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Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

CHAPTER XVII. Aunt Nanny.

It must not be supposed that the events which we have been chronicling, though prominent in the history of our young friend, were all that occupied her attention. In attempting to describe any series of events, we are like a person who looks at a landscape with a dim and imperfect vision, from a great distance. Certain prominent points are seen, and as we scrutinize them closely, they become clearly defined, so that we recognize them. So having described the prominent events in the life of our friend, we now propose to go back and survey the landscape again.

We left Mrs. Mulligan living alone in the cottage which Edgar had provided, and in which he had made arrangements for her to remain during his absence. There was an old lady about the age of Mrs. M., her father's sister, who had been for many years in a very helpless condition, almost amounting to dementia. She had been placed in various public institutions, but her case, which was a very peculiar one, was entirely beyond the reach of medical science. The cause of her trouble was rather singular. She was bright when a child, but rather nervous. When about fourteen years of age, there was an old man living at her father's, who was an alchemist and a member of the Order of Rosicrucians, who was almost constantly engaged in trying experiments in chemistry, and Nanny, or Nancy, was very curious to witness them, or see what he was doing. On one occasion, he was experimenting with some gases, which filled his room. Nanny, being more susceptible than the old man, began to be very strangely affected. She had hysterical paroxysms of laughter, followed by crying. This did not alarm the old man, and he proceeded with his experiments. In a short time she began speaking to him in an unknown tongue. Still he was not disturbed, and being much accustomed to experimenting with these gases, he felt very little inconvenience from their effects. Life in such persons may be compared to a railroad car which moves at a slow speed—if it comes in contact with any obstacle, it does not meet with so severe a shock as if it were moving at a more rapid rate.

The girl ran around the room muttering her strange cabalistic words, which rather pleased the old man. Suddenly she fell prostrate upon the floor. This alarmed him, and he quickly took her up and laid her upon some old chairs, and then opened a window near her. Not wishing to awaken any needless fears in the family, he did not remove her to another apartment, as he should have done. She laid in an unconscious state for some time before he thought best to call her mother. A physician was immediately sent for, and various restorative means were used, but with very little effect. Slowly her consciousness returned. At length she opened her eyes, and muttered a few unintelligible sounds, apparently a mixture of some ancient languages. From that time to this—now more than forty years—she has never spoken a word. Gradually she recovered her strength, and in a mechanical way seemed to fall into some of the habits of her former life. It was very sad to witness the wreck of so beautiful a child, and no one felt it more deeply than the old man. He regretted that all the power which he had acquired through years of almost incessant study—laboring with no higher object than the transmutation of metals and the accumulation of wealth—was of no avail to relieve her. He had inherited a small property, which he devoted to her to Nanny's benefit. He resolved thenceforth to direct his energies to the relief of suffering humanity, and the acquisition of that knowledge which would give him power in this particular field of labor. In this way he became an eminent philanthropist, and lived to be highly respected, and died lamented by a very large class of the community.

We have been thus particular in the history of old Nanny, in order that our readers may have an insight into Katie's labors in her behalf.

Soon after Mrs. Mulligan had become domiciled in her new home, it was thought best that she should take Aunt Nanny, and receive the small annuity which was paid toward her expenses.

The old lady had many very peculiar habits. She was as regular in all her ways and movements as the pendulum of a clock. As an illustration of her habits, let us describe her mode of eating, for this is a very excellent criterion by which to judge human character.

In this connection we will relate an anecdote of Coleridge. He was riding in a stage-coach, in which was a very fine looking person. Coleridge admired him very much, and was desirous to learn something about him; but the stranger was taciturn, and gave no opportunity. Coleridge's admiration, as well as his curiosity, rose to a high pitch. When they stopped to dine, he sat opposite the stranger, whom he watched closely, but was unable to get any clue to his character until a servant brought in a dish of apple dumplings. This was too much for the man, who, clapping his hands, shouted, "That's the jockys for me!"

The old lady was not particular in regard to the quality or quantity of her food, as she had an excellent appetite, and was accustomed to very plain food. When she sat down at the table, she would look at the different dishes, and thus indicate the articles she desired. She always preferred helping herself, and would take several slices of bread, and various other articles on her plate at a time; and her "grace" consisted in looking at and digesting them mentally before she commenced eating. She never left anything on her plate, and nothing could induce her to take any more after her first selection.

Another very remarkable habit was in regard to sleep. At nine o'clock every evening she fell asleep; it mattered not where she was, or what was going on around her; and at four o'clock in the morning she always awoke.

Her health was uniformly good. She had very strong feelings of attachment, and equally strong dislikes; these extended to localities, plants, animals and human beings, and on these points she manifested more sensitiveness than was common with more intelligent persons. She could recognize the presence of plants or animals at a great distance, even when they could not possibly be perceived by any of the ordinary senses. These feelings, which were very prompt and spontaneous, never deceived her, and it was impossible to change them. When an individual first approached her, if she felt a repulsion to him, all efforts to overcome it proved in vain. So, also, when she became attached to any one, it was permanent, though her attachments differed in degree. She had always been pleased to be with Mrs. Mulligan, and when Katie met her, there was a mutual attraction between them. The result of this, as we shall see, produced an entire change in the life of old Nanny, and gave us a clue to many singular and mysterious facts in connection with her case, and others of a similar character. The student of mental phenomena, especially idiosyncrasy, will find some suggestions that may lead to valuable results in the management of these cases.

At Katie's first interview she had a vision, in which the real condition of Nanny was presented to her.

We have before remarked that at times Katie could see the spirit of a person while absent from its body, and that she experienced similar conditions herself, sometimes.

She saw Nanny's spirit—clear and beautiful—just as she was before she entered the chemist's laboratory. And had she seen her away from her body, she would have spoken of her as a girl of fourteen, innocent and beautiful, yet lacking the experiences which belong to a woman of fifty-four years. The spirit seemed to be almost entirely separated from her body, and yet it was so connected that it could not escape from it. On examining the bodily organs and functions, she found that while they were apparently healthy, those functions which, in ordinary conditions of humanity, are called involuntary, had extended their influence so as to keep the machine in running order. The connection between the spiritual and physical bodies, which enables the former to control and direct the latter, was almost totally suspended, and though there was a great effort made at times, by the spirit, to assume its seat and direct the forces in particular channels, it could not do much in this way.

When Katie thus perceived the desire of Nanny's spirit, she could, by certain signs and symbols, communicate to it; and this was gratifying to the spirit. Katie was really the first person who had recognized, or been recognized by Aunt Nanny's spirit, and this established a very strong bond of union between them.

In no one of Katie's psychological experiences was there more positive evidence that she could see the spirit. She could perceive that of Aunt Nanny trying to do something—making repeated and long-continued efforts, before there was the least sign of response on the part of the physical. Katie would tell her friends what she saw, and sometimes hours afterwards the old lady would give evidence that the spirit had partially succeeded in its efforts.

Father Dunlevy, from whom we received this account, told us that he and others had tried numerous experiments, and the result was proof beyond all doubt that Katie did see the movements of the spiritual body, and that in the case of this poor, almost idiotic child, there were evidences, clear and conclusive, in confirmation of the truth of the declaration of the Apostle, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

But it was not merely a matter of curiosity and interest that this intercourse became important. When Katie saw the spirit seeking some object, she was enabled to aid the imperfect physical body, and direct it in a channel which would strengthen the connection between it and the spiritual, just as the tender and affectionate mother feeds the wants of her child, long before its undeveloped condition will enable it to express them, and is thereby enabled to minister to its wants, and aid in unfolding its powers.

Katie was further enabled by her observations to discover the reason why persons of this character, who, to use a common phrase, are only incumbrances to society, and who have very limited means of enjoyment within themselves, should continue to live for a long time, while those who are the most useful are often cut down as a flower in the bud, and removed from our sight in the midst of their usefulness, when their labors do not seem to be finished.

So with the first class of persons, as in old Nanny's case, the thread of life which holds the spiritual and the physical together is so attenuated, and loose that it may be drawn out to a great extent, without being snapped; while, with the bright, and especially precocious children of humanity, this cord is drawn out to the last degree of tension; and though the music of life vibrates in sweetest and most melodious tones from instruments so finely attuned and tightly drawn,

still the cord is far more liable to be snapped and severed.

It is sad to think that such beautiful harps must be so often broken; yet when we know and feel that they are to be attuned to finer music in spheres celestial, it brings a consolation to us which may be feeble when compared to the rude shock of separation; for we all feel the truth of the poet's exclamation:

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard to part,
For love is the life of the human heart."

But as the softening influence of time comes over us, the shock is less severely felt, and the consciousness that we shall meet these loved ones—made still more beautiful—in the hereafter, grows stronger as we near the shores of the better land.

Old Nanny not only loved Katie, but was enabled to follow her, and often made signs to Mrs. Mulligan as to where Katie was, and what she was doing when absent. Every one remarked that the old lady became much happier from her intercourse with this pure child; and Katie, in turn, found a source of the purest pleasure in casting even feeble rays of light upon this dark and benighted being.

There is no higher or purer virtue than gratitude; and this is within the reach of even the poorest and weakest child of humanity; while the opposite feeling, ingratitude, is the basest and meanest of the vices.

Katie's life was so full of good deeds and loving actions, that she was almost always happy and able to bring light and cheerfulness to all around her, and every one noticed that the calamities of human life seemed to have but little influence upon her, for her spirit was lifted entirely above them, and the sunshine of her life was seldom clouded even by the severest trials which fell across her pathway.

If it has seemed to our readers that we have presented an overdrawn picture of happiness, it must be remembered that the subject of our story lived in an atmosphere of bright sunlight that dispelled the many clouds which envelope others of the human family.

Nanny, like many of her class, was very industrious, and by constant application, accomplished much more than any one would suppose. She was especially fond of certain kinds of needlework, in which she became quite skillful. Katie took advantage of this, and procured articles from her wealthy friends for her to exercise her skill upon, and by this means she obtained for the old woman considerable compensation; and it was through these efforts that Katie enabled the old lady to get an idea of equivalent, value, or compensation—which is the basis of all our ideas of justice. It was a source of great comfort to Nanny's friends to witness her first efforts at recognizing this law, and the scrupulous care with which she observed it.

Katie introduced many of her friends to Aunt Nanny, who were glad to do something for her, and every one perceived that her condition in life became much more tolerable from her association with our young friend.

There were other labors which occupied some of Katie's time and attention, which it may be interesting to notice, as illustrating her character. It is the duty of the priest to visit the poorhouse and workhouse, at least once a month, and Katie had asked permission of Father Dunlevy to accompany him on these visits. She soon became interested in them, and her first effort was to awaken an interest in some of her friends to aid her in ministering to the wants of these suffering ones.

Those who are not familiar with the inmates of such institutions, are not at all aware of their character, and generally suppose them to be entirely composed of the lowest and most degraded classes of humanity, in whom there is little or no interest felt for their redemption, and it is difficult to awaken in others noble feelings of sympathy in their behalf.

Katie, who was a skillful chemist, discovered that each one of these lowly and degraded ones, in their walks through life, had gathered some grains of gold, pure and beautiful, and of great value, though very often they knew it not; and it remained for her, in many instances, by her purity and wisdom, to reveal the treasures which these poor ones were carrying in their soiled and worn baskets. Outcasts of humanity as they were, their hearts were made glad when she exhibited to them these grains, and told them of their true value. And gratitude, which is the language of the soul, flowed forth as warm and glowing from the hearts of these poor and lowly ones, as ever from any other.

Among those whom Katie found in the poorhouse, was Mary Converse, a beautiful and delicate girl of nineteen; the last child and surviving member of her family. Oh, how sad to be left alone to die amid strangers, in this cold world! Her family had all died of that fell disease, consumption, which, with an unrelenting hand, had early marked her as its victim.

Katie found her lying upon a low pallet. Her long, white fingers, with their clear, curved nails, attracted her attention. Her beautiful dark eyes, with their long lashes and brows, contrasted with the marble whiteness of her pale and shining forehead, and face, too, save where the hectic flush gave a rosiness to the sunken cheeks.

As Katie approached her bedside, with a benignant smile, and asked her how she felt, she answered, in a low, hollow voice, "I am better this morning—I shall soon be up again." Ah! thought Katie, how flattering is this disease; you will soon be better, but never in this frail casket, and upon this side of the narrow stream of death. Then addressing her, she said, "Yes, darling, I hope you will have no more pain." Katie sat down beside her, and wiped the cold, damp sweat from her brow, and with kindly words, sought to draw her mind away from her sad surroundings, and the weariness of her lonely condition. She endeavored to go back with her to the sweet mem-

ories of her early childhood, when she played around her father's knee, and received the joyous smile of a mother.

She learned from Mary that she was the last of a family of seven brothers and sisters, who, with their father and mother, had all died. She did not know how it was, but "they all took cold, and seemed to waste away and die." She had lived with one poor neighbor, and then another, just as long as they could keep her; and now they could do no more for her, and she had come to the poorhouse to die alone.

Katie felt her warm heart go forth in sympathy toward this poor child, who was just one year younger than herself, and she loved her as a sister; and the poor girl felt how good it was to have this warm sympathy, and she blessed God for sending Katie to her; and Katie felt that God had blessed her for coming.

Mankind do not know—we do not any of us realize—that a rich mine of affection and love lies buried within our own souls, covered over, more or less deeply, with a hard crust of selfishness, avarice, and the false conditions of society, which we might very easily bring forth to the surface and realize its wealth, if we would allow the penetrating and exploring force of true benevolence and charity to act, in awakening that true gratitude which would spring out spontaneously from many a lone and lowly heart. We are asking for heaven, and, at the same time, putting the bars and bolts upon every door and window which opens to it. Mankind are weak, and foolish, and erring; but God is great and good, and is forever prompting us to dig out the true gold that lies buried beneath the surface, and thus to open the doors of our hearts to receive the blessings which he would shower down upon us.

Katie visited this child frequently, and interested her friends in her case, and they were a host, for everybody loved her, and loved to do for her, and thus she was able to provide many comforts so necessary to one passing, as she was, through the trial-hours of life.

Mary desired Katie to be with her as much as possible, saying, "If I must die, it will make me so happy to have you with me when I pass away. I never feel afraid when you are here, you hold me up so strong. Won't you come?"

"Yes," replied Katie, "I will be with you; but there is one, who is stronger than I, who will sustain you. Have faith in Him!"

She was enabled, by the aid of her friends, to have Mary removed to a separate apartment, so that she might not be disturbed by the unavoidable conditions of a crowded apartment.

As she neared the better land, Katie visited her more frequently; and a few weeks after the festive occasion which we have described, she was called to witness the birth of a spirit into a higher life. She had become somewhat familiar with this change, and had learned many things in relation to it. One morning she had an impression that the time had come for Mary's departure; so, calling on Father Dunlevy, he accompanied her to the sick girl's apartment. From the notes which he took on that occasion, we give the following items:

Katie remarked that she had often seen persons around the beds of the dying, but never before had they seemed so real to her. She saw a young girl, whom she perceived was the spirit of one of Mary's sisters, standing directly over her head; and, as the process of separation went on, there stood immediately in front of this sister a very dim and shadowy outline, resembling a human form; but it was a considerable time before she could recognize that it was the departing spirit of her friend. At length it became more clearly defined, and she knew it; and when, to outward appearances, her body was laboring for breath, and struggling, as if in great agony, her now-born spirit stood calmly and serenely above its frail and worn-out tenement, entirely unconscious of the change which was taking place, or of any suffering.

Katie watched this thin, hazy form, as it stood there, supported by one more clearly defined, until it began to manifest signs of life. It seemed very feeble indeed; more so than any that she had ever before seen, and yet it grew more and more into the likeness of her friend. As she gazed on the prostrate and lifeless form, and then on the spirit, she saw that the grim and ghastly appearance of the former gave place to a more natural and life-like expression, as the latter grew stronger, and acquired power to move. And when, a few hours after, she saw the corpse with an apparent look of serenity and repose upon it, which removed much of the distressing appearance that had marked it during the last hours of life, she could perceive that it had an expression which was dimly reflected from the spirit—and this is the first recognition, generally, of the change which has taken place.

Katie's friends and Father Dunlevy made arrangements to give the poor girl a respectable funeral—a ceremony which is considered of the highest importance, even among those who live in what is known as the better class of society, and especially so among these poor, desolate ones.

We have no doubt that many of our readers feel that we have been giving a very exaggerated account of our young friend. Perhaps if we had questioned her closely, there would have been a very different version given to many of her acts. We are certain that the real motives which prompt mankind are very seldom understood; and that while for many of our acts we are blamed unjustly, in a large number of instances credit is given where it does not belong, and for that which is not intended.

Each individual has an ideal, toward which they are aiming; and while some may succeed in approaching their ideals better than others; no one is fully satisfied.

That Katie's ideal was a very high one, every one would suppose; but that she attained any nearer to it than others have, we do not believe, and hence there were failures and trials which

her sensitive nature felt as deeply and keenly as any one.

We shall now present our readers with Katie's reply to Dr. Kenrick's letter, which, we think, will fully sustain her character for purity and wisdom, which are so beautifully exemplified in her life and all that springs from it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Further Correspondence—Katie's Reply to Dr. Kenrick.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter was received a fortnight since, and the profound question you proposed for me to answer, though not a novel one, I have pondered over and over, and never have I been more deeply impressed with my inability to fathom the depths of the great problem you have presented. I know something of its vast import to myself, to you, and to humanity, and have therefore sought for light—for inspiration, may I not say—that I might be able to see this truth clearly, and present it as a divine revelation, that shall shed its mild and radiant light over many souls and fill them with joy.

But before I enter upon this, let me say that I see you in a vision of light before me now, and the emblem of your life is a tall, graceful and symmetrical tree, beneath whose protecting shade you are standing. I can see that some of the small branches have been nipped by the frosts of winter, or scorched and withered by the summer's heat, and these you are seeking to prune out. I see that other branches, green and vigorous, have shot out beyond their proper places, and are beginning to mar the beauty and symmetry of the noble tree of your life. These are drawing away some of that strength which should go to support other parts, and thus maintain the harmony of the whole. You are seeking to curb the growth of these, and trim them to their proper position and size. Though I see these things clearly, you alone can feel them, and I need only speak an encouraging word for you to be earnest and faithful in your labors, knowing that "a word to the wise is sufficient."

I have been much interested recently in a remarkable woman who has come into our part of the country. She is a preacher among the Quakers; and though the people call her a heretic, and Father Dunlevy said he did not wish to meet her, when I asked him to go with me, yet he had no objection to my going. The good man thinks I am safe, even among heretics. Well, I visited this lady, and found her very peculiar in her dress and manners, but a sweet, pure-minded and good woman, and I was very much drawn to her. We spent several hours together, and she told me, among other things, about certain queries which they had adopted in their society, and which were read and answered several times in the year; one of which seemed to me particularly appropriate to my own condition, and perhaps you may find it interesting. It reads thus:

"Do you take due care regularly to deal with all offenders, in the spirit of meekness, without partiality or unnecessary delay, in order to benefit them?—and where such labor is ineffectual, to place judgment upon them in the authority of Truth?"

This is intended, as you will readily perceive, as a guide to the members in their treatment of each other; but it struck me at the time I heard it, and every time I have looked at it since, as applicable to individuals in the culture and training of their own natures.

But I have not lost the vision. These panoramas present to us the past, the present, and some of the shadowy tints of the future. So I see down the vista of coming years, your beautiful green tree, harmonious and graceful in its form, symmetrical in all its parts and proportions, giving a shade of protection, not only to yourself, but to many others. As the lingering shadows of this vision pass before me, I see my own little tree modified in form by time.

But to the question, "How does one soul influence and control another?" let me ask a question which may aid in the solution of yours: What constitutes the entire man? Man, physically, is represented to us as a microcosm; a little world; an epitome of the great world in which we live. His body is said to contain more of the primates, or elements, than any other living structure, with a capacity for the reception of a portion of all the primates and elements of the entire globe. And the nearer any human being approximates toward the reception of all these primates, the more perfect and effectual will be the body for all the purposes of life. The number of elements is one essential condition; another is their harmonious arrangement in the system.

The mental organism of man is a divine creation, and manifests itself in and experiences a growth by its connection with the physical; and it will be more or less perfect in its development and manifestation, according to the condition of the physical body.

There is a third and higher nature in man—the soul—the spark of the Divine Being which is more refined and important than any of the others, but which finds its place of action and unfolding in connection with the physical, through the mind. This is incorruptible, but may be restrained in its growth by the false conditions of the other two natures.

Your question, as I perceive it, covers the whole ground, and therefore should read: "How does one human being influence and control another?" As like atoms attract each other, so well as like compounds, so those human beings in whom the atoms and compounds are nearly similar, are attracted to and influence each other; and the amount of the influence will be very much governed by the perfection of the attraction which is dependent upon the character of the atoms and compounds. The physical attraction may, and does, change rapidly, as the physical condition and its surroundings change. This must therefore be more or less temporary.

The mental organism, as we have said, is the

connecting link between the soul, nature and the physical body. This is influenced by both of these, as well as by many extraneous conditions. This is also governed by the same law, and though subject to changes, is more permanent in its character than the attractions on the physical plane.

The soul is susceptible to influences from the mental and physical organizations. And there is a soul-affinity, which is more permanent and enduring than that of either of the others. The influence of one human being over another will depend upon the plane or planes of attraction.

On the mental plane, kindred feelings and pursuits awaken feelings of sympathy and interest, and there is much happiness resulting from such unions. But where souls find congenial companions, there is the basis for the most perfect and enduring unions; and where all the natures are united thus, it produces a condition from which flows the highest and purest happiness, and the influences are the strongest upon each other; and hence the influences must vary considerably. I should remark that there are certain positive and negative forms of the same condition, which are generally to be found in the opposite sexes, which are essential to attraction. So, on all the planes where the two sexes find their true companions, will be found the strongest ties and the most potent influences over each other.

I believe, however, that unless there is a union upon all the planes, the relation and influence must be wayward and uncertain, and that pure and enduring love cannot spring from a single plane of attraction, any more than a pure and harmoniously rounded life can spring from development upon either one of these planes. And we all feel that this can only result from an unfolding of the entire nature in a symmetry, beauty and harmony, in which each faculty moves in its own peculiar and appropriate sphere. When the faculties are thus trained, and there is a union between two individuals, based upon true and harmonious relations in every department of their natures, it ferms the highest, purest and most divine condition which man can realize. All the joys of existence are vastly multiplied, and life becomes like a stream of pure, crystal waters, with sparkling gems of beauty, and burning with love's enchanted fires, filling the cup of human happiness to overflowing.

I feel that I have only hinted at a few of the points which time alone can develop and unfold, and which the poverty of human language must ever fail to reach—just as the imperfection of musical instruments must ever fail to give the highest and purest strains of harmony and melody. In proportion, however, as the heart is attuned to either of these, will it leave the broken and imperfect symbols, and, realizing the most perfect beauty and harmony of its own interior and divine nature, bask in the sunshine of that pure and seraphic bliss which can only flow from the unfolding of this nature.

May the glimpses which flash across my pathway now, reach thee, my friend, and shed a lustre along thine, so that we may experience, in feeling, the invitation: "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the house of the Lord."

I need not say that it is very grateful to me to hear from thee, and when it is well with thee, I would have thee remember me ever as thy friend, KATIE MALVOURNEY.

A few weeks after this, Katie received the following letter from Dr. Kenrick:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I desire to express my thanks to you for your very interesting letter, every word of which seemed precious to me. Your vision of my life is deeply instructive to me, and I have felt more desirous than ever to be faithful in pruning and cultivating the entire tree, and each branch, so that I may be able to realize that which you saw in regard to my future life.

There is one point in your admirable description of the influence of one human being over another—and I accept your question as amended, and think it more appropriate—which is this: When there is a true union and attraction, there is a power acquired by which the faults, foibles and weaknesses may not only be seen but pointed out in such a manner as to create no unpleasant or irritable feeling; but, on the contrary, inspire a higher love and warmer attachment.

In all our intercourse, there has been nothing that has bound me so closely to you as your honest and faithful, yet candid and truthful, statements of my faults and inharmonies just as they have appeared to you. I can in this, my good friend, see wherein lies the true principle of reformation, which is not accomplished by throwing sharp and barbed harpoons into the quivering flesh of erring mortals, only to excite or perhaps destroy them, but by dropping gentle and loving cords, with golden anchors of sympathy, into their souls, we may draw out love which is the true life, and kindle anew the fires of purity and truth in their sad and sorrowing hearts.

You have answered my question plainly and frankly, and now I have another for you, equally important to ourselves personally, if not to others. I know you will not be any less candid in this than you have been in everything else. I desire to know whether you have been impressed with the fact that you and I stand in the relation which you have so beautifully described as the one from which flows the purest and most exalted happiness which human beings can enjoy? I should have asked you this question before this, but I was waiting to see whether you would not be impressed to ask it yourself. But, feeling that I am not so competent to answer it as you are (a reason which may have established the custom among mankind), I have waited until this time. You may consider me as committed on the affirmative of this question, but I shall press no argument on your feelings or judgment, only advise you in seeking an answer to this solemn and momentous question—the question of our lives—that you withdraw as much as possible from all extraneous influences, and take counsel with your highest and best intuitions, aided by the loftiest aspirations and purest desires, that you may be guided by a wisdom which shall approach the perfection of the divine.

Abiding the issue, I am sincerely your friend, HENRY T. KENRICK.

To Miss Katie Malvourney.
Katie thus replied to the Doctor's bi-personal question:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I was not surprised at your question, but I was pleased with the polite and gentlemanly manner in which you put the question which you paid to my sex. I am sure it was not, like too many such compliments, hollow and unmeaning. Believing, as I do, in the God-given right of all human beings to do that which they have a capacity to do, and that in proportion as they do it well they extend their power and acquire the right to do more, I do not understand why we should speak of any rights independent of capacity, which is ever the measure of right. And if any one of my sex can put the question as you have, and any one of your sex can answer it in an appropriate manner, I say, let the woman put her question with a strong heart and a noble purpose, and let the man answer as best he may;

and no right is violated, or appropriate dignity and due modesty intruded upon. But you have asked the question which you well say is "the question of our lives." You ask me to be candid. I will. I am impressed not to give a final and decisive answer at this time. In settling so momentous a question, I think there should be no hasty or impulsive action. Let us weigh all its bearings, and measure all the contending influences that may warp our judgments, or lead us to improper conclusions. I propose to give you my answer now, freely and fully; and, having done this, let us wait one year from this day—which will be my twenty-first birthday. I accept your proposition now, and if our feelings and judgment shall remain unchanged at that time, I think the question may be safely decided. In the meantime we will continue our correspondence. I find myself strengthened by your letters, as well as by the effort of writing to you, for you draw out my thoughts as no other person can. We may visit each other whenever it seems proper. I have not forgotten the very kind and pressing invitation which your good father gave me to visit him and his family, and I look forward with pleasure in anticipation of this visit.

I have said I was not disappointed in receiving this question from you. When I first met you, I felt that you gave me strength, that my life was better because of your life, and my physical nature was stronger because I had experienced the influence of your physical nature around me. When I measured you mentally, as I did on that occasion, and more fully when your first letter came to me, I felt that on this plane you awakened loftier thoughts, and inspired higher purposes here than I had ever realized. Then I looked at my position in life, and I said, "What have I done?" But there came echoing up from the deepest depths of my nature, "Thou hast done nothing wrong—wait for the unfolding future." Then, soul-wise, I stood beside you, and I saw that the shadow which your innermost soul sent forth, so clearly defined and beautiful, was measured by my own. Still I waited patiently. I could afford to, for I was happy, and I determined, if possible, to make no false step, or build any castle in the air which should crumble in ruin about me, and leave sad and sorrowful memories there. As I have stood in the calm and placid scenes of my soul's introversion, in the busy hum of active life and ever-present duties, in sunshine and in storm, your presence has been around and above me as a star of hope and destiny.

Now that we have defined our positions, can we not wait for the buds of promise to blossom in beauty and fragrance, and the tendrils of affection that are entwining around our hearts to grow stronger? If we continue in this state, I feel that our cup of happiness will be full, with no danger of having it dashed from our lips, and in its place find broken vows, crushed hopes, and blighted and disappointed affections, which would render life's journey hopeless and miserable, and mar our usefulness.

But I have written much more than I expected. I admit that the expression of kind words, and the presentation of chaste compliments, are proper, and gratifying to our best feelings, stimulating our ambition to higher aims and nobler deeds, and should be encouraged by all. Trusting you will see what I am aiming to present, and look beyond my utterances to find the meaning, which is the reality of which they are but imperfect shadows. I send them, having no apology to make to one I am happy to call my friend, and to be able to subscribe myself your friend, KATIE MALVOURNEY.

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

NELLY.

BY S. B. KEACH.

The fields are dressed in Nature's best,
For Summer, smiling queen,
Brings all her flowers to crown the hours,
And every leaf is green.
Skies never knew a deeper blue,
The wave a softer breeze,
And ne'er were heard, in song of bird,
Such melodies as these.

But from my heart a better part
Of joy's sweet self I miss;
Beneath the tree I dream of thee,
And of a day like this.
Bright Summer, go; I shall not know
Such joys as Spring-time gave;
Sweet Summer, die, and let me lie,
Like Nelly, in the grave.

Spiritualism in New Orleans.

I arrived here Jan. 1st, 1865, it being my first visit to this place. I am much pleased with the climate in winter. Rice Chinese plums are now quite plenty in the market; also green cucumbers, new potatoes, green peas, strawberries, etc. By previous arrangement, I entered upon the duties of clerk in the enrolling office of the House of Representatives, finding myself among total strangers, all speaking the French language (Creoles). In the course of a few days one of our number inquired if I was a Spiritualist. I replied, "Why do you ask that question?" He answered, "Because the spirits tell me so," and then added, "I am a medium." I had previously given no intimation to any one that I was a believer in this beautiful philosophy, thus proving that spirits can and do communicate. I learned through this medium where spiritual circles were being held, which I attended, and found there P. B. Randolph, the only English medium present. Our circle consisted of about twenty-five persons. Mr. Randolph is teaching a colored school here. This evening, I attended a lecture delivered by Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon (trance speaker), in the new opera house on St. Charles street, a beautiful and spacious hall, located in a very popular part of the city. She had a very respectable and attentive audience, and gave the subject, "What is our future condition?" impartial justice; holding the theory that this life was but a portion of eternity; that after leaving the mortal form we began in the spirit world at precisely the point where we left off in the physical world; that the future life was of a progressive character, and that this life, if carried out according to natural laws, would be productive of happiness. The subject of this lecture was selected by the audience. Mrs. Gordon speaks at the same place next Sunday.

I find here many inquiring minds and seekers after truth. Among those in attendance at the lecture was a Methodist clergyman. A good test medium is needed here very much. A large majority of the inhabitants are French, most of whom are Catholics. A. B.

LENGTH OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.—Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died in Vienna at the age of one hundred and four. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Pelicans are long-lived. When Alexander the Great had conquered Pharus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found; with this inscription, three hundred and fifty-six years after. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred years.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE WISH.

BY SUSIE RYAN.

In days gone, when I was but
A happy child at play
By the blue stream, or gathering flowers
Through the bright summer day,
I heard them say, "If, when a star
Upon its golden wings
Comes softly floating earthward as
The night her vesper sings,

One breathes a wish with heart sincere,
However wild or strange,
The boon shall bless him ere the year
Has trod her pathless range!"

My heart would bound, and quick a wish
From out its tiny core
Would leap, as I looked up to see
Come through the open door

Of heaven, the star whose radiant light
Should shine no more on earth,
But in whose death some dearer joy
For me should have its birth.

A childish thought, forgotten ere
The star's bright footsteps crossed
The ethereal blue to bring the boon,
And numbered 'mong the lost.

But now, when one of those fair stars,
Shod with bright gold, comes down
To list a moment, ere it dies,
To earth's bewildering hum,

With what sweet wish, what fond desire,
Shall I its coming greet?
What talismanic accent breathe,
Ere fades the vision fleet?

Shall I for wealth or honor plead,
Or earthly pleasures sweet?
Or crave the laurel wreath that glows,
A crown for genius meet?

Shall I speak low a cherished name,
Sweet to my ear as sounds
Of dulcet harmony, and while
My pulse with rapture bounds

E'en at the thought, ask that his heart
May cling to mine (as mine
Goes ever reaching out for his)
In union most divine?

Shall I, in sweet humility,
Bow down, and ask a slave
To be, his weary feet with mine
Own joyful tears to lave,

And dry them with my love's warm breath?
To lay upon my breast
His aching head, and woo to him
Sweet sleep's refreshing rest?

Nay, 't were too much for this poor earth
Such flowers of joy to raise
From her cold soil, to clothe my heart
In such fair robes of praise;

I'll change the boon, and when you star
Her shining presence from
The world above withdraws, and with
Winged feet doth hither come,

I'll ask that when the ransomed ones
Go up to shine as stars,
In that fair world where earthly woes
Are over, and their scars,

Which now so deeply dent the aching heart,
Are healed, that I may meet
Him there, where those who love may walk
Together o'er the street

Of gold, like the bright angels whom
Our Father loves, who gaze
On his dear face, and sing to notes
Of joy, his wondrous praise.

March, 1865.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND
HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

Some of the pleasantest scenes of my boyhood were enlivened and endeared to my later memory by the presence of a perk and playful girl about of my own age; the last family likeness of an uncommonly good-looking and noble-minded matron, and all unfaultry in form and feature (I mean the girl), save a villous patch on the right side of her nose, an inch or more in length and less than half as broad, resembling a bit of hide and hair torn from the body of a sorrel horse; the hair being short and downy, like that of the animal soon after shedding its winter coat. My puerile mind was often tasked with wonder, in our familiar interviews, at Nature's ill attempt to spoil a pretty face; and there was no end to my quandary, which only took a different turn, on my learning how it happened, either for the continued mystery of its cause, or the oddity of its occasion. It was the mother's testimony, as I am duly authorized to say, that her maternal serenity coincident with the pre-natal life of her daughter, was unhappily disturbed, (in what particular stage thereof I have formerly neglected and am now unable to ascertain,) by the casual and unexpected sight of a man whipping a refractory horse; and that in the height of her pity for the punished brute, her right forefinger was unthinkingly brought to bear with a slight pressure on the identical part of her face denoted by the facial blemish of her child. The magical effect of this manipulation, as well as its transfer from the maternal to the fetal body, is mysterious indeed, though not quite inexplicable, it may be, and certainly not more difficult to explain than the psychological results of many an experiment in what, for want of scientific penetration, is called Mesmerism; as will hereafter appear.

My next example is less detachable, though I am equally well assured of its truth; but I was never as well acquainted with the personal constituents of its prime event, which occurred some thirty years before I was born. Suffice it to say that, in a town adjoining that of my own nativity, there formerly lived and grew to the stature of a man, a singular exemplification of human faculty. He was not a fool; for he had sense enough to keep him out of harm's way, and uncouth wit enough to make either sport or mischief for his occasional admirers; neither was he properly crazed; for he behaved with reason, according to what he knew; though the measure of his knowledge was only equal to that of his unassisted observation, which was fortuitous rather than designed—a congeni-

tant of experience and not the fruit of intellectual capacity. He never learned to read, and seemed not at all inquisitive as to the use of books, or the value of their contents. He had little or no moral sense; was utterly reckless of the customs and courtesies of good society; and heeded no laws of life, or rules of conduct, except such of the teachings of sense as are enforced by pleasure or pain; nor was he always mindful of these. He was an egregious gourmand and would-be toper, within the constraints of a rigid guardianship, and seemed to be tipsy even when sober; inasmuch that strangers who saw him in his staggering gait, or heard the gibberish of his rhyal tongue, presumed that he had been drinking. But whoever knew the wretch, if only as well as all his townsmen knew him, beheld with pity rather than vulgar scorn, a fated mocker of a sot. For such he was, and such was born to be, as the only failure of his mother's repeated maternity; and that the fruit of another's fault. All her other children became respectable members of society. This worthy mother, sometime in her pregnancy relevant to the birth of her unfortunate son, happened to be left alone, on a Sunday, I think, her husband and the other members of the family being absent at church or elsewhere; and in this situation a vile character in the aspect of a drunken vagabond, approached the house, demanded admission and threatening to break through the bolted door. The lady was naturally frightened, as almost any woman in her predicament would be; and the maternal effect of her fright was manifest at length in the unshapely character of her ruined child.

I might give other instances of unlucky maternal impression of which I have more or less personal knowledge, as well as many that I know of only by report, either written or oral; but, presuming that the reader will recollect their equivalent of implication, (since this kind of information often comes unsought, as in my own experience,) I offer these two merely as samples of a class of anomalous facts which I would bring to notice, not with any expectation that their reality will be disputed, but with an earnest prayer that their significance may be discerned. To this end a single case would serve as well as many; for the logical issue of facts is independent of their number, and regards only their rationale. I wish I could discover that of any such as I have admitted to be anomalous; which adjective is only another designation of what is just now inexplicable, and this for no other reason but the ever-receding limitations of science. Who does not know that many modern departments of human intelligence were anciently deemed impenetrable? With the history of human progress before our eyes, why should we doubt that every phenomenon in Nature is explicable, that is to adequate intelligence?—that all Truth is discoverable, though not within the periphery of our present discovery, and that mystery relates only to the outer regions of our investigation? Doubt! to me there is no doubt in the case. It is rather clear to my understanding that this is the very predicament of Man's all-searching mind. From the premise of no effect without Cause, there follows no such thing as Chance, nor other accident than the surprises of imperfect cognition; while we know enough of Nature, even by observation, to be assured that all her operations are according to law—that, so far as they are revealed to us, they are forever subject to those eternal principles on which the integrity of the Universe depends; and therefore every physical event must have not only its relevant cause, but also its rationale, however both for a time may elude our research. In other words, there are no anomalies in Nature but the conceals of a limited intelligence. So the mysteries of maternity, like all other mysteries, are grounded in human ignorance. The anomalous facts adverted to above, as well as the recited instances of maternal failure, are all in keeping with the ruling principles of Nature, and only discordant with the precepts of Wisdom touching the voluntary relations of mankind. I mean to say that their seemingly fortuitous occurrence is always in Nature's Order, to which there are no exceptions; that, just as emaciation follows privation of food, which, if prolonged, occasions starvation and death, only because bodily renovation is one of those perpetual laws of animal life which cannot be broken; and just as the healing of a flesh wound is effected by the general process of alimentive assimilation, and not by any special institute in the economy of physiological being; so every *varius* and fetal distortion in body or mind, as well as every phase of precocity or characteristic of native genius, is incidental to the constant working of a peculiar force in maternity, which, as the natural sequence of the mother's unique relation to her unborn progeny, constitutes her pro-creative power. This power is involuntary and only modified by the mother's will. Therefore it is never more wakeful or efficient at one time than another, and varies in effect only according to the variety of external influences to which she is casually subject. This power to generate and mold the mentality of a nascent soul, I do not fully comprehend; nor shall I undertake its elucidation and that of the maternal relation from which it springs, further than to say that both are analogous to those of a mesmerizer operator.

I suppose there is no question as to the fact of pre-natal unconsciousness; but the reason of it, if the pre-natal part of a sentient being has any development prior to the birth of the body; and if not, whence the endowment of mentality at the mere instance of breathing; no writer to my knowledge has ever attempted to explain. In discarding the vulgar notion that God makes souls apart from the natural order of human propagation, and to be tenanted in earthly bodies perhaps by midwives from the spirit-world, (which I cannot think the reader is foolish enough to entertain,) I virtually admit that soul and body are generated as well as born together—that the psychical part of human nature is as old, and as much the product of human parentage, as the physical. Besides, this is a reasonable postulate; at least I can think of no rational objection to it; while it is clearly favored by the observation that a child born in the seventh or eighth month of maternity, is as perfectly conscious as the product of a longer gestation. Pre-natal insensibility too, as consisting with healthful vitality, may be accounted for upon the same principle as that of a mesmerizer subject, whose mental state is in fact identifiable with that of every unborn infant. To such as are at all conversant with the experimental facts and obtaining theory of Mesmerism, it is evident that the mere physiological conditions of embryonic life are fitted to induce, and therefore do induce, the same magnetic rapport of the mother and fetus that is sought with more or less success by the operator's manipulation of his subject. Thus magnetism becomes the thaumaturgus of maternity, and the mother's procreative power appears to be mainly due to her function as a naturally constituted mesmerizer. Call this a sheer hypothesis, if you please; and yet, behold resolving two mysteries into one and the same! It discovers the probable rationale of maternal conception, and presents an acceptable reason for all variable birth of success and failure in parentage.

As the subject of experimental Mesmerism is

discussible, except around the organism of the operator, it is a mystery receptive of every thought and feeling; the ether, and the fetal child have no direct experience of the being impressed with every phase of the mother's mentality; and this is the only means of a soul's pre-natal development. Again, as the experimental mesmerizer obtains a more effective control of his subject's organism than of his own; (as when, at the mere will of the mesmerizer, a limb of the mesmerized person assumes a muscular rigidity which no operator can effect upon a member of his own body); and as the affected experiences of a successful mesmerizer devolve upon the mind of the mesmerized; with the force of reality; (as when the former fancies a drink of water to be wine, or some other delicious beverage, and the latter enjoys it as such); so all the thoughts and feelings of a pregnant mother, are transmitted to her fetal child with a wonderful amplification of their subjective material. Indeed, the experience of life in embryo appears to be the counterpart of maternal aspiration, and often in fulfillment of a mother's frustrated longing; like the dreams of starvation, which always feast the soul while the famishing body sleeps. In this way I account not only for the two instances of maternal misconception-related above, as well as the whole class of anomalous facts to which they belong, but also for the generation of certain characteristics, both worthy and unworthy, which are not personal to either parent. All such seeming accidents of fetal development are really incidental to the natural working of an unknown principle in maternity; which, hypochondriac improvement in pedigree; though for lack of maternal information, its normal effect is often lost or even perverted.

Thus at any time in the season of maternity following the climax of fetal conformation, any extraordinary incentive to a special aspiration, such as to some minds will occur on being entertained with a piece of sculpture, a painting, a taking book, a dramatic or musical performance, or what is likelier still, an attempt to execute some work of art, will suffice to qualify the mother of a genius. I doubt not important personalities sometimes originate in these and other casual ways; and I only wish the life of any mother, or that of any mother's child, had been written with the least appreciation of the principle which the statement implies. But for want of this, biographers, have rarely recorded what is available to my present purpose, otherwise than by inference. In the summary life of Byron just enough is said of his mother to give us a clue to the cause of his sensitive and irascible temper and the scornful bias of his Muse; but not enough to account for the pith of his Ideality. Those were inevitable fruits of maternal vexation consequent upon his father's marital infidelity and fraud; and the author of *Child Harold* is just as likely to have followed his mother's occasional writing of a sonnet. On this point I am left to conjecture only so far as consists with the postulate that every personal gift of Nature not inherited is born of maternal aspiration; or, in words of broader scope and perhaps more definite, that all traits of character more prominent and remarkable in children than in either of one's parents, are maternally procreated, in effect either of some sudden excitement, intense longing, or habitual endeavor of the mother. The poetic endowments of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, of which there was no sign of a paternal precedence, were plainly of the latter source; since both in literary facility and proclivity to versification they precociously surpassed their mother, who was accustomed to private attempts at poetry prior to their birth, yet, for her modest pretensions to authorship, published nothing of her own till after the impetus of their scintillant career; and then only what savored more of incited taste than creative ability. The memoirs of Benjamin West contain allusions to his mother which provoke the reasonable assumption that she was largely endowed with the taste of an artist; and could I command the elements of maternal biography in relation to every famous character, I doubt not of their fitness to prove that native genius, or any trait of human wit or worth, which appears to be aboriginal, has been properly designated MOTHER-WIT, and why not also mother-worth? as being an enlarged representation of what a mother was, or at least of what she sometimes worshipped. But since biographers have generally suffered that to go to oblivion which might have constituted the best material support of my theory, I am left to look for this almost exclusively within the area of my personal acquaintance.

[To be continued.]

THE DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

There is one thing for which we can thank God and take courage—Spiritualism has a positive and scientific basis, not being mainly dependent on the sacred writings of some ancient nation for its existence. True, if its full history was written out, the Spiritualism of all nations would be necessary to place it before the world as a whole. The end of the Churches is, in discarding as spurious, all the angelology outside of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, while the world is, and ever has been, full of it.

The phenomenal Spiritualist has no favors to ask of the Biblical textuallist, of the Infidel, or the common school of metaphysicians, because he knows whereof he affirms. There is no fact in science better established than the fact in our own midst: people are daily coming in contact with disembodied spiritual intelligences, invisible though they are to flesh eyes. The evidence is overwhelming; and we defy both our Infidel and Christian friends to invalidate these evidences. So long as the veracity of consciousness is admitted in any case, we insist it should be in this. It is of no account if now and then a case of imposture is detected; what we mean is, the genuineness of the thing itself is a matter of absolute fact. The pulpit and religious press may denounce Spiritualism as an imposture, and the Boston Investigator may cry out a lack of evidence, yet Spiritualism moves on majestically, conquering and to conquer. Protestantism, since the era of Martin Luther, cannot claim the honor of converting so many clear-headed and intellectual unbelievers in a future life, as the phenomena of Spiritualism have converted to that belief within the last twenty years.

Phenomena are what the world has been wanting ever since Protestantism set up for itself. And phenomena to establish the doctrine of a future life are just what Protestantism, all the way along, has confessed, and maintained could not be furnished. And when there have been phenomena of this kind, they have been treated as humbug, or the work of the devil.

When Abner Kneeland abandoned the Christian profession and became a champion of so-called Infidelity, he took Protestantism at its word, and logically argued that the idea of a life for us beyond the grave was merely conjectural. This he would have done, had he been as conversant with the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism as the Infidel advocates now are.

The Bible, composed of sixty-six books, is de-

clared to be the entire word of God, containing all that has ever revealed to man touching the future life." Consequently the sects admit no other evidence but what can be gathered from this book, written by many different writers. The result is, among those who accept the Bible as aforesaid, we have those who believe in eternal misery, the believers in universal salvation, and the destructionists, or believers in the annihilation of the wicked. But in one thing they all agree: we are not now having any demonstrative proofs of the inherent immortality of the soul.

By deciding that every chapter and verse of the Bible go to comprise the infallible word of God, those who reason from these premises are led in to the grossest errors. Elder Miles Grant quotes from the lecherous King Solomon, "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a position forever in anything that is done under the sun." "Then," exclaims Mr. Grant, "this settles forever the question of the existence of what is called the spirit of man after death." Allowing that God infallibly inspired King Solomon to pen this extract, then Biblical believers in the immortality of the soul are in as tight a place as were the Romish Cardinals when the rotary motion of the earth was established by the experiments of Galileo.

There has been any amount of hurrying Scripture texts for and against the doctrine of man's consciousness, spiritual existence immediately subsequent to death; and it is now high time to take the disputants into the realm of positive facts in settling this point. It matters but little what disposal textualists make of *nephesh, pneuma, or neshama*; but what is provable from the phenomena occurring in this country and in Europe, bearing upon this subject. A definition of Biblical terms does not, by any means, put this subject beyond further criticism. Even Miles Grant, with all of his materialistic proclivities, is obliged to admit the doctrine of demonology, which is the next door to conceding the point in dispute between him and Spiritualists. "A demon, according to lexicon authority, is a spirit. So, if there is, or ever was, an order of beings called demons, then, inferentially, the existence of the human soul or spirit becomes probable. Any further than a mere history of opinions is concerned, it would be no great loss were all the books and treatises on the next life annihilated; because we have means of judging of the nature and character of the next life equal to the best of them. To-day I would prefer the Message Department of the Banner, in forming my opinions of the condition of the departed, to all the Church literature the Christian world can produce. The baseless theories of C. F. Hudson and Miles Grant respecting the utter extinction of the unrepentant, are as utterly exploded as the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy. From the same source the once popular doctrine concerning hell is disposed of. And yet Churchmen plant themselves upon their dignity, utterly ignoring these things, as though they had no bearing upon the case. What avails all of these theories which ignore facts and construct theories upon the veriest hypotheses?

Would our Bibliolists defend the so-called miraculous parts of the Scriptures? How can it be so effectually done as by drawing weapons from the spiritual armory of Spiritualism? The old materialistic skepticism is in no better condition to ward off the telling blows of Spiritualism, than an old-style, wooden, man-of-war is to encounter an iron-clad monitor. We are just beginning to find out that the most powerful forces and agents in nature are spiritual, and that it is no longer the privilege of the most arrogant skepticism to be the assaulting party, but that its work is more strictly one of self-defence. CANTOR.

Glover, Vt., 1865.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

It was a custom of the Greeks, on a birth in their families or on a recovery from an illness, to offer a sacrifice to Esculapius. We now have to be thankful for the advent of female physicians, fraught with so much interest to a large number of the community. As women have always stood foremost in the capacity of nurses for the sick, they are certainly best calculated to become physicians for their own sex. By the philanthropic labors of a lady, the first Medical College was organized in New York City. There, women can be taught the science of healing diseases peculiar to women, and thoroughly qualified to practice medicine. That they have met, and will continue to meet with opposition, is true. Every step taken in reform meets with difficulties; but with right on their side, they will live down opposition, scorn and ridicule. In treating diseases of females, they will succeed. Their own experience teaches them to ask such questions that their patients will not refuse to answer, for the sympathy felt by the physician is a key that will unlock the secret and disclose truthfully the cause and extent of disease that has baffled the skill of the male physician, because he did not understand the case. His delicate patient will not disclose to him truthfully the extent of her sufferings. He can only guess at remedies; and day by day he sees that his interesting patient fades away, for her modesty places a bar upon investigation, and another victim is lost that might have blessed her family for years. To obviate this evil, and lessen the amount of suffering endured by mothers, wives and sisters, women as physicians step forward to their rescue. They alone can sympathize with their own sex, alone can obtain the confidence of a sensitive female patient. Surely the Angel of Mercy has moved the waters of healing, so that the weak and feeble can avail themselves of their magical powers. Homeopathic remedies, combined with the divine properties of mesmerism, have agitated these streams, and all may be healed, and women become as free from disease as God and Nature intended them to be. Vain will be all opposition, for it is destined that the chains of bondage that have crippled the advancement of women are falling away before the light of knowledge now flooding our enlightened country. Women have claimed their rights, and are able to sustain them. Except by a few narrow-minded men, their power is acknowledged, as physicians, lecturers and artists. As they have experienced opposition from some of the medical profession, they should stand alone. Let the world see that they are capable of sustaining and directing their own Medical College, by education and practice. Let the business be performed by women entirely—teach their own students, award the diplomas. Surely women educated for the purpose are as well informed as men on these duties. When they act independently, and assert their abilities to perform the labor, required, then only will their claims be respected, and they receive the attention due to fellow practitioners, and their advice and assistance be sought in difficult cases, where only the aid of women can avail, or give relief to the sufferer, where the male physician has failed, not from want of skill, but knowledge of the true state of his patient. Then, side by side, with these physicians laboring only to relieve the sufferer, and to benefit all mankind.

The Spirit-World.

Dark Spirits—Evil Spirits.

I must not withhold from your readers the following remarkable communication, received yesterday from a spirit whom I know as Benjamin Peters, my "Satanic associate," as he styles himself, and who, unhappily for me, has been my constant attendant for the last eighteen months, depriving me of all intercourse with my spirit-friends. It was received through the Dial, one of the simplest and most efficient methods of communing with the spirit-world. Thoughts flow as fast as the pen can record. FRANK.

Accomac, Va., April 22, 1865.

"DEAR FRIEND—I wish to give you some thoughts on a subject that you do not understand. I mean the condition of undeveloped spirits.

You, and all Spiritualists, believe that you can benefit dark spirits by your admonitions and prayers. This is true; but you can have little or no effect upon evil spirits. We are dark spirits who have been your attendants for the last eighteen months, and by us you have been protected from the power of evil spirits.

Dark spirits are those who lived for their own gratification, regardless of what pain might be given to others, or what consequences might result therefrom. A large proportion of all who come from earth are of this character, but infinitely diversified; some being more corrupt than others.

There is the drunkard, but otherwise a good man; he has only to lay aside the weakness that enslaved him, when bright angels take him by the hand and lead him into bliss.

There is the miser, whose God was gold; who had no ear for the widow's plaint or the orphan's cry; who turned away when relief was craved, and thought of nothing but adding house to house, bond to bond, and field to field. Time wears off these corruptions of earth; he feels the emptiness of such treasures, and yearns for something more elevating and more satisfying to the soul. He drops these tinsel toys, when he, too, passes into a better condition.

There is the woman of fashion, whose whole mind is absorbed in dress and pomp and parade; in giving routs and attending them; in fine furniture and equipage, and in everything that can make display. She must be the first of the ton. Death comes; shears youth and beauty to the grave; and, bereft of all that gives life enjoyment, she comes here a mere shadow, fit only for a lower sphere. How miserable she lies, grieving over past follies, wasted time and gifted opportunities. Time rolls on, but gives no relief, no change. Remorse does its work at last, and finds her looking up, listening to bright spirits sent for her instruction.

And there are thousands who, live but for today; no thought of to-morrow; engrossed in the cares of life; no cultivation of the affections; no aspiration for a better condition; mere animals. These continue a long time with but little change; but all things change at last, for Progression is the universal law. The gardens wherein they wandered in despair know them no more; they have gone to better homes.

All such we term dark spirits. No malice fills their hearts—no desire to injure; they will have their fun, as we have had ours, in deceiving you; you are now under their control; but not a hair of your head would they injure; you are, indeed, the object of their special care.

Turn we now to a very different class of beings—to those who were familiar with crime; pirates, poisoners, murderers, whose hand shed a brother's blood; who made a sister weep the loss of her innocence; who filled a father's grave, and broke a mother's heart; who robbed the poor, and wrenched the last morsel from the orphan and widow—these form the class of which now I speak. Their appearance is horrible; every vile passion rages within, and they are constantly seeking opportunity to vent their spite. But they seldom find it; for all mortals are attended by spirit-friends who have the power to keep these wretches in subjection. You are indebted to us for protection; they have often attempted to assail, but you are too well guarded.

Progression is far removed from them. I have seen spirits here who have continued in the same condition for centuries, and may for centuries to come. Here is Nero, and Caligula, and Constantine, many of the Popes of Rome, James the First, George the Fourth, many bishops, priests and clergymen; many who stood high before the world; but hypocrites before God. All these are evil spirits, and are such as Judge Edmonds speaks of in his second volume. The account which he gives is as correct as I could have given. I have witnessed often such scenes as he describes; they are true to the life. To torture others is the only pleasure that they know.

Let me now give you an account of our conditions, occupations, cares, pleasures and amusements. In doing this, I must rend the veil which Orthodoxy has woven. Earth-life and spirit-life are much alike. We have laid aside the clothing we no longer require—that is all. We have the same feelings, affections, desires, we ever had. What pertains to earth we no longer know; such as providing for daily wants, suffering from disease and other physical ills. We feel an interest in all that concerns our friends, and most spirits have an intense desire to commune. The war that has raged with you forms an endless topic of conversation, and every battle-field is attended by myriads of spirits, all taking part on one side or the other.

Our country appears wild and barren. We have no gushing streams, no limpid waters; no trees, no flowers, no singing birds. The eye rests on no grateful object. A general gloom prevails without and within. We see no joyous face, no laughing child at play, no thought that could raise a smile. But there is none of that misery your preachers speak of among dark spirits, although infinite woe and wretchedness among evil ones. We are about as contented as mortals of a similar description are on earth. We employ our time roaming about, looking for friends, and should we find a medium, you know how we use him. But do not suppose that all are equally careless. We differ here, as you do on earth. Some find amusement in playing off pranks upon the medium, in fabricating stories that may subject him to ridicule, while others are eager to profit by any instruction that may be given. We know that Progression awaits us, and are content to bide our time.

Would that I could speak of brighter realms; but alas! they are not mine. Those who have left us and return, are lavish in their description of the Summer Land. They speak of its verdant lawns carpeted with flowers, the rippling brooks, the azure sky, the lofty mountains, the beautiful gardens, the groves, rich in foliage; all with gayest of gaudy plumage—everything that joy beholds the eye and fills the heart with joy, belongs to the glorified spirits of those bright abodes.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lived a hat to a lady, or a boot to a black-guard."

Spiritual Phenomena.

The "Singular Incident."

Facts are constantly occurring corroborative of the truth of Spiritualism, yet the world passes them heedlessly by, and continues to doubt or sneer. Many of these facts are recorded in the public papers, yet these papers are silent on them, and hesitate to recognize the truth, because they fear the anathemas of orthodoxy, which yet wields much influence, though its persecuting fangs have been blunted, and become comparatively harmless. Now, as it ever has been, truth has to struggle to make progress, and is acknowledged only after a long and fierce opposition.

I found in the Boston Journal, of a recent date, the following article, apparently from a correspondent in Maine, which undoubtedly would not have been published had the editor not been satisfied of its authenticity. The writer evidently fails to comprehend the significance of the facts he records, for he says he merely gives them as "singular and interesting." "Singular and interesting" as they are, they are not new, by any means. They have recurred numberless times, like thousands of other kindred facts or phenomena well known to Spiritualists, and constantly appealed to as evidencing and illustrating the truth of spirit-existence and communion. The article is headed "Singular Incident," and is as follows:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." So says Shakespeare, and so we are still constrained to say, as incidents occur that we cannot explain, and which baffle all our efforts to account for them. One of these was about to narrate: A few miles from the Kennebec river, in Maine, there resides a farmer, three of whose sons have fought in the service of their country, two of whom have given up their lives in the struggle with this wicked rebellion. In January, 1863, a member of this family, a little child of two and a half years old, was sick with diphtheria. The mother, grandfather and other members of the family were there, ministering to the little sufferer, but the father of the child was absent. He was one of the sons already referred to, and was away in the service of his country. It would scarcely be supposed that a child so young would remember an absent one; but the father had so often been spoken of, that, whether distinctly remembered or not, he was present to the mind of the child as a dearly-loved object of affection. And now, as the little one grows weaker, and is anxiously watched and cared for, he said, in his feeble voice, 'I want to go and see papa,' and died.

We now pass to Falmouth, in Virginia. There, in the regimental hospital, lies a sick soldier. He is far away from home and home privileges; but the surgeons and nurses care for him, and do what they can to help him; and that noble son of Maine, Gen. Howard, ministered to his spiritual as well as his physical wants. On the evening of the 10th, when the child died, Gen. H. was in the hospital, and the soldier sat up, and, pointing to the door, said, 'Look there, General.' Seeing nothing, and supposing the man was delirious, he made but little reply; when the soldier again said, with earnestness, 'Do you see, General?' He replied that he did not. 'Why, how strange that you do not,' said the soldier. 'There is a little boy coming in—it is my boy; and he is an angel.' The soldier knew not that his child was sick. He himself died a few days afterward. A letter was afterward received at the hospital announcing the death of the child; and when the father of the soldier went to Falmouth to obtain the body of his son, the surgeon made inquiries respecting the child, and narrated the soldier's vision; and it was found that the death of the child occurred at the same time as the father spoke of seeing him. Gen. Howard afterward corroborated the statement of the surgeon. The writer learned the facts from the father of the soldier. He is a reliable Christian man, and a select member of his town; and there is no doubt of the truth of his statements. We have no theory to propose as a solution of this mystery. We merely give the facts as singular and interesting."

Recently I have heard of a similar incident, which occurred during the life-time of Bishop Griswold, when rector of the Episcopal Church in Bristol, many years since. His son-in-law, being in ill health, went to Cuba to seek restoration. One night, seated in his study, he saw his son-in-law pass through his study into the sitting-room. Nothing was said, and in a few moments the Bishop went in and inquired for him. Mrs. G. was astonished, and replied that no one had entered the room. The Bishop insisted there had, but his wife said it was an illusion. The Bishop declared he had seen his son-in-law most plainly, and thought it strange he did not speak. The subject was dropped, but the incident and time were noted. Soon after, advice was received from Cuba of the demise of the son-in-law; he had passed away coincident with the vision of the Bishop. The subject created considerable excitement at the time, but it soon subsided, none then apprehending the philosophy involved in the phenomenon, or dreaming that it was in any way to solve the mystery of the spirit's existence, and open the dark portals of the tomb.

Fraternally thine, W. FOSTER, JR.
Providence, R. I., April 14, 1865.

Historical Account of the Spirit-Manifestations from which Originated the Painting called "The Descent of the Angels."

BY DR. GRISWOLD.

I am constantly importuned, by those who are not familiar with my writings during the years 1858-59 and '60, for an explanation of the prophetic, or 'spiritual' meaning of the "Descent of the Angels." With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to give as concise an account of the painting, and of its origin, as I possibly can.

In the years '57 and '58, a young lady, kindred, and member of my family, became developed as a medium. I found her spirits were very perfectly identified through her in various ways, so that my confidence in a few kindred and other friends in spirit-land became quite firm. I sought intelligence concerning our relation to spirit-life—the philosophy of life in the spheres, and what is to be done to redeem this world from the moral degradation in which it is buried. It was seldom that interrogatories were answered pointedly, but when they were, I was often made to feel my littleness to the degree that almost restrained me from further investigations.

About the last of the year 1857—if I am not mistaken—a new control came at a sitting, which, as noticed, being partially conscious, describing it as very gentle and pleasant. Soon her hand was moved to write in Roman capitals, near an inch in size, "ELIJAH, THE PROPHET." I observed the G, and, supposing, of course, that the spirit was an interloper—though we had never been taught to spell "Elijah" before—attempting to be a personage of great antiquity. I immediately moved the medium's hand was moved to write in the same bold characters, "My Father Knoweth Me as Elijah—Man, as Elijah." This scrap of writing I have to this day.

laws. How well this has been fulfilled thus far; but the end is not yet.

About one year after the advent of the Prophet, a new class of manifestations began to be presented. The medium would begin to lose consciousness of material surroundings, and looking upward, would see the heavens illuminated with a soft orange light, which would finally settle down around her, or what is more probable, her spirit was lifted up into it. This light she defined the "divine glory," or "divine rays of love." The effect was most exhilarating, inspiring the most exalted sense of happiness and love to all mankind.

A series of visions followed of scenes in spirit-life, and then the Spirit of Jesus was brought to light; first as a bright star, with "Love" across its disc, and twelve lesser stars surrounding him. Finally, in a vision, the form of Jesus was seen, always in the same "divine glory," and attended by his angels, who appeared as yet only as stars. At about this period, Mary, the mother of Jesus, appeared with the Prophet, and gave a short, but very beautiful address to the world, promising that "He who was born of me, and who was the child of an earthly father, as well as mother, would come again to the world, and speak to the world."

The reader will now observe that nearly all of the elements of the picture have been presented. Next comes the vision, which combines them in one group, prophetic of the future moral progress of this world.

The thinking reader will observe a peculiarity in this matter—its perfect harmony with Bible history and prophecy, while at the same time it is equally in harmony with the spiritual developments of this age. Of course, the Christian has his ideal of the attributes of Jesus, and the Spiritualist sees him from his standpoint as only the spirit of an individual man.

But says the reader, "What particular influence can the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth have more than another spirit of equal ability?" This is the ever-recurring question of the Spiritualist. My answer must be short, though much may be said. Commensurate with the authority the Christian Church has conferred upon the name of Jesus Christ in deifying him, will be his influence in overthrowing all the dogmas of priestcraft. The good seed he sowed when on earth, he says, has been choked, and only tares are left to feed mankind. Again he says, 'I came to gather up the tares, to come to take from humanity the bread made from the grain of tares.'

Again says another, "How shall we be able to identify the spirit of Jesus?" Enough has been revealed already to enable any one to identify the inspiration of Jesus, when it shall fall in its purity upon a speaker. Moreover, the manifestation of the divine glory, which, I understand, is to accompany his inspiration, will be quite sufficient to satisfy most minds. This is the Holy Ghost, which will be the spirit of Jesus were filled at the day of Pentecost.

Here I will put in a word for self-protection. I do not consider this great moral movement of a band of spirits, however large, as all of the spirit-world, nor all of Spiritualism. The spirits who have been my teachers, believe in the moral elevation of mankind by teaching the divine law of love—that in doing good, we get good—in making others happy, we contribute to our own happiness; while on the other hand, selfishness leads directly to a downfall, or unhappiness. The only basis for permanent institutions and happiness is found in the divine law, which forbids that an institution, or an individual, shall possess that which is more needed elsewhere. This is the doctrine Jesus taught eighteen centuries ago, and it is the doctrine he will revive and enforce again.

When will these events transpire? This is the natural question. My dear reader, they will transpire just so fast as materiality is crushed out in the world, and the human soul opened to spiritual things. These things are not to come to all the world at once—all cannot be prepared for them.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in their midst." This promise holds good to-day. The identification of the spirit of the Prophet Elijah, is established by the most indubitable evidence. The pure Hebrew idiom of his writing is in itself strong evidence. But this is no part of my duty, nor a matter of interest to have people believe what I know. I leave this matter with the angels, who can take care of it without my help. What I write here, I write in full expectation of soon having the opportunity of investigating from the standpoint of the spirit in the land of spirits. I look forward to that time with great interest, and without doubt or fear. DAVENPORT, N. Y., April, 1865.

The Davenport Brothers again in London.

CLEVER KNOTTINGS NOT SECURE.

How wonderfully clear-sighted are our public journalists. They prophesied that the Davenport brothers were "on their last legs," and would never, at least, re-appear in London. Liverpool, Huddersfield, Leeds and Cheltenham had all done most dutifully in true English style, and these "impostors" must forever vanish. But, with indomitable *sang froid*, the Davenports are exhibiting again at the Faneuil Market Rooms to a large and thronging audience. How this fact must shame the false prophets of the press. And, after all, where is the secret of the brothers' success? And where is the secret of their manifestations? Echo answer. At this hour the mediums stand before the British public unexposed, and free even from the shadow of legitimate suspicion—without it be considered right to suspect everything not understood. During the past fortnight several seances have been given with marked success. On Thursday week a trifling circumstance caused another knotty point to be settled. After the committee, one of whom was the Rev. M. D. Conway, had been elected, and had been a little puzzled at the instantaneous appearance of hands, and the ejection of the trumpet, a tall gentleman rose, and desired to be allowed to tie the brothers. Of course Dr. Ferguson refused to allow any interference with the order of the entertainment. This refusal caused a rather strong feeling, the part of a few skeptics, which tended to diminish the interest of the two seances. The usual manifestations were presented, nevertheless. Mr. Conway had tied Ira Davenport so tightly that he complained of being hurt, but the knots were not loosened by Mr. Conway, yet they were untied by John King. When requested to examine his knots, after an exhibition of force and intelligence, Mr. Conway, like Sir David Brewster said of the table, stated that they appeared to be undisturbed. At the dark seance a regular hand was sent through the tall gentleman, and the hand was again sent through the tall gentleman, in spite of insult and disturbance, the seance came to a successful close. Then Dr. Ferguson said: "If that gentleman who has so strenuously demanded liberty to tie up the brothers, will do so now, I am desired to inform him that they will go into the cabinet again for the purpose." This met with general approval, Mr. Conway clapping his hands with the rest. But no sooner did Dr. Ferguson request the gentleman to tie the brothers in the cabinet, where he had first made the request to do so, than some few gentle skeptics demanded, very authoritatively, that the tying should be performed on chairs; but, finding that Dr. Ferguson was about to dismiss the meeting, all parties consented to allow the tying to take place in the cabinet. Accordingly, William and Ira Davenport took their seats; then the tall gentleman took up a piece of rope, put his foot on one end, and pulled the other end in the face. He then, in a most unbecoming manner, commenced operating by tying William Davenport. No sooner had he used one piece of rope than he took another, and repeated the process of stretching and straining; after about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he declared his satisfaction with the tying, and looked very exhausted from the effects of operating. Now commenced general cries for Ira Davenport to leave the cabinet, which he did. The doors were closed, and every one waited patiently for the next seance, when the doors were opened, and out walked the medium, free from all the complication of knots—the ropes were examined and found without a tangle. The applause on all hands was great. Turning to Mr. Conway, who sat behind us, we said: "Mr. Conway, is it your opinion that any conjuror could get loose from such knots as those?" He answered that he did not believe he could; adding, "I, myself, was tied up by that gentleman before entering the hall, in the same manner." William Davenport, who has been often supposed to be a conjuror, a medium of the two, was chosen for this demonstration; and heroically submitted to be tied and

to self alone. We must do justice to the tall gentleman; he did not inflict pain in the process of tying, thus behaving as a gentleman. But having been gratified in being allowed to tie the brothers, and having found that even his skillful knots were untied, he did display something akin to cowardice to refuse his name, and even to say no word other than to express his desire to be allowed to tie the medium again, with a single rope, which desire, he was told, could be gratified on another occasion. William Davenport, in our estimation, is at least as powerful a medium as either Ira, or Mr. Fay. We are glad we have had occasion to think so, because all along there has been—on account of hands being sent mostly from the side of the cabinet where Ira generally sits—a general feeling that William must be a less powerful medium than his brother. Those who are possibly witness the Davenport Brothers' seances, will find something to think about, in what they witness, for a life-time. It is not merely in the fact that a guitar sails round the room without visible hands, that an old trumpet is ejected from an aperture, whilst the brothers are bound hand and foot, where the marvel lies, but in the deeper, mysterious fact, that an intelligence, extraneous to flesh, directs the whole proceeding. Once said the Davenport Brothers, "We do not matter how low the conditions which are necessary to its proof, and the killing creed of Materialism will forever lose its baneful power over that soul. If we did not feel this, we could never care to sit for a single hour to witness the Davenport manifestations; because, take from them their spiritual origin, their utility would be almost nil. But we are assured, not only from the facts presented at numerous public seances, but from our presence at a private one, which has been given in our presence, where the tall gentleman, John King and Katie kept up a clear and intelligent conversation with us for a half-hour, and from the testimony of friends, whose words are unimpeachable, that a spiritual agency presides over all the doings of these remarkable brothers; and that that intelligence is destined to shake the temples of materialistic science to their foundations, until the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the deep. We by no means mean to say that the Davenport Brothers are the only mediums to be used by the spirit-world in the great work of regeneration—God forbid. We feel that even our enemies are designed to aid that work, and thus the wise of this generation are confounded by the evidence of a power divinely ordained to give the spirit life and freedom.

Let it no longer be urged that the Brothers Davenport did each other to get out of knots. William Davenport had been marvelously made the medium to prove the falsity of that too common orthodox theory. We say again, we have seen said before, no knots can hold these men, and no conjuror can release himself, by conjuring, from knots properly secured. If this be so, the question is clear. What releases the Brothers Davenport, if they do not release themselves? The answer we give at once—intelligence, or spirits. Doubt it; deny it; ridicule it; say what you will about it; but pray, Sir Skeptic, study it before doing either. The Davenport Brothers are not to be deceived by the mandates of spirits in relation to the work before the public. Why do they always reserve their opinion, or, if they do give one, say they are the mediums of spirit-power? Because they depend on that power for success, and dare not violate its instructions, without consequences. This may account for the fact that they suffered thirty days' imprisonment, sooner than admit themselves conjurors; and that here, in England, they do not say they are conjurors, although it is plain by doing so they could make a fortune. But we are of the opinion of the spirit-working in their lives, that they remain true to themselves, and necessarily invulnerable to all selfish considerations outside the charmed circle of their mission. Take away their reliance on the power that directs them, we think the "Tom-fol's knot" will then hold them. —London Spiritual Times, April 1.

Notes from a Lecturer—Matters in New Jersey.

In looking over the pages of the Banner of April 1st, my eye fell upon a little piece, written from Poughkeepsie, by one who may in deed and in truth be called one of the strong pillars of our faith in that place; and, feeling my name, and the name of E. R. Swankhamer, mentioned among the lecturers who have visited that beautiful city, I would furthermore add to what has already been said. Our labors in that place, and especially in the hall, and in the public hall and private circle; quite an interest was created, for there are many warm, faithful Spiritualists in that place, but, seemingly, for want of a leader—a head—they hold no regular meetings for mutual improvement.

Opposite Poughkeepsie is a small village, called New Paltz Landing. They have a fine hall, lately erected, for political and other purposes. We delivered ten lectures in that place, and considerable excitement was made among the dry bones of orthodoxy. There were not more than half a dozen Spiritualists in the place when we arrived; but, as it was in the days of Christ, so it is now; "the common people (which means the common-sense people) heard him gladly." Creeds, church, or fear of discipline, would not prevent the people from hearing; and oh how gladly did they drink in the pure gospel of the New Dispensation; and before we left, although there was considerable persecution by the Methodist and Presbyterian, it could truly be said: *Magnified and exalted be the Truth uttered through our organisms, in the inspired, normal and trance conditions.*

The description of spirits, names and sentences, given in the public hall as well as private circle, as seen in the clairvoyant condition, is a phase of mediumship which seems to claim much attention by those who are just beginning to investigate these new ideas.

We lectured at many places on the Central Railroad, held meetings at New Sp. N. Y. Centre, where we found a great many warm, loving hearts, in the good cause. Canistota, Newport, Mechanicville—at all three of the last mentioned places we had the presence of the Universalist and free churches. Since last September we have been laboring in Newark. This city has a population of over 80,000 inhabitants, and seventy churches. As a matter of course, there is a good deal of conservatism and prejudice against anything new. It takes the people of Newark a long time to change, or leave the beaten track. Of course, we now speak of them in the whole—as a people; but, notwithstanding, there are a good many liberal, progressive thinking men and women. They formerly maintained Spiritual meetings, for there are a great many Spiritualists in the place; but, from a variety of causes, these meetings had run down, and were entirely suspended when we were led to come upon this ground to labor. But the cause has again revived, and during the winter our hall has been well supplied by a true seeking audience; and we realize that much truth has been unfolded unto the people. Many hearts have been made glad, sorrowing souls comforted, by the unmistakable evidence of the nearness of the loved ones who had dropped this life; and thus we expect to labor on, for the cause of truth and suffering humanity.

The Banner comes to us every week, with much choice reading, and we often select those parts which we deem the most profitable, to read in our afternoon conference, and in that way have gained many more readers, and some subscribers.

We have consecrated ourselves to this glorious work, and wherever the door is opened for us to labor, there we expect to go in, whether for a longer or shorter period. Should any of the friends and readers of the Banner be living in retired places, out of the way of the common thoroughfares, where they have had no lecturers or test-mediums, or any one to dispense unto them messages of love from the spirit-spheres, and would like to have their place visited, if they will copy us a line we will see what arrangements we can make to visit them during the coming summer. We desire to use our gifts where they are most needed. The hearts, ears and eyes of the people are open, greedy, ready to receive the good seed; let us, who have these precious gifts in our possession, be up and doing—laboring for all in love, bidding all come and drink from the inexhaustible fountain of knowledge and wisdom, purity and love. Yours faithfully, ELIZABETH MARQUAND.

97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "some success by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

Letter from L. Judd Pardee.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 24, 1865.

We are all slowly rising erect again. The Nation is staggering up from the prostration of the shock of the shot that immolated its Chief, and begins to see as well as feel that all is well. At such an hour it is the duty of the thinker and the seer to pierce to the real meaning and present the true use of the dread disaster.

We all know how we all felt. The mental atmosphere was saturated with sadness and dripped with sorrow. It settled in upon us all. A silent grief of expression and a sacred rage of soul, which no Gospel of Mercy could for the time assuage, were sensibly lifting. The force of pressure was too intense and prostrating to keep its climax for many days. And, God be thanked, the mass of mind begins to see what the seer discerned at once: the rainbow of God's hopeful providence shining clear out of the mist of our tears.

How the *Semitees* were affected. Mediumistic men and women were borne down by an overpowering pressure. The mental tides of social life set right through them, and a nameless and anguished depression, making the atmosphere fat with its life, was breathed in at every pore, and settled and concentrated in their interiors. I saw gentle women ghastly with mingled grief and rage repressed at the centers of their affectional life, and strong men bowed as with a weight on the brain—like iron. Nay, it is not too much to say that all the mass, gifted with sensibility deeper than we usually estimate, knew not what to do with themselves, and went about listless with impotent rage, or a nameless and inexpressible grief.

But now, fighting up once more, we listen to the voices of our own intuitive thought, or the wise consultations of the seer. Well, what is the conclusion? Simply this: that the Divine Powers foresaw and permitted, if they did not directly plan, the whole affair. The *hells* have their *indefinable* mission; but the work thereof is overmastered by the potent heavens. Never let us forget what the history of this and all other countries has practically taught, *again and again*, that in this *rudimentary* sphere *Evil* is the left hand of God, whose right is Good. Now we get exemplification of that truth of *Christ's* teaching, "the ends justify the means." This the results abundantly. But this forever the *Benignity* of the angel-world rightly use.

The Representative of Mercy has gone transfigured as a Martyr to his heavenly home. It is not too much to declare that Abraham Lincoln stands this day, by that consecration of his latest life, on a higher pinnacle of glory and joy than he would have come to, at once, without it. Justice takes the wand of Mercy, which events will prove would have been effectual for great and benign ends, and transforms it by the fashioning force of its strong right hand into a sword of power.

Estimate, for instance, just here, the practical aspect. The masses of the South were in danger from the mercy of the North. Is that a paradox? Let us see. These do not need mercy. Simple justice to them, misdeeds, overborne, plague-infected by the affluent ambition of ambitious and aristocratic men, is *forgiveness*. But mercy to their leaders is freedom to subtle and potent spirits to grasp again all local place and power. What does History teach? After a great contest in which the rights of man were put in grave of battle, against the interests of the selfish few, those latter, by *pretext* of past power, by superior craft, by a swift will, and by all the nameless magnetic force which social superiority almost invariably asserts, grasp anew places of profit and influence, and often, very often, succeed in re-forming the chains melted by the fervent heat of the wrath of the popular mass. The Nation was in danger of that precise thing at the South. Thank God! that the shot that crashed through Lincoln's head blew out the brains of a latent power of Slave Aristocracy. And let us be very thankful that, as heretofore Justice is to rule all the land till it is absolutely purged, we can philosophically discern one attribute and means of the Divine Government (whose other is Love) as representing the best practical as well as divine Wisdom. This last is the Holy Monarch of the Universe, with one hand on the sweet heart of Love, and the other on the strong hand of Truth, *adversely* directing both.

Doubtless there have been numerous mediumistic experiences of a peculiar sort, born to such as had them from the conjunction of the spirit of the late dread event and angelic influence. I have heard of some interesting instances; and had, myself, a brief but for the time thrilling experience in this line. Passing down one of the streets of this city, a few days after the tragedy had been enacted, I fell in with a regiment of volunteers, marching out for some purpose. I could not learn what, and proceeded by a magnificent band. I followed, to drink in the mediumistic power. Suddenly, I felt a shaft of light strike through the top of my head, which seemed to be lifted up and opened out in vast space, and my consciousness mingled with a sphere of glory and joy. There stood Lincoln, radiant, smiling, and expressing that the Nation would soon feel and see the use of the event that translated him, and inwardly rejoice at the divine Wisdom that permitted, not to say ordered it. Of course, I see that this might have simply been a psychological effect induced by other spirits, and with which the artist who subjected me had nothing to do. Nevertheless, it was thrilling, comforting, instructive.

Philadelphia has just fully expressed her heart. From 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. the stream of human life stretched itself, square on square, on Sunday last, waiting for a view of the mortal face of him that was, and still is; while appropriate discourses commemorative of the life, character and virtue of the great departed were and have been frequently made. On Wednesday, the 10th, the Spiritualists met at noon, at Sanson-street Hall, and addresses were given by various speakers. Had the personal feeling toward myself of the ruling spirit of that association (who Doctors the Cause here) permitted an invitation to be present and take part in the exercises, I should have been glad to have been there. But there was no lack of fit words, and doubtless no deeper spirit manifested anywhere.

Indeed, it seems to me that Spiritualists, of all others, could best appreciate the central, shining virtue of Lincoln—his *selfless* character, and we all know the late President was, in belief, one of us. Now he is become a "Spiritual Congress" man, a member of that august body whose wisdom and whose will are ruling the nations. Compare of Washington, we cannot but contrast them. In each the pivot of character was conscience. And out of that was born, as from a rich soil, a trust in God. But in all else, almost, how unlike. The one made, the other saved a nation. But, whereas Washington, representative of the first epoch, fought simply for white rights, Lincoln became as the representative of the second, and grander epoch, the champion of the universally politically bound. And yet, we may truthfully say that each, so great because wise and good, would have passed through life as simply solid men, had not the practical providence of God lifted them to where their latent power could have been evoked. Dignity sat upon Washington like a kingly crown; a rich humor, saturated with sense, and a social spirit open to all, flowed through the character of Lincoln like blood through his body.

On Sunday evening last I heard Selden J. Finney, the regular lecturer at present speaking at Sanson-street Hall. Mr. Finney is widely known as a philosophical and eloquent speaker, and has done more, perhaps, than any single person out of New York City, to bring to notice and practical use, Mr. Davis's beautiful system of *Lyceums*—physical, intellectual and spiritual—for children of all ages. On Sunday Mr. F. delivered a most noble discourse on the state of the country. It was comprehensive, eloquent, practical, pathetic, prophetic. Tears, laughter and applause alternately showed the edification the audience had of it.

I was particularly struck with the prophetic vein the brother was impelled in. And, perhaps, it is not improper to say that he predicted what, for years, by tongue and pen, I have been compelled to utter to wit: the advent, sooner or later, of a religious-social war in the North. And I wish here to remark that, in spite of the curses and damnations of the superficial Spiritualists in our midst, who cannot, as respects the future of this country and the designs of the Truth, depend on, think or see a foot beyond each his present. I still think *unimportant* mistakes may be made as to times and men, but great causes and effects remain.

Mr. Finney very clearly showed, indulging in

much the same vein of thought, (but presenting it somewhat differently,) that I have often used, that *conscience* commenced in the State invariably end in the Church; or, if commenced in the Church, go out through the State; rarely peacefully, more often bloodily. The reason is philosophically apparent: the Church and State, no matter what sort of ostensible separateness obtains, are inextricably interlocked. A subtle, organic force grows from one to the other, deep underneath all outer formula. And what is born of them forms itself into the social life like a tide.

Now, we must see what is the *spirit* of this Spiritual Age. It is to exalt three powers: Light, Liberty, Law—the light of all Truth; the liberty to grow, and to be and do the best; and the law of that legitimate system, method and order, based on the plan of God in Nature. Very well; then we see plenteous element, already crystallized into mastering power, opposed to these three unto the very death.

Let no man say to me, We shall slowly and peacefully come into all that. I say to all such superficialists, good-hearted enough, doubtless, but with no long and fine reach of brain-fiber, Look around you everywhere, in Church, State and Society; nay, look within. Why, to-day, three-fourths of the Northern people are, by their very unilluminated state, in rebellion against the designs of high heaven. And that rebellion is to be put down. The *Third Epoch* is yet to come; and all Slavery must stand and fight, as I see it will, or ignominiously meet its doom.

To meet that crisis Spiritual Statesmen, of both sexes, must come forth. All I ask is that people may be gifted with sufficient sense not to curse or seek to break down those upon whom, *no less* a voice, is put the inescapable mission—*to shed the light of the future upon the present*. But, doubtless, it is asking too much of some men; and all we can do is to stick. There is a *divine* power, my friends, wherever you are who believe in *generals* with me, and against it the gates of the hell of spiritual ignorance cannot prevail.

Let the quick succession of most unexpected events teach the Spiritualistic public, at least, what impends as from the overmastering heavens—*great Truths, great Loves, great inspirations of Delight and Joy*; but, also, all that was that fly fits us in part to receive them. Richmond falls, Lincoln drops out of earthly activity, and Sherman, either debauched in brain by the wine of success, or psychologized by sweet dreams of peace, or magnetized by a hot ambition to be a great pacifier as well as a great belligerent, cuts his own reputational throat—three unprecedented events in one month. From such Spirit of the brooding times expect many great children.

DO SPIRITS DECEIVE?

BY J. S. LOVELAND.

The above question has been one which has produced more discussion among Spiritualists than any other, though, I believe, it has seldom, if ever, been introduced directly into our newspapers; and were it not one of vital moment, I would forbear to call attention to it at the present moment. The main difficulty in the question seems to hinge here. Some very reprehensible things have been said and done by persons professing to be mediums, and acting under the influence or direction of spirits; and, therefore, the spirits, or the medium, must be held responsible; and as it is easier to lay the blame where a ready vindication is difficult, than where the very person confronts you, the responsibility has been, too often, I think, laid at the door of the spirit-world. But in exculpating our angel friends, I would not carelessly inculpate that class of persons denominated mediums. I don't believe we are sinners above all other persons. On the contrary, I am sure that when the true law of mediumship is tolerably well comprehended, many, very many of the dark things—perhaps I should say hidden ones—will be made light. But I do not intend that work now. My object is to give the testimony of the spirits themselves upon the question which heads this article.

The medium through whom the statements were made, which I am about to quote, was a clergyman of the Universalist sect, and, so far as I know, of unblemished reputation. He was a mechanical writing medium. He says, in his introduction, "With the subject matter of this book I was wholly uninformed, not knowing even the first word, until my hand was moved and wrote it." The book was written without any will or volition, except that I consented to sit, and let my hand write as it was controlled by spirits." He also says that "when written, I have often found the sentiment to contradict the convictions of my own mind." Certainly no more positive evidence of absolute mediumship can be furnished than that of mechanical writing, under such circumstances as are furnished in this case. Two of the prominent persons engaged in writing this work ("Light from the Spirit-World") were Thomas Paine and William Penn. But to the statements, I commence my quotations on the 25th page:

"Who, then, are deceiving spirits? We have said they are those who deceive, and we have said those who deceive are those who are controlled by influences not found in the second sphere. And we may repeat that no one in the body can disprove this fact, which we offer from an experience of over fifty years in that sphere. No one will ever be able to contradict the fact which we have assumed to utter in the face of over one hundred mediums, through whom witnesses may be interrogated on this subject. The mediums, whose views when in the body, were dissimilar to our own, and our own at variance with the eternal things of this sphere of existence. Where, then, dwell deceiving spirits? In the body. The rudimentary sphere is the residence of deceiving spirits. And it is the misfortune of many that they are often deceived by their own spirits. We know of some, at least, who have deceived themselves with the witnesses before them. They have charged that upon the witness, which truthfully belonged to themselves. They have accused the witness of facts which were their own, and have tenaciously held the witness in duress for crimes that never emanated from this sphere. They have decried the wisest and purest as evil, because they deceived themselves by presuming to judge of things and circumstances too far removed from their wisdom to admit of a correct decision. They have not only deceived themselves, but, being deceived, have deceived others. . . . It is this passion of premature judgment of things not understood, which has involved the conclusion, or produced it, that everything incompatible with the conditions of existence in the body must originate with evil spirits. And it does in one sense, but not in the one usually understood. The evil of ignorance is disciplined by spirits of this sphere to renovate and prepare the mind for greater usefulness, and such means, and such only, are employed by us as will produce this desirable result. No spirit has ever employed any other means than those required by the condition they sought to change. . . . Witchcraft is always connected with deception. It can only be practiced by a deceiving spirit. It is a selfish object, and aims to place the selfish in selfish. Consequently witchcraft belongs to a condition where selfishness, where ignorance shields the performer from detection, where all things conspire to work in a secret manner the design of the worker, and where the secret works of darkness admit of no exposure. Nothing secret can be done in this sphere. Nothing is hidden from the inspection of spirits, and nothing can be concealed from them which they desire to know. Deception, therefore, belongs to a sphere where circumstances prevent a disclosure of the work of deceivers."

This much for the spirits; and, if clear and positive assertion be wanted from them, we have it in the foregoing extracts. They do most emphatically repudiate all falsehood, and indeed all forms of moral obliquity, as having a home in the spirit-world. I confess, for one, that I believe their testimony. It accords with my experience, my reason, and my hope of the hereafter. No selfishness lives in the soul's future home. The spirit

and passions of the "earthly," or animal part of our present condition, will be left with the body, when the spirit ascends, or is reabsorbed into eternal life. I would suggest that all who are interested in the testimony of spirits themselves concerning this question, procure and read the entire book from which I have quoted. I presume it may be obtained where other spiritual publications are on sale. The title, as given above, is—"Light from the Spirit-World."

My hope is that light may shine, and that the old leaven of Demonology, Devilism, or Evil-Spirits, may be purged out, and that we may be able to appreciate the wisdom, power and love which fill the bending heavens over us—that we no longer distort the angel's smile into a demon's leer, or confound heaven's harmony with the babbling of fabled hell.

Boston, Mass., May 1, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, S.W.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion, and is an effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relative duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful reversal 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 spirit world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine*.

The New Nation.

In consequence of the surrender of Johnston and what is left of the rebel armies to Alabama, there is not now a rebel force of any size on the hither side of the Mississippi River. Peace reigns over that vast extent of territory where the legions of war were so recently tramping for purposes of destruction. It is a great change from the fearfully sad and gloomy May of 1861. The very singing of the birds in the green woods, that spring, made the heart sorrowful, it was in such sharp contrast with the murderous work which had just begun. One could not walk in the fields and feel the warmth of the bright sunshine, without a sensation of regret that it should fall upon scenes of bloodshed and rapine as well as upon opening flowers, and should witness the destruction of happy homes as well as the building of new homes by the innocent birds in the apple-trees.

Lee has now surrendered the whole of his army to Grant, and Johnston has surrendered his to Sherman. This clears the entire coast. No more organized opposition to the Government of the Union. Every man of the whole number has given his parole to be quiet at his own home and observe the laws of the country. He has pledged his word of honor to do this, and will remain unmolested so long as he keeps his word. The leaders will of course make their escape, if they can. Jeff Davis took with him an escort of cavalry, consisting of from one to two thousand men, and struck off across the country into South Carolina, expecting, as it was represented, either to move into Southern Georgia and try and get through Alabama and Mississippi to the river into Texas, or else to find some chance of embarking on a light draught blockade-runner and working his way out of the creeks and the country. It is extremely doubtful if he is successful in his purpose, but he has nothing left him but to make the attempt to escape, however desperate it may be.

With the end of war and a full return of peace, new and most important questions arise to task the thought of the best minds of the country; not merely the ablest or acutest thinking, but to demand the largest views, the broadest comprehension, and the most statesmanlike conception. We are about practically to deal with an entirely new people. The aristocratic or ruling class in the rebellious States has been overthrown, rooted out, annihilated. They charged that it was the intention of the Government to annihilate the body of the Southern people; but that intention applied only to themselves, who had always been careful to keep the mass of white people under. They will never again wield any social or political influence in the States which they dragged into the fatal error of making war on the Government of the Union. Their day is over. Neither place nor property is theirs any longer. A new class of men is destined to supplant them; and that speedily. The President himself is a fair and able representative of that class, and powerfully vindicated their claims to a higher place in the social scale than they have hitherto enjoyed. He understands the problem which is involved in the reconstruction of Southern society better perhaps than any other man from that section. Upon such as he will devolve the task of bringing order out of chaos, reforming the entire plans of society, and developing the latent character of those people, which is yet to be put to such excellent use for themselves and the country.

This great change in that section involves great ones also in other sections. The entire country is to experience the influence. The cotton fields are to be planted and picked again, but by new owners. Compulsory labor will be superseded by that of wages and hire. Other men than those who now dwell at the South will flock into the country to take hold of the great work which there cannot be any too many men to do. The movement in the labor markets of the world will be general and active. All branches of industry which for four long years have slept, will at once feel the revival, and come up to the highest state of activity again. And, better than all, the lately rebellious portion of the country will be opened to the reception of new ideas, such as the old rule completely shut out from it; and those ideas will be for freedom and a truer liberty, and will work still more wonderful changes in society there as they take root and grow.

It may take some little time to recover wholly from the shock of war in the Southern fields and cities, but it will probably occupy less time than has generally been thought. Once having got the ruling and mischievous class out of the country, the glass that made the war and dragged all the rest of the South into it, and the task is comparatively easy. The poor whites who never owned an acre of land before will shortly have farms for their own tillage. The blacks will be all freedmen, capable of earning their own wages for their labor and spending them. A feeling of self-respect will step in to usurp the place of the old feeling of vagabondage. Every man will imme-

diately manifest an interest in the Government and the condition of society around him. Intelligence will reign where ignorance has held sway in such darkness. The country will be opened to the world again, and the people will become what they never could have become, had the old order of things remained.

The News in Europe.

We have been considerably curious to see how the English papers would feel about our late national victories. It was to be supposed that they would not be overmuch pleased with the successes of the Federal arms. Nor have our suppositions gone at all out of the way. The comments of the London papers are almost a jumble, so eager are they to retreat from the false positions which they have chosen in reference to our affairs, and so loath are they, too, to admit to their readers that all their predictions have been falsified, their hopes undermined, and their opinions brought to naught.

The London Times leads off in the work of retrogression. It has been the greatest sinner in the discussion of American affairs, and has knowingly and invariably bolstered up the fortunes of the rebels with the whole of its powerful influence. It is of course a very hard task for the Times to take the back track, and proceed to eat its own words in the face of the world; but little else is left it but to confess that the South is fairly beaten in its attempt to destroy this government of the Union, and to agree that for the future the country would advance in the road to a larger liberty and a truer prosperity. In the admission of Northern supremacy which the Times makes, there is hardly a show of grace or nobleness; it owns up with a sullenness quite in keeping with its character and conduct all through the war.

But there is one peg upon which the great Thunderer is resolved to hang its entire reputation as a prophet and philosopher. It will insist that, by the subjugation of the knot of rebels who drove and dragged the people of the Southern States into war and ruin, the "nobler elements" of our national character have been wantonly "degraded and destroyed." This is certainly drawing the picture in strong outline. The idea of the rebel leaders who permitted the Fort Pillow massacre and the Andersonville prison-pen tragedy, composing the "nobler elements" of our nation, is among the astounding wonders of the time. But the purpose of the Times is perfectly plain. It recognizes, in the result of this war of ours, the final overthrow of everything like class, or caste, on this continent, and naturally fears the reaction on the power and influence of the ruling class in England and throughout Europe. It realizes already that our complete triumph over rebellion, and the latest effort of a class to usurp power which belongs to the people only, will certainly provoke a corresponding reaction against the pretensions of class in European society, and prove as great a popular triumph in Europe as it has proved here. This is just what the London Times is afraid of, and this is why it is so careful, and perhaps adroit, in insisting that the war in the United States has destroyed caste in this country, and therefore has put an end to the best elements of our national character. But it will live long enough to see that the people look at this matter out of their own eyes, and not through the goggles it would have them use.

It is perfectly natural, too, that the legislature and court of France should be more or less exercised over the tidings of this disaster to the rebels. Both France and England hoped to reap lasting advantage from this war of ours, although they hardly dared improve any single opportunity that offered to join forces in combination against us. They watched with great sharpness and care for a chance to drive in an entering wedge which should split this nation permanently asunder, but they failed to find just the chance they wanted. And meanwhile the war went on, and justice and right were all the time gaining merited advantage, and the day of danger from foreign meddlingness was being put further and further away. Till now the drama is ended, and all hope of advantage to foreign powers from interfering with us is faded out, and they are simply left to ponder upon the lesson which they have been taught with such an emphasis.

The next arrival will have told a fuller story to the London press. The British Government will then know through what a test this republic of ours can pass and not be thrown from its pole of power and influence. The violent death of the late beloved President will greatly shock them, but it will also teach them that, in spite of occurrences which would shake any European government to its centre, we can safely pass through almost any crisis which it may enter into the mind of man to conceive. Our system is founded upon the intelligence, morality, patriotism and good sense of the people themselves; and that is why it never need fear an overthrow so long as it receives the popular support and devotion.

Mrs. Hatch.

Cora L. V. Hatch's lecture on "The Old and the New," at the Melodeon, on Thursday evening, May 4th, which she kindly volunteered to give for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair to be opened at Chicago, on the 23rd of this month, was an able treatise on our national affairs, in which she briefly reviewed the past; contrasting it with the mighty changes of the present day; recited the important duties of the hour, in order to guard against future ill; counselled to acts of justice, mercy, kindness and love, so that the general interests of humanity will be advanced, and the people elevated. Then, with the far-seeing ken of the controlling intelligence, a picture was drawn, such as the patriot and all lovers of human elevation find consolation in contemplating.

Mrs. Hatch left for New York last Friday.

A Progressive Movement.

Another step has been taken in the right direction toward advancing the intelligence of the laboring classes, by allowing them an opportunity to devote a small portion of their time to self-culture, thus guarding against influences that would otherwise lead them off, inculcate loose habits and a desire to mingle with bad associates. On Monday, May 1st, the Board of Aldermen, after considerable discussion, passed an order, requesting the Trustees of the Public Library to make the necessary arrangements for opening the Reading Room of that institution to the public from five to ten P. M., on Sundays. This will be a great benefit to the city.

Services at Saratoga Hall, Baltimore.

Our Baltimore correspondent writes: "In compliance with the request of the Acting Secretary of State, there were appropriate services at Saratoga Hall on the occasion of the late President's funeral, on Wednesday, April 19th/1865. After a suitable anthem by the choir, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer delivered a discourse that was highly appreciated by a large and respectfully attentive audience. It would be impossible for me to do justice to the speaker in a brief synopsis, therefore I will not attempt it." As the conclusion of the address she gave an appropriate poem.

Welcome, Peace!

The news that Peace has really come back is most welcome to all ears. Four years ago, it seemed as if the sky was overhung with a pall; now it appears as if the very birds of spring were never so full of joy. The army is being cut down; so is the Navy; and so are the expenses. The *expense* of the Government is estimated to be at the rate of about a thousand millions of dollars for the current year. Tens of thousands of men will thus be sent back to their homes and to the work of productive industry again. The fields will welcome back the men who once planted and tilled them. Trade will spring up everywhere. Manufactures must be excited into new activity. Piracy having been ended, the busy vessels of commerce will soon be traveling the waters along the coast, and finding their way to ports from which they have been shut out for four long and wasting years.

We are to have a complete revival of trade and industry. Men will go into the fields to work, who have had the heartache to get back upon the dear old home acres again, and they will make the face of the earth laugh with a bountiful harvest. How joyful will be the meetings of the long absent ones; and where homes have been robbed of their stay and treasure by the operations of cruel war, profound as the grief will always be, it will be lightened by the welcome thought that those precious lives have not been given up in vain. It is much to know that one has generously helped to save one's country, and that the giving up of the husband, the father, the son, and the brother, has not been without the result so religiously hoped for. Every life that has been given on the side of the Union in this war, is a priceless tribute to the worth of that Union forever. Those who have fallen have been happy in being permitted to die for their country; a privilege not granted to the men of every generation.

Now the occupations of tranquil life will be resumed. There will be no more war nor rumors of war. The streets will be filled with crowds of people pursuing the arts of peace, and not intent upon the work of war, and the too powerful influences of war. The countenances of the people will wear a different expression. Other ideas and sentiments will possess the popular mind and heart. The old customs of the halcyon days of peace will come creeping back over the community, and a character will develop by a very different kind of action from that which has occupied all minds since the outbreak of war.

How welcome is this change! Where will it not make itself visibly felt? What a sense of silent gratefulness springs up in the heart, that the work of slaughter and destruction, even though it be in the noblest of earthly causes, has come to an end! We all love peace, let us preach violence as loudly as we will. It is man's natural condition. Only as we practice its precepts do we really grow in those qualities which develop and enrich character, and give to life its attractive features. Peace is very welcome through the land. North and South, there are none who do not greet it with a hail far more earnest than that with which they first welcomed war.

A Touching Incident at the White House.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," contributes the following touching incident to the Independent, which fully demonstrates the goodness of heart and tender feelings possessed by the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln:

A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted, in her turn, to the President. Her husband and three sons, all she had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said: "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence.

He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said: "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking; I shall release to you your second son." Upon this he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper. "Now," said he, "you have one and I one of the other two left; that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said: "The Lord bless you, Mr. President! May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

The American Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Garrison, in his last paper, says the time has come for the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of good sense and self-respect. He will not only advocate that measure at the approaching anniversary of the Society in New York, but terminate his connection with it on that occasion. The great object for which it was organized (the abolition of slavery) has been consummated, and it is meet that its members retire now, with the consciousness of having done their duty to their country and sown seed that will ultimately benefit the whole human race.

Mrs. J. S. Fuller.

This indefatigable lady, who was commissioned by the officers of the Chicago Sanitary Fair to superintend the Spiritual Department, and to solicit aid from Spiritualists throughout the country, has returned to Chicago, after having visited many prominent cities, coming as far East as Boston. We hope she has met with good success in so noble and charitable a cause. Friends sending directly to her should be particular to mark their packages, "for the North-Western Sanitary Fair; Spiritual Department," Chicago, Ill.

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Cora L. V. Hatch gave two of her characteristically fine discourses in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, April 30th, to good audiences. It was rather an unexpected treat. She happened to be in the city, and Miss Doten being unable to fill the desk, Mrs. Hatch kindly consented to do so. Miss Emma Hardinge occupies the desk during the Sundays in May, afternoon and evening.

Mr. H. H. Rogers came to New York.

Our friend Rogers called at this office last week to bid us good-by and leave a parting blessing prior to going to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has to locate. We congratulate our friends there on the acquisition of such a genial and true-hearted gentleman. God bless him wherever he may tarry.

Price, cloth, \$2; full gilt, \$2.50. Postage, 35 cents. For sale at this office. Feb. 22.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Soul of Truth, Infinite Jehovah, thou who art the resurrection and the life; thou who art ever leading all souls out of the dim mysticisms of the past into the living glory of the present; thou who art delivering us from bondage; thou who art our Friend and Protector, we would turn to thee and worship thee in beauty and holiness, which means not simply with mouthed utterances, but with all the faculties of our soul. In our every act, every thought, all we do, all we say, we would worship thee. Since thou art a Spirit, Infinite and Eternal, our adoration must be of the Spirit; our offerings must be spiritual offerings. Oh thou Eternal Power, grant that we may so know thee as to present that which shall be acceptable unto thee. Oh grant that that sublime consciousness that recognizes thee everywhere may be ours. Perhaps it is unnecessary that we ask this blessing, since the soul in its internal life knows thee, and can never be without thee. It must live in thy presence, it must dwell in the sunshine of thy smiles, and be surrounded by thine Infinite power forever, else it is not a soul, else it is not sublime and grand, and a part of Deity.

Oh Father, Spirit, we adore thee for the grand manifestations of this time; for the power that is being bestowed upon this people. They, of all others, are richly blest, since the angels now talk face to face with them; since light from the higher life is continually poured in upon their souls by thy white winged messengers. Oh, they should turn forever to thee with thanksgiving and with praise. All their utterances should be utterances of praise. They should know, oh Father, Spirit, that thou art blessing them continually. In their souls they do know this; in their inner lives, there, thou art dwelling we know. There thou art seated, not upon a great white throne, but upon a throne of humility and yet of strength. Oh, may thy children recognize everywhere that they are in thy presence; that thou art their Father; that these manifestations of the present are but the outpourings of thy great soul; that their thirsty souls may drink them in like the waters of life, and feel refreshed thereby. And if any there be who have laid their hopes upon the green graves of departed friends, grant that those friends may be permitted to return with bright garlands for the brows of those they have left behind them. Then shall the mourner look up with joy. Then shall the disconsolate be disconsolate no longer, but rather rejoice because they are resurrected. And unto thee, who art the power, the life, the everlasting resurrecting principle, be all honor, and glory, and praise forever. March 13.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now give our opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—Mr. J. Love, of Massillon, Ohio, informs us that this card, containing the words—"We cannot communicate with you to-night. We have another mission. Will meet you again. Trust us ever"—was written by the spirits at one of the circles held in that place, where very remarkable manifestations were given; an account of which was printed in the Banner of Jan. 28th, 1885. This is only one of a large number given. It is written in a very accurate semi-circle form, small letters, but fair and plain as copperplate printing. The writer desires an explanation of the *modus operandi* of producing the writing on the cards. And, also, why other circles do not have the same kind of manifestations?

ANS.—Probably the same kind of manifestations are not given at the other circles, simply because the same conditions are wanting. Now as regards the *modus operandi* of this kind of writing—for we have but very little to say, but what we do say we hope will be to the point—it should be known that the atmosphere contains all that is necessary to human and spiritual life. Similar elements of which your physical bodies are composed exist in the atmosphere everywhere. Now these elements can be harmonized into form by the superior power of the human will, provided that human will knows enough of the law to take advantage of that governing in the case. Those mediums through which such manifestations take place, or in the presence of whom such manifestations are given, are simply what we might call molds, through which this power that exists in the atmosphere is run. After passing this power through these condensed physical molds under the action of will—controlling spirit—it comes out in the form of a foot, or a hand, or a body entire, perhaps, quite as literal, quite as real, quite as tangible, for the time being, as your human forms. Now if this can be done, you can readily believe spirit able to take up a pencil or pen and write such a card as your correspondent has sent to you. With regard to this being done better in a dark room than a lighted one, we would say, the disembodied spirit sees material objects by virtue of its magnetic life; therefore that positive electrical power that exists in the atmosphere, producing light, is inimical to such manifestations. A spirit, under such circumstances, can see far better in the dark than in the light, simply because the light, or positive electrical power, destroys the power of sight, so far as material objects are concerned.

Q.—I understand that persons were requested to meet in a certain hall; that they did so, in darkness; that suddenly the room became brilliantly illuminated, and they saw light pass from one end of the hall to the other, and the form of a spirit standing at the altar or desk. Some one in the circle became frightened, and left the room, thus preventing further manifestations. But the company presume the spirit would have spoken had not the harmony of the circle been destroyed. Do you think that possible?

A.—Why, certainly; one of the most reasonable things imaginable. Your system of ethics, to one untrained, is very mysterious; but to one in-

formed, it is very simple. So it is in regard to these manifestations.

CHAIRMAN.—J. C., of Catonsville, Md., thus writes us:

Q.—"Will the intelligence give his views of the seventh chapter of Romans, from the fifteenth verse to the end of the chapter?"

A.—It is very evident that Paul was striving to harmonize the law of his own human nature with the law of the Church, and being unable to do this, he very naturally declares that it was not himself that was at fault; that it was sin that prevented him from rendering obedience to that which, to him, was the higher law. There are many who are conditioned similar to Paul, at the present day, who are perpetually at war with the law under which they have been socially educated, and the law that governs their own being, and is for their guidance. If there were no necessity for the existence of natural law, there would be no such law; but inasmuch as there is such a law, it is very reasonable to suppose that there is a necessity for it. We cannot agree with our good brother of ancient times, knowing, as we do, that he dragged much of the darkness of the past into that which was the present to him. He incorporated all the old ideas which his spirit was imbued, into the present. So throughout all his teachings you will find more or less that you, as reasonable beings, must now ignore.

Q.—[From the audience.] About a year ago, some French or German astronomer asserted that a comet would appear in 1893, that would occasion great destruction of life. The intelligence then rather agreed with the astronomer. Is there any probability of its coming this year?

A.—Yes; but so far as the destruction of human life is concerned by its coming, we certainly cannot believe it. The law governing these heavenly bodies is exact and inexorable—they never deviate from their course. You never knew of such a circumstance, probably never will. There is no need of fear upon your part, that the sudden appearance of these fiery children will be disadvantageous to you or your earth, for all these things are governed by law, and order is the very greatest point of that law; and they would be very much out of order should they so far forget their destiny as to interfere with any other planet.

Q.—Do spirits after leaving the body have any more power to look into the future, than while here?

A.—Yes; the disembodied spirit has more power to look into the future than the embodied spirit, inasmuch as you in earth-life are more or less cramped by human circumstances, and your vision, clairvoyantly, is more or less obscured. But when you cast off physical conditions, and stand out amid the living realities of the soul-world, then you will be able to judge concerning cause and effect.

Q.—Is the intelligence now speaking proof against the magnetism of persons present?

A.—No, certainly not; inasmuch as all are inseparably bound to each other, so of course, as a human intelligence, I must feel the magnetism of the audience.

Q.—In controlling opinions that you give?

A.—No, certainly not. The opinions offered here are claimed to be the legitimate children of the intelligence speaking.

Q.—Can spirits see and hear what we see and hear, if they are near us?

A.—Yes, very often.

Q.—All that we see and hear?

A.—No.

Q.—Then are they as good judges in respect to our doings as we are ourselves?

A.—No, certainly not. You are all to attain wisdom by your own exertions, by the mental powers of your own inner selves. What I may come and lay upon the altar of your being, may be unacceptable to you; then it is worthless. I have no right to dictate your course, for you are an individuality—and you have no right to dictate mine. If we can work in harmony, we shall give each other strength. But if there is no harmony, we shall be detrimental to each other. So you are all the best judges concerning your human surroundings.

Q.—Have all embodied spirits power to commune with the inhabitants of the spirit-world?

A.—Yes; but they are not all conscious in the external of that power. The soul, or inner part, dwells as much to-day in what is the spirit-world proper to you, as it ever will; and it holds as direct communion with the inhabitants of that spirit-world to-day as it will hereafter; but it does not and cannot project that consciousness through your human senses into external life. You all hold the most sacred communion with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, but there are only a few whom you call mediums, who stand out from the masses, and because of their peculiar organizations they are able to hold direct, conscious communion with the inhabitants of the spirit-world.

Q.—Does the character of the medium have anything to do with his or her mediumship? Does it not depend upon the organism of the medium?

A.—It certainly does; but the moral condition of the medium, or spiritual or intellectual condition, has nothing to do with the mediumistic power of the subject, nothing whatever.

Q.—Which is the best condition for spiritual progress—while in the material body, or in the spirit-world?

A.—They are both good conditions, each perfectly well adapted to themselves—to the power of progress that exists in the present. While you live in the physical body, you can gain enough to satisfy the demands of the indwelling power for the present. After you are freed from that physical form, you will find your spiritual conditions are not enlarged, nor are they any more free for use of the spirit after death than before it.

Q.—Do spirits who have left the earth feel regret for the conduct of the friends they have left behind?

A.—They certainly do, and yet that regret is over softened or modified by the knowledge that you will all pass beyond these unhappy conditions. The mother, when she sees her child going down into the halls of human life, can but sorrow. The friend who was truly your friend when here, and is able to look at you from a spiritual standpoint of vision, can but sympathize with you. And yet, as we before stated, their regret is modified by the knowledge that all will pass beyond those conditions.

Q.—Do our friends, after they have departed, like to see us in the manifestation of grief at their departure?

A.—No, they do not.

Q.—Do they like to see us wear badges of mourning?

A.—No, certainly not. They would rather see you put on badges of joy.

Q.—Can the spirit tell us by what method Christ turned water into wine at the marriage feast?

A.—By the same method that your psychologists are able to do the same thing to-day. It is very possible that the water was water still, and not wine; that the change of conditions of circumstances, existed with the individual who drank thereof, and not with the water. That is our belief. March 13.

Major General Whiting.

I am Major General Whiting. I am here to fulfill a promise made before I changed worlds. My friends wished, should Spiritualism prove a truth to me after death, that I would return and do my best to manifest in such a way as would leave no doubt in their minds. Tell those to whom I made the promise that Spiritualism is a truth and not a falsehood.

I am told that I yielded up my stewardship of the flesh on the 10th of this present month. I was kindly cared for, received proper attention, and all was done to save my life that could be done. But it pleased God to remove me. I was a prisoner in Federal hands. The fortunes of war cast me upon your Northern shores. I have no regrets to offer. I am only too glad I passed out so near this great Spiritual Post Office that I might thus early redeem my promise.

Thomas, Spiritualism is true; and it has for its foundation the heavens and the earth; and no philosophy can prevail against it. When I am stronger, I will come again with more. To-day I am hardly fit to give even one word. March 13.

Robert Reidelberg.

I have not in me power to tell just how long I have been in the spirit-land, but I can tell you at what battle I was killed, if that will do. [That will help us.] At the second day of the battle of Antietam. I don't know, but it seems to me to be little more than two years ago. My name was Robert Reidelberg. I was born in Hanover, Germany, and lived in Princeton, Pennsylvania. I was in the 9th Reserve Corps. I was shot in five or six places before I found it was time for me to lay down my musket and go to the spirit-land.

I got a wife and little child that I should be glad to come into a condition to talk with. I'm somehow feeling not very pleasant to-day. I been asking to come here so many times, and the answer was, "You shall come when it is right for you to come." Very well; I don't know about this being put off so long. It may be right, but then it was hard to wait, you know. That is like being put off of your ration when you're very hungry. I pulled back here all the time. The talk is, "Robert, why is it you no come back? Why is it you don't come and talk to me? Why don't you 'pear to me?" Oh, well, they may say so, but you can't appear and talk to every body, because they're afraid of you; so I come here. Oh, no; if I was to appear to me wife, she'd be frightened to death. Yet she asks me to appear to her all the time. Oh, that's very well to say so; but should I appear to her, she'd not like it. Now, all these folks what see, and talk with spirits, they're not afraid. Oh, I can come unto them and talk to them any time, for they understand it; shake hands with you, and says: "Glad to see you; where did you come from? where is your going?" They're not a bit afraid; oh, no; because they is used to it, you know.

Well, I not likes me wife to ask me to appear to her any more. Oh, should I go and appear to her, she thinks, "Oh, the heavens are going to fall." Still, she asks all the time: "Why don't you appear to me?" Now, I say, I won't do any such thing. One reason is, I can't do it; and another is, I not likes to frighten me wife. But I will come here and talk to her, if she likes. I will 'pear to her through a body like this, what don't carry the idea of the ghost and the spirit, you know; that's it.

Well, now, about getting the money: I think it is all got. I, myself, drew and paid the money. I was paid by the paymaster, and I paid a debt that the folks know nothing about. I paid this debt out of the money I got, and they think it's back, because I not send the money home. Well, now, it is got, and I think that the Government owes me nothing; that's what I think. And me papers were buried with me body, or else robbed from me by the rebels. But, at any rate, I think there's nothing to be got. But, I tell you what it is: I can help her, I think; I can tell her—I can point out a way, maybe, that'll make her better off in the world. Oh, it's bad to be left without anything, and a little one to care for, when you don't know which way to go, or what thing to do to help yourself.

Now, Charlotte, when you get me letter you not ask any more for me to appear to you, but you just sit down alone by yourself and think in your mind what you most want to know about—I talking to me wife, and not to you—and then I will try to be there, take account of it and give it here; or, if you goes to some place where these folks give us a chance to talk with you as we do here. [You wish your wife to go to some medium.] Yes, that's it: look up some medium. Now, don't ask me to come any more and appears to you. I feel bad when I knows it, for if I should appear to you it would frighten you out of your senses. [Please spell your last name?] R-e-i-d-e-r-b-e-r-g; that's the way. Good-day, sir. March 13.

Louisa Hodgman.

I died of inflammation of the lungs, the result of a cold I took on board the transport from Fortress Monroe to New Orleans. I was the wife of Colonel Hodgman. My name, Louisa Hodgman. Colonel Hodgman is confined by Federal forces in New Orleans. I left my home in the South, and went to seek him out, knowing he was a prisoner in Federal hands. I supposed he was a prisoner at Point Lookout, but I ascertained that he was in New Orleans, and, by the kindness of some of your officers, I was furnished with a pass to go to New Orleans; but I took cold on the passage, and died in less than seven days.

I have dear friends at the North; some in Cincinnati, some in St. Louis, some in New York State; but I have more at the South. My friends do not know of my death. My remains were not sent to my friends. Oh, I would give the world for just one hour's talk with those I love. I had hoped to do so much. I had hoped first to overcome the prejudices of my husband against you Northerners, and so persuade him to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, and become, in the truest sense, a Union man. But I had no opportunity to carry out any of my designs. I do earnestly pray that I may be fortunate enough to meet with some good subject through whom I can manifest to my friends privately. Oh, tell them I am so anxious to come! If they will only favor me with the usual means, I'm sure they'll not regret it.

A few words to Adjutant General Hodgman. He is my husband's brother; is in arms against your Government; no matter. Oh, tell him to give me just a few moments' talk with him, and I'm sure he will not regret it. Farewell, sir. March 13.

Invocation.

Holy Spirit, Endless Life, in harmony with thy creation's never silent voices, we would sing thee our sweetest songs of praise. Oh thou, who hast all forms, who occupiest all places, who art master and maker of all conditions, thou, who knowest that all intelligence continually turns toward thee, praying for the bestowal of thy choicest gifts. And yet experience teaches us that not one frag-

ment of thy mysterious law can be harnessed to suit our wishes. Still, we pray on, and the invocation of all ages has grown to a grand mountain of beauty and power, whereon souls can stand and commune with thee. Oh Father, Spirit, though we may not hope to change thy law by our petitions, still we pray on, for prayer is of use, and the spirit of prayer is a part of thine own divine soul, a something that thou hast implanted within us, and it gushes forth in spontaneous beauty toward thee. Each petition adds another step to the grand spiral staircase leading to the Temple of Wisdom. So prayer is of use. The soul, wouldst thoust without it, would faint beneath the heavy burdens of Time, ay, and of Eternity also, without this bread of life. Oh, it is sweet to turn away from the ignorance and darkness of human woe, and enter the sacred realm of prayer, and there hold communion with thee. Therefore for this sacred privilege of communion, we, with the morning stars of other days, would sing our song of joy to thee. We praise thee, oh Father, for all thy creations, for every conceivable form of life, every condition of time and eternity; for we know all is good—very good. Inasmuch as thou art the great soul of all life, so all must be good, all must be sacred. Every thought, every form, every condition of life, must be sacred and perfect. Oh Father, Spirit, accept our praise, receive the offerings of our souls; let them add one more blossom to the great garden of thine eternal beauty, and our souls shall be refreshed by its fragrance. March 14.

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Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to give an opinion concerning the inquiries of correspondents.

Q.—Can you explain how it was that God sent dew upon the fleece which Gideon put upon the floor, while it was dry on all the land, and afterwards sent the dew upon the ground, and left the fleece dry?

ANS.—What if we should say that, in our opinion, this melody of words was without any special meaning, consequently contained no great truth? Would you consider us blasphemers?

Q.—I should not.

S.—Whether you would or not, that is the only conclusion we can arrive at concerning the subject you have offered us. March 14.

Elizabeth Chauncey Frothingham.

Eighteen years ago I passed to the world of spirits, from Leeds, in England. At that time there was a mystery concerning my death; and, as that mystery has never been explained, I propose, for the benefit of those who remain, to explain it to-day.

The body I occupied was called Elizabeth Chauncey Frothingham. My time in the body numbered twenty-two years and seven months. It was known that I retired for the night in my usual health; it was also known that, by the bequest of my parents, I inherited much property in lands and gold. There were many surmises concerning my death. A near and dear relative, with whom I resided, was, by some, charged with having something to do with producing my death, in order that he might inherit my worldly wealth. He has ever prayed that some circumstance might reveal the truth, and the world might know that he had nothing to do with producing my death.

During my mother's last sickness there were many remedies that were not used, and were laid by, as they should not have been, in case they were needed in future. Feeling somewhat ill, and knowing—at least, I thought I knew—enough concerning all the remedies left at my mother's death, to administer them properly, either to myself or any one else, I took that which I supposed to be a simple anodyne, which proved to be a most subtle poison, and I was found dead in the morning, and no one could tell wherefore.

To my honored relative, who still remains, bearing the name of John D. Frothingham, I would say, the grave has yielded up its dead, that you, in time, may be exonerated, as you certainly will be in eternity.

Unto those who still have a lingering doubt concerning the truth of the honesty of this individual, I would say, banish your doubts; no longer fear to hold communion with that person, for I have returned from the not far-off spirit-world, to tell you that he had nothing to do with producing my change; and he as much, and more than many, regretted that I passed on so early. Farewell, sir. March 14.

Rudolph Seiberg.

Rudolph Seiberg, Company C, 20th Massachusetts. I was killed in action. I had thought by coming here I should meet some of my friends. [You are to meet them by asking your friends to furnish you with a medium for the purpose, privately.] Yes, sir; I am to ask for one of these persons in private, then.

Well, I will ask Hubert Seiberg to give me one of these, to meet me where there is one of these. [Is he your brother?] Yes, sir. I am somehow not much settled. I hear so much about coming back, I feel as if I was here all the time. I want to come back. I want to say what I would have said when I was here. Oh, I am not unhappy, not miserable, nothing of that kind; but I find myself strangely situated. I did not expect to find the spirit-world as I did. I expected I should be waded away to some good place, or bad place, I not know which; but I find myself in a world like the one I left—that is to say, when I am so strongly attracted here, it is very much like here. I'm not sorry I went into the army to fight the battles of this country. I'm glad I did; and if I had another body, I would give it as freely as I give that one, and that is more than some of your native Americans would say. Good-afternoon, sir. You'll not forget my company and regiment. [Where is your brother?] In the army, sir. [In the same regiment?] No, sir; from Ohio, sir. March 14.

General Zachary Taylor.

The self-styled President of the Southern Confederacy has made an appeal to the spirit-world, calling for advice.

In obedience to that call, I, General Taylor, am here; the same old man, in spirit, whose daughter he stole years ago. And he now is trying to steal the hearts of the people away from the Constitution and the Union. But, thank God, he can never do it. A few foolish ones may flock around his standard, like ignoble fools, as they are; but sooner or later they will find they have been mistaken in him, that they have leaned upon a staff that will not always give them support.

Well, President Davis, you ask, "Will I be successful in my present undertaking?" And I answer, "No," and I have the whole host of the eternal world to back me up in this answer. You talk of success? Why, man, are you a fool? Can you not see which way you are drifting? Can you not discern your course? Do you not see that directly before you yawns a chasm wide and deep? Oh, it is well you do not see. You ask for strength; you ask for wisdom, and you forget that the great hosts that have passed on from

America's shores, are welded in true love to the Constitution and the Union. You forget that there are very few rebels to the Constitution and the Union in the spirit-world. Why, then, call for aid from them? Why, then, ask to be guided in your infamous career? Why, then, ask that your hands may be strengthened in bloodshed?

Oh, you ask in vain, Jefferson Davis. You have turned in vain to the God of nations, and he has wisely rebuked you. Now I would advise that you lay down your arms, and return a penitent child to the Government that sustained you so well, and rest under the folds of the dear old flag that waved over you, and on Mexican shores. Oh, turn before it is too late, before you are engulfed in still deeper misery. You've asked for advice; now heed it. March 14.

Theodore Chase.

Hi yahl old Zachary to the front. If I were going to judge, I should say that Jeff. expected advice from a different source. But we can't dictate who shall return, you know; for the spirit is free, and runs whithersoever it will.

Well, sir, I'm a Vermont. My name is Theodore Chase—no rebel, nor do I bear the rebels any serious enmity; but I don't like 'em very well. I am from the 10th Vermont, and I've been trying ever since the battle of Gettysburg to get a chance to come here and talk; and here I am to-day, bringing up in the rear of old Zach. I see by his style that he's not changed any in his views; and he's no more disposed to yield his point than when here. It's all right, I suppose; it only goes to prove the fact, that the further we go on, the stronger our individuality. As we get along in life—particularly after we have got on the other side of it—we feel and assume more fully our individuality.

Well, sir, I should be very glad to have a good old-fashioned chat with my friends, provided they are not afraid of ghosts. But if they are, I'll stand back and wait awhile till they get over their fears. I know you can see very well in the dark, if you're only used to it. Then again, you can habituate yourself to a good deal of light of any kind, after you get used to it. So after you get used to hearing about ghosts, and learn that Ted. has come back, and feel all right about the change I've made, then I'll be glad to come and talk with you. Oh, yes, sir, I'm happy and well, and satisfied with the condition I find myself in. The little German comrade who's just gone, expected to go either higher or lower, and finds himself rather between the two. So he's a little disappointed. But as for me, I had no definite views about where I was going, although I may have been slightly tainted with Baptist ideas, still I never could seem to reconcile myself to the thought that I was going to sleep in the grave until the resurrection, or anything of the sort. So you see I never troubled myself much about religion, anyway, here, although I wish now I had, provided I'd troubled myself in the right way.

Well, sir, tell me you're gaining glorious victories in the field at present. [Yes.] I'm glad to hear it. [Things are looking rather desperate for the rebels just now.] The boys say that Phil. is close on the heels of old Jeff., and if he's not careful he may get bagged himself. Wouldn't that be glorious? Oh, I'd like to be the one to do it! I'd just tie the bag pretty tight around his neck, and then I'd go about exhibiting him. I think I'd make money enough in one week to loaf all the rest of my life, unless I lived to be as old as they said Methuselah was.

Well, sir, Ted. Chase is known; no mistake about that; and there's no use in my reciting things to prove that it's Ted. Chase who comes back here. All I've got to say about the matter is, if anybody wants to prove whether this is Ted. Chase, or not, let 'em come and talk with him; that's the best away. Good-day. March 14.

Charles T. Garfield.

My father said, if spirits could come back and talk, he should believe it, if I would come.

My name was Charles T. Garfield. I was eight years old. I—I had the fever, and a swelled up throat. I lived in St. Louis, and my father is in the army. My father is Lieutenant C. T. Garfield. Charles T. Garfield was my father. He's Lieutenant in the army, and he's read your paper, and he said, "It was all nonsense about the dead coming back." And afterwards he said, "If my little Charlie, that died before I could get home, should come back, I'd believe."

And I—I have come; and I want my mother to know it, too. I want my mother to go where there's somebody like this what I can buy, and let me see her and talk to her. And I want my grandfather to let me talk to him. But grandfather's dead, like I am; and she says she has wanted to come back with words of cheer ever since she went away; but she's never had the opportunity; and she thinks I am very greatly blessed because I can come first.

I was sick only four days. I died pretty quick. I took some kind of medicine on a spoon, what burnt my throat awfully, and I died after that.

Tell father and mother when I get bigger; after I been in the spirit-land longer, I can talk more, and I can write after I been there longer; but can't now. And I want father, if he is not killed—and if he is I'll see him on the other side—but when he goes home, I want him to go somewhere's where I can speak. I guess he'll be killed, 'cause he said, when I died, he didn't ever want to go home again, and maybe he won't go home alive; maybe he will be killed. I wish he would; then I'd see him in the spirit-land. [What would your mother do in that case?] Oh, she'd live with Aunt Mary, where she is now. Is it Sunday? [No.] What day is it? Because I want to tell my father. [Tuesday.] What o'clock is it? [Lacks five minutes of four in the afternoon, Boston time.] Five minutes of four. Tell my father what time I come here. It was Tuesday, and what's the month? [14th of March.] Yes, 14th of March. And I don't want to wait a great while before he lets me talk to him. [It will be some weeks before we print your letter.] Will it? How many? [Six or seven.] I can't wait. [If you can't, you must get some one on your side to help it along for you.] The gentleman here says, "Patient waiters are no losers." I don't want to wait.

Well, if father gets killed, can I bring him? [Certainly.] He's got an uncle what's a rebel. He's a rebel colonel; and he's got wounded, and maybe he'll die. Then I'll see him—want to see 'em all. I wish he would. [You are not lonely, are you?] No. I want to show 'em what I got in the spirit-land. I wish they'd come to-day. I won't stay any longer. Good-by. March 14.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. TRAYER,
A SUPERIOR MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT,
CAN be consulted at No. 10 Tremont Row, up stairs, daily, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M. She reads LIFE OUT-LOOKS directly and examines for DISEASE in a thorough manner in the unconscious trance state, and answers all general questions. She also examines patients at a distance, and gives the characters and general Life History of those who consult her by letter, giving sex and age. Answers returned in five days after receipt of letters. Terms for letters, \$3.00 per letter, and postage. General Office, 62 South Street, Boston, or, address, 111. HEARN'S MEDIUM, No. 10 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

17-April-15.

MRS. R. COLLINS,
CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,
CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians control her for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Examinations \$1.00. All medicines prepared by her wholly composed of Roots, Bark and Herbs gathered from the garden of Nature.

17-Jan. 7.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 17 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

Those requesting examinations, by letter will please en-

DR. A. P. PIERCE, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, attends to diseases of Body and Mind; also, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Vertigo, Preterbute and magnetic the sick, at his Office, No. 814 Broadway, Place, Houston, which enters by Avery street from Washington street, or at their homes, in or out of the city. Charges moderate. 8th—March

MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicine. Her Room OUTPOST, for Scrofula, Sore, Pimples, Face, &c. &c. 20 cents a visit.

111 COURT STREET, ROOM NO. 1.

Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Do not ring. April 2nd

SPIRIT-COMMUNION.—Mrs. Laura Cuppy has taken Rooms at No. 8 Avon Place, where she will receive visitors from 12 M. to 2 P. M., and 7 P. M. to 10 P. M., excepting Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday forenoon. Will also delineate characters. Terms \$2.00. She will lecture, as before.

MRS. LOUGHEE, Clairvoyance, Psychism, & Will Power.—*For the purpose of the public good, I will read the future of all persons, and of the future of the race, leading from 1898 Washington street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M., 1 to 4 P. M., on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Examinations, \$1.00. 2nd—May 6.*

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that have their origin in the mind, and removes all obstructions from the system. (Address from 1898 Washington street, Boston. Jan. 1.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—*Mrs. COLGROVE may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, &c., at 34 Winter street, Boston. Directions by letter \$1.00, lost or stolen property, \$2.00. 3rd—April 22.*

MRS. LIZZIE WETHEBEE, Healing Medium.
No. 12 Lincoln St., (near Summer), Boston. Hours
from 9 till 12, and 2 till 6 p. m. No medicines given.
April 22. 4w*

MRS. F. A. SPINNEY, Healing Medium, will
be at No. 22 Purchase street, Boston, on Tuesdays, Thurs-
days and Saturdays. Hours from 8 o'clock p. m. to 9 p. m. No
medicines given. 4w—April 22.

MADAME GALE, 18 Lowell street, Clairvoyant,
Test and Trance Medium. Questions answered by letter
for 50 cents, and by spirit writing, Sitting M. April 22.

MR. & MRS. S. PLUMB, Magnetic and Clair-
voyant Physicians, Room No. 10 Tremont Temple, Office
hours from 9 till 1 and 2 to 4. 12w Feb. 23.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant
and Healing Medium, 297 Washington street, Boston.
Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. April 22.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, NO.
13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 7.

TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

DR. JEHIEL W. STEWART,
OF NEW YORK,
PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN
FOR
CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES,

WILL, BE IN ELMHURST, N. Y., from the 2d to the 8th of May,
at 74 Gage street. After that time, I shall be in the
Southwestern part of New York and Northern Pennsylvania
till further notice.

I will treat sick and afflicted, both of mind and body. No
medicines given, and no surgical operation performed. My
charges are made to conform with the patient's means to pay. Those
that are suffering and have no means, will be treated
without pay. The Father God has helped me, and is helping
me still—I find as I receive—and as others ask, I will
freely give. I can describe and locate diseases merely by the
patient's own words. I will visit the sick and afflicted, the poor,
patient, but be at a distance from him or her while I describe
the disease. I depend on a magnetic power with which I can
locate, has enabled me, in treating the sick and afflicted, to
not only remove the disease for the time being, but go to the
seat of the disease and remove the cause, and therefore it is

P.O. Address, Box 2047, Rochester, N. Y.
April 29.—3w*

SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the friends of the "Soul Reader," who wish in person, or send their autograph or sketch, and will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and delineate the future course of their lives in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereof; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; how they may avoid the various temptations of the world, which tend to destroy them; whether they are fitted for a wedded marriage; and hints to the infamously married whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. They also give advice as to the propriety of those things which faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that all persons who have been under the influence of false mediums, will testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. No written delineation of character, \$1.00 and upwards.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either of the above named persons.

Address,
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Jan. 7, if Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

JEANNE WATERMAN DANFORTH, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN

A ND SPIRIT TEST MEDIUM. Examine by letter or look

A of half. When present, \$2.00; when absent, \$3.00. No. 67 West 14th Street, New York. (Near 8th Avenue.)
April 22—4w

Dr. J. A. NEAL, No. 102 West 16th Street, New York, still continues his treatment of Disease by a plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is very uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is at once established in the minds of patients, when his method is once applied.
4w April 25.

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetic and Clairvoyant Physicians, 1st Marks Pl., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y.
March 4. 5m

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SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the view
he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the
Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wishing
those who are not clairvoyant to see the scene, he has made
a picture of the Portico of the Sage, a temple of mystery,
terrestrial land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published it in
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June 23.

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tigators of the Spiritualist and Theosophy, in places
remote from the frequent visits of lecturers on these subjects.
Friends convening together can appoint one of their number to
visit them when they are so situated, or I may be sent at the
charge of a small admission fee to those social gatherings, the
humiliest means cannot be overtaxed, and some good may be
attained by such a method. I am ready for all terms, and
ever the friends of Truth are able and willing to allow me
provisional aid; I compensate me for my time. Please send re-
sponses after the first of January, 1884.
You faithfully tolling sister,
Jessie Lill, Dec. 8, 1884.

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