

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE TROPICS.

#### A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

In the far West, I am conveyed by Memory's magic power back to the Southland of my youth's experiences and trials. I retrace again the shell-strewn beach that skirts the Tropics; I sit again beneath the emerald shadows of the banana and the tamarand, and I behold the kindly cocoa waving in the perfumed breeze. I am reminded of a terrible and startling tale of real life, which, as it contains a moral, useful for all time, I will now relate, that young and untried hearts may take a timely warning, never to wed for sight of earth save love, the purest and most unselfish; that those who have the training of the youthful, plastic soul may heed the lesson, and never, never compel the inexperienced heart of girlhood to sacrifice its hopes upon the Mammon-altar.

The story I am about to tell you is true in every particular; it is one of those fearful dramas of reality that exceed the wildest portraiture of fiction. It is a narration of facts, part of which occurred during my residence in "the land of the cocoa and the palm." I give fictitious names, and mention no localities, as I once suffered from the wrongs of others, is living on our northern soil; and many in the far-off Tropics land sorrowfully remember her gloomy past.

Some twenty or more years ago, there came to the capital city of —, an exiled Pole; a man of middle age, of tall, gaunt frame; but of cultivated mind and pleasant address. He was blessed with fortune's favors, was benevolent and esteemed for his universal kindness. He engaged in business, and was successful in all his enterprises. He met with Panchita S., a lovely, gay, sparkling creature, fresh from the school-room, with the bloom of sixteen summers on her clear olive cheek. Her beauty of person, and charming artless vivacity won the heart of the world-tried, lonely man. There was no disciplinary wisdom mingling with the unreasoning love that obtained the sway of a perfect infatuation; he worshipped the careless, laughing, laughing spirit. She looked upon him with coldness and avoidance. He appealed to the ambitious mother of the young girl. Senora Maria was in moderate circumstances; this stranger was rich; he could exalt her only child to a position of splendor. She gave her consent to his suit, and, disregarding the frantic prayers, the entreaties, the moral anguish of the wretched Panchita, compelled her to become an unwilling and reluctant bride. The fatherless girl could find no refuge anywhere; her father confessor, and her friends, the world at large, arrayed themselves upon her mother's side. The selfishness of earthly passion (miserable substitute for the self-sacrificing love of the spirit) urged the blinded spirit to elude the loveless, indifferent heart. He did not seem to notice her ungladful aversion; he deemed it simply maiden bashfulness; he hoped to win her affections in the future. The unholy sacrifice was consummated.

The young wife struggled in bitterness of spirit against the iron rule of her enforced destiny; she could not feign a response to the idol-worship that lavished gifts of splendor upon her. Her diamonds glittered from a weary brow; the blood-red rubies flashed from tiny hands, eager and desperate to break the cruel bonds that chafed her soul. Her jeweled chains were fetters that bound her in a life-long agony. To coldness and avoidance, succeeded recklessness and defiance; she turned upon her husband with bitter taunts, sarcastic rejoinders and loud reprimands. He sought for a time to soothe and entreat; then, as he saw the heedless disregard of his every wish, the love of admiration and pleasure that possessed her, he became jealous, moody, suspicious, watchful; while she laughed scornfully in his face, and flirted openly, and in despite of his every remonstrance.

Two miserable years sped on. The beautiful home he had built and adorned with lavish taste, was the scene of continual bickering; and words, such as should not pass between direct enemies, were the daily salutations of the ill-matched pair. Panchita donned the costly robes he gave her, and wore her magnificent gems to dazzle the eyes and win the homage of strangers. She plunged into a whirl of fashionable life, striving in the dance, and in the intoxication of the music and the feast, to forget her misery. And, every where those haunting, sometimes threatening looks were upon her, reminding her of her wily duty, of her doubly perjured vows. As an attendant evil spirit, her husband watched her every movement; and from the festal scene he often led her home to pour reproach and accusation upon her, to which she responded with withering scorn and defiant laughter. He held dearly for his unlawful possession; and his frame grew thin, his face was haggard; and the wretchedness of disappointed hope was visible in his sunken eyes.

A babe was born to them; a little girl with all the mother's piquant loveliness of face. As Rosarita grew—amid the petulance of her disposition, the gleams of haughty self-will, the passionate outbursts—there shone forth a depth of affection, of intense clinging tenderness for the unhappy father, that reconciled him to life, and caused him anew, to hope for future happiness. The gay and frivolous mother bestowed but little care upon her child. Her life was devoted to the dissipation of strength and worship of folly, falsely denominated pleasure; her home had no claims for her; her element was the dazzling and dangerous glare of the world of fashion.

One time she ran from her home in a fit of uncontrollable anger and resentment, and took refuge with her mother. On her benighted knees, C—, entreated her return; he wept and prayed and humiliated himself to the dust, and with the proud air of a conqueror, the wife, reentered his dwelling, and thereforth grew more imperious, more headless of the passions of the world, and the feelings of her husband than ever. In vain her mother remonstrated with her; she had thrown off all filial respect and restraint, and with a blinding irony of speech, she returned to the well-accustomed

remonstrances of the weak and giddy woman who had forced her into a marriage, repugnant from the first. Their quarrellings and continued altercations, the impudence of Panchita, the discord inhabiting those lordly walls, augmented as time sped on. Again the desperate young creature left her home, and for awhile remained beneath her mother's roof. She rode abroad with other cavaliers; she attended balls and parties; refusing all the entreaties of her husband to return. One day the little Rosarita was missing, and it was found that Panchita had taken the child, and fled from her native city.

C—'s wealth was freely distributed to obtain tidings and the recovery of his darling. The motto of that time is "poco a poco"—little by little, or slow and sure. Months elapsed before he heard of her whereabouts. The law of the country awarded to him the guardianship of the child. She was restored to his arms, and Panchita also returned to the city, taking up her abode with her mother. From that day Rosarita was never again left to the care of servants. Her father watched over her with all the patient tenderness of a mother's heart. To two elderly ladies, firm and tried friends, the very ones who had educated Panchita, he confided his little girl during business hours. There I saw her often—a little fairy form of four years; with flashing, luminous eyes of midnight blackness; with sweet, rosebud mouth, intellectual brow, and the hue of the pomegranate on her olive cheek, her dark hair braided and decked with ribbons of gayest hues.

One night on returning home, C— was assailed by several ruffians, and so severely beaten, that he was picked up insensible, and for days was confined to his bed. When he again went abroad, haggard and wan, he told a few intimate friends that it was at the instigation of his wife that the outrage had been committed. He was a bowed and sorrowing man, whose only earthly consolation was the companionship of his little child.

The inevitable changes of this varying state of existence passed over the heads and hearts of all in that fair summer land. To me, too, came the teaching vicissitudes, the trial-lessons of time. Out of that quietest dream-life, I stepped into the arena of hand and brain-labor. From the indolent repose of the tropics, my guardian angels led me to the striving life of the North-land. And thus the years sped on with their mission of wisdom and of peace.

I had been a dweller of the United Republic for about two years, when I heard the close of that eventful tragedy. On returning from a funeral, leading Rosarita by the hand, C— was again attacked when near his home, by four masked assassins, who fell upon him with poniards, and who, having mortally wounded him, left him writhing on the ground. The child fled, affrighted, to the nearest house, and told, with sobs and tears, how she had seen the mask fall from one of the murderer's faces, and that it was mamma she then beheld!

The unfortunate man was carried home, and physicians sent for. He lingered for two days, making all the necessary preparations for the future of his beloved daughter. He left her all his possessions, and appointed the American Consul as her guardian, with his dying injunction that she should be sent to the North for safety and education, and leaving his fatherly command upon her never to return to the fatal land of her birth. With a prayer for forgiveness for his murderer, his spirit winged its flight. Terrific had he expiated the wrong of purchasing an unloving heart.

Panchita passed through a mock form of imprisonment and trial. There was not sufficient evidence to prove her guilt; after six weeks detention she was set at liberty. Rosarita was sent to the Empire City of the North. She was, when last I heard from her, still living there.

Panchita returned to her former life of frivolous pursuits. Without feeling or feigning remorse or sorrow, without even a show of mourning for the departed, she resumed her giddy habits, and was anew received into the fashionable world, though somewhat shorn of her usual splendors. Some avoided her with horror; some looked upon her with feelings of mingled dread and pity; for the once pure feelings of the maiden had, by enforced obedience to a hateful thiel, become poisoned at their source.

I have simply narrated the events of this domestic tragedy as they occurred. Who could have foreseen that the disappointment of life would have ultimised in crime? The aversion with which the unloved husband inspired her, gradually changed to burning hatred and the Spaniard's desire of vengeance. Imbued with false religious teachings, and knowing that death alone could sever the galling chain; that mind, devoid of principle, ignorant of the retributive laws of the Divine Justice, sought for escape and freedom in the meshes of a crime not proven by the judging laws of this world. Her religion held out to her no hope of deliverance from her marriage bonds. She plunged, her unreasoning soul in darkness to secure her selfish earthly aims.

And he, the poor victim of unreflecting passion, the dupe of outward attractions, paid dearly for the cost of purchase, for the gratification of selfishness.

It is far wiser to control the undisciplined impulses of the heart, to subject even the outflowings of affection to the guidance of wisdom; it is grand and beautiful to overcome the whispered or the strong temptation, to stand erect in Godlike manhood, in the majesty of womanly resolution, and crush the serpent's head. Such victories are greater than the conquests of a Caesar or Napoleon; they lead from the darkness of a passion-blinded judgment to the inner illumination of spiritual love and truth. Through the sorrows of the heart, we are led up to the heights of soul culture; from the idol-worship to the altar of the one true God; from the lower planes up to the ideal platform, where love is wisdom as well as beauty, inspiration as well as joy, holiness combined with everlasting rest!

Sheridan beautifully said:— "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heat; in the water, his gentleness; in the air, his softness; in the dew of heaven, his purity; in the stars, his glory; in the flowers, his grace; in the fruits, his bounty; in the animals, his power; in the minerals, his strength; in the elements, his wisdom; in the world, his love; in the human race, his image; in the universe, his throne.

## Original Essays.

### LETTER FROM HORACE DRESSER.

#### THE VICE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Sir: It is recorded in one of the Gospels that once upon a time in old Judea, the Great Teacher and wonder worker, Jesus of Nazareth, had brought to him a man that was blind, and that after a simple operation upon his eyes, and the imposition of hands, the light-beamed into the dark chambers of his sight, and the blind man saw, but how imperfectly, is shown by his declaration, "I see men as trees walking." Such I conceive to be the condition of the mental vision of your kind correspondent, who has resolved himself into a sort of Court for the Correction of Errors, and proceeded to review my reasonings and opinions upon the Constitution, namely, as the impenetrable shield of the Slave-trade for a double decade of years at the inception of the government, and as the vicious upholder of slavery down to the present moment, only lessons in its office and power to uphold it by the President's Proclamation of January last, the policy of which is warranted only by the opportune circumstance of military necessity, or measure of war. I think the light of the BANNER has been too much for the inner optics of my critic—and hence the confusions and inversions that seem to him to be all around: things straight seem crooked—right looks wrong, and wrong looks right—truths have the seeming of error—great facts seem delusions. He is ready, to verify that the rays which have penetrated his eye-balls, are not the genuine light of truth. But the fault is not in the emanations which fall upon the pupils of the organs of his internal sight, but in their organic or functional conditions. I trust that when Truth shall have bestowed upon him a few more mental manipulations, he may see as "clearly" as the man whose case is reported by the Evangelist. What effort clear vision of the mind, in respect to the discernment of the true relations of things, will have upon his intellectual faculties, I know not, but at present his case is in parallel line with that of the schoolmaster, in The Deserted Village.

"In arguing, too, the person owned his skill. For 'e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.'"

In the series of letters which I furnished for your paper during last year, I started and ended with the aim to expose to the hatred and hostility of all good men that thing in the Constitution which a great and good President of the United States, the late John Quincy Adams, declared rendered it vicious, and of course, evil in its use as a Charter of Government. That thing is slavery. It would seem that such a name, *climax of venerable names*, would be sufficient warrant, independent of what is palpable to the eyes of every reader of the Constitution, for a belief that there are plague spots upon its pages. His profound learning in the science of government, his long and large experience in political affairs, his various knowledge acquired in administration during a long life, in so many offices under Government, abundantly qualified him to pronounce judgment upon the character and qualities of that instrument. Notwithstanding the pestilential miasm and fatal virus of slavery and the slave-trade found in its folds, corrupting and polluting the moral and civil, the religious and political atmospheres, the nation has been content to live under its provisions without a single effort to alter or amend in the matter of slavery—and the people have been taught to look upon it with a sentiment akin to idolatry. The system and institution of slavery secured by the Constitution, are huge embodiments of evil and villainous standing up in the niches of the Temple of Liberty, and the popular eye has been the same as that beard in the olden time—"these be thy gods, O Israel."

But your correspondent seems to think the authority of great statesmen and universal common sense, must not be taken in the general account as to the fact of slavery being warranted by the Constitution and having existence in the nation—nor the fact of four millions of persons being in a state of servitude in our midst; these to him are nothing in the argument; and the challenge is, "tell us in your next, where, in what article, section, or clause of the Constitution do you find granted the right to have and to hold a slave." Now if the critic, learned in the law and the Constitution, expects me to find written in the Constitution in *totidem verbis*, a grant in special and particular phrases, as follows: We, the people, &c., hereby give grant, &c., to all such persons as are able to pay for him, &c., the right to have and to hold a slave—then I give it up, and tell him to toss his cap high in air, in triumph, and the reader to declare me whipped. But is this the way to interpret and construe Constitutions? It would seem so in the view of the critic. What an anomaly—four millions of slaves, and nobody having a right to have and to hold them! No grant, express or implied, in the Constitution, giving to any one the right to meddle with them! Why then the Proclamation of President Lincoln—is it not supererogation?

It may be well, before proceeding further, to have the meaning of the words and terms which I have used fixed and fully determined. I have used the word *grant* in the sense of, to concede, to yield, *allowance* of something already had or existing, and not in the sense of *conveyance* of something not already in possession; this must have been obvious to every reader not disposed in his criticisms to quibble and quibbles, to quodlibets and quiddities.

So, too, I have used the word *right* or *rights*, as political right, not natural rights. Who is so ignorant as not to know that rights are natural, civil, political, religious, personal, and public? What may be averred of one of these, may not always hold true of another. It would be bad criticism indeed, to affirm or deny the same thing of all these alike. Victoria has no natural right to the crown and throne of Great Britain, but she has a political right to their possession.

I have used the word *law* in such sense as needs induce no confusion of ideas. I have employed it in such manner as quadrates with the old definition, "a rule of action." It may be good or bad—while it obtains, it is governing and controlling. A law that

is bad may be as binding as one of contrary quality—and though not morally nor religiously just, and contrary to natural right, it may nevertheless be civilly and politically right. Every one knows that the Bench dare not intervene to set aside a Constitution, or statute, because it may be contrary to natural right. "The throne of iniquity frameth mischief by law," and the judges do not hinder its workings. Tell me not, therefore, that laws and Constitutions may not be civilly and politically right, which are morally and naturally wrong—natural rights are not the standards of their weights and measures, however desirable that they should be such.

I have said slavery has had a lawful foothold in the land, and that to have and to hold a slave, was a right under the Constitution. Here is a vice—here a mischief framed by law, which the critic denials can be done, because contrary to the dictates of reason, because slavery is an evil, because it is *unwarranted*—but it is framed by law, and stands in the Constitution a stubborn fact notwithstanding. He cites in support of the denial a multitude of maxims and propositions of law taken from the old law writers, which all persons are ready to receive as good and truthful authorities, but which more properly show not that such mischief cannot be framed by law, but that it should be abolished—the national nuisance abated. Surely long, long time ago, slavery was here in our midst by a rule of action in which all civil and political bodies and vast numbers of persons quietly acquiesced. Let us see if its footprints can be found in the Constitution, that great anti-slavery document, that equal rights and freedom-dispensing instrument, as the learned critic will have all the world believe it to be! Wonder what pleasure can be found in self-delusion? There are those now as in the time of the Prophet, who "call evil good, and good evil—that put darkness for light, and light for darkness—that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter—that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." Why such a desire on the part of some men to veil the constitutionally privileged mischief of this Government! Why not strip off the vizor, and exhibit any and every deformity and wickedness? Let such consider well the proverb of the Wise Man—"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

In the Constitution (Art. 1, Sec. 2, Sub. 3) it is provided that the rule in respect to the apportionment of representatives and direct taxes, shall be according to the respective population of the several States—thus: "adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons." What is this? It is the language of that "glorious" paper whose office it is, as the critic would have us believe, "to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." What does it mean?—what is the antithesis of *free persons*? Why, surely, persons not free, or in other words, SLAVES. Three-fifths of all other persons—other than the free persons—somebody surely is here meant to be added to the totality of the free—who are they? THE SLAVES. Verily, this looks like a constitutional right to have and to hold in the community a class of persons whom I call SLAVES, but which by a circumlocution, the Constitution has not so nominated. Here is a shadow, or glimpse of something that hath a seeming, at least, very like SLAVERY—something that hath granted the right to have and to hold a SLAVE by somebody.

Again—with the learned critic it is nothing that he finds written upon the leaves of the "glorious" (?) and "immortal" (?) Constitution such a paragraph as this: "The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax on duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person" (Sec. 9.)—nor is it anything with him that the passage is fortified by a provision in another article, as follows: "No amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first Article." (Art. 5.) These are some of the leprous spots, some of the blisters and blotches which have infected the body politic of the nation, till "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint—from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." The Constitution has here given to the importer of slaves liberty to sail his ship on the Deep Sea, and to seek cargo for the American markets, insular and continental, for TWENTY YEARS! I suppose that the limitation of the right to import, for twenty years, or the surrender of the reserved right of the States to such importation, without hindrance from Congress for that length of time, had its origin in economical or revenue reasons, and not in questions of ethical moment. If the fathers had deemed Slavery and its incidents, politically, morally, and religiously wrong, in it to be supposed they would have compromised the matter for a score of years, and have tolerated for so long a time that which ought to have received from them the brand of infamy? Slavery was all-prevalent in Church and State all over the land, and it would seem that the Constitution was purposely framed to perpetuate the system, and render it a privileged institution. The slave-trade, with its importations of and traffic in Africans, was a principal commerce. Hence this infamous license of the Constitution. The Constitution as it is. The shame, not the glory of the Republic, to find forever on the face of the Constitution the national license, the political grant to import slaves! That which now-a-days consigns to the gallows all such as are concerned in the foreign commerce, and subjects the vessels used by them to condemnation and confiscation.

It seems that what before belonged to the States to regulate, if to be regulated at all, was now given over to the General Government, the States to reap the advantage of the traffic in slaves as a profitable, lawful, and proper commerce, subject only to a revenue profit or benefit to the new government, on each slave, of a sum not to exceed ten dollars. These things most assuredly nationalized that species of trade or commerce which before was subject to a limited, local, or State legislation. It might be useful and interesting to

furnish in this place the statistics of this pursuit. But it is not necessary for my present purpose. All persons versed in the history of colonial and ante-revolutionary affairs, know that at this time the investments in that kind of import were large, and the vessels engaged in the carrying of that article of commerce from the continent of supply to that of demand, numerous. Such pursuit was a lawful and an existing every-day avocation of all such as had the disposition and means to embark in its adventures, and this branch of commerce received the sanction of the assembled wise men of the new nation, at the very inception of its constitutional existence. They gave it their kind countenance and bade it Godspeed for the space of nearly a quarter of a century. They held the power of Congress over it for that length of time in absolute abeyance, except in the particular matter of adjusting the duty to be paid per head by the importer.

Let me ask just here, *en passant*, what the dealer of alleged property in a slave, so far as the question relates to the action, intent, and aim of the General Federal Government in that particular, will say of this grant to Congress of liberty to impose a duty on an imported African? The objector will have it that he is a man, a human being, and called, in the language of the article in which he is referred to, a person. So he is; but has he not been pronounced by those who call him so, in languages, in the use and meaning of which it were improper to charge them with ignorance, a *divisum* something, commodity, article, piece of goods, etc.? It is a misnomer of those men who introduced the word, a mistaken and misapplied term, or such African is property—within the meaning of the Constitution—a *divisum*, in the commercial sense, is paid only on goods, wares, merchandise, chattels, &c., that which is classed and called in constitutions and statutes—property.

Again—in the opinion of the objector to my interpretations of the Constitution, it is nothing that it contains these words: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." (Art. 4, Sec. 2.) Though the word *slave* is not used in this language, the section has been used as the authority by which fugitive slaves may be arrested—as the grant of the right of reclamation and extradition—which grant seems to be substantively a grant of right to have and to hold a slave, at home and abroad. The Constitution here as elsewhere provides for the having and holding of slaves. I have called the provision a grant. It classifies and treats a slave as property. I have supposed the person to whom property belongs has a right to it. The Constitution most certainly provides for the use and enjoyment of property. It seems to be an instrument of grant or gift of certain and sundry civil and political rights to be exercised by a citizen of the United States. I leave this topic of criticism.

I am charged by your correspondent with "special pleadings to help forward the cause of justice and oppression in the land." Special pleadings indeed! If unavailing the idol and exposing its hideous deformities to the gaze of the world, brings me within the charge, I accept thankfully the intended reproach. Would that the critic, and all that class of men to which he belongs, had had in due time, discernment to perceive and disposition to declare the Constitution to be what it really is, a slavery-supporting and perpetuating covenant, and not, as they falsely preach, a great anti-slavery proclamation, national edifice would never have arrived at their present position. It is to such falsification of fact that there has been so long "justice and oppression in the land." Their cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," has prevented all efforts at amendments by which its supports of slavery might be got rid of; for why should there be any made if the paper is already right and perfect? They are priests and prophets of falsehood—emphatic, whose piousness will only heal "the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Let your correspondent learn the difference between civil and political rights, and natural rights, and he will then see how has arisen "the right to hold a slave," a thing to him hitherto incomprehensible! The maxim, that might makes right, may help him here. Most political rights arise in this way—they are usurpations of natural rights. The Great Powers of Europe grant the right to Louis Napoleon to exercise the office and powers of Emperor in France. I may, in a state of nature, and in the solitude where other men do not dwell, "be monarch of all I survey," but the invasions of civilization and its mighty forces, will soon wrest from me the wide domain, and the multitude thronging around me will tell of their rights acquired in the new order of things. It may be that their rights may enslave me, forgetful of the Higher Law, and that they may adopt a *glorious* Constitution by which I and my children may be, in right of their exercise of power, forever held in bondage.

I am requested in my "next article to tell us how long practice of slaveholding will, in his estimation, entitle it to validity and legality." I answer, long enough for the practice to become custom, and that custom to be so fully recognized as to be incorporated with the life and activities of the civil and political rights and privileges of men in the community. In this country, as I showed in my former letter, the practice began so long ago as 1620, when the first slave ship landed her cargo at Jamestown in Virginia. Why is this asked to be said over again by me?

I have not intended to say that slavery had origin in the Common Law, but the reverse of this. It has had a kind of common law origin of its own, *vis generis*, analogous in its being to that of England—in other matters and customs. Let me ask your correspondent if he is serious and certain, when he says "the Common Law of England is founded upon the laws of Nature." He said he proceeded to show it; but I have looked and "don't see it." I had thought that a usage or custom which had obtained in England so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," made its Common Law; and that the good people of the Kingdom cared but very little as to whether the usage was in chime with the laws of Nature or not, in the manufacture of the article. I had the idea till now, that length of time of usage, and not



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and individual idiosyncrasies, engendered in the very close of spirit, vastly different from that which, in the material, speaking, those only are brought into the same states. A couple may bring forth children who are far from being inwardly related—though in the realm of the immaterial; at the central depths of the life in man, there shines and glows, the universal and divine revelation.

It may be said, Why, in a certain sense, you argue that Nature does it, let it be done. In every realm, there is distinction. And the higher and finer the life the more severely it is kept. But Nature is not Hindooism—albeit Hindooism is a misconception and misrepresentation of Nature. There is forever an aristocracy of Spirit and Intellect, as well as of the red blood, or the phlogiston pocket. The first as the chiefest, as we now begin to see. Let us not be frightened at the Greek word *aristos*—for it means the best. The aristocracy of every plane and sphere, in spirit, are magnificent in this is the law of their life. And what is their actuality is every man's latent possibility. So Nature, unlike the earthly ordination, ordains for all men, at last, the very best she owns. God be praised, that no soul can be ground-kept or earth-fastened. We are, in spirit, *aristos*, and when the cords of time are cut, or weights of sense and sorrow dropped, we shall soar sunward, reveling in the light and the love of God.

We cannot make escape. If there is a general view of the Second Advent, there is a special and a unitary one as well. This unitary view must be the *revelation*, the one. I agree with Mr. Frothingham in his general estimate, and see, indeed, with him that there must be a second coming of *Truth* with power and great glory, a return of Platonism, Swedenborgianism, Christianism. But why may not there be, in a certain special sense, a return of Plato, of Swedenborg and of Christ? Why may there not be, in a grand unitary aspect, a second coming not only of the spirit but the personality of the noble Nazarene? The general view gives us, indeed, a return of the spirit and the truth; the special, aside from the ecclesiastical notion of his veritable bodily advent, a return, as I shall try to show, of the individual; the unitary of both. Nay, the fullest meaning is that there shall be rich asper-addition to the past. Even Mr. Frothingham clearly sees that if there were any individual second coming, at all, it must, of necessity, be somewhat dissimilar from that of the Christian Era. Jesus, the Christ of Love of eighteen centuries since, returns now the triple Christ of Love and Wisdom and Truth. He will make his Second Advent in a three-fold way: first, by a reproduction of his Gospel of Universal Love, which fell in silver streams from his glowing lips when he walked the earth; second, by a reproduction of his present Gospel of Love, Wisdom and Truth; and, third, by a life outwrought through a special mediative form. The process would be thus personal as well as inspirational. And such an one, so selected mediatively, would be physically and psychically the best adapted to him, most like himself.

Christ, the ideal of his life. The wise friend, the Comforter, the Guide, the Joy in grief, whose every element of life, received in simple childlike faith; Becomes a part of impulse, feeling, thought, The central fire that lights his being's sun."

And so come back in these last two senses every representative mind of the ages. The world needs a Jesus, a Plato, a Socrates, or a John not of the past, but of the present. And each shall return in a way I shall try more specially to show, with the gotten growth and rich endowment of centuries in the spirit.

This, then, is the grand unitary sense in the which the noble Nazarene will re-appear. He will not come simply in the general sense of Mr. Frothingham, and all that class of mind, giving from out the heavens inspirational baptism of pure Christianity, and bringing forth from the God in men the latent Christ *deus*, nor in the simply individualistic sense either of a grossified theology, to be rejected, or of a mediocrity translation of him to be accepted, but in that large and splendid sense in the which, as angels tell, his spirit and truth shall shine and act through a special mediative form. Such an one *comes out of the fold of life*—not the life he lived on earth, but that life enriched and empowered by the developments within him of the centuries since him. Truly the Truth-Dispensation needs its central embodiment as ever did any other. Here or elsewhere, the law of centralities cannot be escaped. So does reflection justify the direct declaration of the glorified.

Mr. Frothingham esteems it as something disfavoring this growing belief in the Second Advent, that the whole thing is derived from Jesuonian and apostolic declaration in the New Testament. I must confess to no very great reverence for mere testamental accounts, seldom reading or referring to them. But yet, aside from any spiritual interpretation of Swedenborg, or celestial interpretation of Harris, I cannot but think that there are significant things, which escape even the rational-spiritual mind. The author of the discourse referred to sees well what might be predicated of a belief that is almost universal; as, for instance, put here by myself, that of a personal Godhead—every nation hereby holding to such ideas. Things to be, or to come, *overboard* to vast extent, in the sphere of mind. But he does not believe that the force and weight of Universalism can in this question be affirmed. What is universally believed, that is, what obtains amongst all peoples, must have a grand basis of truth. The central consciousness, or the inspired minds of men, instinctively sense it. Therefore, what does not so obtain lacks the force, as it lacks the favor, of such argument.

But here is just where a broader, a higher and deeper view must be taken. The life and words, if not works, of the Nazarene, made a special epoch in the world's history. It was something wondrously significant in the Divine Providence then and there begun. What is the proof of it? Simply this: no man antecedent to him had given such vital, entire and holy manifestation of Divine or Universal Love. Here there was special intent. In the order of progress, it had long been foreseen by angels, that an era was to be made and marked in the march of humanity, wherein the first principle of the true Trinity of Divinity—Love, Wisdom and Truth—should speak and glow, shining down through all the after ages. I do not forget or underestimate the noble Samian, nor Confucius, nor married Socrates. These taught what Jesus embodied in greater measure than them all. The last two were *Ethics*; but the Nazarene was the noblest human of them all; for to their Ethics he added a Celestial Religion. He became by parentage, by angelic manipulation, and by education through disciplines that reached and tried his soul, a living and special embodiment of Love. And, in that sense, was the God of Love to man. The highest practical Divinity found representation through him. Now he comes to indicate the full Trinity, and the worlds rapidly ripening to receive it. The true Saviour is all the divine elements. From Love or Life, Wisdom, or Truth, or use, from all the rest.

Therefore, viewing this declaration of Jesus and his Apostles, as respects his second coming, from an interior standpoint, I see that it vastly avails. The declaration was the rather through and by than from him or them. This inspiration was an angelic perception. And just as in the dying, adaptive, providential economy over this earth, the Jews were selected as representatives of Religion—a special people to the Greeks of Art, and the Romans of Government, so it was indicated, that he who, best, represented God to man in suffering and martyrdom through his special return in triumph, and in power, in the power of Truth. But the angelic indication was some-

what affected by the mediocrity channel, through which it flowed. So the general sense was ministered by the special mediative state of both Jesus and his apostles. What was said seemed to them near at hand. Nor could either of them then apprehend the precise significance of the angel-voice.

But I am investigating beyond the record, and must make positive affirmation from views interiorly received. Of course, such affirmation can only avail as a force of truth, as the consciousness and judgment of the readers hereof sanction and accept. For myself, I think it only a question of time, feeling and believing in the validity of the angelic declaration.

Where do we stand, then, now, today? Manifestly in the dawn of a great new Epoch. The Age of Reason that came by Luther, first, and by Paine and Jefferson, afterwards, with cumulative power, has long since prepared the way for this opening Age of Inspiration. The magnificent afterglow is the Christ-promised Universal Truth-Dispensation. I do not say we are now fairly in that. As yet, it is, at best, but fore-shadowed, forerun, outlined. The apostles of Love thought so. Yet, nevertheless, *somehow*, it must come—an unfolding of Truth as universal, and rich, and unitary as the spirit of Love the Nazarene embodied. I believe it is not far off now. Mediocrity declarations, on this band and that, both in England and America, point to it. Every sign of large significance seems to indicate its near advent. And when it does come, it will be Universal Truth, inspired by Universal Love and guided by Universal Wisdom. To the heart of Love of Jesus is added a God of Truth—both divinely led. The Grace of Love is the Comforter to the heart; the Light of Truth is the Comforter to the head. The augury is of the indissoluble marriage of the twain, for the salvation, which is the harmonization of the race.

I believe, then, in the unitary sense of the Second Advent; and, accepting that, accept the general and the special view. Just as the Nazarene was the special representative and medium of the august Christ-angel and relative personal God in the past, so he now returns (through another), himself advanced to like altitudes of spirit, the veritable personal God to planet Earth. Somewhere in the lands is living his special medium. Say the exalted, "Jesus came to the kingdom over your planet within a few years last past."

How is it? Why, there is a certain sort and system of spiritual incarnation—that is, angels may psychologize mothers, electrically and magnetically manipulate children in the womb, and transferring to plates of the maternal mind *ideas* of men and women to be, gradually bring them forth. Natural laws of temperamental combinations in the parents are, necessarily, not overlooked, but taken advantage of. Nay, beyond all this, "most potent spirit" pass designed representative men and women through processes of spiritualization, disciplining them by subtle control of life and circumstance, and chisel away, like grand sculptors, at the substance of character. So have come the world's needed and adaptive men. Pivotal men do not simply come forth from crises-spheres of circumstance; they are led forth. Nay, back of all that, their advent is foreseen and calculated, just as, from planes of prophesy, foreseen events demonstrate them. Thus came in the religious sphere, Moses, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, and not a few besides; in the political, Solon, Meno, Jefferson; in the military, Caesar, Napoleon, Washington—a varied and a vast number. In each the precise process of spiritual impregnation—psychologic, magnetic and very natural—and means of education varied, as did, characteristically, the characters themselves. Herein one may reach the roots of that tree of belief in the beguiment by the Gods.

In this wise must come the pivotal men and women of the New Age—and so, specially, must come the special medium of the Nazarene.

But the statement must still extend. Jesus, now high-enthroned to the chiefdom of the angel-world, reigns over this, returns not simply as the individual Jesus of the past. The angels are all wed. The Nazarene comes companioned; his mate is by his side. She is Love to his Truth. Therefore it is that the Second Advent will not be made through one, but two, a man and woman divinely conjungally conjoined. So I receive it, giving as I get. How well could it be otherwise? And how beautifully does such a present harmonize with the characteristics of the opening dispensation. The masculine and feminine sides of the Divine, with their child of proceeding life or use come to save us. Love, Wisdom and Truth are knocking at our doors. Look abroad; woman is rising in power. In the spiritual army she is becoming the more influential and commanding force. For a time this must needs be so, that the masculinity of the ages may be feminized. By-and-by the twain, representatives of Religion and Science, Intellection and Intellect, Soul and Mind, Justice and Charity, will hand in hand together go. Ere seven years have passed, Jesus and the twelve, and all the representative past now gone before, illustrations, and crowned with the splendors of many a century's acquisition in the spirit, will have begun to strike out, through their chosen ones, in vast power of mind. The Spiritual Congress up above is seeking to duplicate itself on earth below. It will compass that consummation by and through mediocrity men and women here. And it will yet be seen that the angelic world is an overmastering power.

I say, then, that the Nazarene will return in his two-foldness—as woman as well as man. He will teach a grand triple gospel, three in one. He comes as the individual Christ, the social Christ, the cosmic Christ, to teach of the laws of Individualism, its true limits and its just sphere; of Socialism, as it modifies the other and is modified by it; and of a marriage, pure and exact to mates, to man and to God, intertwining and harmoniously interlocking these three into one. He will address and comfort the threefold cerebral man—front and back and top brain. Balpau, as well as development, is the watchword of the New Age opening, just as in the general social and political sphere, will be the new trinity—Liberty, Justice, Fraternity. Truth yields the first, Wisdom the second, and Love the third.

Am I mistaken? Assuredly, the three great aspects of this spiritual movement are—are they not? the religious, the scientific or philosophic and the practical—for Love is the mother of Religion, Wisdom the father of Science and Philosophy, and Truth the parent of practical use. The New Dispensation will harmoniously combine these three into one cooperative life. Pivotal men and women in each of these departments will gradually command the public mind.

Why, how is it? Every epoch and dispensation has three stages, corresponding to childhood, youth, and manhood, namely the *preparative*, the *preliminary*, the *actual*, or *constructive*—first John, then Jesus, then Paul. Every epoch and dispensation has three phases, correlative of the other three, to wit, the *idealizing*, the *outlining*, the *realizing*. The Poet in the religious sphere and the Harmonist in the philosophic, are the *idealizing* and *outlining* phases. And two others—one in the spiritual, the other in the intellectual plane—represent even now, outlining that which, sooner or later, is constructively to be. The first two represent the *preparative* and *preliminary* sides of the movement—in their sphere of use; the other two, the *feminine* and *masculine* sides, in their. The union of the twain is to be. But the age of the *actual* is not yet to come. Let it be. The nation, man, know a deeper woe, the foundations of Church and State be rocked and reached to all their depths, a larger development of the general mind and a greater growth in the power of Love, and the world is ready. We are marching on; and it remains to be seen

whether the next seven or ten years will not behold the beginning of the *democratic* Theocracy. Monarchy may be something, Democracy something. The complete Government will get from every source—and it will balance what is now regarded as antagonistic as well as opposite. Then commences, in the sense in which I have put it, the practical, potential reign of the Nazarene.

## HOSSUTH TO HIS SWORD.

BY DR. RONALD DRESSER.

"I swear here before you (raising the sword to Heaven) that this American sword in my hand shall be always faithful in the cause of Freedom—that it shall be ever foremost in the battle, and that it shall never be polluted by ambition or cowardice."—M. Kossuth, at Castle Garden.

Henceforth with me thou art, bright blade of steel! And now, the while, may'st rest and sleep; But, by the bye, to make the tyrants leap, Forth from thy resting-place shalt leap! Before High Heaven do I thee consecrate To Freedom's holy, sacred dew— I swear, O sword! I'll smite the potentate, Now tramping down Hungarian laws!

I seem to hear beside old Danube's wave Sad voices saying, "O how long! How long shall despotism rule the hour? O save— Great God, avenge our country's wrong. The haughty Hapsburg and the Muscovite Upon our necks have placed their feet, Forgetful of long-plighted faith and right— Behold, just Powers! the fate we meet."

Bright burnished blade! no blood hath stained thee yet. Nor hast thou sought the springs of life; But time will come when with the foeman met, Thou shalt be foremost in the strife! With arm uplifted high, to my right hand, Thy dash and gleam and mortal blow, Shall cheer the battling hosts of fatherland, And mark where bloodiest torrents flow.

Damascus blades the old Magyar drew, With trenchant arm, and battles won; He kept his nation's name long centuries through. And ever stood the unconquered Hun! Once more shall clash of arms and noise of war, Resound along my native hills— Let tyrant princes know the time's not far— Its men now all Europe fills.

Thou thing of death! a freeman gave thee form— His forge and fire have not thine edge; With thee I'll brave and brave the battle-storm, No coward grasps, my faith I pledge! Crowned heads and hierarchs shall bow Before the Majesty of right; O sword! I help me record this sacred vow— My country's foes shall feel my might!

Let flow of soul and feast of banquet hall, In this the land of Washington, Teach reagent knives and kings, I need but call, And thousand swords are girded on. My sword! I proud gift of plumed and patriot hand, I take thee for a talisman; With thee some day will seek my native land, And strike perchance the Austrian!

ERRATUM.—In the Apoptrophe to Niagara, seen in the BANNER of July 4, in the second stanza, fourth line, for "word," read "word"—and in the next line, for "charts," read "charts."

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THOUGHTS

WHILE STANDING BY A LOOSE VAULT IN ELIZABETH CITY, N. J., IN THE MONTH OF MARCH.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.

Mourning winds around are singing, Dirges o'er each grassy bed— Through the trees forever chanting, Solemn masses for the dead.

Murm'ring, howling, sighing March-winds, What is this ye mean to me? Hear I not a voice of sweetness, 'Mid your noiseless minstrelsy?

Yes, a tale of tender sorrow— Such as mothers love to tell, When their grief no joy can borrow— O'er my spirit wafts its spell.

Of a boy, who, young and lovely, Came to earth with feeble breath; Then when none who knew could spare him, Closed his bright eyes—slept in death.

Pensive was he—almost manly; Thoughtful far beyond his years; Smiling, too, at others' pleasure, Melting with their grief to tears.

Great his strength was, in his weakness— We most love the *frail* flower— Gentle as a summer zephyr, Matchless in his patient power.

Twining with his guileless sweetness, And his many winning ways, Cords of love around all heart-strings, Golden as the shining days.

Soon, too soon the chilly death-winds Bore him from the earth away— Bix short years! and then he faded, But to bloom in endless day.

Long years since his head was pillowed Where the early violets bloom— But the flowers of love he planted Shall outlive Time and the Tomb.

Murmur on, ye solemn wind-harps, Moan and chant above his grave; Little March breeze sweetest music, Where the emerald life-days wave!

## Love.

Sweet summer messenger! welcome at all seasons, thou guest of heaven, and bearer of good tidings unto man! Thou comest with the light step of an angel, with fresh blown roses on thy calm, pure brow; with plenteous gifts and tokens from the worlds of light and beauty. It were well for us if we opened to thee fully the portals of our hearts, and gave a willing spirit's admittance to thy benign and teaching presence. But alas! we are encumbered with worldliness, and do not assign to thee thy fitting place. We give thee a footstool—to thee, who art enthroned in an angel's and we place thee with thorns, and cast at thy holy feet base metals, when we should fling the choicest flowers in thy path. Thy shrines are decorated by Mammon-worship; and vile imitators assume thy sacred office. Oh, attribute of the Divine! crowned and accepted Omnipotence! the world knows thee not yet as its Savior. Reproach is cast upon thy name, and scorn upon thy purpose; the mire of selfishness is thrown upon thy snowy raiment, and babbling tongues tell of the wrongs committed in thy name. Thy martyr advocates in all ages have been rejected, crucified; but the coming time shall inscribe their names in the archives of heaven. Beautiful, saying, Love! angelically pure and divinely regenerative is thy mission to human hearts. Let them take heed to cast out of their

soul the darkening skepticism and the clouding selfishness, and none need fear thy advent for thou comest only to bless, to elevate, to sanctify, to lead nearer unto God. Thou art the inspirer of all glorious action, the teacher of loftiest, immortal truth. Thy names are purity, gentleness, devotion, honor; thy gifts are manifold; thy instructions heavenly. The heart possessed of thee is endowed with treasures far exceeding a monarch's ransom; thy crown is of imperishable lustre; thy might eternal; thy sway extends over the boundless universe of God! To thee has been entrusted the keeping and guidance of earth's greatest minds, as well as the guardianship of her lowliest, simplest hearts. Thou art the acknowledged sovereign of all worlds, the ruler of all human destiny.

CORA WILSON.

St. Paul, Minn., June 23, 1893.

## What is It?

Will some of the learned professors of the East explain the following phenomenon, which I will prove true, if they will explain it, and which no Western College dares to examine or report upon, lest it should prove the return and communication of those whom their religion declares have "gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." In this neighborhood, (Chardon, Ohio,) lives a young man, whose only opportunity for education was less than six months at a district school before he was seven years of age. Soon after that period, he began to have epileptic fits, which have continued for over twelve years—of course destroying his physical capacity for labor, and mostly his mental for cultivation. Add to this the extreme poverty of his parents, his father a cripple, and requiring charitable aid to get the coarsest necessities of life, and you have a picture of his surroundings. Of course, entirely without books, except a few simple school books, and a few worthless tracts scattered where bread was never needed.

Five or six years ago this young man began to have visions, in which angels appeared and conversed with him, at least so it seemed to him, and his hand was, and has ever since been controlled to write short articles in poetry and prose, and sometimes long essays, one of which he has just read to me, covering over forty pages of foolscap, and if I am a judge—and I think I am—is as able a treatise on the Works and Ways of Nature, embracing the four great kingdoms, Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, and Human, as can be written by any scientific professor in any college of the nation, and written in as good language and using it as appropriately—and yet he can neither make use of it nor find ten persons in his reach that can appreciate it. These articles contain scores of words correctly spelled and applied, that he never before heard of, and many he cannot find in the old copy of Walker's Dictionary, the only lexicon he has access to, and some even in Latin, correctly applied. Some intelligence directed him to take his manuscripts and come to the house where I am stopping, but he knew not why, for he had neither any knowledge of my being here, nor of me in any way; but he said, on entering the house, (he is very diffident) that he was impressed to come, and bring his manuscripts, and that some one was here that would understand them.

The style and language of the treatise is more like Voltaire than any author I am acquainted with, and would do credit even to him: But how can such a poor boy, with all the churches against him, get his words before the people, and especially to the many who could properly appreciate them? He is even dependent for paper on the little presents he receives. This intelligence, or some other power evidently connected with it, has greatly reduced the fits in the last two or three years, and has already taught him to write a good hand, and to read it quite correctly, and that without visible aid. Of course, we know it is his guardian spirit; but what do the professors and the clergy know? Can they tell whence the intelligence that does this work in him, and that sent him to me, and not admit spirit intercourse? Even while I have been writing this he has written by my side one of the keenest and truest specimens of poetry I ever saw, very much like those spoken by Lizzie Doten, at her lectures, and in true words, measure and rhyme. He says the words, and even the letters to spell them, are impressed on his mind as his hand is writing them; and that frequently scholars come to him to write compositions for them to read in schools, and he often does it.

One clergyman got him to write an essay on the Emancipation of Slavery, which he carried off and often read in public, as a superior article of that subject. This is not a solitary case; but "What is it?" Let the wise answer, and let him who dares examine; for greater things than these are in store for our race.

WARREN CHASE.

Chardon, O., June 23, 1893.

P. S.—If any one would know more of or aid this young man, he or she may write to Mrs. Lucie H. Cowles, of Chardon, Ohio, who has long known him, and is a true friend to the suffering poor. W. O.

## Quarterly Meeting in Cadiz, Ind.

We have received a letter, from which we learn that there is to be a Quarterly Meeting of the Friends of Progress, in Cadiz, Henry Co., Ind., on Friday, the 31st day of July, instant, to be continued three days. The meeting is to be held in the new hall recently erected by the Spiritualists of that place. A general attendance is desired. Ample provision will be made for all. Dr. James Cooper and Miss Mary Thomas, of Ohio, and other speakers are expected to be present. Also the Davenport Boys, and Mr. Harris with his music and songs. The Herald of Progress is requested to copy. The letter is written so kindly that we could not make out the whole of its contents is our only reason for not publishing it entire.

## Passed to Spirit Life.

From the battlefield at Aldie, Va., June 17th, 1863. Col. Calvin B. Doty, of the First Maine Cavalry, of Dover, Me., aged 60 years. His remains were brought to his home in Dover, and interred on Saturday, June 27th, accompanied by the Military, and also by the Masonic Fraternity, of which he was a member. A large concourse of citizens, numbered by thousands, were present at his burial. At the request of the widow, Charles A. Hayden delivered an eloquent funeral discourse at the grave. A eulogy on the life and character of the deceased was also spoken by Hon. John H. Rice, M. C., and a poem by David Barker, Esq. The several clergymen of this place assisted in the exercises.

For the first time, in this vicinity, we have witnessed the mingling together of ministers of the various denominations with a Spiritualist speaker on a funeral occasion. Col. Doty was a Spiritualist, as is also his widow, and being herself possessed of mediumistic power, she derives great comfort in receiving frequent tokens and evidences of his presence.

Brave and fearless, he fell while leading his gallant regiment in that fearful charge. Possessing in an eminent degree those elements and qualities so essential to an efficient commanding officer, it will be difficult to fill the post he has vacated. And in his home, and in the community in which he lived, a void has been made which time can scarcely fill. May the widow and only surviving son, and all the relatives, share richly in all those consolations which flow into the soul only through the opening portals of the heavenly world.

From Chicago, on the 20th of June, of heart disease, the infant son of Mrs. E. Davenport.

Also, on the 23d of June, after long and protracted suffering, the spirit of his accomplished and beautiful wife took its departure from this world of sorrow. Being a firm believer in the glorious truths of immortality, death was but a white-winged messenger of mercy, from which do earthly powers could purchase escape. Possessing a highly refined and cultivated mind, and realizing the importance of the great truths of Spiritualism, she exercised an elevating in-

fluence over her husband, in properly directing his energies and mediumistic powers, for the advancement of the facts of immortality. The knowledge of the fact of their being able to return and hold sweet communion is a sovereign consolation to the bereaved husband and father.

L. G.

Adrian, June 29, 1893.

From Washington Village, June 21st, Mrs. Ellen Ashcroft, aged 68 years. Thus has passed from earth one who will be greatly missed and deeply lamented, for hers was a useful life. She lived but to do good, wherever she went. To the sick and sorrowing she was ever the kind, sympathizing friend, and to them her loss can never be replaced; but she will come to the couch of suffering with the sunny smile and cheerful words. Her mission with us is fulfilled, and her pleasant dream realized. A week previous to her death she buried a beloved grandchild. She said to the grave she should go to him in a week. A few hours before she died she had a beautiful vision of the child. Little Freddie appeared to her, and said he was in a bright home among birds and flowers, that she would soon be there to take care of him; as she had done here.

She was a believer in Spiritualism, and looked forward to the future world as the true state of existence. To the bereaved friends we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this dark hour. May they remember that she is still living, only gone before to the spirit-world. A few brief years and you will meet, where parting is not known.

M. L. F.

## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Portland, Me., Sept. 6 and 10; in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25. Address: Pavilion, Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

P. L. H. WILKIE will lecture in Quincy, Mass., July 26; in Portland, Me., August 2 and 9. His post-office address is 102 Log July, Aug. and Sept. will be Hancock, N. H.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Boston, Sept. 6 and 13; in Quincy, Sept. 20 and 27; in Troy, N. Y., December; in Philadelphia, in Jan. Her address until Sept. will be Bridgewater, Vermont.

Mrs. ANNETTE A. CHURCH will speak in Oldtown, Me., September of July; in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture in Bangor, Me., in July; in Quincy, Mass., the first of Aug. and the last of the fall and winter. Address, Rose-Croix, Delancey P. O., Burlington Co., New Jersey.

Mrs. ANNA M. BRADSHAW will lecture in Quincy, Sept. 6 and 13. Address, New York City.

Mrs. EMMA HOBBS will lecture in Portland, Me., during Oct. She may be addressed as above, or East Houghton, Me.

Mrs. ANNETTE A. CHURCH will lecture in Bangor, Me., in July; in Quincy, Mass., the first of Aug. and the last of the fall and winter. Address, Rose-Croix, Delancey P. O., Burlington Co., New Jersey.

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—We shall print in our next paper No. 9, of the series of the ably written articles on the above theme.

INDEPENDENCE DAY in Boston passed off in the usual manner—by the ringing of bells, firing of national salutes, fireworks, etc. "The authorities" had a good time at the Academy of Music. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered the oration, which was a very patriotic affair, and richly rewarded, of course. We have no room for the extracts we should like to print.

We are under great obligations to Mrs. M. Moulthrop for her able report of the proceedings of the Spiritualists' meeting, held at Manchester, Illinois, June 30th, and 21st, which will be found in another column.

Although Gen. Meade has whipped Gen. Lee in Pennsylvania, and that Vicksburg is taken, our people must not suppose for a moment that the war will be of short duration. We have a mammoth power yet to cope with. Thirty years of preparation by the South for this very war should teach the North that they have something yet to do to secure peace can be proclaimed. The draft, consequently, has come at exactly the right time.

DEAR DIO.—You ought to be bored, and I'll do it. Nothing but my abhorrence of seeing you buried alive has prevented me from conferring this honor upon you before.

Intensely yours, Jo Cozz.

The above note accompanied a box of super strawberries sent Dig, by Jo a few days since, and Dig, and his confederates, with the accompaniments of sugar and cream, partook of a feast fit for a king—all were nicely bored and berated.

It is a safe estimate to say that since the war began the Southern people have lost at least one hundred thousand slaves, a pecuniary loss of about fifty million dollars.

A lady once said to Dean Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For God's sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly have it taxed."

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo often lasts much longer.

There are pretended patriots who will hold anything except their tongues, keep anything except their word, and lose nothing patiently except their character.

The Eastern Railroad Company has declared a dividend of \$3 a share free from Government tax, which was payable on the 1st inst.

JULY.

To-day, the meek-eyed cattle on the hills  
Are grouped together in some grateful shade;  
Or slowly wander down the grassy glade,  
To stand content, knee-deep, in glassy rills.  
The wandering bee, in far-secluded flowers,  
Hums its low, unheeded anthem from care;  
Great brilliant butterflies, fragile as fair,  
Float gracefully above the gorgeous flowers.  
The sun pours down a flood of golden heat  
Upon the busy world; so hot and bright,  
That the tired traveler, longing for the night,  
Seeks some cool shelter from the dusty street.  
The cricket chirrup forth its shrill refrain;  
The grass and all green things are near and dry;  
The parched earth thirsts for water, and men sigh  
For cooling showers. All nature waits for rain.

A BRIGHT IDEA.—Mr. Bright has again been speaking on American affairs in the British Parliament, arguing that freedom in the South will increase the produce of cotton.

THE GREAT ROOT AND HERB WAREHOUSE.—The largest stock of Roots and Herbs, and embracing the greatest variety (over six hundred different kinds), is for sale by Octavius King, No. 634 Washington street, eclectic physician and dealer in herbs. His warehouse is large, and the different articles are arranged in order for wholesale trade. The retail department is also complete. The fragrance of the herbs is omnipresent. Purchasers at wholesale should not fail to call as above. Buyers at retail already know that Mr. King has the best stock in New England. Mr. King commenced business in 1852, and established himself in the small store under Pine street church. His warehouse now extends to Oak place, in the rear of Washington street. But few of our citizens are familiar with the immense sale of the articles prepared and sold by this dealer in herbs; the aggregate is enormous. Twenty years since roots and herbs as medicines were little used; now they are in great favor.

"Bambo, why am I lawyers like fishes?" "I don't meddle with the subject, Pomp." "Why, don't you see, Bambo? 'Cause they are so fond of de-bate."

How much the ladies have become to be like the men in the articles of wearing apparel. They have no bonnets now; they are all hats; the tiny little choker, secured by the faintest tie, is just like the men's; and many of the fair sex essay to wear the breeches, and though it is hard to acknowledge it, some of the dears succeed.

One of Sir Boyle Roche's invitations to an Irish nobleman was rather equivocal: "I hope, my lord, if you ever come within a mile of my house, you'll stay there all night."

It is computed that the various little patches of ground devoted to the cultivation of flowers, in the vicinity of Paris, realize an income of \$2,000,000 francs, and give employment to 500,000 persons. The French are passionately fond of flowers, and few are so poor as to feel unable to indulge in the luxury.

New England appears to be a bad country for the negroes. They do not thrive on its soil. In Boston last year the number of colored births was only 45, and the year before only 47. In the last eight years the births have been 304, and the deaths 500. In every year the deaths have exceeded the births. They cannot thrive here.

No person who is enrolled for the National conscription need establish his claim to exemption until he receives a printed notice informing him that he has been drafted, and then he will have ten days to show that he is not liable or able to perform military service.

Sorgha fields are abundant in Southern Illinois. Some proprietors have three hundred acres of cane now growing.

Jo Cozz says the reason why Stonewall Jackson never took Washington was that, being a temperate man, did not allow himself to take anything strong.

Superstition is the refuge of the skeptic who has a heart too devout to dare to be skeptical.—Becher.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

T. A. Mount Vernon, Ind.—Your manuscripts have been received, and will receive attention soon.

W. C.—Received, from Lookport, N. Y., \$15; from Troy, Ohio, \$3.75; fromerville, Ohio, \$5. Much obliged for the interest you take in our behalf. Names duly entered upon our subscription books.

"Like Oz."—When we receive aid, to help the sick and destitute, God knows, if mortals do not, that we take no per centage for our services. On the contrary, when we have money, we add our mite to that sent us, and feel amply paid for our trouble by the God within our own bosom; the \$10 shall be appropriated as you desire.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Spiritualists of Manchester, Boone County, Illinois.

Having had an invitation, dear BANNER, from the Committee of the Manchester Spiritualists to attend their yearly Grove Meeting, I accepted it, and in company with Miss Belle Scougal, and our good brother, J. M. Peabody, left Rockford, on Friday, the 10th of June, taking the cars for Caladonia, where we were met by Mr. U. H. Ellis, of Manchester, who conveyed us to his home, a distance of about seven miles from the depot. I was delighted with the appearance of his home and its surroundings; a neat frame, snugly nestled amid a few giant oaks of the forest which had escaped the "pioneers" axe. Extending around was a green lawn, with shrubs and choice flowers scattered here and there in groups, while beyond were fields of young grain gracefully waving in their luxuriant dress of green. I think I never saw utility and taste more beautifully blended than on the farm of brother U. H. Ellis.

At 7 o'clock a bountiful supper was served to about twenty persons, who had come from a distance to attend the meeting. Later in the evening a large number of friends from the immediate neighborhood joined us, to dance to the tones of the violin. We were a merry gathering, the young and older ones alike participating in the enjoyment.

The next morning was somewhat cloudy. The road to Mr. J. F. Daniels's Grove, where the exercises were to be held, lay through a rich and fertile country, picturesque and beautiful. After a short drive we reached the ground in time to rest a few moments before the meeting was opened. The temple was spacious, and was adorned with the overhanging branches of the trees; under our feet was a rich green carpet. Oh, how my heart rejoiced in the quiet harmony that reigned around; I felt that we could be as free as the song-bird, whose music was borne on the breeze, or the little brook that bubbled past in its quiet course through hill and valley, in sun and shade.

A goodly number was soon assembled, and the meeting was organized by appointing J. O. Ellis, Chairman, and Mrs. M. Moulthrop, of Rockford, Ill., Secretary. The exercises were commenced by the reciting of a poem by Mr. C. M. Stone, entitled, "The Golden Door," written by L. Moulthrop, of Rockford, Ill.; followed by remarks from Miss Belle Scougal, Mrs. Robert, Mr. Painter, of Bridgeville, Mich., U. W. Hioe, of Broadhead, Wis., (entranced,) a young man of much promise. Mr. C. O. Knowles sang an original song. The meeting then adjourned until one o'clock. Refreshments were passed around from the well filled baskets of nice things, and social converse flowed freely.

At one o'clock the President called the meeting to order. Mrs. C. M. Stone repeated a poem, "Watch-er on the Tower," by C. McKay. J. M. Peabody, of Battle Creek, Mich., next spoke—subject, "What is Truth?" which he dwelt upon with an eloquence and power that all felt. In closing his remarks he said, A man once asked him how he should find a guardian angel? The answer came from his spirit-guide, "Guide some one else."

Next, a poem and remarks by Mrs. C. M. Stone. Mr. Peabody again said, Man is a religious being going outward, going upward, ever aspiring. He spoke of the want of proper culture in our religious nature; his spiritual or higher house overlooked, while his life is only in the intellectual. Daniel Webster lived in the intellectual, knowing little of the higher or spiritual, which made his nature selfish. Unless governed by the top brain, or moral and spiritual nature, the more power you put forth, the more dangerous that power, unless controlled. He said he wanted to go to heaven upon his own merits, because he had earned it. He had taught Faith until his lungs were almost worn out; but he now taught Works.

Mrs. B. R. Morrill, clairvoyant physician, of Rockford, Ill., was entranced, and spoke a few minutes. Belle Scougal made some remarks in reference to the Devil's mission. Said also, that devotion is the key that unlocks the door and opens the way to our hearts.

Mrs. Robert said, As the Devil had been introduced in the meeting, she would say a few words in reference to his majesty. She then related an anecdote of a Baptist meeting which she once attended, referring to what was then said of the Devil.

Belle Scougal again said it seemed to be her mission to vindicate his rights, and told another anecdote, originating in Scotland.

Mr. Stone, of Janesville, Wis., gave his experience. Said he had been a Methodist, and had learned the language of the church. He believed in spontaneous prayer; that the people had prayed to a personal God until humanity was earned.

I wish all were as earnest as Bro. Stone. He is one of our most sound, practical men.

Rev. Mr. Packa (Universalist) spoke touchingly of the many friends who had crossed "over the river" since the war had commenced. Said how happy he was to feel the cord of sympathy that is binding our hearts together in one common brotherhood, linking us with the angel world.

The meeting adjourned until nine o'clock the next day. We all dispersed to partake of the kind hospitalities offered us by the different families in the neighborhood.

Sunday Morning.—One glance at the leaden sky revealed the uncertain state of the atmosphere, but we were not dismayed, knowing that the bright sun was behind all this. At nine o'clock a goodly number had assembled, which kept increasing until noon.

At nine the meeting was called to order by the President.

O. M. Stone repeated a poem, "Eternal Justice," by C. McKay. She said every age had its Christ, and every Christ had worn a crown of thorns. Every year has his duty to perform, and if he fails in one instance, he will be obliged to return to earth and perform every neglected duty before his spirit can progress into perfection. Every spirit has his own sphere to fill, from the Bushman to the highest type of mankind. She concluded her remarks with one of her beautiful poems, "One by one they cross the river."

Song by Miss Lucy Morgan. "Wait till the good time coming comes." Miss M. has a fine musical talent; her voice is highly cultivated, and admirably adapted to obtain those around her.

Belle Scougal next addressed us in her pleasing way, inspiring the audience with confidence in her earnest and sincere bearing. Subject: "We recognize no authority but Truth." The conservative element has always existed, and is necessary. So has the great sun of progress ever, ever existed, although it has at times hid its face behind the big clouds of superstition. It has always been necessary for the wheel of progress to be clogged. Old Dame Nature has been telling this for thousands of years in the great book spread before us.

Poem by Mrs. C. M. Stone. "Under the Tree."

Mrs. Robert next spoke on the Spiritualism of the Bible. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." I never heard the Spiritualism of the Bible better defended, although the lecturer proved that the inspiration of that Book was not complete, showing the different characters through which the inspiration came. She showed how much reliance the Orthodox place upon the record, while they discard everything in connection with the present inspiration, crying, "humbly." She said the sun is not dependent upon the Book, but the Book is dependent upon the sun.

By an abbot.

Mr. Peabody again spoke a short time. Subject, Mother, Home and Heaven. Mrs. Stone repeated "The Web of Life." Here the exercises were interrupted by a heavy shower of rain. Mrs. Stone gave the closing benediction, and after the rain subsided the choir sang a hymn, and the meeting adjourned. As I was about to leave the speakers' stand, Mr. C. O. Knowles handed me an original poem, entitled "Ode to Science."

Miss Scougal and myself spent a week in Manchester. While there we visited several families. In every house that we visited, with but one exception, the BANNER OF LIGHT seemed to be the idol of the house, and as from its ample folds they are enabled to increase their daily store of knowledge in things that pertain to their intellectual and spiritual growth. They are indeed an intelligent, thrifty and truth-loving community.

May the BANNER wave soon all over a free and peaceful land, is the prayer of an earnest heart.

Yours for truth, M. Moulthrop.

Ivy Cottage, Rockford, Ill.

Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Reformers of Ganges and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting at Pier Cove, Allegan Co., Mich., on the 8th and 9th of August next, to which all favorable to reform are invited to attend. Good speakers will be in attendance, and music of the best quality will be furnished. Ample provision for strangers.

L. L. BRAD, Sec.

Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress and Reform will hold a two days meeting in Eagle Grove, Washago Co., Wisconsin, on Saturday and Sunday, July 18th and 19th. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all from a distance. The speakers will be Mrs. Stone, Mrs.

Robert, Mrs. N. L. Willets, Mrs. S. Ames, and Miss Belle Scougal. And we invite all speakers to attend the meeting. The platform will be free to all. For order, C. U. SEYBANCE.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

BOYCE OF BROOKFIELD, LEXINGTON, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Brookfield held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 8 A. M. and 7 P. M. Admission Free. [There will be a vacation from July 19th until Sept. 1st.] Lecturer engaged—Mrs. M. R. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 12.

CHARTERED HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritualists meet every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free.

Foxboro'.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Mrs. M. Macomber will speak Sunday, July 18, at 1 P. M. and 5 P. M. o'clock, P. M.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists held meetings in Wells Hall. The following lecturers are engaged to speak forenoon and afternoon—R. J. Finney, July 19 and 20; Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, Sept. 6 and 12; R. L. Greenleaf, Sept. 20 and 27; Mrs. M. W. Wood, Oct. 4, 11, 18, and 25; Mrs. M. R. Townsend, Nov. 1, 8, 15, and 22; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, during Dec.; Mrs. Nellie J. Temple, during Jan.

CONCORD, MASS.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—J. M. Peabody, July 19 and 20; Mrs. Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 6, 13, 20, 27, and 30; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 6, 13, 20 and 27; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Oct. 4, 11, 18, and 25; Mrs. Nellie J. Temple, Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall. Services in afternoon and evening, and in the evening at 2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—W. L. Garrison, July 19; Fred. L. H. Willis, July 20; Mrs. Emma Harding, August 2; Adia Ballou, Aug. 9; John B. Rock, Aug. 16; Chas. A. Hayden, Aug. 23 and 30; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Sept. 6 and 13; Mrs. M. R. Townsend, Sept. 20 and 27.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Casco streets. Sunday school and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 P. M. o'clock. Speakers engaged—Adia Ballou, July 19; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, July 20; Fred. L. H. Willis, Aug. 2 and 9; Hon. J. B. Hays, Oct. 4 and 11; Maine, August 18; Rev. D. A. Watson, Aug. 30; Lizzie Dolen, Sept. 6 and 13; Emma Houston, month of October; S. J. Finney, month of Nov.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, Dec. 6 and 13.

BANGOR, ME.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a conference every Thursday evening in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged—Miss Emma Harding, July 19 and 20; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, Sept. 6, 13, 20 and 27, and Oct. 4, 11, 18 and 25; Charles A. Hayden, Nov. 1, 8, 15 and 22.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10:15 and 7:15 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

READERS OF THE BANNER will bear in mind that one DOLLAR sent to J. P. Snow, 83 Cedar street, N. Y., will get by return mail more good *Star* than you can get any other way. We have cited them. J. P. S.

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April 18.

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These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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The Seances are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, May 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Abram Torrey, to his relatives, in Darlington; Edward Burgess, to Timothy Overlander, of New Orleans, La.; James Donovan, to Don Donovan, of New York City; William Porter, to his parents, in Columbus, Ohio.

Friday, June 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Solomon Shaw, of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. Clark, Town of Deer; Albert M. Barker, to his father, in Boston; Alice M. Warner, to her parents, Charlotte and Wm. Bacon, of Troy, New York.

Saturday, June 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Anthony Lauchie, of Windsor, Portugal; Charles Koppel, to his friends, in Boston; Isabelle Fry, to her husband in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sunday, June 19.—Invocation: The Manifestations of the Spirit-Land; Questions and Answers; Capt. Thomas Floyd Elliott, to his brother, Theodore Floyd, of New Orleans, La.; James Hafferty, of Gardiner, Me., to his sister, Margaret K. Hoag, living near San Jose, Cal.; Harriet Alden, to her mother and sister, living in St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, June 22.—Invocation: Jack Taylor, of St. Louis, Mo., to his friends, in California; Lydia Thompson, of Rockland, Me.; John Henry Sawyer, to his mother, living in Columbus, Ohio.

Tuesday, June 23.—Invocation: False and True Marriage; Questions and Answers; Surgeon Adam Payne, to Nathaniel Payne, in Richmond, Va.; Mary Brady, to her daughter, in New York City; Eliza Nutt, to her brother, Dr. Thomas Nutt, of St. Louis, Mo.

Wednesday, June 24.—Invocation: Are not all Thoughts of Spiritual Origin, and therefore Immortal? Philip Mason; William O'Leary, to his family, in Memphis, Tenn.; Dorcas Poley, to her friends, in Philadelphia, Pa.; Gilbert Bryant, to William Bryant, of Chesapeake, Md.

Thursday, June 25.—Invocation: The Object and Use of Prayer; Questions and Answers; Sarah Elizabeth Dodge, to her parents, in Gloucester, Mass.; Thomas MacDonald, to Thomas L. MacDonald, in New Orleans, La.; Eben Avery, to his wife, in Troy, N. Y.

Friday, June 26.—Invocation: The Philosophy of Modernism; Questions and Answers; Jeremiah Holden, of Porterville, Calif.; Mary A. Strass, of Savannah, Ga., to her father, living in No. 10, H Street, Cogen, of Andover, Mass., to her husband, Jacob Cogen.

Saturday, June 27.—Invocation: The Non-Immortality of all Things; Questions and Answers; Caleb Wilkins, to his wife, in Wakefield, Mass.; Abigail Eaton, of Wakefield, Mass., to her mother, in Wakefield, Mass.

Sunday, June 28.—Invocation: What is Spirit when Deceased from Matter? Questions and Answers; Amanda Jane Caldwell, to her husband, in Utah; Col. Thomas Welch, of Virginia; Thomas L. Fowles, to his mother, in New York.

And yet the human mind will forever seek for goodness, will forever aspire to be perfect, which is to become Godlike, and that is right, else Deity would not have implanted that power in the human soul. The human soul may seek for goodness throughout the endless cycles of eternity, yet it cannot be entirely good, for that which is but a part can never be the whole.

There is a something of Deity in these beautiful blossoms—[alluding to the flowers on the table]—but would it be right for these buds to declare that because God dwelt in the flower, that the flower was God? No, certainly not; for to be God all else in the entire universe of mind and matter must pass into oblivion. Therefore it was that Jesus said, "Call me not good, for there is but one good, and that is God." He did not claim to be good; he knew that he was but a part of the whole, which was God. He did not claim to be good; he did not claim perfection. Although humanity of the present day tells you that he was entirely good, yet he distinctly affirmed, when he walked the earth in human form, and spoke words of truth through mortal lips, that he was not the good, not God, not perfect; but only a part of that which Deity was the whole.

May 25.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—A lady desires some thoughts upon the commencement of life, or the life of the infant in spirit-life?

Ans.—All life belongs to eternity. It has no beginning and no ending. Do you understand us?

Q.—Do. It is written in the Gospel of St. Luke, that Christ, after the resurrection, walked the earth and ate and drank with his disciples. Is it so?

A.—Christ did indeed walk the earth, and ate and drank with his disciples, but not as an inhabitant of the body; that was crucified and laid in the tomb; for that body the moment it was separated from the spirit, came under a new law, which law was quite as potent as that from whence it came. We know there are many persons who believe in the literal resurrection of the physical body of Jesus, but we unhesitatingly declare unto you, that the physical body of Christ never was resurrected, for God the Infinite is a respecter of law; were he not, he could not be God. That body by which the disciples spoken of were enabled to see Jesus, that physical—if we may so term it—garment that was worn by Jesus when he presented himself to his beloved followers after his spirit had been resurrected, was precisely such an one as your disembodied friends sometimes gather from their surroundings, that they may present themselves to your mediums in as lifelike a manner as possible. It seems entirely physical, yet it is not the body that belongs to mortality. Jesus of Nazareth, again we declare, was resurrected in spirit, and in spirit alone. The physical body was not resurrected.

Q.—Did spirit exist before it became incarnate?

A.—All spirit is eternal without beginning or end. While it is incarnate in the body it is a child of progress.

Q.—Is that progress always?

A.—It is, for eternity is one grand round of progressive life.

Q.—How, then, are we to account for the origin of spirit? If it has always existed, what must it have started from?

A.—The soul of man has forever existed as a principle, a power, and all principles are ever perfect in themselves.

Q.—How, then, do you say it progresses?

A.—By progression we mean a constant series of changes in manifestation. The soul-principle does not change; it is not affected by the things of Time or Eternity. Its manifestations do indeed change, but the spirit, or soul-principle, does not change.

Q.—Are there very many manifestations of spirit-principle in existence?

A.—Such as you see in the flower, in the granite rock; such as you see in the drop of water, or feel in the air you breathe. But individualized human spirit becomes such as it enters the human body.

Q.—Is spirit of itself material?

A.—In one sense it is, in another it is not.

Q.—Can it exist in abstract without being in the body?

A.—Yes, as a principle; but after being once incarnated in the flesh, it never loses its individuality.

Q.—Do we know that there ever was a Christ?

A.—No, you do not really know that such a person lived, for you never saw him, and all knowledge comes from experience.

Q.—I never saw the Queen of England.

A.—True, you have no positive knowledge that such a person exists, for knowledge is the child of experience.

Q.—Have we sufficient faith to believe in Christ's existence?

A.—We think you have.

Q.—How could Christ have said, "I am before the beginning of the world?"

A.—We do not believe he intended to declare to his disciples that he lived in the flesh before the beginning of the world. He intended that they should know that he existed as a spirit, a power; that as a principle of Truth and Life he had existed throughout all the endless past, as he would throughout the future.

May 25.

Nathaniel Littlefield.

Bump! Well, I don't know, friend. [What say?] I'm here to get a chance to send something to my folks, if I can. [We will assist you to do so.] My name was Littlefield—Nat Littlefield—Nathaniel. I died at Falmouth. I had sort of a rheumatic complaint at first; they said it settled on the heart. I don't know how I came dead—as they call it; all I know is that I died, and that's enough to know. I don't care how I went; the main object is to get back right, seeing you want to come.

Now I want a square understanding. You print a paper? [We do.] You print our letters in it? [Yes.] I understand it. Well, I want you to know that I can come to her in dreams, and they say I can write through her. I am going to say so, myself; but if she'll give me a chance to come to her alone, I'll see what I can do in the way of writing. I should like to have her sit down to a table in some room alone, and expect me; yes, expect me, because I shall be there, and I'll see what I can do. I ain't going to promise anything; but if I can, I shall tell 'em what I want them to do, now I'm gone from them. I'll show them how to get along, for I'm well enough off in the spirit-world, and they're living here. You know, friend, you've got to talk about these earthly things when you come back, if you would help your folks at all.

Oh, I ain't none of your Christians, I can tell you. I was infidel to the backbone, but you see I've got my infidelity washed away, for the first thing that I see after death was a natural world and a natural state of things, that made me believe in God, as a principle. My good old mother used to say that I should join the Church and get religion when I was here, but it's just as well, exactly. I want to tell her that I see some Christians in the spirit-world who are worse off than I am.

Now there's a good many things that I should like to say at home, that I wouldn't like to speak of here; so you won't take it amiss if I don't tell all I know here, will you? [No indeed.] I had n't much of an education when I was here; never took to learning very much, and don't care about making too great a spread of myself. I want to make myself understood; that's all. I belonged to the 9th Illinois Company, I.

Well, friend, you and I will part company now, if you've no objection. I don't feel exactly right here; they said I shouldn't the first time. Oh, one thing more. I want to tell Jane not to be frightened at whatever comes, for if she's got any sort of powers at all, I shall be apt to strain them mighty hard. Good-by, friend.

May 25.

Clara Frances Alden.

My mother said if I would come here and tell when I died and where, and my name, and what I died of, where I was born, and how old I was, and her name and my father's, she would feel satisfied that I lived since I left her, and that I could come.

My body was called Clara Frances Alden. I was eleven years and three months and a little more. They said I died of congestion of the lungs. I don't know. I was born and died in Cincinnati, Ohio. My father's name is Philip T. Alden; my mother's name, Clara. I was named for my mother and the younger sister of my mother, who died before I was born. Frances was her name. That is all, sir, my mother asked me to tell. Shall I go? [If you desire to.] May 25.

Jacob Ryder.

Be good enough to tell my friends I should be pleased to make some communication with them privately. Be kind enough to tell the friends who asked me to return, if I could, that I have not much power; that I've done the best I could. I know I've not come back as soon as they expected me to, but I've come here just as soon as I could. I was Jacob Ryder, and a member of the 1st Massachusetts Battery. I can't talk any more, sir. Good-day.

May 25.

William Johnson.

Friend, be kind enough to say, in your paper, that William Johnson, of Cartersville, Georgia, died yesterday, at eleven o'clock, in one of your Federal hospitals. My friends there are in the habit of holding circles, as you call them; but I was, and shall be, perhaps, unable to go there direct, and as I know they receive your paper occasionally, I take this method of informing my friends of the news of my death. There's no one else in the army from Cartersville of my name, so I shall not be mistaken for another. [Did you pass on from sickness or wounds?] Both. I was wounded in the last siege with your Hooker, you call him. [At Fredericksburg?] Yes; a fever set in, and between my wounds and the fever, I left yesterday, at eleven o'clock. [Sunday, the 24th?] Yes. My thanks, sir.

May 25.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would adore thee for as much of thy being as we can comprehend; for all those manifestations of thy wondrous life that are everywhere exhibited to our senses. Oh, our Father, there are many thousands of souls in this city alone this day that are saying to worship thee. We only pray, oh Father, that while they make loud professions, that they may worship thee as well in kind deeds to their fellowmen. May they come into thy presence this hour with new resolves and higher and nobler purposes. In view of thy great kindness to them, may they resolve that they will worship thee in thy creations, and we know that there is not anything in life that thou hast not created. But oh, if they should chance to meet any of the suffering and fallen ones of earth, may they extend to them the hand of their strength and sympathy, and give to them those kind words that shall cheer them on through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, wondrous Spirit of Love, we invoke thy presence this hour, that we may no more wander from thy holy ways. Oh, unfold us with a new mantle of charity, and teach us, oh Father, as well as all mankind, that we are all dependent upon thee. Oh, teach us to worship thee more in the beauty of holiness than in form, that by so doing we may be able to give thee an offering as acceptable as these fair buds before thee. They praise thee in spirit, oh Father, and shall we do less? They return thee thanks for the sunlight and for air, and shall we not thank thee for the sunlight of thy love and the atmosphere of eternal truth? We must thank thee, must adore thee, must forever feel that thou art near unto thy children. Oh, our Father, thus we will forever and forever adore thee; thus we will forever and forever call thee our Father in holy confidence.

May 25.

The Philosophy of Individuality and Immortality.

This is the subject we have chosen upon which to make a few remarks on this occasion. "The Philosophy of Individuality and Immortality." The human spirit is ever desirous to retain its selfhood, or its individuality. This is one of the strongest characteristics of human nature; a love of self, and an intense desire to perpetuate self, or to retain throughout eternity our individuality. So strong is this element of human nature, that though we may dwell in the lowest conditions of human life, yet we would not be willing to exchange our condition for a higher one; would not be willing to deliver up our selfhood into the keeping of another, though that other be elevated ever so high in the scale of human life; though that other be ever so happy, and we ourselves ever so miserable, yet we would not be willing to deliver up our selfhood to the keeping of another.

Since then this feeling is so predominant in nature, we may infer that it was given to human nature by the Great Author for a grander purpose than is apparent to human nature. God has given us the gift of individuality, that we may protect self; that we may obey the first law of human nature. But was it given for no higher use to humanity? We contend it was; that the purpose for which it was given is as grand as the universe itself, and as mighty also. What is that purpose? Let us see.

It had laid off its physical form; that there was an hereafter, a heaven of rest and happiness, that many should attain when they laid off the physical form in death. Now humanity, as a whole, have believed this; have placed more or less confidence in the doctrine of immortality. We know that there are a certain class that profess to be infidel to immortality, but while they make such a profession they are not really non-believers in immortality. We have seen the professed infidels to immortality, as it were, hanging between heaven and earth, and lifting their entire souls to a being beyond and above themselves, a being they believed to be superior to themselves, for aid and sympathy. Intuitively this feeling has arisen in the infidel's soul, as we have said.

Thus you will not wonder that we unhesitatingly declare that there are none who are strictly infidel to immortality. Since then the teachers of all time have talked of immortality, have told the human soul that there was a future state of existence beyond the tomb. Still, there are very few who have paused to ask, What are the conditions of immortality? On what do they depend? Or, and by and through what are we to receive this gift of immortality? Although all nations have believed in the gift, have intuitively recognized the gift, and worshiped the giver, still there are very few persons who have paused to inquire into the nature of the gift of immortality, and for what purpose it was given to humanity. Even the unlettered Indian, who never read a volume, or listened to a single discourse in his life, has dreamed of a spirit-land and of a Great Spirit. The winds have whispered it to his nature; the ocean has thundered of it; the birds have sung of the existence of a Great Spirit. All the voices of Nature have been preachers to him of the great Gospel of immortality.

Yet in view of the wide prevalence of one idea, we might expect some one would very naturally ask, If we are immortal, how are we so? What are the conditions of immortality? So there are a few minds who have risen from the masses to know something of immortality. We believe that the immortality of the human soul depends upon its individuality. Without one we do not believe we can receive the other, for the human soul does not demand that immortality that is not inseparable with individuality. Should we succeed in impressing a belief even on one of the children of our Father, such as this, that immortality and individuality was the heritage of humanity; that after they had passed through the brief summer day of mortal existence, they would be called upon to part forever with all that was their own; all that they held dear; all that went to make them at once what they were; that they must necessarily give up the remembrance of the love born them by earthly friends, that human soul would cry out from its very depths, "I do not want to be an immortal being. I reject the gift of immortality. I cannot accept it, except I retain my selfhood, my individuality. I do not demand it. Oh God!" It would cry out, "take the cup from me!"

But, thanks be to God! we cannot, if we would, nor would we if we could, enforce such a belief upon humanity; for we know that the human soul is immortal; that it depends upon its individuality, for individuality may be termed an atmosphere in which that human soul exists, and in which no other being could exist. This atmosphere is peculiar to itself; belongs to itself; and if the human soul exists at all, it must exist in its own peculiar atmosphere, and not alone today, but forever and forever.

The book of Nature will tell you that such is the case. We have not to go to this Rabbi or that Rabbi, to learn this truth, for from the simplest record to the highest, Nature teaches this. Man, as an individual, must ever remain so. If it has ever lived, moved, and acted according to its own individual laws, then it must continue to do so throughout all eternity. Immortality, again we say, depends upon individuality; and Nature, or the Great Author of Life, hath so ordered it, that you cannot ever lose it, and though sometimes the wild waves of human sorrow surge over your soul, and you may ask for oblivion, and seek to go away into nothingness, yet you cannot do so, for inasmuch as you are to-day an individualized human being, you must ever remain an individualized being throughout all the future.

Oh, then, take courage and be of good cheer, ye who stand trembling in the way of life, lest in accepting the gift of immortality, you lose your individuality. Take courage, for we declare that all of life, or all that which is substantial in life that you possess, while living in the earth-form, shall also be yours as an immortal spirit hereafter. Oh, then, as you are surrounded by an atmosphere of your own, we beseech of you to let that atmosphere be clear and bright. Oh, beautify it with holy deeds every hour that you live upon the earth; and then when the filmy fabric of Time that can serve you only here—it will cloak your deformities, it is true, for the hour—shall be taken away, and you shall enter upon the shores immortal, that that individuality, that selfhood that belongs to you, may be all glistening and bright with pure and holy deeds. Oh, remember that each and all have the privilege of beautifying their own atmosphere. If it is clear and bright here, it can be made still more so in the spirit-world, and then it is that you will be presented in a pure and holy light to those you must meet sometime in the land of spirit-communion; an acceptable sacrifice to infinite truth. Oh, we beseech of you, inasmuch as we declare unto you that you are immortal, that you must exist through all eternity, oh we beseech of you to make beautiful your wedding garments, for we would not have you ashamed of yourselves when you stand in the company of the angels.

May 25.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Please explain the process by which spirits get possession of mediums by enveloping them?

Ans.—Sometimes it so happens that the controlling spirit is obliged to take possession of the interior. But generally, it is otherwise. The spirit-form of the speaker, or controlling spirit, encircles or envelops the physical forms of the medium, or subject; when it has power to do this. The spirits first ascertain whether or not they can exist for any length of time in the atmosphere of your medium. If they can, they can control; if they cannot, they cannot control. If control is possible, they then centre their magnetic force first upon the spleen, and from thence the current proceeds to the brain, and from thence throughout the entire structure, until it is perfectly illuminated by the presence of this foreign spirit. After the entire structure has been illuminated, or spirit-ized, then the foreign spirit encircles with its own being or spirit-form the physical form of the medium. At the same time by virtue of its control of the spleen, or brain, it has perfect control of all the other organs of the subject, and he or she can speak at will, or write, or make any other manifestation it desires to. But first, that spirit must learn whether or not it can dwell long enough in the atmosphere of the medium employed, to enable it to gain control. Sometimes you receive very imperfect communications from your spirit-friends, and this is in consequence of the imperfect connection between the disembodied one and the subject used. If they can exist perfectly and freely in the atmosphere of your earthly medium, then you may expect to receive from them at least honest communications.

Q.—What is spirit-magnetism? Is it a substance?

be received into another life. When the spirits of your subjects wander off, as they do, to other lands, there is always a certain degree of spiritual attraction by which also that spirit watches over and takes most excellent care of its own physical form.

Q.—Then the true spirit does not leave the body of the subject?

A.—The spirit of animal life never leaves the body until it does so forever. But the spirit of immortality and individuality does often leave the body of your earthly subject. For instance, while I am speaking with you, the spirit who owns this body may be thousands of miles away from it, or it may be quietly slumbering in the confines of this tomb of the flesh. Sometimes the native spirit prefers to leave, for there may be an attraction to some other place that is very strong; but the attraction between the physical body and the spirit belonging to that body is generally sufficiently great to enable the absent spirit to take care of its own body.

Q.—What would be the result if the attraction should be destroyed?

A.—In that case certainly the connecting link would be severed, and death or change must of necessity be the result. There are some instances of this to be met with in earth-life. Suppose your mortal magnetizer has a most excellent subject, one that he can throw into a magnetic state at will, and have full control of it for a great length of time. If by any means that mortal magnetizer should chance to lose his material life while he had entire control of the spirit of his subject, or had so far attracted the spirit of the subject to himself as to leave its body for a time, tenfold, should such an one suddenly be severed from its connection with earth, we believe that the subject would die also. There are numerous instances of this on record in this country, as well as in others. So, then, if you were to use any means by which to take the natural life of this subject of yours while the resident spirit was absent, then the spirit would have no power to return and take charge again of its own body. We know that it is supposed by many that there have been individuals raised from the dead to mortal life again. But we know also that Nature was never known to step aside from her laws, and when once the physical has entered upon the law of decay, or when once this connecting link between spirit and body is broken, there is no return for the spirit. You cannot restore to a certain form what belongs to another.

Q.—Why do not the spirit friends of these mourners return to them at this place? What is the objection?

A.—There are none save this one. By permitting such manifestations, we should necessarily detract from the great general good. Our object in establishing these circles, is that those who are in darkness in the outer world may receive light. Nearly all these spirits who come here return to their friends, who are strangers to spiritual truth and light, and who know nothing of the return of the spirit, and they are first aroused from their sleep of ignorance by hearing a still small voice from this place. We would gladly minister to the desires of these mourning ones, who come to this place from time to time; yet we cannot do this without drawing from the great treasury of humanity. Therefore we ask that these mourning ones have patience, and in due time their loved ones will return to them; for there is a bridge spanning that great gulf which separates the spirit-world from your world, and they can cross it, can return and commune with their friends in mortal life. It is only a question of time. They can and will return to these mourning ones; will whisper peace to the troubled soul. Therefore be patient.

May 25.

Samuel Wight.

I should like to send word to my friends, if I could, [I'm from Rhode Island. I was a member of the 2d Rhode Island, Company I, sergeant.]

I said good-by to the things of this world from the old Capital of our nation. I thought I'd get well enough to go home, but I didn't, so I shall never go again with my own body. It's tough work to go with one that ain't your own, to a green hand like myself.

Now, my good friend, if you'll be kind enough to say, that Samuel Wight, 2d Rhode Island Regiment, Company I, who left his own body in March, in the hospital at Washington, has come here and asked for the privilege of going nearer home, I'll be extremely obliged to you. In spelling my name, please spell it W-I-G-H-T—not White. [What place were you from?] Providence. Good-by.

May 25.

Bobby Burns.

Ha! I feel like beating a reveille just now. Ah! beg pardon. I hope you'll excuse me for coming that way. If you'll believe me, I was n't aware that I'd got to use the drum to get in here.

I promised some of the boys of the Forty-eighth Massachusetts, that if I should chance to go before they did, I'd beat a tattoo they couldn't mistake, if I could, if they'd give me the implements, and I'll do it. That was to be the test. But I'm so astonished to find myself a lady, and not what I expected to be, that I don't know what to do, Cap'n. Tell the boys Bobby Burns has come, sure as the sun shines—and I believe it does—[Yes]—and if they'll only give me the chance, I'll give 'em the test. That's all. I was drummer in Company I. Good-by, Cap'n.

May 25.

Matilda C. Wallace.

I died on the 17th of last March, in Hampton, Lower Canada. During my sickness I promised to return, if I could, after death, and bear unmistakable proof of an existence beyond the tomb to prove that I lived, and have the power of seeing sometimes what is being done by my friends on earth.

I will relate something that occurred the day after my death. On that day my oldest brother returned from abroad, and he told my mother that he had received a letter from me, and in that letter I told him I was sure I could not live, and asked him to come and see me. He had used every means to reach me, but had failed to do so.

My mother made this remark at the time, "Why, Thomas, we never had such a thought that she would not get well. I can hardly believe that she wrote you such a letter; let me see it." It can't be possible that she really thought she was going to die.

So my brother produced the letter, compared it with others of mine, and my mother was forced to declare that it was my writing. Then she said, "Oh, why was it that she kept her secret from me? Why not tell her mother? Oh, I should have had so much to say to her. It was only when dying that I asked her if she knew she was going, and she said yes."

And then I promised to return, if I could. I was present at the time, and believe there was no one else beside my brother and my mother in the room, so that she will know that no one but me could have given her this conversation. I give it to prove to them that I live not only in spirit, but have also power to see sometimes, at least—what is being done in earth-life. Please say that this message is from Matilda C. Wallace, and is designed for her mother, Rebecca Wallace, and her brother, Thomas. I should say that my brother, Thomas, has resided for a long time in the southern portion of your United States. I presume that the delay was occasioned by his not receiving my letter in time, and by not being able to leave the States. He told my mother that he received my letter, I think he said three weeks before he was able to leave; if he will refer to certain dates, he will see that it was near seven weeks, instead of three.

May 25.







## Pearls.

And quoted old, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time  
Sparkle forever."

## THREE WAYS.

So spoke the Rose, and smiled: "Within my cup  
All day the sunbeams fall in flame—all day  
They drink my sweetness up!"

"I sigh my soul away,"  
The Lily said; "all night the moonbeams pale  
Stole round and round me, whispering in their play  
An all too tender tale!"

"I give my soul away,"  
The Violet said; "the west wind wanders on,  
The north wind comes; I know not what they say,  
And yet my soul is gone!"

Oh, poet, burn away  
Thy fervent soul I fond love, at the feet  
Of her thou lovest, sigh! dear Christian, pray,  
And let the world be sweet!

In holy human nature we found no string to be cut  
Off, only to be tuned.—*John Ruskin.*

## THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Did we but strive to make the best,  
Of troubles that befall us,  
Instead of meeting cares half way,  
They would not so appal us.  
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;  
Why should we seek to break it?  
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
The world is what we make it.

The greatest hypocrite never imposes upon his  
neighbors half so often as upon himself.

## NO DAY NEED BE LOST.

Bay not thou hast lost a day,  
If, amidst thy weary hours,  
Gloomy thoughts and flagging powers,  
Thou hast found that thou couldst pray.  
By a single earnest prayer  
Thou may'st much of work have done,  
Much of wealth and progress won,  
Yielded not by toil and care.—*Lord Kinloch.*

We live amid surfaces, and the art of life is to skate  
well on them.

## The Lecture Room.

## WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

A Discourse by Theodore Parker, through  
the instrumentality of Mrs. Corn L. V.  
Hatch, at Lyceum Hall, Boston,  
Sunday, July 5, 1885.

[Phonographically Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by  
J. M. W. TARRANT.]

## INVOCATION.

Our Father and our Mother God, whose life and  
strength are our strength and life, whose spirit, in-  
finite, omnipotent and perfect, fills creation with har-  
mony and joy—who art the past and the future, all  
that we know of life and all that we conceive of infini-  
tude—who art beyond the comprehension of every soul,  
yet within the soul art the quickening life—thou who  
hast made all things, who pervade all things, who art  
life and death, who art light and darkness, who art  
good and evil, who art all that is mortal and all that  
is immortal, who art all that is human and all that  
is divine, we praise thee, O God, because we love  
thee, and we lay our glad offerings upon thy spirit's  
throne, as a child brings its flowers, or as a man, in  
the full ambition of life, brings his laurel wreaths.  
We bring all our thoughts—each soul having its own  
offerings of praise—all our aspirations—all every spirit  
seeks to attain that which seems unto it the highest—  
all our joys—for these proceed from thee; and we bring  
likewise our sorrows, knowing that thy hand can  
change them to joys. Oh, Father God, Mother Life,  
thy spirit of love is upon us, and it is perfect; for we  
know that thou canst forgive all things, canst bless us  
in all things, and render that which apparently is im-  
perfect, divine and good. We praise thee, O God,  
that thou hast made the human spirit capable of un-  
derstanding these things; that we can know the mean-  
ing of life, of intelligence, of eternity; that we can  
understand the power of thy spirit upon our being;  
that we can come to thee in confidence, as to our own  
soul, and ask of thee advice and counsel; that we can  
pour our joys and our sorrows into thine ear of  
infinite love, and thou wilt listen and thy spirit en-  
compassed that we can come to thee—for thou hast  
brought all things—and ask gifts; not that thou wilt  
give them, for they are already given. Oh God, we  
thank thee for every perfect life, for every good and  
holy thought, for every great mind, for every eternal  
soul which thou hast made. The spirit of thine exist-  
ence is perfect, and we know that in humanity thou  
hast sown the germs of infinite thought and wisdom  
which belong to thee; and we praise thee that some  
minds, greater and more perfect in seeming develop-  
ment than others, have shown humanity the way to  
peace, to knowledge and to goodness; that great men  
and wise men have caught the thoughts of the angels  
and of thy soul, and written them upon the scroll of  
human history, where all eyes may see them in bur-  
nished gold. We praise thee that upon the tablets of  
the human heart are written the words of thy love;  
and though they may be concealed or obscured by  
crime and sin, still they remain there, perfect forever.  
We praise thee that above all sin and sorrow, and the  
countless sufferings of humanity, thy spirit prevails.  
We praise thee that the gentle breath of those that  
love thee and thy children lingers upon the hearts of  
those whom thou hast made, and thy spirit is made  
apparent thereby; and that that love which belongs to  
perfect truth, that consciousness of endless justice,  
that undying perfection which is in wisdom, all can  
be bestowed upon humanity. And while thy children  
are seeking for truth, oh let them learn justice; and  
while they are seeking for justice, let them learn love  
and kindness; and while they are doing this, let them  
seek, in all their ministrations and communings with  
each other, to know that endless spirit of goodness and  
purity which is thine own. Bless, thou Spirit of End-  
less Joy, every sorrow and thou, oh Light and Truth,  
bestow thy blessings upon each heart; and finally, let  
us drink at the fountain of knowledge, and grow  
strong as we grow great in endless truth. To thee,  
Spirit of Life, whom we call God; Spirit of Truth,  
whom we call God, shall be endless thanks and un-  
ceasing praise forever. Amen.

The theme presented for your consideration to-day  
is WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Men make heroes—God makes men. There is in the  
mind of a true man a something which is more than  
all history can picture. We never read, in the lives  
sketched of individuals, that which makes them great.  
We never find, in the record of their lives, that which  
is greatest in them. Biographers cannot paint, nor  
can pen in any form portray, the true spirit of living  
greatness. It belongs to that something which neither  
the sword, nor the pen, nor the book, nor yet even  
language, can teach. It is a presence and a power  
within itself, and though different men are differently  
great, that, in our opinion, is greatest, which makes  
in its power the most lasting impression, and an im-  
pression for the best good. We can read of great war-  
riors, and share their conquests with them; we can  
read of martyrs, and die the deaths which they suffer;  
we can read of heroes, and become, as they are, great  
in the power of a single effort; we can read of poets,

and dream their glad dreams, and sing their songs, as  
they chant them in praise of the gods of Nature; we  
can read of artists, and depict with them the scenes  
that render the soul inspired as it gazes thereon. But  
when we read of a gentle spirit, whose power was as  
soft and mild as a summer zephyr, yet who in the  
depths of his thoughts and the profundity of his at-  
tainments, seemed to soar beyond the proudest philo-  
sophy, our souls become subdued, and all that there  
is of barbarism (and there is much) in the human  
spirit becomes quiet and gentle, and the better man  
prevails.

Of such a life and such a mind we speak to-day.  
We have no deeds of daring and fame to recount;  
nothing of marked heroism; nothing that would as-  
tonish or startle with its wonder and bravery; no bril-  
liancy, as the world calls it, brilliant when they  
soar beyond our comprehension, and almost scorch us  
with their blinding rays; nothing, perhaps, that the  
pen of a poet would choose to recount; and yet we  
have a life whose heroism and purpose were as great  
as those of any martyr, whose courage would compare  
with that of any hero, and whose gentleness of spirit  
charmed all into obedience. Those who knew and  
loved this man, never have forgotten that one prin-  
ciple of his nature. While we admire intellect, while  
we adore and love and worship that which is high and  
ennobling, when these are combined in one life, and  
make a life of sacrifice, so minute that we cannot  
point to an individual deed, yet so perfect in its en-  
tirety that we see before us a blending of love and  
sacrifice, then, indeed, we must worship. We do not  
praise a man; we do not pay our homage to heroes.  
Gold has many to bow before its altar, and warriors  
thousands of beings to praise them; but those who  
lead, in public or in private, such lives as perhaps the  
saints might pattern after, and those who, in their  
comprehension of the love of God seem to understand  
that his whole being and nature are filled with an  
overpowering and overwhelming charity, that con-  
quer every evil—these command our reverence and  
respect, though obscure; but if accompanied with  
brilliance of mind, and an intelligence that compre-  
hends and applies all natural things to the uses of hu-  
man existence, then it grows into a deeper feeling of  
reverence. Such, in general, was the mind of which  
we are speaking to-day; and yet, this mind was made  
up of such singular combinations, that some might  
have dared to criticize it. For let us see. In the  
mind of this man, and especially in his calling, there  
was what, perhaps, I would love to criticize—a deeply  
religious nature. Never, during the existence of any  
mind, can we discover that religious nature unaccom-  
panied with superstition; and yet it may be so finely  
tuned, so perfectly blended with intelligence and  
logic, as not to seem to be superstition, or, indeed, to  
wear any semblance to that external form of religion  
which seems so much like hypocrisy. But in the reli-  
gious nature that is truly, deeply, naturally religious,  
there is always something to admire, and if we do not  
feel that ourselves, we are even glad that others  
feel it. So, when we see a profound devotee at the  
Babylon altar, though we may pity him, we still ad-  
mire his fidelity; and when we see a devotee at the  
shrine of Nature, growing great in strength and in-  
spiration derived from God, whose loving spirit fills  
the entire universe, and so contriving, with the won-  
derous skill of his mind, as to make everything in Na-  
ture subservient to that spirit of divine inspiration,  
that, I say, true religion.

Channing was deeply, truly, naturally religious. It  
is told of him, that when a child, so simple and yet so  
beautiful were his religious sayings, that he would  
charm even the most obtuse mind with the simplicity  
and beauty of his childish understanding; and when  
mature years and manhood were added, he seemed in  
that religion to grow strong, as other men grow strong  
in contact with the world, and in intellectual cultiva-  
tion. There was no purpose in life for him but to aim  
at the highest religious good. No other theme so com-  
manded eloquence or charmed his hearers, as that per-  
fect simplicity and childlike devotion which seemed  
to inspire him far beyond himself, and cause even his  
intelligence to become subservient to the higher ele-  
ments of religion. It seemed to me, that in treating  
of any evil, his highest form of punishment would be  
to charm the evil with the simple power of love. We  
might differ as to the manner of correcting crime, but  
there could be no mistaking this man's power. No  
anger, no sin, but would seem to melt in his presence,  
or beneath the influence of his love. The great idea of  
his life was, that as Jesus seemed to teach of love as  
conquering all ill, so all mankind could live, and no  
crime exist, when it was charmed away by the gentle  
power of love. To him, there was no breath so sweet,  
no power so great, no conception of divinity so large,  
as that which was comprehended in Christ's lessons of  
love and kindness. And often and often have I tried  
to comprehend how he could conceive of that wonder-  
ful supernatural power which was embodied in that all-  
sacrificing love of Jesus. Yet so did he believe and  
cherish it, that it seemed to become a part of his whole  
nature.

With this, you will understand that bigotry was not  
a part of his nature. His creed, if such it might be  
called, was of the most liberal kind; and so in avowing  
this belief did he bring down upon himself the con-  
tempt of others, which by his overpowering love, he  
conquered. Criticized was he, because he believed in  
God's love instead of his anger. Condemned was he,  
because he believed in the love of Christ and not his  
condemnation. Often was he rebuked because he ac-  
cepted the gentler mode of curing ill, instead of the  
harsher one, which often kills. He was censured se-  
verely for believing in Nature and Nature's God, in-  
stead of a God which had no nature, and was indeed  
an ideal. In conceiving of natural things, he regarded  
all things in nature as belonging to God; as worthy of  
consideration as being perfect in their places; therefore  
he believed there were no mistakes in nature, and  
that all things were designed for good. Even sorrows,  
which some men regret, were to him blessings and  
pleasures—angels clothed in robes of light.

These were the higher elements of his nature, and  
these preponderated over all others. To him, history  
was but as a harp of many strings, which he could at-  
tune to suit the occasions and purposes of human life.  
To him, all heroes were but as beings who lived to answer  
the great end and design of existence. To him, there  
was no heroism in that which men praise; but, on the  
contrary, war, and all its kindred evils, were terror-  
—terrors, the result of human ignorance and folly,  
which would at last be overcome by the love of truth,  
and the all-prevailing principle of human kindness.  
His great faith was in the advancing kindness of hu-  
manity, if he believed in any one thing more than  
another as accompanying this religious nature,  
it was that of laws, punishments, criminals, and all forms  
of vice, we should have attained, by the overruling power  
of love, which he deemed was embodied in the person  
of Christ, the principle of true government—a govern-  
ment of religion; a religion that would be embodied in  
every human life, which would accompany all intelli-  
gence, all law, and the purpose of all human exist-  
ence.

He had a depth of mind accompanying this religious  
nature, which even in its profundity would astonish  
and cause us to bow in reverence before it; an intellect  
which could grasp the mysticisms of Plato, or compre-  
hend the most difficult problem of Euclid; an intelli-  
gence which would cause even philosophers in their  
depth of thought to stumble, while he, in analyzing  
every theory and every creed, would cause them to be  
subservient to the simple power of justice and truth.  
He believed that there was a higher principle than  
simple intellect; that human knowledge was but a  
means to an end, whereby men arrived at truth. He

believed that human minds that had lived before were  
but as indices to point the way to a higher life and  
purpose; he believed that those who were great his-  
torians and philosophers had lived that the great mass  
might grow strong through the vitality that they gave  
to humanity, and in his heart of hearts and in his deep  
soul, he looked forward to the day when the whole  
world might possess an intelligence which in its power  
would overcome the ignorance and depravity so palpa-  
bly existing in society. He had an unbounded faith;  
a faith such as few men possess; a faith which you or I  
might wish to live for, but still could never attain; a  
faith which never faltered, which in the darkest hour  
of adversity, when trials and storms were all about  
him, seemed unwavering and serene. "God is good,"  
says this man, "and he loves us more than he loves  
the whole creation; I can trust in my Father." And  
so, from early childhood, until too soon in manhood  
he was taken away, this man lived in the full faith of  
God and belief in immortality. There was no mock-  
ery in his belief. It was not born of creed; it was not  
made of ceremonies; it was not the result of written  
documents; it was not predicated upon forms and sym-  
bols of worship. It was a faith that seemed to come  
from within a living fire, that burned upon the altar  
of his spirit, consuming all the dross, and rendering it  
bright and beautiful as a mirror, on whose calm,  
clear surface we might gaze and gaze forever. We  
might think, perhaps, there was too little of eterni-  
ty in his rebuke of crime. For the most part, it seems to  
me that justice is rather severe, and I would rather have  
had a little more harshness accompanying this gentle  
spirit. Yet in him, this gentleness was most perfect,  
and it was that which in all his life charmed even the  
most stolid heart. Even when he visited prisons, the  
sweet gentleness of his words overcame, when others,  
by their rebukes, would only harden. He has upon  
the street, seeing those that were advanced in crime,  
spoken words of gentleness, when you or I might have  
spoken words of harshness, and they would turn coldly  
away from us, while they would listen to him as to a  
being from another world, and finally drink in the  
gentle spirit which he breathed, as the thirsty traveler  
would drink the waters that were handed by some good  
Samaritan.

The power of his love was like magic. It enchained  
the hearts of those who listened to him. And though  
his thoughts were profound, he never forgot the theme  
of his life, which was the redemption of humanity—the  
making of the world better—the attainment of higher  
things. His was one of those few minds of which  
we read that compare nature with human thoughts.  
Shelley, the poet, does this; a few philosophers have  
done this. So did Channing. "If nature is grand,  
it is not so grand," says he, "as the human soul."  
"If the stars shine brightly and revolve in perfect har-  
mony in their orbits, they are not so bright," says this  
man, "as the brilliancy of human thought in its high-  
est attainments, nor so harmonious as souls are capable  
of becoming when they conceive of perfect truth."  
"If there is loveliness in Nature, in her Spring-time,  
and in her bloom, these," says Channing, "are but  
symbols of human spirits, which grow perfect and  
pure as flowers are pure." "If in Nature there are  
beauties which seem to wake in the branches sweet  
sounding melody, these," says he, "are like the  
thoughts of good souls, swept by the angels' fingers."  
And so fully did he carry out this idea, that he would  
render humanity superior to all natural things, and  
you would forget in his presence the charm of Na-  
ture, the wonders of creation, and only remember  
that God was a soul, and that He had made living  
spirits in human forms. We so would forget the  
form of the world, so forget the intricate processes  
of creation, the geological structure of the earth,  
and the varied forms of animated life, that we  
only deemed them winged thoughts whereby Dolly  
had hoped to represent more fully his own soul.  
And this was the charm of his mind. It was not ma-  
terial. He had no greater facts than his experience  
and intuitions upon which to build his religion; and  
yet these were to him so reliable and so perfect, that  
the most profound subtleties of philosophy, the clear-  
est examples of mathematics, the most undeniable ma-  
terial facts, could not overthrow them. And yet he  
was not stubborn. It was only that faith which sees  
beyond the material; that faith which penetrates be-  
yond the exterior, which does not depend upon out-  
ward facts, which never could reach material misde-  
eds, and which those that simply rely upon logic could  
never understand.

Yet, with all this dreaming, all this seeming tran-  
scendentalism, he was far from being impractical.  
On the contrary, he was one of the most practical of  
men; believing that every moment of human life  
should be spent to some purpose and some use. Time  
was never idled away by him. There was no such  
thing as robbing him of those hours or moments that  
were precious. To do good to another in distress, to talk  
with a friend upon a useful theme, or even to com-  
mune with his own soul and the great soul of Nature,  
was not a waste of time; but to idle away his time in  
useless pleasures and fleeting follies, as most men do,  
to see pleasure in the mere external forms of society,  
or in company with his friends to while away the hours  
in foolish conversation upon themes that were to no  
purpose and benefit, he was never known to do. He  
was plain, too, sometimes; not to wound your feelings,  
but to express truly what he thought; but if he re-  
buked, it was with such gentleness, that you would  
almost feel it like the caress of a mother, who soothes  
her child even when the child is soiled. This was his  
power. He would tell you your faults, but in such  
kind manner that it would seem like praise, while you  
would feel deeply conscious and humiliated by the re-  
buke. If he spoke sternly of crime, it was with such  
touching regret, that you would almost wish yourself  
the criminal, if that was to be your punishment. Yet  
there was such power in his rebuke, that it was humil-  
iating, where severer, sterner words would only harden.  
There were those who, in conceiving of his power,  
thought him too lenient, too loving, too kind; that he  
did not speak strongly enough against the evils of  
society; that he did not, fear severely enough with  
those daring vices and crimes which corrupt the world;  
that he was not, perhaps, intended to tear down the  
evils which society has built up, and erect in their  
stead a newer and better edifice. I have never heard  
stronger words than he used against crime; but yet it  
was not by force that it was to be overcome. There  
are no deeper condemnations of vice than to be  
found in his teachings and writings; and yet it was  
not a condemnation which breathed of bitterness, but  
a spirit of forgiveness, like that which I have always  
deemed Christ possessed, seemed to belong to his na-  
ture; a generous, loving kindness, which caused every  
touch and look to be gentle. Nature had done for him,  
all that Nature could do for any man; and beside his  
endowments of intelligence and spiritual faith, there  
was in his presence a charm which seemed to cause  
every one to become spell-bound. But still, we might  
not call him a man to fight the battles of the world.  
He might not be the one to seize hold of those rougher  
forms of vice and crush them; he might not be the one  
to take up the sword and fight the battles which the  
world must always fight when it advances to higher  
positions. Governments do not choose such men to  
make their laws, nor do warriors choose such men to  
lead their armies, nor do we find such men occupying  
places of public life, where men praise them most; and  
yet this man had heroism and courage and faith and  
trust, which made him stronger than a host of armed  
men, or than the greatest king or potentate. And his  
power lasts longer, for it was a power which time can-  
not change, which fame cannot build up, which calu-  
mny cannot take away, which is not based on the ex-  
ternal life, but on the spirit, and therefore lasts the

longer. His sayings, already beautiful words, grow  
dearer and dearer to the human heart as time ad-  
vances, and the gentleness of his spirit gains addi-  
tional power as the world moves on in its vice and  
crime.

He believed war to be an excrescence on human na-  
ture, the result of ignorance and crime, and often  
said he could not see the good which war produced.  
He knew that history gave accounts of the progress of  
nations, caused by the outbreaking of revolutions in  
consequence of oppression; but he says, "We would  
rather teach men not to be oppressors, than to have  
nations gain their freedom in such manner. We  
would rather have the world instructed not to do  
wrong, than to gain goodness through such vile means.  
We would rather have a peace that is born of love,  
than a peace that is wrought out by the sword." Yet  
he knew it must be so; and his only hope was, that  
by-and-by, when the world grew better—which time I  
could not see, but he fondly dreamed of—there would  
be no more wars and no more crimes; that instead of  
jails and penitentiaries and charnel-houses, we should  
have schools, hospitals and places of instruction, to  
heal the wounded spirits of those who, through sin,  
had become degraded and despoiled. Oh that such  
love prevailed as that every soul might be en-  
dowed with its ethereal elements, which would make  
the life of each man as bright and pure as was his life,  
as free from sin and guilt, as perfect in its gentle-  
ness! For even those who differed could not be bitter  
against him. There never was a word of bitter-  
ness spoken of him through his whole life; and yet  
there were many who did not believe in him; many  
who thought his theories wrong; many who criticized,  
and yet criticized with such careful words that you  
knew that they regarded him almost as superior to  
other men. We are not saying too much when we tell  
you that his life and his mind were unequalled in gen-  
tleness; but it was a gentleness that seemed to be  
born of a higher power than human beings can pos-  
sess. If any one impressed me with the certainty of  
immortality, that certainty came from the lips of  
Channing more than from all the works or books or  
creeds which the Church has ever given. If there was  
a shadow of faith in immortality, or a certainty  
of identified life, and reward for the trials and strug-  
gles and adversities of human existence, that certainty  
came from his loving inspiration, for it seemed as a  
perfectly written book upon his heart, by the hand  
of an unseen power. If there was a consciousness  
that beyond the grave there should be a reward for  
every sorrow, that life was not a failure, and eterni-  
ty was certain, that inspiration was the means  
whereby the soul gains a knowledge of immortality,  
that religion but answer the purpose of the immortal  
spirit in its onward course, that light and life, and the  
dawning of immortality belong to death, then that  
consciousness might be derived from his lips. If  
there was power in the love of Christ, a redeeming  
quality in his blood, capable of washing away human  
sin, it would almost make me believe it to listen to  
that man. And yet my mind was fully conscious that  
my own soul must wipe away its own misdoings; that  
I must atone for every guilty deed. And so he thought,  
but still there was such regenerating power in the love  
and kindness of the Christ-Saviour, that he would  
almost make any one believe in him. This power  
made up his religion. His religion made up his life.  
Born of his mother—for no soul did he ever love as  
he loved his mother—he believed her love surrounded  
every household; that it was the charm which made all  
men as good as they were, and which made all men  
agree that it was a golden light, leading them to a  
higher goodness; that it would overcome every evil  
under heaven, if men were disposed to evil, and that the  
light of her presence would cheer them on even in the  
darkest hours of adversity. The memory of his mother  
was ever sacred, and to her he did often attribute all  
of his love for religion, and the goodness and gentle-  
ness of his nature. "I am not better than other  
men," he said, "but I had a mother. I am not gen-  
tler than other men, but my mother was gentle." And  
so she was; and that gentleness made him like a wo-  
man in his kindness of spirit, yet strong as any man  
would wish to be when he knew that he was right.

All that appeared to liberty and justice, he was  
an early advocate, and brought condemnation upon  
himself because he dared to differ from the multitude  
in regard to public affairs. All men who were true  
and good he loved; all who expressed a new truth, or  
a truth that seemed to be unpopular, or an idea that  
might be true, he would not condemn. Even if he  
thought them fanatical, he would rather say, "There  
may be something true," than condemn them and be  
in the wrong. He would adopt these new systems of  
faith no far as they would render humanity better, and  
would reject them so far as they would render humani-  
ty worse. He believed in social and religious laws, to  
the extent that they served the purpose of containing  
the soul or mind until it can gain a foothold on some-  
thing higher. He believed in forms of religion,  
because they served to acquaint the spirit with the  
soul of religion. He believed in a high conception  
of divinity, because it served to make the spirit  
stronger and better in its daily conquests. And these  
made up his character. All vice, all laws which were  
wrong, all principles which were embodied in religion  
that seemed to breathe of evil, all persecution, or hat-  
red, or dread—these he rejected. To him, the soul of  
religion was love, the soul of intelligence was wisdom,  
the soul of society was justice; and of these three,  
justice being the least, he thought that love and wis-  
dom would gain the victory, and justice would be con-  
trolled by them. To him, there was an endless spirit  
and power in goodness, which could not be lost, and  
which could never die, and therefore could overcome  
every form of evil.

We might love to dwell on such a mind forever.  
We might point the effects which it would have upon  
society, as, wherever the words of this man have been  
heard, there seems to be a gentleness of spirit and a  
faith in immortality beautiful and perfect to behold.  
We might wish for such faith, for it is a faith which  
causes the life to grow strong and the heart to battle  
with external things, until it overcomes, by the very  
spirituality of its power, the material forms of thought.  
Science was to him but the means of comprehending  
religion. Most men think science supercedes religion;  
that it takes us into the regions of certainty, while  
religion is but a vague and indefinite dream. To him,  
science was but the stepping-stone to the sure real-  
ties of spiritual life. To him, nothing was real but  
the endless good and true. That was not in reality  
true which simply belonged to forms of expression in-  
stead of ideas. He did not think the facts of science  
were true, because they were merely believed, or sup-  
posed to be demonstrated. They simply answered the  
purpose of bringing the human mind to a better com-  
prehension of Nature, and through that Nature, of the  
great Creator. To him, God was an endless spirit, so  
founded in his divine perfection, that all things were  
comprehended in and by him. God was not Nature,  
but was the soul of Nature, and Nature breathed but  
the spirit of the infinite. Yet this he regarded as sub-  
servient to the high interests and purposes of humanity.  
He believed that there was in human thought and hu-  
man advancement something higher and holier than  
any other form of creation; and on this immortality,  
for which he believed the soul was prepared in its  
earthly life, he thought every aim and object of human  
existence should be concentrated. He thought that to  
do good, to live holy lives, to dream high dreams and  
endeavor to execute them; to take the lessons of the  
past and adapt them to the present, as far as their doc-  
trines are concerned; to take Nature, and read her theo-  
logy, accurately, understandingly as a written book, and  
make that book the example of daily life; was the

great object of existence. He did not fear immortality.  
He did not think death should be dreaded, and his  
decease was as calm and holy as a summer sunset.  
When he breathed out the spirit of life, he laid his  
form to rest trustfully upon Nature's bosom, as he  
committed his spirit trustfully into the hands of his  
Maker. In this, more than in all things else, was his  
strength. He trusted God, in sorrow, in joy, in ad-  
versity, in triumph, in life and in death. He was  
willing that the spirit of his Maker should fold him to  
sleep and gather him to the great bosom of the in-  
finite, feeling perfectly conscious that those whom he  
loved would meet him there, and that throughout  
eternity, they should journey hand in hand together.  
This may be incomprehensible; you nor I cannot un-  
derstand it. To me, it was but the dream of an enthu-  
siast, but the vision of one whose faith had blinded  
him, but the thoughts of one who imagined greater  
things were possible than we could conceive or dream  
of; yet to him it was the light of his existence, the  
faith that burned steadily and surely upon the altar  
of his soul, and that even through death lighted him on  
to the gateway of immortality.

He passed from earth too early for those who loved  
him. In the full vigor and prime of manhood, his life  
went out like a sunset, glorious, calm and beautiful,  
breathing in its gentleness the spirit of love which he  
lived; having nothing to regret, for he had done all  
that he believed to be true; nothing to sorrow for, for  
those whom he loved waited to receive him; nothing  
to mourn, for life was opening and death was receding;  
nothing to lament, for the rejoicings of angels seemed  
sounding in his ears; and all that he prayed for was,  
that the world which he loved, humanity, who were  
his brethren and sisters, might climb up to the heights  
where they could see the sunlight of God's love, and  
hear the calm voice and loving spirit of his trust and  
inspiration.

Religion, in such a form, is ennobling, perfect. It  
makes up the life; it endears the soul to that which is  
good; it endows the soul with a divinity which is far  
surpassing anything of external forms. And thus  
should you seek to live—that by this love, which was  
Christ's, you, too, may become pure; by this faith,  
which is born of religion, you may know of immor-  
tality; by this holiness, which is consecrated to faith,  
you may have nothing to mourn; and by this peace,  
which springs from trust, you may learn to rest where  
others are uneasy, and upon the billows of the endless  
sea of life place the bark of your spirit, in full con-  
fidence that the great Pilot is at hand, and will  
guide you safely to the harbor of endless rest. So let  
that peace and love and wisdom be yours—the calmness  
of his faith, the strength of his mind, the integrity of  
his purpose, the power of his gentleness; for we are  
almost persuaded in our own mind that there is greater  
power in love than in the sword, greater strength in  
gentleness than in the strong arm of physical force,  
greater power in wisdom than in all the chains and  
manacles which human beings can forge, and greater  
endurance in that trust than in all the false worship of  
which human souls can conceive. Thus, while peace  
is upon his ashes, and while the flowers bloom above  
his grave, planted by gentle hands, the spirit of his  
love lingers among you, and his gentleness shall drive  
away, perhaps, some of the sorrows and some of the  
evils that exist in your minds.

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