

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Cora Wilbura, expressly for the Banner of Light.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The Finding of the Watch.

The road was none of the best; it was a rough, worn-out cart-path that led up hill and down, and once in a while through a miserable village. But the wanderer cared little about it; his mind was occupied with the strange being he had met, with his wit, native judgment and peculiarities of speech. He had learnt to like him, even in so short a space of time, and felt sorry he had left him so abruptly, and that he had not offered him the present in a less offensive manner. He was almost on the point of returning.

"A wonderful exemplar of humanity," he said to himself—"a diamond in hard earthly setting. I must see him again. He is without fortune, yet contented; neglected, because he is not noble, yet without envy against the fame-crowned coward who received the reward that should have been his. There again is one of those rare and great souls whom misfortune makes greater still, while the smallest mishap crushes little souls into the dust. What would have become of me, one-armed, needy, in the place of this man? I can learn from him more in one quarter of an hour, than I could in years of the glittering circles of the every-day life world, with its platitudes, affectations, attempted witticisms and double dealings. I must see him again. He shall give me of his hard fare, that will better nourish the spirit than all the *compotes, cremes, and dainties* of Parisian *soirees*, and their celebrities. I will retrace my way."

He was in the act of turning around, when he observed that great drops were falling from the clouded sky, and the distant roll of thunder warned him to seek shelter speedily. Here, too, the course of the path that had hitherto been through a pine forest, changed into a broad highway. He saw himself in an open field; looked around whether to take to the right or left; observed in the distance a large house near the road, and chose it for a place of refuge. He did well in so choosing, for the rain drops soon fell more heavily, the thunder peals drew nearer. The house, was, contrary to all expectations, a fine inn, entitled "The Golden Bear," and was, as the sign board announced, one of the post stations of the land.

From behind the fine window-panes they looked indifferently on the approaching pedestrian; and with the same indifference he was received in doors, as he entered and threw off his light valise. When he requested to be shown to a room, he was conducted to a gloomy chamber in the attic. But Lyonel understood the art of gaining friends of even surly "Bear" hosts. He demanded a pleasant room, a good bed, a good supper, with the best of wine; or, if they could not furnish what he desired, a conveyance extra post to the next station, as soon as the storm was past.

That acted like a magic formula. Postmaster and mistress, waiter and waitress, men servants and maids, awaited his orders with overwhelming politeness; all were zealous, talkative and obedient. He was shown into an elegant apartment.

Without regard to the storm; rain and wind held carnival, and again the thunder tempest drove into the post inn another traveler, for whose reception master and servants strove, to outvie each other. The stranger came in a closed chaise, drawn by splendid bays, with gallooned coachmen and attendants. He was a stately gentleman of about thirty, of a florid countenance, who sprang lightly from the carriage, gave his orders briefly, and with a dignified manner entered the common sitting-room. He declared his intention of remaining over night, as it was late, and the rain threatened to continue. To the deferential inquiry of whether he would sup in the company of another guest, he replied that he had no objection.

An hour later, Lyonel was called to supper, and found the new comer in a nicely furnished room; upon the table, where plates for two had been laid, burned four wax candles in silver holders. After a silent salutation, when seats had been taken, the conversation commenced with the trifling remarks and questions that are customary among strangers, who, having nothing else to do, are willing to become nearer acquainted. Both seemed more inclined to know of each other as they mutually found a pleasure in the society thus unexpectedly brought about. The newly arrived papers, that, toward the end of the meal, the postmaster placed before his guests, enriched the conversation with fresh material. They glanced over the news to find something of importance or interest to communicate.

"Nothing, nothing anywhere!" said Lyonel, and cast the papers aside. "All filled up with Oriental affairs, with matters from Paris, London, with Esparto, Algiers, Egypt, all that can be found more in detail in French and English Journals. Of Germany, in German papers, strange to say, there is the least mention; at the most there is gossip about railways, princely weddings, the quarrels of actors, of poets and celebrated actresses, and that kind of remarkable news."

"And what is your conclusion, if I may be permitted to inquire, after your emphatic declaration?"

said his friendly neighbor. "Empty newspapers, quiet times. To me it is a proof of Germany's peace, happiness, and political good health, while in other lands there is continual tempest and upheaval. Men love to speak of their condition in the days of sickness, and the history of the world to dwell broadly on the misfortunes of Nations."

"I agree with you, without, however, daring to say that those Nations are the happiest from whom we hear the least. Their mouths may be gagged, so that they cannot cry out. There are again others, who are not unhappy, and of whom there is yet little to relate."

"I understand. Yet it is only the case with nations whose public life has been acknowledged."

"Of course. Nations continue to live, and it must be permitted them. If they have no openly acknowledged life, they often guard a secret one that remains so even to their Government, and becomes dangerous to them when exhibited at the wrong time. Think of France, Spain, of the Italian States, of Poland, and others, since the end of the eighteenth century."

"You are not quite wrong. But you will acknowledge that the life of our German States is ripening joyfully toward the publicly received. Remember the law-giving chambers and statutes of various lands. It seems to me very venturesome to give a sudden expansion to those institutions, as in England or France, or to add to it the daily free press there existing. Gradual, slow progress, is Nature's course; and it is visible in the development of nations. Therefore, I do not deem it unwise, that, for the present, the rights of our peoples' assemblies, as well as the press, should be limited by the superior right of the throne."

"I must give you my entire approval, when you speak of the wisdom of Nature's course, as it is the work of God. I only doubt, once in a while, whether the gentlemen of the Cabinet and the Ministers are wise in the same degree. Sometimes, too, I think they love and use censure that the people may not deem it fit to censure their wisdom or proceedings."

"That may sometimes be the case," said the stranger, laughing.

"It is also remarkable," continued the American, "that the liberty of Nations is seldom achieved by its representative authority, or unfettered press; but is usually brought to pass by the people, by fair means or by force. There is no occasion to point to America, England, France, Switzerland, and so forth. As Germany itself rests in the centre of the universe, so the inhabitants are between the position of bondmen and the freedom of the denizens of the West, partaking of the characteristics of both."

"Well said," replied his attentive companion, still smiling his approval.

"Even for that reason, we Germans are true cosmopolitans; sometimes we are mere citizens, who trouble ourselves more about every one else's business than about our own. Many of our States appear even to me, like some of our ancient cities. The remains are there of the Middle centuries; crooked, dark, narrow, dirty streets; Gothic churches; Gothic Senate houses, plodding life. In the suburbs, on the other hand, broad and handsome streets, palaces, public gardens, great factories, luxury and elegance. Thereby the dwellers of the old city involuntarily learn of and appropriate the good taste of the more progressed."

While the gentleman was speaking, Lyonel was carelessly turning over the papers as he listened. When he had concluded, a certain paragraph attracted his attention, and happening to look up for a second, he saw that his neighbor, with a view of not interrupting him had taken his watch from his pocket, and was winding it up. Lyonel looked at the watch which was quickly returned to its place, and then he looked at the man, but with a suspicious glance. At last he asked him with a serious, almost severe tone:

"Sir, with whom have I had the honor of conversing?"

The stranger thus questioned was struck more by the manner in which the inquiry was put than by the words. He observed the young American in earnest silence for a moment, and replied:

"If you desire to know, sir, I am the President of the High Judiciary, the Privy Counsellor Rainer von Urming. May I permit myself a like inquiry concerning yourself?"

Lyonel Harrington hesitated not to mention name and birth-place; then he added:

"The Privy Counsellor von Urming? President of the High Judiciary? Very good, but—"

"I hope, sir," interrupted his companion, in a tone of wounded feeling, "that you do not doubt my word? You can add, if you choose, Baron, to my name. I am that which I appear, as I believe the same of you."

"I do not doubt it for a moment. But Sir Baron, will you have the goodness to let me look at your watch?"

"My watch? Certainly, here it is."

Lyonel took it, but returned it immediately, saying in a still more positive manner:

"Sir, this is not the same watch that you wound up just now. You seem to carry more than one with you. I wish to see the one with the coat of arms upon the case."

The Baron's eyes glittered with vexation. He arose from his seat, sat down again, and silently drew forth the second watch, and regarded the American, as he examined the case and caused the time piece to strike. He returned it with the question:

"Will you please tell where and since when you came to the possession of that article?"

"As soon as you, sir, will explain to me, what right you have to make such an inquiry."

"I ask, because I am the lawful owner. You are in possession of stolen goods. Will you please look over the police announcements of Baarlingen?"

Lyonel threw one of the papers toward his opponent and gazed at him attentively, while he read. But the frown upon his brow relaxed, a smile crept to his lips, and bursting into a cheerful laugh, the Baron said:

"For the sake of Heaven, Mr. Harrington, you do not take me for a thief? I should regret it very much, as our previous conversation has inspired me with a feeling of esteem toward you. My servant brought me the watch, the day before yesterday, saying it was the property of a real or pretended journeying student, who was in need of money. I took it for the sake of our country's coat of arms engraved upon it, and paid for it sixty guilders. I place no further value on the old time piece; acknowledge your rightful claims; and herewith I restore to you your property. I am only astonished that a watch bearing our country's escutcheon, should have come into your possession in America."

"Before everything else, Sir Counsellor," replied Lyonel, "allow me to apologize most sincerely, if I have said ought to offend you in my hasty speech. Before I knew your name, I felt drawn toward you as to a man of heart and mind and unprejudiced sentiments. I know not what migrant to our country first brought that watch; it is mine as the gift of a beloved departed mother, and I hope it will remain a keepsake in my family."

As he said this, he counted some gold pieces he had taken from his purse, and handed the sixty guilders to the Counsellor von Urming. That gentleman refused to receive the money.

"Then please," said Lyonel, "give them to your servant. He is for me the lucky finder, and I have promised a reward of one hundred guilders. To you, my dear Baron, allow me, to express my thanks in a warm and hearty handshake!"

"Now only am I delighted at the fortunate purchase," replied the Baron, with kindly smile, as he heartily shook the young man's proffered hand. "Unexpectedly I have spent a most pleasant evening, and have formed an agreeable acquaintance; I hope we shall know each other nearer and better. Let us at once conclude the first customary questions of travelers, that are prompted by a pardonable curiosity. Who I am you know already; I come from the Capital, from the sessions of the Upper Judiciary and the business of the Councils of State, and have seen little of my family during the winter; am now returning to them to Lichtenheim, my father's country seat, where, undoubtedly, they are vainly expecting me this very moment."

"I am not expected by any loving relatives in Alabama," responded Lyonel, "but I have many dear friends; and a number of honest colonists, with their families, living on my estates, will welcome my return. There are some Germans among them, and they belong to the most industrious, untiring workers. I studied at the High School of Tusculum, that was founded in 1820, and ever since I have remained a student. I have read books enough in my solitude on the fruitful banks of the Tiber, where the high range of the Alleghenies gently rises. But I was not satisfied with the mere learning of books; what I there read of history, works and wonders of the Old World, appeared to me fabulous and romantic in my aperted and remote home, which, like a new-born child, is yet without fore-word or history. So I resolved to behold Europe and Asia, those two old curiosity coffers, with my own eyes. I was, and am, my own master. I arranged all, and secured the care of my property, and three years ago I started from New Orleans to New York; from thence I proceeded to Smyrna and Constantinople."

"You astonish me, Mr. Harrington; I begin to envy you. As far as Constantinople?"

"I saw the pyramids of the Pharaohs; the dreary Pyramids and Athens; Latium, and the unromanced Rome; the decaying cities of the Dandolos, and Donas; the filth and splendor of London and Paris. Your Germany was yet wanting. Through Holland, and a pair of rusty Hansatic towns, I came to the residences of the Great Frederick, the noble-minded Emperor Joseph. From Vienna, on the return way, I found myself here, with the intention of going down the beautiful Rhine, to take a steamer in Harve for my native land. I am now wandering on foot, wherever chance may lead me, until the bruised arm and knee of my servant shall be healed. I left him with our horses in the little city of Baarlingen."

"Mr. Harrington, once again, we must not part so. Let us call for a bottle of champagne; it is not too late."

The Counsellor pulled the bell-rope, the waiter appeared, and with a deep obeisance received the gentleman's commands.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### The Death of the Innocent.

The sweet and fiery wine foamed in the narrow glasses, and the friends, rising from their seats, drank to each other's health with a look that said, as their glasses touched and rang again, "So may our hearts approach each other!" Then in cheerful conversation they paced up and down the floor, both eager to question and to reply. The bottle was emptied, and a second one ordered.

"But, friend," said the Baron von Urming, as he took Lyonel's hand, "you do not think of soon returning to that nest of a Baarlingen? Take a seat with me; in the chance to encounter the worst of more of one another. I wish to introduce you to my family."

"No, my dear Baron; every stranger plays an awkward part in the reception of a long absent loved one. Excuse me, but I give you my hand and word that I will come to see you in a few days."

"Very well; I hold you to that promise."

"I must notify the industrious police that they may cease their efforts, now that, through you, I have recovered my lost property."

"So you were robbed at the place of execution. Did the unfortunate Moor-Michael meet his death bravely?"

"I gave more attention to the countenances of the people than to him. But I heard his testimony from the scaffold, declaring his innocence."

"He was indeed innocent! The course of the royal justice in Baarlingen with our neighbors there—it does not belong to our Dukedom—has made a terrible mistake."

"How? Was the unhappy man truly guiltless of the imputed crime?"

"Do you not yet know that? Two smith servants taken into custody at the time he was, and known as guilty of various transgressions against the law, who rendered themselves still more suspected by their conflicting statements, confessed, the day after the execution, that they had been the murderers of the girl, and only wanted to revenge themselves on Moor-Michael, as they had been taken at his instigation. The wretches even made merry over the foolishness of the poor pedlar who could not leave alone the handkerchief and the knife which they had thrown away in their haste."

"Horrible! horrible!" cried Lyonel. "All the regret of the tribunal cannot restore the innocently condemned to life. He was, then, no malefactor; but those who were his judges, what were they but blind, although legitimate, murderers of a blameless man?"

"Of course; the judges committed the worst kind of an unintentional error."

"Unintentional error!" exclaimed Lyonel. "The worst kind of blood guiltiness have they burdened themselves with, judges as well as legislators! These are the Sodom fruits of the barbarian spirit yet ruling in the world—the result of the hereditary prejudices not yet overcome. Is it not unreasonable action to retain a code of punishment whose aim is not attained, that, on the contrary, often causes that which we attempt to prevent?"

"You are quite excited, my dear Harrington! But I do not quite comprehend your meaning. You mean to convey—"

"That the laws of punishment of our vaunted civilization bear the complete impress of Oriental barbarism. Yes, the ancient instruments of torture wherewith ignorant justice sought to force the confessions of truth, have been abolished. There was in them a sort of aim. But the dreadful, cruel, objectless, revolting human torture has been retained. There is compassion for beasts; there are laws and societies formed for their protection; it is forbidden to torment them. But against barbarous human slaughter no heart arises indignantly, despite of Christianity, praying and singing, culture of the people, and wisdom of their rulers—despite of philosophical meditations and poetic sentimentalities!"

The Baron gazed at the excited speaker in surprise.

"Indeed, my dear American friend, you speak in German, and yet I do not understand you. I am somewhat of a lawyer, and know not of what tortures you speak, that are in vogue to-day."

"I speak of that which I witnessed—of the grand display, the fearful pageantry prepared for the execution of a supposed murderer, that uselessly his death agony might be prolonged and augmented. Do you not find this torturing of one about to be thrust from life as dreadful beyond aught else? Think of the slow, solemn procession; of the troops arranged and commanded on that place of death; the bells toll; clergymen appear as followers; a numerous mass streams from every part of the vicinity to gaze at the condemned, to enjoy the mournful spectacle; distinguished persons, those in authority, take their seats upon the scaffold. Wherefore all this expensive, almost princely, ceremonial for the dying hour of an outcast human creature, if it is not to increase his soul's anguish and augment his terror of death until the utmost?"

"I honor your humanity; but do you not perhaps view the matter from solely one point of view? The criminal has forfeited his life; he is an injury to society; so he may serve it in his dying hour; and by the aspect of the fearful results of his misdeeds, he may awaken the conscience of others and cause them to shudder and shrink from the commission of evil."

"Because, my dear Baron, the hitherto observed formalities have seldom served in answering the purpose, but, on the contrary, have often hindered the effect, do they seem to me as useless as they are unmerciful. You are yourself President of a tribunal; you have, no doubt, witnessed executions. What saw you there? A multitude, eager as for a theatrical performance, who congregate to stare, and afterward to gossip of what they have seen. Have not the like cruel exhibitions a tendency to lead those of feeble religious principles toward the commission of crime? Would thieves who lurk amid the crowd for booty follow their unhallowed calling if they were frightened from the path of wrong? My watch was stolen close by the bloody scaffold; I was robbed there. At the close of the horrible drama, young and old, men and women of all classes, went their way, cheerful and content as at the conclusion of a play; they dispersed in taverns, to drink wine and beer; they laugh, quarrel, make a tumult; and who knows what mischief and sin is committed on that return way?"

"What you tell me is, unfortunately, acknowledged in many places as well founded. I know that application has been made in high quarters to wean the people from the love of such exhibitions, and substitute in their place the quiet execution of a criminal, surrounding it, in lieu of pomp and display, with secrecy and mysterious dread. I confess that the terrible enacted before the eyes of men, seldom has the effect upon their minds that is the province of the mysterious, the fearfully unknown! Such is the power of imagination; through its influence the half veiled beauty gains wondrous charms, and the tragical is frightfully enhanced. But, my best Harrington, you know, too, the power of custom. Our governments are shy of innovations in their business life, though the ordinary man receives them in his house and vocation. I am convinced that every government entertains the fear, by abolition of public executions, to fall under the suspicion of secret cruelties and arbitrary murders with the populace; and that it would give the discontented and universal fault-finders opportunity to calumniate the honesty of justice."

"I venture no objection. And yet it seems to me that in every land where all is kept a secret from the citizens, where there is secret State business in place of public account; secret police in place of visible; secret jurisdiction, and not openly acknowledged; secret instructions of the censors, in place of a free press; where secret Counsellors of State and church, of schools, finance and war, abound—there I should think private executions would not be out of place. The mysterious wisdom of the authorities permits. I know not why the public acknowledgment of such things only as tend to the demoralization of the people, namely, public brothels, gambling houses, lotteries, and the like, even so, public scaffold."

The Privy Counsellor looked at the young man with a smile that betokened doubt, as he replied: "I believe I half understand your irony. A man like you cannot earnestly desire private executions. I think you advocate the total abolishment of capital punishment?"

"Yes, indeed! And wherefore should I not? Can you not yourself confess that the legal death penalty may become a legal crime of the State?"

"Hold! Do I comprehend aright? A crime of the State? A legal crime?"

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### The Fearful Indemnification.

The conversation of the new friends became more deeply interesting. The Baron was surprised or hurt at the last uttered strange expression. As both were somewhat excited, they interrupted each other's speech, until the Counsellor, resuming the thread of the discourse which he had interrupted by his question, said:

"Well, then, will you explain yourself more clearly?"

"I must repeat," continued the free-spoken American, "that through its administrative, legislative, and judicial power, the state may commit wrongs, sins, nay, crimes, as well as can the individual. It is not all-wise, nor all holy; it becomes what it is through its authority, that is composed of men, of the ordinary individuals."

"Well, let us leave that for the present," said Herr von Urming. "What follows?"

"The State punishes the crime of murder with death; even when it is committed as the result of religious fanaticism, or of wretched education, or of unreflecting anger, drunkenness or despair. But it imposes, in cold blood, well reflected, soberly, a murder as the penalty. And is it not a crime of the State against God and man, when this punishment falls upon an innocent or less guilty person? The retention of the death penalty is fit only for coarse, uncultured nations; as we excuse the dilettantes of children ere they have attained to a better knowledge."

"Ah, so!" replied the Baron, smiling; "we stand again before the oft debated question on which so much has been said and written."

"And for which still more will be debated and written," responded Lyonel, "until princes and people will introduce a merciful law." According to my conviction, no State has the right to annihilate the first and holiest of man's privileges, and every law to that purpose is to be rejected; for its false adaptation, be it caused by the error or malice of the judges, renders it impossible to give indemnification for the committed wrong to the innocently punished. But I know very well that there are a thousand apologists for legal murders against one who dare elevate his voice in behalf of humanity. You have the Jewish Christian theologians, in whose articles of faith reason is a horror and vexation; they prove, from the Old Testament, that whoever sheds blood, his blood shall be shed in return. Then come the State corporals with their clubs, and their statute exemplars; then the lawyers with the Emperor Charles the Fifth's penal Judicature; or they bring proofs in Latin-German of the necessity of capital punishment as the means of frightening other offenders. And yet they cannot deny the long experience that proves, despite of all hanging, beheading and breaking upon the wheel, that the number of criminals has in no wise diminished; that, on the other hand, where the former frequently occurred,



death penalty is rarely visited upon the criminal, the occurrence of starting crime is rare."

"Perhaps those lawyers who defend the penalty may find more favor in your eyes, when you consider that they regard it as the defence of the country, against the enemies of the public safety, as we regard the foe in times of war."

"Excuse me, baron, if I see therein nothing but sophistry. When the transgressor is taken, the necessity for defence ceases. He is deprived of liberty without the means of inflicting injury. Wherefore kill him? We no longer kill defenceless prisoners of war, as they did in the olden time. Of course the imprisoned malefactor may escape and commit fresh misdeeds, but it is the fault of the State, its ill-arranged prisons or institutions. But it cannot have the right, through neglect of its duties, to murder men, and to make of Eternity a prison-house from whence no malefactor can escape."

"Strongly viewed!" replied the Herr Von Urmung. "May I be allowed to contradict you? Nevertheless—"

"Only think of the unfortunate Moor-Michael and we have manifold examples of such judicial murders. Judges, deceived by appearances, or misled by party spirit, may send an innocent being to death; and when they become conscious of their mistake, and regret their haste, it avails naught to recall the untimely sent one from the Eternal prison. They cannot grant him any earthly reparation. How, then, is it all set aside for them with a hearty regret, with a shrug of the shoulder? Parents chastise their children to make them better. Nature punishes through sickness and pain, in order to warn from the violation of her laws, and to teach a frivolous mind a higher prudence. God inflicts the penalty of remorse upon the sinner, to teach him of a better way; but man punishes his equal with deprivation of life. And yet death in itself is no punishment; if it were, we should deem our birth the same. But both are divine ordinances of Nature."

"Do not waste your words, my dear enthusiast! Men of insight, experience and true benevolence have long since but one opinion on the subject. The knot that is to be loosened, does not appear to me to consist therein; the difficulty of it is, to find a mode of punishment that shall be as terrifying as the condemnation to death, and that shall render the heart-purification of the sinner possible—a method whereby society shall be the better secured against persistent villains than by their perpetual imprisonment. For, not even the strongest prisons afford this security, but often leave the criminal the hope of self-release, which is too often realized. Remember the French Bagnes. Transportation to New Holland or Siberia are commendable substitutes for the death penalty or life-long incarceration; but all States do not possess the ways and means for that procedure, nor sufficient wealth to defray the expenses for the banishment of its felons. Where, then, shall we find the adequate substitute?"

"What you seek for now, has been found by the Ancients. There was once a mode of punishment by which the transgressor was rendered far more powerless against society, and more strongly withheld from all future crime than he could have been through the infliction of a life-long prison and iron bands—a punishment that gave him less hope of regaining his liberty, than could have been felt in the mightiest dungeon—a penalty far more terrible and dreaded than the sentence of death; and yet, I believe in many respects more humane, more natural, because it not only gives the delinquent time for repentance, but often makes of the former injurious individual a useful and honorable member of society."

The Counsellor Von Urmung regarded the young man with astonished curiosity; he doubtfully shook his head and said:

"Well, let us hear. You say, a punishment as much dreaded, as terrifying in its influence as death itself, or as perpetual imprisonment, and yet in many respects more meritorious, that is acknowledged in its aim? I vainly seek to find what it is. Please name it to me."

"Perhaps you, like hundreds of others, will start in affright at the first moment, and will think that the funeral pile and the living burial are less barbarous. In short, in place of taking the life of great criminals, let them be deprived of the light of their eyes. In place of legal murders, let us have this legalized chastisement for this use."

"By all that is sacred—a fearful proposition! Annihilation of the noblest sense! I would rather suffer death."

"Is annihilation of the noblest sense worse than the deprivation of life? Cannot the blinded sinner yet enjoy the happiness of life, as thousands enjoy, who are blind from their birth, or have become so through sickness or accident? What thousands are by birth or accidental occurrence, the malefactor has become through guilt. Can he not, like every other blind person, enjoy the intercourse of his fellows without danger to them? And, nevertheless, the world to him, by withdrawal of the light, is transformed into a vast prison, though he is not deprived of the necessary and healthful exercise of his limbs, and the employment of hands and feet to useful purposes. He is no longer an object of dread; but solely one of pity, as every criminal should be. He cannot escape—the blind know not when the eye of another is watching them."

"I must collect myself, before I dare reply," said the privy councillor, with much seriousness. "Yes, there is truth in what you say of that awful punishment. It belonged to the means of force employed by those iron centuries that were so inventive of cruelty. I remember well with what shuddering interest I read at school the traditions of the blind Belisarius, the Bavarian Prince Tassilo, and others, who living with extinguished sight, were thrust into eternal night. But, if I mistake not, this barbarous practice was not so much a punishment, as a means whereby vindictive kings sought to render harmless the persons they feared would bring them danger."

"It may be so. In those savage times, when correction meant revenge, this penalty might have appeared much too mild for their purpose. But in the present era, that boasts of its enlightenment, the punishment of the wrong doer should no more be the legalized animal revenge of a State. And yet it is done, and upheld by theological lawyers, who feel more strongly the desire of retaliation than the love of humanity; who do not reverse and follow the example of him who taught us to love even the smoothest spark of divinity in our enemies; that we should not will the death of the sinner, but desire that he live and repent. The punishment I have mentioned is a severe one; and, though in case the condemned be guiltless, his eyesight can no more be restored than the life that is taken, at least the State with its legislation and judges bears not the weight of blood-guiltiness upon it. If the innocent-

ly executed Moor-Michael were living to-day, although blind, the solemn acknowledgment of his innocence, the regret of the tribunal would rejoice his soul; and the rest of his days, darkened though they were, would be sweetened by the compensations awarded him."

While Lyonel was speaking, as if by inspiration, with glowing cheeks and tear-filled eyes, the baron gazed upon him in silence and with deep emotion. He approached the young man, clasped him in his arms, and cried:

"Harrington, let us be friends! You are a noble-hearted enthusiast!"

They closed the bond of friendship, and continued their conversation till deep into the night, ere they sought the repose of sleep.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### The Emigration.

The next morning they parted like heart-affined ones, who seem to have been so for many years. When the Baron Von Urmung stepped into his carriage, he took again the hand of his new-made friend, and said:

"Harrington, do not disappoint me. Come to see me at Lichtenheim, beneath my father's roof, before you vanish from our neighborhood. You will keep your word?"

"I will," responded Lyonel, and the carriage rolled swiftly on. He looked after it till the bushes hid it from his sight, then he returned to the post inn, took his light valise and his cane, and wandered on toward the delightful Rhine.

It was the loveliest May morning. The heavens were of the deepest blue, the fields arrayed in lustrous green; the air freshened by the thunder-storm of the past night; rain-petals sparkled tremulously from every leaf of the blooming fruit-trees. With every breath he drew, his heart expanded with a delicious sense of pure enjoyment. Lyonel's thoughts were much occupied with his new friend, the baron.

"This excursion has proved rich in trophies for the heart," he said to himself. "I shall have much to relate to my good Arnold Jackson. I should like to see him and that original old soldier together; what is his name? Oh, I remember—Tobias Thorke. They are much alike, and I doubt not, would become friends. Then again, the Privy Counsellor, with a far different external, another *ton*, and coat, a polished education, but as regards the rest, the same truthful, honest disposition."

Egged on by the like cheerful recollections and dreams, the young man pursued his way with rapid steps, not caring to pay much attention to the surroundings, which, by their uniform, unobtrusive aspect, appealed neither to his attention nor curiosity. The villages through which the path led him saddened his gay mood of mind by the dreary appearance of their neglected, filthy houses, with their paper-covered windows; the stagnant pools; ragged and unkempt inhabitants, that met his eye. In strange contrast to the ugliness of the half decayed huts, stood the newly built pastorage, or the handsome dwelling of the authority of the place.

"I would rather share the log houses of the pioneers of our forests or prairies," thought our traveler. "And yet, the rulers of such regions are named the fathers of the people! Here live their delegated, gentlemanly deputies, their spiritual lords and servants of the Most High! Why does not some one take the trouble to civilize these bores?—for, human as they are, they are born and brought up to feed the beasts in their muddy stables. Is it a wonder that they resemble the animals—merry in body and in soul?"

It was past noon when Lyonel entered a forest and met with a number of men, women and children assembled beneath the shading trees. Through the branches of the fir ascended clouds of smoke from the many little fires whereby the crowd performed their cooking. The American thought at first that he looked upon a band of gypsies enjoying their leisure time, but, drawing nearer, he saw they were passably well clad country folks, and aside from the main road stood two heavily freighted wagons. He addressed the strange assemblage with a friendly greeting, and was soon informed that they were going to Havre, from thence across the ocean to Texas, to settle in the new, free world.

They no sooner heard that he was a native American, but he became at once the welcomed of all; they hailed his appearance as a good omen. He took a seat upon the grassy earth, by the side of a young mother, who held her smiling infant in her arms; the rest were grouped around. The archly whispering peasant maidens, as they glanced at the young stranger, were convinced that the inhabitants of the distant America were far better looking than they had dared to imagine. It is probable they thought only of meeting with savages across the sea; they kept the new-comer busy in replying to their manifold inquiries, for the entire caravan surrounded him, and plied him eagerly with questions. He replied cheerfully to all, and gave them much information that was as desirable as unexpected, for he told them of many precautions necessary on the voyage to New Orleans; of the difficulties of the inland roads through Louisiana; of the care to be taken against the frauds awaiting them in Havre on the occasion of their embarkation, and of the like danger to be avoided upon their landing on the shores of his native country. He counseled, warned and instructed them concerning the choice of a settlement, for he was not lacking in experience. Among them all was one who listened with the deepest attention, and who noted down in a memorandum book the most important points of information. He was a small, slender man, with sharply defined features, and wore a shabby, black coat, which, like the felt hat beside him, had assumed a reddish brown hue from constant use.

"Thanks, sir," he said. "I thank you in the name of all! May the hand of God, which has led you hither, reward you here and in the better life beyond. We know that we are about to encounter troubles, hindrances and dangers, and we leave our homes with heavily burdened hearts. But the Lord has helped us, heretofore, and surely will continue his aid."

"And wherefore, reverend sir, must you leave your fatherland?" asked Lyonel. "Who compels you? Among all the princes of your Germany, there is not one tyrant, to my knowledge."

"Permit me to interrupt you, I am no Reverend, although I have fully studied my theology at the University; yet, despite of my long past examinations and the best recommendations, I remained a schoolmaster, because I could not rejoice in the possession of a distinguished patron. But the Lord has ordained it well! Blessed be his name! Now, to touch upon your question. We have, indeed, good rulers, who mean to do right by the people; God

bless them for it! They do not drive us out from the seats of our fathers, and we could live therein as ever. The land is large and broad enough; has room enough left for many thousands. But only to him that hath, to him is given; to him that hath little, from him that is taken. But, as I said, our Princes are mild and gracious, but they know not of our necessities and of the defects of their lands, from personal insight."

"But why, friend schoolmaster, are they not informed of this?"

"Who shall undertake it? The great men, their counsellors, seek only their own good, or know of the condition of the common people only from written reports and tables; the subordinate authorities also live for themselves, and hold to olden usages, and allow kind Heaven to care for the rest. If one of us were to speak, he would be considered an impertinent fellow, a revolutionary head, an innovator. We have representatives, of course; but whoever dares not to the whistle of my lord, the Minister's, stands in evil repute, and becomes suspected that all is not right with him."

"I wonder none the less that they allow the annual emigration of thousands of industrious, even wealthy persons from the land. The government loses thereby immense sums of money, and retains its paupers and good-for-naughts, who cannot pay their passage. This must considerably augment the already great mass of poverty."

"Very true, dear sir, and the number of the needy ones increases rapidly. I must acknowledge that obstacles enough have been thrown in our path; but at length they permit us to depart, and all behind us remains the same as ever. We behold more looking up from below than the great ones can see from above. They see only hats and caps, not the discontented faces beneath; they look upon the shoulders of the people, but not upon the burdens which they bear. We all, who are going to Texas, might have obtained sufficient bread for our own use, but not enough for our children, when they come to share what we should leave. It is our duty, as Christian parents, to care for our posterity, and to guard them from this danger. Every danger becomes, through half measures against it, full and complete. In the New World, our sons can possess much or little, and call it their own; that is not quite the case here. There are too many who lay claim to what has been so wearily earned. Every one here pulls; the ruler of the land, the estate-holder, the authorities, taxes, ground rents, the clergy, the military, the community, the beggars. There is no end to imposts and taxes. Alas, the Fatherland is not always fatherly in its acts!"

"I cannot believe that the arrangements are worse in this part of the land than in any other."

"They are not, sir; they may be worse in other portions of the country. You, kind sir, are a stranger, and do not understand our condition. But I will place some of the circumstances before you. The land, as I have told you, is large and broad, and much of it is capable of a better agriculture; it is not overpopulated either, yet it is much too narrow for the laboring class. For the greater, often the finest portion of the soil is snatched from the hands of the people, and rests in the dead or indolent hands of a higher power. Elderships must be upheld; great domains, convents and noble estates, that are of use only to titled lords; large tracts of land that are only at the disposal of the rich owners of numerous herds, and, in contrast to this, for us, a limited occupancy of ground, a bounded liberty of profession, and trade and office; yes, even a limited freedom of faith and conscience, so that we may not even worship our Lord God in accordance with our Christian convictions."

"I have heard of this. Please go on, friend schoolmaster."

"What more shall I say? There is care taken for all, except the greatest portion of the people, and for the most needful there. As if we peasants did not belong to the people! Look at our village schools, our education, our miserable agriculture! Money is attracted upwards, want and poverty drawn down. They have their splendid troops, regiments of infantry and cavalry; we in the country are compelled to give our sons that they may be formed. When they have served their time, and have learned nothing better, nor besides, but often have learned evil, we have thereby a few wretches more. There, you behold a mass of pensioned upper and under officers; the lower ones, poorly paid, must make an honorable appearance, beyond their means; they cannot well marry, therefore, our daughters are brought to shame in the cities, and illegitimate children are without number. Sir, all this brings poverty! There, palaces are built, millions are sacrificed, and they make sport of the decaying huts in the villages. There is on the other hand, no lack of wine, beer, and brandy taverns, and lottery tickets at every corner."

"I think your princes should know all this as well as yourselves."

"Ah, they have too many cares, if they do know it. They have to think for themselves, and their necessary household state; of a thousand needs of the Government; they are incessantly surrounded and tormented by a swarm of high and distinguished courtiers, who live in their immediate vicinity, and are importuned by them with petitions, eulogies and flattering speeches, for the attainment of office, aid, increased salary, pensions, and the like. The rulers see no end to this incessant bestowal of gifts; they are not rich enough to satisfy each and all. If to this were added the applications of the common people, they would say: 'you are an unreasonable crew that never can be contented, but always complaining. And it is so in all lands. If you are not satisfied with what you have here, emigrate, and seek a better country.' Well, sir, that is what we are doing now. And that we are compelled to it is known to God, and is no fault of ours."

The conversation of the schoolmaster was more interesting to Lyonel than to the rest, for, after a while, they dispersed, and set about a variety of employments, some placed the remaining viands in the wagons, others harnessed the horses, others again took their little children from their wives' arms, with the intention of carrying them upon the road. In this manner, the motley throng pursued its way, Lyonel accompanied them, walking beside the schoolmaster. The discourse of this good man was instructive and pleasing to the young observer of human nature. He learned there what he never could have been informed of in the saloons of fine society. And, as in his opinion, the man, of himself, was of far more importance and worth than his coat or linen, so, also, the knowledge of the effects of the laws and public ordinances upon the people was of more importance to him than the mere aspect of great cities, where life and art enjoyments abounded; experience of the moral standard of a nation; was more to him than the observation of its domes and chapels, of ancient,

or of modern date. The conversation of the schoolmaster, although his opinions might have been partial and erring, in some respects, corroborated what he had learned to his satisfaction in his many journeyings, namely, that it was not the superiority of the North American State laws, nor the over-populous condition of the European world, that compelled hundreds of thousands annually to emigrate across the sea.

The day passed on conversing on these themes, and, with the many, he entered a village, where all remained over night. Lyonel assembled around him some of the most intelligent of the company, and offered to them much valuable advice concerning their future course, with written recommendations to several sea-ports, and, also, if they resolved to settle in Alabama, open letters to Mr. Josiah Waynes, his trusty steward in the colony near Tuscaloosa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Written for the Banner of Light. MY PICTURES.

BY SUSIE E. BARBER.

In a cozy little nook,  
That no prying eyes may see,  
Lie two pictures, side by side,  
Stories strange they tell to me.

One in costly golden frame,  
Nestled soft in velvet fold,  
Meets my oft inquiring gaze,  
With an eye both dark and bold—

Eyes that flash with hidden fire,  
Forehead massive, grand, and high,  
Round it locks of midnight hair,  
Features all to match the eye.

In a less pretentious frame  
Lies a strangely different face;  
Yet a something of that fire,  
Even there, the eye may trace.

Eyes though dark, they yet are blue,  
Forehead bold and white and fair;  
Lips that boast the ruby's hue;  
Wavy locks of chestnut hair.

And a third, a younger face!  
That is painted in my heart;  
By the others 'tis not placed,  
Of my being 'tis no part.

Once, those eyes of deepest brown,  
And those bright, deceptive lips,  
Told me stories far more sweet  
Than neater meet for fairy lips.

But the picture now is gone  
That around me cast a spell,  
And I breathe no sigh or moan,  
For I know that all is well.

And the one with deep, dark eye,  
And a magic all his own,  
Wakes no quick, responsive sigh;  
Wine me not with syren tone.

But the threads that weave my life,  
Wove a pattern bold and new;  
And the colors strange, but fair,  
Borrowed from his love their hue.

Picture with the magic eye,  
And the hair of raven hue,  
Picture of such mystic power,  
Now to you I say adieu!

And the one with lips of red,  
With the deep, expressive eye,  
He is weaving up the threads,  
Onward led by Destiny.

What 's the pattern? Time will prove.  
Are the colors dark, or bright?  
Swift the shuttles onward move,  
And I feel that all is right.

In that cozy little nook  
Other pictures now are laid;  
In the mystic web of life,  
Other patterns now are made.

And the one with eyes of brown,  
As a friend, comes back to me;  
And his picture, once so true,  
With the others, now I see.

And the one with eyes of blue,  
As a friend, comes to me now;  
And without a thought of love,  
With my lips I press his brow.

Strange, ah! strange, the path we trod!  
Strange the fate that led us on!  
But another leaf is turned;  
Sealed the page that now is gone.

And I give a thought to one  
That by others, is not seen;  
In my heart he holds a place,  
I dream of him sometimes, I ween.

Still another pictured face  
Glimpses me, from that cozy nook;  
Glimpses me with an eye so bright,  
Honor, truth, in every look.

We are traveling on in life,  
And our paths lie side by side;  
Who can tell if they will join,  
Or if sometime they'll divide?

Destiny will some time prove  
What our future paths will be;  
Should they join, or separate,  
Wisdom guides us truthfully.

Warwick, Mass., 1862.

#### Notions about God.

What a medley of conceptions and half-conceptions, notions, and half-notions, people indulge in respecting the great Creator of the Universe! Unable to institute any more solemn comparison concerning him than is implied in calling him a Judge, the orthodox will have it that he really sits fixed on a great white throne, dispensing judgments, without mercy, with all the severity of Rhadamanthus. Old Montaigne says of these practices among men: "What, for example, can be more vain than to imagine, to guess at God, by our analogies and conjectures? To direct and govern him and the world by our capacities and our laws? And to serve ourselves, at the expense of the divinity, with what small portion of capacity he has been pleased to impart to our natural condition; and because we cannot extend our sight to his glorious throne, to have brought him down to our corruption and miseries?" It is nothing less than this which we do, when we assume to set up our limited conceptions, notions, or imaginations of God as a standard for others to go by, when their hearts suggest adoration. And the establishment of these things is just all about which the breeds fight and the churches wrangle.

"A witty man can make a jest—a wise man can take one."

#### Correspondence.

##### Where our Thoughts Come From.

FRIENDS OF THE BANNER.—We all acknowledge with Thomas Paine that there are "some thoughts that bolt into our heads," coming we know not how, or whence. Inventors, composers and writers will be especially familiar with this experience, and to such of your readers as may be willing to accept of a spiritual solution for this seeming spontaneity of thought, the following incidents of my travel may not be uninteresting.

Last November, I went to Sutton, N. H., to fulfill an engagement of long standing, and give one Sunday to the good people of Sutton. I found my correspondent and employee, Mr. Frank Chase, almost the sole representative of Spiritualism in three villages, and if time and space would permit me, I could give your readers a history of modern martyrdom, endured during a five years' warfare, conducted single-handed by this brave young man, against bigotry, cowardice and village politics, that should stimulate the despairing to hope under the most adverse circumstances, and put to shame the murmurs of the "well to do" Spiritualist, who, after enduring a few cold looks, and paying out a few dollars, to sustain "the cause," withdraws, with the self-satisfied assurance "that he has made sacrifices enough for Spiritualism, and means to do no more."

Not so my brave ally, Mr. Frank Chase, who, with scarcely any means, and the entire battery of Sutton influence leveled against him, by aid of a few Quixotes, whose chief inducement to lecture is the need of the people, rather than self, has managed to keep Spiritualism so unimpaired before Sutton eyes, that they know with the heart what they reject with the lips. Although none of Mr. Frank Chase's family were Spiritualists, I was hospitably entertained in his house.

One day, whilst receiving visits from the neighbors in company with Mr. Chase's mother, I noticed to some of my visitors the presence of different spirit-friends they had brought with them. As those I was so fortunate as to perceive were recognized with many expressions of gladness and surprise by their friends, Mrs. Chase remarked—"I supposed she was not good enough to be visited by spirits, as I had never recognized any for her." In apparent answer to her remark, a tall man appeared at her side, who called her "a kind of sister of his." This, in connection with other tokens of identity, assured her it was a half-brother of hers, and excited much curiosity and interest in her mind.

Some time since, my host, Mr. Frank Chase, had invented a new window blind, for which he had obtained a patent. Mr. Chase always claimed that the thought of this invention had come into his head in a manner so singular, that he was perfectly sure it was a "spiritual impression." The spirit of the uncle now before me, informed me that he (himself an ingenious workman) had been the author of this thought, but as the assertion contained in it no special proof, it was not received by the company with much favor. Ere he disappeared, the spirit added: "I will give Frank another proof of my care and love for him, and do something greatly to his benefit."

That night the moment I extinguished my lamp on going to bed, the tall man stood by my side, kindly quieted the fear which the miserable prejudice of early education has still left on my nerves of spirits, and after exacting from me a promise that what he was about to communicate I would freely give to his nephew, he proceeded to show me an invention for closing window blinds, opening, shutting and most securely fastening them, and all from the inside, and without the cold and troublesome process of opening and shutting the window.

The machine was, and is, exceedingly simple, can be applied to any window, is the most secure of fastening when closed, against burglars, and equally so when pushed back, against the action of the wind. My shadowy mechanical friend took the pains to show me the instrument made in two kinds of metal, the one plain and inexpensive, the other more showy and expensive. With another charge to "give it to Frank," together with the assurance that he should obtain a patent for it, and, more apocryphal yet, be actually loaned the money which was to procure said patent without any difficulty, my good instructor went over again the screws, hinges, joints, material, &c., and made me kindly good-night.

The next morning, almost at dawn of day, saw me fitting on to a frozen window, and in the midst of a blinding snow storm, a paper model of the spirit's machine. Mr. Frank Chase, a ready and ingenious mechanic himself, at once understood the idea, and with the promise of the spirit (which he did believe) that where my description failed he would inspire him, and a further promise (which seemed so wild in Sutton finances that he did not believe it), namely, that the means for obtaining his patent should be found, I quitted Sutton.

About one week after my departure, I received a letter from Mr. Chase, announcing that the machine was made, tried, and pronounced by several mechanics of the vicinity perfectly satisfactory and complete in all its details. A few weeks later, my correspondent informed me that the money was readily obtained, and the patent followed; that the spiritual machine is now in successful operation, and great demand, and can be had of Mr. Frank Chase, Sutton, N. H., &c., &c.

As I have the permission of the parties concerned to publish this statement, and as the various witnesses can and will testify to the above, I think I am justified in saying that in me (whom I presume none of my acquaintances would look to find germs even of mechanical genius), there is one evidence, at least, that we need but to see the wheels that move the machine, and obtain glimpses of the invisible workmen who are engaged in the machinery, to find where those thoughts fraught with gleams of untrodden possibilities, and rife with gems of useful discovery, come from.

EMMA HARDING.

#### Letter from Newburyport.

MR. EDITOR.—As occasionally I receive letters asking about coming to this city to lecture, it may as well be stated that we have no accommodations. The hall formerly used by us, many persons are afraid to go into, and the city refuse to allow the City Hall to be used on Sunday, and of the score of churches, not one is as yet under sufficient Christian government to allow the Gospel of God and his angels to be preached. But we live in the glorious days of progression, and hope, before many years, to see the light of reason illuminate some of the so-called churches of Christ, enough to allow him to enter in.

The Spiritualists of Newburyport have been called



again to part with the bodily presence of one of our most steadfast friends—Brother Samuel P. Campbell, deceased a few weeks since. He was formerly a resident of your city, at which time he was what is called an Infidel; but Spiritualism opened his eyes to the truth of immortality. He was an upright, honest man and boldly advocated the truth that was in him. He was a fine medium, and performed some remarkable cures of the sick in body. His death was caused by injuries received a few months since, in the town of Epsom, N. H., by falling from a bridge which was much out of repair. Though suffering much, he did not repine, and died full of knowledge of the truth of spirit existence. He is receiving the reward of the good deeds done while here, and is more than compensated for the many bitter hours he experienced from the heartless and unchristian treatment of those who should have received the glorious tidings he brought without money price.

I was somewhat surprised, recently, on reading the advertisement in the BANNER of Mrs. Carlton, of this city, as a medium. I had never heard of her, and could hardly conceive of a medium here of whom I had not heard. I have been to see her, and can with pleasure recommend her as a truthful woman, and a reliable medium. I find her to have been developed contrary to her wishes; she had never sat in a circle, but became developed while living on Plum Island, away from the influence of any one in the form. She knew very little in regard to Spiritualism, and nothing of the manifestations; was and is a member of one of our Orthodox churches, and has actually been forced into her position by spirits who have discovered her powers. I have met with few mediums so easily influenced, and who so truthfully show the characteristics of friends, as Mrs. Carlton.

Newburyport is one of the most illiberal places in this country on religious subjects, but there are enough Spiritualists to save it, and through them the Harmonical doctrines (oh! I do not like that word, it smacks too much of Jonathan Edwards), or rather Harmonical beauties are being disseminated. One who has done as much as any other, is Bro. Joseph Ally, who for years lived in the cold gloom of infidelity. He early became an investigator, and while investigating, he was deeply engaged in perfecting an organ constructed on true principles of Harmony. It has recently been placed in our City Hall, where many have been delighted with the pure and glorious harmonies produced from it. This organ has been finished some ten years, but no one has been willing to purchase it, nor are other organists willing to aid in introducing it. A prominent leading musician of your city examined it a few years ago; he acknowledged its superiority, but said it could not be introduced into the churches, because of its being pure and true harmony; that the church needed the common tempered organ, for "it required the discord produced by these instruments to harrow up the soul to a proper devotional pitch."

This organ holds to music, the same relation that Spiritualism holds to the old Church; the most eminent musicians for centuries have tried to construct an organ on principles of true harmony, but have been wholly unable to succeed, and the most eminent have pronounced it impossible; but it was left for a Spiritualist to produce it, and while the bigotry of the day prevents justice being done him, the future historian will point with pride to one of the condemned Spiritualists of the nineteenth century, as having the proud honor of having alone overcome obstacles and demonstrated the fact, that true harmony does exist in music. Spiritualism harmonizes the discord, the incongruities of the pulpit, and the Harmonical organ does the same thing, for the choir. Very aptly and properly is this invention the success of and able supporter of the new Gospel.

A young friend of mine has recently been partially developed as a medium; he has been rather an unwilling investigator, until manifestations were given through himself, which have nearly convinced him. Among other manifestations, he was stood upon his head for a space of time in order as the spirits said, to learn him what they could do. He did not experience any unpleasant effects from this apparent reversal of nature. He lately had ten teeth extracted by a dentist. Being a little timid of feeling pain, he asked the spirits to aid him. They said they would, and the operation was performed without much pain. In fact, after each tooth was extracted, he would give a laugh. The dentist and others in the room looked on in astonishment. He was perfectly conscious, and did not take the least particle of ether or any other preparation to produce insensibility. It was purely the result of spirit-aid.

Newburyport, Mass. ALFRED HORTON.

#### Dr. Lyon in Michigan.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT:—The friends of Spiritualism and progress in this place and vicinity have experienced a rich and a profitable treat in a series of lectures by Dr. E. L. Lyon, of your city. The doctor gave us two courses of six each, and completed them on Tuesday evening last, the concluding lecture being upon the War, or "The Crisis of the Times, and the Crisis of our Country."

The lectures, altogether, I am happy in believing, have been productive of the best effects. Many have been induced to listen to Dr. Lyon's able presentations of spiritual truths, who have seldom, perhaps never before, had an opportunity of hearing anything, save through the usual "Orthodox" channels. They heard the doctor's eloquence commented upon by their neighbors and others, and curiosity induced them to attend. There is no doubt that many thoughts, as presented to their minds by the convincing manner of the doctor, have taken root, and will bear fruit in due season. I know that some who have heretofore been prone to pronounce Spiritualism "frivolous," have ceased to sneer, and appear willing to treat it as a matter worthy of serious and candid investigation. Not the most unthinking worldly or sectarian can listen to the doctor for a single evening, without admitting that he is an honest believer in the truth of what he teaches and professes, though "Spiritualism itself may be a humbug." So much, is a great point gained.

There were some ecclesiastical efforts at the first, toward distracting public attention, and diverting it from the lectures, even to the display of an unwelcome interest in lectures on Phenology, Elocution, etc., which, on an ordinary occasion, would not have elicited any attention from the same quarter. And the Union School Hall was closed through these influences, and the doctor driven to a smaller audience-room; but the interested ones followed him thither. Indeed, the employment of Dr. L. for the second course of lectures was induced by this opposition of the *Orthodoxy*, the amount needed to secure them being readily raised among the friends of free discussion.

On Sunday evening, the 2d inst., Dr. Lyon gave a most excellent and eloquent discourse upon the text, "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven." 1 Cor. 15: 47. In truth, there were many passages of oratory rivalling the pulpit efforts of some of the most eloquent speakers of the land.

The doctor went to Coldwater from here, and we bespeak for him the hearty-prayers of the friends of the cause everywhere, that his labors may go good.

H. N. F. L.

Jonesville, Mich., March, 10, 1862.

#### Cures by Dr. J. R. Newton.

MR. EDITOR—I think it may be safely said, that of all the physicians or healing mediums now practicing their healing art in this country, no one has been sought after by such crowds, or been more successful in relieving the suffering and afflicted, than Dr. J. R. Newton. During the eight months he practiced in Boston, he operated upon upwards of sixteen thousand patients, and multitudes have occasion to bless the day they placed themselves under his healing power.

The following letter which I this morning received from him, will give a little idea of his success in New York. Respectfully yours,

E. HAYNE, JR.

Boston, March 17, 1862.

Mr. Edward Haynes, Jr., Boston, Mass.:

MY DEAR SIR—As you have frequently requested me to give you a list of late important cures through my operations, I will now give you a list, containing a few of those reported to me within the past few weeks. Knowing the interest you take in relieving human suffering, you are at liberty to make such use of it as you please. Since I was in Boston, I have had seventeen thousand registered patients.

The following diseases as far as I know, have been cured in every case: falling of the womb, internal ulcers, and all female weaknesses, liver complaints, diseased kidneys, heart diseases, weak and inflamed eyes, milk legs, ulcers, fever sores, dyspepsia, and St. Vitus's Dance. Paralysis and deafness are the most uncertain. I can safely say that nine cases out of ten of all diseases brought to me are perfectly cured, or greatly benefited. No pain is caused. No medicine given. No surgical operations performed. And those who cannot afford to pay are invited without money or price.

Very truly yours,

J. R. NEWTON, M. D.

32 East 18th street, New York.

Mrs. Catherine E. Pease, 42 Prospect street, Brooklyn, N. Y., corner Adams street.—Ovarian tumor and general weakness, twenty-nine years; perfectly cured. Cornelius Underwood, Auburn, N. Y.—Cured of spinal disease in two operations.

Mrs. Amanda D. Hale, Arlington, Vt.—Hip and spinal disease, seven years; made to walk well in fifteen minutes, and left her crutches.

Charles A. Purdy, Row street, between Bedford and Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Rose cancer on head; perfectly cured.

Mrs. Godfrey, River street, Newark, N. J.—Catarrh; cured in one operation.

Clark Martin, Auburn, N. Y.—Sciatica; cured. Edward Byrne, Worcester, Mass.—Fever sore and Rheumatism; cured.

Mr. Joseph Shenton, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.—Inflammatory and chronic rheumatism, six years; could not step foot to floor when brought; cured in fifteen minutes and walked well.

Mrs. Julia Kilbourn, Hartford, Ct.—Deafness and female weakness, eighteen years, cured; liberty to refer.

Mrs. Jennie Georges, Bridgeport, Ct.—Lame nine years; cured in five minutes.

Daniel Condit, Newark, N. J.—Child paralyzed; could not walk a step; made to walk a mile at once.

Catherine Davenport, Elizabethport, N. J.—Female weakness, bad case eight years; cured.

Mrs. W. A. Cleveland, 54th street, 3d door, East 5th Avenue, New York City.—Chronic diarrhoea, six years; instantly cured.

L. D. Smith's child, Brooklyn, 150 Gold street.—Bad scrofulous humor, all over; perfectly cured in one operation.

Mrs. James Saunders, Rahway, N. J.—Flatula, dimness of sight, great inflammation of eyes; cured in one operation, next day read one hundred pages without glasses.

Daniel Van Camp, Fort Plain, N. Y.—Very lame many years; cured in one operation; left his crutch.

Mr. T. B. Bagg, Buffalo, N. Y.—Curved spine and kidney; badly diseased; cured.

Catherine Ray, South East corner 50th street and 3d Avenue, New York.—St. Vitus's Dance; could neither walk nor talk; perfectly cured.

Mrs. C. L. Sherbourne, 249 8th Avenue, New York.—Partial loss of sight, ten years, with great inflammation and pain; cured.

Mrs. Lella Coffin, Indianapolis, Texas. Inquire at 231 West 34th street, New York.—Colic, cholera, and other ailments, cured in a few minutes; cured.

Mrs. W. A. Ludden, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Chronic headache, fifteen years; cured in one operation.

Mrs. Jane Kelly, 655 Hudson street, New York.—Large tumor, three years; cured in ten minutes.

Lewis Wood, Patterson, N. J.—Bad fever sores on leg; cured.

Mrs. Mary W. Owen, 40 19th street, New York.—Bad case of asthma; cured. Patterson, N. J.—Very lame eight years; withered limb; left crutch, and walked one mile at once.

Mrs. L. Higgins, Norwich, Conn.—Dyspepsia, neuralgia, and great debility; perfectly restored to health.

Mrs. C. M. Sutton, Washington, Dutchess County, N. Y.—Very lame from rheumatism; cured in twenty minutes, and left crutch.

David Trenchard, Fallside, N. Y.—Heart disease and spinal weakness; perfectly cured.

#### Heathenism in Bradford, Me.

MR. EDITOR—Mrs. Townsend, an aged Freewill Baptist lady, departed this life in this town on Friday, the 7th inst. Before her death, she selected Rev. Joseph Chadbourn, of this town, to preach her funeral sermon. He performed that service at the Spiritual meeting-house in this village, on Sunday, the 9th inst. It has generally been customary in this place to adjourn meetings held in the immediate vicinity of a funeral, that all may attend the house of mourning; but of late our church people have declined to do so, when Spiritual speakers have been employed, quoting in defence of their position the language of Christ, "Let the dead bury their dead." In this case the deceased was of their own faith, and the speaker of kindred faith. No excuse was given, except that the house where the funeral was held is usually occupied by Spiritual speakers. They not only "run their meeting" in opposition within a few rods of the funeral of their departed sister, but positively declined to toll their bell when asked to do so by the said speaker, and took occasion to ring to

call their congregation to worship as the funeral procession was passing from the house to the churchyard. This bell was purchased with funds begged from all classes of individuals. The gentleman who requested them to toll the bell, I am informed, paid liberally toward its purchase. He very feelingly alluded to the treatment he had received at the hands of his fellow-Christians; and if there is a God that answers prayer, we shall not again have occasion to record so unchristian and heathenish a transaction in Bradford.

D. F. ATKINSON.

Bradford, March 15, 1862.

[Have charity for these bigoted people, brother, and give them all the light you can.—Ed.]

#### Clairvoyant Tests.

MR. EDITOR.—We have a medium here, in the person of Dr. C. H. B. Kellogg, who, in spite of his medium powers, has, until quite lately, been skeptical of the communications given through his mediumship. On the evening after the battle at Somerset the doctor described an old man, unknown to him, but recognized by several persons as the father of a young lady present, who had two brothers in the Fourteenth Regiment of Ohio—one a lieutenant, and the other a corporal in another company. The young lady asked if the spirit of her father could tell anything of her brothers in the army. The medium appeared to see the lieutenant in his tent, and said that he was sitting on a box, with a paper in his hand, marking on it with a pencil, and that he took something to his brother to eat; carried it in a paper or white cloth; that his brother had been sick, but was better; that he came back to his tent, sat on the box before the fire, and was eating. The medium said that the lieutenant had not been in battle, but would be soon, and that there was a man in his company that was troublesome. The young lady wrote the above to her brother, to which she received the following answer:

"On the nineteenth, we were in pursuit of the enemy, but, as was told you, we had been in no action, as nothing but the artillery could reach them. In regard to the box, after dark I sent five men to headquarters for hard bread, and they brought it in a boot and shoe box, as it was to be divided with another company. I sat on the end of the box to see the counting done; as often as ten were counted, I marked on the paper which I held in my hand. When the bread was divided, I turned the box over by the fire, and sat on it and ate my supper. I took from my haversack some ham and boiled eggs, which I took to my brother in company B; the salt was in a paper or cloth, I do not remember which. The next morning we were in a hot fire several minutes. In regard to the man you speak of, I am sorry to say it is true; we have had much trouble with him. Willis and I are both well. (Signed) LEWIS J. J. CLARK.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth of February, at a circle, the doctor was influenced by what purported to be the spirit of an Irishman who was hung by the traitors in New Orleans, for his loyalty to his adopted country. He said he had just come from Doctor Cooper's, in Bellefontaine, and that the doctor had a circle at his own house, at which two ladies were present, and that the doctor was writing a communication on paper, and stated several other things which were all confirmed by a letter which we received from Dr. Cooper. JOHN MCCOLLEY.

Tontogany, Wood county, Ohio, March 15, 1862.

#### Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson.

MR. EDITOR—I wish to say that Mrs. S. M. Thompson, of Toledo, Ohio, is now with us, and I can truly aver that through her organ are delivered some of the most logical and scientific lectures, which will compare well with those of any lecturer in the field; and her improved poems are extraordinary. The subjects are given her by the audience as she goes on to the stand. It is the general expression of all that she is truly inspired; and those in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan wishing good lectures, would do well in securing her services. She is also a good test medium for describing past events and places, &c., which all acknowledge is very astonishing, especially to those who have not studied our new philosophy.

Yours for truth, S. S. NOBLE.

Port Huron, Mich., March 16, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### TO A FRIEND.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

We stand in the moonlight, solemn,  
Oh, friend of the many years,  
Aeons ago, no ancient column,  
Long sculptured and broken, appears;  
No landscapes of Eastern beauty,  
With memories classic and rare;  
Through no dim Cathedral windows,  
Pours in this dear moonlight fair.  
But, beside our beautiful river,  
Gazing up at the mountains, grand,  
Made sacred by history and legend,  
In this baptismal moonlight we stand.  
And we think of the past, dear vistas,  
Made sweet by flower and rill;  
We gaze—and the blossoms are faded—  
The murmur of waters is still.  
We think of the friends who have trodden  
With us through the shine and shade;  
We hear their musical voices  
Resound through forest and glade;  
We turn, all so eager to answer,  
And clasp their hands in our own;  
Alas! through the past, many vistas  
Come but a sorrowful moan;  
And we see but the graves of loved ones,  
Shrined by the violet's smile;  
While the murmur of winds and waters  
Keeps up sweet anthem the while.  
Ay, more! we have glimpses of faces  
Beloved and now sanctified;  
Who roam in mansions immortal,  
Where sorrow and sin ne'er abide.  
And messages, fraught with affection,  
That answer our spirit's call,  
Tell of the tenderest guidance  
Keeping from darkness and thrall.  
Oh! friend, as we stand in this moonlight,  
May we gladly devote each power  
Anew to our Heavenly Father,  
Who giveth the sunlight and shower;  
And then as each faded earth-garment  
In the dust is buried away!  
We'll soar to the clime of the spirit,  
To bask in Eternity's day!  
END LADDAM, Conn., 1862.

To enjoy the society of a friend we should limit our intercourse with him. We have pushed our companionship too far when we feel ourselves sharing each other's dullness.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

#### TABLE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

A party of Monkeys in frolicsome mood,  
Assembled together for sport in a wood.  
The evening advancing, grew chilly and dark,  
When a poor little grey monkey, emitting her spark  
Amidst the dry leaves, crawled forth on the ground,  
Unaware of the anxious assembly around.  
Pug apied her, exclaiming with eager desire:  
"Now, my lady, we will have both a light and a fire."  
Never doubting, as over the glow-worm they bent,  
It was sought but a spark providentially sent.  
They covered it over with sticks and with straw,  
Proceeded tapping and blowing the same,  
Expecting to find the poor worm to a flame.  
Some were lodging that night, overhead, in a tree,  
Some birds, who all these proceedings could see;  
One, moved with compassion at efforts so vain,  
Determined their folly 'twas best to restrain.  
Descending the tree, he addressed them: "My friends,  
Your means will never accomplish your ends.  
But list, you are spending your time and your breath,  
Pursuing a poor little worm to the death;  
Although 'tis her nature to shine, you perceive  
She never can kindle a fire—believe."  
Pugnapus pushed forward—who better than he  
To manage a fire, a light, or a spree?—  
"Sir Bird, I may add, Sir Simpleton, too,  
Pray tell me what are our doings to you?  
Return to your roost if you'd be unmolested;  
Consider that fools give advice unrequested;  
And if you in future are not more discreet,  
Perchance you will find what you come not to seek."  
In spite of the warning, the Bird still essayed  
To make them perceive the mistake they had made.  
Outraged at this, Pug made such a spring  
That had the poor Bird been slow on the wing,  
He would doubtless have met with a fate most forlorn,  
And into a thousand poor pieces been torn.  
This story, if rightly considered, we find  
A two-fold lesson conveys to the mind.  
Be modest in pressing advice, uninvited.  
Least it should be with repugnance requited.  
When counsel is offered 'tis wise to give heed,  
Nor alight, like the Monkey, what haply we need.  
Northfield, 1862. E. FIELD.

#### THE SACRED TRIANGLE.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dedworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, March 16, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### INVOCATION.

Our Father God, thou who art the life and light of creation, whose majesty we never can apprehend; who art the life and light of all the universe; who art known to us only in name, and whom we can see only through thy works; thou who art in all, and yet as near to us as the pulsations of our life, or as unbecomingly distant, who, seemingly distant, art filling the vast expanse of heaven, and casting the wonders of thy power upon the universe, with every throb of its existence—O God, mysterious Father of Light, we come to thee with praise. We dare not praise thee in words, for they are feeble, and without meaning. We cannot present our thoughts in words, for they fall far beneath the majesty of thy power. We cannot utter our devotion in hymns of praise, for they seem almost like mockery, compared with the grand psalms which ascend from universal Nature to thy throne. We cannot devote ourselves to thee in life, for all life is but tame compared with thy wondrous power. We will not call thee by any combining of names, nor approach thee with any formal offerings, but, O Spirit of Life, who art within and around us, whose motive power animates our being, who hast been and will be forever, we praise and adore thee. Accept our adoration, even though uttered in the outer courts of thine immensity by the smallest and feeblest in the ocean of existence. Father, Spirit, Divinity, oh may the well-spring in our souls, those thoughts of thee which cheer our minds with every access of better feeling, help us to attain to that state of true and purified devotion which shall tear down all material barriers, and all unhalloved shrines, and worship thee in spirit and in truth. May all formal expressions of superficial worship be hushed, all the paraphernalia of human magnificence fade away, before the splendors of thy unveiled presence. May we worship thee as thou art—the Spirit of Creation, and our mind unfold before thy life, as earth in the presence of the morning sun, beautiful, pure and perfect. We praise thee without ceasing, that thou hast raised up minds who faint would understand, in all the works around them, the mysteries of thy power. May we not venture with unhalloved feet upon ground consecrated to thee, and in tearing down false images which feebly represent thy name, may we see the structure of thy creation, grand and perfect, divested of all that is false and delusive glare, beholding thee as thou art; and to thy name, oh majestic King, to thine infinite power, to thy love unbounded, shall be thanks, praises and unceasing devotion from countless myriads forever and ever.

Before entering on the discussion of this evening's subject, we desire simply to remark that, unfortunately, owing to the limited time at our command, many of our hearers, last Sabbath evening, were left with erroneous conceptions of the object and nature of our discourse. You will remember our theme was the "Temple of the Sun," and we designed to illustrate the origin of all superficial forms of worship, and with what avidity the ignorant and superstitious have grasped at the results of science as the foundation of their creeds and what errors have crept into religion in consequence. It was not our purpose to recommend a renewal of idolatrous observances, which have long been away before the tangible evidences of positive science, but to expose the errors which, introduced in the earliest periods, have been engrafted on every religious system that has since prevailed. These originated wholly in what was then known as material science. It is not our object to interfere in the high and holy worship of Deity, but to tear away its false envelope; to overturn the unhalloved shrines upon which have been wasted so much of human happiness and life, and to establish instead the basis of religion.

This evening our theme is the mystery of the Triangle. Our treatment of it may be expected by some to be purely mathematical, but this is not our design. While the triangle is known to you, in science, as the chief figure in all mathematical calculations, as the key to all measurements, it is not understood what part it has played in the great drama of ages. In the former aspect it is the germ of all geometrical problems. The science of trigonometry, in which it is the principal element, constitutes the basis of all exact measurement; consequently it ranks almost as high, in a scientific point of view, as we shall show it is important in a religious direction. If you wish to measure any portion of the earth's surface, of whatever shape or dimensions, it must be first reduced to a system of triangles; if you desire to estimate the superficies of a sphere, that also must be subdivided into triangles; if you have occasion to measure a solid, the object of your inquiry is a square, a circle, or a triangle, and so with any irregular figure. Those who have the commonest experience in mathematics are well aware of this; yet it is merely an imaginary figure, consisting of an imaginary point, from which an imaginary line is drawn, which meets two other lines, respectively converging and diverging; so that there are supposed to be each other's sides, a mathematical figure, and three straight sides. Last Sunday we stated that the ancients, in the early period of science, had to choose leaders who devoted their whole lives to its pursuit, the masses being precluded from any advance in theoretical knowledge. As their studies proceeded, and their attainments enlarged, these leaders were concealed from the vulgar, and were supposed to be the only ones who were powerful; and at length the ancient hierophants monopolized all learning, and rendered mysterious what are now the common principles of knowledge, accessible to every schoolboy. These leaders early discovered the principles of positive science, and in studying the movements of the heavens, they perceived that the only true foundation of measurement, either of distance, or of mass, must

be a system of triangles. It was only after long years of toil that this result was reached. It was easy at first, to imagine one straight line drawn between two points; but to arrive at the idea we are considering, it was necessary to conceive of two straight lines, between which is drawn a third, constituting a triangle. This was regarded as the true secret of power, and was carefully concealed from vulgar comprehension. In all their calculations, not for the world would it have been disclosed, and so subtle was the secret, that even when applied to the construction of the heavenly spheres, the common people were not permitted to understand it. Thus we find that the eye, which, among the Egyptians, represented the sun, was, also, in consequence of its triangular shape, the emblem of the Supreme Divinity.

Every other figure in their mythology, was connected with this symbol, but its real utility was its significance, cannot be concealed, that no unconnected workman was permitted to enter the secret caves where their tools were manufactured. Hence, also, originated many of the rites of the Free Masons; hence the primitive, theoric basis of the notion of a tripartite divinity of Triune. God was a more mathematical figure, embodying the only means which the human mind can conceive, explaining the paradox of three in one. The triangle, as we shall call it, for lack of a better name, is not a triangle, unless it is a triangle; it is imperfect, unless these three sides are joined at three points; consequently, it is nothing as to either side, unless the other sides exist, or is inferred. Thus we have explained the apparent impossibility of a Trinity, mathematically speaking, by demonstrating this to be the only figure which contains it.

Among the ancients, as we have said, none but the initiated were permitted to understand the processes of calculation, or the use of the instruments of mathematical instruments. Hence among the Egyptians, for example, the masses were obliged blindly to worship at the dictation of their priests, who, beginning by watching the changes of the seasons, had gradually engendered all the power arising from their scientific researches, and in the same degree, the people, having lost sight of the mere physical significance of the emblem used, inferred that they belonged to some mysterious and supernatural realm.

When the leaders, therefore, proclaimed a figure as the representative of a new scientific idea, it was instantly erected by the community at large into an object of worship. We have every reason to believe, that the germs of all the sciences were implanted in the Indian empire of Eastern Asia, and that they were carried forward to their perfection in Egypt.

The configuration of the heavenly bodies was represented by a series of triangles, which, being beyond the comprehension of the common people, formed the predicate of all the figurative worship of the Indians. In short, all our discoveries tend distinctly to prove, that the first conception of the worship of a Deity, in the form of a Trinity, had its origin in the simple figure of a triangle. Let us see how.

The Indian God is represented as embodied in three distinct principles, or what the ancients called, Vishnu, who preserves; Shiva, who destroys. These three form the three sides of the ancient Indian triangle. These Gods are better known in modern times under the mysterious name of Aion, which, again, when divided into syllables, gives us words respectively denoting Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. So entirely hidden were these mysteries, that the common people were glad to avail themselves of any form of worship; consequently, they paid adoration to a complex system of gods, and their spiritual and scientific calculations, which had been selected to represent them, and the leaders (scholars at first, not priests,) wrap their oracles in a garb of allegorical obscurity, such as effectively blinded the masses to the true secret. Consequently, when they discovered anything by means of the triangle, they at once placed it before the people as an object of worship. 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It's right down below to take this exquisite crystallization of the life-blood of the beautiful rock-multiple, and adulterate it with the common, vulgar brown Havana that gets the credit of carrying off so much sand. Yet the dealers do it, and then offer the cakes to the unsuspecting consumers. But anybody who has more than once seen the genuine pure articles in cakes and molds, will never mistake the miserable corruption that is offered in the name of Maple Sugar. The adulterators deserve to be choked with their own sweetenin'.







## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner of Light* was spoken by the spirit who gave it, through the medium of H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

**Our Circles.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner of Light* Office, No. 128 Washington Street, Room No. 3 (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

**Tuesday, March 4.**—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions: Ellen McGuire, Cambridge, Mass.; to her husband, Michael McGuire; Clarence Harper, Wilson, Troy, N. Y.; Edith Burt, Memphis, Tenn.; to her father, Alexander Burt, (published in No. 25).

**Thursday, March 6.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Laura Kimball, to her uncle, Horace Prentiss, of New York City.

**Thursday, March 13.**—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions: Olivia Hilditch, of Dayton, Ohio; to her mother, S. B. Britton, Jr., to his father; Albert Kennedy, of the Sixth New York Regiment.

**Monday, March 17.**—Invocation; "The story of Samson." Lori Hawkins, of Montpelier, Vt.; Michael Collins, a private in Owen's Regiment, Philadelphia, to his wife; Susan, a new son, to her mother, in Saratoga, N. Y.; Edith Dennett, of Belmont, Mass., to her mother.

**Tuesday, March 18.**—Invocation; Question from a Clergyman in Western New York; Marietta R. Johnson; Calvin Burke to his brother, Hiram Burke, in Ohio.

**Monday, March 24.**—Invocation: An explanation of the communication bearing the name of John Lee; "Is the soldier who dies on the battle field happy immediately after death?" Nathaniel Call, an old revolutionary soldier, formerly a resident of Boston; Adelaide Derocres, of Anarsfield, Mass.

**Tuesday, March 25.**—Invocation: "The Philosophy of Life's" memories and experiences—where and how they related. Dr. Ann Shields, of Newcastle, Eng., to Dr. John Rhodes, of London; Jane McDermott, to her mother in Glasgow, Scotland; Daniel Thomas, hatter, of New York.

### Invocation.

Mighty spirit who men call God, thou infinite source of every form of life, again we enter thy temple to offer thanks for thy everlasting goodness, as shown unto thy children. Upon the altar of thy temple, oh Lord, we would lay our humble offerings, feeling sure that such as they are, they will nevertheless prove acceptable in thy sight. We covet no blessings for thy children, for we know that thou art always blessing them—a ministering angel unto their many wants and desires. While the nation yet mourns, oh infinite spirit, we pray thee to teach the hearts of thy children upon earth, to know thee as thou art known in the celestial spheres, and unto thee, oh Divine Father and Mother, we will send forth continually the songs of thanksgiving and joy.

### Consumption.

**Quess.**—The origin and cure of consumption, as incident to the human body.

**Ans.**—It must be remembered by those present, that it is impossible for us to elaborate upon the various questions presented at these seances, as we have only a small portion of the allotted time given us to devote to the answering of questions, however scientific in their nature, and can therefore only offer to our friends in as few words as possible, our own ideas upon subjects, the proper elucidation of which would seem to require hours, instead of the few minutes allowed us for that purpose.

The origin of consumption and the cure of the same. The consumption in any particular organ of the human body, is always produced by a superabundance of action of that organ; or, in other words, it has labored too hard. We say it comes in consequence of an overabundance of labor, in some particular organ; but why has it labored too much? Because there has been no healthy action of the other organs, and the organ affected has become so, through an excess of action upon its part. That the machine may run well, all parts must be kept well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful machine, has allotted to each organ a certain amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause the machine to run smoothly and easily through life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment, the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtaken by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into inaction and decay.

Suppose for instance, that the action of the heart—the toy seat of life—has become impaired, and instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now only performs one half as much as it should do? What is the result of this disabled state of the heart? We shall see.

In all cases where there is a lack of action in the heart and liver, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors, as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs, is one thousandth part more than God ever intended they should perform. Consumption in the lungs, is therefore occasioned by first, too much action; second, inflammation; third, supuration, and fourth, by ulceration, or fatal decay of those organs.

One is not very far out of the way, in pronouncing consumption incurable, for the Medical Faculty understand it not. How then shall it be cured, you ask? First, seek wisdom from above. This belongs to the practitioner, in order that he may "see clearly, as through a glass," not only the physical, but the spiritual wants of his patient.

Now, instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs, you should apply those agents to some other organ. Get up as much labor in the heart and liver as the lungs have been performing. This is the only way you can hope to effect a cure, because all you do to palliate the disease, only increases it when applied to the lungs. Why is consumption often called a flattering disease? We will tell you why. For instance, the patient partakes of a remedy applied to the pulmonary organs; for a time the lungs are pathetized, but when the re-action takes place, then the opposite extreme comes also.

One day there is a sluggishness of the vital forces; the next, every vital function is aroused, and carried to its utmost extent. What follows? The patient has what is called a bad day, and the light of hope that had burned in the hearts of anxious friends, grows dim, as they perceive the change which twenty-four hours have wrought in the looks and feelings of their loved one.

Go to work and doctor the heart and liver, and in nine cases out of ten, you will effect a cure; that is, when medical aid is consulted, before ulceration of the organs affected has taken place, all things in nature are simple and sublime, when once understood, and he who intends assuming the office of medical adviser to others, shall first know and thoroughly understand his own physical and spiritual necessities, before he attempts to heal others. We would counsel our questioner to take up every atom and examine it carefully, as he passes through this mundane sphere. In the same way, a thorough examination of the human organs should be made, for you know not at what point the enemy may have stationed himself. Physician, find out the physical and spiritual requirements of patients, if you hope to effect a permanent cure.

The medical man says the spiritual belongs to God, and not to man, in that he is mistaken. I know that nine-tenths of our practitioners never think of studying for a moment the spiritual tendencies of their patients; but if you expect to effect a permanent cure, you must study and consult both the physical and spiritual needs of your patient, for a diseased mind is not often found in a sound body.

It is possible that you may effect a cure through physical agencies, but in nine cases out of ten, a cure is in such a case blundered into.

This, friends, is our idea of the subject under consideration, and I think that if you will look at the matter carefully, and without prejudice, you will find that we are in the main correct. Feb. 25.

### Charlotte Shaw.

The dwellers in the spirit-world call the earth: life the valley of the shadow of death, and truly they call the earth right, for the instant we approach the atmosphere of earth, we feel a shadow of death all around us, for all the inhabitants of earth have been taught to fear death. So the shadow lingers about them. As soon as the child arrives at years of discretion, it shivers and turns pale at the thought of death, for to his or her mind the word is significant only of the tomb, and of eternal separation from friends.

But the spiritual theory has a tendency to dispel this shadow. Religion has failed thus far to disarm death of its terrors, and so we find the dark shadow still resting upon the beautiful earth, which God made so fair, that it might be the temporary abode of his children. When the soul comes into the full belief of the new religion, and feels, as it were, all the truths that are brought from the spirit-world, the sunbeam begins to dispel the shadow. Is it not a blessing? Is it not the carrier dove of peace to men's hearts? Is it not like oil poured upon the troubled waters of the human soul?

I have a dear sister upon earth, with whom I desire to come into communication, that I may chase from her pathway the shadow, and by so doing make her earth-life more beautiful. She knows little, or nothing, of this grand belief, and although the angels have often knocked at the door of her soul for admittance, the right one has not yet come; the right spring has not been touched; and by the will of our good Father, I come to-day, hoping to be the right one, to reveal this hidden spring, and hoping to take away the mystery, the shadow of death, which hovers around her life-path continually.

I was sick many months, and suffered much. Through intense suffering, I learned to become acquainted with death. I longed for the time to come when I should be set free from my earthly sorrows. Every night I prayed the Infinite Father to take me to himself, before another sun should rise. I believe my physical sufferings outweighed the fear of death. The last words I remember of speaking to my sister were these: "Anna, do you think I am dying?" Her words were, "I do not know, Charlotte; perhaps you are." "Oh, I hope I am!" I said, and before another hour had passed, my mother's arms received a free spirit.

Tell that dear sister I return with fresh flowers, hoping that she will receive them with affection, if not with belief, and that we shall both meet in heaven at last. I was eighteen years old, and died of cancer upon the face. My name was Charlotte Shaw, and I lived and died in Boston. Feb. 25.

### Patriek Daly.

I'll be obliged to make some inquiries about what is expected of me, before I begin to speak of myself. [You are at liberty to say what you choose concerning yourself and the friends with whom you desire to communicate, this afternoon.] Thank you, sir; I only asked for information concerning your rules here, though, to tell the truth, my object in coming here is clear enough to myself.

My name was Patriek Daly. I was born in the town of Maynooth, in the north of Ireland. I was thirty-seven years old at the time of my death. I fell into one of the docks of Liverpool, whither I was going to ship for America. I lived in the town of Maynooth until I was nine years old; then I removed to Dublin, where I lived with my uncle, a priest, and of the same name as myself, Patriek Daly.

Three years ago I was in my own body, and intending to come to America with that body. I left my home because many things were agitating me, and as I had heard many fair stories about your great country, I determined to try me luck in America. But God sees further than man, and he interposed, and suddenly put an end to all my fine plans. I died by drowning, as I should have told you before. I wish to speak, if possible, with my uncle Patriek. There's many fine folks in Dublin already looking into this belief, and it's for me alone to meet me and see what I can do. Please G.d., am I right or wrong? [Right.] I think me alone would look into this new faith, providing he could do so without entangling himself, or falling into disrepute with the church. I come here, because I know very well me alone knows about these places; I don't know what you call them [seances, or circles], and that's what brings me here to-day, with the hope of offering some truths that will last me alone many a day. And if I make myself unwelcome, or disagreeable in any way to him, I ask pardon, and that's all I can do. Good-day, sir. Feb. 25.

### Juliet Austin.

I died in Frederickstown, Pa., yesterday, between three and four in the afternoon. I am not a stranger to these manifestations, and promised I would give my skeptical friends a test that nothing could gainstay. I died of consumption, and was confined to my bed most of the time for fourteen weeks. I was born in Springfield, Mass. My mother was born in Boston, Mass. My father is a Western man, and came from Ohio. I was twenty-four years of age. I did not learn to hold control here below, because I've not learned the laws yet. If my friends do not believe I've come here, they would not if a second Christ should come. Feb. 25.

### Invocation.

Almighty spirit of eternal truth, be with us while we sojourn with mortals. Our Father who art everywhere present, shall we claim for thy children here assembled a blessing at the present hour? Nay, oh Divine One, for over all we find thy blessing continually resting. And we thank thee, oh Father, for the light of spiritual life, which is now burning brightly upon nearly every household altar in the land; for the blessings of spiritual truth which come to us through shadows; for those glorious truths which shall unseat the eyes of the blind, and give unto each and all of thy children light as they walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Feb. 27.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

**Quess.**—The resurrection and the judgment—not that spoken of in the ancient records, but that of the ever-present and ever-future.

**Ans.**—All things, whether human or divine, are continually being resurrected. The spirit of change is with you always, go where you may. Every degree of life presents its own peculiar sphere of resurrecting power. If you go into the temples of art, you see it there; if you walk through the open fields or shaded woods, your eye is charmed by the ever changing tints of vegetation which surround you upon all sides. Go walk by the sea, and watch the rise and fall of the billows: now curling gently and playfully at your feet, and anon breaking and dashing, foam crested, upon the shore, with a sound like distant thunder. Truly the ocean is the only type of perpetual motion, which comes directly under the human eye, and to us it is always suggestive of change. Nature moves on slowly toward the celestial kingdom. She makes no long strides, but passes along through the avenue, step by step, and gives to each atom the amount of power ordained by God. That which is continually with you, my friend, should be your first study. Through all the various degrees of life we find this spirit of resurrection and change dwelling in majesty and beauty; but when we come to man, and walk with him through the intellectual temple, oh, then we see and feel the fullness of resurrecting power in all its glory. Oh, could your eyes behold the one thousandth part of glory vested in man, you would fall down and worship God as you had never worshiped him before. Dearly ever clothes himself simply, yet

mystically; because you of the finite kingdom never will reach the infinite, but, step by step, you may be resurrected, learning gradually truth after truth, and God grant that you may ever be able to appreciate these grand truths, and carry them safely and guardedly in your hearts, through the life that is and the life to come.

**Q.**—Is the doctrine of the Trinity true or false, and from whence did it originate?

**A.**—When spiritually considered, we may say the doctrine of the Trinity originated in Nature, because all things naturally have a trine use; but religiously considered, we may say it originated with the ancient Jew. The Jewish idea of Deity was of a trine being—the God of wisdom, power and justice. That of the Christian religion is but one removed from the Jewish creed, when considered in the days of Jesus of Nazareth; and all the fundamental principles upon which the doctrine of the Trinity is founded are deduced from the Jewish Church. But human nature is prone to cling to the old, and the belief of centuries ago yet exists in our midst to-day, with but slight modifications upon our part. Is it true or false? To prove the truth of anything, we have but to seek into the mysteries of Nature, and God, not those that are found alone within the lids of the Holy Bible, but in all things with which you are connected in life; and you will perceive that all things have a trine existence. The ancient Jews perceived this truth, and from this knowledge was born the idea of a trine God, such a one as was fashioned with gold and precious stones, and then placed in their temples, that men might fall down and worship it. To the principles that were born within their souls, this once great people have ever been true, and although the idea of the Trinity as interpreted by the Jews has been handed down through numberless generations, we may say that posterity has kept this belief well. Feb. 27.

### Lewis Flynn.

I am here, like many others, to try and see what I can do, but not knowing as I can do anything. 'T was only last fall, that I left one side of my own body, and came to the spirit world. I've been told that all who come here, could find a way, somehow, I don't know how, to get a talk with their friends.

My name was Lewis Flynn, and I was twenty-six years old. I was born in Belfast, Ireland, and died in Sacramento City, California. My death was caused by the kick of a horse, in Mr. Morland's stable, situated upon Front street. I do not suppose there's any need of my telling you that, for those I want to come to most, know that fact very well. I was told I would ask of my friends a chance to go and talk with them. It's a pretty long way to stretch your wishes, but if others can, I suppose I can, too. [What you have to say to your friends will be published in the *Banner*, but will not probably reach your friends in Ireland.] The friends I want to come to are in California. [The paper will go there.] Bless you! I don't expect the paper to go home to Belfast.

I don't expect to find out much about this place, but come just as anybody else would, who don't know much about these mysteries. How'll I settle with you, sir, for what I get here? [There's nothing to pay; we are always happy to do another a favor, whenever the opportunity lies in our power.] To be straight forward about it, then, I supposed I'll ask my folks to find out some place like this, where I can talk to them. I take it this lady's writing for me? [Certainly.] The Irish make blunders enough, anyhow, so I'd like to have the thing straight. That's all. Good day, sir. Feb. 27.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou mighty spirit of creation, we would adore thee through the highest avenues of our being; we would lay upon the altar of thy temple the humble gifts of thy children here assembled. Oh Holy One, Holy One, we feel that we are continually within thy presence; that thy guardianship and watchful care is ever with the children of thy love, and we thank thee, oh Father, at this hour, for the manifold blessings which poor and sinning mortality are daily receiving at thy hands. Why, oh Father, should we fear and tremble when we enter thy holy court? Is there not enough of power and majesty scattered over the broad earth, from which we may weave fair wedding garments for ourselves hereafter? Oh Lord, our God, we offer unto thee at this time, the pure desires of thy children here gathered together. And, oh Father, in return for these simple offerings, do thou send forth from thy exhaustless spirit, bright germs of truth unto thy children, that shall bear fruit to thy eternal glory, forevermore. March 3.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

**Quess.**—Is the power of inspiration a peculiar gift, inherent in the constitution of certain individuals, or is it acquired—if so, in what manner?

**Ans.**—Inspiration—what is it? We may declare it to be the breath of the Almighty, and speak the truth. None are without it. Inspiration has ever flooded the mental world. Certain organic forms are more inspired than others, but we believe there are none who are found upon the intellectual columns of life, who are not more or less inspired continually. Inspiration is not a something that is acquired by any external or intellectual process; it comes uncalled for. Your mediums are more inspired than those around you upon the common plane of life; and why? Because of their peculiar mental organization, which enables them to draw inspiration from the world above. Go where you will, where life intellectual is found upon the earth, and there you will find inspiration in a greater or less degree, since one cannot exist without the other.

**Q.**—Is it possible for a human form to be born and grow to manhood, and not possess a spirit, as in the case of fools or idiots?

**A.**—We believe the Almighty hath endowed each form human, with an individual spirit. By violation of some law of nature, the form may have become imperfect, leaving no avenue open through which the spirit can manifest itself. Such a spirit may be said to be encoased or entombed in the body, and when born into the spirit world, is like an infant, as far as knowledge of things spiritual is concerned. But the spirit is as perfect in the idiot, as in the Webster.

**Q.**—Has the mind any connection with the soul?

**A.**—The mind we conceive to be the mirror in which the soul is reflected. The mind may be called a subtle force, which plays upon the brain, and through that subtle force or peculiarity, the spirit manifests to things external.

**Q.**—Is not the soul of man a compound of all else in the universe?

**A.**—Certainly not. For that which is compound is itself, is destructible, and can be easily dissolved; and as we know that the soul is immortal, therefore it cannot be a compound. It is a work of itself, evolved from the great centre of the universe, God; it is distinct and a part, and cannot, at any time, be infringed upon through material laws. March 3.

### Charlotte S. Ropes.

I visit you, this afternoon, with the hope of being able to communicate with those who knew me upon earth, and who once loved me, if they do not now. It is eight years since I spoke in this way, and I find it somewhat difficult, so I have never attempted to control before.

I died of fever, in New Orleans. My name is Charlotte S. Ropes, wife of Captain John Ropes, of New York City. I went to New Orleans to meet my husband, who was bound there from a foreign shore. I was taken sick and died a few days after I arrived there, away from home and friends, with the exception of one aunt. I was told that my husband came—after all consciousness had departed. These facts are of no use, except so far as they prove my identity to my friends.

I lived in Brooklyn, New York. I have living one daughter, who is now seventeen years of age. I have

also a foster mother, one who adopted me in infancy, and who was in all respects a mother to me. I desire to do all I can to enlighten her, for she often told me that she had serious doubts of her having a future existence. A series of earthly misfortunes had caused this shadow of faithlessness to rest upon her soul, but I hope to be able to remove the shadow, and to convince her of the great truths of the spirit world. My husband has no knowledge of spiritual truths, but we are taught in our spirit-homes that if we would assist our friends, we must be untiring in our efforts, and although often repulsed, we must not despair of seeing our exertions in the cause of righteousness rewarded at last by success. A thousand times, yes, ten thousand times, if I am allowed the privilege, I'll come to my husband with the brightest flowers of truth.

The last letter I received from him contained a foreshadowing or presentiment of my death, which I will mention here, in proof of my identity. While requesting me to meet him in New Orleans, he adds, "Now be careful and come, if you can, under the charge of some one who knows more about travelling than you do yourself, for last night I dreamed that you were dying, and that I only reached you in time to see you before you died." Oh, the angels were with him, and foreshadowed to him what was to be so soon a reality.

Yes, it was his mother who foreshadowed to him my death—she who watched over him in infancy, and left him ere he had reached seven years of age. I will not ask the privilege of speaking to those I love here, but I will ask that they exercise their reason if not their faith in things spiritual. [Please describe your present abode?] My abode is such an one as I have often pictured to myself, in fancy, while upon earth. There is nothing unnatural here, but accords beautifully with the scenes of earth. The spirit-world is but one step in advance of the natural, therefore you must not expect to see things in the spirit-world vastly different from those left behind you. It may be asked, do you have houses in the spirit-world? Yes, we do, and fashioned very much like those upon the earth, after the fancy and taste of the occupant. All these residences first exist in the imagination, and are entirely characteristic of the spirit tenantry them. The architect never draws his plan upon paper, until it has first been drawn in the brain. He has it, first, a spiritual thing, and afterwards a material thing. [Are there any trees in the spirit-world?] Yes, we have trees, flowers, birds, and all that go to make life beautiful and pleasant. It is argued by some people that these things are not of the spirit-world, but you must remember that people see differently, and define things after their own peculiar power. Whatever is necessary to the advancement or progression of the spirit, the spirit can gather to itself after it is freed from the body. Many tell you there are no animals in the spirit-world, and many will tell you there are. Many demand them, and feel the possession of them absolutely necessary to their happiness; to such a class of spirits, God has granted them. But, if others are without them, it is because they do not demand them; in short, have no spiritual need of them. One will tell you, upon the earth, that the rose is beautiful; while another can see no beauty in the rose. Thus you see the same law is felt with you upon earth, as by us in the spirit-world.

March 3.

### Daniel Russell.

My name is Daniel Russell. My age was twenty-one, lacking a month, I believe. I am the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who formerly dispensed the gospel in Cleveland, Ohio, but who is living, at the present time, somewhere in Michigan. I am not able to give the name of the place. I became a disembodied spirit early in life, in consequence of riotous living. Notwithstanding the good example of father and mother, I seemed to be continually led into paths of evil, and whenever I tried to do right, and to forsake the haunts of sin and wickedness, I seemed to be beset by evil influences, that tured me back again to the dangerous abodes of sin and dissipation.

My death resulted from brain fever, induced by liquor. I have been told that my father has made certain assertions concerning myself, which, though he firmly believes them to be true, are not so. He is very free to declare that he never expects to meet me in heaven. He believes I am lost—eternally damned. He says I gave him no evidence of change before my death, and as I did not, he believes I am in hell. I don't know as he believes in the old-fashioned hell—a lake of brimstone and fire—but a hell where a sinning soul is condemned to unrest and soul torture, and whose earthly wickedness has completely barred the gates of Heaven against him. I would here inform my good Father that God is more merciful than his creed allows him to be; that the better part of his nature do not wish to believe that I am eternally condemned, but that his creed compels him to believe that for me there is no salvation. I would ask my dear father who compels him to believe this thing? Surely, not God; his creed compels him to—nothing else.

A few hours before my death I became conscious, and conversed with the friends around me. I told my father, when alone with him, "that I was not sorry for living as I had lived, for I had done the best I knew how to do, and if there was no Heaven for me, I was not to blame for it." He replied: "My son, although God hears and registers what you say, yet I am glad that none of our friends are present to hear such talk from one who is apparently dying." I wish to inform my dear father that I do regret the course I took while upon earth, and had I the wisdom then that I have now, I should have pursued a different course of life. But we are taught here that God is over all, and that he is capable of bringing all his children up to himself, however sinful. If my father will only consult his own reason half as much as he does his creed, he may hope to become more merciful and godlike in the future than he is at present.

I would ask my father's forgiveness for all sins committed against him, and my mother's, too; and if there is anything I can do to make them happier in this world, or the next, I will do it with pleasure. And, although my father and mother believe there is no return of the spirit—that the consignment is an eternal one—yet I am here by the blessing of God, and if they will provide me with a suitable instrument, I'll soon convince them that I'm alive, well, and able to fight my way to the highest Heaven—God giving me strength, and I know he will. Good day, sir. March 3.

### Spiritualism in Indiana.

DEAR BANNER—I ought to have written to you long since, but kept putting it off from time to time. Our yearly meeting of the Friends of Progress was held last Fall, with more than ordinary unity of feeling. I believe much good was done by the meeting. There seems to be a very healthy feeling among Spiritualists in this part of Indiana. Regular meetings are held at Greensboro' every month, and we are fast living down the prejudices of outsiders, and church-goers. On the first Sunday of January we had a large turn out. At the first meeting several Methodists slipped inside of the door; next session they ventured forward, and finally became so bold that before the close of our meetings they came up and occupied the front seats, and really seemed to enjoy the meeting much. Hope we did them good. I have no doubt seed were scattered in their stony hearts that will spring up and bring forth fruit.

Yours for the cause of Humanity.

D. W. HUNT.

Centerville, Wayne Co., Ind.

The passing years drive a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their tracks on our cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes, leave their footprints in the margin.

## THE MAGIC HARP.

BY ELIZA A. FITZINGER.

Oh, who shall sing, with laurel twined  
The harp of living numbers?  
Oh, who upon his soul-poised wing  
Shall soar and touch the magic string,  
And breathe upon its slumbers?

Oh, Genius, spread thy wings of light—  
And in thy bold majestic flight,  
Oh, teach us ne'er to falter!  
Some lofty soul with Thought inspir'd  
That he may breathe the living fire—  
Prometheus-like, may seize the fire  
From off the Heavenly altar!

Oh, Genius, of celestial birth,  
That roves forlorn this lower earth,  
Spread wide thy golden pinion  
Uphear us to thy native skies.  
To where the harp unbidden lies—  
This consecrated gift, that lies  
Within thy fair dominions!

Oh, wondrous power of hidden thought!  
Whose sway o'er nations hath enwrought  
From out its depths a charm that caught  
Its hue from Heaven's portal—  
Ye Bards sublime of olden time,  
Whose souls did throb in glowing rhyme,  
Oh! is there not a lingering sound  
To guide us where this boon is found?  
Tell me, ye Bards immortal!

In vain, alas! I call, I implore—  
In vain on weary wings to soar  
Where now the harp lies sleeping:  
Too long my sorrowing soul hath prayed—  
Its cherished treasures all are laid  
In Fate's relentless keeping.

Some Meteor-Spirit yet shall rise,  
Whose eagle-flight along the skies  
May sweep above its slumbers—  
Whose breast imbued with living fire,  
May call from out the waking Lyre,  
From out the throbbing, quivering Lyre,  
Its burning tide of numbers.

## Original Essays.

### "REMOVING ANCIENT LAND-MARKS."

BY JAMES LEWIS.

EDITOR BANNER.—On the fifth page of the *Banner*, of date Feb. 1, 1862, under the title of "A Spiritual Manifestation seventy-one years ago," I find an article from which it is sufficient for my present purposes to quote the following words, viz.: "Her guide informed her that there long five nations would unite for the destruction of North America, and that God was angry with the people, especially the Southern portion of them, and that the South would be entirely destroyed, and that the shore of the ocean will be a little south of Pleasant Hill, Ky., and of North Carolina." The parts underlined furnish the key to the following suggestions.

The Biblical student finds in Genesis, chapter eighth, part of the twenty-first verse, the following words, "And the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake," and perhaps he (the student) reasons that the ordinary operations of nature in producing geological changes will be suspended to accommodate human belief in the clerical teachings based on those somewhat ambiguous words.

But, let us examine the question, divested of any relations it may have to the *blessings* or *curses* man may, by his good or evil doings, be supposed to invite upon the soil he dwells on.

The question is one that affects the lives of numerous millions of men, and involves the interests of a very large share of the civilized world, and comes in this form: "Is it possible that the ordinary operations of nature may cause a portion of the continent of North America to be submerged—and how?"

There are evidences that such a thing is possible; indeed, not only possible, but highly probable. Geologists find evidences everywhere of the former presence of the sea on the land—evidences pointing to numerous changes in this respect, and a few faint evidences linger on the surface of the earth of the presence of some mighty disturbing forces, since the tertiary period, scattered broadcast over the country, in which the explanation is obscure, without calling in the presence of a large body of water.

Except only a few narrow belts of low land in the New England regions, Canada and New York, it is pretty clear that the sea has not covered the Northern country, embracing New England, New York, part of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, a large part of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, for more than a very brief period at any time since a period earlier than the "Tertiary period," while the more Southern States have more or less been covered by the sea at a comparatively recent date—so recent, indeed, that many of the fossils of those regions are identical with some of the living species of the present fauna of the coast. A very considerable portion of the low lands of the South, near the sea, consists of immense swamps, in which are deep beds of decomposing vegetable substances, which require only to be covered by the sands of the sea, with subsequent compression, accompanied by slight chemical changes, to become the "coal-beds" of future inhabitants of the earth. These swamps are a significant promise of the intention of Nature. (See authors on coal formations.)

The molluscs, or shell-bearing animals of the Red River of the North, (which empties into Arctico water) and those of the Mississippi River and many of its tributaries, are, to a very remarkable extent, identical, and indicate that, at one time, these waters had a common connection with each other. They either flowed all North or all South. There are good reasons for believing that they flowed North. At that time, a large share of the present Gulf of Mexico may have been dry land. The change which divided these waters was at the time that the gulf was formed, no doubt, and, at the same time, the drainage of the great lakes, which, up to this period, there is reason to believe had flowed through the valley of the Mohawk, was thrown north into the valley of the St. Lawrence.

The operations of nature since that period, have been such as would favor a greater subsidence in the region of the Gulf of Mexico, and a greater elevation of the country around an axis which may be located near

"A paragraph, in a late daily paper, speaks of a rapid decline of thirteen inches in the Detroit river, and refers to the curious oscillations in the waters of the Great Lakes. These oscillations are connected with some of the causes which are supposed to be implicated, or about to be implicated, in the great changes which are anticipated in the preceding paper, but which cause it has not been thought necessary to mention."







## Pearls.

And quoted notes, and few words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever."

## PRECIOUS TIME.

When we have passed beyond life's middle arch,  
With what accelerated speed the years  
Seem to flit by us, sowing hopes and fears  
As they pursue their never-ceasing march!  
But is our wisdom equal to the speed  
Which brings us nearer to the shadowy bourne  
Whence we, as mortals, never more return?  
Alas! each wish is wiser than the deed.  
We take no note of time but from its loss!  
Sang once who reasoned solemnly and well;  
And so it is; we make that drowsy dross,  
Which would be treasure, did we learn to quell  
Vain dreams and passions. Wisdom's alchemy  
Transmutes to priceless gold the moments as they fly.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The  
rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the  
moaning sea.

## A CHILD.

A child is born; now take the germ and make it  
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew  
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it  
In richest fragrance and in purest lines:  
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose  
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O! who shall say that it has lived in vain?—*Boyring.*

In the heart of every man eminently great, the lion  
and the lamb dwell together.

## OPPORTUNITY.

The golden opportunity  
Is never offered twice; seize then the hour  
When fortune smiles and duty points the way;  
Nor shrink aside to "scape the spectre fear;  
Nor pause, though pleasure beckon from her bow,  
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.

A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the  
stream of the world.—*Guthrie.*

## CASTLE BUILDING.

Large and fair  
Were the castles I built in the air.  
Lifting on high their golden walls,  
With domes of the summer blue,  
And pillars of cloud and far-reaching halls,  
And the bright years shining through.

He that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace  
doth reap.

## Scientific Department.

## The Present Tendency of Science.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The progress of science, the accurately observed  
knowledge of mankind, is inseparably connected with  
the advancement of the Race. The direction it has  
assumed, the well marked features of its advancement,  
are boldly outlined. The deep interest excited in the  
minds, not only of philosophers, but of all classes, in  
relation to the profoundest questions of science, is  
without a parallel in the history of the world. There  
are many causes which have contributed to this de-  
sirable result; but one of the most potent stimulants  
is the practical application of the forces of the material  
world. The study of the sage and his experimental  
research, have been applied to the affairs of every-day  
life. Science has descended from her ancient throne,  
and, taking the laborer by the hand, instructed him  
how to chain the water, the wind, and the lightning  
of heaven, and make them his vassals.

The ancients confined themselves almost exclusively  
to metaphysics. They knew little of experimental in-  
vestigation, and with a proud egotism in their con-  
ception of the power and commensurability of the  
human mind, sought to find in itself solutions of the  
problems of Nature. They excelled in morals, and  
present the strange paradox of arriving first at extreme  
excellence in that department of knowledge which  
requires the greatest degree of progress to practice.  
Their moral precepts reach the foundation of our na-  
tures, and can never be improved. The only explana-  
tion of this strange fact, is, that, being a part of mind,  
removed from the domain of experiment, and learned  
by contemplation, theirs was the proper method for  
its perfection.

They also obtained glimpses, as it were, far down  
into the ocean of existence, dimly saw principles  
which our own time has demonstrated by rigid re-  
search. Illustrations of this remark were easy to  
multiply; as the ideas concerning the origin of matter,  
of atoms, and space ether. And it would seem that  
the vast principle of gravitation was partially re-  
cognized.

Then was the childhood of mankind, and no sooner  
was a new idea gained, than, with childish eagerness  
and love of the wonderful, it was invested with the  
chameleon garb of Mythology.

Bacon inaugurated the true method of attaining  
knowledge. Before his time, speculation assumed  
the place of investigation. A speculation was stereo-  
typed in classical literature, being the forte of the  
Greek mind, and, until the day of the great inductive  
philosopher, bound the minds of men with iron fet-  
ters.

Since his time, science has pursued a steady course,  
and, in every instance where his principle has been fol-  
lowed, the most unobscured results have been obtained.  
The extreme to which it leads is the vaunted positiv-  
ism, a system based on the position that all our ideas  
are derived from observation; that our senses are our  
only means of obtaining knowledge, and its sequence  
that nothing can be known which is not brought in  
contact with them. No one can dispute that such is  
the tendency of one great class of the cultivators of  
science. Positivism is another name for the crudest,  
most uncompromising atheism. Its error lies in the  
presumption that we know all about our senses, and  
that nothing higher than the gross, material, exists.  
Its first position, the value of empirical knowledge, is  
true; but its denial of everything not mathematically  
demonstrable, is false.

ties she presents, far above personal consideration, and  
the jealousies of egotism. The great and irresistible  
tendency of the thinkers of the age is to unite all  
knowledge, material and spiritual, into a perfect system;  
to make our religion—morality and intellectuality,  
one. Nature is being studied more and more as a unit,  
and her laws considered as finalities, to our finite con-  
ceptions. The gross idea of final causes, of design in  
structure, are becoming obsolete, and the philosopher  
attempts higher views than showing mechanical adap-  
tation of parts. That such attempts are more profound  
than of any previous age, we must admit. They reach  
further, and are more liberal in grasp.

The generally received definition of the transcenden-  
tal philosophy is, that it is a wild, chimerical scheme  
—so much so, that the word has become a reproachful  
proverb. A more erroneous opinion could not be held.  
Its aims are the highest and most noble; its extent the  
most illimitable the human mind can conceive. Mak-  
ing the object and our ideas of the object inseparable,  
it surveys the vast field of human thought, of spirit,  
and matter, gathering all into a harmonious structure.  
The wildest dream of mythology, the crudest dogma of  
theology, the demonstrated proposition of science, to it  
are alike acceptable. It seeks unity. Beneath the ex-  
ternal it seeks the internal.

To illustrate the beautiful manner in which it unites  
all the sciences, and proves the unity of Nature, I  
pause to examine a few of its most salient features.  
It regards Nature as a unit, and the atom as its type.  
That is, any atom, as a grain of sand, is a representa-  
tive of the universe. In it every attribute, principle  
and law in Nature, are combined. It thus stands the  
primary type or representative of all. Composed of  
like atoms, all the systems of worlds in the universe  
are alike, and hence our solar system represents and  
embodies the laws of all others.

If we descend lower still, we find that our earth,  
with the moon revolving around it, is a representative  
of the solar system. How grandly is the grouping of  
the heavenly bodies: moon revolves around planet,  
planet around its sun, and the solar system around a  
central orb, held in common with an innumerable  
number of other stellar clusters. And although here  
lost in immeasurable distance and time, the mind wea-  
ries, the end is not reached, for the whole system thus  
formed is but one of the motes which revolve around  
a greater centre.

By what a splendid generalization it unites living  
beings: their type is an organic cell. All beings at  
first are only a simple cell—a sack filled with a fluid.  
They all grow by the increase of the number of cells.  
The worm burrowing in the earth, and the tall moun-  
tain pine, are entirely formed of cells. The soft tis-  
sue of the brain, and the hard bone, are equally formed  
of cells.

This generalization utilizes the infinite variation of  
organic life, and points to common laws and a com-  
mon origin. These illustrations might be indefinitely  
extended, but for the present, space will not permit.  
Enough has been said to show the tendency of investi-  
gation of the present day. The renowned Humboldt,  
and his German and French associates, embraced these  
views, which he has endeavored to present in his Cos-  
mos. He was enamored with the unity of Nature, al-  
though he saw her only in her most material garb.

If we allow that Nature is all in all, and a unit, then  
these views apply to the spiritual, as well as material  
domain. To compel this admission has long been the  
effort of science. It has, through phenology, invaded  
the province of morality. It gives the reason for our  
actions, good or bad, and how we can reverse them.  
Through Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance and Spiritu-  
alism, it has ascended into the hereafter, and discov-  
ered the laws of heaven itself.

The consolidation of all knowledge, the "Sacred  
Book" and the natural revelation, the material and the  
spiritual world, is the tendency of the age. We are  
far from the completion of this system, but we can  
dimly feel the beauty of its future proportion, when it  
has embraced every province in Nature, and amid in-  
finite diversity proved all to be one.

## SPIRITUAL CONVENTION AT BANGOR.

The grand results of the Mass Meeting at Kenduskeag,  
in February, induced the working Spiritualists of Bangor  
to call a Convention in their Pioneer Chapel, but,  
owing to the great snow storm, the masses did not  
attend. The storm commenced on the first day of the  
meeting, and continued with increasing fury and vigor  
till Sunday night, when the meeting was to have  
closed, whereupon the committee very liberally sug-  
gested that the meeting be continued another day, and  
the vote was unanimously carried to that effect. This  
arrangement was most graciously acceded to by those  
of us who had come in from a distance, as we knew it  
was impossible to get out of the city on rail, on coach,  
or on foot, without shovel in hand. We thought, too,  
that the heavens must be nearly empty, and that the  
morrow would bring sunshine; but O, how easy it is  
for mortals to get mistaken—even Spiritualists!

The morrow brought only another "foot" of snow,  
with not a flake of sunshine. But we whatever is-  
right folks never slept a murmur. We called it an  
emblem of purity, and all hands, male and female,  
launched out into it, determined to see the wind up of  
this protracted spiritual session; but the women (how  
independent they are!) got another unction in favor of  
dress reform. Some of them were heard to sigh—"O  
for the bloomers!" others said, "Confound the hoop  
skirts! I hate myself to think I wear them." We re-  
plied: "How queer that you reformers—lights of the  
world—believers in woman's rights, should be found  
in a snow drift, going to a reform convention, with  
fifty feet of canvas fastened to your waists, flapping  
in the wind, and you without the power to take in  
sail, because of the steel hoops around you. O con-  
sistency, thou art a jewel—rare indeed."

This Convention, notwithstanding the snow-storm,  
was one long to be remembered by all the lovers of  
humanity, humility and true spiritual freedom who  
attended. Its members were made up almost entirely  
of earnest Spiritualists from abroad, and a few earnest  
ones of the city; the storm kept away the cold,  
indifferent, and nearly all the lukewarm, hence the  
most of those there were pretty well advanced in the  
march of progress. I don't know when I have seen  
an assembly of more thoughtful brows or more honest  
looking faces; and it seems to have been the design of  
the spirits, from the commencement, to improve the  
opportunity to give these heralds of the new dispensa-  
tion some wholesome lessons on patience, humility,  
and freedom; to mellow the ripening fruit so that  
the savor of their lives might go out upon the world as  
a sweet incense, to penetrate, attract and gather in all  
those whose spiritual senses have not been entirely  
numbed by the cold doctrines of total depravity, of  
endless hell or endless annihilation, of a devil devil,  
of a special grace, God, and a boxed-up heaven.

The committee, some of them, dear souls, whose  
families are all spiritualists, in their zeal to have the  
meeting appear well before the eyes of the world, took  
occasion to catechize certain teachers who were accus-  
tomed to declare the whole counsel of God as they un-  
derstand it, and to charge them that they cast out no  
devils except in the name of—of—of—what?—of their  
sense of propriety, forgetting what Christ said to his  
disciples on a similar occasion: "Forbid them not, &c."  
Forgetting, also, one other passage: "If any man  
come to me, and hate not his father, and mother,  
and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea,  
and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

One Lizzy Carley, the prophetess, was made to  
promise that she would not open her mouth; others  
were charged not to meddle with the social  
question, and so on, seeming to forget that there were  
divinities of gifts, all by the same great power, and  
that all the things should be brought into the store-  
house. Hence, the meeting opened under unfavora-  
ble circumstances. A dark cloud of proscription  
lowered heavily over the beautiful chapel, which, by  
a few noble souls, had been purchased and dedi-  
cated to truth and freedom. Things had become so for-  
bidding that no one could be found who was willing to  
stem the cold current and open the meeting. But at  
length Bro. Taylor and Bro. Hamilton concluded to  
shoulder the cross, (blessing it proved,) and put the  
ball in motion. They made an effort to talk, up-  
hill business though it was, and got off all that was  
said the first afternoon.

In the evening Bro. Taylor was chosen President,  
and Bro. Hamilton, Secretary.

Bro. Hodges was called upon to address the meeting  
and in his own off-hand, downy way, did the best  
he could, entranced, to lift the cloud, bring the sun-  
shine of harmony, and open the hearts of the com-  
pany to the inspiration of the angel-world.

At the close, the Committee announced that Mrs.  
Annie Lord Chamberlain would hold, by an hour or  
so, one of her musical circles in the evening, beneath  
which she can hardly support a single eye. Sunday  
she had held them, greatly to the astonishment of the  
Bangorians. The tickets, 25 cents each, limited in  
number to fifteen, I think, were immediately taken,  
preference being given to those who lived out of town;  
and for the first time in their spiritual pilgrimage,  
several had the opportunity of hearing the guitar dug-  
ger by the dear invisibles. This patient, unassuming,  
lovely little woman, so thoroughly spiritualized  
that she can hardly support a single eye, without  
murmur of complaint, is sacrificing her bodily self,  
that she may open the eyes of the spiritually blind,  
and lead them to look up into the home of the immor-  
tals. Every night some poor Nicodemus is there made  
to feel the weight of those significant words uttered so  
long ago by Jesus, that blessed servant of humanity—  
"Ye must be born again." O! the magical power of  
that winged guitar!—The Lord God omnipotent  
rejoiceth, let the earth rejoice.

The physical manifestations, those stepping-stones  
to higher life, are in great demand in Bangor. Those  
who cannot get into the sanctuary on account of the  
crowd, crave the privilege to sit in the outer court, or  
ante-room, and catch the strains of heavenly music  
as they come through the keyhole and cracks of the  
door. Her mission is one of great service to the cause  
in Bangor, and we are glad to know that she has a  
good singing father and mother in the persons of Mr.  
and Mrs. Blackwell, who are so near the power to make  
the rough path of her mediumship pleasant. God bless  
these self-sacrificing mediums and their worthy abet-  
tors!

## SECOND DAY.

Convention called to order at half-past nine, A. M.,  
and opened for conference. No set speeches were  
made, but all hands talked the pews as well as the  
pulpit. Many beautiful, many touching things were  
said, some singular experiences were told, many fine  
songs were sung by the choir, and others; hearts began  
to melt and grow warm with brotherly love; tests be-  
gan to be given. In the midst of these exercises,  
Bro. A. P. Pierce arose, and requested Bro. Taylor  
to sing "The Bow in the Cloud," and he sang it  
as he can sing it, during which time Bro. Taylor  
Pierce became entranced by the suicide, Hanson,  
known in these regions as author of the "Fish Poem"  
once given before the Legislature of Maine—a gifted,  
ambitious man, yet very eccentric. Success did not  
crown his ambitious efforts, and so he got tired of life,  
put the razor to his throat, and launched his canoe  
on the other side, only a few days before, leaving his wife  
and children to mourn over the untimely grave of a  
husband and father. The scene in our meeting  
was one to be felt, rather than described. All those  
tempted to do this unnatural deed should have been  
there and heard him weep and confess his error. Ev-  
ery nerve of the medium's body shook with agitation,  
and his eyelids, oh, how full of speech, in a perfect  
tremor of excitement. His tale was often broken by  
heart-gushing sobs, yet a good connection of thought  
was kept up, as he related the circumstances which led  
to the act, and the sensations which followed, and then  
he told me he never came up so near the power to make  
the rough path of her mediumship pleasant. He called  
one or two of his friends to him, and gave them private  
messages to his wife and children.

The shock to Bro. Pierce's nervous system was so  
great that after the spirit departed, he looked more  
like a dead man than a live one. Eventually he was  
so restored that his friends were able to get him home,  
where he was obliged to remain till after the Con-  
vention closed. When I visited him, on Tuesday,  
he told me he never came up so near the power to make  
the rough path of her mediumship pleasant. He called  
one or two of his friends to him, and gave them private  
messages to his wife and children.

The evening session was entertained by thoughts  
thought the brain of P. Greenleaf, using as a  
motto, these words, "Thou shalt not hear false-  
ness," in which he most feelingly portrayed our duty  
to the crushed, withered flowers of humanity. Before  
commencing, he read a beautiful poem from the Psalms  
of Life. "The world will be the better for it." We  
all felt it good to be there, and all seemed to drink  
deeply of that spirit of love and sympathy for the  
crushed and sorrowing ones of earth which welled up  
from the big heart of the speaker.

Circle again, by Mrs. Chamberlain.

## SUNDAY MORNING, THIRD DAY.

A thank offering and appropriate remarks from Bro.  
Taylor, concerning the weather, number present, &c.,  
opened the meeting.

Bro. Hamilton made some remarks about spiritual  
courage, and that foolish anxiety manifested by some  
about the cause of Spiritualism, as though God was  
not at the helm of affairs.

"Go teach eternal Wisdom how to rule,  
Then, drop into thyself, and be a fool."

Bro. Maddox, of Monroe, highly delighted the company  
with sudden changes of his control. Now philoso-  
phizing, now entreating, now commanding, now rhy-  
ming, now singing.

Music by the choir.  
Mrs. Mover, of Waltham, entranced, gave the experi-  
ence of a spirit who went to the spirit-world at the  
age of thirteen. The audience were very much edified  
with the story, and she, a child-like mortal.

At this juncture, Hanson again made his appearance  
through a Mrs. Hanson, of Oldtown—not related,  
I think. He did not speak, however, except in whis-  
per to a few bystanders, but rejoiced that he had a  
medium whom he should hereafter be able to fully con-  
trol.

Music again.  
Mr. Rhodes, of Bucksport, made some touching re-  
marks relative to the death of his only child, a son.  
We hope that brother will give his edifying talent  
scope to act.

Bro. Taylor related an incident in the history of his  
wife's mediumship, where a little son in spirit-life  
came back and told them that a little playmate, call-  
ing him by name, a neighbor of his, was immediately  
coming to be with him; and the next day the boy,  
though apparently well at the time of speaking, left  
for the spirit-realm.

At this juncture, an old white-headed gentleman,  
deacon in the Baptist church, rose up and stated his  
desire to know, and be a good man; and he asked  
if he could do better at his age of life than to  
heed the injunction of the apostle: "Render your  
body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God,  
which is your reasonable service." "No, no," was  
the response.

Mrs. Hollis, a lady of noble mien and bearing, with  
a soul full of common sense and practicality, one of  
those rare trance speakers who do not cover up their  
ideas with unwise sayings, spoke of the aspirations  
of the human soul, and how aspiration leads to in-  
spiration. She left off before we wanted her to.

Music.  
Mr. Curtis, of Bangor, an old man, and one of the  
oldest Spiritualists of Bangor, one who labored with  
unflinching faith and perseverance in the young days  
of the cause, arose under the influence of Jeremiah  
Spaulding, well known to many of the audience, and  
with a loud voice cried out: "Truly wonderful!"

"Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,  
Mine ears attend the cry, &c."

He then contrasted the faith of the Spiritualists  
with the faith when he used to preach, when the  
people thought it was very pious to be solemn. When  
death in very deed was the "King of terrors."

As the dishes which were thrown from her. She had  
come to the conclusion to obey her angel guides, for  
good was almost always accomplished by it, and peace  
was invariably the result; that this was the first spir-  
itual meeting she had attended, but hoped it would  
not be the last one.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

Opened by reading the Scriptures—Paul's ideas of  
charity. "Though I speak with the tongues of men  
and of angels, and have done not charity, I am become  
as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal."

Bro. Rand made some very appropriate remarks  
about censorship, deprecating the habit that many  
mediums and Spiritualists had fallen into, of censur-  
ing all who do not happen to come up to their stand-  
ard of what mediums ought to be.

Bro. Maddox again enraptured the audience by his  
witticisms in regard to the blue beef, bean porridge  
and family puddings of the past, as necessary to give  
the bone and muscle of the present. Old Mother  
Hunt-um-out was a good old mother, after all.

Song by Bro. Taylor.  
Bro. Hodges, on Charity. Good.  
Music by the choir.

Mrs. Hollis. The truth will make you free. We  
must emancipate ourselves by learning and obeying  
the truth. Don't complain that the pulpit is not  
free, for the pulpit is but the reflection of the pew.  
Make the people free, and you will get no dogmatic  
theology from the pulpit.

Bro. Taylor read a beautiful little poem, "The Ram-  
bles of Childhood," and then made one of the most  
eloquent appeals for the "dear old past" that I  
ever heard fall from the lips of mortal. To try to  
sketch it would be mockery.

Bro. Rand said there were two sides to the question.  
He loved the past, but wished to contrast the past  
with the present. Let me at least be free from the  
mother church. I wish every thing to be severed.  
It is hardly a green thing for the hungry soul to feed  
upon left things and he told quite a lengthy vision in il-  
lustration of his position.

Bro. Hodges, entranced, I did not think to come  
again, but circumstances compel me to. It is only by  
the past and present that we may know the future.

Mrs. Carr improvised and sang again.  
Then an Indian, through Mrs. Hanson, talked,  
and started us to love the Indian mind and harbor no  
disgust against the people of any nation, for we were  
all children of the same great Father, and could not  
be thought of as a single cubit unto our stature.

Bro. Rand spoke of dark spirits, told how he had  
added them, felt thankful, for he was but a dark spirit,  
himself in comparison to what he hoped to be in the  
future; begged of mediums never to repulse dark  
spirits, but talk to them kindly.

The meeting now closed with a song.

## SUNDAY EVENING.

Opened as usual by Bro. Taylor.  
Bro. Hodges, entranced, tried to answer the ques-  
tion, "Why are not all good mediums?" He elaborated  
quite a number of good and negative organs and  
forces, but we opine that very few of the company  
were any the wiser for this apparently learned dis-  
quisition. He might as well, it seems to me, have an-  
swered the questions, Why one man's hair is black  
and another's brown? Or, Why two trees side by side  
grow up one a beech and the other a birch, as to an-  
swer that question.

Bro. Rand asked why the angel manifestations of  
old were so much more palpable and tangible than  
now. I can give no answer was to the ef-  
fect that the order of mind had changed, religion and  
general intelligence have become more universally dif-  
fused, hence spirit manifestations more general and  
less specific, yet sufficient.

Bro. Maddox, always in time and never tedious,  
made further remarks, in which he paid the working  
Spiritualists of Bangor a handsome compliment for  
the majestic Hall of Spiritual Freedom, which so  
promptly accommodated the Convention, and said  
the spirits were determined to make it a spiritual nucleus  
for all the region round about the Penobscot—the Jo-  
dan of Maine.

## MONDAY MORNING, FOURTH DAY.

Roads were all blocked up, but our company was  
not so much diminished as we had feared.

Bro. Taylor read Paul's discourse to the Corinthians  
about Spiritual gifts, their diversity and use; thought  
none should say to his neighbor, "Why do ye so?"  
Wanted a platform broad enough for the whole world  
to stand upon and revel in the glories of spiritual un-  
foldments.

Bro. Maddox—Fashion, how it cramps.  
Song from the audience.

Bro. Rand—How the world progresses! What would  
an Aristotle, a Zoroaster, or a Homer be by the side  
of an Eliza Barrett?

Mrs. Hollis—"The light shineth in darkness, and  
the darkness comprehendeth it not." If the light  
within you be darkness, how great is that darkness.  
Spirit-communication does not come to you because the  
angels are nearer to you than formerly. It is because  
you have come up nearer to the angels. If you had  
not been more fortunate than those formerly,  
you would all have become pillars of salt. We are not  
disposed to come here and do your work for you; we  
come to call you on. Pulpits have been too holy to  
speak for humanity. You ask, why do not the spirits  
select better mediums? Spirits do the best they can.  
When we come to the matter of goodness—there is  
none good save one. If you receive the Scriptures by  
the letter, they will kill you. Ay, boastful self-right-  
eousness, ye would seek your own medium, and then  
seek the spirit to control, and then control both  
yourself. Poor souls, you must come down a peg; the  
door to heaven is not so high up.

## AFTERNOON.

I. P. Greenleaf occupied the stand for one hour, and  
under the deepest entreaty entered into the do-  
mains of the spirit. The dual nature of man. The  
power of the spirit, self-possessed, silent soul, to drink  
from the well of salvation, to converse with God, to  
grow mighty in the control of others for good, without  
saying a word—to be felt by others at a distance—to  
commune with them in spirit—to telegraph with con-  
genial souls, no matter how far away. It was rich in  
thought, rich in experience, rich in tide of genial  
magnetism, rich in appropriateness to the time and  
season, and we all got richly blessed in its recep-  
tion.

Bro. Taylor—"Milk for babes, and strong meat for  
men." O, the order and beauty of the divine govern-  
ment, when we become humble enough to let God  
reign!

At this juncture, Miss Carley, seated back in the  
audience, under a most powerful influence, cried out in  
a very loud, excited tone, "Now where is your will-  
power? Now where is your will-power?" repeating  
the word, struck like a thunder clap upon the audi-  
ence, and she generally knew that the  
had promised the committee not to open her mouth  
during the convention. Once before she had been  
induced, but she left the hall and shook it off, de-  
termined to fulfill her promise, but now the spirits  
were too much for Lizzy, and the volcano burst, send-  
ing a jet of red hot lava to every prospective hearer.  
Had the hand that wrote upon the wall of old Bel-  
shazzar's palace, have appeared and wrote upon the  
walls of that chapel those ominous words, *Mene, Me-  
ne, Tekel, Usharsin*, the company could not have  
been more electrified. Silence, deep  
and awful, pervaded the whole audience for some  
moments, when, in a clear, calm, self-possessed tone,  
she invoked the Divine Father that the humble might be  
exalted, and the exalted learn the lesson of true hu-  
mility. She then gave the privilege to ask her any  
questions upon any subject. Some were asked, and  
the answers given indicated the rarest combination of  
talent. Beautifully simple, sublimely practical, and  
exquisitely precise, were her answers. May she long  
live as a channel for divine truth to flow down to us  
weak, ignorant mortals.

Just as the meeting was breaking up, Mrs. Dea.  
Chamberlain, of Bangor, an elderly lady, with broad,  
expansive brow, and features indicating the deepest  
thoughtfulness and determination, arose to add her  
testimony to the truths of the afternoon discourse  
about the dual nature of man, and illustrated it with  
striking passages in her own experience—honestly af-  
firming that she knew we had the power to go out in  
spirit on any mission for the world's welfare, and al-  
though a lady, who wrote "Communications," and "Fur-  
ther Communications from the World of Spirits."

Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in ad-  
dition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits,  
on subjects highly important to the human family, by Jo-  
seph, Solomon and others, given through a lady.  
Price 50 cents—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by  
mail.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the  
Departed, Sabbath Day, Death, Origin, Harmony, Mediums,  
Love, Marriage, etc., etc., given by Lovett Dow and  
others through a lady. Price 50 cents, paper.

The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady.  
Price 50 cents.

The above books are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT  
Office, No. 128 Washington street, Boston, Mass., Oct. 5.

"down East" workers were not there. Mr. Taber,  
(formerly Works) who for long years has devoted her-  
self to the cause in Bangor and vicinity, by sickness  
was detained in Lewiston, but her gentle, amiable spir-  
it, we have no doubts was with us. Bro. Hopkins was  
absent for a few months only. He was called away to  
heal some one in bodily distress, and frequent calls  
kept him away. His healing gift begins to be ap-  
preciated. Distress often opens the door to truth.  
Bro. Hopkins knows how to heal both body and soul.  
Many others we would have been glad to greet, but  
duty doubtless kept them from this truly spiritual  
feast—long to be remembered by all who shared in its  
blessings.  
D. H. HAMILTON.

## Married.

In Foxboro', Mass., March 10th, by Warren Bird,  
Esq., LYMAN CURTIS, of Walpole, to Miss FANNY H.  
RECORD, of Easton.

## Obituary Notices.

Passed on to the Higher Life, Dec. 22, 1861. VIOLA  
Z. WICKERSHAM, aged 3 years, 9 months and 20 days.  
She was one of the brightest of little mortals while  
here; and, having heard from her there, we know she  
has not suffered by the change. She was the daugh-  
ter of Job and Ann E. Wickersham, of this county.

ANN E. WICKERSHAM, mother of Viola, and wife of  
Job Wickersham, aged 22 years, 11 months and 10 days,  
left her family and a large circle of attached friends,  
to join her little daughter and sister in the Spirit-  
world, on the 14th of February last. She was a good  
medium, and had given many satisfactory tests of the  
fact that visitors from the Summer-land often come  
this way. She was perfectly resigned, and without a  
fear or struggle, she cast off the old garment, and en-  
tered the waters of the River of Death, so called, to  
speak to us from the other shore.

The Church in the immediate neighborhood was re-  
fused for the funeral exercises; but when summer  
comes, God's temple, decorated with green, and with  
song-birds for chorists, will be opened for us, sear-  
tarian and religious bigotry to the contrary notwith-  
standing.  
JAMES COOPER.</