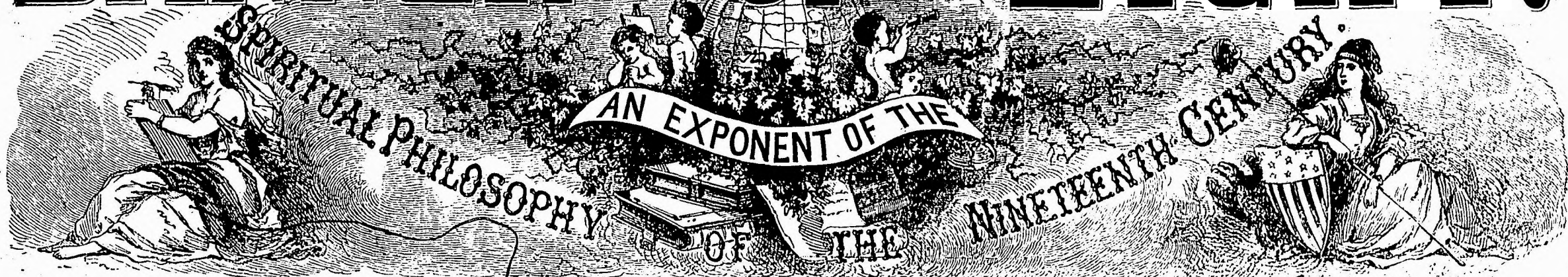


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 7.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## HOPING.

BY GRACE LEALD.

Cold drift the clouds across the sky,  
Low moans the evening wind;  
The twilight, chill and drear, comes on,  
And leaves the day behind.

Yet I am glad to know that light  
Lies just beyond the gloom;  
That our dear hopes, that pierce the night,  
Rest not within the tomb;

That the sweet flowers, that yet wake not  
From their long winter's sleep,  
Shall soon make glad the hills and fields,  
And festal vigils keep.

The little birds, so true and brave,  
Sing not their songs in vain;  
They learn from Nature's hidden lore,  
Bright days will come again.

And as I gaze with wearied eyes,  
Out from my spirit's night,  
To catch some glimpse of loved ones gone  
Into the realms of light,

Oh, nevermore shall faith grow dim,  
All murmuring doubts shall cease,  
While come the angel comforters  
And fill my soul with peace.

Then patience, soul! a little while  
Of heart-ache and of strife,  
And thou shalt hear the angels' call  
From out this death to life!

## Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### EDA DARLING; OR THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

Eda Darling was a good little girl with mild blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and soft brown hair that hung in glossy curls over her neck and shoulders. She had a pleasant disposition, was respectful to everybody, especially to the poor and unfortunate. She had always a sweet "I thank you" for every little favor or kindness rendered her.

This little girl had a nice flower-garden, and, with her grandfather's assistance, cultivated many beautiful plants. Her mother had been an invalid ever since her father's death, which occurred when Eda was only six years old. She was very much attached to her grandfather, and delighted to read to him stories from her Sunday school books, and recite to him little pieces of poetry which she had spoken at the Progressive Lyceum.

"Come, come, Eda," her grandfather said to her one afternoon, after watching the dear child, as she sat reading under the old elm tree, "I see 'tis growing late, and you know that we have strawberries to pick to-night, and you are to go out and see if you can sell them. Pretty hard times now! We must try and do something to keep even with the world."

"Oh, yes, grandpa, I have done reading. Just let me go and see if mother wants anything. Oh, dear! I wish she was not always sick. I wonder when she will be able to walk with me again in the garden?"

"Come, Eda, what are you talking about now?" exclaimed her grandfather. "I shall name you a talking bird if you don't stop jabbering to yourself."

Eda laughed, and away she ran to her mother's room. With a gentle step she entered, and, kissing her mother's pale cheek, said:

"Can I do anything for you now? I'm going with grandpa to pick strawberries, and I ran in to see if you wanted me."

"No, dear Eda, not now. I feel better this afternoon, and was thinking, just as you came in, that perhaps I should be able before long to go out into the woods and fields with you again, as I used to do. I suppose this would please you?"

"Oh, dear mother, do you think so? I am so glad!" and, softly closing the door, she ran to the garden, and, seeing her grandfather, exclaimed: "Oh, I'm so happy! mother is better this afternoon! Don't you think this a beautiful world, grandpa?" How lovely the roses and the pink look! There, I mean to gather a handful of flowers and ask mother to make a bouquet. Perhaps I can sell it when I do the strawberries. What do you think, grandpa?"

"Well, child, I don't know; you generally do what you undertake to do; and I don't really think anybody would refuse to buy flowers of so nice a little girl."

Eda's slyer laugh was heard as she gathered the fragrant flowers, and, with a face beaming with childish joy, she went to her mother's room, laden with the precious burden. Her mother smiled kindly as she heard Eda's proposition to sell bouquets as well as strawberries, and told her she was glad that she was trying to help her grandfather and others to be happy.

Soon the berries are picked, and Eda is ready for her experiment. Her face is radiant with hope and joy, and she surveys the beautiful flowers with childish delight. Suppose, dear children, that we follow little Eda and see how well she succeeds, for this is her first attempt to add to her grandfather's small income.

The little girl passed many fine-looking dwellings before she could gain courage to offer her fruit and flowers. At length she paused before a large, commodious house, and timidly rang the bell.

"Please, ma'am, would you like to buy some nice, fresh strawberries or flowers?" asked Eda

The servant girl directed her to the lady of the house, and Eda again reiterated her question. The lady looked at the nice scarlet berries rather wistfully, and said, "What do you ask for them?"

"Grandfather thought they ought to bring twenty-five cents a quart," replied Eda, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Twenty-five cents a quart!" exclaimed the astonished lady, as she raised her jeweled hands in surprise, "I guess you will have to keep your strawberries. I cannot afford to spend money in that way."

"But it is a great deal of work to raise strawberries," said Eda, timidly.

"Well," said the lady, "I can buy berries cheaper than twenty-five cents. I economize as much as possible these hard times."

Eda, child as she was, wondered if the luxuriously furnished apartments and rich apparel indulged in by Mrs. C. were a part of her economical system. As our little flower-girl left the beautiful mansion, she said, half aloud, "I wonder if the rich lady has any little girls. She did n't seem to think that I had any feelings. Well, I guess, if she has little girls, they don't go out to sell flowers and strawberries. Perhaps I shall be called a little peddler after this, and shall be laughed at; but I don't care if I am. That won't hurt me any."

Eda had now reached another part of the village; and, stopping at the door of another large dwelling, she again rang the bell.

"Do you wish to buy any flowers or strawberries?" Eda asked, doubtfully.

"An' bless yer young heart!" exclaimed Bridget, "ye're a bit of a childer to be affther sellin' berries and flowers. But Mrs. Henry is a good sowl; so come along, darlint, an' see the lady with your own bright eyes."

"So, my little girl, you have strawberries for sale. They look very nice. How do you sell them?" kindly inquired Mrs. Henry.

"Grandfather thought they ought to be worth twenty-five cents a quart; but Mrs. C. seemed to think that it was a great deal too much. If you would like them, you may give me what you please; for I must go home soon," replied Eda.

"I will take them all," said Mrs. Henry. "How many have you?"

"Four quarts," said Eda.

"That will be just one dollar," said Mrs. H., as she handed her the money.

"Oh, thank you very much," was Eda's grateful reply.

"Oh, mother! see what a beautiful bouquet!" exclaimed little Lura Henry. "I wish I could have it."

"You can, dear Lura, if it is for sale," said her mother.

"The flowers are for sale," said Eda, "and I shall be very glad to let you have them."

The flowers were accordingly bought. Eda was delighted at her success; and as she was leaving the room, Mrs. Henry said:

"My little girl, when you have more fruit or flowers to sell, come to me, and I will buy them. I think I will call you the little flower-girl."

Eda is in the street again, and is soliloquizing: "What a good woman Mrs. Henry must be! She called me the little flower-girl. This does not sound much like a little peddler. And I have so much money, too. Won't grandpa be glad! I mean to give him all of the money. How happy I feel!"

Eda, with a light step and lighter heart, went tripping homeward, eager to communicate to her grandfather her success in selling fruit and flowers.

I hope all the children who read the story of "The Little Flower-Girl" will try and imitate her. It is by trying to help others that we make ourselves happy. Unselfish children are always beloved, and they will, like little Eda Darling, have their hearts filled with joy when they make themselves useful and amiable.

DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.—Putting a hoop on the family floor barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop up on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then slapping both eyes, brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says that if she had kept her temper she would n't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully, and adjusts it so nicely to the top of every stove, that only a few smart knocks apparently are needed to bring it down all right, then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up over a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself, and then he gets the hammer and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on one side, and the other side flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant that barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is successfully marching toward the grave. —Danbury News.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MODERN DICTIONARY.—Water—A clear fluid once used as a drink. Honesty—An excellent joke. Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.

Doctor—A man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow.

Wealth—The most respectable equality of men.

Satan is the first tramp mentioned in history. He went to and fro on the earth looking for a job.

## Original Essay.

### THE SPLEEN AND ITS OFFICE.

The question has been asked through all the past ages, up to the present time, and never been answered, What is the use of the spleen? Physicians of all schools have spent much time, money, labor and intense thought upon this subject, but have always been baffled whenever the question has arisen, What is the use of the spleen? In order to answer this question properly, it will be necessary to look into spiritual things somewhat. It is well known by all that the body itself lives, breathes, acts, only while a spirit inhabits it; and this body only lives so long as the spirit holds control of it. And the spirit can only hold control of the body through natural law and in a natural way; for spirit, as well as matter, is subject to an eternal law, unchanging, unchanging and inexorable as fate. The means which the spirit employs to hold possession of the body is through the nervous system. The spirit does not simply manifest through the brain or the heart, else there would be times when these organs would alone have sensation; but it manifests through the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, if the body be in a healthy condition. This shows that the spirit has some method and law through which it acts upon every part of the human body, and holds possession of it; and the manner of its holding possession of this body has never been known. The law, and operation of the law, has never been understood, but it is simply this: there is a circulation of nerve fluid corresponding to the circulation of the blood. It is well known by physicians that there is a nerve system, but it is not known that there is a nerve circulation. Now, if there be a circulation of nerve fluid, (and there is,) it is equally true that there must be an organ in the body in which this circulation is created and eliminated. This organ is the spleen. Magnetism being a power invisible to the mortal eye, its action is invisible; to the mortal eye; consequently, when it intervenes, and the physician dissects the human body, and seeks after the centre and source of life, he fails to find it, because its workings have been so subtle and invisible, while the body lived, through the spirit inhabiting that body. When the spirit withdraws and the body dies, there are no means of ascertaining how this spirit lived, or its action, while inhabiting the form. All of the magnetism that flows through the human body is created and eliminated in and by the spleen. Its action is so subtle, yet so perfect, that, while this flows through the nerve system unimpeded, perfect health and comfort is the result; but if from any cause whatever this circulation be interrupted, great pain, suffering, and finally death supervene in the part where the circulation of this fluid has ceased. All rheumatism, gout and paralysis are caused directly by obstruction in the nerve fluid. One great cause of this obstruction is exposing the neck, but more particularly the back of the neck. Large nerves and nerve centres are found in and about this region spoken of. Nature has beautifully covered and protected these parts by causing the hair to grow long and fall like a mantle over them, so that the air would rarely, if ever, touch these parts, if left in their natural state. But a fashion among men of cutting the hair close, and the beard also, has obtained, and, among women, of rolling the hair away from the back of the neck, thus leaving these tender parts (which Nature had so wisely protected) exposed. The magnetism which is created in the spleen passes directly to the brain. Now, if, in its passage, it be subjected to sudden draughts by exposing the neck, of course its circulation is impeded more or less, and you will have stiff neck, pains in the head and face, termed by your physicians neuralgia; pains in the face, of an exquisite nature (if torture can be called exquisite); pains in the shoulders and arms—through the whole body, perhaps. It may show itself in the form of a severe cold, and may be relieved through being kept in a warm room, so that the cause is removed; but if this exposure of the neck be long continued, it results, as I have said before, in rheumatism, neuralgia, and paralysis. Paralysis is the last and worst stage of improper nerve circulation; hence you will find that, frequently, a good magnetic physician will be able to relieve all these diseases of which I have spoken easily, and if they have not been of too long standing, very quickly, by simply laying his hands upon the parts affected, and manipulating them in the proper manner. The secret of this is, the hand of the magnetizer is charged with a power strong enough to remove the obstruction in the nerve circulation; and the moment that the circulation in the part affected is restored, health and rest is the result. Nearly all the diseases to which the human family are subjected come from an imperfect circulation of the nerve fluid. Catarrh, bronchial difficulties and consumption invariably arise from this cause. Scrofula, cancer and tumors of every nature also arise from this cause; and the sole reason why every medical school to-day fails to reach the diseases of the times, and cure them, is because they do not know nor understand anything of or about this circulation of the nerve fluid. Much more could be said upon this subject, but it will be left for a future article. I have only to say that, through a clairvoyant, a discovery has been made which has baffled the combined knowledge of all medical schools up to the present time, viz.: the functions of the spleen.

FRED. A. PALMER,  
Magnetic Physician.  
23 West 27th street, New York City,  
Feb. 18, 1873.

## From the New York Evening Post.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

SHALL WE CONTINUE TO PRETEND TO HANG CRIMINALS?

In 1852, a petition asking for the abolition of the death penalty in Rhode Island was referred to a committee of the Senate, who unanimously reported a bill for its repeal, and the substitution of imprisonment with hard labor for life in its stead. When the petition was first presented, but very few members of either House seemed disposed to grant its prayer; but the evidence in favor of the proposed change in the law, that was embodied in the report of the committee, with other testimony and arguments addressed, was so convincing that the substitute recommended was adopted and passed by a respectable majority in the Senate, and almost by acclamation in the House of Representatives, the vote in the affirmative being more than two to one of that in the negative. The change in the law has been attended with the most beneficial results. Murders have been less frequent in the State, proportionally to the population than before the change, while the expense and difficulty of conviction in cases where the evidence is convincing are entirely done away with. The following extracts comprise a few of the postulates—facts, arguments and experiences—that were presented for the consideration of the General Assembly: POSTULATES APPLICABLE TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

"It is the certainty of punishment, rather than its severity, that deters from the perpetration of crime."

"The law should never command more than it can enforce; therefore, whenever, from public opinion or any other cause, a penal law cannot be carried into execution, it should be repealed."

—Ed. Livingston.

"Experience proves that the frequent repetition of capital punishment never made men better. \* \* \* We must punish crime without imitating it. The punishment of death is rarely anything but a useless barbarity." —Catharine of Russia.

"Experience proves that, in order to render the laws against crime reformatory, they must cease to be revengful." —William Allen.

"In no one instance does it (the abrogation of the death penalty) appear to have been followed by any increased frequency of crime. The laws have generally been invigorated by such wholesome relaxation." —Lord Holland.

In the present state of society, it is no longer an abstract question whether capital punishment is right, but whether it is expedient. As the law now stands, its office is, mostly in its threatnings; but the terror of trial is diminishing, and the culprit finds his impunity in the severity which it denounces." —Austin's Report to Mass. Leg., 1842.

"When I entered Newgate, I had no doubt of the efficacy of public executions as deterring crime. By degrees I came firmly to believe just the contrary." —E. Gibbon, M. P., 1844.

"The countries and times most notorious for severity of punishments were always those in which the most bloody and inhuman actions and the most atrocious crimes were committed; for the hand of the legislator and the assassin were directed by the same spirit of ferocity which on the throne dictated laws of iron to slaves and savages, and, in private, instigated the subject to sacrifice one tyrant to make room for another." —Herodotus.

"By every execution you weaken one of the strongest safeguards which Nature has provided against the crime of murder." —Charles Mason.

"There are no practical despisers of death like those who touch and taste and handle death daily, by daily committing capital offences." —Dymond.

Capital punishment, instead of diminishing, increases the number of offenders. The injured, through compassion, will often forbear to prosecute. Jurors, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths, and either acquit the guilty or mitigate the nature of the offence. And judges, through compassion, will respite one-half the convicts and recommend them to the royal mercy. Among so many chances of escaping, the needy and hardened offender overlooks the multitude who suffer." —Blackstone.

TESTIMONY OF SCRIPTURE.

Those who opposed the repeal of the death penalty in Rhode Island, were reminded that they overlooked the fact that the passage in the ninth chapter of Genesis, on which they rely, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," like that in the New Testament, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword," is simply the declaration of a general principle in harmony with the meaning of the words elsewhere, wherein the Almighty declares "With the violent I will show myself violent, and with the merciful I will show myself merciful." Taken in the unwarped sense sought to be conferred on the two first-named passages of Scripture by some, they alike become a two-edged sword cutting both ways, and as applicable to the execution of the law as to its slaughtered victims. For how can it be supposed that Jesus meant to intimate that the zealous disciple who sought to "shed the blood" of the servant of the high priest while in the act of hailing his beloved master to judgment and execution, was more deserving of punishment than were the men through whose cruel but lawful acts his own death was accomplished? To meet the sanguinary interpretation that was applied to these words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," by clerical or other advocates of the death penalty, the friends of a milder code pointed to the sentence of banishment that was passed by the Almighty in person on the first murderer and fratricide, couched in no unceremonious language or general terms, but in words so plain, precise and distinct, that it seems impossible for even a prejudiced mind to mistake their meaning and intent. "A fugitive and vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." But as if foreseeing that even in that early day there were men who advocated and would execute the bloody code, "The Lord said unto him, therefore, whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold." Thus seven times the vengeance was to be taken on the shedder of blood of a most atrocious criminal than that which had been just awarded him for the murder of his innocent brother. Now mark, if the penalty was capital (a supposition, seemingly, that no poverty of argument can justify), how, it may be asked, could even Omnipotence inflict the ordained "vengeance" on the slayer of Cain without the intervention of a miracle renewing the slaughtered offender's life six times repeated?

ITS MORAL EFFECT ON CRIMINALS.

Scores of well-authenticated facts like the following were brought to the notice of the Legislature. In 1845 Thomas Bassell was hung in Worcester for rape and murder. During the next four months four capital offences were committed within less than a day's journey of the place of execution. In 1845 Sam Zephon was hanged in Philadelphia. Within just seven weeks four murders were committed within half an hour's walk of where Zephon suffered. One of the jury that convicted Dr. Dodd of forgery was executed on the same gallows for a like offence. Fauntleroy, who was executed for a like crime, said the idea of committing it first occurred to him while he was witnessing an execution in Newgate. William Bradford, Attorney General of Pennsylvania, says that two men convicted of capital crimes were permitted to choose between the sentence of death inflicted by the old law, and that of imprisonment for life, which was the penalty just created. They chose the former. One was pardoned, the other executed. Levi Kelly went from Ohio to Albany to see Strang the murderer hang. In a fortnight after, Kelly murdered Spofford and was executed. A man was executed for uttering forged notes. While his corpse was lying on the bed beside his friends, they were again seized in the act of uttering them. A woman whose husband had just been executed for issuing forged notes, was surprised by the police in the commission of the same act, when she hid the notes in the month of the corpse, where they were found by the officers.

"On Friday night of the day that John Leach was executed in Lancaster, Pa., twenty-eight persons were committed to prison in the town, for divers offences, such as murder, larceny, assault and battery, &c. One Wilson, who witnessed the execution, met one Burns and stabbed him mortally. He had the same halter put on him just taken off of Leach." —Prisoner's Friend.

"Hearing her utter these words, I felt grieved; it were better to be hung than imprisoned, and determined to kill her." —O'Sullivan's Report to the New York Legislature.

"Leadings, the murderer, preferred to be hung to even a seven years' imprisonment." —Gould's Report to the New York Legislature.

Your committee have repeatedly conversed with murderers in prison, and they have uniformly assumed as that they committed the deed of blood under the impulse of motives so strong as to overcome all thoughts of punishment."

THE EFFECT ON THE INNOCENT.

It is a maxim of law that it is better that nine of the guilty should escape punishment than that one innocent person should suffer. At one session (says Dymond) we believe not less than six persons were hanged, of whom it was afterwards discovered that they were innocent.

"Cook the murderer, in his confession said: 'Hearing her utter these words, I felt grieved; it were better to be hung than imprisoned, and determined to kill her.'"

ITS EFFECT ON CHILDREN.

A schoolmaster in Newgate relates that before the bodies of criminals were taken down from the scaffold, his pupils would play the scene over again—one acting the convict, the other the hangman. Volney says that crowds of children in France, after the Revolution, amused themselves with cutting off the heads of cats and chickens, to supply the place of executions, which had become less frequent.

THE PRACTICAL EFFECT ON NATIONS AND COMMUNITIES.

It was satisfactorily shown to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, that, in every instance where capital punishment had been abolished, its effects were highly salutary, as they were to the peace and security of persons and communities.

Capital punishment was abolished in Russia by Elizabeth in 1761. In 1791 Count Segur declared, in the *Moniteur*, that "under the operation of the law, Russia was one of the countries in which the least number of murders was committed." In 1830 Peter Doffel, Counselor of State in Russia, in his book of travels through the empire, calls upon other nations to "show that Russia should teach you the criminal principle of reforming depraved morals, not by the sanguinary execution of inexorable justice, but by the mild and divine precepts of heavenly mercy." George M. Dallas, our former Minister to Russia, says that "none with whom he conversed ever dreamed of going back to the old system. The laws (he adds) are of the mildest character, and their effects are seen in the character of the people. Barbarous as they were before the mitigation of their penal code, its mildness has wrought such a change that they are now among the mildest and most peaceable people he has ever seen."

Capital punishment was abolished in Tuscany, in 1785, by the Grand Duke Leopold, who, after several years' trial of the experiment, wrote that the "mitigation of punishment" joined to "a great despatch in trials, together with the certainty of punishment to real delinquents, has, instead of increasing the number of crimes, considerably diminished that of smaller ones, and removed those of an atrocious nature very rare."

M. Beringer states, in his report to the French Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, that "the mildness of the penal legislation (in Tuscany) had so improved the character of the people that there was a time when the prisons of the Grand Duchy were entirely empty."

Edward Livingston says that only five murders have been committed in Tuscany for twenty years after the abolition of the death penalty; while in Rome, while it was in force, sixty murders had been committed in that city and neighborhood in three months. C. H. Wilkinson, who lived in France, wrote: "To the abolition of capital punishment, I believe, may be fairly attributed the comparative rarity of the crime of murder in the Tuscan dominions and the dreadful destruction of life in the other Italian and Neapolitan territories."

Sir James Mackintosh abolished capital punishment through the action of the courts in Bombay, in 1801. In his farewell address to the Grand Jury he says, that from "May, 1797, to May, 1801, there were eighteen convictions for murder (in the population of two hundred thousand) and thirteen capital executions. From May, 1801, to 1811 there were six convictions for murder. The murders for the former period were, therefore, very nearly as three to one to those in the latter, in which no capital punishment was inflicted."

Capital punishment was abolished in Belgium in 1820. Edward Dupeyron, Inspector-General of Prisons, shows, in his statistics of the crime of murder (in the population of two hundred thousand), ending with 1854, with 28 executions a year, was 21 in the next 15 years, with less than 5 executions a year, not quite 8; and in the 5 ending with 1854, with no executions, only 4. The tables also show the singular fact that the three years in which the most murders occurred



were respectively preceded by those in which were the greatest number of executions. Similar results were in degree exhibited in Prussia, Holland, Denmark, Michigan and other countries and States where capital punishment had been either in whole or part abolished; and such, though mankind may be slow to learn the natural laws that operate, will probably ever be the effect of abolishing the penalty of death for any and all crimes whatever.

I may observe here that, for the last fifty years and more, I have been a frequent sojourner in New York, and that the progress of ideas and events in that city has led me to feel that the tendency of things to a condition of anarchy, and a most reckless disregard of life, will not be arrested until some mode of punishment for murder is adopted by the State that is in better accordance with the growing tastes and convictions of a very large class of society—a punishment, too, which can more certainly be carried into effect than that of hanging. As the law now stands, it really seems as if city murderers are so confident of avoiding its penalty through lack of detection, apprehension, conviction, or the execution of death sentences, that they hardly think it worth while to risk the bodily peril incident to railroad travel to attempt escape by flight; while the stirring event that attend a trial for murder produce such pleasure in the depraved mind of the criminal, and give him such widespread notoriety, that it is doubtful if some of the reckless homicides that have occurred of late in the city may not have been instigated—in part, at least—by some such morbid consideration.

That the moral effect of hanging on the minds of the criminal class is not that which in less enlightened times than the present was ascribed to it seems to be plain, from the fact that the people of most States and nations have, within the present century, caused the gallows to be removed from the hill-top, where all might witness the death struggles of its victims, to the secret recesses of the prison-yard. When it is abolished altogether, and a penalty that can be summarily and certainly enforced is substituted in its place, the incentive to crime will be removed, and the chance of pardon by the government will be all the members of both branches of the Legislature, approved by the Governor—then it is possible society may walk the streets of New York and lie down in their beds at night with less apprehension of danger from the assassin than they now experience, and probably not be far from it.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

#### ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

##### An Incident of the Late Boston Conflagration.

My friend requested me not to publish his name, as he did not care to have his private business affairs given to the world; but the chief incident of his life has been so prominent that we cannot suffer it to lapse into obscurity.

Frank B.—a young man of eight-and-twenty, with a wife and two children, had, by long and persistent labor in the manufacture of a patented article, accumulated property to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and upward. During the past summer his health failed to such a degree that he heeded the advice of his physician and left an occupation which was slowly but surely wearing him out.

Toward the last of August he sold his manufactory, together with all interest in the patent, for fifty thousand dollars. Ten thousand dollars he invested in a suburban residence, which he secured by deed to his wife, and fifty thousand dollars he placed in bank, to await the opening of some new path to business.

The months of September and October Frank B.—gave to recuperation, and on the first day of November, with health restored, he came into Boston to look around for business. A friend tapped him on the shoulder with—

"Frank, I know just the place for you: come with me!"

And his friend took him to a large wholesale house in Franklin street, one of the partners in which wished to go to St. Louis, and was anxious to sell out. Mr. S. was the partner, and fifty thousand dollars cash would purchase his whole interest in the house. Frank was favorably impressed, and proposed an examination of the stock and accounts of the firm. The pending Presidential election delayed matters, and it was not until Wednesday, Nov. 27th, that the examination was completed. On Thursday and Friday the final arrangements were made, and on this Friday afternoon the papers were prepared. The parties to the proposed contract separated on Friday evening, and on the following day, Saturday, the 9th, they were to meet at twelve o'clock at noon, at which time the papers were to be signed, and Frank B.—was to pay into Mr. S.'s place in the bank, on this same Friday, the cash of the sale of the business, and the State street and informed him that he should want to draw out his fifty thousand dollars on the following day.

Saturday morning came, bright and beautiful, and Frank proposed to take the cars at 10 o'clock for Boston. This residence was ten miles distant from the city. He was ready to set forth—had put on his overcoat, and was taking a parting caution from his wife—when a female neighbor came hurriedly for help. A domestic calamity had befallen her household, and her husband was in delirium. This husband was Frank's dear friend, a wayward, impulsive man, his own worst enemy, and now suffering from the results of an election debauch. Frank quitted out his watch.

"In heaven's name," pleaded the neighbor, "come to poor Arthur! I dare not leave him longer. You can control him!"

"What can I do?" gasped Frank, looking first at his watch, and then to his wife. "If I lose this train my business goes to smash."

"Let me be till Monday," said his wife.

"But on Monday morning Mr. S.—must leave for Montreal. This is the only chance. Such another will not be mine for a long time, if ever."

The suffering wife of the suffering neighbor covered her face with her hands. There was a fearful depth of mute appeal in her movement. Mrs. B.—laid her hand upon her husband's arm, and solemnly said:

"Frank, go with Nellie, and help poor Arthur. Do right, and leave the result to God. If I am should come to Arthur which you might have prevented."

"Stop!" cried Frank. "I cannot leave my old school-fellow thus. Let the business go. Come, Nellie."

He found Arthur sadly in need of help, and his was the power to render it. He remained with his friend until noon, and then left him in charge of a physician.

It was just two o'clock when Frank B.—reached Boston. The bank was closed, and he found that Mr. S.—after having waited in vain two hours, had gone to Lowell, where it was possible that he might dispose of his business to one of their correspondents of the Merrimack Corporation. But Frank might come in on Monday and see how matters stood.

Frank B.—returned to his home feeling that he had met a great loss; but his wife was cheerful, and ventured the remark that it might be all for the best as it was.

And with the dawning of the Sabbath morning, when the messengers from the city brought word of the terrible conflagration which had laid low nearly a thousand palaces of commerce, and that of all the imposing mansions of Franklin street not one was left, Frank lifted up his heart in thankfulness that he had been spared. In saving his brother who had fallen by the wayside, he had unconsciously saved himself.

"Really," he said to me, as he told me the story, "it is pleasant to fall in with the fancy of my wife: she thinks she can trace the finger of Providence in the work."

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days or five days?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

A lady who had repeatedly called her little boy to come in and say his prayers, was shocked by his asking her if "God was in much of a hurry?"

## Free Thought.

### ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST AND BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER TWO.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Says Rev. Mr. Stevenson, in reference to the Xenia Convention, it was therefore an auspicious hour for the consideration of the subject, when, on the second day of its sessions, Mr. John Alexander \* \* \* quietly laid on the table of the Convention a paper of which the following are the principal portions:

"In this, the day of our national calamity, it becomes us to inquire what the Lord would have us do. In considering the way by which God would have us to his children, we are constrained to confess that we have been an ungrateful and backsliding people; and if the deserved judgments now upon us for our sins do not produce repentance and reformation, national division and prostration, if not destruction, are inevitable.

In the earlier struggles of the people for national independence, the frequent acknowledgment of God and his authority, the notable declaration of reliance on the aid of Divine Providence, and the sentiment that all men were created equal and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty, which were uttered in the Declaration of Independence, gave evidence of a religious public sentiment in the nation. Might it not, then, have been reasonably expected that, after our national independence had, by the help of God, been secured, and our national troubles had passed away, and when, after the enjoyment of years of peace and prosperity, the national Constitution was adopted, such a nation, with such a history of divine deliverance, and such a sentiment of reliance on God, would stamp indelibly on their Constitution that sentiment of 'glory to God and good-will to men,' which they had so often professed in adversity, and which they had so conspicuously proclaimed to the world in the Declaration of Independence? But alas for human frailty and ingratitude! Instead of going on to promote more and more the glory of God and the rights of man, a terrible and, if God's mercy prevent, not a fatal backward step was taken in adopting that document which, without any direct recognition of God or his authority, and with a declaration of human slavery, thus contradicting two of the noblest principles of the Declaration of Independence, viz: reliance upon Divine Providence, and acknowledgment of the equal rights of man.

From that day the nation has been demoralized by the promulgation of an instrument as the paramount law of the land, which is far beneath the Christian sentiment of the nation. These two defects in our otherwise admirable Constitution, so dishonoring to God and unjust to man, we have to be the place of the best of our nation, corrupting its vital fountains and threatening its dissolution.

These facts have long been understood and deplored by patriots and Christians. But pecuniary interest and corrupting prosperity on the one hand, and avarice and wicked ambition on the other, have conspired to allow these defects to remain, and step after step to be taken in their support, until we have well-nigh legislated God out of the Government, while we hold man, made in his image, as a chattel. And now God has arisen in his anger, and is vindicating his own glory and the cause of the poor and the oppressed. Therefore his just judgments are upon us as a nation, and we must repent and forsake our national sins, or be destroyed.

We regard the Emancipation Proclamation of the President and his recommendation to purge the Constitution of slavery as among the most hopeful signs of the times. But we regard the neglect of God and his law, by omitting all acknowledgment of him in our Constitution as the crowning original sin of the nation, and slavery as one of its natural outgrowths. Therefore the most important step remains yet to be taken—to amend the Constitution so as to acknowledge God and the authority of his law; and the object of this paper is to suggest to this Convention the propriety of considering this subject and of preparing such an amendment to the Constitution as they may think proper to propose in accordance with its provisions."

This paper was at first opposed by the Committee on Order of Business; but after it was "earnestly and zealously argued" that it was entirely germane to subjects then before the meeting—"Religion in the Heart," "Religion in the Family," "Religion in the Church"—the question arose, Why discuss these and not discuss "Religion in the Nation?" They who had no objection to the spirit and design of the paper, opposed its introduction into that Convention; but the earnest and decided majority argued that it was the "real question of the hour," and of the "weightiest importance." "God was forcing it upon them." "There is danger in delay; they must begin the work, and begin it then." Rev. H. H. George, of Cincinnati, and Rev. Samuel Collins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are remembered gratefully by the Constitutional God Christians for their effective aid in turning the tide in favor of the measure. With great unanimity the paper was received and referred to a Committee representing all the denominations in the Convention who reported an approval of the spirit and design of the paper, and endorsed the action it proposed. Adopted. That was the first victory of the movement. It was but a prelude to a series of victories.

#### DR. BAILEY ON THE "NATIONAL MASS CONVENTION."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Permit me, once more, and even at this late date, to congratulate you and your numerous readers upon the new life, the noble results of our "resurrected and beloved Banner of Light. Phenix-like, arising from the ashes of the terrible conflagration, 'A thing of beauty and a joy forever' to its weeping patrons, whose tears have watered, whose aspirations and invocations, even though publicly unuttered, have fructified, whose golden nutrition has invigorated, it still presents superior typographical, intellectual and spiritual beauty. Oldest, and perhaps most loved of 'successful' exponents of Spiritualism, may thy future be as unending, thy compensation as golden, as is and will be thy influence great, good, blessed and undying. All this will surely be realized, if all interested support and perform according to the ability of each. Let us see to it, friends, that the advocates of this natural, scientific, manhood religion—Spiritualism, be hereafter liberally sustained unto not only actual life, but in healthy vigor and unquestionable efficiency.

Also, Messrs. Editors, permit me a word upon the prospective Cincinnati "National Mass Convention," already advertised in your columns.

All are aware that I have been an earnest advocate and worker for organization without creed or favoritism. I am still in favor of and believe in a coming organic system for Spiritualists. But that consummation, in my judgment, ought and must develop and result through and from the natural process of local combination—organized legal societies, which, when a sufficient

number are vitally established, will form County or District and State representative associations, and these latter, a National Convention of delegates.

Believing this the natural, and hence true process of our organic work, I have not joined the movement of Bro. Kates, and still feel that it is premature and must prove but another abortion; perhaps a necessary link in the experience essential to the assimilation of the properties and proportions which will eventually culminate the grand but not galling chain of spiritualistic organic system.

That mass meetings, conventions, grove meetings and the like, bringing together the people, strangers—"the friction of numbers"—are and will generally be promotive of good, useful ends, I have no doubt. Aware of their utility, I nevertheless doubt the efficiency of such conditions as the best and surest means of instituting the organic work desired, and, I think, desirable. Especially does it appear to me that a National Mass Meeting is the wrong end of the lever to place under the mass of obstacles to be overcome in this work. Indeed it is (to me) a misnomer to dub a mass meeting, however so largely attended, national, because, necessarily, at least ninety per cent. of those who attend such gatherings will be of people residing in the city—the sections or States adjoining the locality where held; and the few from distant sections and States who may attend, can, by no possibility of logic, be classed as representative of the masses of Spiritualists, among whom they may reside. Therefore, a mass meeting or convention will not be representatively national in the broad sense of the term.

But the Cincinnati meeting can be instrumental of much good. I sincerely hope it may; and I hope that the proper and best means to the desired end—organic stability, effectiveness and power, with full individual freedom of opinion, withdrawal, etc.—one of the announced purposes of the movement—may be discovered and presented to the "eleven millions" (?) of America. Hence these comments and suggestions—the respectful seeking of this channel to the ear—the intelligence of that prospective body of Spiritualists.

J. K. BAILEY.

April 29th, 1873.

#### "The Stranger's Rest."

DEAR BANNER—The old question of "What good does Spiritualism do?" is being asked over and over by opposers and skeptics. I wish that these scoffers at the mission of angel-communion could go with me down into the heart of this great city, where want, hunger and crime stalk hand-in-hand amidst the filth and misery which the long and inclement winter, just past, has increased beyond its ordinary expression, and enter one institution, not far from the gloomy Tombs, known as the "Stranger's Rest."

As we enter we are met by a gentleman whom, we are informed, is the founder and proprietor of the institution. He receives us kindly, and volunteers to show us over the premises; and, as we pass from room to room, he, in a few words, tells us the object, purpose, and success of the work in which he is engaged. He is a plain man in dress and manners, making no ostentatious display. So little, indeed, does he appear in his noble philanthropy, that few who partake of his generosity ever know the name of their benefactor. His design is to so arrange the workings of the "Rest" that no one who enters there shall feel that he is partaking of charity.

The first room we enter is a reading-room. Here we find a goodly company of men of all ages seated on comfortable settees and chairs, each one looking clean and respectable, quietly engaged in reading the papers, of which there is an abundance, or writing with materials provided for their loved friends. Next we pass into the bath room, where every convenience and luxury even of a good bath are provided. Each applicant who is found by the superintendent to be worthy, is first taken into the baths and thoroughly washed, and clean linen put upon him. Now we are led into the dormitory. Here we find plenty of comfortable single beds all ready for the poor wanderer who has come here to find rest. Plain wholesome food is provided in abundance, and the utmost cleanliness and order prevail throughout the establishment. All the necessities of the occupants are cared for. Hundreds of poor wanderers have found a haven of rest here, where their wants have been supplied until they found means by which to help themselves. They are allowed to make this their home until they find work, and then they remain a week longer, so as to be able to pay their board in advance. It is one of the noblest and most practical charities ever instituted.

This is only a title of the philanthropic work this one man is doing. The "Stranger's Hospital," located in another part of the city, and built by him at the cost of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, was kept in operation for two years, until he could not continue the tremendous expense for lack of means. A friend of the prisoner, of the poor and the down-trodden, everywhere he gives his time, his talents, and his money to ameliorate their condition. This man is a Spiritualist, believing with the most perfect faith, that he is inspired, directed and aided, in his beautiful mission, by loving spirits that attend him. Possessed of keen penetration, with remarkable executive ability, his charities are so expressed as to do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. He does not do it to be seen of men, but carefully avoids all public notice, refusing to have his name appear in print in connection with his charities.

He is also engaged in publishing for gratuitous distribution a series of spiritualistic and reformatory tracts written by himself and received through mediums. They are very interesting and instructive, and those desiring to know more about them can obtain specimens free, of the "Spiritual Knowledge Association," 510 Pearl street, New York.

I have spoken of this brother and his work at length because it is so refreshing, in the great desert of human selfishness, to meet with such a fresh oasis of charity and human sympathy, as he represents, and hoping also that it might inspire other Spiritualists, with means to work, to go and do likewise. There are other great souls who, in their sphere, are working with equal devotion for truth and humanity in this great city—mediums in the hands of higher powers—to bring about relief for the poor and suffering.

New York City.

A. E. CARPENTER.

A lady was examining an applicant for the office of maid-of-all-work, when she inquired, "Well, Mary, can you scour tin ware with alacrity?" She replied, "No, mum, I always scour them with sand."

#### VISIONS OF NIGHT.

BY HUGH HUMPHREY.

There are mystical sounds in the air to-night,  
There are whispers soft and low;  
They are voices of love from the Realms of Light,  
That in rapturous tones to me recite  
The music of long ago.

'Tis a loving sister whose face I see,  
And her loving voice I hear;  
In love again she looks on me,  
As in days of old, though I know that she  
Hath gone to another sphere.

There is one I loved with a deeper love  
'Than a brother e'er might claim;  
Among the noble, true and brave,  
On the battle-field he found a grave  
And a soldier's transient fame.

And a mother's heart is looking down  
On the weak and wayward son;  
And, although I travel life's journey alone,  
I feel that around me ever is thrown  
The love of that holy one.

Above me is bending another face,  
Framed in its golden hair;  
Out on the ocean she sailed alone,  
Into the sea the great unknown.  
Oh, life was cold and bare!

Ah, sweet are the sounds I hear to-night,  
Murmuring soft and low;  
Voices of love from the Realms of Light,  
That in rapturous tones to me recite  
The music of long ago.

#### Spiritual Phenomena.

##### SEANCES WITH DR. WEST IN CALIFORNIA.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—At the present time, proof of spirit power is sought for and required by many who stand in "Peter's" shoes, regarding the truth of a conscious, individualized existence after death. The few advanced minds who have drunk at the open and free fountain care very little for these sensational manifestations, having progressed far beyond the test plane—the philosophy having greater attractions, through trance, writing and inspirational media, clairvoyance, etc. But the test phase is just as necessary for the skeptic as the A B C to the young student. After being a disciple for fifteen years, my curiosity for tests had long ago departed, and, living in a remote mining district in California, opportunities for such investigations were very limited. With this preface, I shall give you a short account of a seance held at my house, March 2d, 1873—Dr. Peter West, of Chicago, medium, assisted by Fanny T. Young, trance and clairvoyant medium, of the same place.

Twelve persons were seated around a common table—a small drum under the same, which I procured for the occasion. A kerosene lamp on the centre of the table was kept burning throughout the whole of the manifestations, so that all could see and understand what was taking place. First, a small common slate was produced, and passed around the table, so that it might receive the magnetism of all present. Mr. West then held the slate under the table, to receive a needed magnetism or preparation from the spiritual side. When the slate was again produced, a piece of slate pencil was put upon it, the size of a common pin-head, and then held above the medium's head, at arm's length, for about two minutes, when the scratching of the pencil was distinctly heard by those around the table. When ready, the slate was put into my hands, and on it I read the following message, plainly written: "Spirits do live after death," signed "Hannah More." Skeptics opened their eyes, for they began to realize the presence of intelligences other than those around the table. The same process was gone through a second time, when "Starr King" gave a short and instructive message. The drum under the table commenced a "tattoo," said to be by a Prussian drummer who passed away in the late war with France.

At the first rattle of the drum, an old lady sitting in the circle, who had never before seen any spirit manifestations, suddenly started back from the table, and attributed it all to the devil; but, after some beautiful drumming, and singing by Mrs. Young, the old lady ventured to take part in and enjoy the proceedings. The owner of the drum, and a musician, declared that it beat all the drumming he had ever heard.

All the members of the circle had the pleasure of feeling the soft, velvety hand materialized by a spirit. The hand was afterwards seen by all the circle, in plain sight, above the edge of the table. The manifestations were so unmistakable that no one, except those willfully blind, could but believe in the power of spirits to present proofs of an after life.

Dr. West is undergoing a musical development, having the assistance, for this particular phase, of Mrs. F. T. Young. The guitar has been successfully operated upon, and other instruments are promised when conditions are favorable.

One peculiarity in Dr. West's mediumship is the fact that no dark circle is required for the manifestations. Being a thorough skeptic to all clap-trap himself, he wishes to show in the clear light what spiritual powers he possesses, so that the shadow of deception may not be attached to his name. Dr. West has rare spiritual gifts, and is doing a noble work in bringing light out of darkness to those who have long been partakers of theological husks for spirit food. One great skeptic, Dr. L., thought that he could defeat Dr. West, in answering folded questions, by going into a distant room, write and fold his questions, and send them to Dr. West by a trusted lady messenger. Twice the answers were returned correctly, the doctor reading said answers from the back of the right hand, while the folded paper was held tightly in the left. The questions were in Latin; the answers also. Dr. L. acknowledged his defeat and the genuineness of Dr. West's power. The doctor gave many tests of wonderful power while here. The few days he spent among us have broken down a mountain of prejudice and paved the way for a rich harvest of spiritual fruit.

Mrs. Fanny T. Young is an excellent trance medium for lecturing. The clear, bracing atmosphere of our foot-hills seemed to give her some needed strength, having just recovered from a painful sickness. You may judge of the character of some of the witnesses of the manifestations, when I say that Mrs. Fanny Green McDougal, well known in literary circles, and a good inspirational clairaudient medium herself, was present. The phenomena have not heretofore been presented so as to give tangible proof of their reality—enough to meet the popular demand. It is to be hoped that Dr. West and Mrs. Young will again visit these out-of-the-way foot-hills, where God has been the great God since the days of '49. Now that we are merging into the great progressive age of civilization and spirit culture, we welcome all such with open hearts.

Mount Pleasant, Cal.

JOHN TAYLOR.

#### THE STIGMATA.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Wonderful Phenomenon in San Francisco—The Most Remarkable Event of the Times.

The astounding phenomenon described in yesterday's Chronicle as having taken place on Good Friday, in which a young lady was the subject of what is now acknowledged to have been a supernatural visitation, has created a world of excitement in Catholic and other religious circles. The young lady's name is Miss S. A. Collins. She is not an orphan, but her father and mother live in this city on Clay street. Miss Collins's companion is Miss Kate Armer, who is the adopted daughter of Richard Tobin, and both young ladies are agents of a secret benevolent society, organized by Father Prendergast, which has its headquarters at the house 1106 Pine street.

Father Prendergast declined to give our reporter any information on Tuesday evening, deeming it advisable that no publicity should, for the present, be given to the mysterious affair. But yesterday, finding that the main facts had been made public, he changed his mind, and to a reporter made the following statement:

Miss Collins was born in England, and both her parents are Catholics and are at present living in this city. About two years and a half ago she was a pupil at the Convent of Notre Dame. On her return to this city she left her father's home, and with a friend, Miss Kate Armer, commenced the practice of charitable acts—visiting the sick, clothing the destitute, and instructing the children. Many of the charitable persons of the city cooperate with Miss Collins, Mr. Armer, and an elderly lady who keeps house for them, in their good works. The archbishop approved of this semi-religious order, and has paid the house rent of these ladies since they began this practice.

Miss Collins has always been in delicate health, and has frequently received the last sacrament of the church given to those in a dying condition. She has had periodical attacks of the heart disease, and intense pulmonary congestion. Soon after Miss Collins and Miss Armer, who were the charitable and self-sacrificing duties, Miss Collins was prostrated by a return of her complaint. She recovered but slowly and imperfectly; and on Jan. 2d, at the children's festival in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral, she was seized with a most violent attack. She was taken to her residence, and two or three days afterwards, was again seized with congestion of the lungs, followed by congestion of the brain. The attending physician, herself and all her friends were convinced that there was no hope of her recovery. She took leave of her friends, who stood by her bedside, and made her final preparations for death. On Wednesday, Jan. 8th, she was all day in convulsions, her limbs were rigid and cold, and a pain in her right side became so acute that she could not be moved. Toward six o'clock she grew better, but on the night of the third day became speechless, and was compelled to write her wants and wishes in pencil.

At 12 o'clock that night, Miss Armer and the nurse who watched by her bedside, being unable, if not dead. They received the prayers for the departing soul, and held the blessed candle by her hand, according to the custom of the church. Presently Miss Collins closed her eyes and drew a long breath. They then believed her dead; but to their utter amazement and bewilderment she revived, and made signs that she wished to write. They gave her the pencil and paper, and she wrote as follows: "Put three drops of the water from the font of our Lady of Laselette in my mouth and say three 'Hail Marys' with me before the crucifix." They complied with the instructions, and perceived that she joined mentally in the recital of the prayers. As soon as ended, she reached out her hands for the crucifix, and kissed, with an expression of great devotion, the five wounds of the Saviour. She then intimated that she wished to have a little water. They gave her some, and she immediately rose up and declared, with a beaming and heavenly countenance, and in a strong, clear voice, that she was cured, and she called on her companions, Miss Armer and nurse, to join her in saying the rosary for the sick. She wished to recite the principal parts of the devotion herself, but yielding to the request of Miss Armer, only made the responses in a clear and loud voice. She then requested her companions to retire, but seeing they had some objections told them she would set the example. She laid down quietly, and slept without motion or sign till morning, when she awoke heartily, and seemed quite restored to health. Since then she has never for a moment suffered from any of those diseases to which she had been before a victim, and which had more than once brought her to death's door.

On being questioned about her recovery, she stated to her confessor, her companions and others of her friends, that immediately previous to her recovery, the Blessed Virgin spoke to her in a voice clear and musical, but as if it were coming from afar, directing her what to do in order to obtain her health, approving her manner of life, and giving her some counsel for her own guidance. Her recovery was rapid, to which she contrasted with the facts as a miraculous one, and contrasting her subsequent excellent health with her former miserable condition, there seems to be no reason to doubt but she was saved by the merciful interposition of the supreme power of God.

From the time of her recovery she knew and intimated to her companions that she would have to endure much for the love of God. After some weeks she experienced without any assignable natural cause, an intense pain in her temples, which caused her indescribable anguish. These sufferings suddenly passed away, but in the course of some days returned with renewed force.

Her friends regarded these sufferings as extraordinary in the commencement and ending, and were convinced that it was not a case for medical treatment. So far there were no perceptible marks on any portion of her body, but during her sufferings on the Feast of the Five Wounds of our Lord she felt an acute pain in her head, her side, in both hands and in both feet. On the Friday before Good Friday—the Feast of the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin—she experienced those pains in the same parts, and on that day the stigmata, or marks of our Saviour's wounds, became clearly visible on the backs of her hands, and blood oozed from the left side, near the heart. Several persons witnessed the stigmata on this occasion, but were loth to reveal the fact, preferring to await further developments. That night the pains passed away and her usual health returned. On Holy Thursday the same sufferings were experienced, commencing in the afternoon and becoming very intense during Thursday night. On Friday the stigmata appeared on the surface of both hands and on the upper surface of her feet. Blood also oozed from her side. During the day her sufferings were in the most terrible, and were witnessed by a large number of people.

Among the spectators were the following, who were struck with wonder at the extraordinary phenomena: R. Tobin and family, John Sullivan and wife, C. D. O'Sullivan and wife, J. A. Donahoe and wife, George Hooper and wife, Mrs. Emmet Doyle, D. J. Oliver and many others. Dr. Paulieki was standing by Miss Collins's bedside, taking notes on the condition of the patient. He confessed that the case was beyond the reach of his medical science. Her head moved from side to side with the intensity of her agony, and her tongue was parched and swollen. The stigmata and suffering continued unabated until twelve o'clock on Friday night, when she suddenly experienced some relief, and was able, for the first time in twenty-four hours, to take a little water.

On the next day she attended divine service in church, and has since been in the enjoyment of excellent health. The marks of the stigmata remain on her hands and side. She has never, at any time during her sufferings, been unconscious, except when they were so intense as to cause momentary delirium. She prayed continually, and her countenance, ordinarily indicating extreme agony, occasionally relaxed into a sweet and heavenly smile. At times her hands were extended in the form of a crucifix, and became so fixed and rigid in that position that it was impossible to move them.















## Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

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

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

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

The questions answered at these Free Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou who didst descend with us into the hell of flesh and sense, thou who didst descend to remain with us through all our purgatorial existence in earthly life, thou who didst ascend with us into heaven, to thee we pray. Thou over-presser and yet most mis-understood Spirit, to thee we bring our offerings of praise and our prayers. We pray for strength, for wisdom, for light, for truth. We pray for an abundance of all thy special attributes, and we pray for wisdom to understand ourselves. Guide us, oh Infinite Spirit, away from our own darkness toward thy light; and unto thee be our praises, forever and forevermore. Amen. Jan. 23.

### Questions and Answers.

QUESTIONING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Sir Chairman, I am ready to answer them.

QUEST.—[From a correspondent.] I would like to ask if spirits, on leaving the body, take the earthly magnetism of their friends with them; and if they do, what benefit do they derive from it?

ANS.—It is difficult to determine what the author of the question given us means. He or she says, "If spirits take the earth magnetism." We may suppose that he means, do they take all the earth magnetism, or a part? If they take all, certainly death must ensue to the friends, and they both would ascend together; but, presuming that we are to understand, whether any of the earth magnetism belonging to the friends, who remain is taken by the departing spirits, we shall answer the question in this wise: Yes, they do; for this magnetism is thrown upon them through the sympathy of these friends. Those who give out the most largely of their sympathies to the dying one are represented the most truly in spirit-life, in the surroundings of the newly dead.

Q.—A printed paper has been handed in, containing an account of a discussion which took place at a Methodist convention—I suppose with the intention of eliciting remarks from the intelligence upon the subject discussed: "Whether annihilation is preferable to eternal damnation."

A.—This great flood-tide of Spiritualism is entering all the churches and cleaning them all. That is its chief mission; therefore it is not to be wondered at that any sect should meet together in confusion and discuss such a question. Certainly, annihilation would be better than endless punishment; and if this class of investigators choose the extreme end of the dilemma—annihilation—it will be far easier to drag them from that, and bring them into spiritual light, than to drag them from their views of hell fire and damnation. Jan. 23.

### Gen. D'Aubrey.

Monsieur Chairman, I come to make answer to a request from Christhuist. The question was put to Louis Napoleon. He, this day, is not able to answer it; and I therefore offer him my services, because I am acquainted with these matters, and know how to govern myself in connection with them. I am Gen. D'Aubrey, of the army of Napoleon the First. The question I am to answer is this: "What do you counsel with reference to your son and France?" That my son will occupy the throne of France, I have no doubt; but there are certain steps necessary to be taken, and no one but yourself knows so well what those steps are, and how you should take them. There is no need that I send my thoughts from the realm of the eternal spirit to guide you in that matter. You know what my hopes were; and what they were, they are. Be fearless; be strong; stand in the front ranks, and there will be a power to guard and guide you, as strong as you shall need. Sit alone, and wait for my coming. I shall be with you—will impress you with what you should do; and others, stronger than myself, will guide and instruct me, in this new and beautiful life. I cannot now see clearly why I was taken; as I was, from this earth-life; but I believe in the assertions of my friends that it was for good—for the good of France—perhaps to save her from coming again the dark scenes of the past; but, whatever the cause, I am satisfied. Gen. D'Aubrey, for Louis Napoleon. Jan. 23.

### Marcella Scott.

My name was Marcella Scott. I lived here in earth-life twenty-eight years. My maiden name was Marcella Stacey. I was married to James Scott at twenty years. Soon after my marriage, I learned that he was a professed gambler, while I was a member of the Methodist Church. For eight years I labored with all my soul to reclaim him from that vice and its attendant vices, but in vain. At last I yielded up my mortal life to that dread disease, consumption, leaving three little children. I come here today, to plead with him, from my new life, to abandon his course, to be a father to his children, and to guard, guide and educate them in truth and virtue. Perhaps he will say, as he has an hundred times to me, "I cannot now turn back and learn to get my living at anything else." Try, and see if you cannot; see how many from our life will step in and aid you. Oh, try, for my sake, for the children's sake—try. You can do it; I know you can. You are not the coward to stand still and say you can't. If you have any doubts of my identity here, at this place, meet me at Mr. Slade's, the medium in New York, and I will show myself to you, and repeat what I have given you here in substance. Jan. 23.

### Allan Kardec.

So you meet with trouble in preaching through your journal the doctrine of re-incarnation. [A great many do not seem to understand it.] Well, that is not strange. Here, in this country, your people are a people who cling very stubbornly to

material facts; and you gather around you a set of ideas, and you make your heaven or your hell out of these, and you are not satisfied to let go of them.

Now, the doctrine of re-incarnation is as much a fact as is the theory that the world moves upon its central axis. There is no greater truth known to earth, or heaven, as you call the spirit-land.

A company of believers in this doctrine requested that I come here, and that I state whether or no I was pleased with these weekly séances to gather light in that direction. I am pleased with them, and I shall do whatever I can to make these séances of profit to investigators. I am no better satisfied, now, in my spirit-home, that the doctrine is true, than I was here, although I have greater facilities of investigation and greater proofs; indeed, I have been shown the records of my own past life, and I have been through seven incarnations in other worlds than this, ere I occupied the body I left in Pere le Chaise. Good day, sir. Allan Kardec. Jan. 23.

Séance conducted by Archbishop Darboy; letters answered by "Vashit."

### Invocation.

Oh, thou whose power bath so curiously wrought the life of these lovely blossoms [referring to flowers on the table], thou who hast their destiny and ours in thy keeping, thou who wilt watch over all these destinies, and bring each and all safely to their proper places, to thee we pray. To thee we come this hour, laying upon the altar of Time our gifts: some of them are withered and seemingly dead, some of them are touched with the cold frosts of unfaithfulness. We bring them to thee, and shall lay them upon Time's altar, that thou mayest bless them. Mighty Spirit, we understand that we are forever with thee, and yet in our ignorance we feel very weak; spiritually we are strong, but temporarily we are weak while working and ministering through the necessities of time. Though we have ascended from the flesh, and dwell no longer in it, yet the shadows of this press upon us and make us weak. Sometimes we are blinded by its mists and fogs, and we ask for sight, we ask for strength, we ask for all those virtues that shall make us strong and valiant leaders in thy ranks; here and hereafter. Amen. Jan. 23.

### Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—[From J. B. A., Ogdensburg, N. Y.] Can the controlling spirit give us any information concerning the existence of a former race on this continent, which must be inferred from the remains of ancient cities throughout the West? Have they become extinct, or relapsed back again into barbarism? the why or cause, in either case?

ANS.—Races, like men, become extinct, as certain vegetable productions become extinct. They live their allotted period through that peculiar form of life on earth, and they gradually die out. That seems to be the law of things—things human and things that are not human. It should be understood, and doubtless is, by our interrogator, that this continent has once, twice, three times, to our knowledge, been submerged. The theory of some scientists is, that these races became suddenly extinct, by the submerging of certain localities; but that is not the theory that I would advance, that I should believe in. I believe that, according to the course of their nature, they have run out, as the aboriginal tribes of this continent are running out—destined to pass away. Still they be known no more? Yes, in that brighter hunting-ground of the soul. There they will be a stronger and a more powerful race than here. It is not possible to give, in the short space of time which we have at our command here, anything like a consecutive account of them, but, from the first periods when this continent became inhabited by humanity, it is a well known fact that different races from the East have gathered here—some of them very few in numbers, some of them of larger groups; but they have nearly all become extinct, and the Western aborigines are the only living representatives of the descendants of one of these Eastern races.

Q.—[I. D., of Haverhill, Mass., asks:] We are about fitting up a room, which shall be specially dedicated to spirit-manifestations, and we would like to be informed as to the best method of arranging the walls of the apartment. Shall we cover the plaster with paint, or paper, or leave it uncovered and plain?

A.—I do not think it will make any difference whatever, so that there is a proper amount of decoration to the place. Nearly all returning spirits are very fond of the beautiful—pictures, flowers, works of art and works of Nature—everything that strikes them as being beautiful they desire to see in places to which you call them. Jan. 23.

### Johnny Shean.

Here's a Herald, Tribune, World! Paper, sir? paper, sir? [Have n't got a Times, have you?] Sold out, sir. [Well, what have you got to say?] I got to send a message to my mother. Tell her I'm bully on this side; I do n't have anybody to fight! I don't want to fight. I have as much as I want to eat, and I have everything I need. I got on ragged clothes when I come here this afternoon; but I've got better ones. I want to tell her little Tim is here; she will be glad to know about him. He was drowned. My name was Johnny Shean. I'd black your boots, sir, if I had a brush. Mother wanted me, if I could come, to say something as she'd know me. Well, mother, give my box and my blacking and my brush to Jimmie Roke; he's the best boy in the crowd, and he's poor.

I feel so queer here in these clothes! I do n't feel so natural as I thought I should. [How long since you went away?] Just after the great fire in Boston. I worked so hard, selling the papers, that I got sick and died. I made a good trade, I tell you!

I sold your paper once. I bought a dozen, and I took 'em out, with my papers, to sell 'em, and I got into a fight about it, and I never sold any more. [Didn't they want you to sell them?] No. [The first man I met I asked him to buy a paper—'Banner of Light' Boston paper, sir? He scared me about it, and I kicked him, and he grabbed me. He was a great long-legged cuss! He grabbed me, and gave me over to the 'cop,' and I went to the station. [Was it in New York?] Yes. The judge, he let me off; the judge, he said he hoped I never would do anything any worse. If I'd been as big as I was just before I died, I'd a kicked him, big as he was! Yes, I would!

I want to tell mother to stay where she is till Uncle Jim writes her, then she'll know better what to do. He's going to write her. She ain't got nobody to help her now, and she's sick, and when my message is published won't you please to send it to her? She might not have any money to buy it. Just send it to the general post office in New York City, to Mrs. Margaret Shean, and she'll get it, because she goes or sends there, because she's expecting to hear from my uncle. I was eleven years old, sir. Good day. Jan. 23.

### John Frederic Kensett.

I am here to-day to send back a few words, informing my friends of my happy condition in the new world. I learn that with some of my friends there is a doubt concerning the manner of my death. There need not be, for I can assure them that the physicians who examined my body reported correctly concerning my death. I went out easily—suffered nothing. My last recollections were of taking off my coat in my studio. I felt a sense of oppression, but nothing more. Being aware that some of my brother-artists are favorable to this new religion, or science, or theory—I hardly knew where to class it—I have thought it might be well to come here with a word of cheer, saying to them that, in directions where their efforts to succeed here in this life have been futile, they will be crowned with success there, in the upper life, for all those grand facilities that the artist has need of, are at his command there. Oh! such scenery! My soul today has been wrapped in a flood of glory, examining into such works of Art and Nature combined, and the student has all the facilities for perfecting himself, for going onward just as fast as he makes effort, and for carrying out those schemes that were but phantom pictures in the mind here, to a glorious reality there. Oh! then, toil on here; don't let the brush be idle, or the chisel hang in its rack. Use them; for every step you make here adds to the power you will have hereafter—remember that. Be true to all your higher instincts with reference to your profession, and you will go on to grand and glorious success in the spirit-world. That I am happy no one of my friends can doubt, when I tell them that I am surrounded by all those conditions that I so longed for here, but could not find anywhere. I am John Frederic Kensett. Jan. 23.

### William M. Prior.

Your philosophy is true. [The spirit recognizes Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.] I said if I found it true, I would come back and say so. Mr. Colly used to tell me that he thought I had some help in doing my work. I laughed at the idea, and told him I wished I had, and should like more, but I didn't believe a word he said; but he's right—he's right. Although I did but little in the way of art, yet that little was mostly the work of spirits, and the world in which we live is so much mixed up with this world that you can hardly tell which is which.

I seem to be right round here. I suppose I shall go away. They say I shall, by-and-by, but at present I ain't got any desire to. My name is Prior. [Painted Mr. Berry's picture. Jan. 23.]

### Bessie Long.

My name was Bessie Long. I was nineteen years old. I died of consumption one year ago this month. I lived in South Boston. I want my sister to know that in heaven I am free from pain—that I've met my mother, father, brother John and brother George and sister Alice, and that we have homes there as natural and as real as you have here, and that, when she has done with this life, we shall be so glad to welcome her!—to be of good cheer, to toil on here a little while longer, then comes the morning. Jan. 23.

### John Phiefer.

My name is John Phiefer. Dead!—yes, dead! [You don't appear like it.] Well, I am dead, nevertheless, if I don't appear like it—that is, what you knew of me, what anybody knew of me here. My friends are determined that Nick, my murderer, shall be condemned to death. Well, now, see here; there's always two sides to a story. I was just as much to blame in that affair as Nick was, and if I had been in his place, and he in mine, I'd have shot him as he shot me—that's all there is about it. There's always more or less prejudice mixed up with all the affairs of life, you know.

My friends had better wait till they get rid of it, then look at the affair in a clearer light. Find out what I did, then make up your minds. It ain't a-going to make matters any better to hang him. He may never, in all his earthly life, again have cause to do such a racket. So I think they'd better take a more lenient course with him; at any rate, that's my wish. Now, do as you please, and take the consequences. John Phiefer. Jan. 23.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashit."

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.—Mrs. Harrison Gray O'Leary, to her friends in Boston; Nellie Prince, of Norwich, Conn. to her friends; Deborah Mason, of Boston, to her descendants; Martha Foley, to her brother. Thursday, Feb. 21.—Abraham Lincoln, to his mother; Thomas Lincoln, (Cald.) to his mother; Annie McArthur, of New York City, to her mother; Old Mother Endicott. Friday, Feb. 22.—George W. Nichols, of Glasgow, Scotland; Senator Lane, of Ohio; Outumwah, to Red Cloud, Chief of the Sioux. Saturday, Feb. 23.—Thomas Owens, of Port Huron, to his brother; Elizabeth Francis, of Boston; Elphinstone Hill, of Burlington, N. H.; Elder Caleb Dyer, to his friends in England. Sunday, Feb. 24.—Angusta Clark, of East Boston, to her mother; John Harrington, of Boston, to his wife and sister; Margaretta, to Senator Pomeroy; John Bennett, of Boston; Edith Lane, of East Boston; Thomas B. Lane, of Boston. Monday, Feb. 25.—Deborah White, of Boston; Alfred Hoyt, of Portsmouth, N. H. Tuesday, Feb. 26.—Trinity, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Ellen Brady; William Murdoch; Jennie Annand, of Cincinnati, O., to her mother, of Haverhill, Mass.; William Harris, of Haverhill, Mass., to his brother. Wednesday, Feb. 27.—A. B. Whitting; Fanny Fern; Charles Wood, of Lynn, to his mother; Dan Larrabee. Thursday, Feb. 28.—George Wallace Sheppard, of Lawrence, Mass., to his mother; Polly Kinchall, of Boston, to her sons; Jim Burgess, to James Morse. Friday, Feb. 29.—A. W. Fenn; Phil Carter, of New York City. Saturday, Feb. 30.—Margaret Owen, of Boston, to her brother; Adelaide Porter, of Nashua, N. H., to her mother; Polly Varney, of Haverhill, Mass.; Capt. John Scammon, of New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet Edmunds, of Chicago, Ill. Sunday, March 1.—Clementine Van Dorn, of New Orleans, La., to her mother; William Pennington, to his mother; Mary Ann, of Canada East; Virginia Walker, of Albany, N. Y. Monday, March 2.—Edwin Forrest; Margaret Sullivan. Tuesday, March 3.—Nathaniel B. 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Thursday, June 4.—Emma Freeman, of Boston, to her sister; Polly Varney, of Haverhill, Mass.; Capt. John Scammon, of New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet Edmunds, of Chicago, Ill. Friday, June 5.—Clementine Van Dorn, of New Orleans, La., to her mother; William Pennington, to his mother; Mary Ann, of Canada East; Virginia Walker, of Albany, N. Y. Saturday, June 6.—Edwin Forrest; Margaret Sullivan. Sunday, June 7.—Nathaniel B. Shurtliff, of Boston, to his father; Emily Hovey Watson, of Norwich, Conn.; W. H. Thayer; Betsey Cooper, of Boston, to her mother. Monday, June 8.—Emma Freeman, of Boston, to her sister; Polly Varney, of Haverhill, Mass.; Capt. John Scammon, of New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet Edmunds, of Chicago, Ill. Tuesday, June 9.—Clementine Van Dorn, of New Orleans, La., to her mother; William Pennington, to his mother; Mary Ann, of Canada East; Virginia Walker, of Albany, N. Y. Wednesday, June 10.—Edwin Forrest; Margaret Sullivan. Thursday, June 11.—Nathaniel B. 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## Pearls.

And quoted tales, and pearls five words long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

### EXPERIENCE AND WISDOM.

Experience wounded is the school  
Where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart.  
—Lord Brooke.

We should not retain the remembrance of  
faults we have once forgiven.

### THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Look how the golden ocean shines above  
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth;  
So does the bright and blessed light of love  
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.  
—Hood.

He may do a great deal that is never idle, and  
he may go a great way that is never out of the way.

### THE TRICKY BRAVE.

They are brave who know to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are brave who calmly choose  
Hatred, soothing and abuse.  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are brave who dare to be  
In the right with two or three.

## The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.  
On the 15th of April, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 611  
North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

### CHICAGO.

Warren Chase lectured at the Spiritualist Hall, 29 West Randolph street, Chicago, Sunday, May 12th, both morning and evening, to large audiences. The morning lecture was on the religious element in man's nature and its varied expression in the numerous sectarian forms of devotion. For convenience, he divided the religions of the world into four great sects, corresponding to the four orders of the animal kingdom—worshippers of images for the Radiates; worshippers of the elements for the Mollusks; worshippers of mysterious actions and wild vagaries of Mahomet, for the Articulata; worshippers of personal gods and their wonderful dealings with men—Jehovah and Christ, with their six hundred sects—for the Vertebrata. In each division honesty prevailed with the ignorant and deluded masses, and knavery, deception and hypocrisy with the intelligent few. Natural religion, which we inherit as a distinguishing feature of the race, and a mark of superiority over all other animals, had its expression in these forms of worship in each grand division and its subdivisions, according to the mental development of the worshippers. These divisions were only sects of religionists, as Methodists, Baptists and Quakers are sects of Christians. All forms of worship are founded on fables, and all religious motives are natural. Even our consciences are the creations of education as well as our belief in one kind of religious worship as superior to all others. Christianity has no better foundation in fact than any other of the sects, but owing to its progressive gateway which leads out of it, it is better adapted to the commercial enterprise of enlightened nations.

Every step in the Protestant march is out of Christianity, in which the Unitarians are last and highest, being only baptized infidels; and the next step more brings them out of Christianity entirely, and upon the free religious platform where all natural, intelligent and rational religionists must ultimately plant themselves and build up a religious life on scientific truths and practical charity.

Christianity had done much good by cultivating, increasing and expanding love in the human heart; but it had transported it all to a foreign country, and given it to God; and as it was a gift, no return or consideration had been received for it. The new order of religionists, Rationalists, including Spiritualists, propose to use the love where it will bring a return; and hence they propose the application of it to the human race and to the incarnate God now in the race and abiding there through all generations. Science will settle the truth of spirit-life and intercourse, and that very soon; after which, Christianity will be superseded and needed no more by the most enlightened people on the earth.

The Christian Gods were the creations of the human brain as much as the Pagan gods, and, although ideal and personal, were only created objects of worship for a portion of the race a little more advanced than those who worship wooden images or the elements. Christianity is only a way station, and not the terminus of the religious progress of the human mind, and we would soon be out of it were it not for the vast amount of support drawn from it by those who subsist or keep their respectability by its support, and in turn by supporting it in some of its many creeds.

### MATRIMONIAL GUIDES.

Another volume on marriage and conjugal love is added to the multitude already "too numerous to mention," by our respected and intelligent sister, Mrs. A. M. L. Potts, M. D., of Adrian, Mich. We have run over a score or more of these works, from Ovid down to John H. Noyes and Stephen Pearl Andrews, including O. S. Fowler and the Mormon code, and come to the conclusion that no procreant bedstead will fit the length and breadth of everybody, although each writer may set up rules that would fit himself or herself, and perhaps a companion, but it is an old saying that we cannot measure everybody's corn in our own bushel. The marriage law or rule that fits and suits Brigham Young or John H. Noyes would not fit every man in the land as it does them, and it would be unwise to attempt to make such rule universal; and if not either of these rules, why take that of our good Shaker brother, Evans, for the universal rule, and cut and fit everybody to it? Men nor women are not all made alike, and as well might we get a pattern for garments, and bring all to it, as to get a rule for mating, and fit everybody to it. Our dearly beloved brother, Henry C. Wright, and many women whose hard lot in life gave them a sad experience, found in Nature the law by which the only use of sexuality in the race was for procreation. But few women and less men believed it, and Swedenborg, Noyes, and Andrews, and many others found in Nature other uses for it, and Henry said "The hat for the head, not the head for the hat—institutions for men, and not men for institutions," and, consequently, his theory had to yield to the race and the sexes.

Our sister, like most of the writers, has mark-

ed out some of the shoals, quicksands and rocks on which scores of matrimonial crafts are annually wrecked, but none of them have found the universal solvent in which all domestic troubles can be dissolved, nor the elixir of universal harmony and happiness that shall make all married lives run smooth. So long as passion pairs most parties, as now, there will be breakers ahead, and many will founder or wreck, and if there is no passion in the union, it will be like living in a house with no fire in it for summer or winter. All passion leads to strife and conflict; no passion leads to coldness and the chill of death. Where two fires meet on the prairie they soon extinguish each other, and a heap of ashes is all that is left.

There is, no doubt, a philosophy of life, and in it a philosophy of marriage and the proper relations of the sexes, but whose system of marriage contains it? All that have been tried have failed. We have seen the eternal mating last a few months, or even years, and close in separation. We have seen trials under nearly all rules, and failures everywhere, and conclude there is no philosopher's stone nor elixir of life, and we advise all to do the best they can, and keep clear of troubles not their own, and lead as happy a life as possible.

### TOADYISM.

Our Government officials, from highest to lowest, are rapidly sinking into a system of toadyism that is disgraceful to a republic and destructive to moral purity and thrifty economy. Public dinner-parties, receptions, excursions and entertainments that the salaries, even when doubled and back pay thrown in, cannot cover the cost of, are expected of all officials, from the President down to the lowest municipal officer of a city ward. Added to this is a tax by organized committees on all candidates for office, that, in many cases, takes nearly or quite the amount of a year's salary to defray, by those elected, and which the defeated candidate must also meet before he knows his fate in the canvass, and by which many of the most honest and able men are utterly precluded from even being candidates for office. "Add to this the corresponding practice of getting up presents for every retiring officer, by taxing those who have been under him, and by this act recommending him for another place, and you have a most complete and degrading system that is already cropping out in the official corruption, defalcations, speculations and frauds in all departments of our Government. What else could we expect from a system of facts and feasts, in which dissipation and debauchery prevail to an alarming extent in public life, and is carried of course into private life also. The truth is we must have a political revolution to bring our Government officials back to the honesty, integrity and purity of the earlier administrations, and save us from bankruptcy and ruin.

### OVER THE RIVER.

Old and young must go—no exemption. Death comes for one after another, and calls and calls without consulting us. Just now comes the news of the departure of our sister in the prime of life and flush of womanhood—Mrs. Jessie V. Hitecock, beloved wife of Henry Hitecock, editor of the Mount Vernon Statesman, Ill. We made their acquaintance some years since, and hoped for them, both a long and useful life; but it is of no use to hope in a Christian country. "Fate will have its fixed course." The loved and loving go away from us more often than those less dear and less fit to go to the Summer Land. We must part here to meet there, and soon or late each earthly life must sunder, and if cemented in love, will be re-united in the land beyond the earthly vision.

The printers of Mount Vernon met and passed resolutions of condolence for our brother, and expressed their high appreciation of our sister—but our brother has the assurance of a higher life, which is dearer than all.

DANIEL WHITE, M. D., has returned to St. Louis and located at 709 Chestnut street. Bro. White is among our oldest and most reliable Spiritualists, and Mrs. White is a good medium. The doctor has a large list of friends in the city who will be glad to learn of his return among us, where he had been eminently successful in the practice of homoeopathy, aided by intuition.

### Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

METTING IN BOSTON.—John A. Andrews, D.D., Free Meeting.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 25 and 27 N. St. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, Next, which formerly met in Elliot Hall, will hold its sessions at this place, corner of Church and State streets, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. M. T. Doe, Sec'y.

Temple Hall, 18 Bowdoin street.—Every Sunday, Morning, free lecture afternoon and evening, commencing, Dr. C. C. York, Secretary. The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

Free lectures are held at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets (between No. 8, Common street), every Sunday at 10 A. M., and 2 P. M. Mrs. L. W. Litch and others, mediums. Seats free.

Boston.—John A. Andrews, D.D., The exercises of Children's Lyceum No. 1, commenced at 11 o'clock Sunday, May 12th—Conductor D. N. Ford presiding. After the opening exercises in the usual form, attention was called to declamations by Misses Ella Carr, Bertie Lovejoy, Helen Kirtledge, Masters Linwood Hitecock and Oscar Dresser; also to the free reading exercise by Miss Belle Bacon, called "The Beautiful Land." A song, "I Happy Be Thy Dreams," was well executed by Mrs. Ford; also a song by Miss Martha Saunders; Mr. Alonzo Danforth gave a reading, and the services closed as usual.

Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, who for two years past has given her services as teacher and preacher, without charge, at this hall—the expenses of the meetings as to rent, music, etc., being borne at first by Messrs. Samuel Carter, C. M. Huggins and T. R. Tripp (aided by contributions taken from the audience), but which latterly have been met by Mr. Carter alone, he making the services free to all who desire to attend—still continues to lecture and answer questions and sealed letters with good success each Sunday afternoon and evening. The order of exercises is such as to inspire all minds with a belief in a higher state of purity and mental work—the evidences of spirit communion and the immortality of the soul being the objects sought to be elucidated.

NATURAL.—The Spiritualists in this place have reorganized, with the following officers: President, E. H. Matthews; Vice President, Mrs. J. Childs; Secretaries, M. Washburn and E. Gale; Treasurer, W. Mann.

A SURE SIGN OF DEATH.—M. Martenot de Cordoux, of Lyon's Military Hospital, states the following as an infallible means of deciding on the certainty of death—a matter of more importance on the Continent than with ourselves, owing to the prevalence of Intermittent fevers: Bring the thumb of a candle-lighted with a finger on the forehead enough time to raise an ampulla or bladder. If this contains serosity, life is certainly still present; while, if it bursts, discharging nothing but vapor, life is certainly extinct. In one word, a dry vesicle is a sign of death; a liquid one, of life.

Three hundred granges of the Patrons of Husbandry (an order of cooperative societies among farmers, for their mutual protection as producers against speculators) are to be represented in a State Convention to be held in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, on the 10th of June. Gov. Carpenter will address the multitude.

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Ann Arbor University Excitement—Christianity in the Institution, but no Secularism—Some Conservative Methodists—Shaken—Matters in Milford—From the Shaker Fold to the Spiritual Platform—Notes.

Messrs. Editors.—Some time has elapsed since I forwarded you any items from the West. We are all joggling along, keeping our eyes open, and praying to the gods to deliver us from moral cowardice. The lines of conservatism are being drawn closer and closer. Radicals are obliged to stand on the defensive. And they are ready to do that, and something more, too.

### S. B. McCracken.

of Detroit, felt moved (as I informed you some time ago) to memorialize the State Legislature, asking an investigation into the sectarian character of the Ann Arbor University. Meeting the gentleman, in Detroit, the other day, I requested him to favor me with a statement in relation to the matter, for your columns. The following conversation took place:

Correspondent.—The subject of your memorial is an interesting one. Tell us all about it, please.

Mr. McCracken.—Well, I have been studying the progress of the religious world for some time. Of late I have been watching the invasion of the halls of education by sectarian Christianity. The Ann Arbor University has an endowment arising from the sales of lands granted by the United States Government; but this revenue is not sufficient for the college. Its officers have always asked assistance from the State. A gift of fifteen thousand dollars per year is allowed the school. But now the Trustees of the University ask that, in lieu of that specified sum, there may be a tax of one-twentieth of a mill on the assessed valuation of the State, which would amount to over thirty-one thousand dollars. Now it is expressly declared by the law of the State, that "Sec. 39." The Legislature shall pass no law to prevent any person from worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of his own conscience; or to compel any person to attend, erect, or support any place of religious worship, or pay tithes, taxes, or other rates for the support of any minister of the gospel or teacher of religion.

(Sec. 40.) No money shall be appropriated or drawn from the treasury for the benefit of any religious sect or society, theological or religious seminary; nor shall property belonging to the State be appropriated for any such purpose.

Cor.—How you think it would be a violation of the spirit of "Sec. 40" to grant the request of the University?

Mr. McC.—I do, and for this reason: in practice the University is a Christian school, therefore sectarian.

Cor.—How was your memorial received in Lansing?

Mr. McC.—It made the statesmen stare. Some said it was a good joke; others that it was an insult to the Senate; one declared that it was a matter gotten up for a sensation; not a few were absolutely astonished to find out that all the people of the United States did not believe in the Christian religion. The "Protest" was ordered to be printed in the Journal of the Senate. It was voted down by a ballot of eleven to ten. Soon after the matter came up in the House and met with a similar defeat.

Cor.—What next?

Mr. McC.—Petitions from all parts of the State began to pour in. The statesmen found out that the people were interested in the matter, so they appointed a committee of five to examine into the subject.

Cor.—What was the result?

Mr. McC.—The committee convened in Ann Arbor. They haggle over the significance of the term *secularism*. The college professors said that Christianity, as a system of religion, was not sectarianism. The committee reported sometime after the Ann Arbor sitting; they claimed that, though the school is Christian, yet it is not sectarian. So there the matter rests.

Cor.—What are you going to do about it?

Mr. McC.—I am ready to canvass the State if sufficient financial inducements are offered. I did not expect to effect any legislation on the matter. I intended to cause an agitation of thought; but the theme is a mighty one, and sooner or later it must be met face to face.

Cor.—What do you say to the Christian definition of the word "sectarianism"?

Mr. McC.—I shall pay no attention to that. I shall place the whole matter on the broad ground that no religious system whatever ought to have preference, or be recognized as authoritative in any of the schools, public institutions, or in the administration of the civil government. And even though it be true that the dogmas of Christianity are not taught in the University, yet, hearing it spoken of as the recognized religion—as the embodiment of the all-in-all of civilization, virtue and goodness—is inculcating a sentiment which will naturally lead those who imbibe it to ally themselves with organizations formed for carrying out the theological beliefs and dogmas of Christianity.

With these remarks Mr. McCracken left your correspondent. I shall seek the gentleman again if anything of importance transpires.

### MILFORD, MICH.

This is a thriving town a few miles from Detroit. In company with J. Whiting, Esq., President of the Detroit Society of Spiritualists, we visited the place, and addressed attentive audiences. Brother William Phillips is President of the Society; Nannie McCain, Secretary; Mrs. Julia Walton, Treasurer. Mrs. McCain has been a medium for many years. She is a successful physician. We shall ever remember the Milford friends. Bro. Whiting made an effective little speech at one of the evening lectures. So the good work goes on.

### "HENRY."

Some time ago, when writing about the great Farmington (Ohio) meeting, reference was made to the speeches of "Henry," a graduate of Oxford College, who, while visiting this country on a tour of pleasure, saw the Shakers, was attracted to, and finally joined them. A letter from "Henry" (J. H. Hartley is his name) informs me that he has left the close communion of the Shaker fold, for the larger field of the world. And, like a sensible fellow, he has taken a stand on the spiritual platform. He has been addressing the Spiritualists of Monroe Center, Ohio, to great acceptance. He will attend the great June meeting in Sturgis, Mich. We predict that Bro. Hartley will take high rank among our lecturers. He has a fine education, and has everything in his favor. We are glad to welcome him to our increasing fold. Mr. Hartley says he is still a Shaker in belief, and he entertains the highest regards for Elder Prescott and all the members of the fraternity.

## WILLIAM WHITE.

Messrs. Editors, the news of Mr. White's sudden transition to the spirit-world came to-day (April 28th). About the time of the fire Mr. White met the Spiritualists of this city (Detroit), and endeared himself to every heart. I have met many of our friends, and they all bid me assure you of their tenderest sympathies. They know the loss of the earthly presence of one that you loved so well is hard to bear.

How kind and genial he was! Always serene, seemingly under a halo of divine light. Words are weak things; the gods alone can speak his praise. May we all emulate his purity and fidelity. What a comfort it must be to you, gentlemen, to know that, in the universal providence of God, your associate for so many years can often be with you, to aid you in your great work for humanity.

### NOTES.

J. K. Bailey and wife entered Milford just as we left town.

Mrs. Emma Martin, of Detroit, Mich., well known as a test medium and speaker, now resides at 330 Jefferson avenue.

E. V. Wilson lectured in Milford some months ago. McQueen recently exposed McQueen in the same town.

A. J. Fishback has returned to his home at Victoria Station, Mo. He is a successful preacher of the new gospel of spiritual communion and spiritual liberty. His year's campaign at Clyde and Norwalk was a success. At Sturgis, on his way West, Mr. F. was greeted by an immense audience in the Free Church.

Rumor has it that A. B. French, of Clyde, O., is to reënter the lecture field. Rumor once in a while blunders into the truth, and we pray that this may be one of those remarkable occasions.

It is laughable—this study of Christian unity and Christian bigotry, in this our Christian country. For instance: the other day A. said to B., "I hear that you have joined the Young Men's Christian Association." B. said, "Nay, not so! I am not a Christian; I am a Spiritualist." A. (who is an Episcopalian) smiled sweetly and said savagely, "Well, Spiritualism is bad enough, but the Young Men's Christian Association is a damned sight worse!" How these Christians love one another! CEPHAS.

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