

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Children's Department.

EDITED BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address 129 1-2 East 20th st., New York City.

"We think not that we daily see  
Or may but if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(LAWSON HOLT.)

## AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

### NO. 2.—THE SAILOR BOY.

A cold May storm had come, and it sent the apple-blossoms whirling away like flakes of snow, and the green grass bent its tender spears, and the little violets turned backward, as if wishing they had waited a little longer before venturing to look up so lovingly to the blue sky. The clouds had been dark and threatening all day, and now in the afternoon the large drops fell in torrents.

We had engaged to be at Aunt Ratie's cottage at that very time, and as I looked down the road and saw it resting in its quiet beauty amid all the storm, I felt sadly troubled lest I should miss the promised treat of a story. What is the need of storms, and especially in May? I thought, when I heard a merry shout, and saw Willie Mason, with a huge umbrella, just entering our gate.

"Come," said he, "they are all there—even Anna, who is afraid of a drop of water, and we only wait for you. Oh! it's splendid being out in such a rain. I feel as fresh as a cabbage."

After a deal of coaxing and wrapping up in shawls and comforters, I was permitted by my careful mother to prove myself to be as strong as the little sparrows and robins who seemed to enjoy the storm.

How bright Aunt Ratie's room looked as we opened the door, with its fire on the hearth, and its merry faces! Her tender care provided against the dampness, and the sunshine of her loving face drove away all thoughts of the clouds.

"Oh! I'm so glad you could come!" said Bertie, "for now we are all here again, and it is such a splendid day for a story! We have nothing else to think of, and I am tired out looking at the clouds and trying to knit. Grandma said I could not come until my stint was done, and so I hurried up well. Aunt Ratie, did you ever have to work when you did not want to?"

"No, Bertie."

"Oh, how nice!" said Anna.

"So you think now," said Aunt Ratie, "but not so I found it when I wanted to know how to work; I then wished I had been obliged to learn. I shall tell you some day how it happened that I needed to know how to work, and what trouble I had because I did not; then perhaps you'll not feel so impatient when your kind friends try to teach you."

"Oh, tell us to-day!" said Arthur, with a look toward Anna, as if he would like to see her taught a useful lesson.

"You need not be looking toward me," said she; "I remember what you said about piling wood!"

"Oh fudge! I guess piling wood ain't much like knitting. I could knit all day, and not be tired," said she, making his hands move as if knitting, putting over the thread and changing needles, until all of us laughed merrily.

"Now for punishment," said Willie. "I move Arthur be compelled to knit five minutes by the clock, and we will see if he likes it any better than Anna. Anna, watch the clock."

Before the five minutes had passed, Arthur begged to stop, saying he had rather pile wood an hour. To atone to Anna, he sat beside her, and asked which story she wanted most to hear; as for his part, he said he did not care about hearing why Aunt Ratie became so industrious.

"I move Aunt Ratie choose her own subject," said Willie, who had overheard the conversation. We all assented, and she said:

"It is a wild, stormy day, and as before the beautiful sights of a mild spring day made me recall the days of my childhood, when I felt the gladness in my heart that I saw all about me in Nature, so now, in this wild and rain, I bring back other memories that I wish to place also in your picture-gallery."

"I do not quite understand what you mean, Aunt Ratie," said I.

"Everything that I remember," said she, "is like a picture to me. As I bring back my home to mind, I see again its shady walks and its beautiful flowers, as if I had them before me. When I tell you of these things, you also form pictures of them in your minds, and remember them, so I call these memories pictures, hung up in our picture-gallery, which are our minds."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Susie. "I've often longed to have a plenty of fine pictures, and now I find I can make as many as I will!"

"Just as many beautiful ones as your love of beauty will give you, and just as many unlovely ones as you make by your own unlovely mind."

I thought I never saw anything so sweet as Aunt Ratie's eye, as she looked around on us then, and said, "There is always to be one beautiful picture in my gallery, and that is the one before me," and I looked directly at Aunt Ratie.

"And mine, and mine!" said all.

A tear came into the mild eye, but a smile was on the lips of Aunt Ratie, as she resumed:

"As I said, in the midst of this storm I remember the SAILOR BOY'S STORY, and as I think it will interest you all, I will tell it to you. Bertie's brother, Freddie, returned in the autumn, and a noble fellow he was. We were all of us as glad to see him as Bertie and her mother, so much had we heard of him. He was midshipman, and in his blue coat and trousers, and his sailors' hat, he looked so handsome that all of us were quite proud of him. Bertie loved him dearly, and he contrived all sorts of pleasant games for us, and

taught us some fine songs. He also told us of his many adventures, and we were among the happiest of children. I always hoped that Bertie had not told him of my selfishness about the lamb, but I felt so ashamed of it that I feared she had. But he treated me with the greatest kindness, and called me his sister Rat.

One stormy day in the spring, much such a day as this, he said:

"Girls, I want to tell you about the angels."

"Oh dear!" said I, "I had much rather hear about the ocean!"

"And that is just what I am going to tell you about, and to let you know who took care of me on that same wild ocean. It was a terrible night—one of the worst I had ever known at sea; the tempest raged fearfully, and the waves lashed against the ship as if they would bury it in an instant; but we had a brave crew and a cautious captain, and we outwaded the storm. When its worst fury was spent, we were on deck most of us, watching the great waves and the whirling clouds. I stood beside one of the bravest of our crew, and we noticed together how gradually the waves came on, and he said, 'that white foam always makes me think of our garden at home, with its white roses; they'll be in bloom about now. God keep tenderly the ones who gather them.'"

The mist came about his strong eyes, but he brushed it away, and fixed them far out at sea.

"Look here, boy," he said, "your sight is keener than mine; what is that afar-off, like a little speck on the waters?"

I could not tell, but like him I saw something, and it seemed, as I watched it, to be drifting near or to us.

"I believe," said Simon, "that it is some one in danger; it seems to me I see a white flag fluttering—a signal of distress. Some vessel must have been lost, and these are a part of those on board; but we are turning our course from her; the captain must let us try to give them help."

The captain, when appealed to, turned his glass and declared that he could distinctly see some persons clinging to some boards. "But," he added, "it is impossible to help them. No boat can live in these waves, and I cannot turn the ship's course. This storm has already put me behind my time, and I shall like enough lose my commission if I linger even an hour; and then it's no use—we can't save them."

Simon plead, and I looked most wishfully in the captain's face; but he was a stern, hard man, and seemed altogether unmoved. Finally he consented that Simon should lower a boat and endeavor to reach the sufferers, if any one would volunteer to go with him. "But it's just as good as throwing away one's life to try, and I do not recommend any one to help him do that," said the captain.

No one volunteered. Simon looked grieved, and the captain looked pleased. I could not bear that, and I said:

"I'll go, sir; I'm not afraid, and if you'll permit it, Simon will take me; I'll be glad to throw away my life, if need be, in so good a way."

The captain consented to my going, but Simon hesitated; he was not afraid to risk his own life, but he dreaded to risk another's. He turned to me, and said:

"I think, Freddie, of your mother at home that you have told me of; I could not bear to take you from her."

"I have a mother," said I, "that would rather I would die than be a coward, and I looked proudly around on the men."

Simon silently took me by the hand, and as soon as the boat was lowered we entered it together. It was frightful! The waves almost covered us, and I could not tell what to do; but in a moment I heard Simon's calm voice:

"Are you afraid?"

"No," said I.

"Remember, boy, there's some one at the helm. What did he mean? I was to sit at the helm and turn the rudder, while he, with his strong arms, bent the oars. But I was not strong enough for the task. I succeeded for a time, but my arms would not hold the rudder as he bade me. I struggled with all my strength, I would rather have died than have been unable to help that courageous man; but the great drops of sweat on my forehead mingled with the dashing foam. At last I said:

"I've done my best, but I can't hold it."

"Remember, boy, there's some one at the helm. I never knew it to fall in such a case, and I've been a sailor these many years. God always sends his angels when most we need them, and I know he'll not fail this time. Keep your heart very calm, and don't be afraid. There; I see her now—my own mother; her garments are whiter than the sea foam; she'll be your strength. Yes, the Lord is at the helm: I will not be afraid."

Something seemed to pass into my arm like life. It grew strong; I held the rudder with ease. On went the boat, Simon striking stronger and stronger against the waters. We neared that which we had come to save; in a moment more we should reach them. Oh, what joy was in that moment! I remembered no peril, no fatigue as I saw that we approached a man and boy who were clinging to some boards. We had them on board our boat in a moment, but they were hardly able to speak, and Simon only said, "Thank the Lord, who has been at the helm."

We reached shipboard with proud hearts. I never felt so proud of anything as of Simon, as I beheld him stand before the captain and say, "I thank you, sir, for letting me do the will of heaven."

The captain did not at first notice those whom we had been the means of rescuing; but after a time he went toward them to order them to be well cared for. We were greatly surprised to see him lift up his hands and exclaim, "My son! my son!" It proved that we had saved his only boy—a fine, noble fellow—and his brother, also a captain. After our captain had left port for a long

voyage, leaving his beloved boy with great regret, he was taken ill, and on his partial recovery the physicians ordered a sea voyage. His uncle decided to take him with him on board the merchantman he commanded, thinking that he should be at the same port at about the same time of the boy's father. The severe storm had overtaken them, and their vessel proved weaker than had been supposed. After doing all in his power to save his crew, he, with his nephew, clung to the only boards that they could grasp, and trusted to good luck to drift them near some friendly vessel.

When I talked with Egbert—for that was the boy's name—about it afterwards, he said that it was not by mere good luck that they were saved, for when they were in the greatest peril he saw a white light before them, and the same white light was about our helm as we neared them. So you see that Simon was right; the Lord sent his angels, and guided us and strengthened our arms, and preserved those in danger, so that we all were saved.

"But," said Bertie, "I think the captain must have been very much ashamed of his selfishness."

"He no doubt was," said Freddie; "but men often think it is not manly to show themselves ashamed; and he rewarded Simon handsomely, by getting him promoted to the office of mate, and he said he would do anything I wished for me."

"And you wished," said I, "for leave to come home when the ship landed, and remain a year, and then have your place again?"

"Yes, Ratie," replied he, "and thankful was I to Simon for showing me how to win that favor by bravery. Now, Bertie, when I go to sea again you must not cry and distress yourself; for remember there's always some one at the helm."

"Oh, what a grand story!" said Anna. "I love Freddie now. Do invite him, Aunt Ratie, to come to your cottage."

"You forget, I fear," said she, "that Freddie was several years older than I, and must be now quite an old man."

"Oh yes; I was thinking he was one of us, and I was wondering if he looked like Arthur or Willie."

"But, Aunt Ratie, do you believe that was a real angel that helped save those who were about to be lost?"

"Yes, I do," said Aunt Ratie earnestly. "The good Father, who cares for all his children, must have means to do all the loving acts he wills to do, and those means are angels, and kind, loving men and women. Perhaps even an angel could not have saved Egbert and his uncle if there had been no loving heart like Simon's. So you see we all act together, boys, girls, men and women, and the blessed ones in heaven, to do the will of the Highest."

Aunt Ratie's voice seemed like sweet music to us, and as it mingled with the pattering rain we all felt as if we stood in the presence of one angel, who ever strove to do the bidding of the Lord.

## Enigmatical Puzzle.

Flory 6, 1, 8, 4, the God of 7, 1, 8,  
4, 7, 1, 10, 4 his sceptre o'er our land,  
Bringing 7, 3, 3 to many a home,

Once a happy household band;  
For in that last dark bloody 2, 8, 1, 10,  
The husband, son or father 2, 3, 9, 9,  
While fighting for his country's cause,  
And the flag he loved so 7, 3, 9, 9.

Ah! when will this 7, 1, 8, 2, 1, 8, 3 end?  
When will 1, 0, 9 our troubles cease?  
Not till every 2, 5, 3 is vanquished  
Will our country be at peace.

Arrange into letters  
The numbers above—  
A word-puzzle when solved  
That all children love.

Oshkosh, Wis. HENRY S. JAMES.

## Word-Puzzle.

S N A R S T Y G U S L E E  
Snars-ty-gus-lee is a hero's name,  
Inscribed upon the scroll of fame;  
Though little known when war began,  
His name is now on every tongue.

COSMO.

## Answer to A., in the Banner of May 28.

I am no poet or writer, merely make clumsy  
rhymes, and had rather lose the measure than the  
meaning. The editor gave me a rub for a blunder,  
and I gave you one for bad spelling, though I did  
not expect it would be published. Thanks for  
your proffered friendship; I reciprocate.

Yours, MR. COSMO.

## SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

Lonely musing in the twilight,  
When the lengthening shadows fall,  
Spirits bright, and holy angels  
Come obedient to my call;

Lost and loved ones gone before me,  
Phantoms fair from memory won,  
Seem to flit before my fancy,  
Midway to the setting sun.

I can see them, robed in Beauty,  
Some rejoicing, some forlorn,  
Friendly all, and sent to guide me  
Out of Darkness into Morn.

On the chimneys I hear their voices  
Whispering solace from the skies.  
Holy Angels, hover near me!  
Fit my soul for Paradise!

## One High Private.

A captain on the Mississippi river, who had  
fought a battle of the Texas revolution, offered  
free passage in his boat to any soldier who had  
participated in a certain engagement. One day a  
man claimed a free pass, asserting that he was in  
the battle. He was referred to the captain. "In  
what capacity did you serve?" "High private,"  
was the reply. "Stranger," said the captain,  
"give me your hand; I have passed two thousand  
and eighty-two who were in that fight, and you  
are the first private I have seen."

## Original Essay.

### SUPERNATURALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

The human soul, being part and parcel of the Infinite Soul of the universe—whom we call God—has ever aspired toward some ideal conception of the Grand Spiritual Principle in whose "express image and likeness" it was created, and has ever devoutly exercised its superior faculties and powers in endeavor to apprehend the nature and conditions of that stage of our being which immediately succeeds the life upon the earth. The universal instinct of "longing after immortality"—always the profoundest source of our convictions of a future, unending existence—has from all time impelled the soul into broader and higher fields of speculation, to solve the problem of its purpose in creation, its ultimate destiny, and thus to, in a manner, compass the mystery of "who and what is God?"

This prophetic instinct in our being, were doubtless sufficient demonstration, or foreshadowing of our ensuing spiritual existence, if confidently trusted, and our lives were conformed in strict obedience to its promptings. But being too little prone to repose in the divine impulse—the still, small voice of God within us—and ambitious to comprehend the whole of creation, rather than develop up to a needful apprehension of spiritual things, the vainest and wildest theories of immortal life, and the being and government of God have been generated, have grown up and expanded into philosophies which only serve to obscure the atmosphere of the "promised land," and turned back the aspiring soul upon its sorrowing, unsatisfied self again, and often left it utterly despondent and hopeless. Thus has resulted Atheism, which, in its blighting and heartless indifference, has practically worked its leaven of unrighteous unbelief in superabundance, so that but a small minority have steadfastly maintained the conviction, with full assurance, that "if a man die, he shall live again."

Man, by the comprehensive reaches of his intelligence in its legitimate sphere of employment and exercise, has long ago learned that he is the crowning product in the efforts of creation, and doubtless predestined to an endless existence in some ill-defined spiritual state—an ideal of which he would fashion for himself, as a stimulus for his hope and a reward of his faith. But he seems oft-times to have forgotten that he belongs entirely within the domain of Nature, and that, being thus circumscribed, however God-like his aspirations, he could by no possibility transcend his limits to attain a conception of aught that was above Nature. For, so soon as he might gain an adequate perception of what was above his own sphere of life, just so soon, and just so far would he have risen above Nature, and therefore could be no longer only man.

So, in his lofty flights into the "mysterious" and "unknown," he has seemed to himself to have discovered a sort of mediatorial realm superior to Nature, and to correspond with the plausible vagaries of his speculations, he indulges his ambition, and measurably satisfies his "longings" by the creation of philosophies of the Supernatural! But he has herein constituted a jurisdiction from the fertile resources of his imagination only; or, if existing at all, only such as the thought of God or of spirits could take cognizance of. For if man, in Nature, fails to comprehend his own being therein, (by his own confession,) how shall he be able to transcend her boundaries—which are already more comprehensive than his utmost capacity has been developed to explore—and in reason hope to attain to that elevation of spiritual perception, which shall engender thought adequate to embrace any genuine conception of the super-natural?

The supernatural, in common acceptance, is an utter fallacy, and is only born of the gross presumption of man in defining the limits of Nature, and in attributing to God a humanly-characterized personality, localized to a grand, central throne of power, and promulgating thence distinct and separate codes of law for the government of the material and spiritual domains of the universe. Nature is not alone the realm of matter, but embraces the material and spiritual worlds combined—each the complement of the other—each absolutely necessary for the manifestation or existence of the other. The boundless, the infinite creation is Nature:

— "that stupendous Whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul,"

admits of no arbitrary dissection into parts "natural" and "supernatural," and God, for Nature is all that God (the only super-natural, as He was before and above His creation,) has evolved in the Grand Universalum—its laws, its harmonies, and its spiritual ultimates.

By the supernatural is always meant the spiritual; and because of the profound ignorance concerning the spiritual part of Nature, which has ever enfeebled and vitiated human philosophies and creeds, enlightened minds of even modern days, who aspired to a profounder and more interior knowledge of truth than the narrow theatre of their positive experience seemed able to afford, perforce betaking themselves to the solution of mysteries which cast their shadows on the confines of the "natural world," by adopting hypothetical dogmas—the sanctified offspring of fabulous mythologies—and unauthenticated legendary "Revelations from God," as the bases of their super-natural "Theologies," have only succeeded in creating an elaborate, specious mysticism, not amenable to the province of Reason, and which can only be accepted in the exuberant ecstasy of abnormal Faith. And thus faith has come to be the grand climax of human culture and development, and the responsibility of obedience to its instincts and aspirations, the paramount spiritual duty of man. • • •

There has always flourished in every age, a class of minds who would not rest satisfied with speculation, with dreamy, unsubstantial philosophies, whose entire ground of acceptability and principles of conviction were "faith above reason;" who, though holding as deep and abiding elements of faith in the composition of their minds, and of as devout and loving hearts as any of their contemporaries, still could not anchor their souls to vague and incomprehensible fatalism, but must ever sail their life-barques within some glimmering distance of their God-given Reason. This beacon of safety must never be lost sight of, and aught in popular philosophy or religion that would drive them from its illumination was rejected as fraught with danger and only prophesying of uncontrollable elements, of tempests and darkness that threatened peril and disaster.

To such minds new and grand developments of natural law, however startling, and subversive of darling prejudices, were ever acceptable, and joyfully welcomed and cherished; for there were no "foregone conclusions" in the ultimatum of their faith, which barred the vast possibilities in the domain of Nature; they held themselves ever in expectancy, and were prepared to behold and thankfully recognize new revelations of an Infinite Power, with a wholesome, abiding assurance that God, in his infinite goodness, could never hold aught in the arena of his creation so sacred, that a human soul who sought the solution of "mysterious phenomena," and the development of occult principles underlying them, in the light of reason, should expose itself to the sin of sacrilege, and risk the encounter of irretrievable error and spiritual ruin.

Thank God for the abiding presence of such minds, for to them alone has the world been indebted for its every stage of progress out of the sloughs of despond and the enslaving bonds of superstition. They are honest and courageous; they try all voyages of discovery, and sound every channel of truth or error, learning the depths of the deep waters, and the shallows of those just beneath whose surface so insidiously lie the dangerous reefs. Their charts are never pronounced complete, but are open for corrections and additions, and are continually revised and re-constructed as new fields are explored.

The pulsations of the mighty heart of Nature, ceaseless though noiseless in its beatings, must sometimes vibrate on the dull sense of humanity the vital throbbings of its profounder principles, and disclose the elements of its interior life to some gifted souls, spiritually developed to look within the veil, and sympathetically organized to telegraph the vital records of its mysterious, spiritual energies. Thus have shone out on the dreary sameness, the thick, spiritual darkness of the historic record, at wide intervals of time, the vivid illuminations of prophets, seers, and hierophants, whose quickened vision in some measure penetrated the unknown depths and sublime heights of Nature's arcana, which might have opened up grandest mines of spiritual treasure, and adorned the world with brilliant, precious gems of spiritual truth and wisdom, but for the stubborn perversity, the insensate stupidity of their materialistic generations. Still, in modern days, oftener and clearer have these visions of spiritual things been repeated, and here and there, among the nations, has a broader appreciation of occult principles gradually annulled the hitherto ready verdict of "mystery," at the announcement of each new and strange development that withstood the solution of orthodox principles of science and philosophy; and a Swedenborg, a Boehmer, a Mesmer, a Reichenbach, a Davis, and many others, have attracted the earnest and thoughtful consideration of multitudes of noble men and women, each in his peculiar phase of seership, or scientific exposition of "mysterious phenomena" and "subtle agents," so that a large field has been well prepared for the culture of spiritual elements of knowledge, and a progressive system inaugurated, full of promise for the sure and speedy emancipation of the human mind and its life from degrading superstitions and ecclesiastical terrorism.

We are coming at last to apprehend how superficial have been our requirements of the knowledge of the principles and laws of Nature; how materialistic the scope of our philosophies. While most of the subtle agencies in matter were unknown, every extraordinary phenomenon that would not at once yield to the measure of men's science, must be denominated a miracle, and the developments of many ages failed to afford a more rational and intelligent solution. The achievements of research evolved "gravitation," "chemical affinity," "electricity," "magnetism," but all these were inadequate to retrieve the mystery from the vortex of the supernatural, and to this it was helplessly and superstitiously consigned. But now we can most surely know that a miracle is an anomaly, an impossibility, since every real phenomenon, once so mysterious, and thus ignorantly designated, has been reproduced upon the basis of principles strictly within the sphere of science. We recognize the essence, the life of all matter to be spirit, which is the "real reality," and we are rapidly gaining a knowledge of the esoteric principles and laws of its government and relations to matter, which have so long eluded the profoundest investigations.

There was ever a grand and intimate union subsisting between the realms of spirit and matter, though the positive realization of this truth was mostly confined to the spiritual side; but since the spirits of those who once dwelt upon the earth have succeeded in rending the veil that hung as a pall of darkness betwixt the two worlds, light has streamed in upon the earth with a power and brilliancy that bid fair to dispel all the clouds from our intellectual firmament, and illumine all the dark places of our ignorance. The wonderful and startling phenomena produced by spirits, are plainly amenable to natural principles and laws, both beautiful and grand. Though at first—in the earlier years of their manifestation—often homely and even low in character, still they met



ant wife, they will indeed feel that the Christ-Life exists elsewhere than in the crowded city, and



with those for whom Fame has woven her wreath. There are others who strive to make life beautiful to themselves; and others. But I trespass on your valuable columns; I will forbear at present to speak of them.

I trust that other towns, where at present there are no meetings, will be induced, by learning of the success met with in Easton, to "go and do likewise."

I wait good wishes to all the readers of this Spiritual Light, and will do all I can to forward the advancement and spread of this glorious cause, and of its advocates in the form of literature. For Truth and Love to all Humanity, thus writes

C. FANNIE ALLEN.

#### East Bridgewater, 1864.

#### Criticisms by Mr. Hacker.

I have been looking over the BANNER of this date, Mr. Editor, and desire, with your permission, to make a few remarks on some portions of its contents. I learn that you have had a great feast in the City of Notions—a Spiritual Convention, or Love, in which you "unanimously adopted a series of resolutions expressive of sympathy for the noble men who are perilling their lives and health in the cause of their country; of loyalty to and support of the Government in its efforts to put down this wicked rebellion; of an uncompromising hostility to all kinds of slavery, especially African Slavery."

It is surprising to me that Spiritualists cannot see that all governments founded on, or supported by, carnal weapons, are at war with genuine Spiritualism, and that in proportion as either rises the other must go down. Spiritualism, as I understand it, appears to the whole universe and spiritual government free from swords, guns, pauper-houses, prisons, and all the life-destroying machinery of the old and barbarous churches, and just so far as Spiritualists aid in prolonging any of the governments sustained by the sword, they are delaying or postponing the spiritual government, or dominion of love and good will; for both cannot rule at once, any more than fire and water can both fill the same space at the same time. They are deadly foes, directly opposite in their nature, and whichever rules must keep the other down. A man professing to be a Spiritualist while laboring to uphold such a government, is holding the Devil up with one hand, while trying to knock him down with the other. My prayer is, that all governments which look to carnal weapons for support, may be dashed to the earth, and be forever removed by the reign of the spiritual life in each and every soul, and I can see no more reason for Spiritualists to uphold such a government, than I can for a man to preserve the life of a mad dog, while his family and flocks are being daily bitten and kept from labor by the brute.

You express sympathy for the fighting men. Then you are in the war spirit with them, and Spiritualism, or love, cannot dwell in you. You may pity the fast, or the misguided man, who casts himself into the fire in a fit of passion, and comes out writhing with pain—you may pity him, though you do not approve of his folly or his ignorance. But when you say you sympathize with him, it means that you are fully in spirit with him, and approve of his folly.

You resolve to support the Government in putting down the rebellion. What right have Spiritualists to do this? Both ends of the nation are rebels against God—rebels against Spiritualism—both are equally guilty of slavery; for while the South held slaves, the North bought the productions of slavery, and the partaker of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, is just as bad as the thief. The North and South have both rejected the counsels of God—have denied him and forsaken him, and has left them to punish each other, and has no more to do with them now while fighting than the man in the moon has, nor can true Spiritualists have.

The war sprung naturally from the corrupt state of the public mind—is just as natural as fermentation in a compost heap; but the public mind had no right to be in that corrupt state which produced the war. As warmth and moisture are both necessary to produce fermentation, and purify the compost, so are Jeff. Davis and A. Lincoln both necessary to carry on this political fermentation, and neither of them should be put down, any more than either heat or moisture should be excluded from the compost till the process of fermentation and purification is completed. Then let all true Spiritualists and Christians stand aloof, and permit the parties—both of which are rebels against God—to humble each other till they are willing to return to him and be saved. And if they dash the sword-supported government to the earth, the sooner the better, for then the sooner will Spiritualism, the stone cut out of the mountain without hands or swords, roll on and fill the whole earth. May heaven hasten the day when all such governments will be dashed in pieces.

I intended, on taking my pen, to notice other inconsistencies I have met with, but as your columns are crowded I defer them. I have for some weeks past been holding meetings on the Sabbath, and am now getting out a "Chariot" in place of the "Pleasure Boat," and then think of going to Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey, if the way opens bright before me, and may take a look at you when I arrive in the notional city. I have appointments for the first two Sabbaths this month.

Yours, JERH. HACKER.

Portland Me., June 4, 1864.

#### Friendship's Tribute.

Allow me to give you a brief account of the services of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in this place, in memorial of the transit of Flora, (one of our fairest flowers, whose obituary appeared in a recent number of the BANNER), to a purer clime, daughter of our worthy brother J. K. King. Owing to a contagious disease in the family at the time of her decease, we were denied the privilege of performing the rite over her remains, and accordingly on Sunday, June 12th, the children of the Lyceum, with their respective officers and leaders, assembled at one o'clock, and an interesting and impressive service took place. The children—supplied with flowers and their flags drooped—marched around the hall to appropriate music, (Miss Ella Bonney, member of Liberty Group, presiding at the melodeon), and as they passed the platform in front of the speakers' stand deposited their bouquets, where was laid the little flag and badge of Flora, after which they sang the beautiful hymn, "Spirit Voices." An appropriate and affecting prayer and address followed, by Miss Nellie J. Temple, which drew the tears of sympathy from many eyes, assuring us that, though absent from our mortal vision, she was with us still, and with the white-robed angel band, was singing her songs with ours. The Lyceum then joined our worthy and honored conductor, James Turbide, Esq., in responsive readings of a beautiful poem on Death. The services closed by a song from Miss Alice Carle, eight years of age, one of the members of Sea Group. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all present, and a most potent argument in favor of establishing schools and lyceums for the developing of our children in the truths of our beautiful philosophy.

Portland, Me., June 14, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### DRIFTING.

BY NETTIE COLBURN.

I stood, when a child, by a beautiful stream, And watched the warm sunrays all over its gleam, While smiles seemed to ripple its bright surface o'er,

Each chasing the other far up on the shore.

A sweet, lulling music stole into my heart, As I stood by the river and could not depart, And the flowers I'd gathered, still fragrant with dew,

Into the bright waters a tribute I threw.

The soft spell was broken. I thought to detain My sweet floral treasures, but sought them in vain,

For sparkling and brilliant one moment they lay On the water's fair bosom, then drifted away.

The grief of my heart struggled forth in a sigh, As I caught the perfume of their wasted good-bye, And the laughing waves mockingly "knelt on the shore,"

Then closed o'er my treasures—I saw them no more.

Long years have rolled past me since that summer's day, And down Time's dark river have drifted away,

And each year in passing has swept from the shore Some joy of my heart, to return nevermore.

The bright, dewy blossoms of life's summer's day Far out on "Life's Ocean" have drifted away.

For, thoughtless, I cast them far out on the tide—The cold waters chilled them—they withered and died.

Soon, soon I shall enter the pale boatman's bark, And over Time's river drift out in the dark,

Through lone, dusky shadows, and death-chilling spray,

To you bright eternity—drifting away!

Waterford, N. Y., 1864.

#### Granville Free Hall Anniversary.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in Middle Granville, N. Y., and vicinity, held their Fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Free Hall, according to appointment, June 10th, 11th and 12th. Speakers present, Henry C. Wright, Mrs. S. A. Horton, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. Wiley, and Dr. Hamilton.

Stephen Wing, President, G. F. Baker, Secretary.

H. C. Wright offered the following Resolutions, and spoke upon them pointedly. Others also spoke for and against them; a general good feeling prevailing.

*Resolved*, Man has no power to create or annul moral obligations; therefore,

*Resolved*, That whatever it is right to do with a license or commission from human government, it is right to do without it; therefore a man should never accept an office, in Church or State, which requires him to do as an officer, that which it would be a sin for him to do as a man.

*Resolved*, That whatever is unjust, mean and degrading in an individual acting by and for himself, and on his own responsibility, is the same when done by a man acting for others, as their agent.

*Resolved*, That what is theft, robbery and murder in one man, acting alone, is the same when done by millions acting together, as a Church, State or Nation.

*Resolved*, That man's natural demands are God's only commands, and all we have to know or do to be saved, is to know the demands of our natures and heartily supply them.

*Resolved*, That whether in or out of the body, we shall find what we carry and deserve; therefore if we would be in heaven, we must carry with us a consciousness of deserving it, and no more trust to the fact that heaven can be our portion because of whatsome other being has done.

*Resolved*, That he who gives, in any relation of life, what he is not willing to take, is a self-convicted evil-doer, and should be so regarded and treated as such by all around him.

*Resolved*, That we should receive nothing as true in principle or right in practice, on the authority of any being or power outside of our own souls, but ever remain true to our own convictions of right, and duly regardless of consequences to ourselves or others.

*Resolved*, That it is woman's most sacred right to decide for herself when she shall assume the responsibilities, and be subjected to the sufferings of maternity; and man's home will be his heaven and his children his crown of glory in proportion as he respects that right.

Mrs. Slocum said we ought to bring out ideas that will tell upon future generations. Organization ought to be our main question; and conclusions arrived at to satisfy the demands of the age. Principles ought to be clustered together to form a nucleus to centre around.

Mrs. Townsend favored and opposed organization. Was in favor of a financial organization. Approved the anti-slavery system. Proposed to send H. C. Wright to the National Convention.

Mrs. Horton favored financial organization. Approved of organizing principles in the soul. Wanted to organize so as to embrace all mankind within its influence. Wanted to be one of the workers to do good and live for the great whole.

Mr. Slocum could not find anything in nature but what was organized for a definite purpose. We have not got so high as to be above the creative power. He is the great organizer. It would do no good to have good thoughts if we did not arrange and express them in definite forms. Spiritualists needed to organize to ultimate the grand aims of existence.

D. W. Hamilton did not wish to oppose organization, for he did not know what it might result in. Was ready to do good, and wished to see a plan upon paper.

H. C. Wright said we needed an organization to raise and disburse money. Supposing each town, county and State should organize, and combined, form a National Society, it would aid greatly to our strength. This year ago a few individuals organized to overthrow the gigantic powers of chattel slavery. You all can see the result.

#### SECOND DAY.

V. P. Slocum in the chair. H. C. Wright re-read his Resolutions, and urged the importance of being true to our own soul's convictions, and not another's.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend's Resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Spiritualists and truth-seekers, we endeavor to practice those glorious principles of peace and good will to man revealed to us from the angel-world and established by our philosophy; that we return kind looks for unkind ones, gentle words of earnest love for words of anger and hatred; that in our acts we prove ourselves worthy of the communion we hold with the dear ones that love us still, though they have laid off the mortal; in short, that we live in the exercise of the love-principle, which is our God, and overcome evil with good.

She then remarked, that if any one wished to reform her they must love her out of evil into good, and that is the only way to reach others.

Dr. Holt spoke of the power of the mother to shape the destiny of the child; and that parents have laid off the mortal; in short, that we live in the exercise of the love-principle, which is our God, and overcome evil with good.

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#### A Remarkable Vision.

A collector, residing in the Isle of Wight, had business at Southampton. He stopped at one of those hotels for which the town of mail steamers is famous, and after dinner he was looking over his law papers while he sipped his port. He was aroused from his doze by a knock on the door, his wife (whom he had left at home in the Isle of Wight) entered, and he looked at her steadily, and passed out through the opposite door. He naturally thought it was a hallucination, and resumed his reading, with a wondering smile at his weakness. But within a quarter of an hour the same thing happened again; and there was on the countenance of the specter an imploring look which terrified him. He at once resolved to return home. With some difficulty he got a boatman to take him across; and when he reached his house he was struck by the ghastly and alarmed look of the maid-servant who opened the door. This woman was so frightened by his unexpected return, that she spontaneously confessed her intention to murder her mistress; and her confession was confirmed by the fact that she had concealed a carving knife under her pillow. This is a very perplexing case for those who think spectral phenomena can be philosophically explained. Here you have the phantom of a living person projected, entirely without that person's consciousness. Let it be assumed that a person in extreme peril can, by intense volition, act on the nervous system of the universe, so as to influence his dearest friend; but here the person whose likeness appeared was entirely devoid of apprehension; while the servant, who alone knew what was likely to happen, would naturally exert no volition toward revealing it.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

#### Solution to Mathematical Problem.

The following is the solution of the problem printed in your paper of June 11th:

The Hypothenuse of the required triangle



## Notes from Washington.

Our meetings have closed for the season; the last lecture was given on Sunday, June 19th by A. E. Newton, on the "Uses of Spiritualism." Like all of his writings, it was replete with good common sense views of our belief. I can but wish that the public could have more of such lectures and lecturers, for no one of my acquaintance can more effectually dispel the minds of our opponents of their prejudices.

Of Bro. Pardee's lectures I need say nothing in addition to what has already been published in your columns. Our lectures for next season will commence on the first Sunday in October, to be continued through that month by T. Gales Foster. During November, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will occupy the rostrum.

A committee composed of Bro. Newton, Dr. H. Dresser, Bros. Loomis and Oliver, and with myself, were selected to prepare a platform of the views or belief of the Spiritualists of Washington, and to secure speakers for the next season. Any speaker who is not engaged, and may desire to visit Washington and lecture next season, is requested to correspond with either of the committee.

Washington is a fine field for lecturers, and good speakers will receive hearty receptions. There is also great need of test mediums, or one who can give communications. We hope some one of the many in Massachusetts or in the other Northern States, will remove to Washington permanently. In no place can they be better remunerated, particularly, than here.

We have been called upon to part with one of our most worthy advocates, Mrs. Anna M. Cosby, a lady whose praise was on the lips of all who knew her. It was my fortune to make her acquaintance on my first visiting this city, and to no one have I been more indebted than to her for many pleasant hours. She was eminently a Christian Spiritualist, and although continuing to hold her connection with the Presbyterian Church—Dr. Sunderland's—she openly and freely advocated Spiritualism. During her last illness she had her spiritual vision opened, and described many scenes of spirit life, as also conversed with her spirit friends. At the funeral, which was conducted by Dr. Sunderland and two other clergymen, full tribute was paid to her worth, and especially did Dr. Sunderland expatiate upon the visions she had during her last sickness.

Mrs. Cosby was the wife of the recent Consul to Genoa; she was a Southerner by birth, but as loyal a woman as the North ever produced. Her personal attractions were only equalled by her excellencies of character; no one could be in her presence without feeling themselves associated with a superior person. She was very benevolent, and the poor whites as well as the colored, have lost in her a true friend. She was the Lady Blessington of Washington. Her death is a great loss to us, for she was well adapted to advocate our views, and did so in such a manner as to create an interest, while her social position was such as to command respect. But while we shall miss her personal appearance, we know she was well prepared, and is now one of the bright spirit-advocates of our beautiful faith, bringing us aid from the spirit-world.

I was surprised on reading the remarks of your correspondent, "G. A. B.," on the position I had taken in regard to writers for the proposed Spiritual Magazine; it is a matter hardly worth discussing at present, for not only are the chickens not hatched, but not even are the golden eggs laid so necessary to the incubation. Yet it seems to me that a Spiritual Magazine should be distinctively spiritual; we do not need to go outside for writers, for the talent of the day is with us. How G. A. B. could reasonably deduce a conclusion that "by my reasoning I should object to any but Spiritualists coming to our meetings," is beyond my conception. A spiritual lecture, like our printed literature, is for instruction and education in the Spiritual Philosophy, and we do not employ persons who are not Spiritualists to give spiritual food to investigators. So also of the Atlantic Monthly; that is not sectarian, its columns are open to all of whatever religious views; it is strictly neutral, and certainly not a fair comparison. And so of the Independent; that is only Orthodox in name and is not recognized as canonical. If we are to have a Spiritual Magazine let it not be mongrel; let us have such an organ that whatever is read in its columns may be seconded and supported as being common sense views of rational Spiritualism. We are through with the swaddling clothes of infancy, have passed beyond boyhood, and put on the robes of manhood. Now let us show our manliness by standing upright and fearlessly.

A. HORTON.

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1864.

## Proud of Wounds.

The correspondent of a leading journal of New York, writing from the battle-field in Virginia, speaks most touchingly of the wounded men who are to be seen all about him. All of them, says he, bear their wounds with a degree of manliness, patience and cheerfulness to which he had never seen a parallel among sufferers from maim in civil hospital practice. The negroes, in particular, of whom there were a large number wounded, seem to be actually proud of their wounds—proud that in this sacred cause they have been accounted worthy to shed their blood, or lose a limb, or be pierced by a bullet, or torn by a shell—proud that they have been enabled to demonstrate their manhood by showing that they have the high courage and the true hearts of men. The influences are working.

## The Spirits in Providence.

A recent number of the Providence Press publishes the following item of interest:

"MYSTERIOUS.—At a house in the central part of the city there have recently been manifestations of a most remarkable character. The door-bell has rung on numerous occasions when no one was near it, rung both day and night when it was certain no one was at the pull or in any place accessible to the wire. And what is more mysterious, a photograph hanging on the wall was unhung and borne gently to the floor, and after remaining there a short time was gently carried back and re-hung where it came from. Two or three persons were in the room at the time and saw it, whose testimony is unimpeachable, indeed, would be sufficient to hang a man in the city of Providence if given in a case of murder."

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. H. AUGUSTA, ME.—Very acceptable indeed. Thanks.

A. SUBSCHER, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—No.

COVINGTON, IND.—Money received for subscription to BANNER, but no name attached. Send name.

W. C. GENESEO, ILL.—\$10.25 received.

The bellman of Watertown, in announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

## The Protests of the Day.

We hear continually, until it seems as if we should never be done with hearing, of the protestations, and cautions, and warnings, and denunciations of those who occupy what they think are established and permanent positions in the Church, against everything like free and humble inquiry, against honest criticism of every sort, against all prayerful exercise of faith for one's self, and against every kind of belief and opinion, and practice, which militates with the particular formula, or theory, which they assume to be the only truth, the only right, the only authority in the universe.

Go where we will, into any church where what is styled "Orthodox" preaching can be heard, and invariably this lamentation is put up about the evil tendencies of the times. The pulpit orators deem it their special vocation to thunder with all the force of their vocabularies against the spirit of free inquiry, assuming that it is but a disguise for unbelief, and so denouncing it to their hearers and followers. The combination plan is, to put up the Bible, and a facile compliance with their particular interpretation of the Bible, in the place of God; and to insist, with mouths filled with blasphemous condemnation of others, all who refuse to have their spiritual relations with the All-Father shaped and adjusted by their compass and rule, and to profess to believe what it never was and never will be in the power of the human heart to receive and live by.

It is thought to be a most summary and efficient manner of dealing with the free exercise of one's own mind and spirit, to hurl at the practices all the diabolical phrases which were ever forged in Pandemonium. They who do it, and do it professionally and for the purpose of getting their living by such one-sided advocacy of their own creed, forget that the spirit whose championship they assume is the spirit of Christ, the spirit which deals gently with all men, that is long-suffering and gentle, full of kindness and patience. To listen to them, one would suppose they were defending rather the interests and the cause of the Devil. But it is a mistaken way to deal with men after this style; they are not to be so approached and wrought upon; the human spirit craves and prays to rest on its faith, and not on bare authority, intellectual demonstration, or subtle philosophical theories which are begotten of the schools.

And although we mention these practices of the preachers only to lament and condemn them on the one side, we are too ready to confess, on the other, that they supply just the evidence wanted to prove that the old things are everywhere undergoing rigid examination, and being weighed in the balances of reason and spiritual inquiry. They show that the public mind refuses to be satisfied with what it once professed to be, and that it searches closely and incessantly for truth, determined to be satisfied with nothing less than truth, though all that has been held sacred so long should fall to the ground with the weight of questions put upon it. They demonstrate what every free spirit is only too glad to understand, that there is no human form of belief, or theory of religion and of life, too sacred to be searched by the free questionings of man, but that all is rather made for his good, to be used by him as a means to his own advancement, and generally for the spiritualization and elevation of the race.

It is, really, a cheap way of getting rid of the inconvenience of inquiry, to denounce and condemn the inquiry itself. It is a short cut to the defence and establishment of a theory, religious especially, to head off everybody who has so little respect for what other people say as to denounce them for the saying it. That is the manner in which the spirit of persecution has from the first conducted itself. That is the way in which men in power have always resolved and endeavored to retain power. We of this age have been making our boasts, these many years, that at last the world, or at least this part of it, has become liberal and tolerant, and that the old spirit of persecution had died out altogether. But, in the face of these denunciations and fierce anathemas, we utterly deny that such a change for the better has taken place, and insist that we need to practice the same watchfulness against this spirit of persecution now, as if we had ourselves lived three hundred years, and less, ago.

It cannot be other than a cause of sincere congratulation to all tolerant souls, that pursue truth only for the love of it, to find this temper of investigation so prevalent as it is—to know that there is such wide and general doubting as there is. When men cease to doubt, they stop learning; for there can be no knowledge where there is no free and unrestricted inquiry unless there is toleration and freedom. Where these exist, the human soul achieves its largest and most liberal development. The very condition of growth and expansion is that there shall be room to grow in, which of course implies doubt, investigation, and inquiry to the fullest extent.

And this age is full of the practice. We perceive it, and rejoice in it. We believe in individualism, under God's beneficent government to the last possible limit. The confusion and apparent chaos into which all things are now thrown should be accepted by us joyfully for the very reason that out of it all will be certain to come that ulterior settling of the faith on things which are divine rather than human, and that abiding truth which is the result of a patient and prayerful search after truth, undisturbed by the authority of any creed in existence. There is a germ of improvement in the present state of destructiveness. Out of our common danger we will pluck at last a flower of safety which will prove an anararchy, of unfading beauty and eternal freshness.

In our next issue we shall commence the second section of the sixteenth paper on "The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns, Esq. This series of essays are very ably written and should command the attention of our readers.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by WILLIAM WHITE, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.)

## Miss Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

This favorite lecturer gave two more most excellent addresses, in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, June 19th. "The Magic Staff" was the theme of her afternoon lecture, and "The Immaculate Conception" in the evening. They were the two best lectures of the course, and exceedingly interesting. At the close of the evening discourse, the influence changed, and a spirit purporting to be the poet Burns took possession of her organism, and delivered in *naïf* style and quaintness of dialect, the following fine poem:

## GUID FRIENDS:

I will na' weave my rhymes to-night  
In winsome measure,  
Or strive your fancies to delight  
Wi' songs o' pleasure,  
But gin' ye hae na' heard too much  
O' solemn preachin',  
I'll gie ye just anither touch  
O' useful teachin'.

But, ablin', when ye hear my verse,  
Ye may be thinkin'  
That I hae sunk frae bad to worse,  
And still am sinkin';  
But though I seem to fa' from grace,  
In man's opinion,  
Auld Hornie ne'er will see my face  
In his dominion.

An unco' change will come ere lang,  
O'er all your dreamin',  
And ye shall see that right and wrang  
Are much in seemin'.  
Man shall na' langer perjure love,  
Nor think it treason  
Anent the mighty King above,  
To use his reason.

Ay, love and nature frae the first,  
Hae been perverted,  
And man, frae Adam, will be cursed,  
Till he's converted.  
For Nature will avenge her cause  
On ilka creature,  
Who will na' take her, wi' her laws,  
For guide and teacher.

Auld Custom is a sleekit' saint,  
And so is Fashion,  
And baith will watch till sinners faint,  
To lay the lash on;  
Men follow them wi' ane accord,  
Led by their noses,  
Because they cry, "Thus saith the Lord—  
The God o' Moses."

The time will come when man will ken  
God's word far better,  
He'll live mair in the spirit then,  
Less in the letter;  
And that which man ance called impure,  
Through partial seel',  
He'll find for it bairn cause and cure,  
In his ain bel'.  
Man needna' gae to auld lang syne  
For truth to guide him,  
For if he seeks, he sure will fin'  
Truth close beside him.

Each gowan\* is ordained o' grace  
To be his teacher,  
And ilka toddlin' wanie's† face,  
Is text and preacher.

Man was na' born a dhill o' hell  
Frae his creation;  
The love that made him, will tsel',  
Be his salvation.  
Each child that's born o' perfect love,  
Can be man's saviour:  
Love is his warrant frae above,  
For guid behavior.

His mither may be high or low,  
A Miss or Madam,  
The God within him will outgrow  
The sin o' Adam;  
His only bed may be the earth,  
His hame a sheelin'‡  
It will na' change his real worth,  
Or inward feelin'.

Though born beneath the Church's ban,  
Or man's displeasure,  
He will na' be the less a man,  
In mind or measure.  
God's image stamped upon his brow,  
Is his defender,  
And makes him—as ye hae it now—  
"Guid legal tender."

But ilka child that's born o' hate—  
However lawful—  
Will be the victim, sune or late,  
O' passions awful;  
Will hie|| o'er the ways o' life,  
Wi' friends scarce ony,  
And in the duff§§ world's angry strife,  
Find fae full mony.

The Power aboon, sae kind and guid,  
Who ever sees us,  
Will gie to men, whenever they need,  
A John or Jesus.  
The sin o' Adam will na' cause  
His lave to vary,  
Nor need he change creation's laws,¶¶  
To form a Mary.

Man's sympathies must largely share  
In what is human,  
And he will love the truth the mair,  
That's born o' woman.  
The De'il himself, at last through love  
Will be converted,  
And, reckoned wi' the saunts above,  
Leave hell deserted.

The One who laid Creation's plan,  
Knows how to end it,  
Nor need he ever call on man,  
To help him mend it.  
Then, syne\*\* this Being is your friend,  
And man your brither,  
Gae on rejoicing to the end,  
Wi' ane anither.

\* If. † Perhaps. ‡ Very great. § Against. ¶ Every. ¶ Canning. || Daily. §§ Each tottering child. ¶¶ Humble cot. §§ Walk rarely. ¶ Contrary. ¶¶ Referring to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. \*\* Since.

## \$300 Commutation.

It was proposed to annul the clause in the Enrollment Bill which permits a drafted person to exempt himself for a year on payment of the sum of three hundred dollars, thus compelling all persons drafted either to go to the field or procure substitutes. The proposition has been debated in Congress with a good deal of earnestness, and the decision was finally reached that it was best not to disturb the clause at all. Certainly a very large force has been raised by the aid of this clause, and we cannot well count on any improvement by making a change. Volunteering will naturally work better than compulsion.

## Physical Manifestations.

We attended a second private seance of the Davenport Sisters a few evenings since, and were, if possible, more than ever convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations, and of their remarkable power. At the instant the lights were extinguished the manipulating of ropes was heard, and in about three minutes lights were called for, and the ladies seen bound in a very elaborate and complicated manner, more completely so than any one visibly present could have bound them in half an hour. During the process of tying, all the musical instruments were being played upon, a fact that annihilated the last vestige of doubt in the minds of skeptics, for it was plainly evident that all that was heard and seen could not have been done by the mediums.

In addition to the roping and the playing, was the voice, to us, the most extraordinary feature of the seances. It was not a faint imitation—not a scarcely audible sound, that you must put your ear on the closest watch to hear; neither was it given through, or with the aid of a trumpet, but wholly independent of all earthly appliances. It was a loud, clear voice, answering our questions, making inquiries and casual remarks, each syllable distinctly enunciated, and each sentence perfectly audible in all parts of the room. At the same time an accordion was played upon; a tambourine rattled out its turbulent sounds, a couple of bells gave no uncertain sound, and a guitar floated above the heads of the audience, its strings touched by unseen fingers. At one moment the guitar was thrummed heavily, at the next touched so lightly that its tones were as soft and sweet as those of an æolian harp. Then the guitar, still breathing forth its music, was brought close to our faces, fanning us, our unseen friends evidently trying to impress us with the air that was being played.

The room was small; the atmosphere close and oppressive. The mediums had been bound firmly in one position for upwards of an hour, and one of them began to exhibit symptoms of exhaustion. A glass of water was brought to her, but that not being sufficient to restore her, she was loosened from her fetters, and left the room to inhale the fresh air.

The lights were again extinguished. In a few moments we heard a dripping of water, and presently the voice:

"Oh, dear, me, Mr. Lacey."  
"Well, what is the matter?"  
"Why, you know that glass of water which Lamb brought for the medium?"  
"Yes."

"Well, I've split it all over. It's gone all over the guitar and accordion."

While this talking was going on, there was but one of the mediums present, and she was laughing so as to be heard by all in the room, a fact that convinced several who were before skeptical that the voice was wholly independent of her.

At another time, after a performance upon the instruments, a light was called for, with a request for us to look on a blackboard on the wall in the rear of the table. And there we beheld, written in a large-sized, plain letter, "BELL WIDE-AWAKE."

"Will Mr. Fox speak to us through the trumpet, to-night, Bell?"

"Don't know. Guess not; it's too warm and close here."

"Can't he speak as well as you?"

"Not to-night. You know it's always harder for a man than a woman to talk."

In order to convince those present that the guitars were carried over our heads, a quantity of phosphorus was placed on them. We then watched their motions above us and in front of us as before. One of the guitars touched a gentleman who sat near us, and who, all the evening, had been wishing they would touch him lightly, leaving a phosphorescent impress on his clothing.

A rattling of the articles upon the table was heard.

"What are you doing, Bell?" inquired a gentleman.

"Oh, only tinkering the accordion."

In a few moments a light was brought and there was the accordion, pretty well "tinkered," indeed, for it was in half-a-dozen or more places, upon the table and floor. The light was then withdrawn and the accordion put in its proper shape in less time than we have taken to write about it. Again, a rap upon the floor was the signal for a light. It was produced, and upon the table before us, sat one of the mediums in a chair, her hands and feet securely bound, as they had been during all the wonderful enactments of the evening. The light was extinguished, and when brought again, the lady and the chair were in their former place upon the floor, and the instruments upon the table. Out went the light again, and a general movement of everything on the table was heard.

"What are you doing now, Bell?"

"Cleaning house."

A rap for a light, and the light came. There was all the instruments upon the floor, and the table upside down to cap the climax of confusion.

The champagne process was carried on as before described. A lady, whom by personal acquaintance, we know to be truthful, first submitted to these strange manipulations, and came out of the scene with her hair every way but beautifully arranged. Two other ladies and a gentleman followed.

In everything that occurred, the greatest spirit of fairness was exhibited by Mr. Lacey, who has the management of these seances, and by the mediums. They were not only willing but especially desirous to have everything rigidly tested. Great credit is due the mediums for the patience and good feeling they maintained during the entire evening. It is no small matter to be closely bound hand and foot for that length of time, and particularly so, when, as is often the case at public exhibitions, they are subjected to opprobrious epithets from unmannerly, and, we must say, heartless individuals, as was the case on one or two evenings during the week, at the public circles.

On Monday evening a public exhibition was given in Mercantile Hall, 16 Summer street, and continued every evening during the week to fair audiences. Perhaps we ought to state that these were not dark circles, as the gas was kept burning all the time. On the platform stood a large wooden cabinet, about seven feet high, ten feet long, and two in width, placed upon three wooden "horses," which raised the cabinet about two feet from the floor, in the door of which was a small window. Each evening, before the mediums entered this box, it was thoroughly examined by a committee chosen for that purpose by the audience.

On Tuesday evening the test was applied of placing rice in the hands of the mediums after they were securely tied, and yet the musical instruments were played upon, greatly to the astonishment of the audience, as well as the committee of investigation, who declared they could not account for the strange and wonderful proceedings.

On Wednesday evening another test was ap-

plied, of tying the ropes with thread after the mediums had been securely bound, and the result was equally astounding, for not only did music come from all the instruments, but hands were plainly seen at the port hole in the cabinet in which the mediums were confined, with their hands and feet tied, and ropes fastened around their necks and secured to a bolt, this preventing them from even moving; and they were found in that secure position when the cabinet was opened suddenly. The committee, one of whom was Alderman Plummer, expressed its utter inability to fathom the mystery.

Still another, and to many, more satisfactory, test of spirit power was given: the mediums being in the same secure positions, the cabinet was closed, when instantly the accordion, guitar, tambourine and other instruments were played upon, but before the music ceased, the door of the cabinet was pushed open from the inside, and the guitar was seen suspended about midway in the cabinet, and several strains proceeded from it before it fell to the floor. At this the skeptical portion of the audience were utterly nonplussed.

We were present at a private seance held at a room in the Adams House, Thursday forenoon, where the manifestations were of a still more satisfactory nature, and left not a shadow of doubt, in our mind, as to their genuineness.

On Thursday evening the mediums entered the cabinet, were tied by the spirits, and then a thorough examination was had by a committee of skeptics, chosen by the audience, who reported the tying to be of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of the mediums disengaging themselves without help from some source. The cabinet doors were then closed, and instantly musical sounds came from the instruments, and the violin was thrust from the window of the cabinet, and fingers were distinctly seen thrumming the strings; then white, delicate hands were seen at the window, hit on quickly opening the cabinet, the mediums were found securely tied, hands and feet, and the ropes fastened to bolts in the wall at the back of each medium, so that they could not possibly rise from their seats. This was more than the committee could account for—there was evidently something more than human agency at work.

The manifestations given by these mediums will have a tendency to arouse public attention to the spiritual phenomena.

## The "Delusion" in Scotland.

We have received a copy of the "Herald," published at Glasgow, Scotland, in which the editor recounts the adventures of "sixteen reputable gentlemen" of that city, who clubbed together to find out the truth or falsity of the "spirit-matter." The result of their efforts seems to have been to vote it a humbug. The tables did not move as they wanted; ridiculous questions were answered ridiculously, and a general confusion of muddled intellects prevailed. So the editor chimes in with the "sixteen reputable gentlemen," and assuming to be the mouthpiece of his nation, says: "The great majority of our countrymen are convinced that supernatural agencies in the latter half of the nineteenth century are neither more nor less than delusions or arrant humbugs."

Poor Scotland! The land o' cakes is perplexed. But it is quite amusing to the six million people of this country who have positive assurance of the truth of what the sixteen men call false, to hear of these doings and conclusions. We are knowing to the fact that there are very many men in Scotland, and even in that same city of Glasgow, who know the manifestations of spirit-presence to be a glorious reality.

In the same paper we notice that the necromancer, Anderson, whom our friend Partridge of New York so completely annihilated in that city when the former offered publicly to expose Spiritualism, exhibits in Glasgow what he calls "The Great Spirit-Rapping-Drum." If any music can be drawn from that to edify Mr. A., we suggest the "Rogue's March."

## A Picnic and Grove Meeting.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that another picnic is to be held on Thursday, June 30th, in Green Mountain Grove, Medford, under the superintendence of Mr. A. H. Richardson of Charlestown. The Spiritualists and their friends of Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Boston, and vicinity, are cordially invited to unite in this social gathering to be held in one of the most beautiful groves in the State. From an elevation in the centre is an observatory from which a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained; a spacious, airy lattice hall, and a miniature lake in the centre of the grounds, add a charm to its natural attractions. Suitable buildings required for such an occasion as this, have been erected, in one of which is a drawing-room for ladies. The locality of the grove is about half a mile from Medford Centre, on Foulton street, and the cars pass close to it. No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the premises.

Excellent speakers will be present; also a band of music will accompany the party, and furnish music to those who wish to indulge in the exhilarating amusement of dancing. A very pleasant and orderly time will be the result, so the superintendent assures us, and we endorse his statement. Cars will leave the Boston and Maine depot at five minutes past eight, at half past nine A. M., and at quarter to one o'clock, P. M. Charlestown and Chelsea passengers can take the cars at Prison Point at ten minutes past eight. Price of tickets for the trip, 40 cents; to be obtained at the depot, and of A. H. Richardson, City Hall, Charlestown; also at 160 Harrison Avenue, in this city, of Dr. O. H. Rivers, H. W. Lacy, 21 Bennington street, East Boston, and Thomas Gordon 30 Adams street, Roxbury.

## Fires and Accidents.

The season is come when we may be expecting accidents by railway, fires, and steamboats, explosions of magazines and laboratories, and all those other unaccountable "nobody-to-blame" disasters which have been wont to send a shudder of horror through the minds of readers of the newspapers. The burning of the steamboat on the Hudson, but a few weeks ago, has been followed very promptly by an explosion of the laboratory at Washington, and now by a railroad smash-up on the route from Newport to Boston. Some of this kind of accidents, we do not question, may be unavoidable; but that does not relieve conductors, agents, managers, superintendents, and overseers everywhere, from the careful and conscientious fulfillment of their duty. It is one of the worst signs when men begin to show a cool indifference to the value of human life. The precious gift was not made to be recklessly thrown away, and those who have any ears for their own lives, have no better right to trifle with the lives of others.

## New Music.

"In the Bye and Bye," is a beautiful song by H. Millard. "O, bury me in the Sunshine," a canzonette in memory of Archbishop Hughes; words and music by H. Millard. A fine composition. For sale at all the music stores.



both sexes, &c., &c. DR. W. O. PAINE, No. 3 Amity street,  
two doors from Broadway, New York. Price \$1.  
June 18. 417

**MISS L. HASTINGS,**  
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50 School Street and a. e. P. o. 3 Parker House.



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

**Mrs. J. H. Conant,**  
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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-sphere 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.

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Tuesday, June 21.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: General Johnson, of the Confederate Army, to his friend, Valandigham, Alton, Pa., to his mother, to his brother, to his sister, to his wife, to his children, to his friends, to his country, to his race, to his world, to his universe, to his God.

**Wednesday, June 22.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Dr. John C. Calhoun, to his friend, to his wife, to his children, to his friends, to his country, to his race, to his world, to his universe, to his God.

**Thursday, June 23.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Bill Gross, to his two sons in the Confederate Army, and daughter, in Auburn, N. Y.; Lemuel Bolton, to his mother, in Jacksonville, Fla.; Patrick Cronan, to his friends, in Fall River, Mass.; Mary G. Vinton, to her parents, in this city; Jennie Colum, to her mother, in New York City; Albert Wilson, of Montgomery, Ala., to his friends.

**Friday, June 24.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. H. Alderman, of Newcastle, Eng.; Johnnie Hooper, to his mother, and Joe, Edwin, son of Dr. Addison H. Guild, of Norfolk, Va.; Abigail Stillings Harris, to her brother, Thomas H. Harris, of San Francisco, Cal.; Albert Gould, of Atlanta, Ga., to his mother, Jack.

**Saturday, June 25.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rev. Wm. F. Andrews, to his wife, Olive Andrews, residing near St. Charles, Texas; Lucy S. Hills, to her relatives North, and friends at the South; Dennis Kane, to his wife, Mary.

**Sunday, June 26.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Luther C. Ladd, of the Lowell City Guards; Joe Baxter (a slave), to his former master, Wm. Baxter, of Washington, D. C.; Second Lieutenant A. A. Bonney, of the Merrimack, to friends in South Carolina; Wm. H. Brooks, to a brother, a Captain in the Ohio Reg.; John H. Carroll, to his friends, in Ohio; Joseph Carroll, at present in Richmond, Va., and another in Chicago, Ill.; Oliver J. Swazey, who died in St. Louis, (died Feb. 1864), to his friends, Mary, Jennie, Rose, Adeline and Fannie.

**Tuesday, June 27.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Felix Zellerbach, to his friends, to his mother, in Fisherville, Ohio; Mary Kelley, to Mr. Sewell, of New York City; Charles Fisher, son of Wm. Alanson Fisher, of New York, who died in Richmond, Va., June 14th, 1862.

**Thursday, June 29.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Elizabeth Oliver, to her brother, in Cleveland, O.; Wm. L. Smith, to his family, in Clarksville, Mo.; Mary Arabella Lee, to her father, Gen. Joseph Lee, in Charleston, S. C.; Mary Snyder, to her husband, in New York City.

**Monday, June 27.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Wise, to friends in Tennessee; Alice M. Jones, to his mother, in Chelsea, Mass.; Patrick White, to his friends in this city; Margaret Moore, of Manchester, Eng., to her parents.

**Tuesday, June 28.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Communication: Gen. Graham, to Geo. Green, to his mother, and Mr. Rogers; Helen A. Graham, of Savannah, Ga., to her father.

### Invocation.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? oh Grave, where is thy victory? Since thou hast claimed only that which was thine own, we will cease to prate of thee, sting of Death, and victory of the Grave. But we will sing glad hallelujahs to him who guardeth the throne of life, forever and forever.

May 12.

### Questions and Answers.

**SPRIT.**—The friends are now at leisure to propound their inquiries, as we are ready to answer. **CHAIRMAN.**—Our correspondent, H. M., of New York, sends the following questions to be propounded at our circles:

**1st QUES.**—Is the germ, or starting point, of all souls equal? Will all souls become equally developed in course of time?

**ANS.**—Yes; or in other words, the principle from which every manifestation of life is eliminated, is the same. The soul of the Hottentot, the Bushman, and the Anglo-Saxon is the same. And we believe, in the course of life's manifestations all will attain a perfect and harmonious condition of unfoldment.

**2d QUES.**—The brain, or seat of intelligence of all persons, differs more or less in capacity—Daniel Webster, for instance, was more developed in mind or soul, at the age of thirty-five, than I am. Nature gave him greater powers of perception, and he knew intuitively, in consequence of his large brain, more than I shall know during my lifetime. Was the germ of his soul larger at his birth than mine? and if so, will it not retain the same proportionate advance of mine during the coming eternity of Time?

**A.**—The brain of a Daniel Webster might exceed in unfoldment, in certain localities, the brain of your correspondent. And, again, the brain of your correspondent might exceed that of Daniel Webster in certain localities. Now it is well known that the man, Webster, stood upon a very low spiritual plane. His ideas of spiritual things were very much cramped—very poorly unfolded. As a politician, Daniel Webster stood preeminent. By the psychologic force of his mind, through certain faculties of the brain, he could hold an audience spell-bound for hours at a time.

Now with regard to the future of Daniel Webster, or whether he will ever be in advance of your correspondent we would say, that in those faculties of mind, those powers that he, as a man, reached out after and attained—those which were preëminent in his being, it is quite possible that he may ever continue to be in the advance of your correspondent. But it is equally possible, and very probable, that your correspondent will be, spiritually, in advance of him in the future. As mind unfolds itself leaf after leaf, you will see that there are no two exactly alike—no two acquisitions exactly the same. Day after day the soul stretches itself into the future. Soul itself is as old as Deity; and the soul of Webster and the soul of your correspondent are the same. That is a principle. It cannot be a compound, else it would be subject to change. It could not possess immortality in the strictest sense.

**Q.**—Have those souls which have lived a hundred thousand years ago, on this or some other planet, been proportionately developed? Or do souls born this century have the advantage of whatever progress has been made during the lapse of time, so that one will not have what seems to be an unfair advantage over the other?

**A.**—There is nothing unfair in the economy of Nature; eternal justice is exhibited everywhere, although it sometimes seems to be the contrary. Now with regard to the development of the souls of those who lived hundreds of centuries ago, it is to be believed in manifestation, so far as the things of your time are concerned, they are behind you. But in soul-life they cannot be a whit below you of the present century. It is also our belief that the soul inhabiting the form at the present time, will be stronger in spiritual things, more unfolded so far as the things of the mind are concerned, and will have less hold upon material things—while their souls will be stretched out far into the spiritual world after wisdom—than those who lived upon your earth centuries ago. So in that sense, spirits born in this age, or inhabiting forms upon your earth to-day, are, spiritually, in the advance of those born in the past.

**Q.**—Which is first, heat, motion or electricity?

**A.**—Motion, certainly.

**Q.**—Will you give us a scientific explanation of what we call Northern Lights?

**A.**—They are but the reflection and refraction of electrical forces in the atmosphere. This phenomenon is exhibited only when your atmosphere is highly charged with electricity, and when this planet is positioned, or stands in a certain relative position to the sun.

**Q.**—Is electricity the power that keeps this earth in motion?

**A.**—It is one of the powers; but we do not believe that it is the power entire. We do not believe that it embraces within itself all the power by which your earth is kept in motion.

**Q.**—Can you give us the other power?

**A.**—Certainly; magnetism, its twin sister, which embraces the law of attraction and repulsion. Certain atoms, or certain worlds, attract to themselves certain other atoms, or certain worlds, each obeying the law of their own being, each having a centre of its own, and rotating around that centre.

Now there is not an atom that has not a centre of its own about which it must ever revolve, and an atmosphere peculiar to itself. Now that atmosphere attracts to itself certain other atoms, or certain forms of life. Therefore you see all life is preserved intact. The life of the insect is as sacred as the life of the rolling world.

**Q.**—Can we ever arrive at a point where all division will cease?

**A.**—That implies annihilation. No; division is necessary, therefore it is, and ever will be, in our opinion.

**Q.**—Spirit, soul and mind. Please give the definition of those terms and their difference?

**A.**—They have been defined many times. It should be remembered that these are but terms used to designate certain ideas. Now it is the opinion of your speaker, that the soul, the term soul, applies to that immortal part, that principle of which you all are one. The spirit is the external covering, the aggregate of atoms which constitutes the clothing of the soul. The mind may be called that reflector of human events. It takes cognizance of the events of the external world, stamps them upon its mirror, and reflects them again, by the internal power of soul, into outer life. You receive an idea, and wish to give it to the world. You project that idea through the mind; first it is reflected in the mirror of the mind; next it is projected into outer life, by being again reflected by the internal power of the soul.

**Q.**—Is mind material or spiritual?

**A.**—In an absolute sense all things are material. Now do not charge us with being stern materialists in the sense which materialism would claim for us, although partially such, for we can conceive of nothing that has not for its foundation something material. And yet that material may be so refined and sublimated as to seem spiritual. The spirit to you is the spirit, and why? Because you are living under the law of crude materialism while dwelling upon the earth. But when you live under a higher law, then you will perceive that the spirit itself is only sublimated matter.

**Q.**—Is not the mind physical?

**A.**—The mind is dependent, certainly, upon the physical for its manifestation, and yet in itself it is a product of soul.

**Q.**—Are mind, spirit and soul one and the same thing?

**A.**—No, they are not, except in principle.

**Q.**—Mind is, then, the combined organs of the brain, distinct from the soul?

**A.**—No, you are mistaken. The mind is dependent upon the brain for its manifestation; but aside from the brain it is an independent power. It must be so, else how is it possible that your friends return?—and that is a fact demonstrated to many, many thousands—return with all their faculties unimpaired, to earth again, causing tables, and chairs, and various objects to speak their ideas, only in a language that is not understood by all humanity. No, no, friend; mind is independent, so far as its power or principle is concerned, of the organs of the brain; and yet, while it dwells in the body it must be dependent upon the brain for its manifestation.

**Q.**—Still you say mind and spirit are different?

**A.**—Yes, in manifestation.

**Q.**—Are they not one in principle?

**A.**—All things are one in principle. The life of this table, and the life of the body and soul, are one in principle. **Q.**—Then the three, mind, spirit and soul are terms denominating one thing?

**A.**—Yes, so far as the principle is concerned.

There is no difference in the principle, but the terms are used to designate different manifestations of the soul. Now there is a variety, an infinite variety of soul-manifestations, but the soul is ever the same. True, it has many agents through which to manifest itself, and yet it being life, must be identical with all other life. It is only the form that changes—only that has a variety of terms such as soul, spirit and mind. 'Tis the external, not the internal.

May 12.

### John Presbey.

It does not seem to be exactly right for me to occupy this time and position, when there are so many who have recently been ungenerously cut off from earth and friends, who are anxious and exceedingly unhappy in their anxiety to return to earth. But I have waited two years since I first received light with regard to these things—since I learned that we could return—and have ever given way and assisted others who seemed more anxious than myself. But, to-day, it does not seem that I should wait longer.

Twenty years ago, on the 7th of last month, I said farewell to my friends in the body, and went to join that innumerable company beyond the river Jordan. Twenty years ago. There are many changes taken place since then.

The scene of my departure was at Chester, England, near Manchester. I left two sons and a daughter. They were quite young. I entrusted them to the care of my friend, an old classmate, who had professed great friendship for me, whom I confidently believed was my friend when here. But, it seems, shortly after my death he met with reverses of fortune, and was tempted to use that I left for my children for his own use. He drew that into the scale, hoping to win back what he'd lost; consequently they were defrauded out of all, and were made to suffer exceedingly in some respects in consequence.

To-day that man is living quite near the same place where I died. He finds old age is telling him that he must soon leave the earth, and he is not at all settled as to what he shall do with what fortune has favored him with. He thinks he should give it to my children, as it is theirs; although it would not, as far as human justice is concerned, pay them.

Now, I come here to ask that he change that will; that he give not to my children, but to that institution concerning which he has recently heard so much good said, where the destitute are provided for, where the orphan is taken in and kindly treated, where the superintendent relies upon the angels to provide for those two hundred children. Give it to them, and you'll not regret it. My children don't need it now, but the many little hungry mouths that are in want of bread, and which are ever and anon taken up by this good man, they need your money. Give it to them, and you'll see when you come to the spirit-world that you've done right. It is the course for you, and the only way for you to wash out the sin of the past.

You will say that this spiritual message is from John Presbey to Thomas Wallingford. There is much I might desire to say to my children, but I'm satisfied I cannot reach them now. Another time will do. Farewell, sir.

May 12.

### George Grimes.

George Grimes, 1st Michigan, Co. I. Please say I reported here, was enrolled above last week, from Spottsylvania. My friends will look for it. Good-day.

May 12.

### George J. Elwell.

I am a rebel, sir. George J. Elwell, 1st Virginia Cavalry, nineteen years of age. I have parents—a father in the army, and a mother in Virginia. I wish to ask that they furnish me with means to talk at home.

My body is within your lines. I believe your forces have possession of the field. And I'll ask, if any one takes the lock and small leather case from my pocket, that they will forward it—according to the directions given in the piece of paper in the case—to my mother. It's possible it may be found by some one who will do this.

I am not strong, sir; so I shall do better when I learn more. [When did you lose your body?] Only a few days ago.

May 12.

### Edith Lathrop.

Oh! I'm so glad to come. I almost despaired of ever getting the privilege of coming.

I went to Savannah with the hope of gaining my health, early in the winter before this war commenced. I've never been able to return; wasn't able to before death, and never since death till now.

I went in company with my aunt and two cousins. My mother was sick at the time. My father died two years before with consumption. I was sixteen years of age. My name, Edith Lathrop, of New York City. My mother is there. I only want to tell her that I received very good care in my sickness, considering the unfortunate confusion of the times.

Say I have met my father, and he would be very glad to communicate with my mother, and my Uncle Philip, who was killed by the Indians in California, and my brother Henry who died sometime ago—thirteen years, I think.

Tell my mother that I was attended during my last illness by Dr. Sidney Webb. If she should ever be able to send to him, she can write to him and he will tell her all about my sickness, my last illness, of which she's had no definite news. Good-day to you.

[Will your aunt and cousins who remain in Savannah return soon?] They are there, and will come North as soon as possible. It's easier for them to return than it was for me, for I was an invalid, and they feared I would die on the passage unless we came smoothly through. They will avail themselves of the first opportunity, no doubt, to come North.

Say I am happy, and, best of all, I'm well and entirely free from suffering, except as I come here; but that is momentary.

May 12.

### Colonel William Taylor.

Colonel William Taylor, of the 10th Kentucky, would like to speak with his friends personally. He finds himself happily situated in the spirit-world, and meets his friends not at all in the way he expected to. There is no reason why I may not manifest perfectly through some medium nearer home. I have availed myself of your kindness, and expect you will deal with me in honesty and kindness; for which I will pay you in deeds of kindness to all I meet, if in no other way. Farewell, sir.

May 12.

### James Mahoney.

James Mahoney, of the 7th Maine, without priest or church. [Is it possible?] Faith, sir, I'm here somehow or other, and all I want you to do, is to send my letter to Augusta, saying I'm all right, and ready to talk as fast as the next one; ready to advise the folks about things here; and that I find things somehow—oh! so much better than I thought for—oh! so much better! They're not at all like as I expected them to be.

Faith! I can't see how it is that I'm here—whether I got out of Purgatory before I went, or whether I've got prayed out since.

[How long have you been away?] Well, since last Friday, and here I am all right, all that's required to be, anyhow. [How did you get here today?] Oh! I come with the crowd, and I said if I came here, I'd speak, anyway. So, you see, here I am. When I start for a thing I'm determined to persevere until I get it. Faith! I want to be sure that I'd not get killed when I went to war, and I was killed, you see. But I was sure when I came here that I'd speak, anyhow. So all you've got to do is to send my letter to Augusta. I'll be there right off; just give me the chance like this.

May 12.

### Georgie Dodge.

Oh, dear! dear! [What's the matter?] I promised to come and tell my mother when my father was killed; if he was killed I promised to come and tell her. He was killed, and he's just got round to the spirit-land, and he don't know—he can't talk himself. He's too weak. He don't know about these things. As soon as he learns he'll come, too. But my mother did. She knows, and she—she made me promise that if my father was killed, I'd come here and tell her.

He was killed Sunday—killed last Sunday; and his name was Hiram Dodge. He was killed last Sunday, and she's not got the news of it yet, 'cause full list ain't come—official list has'n't been published yet. And she won't get his body at all.

You say to her that Georgie came here and told her that his father was killed, and she needn't expect him home. [Where does your mother reside?] She's in Brooklyn. [New York?] Yes, she's there, now, with her brother. We did n't always live there. We lived in Michigan; but since my father went away we went to Brooklyn and lived with my mother's brother.

She knows little about these things, and she said I must come here and tell her whether he was killed or wounded. If he was wounded, so she could go to him, and if he was killed, so she'd know what to do then.

Now, I was seven years old. I have been in the spirit-land since March, a year ago. That's all she asked me to tell her. Now I'm going; but I don't like to do going out. [Did you ever come before?] Yes, write—no, make letters—with sounds, raps. I never spoke this way. No, I moved the table, made sounds, and they wrote them out, spell them out. That's how I said I'd come when my father was killed, because I said he was going to be killed. Somebody told me he was, and she said, if he was, to come and tell her. Good-bye.

May 12.

### Invocation.

Spirit, Wondrous Spirit, with whom these bright blossoms hold silent but sacred communion, we cannot name thee, neither can we locate thee; still we can worship thee, for all life prakes thee instinctively. From the highest mountain-tops of Wisdom down to the lowest valleys of Ignorance, thou art worshipped everywhere. There is no soul that does not pay thee homage, no life that does not turn to thee. It is said that there are some souls who know thee not, who never worship thee. But this cannot be, for as thou hast created soul, thou hast given it the element of worship. And so it pays thee homage, for it knows thee. Although it may not be able to project that knowledge into outer life, still it knows thee fully, and recognizes thee fully in thy manifestations. Oh Wondrous Spirit, since thou hast placed us upon the stage of activity, and endowed us with immortality as our crown, oh, we know that much will be expected of us. We know that as we are part of thy divine being we must continually ascend toward thee, for thou art the centre of attraction—the grand Sun around which all souls revolve, and we cannot wander from thee, if we would. We cannot cease to worship thee, if we would. We must ever adore thee, ever sing our songs of thrilling gratitude, ever lift our souls daily and hourly in worship unto thee, Great Heart of All Life.

May 30.

### Questions and Answers.

**SPRIT.**—We are now ready to consider winter inquiries the friends may have to propound, reserving the right to measure each and all according to our own individual standard.

**QUES.**—What does Spiritualism teach?

**ANS.**—Everything that is good, great, noble, and in a divine sense, true.

**Q.**—Do spirits teach anything else?

**A.**—Not in the absolute. You may receive reflections from the world in which you live, images from the circumstances surrounding human life, that may appear to be evil; but from Spiritualism, or spirit intercourse, in an absolute sense, you will learn nothing that is evil, nothing that will tend to degrade the spirit.

**Q.**—What is Spiritualism?

**A.**—Humanity has defined it as a belief in the communion of departed, or disembodied spirits. But we propose to carry it still further. Spiritualism means the science of life—nothing more, nothing less.

**Q.**—Then if we are to profit by Spiritualism, we are to study the science of life?

**A.**—Yes.

**Q.**—How can we get the best communications?

**A.**—By at all times preserving an even mind. Seek earnestly for the best gifts in spirit-life, and if you seek earnestly, you will receive according to your earnestness, according to your honesty. There are many ways, a great variety of means offered you by which to receive communications, and it remains for minds in the form to determine which are the best for them to make use of. Measure by your senses all that which does not appeal to your highest sense of right and justice.

**Q.**—Will not a community that is established upon the highest principles of justice be in a condition to receive the best communications from the spirit-world?

**A.**—Yes, certainly; for like attracts like.

**Q.**—Then it is our duty to search out the best ways and establish them?

**A.**—Yes, certainly.

**Q.**—Shall we combine for the purpose of those principles?

**A.**—Man is gregarious by nature, not alone in animal instincts, but in his spiritual, intellectual, moral and political nature. He cannot live alone and live happy, therefore seeks companionship in his spiritual and intellectual research. In social life it is the same. In political life it is the same. In civil and military life it is the same. Now as this is an element broadcast and deeply seated, it should teach you that organization is of the Divine. Under organization you are not only capable of gaining more wisdom, but by combination there is strength, a greater amount of power, while out of it there is weakness. One man cannot do what ten can. One man could not overthrow Bunker Hill Monument, but a large body of men could do it. Now we believe, that except by organization, you cannot receive a large amount of spiritual good or intelligence. But by combination, minds may receive a great deal. Therefore, it is a self-evident fact, that organization is conducive to your receiving a great amount of spiritual good, or spiritual wisdom.

**Q.**—Can you name to me the primary proposition for establishing a spiritual organization?

**A.**—First, by clearing the skirts of your individual garments, by becoming as far forth as in you lies, at harmony with self and all the world. Learn to practice, as individuals at home, all those virtues that are ever pointing to goodness from within, in outer, or every-day life. When you have attained this point, and can say, "I think at least I shall be willing to accord justice to all of God's children," you will be ready, amply fitted to go forth and seek for spiritual wisdom between yourself and other individuals similarly situated. That, to us, is the first, most important step to be taken by you.

**Q.**—Of course, there must be purity. But suppose a person to have a pure mind at home, and a desire to help others, what shall he propose as the next step to be taken toward establishing a community upon principles of justice and purity?

**A.**—There are many ways and means by which this ball may be set in motion. The meeting together in conventional life and discussing various opinions by you upon the surface, will tend to increase your convictions of spiritual right and justice. Throw them all into the scales—let the angels weigh them and compound them.

**Q.**—And yet you have not said that the golden rule would do for a basis. Do you mean to say that the golden rule would make a good basis for moral religion, if people would only live up to it?

**A.**—It is ever safe. It is a guide that will never lead you astray, never fail you if you choose to practice it. It is, to us, the rock on which eternity stands.

**Q.**—Then that is the rock for virtuous people to combine upon. Can the spirit give an application of this rule in practical life?

**A.**—That comes according to the necessity for it. One individual requires a certain amount of the exercise of this rule, another a different amount. Each claim their own in their own manner. It would be impossible to specify any general plan that would be adapted to the individual. Do that which seems to you, as an individual, to be right. Meet together, send out your magnetic influence, and be, as far as you are able to be, understood by each other, then organization can easily be established upon a firm and sure basis.

**Q.**—What law will be a true marriage law, that will be true and just for all concerned?

**A.**—In the first place, as men and women, you should, strive to educate your mind and female with regard to the laws of their being; and when they once understand those laws, it will not be difficult for them to understand others. In a

word, give them knowledge, give them understanding.

**Q.**—The understanding that I propose to give others, is to give to the husband and wife the same legal rights. That will instruct them right.

**A.**—Yes; that is one of the fundamental steps, surely.

**Q.**—I would study to give all adult citizens the same rights. Would not that be the proper doctrine to inculcate?

**A.**—Yes. If you are a true liberalist, and worship under the banner of Freedom, you can promulgate no other religion.

**Q.**—Did I understand you to say that we should not enter into organizations until we were harmonious in ourselves?

**A.**—We intended that you should understand that it would not be safe to enter into an organization until properly organized within; and that is simply to be at peace with yourself.

**Q.**—Does not uniting one with another tend to produce harmony?

**A.**—Not among those who are not already harmonious. Individual reform must begin within or from the centre of individual life. No person should enter an organization unless he have the golden rule for a foundation upon which to build; for so sure as they enter without this, so sure will they be black sheep in the flock, finding fault with the conduct of others, and the fire of their ill-will be likely to spread throughout the entire flock.

**Q.**—Then the time for organization is not yet?



do as I did. I was impelled to take that position not by Southern interference, by no means, for I strenuously opposed the offer of arms, and I think I am safe in saying that I adopted the course I took because I felt it was right for me to. But I now take broader views. I now see with clearer vision. I now know no North, no South, no East, no West, but wherever I can exert my influence upon the side of Right and Justice, there it shall be given, and no one shall hereafter say that I am sectarian, that I am bound to any party save that of Eternal Justice.

I have been called upon to visit this place by my dear friends at the South, and some few at the North. I have visited you twice before; but on those occasions I was unable to fully express my views. To-day I have endeavored to do so, through the weak lips of female organism. And to those friends who have earnestly desired to know what I was doing, and what I am now doing in the spirit-world, I have only this answer to give, "I see clearer, and therefore I act broader." May 30.

#### Nat Eagers.

So the old fellow stands between heaven and hell and fights, hey? [You see better than we can.] See? I only see that he seems to be standing in the centre of creation, and throwing his sword this way and that way.

Well, stranger, I'm here to send a word or two to my folks, if I can, and I suppose you'll be just the chap that will bear correct intelligence to them. [If you give it correctly; if not, then it will be no fault of ours.] You don't propose, then, to correct any mistakes I may make? [We should not have that knowledge that would enable us to do so.] So I understand it. Well, now, stranger, let me ask you a question. What would you do about going home, supposing all your friends opposed your coming, but you were almighty anxious to let 'em know where you was and what you were doing? Now would you come in spite of their fear, or would you wait to be asked? [Try to banish their fear.] How are you going to do it, unless you come?

Well, then, here goes. Now, stranger, I'd like to have you say that Nat Eagers, of the Fourth Illinois, comes here to you, and wants his friends to open the door, so he can come to them at home. I've been waiting since the Bull Run fight to come here and speak. [The first battle at Bull Run?] Yes. Now I should like to have a chance to go home. I've got a good many things to square up at home, that I don't care to speak of here. In the first place, I want to convince them that I can come and speak to them, then tell them how to live better than they now do, and then I'll show them how to straighten out that pension affair. Let me see: what else? Well, I'll tell them about things of some of what do you call it? Home nature; that's it.

Now for your facts, by which I'm to be recognized by my folks. Well, let me see. When I was seven years old I got badly burnt, up here on the left arm. It was badly scalded, and my good mother said at the time, I was told, that "she was glad that I was a boy, instead of a girl, for she was burnt." Now so badly, because my arm was burnt. Well, you see, there's one of the things to be known by. Now for another one. Well, when I was thirteen I got into a little scrape, by which I kind of made my poor mother feel pretty bad. Stranger, if you've no objections, I'll hold that back, throw out just enough to be known by. I rather guess I'll hold it all back, for you don't know anything about it, stranger, and I don't mean you shall, either.

Well, here's another fact. When I was twenty-one—the very day I was twenty-one—I met with another sort of a mishap. Well, stranger, I got married, and found out shortly after that I'd married another man's wife. [That was a mishap, surely.] But I got out of it pretty slick. I seemed to be kind of lucky always about getting out of any scrape of that sort.

Now I think you ask for this: you want these facts to publish, so that my folks may recognize me. Well, now, about marrying: I never got into that trap afterwards. I thought I might get sold again if I did. But I stopped here, let me see, ten, eleven, hard on to twelve years after that, but you didn't get me married a second time. During that time my life kind of—well, moved along kind of quiet; nothing remarkable happened to me in those years. I suppose I told a few lies, and did a good many things I had not ought to, as most folks do; but one can't be identified by them kind of things. You see, I got my lesson before I came here, so that when I was told to come to-day, I was all prepared to give dates, and such things, down to a dot, because I knew my folks—well, they are straight-jacketed Orthodox folks, and I've got to give something that will knock the Orthodox out of them by force. I know 'em, sir, so I'm going to throw out these things, and see if they'll open the door and let me speak at home. I'm going to tell something stronger, if that don't do, so they'd better call me home. Good-by. I belonged to Company G. May 30.

#### Horace A. Clark.

I said if there was any truth in this, I'd come back and acknowledge it. I died in the hospital, in St. Louis. I was on my way home to Janesville, Wisconsin, but I got too sick to go further, and was sent to the hospital, and died with a sort of—well, they said it was inflammation of the lungs, and I should say a sort of breaking up generally. I belonged to the Second Wisconsin, Company A. I was nineteen years old, and my name was Horace A. Clark. I have a mother, two brothers and a sister. I have also one half-brother, very much older than myself, that's in the rebel army. He's a colonel, I think, in the rebel army.

My mother was somewhat inclined to these things, and in my last letter to her I said if I was killed I'd come back, if I could, and acknowledge the truth. So I'm here just as soon as I could get here, for I've only been away about eleven days. I don't know much about the country I've gone to live in, but as far as I can judge, I should say it was a pretty good country. I seem to be just about the same as I was here; that is to say, in spirit. I don't really think I know much more than I did here, but you have every advantage there of getting along, so I think I shall be likely to improve some.

I sought out this place, sir, because I saw by papers that passed through the hospital that spirits could return and speak here. I got sight of 'em once, twice, perhaps I did three times, but I never saw 'em before, although I heard about them. [Several of our papers reach your town.] I dare say; but then we wasn't in the way of getting them.

I'd say more, sir, if I felt able to do so now. So you'll release me, I think, from saying any more. It's no use for me to say it all true; my coming says that. Good-by. May 30.

#### Michael McCurdy.

Ha, faith, an Irishman never surrenders. How are you, sir? [Where were your last words before you left?] Faith, sir, I suppose so. I don't know

what I did say. What was it, sir? [Faith, an Irishman never surrenders.] Oh my God! well, I did say it—"no will be a slave." Well, the amount of it was, I suppose, I was thinking when I came here, was thinking of the time when I went out, and got it so stamped upon my mind, sir, that I didn't entirely lose sight of the picture while I was being absorbed in here. I don't know at all what it means, sir.

I am Michael McCurdy, just as I was before I surrendered to death. He was the only person I ever did surrender to. I've lost my body, but then I'm Michael McCurdy, after all, and we only borrow a body like this that we may come here and say what we had not a chance to say before we died. I'm from the 132d New York, a private in Company I, and I was just as good a shot as any one. I could fight as good a battle as any other Irishman, when I had but one to fight with myself. If I had that, I could hold my own; but there was five of them bloody out-throats came upon me, and told me to surrender, and I said, "An Irishman never surrenders." Faith, it was better to be killed than to surrender.

Now, sir, I've got folks I'd like to send some word to. In the first place, I'd like to get nothing to say about the Catholic religion at all. I've nothing to say for or against it. It's all very well in its place; but I want to tell them that I can come, am the same, have the power to use these ether bodies to talk through.

Now I'd like my wife and brother Jim, and Tom, if he's a mind, to come to some place where I can come and talk, and I'll tell them many things for their good, and about affairs at home, too. [Do you mean Ireland?] Yes, sir; there's many things I've got to tell you folks, but I must take time for it. But I can explain some things without taking much time for it. Now, sir, I've been in the spirit-world, dead, I say, faith, I do not feel myself dead at all, but dead, I suppose I must say so because it's the custom. Well, I've been dead, I suppose, since the battle at Gettysburg. Ah, begad, wasn't that a glorious fight! And, somehow or other, Major, I would like to be back there, just fighting the same thing over again. Never mind; I can use my influence in a great many ways, so I'm told.

I'd like you to send my letter to my brother Jim, and ask him to go to one of these mediums and call for me; just centre his thoughts upon me, and I'll be pretty sure to come. Then I shall tell him many things that will just convince him that it's me. Then I'll tell him about affairs at home that he don't know about. There's many things I can give to convince them, many things that concern themselves, and that I do not care to speak of here.

I'm not accustomed to this kind of business, anyway, Major, but here I am, you see, dressed up in lady's clothes, telling you what word to send to my friends. It's out of my line, Major, so I'm a little confused; but at any rate I'll tell you the truth.

Now my brother Jim will, I think, of all, be the most likely to receive me well, for he's a little given to this belief. [He is?] Yes, sir; I once heard him say something of the kind, so I think he's a little favorable to this thing. So I want him to take the match, sir, and set fire to all the rest. Good-day. May 30.

#### Evangeline Wheeler.

I want, sir, to send a letter to my father and mother. I lived in Georgetown before I went to New Orleans. [Near Washington?] Yes, sir. I was nine years old. My—my body was named Evangeline Wheeler. My father's name, Charlotte. G. Wheeler; my mother's name, Charlotte. I've two brothers, Henry and Alexander.

The doctor said I had the pneumonia, which he said I contracted on the passage. The doctor I had, his name was Collins. He was an army surgeon.

I went there with my mother. My father was there on martial business. She's a member of the Episcopal Church, and she don't hold that spirits can come back and talk. But I could not stay away when I knew I could come, because I knew she'd be glad to have me come as soon as she knew I could come.

My father is not anything—don't belong to any Church. I met my Grandmother Rogers, and grandfather, too, in the spirit-world. Grandfather Rogers says for me to tell my mother that if he was here now that he should be pined against; that he was a—was a—my Grandfather Rogers was a Calvinist Baptist.

When my mother was small she went to live with her aunt. After her mother died, my mother went to live with her aunt, and she was an Episcopal, so my mother became one, too.

I want to go home, sir. [To New Orleans?] No, sir; that wasn't my home. I was only stopping there awhile with my mother and father. I lived in Georgetown. I want to see my mother. Well, I want to talk to my mother. [Ask her to find you a medium.] I'd rather have this one. [We can't spare her.] Don't you never let her go? Won't you if I buy her? [You could not buy her.] Oh dear; well, I thought you'd let me go home. Don't you ever let folks go? [Your mother will probably call for you when she sees this letter, to speak at home.] Won't she come after me? [She'll come after you in that way.] She'll come after me, will she? If she don't come after me, shall I come home again? Shall I tell her to come here? Won't you let me come to her if I tell her to come here? [Yes.] Well, good-bye, then. May 30.

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