

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. SECOND PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## SEACLIFF;

### OR, LOVE'S STRUGGLE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH DEWEY.

There was a struggle in the girl's mind between hope and fear, as the last anchor was weighed, and the sails were all set, that bore away her betrothed for his long and perilous cruise among the Pacific Islands, and the wild wastes of more northern oceans. She walked across the rocks from the harbor until she came to a small bay, crescent-shaped and lonely. From the high rocks hung trailing plants, that waved softly in the gentle air; and on the white shore the waves came lapping gently; and the sea seemed to breathe in long, low swells, as though faintly, in some sweet dream, he murmured of spicy tropic islands, where he had kissed the feet of dashing, flower-crowned maidens, and laughed at their sportive glances. But as it came murmuring to the feet of the maiden who sat on the shore, it breathed a plaintive sigh, and she thought it said, "Never more!" and the cadence of the wave was mournful, and still it echoed, "Never more!" He might never return; he might never return true to her; he might change his mind; alas! what security had she for the most precious gift of her garnered life!

"See! there is the ship Hebe, rounding the cape!" Esther starts up, and waves her handkerchief; her cheek dimples with a sad smile, and her full, brown eyes swell with tears. She sat down to watch, until the sun was drawing to the west, and the ship had become a mere speck. "I must go home now. I wish I could stay here till the Hebe came into port again. Auntie Storckill used to tell of a princess who was enchanted for years. How strange it would be to wake up and find him here again, as one wakes up from a dream at night! I have the beautiful work-box he made for me; and he will bring me back silks and shawls from China. Suppose my father did die in jail—it was no fault of mine! I have to work all the time, and see nothing but work before me. But when I come home, and hear the stories the sea tells, and see the blue sky and the rocks that have been there for ages, I forget the cruel things they say to me, and all my troubles. I think my soul would dry up if I could not come out and look at the sea, and the sky, and the birds, sometimes. Surely, I shall one day be free—free as the sea gull, that is never caged or tamed, and can go skimming into the clouds, or over the foam, and laugh at the storms, and boldly board any ship it has a mind to, even the grimest pirate. I do not think I fear anybody—no, not even God himself, for I love him. I used to think that I feared old Deacon Pottemer, with his grim, black eyes, and his solemn talk; but I never have, since I slapped his face for trying to kiss me, one Sunday, going home from meeting!"

I do not mean to say that Esther uttered all this like a speech in a play; but I have tried to put into words what I saw passing through the young girl's brain, and read in her great brown eyes; for there are natures everywhere which make the world richer by their presence, and never, or seldom, talk in words, but only in acts and looks. Esther owed but little to her birth—but little to the sweet charities of home. Her mother had deserted her child in its infancy, to follow the uncertain fortunes of a lover; and her father, heart-broken, became negligent of all his interests, till one day, stupefied with liquor, he became the victim of an adroit scheme, by which he was made the scapegoat of some skillful rogues. He ended his days by his own hand, after a year's imprisonment.

The little girl was bound out—bound out to drudge out her little childhood years for the greatest amount of profit on her labor; poor little exemplification of the ancient saying, that the sins of the parents are visited on the children. But in Esther's case mercy was fortunately tempered with judgment, for her mistress was a kind-hearted, easy-tempered woman. Her early years had been spent in comparative comfort, with no more labor to perform than she could perform without injury to her development; on the contrary, her frame was strengthened and improved by exercise, and she was provided with a sufficiency of good, wholesome food.

As the moss covers the rock with its tender green, as the wild vine hangs itself in graceful festoons, so will human nature, if not originally cramped and thwarted, run into some form of beauty. So Esther grew up straight as a young poplar, with full, dark eyes, and soft features; and, though not generally called handsome, for rustic ideas of beauty are not always very just, her native grace gave her a sort of winning charm, and with her little figure, dark, full eyes and reserved demeanor, when you saw her you instinctively recalled the Arab maidens, who stand at the doors of their tents in the desert. But life, as seen by Esther, did not look very brilliant—long perspectives of toil, with here and there a glimpse of sunshine; but it was mercifully ordained that we can only see a little way at a time, and the rainbow cloud of hope hides the rest. So Esther, poor girl, worked and sung and sported, and perhaps the first real sorrow she knew was when, at the age of fourteen, she lost her kind mistress, and it became necessary for her to seek a new home and a new sphere of labor.

Silas Wright's wife, a well-to-do managing dame, had often thought Esther would make a good servant, with a little "training;" and so to Silas Wright's Esther went, and there was quite an amount of fixing and arranging, and lamentations and exclamations over the state of her wardrobe, and exhortations for future conduct—all of which Esther took with a sort of quiet resignation, until Mrs. Wright, unfolding from its corner a book of song, wrapped up in a pocket-handkerchief, asked:

"It is not trash; it is a book of songs," answered Esther, quietly.

At Mrs. Wright's, the requirements as regards dress were strict, and the requirements as regards work no less so. Mrs. Wright was a model housekeeper, and people said Esther was very fortunate in getting a place where she would learn so much. But there was a great void in her heart. She missed the kindly smile and ever-welcome face of her former mistress. Everything at Silas Wright's was ordered to the last degree of perfection; the tins glittered like silver, and there was not a speck of dirt to be seen anywhere around; but the mysteries of housekeeping were enacted with a solemnity and precision that was perfectly terrifying to a novice. Through sheer fear, at first, she could not perform her duties properly; but she soon learned them so well that Dame Wright was enchanted with the results of her "training," and rewarded her, at times, with a sparing word of solemn praise.

So it went on till her seventeenth year, when she met with Reuben Sandford. She did her work with a light heart, and had improved so much in personal appearance, that some even called her handsome. An artist might have found in her his ideal of Ruth. What country youths and maidens sometimes dignify by the title of beauty, is not always recognized as such by those who are more discriminating as to the genuine artistic development.

I have known a doll's waxen face and expressionless hair in human form, apostrophized as lovely. So Esther, in her seventeenth summer, was perfectly safe from the reputation of being a belle. In the afternoon, after she had done her work, she would go up to her little chamber, and, taking out her Bible and her song-book—and, must I add, her dream-book, also, which she had in a moment of weakness purchased under secret protest—she would sit, and reflect, and read, and, as she phrased it, "Have a good time all alone by herself." Then she would smooth and arrange her mass of dark, brown hair, and, reinvigorated, come down to set the tea things, and obey the orders of punctilious Mrs. Wright. And did not the young girl's soul crave spiritual food, and was it not silently and sweetly fed? In quietness and confidence is our strength. Ah, did we but realize this, we should not be so overlastingly going about seeking to fill our little urns from the supplies of others. And my poor Esther, sweet flower, growing so bravely on a sterile rock, lifting thy young forehead so undimmed in the solitude, there are those that care for thee—that watch over thee. Oh, mayest thou ever heed their voice!

In her seventeenth year she met with Reuben Sandford. He was mate of a vessel, spending his brief holiday on shore. He was quite smitten with Esther, and she could not but be pleased with the fine, manly figure, unfailing good humor, and bashful attentions of her admirer. Besides, it was so new and so delightful to have some one to care for her, to love her. Motherless, fatherless, brotherless, she had a home in one human heart. So, after a variety of preambles, half quarrels, and sweet reconciliations, they came to understand each other, and were engaged, with the understanding that they were to be married on the Hebe's return. And so Esther went up to her room that evening in quite a little flutter of excitement. Her dreams were all good, and there was something in the future for her to hope for.

But the time came when they must part. Reuben was naturally gay and cheerful—one of those natures that never look beyond the surface, but dwell content on the fair earth on which we live, without ever wishing to penetrate her hidden depths.

Very different was Esther. She had all the love for the hidden, the mysterious, inherent in her Norwegian ancestors.

One day they stood upon the sea-shore—this joyous Reuben and this pensive Esther—and

"Oh," said she, "if some wizard could only roll the waters of the bay far out into the sea, that I might see the sunken ships, and the strange fishes, and the green, waving meadows that lie in the deep hollows, where the sea-maids sport!"

"Do you wish so?" said Reuben. "That would not be a pretty sight. It's best to take things as they are. If we can't alter them for the better, and in changing, I suppose we have always to risk something, even if it is only in changing our condition," said he, laughing.

Six months had passed, and they seemed more monotonous than any that had preceded them. She had received one letter from Reuben, dated Honolulu, rather brief but very affectionate, and somewhat startling in regard to spelling, concluding with—

"If you love me, and I love you, No tie shall ever divide us two."

This, of course, was duly treasured.

The winter had passed, and it was now early May. The sea, just released from its winter's prison, looked up blue and joyous. The gulls screamed and soared, and the royal sun lit up with a joyous smile the long, low beach, bringing out a clear tint of amber, which contrasted beautifully with the lapis lazuli blue of the sea. It was Sunday afternoon, and Esther thought that she would gain her favorite retreat, and spend a little time there with her Bible and song-book. There was a way over the rocks, down to the beach, which the light-footed girl had been in the habit of taking, and which, with a little care, was perfectly safe and practicable. But in making the descent, her foot slipped, and she fell. The first thing she noticed afterward, was a man holding one of her hands in his own, while with the other he gently supported her, and looked anxiously in her face. She looked steadily at him for a moment, and then, recollecting herself, said that she supposed that she had been stunned, but was better now, and would try and get up.

The gentleman asked her if she felt any pain.

"No," said she, "only a little stunned and dizzy."

"It is well that you were caught in the bushes; otherwise it might have been serious," said he, looking at her steadfastly with his clear, gray eyes; and then, making some passes over her, he aided her to a seat, where she could recline against the rock; and then, taking her hand, he sat down by her. He asked her if she did not feel better now. She said she did; for her agitation had subsided, and she felt a sensation of most delicious calm while the stranger held her hand in his

own, from whence she felt powerless to withdraw it.

He was a noticeable man, that stranger. You would have looked at him twice had your eyes once caught that sorrowful face, that proud, yet subdued look. His profile was singularly fine, and derived more expression from the circumstance of his wearing his beard and moustache. Grave and decent in his whole exterior, he looked like a man to be trusted. And he could not have been less than forty years old, so Esther did not feel afraid of him—not at all. Finally he replaced her hand, and they sat very quietly for a few moments. He looked calmly and sadly round the sea and shore, and then up to the sky, as if taking counsel with himself.

"I think now that I will try and walk, sir," said she; so he assisted her up and offered her his arm. They took a few turns on the beach, and she declared her ability to walk home. The stranger offered her his assistance and escort, but she humbly and gratefully refused. That night, on retiring, she thought long on the events of the day. The stranger's grey eyes remained fixed in her recollection, and the last she remembered before she sank to sleep, were those same grey eyes fastened upon her as she had seen them after reviving to consciousness from her fall from the cliff.

It was two or three days before she was able to be out again. There was a road to the nearest market town by the beach. It was not the nearest way, but Esther preferred it, and it was here she loitered, in preference to exchanging talk with the gossiping of the town. It was toward evening, and she took the cliff path, but this time she was more careful, and did not slip. What was her surprise to see the stranger sitting on the very spot where he sat and held her hand the day she fell. She felt almost dizzy when she saw him; it took her so by surprise, combined with the recollection of her accident and escape. He smiled a sort of grave, sad smile, as she came and stood beside him.

He asked kindly of her health, "though I need hardly do that," said he smiling, glancing at her fresh face and elastic form; "youth so quickly repairs its losses," said he, and then, hesitating, "you live in the village I suppose?"

"I work at Silas Wright's," said she.

"Yes, you work there, but while you work there, your soul is here, and you say, 'why cannot I, too, be free like a sea bird, that change around the cliff, and come and goes without the will of a master?'"

Esther fairly trembled, as he said this. Then raising her eyes till her soft brown orbs fairly fell the clear grey ones of the stranger—

"Who are you that dare to read the soul? I have heard that the enemy of mankind loves to haunt in solitary places, seeking rest, but finding none; but—and she hesitated."

"But you would say," resumed he, "that he does not often appear in such a shape as mine."

The girl blushed in mute wonder.

"Sit down here a few moments, and let me explain to you how, and wherefore, I am here; and I think that I can prove that so far from being the enemy of mankind, I have some claim to be considered as his friend. I am a physician, Esther; not of the old school of the lancet and pill-box, but a disciple of a living school—not of dead demonstrations, but of living facts. In the old times men sought by the examination of the dead forms, to find wherewith to increase their knowledge of the hidden life. What is lord of the beating pulse, and chief engineer of the whole machinery? But I maintain that soul maladies are the main cause of the body's diseases, and that by regulating the main-spring, we can more easily rectify the disordered action, than by any merely local repairs. Nature holds out a helping and a healing hand to all her children, but we have turned away from the simplicity of facts, because, forsooth, they are childish, and we have sought names, and a long array of fine theories. But the greatest and the best men of this age are those who are quietly returning to the simplicity of nature, willing to take a fact where they find it, and to open all their windows to the light. Do you feel any inconvenience from your fall on Sunday? No stiffness, no aches? However, it was a pretty severe one. Well, had I not been here at the moment, and by my influence equalized your system after such a severe shock, you would probably be suffering at the present moment."

"I do not quite understand all you say, sir, but I love to hear you talk," said Esther, thoughtfully.

"There are many things we know that we cannot understand, and perhaps it would be well if we were more governed by our knowing than by our understanding," said the stranger. "See the sea that is now sleeping so quietly, stretched along the shore. I have seen a sea as calm as that, and twice as fair, have in a moment with a sudden shudder, as if frightened at the trembling of the earth. And so our lives, too, have moments when thoughts that have slept for years rush back, and our souls awake from their calm, to begin another series of difficulties and dangers."

Esther listened in silence.

"What books have you here, my child?" said he.

"A Bible and a song book," said Esther.

"And what is that—a dream-book? Oh, sweet simplicity! Childhood of the soul, guided by dreams and shadows! so much of the light of heaven as can shine through a knot-hole!"

"What do you mean by light shining through a knot-hole, sir?"

"I mean as much of truth as can come to the soul from without. The full light shines within, and illuminates, and warms and calms at the same time. It was said by Him who spoke as man never spoke, 'The kingdom of heaven is within you.' My child, you have often felt this, but did not know how to express it."

In such talk as this passed away the time that Esther could venture to stay. She often met him there afterwards, and by degrees it grew so that there was a void in her heart when she came there, and did not see his tall, dark figure between the sea and sky. Her soul was filled in his presence. Unconsciously to herself she became a larger, nobler, grander being—different to what she felt she ever was before; and Dr. Falconbridge—the grave and melancholy Dr. Falconbridge—became a lighter-hearted and more cheerful

man, from the moment when Esther's fresh face dawned upon him.

In the meantime Silas Wright decided to go out West, and there was to be a great packing, and a great auction. And Mrs. Wright, who was really a good woman, (though a most punctilious housekeeper, and possessed a voice that outvied the shrill clamors of the bird of dawn, and began to be heard almost as early,) gave Esther a pretty muslin dress over and above her wages, and some very good advice.

"You have got to be sadly negligent, Esther, lately. It was but the other day I seen a hole in your stocking. You're altogether too much cluttered up with books, and all that ere trash; you'll never be a dollar the better for all that unless you're going in for being a school-marm, and they reads different kind of books from what I see round you. That ere Falconbridge leads 'em to you, doesn't he?" It seems he's mighty particular to you, Esther; I heard on your walking on the beach the other day. But have a care, Esther; I never did see much store by them kind of fellows."

What more she would have said, there is no telling; but at this moment some one rapped at the door; and Esther ushered in Miss Falconbridge. She supposed it must be the doctor's sister, though she had never seen her. After a little preliminary conversation, the lady told Mrs. Wright that her object was to ascertain if, as Mrs. Wright was going out West, Esther would not like to come and live with her.

"Well," said Mrs. Wright, "I must say the girl's a good girl—hain't anything to say agin her; but, as I was just saying, when you come in, too much carried away by them ere books that don't do no good, but just set a girl's senses a flying up into the seventh heaven, where we wasn't meant to live yet awhile."

"Well," said Miss Falconbridge, smiling, "I suppose you'll agree that there is no harm in trying to make care as near like heaven as may be."

"In course, in course," said Mrs. Wright, "I shan't object to Esther finding a good place; there's two or three spoken to me about her ready. I can say that she's a handy girl, and a willing."

"Indeed," said Miss Falconbridge, "it must have been an advantage to her living long with you, as you have everything so neat and in such good order."

"Don't talk about that now, mercy sake; you may say I had, and I hope I shall have again; but Lord knows when," said she, sighing, "as one may say 'I've got the desert to wade through first; and it does come hard, for a body to have to pull up and leave, when they've got all around them neat and nice, and when we love the very sun that shines in at the window, and the path we've walked to church night unto thirty years, and more than all, the graves of those who have passed before us, and all because so much money can be made; and the gold dollars can be raked in with the hundreds of acres of yellow grain. But the Lord's will be done—there never was any turning of Silas yet; the way he sets his face, that way he'll keep it."

And then the worthy dame went into some quite descriptive details upon matters and things in general—what Silas had done, and various items of village news, till at last being fairly run out, she said she would call down Esther, and Miss Falconbridge could talk to her. So Esther came in quietly, and silently took a seat, waiting for Miss Falconbridge to speak to her. Miss Kate Falconbridge's eyes were darker than her brother's, her hair was sprinkled with grey, and plainly braided; there was a peculiar sweetness in her smile and speech, that was quite winning; for she was a Maryland woman, and had all the Southern blandness. The arrangement was soon made: Esther was to go to Miss Falconbridge's, at a dollar and a half a week, as soon as Mrs. Wright moved. That evening, as Dr. Falconbridge and his sister were sitting at tea, she told him of the arrangement she had made.

"What is her name, did you say, sister?"

"Esther," said Miss Falconbridge, innocently; "and she seems a nice, capable girl."

Dr. Falconbridge smiled; he was a man of but few words, and did not speak unless he had something to say. The surroundings of the little family were very pleasant. The room was airy and sunny, lighted by windows which opened on a piazza which led into a little flower-garden, whose perfume stole in upon the soft breeze. Beyond the meadows lay the sea—the never-vary, ever changeable sea; books were plentifully distributed; a long, low book-case, filled with books, occupied part of one side of the room. The little tea-table was placed near the open window, and Miss Kate, ever kind and smiling, presided over the simple, tasteful repast. The evening sun lighted up with living beauty a picture of a Virgin and child—a copy from Albano—one of the tenderest creations of that great master. A few bright, masterly paintings of flowers, in water colors, some sketches of landscape in oil, a few engravings, among which was the Beatrice and Dante; one of Schaeffer's most poetical creations decorated the walls. Little vases of flowers were scattered round the room; a roomy sofa, placed so as to command a view of the sea, occupied part of one side. A table with flowers and books was placed beside it. There was also a work-box, and other signs of feminine occupation. The furniture was old and substantial, the only approach to luxury being a rich Brussels carpet. It was a little pleasure to Miss Falconbridge to have tea in this room, instead of in the dining-room, and, as to the doctor, he was pleased with anything. He had faced so many storms, and had seen so much bad weather in the world, that he felt charmed with the snug little harbor which his sister's provident care had secured to him; for he had been in the habit of remitting her money at several times, and from many places; this she had never used, and at last sufficient had been accumulated to enable her to purchase the pretty little place they now owned, as a pleasant surprise for him. It had been the rural cottage of a wealthy citizen who had been in the habit of coming down during the summer season. The garden was well stocked with fruit, and enriched with many rare and valuable plants which the doctor had collected, for he was a naturalist, and a close observer and lover of nature.

"I am afraid Mrs. Wright feels badly at having to move out West, and I really feel sorry for her," said Miss Kate; "she has always taken so much pride

in the good order of all belonging to her, and has so pleasant a home; and now, to abandon all her associations and begin again, it is hard indeed."

"It is one of the inevitable fates that have to be submitted to with the best grace possible," said the doctor; "and Silas is a hard-headed and hard-fisted old fellow. Destiny says to the West; let your valleys be the storehouse of the world, so that there may be no more famine! Silas is inevitably urged forward, and so poor Mrs. Wright is ruthlessly torn up, of course. Our lives are so mixed up with the currents of other lives, that it is hard to tell if we are most governed by choice or destiny."

"But there was no necessity in this, brother; it was simply his grasping nature."

"It was a necessity of his nature, then, I suppose," said the doctor, "that he should go where the chief want of his nature could be supplied. It is a pity, however, that he should have such an inordinate craving. It is as unfortunate as if he had an enlarged liver, and perhaps more so."

"Oh, brother, now don't, please, begin to ride your hobby," said Miss Kate, smiling; and she touched the bell which summoned a mulatto girl, neatly dressed and tastefully "coiffed" in a bright colored handkerchief, to clear away the tea service.

That day week, Esther came. She was very much struck with the whole aspect of the house, so different from any she had yet entered, and more especially with the atmosphere of peaceful serenity that seemed native to the place. The mulatto moved about so quietly and noiselessly; the nearest little dinners came and went; all was in perfect order, without turmoil or confusion, and by degrees Esther glided into the peaceful current. It was more like her native atmosphere than any she had found yet, for Esther had a very fine nature. It seemed at first rather strange to the doctor to see the sea-shore maiden, who in imagination he had clasped with some of his visions of foreign lands, engaged in the household tasks of his own home. But by degrees he came to think that they became her well. She also imperceptibly improved in delicacy and refinement. It was a part of her work to arrange and put the parlor in order. She never wearied of gazing on the loving face of the Madonna. She thought it seemed to breathe a sweetness on all around, for the beauty of nature had opened her soul to the beauty of art. And the untainted simplicity of nature is never vulgar—pretence of any kind is the essence of vulgarity.

She came into the room, one morning, when the doctor was reading, on an errand from his sister. He took a volume and handed it to her.

"You can read this Esther; perhaps some of it will interest you; and you can find out the names of the places it speaks of on the map I gave you." It was the Personal Narrative of Humboldt—a narration so touchingly true, so beautifully clear and plain, that, apart from its scientific details, even a child might read and understand it. He felt curious to know what effect it would have on a mind like hers, and he felt almost sure that she would be interested in it. Ah! be careful, philosopher! Thou hast already felt the charm of this profound simplicity, the element of all greatness, yes, and of all great passions, which have always a childlike sort of pathos about them.

"Oh, youth and hope!" said Falconbridge; "sweet blindness of the soul to all the ills that stand in woman's path as she fronts the world with so much unconscious courage!" and he turned his head, and lo! there were Kitty and Esther, in the garden, as busy as bees, propping up the tomatoes and arranging the flower-beds. "Occupation of Eve in Paradise," said he, half smiling; "and also highly useful as well as agreeable, for what more delicious than tomatoes!"

Falconbridge was a kind-hearted man. Disappointed in a noble and faithful attachment, he had devoted his mind to scientific pursuits, in which he had been quite successful. He was called, by his lady acquaintances, an inveterate old bachelor; but he was laughter-proof, and so he lived on. But who does not know that the affections often take us by surprise—

"They like the volubility of him who stumbling lies."

Falconbridge was a loyal gentleman. No mean or base feeling toward woman found a lodging in his breast, and a great part of the interest of his character was owing to that circumstance. Mistaken in his theories he might be, but his heart was true and pure, and his brow open and undimmed as that of a child. Esther had never seen such a man before, never been able to form an idea of such an one. He was, to her, a being descended from a different sphere, so that her interest in him had none of the uncertain character of love, at least at present; but rather the reverent calmness of confiding affection. A softer light filled her brown eyes, and by degrees her last displayed itself in a corresponding refinement in her dress.

Miss Kate said, one day, "Esther told me that she knew you before she came here; that she fell from the cliff, one day, and that you helped her."

"Why, yes, I recollect," said he, slightly embarrassed; "yes, I remember, she fell some distance, but escaped without serious injury."

"It is strange he never mentioned it before," thought Miss K.

She might have suspected something, for she was a woman of the world; but how could she suspect Esther, so perfectly frank, free and ingenuous? Besides, she had heard that she was engaged to Reuben Sandford.

In the meantime Esther spent much time in reading; and as knowledge does not always bring happiness, so in proportion as her sphere extended, did her desires, hopes and fears; and a pensiveness began to steal over her, which gave the last charm to her shadowy eyes, and singularly added to her attractiveness—so Falconbridge thought. And yet she was his sister's maid; and he instinctively dreaded Miss Kate's mild, amused smile—and then the "world's dread laugh." After all, why should he not admire beauty wherever it was found? Was it not the immortal gift of God to the world, constantly renewed with the unfailing youth of nature? and has not genius always sought its models from the fresh beauty of nature's growth, and not from the stunted conventional forms molded by what the world calls society? So he sometimes turned from his studies, his hygrometers, his plants, and his electrical theories, to think of Esther, and perhaps the thought would







# **LETTERS.** Written on the death of Mrs. W. H. Mason, of Laurens.

BY EMMA F. BODEN.

Mother, 'tis for thee we weep!  
Wand'ring in the spirit-land,  
Doth thou now with angel eyes  
See our weeping, sorrowing band?

Yes, we know and feel thy presence  
Hovering near the lonely band,  
Thou hast left in tears and sorrow  
In this black and sterile land.

Thou hast gone to join our father  
Who has crossed to yon bright shore;  
Thy mortal form within Mount Auburn  
Lies at rest forevermore.

Angel spirits now surround thee  
In the mansions of the blest—  
But no less our grief at parting  
When we laid thee down to rest.

When the hours of deepening twilight  
O'er their shadows softly round,  
Wilt thou come to cheer the loved ones  
Knocking by thy waving hand?

Wilt thou come when care and labor  
Tire our addled, longing hearts?  
For we shall need the comfort  
Which a mother's love imparts.

Oh! the bitter, sudden anguish  
When the loved hand is cold,  
O'er the face that once was smiling  
Slowly stole away thy hold.

When our parting kiss we gave thee,  
'Twas on lips that answered not—  
Lips which never more should bless us,  
Yet why murmur at our lot?

'Twas the Lord's hand that borest us,  
'Twas his will that it should be;  
He who gave us that dear mother,  
Set her weary spirit free.

She has crossed life's surging river,  
Gained the portion of the blest,  
Joined the long-lost, angel loved ones,  
Bought and found the heavenly rest.

[We are assured that the author of the above lines is only thirteen years of age.]

## **SPIRITUALISM IN THE SOUTH.**

MISSISSIPPI. Editors.—Last report of my experiences at Memphis should appear to convey to the numerous readers of your widely diffused pages the only illustration I can offer of Spiritualism in the South, permit me to present you with the reverse side of the picture, and as I promise you a statement as candid as the former, I hope you will in justice place it before your readers.

I arrived in New Orleans the first part of December last, and was received into the house of one of the wealthiest merchants in that city of merchant princes, and by him was treated with a kindness which I shall never forget. This gentleman is a fine medium, and in the exercise of his beneficent gift of healing, has effected some very remarkable cures, which, in his modest, unostentatious kindness, the world knows nothing about. Half of the period of my residence in New Orleans was passed in this gentleman's house, and the other portion in the family of another New Orleans merchant, where I spent my Christmas and New Year.

Those who have ever experienced the festivities of an English Christmas, and beheld the affecting picture of family reunions, which the very poorest in the land contrive to effect at this time, the healing up of old wounds, the uniting of long estranged hearts in the cordial bonds of universal peace and good will; but, above all, the tender rivalry with which families and kindred heap upon each other the tokens of their generous love and mutual affection, may picture the English medium and her only friend or relative on this vast continent, far away from friends, home, kindred and all accustomed ties—and even this lonely mother and daughter separated by a distance of more than 1500 miles—and yet with these apparently mournful external realities to weigh upon a heart keenly alive to the world of sympathies, I am bound to acknowledge that the beautiful sphere of affection and human kindness by which I was surrounded, robbed the cold exterior of all its gloom, and made as bright and happy a Christmas for the stranger as she ever experienced in the midst of home and kindred. Amidst the profuse generosity with which friends greeted each other, I was never forgotten or omitted, and my noble host and hostess, and the darling, fair Creole girls of their family, made me forget every shade of gloomy remembrance, save the absence of the beloved, far away mother. My heart awoke now at the remembrance of this beautiful New Orleans family; and there are many such there—bright jewels—which make the place to me a green and flowery haunt where memory loves to dwell.

My first four lectures were given in a small hall which the committee of gentlemen, by whom I was engaged, had hired for this purpose; but, as great numbers had to go away on each occasion for want of room, a large and splendid room was secured for the remainder of the course. I remained in New Orleans during five Sundays, and, in addition to the usual morning and evening lectures, gave, with one or two exceptions, two week-night lectures during each week; and, notwithstanding the drawback of many days of unusually cold and piercing weather—some heavy rains and such consequent mud as the State of Louisiana alone can boast of, together with the interruption of the Christmas festivities—we never had a bad house, or failed to secure a good attendance. Night after night the same intellectual heads, and clear, scrutinizing faces, might be seen in their accustomed places. Many of the finest minds and clearest heads in the city announced their purpose of investigating the matter to the foundation, and waited on this course of lectures to the exclusion for the time, of all the ordinary attractions for evening entertainment with which this gay city abounds.

Except in Boston, St. Louis, or Philadelphia—cities with which my warmest love and gratitude are entwined—I believe no spirit medium on this continent ever addressed a more intellectual and appreciative audience than that which honored me in New Orleans; and either the noble Creoles are determined to take Spiritualism by storm, or the spirits are determined to take them. I believe, myself, the attraction is mutual; for there are an unusual number of persons in the city—possessed of medium power; and, despite the humidity of the atmosphere—so unfavorable to the production of these electro-spiritual manifestations—there is such a preponderance of intellectual and artistic mind in this city, that I cannot but feel, with all from the exponents of the philosophy, and mediums of the phenomena, there are elements enough in New Orleans to spiritualize the entire South.

Shortly after my own arrival in the city, Dr. Redman made his welcome advent; and never, surely, did a fairer opportunity present itself of practically testing the truth of the rudimentary forms of the philosophy presented in the lectures, than this most excellent test-medium afforded. Theory and practice were here combined, as if by the determined and systematic order of the spirits; for neither Doctor Redman nor myself had the least concern in the matter. Dr. Redman's sciences, like my own lectures, were nobly sustained; and it must have been a much colder heart than mine, that could have remained untouched by the earnest and patient spirit of inquiry manifested at the lectures, and the many affecting scenes of recognition between long lost friends, and bereaved hearts, that received news from the beloved immortals beyond the veil, through Dr. Redman's wonderful powers as a test medium.

There is but one more point I must notice ere I bid farewell to the now most dear Crescent City. The hall hired for me was a very expensive one; the charge for printing and advertising, in New Orleans, is very high, while the numbers who craved my Committee

of Arrangements were very small; yet the whole of these lectures were given to the public by the liberality of the Committee, without the charge of one single cent. Whatever contributions were made toward the expenses were wholly voluntary. That these were most generous, the many shining gold plates that glittered in the hats of the gentlemen who nobly and fearlessly stood to receive them, bore ample witness.

Farwell, New Orleans, land of the shining orange grove and fair magnolia—strange and beautiful city of life and death, in its most gorgeous and terrible luxuriance! Should I never more grasp the dear hands that have so lovingly and generously sustained me in my work there, one of the most hallowed recollections of my mediomistic pilgrimage will be the effort I have been permitted to make, and aid in planting the glorious white standard of Spiritualism in the midst. May its purity enfold thee, its strength sustain thee, and the countless legions of angel hosts who bear it, inspire thee. I can but add my last, best prayer for thy weal. May its only motto, "Onward and Upward," ever remain the rallying cry of New Orleans and the much loved friends it contains.

I am at present at Macon, Messrs. Editors; and as I expect my career in the South will terminate in the course of another fortnight, I will reserve the finale of my experiences in this section of the country for another paper.

I am, gentlemen, yours for the truth.

EMMA HARDING.

Macon, Ga., Jan., 1860.

## **THE LAND OF CHIBIABOS.**

All nations have believed in the return of departed spirits. Some clergymen are beginning to see that Spiritualism is based on the highest elements of human nature—the love of the departed, the memory of the loved ones who have gone before us.

When the disciples of Christ were scattered and broken by the enemy, he returned to comfort them—returned to speak to them and console them. Mary saw him by the garden, and spoke to him. The disciples talked with him going to Emmaus. His spirit returned from the dead, and came among them while at supper, and appeared to them by the sea-side.

Before his death, the disciples were with him in the mountain, and Moses and Elias came and talked with them. The disciples John and James saw them, and the face of Christ was radiant with a light from beyond the tomb. His face was like lightning, and blazed with a celestial fire. So transfigured was the scene, that the great master of painting has rendered his name immortal by painting the "Transfiguration," as his last great work. Raphael attempted to put on canvas the scene of the return of spirits immortal from beyond the tomb, to talk with Christ manifest in the flesh.

The Christian system is everywhere full of this idea of the union of the present with the land of spirits. Indeed, if the future of life is cut off from the present, and no loved one is permitted to return, we may well be haunted with visions of the land of silence, the shades of the forgotten, the extinct. The only fact that makes us cling to the future, is, that inspiration assures us that then we shall see the beloved on the "Islands of the Blessed."

Our American Tasso, Longfellow, has flashed the light of his genius over the darkness of the tomb. In his immortal scene preceding the death of Minnehaha, he introduces into the narration the return of spirits to the home of Hiawatha. The great hunter was away in the forest hunting the deer and bison, with which to feed Minnehaha and old Nokomis, his grandmother. The two latter wait in the wigwam—

"One dark evening after sundown,  
To her wigwam laughing water,  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha."

Homeward from the hunt returning,  
On their faces gleamed the freight  
Of things that waited at the wigwam,  
Painting them with strokes of crimson.

In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered light, the wondrous moonlight;  
In the eyes of laughing water  
Glistened like the sun in winter;

And behind them creaked their shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them  
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

When the curtain of the doorway  
From without was slowly lifted,  
Brighter gleamed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swayed the smoke-wreath,  
As two women entered softly,  
Bathed and the doorway was closed,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the furthest corner,  
Smoothing low among their hair,  
From their aprons and their garments,  
Strangers seemed they in the village;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there and ate and drank,  
Trembling, covering with the shadow,  
Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
 Muttering down into the wigwam?  
Was it the owl, the kake kake,  
Hooting from the distant forest?  
Soon a voice said in the silence:  
"These are corpses, clad in garments,  
These are ghosts that come to haunt you  
From the kingdom of Pomehah,  
From the land of the hereafter!"

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders,  
At the feet of laughing water,  
Drove he threw his lifeless burden;  
Noble, handsome, he thought him  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
As a token of his wishes,  
Was a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
Covering, crouching with the shadows;  
Said within himself, Who are they?  
What strange guests come to Minnehaha?  
But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spoke to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fire-land."

Homer, Dante, Tasso, and most modern poets, recognize the doctrine that the departed can return. In the beautiful scene by Longfellow, a few lines of which I have quoted, he clearly defines the conditions under which all spirits manifest themselves to the living—

"These are corpses, clad in garments,  
From the kingdom of Pomehah,  
From the land of the hereafter."

This condition, in their return, always being clad, is a universal assertion of all ghost-seers, and all writers on the subject. No attempt has ever been made by any writer to give a philosophical explanation of this oft-asserted fact by all grades of witnesses.

Let me note some of the few conditions of the return of spirits, and see if any explanation can be found that will set aside the fact that they are really the spirits of those they appear to be:

1. The spirits of the living have, in thousands of instances, been seen at great distances from their residences.

2. Persons often see their own ghosts near them, or walking before them; and this is frequently just before the death of such persons. This often occurs to those who do not die, but remain in good health.

3. The ghosts of those recently dead are often seen, and also of those who have long been dead.

4. Ghosts sometimes appear to sing, dance, laugh, shout, eat, drink; they are always clad in garments, move substances, as chairs, tables, hats, clothing, etc.; and this latter fact occurs with the ghosts seen of living persons. Ghosts of animals are sometimes seen by living men.

5. They are seen in all localities, in houses, graveyards, cellars, near water, in gardens, in the streets.

6. What is stranger still, they are seen most frequently at certain hours, as at sundown, midnight, daybreak, and noonday. If seen at a certain hour, they are more likely to be seen at that hour again.

They are seen by the sick, and more frequently by the well in body, etc. They are often connected with the localities of the dead; and on removing skeletons, or

performing certain acts requested of the living, they cease to appear.

The visions of Swedenborg, in which he frequently saw angels and spirits, and conversed with the celestial inhabitants of planets, occurred near sunrise.

What does all this mass of facts prove? To account for all the phenomena in this department of Spiritualism on the theory of visual illusion, is sheer folly. There is, no such principle as *spectral illusion*—it is a term without meaning, used by writers to conceal ignorance.

With the permission of the readers of the BANNER, we will attempt to solve this class of facts connected with the human organization. To simply assume that all these sights are spirits of the departed, will not do; for the spirits of the living are seen, and some theory accounting for that class of facts must also be given.

1. Many of these sights, or ghosts, can be referred to a law of vision, connected with mental images.

2. Another class can be referred to bodily emanations from the living, which is organized into a human form, and may be termed a *nerve-aure* ghost. Another class must be, for the present, admitted to be the spirits of the departed.

**ANOTHER "NEW DISCOVERY"**  
DEAR BANNER.—Since writing the article you published in respect to the alleged "new" discovery in France, my attention has been called to another "new" one, nearer home, yeelped, "Electro-Pneuropathy," recently announced in this city. See, now, what a string of "new" discoveries this last one makes; and, each one, traced from Pathetism, thus:

1. "Electrical Psychology."  
2. "Mental Alchemy."  
3. "Electro-Biology."  
4. "Monsieur Tonson's new discovery of precisely the same thing in Paris, And,  
5. "Electro-Pneuropathy."

And is it not a little curious that these "new" discoveries should follow one another so thick and fast? In March, 1849, I published my first Book on Pathetism. The Magnet was issued in 1842. In both of these works I gave the name of "PNEUROPATHY" to my discoveries in respect to the susceptibilities of the Human Brain, and my new methods of exciting its functions by external applications of electricity, or, the fingers of the human hand.

My experiments have now been continued for some eighteen years, since I invented this term for designating them. In my works on Pathetism, I have given the reasons, sufficient, I am sure, to convince any candid mind, why such artificial excitations of the mental organs cannot be relied upon, either for fixing the location of organs or diagnosis. I have myself, as is well known, never used the term "Electricity," as characteristic of the phenomena peculiar to mind, or the nervous system, and the following quotation from Dr. E. A. in the London Athenaeum of March 4, 1848, will show the reasons. The facts, here stated, are well known and fully relied upon throughout the scientific world, and they show how egregiously those persons blunder who make such extravagant assumption in respect to the *causes* in Electro-Magnetism and the vital forces:—

1. The nerves are *conductors* of electricity. They are filled with an oily substance, and are not so good conductors as the metals, or fluids.

2. Galvanism, or electricity, like all other stimulants when applied externally, so far from producing the phenomena of life, produces death. If you take two muscles from an animal recently killed, with their respective nerves attached, and galvanize one of them with a feeble power, while you lay the other aside, you will find that the one galvanised loses its contractility long before the other, nor can it be restored again after being once destroyed. And the same results may follow when galvanism is applied to the living tissue.

3. The nerves are *not* covered by the myelin sheath, as is generally supposed. The myelin sheath is a covering of two dogs; to animals were as near alive as possible. To one he applied galvanism, and it died in two hours and a quarter, while the other, which was not galvanised, lived four hours, and might, perhaps, have lived longer, but it was killed by a blow on the head.

4. The peripheral covering of the nerves, is not a non-conductor, as it would be, were the nerves themselves the channels for the conveyance of the magnetic forces. Hence, as themselves and other organs into which the nerves run are good conductors, there is no way for confining galvanic fluid in the nerves.

5. The nerves contract as well after death, when neither electricity, nor any other stimulus will excite contraction in the muscles to which they lead. Were the nervous energy, this agency should produce the same result on the muscles after death, when conveyed through the nerves, that it does during life.

6. The results produced by experiments with magnetism, or electricity, upon the nervous system, prove just nothing at all because we know that precisely the same results have been produced without galvanism, by mere mechanical or chemical stimuli.

Severely any other term known to science, has, perhaps, been so much perverted as this one of electricity, as it has been hitherto used to nearly every one of the "isms" having respect to therapeutics, since the wonders performed by Perkins' Tractors. And these unfounded notions in respect to electricity are each, in its turn, a "new discovery," and not forth as a "new science," whereas, there is nothing new in the electrical theory of life, for this was taught by Dr. Wilson Phillips, and long ago refuted; there is nothing new in the excitement of the physiological organs by electricity, (Therapeutics), for I did this myself in 1842. And it should be added, perhaps, that there is nothing "new" in these announcements of old notions under new terms, a "new discovery," nor is it any "new thing under the sun" for unsuspecting people to pay their money for these pretended secrets; and then, after a while they do, indeed, make a discovery which, to themselves, is really new, similar to the discovery made in this city in 1850 by those who paid \$5000 for the "secret" of "touching the ulcer nerve," and, of holding pieces of zinc and copper in the hand!

However, let me hope, that before any of my friends contribute means for establishing a school in which this new science of "Electro-Pneuropathy" is to be taught, they will read the history of Perkins' Tractors."

Boston, Jan. 13, 1860.

## **CHARLES DICKENS AND SPIRITUALISM.**

The London (Eng.) Critic, of the 17th Dec. last, in a laudatory note of the story of "The Haunted House," in "All the Year Round," says:—

It is curious, though not surprising, to find how these monstrous phantoms vanish whenever they are approached and poked. In the introduction to "The Haunted House," Mr. Dickens himself declares that he once saw the apparition of his own father—"He was alive and well, and nothing ever came of it; but I saw him, in the daylight, sitting with his back toward me, on a seat that stood beside my bed. His head was resting on his hand, and whether he was slumbering or grieving, I could not discover. Amazed to see him there, I sat up, joved my position, leaned out of bed and watched him. As he did not move then, I became alarmed, and laid my hand on his shoulder, as I thought, and *there was no such thing.*" We are told that with the Cambridge Club, instituted for the purpose of investigating ghostly matters, the ghosts have been by a large majority. But have the majority acted in this wise? Let them lay their hands upon the shoulders, as they did, and perhaps they, too, will find that there is no such thing.

Latterly a vast amount of curiosity has been excited about these spiritual matters. Mr. Howitt's communications to the public prints, the War-office Ghost, and many other queries, have contributed to this, and in many circles at coteries about England, there is now quite a rage for investigations of this kind.

A very few nights back, a party of literary gentlemen assembled to hear a lecture from a gentleman who has often interwoven the laudable triumphs with the fog-wreaths of metaphysics, on the subject of the younger Fichte's theory of psychological manifestations, with what enlightenment to their understanding, we know not.

Another alarming symptom is, that on the 1st Jan., 1860, is to appear a new Magazine, to be called "The Spiritualist," in which articles will appear by Wm. Howitt, E. Rich, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Dixon, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mrs. Crowe, D. D. Hume, Rev. T. L. Harris, and other able contributors. Finally, the peace of the world is threatened with a book, which is to appear in America, also on the 1st Jan., from the pen of Hon. Robert Dale Owen, called "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

## **EVIDENCE.**

About one year ago a retired merchant in this city, buried a very amiable and lovely wife. Neither this gentleman nor his wife were professed believers in Spiritualism. A few minutes before death, the wife called her husband, and said to him, "I see my mother before me, as real as I ever saw her in my life." These were the last words she spoke. In a few minutes she was numbered with the dead; her spirit had gone out of her deceased body into the fond embrace, we doubt not, of that loving mother, that she saw with her spiritual eyes before her.

This gentleman knew that his wife possessed common sense, good judgment, and was always truthful, and he concluded that if she said she saw her mother's spirit, it must be so. This was to him in proof of the claims of modern Spiritualism than all the wonderful reports he had ever heard.

He loved his wife, and her death to him was a great affliction. A few months passed away in mournful silence, but not without deep and constant reflection upon the last words she spoke—the beautiful vision she saw.

In the month of July last he was advised by a spirit friend who knew of his bereavement to visit Miss Waterman, and through her medium powers again have communion with his wife. He heeded this advice and went. Miss Waterman was immediately entranced, and approached him as a child would a father after a long absence, manifesting great joy and affection. He said:

"Who is this?"  
"The spirit answered, 'My father, do you not know your own daughter, Susan Elizabeth?'"

He said, "If this is my spirit daughter, Susan Elizabeth, please give me a test of your presence, that I may be sure of your identity?"

She answered, "I will. On Saturday last, between the hours of two o'clock and four in the afternoon, my brothers, James and John, were sailing in a pleasure boat on Charles River, and my spirit was with them. The wife then took possession of the medium, and gave her name and other most satisfactory evidences of her real identity."

This gentleman and all his family were perfect strangers to the medium, so that she could have known nothing of the boys sailing on Charles River on Saturday, or of their names, or of the names of the daughter and wife, all of which were given correctly.

When this gentleman returned home, he asked his sons, James and John, where they were on Saturday last in the afternoon, (for he had no knowledge of their having been sailing at that time.) And they acknowledged the fact, that unknown to him, they had been on a sail on the last Saturday, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon.

These manifestations to this gentleman's common sense and reason, gave evidence, positive evidence, that his deceased wife and daughter had talked with him.

## **JESUS A FIGHTER.**

The prevalent Rationalism and Spiritualism embrace so many misconceptions and misrepresentations of the character of Christ, and kindred subjects, that it is about as much of a task to follow them up closely, as it is to forget out the grosser errors of "Old Theology," and if the advocates of Spiritualism find their hands full in forgetting out the pagan fables of the church, what kind of a task must he have, who is wrestling out not only the church, but Spiritualism also, with other tasks into the bargain?

Among other mistakes concerning the character of Jesus, which I have occasion to notice in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, that of Prof. Spence, in his late article, "The Fighters," is not the least, though it may be the last. It is as directly contrary to fact as it is to sound philosophy, for any person to assert of Christ, that "in him there were no fighting elements;" that such as he "cannot fight," nor even engage in "glorious intellectual contests." Even though friend Spence "cannot conceive of Christ's participating in a knock-down in any cause," let me inquire whether *tumbling over the money-changers' tables in the Temple*, did not have a trifle of the "knock-down" quality in it? And was there just a little bit, at least, of the "fight" and "fighter," when Jesus knotted that whip of cords, and drove out the money-changers, and them that sold doves, tumbling their tables after them?

But there is no need of pursuing this subject further just now. This and various other kindred and important topics, will be resumed, either in the columns of the BANNER or elsewhere, when it will be seen that the quietly noble and divinely meek and true, are, on special occasions, great and mighty in their assumption of majesty and superiority, and in their majestic mastery and conquering force.

D. J. MANDELL.

## **A PROGRESSIVE FAITH.**

Nothing can be more marked than the contrast between the Faith of Spiritualists, and that set forth in theology creeds. One is an *unlimited principle*; the other a *narrow dogma*; one is like a beautiful kaleidoscope, ever changing, because ever *progressive*; the other is an endless repetition of the same monotonous scene; one is a picture radiant with *living inspiration*; the other an ancient Calvinistic production, sadly marred by many moral disfigurements.

Spiritualists do not hold their Faith, but their Faith holds them—buys them up like an undulating ocean, and bears them onward, *trill onward*.

Spiritualists are like juveniles tugging away at a mammoth snowball; their Faith receives new additions at every evolution, and thus they are stimulated to redouble their exertions. A lazy Spiritualist is the worst kind of sinner. He is as *indolent* as those who count themselves among the "elect," and as *selfish* as those who are deficient in *individuality*, as those who piously hope "that their will will be swallowed up in God's will."

Theologians have, in order to make men *humble*, buried them so deeply in the grave of self-abnegation, that it will be a wonder if the long expected Gabriel does not have to blow long and loud before all are aroused to a full sense of their *individual worth*.

True, Spiritualism is a *fact*, and the faculties of the soul are the attendant waters. Every guest says his own "grace," and craves a blessing, not for *Christ's* sake, but for *his own sake*. Many who have been feeding so long on the cold slice of ancient Mythology, are now looking heavenward to receive the "manna" that is being handed down by angel hands. Their souls are nourished with food, warm with a *living inspiration*, and are beginning to emerge from spiritual babyhood into a glorious individuality.

Men will soon rely on their *inherent powers*, to guide and sustain them in their progressive march. Disregarding creeds and formularies, they will stand forth

in a true, dignified, spiritual manhood, and witnessing old, decrepit, time-worn Theology, as it tumbles headlong into the grave of oblivion, they will say, "Peace to its ashes." F. T. L.

Laurens, Mass.

## **SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.**

A new publication has just been commenced in London, which has our hearty approval and sympathy. It is styled "The Spiritualist Magazine," and counts among its contributors some of the finest minds of the age. We have just received a copy of the first number, in which occurs articles from Judge Edmonds, William Howitt, and others. Judge Edmonds' article is on the "End and Aim of Spiritual Intercommunion," and from it we extract the following sterling and timely paragraphs:—

As by the inspiration through a founding of the Nile there was revealed to man the existence of one God over all, instead of the many deities he was then worshipping; and as by the inspiration of Him who was born in a manger, there was next revealed man's immortal existence beyond the grave, of which even the most enlightened had but a false idea, so now through the lowly of the earth comes a further revelation, a confirmation of those, and adding the mighty truth what is the existence in which that immortality is to be spent.

Throughout all the manifestations—in every form and in every language—whatever the discrepancies, uncertainties, and contradictions on other topics, on this of the nature of man's future existence, all coincide and harmonize. It comes in broken fragments of scattered revelations, here a little, and there a little, part through one, and part through another, but forming, when gathered together, a sublime whole, from which we can surely learn the nature and condition of the life on which we shall enter after this shall have ended.

This, as I understand it, is the great end and object of the movement, all else being merely incidental to it. But it has only begun, and its progress is slow; not from want of power to communicate, but from want of capacity to comprehend. Much that has already been revealed, has not from this cause been received even by the most advanced Spiritualists, and of course not given to the world. But the work is going on; more is added day by day, and it will not be long before enough will be received by all to open to their conception a knowledge of our future existence, whose value no man can calculate, whose effects no man can imagine.

On the subject of the mistake Spiritualists make in trying to open the eyes of those who want and can't see, Howitt observes, in a laughing way:—

The learned pig does not believe that, at his death, he shall be translated, or metamorphosed into pork, bacon, spareribs, and sausages, which things, nevertheless, are undoubtedly true, but he ignores them; they do not and can't exist and realize themselves to him; and he is all the more secure for it. Wrapped in his comfortable carboniferous green, and dreaming what is "too big to swallow, and too hard to bite," he passes his days in rest and quiet; and if there be a folly in man, it is to drag him out of his corpulent tranquillity. Once and once only did the devil get permission to torment this learned pig, and he did it by forcing upon his consciousness the presence of Spirit, and we all know the tragic result. He and all his learned brethren ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were—choked.

Why, then, I would tenderly ask Spiritualists, should they be so continually desiring to lead the learned pig into the same catastrophe? Why try to force the existence of spirit on his poor lardly brain, and pig-nut smelling snout, and get him choked in the vasty deep a second time? Good Spiritualist, let the learned pig follow his safe and unerring instinct; let him wallow voluptuously in the sloth of theory, and feed amongst the troughs of materialistic faith, and don't drive any spirit into him, which must by nature and all her laws choke him. The learned pig, in his own sphere and character, is a respectable and useful, if not always a shining character. Once I saw him taken for a lion, when attempting to escape from a show, where he had been teaching clowns their letters—he raised a dreadful roar, and a whole fair before him. But the learned pig is usually no lion, therefore let him alone in his sty, and don't choke him with spirit; and don't persist in dragging moles into this upper and phenomenal world. Neither, when an ostich sticks his sapient head into a hole that he may not be convinced of things that will force themselves disagreeably on his attention, trouble yourself to pull it out of it.

Yet this is what Spiritualists are continually attempting to do. They will neither let learned pigs, moles, bats, nor ostriches alone. They think it most natural that because they see spiritual entities, these creatures should see them too, and they fret and worry themselves to convince them of the truth. But this, though it is natural to the Spiritualist, is most unnatural and agonizing to the learned pig, for the more spirit you pour upon him, the more he must be choked—and to the mole, for the more you show him the light, the more you blind him.

## **THE TOMB OF SWEDENBORG.**

In a recent London letter, we find the following paragraph:—

"A few days ago I inquired at one of the thousand old book shops for any of Swedenborg's books, and was told by the old man that there was of late a great inquiry for Swedenborg's works, but that none were offered for sale. From thence I went to visit the tomb of the greatest man of learning and piety of whom there is any record. Swedenborg died in London in 1792, and was buried in the vault of the Swedish Lutheran Chapel in Prince's Square, Hatfield Road City. It is a quiet, neat little square, not more than eighty yards on a side, and the little chapel surrounded by







# BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 18th.

**QUESTIONS.—What is Religion?**  
Dr. Child—It is the use of a word that gives to us its meaning. The common sense of every day practical life I have gathered the meaning of the word religion—not from the dictionary, the commentary, or from the pulpit. Foot the pulse of the throbbing heart of humanity, and decide whether the following definition of religion is not true. Religion is a longing for something not possessed, always accompanied with an effort to satisfy that longing. Religion consists in unsatisfied desires, by which desires we are impelled to actions which may answer the ends of these desires.

What is the religion of human life? It is simply the desire of human life. What are the desires of human life? The desires of human life, without one single exception, are for happiness. All men love happiness, and all men seek it. Every human being has desires; each one has desires peculiar to him or herself; and every desire, for the person that desires, is for good, for greater good. A human step is never taken that is not equally to this end in its intention; and we may not say that it will not be in its results.

Every human soul longs for something not yet possessed; and this longing is inseparably joined with the effort to satisfy this longing. No one longs for pain, for misery and suffering, but always for good, for pleasure, for happiness. This is religion; and it is possessed by one less than by another. Every human being is moved by natural religion, is governed by natural religion, is obedient to natural inclinations, the source of which is good, the desire of which is for good, and the end of which we have confidence must be good.

Our desires lead us through many dark avenues, and the gods of our hearts are sometimes daily changed. Our desires are the gods we worship. Old gods are vanquished as new ones come up. All the avenues of earth have a final doom, and slightly good is triumphant in the end. There are no vain pathways in the journey of life; all the avenues through which our desires lead us are useful to us, are necessary for us; through them we pass, redeemed, to bliss. Darkness makes the habitation of mourning; but as sure as the night is, so sure is the day to follow. Our religion is God-given, and for a God-purpose always; and we make the sunrise and set no more than we make our religion, our suffering, and our happiness.

There is not a soul on earth that loves not power; and that does not desire it. This desire is religion. Power kills pain and commands happiness.

"Who would not lift the world with a lover of light?"

Helen says—

"Oh, I could stand and read myself with rage  
To think I am so weak,  
With I would be a hand, to sweep from end  
To end, from infant to infant."

This desire is religion; and every desire that is not this is religion; for every one

"Both only that which is most natural."

"Earth hath her desires mixed with fruitful plains."

And on we go, on to future joys and sorrows, while the past is laid in ruins. The thanksgiving for everything that has passed, in the fruition of religion; and this has come, or will come. Every desire is a grand prediction of good to come. Religion is the surest evidence of future happiness, for its demands are always nearer to us than to reach its ends.

"Words are but notes of thoughts."

Professors are dead children, of soul-desires, of true religion, Religion is not gained by toll—it comes from God immediately.

Desires are not made by us—they grow in us like grains in wood, and leaves on trees. Desires are spontaneous; religion is always spontaneous. Religion runs through human hearts like streams of water through woods and fruitful plains, and by their running make their own channels. The running water finds its level by a law of nature, power, desiring silently all the means and fore-pumpers of earth. So religion runs, moved by a silent power, in defiance of all the fore-pumpers and dams of religious ambition, contrivances, ruses, and ceremonies.

Religion is like that which feeds it. What feeds it? God feeds it. God is good, and all that comes from God is good; so all religions must be good, though sometimes seeming wrong.

A kiss, a hubble, or a prayer; a blow, reproof, or solemn score; are of religion. The plays of childhood and the shouts of manhood, produced by human desires, are the fruits of religion. Great moral and worldly distinctions; material excellences and material degradations; secular convictions of excellence and goodness above those who are without the enclosure of a sect; fashionable extravagance and corresponding want; surfeiting and hunger; excessive tenderness and excessive restraint; bad actions and good actions—all these are the product of human desires, are the fruits of human religion. Human actions are produced by human desires; so all the doings of human life are effect of religion, without a single exception.

Belief and doctrine have little to do with religion; want and have have more. There is no religion in belief; there is no religion in doctrine. Doctrine and belief are the smoke of our soul desires, the worthless effects of religion. Every desire has a cause, and consequently is lawful. Every religion is of God, and consequently good.

Every man and every woman is deeply and truly religious. Religion is a gift that comes, unseen, direct from the hand of nature. Who shall stand apart, say, "I am religious, and you, my brother, are not religious?" Every belief is from a force of nature, and every desire is from a force of nature.

Fannie Green, who all church time thinks how handsome her new bonnet and dress look to others, is as truly religious as the excellent Mary who everybody knows to be pious and good, who listens to every word the minister says, and joins devoutly in prayer and praise always in church time.

The sportsman who shoots game and catches fish on Sunday, is no less religious than is the good minister who preaches of self righteousness at the faults of others, and fishes for men on Sunday. Both have desires that are true to the condition of each. Neither is in the pursuit of pain; one is not true to life than the other; one loves happiness no more than the other.

The business man, who forms his plans and schemes for enterprises in commerce, in sermon time, is as true to God's religion as the man who hears every word of the sermon in the confidence of a certain hope that, what he calls the word of God, will be fulfilled, viz., "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."

The man who laughs is as religious as the man who sighs. Bold, devoted, secular curses are no more religious than unmeaning, trivial, secular curses.

The homicide of restraint is no less the effect of religion than the homicide of indulgence; both are the effect of human desire, and every human desire is natural religion.

The lady in heavy silk, in clean linen, and neat kid gloves, has desires—she is religious; she loves God; she loves happiness—and the woman in dirt, rags, in equal wretchedness, in degradation, deep in sin, poor in spirit, is no less religious; desires happiness; no less loves God no less; has a heart that beats longing throbs for heaven no less than the other. Both are religious.

Religion ever brings its demands. Every desire must, in the order of its spiritual nature, be satisfied. The stream of love washes away what the soul desires to lose, and the stream of God flows in to satisfy every want.

Mr. Eder—I cannot but be pleased with Dr. Child's ideas of religion, for everything with him seems beautiful and religious. Yes I do not think his views are safe, for his position can be trusted; that is, his views are not safe for me.

I agree with him that the definition of religion written in books is not the practical and true definition of the religion of human life. Old definitions will not define new steps in religious progress.

The old definition of religion signifies to be bound. We cast off old bondage as we advance and come into a new order of things, perhaps into a new bondage.

There is a distinction between morality and religion, and there is also a distinction between religion and spirituality. Spirituality is a heavenly influence that will separate men from the love of earth and set his affections on things above. A man may be religious, and lack spirituality.

There is as much difference between religion and spirituality, as there is between morality and religion.

The simply moral man cannot understand what religion is; and the simply religious man cannot understand what spirituality is.

Religion is the soul of culture.

Mr. Martineau—The man here, you call Dr. Child, implies that religion is holiness; a perfect holiness. Glory to God for that! Religion is holiness. The speaker referred to Latin and Greek, and gave a very ancient definition of the word religion. He thought it was very necessary for us to distinguish

between a good little religion and Dr. Child's religion of "perfect holiness." He thought that Spirituality and Dr. Child had fallen into "holiness of the top of Rome" and that "all Protestantism had become prostituted to a dollar and cent gospel!"

Rev. Mr. Thayer—There is a difference between religion and Christianity. Every one is religious—but every one is not a Christian. My definition of true religion is Christianity, the essential features of which have been overlooked. Mr. Thayer gave a labored definition of the religion of Christianity, which in short was to do unto others as you would that others should do to you.

Mr. Spooner—One of the speakers has said that religion signifies to bind up a breach between man and his Creator; but as I do not think there is any breach between man and his Maker, I do not accept the definition.

Religion, as the word is commonly used, signifies the relation of to between man and his Creator; and the different religions that exist, are only man's different ideas of that relation.

My idea of religion is very simple. I do not think that there are any great duties which man owes to God. Duty implies an obligation to do something for the benefit of another. Man owes duties to his fellow men, because it is in his power to benefit his fellow man; but as he cannot benefit God, it cannot be said that he owes any duties to Him.

It will be said that we are under obligations to God; that we owe him gratitude. If we see that God does us good, it is natural that we should feel grateful; but God does not require gratitude as a duty, because our gratitude do him no good. I doubt if there is any such thing as a duty owed to our Creator. He does not need our assistance, either to make him happy, or to accomplish his wishes. Our duties are to our fellow men, because we know their wants and how to relieve them.

People who tell us what God wants of us, cannot tell us how they know what God's wants are; if they could, they would give us light to the world knows not of.

The idea that he desires our praises, that he is suffering for the want of our applause, does not convey a very worthy impression of Him. Nor does the idea that by crying loudly unto him, we can gain some favor of him, or induce him to change his plans, or give him any information of which he was ignorant. I think he understands how to manage this universe, without the aid of our suggestions.

Mr. Cochrane criticized and condemned what Dr. Child and others had said, and his time was up before he had come to tell what he thought religion was.

Dr. Gannan—Spirituality, and all progressive men, find a difficulty in expressing their ideas, for want of proper terms. We want a uniform understanding as to the meaning of words. We do not understand each other; the definition of words do not convey, in their application to new truths, a uniform meaning.

Mr. Oushman thinks that Spirituality reveals no new truths. He may not be expected to see and understand these truths yet, therefore he says this. I do not deny that these so-called new truths have always existed, but they are constantly being developed to the conscious perception of progressive minds. Truths are brought out and comprehended now, that were not in ancient times.

The definition of religion has differed in different eyes of the world, and it is different in all the different religious sects. I like the following definition of religion by Henry Ward Beecher—

Let me say, then, in the first place, nothing is religion that does not carry with it a religious mind and all the outward life, according to the standard of virtue and morality contained in the Word of God. Nothing that aims to do less than this is to be regarded as religion. The knowledge of religion is not religion; great enjoyments in devout duties are not religion; religious observances, duties, and experiences, are but the instruments, and not the end; and they all may be employed so as to leave man's life void of real truth, justice, and love. The presence of the sovereign things in our hearts and in our lives—love, justice, and truth—are indispensable to true religion; and it is this which is regulated and pervaded by these divine qualities is a religious life. Any man, whether in or out of the church, whose life is regulated by the divine life of love, truth, and justice, is a religious man; and no matter if a man stands high in the ranks of the Christian religion, no matter how high his name, the very best testimonies of his life, if it is not regulated by the divine life of love, truth, and justice, are not religion. A man that has not true religion living in him is not a Christian, even though he may be a high priest of religion."

Mr. Frazer—The answer to the question, what is religion, may be sought for—in first, in those actions of human beings to which they have given the distinctive name of religious. The answer derived from this source amounts, on the whole, to this: that religion consists in the performance of certain acts, or ceremonies, in the service of God, or a god, having an especial merit or virtue in themselves. Briefly stated, this is religion viewed objectively. But another answer to this question may be obtained in the inner life and consciousness of the individual. All the phenomena of outward worship, just alluded to, are the indices, or table of contents, of that life. Here, it seems to me, we get this response to our question. My religion is what I do in obedience to the supposed will or command of what I call God. Briefly stated, this is religion viewed subjectively. Now, as I grow in knowledge, my religion must change, for my view of God and his will must change. The more accurate and profound my knowledge of the laws of the universe, of man's nature and wants, the higher and truer must be and will be my religion. Hence there are bad religions and good—true religions and false—not absolutely so, but relatively.

Junos Pastor—I would not say, as some have said, that Christianity is the only true religion. There are many religions in the world that know nothing about Christianity; I would define religion as being that which binds us together.

Mr. Leonard—Mr. Spooner thinks we owe no duty to God. I think that he is mistaken; for our duty to man is our duty to God; the duty we owe to one another is the duty we owe to God.

I believe that God loves everybody; that he loves the suffering sinner as well as he loves the happy, good man; that he loves the robber as well as he loves Dr. Gardner. I believe he loves all, because all are his own children.

Mr. Thouterson, the good Shaker, was called for, and he answered, "What can I do for you?" This is my definition of religion.

I have heard a great deal of misrepresentation among you about what one and another has said. You have given your opinions, and what is my opinion worth more than yours? I have, for some time past, watched the sayings of Dr. Child. I cannot combat him. I cannot reason with him, for he is like a butterfly, all around.

There are in the Bible eternal truths, as there also is in every other book.

For many years I have been acquainted with Spirituality, and I must confess there is great beauty and honesty in it. Question continued Wednesday evening, Jan. 23th.

## The Atlantic for February.

The Atlantic Monthly for February has made its welcome appearance. Its hundred and twenty-eight pages are covered by interesting miscellany, showing great talent on the part of the writers, and judgment on that of the editors. Among its most interesting papers, we find, "The Amber Gods" (concluded), and "Some Account of a Visionary." The "Professor's Story" is also continued, and promises to be an absorbing romance. There is a poem by Whitler—"The Truce of Atlantis." One of the most noticeable features of the Atlantic is the portion of each number devoted to Literary Reviews. It is under the charge of a master mind.

## Lecturers.

Junos Edwards will speak at Dorchester's Hall, New York, on Sunday, Jan. 29th; Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk on the Sundays of February.

Mr. J. W. Quainer will lecture in Moodus, Ct., on the evenings of Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st; Joshua Bates, Oct. evening of Feb. 2d.

Warner Chase's address for February will be Philadelphia, Pa.

F. L. Wadsworth speaks, Feb. 5th, at Battle Creek, Mich.; Feb. 12th, 19th, 25th, at Rockford, Ill.; March 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, at Lyons, Mich.; thence East.

## Notices to Correspondents.

A. R. W. PRINCIPAL.—The communication was of a private nature, addressed to a friend of ours now in Europe. It was in the army. It was not published, because it gave directions for certain things to be done in December, which had passed when his letter came.

Mr. Parnham, Middletown, R. I.—We fear your question, for the present, are too obscure for the clergy to solve.

J. R. Walker, Fenosia, N. Y.—We have received your letter and the communication.

The Barre Gazette is our pet. What does "Hercules" intend to do? Perhaps a gymnasium.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S BANNER.—First Page.—"Be-  
lief of Love's Struggles." By Mrs. E. Dowry.  
Second Page.—"Washington Irving's Poetry." Rev. Mr.  
Chapin's sermon on the sad accident at Lawrence.  
Third Page.—"Spiritualism in the South," a letter  
from Emma Hardinge "The Land of the Oblivion,"  
"Another New Discovery," by Dr. Sunderland; "Evidences"  
"Jesus a Fighter," "A Progressive Faith," "Spiritualism  
in England," "The Tomb of Swedenborg," etc.

Fourth Page.—Three columns of Messages; "Familiar  
Words," by Lita H. Barney; An address by Mr. Loring, at the  
New York Conference; Letters from W. M. Loring, at New  
Orleans, Dr. John Mayhew, in Minnesota, Lita H. Barney at  
Providence, R. I.

Fifth Page.—Correspondence; J. V. Mansfield in Pitts-  
burg, Pa.; Letter from Cora Wilbur; "A Good Suggestion,"  
etc.

Sixth Page.—Bocher's Sermon on "Treasures."

"The Lesson of the Past Year," a discourse given at  
Hope Chapel, New York, by Rev. George F. Norris, will ap-  
pear in the forthcoming issue of the Banner.

"Ancient Glimpses of the Spirit-Land," No. 4, will appear  
in our next.

Advertisements will hear in mind that the BANNER OF  
LIGHT circulates in every State in the Union, in the Cana-  
da, and in England. It has a larger circulation than any  
other weekly paper in New England, and is consequently one  
of the very best channels through which merchants and  
others can reach customers.

Of all the hideous sounds of midnight squalling,  
None can compete with that of caterwauling.

A collision occurred on the Hudson River Railroad recently  
between the afternoon express train from Albany and the  
Sling Sing train, both going one way. The rear car of the  
express train was crushed. Ten or twelve passengers were  
more or less injured, and one, Mrs. Thomas W. Field, was  
killed.

The Boston Board of Trade have made their sixth annual  
report. It discusses the subject of weights and measures,  
recommends the abolition of the present incongruous modes  
of ascertaining quantities, and the substitution of the system  
of decimals.

Within the past week, from fifty to sixty men from Wash-  
ington and Baltimore have gone to New Orleans, abundantly  
provided with arms. They form a portion of a large party  
whose destination is said to be Mexico, to assist the Liberal  
government.

The Bangor Spirit Guardian copies our report of the Bro-  
field Street Conference, Dec. 27, and gives credit to the Ag-  
ricultural Society.

Rev. Dr. Holland, we understand, has opened a course of  
Lectures on Germany, Goethe, Humboldt, Carlyle, and one or  
two other kindred topics, in the "Young Men's Christian  
Union Rooms," at Clinton Hall, New York. Mr. Holland  
has lived in Germany, and we understand that he is ac-  
quainted not only with Humboldt and Carlyle, but with sev-  
eral of the surviving contemporaries of Goethe who knew  
him personally. Mr. Holland possesses a rare order of  
creative and appreciative powers, and under his strong abili-  
ty of thinking, no doubt these lectures will be interesting to  
the thoughtful and intelligent hearer.

The first lecture of the course was given Thursday evening,  
January 19th. The price of tickets will be \$1 for the whole  
course, \$1.50 for a gentleman and lady, or 35 cents for one  
lecture—to be had at Francis's Bookstore, 554 Broadway.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture before the  
Mercantile Library Association, on Wednesday evening to  
an audience which completely filled the hall. His sub-  
ject was "Politics and Religion," and his remarks were  
frequently applauded. Our want of space alone prevents our  
giving a synopsis of this excellent discourse. He said  
among other things, that newspapers were another powerful  
auxiliary to the teaching of Christianity and religion. A  
marked change, said he, has taken place in the press within  
the past twenty years; and he considered that we were  
more indebted to the secular press for its religious teachings  
than to the religious press. No one knew the influence of the  
press exercised as newspapers were scattered broadcast over  
the country, and men read, pondered, and were melted under  
the process.

Mrs. Rosa T. Amesbury will lecture in Chicago and  
Milwaukee during the month of May and June; friends on  
the route desiring her services for Sabbath or week end  
lectures in April, will please address her as soon as possible,  
during the present month, care of J. L. Pool, Oswego Post-  
office; address generally, 85 Allen street, Boston, Mass.  
Jan. 21.

## Burnett's Cocaine.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how  
stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is con-  
sidered by all who have used it to be the best and cheapest  
Hair Dressing in the World.  
Prepared by J. B. BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for  
sale by all dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle. 1p

## DR. C. CLINTON BEERS.

ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGICAL PHYSICIAN AND HEAL-  
ER. The Malin by laying on of hands, and other spirit-  
ual medicine, is located at the Bethesda Institute, 40 Tremont  
street, Boston, for the permanent healing of the sick. Dr. B.  
will tell you what your disease is, and where located, without  
any suggestion from the patient. Letters with a lock of  
hair from the sick will be answered, giving a true description  
of the disease, for \$2; and curative remedies sent at reasonable  
prices. 1m

DR. B. has the pleasure of announcing that he cures *Psoriasis*  
and *Herpetiformis*, or Piles, of the most aggravated character,  
without the use of the knife, and with but slight pain.  
N. B.—No charge for advice. Send stamp for return let-  
ters. 1m

SPIRIT MUSIC ON THE GUITAR AND BELLS, AT THE  
Bethesda Institute, 40 Tremont street, Boston. Mrs.  
The spirit music, formerly known as Musical Medium, is now  
present on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The spirit  
will play on the Guitar, with the strings in sight, leaving no  
opportunity for the Medium to use her hands or feet. Geo.  
Cranford will play on the Guitar, and on Monday and Thursday  
evenings, to give evident tests of spirit existence. Admis-  
sion: Gentls, 10 cts.; Ladies, 10 cts. Friday evening, Circular  
for the development of Mediums; admission, 10 cts. Tues-  
day evening, private sitting for tests and examination of  
disen- 1m

MRS. L. F. HYDE.

WRITING, FRANGE, AND TEST MEDIUM, AT THE BE-  
thesda Institute and Spiritual Reading Room, 40 Tremont  
street, Boston, No. 6, Boston.

The spirit music, formerly known as Musical Medium, is now  
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for the development of Mediums; admission, 10 cts. Tues-  
day evening, private sitting for tests and examination of  
disen- 1m

N. B.—No charge for advice. Send stamp for return let-  
ters. 1m

SPIRIT MUSIC ON THE GUITAR AND BELLS, AT THE  
Bethesda Institute, 40 Tremont street, Boston. Mrs.  
The spirit music, formerly known as Musical Medium, is now  
present on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The spirit  
will play on the Guitar, with the strings in sight, leaving no  
opportunity for the Medium to use her hands or feet. Geo.  
Cranford will play on the Guitar, and on Monday and Thursday  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

pleasure that I look back to my visit to this place. The kindness shown me by Dr. Thayer, Smith, Bangson, Sherman, Andrews, Ellsworth, Tenhake, and other friends, will long be remembered by me.

At this time I found our good brother Dr. R. Post, (who possesses remarkable healing power, and is using it very extensively), friend Gallagher, Martin, and others. There are many Spiritualists here, and many more who are so in reality, but deny the name. The query, "What will the people say?" makes cowards of them all. I have paved the way here, I think, for lectures on my next visit, through the friendship and kindness of a noble, free mind, who is not a Spiritualist. There are several cases of mediumship in this city—drawing, psychical, and healing, which, in the future, I hope may be available for good.

Lake City.—Here I found a small band of sincere, honest minds—careless of what the world may say—boldly standing up for the right. I also found some timid souls, fearful of consequences. The most prominent here are, Dr. Woodworth, who, with Mr. Abner Dorelli, are our mainstay. Capt. Horton also is a staunch Spiritualist. I have visited this beautiful village twice, and lectured six times, to good and highly appreciative audiences. On my first visit, I lectured, first evening, in the Congregational Church. The minister was present, and behaved to me in a most insulting and disrespectful manner—by which he did me no harm, but lowered himself immensely in public estimation. On my following visit I learned that his church party having expired, a meeting was held for reviving the power by auction, which resulted, I remember correctly, in the renting of but one solitary soul! On the following evening, through the kindness of the Methodist clergyman, I occupied their place of meeting. The audience was good, increasing in numbers and interest each evening. A good work has been begun here, and I hope Spiritualists will not pass by Lake City—which lies on Lake Pepin—without tarrying for a day or two.

Philadelphia Settlement.—Here resides Dr. J. W. Comfort, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa. Benson, and other friends. No meetings have at present been held here; but I have the invitation, and shall respond to it during the coming season. Nine miles from hence is the beautiful locality appropriately called "Sweet Home," where may be found our good friends, Bros. Seidman and Mayhew. Here, last September, I held a grove meeting, which was attended by the inhabitants generally—some of whom journeyed sixteen miles to be present. The Spiritualist standard was unfurled to the minds of many who had not before heard; and a general expression of satisfaction showed that within had been effected. No church establishments within twenty-two miles. I would earnestly desire to direct the attention of Spiritualists to this location—one of the most lovely countries I have ever—exceedingly healthy, fever and ague being unknown. Good opportunities may still be found for buying out the improvements of the first settlers, or for pre-empting; and it is becoming much settled by Spiritualists. Spiritualists may address their letters to Joshua Mayhew, Sweet Home, Wyoming Post-office, Chicago Co., Minn., who will gladly attend them all the information they desire.

I have visited many other places of less importance, of which I will not now speak. One word, however, of Minnesota. It is, generally, a gently rolling country, interspersed with streams and beautiful lakes, abounding with fish and wild fowl. The soil is, for the most part, a rich sandy loam—lying sometimes in prairies, and sometimes oak openings, easily to be brought under cultivation. The air is exceedingly pure, the climate healthy in a remarkable degree, the winters delightful.

I have met with many media throughout the State, and they are, with but few exceptions, of a high order. Minnesota, more than any other State in the Union, will, I think, become a Spiritual State.

In my next letter I shall give you a general view of Wisconsin. Yours for truth and humanity,

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D.

Pittsburg, Mich., Dec. 20, 1890.

## Letter from Providence, R. I.

Dear Brother Dorelli.—Mrs. Fenton, upon her first appearance here at this engagement, prefaced her lecture by relating a vision which was shown to her, but which I can but imperfectly repeat. Above and around the audience was an extended circle of those advanced in years, and who had also progressed in knowledge of the laws of life, in the sciences, and philosophy. Within this circle stood themselves, as those who were developed in the life of the after-life, who had looked upon mankind as one vast family; and the tenderness of whose nature, groping and flitting forth amid the breezes of strife and discord, had yet caught and embraced many a poor soul, drawing them up to share their heaven of happiness with them. Within this circle stood, of those who had passed away with the dew of childhood's breath upon their brow, who were sporting and gamboling in the full tide of childish abandon. "The first bring to you Wisdom and Knowledge, that shall enrich your souls with the gems of thought; and in union with them came the second circle of Love and Affection, that fold loving arms around you, and whisper their tales of old home-life in your ears; and the little ones bring childish purity, affection and love, and look to you for a return to aid them in their spirit-life." From out the Wisdom circle stepped forth an old man, who, placing his hand upon the speaker's head, gave her as a subject, "Does man help or retard the progress of his fellow-man? And if either, how, or why?" which was well considered, by reviewing the hard fought fields of which Truth has done battle with gray-headed wrong.

Mrs. Fenton gave many of the best of tests while here; indeed, it has never been my lot to meet with one whom I consider so perfect a subject for test-mediumship; and combining, as she does, so many qualities of an excellent speaker, it is truly wonderful. Her efforts with us were very pleasant, as well as instructive, and her next advent will be hailed with delight.

We were glad to greet, as next upon our list, the Hon. Warren Chase of Michigan, who was with us last winter, and by whom Spiritualism was ably treated, in a scholarly, philosophical, and religious phase. Mr. Chase is a fine and vigorous speaker, there being a certain native eloquence about him which enchains attention, and leads men to listen, again and again, to him, charmed even by the abruptness with which he places before his audience his acute observations upon men and manners—so much more fascinating is truth than fiction. We were loth to part with him, as we will not meet him again in a year and a half at least, as he will devote his next season of winter to traveling in the great West. He was pleased to read his communication from Providence, and to his farewell to Massachusetts and New England, would say, "come back soon to us, friend Chase; not again only, but low come often, and give your home in our hearts."

For the past four weeks, we have been favored with the leadership of Mrs. Middlebrook, who has not before been with us since she was Mrs. Henderson, whom she strongly resembles yet. Mrs. M. has not forgotten to follow Progression's laws, and improves each time she comes to us, and our people have been parted from her now, feeling that the ties which have bound us together are rendered stronger than ever.

She is followed (January 15th) by Miss Lizzie Doten, of Portland associations. Although Plymouth was the haven of all the subsequent settlements resulting from the advent of our stiff-necked and uncompromising fathers upon these shores, yet she must furnish her share in the army equipping for the war; and as she once aided in the persecution of a Roger Williams, until he sought a home in an untraversed and unclaimed section of country, so she now sends her powerful messenger to be received in the arms of his descendants.

Since Grimes concluded his lectures, he has returned, thinking to revive the old interest, but as wounds when first made are numb and pain not until reaction takes place, so the reaction had come in his absence, and every one was blowing their fingers which he had burnt, and sewing up the holes in their pockets where the cash had leaked out; and the consequence was, that his audience numbered few persons, and in a perfect rage he gave them back their money and left in disgust, no doubt saying to himself, as a gentleman heard him at the Spiritualist Hall while here, "D—n the churches!" Why they proved such broken sticks to lean upon; but after Grimes had bled them to the tune of \$14, dear of expense, it is not much wonder that they tried of waiting for that "future time when the entire mystery of Spiritualism was to be cleared up" and began to think that they had families to support, instead of "paying so dear for the 'Grimes Whistle!'" It is said that one church procured go worth of tickets to distribute to its members. They pay high, now, to learn the laws of that Psychology which they might have obtained at a far more reasonable rate at the time that they counted and prayed against it in their churches, so got humbugged at that.

Philo,

Providence, January, 1890.

LITA H. BARNES.

Mrs. L. J. Ray, Portland, Me.—I feel it a pleasure and an indispensable duty to do all in my power for the advancement of our noble and heavenly cause, and I think all honest-hearted Spiritualists will feel themselves alike responsible for the spread of these great and glorious principles of harmony, love and good-will to man.

I would like to make some inquiries about Mrs. Mettler, although you may say that I might be informed, if I would read and understand. I have read a deal of her wonderful performances and cures; but I think I have never read of one case where diseased eyes were cured, and do not know that she has ever had a case; but, were it not for the expense, I would like to give her a case where medical skill cannot reach. I am afflicted with amaurosis, which is a weakness of the nerve of vision, or the optic nerve; my sight is nearly lost in one eye, and floating dark spots are constantly flitting before my eyes at all times, which has been excited by sudden jars, or a fall. The doctors tell me that I am liable to an instantaneous attack of total blindness at any moment. Now this is horrible for me to think of, and the reflection has caused me to unbend my mind, and make some inquiries in order, if possible, to find some one that can reach my case. Now, if it would not be asking too much of you, I would like to be informed what course to pursue. I find that Mrs. Mettler's charges for examinations, at a distance, are ten dollars. I would willingly pay that, and ten more with it, if I could be cured.

I must say that the BANNER OF LIGHT, all things considered, is the best and most profitable family paper, both for old and young, I ever read.

[We publish the above, hoping that Mrs. Mettler, or any other generous-hearted medium who has the power, will graciously prescribe for the above lady in her present affliction.]

NOTES FROM THE LECTURING FIELD.—It has been so long since your readers have heard from me, I wish to say a word to inform them that I am still in the field, with my armor and shield, and daily becoming stronger and more confirmed in the glorious principles of our heavenly philosophy. My lecturing for the past few months has been in the State of Maine, and New Hampshire, consequently, my notes have been through the "Guardian." The cause is rapidly progressing in the places I have visited. I am often asked if I do not think Spiritualism is going down. I answer yes. It is very apparent; the philosophy is going down deep into the souls and consciences of the people. As an illustration of the manner in which it is going down, on New Year's day I spoke in Dorset, N. H., to an audience of over twelve hundred people. A Methodist clergyman of that city made the statement that all rapping mediums were rogues and deceivers. Query: Did the gentleman include John Wesley among the rogues, he being a rapping medium? If he doubts the foundation of Methodism, what becomes of the super-structure?

I give these notes that my friends may know my doings and whereabouts.

Dr. LYON.

MR. DEBSON AND THE INDIANS.—The cause of Spiritualism and of the Indians, as Mr. DeBson presents them, are almost one and the same, for the noble spirits of that race are the most active to help ours with their magnetic forces. And certainly we as a people cannot progress, morally or spiritually, until a feeling of kindness and brotherhood is generally awakened, at least high enough to give them human sympathy and the protection of law. Could Mr. DeBson's efforts be backed by the press of the country as they deserve, it would not be long before a new feeling would come over our people upon this important subject.

The editor of the Worcester Palladium, and the clergy, speak well of his efforts; and we feel sure it will gratify Spiritualists to know that something is being done for the remnants of a race who need our sympathy and protection.

THOS. GRIZZIN.

Mrs. A. L. GANSON, FLYING, N. H.—Afflictions are truly "blessings in disguise," when they are the means of unfolding and developing truths that otherwise might slumber long in darkness. Personally, we have suffered much—mentally, physically—yet, through the happy agency of Spiritualism, we have been rescued from what would have baffled all human skill; and though yet feeble in physical might, ever strong in the hearty cry of thanksgiving and praise, that through "ferry trials" we have been led to the investigation and practice of theories as beautiful and wise as true, and can ever behold through the cloudlet the "smiling face" so long veiled by the gross error of superstitious bigotry. And now, if our humble efforts are ought to the praise or promulgation of truth so divine, there are no more than happy doubly blessed, trusting the "widows' mantle" will not be unacceptable to the columns of the spiritual press.

D. G. ESTEY, BREVINDER, ILL.—My object in writing, Messrs. Editors, is, to draw the attention of the readers of your paper—especially in this portion of God's vineyard—to the necessity of doing something for the relief of the suffering poor moribund giving them mere words of kindness. This can be done by small contributions, according to the several abilities of each of vegetables, butter, cheese, flour, clothing, &c. A hint of this kind, at this inclement season of the year, I trust, will have its effect upon those who have plenty of this world's goods.

Rev. A. H. HOUSE, FARMINGTON, Vt.—In addition to a letter we published from him some time since, where we stated the following:

"I am a Spiritualist only in this: I believe the departed know what is going on here, and visit us for our good. But while I do not believe that all is humping that goes under the name of Spiritualism, I am far from being, at this writing, a modern Spiritualist."

X. WALTER, DAYTON, IOWA, writes that Miss A. W. Sprague has lectured at that place recently, leaving a most favorable impression upon the minds of the people.

E. G. F. CLEVELAND, OHIO, writes that the BANNER, as an organ of free speech for both spirits and mortals, has not its superior. Your article on "Good and Evil" is on file for publication.

ELIZABH WOODWORTH writes that he has, in his travels in Michigan, found many noble souls deeply interested in Spiritualism. In one Oriskany family he found six mediums developed. He speaks highly of Miss Martin as a speaker. Says she is being held all over the country.

## J. V. Mansfield in Pittsburg.

Messrs. Editors—Will you permit me to relate an interesting case of spirit-identity, showing the power of Mr. Mansfield as a test-medium? I will remark that we have had Mr. M. here for nearly three weeks, and that he left us yesterday, for the further west. The latter part of his stay here was not very well. May he be restored to his original health! Perhaps it was our unkindly atmosphere that affected him so much. While here, however, we were to see him; and many recollections of his happy presence that his friends here, and do come back. These latter being mostly of a private character, I do not feel at liberty to lay any of them before the public. I will, however, give one of the many extraordinary cases which have come under my immediate observation, to show the powers of Mr. M. as a test-medium. Yet I must refrain from giving the true names, and substitute fictitious ones; as names are necessary to explain the case—and names, too, some of which are not common, because foreign. I must remark that Mr. M. was an entire stranger to my family connection. The case is as follows:

Some time in October last, when I had understood that Mr. Mansfield had been here recently, I asked my wife—who was a skeptic in spirit-communication—to write a letter to some deceased person, whoever she might choose, close it up well in an envelope, and seal it well, so that there was no chance of getting at its contents without opening the letter. All she would write she should keep to herself. I would then try to get an answer to that letter through Mr. M., when he would come a week. When, then, I came home the next time, my wife handed me a letter for that purpose; and I put my seal on it, so that I considered it impossible for any mortal to find out what it contained, myself included. I addressed the letter, "To those whom I may concern," and took it with me to Pittsburg. After I had kept it for some weeks, I understood that Mr. M. was in New Brighton, Pa., and would not come here, but go on to St. Louis. Now, fearing that the opportunity had passed to have that letter answered in my presence, I wrote to Mr. M., and enclosed the letter in question, asking for a reply, if possible, as I expressly said, to be bracketed letter, which had been handed to me at the time when he was at first expected here—leaving him by this, entirely in

the dark concerning the letter writer, as there was but my handwriting of the address, as above stated, and my seal, disallowing for anybody nor could it be imagined where the letter had been written, as I sent it from Pittsburg.

This took place on Friday, and on Monday following I received the letter in question back, in the same condition as I had sent it, the seal unbroken, the paper dry and undisturbed, and the following answer, word for word, here given, except the substituted names:—

My dear wife, Eliza—Yours of Oct. 31 is before the medium and me. Oh, how you, my dear wife, come for your dear husband, Victor Pelletier, who has been buried from your physical sight! Oh, Eliza, when I look back to that time when we were so happy, my soul is impatient to have you with me again—not that I would take you from your dear one. But, dear Eliza, we shall meet again. Yes, I tell you to be faithful. The time not far away when we shall meet again. And those darlings of yours, and mine, in spirit-land, could you see them, you would desire to be with them. Well—but be patient, and wait till the good Master calls for you.

Wm. B.—I am here; I see him now and then. His sphere is not with mine.

Oh, Eliza, I have naught to say or fail to find with you. Do you want to be right? What more could you do? Ages and ages we have not; could not tell you how long Wm. B.—has been here, and even myself; but mind that not—we are with you. Dear Catherine is about you, and will speak to you and her dear one, by-and-by.

And do, my dear wife, at all times, by-and-by you will be with us. Love to your dear one; and believe me your once dear mortal but now spirit husband,

To Eliza Bland, Morganstown, Pa. VICTOR PELLETIER.

Now I ask, who could have answered that letter, not knowing by whom it was written—not knowing the family connections, etc.—I myself unacquainted with its contents, even up to the time that I handed it, unbroken, to my wife? In this answer we have the name of my wife, Eliza, addressed by her first husband, Victor Pelletier, an exact facsimile of his handwriting (the whole answer being of a different hand, writing—writing that of the medium.) Victor is speaking of the darlings (two) which she has in the spirit-land—the one of which he is the father. He is speaking of Wm. Small, a brother-in-law of my wife's, who came to his death in Indiana about three years ago. He is mentioning Catherine, my first wife, who died about six years ago, as being about, and ready to speak to her (Eliza) and her own (Catherine's) children. Finally, the facsimile again, and the true address of Eliza.

One thing I could not harmonize, and that was the date. He said, "Yours of Oct. 31 is before the medium and me." Now this could not be correct; for it was in the latter part of October that I heard of Mr. M.'s intention to visit Pittsburg. When I read the answer to my wife, I asked her if she could recollect when she wrote that letter. She said that it was November 3d; but when she opened the letter, she found that she had made the mistake, and written October 31. Her letter was so completely answered, that in her mind there was no doubt left in regard to the origin being derived from the source from which it purports to be.

It is needless to say a word more for a candid and reflecting mind.

Yours truly,

LOUIS BLAND.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 30, 1890.

## A Letter from Cora Wilburn.

A "happy new year" to all the readers of the BANNER, and to all the world beside. May the messages of peace, love and consolation, that, so richly freighted, come from soul-land, bless the many earnest seekers of religious freedom and pure truth, wherever they abide. Here, beneath the wintry skies of New England, my heart utters its prayer for the good of all; that the inevitable year just opening upon us, may either furnish the portals of the hitherto mysterious realms of the hereafter, hitherto approached in shrinking fear and superstitious awe. Love-dilled and wisdom-seeking, we now approach the glorious veil that separates the beauties of the life eternal, and voices of encouragement and aid say sweetly amidst: "Go on, ever onward, over upward aspire!"

The liberate somewhat spiritually-neglected town of Northampton is being favored with the eloquence and heart-thrills of Spiritualism. Leo Miller, with his amiable wife, have been here; the former gave two impressive and stirring lectures; the lady followed the radiant forms of spirit friends, and the scenes of the past, thereby giving much consolation and evidence of immortal existence to the skeptic and the bereaved. She described to me a tropical island, and accurately portrayed my spirit father. She often gives tests of the identity of spirits.

On Monday, the 23d January, I took a pleasant sleigh-ride to Westfield, sixteen miles from here. The weather was intensely cold, some twenty degrees below zero; the sky was "beautifully blue," and the sun shone cheering. To me, the sight of so much snow was a novelty, and I greatly admired the hilly scenery and the farm-house stillness of New England. A cheering and peculiar feature of the wintry landscape are the groves and forests of hardy pines, green, strong and defiant, braving the wintry storms, and proudly decked with scattered snow-blossoms. We remained (rest and friends) at a friend's farm-house for the night. The next morning drove to town, and heard that Bro. Miller was to lecture that night. So I concluded to remain; and seeking their stopping-places, spent the day very agreeably and profitably with Mr. Miller, his wife, and the good lady who entertained them. Went to the lecture in the evening, and, unaccounted as I am to hear our best spiritual lecturers, as well as to be taught like a child, I am urged by truth to say that Bro. Miller's discourse that evening on "The Immortality of Man," could not be excelled for argument, eloquence and fervor.

I hope that the time is high when true worth, private as well as public merit, will demand the attention of Spiritualists, and that hearts humbly and willingly dispensing the truths of the higher life, names not yet enrolled upon the embellished scroll of public recognition, will, by truth's power, win and retain the place that should be theirs—that of filling teachers and exponents of the laws and beauties of eternal life.

The next day I took the cars and returned to Northampton, hoping soon to have the benefit of listening to Bro. Miller. He lectured two evenings more in Westfield, and, as I heard, his audience increased in numbers. The towns and villages of Massachusetts need a thorough awakening, for mind there is active, and Spiritualism must find its way to their homes and seeking hearts.

We expect Miss Laura De Force, and hope that any speaker or test-medium, coming this way, will give us a call. Here, as elsewhere, the cry is still for "light, more light!"

The intense cold weather was succeeded by a thaw that favored us with an April-like milder. Again the sun is veiled, and the skies look sultry. Fresh snow has fallen during the night and morning, and the stillness seems to bode a coming storm. How beautiful, healthful and cheerful a winter in the country may be, I never knew till now.

Yours for Truth,

CORA WILBURN.

Northampton, Jan. 14, 1890.

## A Good Suggestion.

Messrs. Editors—I am a stranger to you all; but not so to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, so ably advocated in your columns: as my heart has rejoiced in the reception of Spiritual truths for several years past, and it is from a desire that all may come to the knowledge of these truths, that I now address you at this time. I am writing from the country; and, during my journey here, I have been astonished at the want of knowledge manifested as to what true Spiritualism is, by those with whom I have become acquainted. There are no papers devoted to Spiritual truths taken in this place, to my knowledge, and I am indebted to the kindness of a friend for copy of the BANNER, that finds its way weakly to my table, and which are so cold and dead to Spiritual truths, and read and re-read with pleasure by myself and a few other kindred minds, who rejoice in the truth as we understand it.

And here I would state the object of my writing. It is to suggest to the numerous subscribers to this and other papers devoted to the same cause, a way wherein much good might be done throughout the country. Let every one now, at the beginning of the new year, when renewing their own subscriptions, think of some friends in the country, or nearer, who are not interested enough to subscribe for themselves, or perhaps are not able to do so. Let them, I repeat, make out a list of all such, "or only one," and send their names and addresses to you, Messrs. Editors, and you to forward the same, (provided the subscription is paid in advance.) I trust they would do nothing by halves. "Do a good deed well," is my motto.

I know of some who need not to be reminded of this way of doing good, and others who need only the way pointed out, to go and do likewise.

I trust that you, Messrs. Editors, will make this suggestion through your columns to your readers, and thus do your duty if they fall in there.

Yours for the Truth,

BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

No man who were armer ever felt the sentiment of pity for he stole his breast.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Two lines, under this head, will be inserted free of charge. All other two lines will be paid for at the rate of six cents per line for each insertion.

Mrs. AMANDA H. HARRIS will lecture in Northampton, Jan. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Providence, 4 Sundays of Feb. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. Worcester, 4 Sundays of April, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. Address, the above places, or Station A, New York City.

WARREN CHASE lectures January 20th, in Newark, N. J.; four Sundays of Feb. in Philadelphia. Address for January at our office, 143 Fulton street, New York.

Mrs. ELIZA METTLER will lecture at Chelmsford in Feb.; Philadelphia in March; Providence, Portland, Oswego, &c., during the spring. At the end of February she returns to New York to form engagements. Apply to 6 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Mrs. FANNIE BURNHAM TAYLOR will lecture in Putnam, Conn., on Saturdays, commencing Feb. 12th. Address, until Feb. 10th, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture to the surrounding towns, addressed to her at Lowell, Mass., till further notice.

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., from the middle of January to March 1st, will labor in India and from thence, to April 30th, in Illinois, and the eastern part of Iowa. Letters from the three last named States may be directed to the care of B. Brotherton, Pontiac, Mich.

Dr. P. J. RANDEL will address, till further notice, will be Boston, care of Member of Light. Enclose stamp for return letter.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE M. TUTTLE's address will be West Winsted, Ct., during the winter.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Cattaraugus Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Cattaraugus Co.) on fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Chautauque and Cattaraugus Counties.

LINDSEY M. ANDREWS, superior lecturer, will visit the South and West, commencing in March. Address him, either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Montclair, N. J.

Mrs. MARY MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Hill, care of Z. R. Macomber, Providence, R. I. She will speak at Plymouth, April 22d and 23d. Mrs. Macomber contemplates visiting California in the spring.

Gaston M. JACOBSON will speak at Utica, N. Y., Sunday, Jan. 26th. Friends in Central New York wishing his services will address him at the above time and place, care P. Curtis, box 20.

Dr. L. L. COOKLEY, one of the most successful clairvoyant physicians in the country, will lecture by Mrs. A. A. Gooden, having determined to make his residence in New Orleans for the winter, has taken rooms at 105 Tilton Walk street, and will make many discourses without medicine. The Doctor is also a spiritualist, trance speaker, and reader of character by interior colors. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Examinations satisfactory, or no charge. Terms within the reach of all. He will lecture, every Sunday, and at other times, at such places and on such topics as local needs will be given.

LEO MILLER will lecture in his part of New England, on "The Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." Address, Hartford, Conn. 10-108

J. H. RANDALL intends to travel through the central and western part of New York, during the months of January and February, and will answer calls to lecture, to the friends of truth, during those months, through that section. Address Northfield, Mass.

Mrs. H. M. MILLER is to lecture at Girard, Pa., Jan. 24th to 26th.

Mrs. E. D. SIMONS, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, after the 10th of January, through Conn. and Mass. Until that time she is engaged West. Address her at Bristol, Conn.

Mrs. R. H. DURE will give lectures on every thing pertaining to Spiritual and Practical Life, Religion and Philosophy, at New York, 35 Quincy street, Boston, Mass., Jan. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Address, Hartford, Conn. 10-108

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Terre Haute, Ind., the fourth and fifth Sundays of January; and at Chicago through February.

H. T. RAYFIELD will speak in Williamstown, Conn., the last Sunday in January; four Sundays in Feb. at Bridgeport, Conn.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Taunton, Mass., Jan. 20th. Mrs. FRANCES BOND, care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, Box 3213, Buffalo, N. Y.

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich., till further notice.

Mrs. J. W. GUNNEN will lecture in Chicago, Mass., Jan. 25th; in Putnam, Ct., Feb. 5th; in Foxboro', 12th and 13th; in Marlborough, 20th; Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of April. Address Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. ELIZA E. GIBSON, Dorco, Mass. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Dorco, Mass. CHARLES W. BURGESS, Inspirational Speaker, Box 22, West Killingly, Conn.

Rev. JOHN PIERCE, West Medford, Mass. Mrs. ESTHER A. MAJOR, No. 93 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. Miss LIZZIE DORRIS, Plymouth, Mass. Miss L. BOWEN, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.

ELIZABH WOODWORTH, Leola, N. C. C. T. INTENT, Taunton, Mass., care of John Edy, Esq. Mrs. DEBRA H. CHASE, West Warwick, Mass. E. R. R. CHASE, 225 Franklin street, Boston. LOVELL BESSIE, North Ridgely, Ohio. Mrs. S. MARIA RAZA, Springfield, Mass. PROF. J. T. GUERRELL, No. 202 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia.

Mrs. B. B. SMITH, Manchester, N. H. Dr. C. O. YOR, Boston, Mass.

## Boston Advertisements.

DR. L. J. FARNSWORTH, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, PSYCHOMETRIST, AND MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS. Office at Dr. Mack's Institute, No. 7 Davis street, Boston.

For answers to sealed letters, \$1.00 per letter, and postage stamps, for an effort to give satisfaction. If the first letter fails, the writer can have the privilege of sending two more, by simply paying postage. For delinquencies of character, \$2.00 per letter, and postage stamps. For one or two persons, must be sent, written with ink. For medical examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2.00; when absent, by a lock of hair, \$3.00. Medicines sent on reasonable terms.

MRS. E. M. TITTLE, PHYSIOLOGICAL AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN: Office at Dr. Mack's Institute, No. 7 Davis street, Boston. Court street, Boston, where she will give examinations and prescriptions for all diseases, particularly those of females. Unless a true diagnosis of the disease is given, no fee will be received. Referrals references given if required. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M. Terms.—Clairvoyant Examinations and Prescriptions, \$1.00 each. Jan. 14.

WILLIAM HOLLAND, CLAIRVOYANT AND ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN. Careful and thorough examinations made in every case. The most efficient means adopted to remove diseases. References given if desired. Examinations \$1.00. 121 Hudson street, near Court street, Boston. Jan. 7.

MRS. MARY A. RICKER, TRANCE MEDIUM. Rooms 145 Hanover street, Boston. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Terms, for private sittings, \$1 per 20 min. Jan. 7.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, TRANCE MEDIUM. No. 819 Brattle street, Boston, (office in Banner of Light Building.) Medical examinations and prescriptions, \$1.00; general manifestations, \$1.00. Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M.; and from 2 to 5 P. M. Patients visited at their residences, when required. Dec. 31.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, HAS POSTPONED GOING SOUTH THIS WINTER, owing to the earnest solicitations of her numerous friends and patrons. Mrs. L. will continue to occupy the same rooms, 20 Beach street, from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M., and 8 to 10 P. M.



from civil procedure, from revolutions, and from manner of oppressive systems, what is their part in under government.

And just so, likewise, in respect to all the economic

places, but howhere more significantly than in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, where he says:

“Ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children. My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor shalt when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.”

not know that there was wine in it; but there is. By looking at suffering we would not know that there was corall in it; but there is. There is a certain inspiration, there is a deep moral element, in griefs to those that are enabled to see them in the light of the faith of Christ and the providence of God. There are

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.