

27.
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.
NATURE'S WHISPERINGS.
BY COUSIN BENJA.

How can you doubt that spirit friends
Dwell in some bright and happy sphere,
When every day your Father sends
So many proofs around you here?
Have you not seen the garden worm
Pass through its grave the chrysalis?
Then wherefore does your spirit yearn
For greater proof than this?

Have you not seen the forest oak
Stripped of its leaves by Autumn's cold?
Though Winter all its powers envoke,
He reaneth not its soul!

The spirit of the oak survives
The chilling blast of Winter's reign;
And when the Spring again shall smile,
It putteth forth its leaves again.

Have you not seen the God of day,
Grown weary with His march and song,
Pass through the darkened midnight gate
To greet again the smiling morn?

All Nature bids you to behold
The changes through which all things go;
To cleanse—to purify the soul,
That higher truths may flow.

The worm that creeps upon the ground
Must slumber to recruit its powers,
Ere it can rise and float around,
On rainbow wings, 'mid Summer's flowers.

So man with all his boasted strength
Must bow to laws he knows not of,
Accept its truths, and be content
To win through them the Heaven of love.

Thatchwood Cottage, May, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.
JUDITH;
OR,
THE MYSTERY OF
MORTON MARSH MANOR.
BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"You are ill!" exclaimed my companion in alarm.
"Rather giddy," I replied, ashamed of my emotion.

"If I thought you regretted being persuaded by me into what is considered after all a harmless amusement—" began Sir Wilford, anxiously.

"Oh, no, no!" I murmured, checking the sob.

"I never can pardon myself—I am not fit to be entrusted with so sensitive a nature. Pray forgive me, Mrs. Murray."

By this time I had regained self-control, and the disconsolate air of my companion touched me. I hastened to dispel it.

"I am very silly, Sir Wilford; forget it, I beg. You will think me one of those women who have a viaduct at command."

"I am certain you seldom weep, and I am more pained, therefore, at having caused these tears."

"You shall never see any more," I replied, gallily, for my late agitation began to appear extravagant in my own eyes, and what, then, must Sir Wilford think of it and me? A full grown matron weeping and walling like a child, at a ball, because she had been 'naughty'! I crimsoned with mortification.

"Never? Not if I propose waltzing some time?"

"Not even if you propose waltzing!" I exclaimed, eager to recover my reputation as a spirited fashionable belle.

"Thank you for the ray of hope you give that I shall enjoy in the future what was so delightful in the past. I never knew a finer waltzer—excuse me for open praise; but indeed English women make strange work of dancing, and they will be less endurable partners than ever now."

I was desirous of returning to the other rooms, fearing that my absence might induce my friends to seek me; and, as I took Sir Wilford's arm, I said:

"I hope Mr. Murray will not hear of this—he would be displeased, I know, for though indulgent beyond measure in every other respect, he is unapproachable in this one."

"Could he once see you defend the dance, I believe another advocate would be secured."

I shook my head, and silently joined the lady who accompanied me that evening.

I suppose I have done very wrong, and certainly I have placed myself in an embarrassing position, by letting Sir Wilford think I will not refuse to be his partner again. Why had I not sufficient firmness to decline at once, and display a little of that decision of character I so pride myself on?

Oct. 13.—How considerate Sir Wilford is. Although we meet constantly at parties, he never alludes to the past, or asks me to waltz. Indeed, he refrains himself, and gives as his reason that since I do not participate, he has no inclination to do so; I must own that most of the ladies are particularly awkward, and I am sorely tempted to shine forth occasionally. But I will wait till Mr. Murray returns, and try to coax him into consenting.

How much more agreeable Sir Wilford is than at first. The nameless something in his manner, that gave one an idea of covert sarcasm has vanished, and now that his brilliancy of conversation is tinged with seriousness, it is more comfortable. One can not help liking him when he chooses to be friendly; he seems so pleased to place his favorites in their best light. As for me I am compelled to exhibit my excellencies before I am aware of it. Among other schemes, I have been drawn into a class of equestrians, so that, instead of idling in the carriage every afternoon in Hyde Park, I enact the role of Amazon. Very pleasant, and—very becoming! My wild, free races through country lanes and over bleak commons, have given me a fearless air and complet

mastery; besides, I never feel so elate as when on horseback—it is almost second nature.

Oct. 15.—How Angus is detained at Morton. I am thankful I did not go down with him—to lose nearly two weeks of this gay season would be vexatious.

What ails Sir Wilford? He is actually grave. I believe he is turning hermit, also, for he was not at Lady D.—'s soiree last evening, or visible during the sail and dinner at Greenwich the day before. What little I have seen of him during the last few days has made me blue.

I had no idea until his partial disappearance, how much he could contribute to my comfort, during Angus's absence. I hope this cloud will pass away, for I cannot ask the cause with propriety, and yet I am interested in his welfare.

Oct. 16.—I am surprised! Is it possible that this polished seemingly heartless man of fashion is so sensitive? To-night he came into my box at the opera. I rallied him on his late retirement from the world, and inquired if the collapse were quite over.

"You are in a jesting mood," he replied, smiling faintly.

"And you have been in a moody mood," I retorted.

"Now confess what has been the tone of your lucubrations?"

"Civil as an orange, and something that complexion."

I suppose I looked blank at being thus made the confidante of family difficulties, for he added:

"You do not understand me, I imagine. I am jealous in the name of friendship, only."

"Still I do not comprehend."

"Ah! Mrs. Murray, you are like all your sex, fickle as the wind."

"I protest my innocence and ignorance of offending."

"Let me refresh your memory. Did I not ask you, if you were going to Greenwich with Mrs. Chichester's party last Wednesday? Very well, you said no. Accordingly, I sent an excuse. Lo, and behold! three hours afterward you accepted Theodore Winchester as your escort, the most conceited puppy in town, begging his pardon, and thereby gave him the opportunity he has so long been wanting, of ingratiating himself in your favor and society."

Sir Wilford's fine eyes sparkled, and he was wonderfully earnest. In much surprise I regarded him for a moment, and then said:

"I assure you I intended no slight; but I spoke without thought when I told you I was not going to Greenwich, and Mr. Winchester happened to offer his services just as I had made up my mind to join the excursion. I cannot believe that this has been the cause of your desertion and dullness ever since."

"You do not know how firm my friendships are; I feel any diminution of regard at once, and I was wounded. Since you say, however, that you did not wish to avoid my companionship, I will resume my belief that you esteem me."

"I beg you will," I replied, quite moved at having so much influence over a person not easily affected; "I never have caprices with my friends."

"It is a settled matter, then, that you and I are friends beyond the power of any interference?"

"It is—never doubt me in the future."

Harmony being thus restored, we listened to the performance in silence, though I was quite as much occupied in reflections arising from our conversation, as in listening to the opera. Sir Wilford is certainly misrepresented as a cynical, cold hearted man; when his reserve, is laid aside beautiful and tender traits are brought to light. I cannot but think that a wife who understood him would make him vastly different. Lady Eugenia is a lovely woman, but too gentle and submissive to develop his nature. She would soften a rugged temperament, but he needs attraction to prove his fire and temper.

Oct. 25.—For the first time I hesitate to open my journal—to confide my life to its safe and soothing pages. Yet I must review the incidents of to-day, must record them, that I may never in future question my own discretion and correct action.

This morning as I sat alone in the drawing-room, Sir Wilford was announced. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I expected to leave town shortly.

"Only temporarily, I presume?" he inquired.

"Until next year; Mr. Murray thinks he shall not be able to leave home at present."

"Then I shall go mad!"

I looked up in surprise. Sir Wilford was terribly agitated.

"I did not intend to betray myself!" he continued rapidly, "but I am unable to conceal my heart any longer now that I have spoken."

"I cannot write what he said—there is no need, for not one word will be forgotten while life remains. I never heard such a pitiful confession—so despairing, so torturing; how he had restrained himself until then was wonderful."

"And now that I have told you," he concluded, "I must condemn myself to the separation I have thus hastened. I will go abroad without delay; there is no safety near you."

My heart sank like lead. Hitherto I had been so absorbed in the revelation of his love and grief that my own existence was forgotten. But the announcement of his determination to shun the possibility of meeting me, opened my eyes to the fact of my love for him. I sat appalled—doubtless white and rigid in my agony at the knowledge, for he said:

"For Heaven's sake, Lucretia, speak to me!"

The sound of my name from his lips roused me. I felt my pulse leap and labor on again, and the blood rushes in torrents to my face. I rose, strove to speak, but the words died away, and I sank weeping on his shoulder.

For a few moments I realized the luxury of tears. My agitation was natural under the circumstances; my weakness excused the support of a friend. Let what would come in the future, he was mine for the

present—duty and distance were not yet between us.

"You are wounded—offended, perhaps," said my companion; "do not add the weight of your displeasure to my sufferings."

I recovered my composure and made the necessary explanations. We had been terribly thoughtless and imprudent to let matters go so far, and now we must be resigned to suffer until time should effect a cure. In reply to this, Sir Wilford asked if I were sure of leaving London soon. I showed him a letter received that day from Mr. Murray, requesting me to be in readiness to return to Morton at any time.

"Then as your departure is settled, I cannot resolve to leave the city before you go. I will become reconciled by degrees to separation."

I fear this determination is dangerous, yet how can I refuse any consolation in my power, and surely a few days more cannot add greatly to our unhappiness. As for doubting my strength of principle, I will not accuse myself of what I should consider an insult from another. I am distressed beyond measure.

Nov. 20.—Oh, why did I waver so foolishly? Why did I not go to Morton at once? There is but one course now open; can I bow my pride to it? Pride? What have I to do with that now? Yet the force of habit is strong; and though I believe I could not be unhappy if surrounded by evidences of his love, yet the conventional idea of degradation would always follow me. Still there is no retracting or retracting now; I have professed the theory of giving up all worldly considerations for the sake of one who is beloved, despite the barriers society has interposed, and who, I feel sure, would compensate for the loss of what never has satisfied my nature fully. Why, then, do I tremble at taking the second step in demonstrating my theory? "It is the first step only that costs," says the adage, and why do I not find it so?

I can imagine a delightful home abroad, where there will be no acquaintances to remind me of the past, or poison the present; where rebellion of hearts against fetters of circumstances is more leniently regarded—thither we are going. I have promised, and will not be forewarned twice. Poor Angus! the shame and grief will kill him; but far better that fate than an unloving wife, haunted by the consciousness of having him she has wronged.

Nov. 29.—What a mystery is life! Could I have believed when I opened this book that my next entry would be made sitting in my chamber at Morton, as quietly to all appearance as if I had never left it? But what a contrast between seeming and reality! Of this I must not think. Destiny has interfered with my plan of action, and I must abide by her decision. How could I suppose that Mr. Murray would come up to London so unexpectedly, and mistaking my preparations for flight for readiness to return home, resolve to depart without delay? Every avenue was closed against escape, for my messenger to Sir Wilford brought back my note with the information that he had just left town, and would not be at home till the next day; and I was so paralyzed by the unexpected arrival of my husband, that I was passive, feeling that submission to my fate for the present was unavoidable.

How will this disappointment affect Wilford? I have written him a full account of it, and begged him to give up the mad dream we were so rudely waked from. I dread his answer.

Dec. 1.—The letter so anxiously expected has come. So devoted as its contents are. I am terribly shaken respecting what course to pursue. Can I brave the risks attendant on leaving Morton with him? What was easy of accomplishment in London during the temporary courage of desperation, seems impossible now. I am proud, sensitive to the voice of public opinion. Can I brave the consciousness that I am fallen in the high estimation of my friends, despised by that circle where I was so lately admired, and considered so superior? Can I exchange my honored position for contumely? In his love I could indeed be blessed. But would not memory embitter our life, until he would weary of my sadnes? Then if he should die! What would be left me? Only to die with him. But I could not end my own existence. I am young and strong, and nature would resist disease. The picture is too horrible for contemplation. I must refuse his chivalric to join him—yet the future is meaningless, parted from Wilford. Alas! I am already reaping the punishment of my sin and folly.

Dec. 23.—Christmas holidays are coming!" is the joyous acclamation of every one, and there will be more guests at Morton than at any year previous. One short twelvemonth ago, I saw Wilford for the first time. How changed is everything since then, and how little outward tokens of it.

My life is gone out. Angus thinks my health affected, and, to cheer me, has made preparations for unusual gaiety. I must hide this wearing agony of mind under an exterior of cheerfulness, at least, and play the hostess in the home I have dishonored. Suspense is at an end, however; since Wilford's answer to my letter, requesting him to give me up, has come, I have buried tenderness, faith and hope in one grave. So cruel as it is! He upbraids me with coldness, fickleness, injustice, and wounds me in every line. He never could have loved me and have penned such pages. Pride will come to my rescue. Yet shall I be happier when love has turned to hate? Oh, for death! swift and painless, and no waking to a hereafter.

Dec. 28.—An impassable gulf now lies between us. The letter I have this day sent will check any demonstration on the part of Wilford, when affection shall have conquered his temporary irritation at my refusal to leave home. Retribution is overtaking

me in the most awful form. I have refused to believe, till doubt is no longer possible. Strange that this fact has opened my eyes to the true aspect of the past as nothing else could do. Oh, what a strange delusion I have been under! How shall I escape from the entanglement it has led me into?

Jan. 10.—As I predicted, hatred now fills my heart, but I am tortured worse than ever. Another letter recalling the harshness of the former, and urging me to forgive it—too late. The tide is set outward, and I loathe every reminder of the past. Each expression of fondness but mars his cause, since it taunts me with my degradation. "Let him protect me, since fortune has favored him by thus clearly indicating that path." Never! I will perish by my own hand first. I will return any future communications unread.

What shall I do? I cannot confess to Angus Murray how I have wronged him, and yet that sinks into comparative insignificance beside the yet more awful injury I must otherwise inflict. I have not the courage yet to act either course. That same fate which has brought about such strange and unlooked-for events heretofore, may relieve me, perhaps, of the responsibility of deciding. Meanwhile let me collect my strength and reasoning faculties, lest I become a maniac, and blazon my shame to every ear.

At this point I was obliged to pause. I was heart-sick at this terrible revelation of domestic tragedy, and to relieve my thoughts, took the manuscript Lady Eugenia had given me at parting. It was so appropriate a continuation to the portion of the journal I had just read, that I quote a part in this place.

"Lest you may think my separation from Sir Wilford blameable, I will explain the cause; by so doing I shall not need to mention any secrets not already known to you, and I trust to write this in the charitable spirit of one who has long since forgiven the past."

My marriage to Sir Wilford was in accordance with the plan of our families from my childhood; we were distantly related, and on my side deep, lasting love for my old playmate, was the result of our companionship. Such, however, was not the case with him; I believe; but that he was very fond of me as the double object of alternate coaxings and boyish tyranny, was evidenced when the time for marriage came, his heart being quite untouched by any absorbing attachment for another, he was well content to take as a wife one on whose devotion and indulgence he could rely. I was satisfied with the careless affection he manifested, ignorant that he was not as enthusiastic as any lover; and supplying all deficiencies by my own excess of tenderness.

My married life was very happy for some time. Uniform attention and kindness surrounded me, and I only exacted the privilege of loving my husband unchecked by coldness and absence. My first trial was his meeting with Mrs. Murray—that opened my eyes to the fact that he felt only friendship for me. O, Judith! what a bitter experience to see his increasing attraction toward her. Day by day his heart went out more and more entirely, yet I suffered in silence, knowing by the intuition that suffering teaches, how surely complaint would destroy the remnant I yet possessed of his regard. I hoped that Mrs. Murray might not reciprocate his admiration when she became aware of its existence, or that her sense of duty would dictate such discouraging measures as to extinguish this estrangement for her sake. I was cruelly disappointed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Murray came to London the season after our first meeting, I soon gave up going out. I could not endure the agony which Wilford's restlessness when in her society occasioned me. Perhaps I did wrong to withdraw the check of my presence, and am partly responsible for the ensuing events. Yet I did not dream of the result; in my chosen retirement, few rumors from the gay world without reached me, and parties interested are the last to hear of their cause for sorrow.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

How may Spirits be Identified?

Permit me to say a word or two through your columns upon the question of spirit identity, discussed in the New York Conference. I hold that spirits communicate with man in earth-life, mainly for the purpose of teaching and convincing him that he may progress here, and, after throwing off the mortal, may progress in spirit-life. They come for the purpose of leading him gently and lovingly to this golden plane of progression. Their teachings, then, are the essential thing to those who believe; their identity to such is but a more secondary matter; such will submit all communications to the careful scrutiny of their understandings, "choosing the good, and casting the bad away."

No doubt, in all cases, where it is necessary, spirits have endeavored to prove their identity by such manifestations as they knew would be accepted, and it seems to be really necessary to certain classes of persons. For their thoughts being very material, no other than some material demonstration would have any convincing effect.

Some do not believe in a future state of existence. The spirit friends of such must clearly identify themselves before they can be convinced of their error in belief. Others again, do not believe that their spirit friends can return after leaving earth life. These will shroud themselves in the clouds of their belief, and in consequence, are unable to see any reality or truth in spirit intercourse; and, if induced to believe, or even give the subject a thought else than it is a delusion, it must be some material manifestation of the identity of a spirit friend.

The question seems to naturally arise here, Can a spirit manifest itself through a medium, so that others may be convinced of the identity of the spirit then operating? We know that the mere assertion of a spirit, or even the presenting itself before the

medium in its material appearance in earth-life, is not convincing, for all Spiritualists know by experience that sometimes spirits are so anxious to communicate, that they have been detected endeavoring to personate others. To be fully and satisfactorily convinced, requires more than this; but if in addition, or even alone, we discover the peculiarity of mind and mode of conversation, or manner of reasoning, that was peculiar to the individual, I think we have reasonable and clear evidence of the spirit's identity.

It is by the peculiar manner of presenting their ideas—the quality of those ideas—the mode of reasoning, &c., that constitute an individuality, and by which persons in earth-life are remembered and distinguished, and I cannot see any reason why it is not the proper and most certain means by which we may distinguish individual spirits. This can be conveyed and perceived through the instrumentality of the medium.

Every individual has peculiarities of mind which draws a plain mark of distinction between him and every other person. This constitutes him a distinct identity; that identity he must maintain, in degree, progressed or unprogressed; or the finest and dearest ties of man are sundered on entering the spirit-world.

Dr. Gray, in the BANNER, 23d March, argues that the spirit who dictated part of Dr. Dexter's and Judge Edmonds's book, was not Swedenborg, because none of the "DEEP PHILOSOPHY" is discoverable which is held forth in the writings of the Swedish seer! Was the Doctor not looking at the wrong place to discover Swedenborg's trait of mind in these communications? The PHILOSOPHY in the writings of Swedenborg was communicated to him by spirits, and bears no more the stamp of his individuality, than does the beautiful reasoning and philosophy of Emma Hardinge or Cora L. V. Hatch, theirs. They convey the reasoning knowledge and peculiarity of the dictating spirit, and not that of the medium.

Comparing the writings of Swedenborg, which he wrote by spirit dictation, with what has been written through Dr. Dexter, by a spirit claiming to be that of Swedenborg, is but comparing the philosophy of Swedenborg's dictating spirit, a hundred years ago, with him as a spirit, now dictating—entirely different individuals. The only way I can see to fairly test the spirit that communicated through Dr. Dexter, claiming to be that of Swedenborg, is to compare his individuality, discoverable in his writings not dictated by spirits, with that, in those which were written through Dr. Dexter, giving due allowance for any imperfection that might be in the organization of the Doctor as a medium, that might in any way obstruct the full and free flow of the ideas intended.

A FRIEND TO PROGRESS.

Wheeling, March 23, 1861.

MY FIRST BORN.

A little precious baby
Came to my heart one day,
And, folded there most lovingly,
A long, sweet time she lay.

Her little fairy fingers
O'er my bosom softly crept—
A faint thrill ever lingered
There, where her pure cheek slept.

Her eyes were dark and beautiful
As evening's starry sky;
Her voice as clear and musical
As birds that sing on high.

Like lilies gleamed her snowy skin,
Like pale gold shone her hair,
Like pearls, her rose-bud lips within,
Shone tiny teeth so fair!

So fair, so pure, my little gem,
That angels came to see,
And seeing, bore her home with them,
Their angel-babe to be.

And ever, when cast down apart,
In agony I weep,
There thrills within my stricken heart
A thought that ne'er shall sleep!

That cradled in an angel's arms—
From every sorrow free—
A little bright-winged seraph-child
Waits lovingly for me!

Warning the Cars.

We are glad enough, in view of the winters ahead that there are other modes thought of for warming the cars than the present one of a tight stove and a roaring draught. In common with other people, we have suffered quite enough with foul, heated air while shut up in a car with forty or fifty more sufferers like ourselves, and the time has come for some practical remedy for so frightful an evil to be proposed. That remedy is steam. Fire can be dispensed with, and steam may take its place. An English paper thus records the experiments with the improved methods of warming, in some of the trains on the Continent:—"Our Continental neighbors have just introduced a method of warming railway carriages which should be at once adopted in this country, involving as it does only a trifling outlay, and being a great boon to travelers. The waste steam from the engine, instead of being allowed to escape into the air, is conducted from the escape-pipe of the engine, by means of a vulcanized india-rubber tube, to pipes through which it circulates under the seats and throughout the carriages. As soon as the train is set in motion the steam commences to circulate through all the systems of pipes, and warms the carriages—first, second and third class—equally; and, being connected with each other by india-rubber tubing, they can be immediately detached or reunited at pleasure. In a trial on the Lyons line, two thermometers placed in first class carriages marked 60 deg. Fahr. during the whole journey; and in the second and third class carriages the temperature was sufficiently elevated to allow the longest winter's journey being accomplished with comfort. However cold the carriage may be when at rest, as soon as the train is started, the steam commences to circulate through the tubing, and communicates an agreeable temperature through the whole train."

LEONA.

BY ANNE G. CLARK.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison, and try
Its voice in an infant's song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half-lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white robes which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet,
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sign,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that blessed me in days that are fled,
And raised the last roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was ranking deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, from hill-side and deep,
The day-kings surrender their banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
Down the broad-browed mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled,
On the walls of the West, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

I go, but weep not o'er my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn,
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return,
And visit the place of its birth.

'T would even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the west;
But the land-breeze of heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting eternally's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by; should the grief
That is gathering now, ever
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PESTILENCE IS KING!

A YELLOW FEVER REMINISCENCE.

BY J. DOMIER, JR.

PART I.

THE TOLLING BELL.

"Whether first nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me.
I like this rocking of the battlements.
Rage on, ye winds! burst clouds, and waters roar!
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul!"

—Young's Revenge.

'Tis morn in Port Gibson. Thick fogs roll heavily
Up the valley of the majestic Mississippi, and
in vain strives yon sun to penetrate the sombre pall.
Anon, misty rains fall silently to earth, and moaning
breezes awaken the rustling leaves of luxuriant
magnolias, while from the branches of the China
tree and jessamine are heard in plaintive strains,
the matins of both mocking-bird and robin.

Hark! 'Tis the tolling bell!
Another victim is added to that long list of the
insatiable monster. The curfew tolls! tolls! Again
a fellow-being has left for the silent land,
to return nevermore. The curfew tolls! tolls! One
being less is reckoned among the living—one more
mortal has been summoned to his final account.
Toll on, toll on, thou dismal knell! Earth has yet
more victims—the grave is wide. Toll on!

What form is that on the corner, dreamily ex-
haling the vapors of his choice Havana, thus early in
the morn? 'Tis a gallant "Howard," relieved by
a brief respite from his vigils. His keen eye takes
in at a glance the unpropitious aspect of nature;
and he shudders to contemplate the number of still
lingering sufferers who will find their death-warrant,
now subscribed by the destroying angel beyond
all hope of cancel. The tolling bell awakens early
from its repose; and as its solemn notes break
the stillness of the morn, announcing another exit from
this vale of tears, behold! even yon stern "How-
ard" sighs, "Alas! 'tis he. 'Poor Tom's a-cold.'"

Hush! 'Tis the tolling bell!
Silence broods over the stricken town, like exult-
ing murderer over fallen foe. Pestilence is King!
He stalketh abroad at midnight, adding every hour
fresh subjects to his dominions. At midday he
stayeth not his hand; but, viewing the young and
the beautiful, the wicked and the just, he chuckles,
"More victims, more!"

Hush! 'Tis the tolling bell!
The plaintive wail of the negro breaks upon the
morning air giving vent to his sorrow over the
corse of his fallen master. The stern man is
brought low. No more that voice shall awaken
the slave to his labor—no more shall servant tremble at
his frown! That pallid brow is marked by the hand
of grim death; upon those pale lips appear the to-
ken of the fell destroyer.

Listen! 'Tis the tolling bell!
Dogs howl mournfully on the street corners, in
quest of their masters; the kine low mournfully on
the verdant hills; and even the kitten, purring be-
fore the blazing hearth, silently watches askance
the ascending flames, and seems conscious of the
fearful forebodings which haunt the breasts of the
living.

Hush! 'Tis the tolling bell.
Virginia is dead! Like the lily she bloomed, like
the lily of the valley she faded—died! Was she
lovely? Ask is the ocean deep. Was she gentle?
Ask is the dove contentious. Was she good? Ask
are angels sinful. She is dead, and still rages on
the pestilence—rages on, though Virginia is dead.
She was buried. The grass is parched on her nar-
row tomb; the little bird sings not over her resting
place; the tiny violets on her lone grave have even
withered—disdaining to warble or to bloom, while
one more beautiful than they was now no more.

—A member of the New Orleans Howard Association.

Where are thy tears, oh, man, that thou wepest not?
Thou wert deaf to prayers, oh, heaven! I also had
been spared. My cup of bitterness is full—the
churn of earth hath flown—the hope of life van-
ished forever! Come, ye loathsome waters, come. Spread
thy healing billows over a blighted heart. Bring
oblivion to a crushed spirit. Breathe peace to a
troubled soul. "Peace? Ho! ho! Peace?" Ye
mocking fiends, avaunt! Is not Virginia dead?
Weep on, sad heart, weep on.

Listen! 'Tis the tolling bell.
Pestilence is King! Vengeance is written in the
heavens; desolation brooded in the clouds; sorrow
and misery mirrored on the rushing tide; death
howled in the passing breeze; despair shadowed on
the hearts of mortals! Pestilence is King! tolls on
the bell.

'Tis Friday, September 16, 1853, and still is Port
Gibson the sport of unrelenting foe. Shall I ever
cease to remember it? How vividly, at this late pe-
riod, are those events mirrored on my soul? Re-
collection paints them in dismal hues, and exhibits
them in all their hideous distinctness, while memory
whispers, "They were terrible!"

Oh, remembrance!
Why dost thou open all my wounds again?
Thinking will make me mad. Why must I think,
when every thought brings but pain? Thought is
damnation! 'Tis the plague of devils. Lethe's
dark waters roll sullenly at my feet—they elude my
embrace, smile at my sorrows, mock at my woes, jeer
at my calamity. Come, then, Remembrance, with
all thy busy train! swell at my breast—we'll view
the Past again.

PART II.

THE OASIS IN THE DESERT.

'Tis the night that ushers in the Sabbath. Dark
vapors flit athwart the skies, like war-clouds from
the field of strife. Low, rumbling thunders mutter
deep threatenings in the West, like death-notes from
distant war, while pale lightning's ever and anon
light up the sombre heavens, shedding a weird glow
over the desolated land! The pale face of Luna pours
sorrowfully through the shifting pall of heaven.
Harsh hoofs the owl from among the forest branches,
as, demon-like, he chants his nocturnal anthem
to the listening air—Hush! 'Tis the watch dog's
howl, scenting the stealthy coming of direful foe!
But hush! What means that strange commotion of
the elements, curdling the blood and paralyzing the
senses by its unearthly din? 'Tis the rustling
plumage of the Destroying Angel, as he hovers amid
earth and heaven, gloating over the fruits of his
prowess! List to his dismal refrain, and tremble,
O man! for ere to-morrow's sun shall fearfully
smile upon yon slumbering world, thy fate shall be
written—the book of doom sealed! Listen, and
weep!

"A world slumbers on in sad peace, for a time,
To bring end to that peace, the task shall be mine!
Their grave apathy wide—yawneth darkly as sin,
Grim Death shall rejoice, as I gather them in!"

Myriads of unseen demons respond gleefully to
the infernal strain, and the very earth quakes, af-
frighted at their devilish orgies! An awe-stricken
world labors to turn deaf ear to the horrid dirge,
and lifts its fearful eyes beseechingly to heaven;
while a voice, as of old, loud and terrible as the last
trump, proclaims to the trembling mass—"Woe
unto them who sleep!"

Hush! What sound is that, booming upon the
noisome night, causing even the Pestilential Monster
to pause wonderingly in his downward swoop, and
turn disappointed from his onward career? Hear it
not, O Heaven! Shudder, O Earth! at the au-
dacity of thy sons! It is—it is the sound of revelry!
Ay, revelry from the midst of a plague-stricken
town!

What a strange enigma art thou, O frail man!
Precept and example are alike unheeded by thee;
to voice from the tomb, turned thou deaf ear!
Ay, laughest, in the face of even Death's approach-
ing angel! Man! man! at such an hour, how like
boisterous mirth from the midst of the tomb, sounds
thy thoughtless gaiety! Has sad unbelief enshrouded
thy soul within its sable mantle, or has the
spirit of bravado usurped thy stammering heart, that
thou shouldst thus dare to beard the lion in his den?

Thank God, that amid this present scene of misery
and death, there still live some brave hearts, whose
every smile, whose every word, is an antidote to fear,
whose very presence inspires drooping hearts with
fresh courage, and bids them in cheerful tones to
still "hope for the best!" Are they philosophers?
They are more! Are they stoics? To them "hope
tells a flattering tale!" Are they Christians?
Their souls are disenthralled by the blind enthu-
siasm of zealots—their creed, "God is Love!"

Ye blind guides, sectarians, worshippers of a great
Being whom your superstitious dogmas have made
less than human! Come with me to yonder lazar-
house, and there receive a lesson palpable as noon-
day sun, and as the grave, true as immortality!
What seest thou?

Wretchedness, in all its hideous reality! Disease,
in all its hydra multiformity? This fearful abode
is peopled with the victims of intemperance and sen-
suality—with the children of vicious indolence and
sloth. I behold faded youth, premature old age, and
the prospect of an untimely grave, to be the portion
of multitudes, who by various means have brought
these evils upon themselves! I approach the couch
of the invalid. "Tell me," I exclaim, canst thou
fairly and honestly assign a cause for thy affliction
but the unknown decree of heaven? Hast thou
duly valued the blessing of health? Hast thou been
moderate in thy life, and temperate in thy pleas-
ures? If not, then art thou but paying the price of thy
former, perhaps thy forgotten indulgences!" Look
again, O searcher after Truth! What beholdest
thou? "I behold the public state of the world, at a
glance. I see great societies of men torn in sunder
by intestine dissensions, tumults, and civil commo-
tions! I behold mighty armies going forth, in for-
midable array, against each other, to cover the earth
with blood, and to fill the air with the widow's wail,
and the orphan's lamentation! Sad evils are these,
to which this miserable world is exposed! Oh, God!
I therefore dost thou thus chastise thy children!"
Cease thy impious upbraidings, O man! How
darest thou impute such evils to Him, whose very
essence is Love? Is it He who sends forth slaugh-
tering armies into the field, to fill the peaceful city
with massacre and blood? No! In thunder-tones,
No! Such miseries are none other than the bitter
fruits of man's violent and disorderly passions! They
are clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of
princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the tur-
bulence of the people! Think of the foolishness of
man, O searcher after wisdom; but learn this truth:
"Every good and perfect gift cometh from above."
Of evil, is man the author unto himself; for "God is
Love!"

In yonder cot among the China trees, are collected
a party of bold men, bound together by the strong
ties of kindred and philanthropy—young men, no-
ble, unselfish, brave! To them, duty ever brings but
brief respite from their labors, while the noon of
night again finds them by the bedside of the sick
and the dying, holding their tireless vigils over both
friend and foe. These are the gallant "Howards!"
How fared they amid the general gloom? Let their
jaded and haggard countenances tell their own tale
in its mute and unmistakable eloquence.

"How goes the war, brother?"
"Sad—oh! sadly! Poor Tom's a-cold! and even
our numbers are rapidly decreasing. Fearful times
are these, my friends. The sick unceasing for; the
dying unshriven, the dead unburied!"

Hush! Even as yon "Howard" relates the dismal
tidings, and stout hearts throb wildly with sorrow
at the mournful tale, a voice, soft as the lute, and
gentle as the zephyr's sigh, breaks upon their trou-
bled souls, and whispers:

"Mortals! be of good cheer; the day of thy re-
demption draweth nigh!"

"Men and brothers!" exclaims a fair-haired
youth, as the voice from the spirit-land is lost upon
the air, "men, and brothers, it is good for us to be
here! Angels are our friends—we will fear no evil."
We are philosophers—men. 'Tis not wise to brood
over possible calamities. Let us rather present a
bold front to the foe, and trust in that All-wise Be-
ing who "doeth all things well."

Brother "Howards," there is inspiration in song;
therefore, let your hearts find courage, and your
souls receive wisdom, as we unite in a cheering
refrain:

SONG OF THE "HOWARDS."

How low, ye dark fiends! Rage on, O grim Death!
For Pestilence still is our sovereign;
O'er the young and the old—o'er fairest of earth,
The angel of Death still is hovering.

To-morrow's bright sun shall again rouse them not,
Nor pale Luna awaken their slumbers;
The cold grave is deep which will fall to their lot,
Though legion cometh their numbers.

Though life may be short, yet why should we sigh?
Why coward-like, shrink from the tomb?
'Tis wiser, by far, to dash tears from the eye,
And to banish sad thoughts of our doom.

'Tis but fools who will sigh amid darksome alleys,
And thus clog the wheels of time fleeting;
The wise are content with this life's sunny joys,
Though Death's muffled drum should be beating.

We've tears for our friends in their cold, narrow bed,
We've prayers for the loved ones now dying;
Our prayers nor our tears can again raise the dead,
So what boots it for us to sigh?

Hypocrites, of great grief may make dismal display,
By groans, and by loud shouts of "glory!"
Can their prayers or their tears the grim monster delay?
Let 'em be wise, and "No credes color!"

Some hearts may find strength in the cup and the song,
Who on Bacchus have hopefully called;
But the flattering god will desert them ere long,
And their paeans resound with the fallen.

But the soul that is centred on regions above
This dark vale of tears and of sorrow,
Through life's gloomy clouds shall see visions of love,
As Hope softly presages bright morn.

Then unhappy man, bid adieu to thy fears!
On Heaven firmly place thy reliance;
And angels of love shall bring balm to thy tears,
And sweet prove the meed of compliance.

Sobs, many sobs of hope and holy resignation
break the silence of the room, and one by one those
gallant spirits sped cheerfully to their soul-trying
stations—the sick man's bed. Pestilence is King!
Wanes on the night.

PART III.

THE AXE IS FALLING.

Sad companions are those which fall to the lot
of yon lone "Howard," whose fate has led him into the
uninviting suburbs of Port Gibson, to watch the live
long night by the bedside of one whom death has
marked as his victim. Yes, Solitude and the Death-
watch are grim comrades, my friends, to cheer one
in his midnight toils, when appalling danger lurks
in prospective, like hideous phantom in our dreams,
threatening to make doubly sure what these have
failed to accomplish. But yon "Howard," thank
God, is brave of heart. For him the dismal watch
of Death hath no terrors; nor shall all the alarms of
solitude itself suffice to fright from his duty one who
is yet able to smooth the dying pillow of suffering
mortal, or who has yet the strength to extend the
cooling draught to dying friend.

Hush! Tread lightly! Speak gently! The vic-
tim sleeps! Leaving the sick man's couch for a
moment, the Brave Heart approaches the threshold
of the low tenement, to cool his fevered brow in the
dark night-dew, and to inhale a few breaths of the
outer air.

He looks out upon the silent night. Dim lights
glide fitfully to and fro in yonder cottage windows.
Strange noises are upon the air. A sombre pall of
noisome vapor envelops the earth within its misas-
trous mantle. Who are yonder phantom-like forms,
fitting through the solemn gloom, like troubled
spirits in the dark and silent valley? What beings
are those abroad on such a night as this, gliding
from house to house in the van of yon approaching
monster, whispering words of cheer to fainting souls,
and erecting anew those frail barriers to arrest
Death's onward march? They are the gallant
"Howards," and the sweet "Sisters of Charity," ful-
filling their angelic mission. Heaven defend thee,
twain votaries of Pity, and lend His smiles in thine
hour of doom!

Tell me, ye discerning men, ye wise teachers of
the people, ye impartial judges in the affairs of man-
kind! what is fame? Belongs it alone to the war-
rior, whose glittering laurels have been purchased
through the ensanguined field? Redounds it to those
fluttering butterflies of Fashion, who dazzle the eye
of the simple, and win the plaudits of fools? Swells
it with the upstart, who "struts his brief hour upon
the stage," and takes his exit amid the bravos of ad-
miring crowds? Abides it with the millionaire,
whose golden idols reflect the sunlight of heaven and
the narrowness of his own sordid soul, eliciting ho-
sananas from envious humanity? If so, from such
fame, good Lord, deliver me! True, the warrior has
his laurels; popinjays their admirers; the pretender
his proselytes; and the man of gold his worshippers.
But their glory is fleeting—is of the earth, earthy,
and abideth not long with its possessor. Their good
and their evil are alike interred with their bones!

"But there are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth
Forgets her empires with a just decay."
The enslavers and the enslaved their death and birth;
The high, the mountain majesty of woe;
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

Go onward, brave and immortal heart! are

the true heroes! Though man should forget to build
monuments to thy memory, for thee awaits a crown
of everlasting glory, deep graven in the hearts of
humanity, and eternal in the heavens!

A distant shriek breaks the still night—'tis the
death-yell of some poor mortal, as he vainly strug-
gles in the embrace of the destroying angel! Another,
yet more loud, pierces the ear of yonder watchful
"Howard," who starts affrighted from the threshold,
and hastens to the bedside of his suffering friend.

"Off! off! ye fiends, I bid ye off!" shrieks the vic-
tim, struggling to cast from his fevered form the
blankets of his couch. "Give me to drink!" he
yells, clutching savagely at the proffered glass, and
swallowing its cooling contents at a draught. "More!
more! for the love of God, still more!" Ha! ha! ha!
"Next to the man who invented sleep, thrice blessed
be the man who invented water!" Water! Ho! ho!
yes! yes! cool and sparkling water! I will have
more—still more!"—He is dead, and the death-
watch is silent in the wall!—'Tis no time to weep,
sad heart! Arrange those cold limbs in decent form,
and away—duty bids thee onward!

"'Tis cruel thus to die!" exclaims yonder strong
man, as the death-throes seize him; "aloof from
wife and child, oh, God! oh, God! 'tis cruel thus to
perish! Hush! They come! they come!" Next morn,
the woman's wail ascended to heaven, as the mourn-
ful tidings of her husband's death brought woe to a
widowed heart.

"They tell me I must die! Die! Who says die?
Have I not wealth? Ay; smiles the sun upon a
fairer plantation than is mine? Die! Ha—ha! ha!
Fools! Liars! Ye hanker for my gold! I'll baffle
ye! I'll laugh ye all to scorn! Die! Ho—ho!" E'en
now the death-rattle grates harshly in his throat.
He struggles desperately with the grim Monster for
a few painful moments; his muscles relax, his eyes
roll upward, his jaw falls back. The death-watch
is silent in the rich man's mansion. Pass on brave
heart, to other scenes of woe.

"Who's afraid of Yellow Jack? Cowards—only
cowards! Am I not one of the 'Howards'?"—the
brave, brave "Howards?" Have I not closed the
eyes of many a poor fellow for his last and quiet
slumber? Braved I not the Pestilence? Laughed I
not at his terrors? Was it I who basely deserted
my friends and kindred when Yellow Jack ap-
proached our fated town? Did I turn a deaf ear
to their cries for succor? Did I shudder at the idea
of approaching the bedside of dying wife, sister,
brother, or friend? Heaven forbid! Pestilence, rage
on! Come, grim-visaged War! ay, gaunt Famine,
lag not behind! Hasten to 'freight me with your
hyla-headed horrors. I tremble not at your
frowns!"

Peace, peace, brave heart! Death is mightier
than Man. Would prayers satisfy the insatiable
Monster—would kind words, tender treatment, or
ought that humanity could offer, redeem thee from
the Greedy Hand, then shouldst thou still live to
cheer drooping spirits—to breathe peace and en-
durance to the living. In vain! Thy sands of life
have run. Pass on, pass on!

"My friends, I leave you; but weep not for me.
My house is in order. I have fought the good fight;
and though I should walk through the Valley of the
Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for thou, Lord,
art my staff and my guide! My friends,

"Jesus can make the dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are!"

The good man's spirit was wafted to God. Devils
wept and angels smiled, as one more soul entered
the realms of the blessed!

Verily, my friends, the tranquility of this Chris-
tian's death-bed is not altogether imaginary! Whence
this quiet spirit of endurance and resig-
nation—this sweet example of tranquility, hope,
and holy peacefulness? A voice whispers—"Mor-
tal! from above! Blessed are the dead who die in
the Lord; for they have rest from their labors!"
Yon stern "Howard" weeps o'er the departure of
the good old man; but, as the length turns to bid
adieu to the scene, he casts a glance of pious ad-
miration upon the form of the good man fallen,
while his heart inwardly breathes this holy prayer—
"Let me die the death of the righteous—let my
end be like his!"

"Water!" says the dying one; but alas! there
are none to heed. Black despair is in every heart,
and the cries of a dying world pierce the silent air,
unheeded by high heaven. The Pestilential Mon-
ster stoops triumphantly to Earth. Dread shrieks
of anguish herald his direful presence, while the
wails of perishing humanity mingle with the hellish
laughter of the exulting Demon—a terrible funeral
dirge to the souls of mortals, a song of rejoicing
to the spirits of the damned. The axe is falling!

Great God! what a scene of woe is this! Are we
all indeed to perish? Is there no hand on high to
avert the terrible blow? A voice in mockery whis-
pers—"None! Man, who is born of woman, is of
few days, and full of trouble. His cry for mercy
reacheth not beyond the clouds. His shrieks of
misery have become our laughter—his pain, a balm
for all our woes!" Avaunt, ye fiends! The heavens are
not deaf, neither will they be angry forever. "For-
ever!" echoes the phantom, and all is silent. The
axe has fallen! Pestilence is King! Behold us
CORONATION!!

PART IV.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

Hush! hark! A joyful shout booms on the sil-
ent air! Can it be possible that relief is indeed at
hand? Then thank God that He hath not entirely
forsaken us. A shout, which causes many a dying
one to half raise from his pillow, and wildly shriek,
as he falls heavily back—"Too late! too late!"
A shout which cheers the wearied watcher in his
midnight toils, and which falls upon the straining
ears of those few remaining "Howards" like a
voice from Heaven, whispering Hope, even to their
despairing souls. A sweet voice gently breathes—
"Hope on, hope ever!"

Ah, sweet, sweet, Hope! what a comforter wert
thou amid this awful scene of gloom. "Thou stole
upon thy plumes of snow to the bed of disease, and
the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of
peace and endurance. Thou visited the house of
mourning, and from the lips of Sorrow there came
sweet and cheerful songs!" Thou hovered about
thy youth who had become the Ishmael of society,
and led him on to works which even his enemies
praised. Cheering Hope! but for thee, how sad had
been the lot of legions! But for thee, how feeble
the efforts of that gallant few, who so nobly battled
in the darkest hour of pestilential slaughter. Thou
didst cheer on to still greater deeds of kindness,
those to whom death had been a blessing; and thou
didst bring, as gold from the furnace, those brave
youth who so nobly faced the Destroying Angel in
his hour of darkest triumph, who cheerfully lent
their energies, their lives, for the accomplishment
of Mercy's mission. Unfading Hope! thou wert a
comforter amidst all our woes; ay, amidst those

and days of pestilence and despair, most truly didst
thou prove an impregnable shield—"an anchor to
the soul!"

"Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth begun—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decayed—
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undimmed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at nature's funeral!"

Nurses from a distant city had arrived. Nurses
kind nurses, actuated by the purest sympathies of
philanthropy and pity, had heard the cry of de-
spair which ascended from our midst; and, leav-
ing friends and home behind, hastened to our re-
lief—hastened to save us strangers from a most ter-
rible doom.

Long will Port Gibson hold in grateful remem-
brance the names of Pierson, Cushing, Wren, McDou-
gall, Linsey, and that gallant twin, faithful ser-
vants of the living God, who left their own flocks
without a shepherd and braved the terrors of the
pestilence, that they might help to smooth the path-
way of sinners to the tomb, but who fell—glorious
martyrs to the cause of charity and brotherly love.
Sing praises to their praise, O noble sons of the
South; and you, fair daughters of a sunny clime,
strow their hallowed tombs with unfading flowers
—fit emblems of the immortality of their cher-
ished memories!

PART V.

RETROSPECTION.

Who that remained in Port Gibson, Miss., from
the advent of that terrible scourge, yellow fever, un-
til its disappearance, will ever forget the feeling of
utter misery and despair which reigned in his bosom,
on the 18th of September, 1853—the "Black Sun-
day?" The day was cool—ay, cold for that sunny
clime; while a chilly rain, accompanied by boisterous
winds, conspired to render it truly dismal to the
watcher by the sick man's bed. The pestilence had
been raging in our midst for long, dreary weeks;
but on this fatal day, even the stoutest heart quailed
at the fearful contemplation of what was yet to be.
Death had reaped a rich harvest among those
who fled not at the first approach of our terrible
invader. Mansions were closed, streets deserted,
and scarce a living being was to be seen within the desola-
ted town, which but yesterday, as it were, resounded
to the cheerful bustle of happiness and activity. True,
a few forms glided noiselessly through the silent
streets, their haggard and spectral countenances re-
vealing a tale of many weary vigils, their thin-set
features proclaiming them members of the "Howard
Association." But 'twas a mockery. Pestilence
was King, and the victims of his struggle for su-
premacacy were on every hand sad memorials of his
power.

The bell of the sanctuary, too, (an event unknown
before) on this dark Sunday was dumb—mournful
testimony to the lack of worshippers in the temple
of the living God. How sad the change a few short
weeks had wrought! Then, when danger seemed
as yet afar off, all was activity and joy; now black
despair reigned in every bosom! And as the wretch-
ed sufferer turned his dimmed eye to the casement,
and caught the dreary aspect of nature, "Hope
sighed her last farewell!" to his soul, as he turned
once more to his fevered pillow to shut out the sight
which brought naught but misery and woe. Alas!
alas! what a scene of desolation is this! Where is
the familiar form of the strong man, who but yester-
day cheered our hearts by his presence? Where is
the ringing laugh of the buoyant youth, whose
well-kept form was our soul's delight? Where are
the smiling faces of those childish ones, whose inno-
cent prattle was sweet music to many an ear? Where
the gentle being, upon whom rested our hopes of
earthly bliss—whose angel smile cheered us amid
our hours of gloom, and bade us put our trust on
High? Where the tried friend and true, by whose
bedside we spent sleepless nights, and to whose
paroled lips we so often held the cooling draught?
Where the enemy, whose presence was hateful to our
sight, but who had our assurance of forgiveness,
even upon his bed of woe? Alas, departed all!
Death hath removed the friend, death hath conquered
the foe! Death hath snatched from earth the bud
and the lily, death hath slain the giant!

Ah, how silently did Pestilence usurp his onsaug-
nured throne! Those, whose every look spoke to
us of life and hope when last we met, passed from
our sight as the shadow from the dial; and the mu-
sic of their charming words now ring in our ears
sad echoes in the distance of our

THE RIVER OF DEATH.

BY F. CLARK.

There's many a holy and rapturous strain
Floating o'er the River of Death,
To the weary who wait, like the ripened grain,
For the touch of the Reaper's breath.
There are flashes of light on each lifted wave,
As it glides from the further shore,
To the shadowy border our tears drop lave,
To the toll of the water's roar.
There are harp strings stirred by the perfumed air,
And gushing with melody sweet,
Like the whispered note of a child at prayer,
In the hush of the twilight deep.
They hear the low music so solemn and grand,
And heed not the eddying tide,
For they catch a gleam of forms that stand
By the stream on the other side.
And we see a light on the calm white brow,
Like the glow on the crimson morn;
But we see not the lips on the lids of snow,
All the night we deem so long!
And we only know when we hear no more,
As we watch for the passing breath,
That an angel is swiftly bearing them down
The banks of the River of Death—
Only know that their footsteps are pressing the sands
Of the shore that their brightness leaves;
And over their bosoms fresh garlands we lay,
And a lily we twine in their hair—
Fit emblems of beauty, now blighted they say,
These garlands and these robes,
I call it not blighted—I deem them not dead
Who thus pass away in their bloom;
For they rest in their beauty where tears are not shed
O'er the darkness and blight of the tomb.
And oft, as I sit at the casement alone,
I list, if perchance I may hear,
Through the stateliest pines as they sway and moan,
Like a child at the shrouded bier,
The flutter of sails and the rushing of waves,
And the flash of a glided oar.
As the Reaper starts from his emerald caves
To carry me down to the shore;
And I wait for the swoop of an angel wing,
And the clasp of an angel hand,
For the sound of a harp and the chant of a hymn,
And the light of the gloryland.
But, alas! I listen and wait in vain;
Yet I know that my weary feet
Shall wander ere long from the valley of pain,
To the river so solemn and sweet.
I shall go with the Reaper, changeless and pale,
And each woe that my heart has known,
Each agonized prayer, each desolate wail,
Each fearful and piteous moan,
Shall be washed away by the numerous waves,
From my spirit so joyous and free.
When I see the smile of the lovely who wait
On the beautiful shore for me.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

In taking the bearings of the past spiritual world, we scan its boundaries from different points of view, with often long elapses of time and geographic distance between, in order to bring the earlier and later status to the human mind, face to face, and to catch the interblendings of light and shade as they appear in homogenous oneness of origin. All along the Ages, the landmarks, or terminal Gods in image or abstract, are seen from every mount of vision, showing the degree of the soul's unfolding, for the most part dragging its slow length along under the burden of its black theologies. From the earliest to the latest traces, all religions are found emerging from a background of mist and thick darkness, with chaotic, nebulous gleamings, bursting forth in lurid flame, and anon affording a glimpse of the bland luminous above, that lovingly wooed the soul to its embrace. From the lowest estate of all Spiritualisms, we find them proceeding with discordant steps and slow, discarding only the better music, as general knowledge and civilization lead the way.

It is the vanity of all religions and their devotees, to throw themselves the furthest possible back into the unknown or fabulous Past—each and all claiming for themselves as being the "Natural Selection," or chosen people of the Mightiest God, or Gods. Without impartial examination, Christians have accepted the infantile claims of old Jewry. But in modern archaeological discoveries, their claims can only be considered as secondary. The Hebrew record appears but a compilation from a budget of older papers, and these an outgrowth of India, Babylon, and Egypt. Animal Magnetism, or Magic, interfused from the spirit-world, lay along the basic line of ancient theology and medicine. From thence flowed the fountain of the occult Sciences, the oldest oracles, the voices of the Gods. The great I Am, J. A. H., or Jehovah, significant of the past, present, and future, or earth, sky and heaven, is of the same import as the mystical A. H. M. of earlier India. It was the fundamental essence, the immeasurable deep, the luminous ether or light of the world, the universal Numen or One, the Most High, the very God of Gods, who held the sun, moon and stars in the hollow of his hand. The Sun was the God of heaven, to whom, and to familiar spirits, sacrifices were offered to propitiate the unknown or Almighty God beyond, who pavilioned the starry or heavenly hosts. Descending to dual and pluralisms, good and evil, demons are everywhere manifest. The good, the guardian angels of mankind—the less developed, disposed to serve the Prince of the Power of the air, whose kingdom is at the winter solstices, and whose servants have rather cold comfort, though working conscientiously in the programme of the Most High.

Says Heeren, "The religion of the Hindoos, though it admits in this manner both good and evil demons, nevertheless, at the same time, gives evident proof of that mildness of character so peculiar to it. Penances and purifications are held sufficient to wipe out the crimes of all, not only of mortals, but also of immortal beings; for in answer to the mediatorial prayers of the Devas, even the Daints themselves, after a complete expiation, are to be liberated from hell, and reinstated in all their original happiness. But what in a still more eminent degree contributes to enlarge the circle of the Hindoo mythology, is the fact that its poetical fictions of Devas and Devanies, are transferred also to natural objects, both animate and inanimate, sun, moon, &c. These personifications have also their juxtapositions of anthropomorphisms and pantheisms in the usual proportions and mixtures, equivalent to the God-stones, angels, &c., of old Jewry, up to the pantheistic sweep of God over all, in all, and through all, whom the heaven of heavens could not contain. "The Bha gavat Gita," says Heeren, is one of the principal sources of the religious philosophy of the Hindoos. Krishna is there represented as the Supreme Being, through and in whom everything exists. The poem certainly abounds in sublime passages, which remind one of the Orphic hymn to Jupiter, quoted by Stobæus. Now far indeed the poet can be absolved from the charge of pantheism, when he represents the Deity sometimes as a simple and indivisible being, at others, as composed, and the substance of all things, is a question for philosophers to decide. According to him, the body, when once become unserviceable, is thrown aside like an old garment, and the immortal soul is enveloped in another. The government of the passions, and the mortification

tion of sensual desires, comprise the whole extent of his moral system."

Everywhere is apparent the essential oneness of all religious outgrowths. Of the presentation in America, says Prescott, "It is curious to observe the human mind in this new position, conforming to the same laws as on the ancient continent, and taking a similar direction in its first inquiries after truth—so similar, indeed, as although not warranting, perhaps, the idea of imitation, to suggest, at least, that of a common origin." The Christian invaders of Mexico destroyed the Holy Scriptures found there, as works of the Devil. "We contemplate," says Prescott, "with indignation, the cruelties inflicted by the early conquerors. But indignation is qualified with contempt, when we thus see them trampling out the spark of knowledge, the common boon and property of all mankind, we may well doubt, which has the strongest claims to civilization, the victor or the vanquished." The Mexicans offered human sacrifices; but neither were the invaders sparing of human life—nor is there much religious progress where the records of a conquered people are destroyed as the works of the Devil; but rather proves the position of Burke, that religion expands only as it follows knowledge and civilization.

The religion of the Mexicans presents the astronomical aspect the same as all the earlier religions. The Sun "descended into hell" about Christmas, or "latter part of December," causing universal gloom in this "dreary season of the winter solstices," but rose in a few days amidst utmost rejoicings in the kindling of new fire from heaven.

"Agriculture in Mexico was in the same advanced state as the other arts of social life. In few countries, indeed, had it been more respected. It was closely related to the civil and religious institutions of the nation. The work was chiefly done by the men; the women scattering the seed, husking the corn, and taking part only in the lighter labors of the field. In this they presented an honorable contrast to the other tribes of the continent, who imposed the burden of agriculture, severe as it is in the North, on their women. Indeed, the sex was as tenderly regarded by the Aztecs in this matter, as it is in most parts of Europe at the present day."

The more highly unfolded Tezoucan had their poets who sang "in praise of the all powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fade away. The remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honor. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow."

A Mexican king had enacted the counterpart of David and Uriah, and had not been blessed with issue from the wife he had so unrighteously obtained. The priests ascribed the failure to the neglect of propitiatory offerings of human victims, reminding us of the seven sons of Saul sacrificed as a propitiation to the Lord on Mt. Gibeon. The Mexican, failing to get remission by the shedding of blood, rose superior to the same, and exclaimed, that upon "the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, I must rely for consolation and support."

"He then withdrew to his rural palace, where he remained forty days, fasting and praying at stated hours, and offering up no other sacrifice, than the sweet incense of copal, and aromatic herbs and gums. At the expiration of this time, he is said to have been comforted by a vision assuring him of the success of his petition. At all events, such proved to be the fact."

Thus did he "substitute nobler and more spiritual conceptions of the Deity," to whom he built a temple and dedicated it to "the unknown God, the cause of causes. No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the 'invisible God,' and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet scented gums."

Here we see the parallel of the better days of Hebrew progressive prophets, whose Lord was tired of human blood, whether of Saul's sons or Jeptah's daughter, as well as the equally vain oblations of bullocks' gore and fat of rams, though he "could not away with" them.

The West, too, had its psalmody, not unequal to the East, singing, "let us aspire to that heaven, where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

The Cross-Stone in Mexico was found emblematic of the God of rain, which is rather suggestive of baptism or of sprinkling. A white dove visited the vespers of Cortez, and was supposed to be the holy ghost by the Christian recorders of the fact, thus making the Mexican, like the Syrian dove, the angel of glad tidings.

"It was not for morals that Cortez was concerned, but for the faith. Whoever died in the faith, however immoral had been his life, might be said to die in the Lord. He was in truth the very mirror of the times in which he lived, reflecting its motley characteristics, its speculative devotion and practical license, but with an intensity all his own." As Castor and Pollux were seen in the heavens, leading the heathen hosts to victory in olden time, so the Christian spoilers of Mexico could see San Jago and San Pedro, mounted on their grey war horses, leading the rescue and trampling over the bodies of the fallen infidels. Honest Bernal Diaz, not being blest with the open vision of his comrades, exclaims, "Sinner that I am, it was not permitted to me to see either one or the other of the Apostles on this occasion."

Upon this first great slaughter of the Indians, Las Casas rather dryly concludes that "this was the first preaching of the Gospel by Cortez in New Spain."

Dorah, a medium or prophetess in Israel, saw the Mexico of the Lord, for giving Sicea into the hands of Jael, to have his head spiked to the ground. She also had the heavenly hosts fighting from heaven against Sicea, and an angel of the Lord cursing the inhabitants of Merx "bitterly because they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Cortez sought to explain the mysteries of the true faith, including the trinity, to an Indian chief Compaella. The Indian was completely gratified. "Mingled with his polytheism," says Prescott, "he had conceptions of a Supreme and Infinite Being, Creator of the Universe, and his darkened understanding could not comprehend how such a Being could condescend to take the form of humanity, with its infirmities and ills, and wander about on earth, the voluntary victim of persecution from the hands of those whom his breath had called into existence." The Saints have never been slow to out-gird the gordian knots of faith when they could not untie them; and when the Indians failed to comprehend the triangular status of the rounded trinity,

this was speedily made a "fixed fact," by the ready determination of the words.

Such was Heathenism—such was Christian civilization 800 years ago. Protestantism, then emerging from the death-bed of accumulated church slime, did but little more than shine with a Jack-o'-lantern light, thrown up from the ancient Nile. It was swamped in witchcraft which it could not solve, because it could look no further than the Bible. Satan was omnipresent and swayed the sceptre of the Most High; for the human mind, in ignorance, makes its bed in darkness, and gathers thereto strange bedfellows of "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire."

When the Bible is made a finality, there is no room for progress, and mesmerism, psychological phenomena, or Spiritualism, can only be in the language of the learned Dr. More, "a prestigious sleight of the Devil." In his "Antidote against Atheism," he says: "Now the advantage I would make of these relations is this: That these effects, extraordinary and supernatural, being so palpable and permanent, they are not at all liable to such subterfuges as Atheists usually betake themselves to, as of melancholy and disturbances of phantasie in those that profess that they see such strange things, or any fraud or imposture in those that act."

The Doctor wrote some 200 years ago, when Roman and Protestant churches were yet submerged in witchcraft, with no capacity to gaze it, though he failed not to see that the same causative links which bridge the two worlds, are as applicable to lesser spirits as to God; for of the covenants, sealings and writings with blood, he says: "It is not at all unreasonable that such ceremonies should pass between a spirit of a man, when the like palpable rites are used for the more firmly tying of man to God"—as the old Jewry covenants of blood, the sealings for *quid pro quo*, as Jacob with the God of Bethel, wherein the spirit performed his part, by transforming Laban's cattle, so that they became Jacob's; God appearing to Jacob and declaring, "I am the God of Bethel, where thou vowedst a vow unto me." The same, or similar tutelary spirit was present at Balaam's sacrifices, and controlled for Israel, and the holy Samuel prophesied through the witch of Endor—all which, and a multiplicity of more, are exceedingly apt teachings in Sunday schools in the nineteenth century of Jesus.

The same order of things set down as of the Godly estate in old Jewry, is, by later Christian orthodoxy, as of Satan's realm. "Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: Come, let us go to the Seer; for a prophet was beforetime called a Seer;" and a quarter of shekel of silver was taken to Samuel the prophet, that he might prophecy the whereabouts of Saul's cattle. Dr. More relates that Anne Bodenham, executed as a witch in 1563, "concealed not her skill in foretelling things to come, and helping men to their stolen goods, and other such like feats of the more notable sort of wizards and witches." It appears that she used a staff or rod of God, the same as in old Jewry; that she made a circle and burnt incense, which if a "sweet smelling savor to the Lord," was "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril" to noses in the flesh—"a very noisome stink," says the Doctor. She then invoked the lower plane of spirits for her purpose, and they appeared, producing a "very high wind, which caused the house to shake," &c. The "high wind" in old Jewry was called the spirit of the Lord. Modern experience is not wanting to prove, that "unclean spirits" dwell in and bring with them unpleasant effluvia, and may thus delight in the congenial life of the corresponding burnt incense. It would appear, too, that Anne Bodenham was not in expert in the "waters of jealousy," which Moses gave to cause "the belly to swell and the thigh to rot." Anne had a "drink or broth," says the Doctor, "to rot their guts in their bellies," and a preparation "to make their teeth fall out of their heads." Our allopathic physicians have proved themselves quite equal to Anne in this wise, especially in their mercurial ways and means, and it will be a day of rejoicing when medical practice shall have outgrown its darker and grosser estate.

It was a question, at the time, whether Anne Bodenham was a witch or a woman of God. The decision of witchcraft prevailed, and she was hung. It was declared by the Jewish priesthood and church that Jesus was "Beelzebub, the Master of the house," and he was crucified.

Again, we repeat, that the proof is clear throughout all records, that the Gods, Lords, angels, familiar spirits, witches, seers, mediums, prophets, and so-called miraculous phenomena, are of a common origin, involving the fleshed and unfleshed worlds, and susceptible of natural and consecutive relations. We make all allowance for ignorance, credulity and imposture, which present their intermixtures on a sacred as on profane ground. The hard names which different sects or religions apply to each other, are simply equivalent to the "pot calling the kettle black." In Pharisaic assumption, certain measures of belief are Orthodox. Certain other measures, though they may be more enlightened, are heathen, or infidel—as Unitarians and Universalists are infidel to the fossiliferous deposits of the more billous theologies. It is from the mystic boundaries of the two worlds that all the religions of the past have been enacted. Souls, with all the characteristics with which they left their bodies, have manifested in their leading loves—sometimes claiming to be Lord or God from the love of governing; and correspondent earthdom has echoed the same to the domination of ignorance and chaotic mentality. In passing from heathen antiquity to Christian, we shall find Jesus and the apostles zealous and hearty in opening a higher spiritual plane for the vision of earthly beholders, to be found in purer morals and a deeper yearning for a more spiritual expanse of the heavens; but the miraculous, or phenomenal aspect on which they built, as well as the influx in response to the more upward seeking, and felt as the presence of the Holy Spirit, is alike in its causation, in its ways and means, though modified in character, as in all the preceding and succeeding manifestations along the boundaries of the mundane and transmundane worlds. However music may differ, the scale, from which it was wrought, is ever one in its principles. So are all religions from their basic roots and outgrowths. Educational bias has veiled us from the open reading of the biblical record, or we should see in this no exception in its mundane and transmundane status.

We shall see, as we proceed, that the Protestant superstitions rest upon the same basic plane as those of the Romanist church, whether called witchcraft in the one, or miracles in the other, or wherever Gods, Lords, angels, saints, devils, most do congregate. We shall see the various degrees evolved from the same scale of being, and miracles and witchcraft declining as knowledge and civilization advance—not that the phenomena in these names are nonexistent—on the contrary, making all allowance for

ignorance, craft and credulity, there still remains a consecutive substantiality of being, clinching the inter-relations of the two worlds. The Papist church claims miracles from the apostles to the present day. Some of the Protestant do the same, but for the most part reject all not found in the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible," while some claim allowance or stretch of grace to cover the three first centuries. See Conyers Middleton, D. D., who more than a hundred years ago opened sluices to purge away the muddy waters of Christendom; but conservatism then, as now, did not like to be disturbed in its bed of darkness.

C. B. P.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XIV.

PHONOGRAPHY TAUGHT IN LOWELL BY SPIRITS—WHAT I WITNESSED AT THE HOUSE OF MR. YEATON—HOW I HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED IN WRITING PHONOGRAPHY—A TEST—WHAT I FURTHER WITNESSED AND EXPERIENCED IN LOWELL—CIRCLE AT MR. YEATON'S HOUSE—HARRIS HEARD THERE—LED BY SPIRITS—EXPERIENCE THE ELECTRICAL CURRENT AGAIN, PASSED THROUGH MY ARMS UNTIL IT BURNED LIKE SCALDING WATER.

In the month of April, 1859, having engaged with Prof. Otis to report a discussion which was to take place between him and another gentleman, at Lawrence, Mass., I took the cars for that place, but when arrived there the arrangements had been changed, and no discussion was had; consequently, I again took the cars and went to Lowell.

On the evening of the next day I was invited to attend a circle at the house of Mr. Tower, a Spiritualist in that city. In the course of the evening, allusion was made to a medium in the city—a Mr. Yeaton—who had gained, as it was reported, a knowledge of phonography from spirit instruction, without the aid of a book or a teacher. I had arranged to take the cars for Boston the next morning, but this was just the test I had long been seeking, and I determined, at once, to remain, and, if possible, to see the medium in question the next day, and to satisfy my own mind as to the correctness of the report.

As early as 1853 or 1854, Dr. Hewett, then editor of the New Era, handed me some writing to read, (which I have now in my possession) written by a medium in Boston. I found it was not phonography, but thought perhaps it might be some obsolete system of stenography. Accordingly I sent it to A. J. Graham, a practical reporter in New York city, thinking perhaps he might be able to decipher it, but he returned it to me, saying:

"I am not able to make out anything from the writing you sent. I should like to see some phonography written through spirit agency, by some medium, that I knew had no previous knowledge of the art, which I could read. I think it would be as good a test as I could receive."

I thought so too. And from that moment I had anxiously longed for such a test, although I had but little reason to expect it. Once or twice, however, I had seen a medium influenced, as I thought, to write phonography; and in one instance a few words were written that I could read.

Of Mr. Yeaton I had never heard, until I heard his name and the circumstance of his writing mentioned at Mr. Tower's, on the evening alluded to. Before visiting Mr. Yeaton I made particular inquiries as to his veracity, and every one who knew him spoke of him as a gentleman whose word could be strictly relied upon. I never saw him before that time, and have never seen him since; and if I received anything from him but truth, it never has injured me. I shall relate the circumstances just as I received them at the time, believing them to be true to the letter.

In company with Mr. Fulsom, of Lowell, I called at the residence of Mr. Yeaton, on one of the Corporations—I do not remember now which. Mr. Yeaton was in the mill. We told his wife our object in coming. She said:

"His papers are looked up in his room, and you will have to call him out."

Mr. Fulsom replied:

"I will go and call him."

While Mr. Fulsom was gone, Mrs. Yeaton related to me the circumstances under which he was first influenced. She said he came out of the mill one evening, and remarked:

"Wife, I have been hearing strange sounds all this afternoon. I do not know what to make of it. They went (I cannot give the sounds, of course, but every phonographer will understand if I give the consonant characters) thus: Ch—K—F—V—Th—&c. Imitating, as nearly as she could, some of the heavy sounds."

At this I could not help laughing outright; for the sounds are the very first lesson we give in teaching phonography, as every phonographer well knows. I asked her if he had any previous knowledge of phonography, and she positively affirmed that he had not, and that on the afternoon he heard the sounds, he had no idea of their meaning.

If I was surprised by what was related to me by his wife, I was not less so by what I afterwards witnessed.

In a short time after, Mr. Yeaton came in with Mr. Fulsom, and exhibited specimens of his phonography. I have in my possession the writing of the best phonographers in the world—Isaac Pitman, Bath, England, the inventor of the system; Benn Pitman, brother to Isaac, and Elias Longley, both of Cincinnati, Ohio; A. J. Graham, of New York; and Dr. Stone, of Boston, Mass.—but I have seldom seen better specimens than those exhibited to me by Mr. Yeaton, which he positively declared were written by his own hand, through the agency of an invisible teacher. The lessons were progressive, beginning with rudiments. Had they been shown to me, without having known by whom and under what circumstance they had been written, I should have been inclined to have attributed them to Mr. Benn Pitman, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Yeaton further stated that he first wrote the lessons out—his hand being controlled—and that he was afterwards enabled, by impression, to read what he had written. In this way he was taught the system.

I have since then frequently been made fully conscious of an invisible influence over me, that was better acquainted with the art than myself. At times, when I have been in doubt what form to give to a word, and have stopped to think, I have had my hand controlled and the proper form given; and I was conscious, too, that the power was not imparted from my own mind. Frequently, too, when I have been about to write a word wrong, I have been checked, and my hand has been carried back, and the right direction given to the form. These points have enabled me to determine that there is an influence that sometimes

controls or influences me, when writing phonography, that understands this beautiful art better than I do—that is to say, practically. I presume I have been influenced when writing phonography, more and better than in long-hand. I will give one example of the knowledge of this influence.

One evening, while preparing a lesson on phonography, to send by mail, company came, and I was called below. I had been writing out a rule. I had but just taken my seat with the company, when my Invisible Teacher came to me, and said, "You have written that rule wrong."

I immediately got up and went up to my room and read the rule over, but discovered no error. I went back to the parlor. Again I was told that I had written it wrong; and I was also told exactly how I had written it, and how it should be written. Again I went back, and found that it was written exactly as I was told; and I saw at a glance that it was wrong. The correction was merely the transposition of a word; but, if I had sent it as I had written it, there was danger of the meaning being entirely misapprehended by the pupil.

I will now continue my experience in Lowell on the occasion alluded to; and it was an experience which I shall long remember.

The evening after I witnessed the writing at Mr. Yeaton's, I attended a circle at his house. At this circle I heard the raps louder than I ever heard them before or since. We were seated around a table. There were at the table Mr. and Mrs. Yeaton, and another lady, a stranger to me. Soon after we were seated, the table began to tip very violently, and then the raps came very loud. It seemed like some one striking a hard blow on the table, with a covered mallet. I have heard the raps, and loud raps; but never before heard anything like what I heard on this occasion. Sometimes they were heard on the table, at others on the floor; and sometimes directly under my hand. With my right hand I held Mr. Yeaton's hand, and with my left, the hand of the lady who sat next to me; and was satisfied that neither of them had the power to make the raps which I heard on the table.

I remained in Lowell over Sabbath, and spent the day in conversing with those around me, who were skeptics, and in delineating and giving tests, which were not sufficiently important to record.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, having been confined in the house all day, I thought I would go out on the street to take the air—not caring in particular, where I went. So I strolled along till I came out on Central street. Just after I turned the corner to go down Central street, I met Mr. Tower returning home from meeting. He had passed me before I noticed him, but I was turned short about, and influenced to go up to him, and to speak to him. I went up to him, and shaking hands with him, said, "I guess I will go home with you."

He replied, "I should be happy to have you."

There was another gentleman with him, a stranger to me. As we passed along toward the house, I began to feel a powerful current of electricity passing through my arms. It burned like scalding water. We entered the house; but the sensation was so intense and painful that I could not endure it. I said to Mr. Tower,

"I think I will go out and walk."

I thought perhaps walking out in the air might relieve me. I went out and walked up the hill, but the further I walked, the more painful it became. I found this would not do, and returned to the house; and for a few moments after, I was most violently exercised. What Mr. Tower and his family thought, I cannot tell. I have never seen him but once since, and never made any explanation of the circumstance to him. If he sees this, he will know what was meant.

After taking a seat upon the sofa, I took his hand in mine, and in a few moments the current changed to a mild agreeable flow of the usual current, I feel when under influence; and immediately I was impressed, and gave a communication from what purported to be his son. Why I was so influenced I could not tell, but suppose it came as a test, that I might know fully, and be satisfied from sensible experience, that there is a Power over me greater than I. One thing is certain, I have never prayed since to know this fact by experimental knowledge, but I have been once or twice exercised in a similar way. Mr. Tower very politely asked me to remain to tea; but I was influenced to decline, and did so.

That evening I again went out to take a walk. It was dusk. The streets were lighted. I walked on, without any definite object in view. I had thought several times during the day that I should like to attend a circle again at Mr. Yeaton's, but without a guide, I could not find his place in the evening.

I was also desirous of calling upon a medium in the city, with whom I was partially acquainted. I had inquired of several for her place of residence, but no one could tell me. Still I walked on; and the first I knew, I brought up before the door of Mr. Yeaton's house. My first impulse was to ring the door bell; but my guide (for I had a guide, although invisible) said, "Not here."

Again I walked on. The street where I now traveled was dark. I felt the attractive force of my guide plainly. To those who never felt it, I can not describe it. Those who have, will understand me. To me it seemed more like being borne along by a gentle magnetic power, (invisible to the eye, but sensible to my inner being) than like walking. When I came to the corner of a street, I seemed to be turned without any effort on my part. At last I found myself going up the steps to the door of a house.

"This is the place," my guide said. I rang the door bell. A lady answered the call. She was a stranger to me. I asked "Does Mrs. — live here?"

"She does," the lady replied, and asked me in.

I went in and took a seat. Again I asked:

"Is Mrs. — at home?"

"She is not," she replied—"Who shall I tell her called?"

"No matter," I replied, "your mother will know."

Such was some of my experience in Lowell on that occasion. And although it may appear strange to some, yet every word is true.

The Ohio Farmer, with the bold caption, "FARMERS, BE INDUSTRIOUS," says:

"We cannot too strongly urge on the farmers of Ohio, and the great grain-growing region of the United States, the absolute necessity of raising the largest crops possible. They should work early and late. Not a moment should be lost. They will have to feed an army of half a million of men for six months to come, and their labor will be well rewarded by 'war prices.' Work!"

It is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:

The first bird of Spring attempted to sing.
But ere he had sounded a note,
He fell from a limb—a dead bird was him;
The music had friz in his throat!

Inheritance of wisdom and of power, so it remains for you to keep all this mighty machinery in motion; and as they were great and glorious in the past, so do you, looking down into your souls, prophesy that it remains for you to be still more glorious.

You can make your battle-plain illustrious in these days. God help you and pity you, that you have to lift up your hands against your brothers! "It must needs be that offences come;" they have, as it were, gathered up mountains high among you. And you are now doing penance for the sins of your fathers, and not for them alone, but for your own remissness in duty, for bowing down to the lower law of man, rather than standing up in dauntless manhood for the higher law which should rule your souls in their every act and deed.

Go forth, then, and make the battle-ground glorious, not with revenge in your hearts, but with love, earnestness, and decision. If the God within you teaches you that it is right to slay, slay, and spare not; and if the God within you teaches you not to lift your hand against life, stand back, and take the consequences. Remember, it is God and the truth, in your own individual souls, to govern you; not the opinion of your fellow-men, not the words that come down from the celestial heights from those who have departed thither.

Words of Hope.

I think it is of importance to our country just now that Spiritualists should feel that their interest in, and influence over passing events, is at least equal to that of any other class of citizens. It may be well for us to clearly understand, and calmly insist, that the storm now tossing and shaking our dear country from centre to circumference, is not wholly the result of party politics, institutions or interests, either North or South. No, friends, we are outgrowing our "old clothes," and what fitted us very well forty years ago, does not fit us at all now. Besides, it will add to our strength, our firmness, and our consolation in such an hour as this—of apparent darkness and doubt—if we can bring our minds at once to accept the truth that God, our God, is in all this work. The idle dreams and speculations that have their origin in disordered minds, by some called philosophy—yet destitute of a firm reliance on "Almighty wisdom and goodness," give us no moral or spiritual strength, in times like these.

No doubt our fathers acted according to the highest light they were able to receive, and I revere and bless their memories. But when they framed our Constitution to admit and then defend slavery in these United States, they could not have foreseen the consequences. The laws of God (or nature, if you prefer that term), are based on eternal right. All heaven, earth or hell cannot stay the course or change the direction and outworking of this eternal law of Right. Human Justice, Truth, Liberty and Equality are attributes of this law.

The progress of light and knowledge among those spirits who have "gone up higher" is far greater than among those that remain here in the body; and their power to act on ponderable bodies, the atmosphere, or on minds in the earth-life, has increased many hundred fold. Just in proportion as the "Heroes of the Revolution" have faded from our sight, have their power and wisdom been consolidated and made effective for the advancement of this nation, by first undoing the wrong, and then establishing the right. For we must never doubt that this nation is to continue to be the light of the world—"The land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

In this struggle many wrongs are to be righted. The Indian as well as the African is crying for justice—for mercy. Old King Phillip remembers his wrongs to-day. So do the murdered chiefs of the Cherokee and other nations and tribes of the "Red Man." Ten thousand of these spirits are able to address themselves unceasingly, but with resistless power, to the passions of Southern men, and thus urge them to their ruin. The higher spirits are seeking by every means of which they are possessed, to advance truth, righteousness and true liberty in our land.

These patriots and fathers of the past move, direct and control, to a very large extent, the virtue and patriotism now so conspicuous in the Free States. But do not forget, that above all, and over all, is the great I Am. His wisdom, power and goodness none in heaven or on earth can comprehend. Brethren of the spiritual household, be calm, hopeful, and above all, charitable. Never since man was upon this earth will he behold such a peace, such beauty, such glory of God on the earth as will greet his longing eyes when this storm shall be overblown. "Hope, thou in God, for we shall yet praise him."

King's Ferry, N. Y. J. G. W. WEEKS.

Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Flavilla E. Washburn, of Rockford, Ill., has delivered a series of lectures in Kansas City and Wyandotte to crowded and delighted audiences. Thus far she has met with great success, and has created such an excitement in Wyandotte as never before was known in that vicinity. It is quite likely that a large number of the citizens will subscribe for your excellent paper. Miss Washburn will visit Lawrence, Topeka, Leavenworth and Atchison, before her return here. She is a first class speaker, and in my opinion, equal to Miss Harding. Her voice is clear and melodious, and her gestures are excellent. One cause of astonishment to the people here, is in the audience selecting the subject and not announcing it to her until she ascends the stand.

Yours in the cause of Truth, HENRY R. CAMP.

The naturalist, Cuvier, so tradition saith, Descended to the infernal regions after death, And, straying in that dismal place, A demon meets him face to face, Commands him to kneel down before his feet, Or at a mouthful he would Cuvier eat. The naturalist, nothing daunted, stands quite firm, And answers back the demon in his turn: "Horns I cloven-foot! graminivorous I you me eat? My friend, though I'm a stranger in this place, You can't fool me, after I've seen your face."

A. F. P.

The Massachusetts Senate, May 21st, by a vote of thirty to five, concurred with the House in the passage of the resolve for the amendment of the Constitution, so as to allow naturalized citizens to vote in one year instead of two years after receiving their papers. Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Bonney, Clark, Fiske, Hardy and Southworth.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read "Experience and Observation," by A. H. Davis, on the third page. It is very interesting. "Ancient Glimpses," No. 23, may also be found upon this page.

"Parts from an Ink Stand," No. 2, by our Junior, will be printed in our next.

Bno. A. E. NEWTON asks the indulgence of the readers of the BANNER, for the non-appearance of the matter in his usual department, this week. His duties as Secretary of the Haytian Bureau of Emigration have called him from home, and wholly engrossed his time during the past week; so that he is unable to furnish the usual quota of contributions for this number. He hopes to make up the deficit hereafter.

SEIZE-ESSON.—Both Privateers and Land Forces at the South act in concert on the high Seize.—*Vanity Fair.*

Parker Pillsbury speaks disparagingly of Spiritualism. He has yet to learn that it is the backbone of all reform.

ON THE DRAG—BY OUR WAR POET.
Oh, General Bragg, thou sorry nag,
Who traitor to thy flag art,
You've played before the Art of War,
But now you play the Dragg-art.

—*Albany Argus.*
A waiter came to Major Anderson, at the Brevoort House, and asked him if he would take tea or shells. The Major told him that his experience lately had been so confined to shells, that he thought he would take tea for a change.

Dr. Franklin, being an editor, knew well the value of time. He says—"Every little fragment of the day should be saved." Our experience has abundantly taught us the truth of this aphorism.

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

More than one half of the telegraphic despatches from various quarters, purporting to give war news, which appear in the daily papers, are false. These messages are concocted and put in print for the sole purpose of increasing the sales of said papers—i. e., to make money thereby. The community are beginning to understand this contemptible dodge.

A wit says, Jeff. Davis's tears of repentance are private-tears, (privateers).

The Investigator calls Spurgeon, the great London revivalist, "a furnace!" In one sense he would be useful here about this time, Digby thinks.

A Home for Inebriates has gone into operation in California, under encouraging auspices. The San Francisco Herald says—"It has already accomplished an amount of practical good, both to individuals and to society, which is far beyond any pecuniary estimate."

Our readers will remember that Dollie Dutton continues her Leaves at Mercantile Hall every afternoon and evening during the present week. There is but one feeling concerning the little fairy and her entertainments—that of satisfaction and delight.

Digby says if the BANNER readers wish to laugh at a good, fresh, original "con," here is one!—What military order did Lavatar exemplify? In his writings? Write about face.

The birth of a fifth son to a gentleman in St. Paul, was thus hastily announced to an eastern friend: "St. Paul, July 8, 1860. Another boy." The following reply was received: "You've told that story five times without variation—now dry up."

The county of Lincoln, Tenn., has raised a full regiment of eleven hundred men to fight President Lincoln. Two hundred of these are over six feet high, and no one under twenty-one years of age.

The London Times in an article discussing English mediation, observes that "the mediation of England might as well be offered to a hurricane in the Gulf of Mexico, as to the States of America."

Counterfeit tens on the Broadway Bank, New York, excellent imitations, are in circulation. It is vain to trust in wrong. As much of evil, so much of loss, is the formula of human history.—*Theodore Parker.*

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to a fish who lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

There is nothing we find so common in the world as expressions of revenge; the sober sentiments of reason and judgment are too often superseded by them, and many amiable qualities have been ruined by the impetuosity of vindictive resentment.

At the late session of the Wyoming Conference, the following substitute was offered and passed, instead of a resolution to adopt the report of last year on slavery:—

"Whereas, Divine Providence has taken the work of emancipation into his own hands, therefore, Resolved, That we stand still and see the salvation of God."

Five thousand Kentucky ladies (God bless them), have petitioned the Legislature of that State to stand by the Union.

"Is your father at home?" inquired a man of the little girl who admitted him. "Is your name Bill?" she asked. "Some people call me so," replied he. "Then he's not at home, for I heard him tell John, if any bill came, to say he was not at home."

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Quoth Caesar, "I go for disunion!"
Cried Pomp, "Dem's my sentiments flat!"
And the darkeys grinned cutely,
Whilst adding, "We goes for dis Union—not dat!"

"Why, Riley, I thought you was n't allowed to keep open shop on Sunday; how is it?" "Well, you see, we sell nothing but religious drinks here, and that makes all the difference. What will you take—a Puritan's comfort (brandy smash), or the saint's consolation—(brandy and gum)?"

They may talk about talk with a silvery ring, but silence is sometimes an excellent thing. Of course, there's no statute to limit the breath, and he that so chooses may talk you to death! But if you have nothing to tell or to teach, there's no use abusing the good gift of speech.

A good appetite, healthy digestion, and a free circulation of the blood, are among the blessings of labor.

Thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent,
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter,
Yea, Courage is thy daughter.

—*Coleridge.*

At a social gathering of Congregational ministers, in Brooklyn, N. Y., recently, Rev. Dr. Storrs told the following anecdote:—A worthy Methodist brother had occasion to preach a discourse against the doctrine of immersion, but could not find a text until with great shrewdness and good sense, he hit upon this—"Beware of divers—and strange doctrines."

The debates in Parliament up to the date of the sailing of the *Perla* on the 11th of May, show that the British Government had decided to treat the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent power. Further than this they have reserved their decision, to be governed by the course of events.

Ship Underwriter arrived at New York May 22d, after a passage of only twenty-six days from Liverpool, brought six hundred and twenty Mormon passengers, bound to Utah.

WAR MATTERS.

The Secretary of State has given notice to Mexico and other states, that the Monroe doctrine will be carried out with all the energy and resources of the government, and that nothing in the shape of foreign intervention will be tolerated or submitted to for a single hour. Mexico has been assured in the most positive language that she can depend on the active support of this country, should any European power attempt to violate her soil. Warning has been given to Spain, that if she ventures to accept the artful proffer of Dominica, she will do so at her peril.

Fort Pickens is to be attacked forthwith by the rebels. Their forces are 10,000 strong. They are confident that they shall be able to take this stronghold. The Montgomery correspondent of the Charleston Courier says the Confederacy must capture Fort Pickens before the first of June, in order that the large army now toiling there under tropical heat upon an ocean of sand, may be withdrawn, and employed elsewhere.

The following is an extract of a letter written by a seaman on board the U. S. steam frigate *Minnesota*, at Hampton Roads, May 15th: "We are going to Norfolk by the fourth of June, where we expect terrible slaughter. Our Commander says he will retake the Gosport Navy Yard if he has to sacrifice all his men. There are fifteen ships of war here, and we expect fifteen more. We have taken twenty-five prizes, all loaded with powder and arms. The rebels have erected batteries for the distance of seven miles along the shore to the Navy-yard, and say if we attempt to go up the river they will blow us to pieces. Perhaps they will, but we are going to send 25,000 men ashore to attack them by land, while the ships attack them by sea, and, I tell you, we shall butcher them like hogs. It is awful hot here, but we are all in good health and spirits. We are working every night raising sunken vessels, and it is hard work. At Norfolk flour is selling at \$80 a barrel, and beef at 30 cents per pound. The people there are in a starving condition."

More than a month ago our government gave notice to the Powers of Europe, who took part in the Congress of Paris in 1856, that they were willing to accept the code they adopted at that period, which declared privateering to be piracy.

The government has received the amplest assurances from Austria that she will not have anything whatever to do with the rebel States. Prussia has not hesitated to manifest in plain terms her unequivocal sympathy with our country.

The rebels at Harper's Ferry have stopped all transit of Flour over the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

A dispatch to Governor Morton from Bedford, Indiana, says a messenger has arrived from Dover Hill, Martin County, who states that a man named Dromgoole, formerly a resident of Dover Hill, was at the head of 300 secessionists, committing depredations. He had arrested several citizens, some of whom he is supposed to have hung. The greatest excitement prevailed. Dromgoole was driven out of town by Union men, for expressing disunion sentiments, three weeks ago.

The Postmaster-General has ordered the stoppage of all steamship mails on the coast, and all steamboat mails on the rivers having any connection with the rebel States. The service has been an expense of \$600,000 annually.

Regular army orders have been issued by Col. Dare and Col. Barney, for an inspection of arms. An order has been issued that all revolvers and bowie knives should be given up by privateers, and they are to be left in some safe place, properly labelled, until they go into action, if they ever do.

The staid, old-fashioned Christian Intelligence, of the Reformed Dutch Church, comes down on the rebels like a broadside of Palatin guns. Its last issue gives this assurance:—"We should regard it as one of the best evidences of the returning reason of the rebels, could we but receive the intelligence that they had hung the arch traitor, Davis, and his fellow-conspirators, on a gallows higher than Haman's."

The Union State Convention of Maryland, in session at Baltimore, May 23d, was largely attended, and great enthusiasm manifested. A series of resolutions was adopted in favor of unconditional Union, denouncing secession in the strongest terms, and pledging the State to sustain the Government in the exercise of all its constitutional powers for the vigorous, active, and successful crushing of the rebellion. There were only two dissenting votes.

Private advices confirm the reports of large arrivals of arms at the South from abroad, which were shipped from Europe early in April, consisting of over 200,000 muskets and rifles, and ample supplies of gunpowder, percussion caps, and machinery for making the latter.

The steamer *Keystone* State, at New York, from Fortress Monroe, 22d, reports that the British bark *Hawthorn*, for Liverpool, with a cargo of tobacco, while attempting to run the blockade, was seized, and a prize crew placed aboard of her from the Minnesota. The *Keystone* State has nearly a hundred women and children, refugees from the South, besides transferring a large number to Baltimore in the steamer *Georgiana*.

In consequence of a misunderstanding which has become common among military men—that all companies are to be increased to the number of 101 men—an order has been issued from headquarters prohibiting any such increase, except by special authority. The number of men for a full company is fixed by State law at 64 privates, and this number cannot be legally added to until they enter the service of the United States.

Governor Morton, of Indiana, has informed the President that the services of two thousand shipwrights or boat-builders in the river towns of Indiana can be employed in the construction of gunboats to be used on the lower Mississippi.

Government has positive information that the majority of the rebel troops within fifty miles of Washington, have refused to take the oath of hostility to the United States. A large fraction of the troops at Harper's Ferry have also refused to take the oath of hostility to the Federal Government.

The New York Zouaves, 14th, 69th, and New Jersey Regiments, hold Alexandria, while Arlington Heights are occupied by several other regiments. The entrance to Alexandria was attended by an event which has cast the deepest gloom over this community. Col. Ellsworth, who had hauled down a secession flag from the Marshall House, was soon after shot dead by a concealed foe. It is also reported that the city has been destroyed by fire.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says the policy of the government has been so much interfered with by over-

zealous or interested outsiders, that the President has left all the details as to future operations in the hands of Gen. Scott, with only general instructions for the most vigorous measures in reaching the results contemplated.

The total number of persons killed in the two collisions at St. Louis between the Union troops and the secessionists, was thirty-five.

The authorities at Montgomery estimate that with their present organization they are able to put one hundred and seventy-five thousand men into the field, fully equipped and armed, and with ammunition for one year.

Gen. Butler and Staff arrived at Fortress Monroe May 22d, at two o'clock. They were received with the customary honors. In the evening there was a grand review of the troops—the line, it is said, (four thousand men) stretching clear across the parade ground of the fortress. It was a magnificent spectacle. There is great enthusiasm amongst the men.

TWENTY YEARS MARRIED.

BY R. P. SHILLABER.

Yes, twenty years have winged their flight,
Since the mysterious night of the apoc,
When on a beautiful summer night
I first assumed a flowery yoke.
I long had craved the blissful chain,
And cheerfully subscribed the vow:
Perhaps I'd do the same again;
Perhaps—though I am older now.

Ah, well! do I recall the time
When she, now pensive by my side,
Stooped, in her blushing morning prime,
A tender, sweet, and bashful bride;
And I so proud of that dear hand,
Could scarce contain myself for bliss;
I'd bought a tract of fairy land,
And sealed my purchase with a kiss.

For happiness we trimmed our sails,
My darling little bride and I;
How's breezes blew a pleasant gale,
And gently sailed the summer sky;
The world seemed made for her and me,
All bright wherever we might turn.
Our life to be a tranquil sea—
Sweet innocents! we'd much to learn.

For soon did care's disturbing breath
Its baleful influence impart,
And bitter sorrow, born of death,
O'ercast the sunshine of our heart;
But still as trouble round us rose,
Each closer, fonder, clung to each,
Blessed was the strength of love's repose,
Enduring all that grief could teach.

We'd much of joy, though small our sphere,
And craved no more extended fate,
For in our hearts a willing doom—
"Twas wonderful how fast they came.
"The more the merrier," we said,
And in them every wish was blest.
A part in our embrace have stayed,
A mound in Woodlawn tells the rest.

Those twenty years have left their trace
Upon her brow, then smooth and fair,
And stole, some say, the witching grace
That once her features used to wear;
But still I see the same kind eyes
Beam on me with a light as true
As when, in love's young paradise,
I first their inspiration knew.

Obituary Notice.

Passed away from this world in East Boston, on Saturday last, into the spirit-world, Mr. Jesse Eames, at the age of sixty-three years and four months. He leaves a wife, son and daughter, together with a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his departure. The funeral services took place in his house on Monday afternoon, attended by friends and brethren of the Boston Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.—*East Boston Ledger.*

Bound to see, he took no private road,
But looked through Nature up to Nature's God.
We were well acquainted with the subject of the above obituary for more than thirty years, and can truly say that we always found him to be honest and upright in all his dealings, and possessed of a generous and noble heart, full of charity and love for his fellow-men; one to whom we will never apply the language of the poet:

No slander dwells upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

Mr. Eames had been in a state of health for about two years, although he had not been confined to his house but about eight weeks. He was well aware for a number of weeks before his decease that he was drawing to the close of his mortal life, and about the subject of his immortality, which he looked upon with the assurance that he should soon live again, in a more glorious and happy sphere. He was a firm believer in the doctrines of modern Spiritualism, and had been, for the last five or six years of his life, the evidence of its truth and value to his fellow-men. It seemed to him that no rational person could reject its teachings. Hence, he, by the blessing of God, retaining his senses to the last, had no fears to enter that bourne from which no weary traveler in his earthly tenement returns.

Meeting of Friends of Progress.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress will be held at Cottage Grove, Union Co., on Sunday and Monday, the 13th and 14th of June, 1861. It will be a Grove Meeting, if the weather is suitable—if not, it will be held in the Free Hall. Speakers and others who may be desirous to take part are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

J. O. SWAIN,
SETH HENNING,
AMOS COOK,
VALERIE NICHOLSON,
WILSON D. SOULEY,
For particulars, address: OWEN THOMAS, Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Ind. May 18.

Anniversary at Middle Granville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity will hold their Anniversary at their Free Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 17th. Speakers and friends are cordially invited to attend. Arrangements have been made with a first class hotel for board at \$1 per day. Trains arrive from Rutland at 5.48 A. M., and 4.15 P. M.; from the South at 10.7 A. M., and 8.30 P. M.

C. H. RULY,
Y. P. SLOOM,
G. E. BAKER, Committee of Arrangements.

Home for Outcast Women.

Any benevolent persons who are willing to contribute furniture, bedding linen, stock or stores, for the home or garden, to aid in forming a small experimental home for the above unfortunate class of persons, to be commenced immediately, are respectfully invited to call on, or write to, Miss Emma Hardinge at 18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Persons of the above character sincerely desirous of reforming and becoming inmates of a home whose kindness and industry prevail, can apply as above.

To Public Speakers.

In a letter from Rev. J. H. Derr, Allentown, Pa., speaking of "Brown's Bronchial Troch" or Cough Lozenges, he says: "Whether a humbug or not, they seem to have done me good. I am inclined to hesitations from public speaking, or an over-exercise of the vocal organs, and I have found them very serviceable as a palliative, calculated to allay irritation, thus avoiding inflammation. My brethren in the ministry to whom I have recommended them, seem to have derived more or less benefit."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

DR. A. N. SHERMAN,

Electric Physician and Healing Medium,
WHOSE almost miraculous cures are proverbial through all the Northern, Eastern and Middle States, may be consulted at
NO. 354 TREMONT STREET,
(between Pleasant street and the railroad bridge.) A long course of study, perfected by an experience of twelve years, in addition to his remarkable power of renewing the vital forces by direct application of his hands, has eminently successful in his practice. His diagnosis is universally admitted to be correct, and made, if desirable, without any previous information.

Sprains, Dislocations, Fractures, Displacements and cases of curvature less than half their tortures by his mode of treatment. Please call or send for a circular.

Headache cured in one minute by simple application of hand. 19s
MAY 25.

THE REVELATOR: Being an account of the Twenty-one Days' Enslavement of Abraham P. Pierce, Spirit Medium, at Bolton, Maine, together with a Sketch of his Life. Price 25 cents. A new supply of this highly interesting work is just received and for sale by BELLA MARSH, 14 Broad Street, Boston. 2w
MAY 18.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, Teas, M. Medium, No. 23 Pitts street, near Green street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents. 1f
JUNE 1.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.
DR. ALFRED G. ZALL, M. D., Professor on Physiology, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness, or disease, in a letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston Mass. Oct. 1.

TO INVALIDS.

He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of Manhood.

PROF. E. B. BRITTON and DR. S. S. LYON, Electro-pathologist and Magnetic Physicians, have recently removed from New York, and established themselves in the quiet and beautiful village of Lancaster, Mass., where they will attend to the duties of their profession, bringing the most subtle and powerful agents in Nature—Vital and Galvanic Electricity and Human Magnetism—to their aid in the preparation of remedial agents, and the general practice of the Healing Art.

The location they have selected must be eminently suited to the wants and tastes of all who desire to seek health and pleasure in retirement, away from the noise of war, the glitter of fashion, and the strife of business. While the country about Lancaster has none of the bold features and rugged aspects that distinguish the scenery of Northwestern Massachusetts, it nevertheless possesses unusual attractions. The principal village is on a beautiful eminence that overlooks the Nashua river valley. In addition to good roads, water, and water, productive fields and excellent roads, we have—most agreeably diversified—all the charms that green slopes, fertile meadows, stately trees, and clear, flowing waters contribute to a pleasant and agreeable, and a quiet but delightful summer retreat for invalids.

Doctors Britton and Lyon have rooms for the reception of patients directly opposite the Orthodox Church on Main street, Lancaster Centre. Persons from a distance who desire to place themselves under treatment can be accommodated with board at reasonable prices, varying according to the means of the patient and the accommodations required. Office hours, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. until 6 o'clock P. M. Sundays excepted. Persons applying for treatment should call at the residence of the parties, at North Lancaster, one mile north of the Centre.

Letters addressed to either of the parties named, at Lancaster, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

Dr. LYON is an Eclectic Physician who was never shackled by medical creeds and formulas, and who brings to the discharge of his duties the results of a large and varied experience. Prof. BRITTON—in evidence of his claims to a comprehensive and familiar knowledge of the laws of Vital Electricity and Human Magnetism, and of the application of the Electro-psychological processes to the treatment of disease, and the equilibration of the vital forces and organic functions—respectfully submits the following explicit testimonials.

FROM THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Professor Britton, whose philosophical lectures on the phenomena and laws of Life and the Mind have awakened a new interest in the subject, pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism—warding information—some twenty-five years ago, under the instructions of the venerable Professor Slocum of New York, (deceased some years since) who was distinguished in his day as an electrician, chemist, and mechanical philosopher, and who, like Benjamin Franklin, has made the laws of Vital Electricity and Human Magnetism, in their relations to the human body and mind, his principal study.—*Journal of Science.*

In a notice of Mr. Britton's contributions to the science of MAN, the Home Journal says: "They are written in a style at once classic and popular; an enlightened philosophical spirit everywhere pervades them, and they abound in scientific facts and suggestions, and they are, in every respect, Prof. Britton has evidently studied man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of highest pretensions."

Professor Britton has not only been successful in explaining the philosophy of his subject, but he has been equally successful in the practical application of its principles to the successful treatment of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. The cure of Miss Sarah E. Lockwood presents a strong case; the facts are well known to the community, and they have been said to have occurred within the sphere of our own observation.—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

Mr. Britton's theory is, that the human will has a direct power over electrical agencies, by which means physiological effects may be produced. He illustrates this view by a large variety of illustrations drawn from the accredited records of science, as well as by his own private experiments.—*New York Evening Post.*

Professor Britton continues to excite great interest by his remarkable psychological development. The relief afforded by him in several cases, is a very curious fact. To outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—*New York Daily Tribune.*

Prof. Britton's discoveries have attracted the notice of many remarkable men, who regard them with the keenest interest, and have been the subject of a large number of lectures and addresses. To our outsiders it is as great a mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—*New York Daily Tribune.*

At the conclusion of a public lecture a young lady present addressed to Prof. Britton, stating that she had a very bad cold and a consequent sore throat, and would not be able to attend his lecture on the 10th inst. The young lady was entirely and permanently relieved of all hoarseness and soreness.—*Jersey City Sentinel and Advertiser.*

We were much struck with Prof. Britton's wonderful experiments in illustration of the laws of Vital Electricity, and the functions of Life, motion, and sensation in his patients, is a perfectly perfect and entire.—*Brooklyn (L. I.) Daily Eagle.* 4w
MAY 11.

SPIRITUAL AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH-WESTERN

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through May, J. H. Coates, who in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from any one they recognize, write us whether true or false?

May 14th.—The Love of Money; Caroline Everett; Susan Waverly; Chas. W. Burgess; Chas. Todd; Stephen Gerald.
May 15th.—Invocation; Robt. Morrison; Elizabeth Priest.

Our Circles.

We commenced regular sittings on Wednesday, May 8th. Admittance ten cents. Free tickets for those who are unable to pay will be given.

Search the Scriptures.

"Search the Scriptures, and they shall give you eternal life."

Christianity has been thundering this in our ears all along the ages. This same Christianity tells us the Scriptures are found within the two lids of the book you call the Bible. But Christianity does not understand herself; and if she does not we are to suppose she does not understand those with whom she deals. 'T is enough that Nature tells us to search the Scriptures, this same God whom we all serve each in our own way and according to our own idea of that God.

"What shall I do to be saved?" says one bowed beneath the yoke of sin.

Search the Scriptures says the Christian. But how much of God, how much of everlasting life shall we find within the two lids of the book you call the Bible? It simply tells you how ancient sages served God, in their way, and it gives you but a poor idea even of that. Christianity also tells you to worship God according to the dictates of your heart; and the moment you do, she censures you for it.

Christianity consigns such as myself to eternal damnation. Christianity silences forever our voices, when the tomb closes over us. But the Scriptures, such as we find broad cast in nature, tell us to come forth into life soon as we see fit so to do. Christianity denies this; nature gives it to us. Wonder not then that so many come from the world of shadows telling you your Bible is a fable.

Oh, your march for eternal life! you go out to the highway to get it, when you have it in your own heart; nature has given it to you, and Christianity cannot take it away, however much she may desire so to do. Christianity says also "worship God according to my rule, my standard." I have set up a cross in your midst; fall down before it and when you have remained there long enough, take it up and bear it, for Christianity's sake. The natural man loathes this. Christianity has given you many martyrs—it turns out martyrs at every hour of the day. Christianity is a tyrant unfit to be recognized by human beings. Mark us, we speak of that Christianity the world and the church recognizes. If you can change this Christianity, no matter about the name—we can bow before it as well as any other name.

Christianity tells you it is wrong to war with your brother, and then bids you go forth to battle with him. Christianity seeds the unfortunate out of the world in cold blood for a crime committed in the heat of passion.

Oh, Christianity is a murderer, and her garments are unfit to be seen even in the lowest sphere in Hades. The very walls of your churches are pregnant with evil, not because a Christ came eighteen hundred years ago and dispensed that you call Christianity, but because you have perverted it, made it serve you and not the world; because you have set up a general standard. Men cannot bow before this general standard. Each man wants a God of his own to worship. For myself, I have a God of my own. It is a very good thing to have a ground to stand upon, and a better town that ground yourself. You need not lean upon Christianity, but upon yourselves.

Once I worshiped before the altar of Christianity; once I prostrated myself before the cross called Christ; but as I entered that which was called most holy, I beheld nothing but darkness, nothing but corruption, nothing but death. And I went abroad into nature, and I said, "I will worship the God in Nature, and will enter no longer into the church." The moment I went outside of churchdom, I began to see that all that had been handed down from ages long ago was as unfitted for man's happiness as a religion which is pure and undefiled; nothing can defile it, nothing can change it. What is that religion? It must be good; it must be adapted to man's wants. It is the religion that is found in every man and woman's soul; it is that which prays to God continually. It is that which is continually rising, no matter how darkness and death enshroud it. It must rise. Sometimes it gives us a picture in the external not pleasant to look upon, yet this pure and undefiled religion is something that dwells deep in the human soul, and every man and woman can come into this pure and holy religion at all times. Truth is the name of this religion. Truth—not only in thought, but word and act. If I consider it my duty to go forth dealing vengeance among the people of earth, and I go forth I bow before the altar of Truth—such truth as is comprehensible to me; and who shall crush it out? Not the church, not the State, not all the hosts of heaven and hell.

You have political night with you at this hour. Night has wrapped her sombre folds around you. Why is this so? 'T is because Christianity has brought you troubles. Christianity has been striving to rule, and the law natural has but risen up in her power, and for a time there is misrule, war, discord and darkness. But which shall conquer, Christianity, or Nature? Nature, we think; and not only that which is found broad-cast in the world, but that which is found in each soul; that which not only demands right for self, but will give it to those with whom they deal.

Search the Scriptures. Search all nature from the past up to the present hour, and if you find anything not conflicting with the nature in the world and that in the Bible, worship the two; but if you find nature without conflicting with the Bible, you had better have a millstone cast about your neck than to obey the latter.

Nature will never tell you to send a soul unclad into the kingdom of Heaven. Nature will tell you to get garments for every soul; and she will also tell you where to obtain those garments. Then Nature will not send souls back to you to deal harshly with you, because of your unnatural Christianity. May 11.

Olive Sprague.

I want you to give me a chance to go down to Jim Miller's. He kept a boarding house in North Street. I want to settle accounts with him. My name was Olive Sprague. He knows where my sister is, and I want him to help me to get a chance to speak to her—next place, I want him to pay her what he owed me. I did chamber work there once, and he owed me for four weeks' work. He didn't pay me, 'cause I got drunk one night, and didn't do things up right. He kicked me out doors, and I went to McCuskey's cellar, and I stayed there till I went somewhere else.

My sister's name is Sarah. She got off once here, about four years ago, from being ordered out of the city—she went out, but came back again, and changed her name. There's a way to do these things. I have been down to the island twice, for drinking.

If he'll pay my sister, I'll do as much for him. I had a dollar and a quarter a week there. You'll

advertise her, will you? I didn't know I was going to die, till I found myself out. I have been floating round since I died, getting drunk when I could, and there's plenty of them you can influence to drink. I drank when I was sixteen years of age, and drank ever since. You give me a glass of rum, and see if I won't drink it! If Miller will pay my sister, I'll try to stop. I make my sister drink, and if he'll pay her I'll try to stop.

I am attracted to my sister. She is with an old woman by the name of Jenks, in Broad Street. Doing chamber work?—It's all cellar work there. Poor soul! I left her drunk as the devil, last night. She said if she had money she'd do better; and I've been trying to get her. She is in her 24th year, I believe.

Ans.—Yes, I am with the same ones I saw here. Ans.—We have clothes, but they grow to you. They are your acts, you devilish fool, and they grow upon you.

Do you think you can get that man to pay my sister? If you will, I'll try to stop drinking. I died at the island. That's the place to die. You get shoved under the ground mighty sudden. I wanted a chance to get clear of my body before it was buried, and I didn't, but had to hang about it for weeks, just because they buried me too soon. May 10.

Henry T. Forbes.

I wish you to say I have told you my death was entirely accidental. My friends are laboring under a partial belief that I committed suicide. Ever since I was freed from my body, I have been trying to come back to take away their false belief. The circumstances attending my being found, I should think would be enough to prove my death accidental. My mother supposed I was insane. I was subject to fits, but had not had one for something like two years. During these fits, and for a few hours after, I was absent-minded. There seemed to be a sort of spasms of the nerves, or contraction, which never made me wholly unconscious. I have suffered much in consequence of my friends supposing I committed suicide. I want them to know I was not so foolish as to throw away my life in that manner. I was practising with my gun for some hours prior to the fit, and had reloaded it. I was going to practise shooting, and by some unaccountable contraction of the muscular system, I discharged the gun, while it was aimed at my head.

I wish my friends to meet me at some place where I can speak, and I will then give them full particulars of the matter.

My friends live in Harlem, N. Y. My name was Henry T. Forbes. It is now near five weeks since the accident. I have tried before to come back to tell the cause of my death in some less public manner, but have failed, so I have come here. May 10.

Louisa C. Marshall.

Dear James—I slept in the arms of death, according to the law of the body, on the 16th day of March last. I awoke this day, in obedience to the law of my spirit. Will you hear me? Will you welcome me? Will you give me a chance to come to you in nearer communion? Say yes, and I am happy. LOUISA C. MARSHALL.

To James, my husband, now at Long Island.

May 10.

Lizzie West.

My name was Lizzie West. I lived at Boston, on South Margin street. I went down Endicott street last night, and gave a message there, and they asked me to come here. They said if I would come here, and tell that I was there last night, they would believe me, and I might come again whenever I wanted to. I have been dead about two years. It doesn't seem as though I was dead, only I have n't got my body.

I have got a brother. I suppose he will feel himself insulted to have any one tell him that I was his sister, but it doesn't matter; I am here, and I shall tell what I please. I told the old lady down there that her mother wanted to talk with her, but she said if I came here to-day she would give her a chance to talk. The medium's name I came through is Anne Cogland. She is not like this one, but I can write. I died of fever.

I should like to go down to South Margin street, if I could. My brother's name is Phillip Eaton.

May 10.

J. W. Leyon.

Mother dear, you shall soon learn something for your peace. Cheer up. J. W. LEXON.

May 10.

High and Low of Life.

When mankind shall be able to make harmony out of the inharmonious elements around them, they shall have achieved victory. What a vast variety of forces is to be seen everywhere! What a study these forces present to man! But the greatest of all we find in the natural and intellectual world is the law of attraction, which is, and ever has been, imperfectly understood; and that law which, when seen in the highest, and every department of life, always exerts an influence in the lower to crush it, to swallow it up, to seemingly annihilate it, to make it serve him. "I will grind him to powder," says the giant Webster, who applied it to Haynes. And he might have added, "I will take of that power, and make my intellect still greater. This is law. The lesser light was swallowed up before the greater light by the law of attraction. The rich man grinds the poor, that he may gain still more of that he has already in his possession; and the poor must toil day after day, year after year, that the rich man may become still more rich. This is a verification of that passage in your Bible: 'They who have little, shall have that little taken from them,' for the rich man by attraction shall draw all to himself.

Thus that portion of you who seem to be governed by the moral law, if sincere, are happy, seemingly happy; but they draw their happiness from the tears and groans of those below them in morality; and those who sit at the foot of the cross in morals, are necessary to sustain it. All your giant intellects are fed from the lesser among you; and the lower are being refined, if not enlarged—made ready for a never process of unfoldment.

Now the rich man innately demands murder, and all the crimes among you, inasmuch as he has the magnetism with him; so the poor must seek to satisfy the demands of the rich. So the unenlightened must go down to the lowest grade to satisfy the demands of those above them. This is law; and through every department of the moral, intellectual and physical world, it is carried out to the letter. And yet the poor cry out against the rich, and the rich against the poor—the good against the bad. And why? Because man has never looked beyond the surface.

Spiritualism is the great probe by which all these sores shall be brought to light; every one of these sores shall be attended to by spirits. It is just as necessary for demons to communicate with you, as it is for those who stand higher in the spiritual kingdom. They must yield up a certain part of their forces, that you may go higher and draw them after you.

Ans.—Oh yes, your mighty intellects are fed by the undying flames of the lesser. But do not the lesser suffer in consequence? Did not the intellect of a Haynes suffer by the efforts of a Webster? Most certainly it did.

The world tells you that men wisely suffer. Well, it may be so; but we cannot help to cry out against the thorns that prick us. 'T is because we fail to see the end. The good man should look at this—that his goodness is made up of the evil acts of others. As all atoms of the universe are bound together, so all must be affected.

When the good man stands and beholds the criminal standing before the two spheres of life, in looking at his past life, he should not fail to look at his own, and then he shall judge rightly. Inasmuch as his life has been crowned with blessings, he should know that somebody has been obliged to steal, somebody to murder, somebody to wrong his fellow. In every department of life it must be so.

There are some who are fillers of the soil, some who get their faces browned, and present uncomely aspects to the world, that there may be some who are robbed in fine linen.

The Christian church has, for its foundation, hell—or, it has built itself on the tears, and sighs, and groans of the multitude. It must be so, for, as the higher feed upon the lower, so the very church has been built on the crimes of those they have sent to spirit-life before them.

So, then, crime at present is necessary—it is for the present—because man is not intellectual enough yet to see that the higher feeds upon the lower. The rich man cannot yet see that his riches are made up of the groans of the many. But when spirits have sufficiently probed humanity, they shall see this to be so.

You have been told that Death is a great leveler. You were never told a greater falsehood. Death may rob you of your riches; but if you have a great stock of intellect, you can use it as well as here. All the qualities of the soul are continued, and the greatest intellects among us are fed upon those beneath them, as with you. But all we ask is, that those who stand high should give a proper respect to those below. So do not forget, oh ye Christians, that you owe your morality to the criminal; do not forget, ye rich men, that you owe your riches to the thief and the poor man; do not forget, oh ye giant intellects, that you owe your power to those far beneath you—and then you will not fail to give to those beneath you their due. There must be Judases as well as Jesus Christs. We know that the world has condemned Judas; but Nature tells us he was as necessary as Jesus. Nature tells us that the criminal is as necessary as the saint—the poor man as the rich.

Could a Webster have taken such a stride at that time, if there had not been a Haynes to help him? Remember this, and you will do well; forget it, and you do ill. May 11.

Joseph Hill.

There is always a time with every one, when the soul feels its almost entire dependence upon an outside power. I lived upon earth upwards of ninety years, and I never conversed with any one, however sceptical of immortality he might be, but would admit that at some time in life he had experienced this dependence. Now this should teach all that there is a higher power than self, and that by it they are sustained, and it should also teach them that they are immortal.

I have stood at the bedside when many were passing through death. Not only with those—have I stood who were professing Christians, but with those who had no hope of an hereafter; and they have all told me they desired to live beyond death, and be happy. Now it is a pity that they and all could not know that in that very desire is rolled up the seeds of the fruit. If the soul's desire is immortality, it will have it. If man desires happiness, he must have it at some time. There is enough provision made in Nature for all men's wants. None will and none can go without having their demands attended to some time.

And man should also know that the departed can return and commune, because all desire it. They should know it is but one of the outflowings of God's love. But oh, we will not forget that man, poor man is finite, while God is infinite.

I have dear friends here, whom I love equal to myself, and I cannot bear they should remain in darkness—ignorance of their soul's best interests. They believe it is true in the immortality of the soul, but of its capacities they have no idea. They believe that the soul flies off to some far off place, and if accepted, enjoys the treasure of heaven; and if rejected, is consigned to hell. For this I do not blame them, for I once stood on the same ground myself; but oh, I do feel it my duty to come back to enlighten them, that they may feel not only the immortality of the soul, but its power also.

I well remember the last hour I spent on earth. I seemed to feel the presence of the departed. My father and mother, brothers and sisters, my children and my acquaintances seemed to be with me. I seemed to feel there was nothing wanting except a thin veil to be removed. I knew they were there, and I told my children so. They said, "It is well; our father dies happy," but they did not understand me. I wanted them to know that spirits could be with them on earth, and that I might be able to do so. But they could not understand me. I now come back to tell my children that the spirit-world is so nearly allied to this, that there is scarce a line of demarcation. And if these worlds are so nearly blended, it is not strange that the spirit should break the barriers of the flesh, and commune with them in mortal. Oh, it is natural, a something given by God, which all should enjoy. But oh, like all of God's blessings, it has a thorn connected with it. You must pull the flowers to pieces, and out of the scattered leaves you shall find the petals of wisdom, that shall tell you how to escape thorns and how to gain fragrance from the flowers.

The dear good consort of my earth-life stands beside me at this hour, and sends on the wings of love a message to her children. She says: "Oh, my children, pluck the flowers of spirit-life, scatter the leaves, unveil the thorns, and take the blessings."

It is seven years now, since I dealt with and held control of a body of flesh. I earnestly desire it may not be seven more years ere I shall hold control of a mortal body, and converse with those I love. I earnestly desire such a blessing, and as I find it a desire, I firmly believe I shall have it.

I am Joseph Hill, of Braintree, Massachusetts.

May 11.

Wm. S. Cotton.

If you please, mister, I want you to write a letter for me. In the first place, I want to tell my father and mother that I have a good place here to live. And then I like to tell them that I met my mother Nat here. He has been away a long time. Folks did not know if he was alive or not. He is dead, for I met him. I was taken sick with some kind of a trouble all over my head—I don't know what, and I was sick just fourteen days before I died. I was fourteen years old. My folks are poor. I have only been dead since last winter.

I lived in Centre street, New York. There are plenty all around us, who know of our coming back, and I stand a good chance of getting home. There's old Megs—she takes the paper. We all think she has got plenty of money. She has rappings at her place. A niece of hers gets the raps. I have one brother at sea; his name is George. He is older than I. I have a sister here with me; she died when she was a baby. I'd like to talk to her, for two or three things. To tell them how well I am off here, and that I like here first rate.

When I was sick, sometimes we had n't any wood to make a fire. Mother had been sick some, and father had nothing to do.

We have to work here; but it's a good kind of work, for we do what we like. I think if I could go home and talk, I could convince my father that some things are not right, and then my mother would not have to suffer so much for things she needs.

My name was William Stratton Cotton. Good-day, sir. May 11.

DAWN.

By this the northern wagoner had set His sevenfold team behind the steadfast star, That was in ocean's waves yet never wet, But firm it fixed and sendeth light from far To all that in the wide deep wandering are; And cheerful chaunters, with his note shrill, Had warned once that Ebbel's day was on, In haste was climbing up the eastern hill, Full ev'ning that Night so long his room did fill. Spencer.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came, and left his traces there." What became of the balance of the harness he don't state.

Somebody says "the pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out." Probably this is because it is worn so seldom.

Never be above your calling, nor be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

Many complain that they are not appreciated properly simply because they are.

Why is a retired carpenter like a lecturer? Because he is an ex-planer.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE HILLS.
Addressed to J. and W. Hill, Esqs.

Like crowns of glory rise the Hills,
In every clime and land,
As nature's bulwarks of defence
And prospect, lo! they stand!

Sublime they greet the tempest wild,
And shake the thunder's hand;
Echoing back each lofty peal,
And word of stern command.

They catch the lightnings in their fists,
And toss them whence they came;
Then dance them playful on the knee,
And comb their locks of flame.

They gird their loins with glowing bands
And braid of gleaming chains;
Then plume their peaks with jets of fire,
And awe the timid plains.

Well they remember thunder's birth,
And lightning's natal hour;
And look defiance at their threats,
And mock their childish power.

They tread the earthquakes'neath their feet,
And bid them hold their breath,
Till every iron muscle shakes,
As with the pangs of death.

Hail, fellows of the Powers above,
Companions of the stars;
They rest their arms on nature's throne,
Their feet on nature's bars.

When angry skies bend wrathful down,
And earth convulsive reels,
Then shake their sides with laughter wild,
And stamp their ponderous heels.

In pleasant moods, at dawn, they kiss
The sun's unwashed face;
And when he ties his night-cap on,
Receive his last embrace.

Cosseted dalliance they hold,
At midnight, with the moon;
But cleanse from every stain of kiss
The hand and lip, ere noon.

In bridal robes, on nuptial days,
They hide in lace pale;
But 'er the honey-moon has set,
They're seen without the veil.

With sheets of ice and snowy sheen,
They guard a spotless name;
And hurl the crashing avalanche
Or trifle with their fame.

From eagle eyries they dispatch
Expiring gasps of day,
And telegraph from brain's lair
The monarch's rising ray.

They stand as cisterns of the clouds,
To water valleys afar;
While century oaks bestead their caps,
A bloom with moon and star.

To giant ocean's deafening roar
They send response as gurg;
But softly breathe the red-breast's song,
And hush the cricket's thrum.

Hail! pyramidal shrines of Gods!
Bold sentinels of time!
Altars the Ages bow before,
In every land and clime!

All hail! ye glorious to behold!
Proud in your distance stand!
The monuments of nature's deeds,
And thrones of her command!

Abide, ye everlasting Hills,
With never-withering pine!
While kingdoms fall like melting snow,
Your souls eternal shine!

Upheaved from womb of earth convulsed,
By lungs with breath of fire,
The beatings of your hearts but cease,
When nature's realms expire!

Kind prompters of the God-like dead,
And noble thoughts sublime,
Abide! the AGE'S BODY GUARD—
THE BOLD NIGHT-WATCH OF TIME!

Be such their Representatives,
And living namesakes here;
Rising above the sordid world,
In skies as grand and clear!

In mission, too, be theirs to hold
The reckless mass in awe,
To rule the Evil with the Good,
And give mankind their law.

For wonders famed, by God revealed,
Were Hills in olden days—
As Sinai'sold, and Zion mild,
May ours receive the praise.

MARCO MILTON.

New London, Ct.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.
Tuesday Evening, May 7, 1861.

The subject first in order this evening, was the organization of the proposed "New York Psychological Society."

DR. GRAY.—The business of this society would be the consideration of all facts bearing on Spiritual intercourse, and the relations, in general, existing between the body and the mind. The speaker proceeded to read a sketch of the objects and regulations of the Association, as he contemplated them; agreeing, in its main features, with the plan laid down in his remarks at the last meeting. It included "the opening of correspondence with all parts of the world," not only with believers in Spiritualism, but "with men of science engaged in denying or refuting" its doctrines; which correspondence should be placed in the permanent archives of the society. There should also be a depository for all facts bearing on the new science of Psychology. He called it new, because, hitherto, what has gone by that name has been exceedingly conjectural; bearing about the same relation to the true science which we aim to establish, as alchemy to chemistry.

Having read and explained a set of rules as proper for such a body, the speaker invited suggestions from all present who could, with advantage, add to, or take from them; as members wished to hear all the plans which might have been matured or thought of.

MR. PORTER had given thought to the subject of a new organization, with the general purposes mentioned, for some months, but his ideas had taken a direction entirely different from those of the preceding speaker. They had first occurred to him in connection with the advantage of procuring better facilities for publishing our views to the world; and hence had been directed to the formation of something like a joint-stock company, with privileges of incorporation; and in which investments might be made of any amount, for the purpose of carrying on the business of publishing the literature of Spiritualism; which, he thought, was fast rising to be the cream of American literature in general. The office of selection would be exercised by a board, or committee, of scrutiny. Shares might be placed as low as \$10. This plan would not in any way conflict with that of Dr. Gray, which aims at scientific purposes simply, whereas this partakes of a commercial character. Indeed, they have so little in common as to be entirely distinct propositions.

DR. GRAY agreed in the last position taken by the

previous speaker, and thought that the establishment of the one association need not hinder that of the other. He added some remarks explanatory of the different modes of legislative incorporation, as applicable to the two proposed societies, respectively; and, if there was no other plan to be suggested, called for the appointment of a Committee to take charge of the subject, and procure an act of incorporation.

Accordingly a motion for the appointment of a Committee of five was put, and carried unanimously. The following gentlemen were then nominated and elected as such committee:—Dr. Gray, chairman; Mr. Coles, secretary; Dr. Hallock, and Messrs. Thompson and Turner.

A desire being expressed for a description to the Conference of some interesting and striking physical manifestations which had occurred at a sitting on the previous Wednesday:

MR. H. MELVILLE FAX, the medium on the occasion, took the stand, and entered into a detailed account of his peculiar experience. At the sitting which had just been referred to, and which took place at Dr. Hallock's, there were but few present, and the conditions among them were very harmonious, which was important for the success of the manifestations. (The speaker generally held his circles at private houses, in preference to admitting the public on payment, because under the latter circumstances some of the minds present were nearly certain to be more or less antagonistic and positive, and consequently to throw off inharmonious influences.) Lights were called for, and I was securely tied to my chair, in view of all present, my hands being fastened behind me with ropes, which were also passed around my knees and ankles. Then the lights were extinguished, and a violin which lay upon the table, together with a bell and trumpet, was played upon with perfect distinctness. The room being re-lighted, I was found in precisely the same position—being bound so tightly as to have suffered considerable pain, and totally unable to move hand or foot, until released. Afterward, still sitting, I was tied with ropes around the knees, and my hands crossed upon them and similarly secured—the lights were put out, and the bell and violin played upon. Dr. Spence had rubbed some phosphorus on the back of the violin; and by the light thus afforded, the instrument was seen to be floating in the air, I taking care to speak, the while, so that the audience knew I had not changed my position; which was additionally proved by the evidence of pencil marks on pieces of paper placed under the soles of my boots. The spirit which takes the lead in the performances, and which calls itself George Fox, asked through the trumpet for a tumbler, half-full of water, which having been brought and placed on the table, lights were called for in about two minutes, when the water was found to have disappeared from the glass, I being in statu quo. This feat has been performed seven or eight times, within my experience. The spirits explain it by saying that they operate upon the water by the application of chemical laws, so as to resolve it into its elements, and dissipate them into the atmosphere. For still better satisfaction, a person was ordered by the spirits to place his chair in front of mine, to place his feet on my feet, and grasp my hair with one hand and my shoulder with the other. We maintained this position in the darkness, while the instrument was, as before, taken up and played on; and was moreover applied to the heads of the more incredulous in the company, with such force as to cause them to cry out. Having released me, after this performance, the spectators were so convinced of my honesty, as not to think it worth while to secure me in that manner during the rest of the sitting, but, for this reason, the subsequent manifestations are deprived of their separate value as evidence before the present audience. At all such circles, I allow committees to tie me with their own hands, and to bring their own ropes for the purpose, if they think proper. Last winter I gave a sitting, at which the process of securing me consumed ten minutes, notwithstanding which, I was untied by the spirits in two minutes. I wish persons to come to my circles as honest investigators, desirous simply to ascertain the truth. I have seen and felt spirits.

The spirit of "Fox" sometimes holds conversations with persons present, on philosophical subjects, and answers questions. It appears, from the information thus given, that in different circles, and under different circumstances, there are different degrees of force or concentration in the electricity generated. Thus, at Chicago, at a sitting held under very favorable conditions in the house of Mr. Higgins, the music-seller, a prominent Spiritualist there, the trumpet through which Mr. "Fox" communicates, was suspended in the air for an hour together, without touching the floor; whereas, generally, it shifts and knocks about all over the room.

The spirits say, that they take the physical emanations from the audience, and condensing them by means of the "germinal vitality" of the medium, they construct what answer to different organs of the human frame, and other objects. Instruments are floated in the air by streams of electricity and magnetism. When the circle is quiet, the manifestations are more satisfactory. On one occasion in Massachusetts, an old guitar which the spirits were making use of, was smashed to pieces in consequence of a gentleman's detaching his hands from the circle, in order to get hold of the instrument, which, in return, knocked him on the head so violently, that he hallooed out. Lights were brought, and I was found fast in my bonds. The man at first denied having made the attempt, which had caused the disturbance, but Mr. "Fox" through the trumpet immediately taxed him with his falsehood, and he was compelled to own up.

Hence we see

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

I had a dream of thee, last night,
A beautiful dream of thee;
The fields were bathed in clearest light,
That over an eye could see.
Thy hand was tightly clasped in mine,
As we lay in a winding way—
I plucked a flower from every vine,
But nothing didst thou say.
I dreamed it was the midnight hour,
And the clouds were white as snow,
And the dew shone bright on every dower,
That graced the glen below.
I looked and saw a lovely star,
That told of a mighty hand;
I asked if, in that world afar,
We, clothed in light, should stand?
A tear was in thy soft blue eye,
When I spoke of the angels there,
For one thou loved in years gone by
Was just as bright and fair.
I loved thee for that mournful sigh,
While I held thy hand in mine;
I wiped the tear from thy blue eye,
That there so bright did shine.

[Susan Glenwood.]

Strength of mind and true fortitude are attendants
on a calm disposition, and by no means on passionate
and peevish tempers.

LIFE.

Life is a tree, and we and all mankind
Are but the tender germ or fruit thereon.
Some born to blossom, some to fade away,
Some to endure the end by furthest stay.
And so it happens, at first in waxen buds
Doth infancy appear; then Childhood, rich
In promise of the great hereafter, smiles
Amidst its rosy bloom; and afterward
There cometh Boyhood, green in all devices,
In whom as yet the stream of knowledge runs
But sour and undefined. Then followeth man,
Assuming both the tone of rounder thought
And comeliness more sound. Hence anxious years,
With mellow grace do dwell within the minds
Until the heavy-laden weight of age
Struggleth with life, e'en as the fruitage ripe
Doth wrestle with its stem; and then both fall
To earth from whence both sprang.

Yet, mortal, hear,
And chiefly note, O man, the fruit shall die
Whilst thou endure the vast eternity!
Let then thine end be such thou may'st rejoice
In the full garner of thy Master's choice.

[All the Year Round.]

The wise man seeks for the cause of his errors in
himself; the fool, excusing himself, seeks for it in
others.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Wearied and worn one, stricken in spirit,
Fret not at feeling the gall in thy lot;
Seemingly favored ones do not inherit
All thy imaginings—envy them not.
Think, when the battle of life at the hottest
Presseth thee downward on every hand,
A truce, or a triumph, may come ere thou wottest;
Let hope ever guide thee, imperiled, to stand.
Faint not, nor falter, nor whine broken-hearted;
Thousands are fighting in common with you;
Thousands have fought—has the spirit departed
That nerved for the conflict and carried them through?

Temperance has not only health to recommend it,
but decency.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON
HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, May 14, 1861.

QUESTION:—The power of disembodied spirits to af-
fect material substances.

MR. H. MELVILLE FAY.—The question before us is
one which can only be met by plain, well-authenti-
cated facts. With the current accounts of physical
demonstrations, you are no doubt generally conversant;
but I wish now to describe a series of mani-
festations, tending to show how spirits can move
ponderable bodies, which I have never related in
this city, and which have never been made public
in any way. It was in the city of Akron, Ohio,
during the early period of my development as a me-
dium, that I was first controlled, unconsciously, and
kept in the trance state for an hour, by a spirit pur-
porting to be that of one Holmes, who had been
murdered some twenty years before. We were as-
sured that, by searching, under his direction, in dif-
ferent places, a few miles off, we should find his
property, as well as his skull and bones. We were
at first inclined to consider this an attempt at a
practical joke, and so paid but little attention to
the messages, until they had been repeated, with
increasing urgency, for several weeks. We then de-
termined to obey; and eight of us were directed to
repair, at 9 o'clock in the evening, with the neces-
sary tools, and a lantern, to a certain three-cornered,
enclosed plot of ground, not far from the city.

Arrived there, we satisfied ourselves, according to
the request of the spirits, that the spot was covered
with hard, solid soil and grass, which had not re-
cently been disturbed. I was thrown into the un-
conscious, trance-condition, on recovering from
which, I found myself standing near a hole which
my companions had dug, and with my hands covered
with dirt. It appeared that I had no sooner
been fairly brought under spirit control, than I took
to my heels like a deer, threw off my coat, gesticu-
lated violently, as though engaged in a fight, and at
last came to a pause at the spot where the hole was
dug. The soil appeared to have been at least five
years undisturbed. At the depth of two and a half
feet we struck a wooden box, which was so rotten
as to offer no resistance to the spade; and in that
box we found six or eight old silver dollars, and
about ten dollars worth of cheap jewelry, such as
might have formed part of the contents of a ped-
lar's kit. Again, at about 11 o'clock, I passed un-
consciously under the control of the intelligence, ran
off down the adjoining railroad track, my compan-
ions after me, and on coming to myself, I was stand-
ing on one of the high rocks which there form the
bank of the Cuyahoga river, beside one of my
friends, who had a bundle under his arm. I had
scaled a precipice, which I would not have dared to
attempt in a waking state, had thrust myself into
one of the smallest openings on its face, crying ex-
citedly, "I want my skull," and had finally taken
out what my companion now carried, and what, we
were assured, was the skull of the murdered man.
To be brief, on several occasions, and in different
places, we subsequently took from the ground ten
packages, containing in all forty letters. These had
been secured and preserved in a legible state, by

being sewed tightly, each separate bundle, between
strong iron clamps, which were themselves found
deeply rusted. The letters, on being read, were
found to implicate in the murder spoken of, three
individuals. They were—a man who is, at this day,
one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of
Akron; his brother, since dead; and another, who
now resides in this city of New York, and whom I
have seen since my arrival. The second of these
was the one who dealt the fatal blow, at the hotel
then kept by his brother, who watched at the door
during the commission of the deed. The actual
murderer having died, his spirit it was, which, still
careful of his ill-gotten gains, had sought with the
intelligence which controlled me, as witnessed on
the first occasion of my entrancement; and, in fact,
would not give a peaceable consent to our opera-
tions, until it had received a promise that no pro-
ceedings should be instituted against his surviving
partners in the crime. All these directions and ex-
planations we received from "Fox," through the
trumpet, in the usual manner. By him and through
the letters, we were informed that the person men-
tioned as accessory to the murder, had been connected
with a large and well-organized band of counter-
feiterers, which at that time existed in Ohio, under
the leadership of the notorious Brown, who, how-
ever, had no direct concern in this matter. The so-
called "secretary" of this band was a girl of low
character, named Ellen Atwood, and with her, at
that period, the accessory (whom we will call Mr.
D—) maintained a correspondence. And now we
came to what the spirit assured us would be the
most convincing test we had ever received. One of
the above-mentioned iron clamps was found to con-
tain a letter from Mr. D— to Ellen, who was aware
of the murder, dated eighteen years ago, in which he
says: "Last night, a very strange occurrence took
place in my room. Can you understand it? I had
fallen into a doze, when I was aroused by a strange,
 unearthly light, which showed me a form standing
by my bedside: it was the form of the murdered
Holmes. It pointed at me, and, at the instant, a
strange paralysis seized me, and, for the time, I knew
no more. When I came to myself, I found that I
had taken a pen and written these words, 'We will
not bring you to justice here; but, in the spirit-
world we will talk to you. You have been generous
in sending money to my only son; and, for this, and
because you are repentant, we will let you off on
earth; I shall show myself to you, in spirit, four
different times.'"

Here followed four dates. When we came to the
last, we were amazed to find that it was that of the
very day on which we were now reading the original
promise, made eighteen years before! That very
night, of 5th of June, 1860, if the pledge was kept,
the spirit of his victim would show itself to Mr. D—
at his house, about half-a-mile off! "Fox" told us to
notice the demeanor of Mr. D— the next day. This
we had no difficulty in doing, as he was, though poor
at the time of the murder, now a wealthy and
prominent citizen of Akron; and we saw plainly
that the man was pale, nervous, and unlike his
usual self.

We were told that the spirit of Holmes had duly
revealed itself to Mr. D—; and that we might learn
what took place on the occasion, we were directed to
form a circle in the back yard of our place of meet-
ing, where the ground, being used for the ordinary
domestic purposes, was trodden bare and hard. My
room and myself were first searched thoroughly, and
nothing unusual being found, we joined hands in the
open air, and were told to cast a sweeping and com-
prehensive glance over the ground and up into the
air, and then to look steadily across into each other's
eyes, while we counted one a hundred. I had not
gone further than thirty-six, when a letter came flut-
tering down from the upper regions into the middle
of the circle; a letter addressed to Mr. D— (he
other surviving murderer of Holmes), at New York,
and which requested the Postmaster, if it was not
called for within a month, to return it to Mr. D—
at Akron. We were told to open it, and, in doing so,
read, under that day's date and in the undoubt-
ed handwriting of Mr. D—, something like these
words: "Last night Holmes showed himself to me.
My God! it was awful!" and then followed a de-
scription of the visit. It was signed by D—. The
manner in which this letter was abstracted from
the writer was thus described by the spirit: Ac-
cording to promise, the spirit-form of Holmes had
appeared the night before to Mr. D— and his wife,
both of whom were undeveloped mediums. Imme-
diately afterward, D— sat down and wrote to his
former accomplice in New York an account of the ap-
pearance, which he had no sooner finished, than he
was entranced, and, in that condition, influenced to
blow out the light, raise the window-sash and place
his letter on the ledge outside, whence it was in-
stantly snatched, and borne away to us, who were
waiting in circle for it. The spirits said, moreover,
that the New York criminal should receive no letters
whatever from Mr. D—, and accordingly we have
since obtained several others, in a similar way.

In one instance, as we were informed, this was
not effected without considerable difficulty, for Mr.
D—'s suspicions were aroused as to the means by
which the letters disappeared, although he had suf-
ficient confidence in the assurances he had received
of his personal safety, to continue writing them.
On this occasion, having finished his letter, he left it
in the room, taking the precaution to nail down the
window-sash, and lock the door behind him, on going
out. But this did not avail him; for the spirits,
unable of their own mere force, to overcome these
material obstacles, effected their object by concen-
trating all their powers upon the man, with such
energy, that he was reduced helplessly under their
control; was made to re-enter his room, draw out
the letter from the window-sash, raise it, and deposit
the letter on the sill without, when, of course, they
had no difficulty in carrying it off to us.

The spirits accounted for the extraordinary pro-
ceeding of the murderers in burying the tell-tale
letters, instead of destroying them at once, by say-
ing that, after the deed, they were perfectly crazy,
and were bent on burying everything.

The truth of this narrative does not rest altogeth-
er on my own assertion. The skull and bones may
be seen at Akron, by applying in the proper quarter;
and the poker, which was one of the weapons of the
murder, is also preserved, with its stains of blood.

As to the murderer—the correspondent of D—,
who, I have said, is now in this city—the spirits (so
they assert) are doing justice on him, in their own
mysterious way. He is perishing by inches, under
the terrible visitations of the ghostly avengers.

Dr. HALL.—It seems to me one of the most dis-
tinctive characteristics of spiritual manifestations,
that we are totally unable, not merely to produce
them ourselves, but to discover the method by which
the spirits produce them. This fact seems to draw
the line of demarcation between manifestations in
which the agents are in, and those in which they are
out of the body. In the latter class all human ex-

perience is utterly at fault. There is nothing in our
conscious faculties, as developed in the present stage
of being, which makes us capable of receiving a
demonstration of how the water, for instance, was
got out of the tumbler, a few evenings since, as I
know was actually done. Certainly the medium did
not swallow it, and there were no vestiges of it any-
where perceptible. Yet, when any such act is wit-
nessed, we as necessarily refer it to an intelligent
agent somewhere, as, when we receive a telegraphic
message, we affirm, from logical necessity, that there
is a human being at the other end of the wire, al-
though we may never see that being. In this case
the water was put on the table at the request of the
being who performed the feat.

That ends the chapter as to cause, in this matter;
but whether the agent was Johnny King, or George
Fox, or the Angel Gabriel, I don't know. The me-
dium was tied in the most intricate manner, a com-
mittee examined him thoroughly, the light was put
out, and, in a space of time incompatible with any
known power to untie him, the thing was done. The
light being produced, he was found with the same
piece of paper between his lips which the committee
had placed there, and the tumbler out of his reach.
According to my pet theory of spiritual life, the in-
telligences in the other world occupy a higher plane
of being than we—are better chemists and natural
philosophers. This is according to the great gospel
of analogy running through all the ages.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH confessed that he was consid-
erably inclined to skepticism in regard to this class
of manifestations; yet, after what he had witnessed
through Mr. Fay, the other evening, he was satisfied
that a great part of the feats could not have been
accomplished by natural means, without the aid of
a very capable confederate. He did not, however,
believe that the vocal utterances were those of spir-
its. He was on the committee, and was so situated,
while Mr. Fay was being disengaged, that he saw a
dark body moving between himself and a ray of
light which had accidentally found entrance; and as
he could not admit the supposition that there was
any confederate in the room, he was satisfied that the
power concerned, whatever it might be, assumed a
physical form which untied the medium. The ringer
of that bell, also, was the denizen of another world.
With all his doubts as to the genuineness of some
part of the performances, the speaker would engage
to give any one five hundred dollars, before to-mor-
row morning, who would give a natural explanation
of the untying of the medium. He believed the
spirits who communicate on earth to be regular
"scallawags;" yet, whatever facts are elicited
through them, in support of immortality, are valu-
able, as far as they go; and facts are all that a so-
lentific institution, like this, has to deal with. He
did not think it was a good spirit which untied Mr.
Fay, because he (the speaker) held that the more
rarefied and elevated a spirit's intellectual and
moral nature, the more difficult it must be for it to
come into contact with physical matter; but he
thought it possible for good spirits to make use of
gross, physical bodies. He believed Mr. Fay pro-
duced the voice with his own natural organs, either
voluntarily, or as the instrument of the controlling
intelligence. Certain spirits are of a gross, electric
organization, whose functions are interfered with by
the presence of light. They are gross and low, and
hence are able to come into direct contact with phy-
sical matter. I am acquainted with a man, who, on
several occasions, has actually seen the forms of
such spirits, in the likeness of a thick mist or fog
yet distinct enough to be recognized as physical
forms. I, myself, when stopping in Fitzroy Square,
London, in 1856, was lying in bed one dark, foggy
morning, very tired, after finishing the writing of a
book. I was then and there moved, without any act
or volition of my own—unmistakably moved; first,
while half-asleep, and again, when wide awake and
attentive. I know that spirits from another world
communicate with us, but as respects the philoso-
phy of the matter which passes current among spir-
itualists, I am a seceder. I have seen Mr. Squire,
of Boston, floating in the air, with his hands resting
lightly on mine. At the same sitting, a table of
eighty pounds weight was taken up by invisible
agency, and floated in the air, with a bed on it, and
P. B. Randolph on the bed; and the medium for these
athletic performances was a weak and slender indi-
vidual. Squire, the room being relighted, next took
a lady's watch, which then stood at eight and one-
fourth o'clock, held it under the table for a minute
or two, and showed it to us with the hands moved
forward on the dial three or four hours. I cannot
resist the evidence of such phenomena. To me, they
tell a plain story of our continued existence beyond
the grave. Let death come—I am positively certain
that every one born of woman must live in another
state. But what that state is I cannot say, though
I believe that many who pass away will be very mis-
erable.

Mr. Fay, in answer to questions, described the
manner in which the spirits drew "germinal vi-
tality" from his lungs, in order to aid them in their
vocal manifestations; and called attention to the
fact that the trumpet, besides being spoken through,
is lifted and dashed about, while he remains fast-
ened in his chair and tied hand and foot.

Dr. RANDOLPH proceeded to remark, that this me-
dium's voices were quite unlike those which he him-
self had heard from spirits—and which spoke in a
horrible whisper, making the hearer's blood run
cold and his hair stand on end. But Mr. Fay's
sounded pretty natural; indeed, Dr. R. thought he
could imitate them himself.

Mr. Fay.—They are spirits who avail themselves
to a larger extent of physical forces and emanations,
and, consequently, their manifestations partake
more of a physical character. The phenomena
obtained through trance mediums are more purely
spiritual.

Dr. YOUNG.—I was present on the occasion of the
manifestations referred to, and the only natural ex-
planation I could offer would be that the medium was
endowed with joints of india-rubber. The feat most
satisfactory to me was his placing his hands on my
arm, where they remained while the instrument was
thumping my head. This phenomenon was
certainly genuine, unless the nervous impression
was made to linger there, after the actual pressure
was removed: In opposition to Dr. Randolph's po-
sition, I believe it requires a rarer power and com-
bination of elements on the part of a spirit to per-
form these physical feats, than are needed in any
other class of manifestations. As to the alleged
mystery in the spirits raising ponderable bodies, it
is really no more unaccountable than the power of
my own volition to accomplish the same thing, by
the unexplained communication between my brain
and my nervous and muscular systems. In both
cases, the acts are performed by spiritual processes
—by an automatic, God-given power, which the
agents are unable to explain.

Mr. TURNER related the circumstances under

which, at Dr. Scott's, in Bond street, the evening be-
fore, water had been apparently changed into port
wine, Mr. Fay, in the trance state, being the me-
dium. The speaker had been one of the examining
committee on the occasion, and could detect no evi-
dence of imposture. He had missed his hat shortly
after entering the house, and it was found on a
table when lights were produced, at this manifesta-
tion, with his pocket handkerchief inside. The
handkerchief being taken out, a tumbler was found,
containing the wine. The spirits say they gather
the requisite physical elements, and the magnetic
forces, from our own bodies, and thus produce phy-
sical hands, by which articles are taken up and car-
ried from place to place, in performing these feats.

Mr. COLLS added his testimony, as an eye-witness
of the last mentioned manifestation, to the impossi-
bility of the medium's having produced these effects
by his own personal exertions.

WAITING AND HOPING.

BY WILLIE E. FADOR.

I am growing weary, waiting for the coming of the
day;
Who shall sit upon my heart's throne, in regality of
mine?
Who shall say sweet sayings to me and soothe my soul
to rest
With her dear eyes fixed on mine, and her head upon
my breast.

I am growing weary waiting for my spirit's mystic
cells
With the honey of affection have been filled from flow-
ing wells,
Where love keeps his precious frankincense and offer-
ings of myrrh,
And I only wait her coming, to present them unto
her.

There were seasons when I fancied the anointed one
had come,
But my hopes, that went a-maying, in Avillion fixed
our home;
And when with love-shod sandals, sought the sweet
enchanted land,
I could only find a desert, with its weary waste of
sand.

I have read of Elinor's palm trees, and its waters bright
and sweet,
But to me they are a mirage, stretching outward from
my feet;
I have read of Persian roses, and of Dead Sea apples,
too,
And only found the apples where I thought the roses
grew.

There were angels in the world's young days, and there
are angels still,
Although they only hover over Faith's enchanted hill;
While I see their white wings waving, as I linger in the
vale,
I grow stronger in believing I her coming yet shall
hall.

Still waiting and still hoping, in the wilderness of
doubt,
For the coming of the spies I've sent to search Love's
Canaan out;
When they bring me grapes of Eschol, from the milk
and honey land,
I'll speed me as the lightning speeds, and in its glories
stand.

There, lapped in Elysian pleasures, with my heart's
queen by my side,
I will look for no Utopia farther than where I abide;
All my moments and my hours in the grooves of bliss
will run;
As I pillow on my heart her head, Love's idol and
Life's sun.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 21, 1861.

SUBJECT.—What effect has the premature death of the
body upon the soul or spirit?

Dr. GARDNER, Chairman.

WM. E. CORLELAND.—If we examine the matter
thoroughly, we will find that it is far better to live
out our allotted days in this life, than to die before our
time. We are often told of the beauty of dying in
childhood, when we are free from the stains of ma-
ture life, which sully the human soul, and harden it.
It seems better that the soul should have all its
faculties and functions fully developed, before it
passes from this sphere of existence into the life be-
yond. We can draw our best arguments from analogy.
The fruit that is plucked before it is ripe, is
distasteful, but when ripened fully, nothing is more
gain what it has lost by the premature change. So
the soul of man not yet fully ripened for the change of
death, is prematurely cut off from its supply of ad-
vancing power, and must necessarily go into the fu-
ture life undeveloped, and must return to earth to
attain that development not achieved in the earth-
life. Pythagoras has it that the soul must share the
experiences of every other being, and so be born into
every form of animal existence. I do not endorse
Pythagoras, but in a degree his doctrine is true, for
those who lived on earth in the gratification of one
part of their nature, have to return and develop that
part they have neglected. Then, the one who lived
physically must cultivate his mental power by re-
turning to earth, and the one who did nothing but
spend his life in study, like the old time monk, must
return and supply the physical deficiency. This be-
ing the case, we should desire to prolong life, as far
as possible. From clairvoyant observations, we know
that if the soul is deprived of its body, or covering,
prematurely, some portion of its vitality is left be-
hind, which it will take long to supply, and in con-
sequence of which it is a long time before it receives
consciousness in spirit-life. We find many spirits
who have lived years and years as little children, and
finally return to us for the instruction and develop-
ment they need. In the vegetable and animal king-
dom, as well as in the human sphere, the love of
life is instinctive. Each plant and animal desires to
live till it is fully ripe; and then desires to stay no
longer, but is ready to pass into the sphere next in
its order of progression.

Mr. WETHERS.—The more I think upon this
question, the more I am satisfied of its importance,
whether we can throw light upon it or not. It is
the united testimony of Spiritualists and Christians,
that the future life is as much more important than
this, as finity is less than infinitude. We know
very little of future life, though we can draw
inferences and analogies concerning it. All our tes-
timony is vague on that point—and, in fact, Spiritu-
alism is my only evidence of immortality; and I
believe in it as much as I do in mortality. I am
convinced it is necessary for us all to go through
this world's experiences, and I have no doubt we
cannot gain so rapidly in progression there, if we
skip any of the lessons here. But we know men,
women and children die young and unprogressed;
and, further, I am satisfied the Creator has fixed
things better than I could. I have no doubt I
should have escaped many sorrows if I had died
early; but looking back, I find my darkest hours
have given me the strongest impetus towards purity
of life and trust in God. We know that of a hun-
dred blooms on a fruit tree, perhaps five will live,
and become fruit. If we reasoned from analogy, we
should conclude from this, that ninety-five per cent.
of those who started were lost in the race. I do not
believe there is any inherent evil we do not get over,
or any radical wrong caused, by dying prematurely.
We know many die from negligence, from murder
and accident, when the result is not their fault. I
do not believe the penalty will be attached to them
age after age, for this is, it seems to me, manifest in-
justice.

Mr. BURKE.—I cheerfully subscribe to the senti-
ment that we can know little upon this question
save by analogy. It will sharpen our wits, perhaps,
but not add to our stock of knowledge, because
there is no possible way of getting at a solution. By
analogy, we find men and women leave earth pre-
maturely—that they have avoided many of life's
pains, and foregone many of its joys; but no man
living can tell of the effect of that deprivation; which

he has not undergone. All we possibly can know, is
the past and the present; and the future will re-
main unopened to us till we arrive there. There
may be those who know what I have placed since
Jordan has been crossed, but I possess no such
knowledge. In sleep, man is unconscious. Philoso-
pher and peasant are on a level then, and who
knows but the great Creator has kept the secret
of the soul from us, for his own wise ends? If the
knowledge of eternal torment was palpable to us,
how miserable we should be! I think our ignorance
of the future is the best impulse we have to urge us
forward boldly to meet it.

Mr. THAYER.—We cannot know with positiveness
much of the future. There is no question of nat-
ure designed us to live to get old age, and if we
do not, allow of nature is violated. We have houses
(bodies) given us by God to live in here, and he
expects us to keep these tenements in good order, so
long as we can live in them.

Miss DALL thought premature death an impossi-
bility in the economy of nature; that man was a
self-sustaining institution, and that the body was a
dead weight which obstructed the spirits uprising.
Dr. WEEKS.—We ought to simplify our questions,
at all events. It is well to reason by analogy. I
like it. But we are not apples or peaches, but im-
mortal souls, clothed in bodies of flesh, for our fa-
ther's purposes. We should endeavor to know of
our future life. We should ask ourselves what we
are, and whither bound. Have our deeds to-day any
relation to the spirit-world? It seems the object
of our lives is to prepare for the world to which
we are going. I believe there is premature death to
those who die in childhood, and to the suicide. We
have heard from suicides, who regretted their con-
duct, for it impeded their progression. None of us
should be in haste to go where we are unacquainted.
The soldier wants to know his whole duty, and all
the science of the drill, before he goes into the war.
Spirits all unite in counseling us to prepare for the
future life, and assure us if we do, when we enter
the realms of spirit-existence we shall feel happy
and satisfied.

Mr. LEONARD.—It is an important question before
us to-night. Very few understand the spirit-life,
because they have had no communion with it. I
have investigated much for the last forty years, to
make plain the soul's immortality, and I have had
good facilities for my investigation. I have had
communications and writings from the spirits—have
conversed with them, and seen them. I have had
foreknowledge of coming events. I have often sent
spirits to the Banner of Light Circles, who have
given me tests, as I desired.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—In discussing a question like this,
it is necessary to find a starting point on which to
predicate our ideas, and base our assertions. There
is one point on which we all agree—that with the
same characteristics, condition and state of mind
and soul as we go to Jordan, we land on the other
side. We possess on the other side, a character,
same as here. A bad man here is bad there, and
the good man retains his goodness. This being the
case, a premature death would indicate an existence
to be continued. We are told suicides are repentant
in the other world, because they have not lived out
their natural lives, and so were not at home in the
new condition in which they had thrust themselves.
Method of existence hereafter, depends much on that
here. But it is a nice point to be considered, whether
a long life of sin here is not more of an impediment
than a shorter one. However, it is wisest for us to
consider the present time, and improve our advan-
tages the best we can, or else the sooner we die, the
less we shall have to suffer.

Dr. GARDNER. I have come to believe that we are
now living in immortality, and that death from one
sphere is only birth into another. In that sense,
there can be no such thing as premature death.
There is a constant progression from one kingdom to
another; and unless we carry with us all the experi-
ences of each kingdom as we pass, our knowledge is
indeed imperfect. If, indeed, it is just as well for
infants to die, it would seem to be a cruelty to com-
pel them to undergo the pains and toils of life. But
I believe all the conditions of existence are necessary
for the soul's full, true, normal development. It
has been said to-night that we have no evidence con-
cerning these things. For the last twelve years I
have been almost daily in communication with
spirits through different mediums, and I find one
universal testimony on this point—so far as spirit-
messages can be testimony at all—that progress is
retarded by premature death. I have had my share
of earth's experiences, in almost all parts of the
world—on land and on sea. I have seen many
hours of suffering, from deprivation, hunger and
sickness; but I would not, were it in my power,
blot out one iota of all that experience. I feel I
have been made more of a man by everything I
have been called upon to endure, and that they were
more severe than my development demanded. I
look upon the smiling hand, the cheerful, and I
come up more noble and perfect, from its smilings,
to the gate of the Kingdom. To be stricken from
life in infancy, is one of the greatest injuries that
can afflict a human being, for by that means it is
deprived of the experience, which can be obtained
only in a life on earth. A fruit depends on its
native soil for its ripening. So the soul depends
for its maturing upon the forces of the material
body.

LIZZIE DOTEN was entranced by the spirit of a
little girl named "Sylvia," who died in childhood.
She addressed the Conference for several minutes in
a pleasing, childish, strata, informing that three
little children who left the school of life before, and
had learned all their lessons, had to come back, and
get in sympathy with those who were still here,
here, learn from them what they had been deprived
of in their own natural life, till the spirit blooms
into its own inherent beauty and nobleness.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.
The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday
evening, at 8 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for
the Banner. The subject for next Tuesday evening is—
"What effect does the premature death of the body exert
upon the soul or spirit in the world of spirits?"
A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7:15 o'clock,
for the development of the religious and moral growth
of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.
Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.,
and at 7 and 7:15 P. M., P. Clark, Chairman.

CHANCESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at
Central Hall, afternoon and evening.
CHANCESTOWN.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall,
Western Avenue, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at
8 and 7 o'clock. Seats free for all. Speakers engaged:—
Mrs. R. H. Burr, June 2d and 9th; Miss L. E. DeForest, June
10th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hylzer during August; Mrs.
Mason, during October; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 1st
and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. P. Am-
ler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren
Clark three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis
in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday,
at the Town Hall.
NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and
speaking by mediums, afternoons and evenings. The following
speakers are engaged:—Miss Fannie Davis, June 2d, 9th
and 16th; Dr. A. B. Child, June 23d; Rev. S. F. Johnson, June
30th; P. B. Fulton, July 8 and 14; Chas. A. Hayden, July 21
and 28; M. E. Loveland, Sept. 11; Miss DeForest, Aug.
18; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1st; Miss Emma
Harding, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th,
15th, and 22d; Warren Clark, Dec. 29.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each
month in the Town Hall, at 1:15 and 4:15 P. M. Speakers
engaged:—Miss Fannie Davis, June 10th; Mrs. A. H. Ken-
ney, June 30th.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold