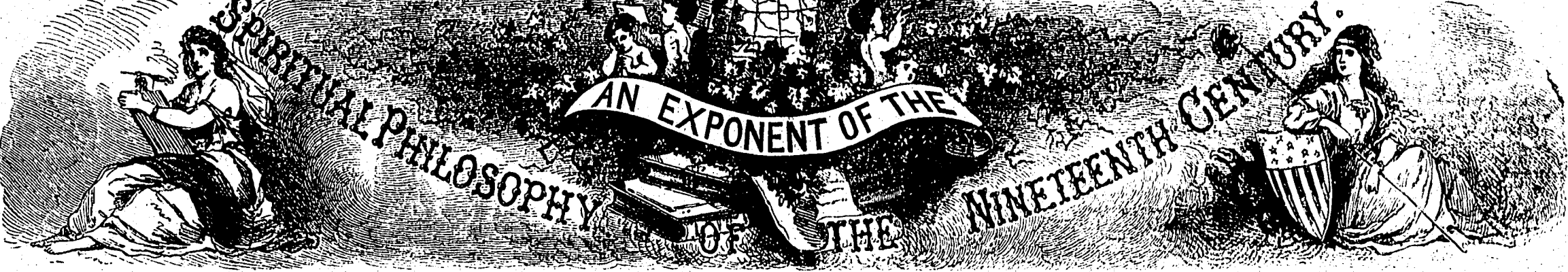


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LEIDA'S TRIAL.

BY ELIZ. M. HICKOK.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Among the few passengers who stopped at the small railway station on the Saturday morning to which we have referred, was Willard Norman. A distinguished looking person, and a stranger, whom nobody could tell anything about, was not likely to pass unnoticed by the idlers who always make a point of being at the "depot" when the "train comes in," or to escape some comments from the gossiping villagers; and of course there were some who would keep a little watch upon his movements, and try to discover what brought him there.

But Willard Norman cared very little for comments or scrutiny, as he glanced around him with the perfect ease of a man of the world; and very soon directed his steps to the one hotel of the village. Here he secured for himself a room, and having breakfasted and slightly retouched his toilet, for he was very neat in his personal appearance, his next movement was to find the residence of the lady he had traveled thus far to see. He was not aware of her being an orphan, for both had been singularly noncommittal in regard to their own personal affairs. So knowing nothing of her family relations, he inquired for herself.

"Miss Stenway?" repeated the landlady; "you must mean our teacher, sir; no other of that name about here. Oh yes; she lives just below the village. She boards at Mr. Davis's; or that is her home. You can't miss the house, sir. Just follow this street down by the river, and it's the first house on your left below the village."

And having ascertained this much, Mr. Norman proceeded to make a morning call, leaving the landlady and the loungers about the place to wonder what the handsome stranger wanted to see Leida Stenway for, and how he should happen to know her, who had always lived among them and never been known to visit any distant place since her childhood.

And Leida, sitting quietly in her room, busily improving her time—for out of the school-room she always found enough to do—had no thought that her unknown correspondent was so near. So when the door-bell rang, it did not disturb her, for Mrs. Davis and Lilly were below, and she only answered that summons in their absence. But Willard Norman, not being very well acquainted with the different routes in that part of the State, had not come the most direct way, but had arrived sooner than was expected, though he had taken a more circuitous route.

"Lilly, dear, run to the door," said Mrs. Davis. "It is no visitor, I guess, at this time on Saturday morning; and if 'tis any kind of a peddler, Lilly, tell him I want nothing, for I haven't time to attend to it now."

And Lilly, going quickly to obey her mother, opened the door to see there a tall, elegant gentleman, who smiled pleasantly on her, and inquired for Miss Stenway in a way that won her little heart at once. Lilly understood the rules of politeness, and she at once invited him into the parlor, saying in the quiet, lady-like way so natural to her, that she would tell "Leida."

"And are you her little sister?" asked the gentleman, regarding her with those earnest, piercing eyes that seemed to take note of everything about him at a single glance.

"No, sir; she is my school teacher; but I love her just like a sister, though, and she always stays here."

And Willard Norman felt somehow a strange pleasure in hearing her thus spoken of by the innocent, truthful child. To him it spoke volumes in her praise. And as he waited in that neat little parlor for the appearance of one who had interested him as no other had ever done, though he had no idea of her name or his imagination had pictured how she might look, he probably felt the nearest approach to nervousness that had ever troubled him—a man who had traveled much, and faced danger in many forms.

Lilly went quickly up to Leida's room with the card on which he had hastily pencilled his name, and gave it to her teacher. Then she hastened to tell her mother of the strange gentleman, whom she described so enthusiastically that her mother, guessing who he might be, smiled as she said—

"Well, well, I guess he has found a friend in you, Lilly. He must be very fascinating to win your admiration so suddenly."

"Well, he is nice-looking, mamma. His hair is curly, just a little; and his forehead is so handsome, and his eyes look—ever so much. I guess Leida will like him, too, for he don't look like anybody round here"—and Lilly paused, hardly knowing how to express the dim idea she had of the state of things.

"Well, dear, you may help me a little, if you would like, about putting away these things. My baking is all ready for the oven, and we will soon have our morning's work done," said Mrs. Davis, as, glancing at the clock, she saw it was nearly ten.

Meantime, as Leida saw the pencilled name, in the now familiar hand-writing, she was a little startled out of her usual calmness. A richer color flushed her cheeks than often rested there. Naturally enough, she glanced at herself in a glass. She was not attired just as she would have been later in the day; but a second thought decided her to make no material change in her dress. He had taken her by surprise, and she would not keep him waiting to make a studied toilet; besides, what matter whether he was pleased with her appearance or not? So reasoning, and trying to persuade herself that she was really indifferent, Leida descended to the parlor.

It would be hard to describe, perfectly, that meeting. In fact, I doubt if either remembered distinctly the first words of greeting; but they never forgot the emotions awakened when hand clasped hand and their eyes met for the first time. They never thought of meeting as lovers, for never a word of affection had passed between them. They could hardly meet with the formality of strangers, for as such they did not seem; and necessarily a little embarrassment would ensue, if either was much disappointed in the appearance of the other. These thoughts had occurred to both; but they were persons of considerable self-possession, and not likely to be seriously disturbed by the circumstances.

Willard Norman stood beside the centre-table, and facing the door; and as Leida advanced into the room, he stepped forward with some commonplace greeting, and extended his hand, bowing low as he received hers.

I think that strange, magnetic power, which seems sometimes to flash from soul to soul, like an electric light, must have passed between these two; and, in that moment, each clearly understood the other.

There was no need of words to tell the mutual attraction—the mystic sympathy of thought and feeling, which blended two souls in one. He knew that he had met his fate; that henceforth, with that stately, gentle girl by his side, life would have new meaning; and without her, he only a dreary blank. And in her speaking countenance he read the counterpart of his own feelings, and bending low his proud head, he spoke, gently, even tenderly, the one word, "Leida!" and she as gently replied, "Willard!" Only those two words! But enough to reveal the secret of each heart.

After that, there was no restraint or embarrassment, and conversation became as easy as though they had often met.

If Willard Norman had been interested by Leida's bright, poetic thoughts, when expressed in writing, he was certainly fascinated now, as he conversed personally with her, and traced a noble, lofty soul, in her eloquent features, and a world of sympathy and affection in her dark, expressive eyes. He was a close observer; and his keen eyes noted everything of a person's appearance and surroundings, while he did not seem to take particular notice of anything. He marked the perfect plainness of Leida's dress, which, however, became her well; and he read aright her independence of spirit by promptly responding to the summons.

She did not know how much higher she stood in his estimation for the trivial fact of appearing before him in her simple morning dress. She gave the subject no thought, as she conversed freely, and with newly-awakened interest, with one who seemed to understand and appreciate her every thought.

How swiftly the time passed in that pleasant and well-remembered interview, till, at length, during a pause in the conversation, the gentleman glanced at his watch, and saw, with surprise, that it was past the hour of noon! He said, smilingly, as he glanced at Leida, "I fear I have overstepped the bounds of etiquette, in making such a lengthy morning call, though the time has been most agreeably, and profitably, too, I trust, passed by myself. But I hope to be pardoned for such an intrusion on your time, Leida, for it is nearly one o'clock."

"The presence of a friend is no intrusion," replied Leida. "My time is not so valuable that those whom I regard as friends must be excluded. But will you not remain to dinner with us? I can assure you of a warm welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Davis, to whom I am anxious to present you, are my true friends; indeed, she is the only mother I have ever known; and Lilly, whom you saw, is dear as a sister."

"And I shall be glad to make their acquaintance; being your friends, will insure my regard for them. But now, by your leave, I think I will return to the hotel, dispatch a business letter, and, if agreeable, call again later in the day."

So Willard Norman took his leave. And thus ended the first interview between these two, who henceforth could never banish each the recollection of the other. For good or evil, henceforth, these two souls were firmly united.

Mrs. Davis expressed no surprise at the long interview, but glanced at Leida with a questioning look, which meant to ask if he was all his letters had represented.

And Leida, answering to that glance—which expressed not an idle curiosity, but the interest of a true friend—replied, "Yes, Mrs. Davis, he must be a good and noble man, and I do want you to see and talk with him; I always want your opinion, but I have little doubt, in this case, what it will be."

And Lilly, who was inclined to be disappointed at not seeing her hero again, was consoled by the assurance that he would return in the afternoon.

"Lilly is strangely attracted to him," remarked Mrs. Davis, when the little one had gone out to play; "and I always feel more confidence in a person that innocent childhood is drawn toward." "Yes," replied Leida, "I think children possess an insight, if we may call it so, which seldom fails. Their only shield is their perfect trust and innocence. Darling Lilly! How little she knows of the world's deceit! May she never suffer a pang from it!"

And that petition was answered, though not as they who so tenderly loved the little one could have wished. She was a gentle, loving child, the sunlight of that home. She seldom needed even a mild reproof, and her little heart was so full of affection that no one could be displeased with her.

She soon came in and quietly seated herself; for she cared more for seeing Willard Norman than for her play; and sitting by the window, her pet kitten sleeping in her arms, she was the first

to see him as he came down the street. In her childish confidence in this stranger, she would have liked to have gone down the garden-walk to meet him and take his hand; but an idea that such a proceeding might not be proper restrained her, and she sat quite still, while Leida answered the door-bell; and returning introduced Willard Norman to her mother.

Mrs. Davis admitted to herself that Lilly was right in regard to his appearance; and he did not seem at all like a stranger, as he returned her greeting with native ease and politeness. And he did not forget to notice Lilly with gentle courtesy, nor was she entirely forgotten during the animated conversation which ensued, and which he seemed to have a remarkable power to make interesting.

And when, soon after, Mr. Davis came in from his village office, and was in turn introduced, he seemed equally at home in conversing upon the common topics of the day. He was well versed in political affairs and the state of the country, and to all he proved himself a most agreeable and entertaining companion.

He won the good opinion of all, at his first visit, and when he took his leave, which he did that night to take an evening train, he received a most cordial invitation from Mr. Davis and his wife to consider their house his home, whenever he came that way, which they rightly guessed would be as often as business would allow.

And Leida, in the solitude of her own room that night, thought long and earnestly of this strange acquaintance, of the freedom with which they conversed; and it seemed to her as if she had always known him. She could hardly realize that they had met for the first time, so near and so dear he already seemed to her. She reviewed all the incidents of the day. His look and tone, in the first hour of their meeting, when he had spoken only her name, with such repressed tenderness; of their parting only a little while before, when he held her hand and looked into her eyes with sad earnestness, she thought, then silently bent his head and kissed her with passionate fondness, which had in it something of reverence still. Then he was gone—and as Leida thought of all this, she knew that a new era in her existence had commenced; and from this hour the tranquil monotony of her life was disturbed, and all her thoughts, hopes and fears were to take a new course.

And Leida was happy, strangely, quietly happy. She had found the ideal of her imaginings, and with him she could rest and feel secure. He seemed her friend, protector, guide and lover.

Only one thing disturbed her happiness, and that but slightly. She had not ascertained in their long correspondence his exact religious belief. He had said that he was not connected with any church; that he did not consider it necessary to insure his goodness on earth, or his salvation hereafter; that he considered the New Testament a safe guide; its teachings and precepts, as exemplified in the life of Jesus, correct and worthy of imitation. Leida was a church member, and she possessed a devotional nature, but she was not in the least bigoted, and she had faith in Willard Norman's goodness. She knew he revered the God she worshiped, for he never spoke his name lightly, or ridiculed his followers. No, he was far above anything like that.

And so the summer weeks went by. Leida, continuing her school duties, felt no more a sense of weariness and oppression, for life appeared brighter now. His presence brought new happiness, and in his absence, those eloquent letters—more eloquent when clothed in love's impassioned language—were almost a compensation.

It was nearly time for the autumn vacation; and interested friends and neighbors who had marked the frequent visits of the handsome stranger, were wondering if he would enter upon another term of school duties. Many and strange were the surmises of the people in that vicinity regarding him who was evidently determined to carry away the brightest star from their midst.

Many conjectures were not at all to his credit; for though so polished and courteous to every one, he was yet too reticent to please those who were curious to know his history; and not making the progress in his acquaintance they desired, came to the conclusion that something was wrong. But at Leida's home, he was one of the household. Both Mr. Davis and his wife had become strongly attached to him, and regarded him altogether worthy of the prize he sought.

Lilly had never for a moment changed in her childish admiration for him. She sat upon his knee, and with her tiny hand brushed the dark wavy hair from his handsome forehead, and looked into his eyes, and wondered at their power of expression. And he, reserved and dignified as he could sometimes be, talked and played with the little one, as if he heartily enjoyed her companionship. He had become much attached to her, and often spoke of her in conversing with Leida. And one evening he made a remark that startled her. "Did it never occur to you," he said, "that this loving little one has a mind far beyond her years; that it may be possible she is being prepared for a higher state of existence?"

"Oh, Willard," said Leida, as her eyes quickly filled with tears, "I have never thought of it; but now your words give me a strange pain. I know she is a delicate little creature, but she has always been loved and cherished most tenderly. Oh, her parents would be heart-broken to lose their little Lilly."

"But think you, Leida, darling, she would be lost to them?" said Norman in his serious, earnest tone.

"No, not lost, I know; yet it is hard for stricken ones to part with the dear tangible presence, you know; and it seems to me that one needs a most unwavering faith to be reconciled in the dark hours of affliction."

And then Norman, fearing he had clouded Leida's present enjoyment, led the conversation away to more cheerful subjects. He spoke of

their past, and the fate that seemed to direct him to her side, of their happy present, and possible future.

He, on his part, would have been content, even gladly would have taken Leida Stenway for his chosen companion through all coming time, in the first hour of their meeting. He would have felt confident that his happiness was secure in her hands, so fervent was his love, so unbounded his confidence. But he did not tell her this then, for he knew she would think he had decided hastily, and might repent that decision; and now she bade him wait a little longer. Norman, happy in the assurance of her love, could afford to wait.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was the last of the October days. Already the heralds of snow-crowned winter had announced his coming, and the autumn tints were everywhere to be seen—that sombre, thoughtful season of the year which bids man remember that he is mortal; which tells of change and decay, of fading beauty and fleeting loveliness, yet teaches a glorious lesson of resurrection in the anticipation of the glad, cheerful spring. The day had been mild and quiet. A peaceful air seemed to pervade all Nature. But in the pleasant home of Lillian Davis, deep sorrow, like a gloomy shadow, seemed to rest on everything. A lonely stillness was in place of the usual busy activity, and hushed voices and careful steps moved about the house.

In a room furthest from the noisy street, little Lilly, the pet and darling of the household, lay still and nearly as white as the pillows pressed by her innocent face.

All day the room had been darkened, but now, as the sun was slowly disappearing, the blinds were opened, the curtain raised, and a lingering ray came in and rested lovingly, it seemed, and as if it felt would stay, upon the pure brow of the little sufferer. Darling Lilly! she will bless her fond parents with her earthly presence but little longer. It has come upon them all suddenly, what seems to them a crushing grief—a terrible woe.

Only one week before, on the afternoon of just such a mild, bright day, a playmate of Lillian's had come to visit her, and with permission to go out and play, the two little ones, in the glad freedom of happy childhood, ran gaily out of doors and down the shaded garden walk. They had amused themselves for some time by the river, which ran near the house, when Lilly's companion, a little older than herself, exclaimed:

"Hark! Lilly! I thought I heard the cars whistle. Yes; now I see the smoke, they are just coming in sight. Let's run across the street and up the little hill where we can see them go by."

And they climbed quickly up the bank of the river and started to cross the street. The train came swiftly on, and eager to reach the desired spot, the children heeded nothing else.

Lilly's companion, Jennie Ray, was already at the other side of the street, and Lilly had nearly reached her, crossing in an oblique direction to save steps, when a horse attached to a light wagon came dashing on at a fearful rate. Startled by the sudden appearance and nearness of the cars, the horse had sprung away before his driver, who had left him only for a moment, was aware of the fact.

In the noise of the cars, Lilly heard not his approach until he was close upon her. In a moment she was thrown violently upon the ground, while the frightened animal ran on, but was shortly stopped by a young man, and panting, trembling, with dilated eyes and nostrils, restored to his owner.

Jennie turned to see Lillian fall, and running quickly back, screamed loudly for help. Rending hands lifted the insensible little one, and carried her to her father's house.

Mrs. Davis met them pale with terror, and a wild, pleading anguish in her eyes. But she spoke no word as she came forward to clasp her darling in her arms.

"She's only insensible, ma'am," said kind-hearted Farmer Hayes, pitying the mother's unspoken agony. "She'll soon come around, I guess. I'll send my Johnny right up for Dr. Lee."

Mrs. Davis thanked him, and laid Lilly upon a lounge, just as Leida Stenway entered the room. Pale as the mother, with tears standing in her eyes, which now looked only anxious tenderness, she knelt beside the still little form, and together they strove to call back the life so precious.

Dr. Lee came very soon—the kind old family physician—who would use all his skill to discover the extent of her injuries, and apply a saving remedy, if possible. He made a careful and thorough examination, but said nothing, just then, to the anxious watchers by his side. He sat quietly beside Lilly, who had already opened her eyes, and when she seemed quite fully restored to consciousness, he began to talk with her. From his examination, and her replies to his questions, he had, in his own mind, little hope of her recovery. No bones were broken; the bruises visible were very slight, but, alas! her injuries were beyond the reach of the good man, and his experience soon made him aware of the fact. He told the anxious parents he would do all in his power; but frankly said he feared her delicate frame could not bear up under the pain, and he thought she was severely injured internally. And as the weary days passed by, it was evident to all that medical skill could do no more than to alleviate the pain which the little one bore so patiently.

On the evening to which we referred at the commencement of this chapter, Leida sat by the bedside, holding one delicate little hand in hers, when Lillian spoke:

"Dear sister Leida," she said.

"Well, darling," said Leida, as she bent her head to catch the low-spoken words.

"I want so much to see Mr. Norman again; and I am afraid I shall not if he does n't come very soon. Won't you write, now, right away, to-night,

and tell him how much Lilly wants to see him, for I know I cannot stay much longer."

Leida promised, choking back a wave of grief; and when, soon after, Lilly's father and mother came into the room, she kissed the little one tenderly, and retired to her chamber to fulfill her promise. She told him all—the words of Lilly, and how many times she had spoken of him; and she knew he would spare no pains to come at the earliest opportunity.

Another pleasant day passed by; and on the afternoon of the next, when the train went rushing by, Lilly's eyes sparkled with a new light, as she exclaimed, "Oh! I almost know he has come to-day. Good, noble Willard, I guess I'll be as glad to see him as you will," she said to Leida, "though not just the same, I know."

And Willard Norman did come that day; and soon he stood by Lilly's bedside, and greeting all with a heartfelt sympathy which was understood and appreciated, he kissed the little one who had so wished for his presence, while his splendid eyes that "looked so much," as Lilly had said, glistened with the tears he never tried to conceal. He had come to stay as long as it would be possible, for he knew his presence would be welcome, even desired, by those sad hearts struggling hard to bow to the stern decree which would take away the sunlight of their home.

On the second day after his arrival, Lilly awoke in the morning from a sleep unusually quiet and free from pain. Her mother, alone in the room with her, said, "How does my darling feel this morning?"

"Oh, mamma, I feel almost well; and I had such a beautiful dream. I have seen the new home where I am going to live; and, dear mamma, you would not cry any more, if you could only see it. Will you please tell papa to come here, and Leida, and Willard, too, for I want to tell you all about my dreams."

They gathered in her room, and looking silently at them all for a little while, she said, "I am going to tell you what I saw last night, and I hope you won't feel bad to let me go to that happy place, for every one I saw there looked happy. I wish I could tell just how it all looked. Willard could; but I can't, for I don't know words enough. I saw Aunt Annie, and grandma; and I saw Leida's mamma, too. Oh! she was pretty as an angel. She told me to tell my mother that she would take care of her little girl, even as mamma had cared for the little one she left on earth. She said she would be my mother till you came with me; and this was the way she spoke: 'Oh! Emma, try to have faith; you know Alice Stenway would not deceive you; and I can't remember all, but she said she knew how good you had been to Leida, and she wants you to believe she does. Oh! there are ever so many pretty children there, and it is all so lovely that I do want to go; but I do not like to leave you, and I am sorry you all feel so bad. I know you will miss me; but only think, I shall see you all there by and-by; they told me so; and weary with her effort of talking, the little one lay back with closed eyes, and a smile illumined every feature, beautiful to behold.

Later in the day she slept again for a brief time, and then she told her mother that she had seen the pretty lady again, who told her she had only a few hours longer to stay. The mother strove to stay the tide of sorrow, and conceal the depth of her grief, that it might not be so apparent to the little one whose happiness was so perfect but for the sadness of those who were about to leave.

When the sun went down, and the sombre twilight shadows were deepening in every room, they all stood in silent, sympathetic grief by Lilly's bedside. She could say but little then; but she spoke with strange wisdom, and in language far beyond her years. She seemed to feel that Willard understood her best, when she spoke of the beauties of the other world, of the forms she saw, and voices she heard. In fact he did. It was no new truth to her; this beautiful faith, which dispelled all shades of gloom, and in language far beyond her years, she seemed to feel that Willard understood her best, when she spoke of the beauties of the other world, of the forms she saw, and voices she heard. In fact he did. It was no new truth to her; this beautiful faith, which dispelled all shades of gloom, and in language far beyond her years, she seemed to feel that Willard understood her best, when she spoke of the beauties of the other world, of the forms she saw, and voices she heard. In fact he did. 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From Blackwood's Magazine.

A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM  
—FIRST CENTURY.

Marcus, abiding in Jerusalem, greeting to Calix, his best friend in Rome. Safe, these presents will be home to you by Lucius, who's waited with this place, said with travel, looks upon the East. As simply hateful—blything, barren, bleak, and long again to find himself in Rome. After the tumult of its streets, its strains of slaves and clients, and its villas cool with marble porticoes beside the sea, and friends and banquets—more than all, its games—this life seems blank and flat. He pants to stand in its vast circus all alive with heels and quivering arms and floating robes—the air thrilled by the roaring *fremitus* of men—The sunlit awning bearing overhead. Swollen and strained against its corded veins, and flapping out its hem with loud report—The wild beasts roaring from the pit below—The wilder crowd responding from above. With one long yell that sends the startled blood With thrill and sudden flush into the cheeks—A hundred trumpets screaming the dull thump Of horses galloping across the sand—The clanging of scabbards, the sharp clank of steel—Live sword, that whirl a circle of grey fire—Brass helmets flashing 'neath their streaming hair—A universal tumult—then a hush. Warmer than the tumult—all eyes straining down To the arena's pit—all lips set close. All muscles strained—and then that sudden yell, Habet!—That's Rome, says Lucius, so it is! That is, 'tis his Rome—'tis not yours and mine.

And yet, great Jupiter here at my side He stands with face as pale as if he saw The games he thus describes, and says, "That's life! Life! life! my friend, and this is simply death! Ah! for my Rome!" I jot his very words Just as he utters them. I hate these games, And Lucius knows it, yet he will go on, And all against my will he stirs my blood—So I suspend my letter for a while.

A walk has calmed me—I begin again—Letting this last page, since it is written, stand. Lucius is going; you will see him soon In our great Forum, there with him will walk, And hear him rail and rave against the East. I stay behind—for these bare silences, These hills that in the sunset melt and burn, This proud stern people, these dead seas and lakes, These sombre coasts, this intense still sky, To me, overgrown with life's din and strain, Are grateful as the solemn blank of night. After the deaf-day's trill of excess, Besides, a deep absorbing interest Detains me here, fills up my mind, and sways My inmost thoughts—has got as 'twere a grip—Upon my very life, as strange as new. I scarcely know how well to speak of this Fearing your railway at best—at worst Even your content; yet, spite of all, I speak.

First, do not deem me to have lost my head, Sunstruck, as that man Paulus was at Rome. No, I am sane as ever, and my pulse Beats even, with no fever in my blood. And yet I half incline to think his words, Wild as they were, were not entirely wild. Nay, shall I dare avow it? I half tend, Here in this place, surrounded by these men—Despite the seeming natural at first, And then the pressure of my life-long thought Trained up against it—to excuse his faith, And half admit the Christus he thinks God Is, at the least, a most mysterious man. Bear with me if I now avow so much: When next we meet I will expose my mind, But now the subject I must scarcely touch.

How many a time, while sauntering up and down The Forum's space, or pausing 'neath the shade Of some grand temple, arch, or portico, Have we discussed some knotty point of law, Some curious case, whose contradicting facts Looked Janus-faced to innocence and guilt. I see you now arresting me, to note—

With quiet fervor and uplifted hand—Some subtle view or fact by me overlooked. And urging me, who always strain my point (Being too much, I know, a partisan), To pause, and press not to the issue so, But more apart, with less impetuous zeal, Survey as from an upper floor the facts.

I need you now to rein me in, too quick To ride a whim beyond the term of Truth, For here a case comes up to which in vain I seek a clue; you could clear up my mind, But you are absent—so I send these notes.

The case is of one Judas, Simon's son, Iscariot called—a Jew—and one of those Who followed Christus, held by some a god, But detested by others to have preached and taught A superstition vile, of which one point Was worship of an ass; but this is false! Judas, his follower, all the sect declare, Bought by a bribe of thirty silver coins, Bitterly betrayed his master unto death. The question is—Did Judas, doing this, Act from base motives and commit a crime? Or, all things taken carefully in view, Can he be justified in what he did?

Here on the spot, surrounded by the men Who acted in the drama, I have sought To study out this strange and tragic case. Many are dead—as Herod, Calaphas, And also Pilate—a most worthy man, Under whose rule, but all without his fault, And as I fancy, all against his will, Christus was crucified. This I regret. His words with me would have the greatest weight; But Lycias still is living, an old man, The chief of the Centurions, whose report Is to be trusted, as he saw and heard. Not once, but many a time and oft, this man, His look and bearing, Lycias thus describes:

"Tall, slender, not erect, a little bent; Brows arched and dark; a high-ridged lofty head; Thin temples, veined and delicate; large, cold, sad, very serious, seeming as it were To look beyond you, and when he spoke Illumined by an inner lamping light—At times, too, gleaming with a strange wild fire When taunted by the rabble in the streets; A Jewish face, complexion pale but dark; Thin, high-art nostrils, quivering constantly; Long nose, full lips, hands aspered, full of veins; His movements nervous, as he walked he seemed Scarcely to heed the persons whom he passed, And for the most part gazed upon the ground.

"As for his followers, I knew them all—A strange mad set and full of fancies wild—John, Peter, James—and Judas best of all—All seemed to me good men without offence. A little crazed—but who is wholly sane? They went about and cured the sick and halt, And gave away their money to the poor, And all their talk was charity and peace. If Christus thought and said he was a god, 'Twas harmless madness, not deserving death. What most aroused the wealthy Rabbis' rage Was that he set the poor against the rich, And cried that rich men all would go to hell, And, worst of all, roundly denounced the priests, With all their rich phylacteries and robes—Said they were hypocrites who made long prayers, And robbed poor widows and despoiled their means, And were at best but whited sepulchres. And this it was that brought him to the Cross.

"Those who went with him and believed in him Were mostly dull, uneducated men, Simple and honest, dazed by what he did, And misinterpreting every word he said. He led them with him in a spell-bound awe, And all his cures they called miracles. They followed him like sheep where'er he went, With feelings mixed of wonder, fear and love.

Yes! I suppose they loved him, though they fled Stricken with fear when we arrested him."

"What! all—all fled?" I asked. "Did none remain?"

"Not one," he said—"all left him to his fate. Not one dared own he was a follower. Not one gave witness for him of them all. Stop! When I say not one of them, I mean No one but Judas—Judas whom they call The traitor—who betrayed him to his death. He rushed into the council-hall and cried, 'Tis I have sinned—Christus is innocent.'"

And here I come to what of all I've heard Most touched me—I for this my letter write. Paulus, you know, had only for this man, This Judas, words of scorn and bitter hate. Mark now the different view that Lycias took! When, urged by me, his story thus he told:

"Some say that Judas was a base, vile man, Who sold his master for the meanest bribe; Others again insist he was most right, Giving to justice one who merely sought To overthrow the Church, subvert the law, And on its ruins build himself a throne. I, knowing Judas—and none better know—I, caring naught for Christus more than him, But hating lies, the simple truth will tell. No man can say I ever told a lie—I am too old now to begin. Besides, The truth is truth, and let the truth be told. Judas, I say, alone of all the men Who followed Christus, thought that he was God. Some feared him for his power of miracles: Some were attracted by a sort of spell; Some followed him to hear his sweet, clear voice And gentle speaking, hearing with their ears, And knowing not the sense of what he said—But one alone believed he was the Lord, The true Messiah of the Jews. That one Was Judas—he alone of all the crowd.

"He to betray his master for a bribe? He last of all. I say this friend of mine Was brave when all the rest were cowards there. He was a noble nature: frank and bold, Almost to rashness bold, yet sensitive, Who took his dreams for firm realities—Who once believing, all in all believed—Rushing at obstacles and scorned risk, Ready to venture all to gain his end. No compromise or subterfuge for him, His act went from his thought straight to the butt; Yet with this ardent and impatient mood Was joined a visionary mind that took Impressions quick and fine, yet deep as life. Therefore it was that in this subtle soil The master's words took root and grew and flowered. He heard and followed and obeyed; his faith Was serious, earnest, real—unwilling to fly; He doubted not, like some who walked with him—Desired no first place, as did James and John—Denied him not with Peter, not to him His master said, 'Away! thou art an offence; Get thee behind me, Satan!'; not to him, Am I so long with thee who know me not? Fixed as a rock, untempted by desires To gain the post of honor when his Lord Should come to rule—chosen from out the midst Of six-score men as his apostle—then Again selected to the place of trust, Unselfish, honest, he among them walked.

"That he was honest, and was so esteemed, Is plain from this—they chose him out of all To bear the common purse, and take and pay. John says he was a thief, because he grudged The price that for some alms once was paid, And urged 'twere better given to the poor. But did not Christus ever for the poor Lift up his voice? Give all things to the poor? Sell everything and give all to the poor? And Judas, who believed, not made believe, Used his own words, and Christus, who excused The gift because of love, rebuked him not. Thiel! ay, he 'twas, this very thief, they chose To bear the purse and give alms to the poor. I, for my part, see nothing wrong in this."

"But why, if Judas was a man like this, Frank, noble, honest—here I interposed—"Why was it that he thus betrayed his Lord?"

"This question did I revolve," said he, "When all the facts were fresh, and oft revolved. In later days, and with no change of mind; And this is my solution of the case:

"Daily he heard his master's voice proclaim, 'I am the Lord! the Father lives in me! Who knoweth me knows the Eternal God! He who believes in me shall never die.' No! he shall see me with my angels come With power and in glory here upon the earth To judge the quick and dead! Among you here Some shall not taste of death before I come—Glorious kingdom to establish on the earth!"

"What meant these words? They teemed in Judas' soul. Here is my God—Messias, King of kings, Christus, the Lord—the Saviour of us all. How long shall he be taunted and rebuffed, And threatened by this crawling seum of men? Oh, who shall urge the coming of that day When he in majesty shall clothe himself And stand before the astounded world his King? Long brooding over this inflamed his soul, And, ever rash in schemes as wild in thought, At last he said, 'No longer will I bear This loneliness heaped upon my Lord. No man hath power to harm the Almighty One. Ay, let men's hands be lifted, then at once, Effulgent like the sun, swift like the sword, The jagged lightning flashes from the cloud, Shall he be manifest—the living God—And prostrate all shall on the earth adore!'"

"Such was his thought when at the passover The Lord with his disciples met and supped: And Christus saw the trouble in his mind, And said, 'Behold, among you here is one That shall betray me—he to whom I give This cup,' and he the son to Judas gave; And added—'That thou dost, quickly do.' And Judas left him, hearing these last words—'Now shall the Son of man be glorified.'"

"Ah yes! his master had divined his thought—His master should be glorified through him.

"Straight unto me and the high priests he came, Filled with this hope, and said, 'Behold me here, Judas, a follower of Christus! Come! I will point out my master whom you seek! And out at once they sent me with my band; And as we went, I said, rebuking him, 'How, Judas, is it you who thus betray The Lord and master whom you love to death?' And, smiling, then he answered, 'Fear you not? Do you your duty: take no heed of me.' 'Such baseness in you?' 'Though it seem so now, Still smiling, he replied, 'wait till the end.' Then turning round as to himself he said, 'Now comes the hour that I have prayed to see—The hour of joy to all who know the truth.'"

"Is this man mad?" I thought, and looked at him; And in the darkness creeping swiftly on, His face was glowing, almost shone with light: And rapt as if in visionary thought He walked beside me, gazing at the sky.

"Passing at last beyond the Cedron brook, We reached a garden on whose open gaze Dark vines were loosely swinging. Here we paused, And lifted up our torches, and beheld Against the blank white wall a shadowy group. There waiting motionless, without a word: A moment, and with rapid, nervous step Judas alone advanced, and as he reached The tallest figure, lifted quick his head: And crying, 'Master! Master!' kissed his cheek. We, knowing it was Christus, forward pressed. Malchus was at my side, when suddenly A sword flashed out from one among them there, And sheared his ear. At once our swords flashed out, But Christus, lifting up his hand, said, 'Peace. Sheathe thy sword, Peter—I must drink the cup.' And I cried also, 'Peace, and sheathe thy sword.'

Then on his arm I placed my hand, and said, 'In the law's name.' He nothing said, but reached His arms out, and we bound his hands with cords. This done I turned, but all the rest had fled, And he alone was left to meet his fate.

"My men I ordered then to take and bear Their prisoner to the city; and at once They moved away. I, seeing not our guide, Cried, 'Judas!' but no answer; then a groan So sad and deep it startled me. I turned, And there against the wall, with ghastly face, And eyeballs starting in a frenzied glare, As in a fit, lay Judas; his weak arms Hung lifeless down, his mouth half open twitched, His hands were clenched and clenched into his robes. And now and then his breast heaved with a gasp. Frightened, I dashed some water in his face. Spoke to him, lifted him, and rubbed his hands. At last the some came back into his eyes, Then with a sudden spasm died again, And to the ground he dropped. I searched him o'er, Fearing some mortal wound, yet none I found. Then with a gasp again the life returned, And stayed, but still with strong convulsion twitched. 'Speak, Judas! speak!' I cried. 'What does this mean?' No answer! 'Speak, man!' Then at last he groaned. 'Go, leave me, leave me, Lycias! Oh, my God! What have I done? Oh, Christus! Master, Lord, Forgive me, oh, forgive me! Then a cry Of agony that pierced me to the heart, As groveling on the ground he turned away And hid his face, and shuddered in his robes. With this the man whose face an hour ago Shone with a joy so strange? What means it all? Is this a sudden madness?' 'Speak!' I cried. 'What means this, Judas?' 'Be a man and speak?' Yet there he lay, and neither moved nor spoke. I thought that he had fainted, till at last Sudden he turned, and grasped my arm, and cried, 'Say, Lycias, is this true, or am I mad?' 'What true?' I said. 'True that you seized the Lord! You could not seize him—he is God the Lord! I thought I saw you seize him. Yet I know That was impossible, for he is God! And yet you live—you live. He spared you, then. Where am I? what has happened?' A black cloud Came o'er me when you laid your hands on him. Where are they all? Where is he? Lycias, speak!"

"Judas," I said, "what folly is all this? Christus my men have bound and borne away; The rest have fled. Rouse now and come with me! My men await me, rouse yourself, and come!"

"Throwing his arms up, in a fit he fell, With a loud shriek that pierced the silent night. I could not stay, but, calling instant aid, We bore him quick to the adjacent house. And placing him in kindly charge, I left, Joining my men who stayed for me below.

"Straight to the high priest's house we hurried on, And Christus in an inner room we placed, Set at his door a guard, and then came out. After a time there crept into the hall, Where round the blazing coals we sat, a man, Who in the corner crouched, 'What man are you?' Cried some one; and I, turning, looked at him. 'Tis was Peter. 'Tis a fellow of that band That followed Christus, and believed in him.' 'Tis false!' cried Peter; and he cursed and swore. 'I know him not—I never saw the man.' But I said nothing. Soon he went away.

"That night I saw not Judas. The next day, Ghastly, clay-white, a shadow of a man, With robes all soiled and torn, and tangled beard, Into the chamber where the council sat Came feebly staggering: scarce should I have known 'Twas Judas, with that haggard, blasted face: So did that night's great horror alter him. As one all blindly walking in a dream He to the table came—against it leaned—Gazed wildly round a while; then, stretching forth, From his torn robes a trembling hand, flung down As if a snake had stung him, a small purse. That broke and scattered his white coins about, And with a shrill voice cried, 'Take back the purse! 'Twas not for that foul deed I did the deed—' 'Twas not for that—oh, horror! not for that! But that I did believe he was the Lord; And that he is the Lord I still believe. But oh, the sin!—the sin! I have betrayed The innocent blood, and I am lost—I am lost! So crying, round his face his robes he threw, And blindly rushed away; and we, aghast, Looked round—and no one for a moment spoke.

"Seeing that fact, I could but fear the end; For death was in it, looking through his eyes. Nor could I follow to arrest the fate That drove him madly on with scorpion whip.

"At last the duty of the day was done, And night came on. Forth from the gates I went, Anxious and pained by many a dubious thought, To seek for Judas, and to comfort him. The sky was dark with heavy lowering clouds; A lifeless, stifling air weighed on the world; A dreadful silence like a nightmare lay Crouched on its bosom, waiting, grim and grey, In horrible suspense of some dread thing. A creeping sense of death, a sickening smell, Infected the dull breathing of the wind. A thrill of ghosts went by me now and then, And made my flesh creep as I wandered on. At last I came to where a cedar stretched Its black arms out beneath a dusky rock, And, passing through its shadow, all at once I started; for against the dubious light A dark and heavy mass that to and fro Slung slowly with its weight, before me grew. A sick dread sense came over me; I stopped—I could not stir. A cold and clammy sweat Oozed out all over me; and all my limbs, Bending with tremulous weakness like a child's, Gave way beneath me. Then a sense of shame Aroused me. I advanced, stretched forth my hand And pushed the shapeless mass; and at my touch It yielding swung—the branch above it creaked—And back returning struck against my face. A human body! Was it dead or not? Swiftly my sword I drew and cut it down, And on the sand all heavily it dropped. I plucked the robes away, exposed the face—'Twas Judas! as I feared, cold, stiff, and dead: That suffering heart of his had ceased to beat."

Thus Lycias spoke, and ended. I confess This story of poor Judas touched me much. What horrible revolutions must have passed Across that spirit in those few last hours! What storms that tore up life even to its roots! Say what you will—grant all the guilt—and still What pang of dread remorse—what agonies Of desperate repentance, all too late, In that wild interval between the crime And its last sad atonement!—life, the while, Laden with horror all too great to bear, And pressing madly on to death's abyss: This was no common mind that thus could feel—No vulgar villain sinning for reward!

Was he a villain lost to sense of shame? Ay, so say John and Peter and the rest: And yet—and yet this tale that Lycias tells Weighs with me more the more I ponder it; For thus I put it: Either Judas was As John affirms a villain and a thief, A creature lost to shame and base at heart—Or else, which is the view that Lycias takes, He was a rash and visionary man Whose faith was firm, who had no thought of crime, But whose a terrible mistake drove mad.

Take but John's view, and all to me is blind. Call him a villain who, with greed of gain, For thirty silver pieces sold his Lord. Does not the bribe seem all too small and mean? He held the common purse, and was he thief, Had paid to power to steal, and lay aside A secret and accumulating fund: So doing, he had nothing risked of fame, While here he braved the scorn of all the world. Besides, why chose they for their almsman A man so lost to shame, so foul with greed? Or why, from some five-score of trusted men, Choose him as one apostle among twelve?

Or why, if he were known to be so vile, (And who can hide his baseness at all times?) Keep him in close communion to the last? Naught in his previous life, or acts, or words, Shows this consummate villain that, full-grown, Loops all at once to such a height of crime.

Again, how comes it that this wretch, whose heart Is cased to shame, flings back the paltry bribe? And, when he knows his master is condemned, Rushes in horror out to seek his death? Whose fingers pointed at him in the crowd? Did all men feel his presence till he found Life too intolerable? Nay; not so! Death came too close upon the heels of crime. He had but done what all his tribe deemed just: All the great mass—I mean the upper class—The Rabbis, all the Pharisees and Scribes—Ay, and the lower mob as well who cried, 'Give us Barabbas! Christus to the cross!'"—These men were all of them on Judas' side, And Judas had done naught against the law. Were he this villain, he had but to say, 'I followed Christus till I found at last He aimed at power to overthrow the State. I did the duty of an honest man. I traitor!—you are traitors who reprove.' Besides, such villains scorn the world's reproof.

Or he might say—"You call this act a crime? What crime was it to say I know this man? I said no ill of him. If crime there be, 'Twas yours who doomed him unto death, not mine."

A villain was he? So Barabbas was! But did Barabbas go and hang himself, Weary of life—the murderer and thief? This coarse and vulgar way will never do. Grant him a villain, all his acts must be Acts of a villain; if you once admit Remorse so bitter that it leads to death, And death so instant on the heels of crime, You grant a spirit sensitive to shame. So sensitive that he can yield no joys To counterbalance one bad act;—but then A nature such as this, though led astray, When greatly tempted, is no thorough wretch. Was the temptation great? could such a bribe Tempt such a nature to a crime like this? I say, to me it simply seems absurd.

Peter at least was not so sensitive. He cursed and swore, denying that he knew Who the man Christus was; but after all He only wept—he never hanged himself.

But take the other view that Lycias takes, Firm is at once consistent, clear, complete. Firm in the faith that Christus was his God, The great Messiah sent to save the world, He, seeking for a sign—not for himself, But to show proof to all that he was God—Conceived this plan, rash if you will, but grand. "Thinking him man," he said, "mere mortal man, They seek to seize him—I will make pretence To take the public bribe and point him out, And they shall go, all armed with swords and staves, Strong with the power of law, to seize on him—And at their touch he, God himself, shall stand Revealed before them, and their swords shall drop, And prostrate all before him shall adore. And cry, 'Behold the Lord and King of all!'" But when the soldiers laid their hands on him And bound him as they would a prisoner vile, With taunts and mockery, and threats of death—He all the while submitting—then his dream Burst into fragments with a crash; aghast The whole world reeled before him: the dread truth Swooped like a sea upon him, bearing down His thoughts in wild confusion. He who dreamed To open the gates of glory to his Lord, Opened in their stead the prison's jarring door, And saw above him his dim dream of Love Change to a Fury stained with blood and crime. And then a madness seized him, and remorse With pangs of torture drove him down to death.

Conceive with me that sad and suffering heart If it be true that Lycias says—Conceive: Alas! Orestes, not so sad and fate. For these Apollo pardoned, purified; But Lycias perished tortured unto death, Unpardoned, unappeased, unpurified. And long as Christus shall be known of men His name shall bear the brand of infamy. The curse of generations still unborn.

Thus much of him: I leave the question here, Touching on naught beyond, for Lucius waits—I hear him humming in the courts below, Cursing his servants and Jerusalem, And giving them to the infernal gods. The sun is sinking—all the sky's a-fire—And vale and mountain glow like molten ore In the intense full splendor of its rays. A half-hour hence all will be dull and grey; And Lucius only waits until the shade Sweeps down the plain, then mounts and makes his way On through the blinding desert to the sea. And thence his gaily bears him on to Rome.

Safe at last!—may good fortune wait On you and all your household! Greet for me Titus and Livina—in a word, all friends.

W. W. S.

## MAINE.

## Letter from Portland.

DEAR BANNER—It may be that some of our friends here have already given the substance of the following; if so, drop this in the waste basket.

The Portland Spiritual Association has, for some time, been in a languishing condition, owing, perhaps, in part, to the decrease of some of its most prominent and active members, and in part, to the character of its meetings. It has been the aim of its leaders to establish its meetings on a very high intellectual plane; in short, to make an intellectual Spiritualism, without, perhaps, giving sufficient importance to the spiritual part of our faith. The error—if error there may be—consisted in this latter fact. While it is not possible to have too much of intellect, it is possible to make it too largely preponderate over the emotional and spiritual to be harmonious. The result of this course was apparent in the aridness and oftentimes bitter personal discussions at our conferences; and, learning nothing of the spiritual part of our faith, people learned to stay at home. The meetings, in consequence, were very thinly attended, and the board of government, seriously contemplating their entire suspension.

At the last annual meeting, however, there was an apparent determination to continue the meetings, and to change their character to meet the desires and wishes of a very large majority of the friends in the city, and a new government was elected to carry into effect this determination, consisting of the following: Hon. Joseph B. Hall, President; J. W. Mansfield, Vice President; John B. Thordike, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. E. King, Corresponding Secretary; William Williams, Treasurer; and Messrs. King, Warren and Hamblet, Committee.

This board have inaugurated a series of social conferences, in which it will be the aim of all to secure a harmonious blending of head and heart, with an absolute freedom for any and all persons to express their own thoughts and convictions without fear of provoking offensive criticism or unfriendly personalities. It will be their aim to encourage and sustain true *mediumship*, and to labor to present the proper conditions for the frequent ministrations of the invisible. Already the effects of this course are apparent in increasing interest and attendance, and it is sincerely hoped that all our friends in the city and vicinity will join with us in harmony and brotherly love, forgetting the errors of the past, if there be errors, and laboring only for the elevation of humanity in the scale of spiritual and social existence.

The Corresponding Secretary has already opened a correspondence with some of our best speakers, and as soon as proper arrangements can be perfected, a series of lectures will be announced.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is in a prosperous condition. The following are the officers for the present year: Joseph B. Hall, Conductor; Thomas P. Deal, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. R. L. Hall, Guardian; R. L. Hall, Treasurer; Miss Ella Benney, Musical Director; Alphonso Yeaton, Librarian.

We are looking hopefully for a pleasant season of harmony and prosperity.

Yours fraternally, B.

Portland, Me. Feb. 1st, 1870.

## MISSOURI.

## The Davenport in Missouri.

EDITHA BANNER OF LIGHT—The Davenport Brothers and Mrs. Fay gave two exhibitions at St. Joseph, Missouri, on Friday and Saturday nights, 14th and 15th inst. They were witnessed by very large audiences. Six hundred people, at least, came into the hall on each night. Many were turned away for want of room. Half the audiences remained to witness the dark séance of Prof. Fay. The performances

were highly satisfactory to all—perfectly convincing to those who had previously studied the history of spirit manifestations. Of course many say it is jugglery. I might say so myself were it not a fact that similar manifestations are often witnessed in private families through the mediumship of little children under circumstances which preclude all idea of collusion or confederation. It is then unphilosophical to seek for an explanation outside and strained, when you have it at hand, and satisfactory. Why not say that whatever produces the manifestations in those numerous cases produces them in this case? I never had seen any demonstration of the kind in any case before. I had the best opportunities for seeing—being within eight feet of the cabinet. The room during the performance was lighted brightly with gas. Hereafter I shall know just what to think of the so-called exposures of the Davenport and other such media. But my object in making this communication is to state that when the coat of Prof. Fay was taken off, during the dark séance, on the last evening, the light was struck before it had come off. At the first flash of the light, I saw the coat on him—he sitting tied—his hands behind him, tied to the chair—the knots waxed, his head raised, his eyes looking upward, his legs crossed. Now while I looked, in the twinkling of an eye the coat *sloughed off*, passed over his head, toward the audience. Not only I but many others saw just what I have stated. As there are people ridiculous enough to believe that Fay slips out his hands, takes off the coat, and throws it to the audience, this should be conclusive. I heard some of the most incredulous state the above as a fact, before I ventured to say that I also had witnessed the same. Then when a coat belonging to one of the audience was put on Mr. Fay, he still remained tied as before. It was found to be such a light fit as to require the assistance of others to get it off.

These manifestations are new to most of the people of this country; hence considerable excitement was raised. It is to be hoped that we shall have abundant opportunities of witnessing the like hereafter. St. Joseph, Mo., being a town of over thirty thousand inhabitants, a wealthy and rapidly growing city, magnificently built, with many thriving towns near it, I certainly am justified in my hopes.

Respectfully yours, C. I.

Oregon, Holt Co., Mo., Jan. 22, 1870.

## Letter from John Wetherbee.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, Jan'y 13th, 1870.

DEAR BANNER—I always feel as if a letter was expected from me whenever I halt in these elevated regions, even if it be a short one. I have described my impressions of the general appearance here too many times, and I do not like to repeat myself, so I will not say anything of mountains, gulches, oceans, streams or trails, but in a word will say this is a fine climate and a growing country.

Wherever I go and make a stop sufficiently long to converse with the new faces I meet, I find that Spiritualism is no stranger to their thoughts; and those who have any religious convictions worth having, are those who believe, with us, that the spirit-world is in close connection with this, and the influence of one in and on the other is a matter of fact. I do not mean to cast a slur on other men's religions, but in all my travels and intercourse with people, east or west, I have ever found the Shaker's postulate true, which is this: "There are many theologies, but only one religion." The subscriber endorses that sentiment; first, because it ought to be true; second, because his experience has found it true. That one religion distinct from theology is, if I am an oracle, among liberal people, and people of no religion, popularly speaking, often found; they have more of that human sympathy which humanity in its heart recognizes as religion. One touch of that religion proves the world akin, while the praying class have little or none. I sometimes think this religion is born with a man, never a matter of conversion; let it may be rudimentary, brought to the surface by accident or cultivation; and the feeling that one's friends who have died are near, "that if we call they answer back again," must have the tendency to bring out into action more of this one true religion, and compel the theologies to take back seats.

Let me relate an incident. It may have no connection here, but is pressing of expression. It concerns a well-to-do, hard-working man, up early and late looking after the main chance, not devoid of a nominal disposition to care for people's souls, though rather delinquent on the bodily wants of human nature. This man having a business talk with me, (he being one of the city or town fathers,) on the general affairs of this part of the country, as to what would pay and what would not, taking some pride in his own forehanded condition, remarked that there was a great want of ready money. Says he, "I can get the best security out of these fellows," pointing to the population, "and three per cent. a month interest for all my spare money. Do you see that man walking yonder? That's Seth Jones. He is a good man, industrious and steady. He got behindhand the grasshopper year—that is, the year the grasshoppers destroyed the crops—and he borrowed of me on his farm four hundred dollars. He has never been able to pay up, but year in and year out, little by little, I have got my interest, and now he has already paid me five hundred and fifty dollars in interest, and the sum now due for which I hold his note is four hundred and seventy-five dollars. That is, I am in five hundred and fifty dollars, and he owes me more than the sum I first lent." Now he (the well-to-do man) was a good virtuous man, as the world goes; apparently expects salvation through Christ and grace. Oh, how I pitied this man! How much I would have preferred to have been Seth Jones. The strangest part of the story is, that that man felt his financially to be a virtue, entirely unconscious that he was emphatically "in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity." A certain man, you remember, came to Jesus, who, looking upon him, loved him. I am sure if the Nazarene had been in my shoes, looking at this man, he would have hated him; and every time I have seen him since, I seem to see the figures of that note, in its variations, eclipsing him from my clear sight. He has got to rough it yet, here or hereafter. Now such a man may have theology, may be very sound on the creed, but he is wholly wanting in religion, probably never knew what a religious emotion was.

Forgetting this picture, it is very pleasant to find so many people in my walks who have spiritual ideas, and to find, as a general thing, they have the true ring in their religion.

I spent a few hours with one of these rough sons of the ranch—rough, honest, bright as a new cent. Evidently meditative, he took Spiritualism in the natural way, not by vaccination, so the poek-marks of our philosophy were strong of him and deep. He told me this anecdote. I ought to say, first, that when this man was young, he preached a little as a Methodist; but, having frontier proclivities, the pulpit lost, I think, what would have blossomed into a bright light; but the church's loss is our gain. He said that some years ago, while he was on a tour, peddling plows, he stopped—he did not know why—at a house with his wagon, where there were many other vehicles. He went in and found it to be a funeral service. The sour-looking Presbyterian minister who was doing up the services, was speaking of the deceased, and our peddler learned that he was a poor man, had seen better days, had lost his property by assisting a friend, got discouraged and became a drunkard; and before closing, this sour minister, looking at apparently the only mourner present—who was his daughter, a young woman—said, substantially, that she was seeing the last of the departed; that she never need expect to see his face again; he would be where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. The remarks made an unpleasant impression, and, as the people turned to go out, this relater said he held up his hand. The people paused. He went to the coffin, and, looking at the mourner, said he also had a word to say, and that was, "God is love." He then spoke upon it half an hour with marked and good effect; then he went out and was seen no more. It seemed as though he was directed to go there for that purpose. I need not add that, some years after, accident brought the relater in contact with this mourner, who was in happier conditions, and made this man happy by saying that it for his good words on that melancholy occasion she did not know what would have been the consequences to her.

Speaking of funerals, one passed Rn. Pound's hotel, where I am stopping, yesterday. It was quite a sensation. A little child's body was being borne to its long home. I never see a funeral procession of late years but I seem to see the sentiment over it, "I am the resurrection and the life"—which means modern Spiritualism—and more than ever this one, because its rarity made it a feature. A man looking on, in reply to me said it was a rare thing to die here; he had been here over a year, and this was the first he had seen. The procession was very large, people coming from a long distance. There was no hearse; a man in an open buggy wagon carried the casket, then followed wagon, mule teams, &c., all filled with a solemn-faced people. Beyond that there was no indication that it was a funeral. The train looked much like a country picnic party minus the mirth. This was, so to speak, extemporaneous, and would be ludicrous with you, but the thought struck me, with our feeling, that death is rather a birth, that the effect was good.

I am not very good at tapering off, and so will do so abruptly, ever remaining, yours truly, JOHN WETHERBEE.



## Spiritual Phenomena.

### THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION QUESTION.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—A few evenings since I was musing on the first and early manifestations which claimed to be from spirits. My mind ran back to the early days in Rochester—now more than twenty years ago—when we witnessed nearly all the phases and phenomena which have appeared since. I remember a circle, which we called the Franklin circle; it was continued for nearly a year, and very much transpired that was intensely interesting. As the matter was revolving in my mind, I was strongly impressed to write to Benjamin Franklin. I immediately wrote the following letter. I sealed it up very securely, in the presence of witnesses, and sent it to Mrs. French, No. 22 West 9th street, New York, with no address or direction on the envelope. A few days after, I received my own letter back, with seal untouched, in the same condition which I sent it, together with the answer, which I herewith forward to you. I think that many of the patrons of your paper will be glad to read it.

GEORGE WILLETS.

224 South 3d street, Jersey City.

My Dear Friend, Benjamin Franklin—I feel strongly inclined, this evening, to write to you. I wish there was some better and more positive and independent mode of communication between us and the people of the spiritual world. You remember the Franklin circle? I called my daughters, then little girls, were the mediums, and the little machine made, as we believed, by your direction. When it moved away from its polarity over just half the circle, without the touch of human hands, it seemed really a miracle in our eyes. Can you now give us more light on this subject? Do you think it is practical to open some such mode of communication as was alluded to us of the Franklin circle? We feel the need of a mode which shall not partake of the brain and will of the medium, but only of the brain and will power of the spirit communicating.

Please write to me concerning this subject, and such other subjects as you feel will benefit us in earth-life, by the hand of our mutual friend, Mrs. French. I desire greatly to see a mode of communication which is more positive, and freed from the many objections attending the present method of communicating. The world needs to know that you surely live, in a way that cannot be taken or gaffed, and which can be relied on as to be a real communication you may please to make, will be acceptable.

I am your friend and brother for the war against error, and for the advocacy of truth and justice.

GEORGE WILLETS.

My Friend in Earth-Life—I do not forget our mutual efforts to establish a plainer and more direct method of communication between the spheres. I thought twenty years ago, as you thought at that time, that it was necessary to have some startling and wonderful manifestation of spiritual power, in order to compel a belief in our existence. I have learned, at last, that it is not so. It is not positive, tangible, material proof that we need most to give. I truly believe that the best work of Spiritualism has not been done through its mediums—certainly not through its professional mediums—but in the general awakening of thought and liberalizing of religious views; in the silent influence which we mingle with your everyday thoughts. Therefore our object is now, as we learn more and more in regard to our relative positions, to do away with distinctive mediumship, and especially with all forms of mechanical phenomena. This may seem strange to you, but I assure you, if we encouraged physical demonstrations as we might do, the whole thing would degenerate into a species of spiritual gymnastics, and a rivalry would grow up among media, as to which had most power, and a low class of spirits would be kept constantly at work about every medium, trying new experiments and practicing new freaks and tricks, until there is no telling where the impulse would lead, at last, to a point where it is not so positive, tangible, material proof that we need most to give. I truly believe that the best work of Spiritualism has not been done through its mediums—certainly not through its professional mediums—but in the general awakening of thought and liberalizing of religious views; in the silent influence which we mingle with your everyday thoughts. Therefore our object is now, as we learn more and more in regard to our relative positions, to do away with distinctive mediumship, and especially with all forms of mechanical phenomena. This may seem strange to you, but I assure you, if we encouraged physical demonstrations as we might do, the whole thing would degenerate into a species of spiritual gymnastics, and a rivalry would grow up among media, as to which had most power, and a low class of spirits would be kept constantly at work about every medium, trying new experiments and practicing new freaks and tricks, until there is no telling where the impulse would lead, at last, to a point where it is not so positive, tangible, material proof that we need most to give.

The Planchette was our planning and guiding, yet, marvelous as were its actions, you see how unsatisfactory they were. No person ever was truly convinced of the truth of spirit-life and immortality merely by Planchette. Yet Planchette interested many people, and was the indirect means to securing to many doubting hearts such a faith and belief. Any machine we might plan, with its positive and negative conditions, its combination of polarity and subtle answering to our dictation, would, of course, be looked upon as a marvel—almost a miracle, and would be held as absolute spiritual truth. I know how soon we should fall to accomplish what we wished then—the spiritual standard would fall. No—no, my friend; each sphere is sufficient unto itself, and yours is the material sphere. We will only mingle enough with that materiality to draw you one step higher, to show you that without any special manifestation, there is a divinity and a spirituality shining through all forms of matter, and that to divinity we respond with whatever power we are able to control. I do not say that there will not come a time when we shall be able to communicate without mortal contact. I mean that while you are in that sphere of uncertainty, of early growth and late development, you must be patient to watch the natural unfolding, strong in the spiritual consciousness that all tends to the ultimate good. It would be folly for you to allow a child to live seven years without the faintest knowledge of reading, and then to say to that child, You are old enough now to learn to read. I have read the Bible, and study until you have mastered the language. And so I look him up there among the books, supply him with food, and leave him to learn to read.

In twenty years he would know no more than when you closed the door upon him. He wants teachers. Step by step his work must be attained. So the world of spirits, far above and all about you, is that library now. You are the children, who know only the alphabet as yet; and without the power of transposing that alphabet to words, or of using the words to express ideas, the alphabet within is useless.

But, if you study patiently, you shall yet become like the learned man, who sits down in his library, where every book is like a friend or companion to him, and he needs no teacher.

So shall you mortals in time to come be able to enter our sphere, and comprehend each for himself so much as he is able to understand or desires to know of spirit-life and spirit-power. I do not say that you in your earth-life will do this, though you come very much nearer to it than many men; but in the future we shall reach that. I have been trying some experiments as to how much an individual can be made to understand or know. I find it depends almost entirely upon the force we can throw upon or through the medium we influence, and is reliable or unreliable as the natural tendency of that mind is truthful or prevaricating. Though we seem to use some mediums mechanically, yet it is simply impossible to separate the spirit from the frame it dwells in, while it is going through that material sphere.

Having given you a brief and broken outline of what I think of past manifestations, let me tell you, my good friend, that in the future, the best work of Spiritualism is not to be done by its regu-

lar and professed media, but by the general uplifting, unfolding and spiritual growth of our people. The manifestations are like the painted blocks by which children are amused and coaxed to learn their letters, that they may thereby become able to read; and all tangible demonstrations bear exactly the same relation to true spiritual life that the colored blocks do to literature. Therefore be glad that you have the real food, while so many have but the husks to feed upon.

In closing, I will only say, try to accept me as I present myself—a co-laborer with all good intentions, and deeply interested in all progressive science.

R. FRANKLIN.

### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

JENKINSON, THE MEDIUM, UNITED BY SPIRITS IN THE LIGHT.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—We wish to add some more facts to the long list of physical phenomena. We have long deplored the necessity of the dark circle or cabinet for the production of certain physical manifestations. We have looked forward anxiously, and prayed earnestly for the time when more light could be thrown on these spirit manifestations. In keeping with this wish we suggested to C. O. Jenkinson, who was then with us, the idea of trying the experiment of the spirit influence uniting him in the light, simply by placing a shawl over his shoulders, thus covering his hands and arms. He believed the thing to be impossible, but was willing to submit to any experiment we wished to make. We accordingly tied him as follows: We passed the rope around one wrist, and tied snug; then we tied a square knot, and drew it tight; then carried the arm behind him where the knot came in the wrong place, and we wished to turn it, to catch it inside the wrist; in doing so we started the skin, causing some pain. Having got the knot in the right spot, we placed the other wrist on the knot, and passed the rope around and tied as before. The remaining ends of the rope were passed between the wrists, over the first knot, and tied tightly. Now we think we hazard nothing in saying that no man living could release himself, unaided, from this tie (the Moorish dogmatic assumption to the contrary notwithstanding), and in less than one minute the rope was untied and fell from his wrists—the medium standing in a trance, without moving a muscle, and in a brilliantly lighted room. Now if it had been a trick, he must have used some physical exertion, which would have been noticed by any one present. This experiment was repeated in the presence of a few friends with the same result; at a séance held at the residence of W. H. Jewett, one of the firm of Allen & Jewett, piano-forte manufacturers. It was also again repeated in the presence of forty persons, the knots having been drawn as tight as two men could possibly draw them, and they were untied as easily and quickly as before. Those who were there are willing to testify to the above facts.

W. H. YEAW.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the tying and uniting of C. O. Jenkinson, in a well lighted room and under test conditions which preclude all possibility of trick or deception, do testify to the truth of the above statements of W. H. Yeaw.

WM. DURANT, President of Spiritual Society.

W. H. JEWETT, JOHN A. STEINBECK,  
M. E. WHITE, M. ANGLIN,  
JOS. T. HUNT, J. P. BLODGETT,  
ELLEN A. BLODGETT, MRS. W. H. JEWETT,  
WM. RUGG, MRS. WM. RUGG,  
G. F. HOLLAND, MRS. FANNY HOLLAND,  
C. H. ORCUTT, EDWARD ELLERRE,  
I. A. COLLINS, MRS. WM. DURANT.

Leominster, Mass., Feb. 1st, 1870.

From the Liberal Christian, Jan. 15, 1870.

MY AFFINITY, AND OTHER STORIES, by Miss Lizzie Doten, contains some interesting stories narrated in a very readable style. The first story, "My Affinity," is very reasonable at the present time, when the strong desire for a Jewish prophet, "Every man neglects after his neighbor's wife." We know not whether those who seek their "Affinity" with the perseverance of the bachelor in this story are any more likely to find her than those who pursue "the even tenor of their way," and leave the angelic creature to "happen along." However, this is the way he went to work: "In the midst of my doubts and difficulties applied to my friend, and he informed me, after some reflection, that he had an impression that my affinity was still living, and that I should meet her accidentally in the streets of the city. So great was the influence he had gained over me that I had as much faith in his impression as if it were a divine revelation; and, inspired by the confidence which it gave me, I walked through some of the principal streets. I would turn into courts, alleys, highways and all sorts of the way places. I also intruded my head, like a reconnoitering thief, in at shop doors of confectioners, milliners, ice-cream saloons and dry-goods merchants, took numberless rides in crazy cabs, and crowded and crowded and crowded, frequenting various places of evening amusements, and attended a different place of worship every Sabbath; but all in vain. If at any time I had met my affinity, she did not seem to be governed by the usual law of attractions, for not one of the innumerable host of females which I had encountered seemed in the least magnetically influenced toward me." If one's "affinity" cannot be found in a dry-goods store, where ladies "most do love to congregate," it seems to us a hopeless task to look for her.

However, the seeker of this story was fortunate enough to find his providential half, and "six months after our first interview, Faith Anderson became my wife. My friend Vassilvane was present at the bridal, and, at the first opportunity, I asked him what his impressions were concerning my affinity, and, more particularly, if he thought our union would endure throughout eternity. He said that, as far as he could see, he thought it would; and, in my infatuation, I fondly believed that my friend Vassilvane's vision was not a delusion. It seems to us as if all men to consult one's own acquaintance on the wedding day as to the degree and probable duration of mutual love between us and our "affinity." This story writer seems to think so, too, for the house of love thus built upon the sand soon crumbles away before the stern realities of life. Our "Elective Affinity" friends will, of course, see in this the finger of God pointing to another section. It is thus with the story, "Twice," says this ingenious husband, "heaven had blessed us with a pair of twins (1), and instead of feeling grateful, the unhappy philosopher discovers that he has mistaken his 'affinity' and got hold of somebody else's. He asks his friend what to do in the premises. 'Do?' he replied, 'I shall not advise you. You can readily see, however, that, by leaving matters as they are, you are not only keeping yourself from your true 'affinity,' but Faith, also, from the one for whom Providence designed her, which is an evident injustice.' 'But the children?' I suggested. 'Ah!' he continued, 'that is unfortunate, but not, but they are the offspring of error, and, therefore, will be of but little account in the world, as harmonious children only come of true affinities. You must dispose of them to the best advantage, and leave it to the All-Wise Father to provide as He may see fit for their temporal and eternal happiness.' At last he does meet his 'affinity,' and in a dry-goods store, according to the eternal fitness of things. His friend tells him to 'follow his impressions of right,' which was quite equal, as he says, 'to telling me to follow my nose for a 'dose of right.' 'He became entirely subjected to my 'inspirations.' We have not space to pursue the story, but are glad that it ends well. It is a sprightly and well-deserved rebuke to the diffusive views of affinity which have been evoked by a recent scandal.

A young lady of sixteen, who had worn short dresses all her life, positively told her mamma she would wear them no longer.

## From Whence the Authority of the Church?

The Christian churches, the Catholic and all Protestant sects, arrogate dictatorship in religious matters. They claim the power of commendation and denunciation. Even the most liberal in their creeds and dogmatic formula make this claim. They alone are right; all who disagree are wrong, and subjects for hell. Religion consists in belief in these peculiar tenets. The Catholic regards all Protestants as led astray by the Evil One, while the Protestant feels assured that the Catholic Church is the scarlet woman of Babylon. Both summarily condemn the free thinker, the philosopher and scientist as hopeless infidels. Such is the force of education, that the arrogance of the Church has been in a measure acquiesced in, and a tacit admission of her right granted; but we ask how and when the Church received such power?

What is the Church? An aggregation of individuals, for the object of religious instruction and propagation of religious ideas. The Christian Churches gather around the conception of Christ, an incarnation of God. Their authority is the Bible. But the Bible nowhere even mentions a church in the modern sense. Jesus, so far from being a model of, was the antithesis of church spirit. He gathered a few fishermen around him, and taught wherever he found a willing mind to receive. He cast aside all ceremonies and rites. The observance of the Sabbath was to him an idle tale. He abolished the sacrifices, the prayer at set times and seasons, leaving only the absolute principles of morality. He bestowed no power on his disciples that the most ordinary men did not possess. The most successful missionary in his cause was one of those sent forth. Is the whole strength of argument confined to the text founding the church on Simon Peter? Its spurious origin is too well proven to leave a doubt.

Nowhere in the Gospels has Christ sanctioned anything but pure and exalted morality. Baptism and the Supper were only accidents, and nowhere recommended as essential. Where then can the Church find its claims to infallible direction of the beliefs of man? Not on the Bible; not on anything Christ said or did. His life is a plain denial of all that claim.

The Church has acted from the commencement of its existence, as though it held a commission from God to scourge all who opposed its exactions, and torture them into the road it said led to heaven. The Protestant sects, having lost the irresistible power of the Pope, will rely on the withering influence of excommunication, and the social pressure they wield. They cannot place the burden on a rack, or tie their limbs to pieces, but they can torture his spirit by social ostracism, the influence of which lies in the prejudices they create.

When a thinker walks out on the breezy highlands of untrammelled thought, and would gladden the world with the spectacle of a beautiful life, devoted to noble aims and lofty endeavor, how rare the sectarian winds over the theological marshland below! and how ten thousand tongues run swift to denounce his fair name! The calm soul will let them prate, as the unnoticable anger of children.

We learn then that the claims of the Church to authority in matters pertaining to religion, are without the least foundation. They are not sanctioned by the Gospels, nor authorized by any word or deed of Christ, but everywhere condemned. Nor can it, as an aggregation of individuals, claim authority over any individual who does not consent to such dictation. All authority thus gained, is that bestowed by the brute strength of numbers.

It may be answered: These numbers are not individual aggregations, but they gather around a centre, that centre the God-man, Christ. The power of the Church arises from its holding this being as a model for human action. If Christ was a veritable incarnation, if he was God clothed in flesh, he could not be a model for finite man. His example would be useless, and wholly incomprehensible. If he was simply a good and perfect man, it will well for us to follow his example, so would it be well to learn lessons from all exemplary men.

Thus as a God or as a man no power is conferred on his followers, by accepting him as a model, to enforce their views on others, or to reject what they may consider as conflicting with their established beliefs.

All authority that the Church has is that of brute power—nothing divinely delegated, but human and bestowed by might.

This right is admitted not because it is supported by evidence, but by that blind obedience men pay to the old which grows out of fear, admiration, and a sense of duty, the result of education.

The Church has the appliances to create fear in an eminent degree. Added to those usually attending leaders, political or theological, it holds the keys of hell and eternal damnation in its hands. The soul that bravely submits to physical torture is appalled at threats of eternal anguish. This element is chiefly relied on and is largely used in all revivals, and its thunder tones are heard in excommunication, and anathemas.

Man kind are loyal to their leaders, whether those leaders direct them right or wrong, and once imbued with certain notions, they are ready to sustain those leaders, from admiration of the success with which they carry forward their measures. One generation having submitted, the next is educated into submission, or in other words, they have a sense of the moral duty of obedience.

Having by these means gained supremacy, the Church has attempted to preserve her power by a quiet, diverse, method. She has steadily cultivated the knowledge is power, it has either sought to check its diffusion altogether, or only disseminate such ideas as it pleased.

The universal dissemination of knowledge, it was held, was not only useless but led to discontent, sedition and revolution. The mass, if allowed to be informed in the arts and sciences of the ruling class, would become turbulent and uncontrollable. The High Church party in England maintained this view until a recent date, and the supporters of slavery in the United States, and the most invidious, introduced by the more ultra leaders of Protestantism, and by the Jesuits into Catholicism, is to compel all to become educated, making it even compulsory with parents to instruct their children. At the same time, while opening the doors of the mind, care is taken of the mental food supplied; an injunction is served on the press and the author. No book or paper is issued until examined by the theological power, and if containing anything displeasing to the church, the author is warned, or in accordance with prevailing ideas, are encouraged to occupy the public mind, the press thus becoming a power in the hands of the Church to disseminate its doctrines and maintain its authority. It vomits forth tracts and religious books by the million, and to every call from any conflicting idea, is silent. It is not only gagged, it is made a slave, and all its giant energy compelled to labor for darkness instead of light.

The school has been supplied with books written in the service of the Church, to the exclusion of others, and every avenue to knowledge seized with cautious hand. The district school, the seminary, the college, if not publicly teaching theology, are controlled by theologians.

Wise and subtle as this scheme appeared, they who employed it knew not whither they built. The mind becomes enlarged and its perceptions sharpened even by erroneous learning. After receiving the knowledge prepared by the priest-hood, it gains increased capacity, and one ray of light allowed to enter, creates desire for the whole. The young, the new England common schools, of which those of other States are copies, were established chiefly to maintain Puritan Orthodoxy, but they have in a great measure escaped from the controlling hand of the Church, and from them has flowed the heresies which have degraded its power, and led to the free thought of the present. May we soon rejoice for the day when they shall become wholly secularized, and the light of knowledge, instead of revealing the horrid machinery of theology, to the admiration of the young, be allowed to shine as the sun of morning over the beauties of nature.—Hudson Tuttle in the American Spiritualist.

## Pennsylvania Court Decision.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania setting aside a bequest made to an Infidel Society on the ground of immorality tends to uphold the teachings, etc., urges me to make some suggestions I have long had in mind.

I am certain that statistical details, carefully collected and certified to by the proper authorities, would prove that nearly all the inmates of lunatic asylums, poor houses, and prisons, are Orthodox in their belief. Protestants, I believe, are satisfied that such is the influence of the Catholic religion; I believe it equally demonstrates that Orthodox Protestantism has a similar lunatic tendency. Let us have lists of the number of inmates in such institutions in various places, the number belonging to so-called Orthodox sects, the number of Swedenborgians, Quakers, (Unitarians and Orthodox,) Unitarians, Universalists, Christians, Infidels and Catholics; also of the Orthodox sects, on a mass or in detail, as may be most convenient. I am much mistaken if there cannot be obtained from Auburn, or Sing Sing alone, ample data to upset the decision of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, which is a direct blow at religious liberty. If the State has authority to prohibit bequests to an Infidel society, it has also a right to suppress the meetings of such a society on the same ground; and of any other society of any description which the judges may consider immoral in tendency.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Spiritualism and free thought can stand the test; Orthodoxy cannot. It is proved, statistically, that Orthodoxy tends to increase crime, insanity and pauperism. Will the Pennsylvania Supreme Court prohibit bequests to Orthodox Churches? We shall see. The Supreme Court of the United States may have something to say, if an appeal should come before them with properly arranged statistics.

The point to be shown is, first, that Spiritualists, for instance, do not contribute one in ten thousand of the inmates of prisons, while it is well known that a much larger proportion of the population are Spiritualists; so with Infidels and liberal Christians. Let us have the facts specified. They will constitute irrefragable arguments.

ALFRED CHIDEE.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 19th, 1870.

### Letter from Panama.

DEAR HANSEN.—Our passage by the "Arizona" from New York was one of uninterrupted pleasure, with the exception of two days upon the bosom of the restless Caribbean, where we met strong trade winds blowing from the north northeast, causing a terrible sea, which rolled our ship fearfully, and once or twice partly lifted the passage way between the saloons with the blue waters and flying fish, to the great astonishment of a New England party who were making the voyage to California for pleasure and health. One of the company, Mr. M., who seemed only to dream of the Caribbean as described by the author of "The New West," who said there was not a ripple upon its dark blue surface, amused me frequently by saying, "Do you call these huge seas ripples?" Is this the beautiful Caribbean with "only ripples" upon its bosom? It is, I am sure I never desire to see another ripple. On the morning of the 12th we shipped a heavy sea; our New England party were seated upon the upper deck, which corresponds with the same on your round boats, holding fast to doors, posts, or anything stationary, to keep from sliding from one side to the other, as our noble ship rolled almost over and over, when suddenly a wave, mountain high, swept us all clear, and we rushed for our state-rooms.

The author of the "New West" is right in describing the ships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. as floating palaces. Everything is provided for the comfort of the passengers. State-rooms and cabins are excellent. The ships are not crowded as before the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and it is undeniably a delightful and health-involving sea-voyage.

The New England party were very anxious to have me accompany them to Panama and describe to them the beauties of the tropics, so rich in vegetation, and point out the places of historical interest, which I gladly did, and when we reached Panama, and they caught the first glimpse of the beautiful Pacific, their delight at once went back to the time of Morgan and his lieutenants, when ancient Panama—that now lies in ruins seven miles to the east of the present city—was sacked, and the bars of silver and gold, piled up at the corners of the streets awaiting shipment to Porto Rico, were taken together with millions of other valuables (to say nothing of the beautiful sculptures, and the city burned. The New Englanders seemed enchanted, and they embarked on board the steamer which was to take them to "The Constitution" (the ship that was to take them to the United States, and which they had not had half their fill, and only wished arrangements had been made for their remaining over one steamer to enable them to visit Panama and her interesting ruins. As it was, they could only catch a glimpse of the walls, and the strange looking building, and the towers which stood high above the sea-level, ramparts, most prominent among them El Palacio del Presidente, the Grand Hotel and El Cathedral, with its twin towers ornamented with the pearl shell sparkling in a tropical sun.

The shell of the old city caused me to cease painting my eye to the New Englanders—enlightened picture of their surroundings, and I was obliged to leave it in the rough, and say—*Anda con Dios Amigos*—and part with them, until perhaps we meet each other in the spirit-land.

On the morning of the 13th, we sailed for Colon. In company with Gen. Hovey, United States Minister to Peru, and other friends, we took the Grand Hotel's steamer to town, a distance of one mile. We found the city wrapped in gloom; the Cathedral bells had announced to not only the entire inhabitable part of the city, but the death of the Bishop of Panama. Fr. Don Eduardo Vespazquez died in Rome on the 3d inst., and had gone to attend the Ecumenical Council. This steamer removes from Panama one of the best of men. Bishop Vespazquez was a great favorite of the countrymen here, and a friend to all foreigners, liberal and charitable to all, and his death was as far removed from fanaticism as from hypocrisy.

I am glad to learn that the foreigners have already under consideration the erection of a monument to our beloved friend's memory.

The weather is pleasant but terribly hot here, it being the dry season. However, the sea breeze is refreshing and the nights and mornings cool.

Yesterday, H. B. M.'s Ship of War "Revenge," Capt. Hume, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Farquhar, arrived at Colon. The "Revenge" is one of the largest ships in the English navy, and has over eight hundred men on board. A fine band is playing "The Star Spangled Banner" this (Sunday) morning, as I write. The English Consul, the Admiral, and Capt. Hume, are expected to arrive at Panama on the 14th inst. The "Revenge" is to be at anchor in company with the "Tuscarora," and United States Vice Consul Perry.

The services of the "Revenge" were very novel and interesting. We had quite a spiritual discourse from the mouth of an English-German chaplain.

At the close, the party were elegantly entertained by Rear Admiral Farquhar, on board, and at two P. M. sat down to a sumptuous lunch. At sundown the first band played with some exquisite music. And so passed Sunday in Colon.

Colon, Isthmus of Panama, Jan. 16th, 1870.

### Experiences of Mediums.

DEAR HANSEN.—I have read Bro. Dean Clark's and Sister Walbrook's letters, giving their experiences and trials; and as I read them I could but say "Amen," so like unto theirs has been my experience in many places.

One instance here in Elmira I must speak of, showing the estimation some people have of mediums, deeming them so differently constituted from themselves as to be entirely removed from the wants and needs that afflict the flesh. One lady here, claiming to be an old Spiritualist of good standing, living comfortably with her husband, and yet unable to contribute to the cause, or to assist a medium by patronage, attending an Orthodox Church frequently, but ever ready to entertain mediums, hold circles, receive test, etc., where no money has to be paid, called the other day on a friend, and seeing that I had indulged in the extravagance of some new handkerchiefs and undergarments—which this friend was making for me—when informed that they were mine, rolled up her eyes and exclaimed—"I wonder who pays for all this!" Surely not such Spiritualists as she is! not such lukewarm, selfish medium-deceivers; for if mediums were dependent solely upon such a class of people for support, they would indeed go shabby and naked, uncared for and neglected. There are too many such people in our ranks, ever ready to devour mediums, ever ready to open their doors for circles, ever anxious for tests, but never ready to pay for sought they receive; and if through talent, ability and hard work a medium is enabled to cover his nakedness, supply his wants, and gratify his tastes, they

solely wonder "who pays for all this!" The time has come when mediums must protect themselves, and show up these growing evils in their true colors.

I regret to inform my many friends, whose letters I have on my desk unanswered, that my physical health is failing me. My lungs, as usual at this season of the year, manifest their weakness, and I have been compelled to close my rooms, and for the present give up personal sittings, and devote myself exclusively to writing, and making examinations by lock of hair. When the spring-time comes I shall feel better, and return to the more active duties of mediumship with unusual vigor, well rested, and prepared to do the work the angels give me to do. In the meantime my best wishes are with you, dear Hansen; and may your inspired pages carry joy to many a sorrowing heart, and light into homes heretofore darkened by the shadows of error and superstition.

Faithfully yours,

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMAN.

Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 17th, 1870.

## Correspondence in Brief.

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Our correspondent, "Essex," writes Feb. 1st. In a former letter I mentioned the formation of an association in this city, called the "Electric Religious Association." The object of this association seems to be to establish a new mode of religious instruction, by which the devotee of any theological faith or doctrine may, in turn, have an opportunity to "express his or her sentiments," providing it be done in language appropriate to law, order and common sense.

One meeting has been held, a success in every particular, save one, and that is, room. They need a larger hall to meet the growing wants of this community. Although their present place of meeting will accommodate some six hundred persons, it is filled to overflowing every Sunday evening, and the ladies are obliged to stand, and the gentlemen, just think of seven or eight hundred persons—old men and middle-aged, "young men and maidens"—traveling up three long flights of stairs every Sunday evening, and tell me, if you can, what it means! Why is it that people subject themselves to such labor and inconvenience, when one short, easy flight of stairs will take them on to the richly "bordered carpetings and velvet cushions that decorate every church in the city?" Does it not show to us the gradual failure of the pulpit of the clergy and the power of the Church to meet the spiritual wants of the people?

The lecture before the association last Sunday evening was by Miss Julia Hubbard, and was listened to with marked attention by as many as could well crowd into their hall. Such a crowd last Sunday evening was unexpected, inasmuch as Mr. (2) Dr. (3) Dr. (4) Dr. (5) Dr. (6) Dr. (7) Dr. (8) Dr. (9) Dr. (10) Dr. (11) Dr. (12) Dr. (13) Dr. (14) Dr. (15) Dr. (16) Dr. (17) Dr. (18) Dr. (19) Dr. (20) Dr. (21) Dr. (22) Dr. (23) Dr. (24) Dr. (25) Dr. (26) Dr. (27) Dr. (28) Dr. (29) Dr. (30) Dr. (31) Dr. (32) Dr. (33) Dr. (34) Dr. (35) Dr. (36) Dr. (37) Dr. (38) Dr. (39) Dr. (40) Dr. (41) Dr. (42) Dr. (43) Dr. (44) Dr. (45) Dr. (46) Dr. (47) Dr. (48) Dr. (49) Dr. (50) Dr. (51) Dr. (52) Dr. (53) Dr. (54) Dr. (55) Dr. (56) Dr. (57) Dr. (58) Dr. (59) Dr. (60) Dr. (61) Dr. (62) Dr. (63) Dr. (64) Dr. (65) Dr. (66) Dr. (67) Dr. (68) Dr. (69) Dr. (70) Dr. (71) Dr. (72) Dr. (73) Dr. (74) Dr. (75) Dr. (76) Dr. (77) Dr. (78) Dr. (79) Dr. (80) Dr. (81) Dr. (82) Dr. (83) Dr. (84) Dr. (85) Dr. (86) Dr. (87) Dr. (88) Dr. (89) Dr. (90) Dr. (91) Dr. (92) Dr. (93) Dr. (94) Dr. (95) Dr. (96) Dr. (97) Dr. (98) Dr. (99) Dr. (100) Dr. (101) Dr. (102) Dr. (103) Dr. (104) Dr. (105) Dr. (106) Dr. (107) Dr. (108) Dr. (109) Dr. (110) Dr. (111) Dr. (112) Dr. (113) Dr. (114) Dr. (115) Dr. (116) Dr. (117) Dr. (118) Dr. (119) Dr. (120) Dr. (121) Dr. (122) Dr. (123) Dr. (124) Dr. (125) Dr. (126) Dr. (127) Dr. (128) Dr. (129) Dr. (130) Dr. (131) Dr. (132) Dr. (133) Dr. (134) Dr. (135) Dr. (136) Dr. (137) Dr. (138) Dr. (139) Dr. (140) Dr. (141) Dr. (142) Dr. (143) Dr. (144) Dr. (145) Dr. (146) Dr. (147) Dr. (148) Dr. (149) Dr. (150) Dr. (151) Dr. (152) Dr. (153) Dr. (154) Dr. (155) Dr. (156) Dr. (157) Dr. (158) Dr. (159) Dr. (160) Dr. (161) Dr. (162) Dr. (163) Dr. (164) Dr. (165) Dr. (166) Dr. (167) Dr. (168) Dr. (169) Dr. (170) Dr. (171) Dr. (172) Dr. (173) Dr. (174) Dr. (175) Dr. (176) Dr. (177) Dr. (178) Dr. (179) Dr. (180) Dr. (181) Dr. (182) Dr. (183) Dr. (184) Dr. (185) Dr. (186) Dr. (187) Dr. (188) Dr. (189) Dr. (190) Dr. (191) Dr. (192) Dr. (193) Dr. (194) Dr. (195) Dr. (196) Dr. (197) Dr. (198) Dr. (199) Dr. (200) Dr. (201) Dr. (202) Dr. (203) Dr. (204) Dr. (205) Dr. (206) Dr. (207) Dr. (208) Dr. (209) Dr. (210) Dr. (211) Dr. (212) Dr. (213) Dr. (214) Dr. (215) Dr. (216) Dr. (217) Dr. (218) Dr. (219) Dr. (220) Dr. (221) Dr. (222) Dr. (223) Dr. (224) Dr. (225) Dr. (226) Dr. (227) Dr. (228) Dr. (229) Dr. (230) Dr. (231) Dr. (232) Dr. (233) Dr. (234) Dr. (235) Dr. (236) Dr. (237) Dr. (238) Dr. (239) Dr. (240) Dr. (241) Dr. (242) Dr. (243) Dr. (244) Dr. (245) Dr. (246)



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### False and Hurtful.

The practice of adulterating food and liquors, and the drugs which "allopathy" meddles prescribe for their immense army of patients, has become so general, and is so positively hurtful in its influence, as to have provoked the deliberate attention of the commercial press of the country. Nothing that we buy, with few and slight exceptions, is free from a criminal adulteration with foreign matter. Our sugar is sanded and marbleized, our vinegar is made of everything but cider, flour is put up from the grinding of sprouted and worthless wheat, and the liquors with which such vast numbers of men persist in poisoning their blood, are poison indeed, and scarce any part pure and reliable in their elements.

Chemical analysis of the latter, which are drunk daily and nightly over countless bars and from innumerable bottles, shows that few of the glugs, brandies, whiskies and wines that are articles of consumption without people, are composed of the simple elements that originally gave them their character. The reason why persons who are addicted to drinking them are made insane by excess, so that the common saying is that there is no such liquor drunk now as in old times, and that *delirium tremens* is a modern disease among liquor consumers, is mainly because, instead of pure liquor, they drink poisonous compounds hurtful to the body and mind together. Bad as the habit is at best, it is made a fearful one, considered in regard to its personal risks merely, in consequence of this almost universal employment of poisons in the combination of liquors.

And with food, condiments, spices and drugs as with liquors. The whole world of producers and dealers seems to be in combination to prevent the sale and use of any articles but spurious and harmful ones. In the matter of drugs, it is noticeable that those who retail them, already prepared, obediently to the daily prescriptions of the physicians, are rarely possessed of that sufficient education which is the first requisite for handling and distributing them. They are regarded, like everything else, as articles of commerce merely, with which dealers are to make money and secure a livelihood. As for the sacredness of human life, and the heavy responsibility assumed by druggists, it is getting to be the last thing thought of.

So, too, with flour, sugar, tea, coffee and many other articles of daily use in every community, which can be no more than alluded to by us. We can hardly rely on the purity of anything that is saleable for consumption. The mania for cheapness has run into every department of trade and business. If it goes on as now, the social state will soon be lousy-combed with corrupting and exhausting influences. We shall be lifting every man his hand against his neighbor, instead of co-operating to perfect and consolidate a society which shall be most tolerable for the growth of virtue and the shelter of all noble and true instincts. What will be the worth of all the fortunes that are made by pursuing such courses, if nothing more comes of it than a race of cheats and knaves? How much better off will such a society be, however rich it may boast itself, than one lying under the ban of hard poverty, yet cherishing its integrity and honor as the only jewels worthy to be treasured?

### Where is the Trouble?

Where there is smoke, there is apt to be fire. There never could be so many complaints of the number of murders in New York, unless there was a sufficient reason, or cause, for the phenomenon. What is that cause? Superficial observers would say that it was on account of the gallows not being put to more constant service. We say it is because, while the gallows is threatened, criminals and judges conspire to cheat it of its victims, the punishment being so abhorrent to human instincts. In other words, if the penalty for murder was close imprisonment instead of taking life again by law, there would be far less inducements to attempt to thwart the course of justice. The struggle to wrench the convict from the hempen noose before it strangles the life out of him, is simply a revolt at the cruelty of a punishment which one less cruel, yet more efficacious and far more salutary in its example, would never provoke. Gallows punishment, in fact, is of such inhumanity as to beget a desire to evade it by every means possible; and in a metropolis like New York, there are of course infinitely more and greater chances to conspire for setting it aside than anywhere else in the country.

The same thing is illustrated to perfect satisfaction in the history of crime and its allied penalties. Once it was the rule in England to hang men for horse stealing, forgery, and other crimes not now considered as capital; but this shockingly disproportionate punishment failed utterly to diminish the crimes specified, if indeed they were not multiplied in spite of such a cruel penalty. It was passion, taking revenge legally, and that was all the people saw in it, and instead of being impressed with any moral teaching which punishment should legitimately have conveyed, the populace who witnessed or heard of its administration would be vastly more likely to excite animosity and defiance, and to multiply crimes rather than suppress them. Such is the tendency in human nature, aggravated immensely by circumstances fashioned as it were with the utmost ingenuity for that very purpose. The trouble is, then, with the excessive character of the punishment inflicted. Least of all ought punishment for any crime to be as cruel as the crime itself, for then it lapses into pure revenge. The State is the guardian of its erring members, as well as the protector of its innocent ones; and it will not overlook the needs of the one any more than the rights of the other. Murder by law is no cure for murder in passion. A more just and rational punishment could not be so evaded.

Read John Wetherbee's letter on another page of this paper.

### The Co-operative Movement.

We have had more or less to say, from time to time, in favor of the principle of co-operation for labor, in order to secure fruits to hands that have earned them, instead of letting them be given up to those whose claim is rather based on power than on right. So far, however, the experiments under this principle have been but few in this country; and yet in England, where they were inaugurated, they are working with marked success. A few workmen in the small town of Rochdale first put this modern idea in practical shape, and proceeded with stores and other forms of business enterprise, even to manufacturing on a somewhat extended scale; and so triumphant were the experiments in respect to their practical results, that the idea not long after was adopted and assimilated by different associations in London, beginning with the clerks and employees in the national post-office, until it has at length spread so as to cover the main portion of the valuable retail business of the most important end of the metropolis. The retail dealers at last are forced to cry out. While the power to charge what profits they chose was still in their hands, they did not scruple to demand advances on their commodities ranging all the way from seventy-five to three hundred per cent. But now when they find that an open-eyed community have learned the potent art of association; and can stock large stores for themselves, so as to bring down the prices of what they purchase to within a fraction of the original cost, these aristocratic tradesmen signify their readiness to come down too, and are willing to stand and take off their hats in obedience to those whom but yesterday they drove with stunning figures from their doors.

What is the sense in this cry of the retailers? Do they suppose that society has been got up for their support only? Do they think the world is really theirs, and all that is therein? They have made the unfortunate mistake of putting their cart before the horse—that is all. Their avocation, like that of every other class of men, was established for the purpose of serving the actual wants of the community; not in order to enable a few hundred men, more or less, to get rich off the necessities of the people. Supposing their business to dry up entirely—is there the slightest wrong done, so long as the community gets on just as well without them? When any class comes to look at their place in the social arrangement in the light of an exclusive patent, to which the remainder are to pay a royalty for their support and enrichment, it is high time something happened to break up the class itself, and cause its disappearance.

And that is what is happening to day to the retail tradesmen of London as a class. They are being broken in upon as a class, and being finally broken up by the new co-operative movement which is working so rapidly and effectively through all classes of society. People are organizing in joint associations, for the purpose of buying their commodities at first cost and selling them at a very slight advance on the same, or at barely enough to pay the expenses of transacting the business. The same goods can be bought as before, and so far it has been found at an average of twenty per cent, less than what was paid under the old system of individual retail. When they are able to present so significant a fact as that to the general public, the mouths of the retailers are of course stopped; it is with a poor grace, indeed, that they can solicit their old customers to come back and pay higher prices, by one hundred per cent, for the same articles which can be obtained by co-operation just as readily and so very much cheaper.

The same principle can be as readily put in practice in this country as in London; in a small city as large one; in towns as well as cities. It is, in fact, one of the new principles of modern progress and advancing civilization. Look whichever way we will about us, we shall find the tendency to be toward association—association of power and of capital. Individuals are sunk in one sense, that they may be left to the development of a still higher individuality in another. Particularly is the co-operative system to become the true means of salvation and exaltation for the workman and workingwoman in this country, where we are all less tolerant of the cramping and binding old methods, and more disposed to strike out in experiments for ourselves. And we therefore argue that if such a plan proves itself feasible and sound in safe and cautious old London, it cannot involve a very alarming risk to enter upon it in this youthful, exuberant, and hopeful country of ours. At any rate, we earnestly counsel a careful investigation of the whole theory of co-operative associations on the part of labor, with a view to avail itself of all advantages within its reach, with the union of its limited resources, rather than permit the greed of exchangers to consume the larger part of its hard earnings for their selfish benefit.

### Mr. Peabody's Burial.

The funeral ceremonies over the cold remains of Mr. George Peabody are ended. The whole formed an unexampled episode in the history of international relations. The British Government pronounced the solemn funeral syllables over his body first in historic Westminster Abbey. Then it placed it on board one of its naval vessels, and under convoy, brought it over to his native shores, where it was received by his countrymen under circumstances without a parallel in the history of private individuals. A crowned head could not have been more highly honored in his burial. And he was borne to his last resting-place amid a crowded concourse of his sympathizing and admiring countrymen, the son of the Queen of England standing by the open grave as the representative of his honored mother, and syllables of deserved eulogy falling on the ears of the multitude that witnessed and bore a part in the impressive ceremonies. What does all this pageant mean? Is there nothing in it but an empty show—a series of glittering ceremonies for people to gaze at in wonder?

Yes—there must be pith and moment in these imposing ceremonies, or they would never have been proceeded with. It is not to honor the memory of a mere money-maker that they were undertaken, nor to show respect to one who gave his accumulations away with a generosity that has no parallel. The whole significance of the show is this: to pay honor to a man who from nothing made so much, and distributed that much with a judicious bounty in his own lifetime, thus setting an example of lofty generosity and genuine philanthropy for all rich men to follow. Other men are as rich and richer than Mr. Peabody was, but none have been willing to part, as he did, with the fortune which he felt it his duty as much to distribute as to collect. He has taught our pursuers of wealth for its own sake that they make an egregious mistake in what they do, and that their proper duty is to employ what they have been intrusted with, for the good of those around them. Would that so plain a lesson might be universally heeded; and not by the rich alone, but by all who have it in their power to benefit others by sacrifice!

### The New York World.

Which professes to be an honest and reliable chronicler of passing events, has undertaken the task of criticising the Message Department of this paper, attributing dishonesty to us and our medium. The writer says: "In making memoranda of names and facts to put in her messages, Mrs. Conant sometimes commits mistakes, or else her earthly source of information is unreliable; for she often gets a name or date wrong in her message." There is not one jot or tittle of truth in the above statement that Mrs. Conant makes memoranda of names previous to sitting at our circle, for we know she does not. She is simply the mouthpiece of spirits who have the power to return and do their own talking, as thousands of the most respectable people in the United States and Europe are aware. Mrs. Conant, entranced, is entirely unconscious while our séances are going on, and knows nothing of what is given through her instrumentality. So much for the false statement of the *World* in this respect. Moreover she has no "earthly source" of information in regard to these messages, and consequently she makes no "mistakes"; but the spirit speaking is just as liable to make mistakes while talking through a borrowed body as he would be were he on earth using his own tenement of flesh. But we venture to aver that those spirits who speak through our medium, from time to time, do not make half the mistakes that the writers in the *World* do daily, in reference to facts, dates, or anything else.

However, as we have abundance of evidence to substantiate the reliability of our Message Department, and that that we give to the world—not the misnamed *N. Y. World*—which humanity's best interests, both here and hereafter, demand at our hands, we shall continue on the even tenor of our way, notwithstanding the condemnation of the *World* or its bigoted coadjutors.

### Remarkable Cures by the Laying on of Hands.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the well-known healer, has been for some time past exercising his powerful gift at No. 23 Harrison Avenue, Boston. His rooms have been constantly crowded with applicants for relief, many of whom were of that poor and humble class so little desired as patients by the old school of medicine—because of their inability to pay large fees. Such may "drink of the waters of life"—good health—"freely"—"without money and without price"—at the Doctor's office. During his last visit to the city, the power of healing has increased with Dr. Newton, and he has been more successful than ever. He will continue in Boston until about the 10th of April, when he will make a professional tour of one year to England. We give below a few of the many remarkable cures lately effected by him:

Mrs. James W. Livingston, Lowell, was instantly restored to health, after she had been given up by the regular M. D.s, as an incurable case of gastric fever. For eight months she had been unable to sit up a moment. Dr. Newton was sent for from Boston, and through his power she was caused to rise and walk—even down stairs and back again. She shortly after made a friendly call on the Doctor at his rooms—her cure being permanent. All who know the circumstances of the case in Lowell, declare it to be a miracle.

Mrs. Charles Warner, of Troy, N. Y., in company with her husband and a friend, visited Dr. J. R. Newton to be treated of a white swelling on her knee. She could walk only with crutches and one or two persons to steady her. With a few minutes' treatment she was cured—the swelling subsided—she could bend the knee as freely as the other, and walked down stairs, and out to and into the carriage without aid.

### A Chromo Picture of Whittier's Birth-place.

We have received from the Fine-Art Publishers, in this city, L. Prang & Co., a chromo picture of the poet Whittier's birth-place, after an original painted expressly for them by Mr. Thomas Hill, a celebrated painter of California scenery. The old house may be seen standing where it was erected nearly two hundred years ago, and the dilapidated stable and little running brook are there also, yet vandal hands have destroyed the tall poplars represented at the gateway, as well as the noble elm, which graces the centre of the picture. "The oldest inhabitant"—and surely he ought to know—is of the opinion that Mr. Hill, the artist, possesses clairvoyant powers, otherwise he could not have portrayed the ancient elm and other trees as accurately as he has. The "upper road," so called, leading from Amesbury to Haverhill, looks indeed familiar. The shading of the picture is exquisite. Messrs. Prang & Co. are deserving of much praise for the excellent manner in which they have produced this superb chromo picture of the birthplace of one of America's most distinguished poets. In size it is 20 by 16 7/8 inches, and is sold at the extremely low price of \$15. This picture may be seen at our Public Circle Room.

### Sunday Lectures in Horticultural Hall.

These lectures have been well attended thus far, and liberal sentiments—for the most part—have emanated from that rostrum. On the 6th Mr. T. W. Higginson was the speaker—his subject "The Sympathy of Religions." We have room for only one paragraph, which we quote from the report in the *Advertiser*. The speaker said:

"We have yet but a part of our Holy Bible. The time will come, when, as in the middle ages, all pious books will be called sacred scriptures. From the most remote portions of the earth, from the Vedas and the Sagas, from Plato and Zoroaster, Confucius and Mahomet, from the Emperor Marcus Antoninus and the slave Epictetus, from the learned Alexandrians and the ignorant Galla negroes, there will be gathered hymns and prayers and maxims in which every religious soul may unite—the magnificent liturgy of the human race."

Amen.

### The Royal Visitor.

Prince Arthur, of England, had a grand time during his late visit to Yankee land. He was well received by our people, as a matter of course, which goes to show, more than anything else, that they are not antagonistic to their brethren "over the water." It is our prayer that peace may always exist between England and America. A more frequent interchange of kindnesses of this sort would tend to promote harmony more than anything else.

### Patrons of the Banner

Are informed that the present volume expires in a few weeks; and the object of this notice is a reminder to those whose subscriptions expire with it, and who intend to renew, to do so at as early a day as their convenience will permit, thus saving us the extra labor that would otherwise ensue in rearranging the names in our mailing machine.

### "Candor."

The *Investigator* is unfair toward us, nay, unjust. We have ever endeavored to treat this journal with becoming respect, but it returns evil for good. It says point blank that the Davenport Brothers are impostors, and endeavors to bolster up its mere assertion by adding, "We know of a number of intelligent Spiritualists in this city who regard the Brothers Davenport as impostors, in pretending to spirit aid, and they do not hesitate to avow their convictions," etc. No "intelligent," honest Spiritualist ever uttered such sentiments, we venture to say; for the Davenport mediums have been tested for many years, both in this country and in Europe, by competent and honest Spiritualists, who have repeatedly endorsed them. As further evidence in favor of the reliability of the Davenport Bros., we shall soon publish a document from the pen of Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Tennessee, who was with them in Europe several years ago.

The *Investigator* accuses us of bolstering up mediums and suppressing reliable testimony. This is an unfriendly and unfair statement; for, on the contrary, it has been our sole desire to arrive at the truth in these matters; and in several instances we have notified our readers of the unreliability of more than one dishonest medium.

We do not like to be personal in these matters; but how stands the "candor" of the *Investigator* in the category? Let us see. It swore for several weeks by Carbonell; so one of his intelligent and honest infidel friends informed us. But when Carbonell "played out" in Providence, and William Foster, Jr., of the *Evening Press*, stated the facts in our columns, and we requested the Boston press to publish his letter, why did not the candid *Investigator* comply? Because, probably, it had rather "bolster up" its favorite. Why did it not the said journal inform its readers that the man it endorsed endeavored to "show up the humbug" in Peabody, and failed to get *anybody* into the hall? Candor, forsooth!

### Political Disturbances in Paris.

The telegraph announces riotous proceedings in Paris on the occasion of the arrest of Deputy Rochefort. Troops were called out, after the police had been repulsed; but, according to last accounts, the former had not found it necessary to use their firearms, although the insurgents had. Several persons have been killed and wounded. We quote from the telegraphic dispatches:

PARIS, Feb. 9-3 A. M.—The disorders broke out again at Belleville, and in the Rue du Faubourg du Temple, at midnight. Several additional barricades have been erected in the narrow streets. The troops are still in the neighborhood of the scene, but up to this hour have not fired on the rioters. The police are active, and there are rumors of killed and wounded on the Boulevard Montmartre, running from the Rue Montmartre to the Rue Richelieu, the police having made several charges there. This point is fully a mile and a half distant from the scene of the disturbances yesterday. Many additional arrests have been made. Gustave Moins, the leader of the disturbances, is still at large, though the authorities are making every effort to arrest him.

Notes.—The morning journals have the following details of the disturbances which occurred last night:

"There has been much excitement during the day, which culminated about midnight in new outbreaks. These were not confined to one locality, nor were they on the scene of those suppressed yesterday at La Villette and Belleville, but nearer to the centre of the city, and only a few squares from the Palais Royal. New and stronger barricades were then erected in the neighborhood. The police attacked several of these, but were quickly driven off. Military forces were then brought into requisition, which, as on the day previous, carried all the barricades without firing on the crowd. There seems to be hesitation on the part of the troops and the police to resort to the use of firearms. Strong detachments of police have been placed on all the boulevards, with orders to forcibly disperse all crowds. Hundreds of rioters have been arrested. Several were wounded, mainly in conflicts with the police, and it is reported that some were killed."

Eight o'clock P. M.—The city is now tranquil, and a strong police force is patrolling the streets. Many of the workshops were closed to-day.

### Beecher on the Common Schools.

Henry Ward Beecher gave utterance to some excellent sentiments in his Thanksgiving sermon, on the subject of our common school system, saying that it was the very seed-bed of our democracy. There all feet are placed on a level, while all heads are bidden to lift themselves as high as they can. On the question of keeping the Bible as a reading book in the schools, he spoke in this wise, and very sensibly:

"He would be willing even to exclude the reading of the Bible in our schools, if by that means a class of our people would be better satisfied and more zealous in supporting our system. And certainly he, the son of a Puritan and a Puritan himself, could not be suspected of depreciating the importance of Bible reading. The Puritans took their stand on religious toleration; let them stick to their text, and never abandon the principle of perfect, free religious toleration, nor suffer others to impose a different principle upon them. What, says the Catholic, 'Do you think it proper to encourage infidelity—to bring up children without religious instruction?' Not at all. We do not teach husbandry in the common schools, but we do not, therefore, follow that we wish to make lazy children. Everything in its place. Let the church teach dogmas. Let the common school give intelligence. Let religious instruction be taught in the household, in the Sunday school, in the church. Therefore, by all means, let our people guard and cherish the common schools of the country. Taxes for their support are the wisest expenditure a State can make, and they should be liberally imposed and cheerfully paid."

### Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

The lecture inspired by the spirit of Prof. Edgar C. Dayton, and given through the agency of his medium, THOMAS GALES FORSTER, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 6th, in Music Hall, on the subject of "Protoplasm, or the physical basis of life," is pronounced one of the ablest expositions of this most interesting topic ever listened to in this city. It is a fitting companion of his two previous valuable discourses, one of which has appeared in the *Banner*, and the others will follow in due time. Mr. Forster's engagement in Boston expires Sunday after next. Those who would listen to his eloquent teachings should bear this fact in mind, and improve the present opportunity. It is well worth a visit to the hall to listen to the fine singing of one of the best quartettes in the city.

### Spiritualism on the Increase.

Spiritualism is spreading everywhere with remarkable rapidity. Our private correspondence from Europe and Asia attest to the truth of this statement. It is noiselessly gliding into the churches in all lands, and the church dignitaries are becoming alarmed thereat. The spirit of God is truly walking upon the waters, and the "still small voice" of Spiritualism is whispering in the open ear of humanity to "come up higher" in the realm of thought, and pluck of the ripening fruit of the Natural Religion of the nineteenth century.

### Lectures.

We shall publish in our next issue a lecture by Thos. Gales Forster, delivered in Music Hall, Jan. 30, entitled, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body;" and also a discourse by Edward S. Wheeler, delivered at Union Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday evening, Nov. 21st, 1869, "Is Spiritualism a new religion?"

### New Subscribers, and a New Volume.

Since our last report our old patrons have exerted themselves nobly, and obtained eighty-nine new subscribers. It is with pleasure we record the names of the active workers in our behalf and in behalf of the spirit-world and humanity. These favors come just at the right time, as our new volume will soon commence. Go and do likewise, friends, everywhere.—P. W. Barrows, one; Dr. E. Beckwith, one; D. G. Richardson, one; M. B. Dyott, one; D. E. Hayden, one; S. L. Passel, one; Jos. Babcock, one; E. P. King, one; E. B. Hughson, one; S. R. Smith, one; Mrs. R. Phillips, one; J. Davis, one; Mrs. C. V. Berrien, one; Has-kins & Ellis, one; A. Clapp, one; J. Feather, one; J. W. Ferris, one; Mrs. J. Rome, one; H. Snow, one; Charles Yeakel, one; James Foran, one; L. M. Goodell, one; R. B. Dando, one; Mrs. I. Curtiss, one; Mrs. S. Herriman, one; W. F. Willatt, one; E. H. Richards, one; Miss M. S. Rathburn, one; Mrs. M. A. Dewitt, one; L. Ormsby, one; Geo. F. Worrall, one; H. Turner, one; A. T. Robinson, one; J. M. Howard, one; J. R. Wright, one; I. D. Fannin, one; N. J. Wood, one; T. F. Bethell, one; R. L. Brown, one; A. Messer, one; C. B. Sartell, one; A. Moore, one; M. Jones, one; E. Towne, one; S. E. Clark, one; P. P. Winslow, one; Mrs. Brown, one; W. L. Clark, one; M. I. Littlefield, one; John Sigler, one; N. Gallup, one; Wm. A. Atkins, one; G. T. Jones, one; H. M. Holdridge, one; John Mallory, one; Mrs. P. Ladd, one; Levi Fliske, three; A. Adams, one; A. Y. Quick, one; M. M. Weeks, one; T. L. Andrews, one; A. E. Carpenter, one; Geo. W. Washburn, one; A. Tilton, one; J. S. Ayers, one; Mrs. L. Ballou, one; V. Hinchelliff, one; A. S. Hayward, one; C. B. Seeley, one; S. K. Terry, one; E. B. Souther, two; E. P. Root, one; J. R. Nickles, Jr., one; D. Lyman, one; I. P. Cheney, one; Crosby & Lowe, one; Harriet L. Holmes, one; S. Van Winkle, one; Samuel Corwin, one; F. P. Ward, one; O. C. Merriam, two; S. Thomas, one; Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, two; S. Adams, one; Geo. Rowe, one; Thos. Laughton, one; H. Price, one; L. S. Noble, one; Charles Gould, one; F. A. Logan, three.

### Adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, passed by Congress, has been ratified by a two-thirds majority of the States of the Union, and consequently is now a law of the land. For the information of our readers we print below the exact words of the amendment:

"ARTICLE XV.—Sec. 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation."

The Philadelphia Press, in noticing the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, says: "It was seventy-six years after the foundation of the Government before the motto on the old State House bell, 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof,' had an actual meaning. It took eighty-three years to solve the problem of American citizenship. To Georgia belongs the honor of capping the edifice of liberty with the granite of suffrage."

### Louisiana.

From the *Livingston Herald*, published at Ponchatoula, La., we learn that Dr. J. R. Doty and Dr. J. M. Alexander have each lectured in that place, and created quite an interest in the Spiritual Philosophy. The Orthodox element was stirred up to fever heat, and considerable excitement prevailed. Though Spiritualism in Louisiana is yet in its infancy, two mediums have recently been developed in Ponchatoula, and promise well for the future. They write, and see spirits. Neither of the mediums—or their parents—had any belief in Spiritualism until they were controlled by spirits and received satisfactory proof of its truth. The *Herald* is ably edited by Messrs. J. O. and J. E. Spencer, and displays a liberality and independence worthy of imitation by some of the New England bigoted sheets.

### Fashionable Church Goers.

The New York Herald of Monday devotes large space to a description of the fashionable churches and congregations of New York and Brooklyn as they appeared on Sunday. Toilets are described, the music criticised, and the names given of numerous "religious heavy weights" observed in their pews. Red octavo prayer-books, with gold clasps, gold edgings and scarlet tassels, are en vogue in the most fashionable churches, according to the *Herald*. Why do n't the N. Y. World look after these "fashionable" worshippers of "the meek and lowly Nazarene"? It would be much more to its credit to do so than slandering, as it does, poor humble mediums, who are doing their Master's bidding on the earth to-day.

### Mrs. Thackabury.

We are informed that Mrs. Thackabury, an account of whose mediumship we published on the 29th January, has not been able to sit for manifestations for some four or five weeks past, on account of her health. She took cold, on her way to New York, which became seated on her lungs, and, although slowly recuperating, she is not yet in condition to warrant the draft on her vitality required for those extraordinary manifestations. She has returned from New York to Cleveland, and will remain there till she is able to resume the work. Her spirit-guides are anxious to show to the world what can be done in this department, at least.

### Dr. Newton Going to England.

Rev. Frederic Rowland Young, in a private note to us, speaking of Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, says: "How many friends there are in England who are longing to see him and in some form or other express their regard for him." Our friends over the water will have an opportunity to see the Doctor face to face, for he now intends to sail for England in April. He will make the heart of many an afflicted one rejoice.

### Poisonous Hair Compounds.

Dr. A. S. Hayward, the magnetic physician, informs us that in his practice in various parts of the country, he has had many cases of paralysis which were caused by the use of various chemical compounds used for "coloring" and "restoring the hair." People should be cautious how they trifle with their health for the purpose of beautifying their person.

### Spiritualism in Baltimore

Is taking hold of the hearts of the people. We have just received a copy of the *Sunday Telegram*. It devotes a column to Spiritualism each week, under the editorial control of Bro. Wash. A. Danksin.

### Judas Iscariot.

Read W. W. Story's Poem, entitled "A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM," which we have copied on our second page from *Blackwood's Magazine*. It presents Judas in an entirely new light from that accorded him by the Christian world.



(OPPOSITE WALTHAM STREET)

**BOSTON, MASS.**

Feb. 19. -1w



Don't forget to tell mother how we all send our love for Christmas present, will you? [Oh, no.] My mother's name is Sarah Jane. [Has she any children living?] No, sir; she's all alone. She has got nobody. Good-by, sir. Grandfather Page is here; sends his blessing, too. Dec. 23.

Séance conducted by Fether Heury Fitz James; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.







# Banner of Light.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE,  
No. 21 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

### THE TRANSITION.

Every person conversant with the present condition of Spiritualism in this country must be aware of the apathy generally prevalent among Spiritualists, and the want of confidence in one another, the personal and local prejudices and jealousies, which are quite equal to those of the churches, of politicians and of individuals and societies generally, but could not well exceed them. Some persons, even of good judgment, take these as signs that it is dying out, and some are even looking about for a *Heavenly* to do for social and religious protection from the falling ruins of a crumbling temple. Such are mistaken, and need not be at all, for they will soon see the rising and protecting walls of a new and sublimer temple growing up around them, built from the fragments of all the institutions of the past, with no sectarian name or character, built without creed or catechism, Bible or Koran, bi-bi-er priest, authority or dogma.

We are surely in a transition from the phenomenal and theoretical to the real and practical religion of nature and life—a transition in Spiritualism as well as in all other religious theories. Christians are existing in the sectarian shell of their church, and Spiritualists are shedding the *im*, as a tadpole does its tail to become a frog. A "free religion" is demanded, and it must and will be inaugurated, and a life it will not, and cannot, ignore the truth and fact of spirit-intercourse, it will arise from its authority as Christians will from a *ipse* it authority, and taking hold of angel-hands extended, have the inspiring influence to help human nature up to the standard and recognition of its Godhood through its arisen manhood which was crucified by the Christian Church. Strong minds, some with long and some with short purges, have not only lost all confidence in the churches, but have also lost the little faith they once had, that out of Spiritualism would arise a saviour or a saving institution for the race. They now see no saviour can come to us, but it must be raised in us and developed from our own nature. The temples of all idols must be taken down, and from the fragments of temple of humanity be built, a temple that can shelter every human soul, and a church-door open to all, with all its blessings free to all, requiring nothing of any one, and giving of its bounty to every one that asketh, requiring no confession, no faith, no ceremonies—a church which shall be as the river of pure water, washing every soul that steps into it.

The age is ripe for a free church, and the question is who shall inaugurate it? how shall it be built? who shall set the ball in motion? Not who shall be priest; for it can need none where every one shall minister as he or she is qualified. "To him that hath shall be given," and to him that hath not shall be given, for from him nothing can be taken. The old church took the soul from him that had no money to give it, and the world took the time, strength and substance from the poor spiritual mediums and speakers till they are mostly starved out, and the old pioneers are fast crossing over to the summer and sunny side of the river of death, but to new hands the work before us must be entrusted, and by new builders must the temple be constructed.

The cry has gone forth and the angels are already looking for the workmen. It is strange that those who have graduated from, not in Christianity, and from its highest class—Unitarian—should be found most ready and best qualified? Education, refinement, scholarship and manners they had, but not these alone would answer; hearts as well as heads are needed, and mortal as well as bricks. Not alone of polished marble can a temple be constructed.

"Free religion," we opine, means more than even those who named it could have designed it to mean; a religion free for all to take whatsoever they please, and appropriate all they can, but a religion that shall surely make all better who partake of it in large or small quantities; an overflowing, never ceasing fountain of the "waters of life," over which is written: Come and drink freely all ye that thirst, and no questions shall be asked you how or why you became thirsty, and no charge shall be made for what you choose to take. We must strike hands with every human brother and sister, and open wide our doors to all, bidding them come and partake of the waters of life freely, without questionings of hope, faith, or belief, or even of knowledge or intent.

The day of damning churches has past and the day of blessing churches dawns. The crowd that crucified has had its day and victim enough. The blood of its martyrs cries from the ground, and from the ground hearts of its oppressed millions. Poor Ireland and the poor of all Europe are groaning with the agony of crucified hearts impoverished and crushed by the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, and the cry must be heard.

### "HISTORY OF AMERICAN SOCIALISM."

This is the title of a most valuable and highly interesting volume of American history, and confined to its experiments in Socialism—a book of 672 pages, elegantly printed on tinted paper, and substantially bound in cloth, and for sale by us at \$1, postage 50 cents; issued by Lippincott, but really printed by the Wallington family of Communists, and compiled and authored by J. H. Noyes, founder of the Oneida and Wallington Communities. The historical part of this highly valuable volume was mainly collected by A. J. MacDonald, a Scotchman, who came to this country in 1842, and spent most of the time till his death, in 1851, in collecting the materials for his book; and when his work was about ready for the press he died, with cholera, and left his manuscript, which was found and rescued from oblivion by Mr. Noyes, who, although he has greatly modified the work, and shaped it to his own liking, yet could not in any other way get the materials, and has really done a great and good work in preserving what he has of them, even with the sectarian bias and trimmings he has added to the work to make it conform—as it never would have done in its original—to sectarian Christianity; and yet there is much of fairness in the work—even more than we expected, from our knowledge of the bigotry of the compiler. We had correspondence with Mr. MacDonald, and wrote for him the history of the Wisconsin Phalanx—which appears in the book as written by one of its members—as well as most of the letters which bear our name in the book. Those who remember, and those who either worked in or watched and waited for any of the phalanxian efforts at Fourierism during the great excitement that prevailed from 1842 to 1850, will find in this book the best and most correct history that can now be made of the whole movement and its facts.

Shakerism, Owenism, and Communism are liberally treated; Zoroastres and Rippites, leucian, and all other efforts of which we have any knowledge, are also liberally treated, and we can insure the Socialist a rich treat in this book, and one of the most valuable library books for any person wishing to be posted in the efforts of thousands of persons in this country to secure a better social condition for the poor, and their mistakes, errors and failures, with the partial success of those that still linger with a hope, and perhaps faith, in success, but which also every one of them that we are acquainted with, contain the seeds of dissolution, which, like a consumption, promise life, while they drag the patient slowly to death. Such we see as the pending fate of Shakerism and Communism; for we even clearly see in the religious element in each, especially the latter, the sure sign of final death; for surely no fragmentary sect of Christians can long survive the death of the tree on which it grows, as a mistletoe, and to which it clings for life, and surely the axe is at the root of the great tree, and it must fall.

### FALSE CHARGES.

Nothing is more common among American writers than false charges, and comparisons of bad men and women to beasts. Cruel persons are called brutes or brutish, and yet animals are not cruel; each species acts out its nature, and never transgresses the law of its organic life as implanted in it by the creative power. Drunken persons are called brutes, and often said to be beastly drunk, and yet beasts do not get drunk unless by accident, and then it is sickness. Sensual and licentious persons are often compared to beasts, and their degraded and degrading conduct compared to animals, which there is no just or real comparison, as beasts are never sensual, and never contract venereal diseases nor become degraded by the sensual vices and depravities of our own race. Man alone, of all inhabitants of earth, indulges in drunken and licentious conduct, and takes the consequences in the destructive diseases and moral depravities consequent upon and arising therefrom, and it is shameful to charge these, even in comparison, to the animals, which live in obedience to the laws of their organic life and are always pure.

The same class of writers are in the habit of quoting also the beasts to establish natural laws for man, as man has so perverted his that it is difficult to unearth them from the rubbish of habits, as, for instance, temperance finds its strongest argument in the animals, which quench a natural thirst with water, and are ever satisfied and healthy therefrom; as mated birds in single pairs are quoted for monogamic marriage, and the care of offspring by both sexes of some animals is also quoted for our guide; as the skill and industry of bees is often taken for a text and sample for our race; and while these and many more are just and appropriate, the others seem to us to be false and unjust.

### MORE PHENOMENA.

Every few days a new alarm is sounded from some quarter, and a priest called in to account for strange and mysterious occurrences, that transcend the ordinary events as well as capacities of those who witness them, and for which the priest usually has a devil ready at hand and ready advice to come to the church and shun all such occurrences as evince an unseen intelligence, as such, being in the dark, or beyond our sense of sight, must be of the devil. Of this class of spiritual phenomena, and with this explanation by the priest, the St. Louis papers have had a fresh volume recently from a cottage in Illinois, near East St. Louis, and about two miles from the city, in a rural and secluded place, where, it is said, it was not safe for strangers well dressed to walk at night alone a short time ago, if it is now, as the region was infested with robbers, &c. But now the report is that in a certain cottage articles are moved about the house and a variety of manifestations are performed, similar to those we have so often witnessed and had reported. But the beauty of this case is that a little girl about twelve years old sees the person or spirit, that is invisible to others, which does it, and declares that it is also a little girl about her age and size, and she describes her appearance, dress and actions, as she watches her, and she cannot see any signs of her being a devil; but the priest assures them it is the devil, and advises all to come to his church and confess their sins, to avoid such visits and the terrible consequences that will follow. Some are stupid enough to believe the priest; but more use their own reason, and judge for themselves.

### THE DAVENPORTS AND EDITORS.

The *Wakenia Record*, published at Carrollton, Mo., edited by J. W. Turner, gives a lengthy and very candid notice of the exhibition of the Davenport in that place, and speaks with a just contempt and reproach of the ungentlemanly and unmanly conduct of some persons whose prejudices could find no decent mode of expression. We are ever glad to find an editor who can treat Spiritualism with the candor and honesty its merits deserve, and for that we commend the editor of the *Wakenia Record*, and as we have an invitation to lecture in that place, which we intend to meet before long, we shall try and make his acquaintance. There is certainly a very great lack of honest and honorable manliness and magnanimity among editors, but probably not more than in other departments of business, while from the very nature of the business there should be less, for like the clergy they are set out as leaders and teachers to guide public sentiment, as well as to express it to individuals; and all such persons should examine all subjects and give candid explanations of them to their readers, which is rarely the case with Spiritualism.

### Satan Walking in the Churches.

We clip the following pertinent testimony from a long article in the *Baltimore Christian Advocate*, to show what the saints have to do and where they can rest:

"It is not here that the righteous rest from their labors, and even in the eternal world they rest not day nor night, from the living work of the Eternal Father. We have no rest, even in the world, while Satan walketh about as a roaring lion and church doors are open to him, and ushers are carpeted for his noisome velvet foot, and Bishops hire his claws to tear the body of Christ, and grand orators cover up his road in balladistics to the Pagan Gods of states and battles and bureaucracy, who under cover of the thick fog of human passions, has seated himself on the throne of Jehovah. The organic state has no rest. Activity is the condition of its life. For it to rest is to die and enter into dust. Zion's Herald has written for us a noble epistle—let it be put on the mouth of the humblest worker in the cause of God—in which only has he found rest—He knew none in their organic state."

A composition of peat, coal dust and coal tar has been invented, which, it is claimed, is better fuel for stoves than coal, and the cost only one-half. Six hundred pounds of this fuel, it is said, will produce as much steam as twelve hundred pounds of coal.

## NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.  
MODERN MISSIONARY WORK OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

Whatever criticism we may make on the Catholic Church, we cannot deny the sincerity of its devotees. They believe the Church to be the only means appointed by the Creator to redeem the world and prepare man for happiness hereafter. They renounce the world, and live for "Christ in God" as the really supreme good. There is a touching self-renunciation and sympathy with the lowest and poorest of God's creatures in the hearts of many of these devotees; that doubtless opens to them the flood-gates of purest and divinest peace. They count bodily fatigue, cold and hunger, the sacrifice of ease and comfort, contact with distressing and contagious diseases and repulsive forms of suffering through vice, as naught compared with the glory and joy of following the example of him who went about doing good, and of winning souls into the true fold of Christ. The Sisters of Charity, whose sweet, pure faces gleam out from their unsightly black shrouds, like stars from a midnight sky, are ever bent on errands of mercy, and the dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty, are often brightened and redeemed by their hallowed instrumentality. Paullist missionaries, faithful priests and pious monks are equally devoted to the saintly offices of charity. The confession of Piero Luca, in Whittier's glowing verse, might doubtless be repeated by many a "Brother of Mercy" on his lonely death-bed:

"I love my fellow men; the worst I know  
I would do good to. Will death change me so  
That I shall sit among the big saints?  
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints  
Of souls that suffer? O O O  
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if I thought he sin!)  
The world of pain were better, if therein,  
One's heart might still be human, and desires  
Of natural joy drop upon its fires  
Some cooling tears."

This entire devotion, on the part of true Catholics, necessarily makes them desirous, above all things, that their faith should spread until it fills the whole earth as the waters cover the sea. F. E. Abbot, in No. 5 of *The Index*, says: "Romanism schemes to confiscate all the resources of mankind to the Church; and the church means to use them in fitting mankind for heaven. There is a terrible sincerity about Catholicism which is the secret of its terrible power. It is professed, doubtless, by many ecclesiastics for the sake of their personal pride, luxury or ambition; many of the leaders are unquestionably corrupt. But the great body of the Catholic clergy are as unselfish as they are earnest." The time has come when this terribly sincere power is about to put forth new energies and call into requisition new means for the conversion of the world to Catholicism. The Eccumenical Council was called for this definite purpose. "We have reason," said the *Catholic World*, of June last, "to expect a great number of conversions among those who are partially enlightened, as its immediate result, and the more zealous and successful prosecution of the work of bringing back all nations to the fold of truth and grace as its effect during a long period to come." For ourselves, we cannot doubt for a moment that, as the ultimate result, everything like Orthodox or positive Protestantism will be ground into dust between the two opposing forces of Catholicity and infidelity, leaving the great contest to be waged between these two. What the writer calls "infidelity" we call religious freedom, and accept the formula. The forces of Romanism are looking to Great Britain and the United States as important fields of conquest. They tell us that "the British Crown has more Catholic than Protestant subjects," and that "the Catholic population in the United States is rapidly growing in numbers, education, wealth and influence, and is already too large to be oppressed with impunity, and large enough, when not misled by foreign passions and interests, to prevent the government from adopting a decidedly anti-Catholic policy, either at home or abroad." This significant boast is made in the *Catholic World*, for February, in an article entitled, "The Future of Protestantism and Catholicity." Let the friends of progress ponder it well. Rome already menaces reason, and religious despotism confronts religious freedom, as may be seen by its open attack on the very bulwark of personal and civil liberty.

### OUR FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The leading Catholic journals of the United States, though avowing no wish to break up our school system, still make demands that, if granted, will inevitably produce that result. Leading priests and bishops reiterate the same demands in their public utterances. The position they take is, that secular education should always be made subordinate to religious. While children are being taught the arts and sciences, they should be constantly and thoroughly instructed in spiritual things. Education is in fact a function of the Church, and one which she cannot discharge successfully except in schools under her government and control. It is because the common schools secularize education that the Church opposes them, and can never consent to have its children placed under their anti-sectarian influence. Can it be blamed for this position? To Christianize schools is one of the most important branches of the modern missionary work of Catholics. To be faithful they must make their religion first, last and next in all the affairs of life.

Now mark their proposition. It is that the public schools shall be divided by the State into two classes, one for Catholics, the other for the rest of the community; the former to be under the management and control of the Church, the latter, as now, under State control for the purpose of secular education. Then they propose that the State appropriate to Catholics their proportion of the trust school fund, and of the money raised by public tax for the support of public schools, to carry on their sectarian institutions in their own way. They make a specious plea that justice to the Catholic population calls for this division of the public funds in their favor. "At present," say they, "we pay our quota to the support of the public schools, which we cannot with a good conscience use, and are obliged to support our own schools in addition." This is grossly unjust, and in direct violation of the equal rights guaranteed us by the constitution, and the religious liberty which is the birth-right of the citizen. In taking this stand, they assume that our public school system is actually secularized, and, as such, meets the wants of the whole community outside of the Catholic Church—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other Protestant sects, as well as non-church members. This is a mistaken assumption. Our school system is in theory non-sectarian, and ought to be so in practice; but it is not. If the American idea were carried out to public schools as it ought to be, they could not suit the Protestant sects. With their present taint of Protestant sectarianism they do not suit the advocates of Religious Freedom. These say, "Let the Bible be excluded from the schools, and make them, as they were intended to be, the normal means for training children to be intelligent and useful citizens." Orthodox Protestants say, "Let the Bible be read in all our schools. To the people of this land it is more than sacred. Without it the child's conscience is untrained, and he grows up to atheism." Hence, let the precedent be established by the State of awarding to one sectarian body its proportion of the public school fund, and how soon would other sectarian bodies find it for their interest to make the same claim, in order to instill into the minds of their young their own religious tenets! If to uphold the rights of Catholic conscience it be necessary for the State to maintain Catholic schools, it will be necessary for it to maintain Presbyterian schools to uphold the rights of Presbyterian conscience, and so on *ad infinitum*. Such a course would bring our grand, impartial and beneficent public school system to certain and swift destruction, and thus would be swept away one of the chief safeguards of American freedom.

THE ISSUE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.  
Liberalized Catholics and Protestants see this danger, and seek to avert it by joining with the free in advocating the banishment of sectarianism from public schools. To that end the Protestant Bible must be excluded. The stated reading of King James's version of the Scriptures in our schools, is as clear an indication that they are under Protestant influence, as the stated reading of the Douay Bible would be that they were under Catholic influence. It is but reasonable that Catholics, Jews, and non-sectarians should object to this Protestant infringement on the rights of conscience that have been guarded by the State, and in accordance with which our public school system was founded. Let this objection be swept away by wise action on the part of the Protestant community, and there will be a change for Catholic concession and cooperation that will save this growing, broad-branching tree of knowledge which America has so nobly planted, from blight and ruin.

Ever since the time of Luther, the Protestant world has insisted upon the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Individual conscience has been more and more respected, until now an absolute concession is made, throughout this country at least, that the whole question of religious belief rests between man and the Infinite Spirit. The adoption or rejection of theological tenets should therefore be left for the deliberations of mature reason. No set of doctrines, pronounced infallible, can be forced upon the memory and acceptance of undeveloped childhood without a violation of the primal right of conscience. Creeds are prepared by deliberate thought, and are fitted for the consideration of the disciplined mind alone. If presented to children at all, it should be done in places and under circumstances where ample time and the utmost care can be given to their elucidation by older minds. This, in public schools, is impossible, as every hour is crowded with the work for which they were constructed; namely, the intellectual training of the young. The hasty and careless manner with which the formulas of religious faith have been handled about by teachers and professors, have had the effect to induce disrespect in the minds of many students, and ultimately to make more scoffers than believers.

The same is the case with the stated formal repetition of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Let the revered words in which they are couched be repeated every morning throughout the year, in the flippant manner that is almost inevitable with children just from play, and they lose their high significance by mere thoughtless familiarity and endless reiteration. Opening the school by reading from the Bible is subject to a similar objection. It must be done, if done at all, without the time for discourse and comment that is necessary to produce the proper effect on the minds of the children, and before the effervescence of their out-door hilarity has subsided. Those who know what tones of commentaries have been thought needful for the adult understanding of the Bible, need not be told how meaningless fall its most sublime sentences on the ears of children under these circumstances, nor with how little reverence they recall such fragments of them as may have lodged in their memories.

The most appropriate and beautiful method of opening school is by music—either the singing of a familiar melody by the whole school, or the playing of some soft, sweet air on a musical instrument, perhaps both. This gains the attention of every scholar in the quickest and best manner; it gives delight to the sense of hearing, and through that at once awakens each soul, from the oldest to the youngest, to religious emotion and aspiration. In other words, it harmonizes the entire school and fits all for the truest and happiest exertion in the direction of the day's toils and duties. Quite as unconsciously and effectively may the highest ethical lessons be imparted. Not unfrequently there come moments, in the course of instruction, when the faithful teacher can "point a moral" with far more distinctness and power than could be done in all the routine of a set arrangement for that purpose. The moral influence of a true and conscientious instructor is a natural, constant, and often unconscious influence, and by such an one, the highest lessons of religion are imparted to pupils at unexpected moments, and in spontaneous, loving speech.

### THE WEARY ONES OF EARTH.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

There are men and women who have struggled with adversity from youth to old age, without the gleam of the sunshine of prosperity to light their unprosperous path or bestow its comforts. Their weary feet have plodded on in rough and stony places, throbbing with bruises, and at times unable to proceed. Faithful hands have toiled late and early to complete their weary tasks, hoping for the rest that seems so far off; anxious eyes, seeking for love and sympathy amid the countless multitude, and often in vain. There are noble and generous hearts that have borne their own griefs and the sorrows of others, and yet long for one responsive sigh of pity for their soul's restless yearnings, one sincere friend to whose sympathetic counsels they might confide their misery. They find no rest from ever-recurring disappointments. There are lips ever speaking words of comfort to those around them, yet meet no answering sound to their own sorrows, no cheering, loving tones of encouragement from even lawful protectors, no help to enable them to press down the sharp thorns that fate has strewn in their paths of life.

To these shipwrecked souls, tossed on the sea of life, whose cups are filled with sorrow, we can point to the beacon of modern Spiritualism. Angel voices speak peace to the trembling waves, and they come in the still and lonely watches of the night, and will give you rest in your wearisome hours, revive your fainting souls, lay their soothing hands upon your heated brows. Their power will give you strength to recruit your weary bodies and sustain your overtaxed hearts. If adversity clings to you, troubles arise, death invade your households, then the fact of spirit-

presence is a blessed hope of rest and peace beyond the grave. Happy thought! that our loved ones await us in spirit-land, and the blessed angels come not alone to the rich or to the learned, but are with us all—gentle, loving and kind. Far away, in a lonely country house, I sat for a spiritual circle, the table of common pine, the light came from one tallow candle, the mediums, two old persons, poor and industrious, with no comforts, and used to toil. There came to us beautiful spirits, powerful manifestations, filling the small room with a splendor that the rich very seldom experience. It was indeed Jesus among the fishermen. Dear sorrowing ones of earth, keep in the path of duty, with the angels for your guides, and they will give you rest.

### SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

BY G. L. DIXON, M. D.

Editors BANNER OF LIGHT—There is another article, *Sobre Espiritismo*, in the *Revista Espiritista*, of Barcelona, which dwells particularly on preexistence; but I will quote only a paragraph or two, knowing that some of your esteemed readers hold the subject in abeyance, if not in absolute abhorrence. I must confess, however, that I am thoroughly convinced of one thing, and that is, that the opinions of the ancient philosophers are not to be contemned; and that in this matter, as in all others which they have illuminated with their deep pens, they are entitled to the most profound homage. This conviction of mine arises from a knowledge of the fact that their lives were one long unbroken communion with the soul; that they devoted all the forces of their intelligent existence to an analysis of that subtle element of our being which alone can illustrate the spiritual—which, though doomed for awhile to soil its sandals in the sands of time, grasps with its outstretched hands the horns of the altar of eternity. Have we now such men? Not one in a million, probably, ever sat apart for one twenty-four hours to interrogate the immortal within him, and yet all—even such as these last-named—question the deductions of the former, who, standing, as it were, on the upper steps of the temple of God, could hear the solemn outpourings of his majestic thoughts.

"In every feast, remember," says Epictetus, "that there are two guests to be entertained, the Body and the Soul, and that what you give the Body, you presently lose; but what you give the Soul, remains forever." What herald proclaims this now, at the feast of our city fathers? Where, at the banquet of our modern Crucifixes, is heard this cry for the soul? "Why is known Tyranny inscribed on the front of his (Apollon's) temple, when no one minds it?" Epictetus again says.

We can repeat the noble Stoic words—we should repeat them, and down the long corridors of time they should repeat (ill) the philosophers of to-day and to-morrow heed the wisdom of the ancients.

But what says the *Barcelona*ist? "Beloved Clotilde! The inequality of positions, as well as the difference or inequality of intelligence and of moral inclinations, cannot be explained if one does not admit the ancient dogma of a pre-existence. If at birth one brings only the original sin, all in this is equal, and man ought not to suffer inequality in social position. Why are the greater part destined to endure cruel disappointments and horrid pains? One must say that God is unjust, or that man has merited the ills in which he finds himself involved. By our doctrine all is harmony, all is understood; without it, all on earth is unforeseen disaster, disorder and chaos. The good, the evils, position, fortune, all depend upon hazard; admit preexistence, and all is explained and comprehended." Notes that this doctrine had always been, before the Christian era, the form in which cognizance was taken of original sin. Philolaus, the Pythagorean, according to Clement, of Alexandria, taught that the soul, in expiation of some fault, was enclosed in the body as in a sepulchre; and St. Clement adds that this opinion was not peculiar to Philolaus—that it was entertained by theologians and prophets of all antiquity. Plato believed that our souls were on earth in expiation of crimes committed in another life. "The sin of the father," exclaimed Pagan, "cannot make culpable his child!" Here we have a truth, for it is the divine voice of the conscience.

The dogma of a succession of existences, not less ancient, not less venerable than that of preexistence, has caused, notwithstanding, a revulsion of feelings from having been constantly united with the errors of metempsychosis. Disembarrassed and free from the uncertainties of a doubtful conception, the principle of reincarnation remains standing upon the ruins of metempsychosis, from Pythagoras to Pedro Leroux—from the *Ug-Yed* to the *Trilás Bardes*. This preexistence, which we find at all periods of the human race—in the Indies, among the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Gauls, the Romans, and later, among the natives of the New World, has certainly a reason for its being. Before the discovery of America Columbus was convinced of its existence, and over the assertions of the wise, the dictum of science, he felt conscious that there was a land unknown as yet, to every one, which had never been seen, and of which there was no historic tradition.

I will now quote only a few more names out of the fifty enumerated in the magazine who have held or who now hold the sentiments of the writer on this subject: Zoroaster, Aristotle, Socrates, Plotinus, Empedocles, Cicero, Plutarch, Christ, Origen, Jamblicus, Swedenborg, Voltaire, Fourier, Fleit, Schlegel, Henry Martin, Jouanin, Hugo, Sardou.

In the *Barcelona*ist there are also two "visions" of Lyon recording. The first was copied from the *Courrier de Lyon*, but occurred some years ago. "It is now about three months since an honest laboring family, moved by a laudable sentiment of commiseration, took a young girl as a servant, who was semi-idiotic. She was from Bourgoin. Sunday night last, between the hours of three and four A. M., the good people of the house were aroused by the fearful cries of the child, and hastening to her room, found her out of bed, weeping, writhing her hands, nearly in convulsions, and calling piteously upon the name of her dear mother. Her mother, who had died before her, after having consoled her, as far as possible, her kind protectors returned to their own chamber. The incident was nearly forgotten, when, last Tuesday, a letter was placed in their hands, from a former servant of the girl, announcing the death of her mother on Monday, between three and four o'clock in the morning, her mother had fallen down stairs and been killed. Yesterday the poor idiot departed with her friend B., for Bourgoin, to receive her portion of the property left to her by her ill-fated mother."

A gentleman passing the other day with a friend through the garden of the Tuilleries, suddenly felt himself transported, as it were, to Havre, where he saw a vessel entering the port. He recognized her as "La Clemence," which was expected from the Antilles, saw her approach the mole, saw her men, her masts, sails, as if he had seen present. He announced all this to his companion, and stated that at three P. M. the "Clemence" had entered the port. He returned to his office, when a telegram was placed in his hand; but before opening it he stated the contents, which, when read, confirmed what he had already declared. "The *Revue Spirituelle* publishes a learned article on the "Nature of the Soul," by the distinguished astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion. His extracts from the works of "Euler" (*écrits, il y a quatre ans, de la question que nous étudions aujourd'hui*) have especial point and merit; but you may have no space for even short extracts; and, indeed, extracts would not do it justice.

The consultations of Spiritualism are not confined to any country or people, but are as widespread as the sentiment of reverence for the Supreme.

In Barcelona, a fond mother had lost, as she thought, a darling child, a beautiful daughter, and was inconsolable. Sinking under her grief, she was persuaded by a friend to consult a medium. Trembling with fear, doubt, and hope, she said: "In the name of omnipotent God, spirit of Julia, my beloved child, I pray you come to me if God permits." "I am here, mother," was the quick, the startling, the tender reply. "How can I assure myself that it is you?" "Lili," she answered. (This was a pet name given to her in infancy, but was not known to either the medium or the gentleman who constituted the third one of the party. This sign made the identity so evident, that the mother's heart overflowed in sobs and tears.) "Why do you weep, mother? I am happy; I see you always," said Julia. "But I do not see you. Where are you?" responded the mother. "I am at your side, with my hand on the medium, that she may write what I dictate." She wrote, and the letter was evidently the darling Julia's. After some further interesting conversation, in which the daughter warned the mother not to confide in Señor N—, a new acquaintance, she bade her an affectionate adieu—one, however, that fell upon the heart of the mother's tender and loving heart, and the ethereal and mystic mantle of faith and hope, shrouded with the stars of a diviner beatitude.

### Worcester, Mass.

Editors BANNER OF LIGHT—It appears that the notice in your paper of Jan. 29th, in reference to the resignation of the Spiritualists of Worcester was rather premature. They met and partly organized, as was stated, but they were not being able to secure the hall they had formerly occupied, and from other causes, they were not prepared to engage lecturers at present; and as I have resigned the office of Corresponding Secretary, I have no authority to engage lecturers. Will you make the correction in the notice of the *Banner*, and I will be glad to do so. Mrs. E. R. DORRIS.  
Worcester, Mass., Feb. 10, 1870.