

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Spirit-World.

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE AS A SPIRIT.

I have been requested to print the following interesting communication, which was given through the organism of Mrs. G. Sweet, several years ago, and published at the time in pamphlet form by S. A. & H. Hoyt, New York. When the spirit took possession of Mrs. S., he said "that while on earth he had resided in France, and was known as Voltaire." The communication was taken down by Mr. Sweet, as spoken, at three different times. The medium describes his influence as being powerful, his aspirations high and noble, and his thoughts far-reaching, grand and elevating. In alluding to this peculiar influence, Mr. Sweet says: "While the spirit is speaking through her she seems to travel with him, and see that which he speaks of; and at times he soars up to where the grandeur and brightness of the countless glowing worlds is so great, that she shrinks, and struggles to return, fearing that the intensity of the light and glory which is opened to her vision will destroy her reason; and realising in her case the truth of what we have often been told, that there was much to tell us, but we could not bear it yet—only a little at a time, as we could comprehend and receive it. The sketch is published as an illustration of one of the many phases of spirit-life."

In the bustle and confusion of the outer life, how utterly do men forget the last great scene to be enacted on the visible stage, before they enter the portals of the unknown land, whither they go, as they think, never to return. My life was one of deep yearning and unsatisfied longing. I was fierce and bitter, deep and grasping, in my search after the invisible wisdom, which was shut out from my hungry gaze. I could not be satisfied with what other men were: I desired something which they had not. The deep within me called to the deep, from which God once spoke when he said "Let there be light." But with me there was no light. For humanity's surface presented to me nothing but a feeble picture, filled with mimic shadows, called men and women. They lived either above me, or below me, I then knew not which. I was among them, yet not of them; their forms and ceremonies sickened my soul, and provoked the ready sneer and the sarcastic remark.

When my spirit came into its earthly temple, it was altogether positive in its manifestations. It had none of the ready sympathy, and the gentle charity, necessary to bear it pleasantly through life; it was angular, and ever going out in quest of some real support on which to lean; but as the world then lived, it found no true resting place, but was tossed about from billow to billow, without an anchor, even left at the mercy of every wave which would dash it hither and thither. When I asked for proof from ancient lore, it failed to reply to my soul's deep yearnings—all were to me as fables, voices of the imagination, enough perchance for those to lean on who desired no other authority save what they were told was right; who prayed by rule, and served God by measure. I despised, with a heartfelt contempt, the child's play which I saw daily enacted by kings and princes; and I felt within me a power that, could I give utterance, would hurl all their air-built structures to the earth, and leave them (poor idiots that they were) naked in their own ignorance, and clothed with nothing better, nor more durable, than the gold and tinsel with which they covered themselves, and gloried in their greatness. But it was I who was the madman. If they were as children, I had not thought of my own impetuous and unreasonable nature. I had not seen myself as the world saw me, for I had only sought how I might tear away their bright illusions—their dream-like fancies, and probe to the bottom, and lay bare to their gaze, the folly of their so-called religion.

I did not deal in sarcasm and bitter invective because it pleased me; I did not level the shafts of my satire because it was altogether pleasant, but it expressed more forcibly my feelings—it gave the keenest edge to that which I could utter, to cut and tear away the thin veil of conventionalism and rank hypocrisy. Ah! my life was a sad one, in many respects: it was made up of so much that was discordant, that gave pain, that made the victim within in conscious knowledge of the truth of what I wrote; for I knew, and felt, that maledictions loud and deep were poured out on my head. But what cared I? I gloried in them! And it made the waters of bitterness flow on more merrily in my soul to see what an army arrayed themselves against me, striving to crush me into forgetfulness, that my voice might not be heard—that its sting might not be felt. And I defied them, for I exclaimed, "You, who have the mighty power of Christianity upon your side, the voices of past centuries, the power of kings and sceptres, of popes and of cardinals—you need not raise even a finger against so insignificant a pen as mine, for I am but one man, while you number in your ranks the whole Christian and enlightened world! Why notice me at all? Let me utter my voice, my thought, and be silent. It is only a man who speaks, although it would seem, from the number of my foes, that the incarnation of all evil had himself spoken through me." I did not for a moment shrink; it gave me power and strength, for then I knew that they were standing upon a sandy foundation, when so slight a cause could so agitate and confound them.

I experienced many triumphs in my own way; they were the only pleasant spots which my earthly existence knew, for I did love power, I did desire to hold the reins in my hand, by which I felt I was controlling the human mind, and making it as a mere machine; and God knows since, how deeply I have repented the means which I used to bend the mind, to bring it on my own plane of action. But it is past, and the memory of it now is humiliating to me. But I could not be other than I was; my character was strongly marked, and it left its impress behind it, long after the body had perished from remembrance. I met the angel of death calmly, fearlessly. I thought I had proved all things, and nothing more remained to be proved. I thought the yearning would die with me, and I was content to die and be forgotten. I had often desired to know the philosophy of death. I had looked upon the faded

flower, and the withering grass; they but served to enrich the earth; to spring forth in new forms to please the eye; and should not the elements of my body go to perform some like service? I might peer as I would, but no voice answered my call, and I was thrust back upon myself. Oh! it was a mountain which rested upon me, because I felt it all, yet could give it no utterance; and now the time had come to prove it. The limbs were nerveless, the eyes were glazing, the voice was mute; earth was fading—receding; but the intelligence—thought, thought lived still. The body no longer obeyed me—it was no longer mine. All sensation ceased, save in the top of my brain, and there was thought still; it would not die; but there it sat, independent and strong; apparently gathering up force, body and form unto itself. I made one effort to forget—to die; I could not; but without an effort the thought still lived. And now I must say, the spirit left the body and hovered above it. So intensely did I believe in the utter death of soul and body, or of intelligence with the body, that I did not desire to live; I strove to sleep, to forget, to blot myself out. Senseless yorm! Nature's laws no longer obeyed me; my control over natural things was at an end; and I found myself—where? you ask. I knew not where. Gloomy and sullen, refusing to believe myself a spirit, and yet feeling intensely alive, having no desire to be so—can you imagine the keen agony of that moment? Pray God that you never may! I, who had denied this thing, was now compelled to believe it. What must I myself prove myself to have been deceived, in spite of all I had spoken and written? Was there still a reality in the weak imaginings of what I had heard men prate? Oh no! I could not bear the thought; I would rather die ten thousand deaths than live to prove the falsity of my own position. It is true I lived, but how, and in what condition? The location in which I was impelled to rest, presented no inducement to the sense nor the eyesight; it appeared as one vast, uninhabited country, bleak and gloomy, mountainous, barren of all beauty; everything wore a sombre hue; mists, no life broke the leaden atmosphere, whose very silence oppressed me and pained my whole being. The very waters flowed along sluggishly in their murky depths, and seemed as though they were molten lava, death and disease lurking beneath their dark surface.

Alone, quite alone, I stood in this bleak solitude; still I was fearless and undismayed, still I sought to die—to be blotted out. I would not believe that this was other than a terrible fantasy of the brain. No human being was to be seen, yet I rejoiced in this, for had such appeared I should have fled, and hidden myself in the clefts of the mountains. The thought of my own likeness appearing in any other form was horrible to me. I wandered up and down, gloomy, wretched and incredulous. Proud and defiant I thought to be still, yet felt that gnawing pain, that yearning desire to know more. I forgot myself in the struggle; but the silence and solitude were so incomprehensible that I knew not where to turn. Whom could I ask for knowledge? Where would I bend my footsteps to find it?

"No," I said to myself, "this is a dream, a horrible dream—one of those strong delusions under which men labor who are grappling with disease and death. I shall return to earth and forget this; it will serve as a vision for some of the puppets to profit by." And again I held my head erect, waiting to awake from out of the unnatural trance.

I know not how long I waited, but that my heart sickened within me. A great heaviness and sense of desolation fell upon my spirit, a weakness overcame me, and I trembled with an undefined dread. I prayed—no, I did not then pray—I wished that none might see me in the hour of my weakness and great humiliation. I gradually became accustomed to this scene of desolation and dreariness; it well accorded with my spirit's gloomy mood, and I spent long periods of time in meditation, deep and profound. I wandered up and down the place I had been compelled to inhabit, seeking in vain for some trace by which I might discover the laws which forced me thus to be the only inhabitant of the country. And I sought long and in vain; I asked not for sympathy nor love, I only asked for knowledge, and yet it was denied me. But I demanded it with a heart full of revivings toward the cause of all my misery. No answer came—no marvel that it did not to such as I then was. When I would blaspheme or when I would rail, it was all in vain—there was no object upon which to vent my feelings, or to combat my vengeful threatenings.

I prided myself upon my solitary life. I said, "I desire no human sympathy; I could exist without it—within myself." Thus far I had been looking without, and had become weary, oh, very weary, of the changeless prospect. I turned to look within. Ah! what was there to see but a fountain filled to overflowing with bitterness and unbelief, of railing against everything good and lovely; a heart of adamant, walling around with brass, impervious alike to fear or love. I prayed for slumber; as well might the eagle slumber while winging his way through the pure ether of heaven's blue arch, with the sun's rays blazing in his eyes, as I could forget for a moment that I lived, that I thought, that I knew there was a something beyond myself, which I yet knew not of.

I know not how long I tarried in this place, but it was a very long time; the sameness, the monotony and silence were dreadful. The little knowledge only gave additional fear and dread of what might next be revealed. Oh, death to me had been the gate of horrors, the playing of mysterious growing greater and denser as I proceeded. I knew not how much the pleasure of my earthly life had consisted in opposing, assailing and setting at naught the opinions of my fellow-men. It had called forth my energy, it had given play to my intellect, diversion and recreation to my every day existence; and now there was none but myself to strive against myself. Oh the utter, utter

misery, the want of companionship which I then experienced! At first I had thought I would flee from the face of a fellow being. I abhorred the thought of a witness to the downfall of my theories, but the rocks gave me no reply when I upbraided them for their silence; the winds did not fan my cheek caressingly, but harshly; the trees appeared as though formed of rock, so unbending in their appearance. Everything seemed locked up against me. The grass was crisp and hard, and when I sought to hear the waters ripple, there was but a hollow echo, as of a moan, from their turbid depths. I saw no twinkling star, no silver moon. All was inanimate save me. And who, what was I? A thing of life, of what value was it? I had better be a stone, for then I would be in keeping with the scene. My stoicism gave way; the hard walls of adamant were beginning to break down in utter wretchedness for want of sympathy, and I groined aloud, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And now there arose within me a desire for sympathy; of something which was pervaded by human life. A dog would have delighted me; it would have called forth a flood of tears; something, anything, to which I might unbosom my overcharged heart.

The still small voice, whose silvery tones I had crushed back for so many years, now came up faint and indistinctly, as a silver thread; the slightest jar might have snapt the feeling and smothered its tone forever in my heart. But the voice grew stronger, and I wished, oh how earnestly, for some human feeling to be aroused within my breast. Tears came at length. Strong and mighty was the struggle, but the citadel yielded; the strong man bowed down and wept like a child. And I prayed, as I had prayed when an infant at my mother's knee. "And I had prayed to God all along, before I had known it, but now I felt it."

It was the beginning of repentance, the breaking down of the barriers which had so long kept me separated from the better impulses of love and human sympathy. Too long had I steeled my spirit against every power but that which I vainly conceived was of myself and within me. I disclaimed to own other authority than my own; but now I wished to see from myself. I wished but to know that there was a power beside myself, that I might see it. My earth-life rage up and confronted me with nothing but dark images of distrust in all things sacred, of reverence for nothing good. Gloomy picture! How it pained me to look back upon the seeds of dissipation and unhappiness which I had planted in thousands of hearts. Alas, my eyes were dimmed, and my eyes upon the dark picture; but go where I would, my sins still found me out, they followed me; and ten thousand voices seemed to upbraid me, and point their fingers toward me as the author of their great unhappiness. I could not curse God and die; I could no longer oppose the evidence of a power which made me a very child in helplessness but not in innocence. My grief was still for myself. My repentance was not of the right kind. I was still rebellious in the knowledge of my suffering, for I did not feel that I merited such punishment as had been meted out to my sins; and I wished, if there was a power wise and good, that I might be made to feel it. If I had sinned beyond recall, I desired to know for what I was thus harshly judged.

There arose within me at length a most intense desire for some intelligent being, with whom I might take counsel; but none came near me. Long and dreary seemed the time which I spent in that place, reviewing the past, uncertain and unprepared for the future. One by one my stern resolutions gave way, and with no witness save the voice within, I was compelled to acknowledge, in that dreadful solitude, that there was a power, grand, supreme and inscrutable. My spirit was bowed in shame and deep contrition to the very earth, and I prayed, oh so humbly, that the great Intelligence would vouchsafe to hear me, to speak in some manner, to break the wretched sense of loneliness which was becoming insupportable. And I slumbered—long and deeply; and a vision was given me, for I thought I knew that bright forms stood beside me, that they soothed my weary spirits, that they spoke in silvery tones of love and peace to my breaking heart. And I thought I had left that place of gloom with those bright guides; its chill air no longer oppressed and benumbed my movements; its death-like quiet was only a dreadful dream. But I thank thee, oh my God, that it was no dream, but a bright and glorious reality. I had left that place, and with it all the repulsive attributes, all the dark garments of sin and selfishness, unbelief and arrogance, which had so long been my close companions. The heart which had seemed as of marble, cold and insensible, was now fresh and warm.

Oh, I had found sympathy! Human voices greeted me. They took me by the hands, they called me brother, and they said I had come up from out of the vale of repentance; that I had learned that God was love, and all-powerful; that I was but a spirit who depended upon that great cause for every breath which gave me life. Oh, how sweet were their tones, and how gentle and kind their looks! They led me along by a pleasant path, and sought to make me forget the dark place which had been my abode so long.

PART SECOND.

I still trembled, uncertain and fearful that I should have to return. But the spirit who had acted as my guide thus far, bade me not to fear, for I had lived there long enough to know my own power, and my own strength of endurance. I had learned to crave, yes, even to beg for the sympathy which I had before so despised; I would have hailed with joy the most ignorant companion which might have been given me, so deeply and sensibly was I made to know how much I had to depend upon others, who formed between me and the Deity the chain of electric intelligence. Now I found I was wholly ignorant of all the laws controlling the newly opened phase of exist-

ence before me. Now I knew that I lived. It was a pleasant hoping life, and there were within me ten thousand thoughts, new and undefined, asking for knowledge, wishing to grasp it all at once, to compass the whole at a glance; but I fell back upon myself weak and nerveless.

"Brother," said my guide, "first learn the principles which govern the vast system of wisdom revealed before thee; then lay the foundation, stone by stone. It is thine own temple; make it as beautiful as thou desirest, but mind that thou dost hew the stones out of the quarry of eternal wisdom. Too long hast thou dealt in the imagination; too far-fetched have been thy groundless theories; therefore build not a baseless fabric, which shall crumble away from before thine eyes in the hour of thy need and thy trial. The structure which thou didst erect for thyself while on earth was not sufficient for thy support when thou hast left it. Therefore be free, and try thy newly fledged wings, and see if thou canst find aught worthy of thy labor in this sphere. Long thou didst stand alone in thy supposed strength and might. Stand alone still, when thou canst, but when thou dost need assistance thou hast brothers and equals who will gladly aid thee. Thou dost behold but a hand's breadth, vast and boundless as these domains appear to thee, and yet thou canst not tread one inch of this holy ground but what is teeming with hidden knowledge, precious wisdom. Dost thou behold the many souls who are passing and repassing thee? Their numbers seem countless, but every one of them is more exalted than thou, because they are more humble. But thou hast not outlived all of earth and its errors; yet thou wilt overcome them one by one, and daily thou wilt acknowledge that man's heart is a universe, wherein is contained all the mystery, all the beauty, and all the love of the divine Godhead, constantly unfolding a spark at a time; but never, never canst thou imagine the heights and the depths to which it shall reach in the unending cycles of eternal thought."

I was fired with enthusiasm. I would now obtain new knowledge, new power. I would go back and confess my errors, and astonish mankind by the new revelation. It was a boyish dream, conceived in a moment, but not to be carried out until many, many long years had rolled away, and been forgotten in eternity's great gulf.

Said my guide:

"Dost thou conceive that thou wouldst be welcome shouldst thou again return to earth? Nay, I tell thee thou art a follower who hoot at thee; they would call thee a thing of the imagination. Dost thou not know that the wise, the good and the loving, who have passed from thy world to this long before thee, have endeavored to do the same thing which strikes thee now as a novel idea? They have gone back and been received by the few, but refused by the many; because man understood not the goodness of God, nor the laws of his own being. Thou thyself couldst not return, for thou hast placed a great barrier in thine own way. But fix thy thoughts and use thy energies in thy present home. Thou dost love power; thou canst obtain it. Thou askest for knowledge. It may be had for labor. Thy face is now turned in the right direction. Thou hast felt thine own weakness, yes, and thou hast felt thine own strength, unaided by the power above thee. As thou wert great in evil to thy fellow-men, it is thy privilege and thy duty to become great and mighty in the benefits which thou canst confer upon them. Thou canst become an instrument now to counteract the very power which thou didst labor to build up. And inasmuch as thou didst crush back the divine voice speaking within thee, striving for utterance, but grieved and silenced by thy power, thou must now go to others and call it forth in their hearts, strengthen them in their struggles, that they may not be as thou wast, and thou shalt become a beloved one among us when thy works shall testify to the greatness of thy love and the repentance of thy soul. For remember, that for every angelic gift which is given thy soul, tenfold labor will be required of thee to balance the gift. By thy works thou wilt render thyself worthy to mingle with the wise and the pure; and only as thy love to God develops within thy soul shalt thou be permitted to know and feel its sympathies with those like thyself. Thy life was peculiar; even so thy repentance bears the same form of reparation."

Wise he spoke. He knew me better than I knew myself. Long and earnestly did I labor, thought laden. I communed with the spirits of the past only in spirit—they could not come near me; and I conceived of such mysterious knowledge to be obtained by me, such God-like power, that at times it almost maddened me. I could not understand it, so overwhelming did it seem. New light, benedictions, fresh and glowing from the hand of Deity, would strike me speechless. Infinite wisdom! the like of which only angels could bear down in small portions to the little pulsating thing called spirit. Oh, how I travelled! The thought, the power which came upon me was too great. I was smaller than a particle of dust in the sunbeam. I was less than a thought, and yet I lived. Oh life! Strange mystery! When the immensity of power would crush you out of existence, then the spirit asserts its kindred with divinity; it cannot die, it will not be blotted out. It lives as I lived, to feel the resistless knowledge which I had asked for; and when it did come, oh, I could only bow my head and thank my God that I lived. Man, could I tell you how my spirit had soared far up among the wonders, the galaxy of his star-gemmed beauty, I would ask the countless world to speak, and send down an echo, that ye might know how very glorious, how vast and extended, beyond your grandest conceptions, are the systems which he holds in his hands. I would tell to man the bright destiny which awaits him, but I cannot, only a very small part, because words, such as you know, are inadequate to express the mystery of power. And then I would tell you of the power within man; I would show you, in its varied phases of development,

the thought which is given to man, which raises him far from earth, among the archangels in power. And I would tell you how one great mind may struggle, and force his way upward, leaving behind him countless millions, toiling and striving, while he may soar up as the eagle, bold and fearless. And he may hear sounds and see sights, he may know mysteries such as man hath never dreamed of, such as spirits have not seen, such as the archangels dare not reveal, because it belongs not to the earth. It never descends, but is accessible to him who grasps it. Who will have it, it is his own. Oh, when man does know the power which lies within himself, he is an archangel, his progress cannot be apposed; it tends upward toward the divine centre; it draws him near that blazing light, and into that vortex which is only approached by the sons and daughters who lived far back in the olden days, when they walked and talked with God as children.

There is a land of rest for those who need it, and there are worlds of research for those who deserve it, teeming with light, redolent with beauty, inexhaustible in wisdom; and so illimitable that all humanity which ever has been, or ever will be upon this small centre of intelligence, will be but an infant school, in numbers and size.

Children of earth, ask for knowledge, and it will be given you. When ye have received it, then ye know that ye have power. Cease not to struggle; do not get weary, nor faint by the way-side. Ye have only taken hold of the first link in the sparkling chain which leads up to the grand centre; countless millions of times shall ye revolve round it before ye reach it.

But I cannot give you more. My voice is faint and weak; your words are few, and inadequate to convey my thoughts. I have shown you very imperfectly the first chapter in my life, which I entered the abode of spirits. I tried to give you a glance into the upper glories, but the time has not yet come. The heavens are unfolding as a scroll of light, and the day of new things is dawning upon the children of men, and they shall know, because God hath willed it so, and sent his holy spirits to tell them, that they are free, because truth is free, and light is free. And God hath said, "Let there be light," and lo, it cometh so soon as men can bear it. Therefore prepare yourselves to receive it.

PART THIRD.

After having entered upon the duties of my new state of life, I again commenced the study of character; and I discovered that it was still men and women with whom I had to deal. Their pursuits and their nature surely were different from those I had just left, but still there was the same peculiarity of character manifested, in different degrees, in every individual whom I accosted. True, the sphere in which I was placed was peopled by those of an elevated character, but how plainly did the earth-life of each one portray itself upon every lineament of their countenances. It marked their actions, controlled their associations, and for a time I almost forgot that I had left earth's plane for another and higher.

It was a curious study to observe how each one approached me according to the feelings which he had imbibed respecting me. The rigid churchman would approach me cautiously, carefully, and express his feelings in the form of a prayer—that I had been snatched as a brand from the burning; that I had been stopped short in my mad career, and brought suddenly to a sense of my awful condition, and then leave me with a promise to help me with his prayers. The free thinker, the philosopher, they would take me by the hand and welcome me to the land of reality, the birthplace of wisdom. It was very pleasant to meet with those whose minds were free and expanding. They could overlook my weakness and give me strength; they could understand why I had committed the unpardonable sin of speaking my thoughts, although they brought condemnation, lasting, bitter and deep, upon my memory.

I was in a strange company, and strange emotions filled my soul. They were all striving for something, just as eagerly as while on earth, and yet I could not sympathize with them in the manner in which they made search for the all-absorbing object which was to confer great happiness. Many were contented to move slowly and cautiously, to labor laboriously for a little, when with the same effort they might have received a great deal; they were unable to grasp it, and so they went plodding along.

Some approached me with marvelous stories of what they had seen and heard—the mysteries which their eyes had beheld, and their hands had touched. But to me their tale was a fleeting shadow. I wanted the proof; to see, to know for myself, was what I desired; because as often as they went away they returned empty handed; nothing benefited, nothing wiser, for they returned into the same place which they had occupied before their departure.

The spirit habitation is one perpetual panorama in change. As the spirit arises and develops, it leaves behind it the old surroundings, and is constantly gaining new positions and facilities for improvement. This is always in accordance with the rapidity of its desires.

I had commenced far back in humility and prayer; I had raised my eyes upward. I was building a foundation which I hoped would tower up into grand proportions, the beauty and symmetry of which it would make my heart glad to look upon. Step by step I groped my way, using every aid from all sources within my reach. How ardently I searched into the deep and hidden things which I knew were concealed from my hungry gaze. I traveled over great spaces, that I might see and converse with those minds of the past ages who had acquired the knowledge for which I sought, and the means were given me to make my researches successful. I could not long remain in the presence of those who men, for when I would draw thought from the store-house of their knowledge, their words would fill

me with unspeakable wonder; yes, even one word would contain a volume of knowledge which I could not grasp, because of its magnitude in comparison with my limited power of receiving it. To me it was not a world of shadows, but of great and startling realities; not only did the immortal spirit speak, but every leaf, every blade of grass, every sun-kissed flower gave forth a language deep, thrilling and impressive. Well it is for man that his spirit cannot comprehend its own littleness, nor its own greatness. Well it is that for him there is a school, wherein he may glean the first lessons fitted to the scope of his awakening intellect. And let him pray that he may not know the power, the world of power within himself, until the world without, in all its mysterious phases, physical and spiritual, is understood, analyzed by him.

All men cannot be gods in wisdom, and some must be children before they can see the power which lurks within themselves.

He of whom I spoke before counseled me not to seek too much at first. And yet knowledge was so beautiful! It gave me power, and power was what I loved; but now I did not want to exercise it as I once had done, to swerve men's minds from the better promptings which they could receive from without, as well as from within; but I desired it for myself, that I might leave the busy, bustling multitude behind me, and soar away into the illimitable space alone, to grapple with its mysteries unabashed; to look upon the dread secrets of the Deity's universe. My thoughts rose higher, my desires sunk deeper than my power extended. Then I said, "I will go to those who know that which I thirst for. They shall tell me how to obtain it; they shall lead me to what my soul so earnestly craves." They shook their heads at my request, and told me I was presumptuous; "For," said they, "you are but a child—a new-comer into this state of being. Labor patiently, as your fellow-men are doing, and prepare yourself by degrees to receive the unfolding glories which it is your privilege to behold. They but mocked me. I turned in mute hopelessness; my spirit chafed, and beat against its prison bars because of the delay. "Why should I wait? I fear not; I pause not; I am strong to endure. I will encounter great and unheard of pang to be admitted within the sacred precincts of hidden things! The light may dazzle, the sight may even blind me, but why this gnawing desire? Why this drawing upward, this attraction which stops not midway, but is lost in dim conjecture and unsatisfied longing? I see a glimpse of the world beyond; they call it a sphere, and yet it is but a higher state—a purer atmosphere. It is heaven within my view—can I not reach it? I behold it as a sun-lighted landscape of ravishing beauty—mountain and valley, hill and dale, ocean and streamlet, moon and stars—all natural, but oh, how sublimely beautiful in their great and expanded proportions! Naught separates the beautiful picture from my view but a cloud-like haze, a thin, transparent veil. It is distant, but I see it, and the voice within me tells me it is my own. Then why will I tarry here? I have learned all that is fitting for me to know, and yet I cannot ascend." My soul was sad; its yearning desire was unfulfilled. It is true, there were numberless minds surrounding me, whose knowledge was greater than mine, whose natures were more loving and benevolent, more social in their feelings toward their fellow-men; but the intelligence from which I sprung thus formed my being, and could I recreate myself other than I was? No; I cared not for the dazzling prospects of bliss, and joy, and beauty which men called happiness. To me it was dream-like and misty, leaving naught but hollow echoes to fill up the void when the scene had passed.

Do you call me ungrateful and ungodly, denying and denouncing that beautiful heaven which the Father had spread out before my wondering eyes? Oh, no; my devotion was not of the external part; my desire was not for the things which are seen by the eyes alone. In the depths of my soul I thanked my God for so much of light as he had vouchsafed me, but I struggled to get nearer. Ten thousand newly-formed worlds of thought, and wisdom, and knowledge seemed bursting into life from the centre of my own being.

What was I? Less than a man, and yet within me were the elements of a God; power, strength, grasping, earnest, beseeching for something, anything to unlock the pent up fountains and let the waters flow forth, that I might look upon that which had been within myself. If it was life and thought, then was it reaching after the centre from which it emanated. Was it power? Oh, then let me give it scope and compass! Was it voice or will? I knew it was good; the still small voice which urged my utterance told me that a universe of thought was rushing across the threshold of my soul. For I stood alone, alone, trembling with eagerness to pierce through the veil—to behold face to face those whose names were almost forgotten upon earth. I would see them and hear them; I would walk and talk familiarly, as with brothers; for had not they struggled, too, as I was now doing? I stood upon a plane of glorious beauty and transparent light; but then I could see that beyond which was more inviting still.

Why should I linger below when there were messengers constantly bearing back and forth some spirits who had lived out their allotted time, and were ascending to partake of the joys beyond? I could not wait; so long a time would crush and paralyze my spirit's impatient throbbings. Oh, I lived long years, which you would count as but days, so slowly did the time pass away, my desires were so urgent.

At length I was counseled to prepare for my journey and what should compose my garb, and render me a fitting object to approach that place. I was clad in robes by wise and mighty counselors. Faith and Perseverance, Humility and Progress were written on each garment that I wore; and then commenced my long journey through the wonders of space; Faith the star which guided my pathway; Hope the light which lured me on; Strength the staff upon which I leaned; Prayer the bread which filled my soul, and the celestial heaven the home which beckoned me upward to survey its glorious wonders.

VOLTAIRE.

The legs of the Colossus of Rhodes were stretched so wide that ships passed between them. But this was nothing to what we see now when many a mangled hero's legs are a thousand miles apart.

A sailor is not a sailor when he is aboard; a sailor is not a sailor when he is ashore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

Some young ladies insisted on naming a gentleman's kitten Julia, it was so pretty. He gallantly replied that he should be most happy to gratify them, but it was not that kind of a cat.

On account of the number of oil wells in this country, a Western exchange thinks the United States ought to be called Modern Greece!

Written for the Banner of Light.

ARTIST VISION.

Lost in thine ecstasy,
Heavenly Art!
What rare felicity
Fills my rapt heart.
Beautiful, brilliant dreams—
Fond Fancy's 'fulgent scenes—
Flood with their angel-beams
My inner world;
Waking bold thoughts that seek
Through symbol-gulfs to speak
Their meaning pure, with sweet
Poetry pearled.

Ah, could I paint those bright
Heaven-born dreams,
While Inspiration's light
Soft on me gleams!
Ah, could I seize that thought,
Bright to my spirit brought—
Its inward life be wrought
In outward dress—
Pregnant with truth divine
From Heaven's creative clime,
Bearing to earthly mind
Lessons that bless.

But words are aye too weak,
And artist skill
Falls to impart that deep
Ideal thrill;
Falls in its feeble might
To bring to mortal sight
Scenes that with inner-bright
Radiance shine;
For in this state below
No type can fully show
Those visions ripe that glow
In Fancy's clime.

All things are beautiful
To artist sight,
Nature's exhaustless school
Teems with delight;
Beauty and harmony,
Poetic mistreys,
Truth's sacred history,
Dwell everywhere;
Love's gentle mystery
Breathes warm and sisterly,
Bidding us wake and see
All things are fair.

Yes, my soul worships thee,
Beautiful Art!
Though impulsive be
My skill I impart
Thy mystic poesy,
Thy fertile imagery,
That fills the soul of me
With such bright lore;
But though thy visions fade,
They yet are deathless made—
In Memory's world they're rayed
Forevermore.

"She's gone—she'll be drowned," said he, in a sort of whisper. "Why don't she turn this way?" I thought to make her, and I cried "hallo." She turned her head and saw Benjamin, and the thought of what he would think of her on the ice alone, made her more determined to go from us. She gave another step forward, and the ice seemed to be moving toward the dam.

"We must save her," said Benjamin; "but what shall we do? If we step on the ice it will surely crack more under our weight, and perhaps that part will move toward the dam."

Just then Ithie came up, and he had in his hand a pair of lines that he had been to borrow of Ida's father.

"Here, here," cried Ithie, "take these quick, and throw them out to her."

We did so, but they did not reach her, although we had run around to the other side to be nearer to her. But Ithie seemed to be full of the right sort of thought; he stripped off his tippet and tied to the end of the lines, and Benjamin and I did the same. We threw it again, but it still fell short.

"Here," said Ithie; here's my handkerchief; take anything I have."

"It will be of no use," said Benjamin; "we must have some boards."

"I know where there are some," said Ithie; and we ran as fast as possible to bring them. Ithie worked like a hero, and we soon had a dozen brought from a pile left by the road-side. Benjamin laid them down carefully, and told us how to manage to reach them out to him. By the help of these, we saw him reach Ida and put his strong arm around her. They had just turned to come back, when crack went the ice; we saw it move toward the dam. Oh, how my heart beat. Slowly it floated—the large piece they were on—and it seemed certain that they would go over the dam.

Ithie looked on keenly, and suddenly his eye flashed and he called out, "Take the board and try to shove the ice toward the shore, then it will lodge against that rock."

Benjamin saw in a moment that it was his only possible means of safety. He placed Ida gently down on the ice, seized the board, and managed to make the ice float a little toward the rock that formed a part of the dam. Oh, what joy we felt when we saw it lodge there. Ithie and I ran immediately as near as possible, and by the help of more boards and the long line we succeeded in rescuing them. Ida was completely overcome by the terror she had felt, and Benjamin took her in his strong arms and carried her to her father's house. Ithie and I followed.

"Oh, how I love to hear you tell of what good I did," said old Ithie. "There's nothing sweeter to an old man than to remember that he has blessed some one by some act of goodness. Children, if you want to have a glad old age, keep laying up those treasures that can't be lost—they're better than gold; and when old Ithie says anything is better than gold, you may be sure it's about the best thing there is. But go on, Philip."

"Well, Ida's father was so surprised at what we told him, that he hardly knew what to do. He looked again and again at Ida's pale face, as if to be sure it was his child. Meantime Benjamin had taken off some of her wet garments and renewed the fire, and as she felt the warmth about her she opened her blue eyes, and looked into her father's face.

"Ida," said he, "if you can speak, tell how came you on Mill Pond?"

Ida closed her eyes again, and tears ran down her cheeks. It seemed to pain her even to speak of another's wrong. At last she said, faintly: "Nannydee."

In a moment I knew all. I was sure just how it had all been done, and Benjamin seemed to know, too, for his eye flashed, and he said to Ida: "Yes, Nannydee got you on and left you. She shall be punished. I'll—"

"Oh, no, no!" said Ida, now quite aroused; "perhaps she was hurt; perhaps she did it mean to run and leave me!"

After a time she told us all that had occurred, and she begged so earnestly that no one should try to make Nannydee suffer, that we promised to leave her punishment to her own guilty heart. She suffered enough, for every scholar in school despised her meanness, and although she tried to make some think that she was only in fun, no one believed her. She left school in about a week, and went away from the town, and no one was sorry. Every one was more tender and loving than ever to Ida, especially her father and Benjamin. Benjamin took her to the sleighride, and I remember just how carefully he wrapped her up in the buffalo robes, and he looked into her face with the same smile he wore eight years afterwards, when they were married.

"But, uncle Philip," said Sue, "did you really take those homely girls to the sleighride?"

"Yes, I did, Sue," said uncle Philip, with a proud look in his eye; "and thankful am I that I had the courage to do it. I would rather remember doing that than to remember all the gay rides and dances of the winter. Depend upon it, nobody is ever ashamed to remember an act of kindness, if it be given to two homely, old-fashioned girls. And I will tell you what happened: one of them afterwards married a respectable farmer, who told me that he never should have had the courage to visit her, because his companions laughed about her, if I had not have taken her to that ride; and, said he, 'She makes the very best sort of a wife, and I wouldn't swap her for the handsomest woman in the country.' Thus you see that a little sacrifice of my pride was the means of making two happy for life."

"But, uncle Philip," said Sue, "where did Nannydee go when she ran from Ida? And did she really mean to get her on the pond to put her in danger?"

"No," said uncle Philip. "I do not think that Nannydee was cruel enough for that. She had made all her calculations to entice Ida on the ice, just in time for Benjamin to see her there, and then she thought he would be displeased with her, and so not take her to the sleighride, and that she, Nannydee, would stand a good chance of being injured. So she pretended to be hurt, feeling sure that Ida's kindness of heart would lead her to attempt to help her."

You remember the little clump of alders that grows on the western side of Mill Pond? Well, Nannydee ran and hid behind them. Ithie and I found out by going down there and seeing her tracks in the snow, and finding a bit of her purple scarf that had caught on an alder twig. It was a different color from any girl's in school, and quite becoming to Nannydee, and she had been very proud of it. Ithie took the little purple thread, and folded it up in a piece of paper on which was written, 'Mill Pond ice; meanness do not pay.'"

"Oh!" groaned old Ithie, "I wish I'd remembered that copy that the master set in our writing-books. Meanness do not pay. No, it don't. It comes right back to you, and gets right into you, and drives everything else out. Why, children, I feel mean in my bones, and mean in my head, and mean in my eyes, and mean all over. Sometimes I think every time my heart beats I say, 'Mean, mean, mean, old Ithie!'" and I'll be awake

at night listening all my bones ache, and my head aches, and my eyes see only great shadows. Who'll take them away? Oh! who will?" and old Ithie cried like a child.

Sue took a stool and went toward him, and sat down close by him, and then Rod followed, and then Kitty and Mary, and all the boys; and some laid their hands on his knees, and some on his arms, and uncle Philip, with his kind, benevolent face, looked on. At last he said:

"There is something that takes away all darkness, and gives beautiful light. It is love. There is the dear father's love that cares for us all—old men like you and I, and the children also; and then there's the love of the angels, we all have that to bless us, and then the love of one another; and especially the love of good, true children. You have all this love, Ithie, and now you only want the love to get into your heart and warm it up. You can't take it in by displaying yourself, or mourning and groaning, but only by loving and blessing others. I'm sure, Ithie, you'll begin when you feel very sure that we don't despise you, but really love you and want you to be happy. But here is your own daughter Pattie, who has come to see that you are well cared for; but you must not go yet, any of you. I have the corn all ready to pop, and see what a tempting bed of coal there is waiting to warm up the little dry kernels, and make them burst into delicious fruit that is as pure as the snowdrops of spring. But, children, let me add one word more to my sermon. Mean acts always bring their reward. Do not forget Mill Pond ice, and resolve to be true, noble, generous, and never act a lie."

To Correspondents.

KITTY C. COLDWATER, MICH.—Your pleasant and nicely written letter seemed to me like the sunshine that I remember used to come creeping into the windows of "Hope Chapel." I think of those beautiful days often, and so I hope that many of you are keeping bright the little golden chords of love between us, and that you will not let them grow rusty or dim. If you study hard, I hope you run and jump a great deal, that you may grow strong and healthy.

Your true friend, LOVE M. WILLIS.

CASPAR HAUSER.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

On the still lake of Auvergne sleep and dream,
My dearest love, I come to thy embrace;
The arching swans have left their silent stream,
And seek the beauty of this sunlit place.
His castle crowns the summit of the hill,
Who spent his early life in dungeon's gloom—
Poor Caspar Hauser! Let him have his fill
Of all he sighed for in his living tomb.

I have not wanted words to tell the story
Of leafy summer in its ardent prime,
Nor passed the pomp of autumn in its glory,
Unnoted in my sad, unfrequent rhyme;

But of the graces that surround them gather,
Who feel the joys that I have only thought,
I have been silent, lest the Almighty Father
Should deem I mocked the work that He had wrought.

By the sweet lake of Auvergne dream in sleep,
And I will come in more than dreams to thee;
For I have found an alchemy so deep
That even the solid spheres will part and flee.
Our love will not disturb the silent swan,
That swims on rippled Auvergne in his grace;
And Caspar Hauser will look out upon
The beauty that surrounds his dwelling-place.

Original Essays.

ARE WE SPIRITUALISTS?

BY G. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

Man professes to believe in spirit—to believe that he is a spirit, and that all external forms are subordinate thereto. The Spiritualist especially believes that the subordination of the material to the spiritual is a fixed or immutable law—an axiom behind which we cannot go. Some even believe that the external forms of things with which we are ever in contact in this life are but shadows, mere phenomena of spirit from which all conditions of what we call substance comes.

Do we really believe this?—that the spirit is the man—that the real man is immortal, and that in departing from this life he rises out of the external form, and leaves all the forms and conditions of the material world behind, while he ascends to a higher, a more perfect and sublimer world of realities?

What a field for contemplation such a belief opens to the mind; how it is inspired with broad and grand perceptions of the true dignity and glory of man's present being and ultimate destiny; how perceptibly his inner self opens out upon the wings of his aspirations, and he reaches forth to grasp the realities of his interior and immortal selfhood. Thus viewed, man is truly grand in the broad comprehensibility of his powers, noble in the dignity of his nature, and divine in the loftiness of his aspirations.

But do we really believe in the realities of our being thus comprehended? Do we turn from the earth as from a shadow after it has served our uses, and seek the sunlight of the spirit to warm us into new being? If so, how shall we reconcile the uses we make of this life with such a belief? Reader, I have often asked myself this question, and I think it has done me good; and now, if you will read on, I propose to ask you, yes, you, and I propose to put it in a way that shall send you back to your innermost interior, and if you are a hypocrite in your religion—which I trust you are not—I mean to strip you of the earthly garment in which you hide yourself.

Are you aware that the world is most eagerly in pursuit of shadows, vainly believing them to be realities? that it professes beliefs which are shadows? Let me explain. There is not a thing on earth but what the chemist can dissolve into an insensible vapor—into a nothing, so far as our senses can go. There is no condition of earth life but what is constantly changing. What, then, is this substance, these realities? for which mankind are struggling? Viewed in a broad light, compared with the eternity of spirit, all on earth is but transitory nothing, without which no spirit can ever be less. What, then, you will ask me, is the use of these earth conditions? I will answer you: Their uses are inestimable when rightly appropriated, when devoted solely to the needs and benefits of the spirit. "Man steals from beggars and degrades his spiritual self to gratify a want, worldly vanity." He takes from his immortal self that which belongs to it, and in a vain effort attempts to magnify his transitory earthly self to gather shadows around him, which serve only to obscure his vision of the only reality, the eternal world beyond his earth sphere.

We have come to a time when we need the truth, and though it enters to the very core, and turns out the "dry bones" of immortality in all their

consciousness, we must come to it, and the sooner the better. I do not intend to touch upon dead religion, nor the spiritually dead men and women of this world, but come directly to the lively spiritualist, who is the aggregation of principles gathered into unity, the power that moves the world, and of which man is the highest representative. Some seem to depreciate Spiritualism by terming it an idea—a new religion. Notice: Spiritualism is as old as the universe, and as eternal as God; but man has not understood it, that is all. But we must view Spiritualism in its parts, as we cannot comprehend the whole, as we see God in the individual man, though it takes all of mankind to make God. Shall it be said of Spiritualism in future ages that in this, its infancy, it was but a dead idea? It is for us to answer this, not in our professions, but in our lives. Now what does Spiritualism tell us, or more directly, what do spirits, whose experiences in the spheres of immortality enable them to know, reveal to us? This great law: No man can afford to hold, nor has a right to that which his neighbor needs more than he needs it himself. The spiritual interests of the meanest human on the earth are of more importance than all the worldly glory that can be concentrated upon an individual, and therefore he who comes down from the loftiest station to recognize and lift up the humblest, raises himself spiritually and eternally more than all the world will give, can do. This is the secret of the power Jesus of Nazareth left upon the world. It is exemplified, also, to-day. When the President of this Republic came down, as many regarded it, the steps of his exalted position to recognize the negro as a man, the New Republic—the Republic of principles and of moral power—began to grow.

But, say you, perhaps, "Shall I sacrifice what I have gained by industry in giving to those who are in need of indulgence?" By no means. Man is never required by any principle or ultimate law to sacrifice anything. What justice, humanity or duty demands is never a sacrifice, though it may require you to "sell all that you have and give to the poor." It is merely exchanging the material and transitory for the spiritual and eternal. Whoever withholds from another that which is needed for his good and happiness, and not needed by himself, detracts from his own ultimate happiness to the degree that he might have benefited his neighbor. This is immutable, eternal, spiritual law, and by it we must, every one of us come to judgment sooner or later. The old idea of making sacrifices that future reward may come, is false. Man is not entitled to any credit for benevolence, and therefore can receive no reward. He is made happy by doing good as an inherent law, and vice versa; and the result in either case is alike certain.

My friend, do you tell me that this is a good law, but that the world is not prepared for it? What if the world is not? Are you? That is the question. Spiritualists must come up to the spiritual law, or they are not Spiritualists. We have had sham religions enough, and it is time now that we have something real, something that will save the world from war—which always originates in worldly selfishness—and relieve it from the untold miseries which come from the grasping covetousness of the smart but ignorant, who regard the things of this world as the ultimate end of human endeavors. Spiritualism will sooner or later concentrate through man upon these great principles. Shall we begin the work, or shall we leave it for other generations? It is high time, that we, as reformers, should let-up on the world a little, and come home to ourselves, and look inside to see that there is no good work we may do there.

Trusting that you will not think less of me for the earnest words I have addressed to you, I must leave you for the time, and, I hope, thinking.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 1, 1865.

REMINISCENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY E. W. LEWIS, M. D.

As it may not be wholly uninteresting to the numerous readers of the Banner to hear occasionally from some of the old pioneers of Spiritualism, located in one of the more rural districts of the Empire State, and near the scene of its first advent, I have taken my pen this evening to give you a hasty sketch of the situation and aspects of Spiritualism in this locality, etc.

We have many Spiritualists here, good and true, and several mediums of more or less development and promise for the future. Somewhat silently, it is true, at present, yet nevertheless a deep undercurrent is at work in our midst, performing its mission in the world's pilgrimage of light and progress. Watkins was one of the earliest villages in western New York, next to the cities of Rochester and Auburn, in establishing regular meetings and circles for the investigation and promulgation of Spiritualism; and in the years 1850 and 1851, when but comparatively few open advocates of it existed in the State, we had here quite a respectable number of zealous and harmonious adherents and firm believers. For months our houses were weekly, and I may add, almost nightly, thronged with anxious inquirers and investigators, to witness the then new and astounding manifestations, through the mediumship of Mr. M. S. Gardner, a medium of the most convincing powers, having the rappings similar to the Fox girls, and other powers much resembling those of D. D. Home. The rappings were loud, energetic, and free, and the communications were generally of a high intellectual order and strict moral tendency. The physical manifestations, through his mediumship were also of the most powerful and convincing nature; in fact, to any but those who were eye witnesses of them, they would not be believed or credited at that more early period. Since then, however, we have had these through the mediumship of the Daybros, Home, Gordon, Redmond, and hundreds of others not brought so prominently before the public. After Gardner left here for Indiana, we gradually left off our public meetings and test circles, having no other medium to fill his place in our public assemblies. Yet we have had, up to this time, a continuation of spirit manifestations in private families every day, through the more retiring and quiet members of our families, which, if published to the world, would present a record of facts and incidents of spirit-presence and spirit-power, equally as astounding and convincing as those given through the more public and well-established and celebrated mediums of the day. I am aware that this private mediumship and private exhibition of spirit manifestation and spirit communication now exists in families and communities throughout the length and breadth of the land more than many are cognizant of, or even think possible; and these private and quiet avenues of sweet, and positive communication with long absent loved ones, now basking in the sunshine and happiness of the "Summerland," are doing nearly as much toward conveying others into the joyous temple of belief, and making all those of a more public nature, both have their own glorious mission, and both are being amply blessed of heaven, to the glory of God. It was under the mediumship of Mr. Gardner,

and by the solicitation of spirits through him, that I wrote and published the book named by them "The Spiritual Reformer." At this time I had not read a single work on Spiritualism, except the small pamphlet first published by Capron & Barron. The Spiritual Reformer was intended as a sort of transitional link between the old and new theology, neither condemning all old truths because they were merely more ancient, but nevertheless true, nor endorsing all the whims and vagaries of the new. It was also calculated as a guide-book of experience then obtained to those who were just entering upon the most momentous and untrodden fields of spiritual mediumship, and as an early record of spirit prophecy and warning of the great national calamity and purification which we are now passing through, but which we could not then understand. The book was discarded by the old theologians, and the minister of my own church, for its "damnable heresies," and by the leaders of the new dispensation because it did not ignore all the sublime teachings and precepts of the "Son of Man," and other valid and noble truths, because uttered in the ancient time. Moreover, I never paid a dollar, and would scorn to do it now, for a single editorial puff, and never wrote a line for publication concerning the book, outside of its own pages. I was content to let it stand or fall upon its own merits. Notwithstanding its opposition, the work sold well and nobly—beyond my most sanguine expectations. (Having sold all I had published, I now feel free to say what I have of the book.) I had no advantage of the prestige of a great name as a public functionary or celebrated writer, and was fearful of the ordeal of public and erudite criticism, until after I obtained and read all the later works on Spiritualism which I could procure, and found all its essential points fully endorsed, reiterated and corroborated by them. Spirits assured me at the time I was preparing it for the press, that this would be the case, although at the time I had many doubts and misgivings (being a church member) in regard to the spirit prophecies and spirit teachings therein contained; and I well knew that I could not write many new and startling things, although given directly and entirely by spirits from the other world, as could and did our noble and highly esteemed brother, Judge Edmonds, and have the world believe them. It would not have done for me to say that spirits "drink buttermilk, make rag carpets, or run dairies and steam sawmills in the spirit-world."

This, perhaps, the world receives and says is all right for Judge Edmonds to say; but what seems to be right and proper for one man to say, does not seem proper for others, and the world will condemn in some what I do not cherish in others. That's "what's in a name?" I do not write this to criticize Judge Edmonds' book harshly, for I am no critic; and furthermore, that same book, written by Judge Edmonds, is full of great and noble truths, which I, with the thousands, heartily endorse. It would not do for every man to say with Dr. A. B. Child that "whatever is, is right," without being sure to qualify the saying every time by adding, "So far as great ultimate ends and results are concerned."

All these long years, from the first dawn of modern Spiritualism through its rapid progress and multiplied numbers, have we waited patiently to see it emerge from its present confused and chaotic state, and assume the gloriously beautiful and gigantic proportions of form and comeliness that God and his angels have had in store, and been preparing for it.

When we look back and see what mighty strides have been made in good to the world, through Spiritualism, since the first tiny raps were heard by us from spirits in 1830 and 1831, we have the most abundant reason to rejoice in the fullness of our hearts. When we read the accounts in the public journals not friendly to our cause of the cures performed by Newton and Bryant and Cain, and hundreds of others, who are healing the sick, restoring the lame, the halt and the blind, we are filled with wonder, gratitude, and praise; and in this phase of the manifestations we come in for a share, and speak from experience of eight or nine years. Through the mediumship of my wife, we are examining diseases and prescribing for the sick all over this and the Northern and Western States, by hundreds and thousands whom we never saw or heard of before, simply by having the name and age, nothing else, not even a look of hair is required, and never a failure to give a correct diagnosis of the seat and cause of the disease and the appropriate remedies, out of hundreds of thousands. We do not mention this by way of having it noticed in the Banner to serve as a sort of advertisement, for we have all we can attend to, without such underhand and needless "heralding"; neither do we do it in a spirit of boasting, but we do it as a record of one of the wonders of this spiritualistic age, with thankfulness of heart bearing witness that "truth is stranger than fiction." Yet it is nothing new, but old, very old. There are records to show that these same things were performed nearly two thousand years ago. The world is awaking from her Rip Van Winkle sleep. Great and glorious times are close at hand. This horrid war will soon be past. The monster slavery will be banished from the shores of Liberty forever. Corruption and error and traitorism will soon call for the rocks and mountains to hide them from the all-seeing eyes of Truth, and this nation, great, free, rich and powerful, will take her stand proudly and more nobly than ever, a model and example for all other nations of the earth.

I had many singular and startling tests of spirit communion and spirit doling to give, but have already written quite too lengthily before I was fully aware of it, and must close.

Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

THE LOTUS-PLANTER.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A Brahmin on a lotus-pod
Once wrote the holy name of God,
Then, planting it, he asked in prayer,
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.
A slave near by, who bore a load,
Fell fainting on the dusty road.
The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.
The dead scarce dead, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.
"Behold," he cried, "I am unclean,
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"
God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.
The buried seed arose from death
And bloomed and fringed at his breath.
The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:
"First, count all men of equal cast—
Then count thyself the least and last."
The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God's great plan.
Transfigured then in sudden light
The slave stood sacred in his sight.
Thereafter, in the Brahmin's breast,
Awoke God's peace, and he was blest.

BITTER AND SWEET.

BY A. P. MC COMBS.

What is life? the strangest compound,
"All contraries nicely blent,
Each propelling and controlling,
Through the human finding vent.
Who says Nature is a failure,
Or her works are incomplete?
Good and evil hath its uses:
Every bitter hath a sweet.

Every spring must have a summer,
Summer will grow sore and bare;
Winter weaves with frosty fingers,
Garments for the next to wear.
Change, decay are written widespread,
Man can find no still retreat,
By this law he only liveth:
Every bitter hath its sweet.

Never would the eyes of pity
Gleam with sympathetic tear,
But for misery's broken pleading,
Melding on the human ear.
What would be our social structure?
How would man his brother meet,
If there were no need of mercy,
Nor a bitter for a sweet?

If the world were void of danger,
Man no toils, or hopes or fears,
Needing not the help or counsel,
Or the flow of friendly tears,
Surely it would be less lovely
For the tread of human feet;
For 'tis sin, and pain, and sorrow,
Brings, through bitter, every sweet.

Troubles all are blessings truly,
With the host of fleshly ills;
Richest valleys, robed in beauty,
Could not bloom without the hills.
So through life, if we look rightly
On the trials which we meet,
We will see their holy lessons:
Bless the bitter for the sweet.

One but proves the other's being;
Each must have its opposite;
By contrasts only are we measured,
Know the darkness from the light.
Rest is only for the weary,
Cold is requisite as heat;
Every principle in Nature
Hath a bitter and a sweet.

He who'd taste the bliss of heaven,
Must pass through a fiery hell;
He who drains the cup of sorrow,
Drinketh at the Perian well.
Hunger, want, disease, despairing,
Are but wisdom's law replete;
'Tis a law of the Eternal:
Every bitter hath its sweet.

All that's high, and grand, and glorious,
Centre here, and onward spring;
Life without them would be tasteless,
Man a soulless, passive thing.
Through the ever-ceaseless changing
That our outward senses greet,
Man is ever moving onward,
Through the bitter to the sweet.

All that's noble in our manhood,
Every aspiration high,
Every grand essential feature,
Teaching man he cannot die,
Cometh through this glorious doctrine,
All things everywhere repeat,
Making life quite worth the living,
Having bitter and a sweet.

All this talk, that sin and sorrow
Were not in God's primal plan,
And that toll, disease and suffering
Was the after-work of man,
Must give way to light and reason,
That finds everything complete—
All the work of Nature perfect:
Every bitter with a sweet.

Correspondence.

Letter from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

Once more out upon the broad sea of public life, I would, through the columns of the Banner, report my reckonings and harborings to the many eager and kind hearts who are ever interested in the course of the teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy, and especially to those who in the past have cordially and appreciatively received the bread of immortal Truth broken by my hand, and who are solicitous for my welfare through personal sympathy. The dear mother, whose illness called me from this city to Western New York more than three years ago, has broken her mortal fetters, and now, instead of requiring my care, is my guardian inspirer, bidding me go forth again to the work of adding to unfold the higher possibilities of our humanity. When the summer sky bent lovingly over us, when the flowers poured forth their sweetest tributes to the morning, and song-birds warbled their joy over the wind-lyres of Nature, we gathered around our mother to behold her ascension to the sweet rest of the angels. Never, since the blessed hour when the stone was first rolled away from the sepulchre of my mortal fear and superstition in relation to the beautiful realities of the "Summer-land," and I arose clad in the garments of resurrection, have I known and felt the all-sustaining power of the Spiritual Philosophy, as when, with that dear mother's hand clasped in mine, with her fond, pure heart throbbing out its last mortal pulses against mine own, gazing down into the calm spiritual depths of those love-lit eyes, feeling that every moment she was passing further and further from my mortal grasp, it was mine to know that I but lost her in the flesh to find her in the spirit—that I but yielded my clasp of the mortal to unfold still closer to my heart the dear immortal; to know that with her I should ascend the evergreen hills of the celestial realm, and bask in the sunbeams of eternal Truth, while treading by her side the amaranthine pathways of the myriads of islands in the ocean of God's love. Faint, or fainter grew the flutterings of that dear, fond heart; colder and colder became the precious hand that had clung so long and lovingly to mine; dimmer and dimmer grew the azure eyes; shorter and fainter the heaving of the gentle bosom; less fervidly to mine were pressed those love-responsive lips; but over the pale brow gathered broader and brighter, and clearer, the golden aura heralding the victorious birth of the deathless spirit. Very closely around us gathered the dear, once again before, beautiful, immortal children, embraced her rapturously, and called her "blessed," while the husband of her youthful years drew her fondly, yearningly to his faithful, joy-shrilled bosom, crying, "Welcome, my sweet soul-brother, to the paradise whither thy feet shall go out no more!"

We laid the beautiful day where the summer breeze, stealing through the trailing roses, formed her lily-wreathed brow, and as the golden sun swept calmly down the sky to his criticism-cour-

tained chambers of the West, while the distant village bell throbbed forth to the perfumed night air the number of her mortal years.

Our inmost souls exclaimed, Oh, Artist All-Divine, Thy unseen hand on yonder azure scroll Hath traced the glory-types, enduring through all time.

Of our sweet mother's love-inspired soul Like that warm sun she unto earth arose; Like that, her earth course run, she glideth to repose.

Like the magnetic life of that attracting power, She woke to light and beauty all she shone upon; The petals of our hearts in Love's interior bower Burst in her smile like rosebuds in the sun; She dwelt within our lives, a sphere of rarest light, And in departing left us all in night.

But as the outer night is but transition's wave, We looked with more than faith unto the coming morn;

We knew our mother went not toward the grave, Save as the sun goes westward toward the morn, And that in seeming only even then it goes; 'Tis the unequal earth that round it ebbs and flows.

We knew mid all the shadows that our mother's life

Shone on in its own orbit, central evermore— That, back of all the surge of elemental strife, She shone in glory on the morning shore, And evermore we cried, "Oh, Artist All-Divine, The types of Truth are ours, the law thereof is thine."

And evermore that sky with all its symbols rare Shall be to us, oh mother, heaven's own type of thee; Thy love, thy light, thy strength, thy guardian care.

Thy beauty, and thy truth, therein we e'er shall see; And thus, sweet mother, with that sky above, Can we, while it endures, forget thy holy love?

Many days in our earth-home did we keep the dear day which our angel-mother had so sanctified by possession, then crowning it with the lily and myrtle wreath, we laid it to repose beside and to mingle with the kindred elements of our father's mortal form, and turned away to walk the path of earthly discipline, conscious of the dual guardianship of our reunited parents.

Once more I am clasping the warm hands and listening to the greetings of kindness and affection, from those whose warm appreciations and sympathies cheered me onward in my earlier ministrations of inspiration; but in these dear reunions with kindred spirits, I cannot for a moment forget the kind, true, faithful hearts, which have thrived so fraternally with my own during the three years that I have walked by my mother's side, in the shadowy valley of transition—for purer friendship will never be proffered me, a sincere God-speed or welcome will never cheer me upon going forth or returning to and from my labor, than hath ever sprung from the souls and voices of the Spiritualists of western New York, in encouragement of my mission. And to those teachers of the Spiritual Philosophy who have been blessed with the earnest appreciation and confidence fraternal of the liberalists of Baltimore and Philadelphia, this affirmation is no stinted measure of grateful memory, and no aspiration in relation to my future earthly prosperity and happiness more hopefully thrills my spirit, than that of a reunion with those dear co-laborers in the field of truth, when the song-birds fly northward and the floral queen hath robed their hills and valleys in the fragrant garments of summer.

During this month I shall continue my labors in this city; in February, April, May and June I am engaged to speak in Baltimore, and during March in Washington. Until otherwise informed through the "Banner," correspondents will please address me, No. 801 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

With continually unfolding trust in the Love and Wisdom of Infinite Cause, and an unceasing aspiration for strength with which to continue an active servant of its soul-inspiring and mind-educating philosophy, I walk onward evermore.

Philadelphia, Jan. 18, 1865.

F. O. HYZER.

Washington, D. C.

This great capital of a great nation and headquarters of almost everything, cannot be described in a letter, nor seen in a month; but it may be felt, in one hour by a sensitive person, and felt at once as a hard place, but not as hard as in years past. Formerly it was made up of the two extremes of society, "upper ten and lower million," with scarcely any share of the middle classes. Now the middle classes largely predominate, and rule the city, and the poor, both black and white, were never so well fed and dressed as at present, and are quite independent, while the aristocrats, if ever so wealthy, have to wait on themselves, or pay enormously for every little service. There are thousands here yet who live on the crumbs that fall from the political and military tables, or on the sweepings of government stables; but even these are so bounteous as to make the recipients quite independent. I have several times seen black persons riding in fine carriages for pleasure, with white drivers, and thought it good enough for them all round. Black and white are about equally well dressed and represented on the streets; in fact, a large part of the permanent inhabitants, who have no home elsewhere, are blacks, for a large majority of the whites are visitors of various kinds. Many are office-holders, who expect to go away as their terms expire, and many are office-seekers, who are compelled to go when they are out of money and friends, and the latter loss soon follows the former here. There are also great numbers who come with honest claims and accounts to settle, and soon fall into the hands of sharpers, who live by collecting and dividing with the officers who aid in settling and paying them, and leave a small share to the honest owner of the claim. Dishonesty is evidently in majority, and has the lines of the government; but I have no doubt, nor has any one I have met, that "Old Abe" is honest. The less one knows of official matters here the better; if he would render a good opinion of all parties and persons concerned in the Government. It seems to be the opinion of good judges here that when the military arm of the rebellion is broken, there will be more intrigue than ever, and a still worse condition for our country.

I have watched the proceedings of Congress for a week, and oh! what a change since the days of our honored dead, the great statesmen of the first half of our century. Their places are truly vacant, in every essential sense, and some might as well be filled by the statues as the living forms that occupy the seats.

The city has been built up and greatly extended, since it became the headquarters of Yankee speculation, and no doubt will be far more appropriate as the capital of our country than it has been in the past; for if we are really a democratic people, aristocracy is not appropriate even at the capital.

Mr. Colchester is here, confounding the skeptics

and convincing the doubters with his wonderful medium powers, but he is also quite a marvel and wonder, himself—has a conspicuous seat and is prominent at the popular Episcopal church on Sundays, and quite a lion among theatre-goers, and an honored guest at many parties, clubs and soirees.

Our meetings are well attended, and Spiritualism is quite a power at the capital, or promises to be in the future.

WARREN CHASE.

January, 1865.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spirit Manifestations.

DEAR BANNER—I am not in the habit of intruding upon your columns much, but duty compels me at present to renew my subscription, and at the same time to say something of our spiritual progress.

But a year ago our town was as spiritually dark as the "black hole of Calcutta," but since I have opened a Spiritual Hall the darkness is quietly yielding to the light brought by ministering angels through the organisms, first, of Rev. Moses Hull, then Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., then Warren Chase, then Mrs. Wilhelm again, followed by Uriah Clark and Miss Julia Hubbard, and last, but not least, through Dr. H. P. Fairfield, who was with us two weeks, speaking on Sundays and holding social and test circles during the week. During those meetings we have had many fine exhortations, and good tests of spiritual presence. Rev. Sylvester Judd, Lorenzo Dow and a Mr. Waters were among the number of spirit friends who mostly manifested themselves through Bro. Fairfield. With Sylvester Judd we have had as familiar conversations on various subjects as though he had been in his own body. He gave me a history of his earth-life, of which I was ignorant. Being in a neighbor's house, I spoke of the friendly conversations with Rev. S. Judd, when the lady said, "I have a book giving a history of his life." I then searched his history in this book, and found it to corroborate Judd's conversation with me in every particular, also subsequently corroborated by a member of our circle, who knew him personally. Thus we had a good test of spirit identity, and, too, of truth and reliance in this spirit friend. I shall ever cherish the memory of friend Judd, and I hope other controlling spirits may ever prove themselves as truthful as he has to all of us.

I will now relate what was to me and many others a very interesting circumstance. About two months ago I was professionally called to Warren Co., Pa., to see a Dr. H. Brooks, very low with typhoid fever. On entering the house I heard crying, and a lady met me and said I was too late, he was dying. I at once entered the sick chamber, and found life, but no apparent breathing; but immediately made an effort to bring the speechless tongue into action by arousing the lungs. This I soon accomplished by throwing cold water on the chest, and making rapid passes and friction over his lung, with a corresponding will power desiring at the same time all the heavenly aid possible in the case. In a minute he caught his breath, and convulsively spoke and said, "No use—been dead an hour." And his lungs again performed their office, but he suffered for nearly an hour, like a man recovering from drowning. He then said, "I saw my spirit home," and that there was at the time I first saw him but a small cord that connected him with the body. "But it is no use," said he, "I will have to go through all this again," meaning death. In one month his appetite returned, he overate, and relapse followed. A telegram came to me to visit him again. I could not go, but sent another physician, (Dr. Saulsbury), who treated him one month more, and he quietly left the form for parts which we mortals know but little of.

A telegram came to me to send Mrs. Dr. Wilhelm to come and attend his funeral. But having completed her course of lectures in my hall, she had left that morning for Cleveland and Clyde. Dr. H. P. Fairfield being in my office, (he was to lecture for me the following Sunday), I sent him in less than an hour from the time of my receiving the dispatch. When Dr. Fairfield was gone, I mentioned to some friends in my office what Dr. H. Brooks had said to me relative to his death, and of his intentions, which he related to me on my first visit after he was restored so as to speak again, viz.: That he had made arrangements with his wife, the day I was called, to have Cora L. V. Hatch attend his funeral, so that he might preach and make himself known to all his friends and acquaintances who might be at his funeral. "This," said he to me, "would do more to establish the truth of Spiritualism than anything that ever took place in this neighborhood. For," said he, "they all know Henry Brooks, and they should all know it was me." This he spoke in presence of his wife and myself, requesting me to leave Cora's address in case he should die, which I did. But of all this Dr. H. P. Fairfield, whom I sent, was not informed. Speaking of Dr. B.'s intentions to my visitors, we wondered if he would fulfill or succeed in doing what he had intended: speak at his own funeral. I felt confident he would, provided he could control the medium, (Fairfield), knowing that he had left the body on Wednesday night, and the funeral was to be on Saturday, and that he had ample time to recover to a good state of consciousness in spirit-life—having been a Spiritualist, and quite impracticable at times—and, our Spiritual Philosophy to him being a blessed reality, a joyful hope and consolation to him on his bed of affliction.

But hear the sequel. Dr. Fairfield returned, and I was anxious to hear the result. "Well," said he, "Doctor, we had a good time. Dr. Brooks spoke at his own funeral; consoled his wife; called her by name, 'Lydia Ann'; requested her not to mourn for him, for he was not dead, but was still with her, and would often visit and console her. Spoke of his 'will,' and said the way he had arranged his business was all satisfactory as yet to him; adding, 'I am Henry Brooks, and you all know me. I said I would do this, but I wanted a woman—thought I could control her better; but Sylvester Judd assisted me to control the medium.' He also said he had left the form two months previous, but was held back only by a small electric cord that attached him to the body—at which time he saw his mother and his spirit-home; but that through the magnetic influence and will-power of the Doctor he was brought back into the body, and told them that it was of no use, as he would have to pass through all this again; that he had some knowledge of Spiritualism when in the form, but was not, in his external appearance, much refined, though he had a good spirit within. He further stated that his mother was the first one to greet him in his new life, and that she was with him through his sickness, and calmed his mind, and prepared him for his change, which he felt conscious was coming soon."

At the grave Mr. Fairfield said Sylvester Judd controlled him and said: "By the request of Henry Brooks, I will make a few consolatory remarks to the friends." Which, Mr. Fairfield adds, were well adapted to the occasion, and the friends left

the grave with hearts not as sad as is common to those who have not our faith and knowledge of spiritual life, but with a consolation only to be realized by those of our living faith.

I will here state that a Mrs. Kenny opened the funeral service at the house, followed by Sylvester Judd, who spoke through Mr. Fairfield; and then Henry Brooks closed the remarks.

Mrs. Kenny was called by request of Mr. Brooks before he passed away, as he wanted a lady medium, for reasons above given. Dr. Fairfield was sent in place of Mrs. Wilhelm.

This case may not be as interesting to others not familiar with all the facts, as to us, to whom it is a most striking test of spirit identity.

In conclusion, I would say, Dr. H. P. Fairfield is one of our best mediums and trance-speakers, and is doing a good work. He gave one of the best discourses many of us ever heard on the evening of Jan. 1st, in my hall. His text was: "What, and where is God? What, and where is Heaven? What, and where is Hell? What, and where is the Devil?"

The walls behind and on each side of the rostrum were decorated with historic and scientific oil paintings, including Heaven and Hell, the Starry Heavens, our Stellar System, and other systems. Also, our Earth and its Atmosphere, showing our spirit-world. To all these the controlling spirit frequently referred as explanatory, in his discourse, comparing old theology with a more scientific one, which made it doubly impressive, as the eye was seeing what the ear was hearing.

GEO. NEWCOMER, M. D.

Meadville, Pa., Jan., 1865.

Remarkable Presentiment.

During the funeral services of a little boy about six years of age, who died in our village a few days since, the minister related the following somewhat remarkable presentiments of the little boy:

Several weeks before his death, while his cheeks were yet ruddy and his eyes bright with the lustre of health, he came down from his sleeping room in the morning, and told his mother he had just seen the most beautiful lady he ever saw, and that she was very anxious that he should accompany her away to a beautiful land.

The little boy felt somewhat inclined to listen to the persuasive pleadings of the beautiful lady, but finally told her that his mother could not spare him, and he must be excused.

In about three weeks the same vision was repeated, only with more clearness and beauty. The mother endeavored to persuade her little boy that he had been dreaming, but he could not believe this, asserting that he really saw the beautiful lady, and that her persuasiveness was almost irresistible. In about three weeks the "beautiful lady" appeared the third time, and renewed her earnest entreaty for the company of the little boy. He used the same childlike argument this time, asserting that his mother could not spare him.

In about three days from this latter interview the little boy was taken sick, and very soon died.—Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

A correspondent in Philadelphia sends us the following account of the anniversary celebration of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of that city, on the 17th of January. The occasion was a very interesting one, and drew together a large number of friends. By invitation, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis, and eight of the officers and leaders of the New York Lyceum were present, and participated in the exercises. The entertainment was opened by the presentation of a beautiful tablet, in which the whole Lyceum formed a pyramid, each member holding a flag, and singing, to original and appropriate music, the Anniversary Song, composed for the occasion by one of the leaders. The Lyceum then marched to music, with their flags, around the hall, and massed in front of the rostrum, when the Invocation (from the Lyceum Book) and the original "Silver Chain Recitation" were read and responded to by the Lyceum.

M. B. Dyott, Esq., the conductor, then made the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of Progress and of Human Elevation—For thus addressing you I shall not presume to apologize, for were you not deserving of the appellation, we should not at this moment have the pleasure of looking upon so large an audience of intelligent, sympathizing friends. It is indeed gratifying to see the faithful efforts of the child of but one year old to-day, meet with such flattering manifestations of appreciation as this hall now presents. But as the kind, noble and zealous projector of the plan upon which the Children's Progressive Lyceum is established, in this and other cities—Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis—is present, and has kindly consented to our part from a duty for which I feel myself so incompetent, I will not trespass upon your patience by attempting to do that which experience, ability, eloquence and love of the cause so eminently fit him. I shall therefore only occupy but a few moments in referring to some incidents of our past history as a Lyceum, and incidentally allude to some of the objects and aims of this movement. Our exercises this evening will be illustrative, and resemble, in some of its essential features, the ordinary working of the Lyceum at its regular meetings.

As we do not look for the vigor, grace and elasticity of youth and manhood in the child of but one year old, you will, we know, make due allowance for any discrepancies that may be discernible to the practiced eye and ear of this intelligent audience. In the plan and aims of our Lyceum, we recognize and believe in the great central truth, that God, the Infinite Architect of the Universe, has created all things in wisdom; that he has exercised infinite power and wisdom in the construction of the temple in which he has placed an immortal spirit.

If the great God has displayed such wisdom and love in the creation of our bodies, can the obligation be less binding upon us to use every means in our power to perfect, cultivate and improve our physical condition, than it is to cultivate the mental, moral and intellectual capacities of our being? With as much constancy and reason may we seek for fruit upon the withered fig tree, harmony from a flutted violin, as the true, holy, virtuous manifestations of a good life through the neglected, uncultivated bodies of humanity. And that which seeks to harmonize and cultivate in an equal degree the physical, moral and intellectual departments of our being, is in a degree sacred and holy; and in such exercises do we render true worship to the Father of our bodies and our spirits.

This day one year ago, this Lyceum commenced its existence, and has continued its efforts, with what measure of success, the exercises of this evening will in some degree indicate.

During that period, two of our members from the infant groups have been taken to the upper Lyceum in the summer-land; two beautiful buds have been plucked from the Fountain, and verdant banks of the River Groups; and in accordance with the inevitable working of the law of change, one beloved brother, leader of Evangel Group, has also dropped the garments of mortality and entered upon the higher life. But, has Evangel Group no leader? Our beautiful philosophical religion teaches us, and our experiences assure us that Evangel Group is instructed by an Angel Leader; and our Fountain and River Groups have no vacant seats.

But I have trespasses too much upon your kindness and forbearance already, and will now introduce you to our worthy brother and co-laborer, Andrew Jackson Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis both made short addresses which were interesting, appropriate and such as ever flow from the lips of those gifted speakers. The exercises then followed in the order designated in the programme, interspersed with some beautiful songs, by the musical directress and her two gifted daughters, of the New York Lyceum. The large audience was orderly and appreciative, numbering from twelve to fifteen hundred persons.

LETTER FROM DR. DRESSER.

Spirit Contributions to the Fine Arts.

Editor Banner of Light:

Sir—You gave place in your paper, sometime ago, to a letter from me making statements concerning my sister's picture. In that I promised a further account, when the artist should have furnished me all he had promised. In justice to him, and, perhaps, to the public, I should have sent you sooner this second letter on the subject.

Preliminarily, I ought to state here that in his letter of Aug. 31st, Mr. Starr wrote as follows: "I wish you to send me a card photograph of yourself—the reason will be apparent when you see the painting; or, if it is not, I will explain at another time." I sent him a vignette, with a caution, not knowing the object, not to mix up my shadow in the affair. At my former writing I had not received any explanation.

I proceed to make extracts from Mr. Starr's letter to me, dated Dec. 7th. He says, "Your letter of the 31st came to hand yesterday. You cannot imagine how happy it made me to know you were pleased with the manifestation of our spirit-friends through me. While I think of it, I must tell you one thing, which is: that if you are pleased to see a painting, what would you think if you were to see the reality? My friend, the painting is but a poor expression of the glory and transcendent beauty of the real—truly, the physical eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the imagination to conceive the glory of that beautiful land and its inhabitants. I earnestly hope and pray that my poor effort may so stimulate men and women to live in such a way that they may be fit subjects to enter therein.

With regard to what I promised you of the manifestation of the spirit of your sister, I cannot well explain to you certain points; it involves nearly the whole history of my development as a medium. With me the sense of feeling is sometimes more acute than seeing or hearing, and this sense I cannot, I fear, make you understand; and if I could, it would be no test to you—you have, therefore, in a certain sense, to depend on my statement. I have tried scores of times to analyze the influence that pervades myself, but I cannot and never could do it to my satisfaction.

I catch occasional glimpses of a beautiful spirit—they become more frequent and more intense; she holds something in her hand—what is it? I look more closely; it is a photograph—whose is it? She speaks: "It is my brother." "Who is your brother?" "Look at it." I do so—it is you. She speaks again, "Get one and keep it near you"—she is gone. Now comes the influence to paint; it is by a spirit-artist, or an artist's spirit—I feel that, I do not see it. I go to work and paint altogether by feeling. The beautiful being I had seen comes on the canvas; there are sometimes variations to this—sometimes I see the picture as it is to be—I see it on the untouched canvas.

Now I claim that the spirit that is to be painted, sits for the artist whose influence I am under, to have the picture painted. Such, I believe, is a concise statement of the manifestation.

Besides this, Mr. S. says that he has "an inspiration to paint a picture, maybe two," which he describes in the following language: "One of the paintings is nothing more nor less than a transcendently glorious landscape of the spirit-land—the other, a clairvoyant and philosophical view of the process of death and the emergence of the spirit-body from the physical. They will be somewhat large paintings—maybe about four by six feet square, and will cost about five hundred dollars apiece." He fears that his circumstances will not allow of his entering on their execution without assurance of aid from some societies or men of means. It is a pity that such subjects should not speedily appear on the canvas. He thinks "that either of them would pay for itself in one week's exhibition at twenty-five cents admission."

I am pleased to be informed by Mrs. Stants, that the verdict of the very many—artists and others—who have called to see my sister's picture, is, that it is a specimen of superior skill and artistic workmanship; that only one person was unwilling to allow it the merit claimed for it in my letter as a work of art. I listened to the criticisms of two artists—one an acquaintance and quite noted—both agreed that the work was of great merit—and then the idea that all this had origin in a darkened room!

When I wrote before, I had not received the testimony of my sister, as to the verisimilitude of the picture. On Dec. 7th, the same day, it will be observed, when the artist, in Cincinnati, wrote me, as given above, she also wrote me, saying: "My dear brother—I have placed myself before you through the medium of brush, colors and canvas, making use of such materials as conditions and circumstances, together with magnetic law, enable us to use. The picture is very like myself; indeed, there is nothing in the expression of the face that my friends here, or myself, would change. The more you look at this picture, the more you will see, particularly in the expression of the eyes and form, more and still more that remind of your departed sister. You must recollect, and I would have others, that there is very little in the caterpillar by which the butterfly is recognized. However plainly certain characteristics of the material prove the identity of form, it will only be when the spirit works out its functions and better understands them, that spirit will recognize spirit. Although expressed by material, it is none other, as the next communication from the artist will prove, than your happy sister, SALLIE ADAMS."

Many other spirits also concur in the foregoing, from some of whose communications I make extracts. Dec. 10th, my wife, in spirit-land, in a letter to me, says: "I am so glad that Sallie was able to give you the picture—it is so like her. How little the people of earth know of the spiritual; do not wonder at remarks of all and every kind; hold within your own spirit the truth evident that it is she, and let those who fall to see the beauty of her spiritual life, wait until such time as the door of their hearts is open to receive one of the witnesses of the spirit-life. Oh, how I long to show you the group as they gather to bless you."

On the same day, Dec. 10th, my sister again wrote me: "I readily join you with words of good cheer, to answer, kindly endorsing all that you have heard from your old friend, the artist. My dear brother, he or she who will not own this a step progressing beyond the dark outline of human authority, certainly has not broken the shell of the old. I am glad to be with you. It is enough to know that we are satisfied with this material expression of a spiritual form."

At a later day, another spirit, through another hand, wrote: "One thing we will say: it is a good picture." But enough.

I am fully convinced that Mr. Starr is the instrument of some spirit-painter or painters; that Mr. Anderson is controlled to draw portraits by some spirit-artist; that Miss Doten is the mouth-piece of the poets—Burns and Poe; that Mrs. Hatch is the medium also for Poe; also for other poets, many great orators, some of the ablest statesmen; that T. L. Harris quite long since uttered high poetry, the soul-flowings of scores of

the Old World's sons of song, gone to dwell in the land beyond "the visible diurnal sphere"; that Songst still fills the mouths of many a medium in our midst, and makes sweetest melody flow from their lips in many a parlor and saloon in our land, etc., etc.

"Who can doubt that the Angel Era on earth is at hand—has already arrived?" Yours, etc., HORACE DRESSER. Jan. 30th, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENG. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

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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.

Procuring Divorces.

The facility with which divorces are obtained is exciting more or less comment on all sides. The institution of Marriage is thus getting discussed and considered with more seriousness than ever before, and thus people are slowly but surely coming to understand the true relations which ought always to exist between man and wife.

Indiana used to be thought the State where divorces could be obtained with the greatest ease, but it looks now as if the Eastern States were putting in successful claims as rivals. One cannot read the doings of a Superior Court term in Connecticut, without finding a long string of divorces tied to the same, like the bob to a kite. It would appear to have become a sort of mania in that State to escape the bonds and duties of the marriage relation. Nor is it less noticeable in Massachusetts. In a late number of the Newburyport Herald, it is stated that in this little State of Massachusetts one per day would be a mere fraction of what annually occur (in the line of divorces). "There are probably more"—it adds—"in this little city (Newburyport) in one year, than there were in a generation in the whole State, prior to a century ago. There is a single law office here that does more than one a month; and it is not uncommon to have fifty or a hundred upon the docket of a county court, at one term. Guinto the Court, and one perceives that sundering the ties is not considered of any consequence. The whole process does not often consume more than half an hour, and perhaps not half of that. The cases are run off as an old Judge in a city Police Court will dispatch the cases of confirmed drunkards and night-walkers, where he will half hear the complaint and guess at the rest, glance from the officer to the offender, and decree—two months House of Correction—three months—six months—and so run through with a dozen, who are on their way to punishment before they can wake up to a defence."

The same paper winds up its melancholy statement with the reflection that "it may be the prevailing opinion that this is all right, and tells well on the community; but we cannot help believing that our entire action in the divorce business is demoralizing and degrading to the utmost extreme." Such being the true state of the case, we honestly think it is, ourselves; but the disgrace does not properly rest upon the mode of procuring divorces altogether; some of it certainly belongs to the loose and irresponsible system of contracting marriages, which are morally sure to result in speedy and mutual demands for separation. There is where the sin really lies, and to that great and significant fact public attention ought chiefly to be directed. And if the discussion of the mode of procuring divorces shall lead to the discovery of the cause which legitimately produces such an abhorrent state of things, then the evil will not have existed and manifested itself to no purpose.

It is certain that the evil of false marriages shows itself here, if it does not anywhere else; and it is at this point that it successfully arrests public attention. Men and women may go on in unhappy, irregular, and mutually sinful lives, and days and years of wretchedness may be suffered to accumulate as a melancholy testimonial against their indiscretion and ignorance in contracting marriage; but the community knows little about all this, and seems to care less, albeit there are human lives wasting away with this cankerous disease of incompatibility and positive aversion. When, however, this misery makes itself better known through public applications to the courts for legal permission to separate, it begins to impress itself upon the popular mind as a matter of importance, and is thought well worth the serious attention of the press and the pulpit. And yet the real evil is not reached in the discussion that follows. It is not argued and insisted that there is a cause, somewhere concealed, which naturally and inevitably leads to all this show of misery.

So shallow and hasty are the general views of men concerning matters which concern their highest welfare. To assail the courts for doing exactly what they have been given the power to do, because they do too much of it, or because it happens to shock the present sense of the community, is as idle as children's diversions. A physician might as reasonably prescribe for the eruption alone which indicates an unhealthy state of the blood, and thus think he had reached the seat of the evil, as the press or the pulpit may bestow all its care upon the evidence furnished in the courts, of a great social evil which the courts themselves can never reach nor remedy. If the hint be taken aright, it will at once be seen that the reason for these numerous applications for divorce is to be found in the original falsity of the marriage relation; and to seek to check the evil by damming its only outlet, and forbidding the granting of divorces at all, or only a limited number of them, would be aggravating the evil and compelling people to resort to other and illegal means to attain the very same end.

All this will compel more thoughtfulness about the conditions on which marriages are entered into. And this will inevitably lead to seriously thinking upon those other social arrangements which have very much to do with freeing woman from her present enforced incapacity to obtain her own subsistence. The very plain laws of the true marriage bond, first of all, to be better understood. They must be taught by parents to children, and taught as every thing else is. There need be no

particular fear lest some of the romance of marriage, especially that which notably belongs to the earlier period of life, shall be lost in consequence; on the other hand, it is incapable of a successful denial that it will only be heightened and deepened, and above all, be perpetuated through the entire life of the individual. This matter has got to be investigated and understood, sooner or later; and if we will not consent to take hold of it voluntarily, we shall be forced to do it by such considerations and necessities social arguments as the public records of the courts are all the while offering to our attention.

Duke Gwin.

The Emperor Napoleon has had ceded to him by Maximilian the five northern states of Mexico, the richest in mines of all the states of that unhappy republic, and has erected them into a Duchy, and placed over them ex-Senator Gwin, formerly of California, with the title of Duke. As he used to be called, when in the United States Senate, Dr. Gwin, he can now pass under the title of the Duke Doctor. It is his purpose to attract labor and capital to his standard, and develop the immense resources of that region as rapidly as possible. The entire country thus in the hands of Napoleon is as large as all New England, New York and Pennsylvania together, and large enough to set up for a first-class power anywhere in Europe. It has a port on the Pacific, and its internal resources are capable of sustaining a very large and prosperous population. The possession of this region is one of the methods which Napoleon intends to adopt to bar the progress of the United States to the Pacific.

In Canada.

The Governor General of Canada has made a very friendly speech about the United States, in his late address to his parliament, and urgently recommended a change of policy on the part of the people of Canada toward us. His recommendations have had their effect almost immediately. It has taken such friendly shape as to induce the President to withdraw the passport order of which so much complaint was made by the Canadians, thus removing a very formidable obstacle to free intercourse between that country and ours. It is claimed by many that the style of diplomacy inaugurated by us, as in the instance of giving notice of abrogating the Reciprocity Treaty and the Extradition Treaty, and in this other instance of requiring passports of all who come from Canada hither, has accomplished a great deal more than all the protests and arguments which we might have employed in years.

The Internal Revenues.

Political economists are getting not a little surprised to discover what untold resources lie concealed within the body of this nation. The returns of the Internal Revenue show something of them, and are therefore worthy of special attention. We have just begun, too, to find out that there is science in imposing taxes in such a way as to realize the most money from it. The returns for the past year show over one hundred millions of dollars, against some thirty-five millions the year before. This includes the income tax and all the other forms of tax. This tax brought, the last year, very nearly fifteen millions of dollars. European economists and statesmen will be greatly surprised when they come to see what a mine of wealth we are, and how willingly our people come up to help bear the burdens of the war. We should think they would begin to realize something of the manner of people we are.

Cotton.

It is said that at least five times the amount of cotton was found in and around Savannah than was reported, and the belief among intelligent men is becoming general that nearly the whole crop of the year preceding the outbreak of the rebellion may yet be found stored safely away within the limits of the Southern States. Considerable amounts were raised between the outbreak and the peremptory order from Richmond to stop the production altogether, which it is calculated will very nearly, if not quite, offset what has been burned by the rebel troops. It is to be remembered, too, that it is only in the vicinity of two or three cities and along the lower Mississippi that this work of destruction was attempted. Nowhere except where the soldiery of Jeff. Davis penetrated was the torch really applied. Then allowance must be made for what has gone out of the country, too; and, altogether, it is thought there may be to-day at the South not less than four millions of bales secreted and ready to be discovered as soon as it shall be safe to do so.

Savannah.

The ready kindness shown by our people to the destitute population of Savannah has done its work. They cannot withstand such an appeal as that. It must make their hearts ache, as they think of what our helpless and dying prisoners are suffering within the confines of their own State, while we of the North are of our abundance freely helping them. Our bread has indeed been "cast upon the waters," and it has come back to us already in the form of the expressed gratitude and kind feeling of the people whom we have asked to accept of our plenty. How much more powerful is love than hate! We do not know so much of its power because we are not willing to appeal to it and trust to it. If we were, we should be surprised continually at the immense power, working even in silence, which we have looked up in our breasts.

Southern Governors.

It is said that the Governors of Georgia and North Carolina are ready to proclaim themselves willing, on behalf of the people of their States, to propose peace, whether through their legislatures or through conventions. There is great weariness of the war in both of those States, and the people would be glad to know what can be done in reason to bring it to an end. Georgia has had a taste of war such as the politicians who took her out of the Union promised her people they should be kept free from; and it has done much to cure them of a temper which betrayed them into their present unhappiness. We should not be greatly surprised to find that peace movements had been undertaken by some of the Southern States separately.

Haverhill, Mass.

Our friends in this thriving place are not altogether unmindful of their spiritual welfare while endeavoring to obtain a sufficiency of this world's goods. They hold regular meetings twice every Sunday, which are well attended. On Sunday, the 29th of January, Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectured before their society, and was so well appreciated that they desired to hear her again, and immediately engaged her to address them the following Wednesday evening, which request she complied with, and then left for Portland, Me., where she spoke last Sunday, and is to speak there again on Sunday next.

Cora L. V. Hatch's Closing Lectures.

Sunday, January 29th, closed Mrs. Hatch's three month's course of lectures in this city. During her stay with us she has awakened an unusual interest in the subject and teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy. Crowded audiences have ever greeted her. Hundreds have listened to her addresses with enraptured attention, who "never before ventured to attend a spiritual meeting." Her ministrations here have done much good, not only in this respect, but in furnishing spiritual food for minds that have long been seeking for and accepting the true bread of life wherever it could be found. We trust it will not be long before the invisibles will again instruct our fellow citizens through this, their chosen instrument.

During the last week in January, Mrs. Hatch visited Cape Cod, at the earnest solicitation of citizens of Dennis, where she delivered three lectures. Great enthusiasm was manifested among the people, and they gathered in large numbers to hear what the spirits had to say to them. Her visit will not soon be forgotten by them, for she has sown seed which will bring forth fruit in due time.

Mrs. Hatch returned to this city in season to speak on Sunday, although in an exhausted condition, owing to the severe tax upon her physical system during the week. "The characteristics and Influence of Edward Everett" had been announced for the subject in the afternoon, and a packed audience was present to listen to what the controlling intelligence might have to say respecting the lamented scholar and statesman. The subject was treated in a manner eminently just and worthy of the great and good man.

The evening discourse was a reminder of our duties one to another, with the assurance that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are ever with us, and aiding in our labors with more earnestness than is often displayed by spirits in the form.

The beautiful poem given through Mrs. Hatch, entitled "The Lesson of the Winds," will be printed in the next Banner.

Let Us Explain.

In our first notice of Professor Brittan's book we intimated that the larger portion of it had been published in a series of articles, originally contributed to these columns; but we also stated that our notice was prepared without a consecutive reading of the book itself. It is possible that some of our readers may have been misled by the terms employed on that occasion, and that they may have omitted to procure the book under the impression that they have the substance of its contents already in the files of the Banner. If such an impression is entertained, it is not yet too late to correct the same in so far as it is erroneous.

It is true that the series of essays which were published in this paper embraced over twenty in number, (the book contains thirty-six chapters), but we find that only about one-half of the contents of the volume actually appeared in the Banner, and that portion appears to have been very carefully revised, rearranged and elaborated, so as to render it far more complete as a systematic exposition of the author's philosophy. Some idea of the thoroughness of this revision may be derived from the fact that the introductory chapter of the book is about double the length of the one that appeared in the Banner, and—if we except two or three paragraphs—its contents are entirely new. It is also to be noted that several of the chapters in the concluding portion of the book—which are certainly among the most masterly as well as philosophical and logical expositions—were fresh from the author's brain when the book was given to the public.

The whole work presents a rational and comprehensive view of human nature, and the spirit's relations to the body, to the natural world, and to the realm of universal intelligence. The themes are profound, and, in their nature, somewhat obscure; but the author's style is so clear and withal so popular, that the book will be generally read. Philosophical Spiritualists and rational metaphysicians will be sure to give this work a place in their libraries; and whoever desires to comprehend the higher developments of Anthropology, will peruse its pages with peculiar interest and permanent advantage.

Persecution.

The "Progressive Age" of Jan. 28th, printed at Kalamazoo, Mich., contains an account of another case of "persecution" in the West, by a few narrow minded "regulators." It is briefly thus: Mr. W. F. Jamieson, the well known lecturer on Spiritualism, in connection with Mr. John McQueen, a medium for physical manifestations, have been recently holding seances in Kalamazoo. Although the usual manifestations were given, still a complaint was made against the parties, and Mr. McQueen was lodged in jail, after first being threatened with tar and feathers. We quote the closing part of the Age's account:

"The witnesses could prove that bells were rung out of reach of the medium, that conclusions were as frequent and loud where there were no tin pans as where there were; that the marks on the ceiling ten feet from the table would prove all that was claimed by the defendant; but such testimony was irrelevant. The holding of a handsome lady's hand was not irrelevant."

M. J. Smiley, Esq., the counsel for the defendant, is wholly unacquainted with the philosophy of Spiritualism, and had no time to inform himself of the facts regarding his client. He only knew that a peaceable stranger had been thrust under mob rule, into jail. He knew that justice was degraded, and that cowardly demagogues bore rule. He nevertheless made a splendid plea—a plea that made even those keepers of the peace a little war-like.

Mr. Justice Wood, who no doubt could have decided the case without a hearing, decided that John McQueen was a disturber of the peace and a mountebank, and required bail of \$100 to keep the peace one year. Then, as if moved upon by some mysterious power, he said solemnly, "This Spiritualism is breaking up families and filling the lunatic asylums."

Mr. McQueen left the justice's office bearing with him the good will and blessing of seven-eighths of the listeners.

The end is not yet."

Spain and San Domingo.

Spain has at last been compelled to back out of her attempt to subdue San Domingo, for which we are sincerely glad. She is not able to pay the addler for her dancing; that is her whole trouble. It is therefore an open confession of her weakness in resources. She has not a dollar in her strong chest to go to war upon. Her vaulting ambition on this continent and in its immediate vicinity has decidedly "overleaped itself." Peru may very naturally take courage over this exhibition of the weakness of Spain, and stand more stoutly for her rights than ever. It will not be long, we think, before it will be thoroughly understood in Europe that the affairs of America are to be administered by Americans, and not by foreigners sent over for that purpose.

Emma Hardinge.

Lectures in Philadelphia during the month and March, instead of March and April, as previously announced.

The Dawn of the New Era.

The bells of the churches of Boston and other cities and towns in this State rang out their merry peals on Thursday, Feb. 23, to usher in the dawn of the new Era of Freedom that shall forever bless our native land.

The following message explains itself:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1865. His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, Boston.

The President of the United States has just signed the resolution of Congress, submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States.

JOHN G. NICOLAY, Private Secretary.

A national salute of one hundred guns was fired on the Common in honor of the event, the chiming of Arlington street performing the patriotic melodies of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "America." The national colors were displayed from the public buildings and from many places of business and private residences.

The New York Independent says:—

"In the midst of preparation for the press, the exhilarating news comes to us, that on Tuesday, the 31st day of January, the House of Representatives passed the Constitutional Amendment FOREVER PROHIBITING SLAVERY, the vote being 119 to 66—more than the requisite two-thirds. We thank God fervently that we have lived to witness this good deed, which, when confirmed by the people, will rank as the grandest event of the century. Let the other steps toward Justice follow this in quick succession, so that when our national holiday next returns, the Declaration of Independence may be read without blush, and even the old bell in Independence Hall clang from its pedestal in spite of its crack!"

The New York Herald congratulates the American people, North and South, on the grand success of this great measure. "Congress," it says, "responds to the will of the people. Let the States now ratify their work." And they will! The dense cloud that has overshadowed the nation for so long a period, is rapidly breaking away. Its silver lining is already apparent; and anon the glorious Sun of Freedom will appear to warm the hearts of all true men and women everywhere.

Miss Jennie Lord's Seances.

Miss Lord is holding seances for physical manifestations in Stockport, N. Y., at the residence of one of the Smith Brothers, with great success. The skeptical editor of the Hudson Star has attended one of them, and after enumerating the various things which were done, he says:

"The spirits were with us about an hour, during which time, aside from playing upon the instruments, they cut up various antics, removing the table upon which the instruments were placed, and making various other startling noises. That all this was done, we can vouch for, and now the question arises, who did it? That the medium herself did it, we do not believe, for we sat so near her that if she had left her seat we should have known it. That either of the Smith Brothers, who were located in another part of the room, could have done it, even if they were so disposed, we do not believe. They are too well and favorably known, not only at home but abroad, for honesty and integrity, to be even suspected. They are honest in their belief, and have no motive whatever to deceive or cheat in this matter. They foot all the bills, and invite you to see these manifestations without money or without price. We could not see the spirits, and don't believe they were there; but the question still arises, how were these manifestations produced? We can't tell how it was done, dear reader. You go, and see if you can tell where the cheat comes in. Everything seemed fair, so far as the medium of the Smith Brothers were concerned."

Another writer in the same paper says:

"Myself and a number of citizens made a visit to Stockport on Saturday evening last, at the house of Smith Brothers, where we witnessed the most wonderful spiritual phenomena that could possibly be imagined. The spirit of the noted Indian Chief Black Hawk was present, and did many things which were wholly unaccountable, and made a deep impression on all present. We are not prepared as yet to say that we are converted, but that we were greatly astonished cannot be denied, and I shall avail myself of further opportunities to witness the workings of the spirit through that noted medium, Miss Lord."

Edward Everett.

We understand from an authentic source, that this noble man, since his departure from his earthly tabernacle, has manifested to a reliable gentleman of this city, through a private medium. He said that he saw and had a long conversation with his old friend, Daniel Webster, soon after entering the spirit-world, and learned from him the fact that the spirits of the departed could return, under the requisite conditions, and communicate with the people of earth. He then said—"Oh, that I could have been convinced of this great truth ere I left the form! Were I an inhabitant again of my tenement of clay, I would proclaim to the multitude from Faneuil Hall the mighty truths now, for the first time, breaking upon my vision!"

The gentleman then asked him if he knew there was a public avenue open for him to speak to the people of earth, at the same time requesting him to communicate through the medium who sits for public manifestations at the Banner of Light office.

"Yes," he replied, "I am aware of the fact, and will avail myself of the earliest opportunity to communicate to my friends from that locality—at least, as soon as I fully qualify myself in regard to the law of control."

Annie Lord Chamberlain's Circles.

These circles for physical manifestations continue to attract public attention—as well they may. A lady of this city, an excellent seance medium, attended the seance held on Thursday evening of last week, and saw clearly the medium operandi of the spirit hand which control Mrs. Chamberlain. She could distinctly see a spirit pick the drumstick from the floor, go to the bass drum, which is fastened to the ceiling some distance above the heads of the audience, and beat it, keeping time with the other music. She announced several times in advance what the spirits intended to do next, the result in every instance proving the correctness of her statement.

A few evenings since Capt. Thomas Hunt and Judge Wroles, of Salem, were present at one of Mrs. C.'s circles, and expressed themselves well satisfied that there was no collusion whatever, but, on the contrary, were perfectly satisfied of the entire genuineness of these wonderful demonstrations of spirit power. Dr. A. B. Child, of this city, is also fully satisfied that the medium is simply a passive agent in the hands of the spirits, and that the latter perform on the instruments, etc., as heretofore described in the Banner, by human hand touching them.

Miss Elsie Doten's Lectures.

Miss Doten commenced a course of lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday last. We hardly need lay the attention of our citizens to these discourses, as the well known ability of the lecturer and the nature of the subjects are sufficient to do this.

The Day of the Dawn.

Are fast living down all opposition in England.

BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING

his Apostles, and their companions, and not included in New Testament by its compilers. Price \$1.00; postage 5 cents. For sale at this office. Oct.

I'm going now. Good-bye.

[illegible]

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It should be)

Be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be-
comes Secretaries and Lecturers to promptly notify us of ap-
pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.
Should persons be unable to attend, please let the list of a party
known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as
this column is intended for Lecturers only.

MISS LIZZIE DODD will speak in Boston during February.
Address, 67 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS EMMA HANCOCK will lecture in Portland, Maine, and lec-
ture in Philadelphia during February and March.

MRS. LADY RUSSELL will lecture in New York, New York.
Chesterfield, N. H., Feb. 19; in Portland, Feb. 19 in Wor-
chester, March 19 and 20; in Worcester during April in New
Haven, Conn., during April in New York, N. Y., during April.

MR. FRANK WITZ will speak in Romeville, Va., during
February; in Springfield during March; in Haverhill during
March; in Lowell during March; in Lowell, N. H., during March.
He will answer calls to lecture week evenings, July 2, 3 and 16.

DR. L. K. COOMBS will lecture and heal, the two next
evenings and on the following day, March 1st and 2nd, at
Wilmington and Morris, Ill. Address, 100 West Second
St., Dixon, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the same.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak in Battle Creek, Mich.,
one-half of the last six months.

MRS MARTHA L. BACKWITZ, trance speaker, will lecture
in Stamford, Conn., during February; in Worcester during
March; in Lowell during April; in Plymouth, Mass. during
April; in Portland, Me., May 20 and 21, and during September.

MRS. S. E. WARREN will speak in Willimantic, Conn., during
February; after which time she will return West. Those de-
siring to hear her, please apply to her as above.

J. H. RANDALL and HENRY D. ALLEN will remain in Boston
for the present. Address, Banner of Light office.

MRS. ALBENBROOK will speak in Geneva, O., Feb. 12; in
Medford, N. J., Feb. 13; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 19 and
20. Friends in Central and Southern New York, who
desire to hear her, address her at Johnson Creek, Niagara Co., N. Y.,
during February.

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL will speak in Dayton, O., on
Sunday evening next. Address, care of Mrs. A. Patterson,
Dayton, O.

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will lecture in Lowell, Mass., in
June. Address, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Amherst, Mass.

MRS. ALBENBROOK will speak in Chelsea during Febru-
ary; in Haverhill during March; in Lowell during April and
May; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30; in Lowell during April.

MRS. M. S. TORRENS will speak in Chicago during February;
in New York, N. Y., during March; in Troy, N. Y., during April
and May. Address as above.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Bridgeport, Vt., on the
first of June, and in New York on the fourth Sunday of ev-
ery month during the coming year.

J. M. PRESBLES will speak in Dodsworth Hall, New York,
during February. Address, 774 Canal street, New York.

MRS. ALBENBROOK will speak in Baltimore, Md., from
Feb. 1 to Feb. 15, and at Philadelphia from Feb. 15 to Feb. 20.

and will direct as above.

J. M. and G. F. ALLER will speak in Malden, Feb. 19 and 20.

W. J. B. BROWN will speak in Boston, Feb. 19 and 20.

J. G. FISH will speak in Worcester, Mass., during February in Providence, R. I., during March. Address, Ganges, Allerton Co., Mich., or according to appointments.

W. J. B. BROWN will speak in Foxboro', Feb. 19 and 20; in Malden, Feb. 19 and 20; in Chelsea, Mass. Feb. 19 and 20. Address, Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. ANNA HORTON will speak in Providence during February: in Taunton, Feb. 19; in Wrentham, Feb. 20; in April 2, 4, 8 and 23. Would be happy to make engagements.

Mrs. S. B. BROWN will speak in Providence, R. I., during February. Address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON has removed her residence to Boston, Mass. She will answer calls to speak Sundays and attend funerals. Address, Rutland, Vt.

Mrs. ROSA L. V. YOUNG, Address, New York.

J. W. SWAN, inspirational speaker, New York, N. Y., will answer calls to speak or attend funerals at accessible places.

Mrs. C. M. STOWE will answer calls to speak in the Pacific States, and attend funerals at accessible places.

W. J. B. BROWN will speak in Los Angeles, Cal.

G. W. HICK, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to speak. Address, Brookhead, Green County, Wis.

Mrs. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON, South Haverick, Vt.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 57 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

D. H. HAMILTON will visit the West this winter. Will lecture on the route. Subject, Reconstruction, or the Millenium.

W. J. B. BROWN will speak in Los Angeles, Cal.

SAKUL UNDERHILL, M. D., is again in the field, and ready to receive calls for lectures. Address care of A. J. Davis, 27 Canal street, New York.

Mrs. MARGARET T. COLE, trance speaking medium, No. 11 Avon place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Mich.

DR. FRANK REID, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A. P. ROWMAN, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

DR. TODD, Decatur, Ill.

Mrs. BELLE SCOTCAMP, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. IDA L. BALLOU, Fond Du Lac, Wis.

W. F. JAMIESON, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Mich.

Mrs. H. T. STARKES will answer calls to lecture. Address, South Haverick, Vt.

WILLIAM H. SALSBURY, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 7, Bank Row, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill.

Mrs. E. K. LADD, No. 2 Kneeland street, will answer calls to lecture.

J. H. CURTIS speaks upon questions of government. Address, 100 Cornhill.

Mrs. LOVIE HEATH, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, trance speaker, post office box 1019, Cleveland, O.; residence, 38 Bank street.

C. AUGUSTA FERGUS, trance speaker, box 4285, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. MUDGETT will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. Address, Arthurburgh, N. Y., care of H. W. Odell.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN, inspirational speaker. Address, 85 West 23rd street, New York.

Mrs. FRANCES BORD BOW, care of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Ashanti, Mass.

Mrs. H. F. M. BOWMEY will be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich.

P. L. H. and LOYNE M. WILLIS, 192 West 21st street, New York.

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MR. HENRY WATKINS will answer calls to lecture and attend
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Mrs. MARY J. WILCOXON, Hammonaton, Atlantic Co., N.J.
DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls as
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REV. ANDREW BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass.
J. S. LOVELAND, Willimantic, Conn.
H. D. STORER, Foxboro, Mass., of 4 Warren st., Boston.
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