll have to get you to do my business for me, then. Well, I want my traps sent home, for one thing, and another thing, I want what's due me paid over to my friends. I suppose that's right, ain't it? Look here, Captain, I want to talk with them. The fact is, I got sent up too quick. I was out in a boat, and one of those big fellows slapped me with his tail, and knocked my brains out. I hope it satisfied him! I think I's kinder smuggled in here. I tried to get out of it. Yes, I'm thankful I ain't any worse off, but a fellow don't care to leave in just that way.

I wonder if the folks have heard of my death yet? I guess not. Well, I don't know about coming to any of the family. There's brother Joe, but I don't know about talking to him. I'd rather look round and see if there is no one like me I can speak through, before I promise anything. You see, I'm kinder out of fix. I was twenty-six years old. Ha! ha! While the old lady was telling about the resurrection of the body, I couldn't help thinking of something. I suppose the religious folks here will think it's wicked. Think, I, God'll have a pretty hard time hunting up my body, when he wants it. It's more'n I could ever do to find it. I don't care for it now, but I'm in a bad fix without it.

I do not know how I am going to fix it with you for writing for me, Captain. I did not know you published it. Do you? Then I'm under so much more obligations.

Well, how do you get out of this? A whole world have hard work swallowing all these traps. Ha! ha! I got my liquor here, or a pipe, have you? Oh, well, I see there are ladies here, and I'm turned into a lady myself, for convenience sake, ain't I? I did not know which was the best way to move, and I don't like to move around much yet, till I get better acquainted. Well, my best wishes to you all. Good day. Aug. 27.

### Thomas Lord.

Good afternoon, sir. I suppose there is a certain class on earth who are acquainted with me, who think, very rightly, too, that I did but little good when I was here, though I was in a position where I

might have done much good. I begin to see myself that I made but very slow progress while I was here, and I think it is high time I began to stir myself, and see what I can do.

I've been occupied in looking around some since I've been here; I communicated here before, once, or rather, at another place, but for the same company. I believe I have a different object in coming here to-day. I wish to do what I may be able to do toward testifying my regards for some of my former friends.

Some spirits have the power of looking into the minds of mortals they are apt to come in contact with. So clearly can they read the thoughts that dwell in their minds that hardly anything escapes them. I happen to be one of that class—I don't know why it is. Now, some of my former acquaintances I have come into very close rapport with, and I have seen that some of them are very fair on the outside, but foul within. I know they would be glad to see the Union dissolved, and would be glad to do all they can do for its ruin. They entertain just such sentiments, if they dare not make them public. Now if they don't turn round, and be just to their God, their country and themselves, I'll expose every one of them. They are in positions where they can do much for their country if they choose to, and I intend they shall. They live in a country where people can't carry two faces a great while.

I am led to go around among those in various public positions, and I find it true as God, that four out of ten that hold office in this city, and all through the country, too, are against the Union. I know it to be so, for I read their minds and find it there—and that is proof enough, what better do you want? Now, right out here in the city of Roxbury, there are no less than ten, and three of them in positions they wouldn't hold a great length of time if it was known. Ten of my friends—that is, acquaintances—ten influential men, so help me God! And if I thought it would be right, I'd call their names right out and tell what's in their thoughts, as I read their minds. If it would not injure them, as I would not wish to do, I'd call their names right out. If I was as I used to be, I'd call them out anyway.

My name was Thomas Lord. I suppose you'll admit I've drawn a correct picture of myself. I resided in Roxbury.

If government would take men out of lower positions in life to put into office, they'd find far more loyal subjects, in my opinion. Oh, I may be able to do some good yet. It is not too late. Aug. 27.

### Invocation.

Our Father, the angel praises thee; shall we, thy children, do less? Our Father, the angels in Heaven praise thee; can we, thy humble creatures do less? Our Father, the denizens of hell praise thee; and shall we in mortal not praise thee also? Oh, our God, we thank thee for the power thou hast bestowed upon the angel world to commune with souls in mortal habitations; and for the privilege of preaching to the souls in prisons of materiality, we thank thee. We praise thee in behalf of those who do not see thy wisdom, and who are blind to thy love. We praise thee in behalf of those in the churches, and those not in the churches—in behalf of white and black, and all thy children. Oh, Father, send thy ministering angels into the midst of thy children, that their souls may be expanded with love and kindness, so as to feel thou art indeed the Father of all. And unto thee shall come forth an eternal song of thanksgiving, that shall be like unto thy most holy self. Aug. 29.

### Functional Life of the Spirit.

We are now ready to hear any questions that may be presented.

"How does the functional life of the spirit differ from that of the earthly body?"

We would say to our friends on earth, in reply, that the spirit leaves the material body at the change called death, and enters upon its separate existence, possessing each and every organ, each and every peculiar feature or function that it did in the body. The difference exists only so far as it must of necessity exist, by the spirit being separated from material surroundings, and independent of material things and conditions. We who have been liberated from our bodies, do in our sphere precisely as you do in yours, with the exception of the mechanical use of a material body. So crude and imperfect have been the ideas of men and women regarding the spirit existence, that many are struck with wonder when we tell them that we have precisely the same organs to use after the change of death that we had previous to the change.

In spirit there is everything equivalent to the material, or that which manifested itself through the material. The spirit reaches a certain stage, or receives a certain amount of experience or progression, while it inhabits a material body. After it has left the material form, that form becomes inactive—all functional life has ceased. It has gone out. Where has it gone? The spirit has acted through the body so long as it could use it, and when the body became unfit to contain the spirit, or the spirit had grown too subtle to be contained in the body longer, it withdraws from it, having no longer need of it, and the body crumbles back to its component parts again, while the spirit goes forward, perfected and matured by its existence in mortality. It has entered upon a new life, and cannot turn back. The spirit cannot long remain in its primary condition or its first department, because it is merely a stepping stone to the condition and department of life next beyond; and from thence it goes onward and upward in refinement and progression, rendered at each step more sensitive and powerful in spirit, while it recedes from and consequently becomes weaker in materiality.

So beautiful, so grand, so vast in itself is the subject before us, that all future ages are required for its manifestation and outgrowth. We can but take the one step before us, and must wait till we are called upon to take the second. We have often told you that there are many spirits inhabiting the spirit world, who can scarcely conceive of the change—can scarcely believe they have lost their material bodies. Why is this? Simply because their condition spiritually is so closely allied to their condition materially, that they are not able to discriminate the difference. So close is the connection between the spirit-world and your beautiful earth that the one is continually interblending with the other. Aug. 29.

### Daniel Morgan.

Oh, my God! If this is what you call coming back, I think I've got about enough of it before I hardly begin. Oh, I've been in hell, and the darkest kind of hell. I never saw anything like it. Oh, I'd give the world if I could live my life over again, I would. I'd give the world if I had it, to live my life over again! Oh, the customs of society are so infernally at fault, that it is impossible for a man to live aright, unless he know some of the things I know to my sorrow before I came here. The customs of earth—I blame them. You ought to understand them, and give people warning. They will make you feel the hell within you, if you give up to them.

Oh my God! I was once respectable, honest, and felt as though I was in some way akin to God. I do not feel so now—ha! ha! I felt so for years. I have been in hell—am in hell. I have still some hope that it cannot always last, but I don't know.

I was born in Newcastle, England. My father was a merchant—man honest, respectable, and true. Still, died when I was about fifteen years old. Shortly after that, I was into business with my father, or at work for him, as you would say here. I have two brothers and a sister. I was the youngest of the family. I formed the acquaintance of some young men who were about leaving England to come to America. I suddenly conceived a desire to come, too; so, in spite of all my father's, brothers' and sister's entreaties, I left my home and came here. I was then, I think, just rising twenty-one. Shortly after coming here I got into loose company. They were gentlemen's sons, and they said, "Drink with us, for it is fashionable; if you don't, you won't be considered much." So I took my first les-

son because it was popular, and society sanctions it. And because society said it was gentlemanly to drink, I did so, and became a perfect wreck. I came to love liquor, and became a slave to it, and so I went down from step to step, clear down, down to hell, and I died in the Station House, of delirium tremens. I went into the other world without any knowledge of the change from death to continued existence, and I awoke to all the horrors and torments of hell.

Oh, if I could only be placed back where I stood in boyhood, I would give all the wealth of the world, if I had it. It is too late! The law is, for us to advance forever. We cannot go back. It is all fixed, unchangeably; and I am told if I would improve my condition, the wide future is open to me. But oh, how long I must toil, and how hard I must struggle to get back to the plane I fell from. Oh, the torment, the thirst for liquor is terrible. In fact, since I have been here I would have sold my soul for a glass—I would have given up my birthright to immortality for a glass of liquor.

My sister has come here since I left my home. She is with my mother. I have seen them, and oh God, it only added to my hell! My father is still alive—an old man. God knows I don't want him to know of my being here, and how I died; but then I do, too. My brothers are alive. I wish I might meet with them somewhere on the highway of life, before they come where I am. If I do not I shall always think it is because of my wickedness here.

People who have the habit of hard drinking do not, when they become spirits, have the opportunity to satisfy it. Yes, it is a crime. It is not, I know, against the laws of earth, but it is an awful crime against the body and the soul.

What can the poor drunkard do? He knows not where to go. He goes to God, and he refers you right back to yourself. Go to any of the bright ones here, and they will say the Saviour is within yourself—go back there and be healed. We feel indeed doomed; but we have to get rid of that feeling, though we feel the full weight of our sin overwhelming us. There is no greater sin—no greater. I cannot believe I am to suffer so always. I am satisfied with nothing since I came here. Everything disgusts me. I don't want to see anybody better than I, and I don't want to see anybody worse than I, and I don't want to see anybody like myself—for that is worse than all. What shall I do? It seemed before I got here as though devils were all around me, stoking pitchforks into me. I am afraid I shall never get over such feelings—I wish I could.

My dear, dear father, I don't want him to know anything of my own unhappy condition, but I wish I could talk with him to-day.

My name was Daniel Morgan. I died in Boston—here; I believe, two years ago, but I ain't sure about it. I think I know the year, at any rate. The last year I had any recollection of here, was 1868. I have no cognizance of anything after that time. I am beginning to have a clearer perception of things, but I can't get rid of my old feelings. I don't care what becomes of me, sometimes, for it is hell, everywhere.

I was carried down there to one of your dissecting houses, and out up. I didn't have even the privilege of a decent burial. I didn't know that, though, till some time afterward. I have been to see the place where my body laid, since then. It was a room somewhat larger than this; on one side there are cases of instruments, and there is a long table, covered with canvases. It is a hard looking place. I inquired what became of my body, and these I inquired of took me there, and told me it was dissected there, and I'd better look no further for it—and I didn't care to. I saw a young man there. He seemed to be a student. I guess he was—don't know; should think he's about twenty years old. I got a fair sight of everything through him. He was like the body I have got now. I could see things through it.

Oh, this life! I wish I was out of it. I hope if there's any of those I used to be with, going on in the same way I went, that they'll take warning from me. I should be sorry to see even the dog I owned die as I did. I was a little over thirty.

I am anxious about my acquaintances—one in particular, by the name of Hart. He's a good fellow, but got led into it the same as I did. I hope he'll turn round. I don't know where he is. I'd like to help him. Oh, I'm so miserable I can't help myself, even.

My father's name is Daniel. I had heard my father had sold out, and the family was broken up, but I can't tell. For the last five years I had no communication with them. I could tell no good of myself, so I didn't write. I tell you what it is, hell's a bad place—better avoid it, if you can. Good day. Aug. 29.

### H. Marion Stephens.

"He or she who alleviates the most of human woe, stands nearest to God." This inscription we find written on the hearts of many who still dwell on earth, but they see not that which has been written there by the angels. There shall come a time when their eyes shall be opened, and they shall see—shall not only see, but feel the full force of the truth: "He or she who alleviates the most of human woe, stands nearest to God."

Mortals can only alleviate woe through charity, through kindness, through love, which is at the right hand of God the Father. There are some ministering angels left upon the earth, whose duty it is to remove the clouds of doubt and sorrow from the broken-hearted, and to speak words of comfort and cheer to the weary wanderers in dark places. But when we say there are some on earth who are willing to greet with a kind word and friendly action those who seem to the world to be evil, we are saying much, because there are so many more willing to offer their right hand to the one of their fellows who fall in the great highway of life, than to the stranger and the lone. Oh, you that do not always obey the voice of the angel within that prompts you to little deeds of kindness and love, and yet you know not how great a responsibility you incur when you disregard her voice. You have not learned that one kind word echoes itself through earth eternally, and when you do not expect it, brings back its music to you.

Oh, see that the angel whose name is Charity, is ever within the watch-towers of your soul, that moral darkness and gloomy terror may come to naught, and that the poor trembling souls of earth may be lighted to the spirit-world. When this angel is allowed to rest within your souls, earth shall grow brighter blossoms, and gush clearer waters, and manifest pure and divine life with those who now go sorrowing to the spirit-world.

Oh, it is glorious to lift up the down-trodden of the spirit world, through the instruments of earth—lift them up to virtue, purity and truth, remembering that the great God has commanded you to labor for the salvation of your brothers and sisters, and has taught you that the happiness of all is inevitably connected with your own. You are all saviours, and if you do not use well the instrumentalities God has given you, so surely will he call you to account. With feelings of pity, charity and love for the unfortunate and weak of earth, go on your way rejoicing in good done to others, for God looks upon you and smiles, and thousands in hell are listening to the soft echoes of your kind words to souls in mortal. Not one is lost. All those who dwell beyond the dark shadows of ignorance and woe feel the force of every kind word you bestow upon the suffering in earth life. Remember, nothing is lost; and when you come to this side of life, you will be amply paid for all you do to carry peace and happiness to those in need.

I was induced to visit this place to-day by one of the poor down-trodden daughters of earth, whom society styles a prostitute. She hath been gifted by high heaven with the power to communicate with departed spirits. It is not long since I communed through her own hand. She said to me: "If this be the spirit whose name I have before me, will she visit such a place, naming the place, such a day, naming the day, and there give me proof that I am indeed a medium between this and the angel world. Give me but this proof, and I will try once more to redeem what I feel that I have lost—will try once more to gain an honorable position in life; try once more to break away from my surroundings,

and strive to enter at the straight gate; purify my garments from all sin, and live hereafter a new life." I need not ask that our Father will strengthen that promise to me. It is sacred with her who made it to me; and when this word goes to her in good time, we will be able to see what the world sees—not that good can come out of Nazareth. So let us see if the world will allow, if there is not something in spiritual things that may tend to goodness and purity.

With blessings upon all who remember me, and prayers for all to whom I may do good, I will leave you, and pass on to other duties.

From H. Marion Stephens, the actress, the author-ess, the humble woman of America. Aug. 29.

### Written for the Banner of Light. TRUE AND LOYAL.

BY A. MARY LANDER.

Ain—Gay and Happy.

Though traitors boldly preach secession,  
And spurn the flag that shelters them,  
I still love our glorious union,  
And dearly prize each starry gem.

So let others do as they will,  
I'll be true and loyal still,  
True and loyal, true and loyal,  
I'll be true and loyal still.

Though a Maury and Magruder,  
Long our country's pampered sons,  
In her peril now desert her,  
Recent prove these trusted ones—

Still let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

And there's a Pillow, Twigs and Pebbles,  
Long our bounty have enjoyed,  
Joining with traitorous rebels,  
Now in league with thieving Floyd—

Still let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

Though rebel foes have been victorious,  
On Manassas' bloody mead,  
Coward hearts now quail inglorious,  
Quaking are the limber kneed—

Still let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

Let others kneel and aot the mental,  
I fear not their threatened ire,  
But I'll prove a descent lineal,  
From a hero patriot sire.

So let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

Though Patterson was slow and tame,  
Still aloft our banner flies,  
We'll show them the McChaffan's game,  
All doubters go ask Governor Wise.

So let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

No upstart flag o'er me shall wave,  
Where rattlesnakes and pirates play,  
While I've an arm to strike and save,  
Our homes and altars from its sway;

So let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

Though perjured foes may win at first,  
And Beau-regard old Jeff, and Bragg,  
God of my fathers still I'll trust,  
And ne'er desert my country's flag.

So let others do as they will,  
I'll be true, etc.

Mrs. A. F. Patterson to her Eastern Friends.

In reply to the many times repeated question, "What has become of A. F. Pease, now Mrs. Patterson?" by numerous New England friends, I will reply: Out on the Western prairies—not idling away life altogether, but still a mouth-piece for spirits through whom the words of life and good news to all people are spoken.

I have recently been on a lecturing tour to La Salle, Dixon, and Sterling, in this State; and although many of the people, and much of their money, have gone to the war, and for its support, there is left a class of friends to do the thinking, who call for light from the "summer land" to guide them through the perilous present, and who will pay enough for that purpose to comfortably sustain the speaker.

I find that the harmonial philosophy is taking root in the hearts of thousands who are yet connected with the various churches—not having strength and individually sufficient to come out from those sepulchres, throw off their grave clothes, and bask in the radiance of the sunlight of love and truth.

Everywhere the light from above is penetrating. Even in the present contest between the North and South, I see a struggling for the predominance of justice over tyranny, right over might; and the great thought agitating the masses is for entire freedom—"Give me liberty or death." Not only are the majority asking for physical liberty for all mankind, but they ask for release of the mind from all the myths of past ages and nations, and seek, and will not rest till they find suitable nourishment for the spiritual—the inner







## Pearls.

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

## AUTUMN.

These sweet delicious Autumn days,  
When all the air is filled with calm,  
And all day long a purple haze  
Hangs o'er the meadow and the farm.

These quiet dreamy afternoons  
And sunsets rich with crimson glow,  
These soft refulgent harvest moons  
Fill me with thoughts of long ago.

In happy reverie my thought  
Goes back to those dear times again,  
And scenes and faces ne'er forgot  
Come thronging to my musing brain.

However glad the present is,  
However swift the moments go—  
I cherish still these memories,  
Remembrances of long ago.

If in life you would succeed, you must look up. The stars are serene, and stay forever in their spheres; the torrent at your feet whirls and roars, and any look at its turbid waters may plunge you into instant destruction.

## THE PRAYER OF GENIUS.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child  
Strive in the love of truth, be wisely bold—  
A patriot's hard, by cynophants reviled  
Let him live usefully, and not die old!  
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,  
Love for his sake the scenes where he has been;  
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,  
Let him be buried where the grass is green,  
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late.  
To hear the bee his busy note prolong—  
There let him slumber, and in peace await  
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,  
Who scorn the wild-flowers' blush, the redbreast's  
lowly song.—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

Many who feel very rich when tempted to buy some unnecessary thing to gratify vanity, experience a painful sense of poverty when called upon to give.

## TIME.

Time, the tomb-holder, holds his fierce career,  
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and passes not  
Amid the mighty waves that stray his path,  
To sit and smile like other conquerors,  
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

(G. D. Prentice.)

When colors are costly, prudes can't afford to blush  
For their erring sisters.

## FASHION.

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use  
Their knavery and folly to excuse.—*Churchill.*

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness  
Over everything.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1861.

## QUESTION.—Temptation.

MR. BOWEN.—The apostle James says, "Count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations." Temptation is evidently the great test of human capacity and endurance—one of the great developers of human power and moral growth. In looking at Nature we find that the sturdy oak which stands alone, buffeting the storm and tempest, takes a deeper hold upon its mother earth—its fibres more tough and enduring, its branches firmer, etc.; whilst the forest oak takes a shallow hold upon its parent soil, its fibres are less enduring, its form more frail. The storm and tempest make the difference. The same law applies to man and woman. We who meet temptation and withstand the storm and tempest of life, like the pasture oak, gain power, strength, manhood and development; whilst he who shrinks and shuns the duties, trials and temptations of life, and draws himself down into the easy chair, grows thin and dwarf-like, like the forest oak.

We all strive too much for the easy chair, for some quiet spot where we can do away the coming moments as they fly, forgetting that the great object of life is activity, vigor and development.

Temptations are given us as obstacles to conquer, something to contend with. He cannot be a true monarch who cannot conquer himself. Napoleon died amongst the wild waves of the ocean, a victim to his own unquenchable ambition. He is the greatest monarch who can control himself, and rule all his acts to his own convictions. The best physical health comes from the highest activities and use.

Physical improvement comes alone from contact. This is equally true of natural growth. If the world grows to be good, noble, and manly, we must have temptations, strife, contention, the hurricane and tornado, the thunder and the avalanche. He who can weather the storm will grow big at heart. For him there shall be a crown of glory, as bright as the stars and as eternal as the God that made him.

DR. CHURCH.—Temptation is an invitation to do something that the world calls wrong. It is not understood to mean an invitation or an effort to do good. I should not be surprised, and indeed I expect it will be so—that all Christian ministers, within ten years, will be tempted to believe in spiritism, and will yield to the temptation. Now what is there really naughty about this temptation? Men of vigorous minds do not think that there is anything naughty, and if not naughty, it is not temptation—but many ministers of feeble development think that the invitation now offered to commune with angels is a wily temptation, and should be turned away from like the charms of a venomous snake. Ministers have called the gentle, loving, kind, forgiving, and comforting whispers of dear departed friends and angels, the subtle and cunning temptations of the devil. We do not understand temptation to be an invitation to goodness, but to evil; to do that which is wrong. This is temptation—and temptation to the soul is a fiction; it is a phantom of the church and a shadow of matter. We do not say that fishes, cattle, horses, dogs, cats, birds or reptiles, are ever tempted by the unseen powers of God to do wrong; and we say less of men and women, who are God's children? These former creatures all do right, and I cannot claim for men and women that their inclination to rectitude is inferior to the animal creation. I cannot claim for man or woman, that any one living ever does, or is "tempted" to do that which is not exactly right. Temptation and condemnation are of a kindred nature; both are articles of the creeds of old school-houses and old meeting-houses; they are only bubbles that break on the surface of the more real waters, and are things that were and are not. Yes, bubbles that appear inviting to those who think they can grasp and hold them; but they hold nothing, and when broke, will leave no trace of their existence. While a man runs after the bubbles of temptation, to accept or reject them, he is sure that he runs after the bubbles of condemnation and thinks that he catches them and throws them at others. It is right and well that childhood should be amused by blowing bubbles; bubbles are pretty, but are not dangerous; and are not very useful.

MR. EDSON.—Temptation is a going out through some department of our affectional nature after the cause which moved the soul to act. It supposes desire and an opportunity to gratify it. It is a response to the law of love or affinity. Every soul not absolutely good is liable to temptation. The more perfect or progressed the soul, the more spiritual or refined the tempter. Our safety lies in our dependence upon the God within, hence the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," &c. The motives which actuate us when we yield to temptation, are not the result of spiritual contemplations. In such cases we do not pause to look deep

down in the fount of life. Had we done so, the immediate cause which moved us to act would have lost its power to control. Love would have risen above the sediment of our animal nature, and we might have been repelled and restrained from the comparative evil by the divinely bright enlightens our consciousness and shapes our ends.

The lures love which is the cause of spiritual illumination, is free. It comes welling up in the hearts and consciousness of harmonious souls, from the divine mentality within, like water in a liberal cistern, flows into the soul, and through its affectional nature, from the fountain of life, by or in accordance with our execution of law. Temptation is a means through which the unfolding spirit is enabled to receive spiritual emanations or fragments of truth from each individual soul, and impart to all. The law through which this is done is eternal, and cannot be broken or rendered inactive. What we call sin, or the transgression of the law of life, is obedience to that same law in its more external spheres of being. When we consider that love in the animal is blind, that its degree of spiritual development has not unfolded an individualized consciousness of a better or best state and capacities to feel after the good it does not see, we see the use of temptation—that it is an appointed means to unfold a freedom of the affections which, under God and his providences, must ultimate that same perfection in the human soul that pervades all departments of life not contaminated by the pernicious effects of blind liberty in the unregenerated affections. It is good to be tempted without sin, for it brings the soul up to God.

[Question.—How high is the soul carried up before it arrives there? Is God a great way off?]

God is an eternal distance in unprogressed love and affection from the unregenerated soul. Each step we take as we journey home to God, is a degree taken in the spheres of good and use. As we journey through the discreted orders of love, we leave behind as dead and worthless, those things which once allured us outward and upward in life. The things which once tempted us have lost their power.

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—Man is a celestio-infernal being. Two opposite worlds strive within him: two forces struggle for mastery over the soul. The angelic seraph wings, and the demonic beast hoofs; and thus arises the jar and clash of life—its horrible ghastly discord. There is an upward and a downward drawing. The first is aspiration; the last, temptation. The effort of the one is to spiritualize the senses; of the other, to sensualize the soul. The former is true direction of our forces; the latter, false misdirection of the same principles.

Temptation, then, dealing with the lower nature, may be defined as Desire from within leaguing with Opportunity from without; and the person tempted ascends or descends in the degree in which he yields to or overcomes the suggestions which prompt him. I condemn no one for surrendering to temptation. I cannot get behind any man's consciousness, to discern the structure and leanings of his mind, and so I cannot and dare not judge. There are people in the world whose natures, through injected impurities, have been so sapped and mined, and set on fire of hell, that it is next to impossible (at least in this time-symbol), for their God-given instincts to assert themselves. A child may imbibe liquid destruction from its mother's breast: may be doomed and damned before it is born. Then, again, there is such a thing as paralysis of the will; so that a man may have exquisite perceptions of truth and beauty, and still be incapacitated from incorporating into his own life the spiritual goods and uses which he reverences and loves.

Surrender to temptation does not therefore necessarily involve moral condemnation. There is no arbitrary outward standard in this matter; and I know of no other test than this: A man is blameable only in the degree in which, having the opportunity of distinguishing between right and wrong, and possessing the power to choose, unrestrainedly, between the two, he yields to the misdirection of the passion, and stifles the pleadings of the principle, and so slides sheer into the hell, when he might have ascended into the celestial vigor and beatitudes of the heavens.

There are two kinds of personal virtue. Negative and positive. The first is of that questionable sort which—never having felt all the tings of darkness tugging at the chords of life, may or may not endure the strain, when it comes. The last is won out of fight—born out of conflict—and is worth striving for, because it is the true metal of manhood. This comes from temptation, which I would not, therefore, seek to put away, so much as to subdue, and to impress into the service of the higher soul. Therefore let us, upon this grim yet glorious battlefield of life,

Arise and fly  
The reeling faun, the sensual feast;  
Move upward; working out the beast  
And let the ape and tiger die!

DR. CHURCH.—Question. In your estimate of the injurious effects of unresisted temptation, did you refer to the physical nature, or to the soul?

Ans. I speak only for myself when I say, to the soul. If, having the power to choose the right, I act in opposition to the will and the law which my higher soul reverences and approves, there is a protest in my nature against such apostasy, and I am self-judged and condemned.

DR. CHURCH.—Can the soul of man go backward, ever; or is it only his material attributes that go backward?

Ans. I think pure spirit, as such, does not retrograde. It oscillates between its opposing tendencies. Goodness is legitimate king, Evil the usurping pretender. Under the first we are guided toward Duty and Blessedness. Under the last, we are misguided toward infelicity and disaster. But the central focus of spirit does not shift itself: only its rays may be distorted.

Mrs. WING.—"Lead us not into temptation." This petition involves two difficulties. Temptation or trial, is the necessary condition of human development. Why then should we ask not to be led into temptation? James says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing that the trial of your faith worketh patience." And "How can God be said to lead us into temptation?" James says, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lusts and enticed." But the Christian, who is conscious of this weakness in himself, feels that any temptation may be too strong for him, and therefore prays to be spared in a measure of his liability to fall. This self-distrust, which trusts in God, may make temptation, in its part to teach this very lesson of weakness. Hence, if we pray beforehand, in the right spirit, to be saved from temptation, then the prayer may do for us all that the temptation would do; but if the temptation comes, we may be sure that we needed it, and may hope that we shall have strength to resist it adequate to the occasion. Temptations are occasioned by circumstances which come in the Providence of God. And if they thus come, does not God tempt us? The answer is, that though the occasion of temptation is in the circumstances which God arranges, yet the cause of temptation is in our own evil desires. It is apparent that the same circumstances which would be a temptation to one man, would be no temptation to another; and when this occasion is sent by God, it is not sent, because he wishes us to fall into evil, but because he wishes us either to learn our own weakness, or to practice and increase our strength. A wicked man may take a satanic pleasure in making others wicked like himself, and may really be a tempter; but God does not thus tempt; he tries us, that we may grow purer and stronger through the trial.

MR. PACKARD.—If the devil is in us, we are not obliged to keep him there. We have in ourselves the power to resist the temptations of the devil, and cast him out. The man that says he has got the devil in him, and has got to keep him there, is to be pitied. Prof. Butler has said this; and I don't know whether he is a minister, a doctor, or a lawyer, and I don't care; I can only say that he is to be pitied. One says that he is tempted to do good. Whoever

heard of such a thing as being tempted to do good? Got the devil out of you, if he is in you. This is Bible doctrine, and you are Bible men and women here in this Conference. Yes, you are so, whether you will own it or not.

It is a man who doesn't know anything about spirituality, that says he has the devil in him, and of necessity must keep him there. The idea of overcoming temptation is the key to all Christianity. There, did you ever think of that? I claim that I can resist temptation, and keep the devil out of me; and that man is to be pitied that can't do it.

[Question.—Are you better than Prof. Butler, whom you express so much pity for?]

No.

[Question.—Then why do you prefer him to yourself, as an object of pity?]

I do not.

[Question.—You experience no difficulty in seeing others' faults, do you?]

I can see the devil anywhere.

[Question.—Do you ever pitch into yourself as you do into others?]

I will pitch into the devil anywhere.

[Question.—Are you as wicked as those you fire at?]

Yes.

[Question.—Then why do you fire at them, instead of yourself?]

[A voice.—Because he is "Orthodox?"]

Because I am bound to resist evil.

[Question.—Did Christ teach us to resist evil?]

Yes.

[A voice.—Christ says, Resist not evil.]

PROF. BUTLER.—The gentleman (Mr. P.) may have stated his own position correctly, but he has certainly mis-stated mine.

[A voice.—It is the same with Packard as it is with all other fault-finders—never quotes correctly.]

REV. SILAS TYRELL.—In discussing the subject under consideration, we shall necessarily be led to talk about good and evil. Were it not for what is called good and evil, the world temptation would be meaningless, inasmuch as all that is called sin, wickedness and evil, relate to man alone. Man finds himself existing on earth a rational intelligence, surrounded by certain influences and forces, which act upon the nerves of sensation, thereby begetting a concentrated action of all the faculties and functions of the whole physical man. Some of these influences produce in man very pleasant and agreeable sensations, and cause him to act, in the estimation of those who assume the right to judge, consistently and agreeably; while other influences produce in him very disagreeable feelings and cause him to act like the devil.

Hence, all things which create pleasant feelings in man, and have a tendency to make him not correctly, are denominated by our judges, good; while those things which make him feel miserable, and cause him to act badly, are called sinful, wicked and devilish. Thus we see that what is called temptation, is simply man's ignorance of the influences and forces in Nature which surround him and act upon him.

In the past, men have racked their brains to invent religious creeds, and construct theological platforms by which to influence and bias the minds of the people on the subject of religion. Millions of dollars have been expended to erect beautiful and costly temples, that the salaried expounders of those creeds and dogmas might instruct mankind how to resist temptation. But, alas! the people have not grown wiser under their teachings. Had the same amount of money been expended, and the same amount of talent employed in disseminating useful knowledge among the people, the goal of human happiness had been much sooner reached than it can be now.

If we wish to remove temptation from man, or man from temptation, we have only to impart to him a thorough knowledge of the laws which underlie and govern his being. The moment he obtains this knowledge, he will say to everything which stands in the way of his spiritual growth and harmonious unfoldment, as Jesus once said to Satan—"Get thee behind me."

The great blunder which our religious teachers have made, has been in supposing that there are certain things in existence which are absolutely and totally wrong. Now, sir, regard this as a serious mistake. Everything holds its right, proper and lawful place in the universe, and is essentially necessary in order to complete and perfect the whole.

What we call evil, is as necessary to the perfection and happiness of man, as good. It sustains the same relation to the man as the hurricane does to the oak in yonder field. As the tempest, in sweeping over the isolated oak, only causes it to strike its roots still deeper into mother earth, so evil in all its diversified forms, in surging against man, only causes him to send forth his living, burning aspirations to the infinite sources of life for help—to lay hold of the principles of righteousness, justice and truth, with an undying grasp, and struggle with all the divinity of his nature to triumph over every opposing influence.

What though he does fall once, twice, thrice, yea, or an hundred times! Does that prove that it is not for his benefit to be tempted, even though he does fall? By no means. The only possible effect which evil can have on man, is to break his hold on material life—to destroy his earthly loves, and crash the material shell in which his godlike soul is enshrined, that it may unfold in immortal beauty.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, is one passage of Scripture. And now, Mr. President, I will make another. Blessed also is the man that is tempted and falls. Why? Because the very fact of his falling will prove to be the schoolmaster to bring him back to correct principles.

Many wrap the cloak of self-righteousness around them, and thank God that they have not fallen into certain vices, and yielded to temptation as others have; when in fact they have never been tempted in those directions at all. Their virtue is simply untried innocence. We are told that Jesus of Nazareth was tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin. Why, sir, the very idea is preposterous. If Jesus was tempted, he must have possessed the desire to yield to the temptation; and if he desired to yield, then according to his own formula, he committed just as much sin as any other individual would have done under the same circumstances.

Jesus of Nazareth was a human being; and it is only in consequence of his humanity that his example is worth anything to us human beings. He, like all other human beings, was imperfect, only in a less degree, and was compelled to be perfected through suffering, which is the effect of sin. Let us thank God, then, and take courage; realizing the fact, that after we have been tried and tempted, and have gone through the process of stumbling and falling, our spiritual natures will become unfolded, individualized and rounded out, so that we, too, shall be enabled to triumph over all the conflicting influences which now mar our peace and happiness.

## "Faith and Works."

While reading your beautiful editorial upon "Faith and Works," in the BANNER of 21st September, I was reminded of what occurred a few evenings previous. I had had a sitting with Mrs. Getchell, and stopped on my way home at Professor M'LAREN's, in Dix place. He was sitting on the sofa in a dreamy state, while I related to him some of the most interesting cases, and remarked that some of my spirit-friends were fearful that I should be injured by being followed by undeveloped spirits. When he said—there are more spirits that have followed you to hear you talk, than there are soldiers defending Washington. Deeming this but a figurative expression, I still remarked, that I must be careful as to what I said, when he was suddenly entranced, and a full voice came: "Not so—speak naturally, and then you will speak earnestly. We do not follow you to do you harm, but to do ourselves good." I do not mention this as anything peculiar to myself, but as corroborative of the truth of the saying—that all we are surrounded by unseen intelligences, and that all we say is listened to for good or evil by them.

PAUL FAY.

## DEIFYING MEDIUMS.

BY LITA H. DANNEY.

I dislike the idea of making angels out of men and women, who have not half fledged their wings, toward the Spiritual world, for my experience teaches me that of all with whom I have come in contact, there is yet a strong taint of their earthly proclivities remaining, enough certainly to distinguish them from the race of gods. It has long been quite a newspaper custom, and, in my opinion, in very bad taste, in giving sketches of mediums, to go into the seventh heaven of descriptive vocabularies, to find words to convey the enraptured sensation that the beholder has experienced at seeing the god or goddess of their present theme arise before them and the audience, to convey to them the stream of inspiration transmitted from the spheres through their organisms. If persons out of the field, feel such humiliation at seeing their medium friends thus slipshodly handled, what must be the sensations of those thus designated, by well-meaning, but simple-hearted people who dwell only in an atmosphere of poetry that is composed entirely of foam, and if you wait for it to subside, you have nothing left? This is another delicate point for mediums to refer to. They do not wish to injure the feelings of their self-constituted biographers, and so forbear to utter publicly what they feel free to express as obnoxious, privately. This same sort of fantastic foolery I have seen much of in past times, and also several times lately; and between the splendid texture of the skin, the flowing drapery, the emerging navel, the upturned orbs of black or blue, the charming arrangement of the hair, the beneficent smile, fresh from the land of Abraham, and all these little minutiae, with the particular gestulations, and intonations, we are apt to lose sight of what is coming from those ruby lips, just parted to show the pearly teeth, and to forget the application of the sermon in noting the beautiful flourishes of the lily-white hands, sparkling with showy rings.

Perhaps I cannot appreciate the beautiful as well as many; but I must say I never saw anything very interesting or sublime in watching the coming or going of the trance state. Mediums are apt to twitch and jerk in quite an ungraceful manner, and roll their eyes in a decidedly un-Christian-like way, very much like a dolphin in the last agonies of the toothache, or they give several unmannerly and undignified yawns, while passing under the influence, and where the grace or picturesqueness of the whole affair is located, I confess my inability to determine. Yet I am finding no fault with these manoeuvres, and I should not speak of them at all, and certainly not in this light way, only on account of some writers who are ready to go into ecstasies at what I call contortions, that are to me endurable only because they bring the speaker to a more receptive and superior state.

I have seen our most solid, substantial, principle-hunting mediums make up some of the ugliest faces while passing into the abnormal state; but, this I soon forgot in the beauty and majesty of the utterances given through them. I had "the bitter before the sweet, and it makes the sweet the sweeter."

I hope no medium will feel injured at all by my remarks, as I look upon each phase of mediumship as being necessary to the ultimate growth of the individual and the world, as it is that he partake of food in order to make the body grow to its proper size from infancy. I am referring to a species of adulation that mediums of good sense continually object to, throughout the country. Puffing mediums by handbills and in advertisements, has also had its day, and it is time it ceased. Give them their due, but do not run into such an extreme as to hold up to the ridicule of others, and the mortification of the subject, those whom you worship in your own hearts as your most beautiful type of the Divine.

Providence, September 30, 1861.

## Letter from H. S. Townsend.

I find myself urged to address you again, Messrs. Editors, and speak through this mouth-piece of our people, with the assurance that I still remain in the body, (insufficient as it is to perform the labor my spirit would dictate), and am just as much determined to do what is before me as ever. It seems to me as though there is greater need of earnest, honest workers than ever, for surely the waters are troubled deeply with this great storm of war thundering over our nation. We need to examine well the principles by which we are governed, and inasmuch as they are true to our highest understanding of goodness, honesty and virtue, cling to them, though it were to bring us to the cell or the rack.

Our responsibility as mediums and Spiritualists increases every hour, because hundreds are daily passing "the mystic river with the pale boatman," leaving weeping friends who long to know their destiny, and who, with aching hearts, will come to us for comfort, in the assurance that their friends still live and love and can communicate with them again.

If we are not honest and truthful in our association with mortals, they will have good cause to doubt our higher relation with immortals. If we do not understand the principles of our philosophy, we can impart no substantial comfort, and they will have good reason to exclaim, Alas, it is naught! We want to know of what we speak; to live what we profess; to make ourselves our best, noblest selves in every action, word and thought; to cast from us all love of worldly honor, of display in fashion's rounds, and, indeed, everything that would take one thought from the divine fact, that we are all immortals, destined to live forever, and therefore need so to live that every act may be favorably recorded in the Book of Life. Let us be true!

My home is still in Taunton, where I am endeavoring to do as little harm as possible, and as much good. To take as much comfort as I can with my little family, composed of husband, self and sister, who came with us from our mountain home in Vermont the last of July, and enjoy the society of our many friends, whose kindness continues the same. To cultivate a hopeful spirit, even in relation to earthly things, trusting in that Almighty Power whose will is the law of Love, and consequently must bring out of confusion harmony and peace, I am as ever, dear friends, everywhere,  
Your sister for truth and justice,  
M. S. TOWNSEND.

## Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATEVER IS RIGHT*, by Dr. Child, *THE ABOGAS OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

## The "Eye Opener."

We proceed to make extracts from a few pages of this plain-speaking pamphlet, which the reader will find advertised in another column, and is for sale at the Banner office. Says the writer—who is a Catholic priest—"Whoever be the writers of the Bible, it is evident that they borrowed the idea of a holy book, and much of its subject matter from idolaters. All nations have had sacred books, which they profess to have received from heaven. The Egyptians, to whom the Israelites were said to have been in bondage; the Assyrians, by whom they were carried into captivity; the Hindus, the Chinese, and other nations distinguished for antiquity, all have divine relations. The intercourse which the Jews had with different nations suggested the idea of making a Bible, but they were not quite so successful as those from whom they borrowed the idea."

The idea of inspiration was originally borrowed from the Pagans. Every great man was believed to be inspired. Plato says no man can be great without divine inspiration. Homer, Lycurgus, Romulus, Pythagoras, Solon, and all the distinguished generals and sages, were not only regarded as divinely illuminated, but worshipped after their death as gods. The difference between the holy men of the Bible and those of the heathen is very great. Blood, adultery and cruelty hallowed the former; while virtue, genius and usefulness consecrated the other.

The priesthood was also a plagiarism from the heathen. The Assyrians and Egyptians had a priesthood consisting of different orders, before the time claimed for the existence of the Jewish nation. If not the originators, they are the unquestionable supporters of the invidious distinctions in society, between the different professions in life. They profess to be humble, while they claim the highest rank. The pagan priests were satisfied in being upon equality with kings; but Jewish and Christian priests arrogate the presumption of being superior to them. Whenever they gained the power, they have always shown the disposition to assert the supremacy."

"The Jewish sacrifices were borrowed from pagan nations. All history gives the Egyptians credit for the invention of festivals and sacrifices. The scapegoat of the Jews is a most daring plagiarism. In one of the Egyptian sacrifices, they laid hands on the head of a goat, and, after loading it with imprecations, prayed God to divert upon the victim's head all the calamities that threatened the nation."

The introduction of physical evil into the world by the curiosity of Eve, is founded upon the story of Pandora. Jupiter incautiously gave her a box, but, under the impulse of a fatal curiosity, she opened it, when out flew all the evils in the world, hope alone remained in the bottom of the casket. The resemblance between the copy and original cannot be mistaken. Woman's curiosity is made in both cases the origin of evil. In the one instance, she happened to desire to know how some fruit tasted; in the other, to discover what was in a box. In both cases she violated the commands of her Creator to gratify an idle curiosity, and misery, crime and death were the consequences."

The translation of Enoch corresponds with, and was suggested by prior stories of deified men and heroes. Heracles and Astrea were believed to have ascended alive to heaven, and turned into stars. The Hindus have the same story of Dhruva; the Ceylonese of Buddha; the Calmucks of Xaca; the Christians of Jesus. They are all believed by some nations; but are absurd and ridiculous. Unfortunately for the fame of Enoch, he is not so generally believed in by the nations which are deceived by his priests, as the others are.

The story of Jephthah's daughter was suggested by that of Iphigenia, who was sacrificed by her father, Agamemnon. They are both barbarous, inhuman, and diabolical. They stain the pages of the book which records them as facts; and it is a satisfaction to know that they are but childish fables.

The ridiculous tale of Samson is the mangled tale of Scylla, without the merit of originality. Scylla, it appears, had the wickedness to cut off the purple lock of her father, Misus, king of Megara, and give it to Minus, her father's enemy, with whom he was at war, and by that undutiful means destroyed both him and his kingdom.

The sun having stood still at the command of Joshua, is foolish enough in its nature, and inconsistent enough with the revelations of science to consign it to contempt; but if anything can make it more so, it is the fact of its having been borrowed from the heathen. The Egyptians give an account of the sun having four times departed from its regular course; setting twice where it ought to have risen, and rising twice where it ought to have set. Not having brains sufficient to concoct tales sufficiently wonderful, the inspired writers have had the folly to cram in their works all the folly of heathen writers.

The universal gloom which is said to have covered the earth at the crucifixion of Christ, was borrowed from the heathen tale that at the death of Julius Cæsar the sun grew dim, and continued so for a whole year. This curious tale is told by Virgil, Ovid and Pliny. The latter miracle is greater than the former, and supported by stronger proof; but they are both false."

The reader should purchase this little book and examine its pages for himself. It will compel him, from very shame, to examine into his belief and see upon what basis all creeds are founded. We may make further extracts at another time.

## Obituary Notices.

March 21, 1861, MISS EMMA H. McALLISTER, aged 20 years, 1 month and 1 day; on the 26th h. GEORGE H., aged 21 years 9 months 9 days; and Aug. 28th, WILLIAM FRANCIS, aged 17 years 7 months and 22 days—all of consumption, children of Clement and Minalta McALLISTER, residents of Marlborough, Wis.

EMMA was confined to her bed four months; George over one year, and William Francis eight months. These dear children were all of the Spiritual faith, and all anxious to be released from the frail casket which held them, for they knew of a better and happier land beyond.

The Spiritual philosophy is the sheet anchor of the afflicted ones who are left, and they look upon the departed ones as having gone a little before, where they will wait patiently the coming of those left behind.

W. D. HOLMBOOK.

Died, in Bradford, Me., Aug. 27, 1861, MATTHIAS D., only son of M. and H. A. TAYLOR, aged 7 years 1 month. The subject of this notice was reared to the above age not to fear his best friends, therefore when his mother asked him if he was afraid to depart, his answer was—No!

## Friends of Progress in Indiana.

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

All friends are cordially invited to attend. Speakers from a distance who may journey in this direction will be welcomed to our meeting.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements,  
OWEN THOMAS, Secretary.