

2 Lit. - Harvard Coll.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

NO. 17.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO THE "GOLDEN ONE."
A Song.

BY UPTON DYKE.

I've wandered far and wide, love, in days that swiftly fled;
The setting sun has smiled to me o'er many rolling seas;
The tropic's heat has tinged my cheek with Nature's ripest red;
My curly hair's been dalled with by many a North-
ern breeze.
But all have lost their charms, my love,
And nevermore I'll roam;
For in your gentle arms, my love,
I've found—I've found a home.
My boyish dreams of fame, love, my "castles in the air,"
Ripe manhood has demolished, like a rude iconoclast;
No longer wealth and honor are the playthings of my care,
And the pride of youth and beauty has to Letha's keeping passed.
My heart has stopped to rest, my love,
And nevermore will roam;
For in your bosom pressed, my love,
I've found—I've found a home!

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE SKELETON.

BY DR HORACE DRESSER.

How old art thou, bright stream, how many ages
Are veiled in Time's deep mysteries?
Where is the record of thy birth—the stages—
The cycles of thy centuries?
Thine age—a pyramid of days! Say whether
Thou didst begin thy course of years,
When first the stars of heaven all sang together
The mighty anthem of the spheres? [Porfolio.]
"Father," said my youngest boy, a lad of some
five summers, "will you please go with me out of
town next week and make a visit at grandpa's, in
P—? Fourth of July comes then, and Charley
says you took a trip there with him last year, and
that you had a fine time of it on the Fourth, in fish-
ing and rambling along the banks of the old river
you so often talk about. Mother says she will get
us ready, and I may go with you this year—it is my
turn this time. I want to see that river; want you
show me the places where you used to set your traps
to catch minks and muskrats when you were a boy
—that place where you fell in and got wet all over,
one cold morning before the sun got up, in creeping
down the bank to look after your trap? What did
grandma say to you when you came back, so wet,
all the way through the white frost you spoke of? I
have heard aunty tell about Jack Frost—did he
make the ground all white that morning?"
This chat of the child was enough—the words
were electrical, vitalizing; slumbering memories
of other days, other doings, other scenes; memories
of young hopes, of happy hours, of the joys of old
homestead bidden farewell to and left for final la-
gryne—awoke to a living conscious realization of the
past, which had given way under the pressure of the
present. Before the mind's eye there passed in
beautiful panoramic procession, father, mother,
brothers, sisters, self—a boy all glad and hearty
and healthful, brought up to labor in the fields, and
yet joyful in the athletic exercises—finding relief
from its monotony in stealing away into the wel-
comed woodlands, laden with their wealth of leaves
and flowers; in strolling with faithful dog and dead-
ly rife, with trap and spear and fishing tackle, along
the verdant banks of a river, Indian and unclassi-
ed in name, yet dearer to me than streams rendered
immortal by verse of inspiring poet, or paragraph
of eloquent orator, golden Pictorial or imperial Tiber—
along banks lined with willows and tall sycamores,
pendant from whose branches were seen all along
and always, the wild grape vine, in festoons, weigh-
ed down in autumn with purple clusters.
The vision had taken captive the mind—had
closed up the senses, the avenues to the outer world,
for the moment; but the reverie was at length bro-
ken by the boy insisting upon an answer to his in-
quiry whether we should spend the glorious Fourth
in the country. Though evanished the vision and
boyhood memories sleep again in the dream-land of
days numbered with those beyond the flood, there
were left upon the tablet of the mind, traces of their
presentation sufficiently powerful to draw it toward
a conclusion satisfactory to the child in the accom-
plishment of his adventure. He had struck the
right chord, and its vibrations reached far away into
the secret chambers of essential being, and there
thrilled and throbbed in the gossamer net-work of
feeling flung around the soul, and it was now no
longer a matter of dubitation. Boyhood memories
of parent and boyish prattle of child, had struck a
point of coincidence, and it was settled to seek ad-
venture abroad—to forego witnessing military pa-
rades, and the flashes of powder and patriotism—to
avoid listening to the noise of crackers by pigmy
patriots, or of cannon by those of larger growth—
and to shun breathing the fetid and sultry at-
mosphere of the crowded city in scorching sunbeams.
Anticipation or fruition—which brings the great-
er amount of happiness—has often been debated;
it is difficult to decide the question in the case of the
young expectant adventurer to Fatherland; what
preparations, what observations, what expectations,
fish-hooks, lines, rods, are the all-absorbing topics of
table-talk by day, and furnish the material for the
incoherent utterances by night; the old hen's nest
is surely to be visited with robbery; the corn-
orb to be the range of large operations in trapping, be-
sides other items, et ceteras, and sundries con-
templated in course of the expedition, too numerous for
inventory here. Happy childhood!
What traveler has not observed how great is the

operation of contrast, the influence of scenes and
things dissimilar in their nature and uses—on the
human fabric—on the mental economy. How unlike
are the feelings—the states of mind—in the course
of a few hours travel, all the result of change of
place, change of scene, all coming to pass by shift-
ing a cog in the revolving circle of daily routine.
The coup d'oeil to us was one of city stir and strife,
at the start; it is now after a little ticking of the
time-piece and attention to the time-table, discover-
ed to be one of quiet stillness—of country prospect
and landscape. Perchance the gaze's view was
lastly of the town steeples and tall spires that
pierced the very clouds; or of the abundant ship-
ping in harbor, lining the quays with a forest of
masts and rigging—so much as twilight came
on, and a deeper obscurity gathered and covered
all in the darkness of night. But the light of morn-
ing reveals another and different field of vision.
"Traveler! darkness takes its flight,"
and we find ourselves distant far from city hum and
heat, from Babel tongues, from metropolitan pills and
palaces, skimming in furnace fires almost. Moun-
tains, hills, rocks, woods, streams, meadows, and the
godless creations of Nature, are visible now—are
right before us. Dear, dear old river, we leave these
out of the enumeration and hail thee thrice blessed.
Thy baptisms when a boy—how they come gliding
along over the pathway of the Past led on by Mem-
ory, busy chronicler!
"What is the name of this river," inquired the bit
of a boy, our fellow traveler, whose last observation
of the surroundings at the hour of embarkation
upon the magnificent steamer, the evening before,
had filled his mind with images of man's make and
manufacture, and whose eyes had just now opened
from a sound sleep to look upon the country in all
its sweetness, freshness, and array of beauty. The
boat had reached its destination, and lay moored in
the quiet waters which had flowed down from the
interior where was the old homestead, the goal of
the present journeyings. The signal whistle or bell
of the locomotive, called the passengers to their seats
in the cars, and soon the trees, rocks and other ob-
jects along our track, took a counter-course, and
contrariwise to that pursued by the train, ran a
rapid race, not with us, but from us. Such conduct
on the part of these natural and rural objects, led
us to fancy that they took a dislike to city fugitives,
or to the puffing, smoking locomotive, or to some-
thing connected with the train; and that in words
it amounted to a railing accusation; *g. d. you* are
riding on a rail—go it—we will not—shall make
tracks the other way, for ourselves, off and outside
the rails, with backward footsteps, *vestigia retrorsum*—
we like not your company nor your mode of con-
veyance. How deceptive are appearances!
But the river, after whose name our boy had in-
quired—we told him at the time, an Indian name;
but, dear reader, we will not be as communicative
with you; but, negatively, will say it does not bear
the name of Ganges, sacred river, nor of Abana,
nor of Pharpar, rivers of Damascus! 'Tis a sacred
stream, nevertheless—that is, to one person, at least;
its waters are so clear, so bright, so limpid, leap-
ing down precipitous ledges, at certain rocky passes,
and fastnesses, swifter than the weaver's shuttle,
and flowing on in their winding way to meet old
Ocean's waves; who will say they will not wash
away sins or leprosy, as soon, as surely, as swim-
mingly, as those of Syrian stream or Hindoo river
—sacred, indeed, in the memory of that person whose
days of infancy, of childhood, of youth, were passed
in propinquity to its banks. We own up and con-
fess to our loquacity when seeing or thinking of
the beautiful river along whose side we were passing
at a speed incredible and fabulous to those who once
cultivated its intervals, which anon our company
of cars would enter, cross over, and then be hidden
from light of day in the office of some hill or moun-
tain, whose dark passage became the more visible
from the fiery breath of our iron-horse, which never
wearies, though heated and panting for the liquid
element to give it life.
The frequent and sometimes enthusiastic sketches
of boyhood adventures, the scenes of which had
been actualized on this river, given off in the
hearing of our boy, had fired his imagination and
awakened in his mind a desire to become an early
traveler in a region where had transpired such
wonderful events! Before leaving our domicile, we
had promised our little adventurer to show him the
curiosities of this stream—the places where our feet,
when young as his, and unaccustomed to territory
outside the farm, had trodden the partridge paths
in the copse—the rabbit runways in the bushy
dell—the nooks and springs on the river side where
lie hidden in the shadow of some clump of willows,
or beneath a congeries of tangled roots, the shy and
cautious trout—the shad and salmon grounds of
former days, where the seine was accustomed to be
dragged—the place where we buried, shrouded in
leaves, the body of our favorite canine companion,
which had lived and loved from a period of life
when we were as young and tender as that dear
boy; and last, though not least, the romantic spot
on the margin of this stream, where tradition had
located an Indian cemetery, now all overgrown with
tall trees and thick brushwood—a slightly elevated
promontory formed by the junction with the river
of a cold, clear streamlet running along its base on
one side thereof, the burial-place of Okahatchee, an
Indian Chief, whose name and *post mortem* commu-
nications will appear in the sequel of our narrative
of adventure.
This ancient burial ground had been witness
to our frequent visitations in boyhood's careless
days; its seclusion and solitude had inspired in us
emotions of awe and solemnity, feelings of sacred-
ness, heightened by the action of the imagination
in spreading before us the doings and realizations

of a race long since departed. How often, while
seated there on tufts of watergreen, resting for the
moment from the fatigue of a fishing or hunting
ramble, with our loving dog at our side sitting upon
his haunches, listening with ears erect, to the drum-
ming of the partridge in the distance, have we fan-
cied the evergreens there, the hemlocks that lined
the brookside and the thick places that canopy and con-
ceal the place, through which the breezes were pass-
ing, to be Eolian harps mysteriously attuned to the
wild music of those who once inhabited these forests,
but who now roam the happy hunting-grounds in the
spirit-land. The name of the tribe is known, but
beyond that, everything concerning the sleepers is
veiled—the pall of oblivion rests darkly on their
history—no record tells of the chief whose name we
have just now introduced to the reader—and for evi-
dence that a forester of such name ever lived, and
that his mortal remains were interred there, we are
indebted solely to declarations which will presently
be incorporated with the incidents of our narrative—
evidence, indeed, which would weigh in the courts
less than the smallest dust in the balance, but which
is sufficient for the purposes of our story. But
every field and stream and grove give abundant evi-
dence of quondam Indian presence and possession—
living, or dead.
For many years, during our minority, and while
engaged in the laborious offices of agriculture, in
which the plough and hoe were in use, we gathered
from the furrows of the field a cabinet of curiosi-
ties consisting of Indian arrow-heads of flint-stone,
mortar pestles of stone, &c. But, alas, all these
and our traps, nets, spears, fishing-tackle, gun and
dog, are no more to be found.
"Passengers for P—," cried the conductor, and
in a few seconds our boy and self were standing on
the platform before the depot, and the train turning
a curve, was, indeed, to us, among things that had
been. We missed a moment. What a kaleidoscope
is life! At every turn in his path, with every mo-
tion of the man, comes change, a new phase—demol-
ishment of the old!
The horse and carriage were in waiting for our ar-
rival, and soon we were on our winding way to the
old homestead, associated with fond memories of
other days. We meditate as we move homeward—
wonder if others have ever witnessed in their expe-
riences and observations in life, how different is the
seeming or appearance of many things in advanced
years from that in childhood or youth. The village
bridge across our old favorite river never seemed so
short, the stream itself never appeared so shallow, the
ascent from it to the top of the hill seemed slight
and but a gentle slope; buildings looked smaller than
ever before, the meeting-house and steeple were not
so big and high; distance, which once "lent enchant-
ment to the view," is devoid of its spell, and the
ground is traveled over in almost no time. Does
the memory fail, or has comparison diminished the
magnitude of streams, hills, houses, heights? What
seemed a long distance in childhood, is now but a
step; what was then a high mountain, is now only
a little hillock; what was then a sort of Saint Pe-
ter's of Rome, dwindles now to the dimensions of a
modern schoolhouse beside the village green or Com-
mon.
But our meditations are abruptly by the
halting of the horse at the old familiar gate open-
ing into the door-yard of the never-to-be forgotten
farm-house: and now come the greetings of "home,
sweet home," of days of yore.
Never did day dawn on the fragrant fields sur-
rounding our birth-place, with more of beauty. It
is, indeed, Independence Day of the nation; it is
also deliverance day to myself and dear boy from
city thralldom. We are joyous; we saw the earliest
light of morning dispelling the darkness of night;
we saw subsequently the sun's rays illuminating
countless dew drops that bent down the fragile grass
and bathed the wide meadows in liquid diamonds;
we look now upon the red blossoms of the clover,
filling the air with their sweet-scented aroma; we
behold and "consider the lilies of the field," yellow,
freckled, bell-shaped and beautiful, peering above
their grassy companions of the mead; we gaze on
the fields of Indian Corn springing forth in green
luxuriance; we hear the bubbling, now volent, now
penebent, carol forth his quaint song with queerest
music. All nature around us seems jubilant; why
should not man be happy and hold high festival?
"Now, father, for the river, for fishing, or hunt-
ing, or something," shouted our adventurous boy,
who came bounding with the Newfoundland dog of
the farm, towards the rear door-steps, where were
gathered together uncles, aunts, cousins, some sit-
ting on the sill, some on the granite, some standing
with hands resting fraternally on the heads of the
sitters, holding a council to settle the programme of
the doings of the day. The proposition just ut-
tered, and falling on our ears, to visit the river, took
the attention of our council, and being considered
in the light of a motion, it was carried *nem. con.*
It had been stated at this threshold meeting, that
some recent visitors—family relatives from another
state—had desired to exhumate any remains that might
be discovered in the Indian Cemetery, of which we
have made mention above; that leave to dig had been
granted by the town authorities to that end; and
that on opening the ground in sundry places, bones,
utensils, etc., had been found by the searching party.
These circumstances gave direction, and the com-
pany in council determined on a ramble to the river,
and, for our Fourth of July exercises, to dig up In-
dians! How strangely inclined, and what barbari-
ans are we, indeed, to disturb the repose of the dead!
All but the female portion of the assembly are soon
equipped with the necessary implements of resur-
rectionists, and on our way to the Silent City in the
deep forest.
While moving onward towards the margin of our

loved river, and before reaching the romantic rest-
ing place of the buried bodies of Okahatchee and his
kindred race, we are tempted in further attestation
of the profound interest felt by us in their behalf,
to draw upon the earliest records of our feelings
touching this Forest Sanctuary—this Necropolis of
the Red Man—sacred to the aboriginal unknown
whose remains lie there, and to give from our portfolio
what we wrote when young—some boyhood verses,
at the expense, perhaps, of the reader's good opinion
of our attempt at rhymes. We are not, however,
competitors for the prize, for immortal poetry, with
Brant, Longfellow, etc. So we will here repeat:
Tell, tell me what these were when I now tread—
The graves of the red man, long, long ago dead!
Yes—gone away, gone to the bright Spirit Land,
And only his ceremonies are here where I stand.
No monument marks them; and nowhere are seen
Among the low brambles and thick evergreen,
The greensward or hillock, but dark forest trees
Breathe forth their deep whispers as passeth the
breeze.
Deep solitudes circle the tumults of day,
And man's habitations are far, far away;
O Genius, who dwelt 'ere, an oracle give—
Tell, tell me, shall ever these dead again live?
Perchance here's the sachem who wise counsel gave,
Asleep with his warriors, their dust in the grave.
Their weapons of warfare, so skillfully made,
Alike with their corpses to moulder were laid.
Their council fires gleaming once shone around here;
And heard was their war-song, with notes loud and
clear;
Their gleams and their radiance shall never more glow,
Their voices are silent—all hushed years ago!
The river's bright stream saw them urge their flight
skiff,
And scale its high sand-banks and far-jutting cliffs,
Brave-hearted and fearless, in love with their home,
Along forests and woodlands to rest or to roam.
No more will these red men dash over the wave,
Their ashes here slumber inhumed in the grave;
The chase is now over, and here never more,
Will echo their voices from rocks on the shore.
Who weeps for the brave aboriginal lord,
Who hallows his memory with stone or with sword?
Who cares for the graves of the forest-bred sons?
Alas, these are they that the brier o'erruns!
Arrived at the place of bones, our party must
first fix upon a spot upon which to apply the shovel.
Neither mound nor cavity seen on the surface of the
ground, was a sure evidence of the presence of a
grave, so long ago had there been a burial. If, on
striking downward the bar, it easily penetrated the
earth, it was taken as indication of former upheaval.
This being the criterion, success followed, and we
removed from the sand deeply down beneath the
roots of a tall oak which had grown beside the
grave, a skeleton of a man full-grown—all its parts
being in perfect preservation; the skull being cov-
ered with a profusion of thick hair, which coming
off whole therefrom, resembled a well wrought wig;
on one of the finger bones was a ring oxidized and
nearly consumed. Other graves were opened—the
few remains in them proved to be those of children;
in one of them was found a glass phial. These ex-
humations—the exercises of the day according to
the order agreed on—being ended, most carefully
are the fossils, the rewards of our labor, placed in a
basket brought along for the purpose, and our com-
pany of diggers retracing their steps, shortly reach
the paternal hearthstone. Next day we subjected
our skeleton to thorough ablutions in the trough of
the farm-yard, fed by purest water, flowing in pipes
from a distant spring under the spreading arms of a
great oak which had stood faithful sentinel over the
crystal fountain through many decades of the cal-
endar of Old Time. But, alas! since the day whose
incidents we have been noting, that ancient, noble
oak has been severed from its firm foothold at the
base of the beautiful hill, and it is said, sawn
asunder, and that to-day its scattered members are
floating on the great deep and braving the billows
of Ocean. We have too often quaffed the waters of
that fountain, in primitive way, without cup or ar-
tificial contrivance, and too often rested our fatigued
limbs under the shade of that sleepless watcher, not
to pay a passing tribute of feeling to their memory
—the one departed—the other desolate! And we
note these not only—we linger and look around for
other familiar objects and persons seen on the farm
on that Fourth of July. The shad-tree that stood away
in the distance on the plain, so full of blossoms and
such a resort of the busy bee in the season of the as-
cent of shad and salmon in our almost divine old river,
has fallen before the axeman's ruthless blows. That
tall old shaggy-barked and scraggy-limbed walnut,
and its neighbors—those straight-bodied and smooth
armed chestnuts with tassal blossoms—those rugged
and rock-loving butternuts, on the hill, whose plen-
tiful products of nuts for winter store, the squirrels
and ourselves shared according to our industry in
gathering, no longer look off from the hill-top—
ashes to ashes! Those aged people who moved around
so slowly and cautiously in our midst on that me-
morable day aforesaid, and who moved more and
more slowly, seeing less and less clearly, till their
years were piled up to a point above otogenarian
longevity—are with their fathers. The boy of a
few summers who then frolicked and found pleas-
ure in play with the lolling and loving dog—is
grown to manhood and grappling now with the
stern realities of life! "One generation passeth
away, and another generation cometh, but the earth
abideth forever."
To return again to our narrative of doings with
our skeleton; if we could exercise ingenuity suf-
ficient to get up a tale or write a story for the mag-
azines, it should be our hero among the *dramatis*
personae; if we could make it talk and tell his name,
that would be among the marvels indeed, but alas,
poor Yorick's skull and this Indian's are "skulls

that cannot teach"—Cowper says this of some
crania that have not yet lost their hair as these
have—their former occupants and owners are now
in that bourne from whence no traveler returns,
id est, so are we taught—but we are parenthetical
and digressive.
Having washed and dried in the sun's rays
our relics so "fearfully and wonderfully made,"
we put them in condition to carry away with
us to our home, flattering ourselves that we would
speedily review our studies of nature, and that
this should evermore remain with us as an an-
atomical keepsake to help us revive the learning
depended to us long since in the lecture room.
"Father, when are you going to take the ramble
with me along the river, and show me the places
where you went when a boy? I have been all over
the fields, and I want now to visit the river, not to
dig Indians, but to see a thousand things," said our
boy, who came up just at the time we had completed
the arrangements to carry away our anatomical
collection. It was true, the boy had been all over the
farm with the dog, and the things seen and heard
will afford him material for the work of memory as
long, perhaps, as he may live. Birds sang—he saw and
heard them; hens cackled, he searched and found their
nests; cows came in at night from the pastures, he
was ready to try his hand at milking; the horse is
wanting for the harvest, he must ride him; the dog
has found game in the ravine and barks aloud, he
runs to loosen a stone and help him to catch the
creature; he learns that there is a trout in the well,
he drops him a grasshopper and laughs to see the
prisoner leap and swallow it. The reminder of
traversing the river-side was timely. We heeded
the hint, and hastened to the river; there we pointed
out to the eager listener and attentive observer all
the scenes and places of any interest in connexion
with our boyhood's hopes and history; our ramble
and remarks, though lengthened and various, were
unattended with fatigue, and after some hours of
absence, we returned to the paternal fireside to enjoy
its quiet and hospitality.
Our visit which had come to pass on the fourth of
July, was a human event, though not quite so large,
confessedly, as that inaugurated on the same day in
1776. All things human must have an end—it fol-
lows, therefore, that our visit must be looked to in
that light at sometime—when shall it come to a close,
is a question of time. In a council held to consider
the question, it was determined it should, close next
day. Hence we are in preparation to return on the
morrow. Having tearfully said our *vale* to each
other, true to time, we were on the spot to take the
train, "homeward bound." That whistle—shade
of Galileo! We move some, as well as the world,
though in diverse directions. Hills, dales, groves, and
the whole landscape surrounding paternal dwelling
place, soon sunk away and disappeared in the dis-
tance. We reach home in the evening; we direct the
porter to place a mysterious parcel in the piazza in
the rear of our house; there it remained till morning,
when much curiosity arose with our family as to its
contents.
"Tis something good to eat, sent all the wayither
by good old grandma," said one of the observers.
We protested, and declared it contained nothing
edible—that the tooth of Time had been tried upon it
long years ago—that he had eaten and devoured all
but the bones, picked his teeth and flown away more
than a hundred years since the repast. Imagination
was indeed up and doing.
"It is something antique then," said another look-
er-on.
I guess it contains—
We interrupted here, and informed the circle that
the parcel contained the remains of something "fear-
fully and wonderfully made," and that we were cer-
tainly of one of the elements of the manufacture; that
ingredient was phosphorus.
One said tremulously, "It is an infernal machine;
we shall all be blown to atoms." Another said "It
is a torpedo, oh dear!" The cry was from all the
gazers—"Run, run for your lives!"
Our boy had been charged on our way back,
to keep the secret of the skeleton; during all this
time he kept counsel and countenance too, looking
sedately as a priest of Jupiter! We proceeded to
expose the fearful and wonderful manufacture, to
the eyes looking out through windows and doors but
just ajar. The things imagined could scarcely fright-
en more than did the things real. What a scamper-
ing! It is always so; we well remember our first
visit to the office of Dr. —, where he kept his
medical books and various anatomical preparations;
and where his students read apart, from his dwelling-
house: it shocked our young nerves.
We found ourselves soon after this in a bad fix. It
had been voted by the female part of our family pop-
ulation, such was the prevailing sentiment, at least,
arrived at in some way, that this skeleton was an
unwelcome guest, and that we had better find lodg-
ings for it elsewhere. It occurred to us that an ac-
quaintance, a celebrated phrenologist, had a large
cabinet of skulls, etc., of all races of men, and that
we would turn over to him our quiet, but avoided
lodger. The phrenologist truly hospitable and the
most Christian of us all, received the stranger under
his roof, and furnished him a convenient place in one
of his apartments, which he had, with or without good
reason, seen proper to style Golgotha. What's in a
name, was said or sung long since. We feel certain
that whenever this skeleton shall speak, it will say
to the kind keeper, "I was a stranger and ye took
me in."
Years roll on; some fifteen have flown away; times
change; men change; boys change to men—(that
boy is a man now!) old dogmas are changed off for
a diviner faith in man and his Maker; we walk now
by faith and sight together.
We were sitting in the parlor of a lady friend, Mrs.
—, anxiously watching her hand engaged in writ-

ing with a pencil. Her hand wrote on as rapidly and as well, when she looked off the paper and gave heed to a casual interruption. We observed the pencillings, and knew well whose hand alone could have dictated the words within, apart from the name and familiar signature, in female penmanship.

The hand moves again, but with different impulse—more dashing; the chirography is coarser—bolder—more man-like.

"What means this?" inquired Mrs. S.—"I never felt such an influence on my arm and hand before," handing us the paper.

We well know the first writing; the last was something new as surprising. It read thus: "Brave not sulk; be going to stand when many fall; let big wind roar, it only makes stronger roots come up; brave mountain high, but here strong arms make foot sure; bright light all round brave; be happy come up here; brave know Indian, dig him out ground."

The affair of digging up the skeleton which we have narrated above, had never been heard of by Mrs. S.; and besides, we had not thought of it for many years. We marked the paper at the time; it bears date April 11, 1860. Five days after this, in a conversation with Mrs. S.—; respecting the above Indian style of language, and our desire to learn the name of the writer, her hand suddenly grasped pencil and paper, and the words, "Okahatchee," "Okahatchee," were written, the latter in syllables as just quoted.

We obtained nothing more in his behalf, till June 20, when passing the house of Mrs. S.—, we were invited in and informed that a few days before, in the twilight, "between daylight and dark," (Mrs. S. had noted this on the back of the paper,) when she could not well see what the pencil wrote, the following notes were given through her hand as before. The first is from the same lady who was present and wrote when Okahatchee came first time. We give her letter this time suppressing names.

"Dear H—, I intruded myself upon Mrs. S. a few moments with our kind Indian friend, and will leave here for you another evidence of that love, which as yet has knows no change. I see and know your cares, and feel your lonely position. Trust on as ever—all that you experience in life is but stepping stones quite necessary to convey you to this heaven, where no injustice can rob you of the friends and home. I enjoy this, as I know it will cheer you and make your heart lighter to know that we are, as ever near by, or actually with you. Cheer up, my dear one, look to God, and as ever bless him for all things, with your own L—."

"Okahatchee come here to tell that the pale face Brave grow weak—he want some good Indian magnetism—he sink down low—he spirits fret cause have no home to rest he weary wing—Brave have much good in he heart, he light strong sometime—then wet, cold blanket come, and make he light grow dim and low. Brave have no right to do so; must never care when doors close against him. He have only to look up to where so many white winged messengers of peace, say, heaven true, and here can rest, toil on—Brave body weak, spirit strong. Okahatchee got many feathers for Brave, and all he good acts piled up high in canoe—he see all when he cross the ferry and see Great Spirit wigwam, where he paposes and the Silver Star wait for him when trail ended. Remember, Brave got faithful watchers. Sigh no more. Okahatchee goes."

It may be well to state here in explanation of some things referred to in these letters, that we had been made the victim of false swearing, whereby great injustice had befallen us in the loss of "friends and home"—that at the time of writing these letters, we were suffering some great weakness of body and prostration of physical strength, as well as from mental depression and low animation. Our Indian friend, it will be observed, calls the lady aforesaid, characteristically, Silver Star.

"July 30, 1860."—We find this endorsement on a paper, writing in pencil, as usual, by the hand of Mrs. S.— in our portfolio, being the next we received from the lady and our Indian, who accompanied her again. We furnish that of him only: "Okahatchee say, Brave must be good and never cry when earth-lights grow dim. Remember, Great Spirit's light grow brighter all time, and many fair stars keep watch when you think nobody see. Okahatchee go."

"Feb. 22, 1861."—This date marks the last writing from these two ministering individuals. They seem to exercise just watchfulness in our behalf. We give only that of the Indian: "Okahatchee know what brave most need, and he fill his basket one these bright days—fear no pale face—Great Spirit strong—Okahatchee love and come—he go now."

These papers, and others for which we have no more room, evince towards us a deep felt interest in our welfare. The reader will judge whether they come from an intelligence related in any way to the skeleton which we did actually "dig out ground."

We have the acquaintance of another person entirely ignorant of the matters mentioned above about the bones, through whom, in the abnormal condition, since the last writing of Okahatchee, we have had frequent conversations respecting the skeleton, with what purported to be the same individual whose words in writing we have quoted. In all the talks with us he declares himself to be the rightful, veritable owner, and besides, so earnest is he for its reclamation, that he has made us promise to use our best efforts to obtain of our phenological friend, the gift so long ago made to him, and if successful in our attempt, ever to keep it in our possession. He declines our offer to give it up to his former resting place, or in some other which he may name. Nor has he at any time since our acquaintance upbraided us for invading the Sanctuary of the Sleepers, and disturbing the repose of his mortal remains.

We have entered upon the difficult offices and duties imposed on us by Okahatchee. Our friend, the disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, may consider us demoted, as, perhaps, you do already, most kind and indulgent reader, and laughing at our simplicity and credulity, may refuse us our most reasonable request. We are spared at present, however, any such judgment of his mind, for on calling to see him upon this want, we were informed of his absence from home, being on a tour of observation and research in England and Continental Europe.

Heroic Young Lady.

When Captain Armstrong was about to surrender the Pensacola Navy Yard, his daughter, after vain endeavors to persuade him not to do so, demanded of him a dozen men, and she would protect the place until aid came; but not he was a traitor in his heart, and must so act; the dear old flag was hauled down from where it had so long waved, and the renegade Renshaw ran his sword through it, venting his spleen upon the flag which had so long kept him from starvation. Human nature could not stand it, and the brave woman, seizing the flag, took her scissors and cut from it the Union, telling them that the time was not far distant when she would replace it unsullied; but for the *eternity*, she left them as their legacy, being their just deserts.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Once when the world was young, and there were but few red men upon it, there was a chief whose wife bore many children. Every summer added one and sometimes two to his family, and they became so numerous that the chief could not give them a sufficient supply of meat to satisfy their appetites, and the children were continually qualling in the wigwams. The chief, however, bore all of the ills of his wigwam without a murmur, and followed the chase night and day, that he might satisfy the hunger of his children.

In those days the red men all lived together in peace and friendship. There was no war, and no scalp lock hung from the door of the lodges. The chief, by his skill in hunting and his great patience, at length raised his large family, until his eldest son reached the stature of manhood. The young man had the fear of the "Great Spirit" in his heart, and, like his father, toiled patiently in the chase, that he might assist in providing food for his brothers and sisters. In those days, all of the promising young men, at their entrance into manhood, had to separate themselves from the tribe, and retire into the forest to see if the "Great Spirit" would not grant them some request. During this time they were neither to eat nor drink, but were to spend their time in thinking intently on the request they were making to the Manitou.

The son of the chief, as I said before, was good and noble, and his life had been one of labor for his brothers and sisters. When he had gone far in the forest, he commenced to pray to the Great Spirit, and to ask a request which he had long garnered in his heart for this occasion. He had often felt how frequently the chase disappointed the red men, and how often their families had gone to sleep hungry, because they had no meat, and he had long determined, when his "fasting and dreaming hour" should come, that he would ask the Great Spirit to give to the red man some article of food more certain than the meat obtained in the chase. All of that day the youth prayed and thought of his request, and neither water or food entered his mouth. At night, with a bright hope in his young heart, he lay down to sleep, and soon he saw a youth magnificently attired, coming toward him. He was clad in robes of green, and green plumes hung about his comely countenance. He approached the youth with a smile upon his lips as bright as the morning, and gently taking him by the hand, thus addressed him:

"My young dear friend, the Great Spirit has heard your prayer, because your heart is fresh as the mountain stream, flowing with purity and goodness; but the boon you ask is a severe trial of suffering and patience, before you will see the accomplishment of your wishes. You must first try your strength with me, and suffer nothing to enter your lips until I am overcome, before you will receive your reward. Come, the night wears apace, let us wrestle amid the trees."

The youth had a big heart, and knew no fear, so he closed with his graceful antagonist, whom he found endowed with muscles like the oak, and he had the wind of a wolf, that never exhausted with effort. Long and long they wrestled, but so nearly balanced was their strength that neither could claim any decided advantage. The day then commenced to dawn, and the stranger then said to Wuntz, (for that was the name of the youth):

"Enough, my friend, for this time; you have struggled manfully. Still resist your appetites and give yourself up wholly to prayer and fasting, and you will receive the gratification of your desires; farewell, until to-night, when I will return to wrestle with you again."

The young visitor, with his green plumes waving over his head, and the green and yellow vestments with which he was clad expanding like wings, took his flight toward the skies, and soon became lost to the vision of the young Indian, who was intently watching the strange apparition. Although he was very hungry that day, and some berries and grapes tempted awfully his hungry palate, he, however, resisted successfully these natural desires, and fixed his mind on the boon for which he was struggling, and the good it would bring the Red Man.

When night came, he watched intently for his heavenly visitant; nor had he long to remain in expectation. Soon he saw his silken wings of verdure and gold gliding through the air with tremendous velocity, and the green plumes of his head waving in graceful beauty. The two then again commenced the wrestle as they did the night before, and, although Wuntz had neither eaten nor drunk, he felt his strength greater than in the previous conflict, and gained some advantage over his celestial competitor. They were struggling together when the day broke in the East, when he of the green plumes thus addressed the Indian youth:

"My friend, on our next trial you will be the victor. Now listen, while I instruct you how to take advantage of your conquest. When my efforts shall cease, I will dip. Strip me of my green and yellow garments, and bury me in soft and new dug earth. Visit my grave day by day, for in a little time I will return to life in the form of a plant, which you will readily recognize as me by the resemblance. Let no weed or grass grow near me to keep the dew and sunshine from my green leaves, and once a month draw the fresh earth to my body, that it may grow and strengthen. When you see ears shoot from my sides, and see that the silk which shall fall from the top shall commence to dry, then pull the ear, strip it of its garments as you do me when I am dead, and place the silky grain before the fire, which will cook the outside without destroying any of the juicy substance. Then all the race of man will have a food more delicate, sweet and nutritious than any they have ever known before. There shall be no more hunger upon the earth, except among those who have a lazy spirit, or whom the 'Bad Manitou' claims as his own."

Then spreading his green and yellow pinions, he again took his flight to the skies.

Wuntz felt very weak now from hunger, it being the third day of his fast, and it required all the resolution of which he was master to restrain the gratification of his appetite. At this juncture, that his resolution and patience might undergo a severe test, his father sought him, bringing a bountiful supply of food, which he urged him to eat, saying that the Great Spirit did not exact a fast that was detrimental to the health.

Wuntz refused the food brought by his father, asking him not to press him to the indulgence, as it would injure his welfare. His father, having the greatest confidence in his judgment, no more insisted, but departing, left him to himself. Wuntz passed the day in fasting and prayer, and at night-fall, true to his promise, his friend of the green plumes again appeared, and again the wrestle commenced.

Wuntz was exceedingly weak from his long fasting, but when engaged in the conflict, he felt himself

endowed with supernatural strength, and after a brief struggle hurled his antagonist to the ground, who immediately told Wuntz that he was dying, and to remember the instructions he had given him. In accordance with these, Wuntz stripped the body of its vesture of mingled green and yellow, and carefully digging a grave, deposited it in the soft earth, and departed for his father's lodge.

The whole family were very anxious to learn if Wuntz had received any supernatural revelation during the season of his fast, but he evaded all inquiry, and kept his important secret.

Every morning before the sun's bright rays had looked upon the earth, he was beside the grave of his young friend, and carefully excluded every blade of grass or weed from encroaching upon it. On the ninth day he saw a green luxuriant plant shooting from the earth, and as he looked upon its green blades he knew at once the friend with whom he wrestled. Once each month he drew the fresh earth to the stalk, which grew day by day, until it far overstepped the stature of Wuntz, and the shoots began to protrude from its side, from which a mass of silken fibres issued; and in a short time it commenced to dry as it had been foretold, and then Wuntz invited his father, mother brothers and sisters to the spot, and showed them the result of his former fasting. He then pulled one of the two ears, stripped it of its slough and roasted it before the fire. The whole family took a taste of the precious food, and were delighted.

"I will call this plant, Mondawmin, for that was the name of my friend, and the friend of men."

And to this day among the Algio tribe it bears this name, and every other name it bears in any language is nothing more than the same idea uttered in different words. This is the Algio legend of Indian corn. —*St. Louis Republican.*

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE RUINED CHURCH.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

It was a sadder sight than one would think, To see that ruined church upon the hill, Deserted, dreary, lone and desolate—

But then its spire would point to Heaven still, Like standard bearer wounded in the fight.

Who, with his last remaining strength, upholds His nation's banner—so this dying church In its last hours, seemed bent on saving souls.

'T was sad to see the windows broken through; But then they let God's air and sunshine in, The Church once closed to keep all errors out.

Now seemed as if it prayed more light to win, And early spring-birds entered fearlessly there— Within the "Church pale" unconverted came, And built their nests within the pulpit shade, And never dreamed there could be any blame.

The door stood open, all might enter in, Jew, Christian, Heathen, Mussulman, the same; As if progressing even in decay.

It held no creed that fashioned faith or name, The pews were broken, doors had fallen off, The seats torn up, the plaster paved the aisles, Strange names were written on the crumbling walls, And rubbish, panels, dust, lay heaped in piles.

I wondered if the ancient fathers slept In peace within the churchyard just away, While this, their pride, their consecrated dome So all unheeded, crumbled to decay.

And more; if creeds escape while churches fall, If they've no broken doors and windows, too, By time or progress's hand, through which the light Of higher truths comes brightly streaming through.

I climbed with fear the staircase, weak and old, That tottered like a ship with tempest driven, And wondered if the Saints had feared as much, When through its creed they groped their way to Heaven.

And stood within the galleries that run From end to end, and bent and gazed below With heart that trembled like the saints of old, Lest all should crumble, and I "sink to see."

And as I gazed, and thought how sad that now No feet of worshippers its old aisles trod, Alike forsaken by its builder, man, And him to whom they gave, its owner, God, I heard the voice of children in their mirth, A group of little faces gathered there, All unbaptized, some fresh from God's own hand, Who played and sported where they knelt in prayer.

The scene grew dim, my eyes were full of tears— Why ask for Saints from those old days gone by, When here come those with morning on their cheeks, And Heaven's own blue just prised in their eyes? Those sunny curls an angel might wear, Those guileless hearts an angel's will might be, No prayer that came from kneeling homages there Had half such music as their tones to me.

No sermon like their joyous happy face, Their trust in all that comes and is to come; Their perfect love and absence of all doubt, Strike skeptics, priests, and Pope alike as dumb, And who shall say they are not nearer Heaven Than those old Saints with all their "change of heart."

These, fresh from God, just wandered out of Heaven, These, travelling back with Theologic Art? I lingered till those human angels passed, Until the sun was growing faint and dim, When, soft and sweet, amid the stillness there, The birds, Heaven's choir, began their vesper hymn; And while I listened to their "Te Deum," That made the ruin with its echo ring, I said, "Not half so sweet the anthems loud, That many souls in dim cathedrals sing."

And while this spire keeps pointing unto Heaven, And while the birds will build their nests and sing, And while the sunny, blue-eyed children play, A strange, rich beauty to these ruins cling, And I would rather wander there alone, Though by no worshiper its aisles are trod, To give my soul's deep homage unto Heaven, Than to the mightiest temple built to God.

Using Dead Bodies for Manure.

According to the ecclesiastical laws of England, and the practice of some bigoted clergymen, unbaptized persons are denied Christian burial. On this point, the London correspondent of the New York World tells the following almost incredible story:

"A certain clergyman in Norfolk—I, through pity, suppress the name—has been for years in the habit of manuring his glebe land by soil carted from the church-yard. Last year he had about fifty cartloads removed for that purpose; and when spread on his glebe land, it was found to have a large admixture of dead men's bones—skulls, and other portions of the human body being found in great abundance. This discovery led to considerable excitement in the parish, and an inquiry was instituted; and what do you think was his explanation? Why, he deemed it no impropriety, because the fifty loads had been taken from that portion of the consecrated ground where the unbaptized were usually buried. And thus the bones of the unbaptized are used openly and avowedly for manuring the parson's glebe! Such is the law, and such the practice, in enlightened and evangelical England, in the year of grace 1861.

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY.

The so-called miracles of all ages were simply the phenomena of Nature unknown to ignorance, and links in the chain of unscanned causation! The lifted veil shows all this, and the naked proof points to the interior as the source of all being. The miracles of the past have no higher source than the corresponding phenomena of the present. Jewish or Christian cannot be lifted from the common causation in the parallel of all other religions. The so-called miraculous gifts have always been. The only question is, how much was of this side; and how much of the other side of the Jordan—a question never yet decided with absolute precision. Both sides present a warp and woof of closely intercrossed relations, and no cloth ever made therefrom, has an exclusive claim to have said of it, that "This is the cloth the Lord made," with numberless predicates of our fossil theologies as significant as the nursery strain of "This is the house that Jack built."

Indeed, if we had space, we could see that the equal strain of old Jewry might be rolled off as machine doggerel with equal facility as the prayers from the India praying-machine, or those fitted to each day for the spontaneous outpouring from the blow off-bib of the retrograde Unitarian Association. Let us have a moment with the machine:

"The Lord God made the coats of skin," for Adam and Eve to be clothed therein. Like shirt of Nessus, a troublesome fit, with many a groan to be rid of it. To which was added the fig-leaf sounce, the pound of cure, when preventive ounce had saved us all from Adam's fall. Original sin had never been, nor Adam and Eve made Orthodox grove with Sisyphus work on the old fig-leaf. So scanty the wardrobe, ludicrous the plight—though fossils still dig it in blaze of new light—that we laugh with the Jewess ears of Paul's caveat, *mulier [mum] in ecclesia laeet*. Though constantly sewing, the rent is made worse, and the church tumbles through in loaded omnibus. While some are gyrating with thumb to nose, and doubting the virtue of old Jewry clothes, the clergy ring out, with portals loud slammed, "Believe the rent whole, or you'll all be damned. Open your mouth and shut your eyes, or never you sing a psalm in the skies!"

We grant the gold and tissue work bespangling the Jewish old clothes. We do not deny that the garments were fashionable and fitting two and three thousand years ago, but it does not thence follow that the fashion is infallible for to-day. The pure gold has not become dim, but the tissue work has become rather the worse for wear, suggesting a better suit from the modern progressive unfolding, where the spiritual law is not confined to what was said by them of old time, but opens and expands to the utmost stretch of fullest regeneration.

Let us be done then with that narrow vision which confines all light to ancient glimmerings. There is no royal way that jumps natural causation to know the Lord.

Laws and conditions are as true of the interior or spiritual, as of the more ponderable modes of being; and it is only in this way that "all shall follow on to know the Lord, from the least to the greatest," when the Lord is equivalent to law and conditions. On any other wise, the Lord outs a very sorry figure. The Tribune, a short time since, had something to say of the "Lord-theology"—that is, of a modern Lord, who, after the pattern of him of old Jewry, would re-enact the laws of ancient barbarism to sustain the "sum of all villainies" in the present time. When the Bible is brought in judgment to sustain slavery, it is to see what such Bible is worth, and to slough such excrencences as adhere to them of old time, while holding fast to what shall commend itself to the higher light of to-day. As each one makes the Lord after his own heart, and sees him through the medium of his own soul, as born or fashioned by education, we may daily know each one's Lord by the manifestation in daily being and doing.

Dr. Middleton reads the miraculous bandages of much in the past, and outs himself loose from the body of much death, but fails in the application of a full law of exorcism by leaving a miraculous remnant to flout the law and order of a consecutive whole. He admits the "gross credulity of the primitive Christians," yet receives the miracles of Jesus and the Apostles, who use the nomenclature of the times to describe interior phenomena—phenomena ever present in all ages of the world, and manifest under fitting conditions, of course not confined to Jesus and the Apostles. The Fathers of the Church claim these gifts as pertaining to themselves as well as to the Heathens, only that their own "men and women were induced with extraordinary powers by the Spirit of God," while the Heathens were "possessed with Devils," which is quite equivalent to modern Phariseism—God with me, the Devil with you. Thus, Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, speaking of the evil and seducing spirits who used to inspire the Poets and Prophets of the Heathen world, says, "The truth of this is manifestly shown; because those who are possessed by such spirits, are sometimes exorcised even at this day by us, in the name of the true God, when these seducing spirits confess themselves to be the same Demons who had before inspired the Heathen poets."

This Bishop, who is supposed to have written within the first century, was cotemporary with Justin Martyr and Irenaeus, who bear testimony to the various Spiritualisms of that age. Irenaeus says, "Some cast out devils, others had knowledge of future events, visions and prophetic sayings; others healed the sick by the imposition of hands," the spirits "speaking with all kinds of tongues, and laying open the secrets of men for the public good," &c.

So, then, according to primitive Christianity, the heathen poets and prophets were inspired by the devil, or "the spirits of devils working miracles." Why, then, permit this devilish inspiration to dominate very much over modern sects of Christian learning? Ah! we see that while the young idea is taught to shoot the heathen poets and prophets, as instruments of the devil, thus guarded, the devil is permitted in Homer, Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides, Virgil, Lucian and all, to try conclusions with the outpourings of old Jewry. But with all the pulpitry and other teachings against the devilish inspiration of the heathen poets, these latter continue to rise and push old Jewry and old pulpitry from their stools.

Tertullian, in the second century, maintained the spirit intercourse between the two worlds, and that "any person possessed with a devil" could be "exorcised by any Christian whatsoever." The philoso-

phy this is well understood in our day. We have used this gift of exorcism again and again; can lay the spirit who possesses the medium in an instant, but have learnt that there is a more excellent way, and never now resort to it. We call no spirit devil, whether in or out of the flesh, as they are all our brethren, "heirs of the self-same heritage" of suffering and salvation, and that the more kindly process in the disposition to aid them to a better estate will conquer far more devils than the most powerful and best worked batteries of exorcism. Even Tertullian shows, without knowing the ways and means, that the Holy Ghost was only a progressed or higher estate of the devil, for he speaks of a sister medium, who, "by an extacy in the spirit converses with angels, and sometimes, also, with the Lord; sees and hears mysteries; knows the hearts of some, and prescribes medicines to those who want them."

We have but few volumes of the ancient Christian fathers. We refer to Dr. Middleton's "Inquiry" as furnishing the basis of earliest Christian Spiritualism. Minucius Felix, who is supposed to have written in the beginning of the third century, is a receiver of spirit intercourse, or that spirits outspoke to spirits in the flesh, and says, "Nor in this do they tell us a lie, though it be to their own shame. Believe them, therefore, to be demons, from their own testimony and true confession." About the same time, Origen declared the "manifest indications" of the dove spirits as well as the demon spirits, and that many had been converted "by visions, either by day or by night," and that diseases were healed which neither men nor devils could cure; and when charged by the heathen with being devil worshippers, he replies, that "so far from worshipping them, we drive them before us, not by any curious magical or enchanting arts, but by prayer alone, and certain plain adjurations or exorcisms, which any simple Christian might perform; for even common and illiterate laymen were generally the actors in this case." His disciple, Gregory, the wonder-worker, had only to send word or letter to a demon as a notice to quit, when he would instantly decamp, and flee from the wrath to come.

Cyprian, the scholar of Tertullian, who wrote about the middle of the third century, speaking of prophetic visions says, "besides the visions of the night, even boys among us are filled with the Holy Ghost, and in fits of ecstasy see, hear, and speak things, by which the Lord sees fit to instruct us." The Lord is here, as throughout the old theologies, the representative or collective name for the more highly progressed spirits or souls, while the Devil was the name of those on the grade of lesser development. "The Devils," says Cyprian, "insinuate themselves into the bodies of men, raise terrors in the mind, distortion in the limbs, break the constitution," &c., that "the Devil is lashed and burned and tortured by the exorcists, and promises to go out of the men of God, he often deceives," though cast out, he manifests considerable affinity for "the men of God," by returning immediately to them. St. Paul was beset by these buffetings of Satan, and Jesus, in vision, saw himself carried by one to the top of a high mountain and promised all the kingdoms of the earth if he would compromise with the Tempter.

Arnobius, in the year 303, tells us "that Christ used to appear sometimes in those days, to just and holy men—not in vain dreams, but in his pure and simple form; and that the mention of his name put the evil spirits to flight, struck their prophets dumb, deprived the sooth-sayers of their power of answering, and frustrated the acts of arrogant magicians."

Lactantius, about the same time, testifies to similar things, that the "Demons tell their names," confessing themselves to be the same Gods who were worshipped in the temples.

Christianity was built, then, upon the corresponding phenomena of modern Spiritualism. The Heathen church was as unsparing of Christian Spiritualism as the Christian Church of to-day regarding the same phenomena. Lucian tells us that "whenever any crafty juggler, expert in his trade, went over to the Christians, he was sure to grow rich immediately by making a prey of their simplicity; and Celsus represents all the Christian wonder-workers as mere vagabonds and common cheats, "who rambled about to play their tricks at fairs and markets—not in the circles of the wiser and better sort, for among such they never ventured to appear; but whenever they observed a set of raw young fellows, slaves or fools, on these they took care to intrude themselves and to display all their arts." Celsus calls them "a lurking nation, shunning the light—mute in public—prating in corners."

Says Middleton, "The same charge was constantly urged against them by all the other enemies of the Christian faith, Julian, Porphry, &c., and Middleton is gravely that "not to the successors of the Apostles, to the Bishops, or the principal champions of the Christian cause" were committed the mighty things of the spirit, "but to boys, to women, and above all, to private and obscure laymen, not only of an inferior, but sometimes also of a bad character."

Our author seems to have forgotten that Jesus and the disciples were made up of rather obscure men and women, and, according to St. Paul, of "the offscourings of all things unto this day." Of course the characters of such would sometimes be a little questionable, but the wisdom of the worldly wise, and the understanding of the prudent, do not always avail in spiritual affairs. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Justin Martyr, one of the Holy Fathers, claims "the gift of expounding the Holy Scriptures, or the mysteries of God as granted by the special grace of God to himself." In this inspiration he saw clearly how the Rod of Moses divided the Red Sea, brought water out of the rock, and made bitter water sweet; and also how Jacob's magical wands transformed Laban's cattle into "ringstraked, speckled, grizzled," to the discomfiture of Laban, and to the great gain of godliness to Jacob. He then appeals to the Jews "whether they thought it possible for him to acquire so perfect a knowledge of holy scripture, if he had not received from the author of them the grace or gift to understand them." It is to be regretted that the holy Father did not include in his inspirations the manner in which Balaam's Ass acquired the gift of tongue. It would have been proved very apt instruction for our modern Sunday schools. Many things of ancient scripture yet remain that require the special gift of interpretation to make them fitting to modern common sense.

This divine gift of interpretation enabled Justin to declare that all Christians were in all points ortho-

dox, embraced and believed the doctrine of the millennium, "that all the saints should be raised in the flesh, and reign with Christ in Jerusalem, in the enjoyment of all sensual pleasures for a thousand years." He was also able to assert, by the Spirit of God, "that God having created the world, committed the care of it to angels, who transgressing their duty, fell in love with women, and begot children on them, whom we call demons, who subdue mankind to their power partly by magical writings, partly by terrors and punishments, and partly by the institution of sacrifices, fumes and libations." But how is the Jewish Jehovah to escape this category who was also pleased with bloody sacrifices, fumes, and libations? "The truth shall come out," says Justin that such were demons, and that "men seized with fear called them Gods." He would exempt Socrates, but he hardly makes out the case when Socrates himself claims the angelic guardianship of his own familiar demon.

The holy father furthermore exhibits his superior gift of the spirit when he receives the Sibylline oracles as equal to the word of God, appeals to them as divine, and says, that "by the contrivance of demons, it was made a capital crime to read them, in order to deter men from the knowledge of what was good;" but it appears that the Christian church was too much for the demons, "for," continues the builder-up of Zion, "we not only read them freely without fear, but offer them, also, as you see, to your perusal, knowing that they will be found acceptable to all."

To this Dr. Middleton adds, "And it is certain that from this example and authority of Justin, these silly writings were held in the highest veneration by the Fathers and rulers of the church, through all succeeding ages."

Clemens of Alexandria, supposes them to have been inspired by God, in the same manner as the prophets of the Old Testament, which he confirms by the authority both of St. Peter and St. Paul. "For as God," says Clemens, "out of his desire to save the Jews, gave them prophets, so raising up prophets also to the Greeks from their own nation and language, he separated them from the vulgar, as not only the preaching of Peter, but the Apostle Paul also declares, speaking thus, take the Greek books into your hands, and look into the Sibyl—how clearly she speaks of one God, and of things to come; and then take Hyastaphes also and read, and you will find the Son of God much more clearly and evidently described."

Thus we find the Christian fathers maintaining with modern Spiritualists that God inspired the Gentiles, or heathens, as well as the Jews. True, when it better serves the purpose of the fathers, as the Church of the present day, the gifts of the Spirit are ascribed to the devil, or demons, instead of God. It would appear as difficult to separate God from devil, as saint from sinner, where the propinquity of being so remarkably close, and we may exclaim: "What thin partitions God from Devil divide!" The equilibrium is probably maintained by the action of endosmoses, or filling each other's vacancies, and thus what is one man's God, is another man's devil.

Justin charges the Jews with mutilating "the Greek Bibles," while Irenaeus, who, says Dodwell, "lived so near to the times of the apostles, as to be able to transmit their sayings to posterity with certainty and fidelity," affirms "that our Saviour lived to an old age, or was fifty years old at least, at the time of his crucifixion." He sustains this position "from the unanimous tradition and positive testimony of all the old men who had lived with St. John and the other apostles," from whom, he says, "they all received this account, and constantly bore witness to the truth of it."

Irenaeus relates some other things rather hard to be received as conversations of St. John with "Our Saviour" concerning the millennium. It would appear that the New Jerusalem of old time was no more spiritual than the modern. Indeed, the church of the past appears very much behind the modern unfolding in many respects, nor do we think there is much room for boasting on the part of modern church worshippers when they sneer at the oracles of mahogany tables. Irenaeus maintained "that Enoch and Elias were translated into the very Paradise from which Adam was expelled, and that it was into the same place that St. Paul was caught up;" also affirmed by all the later fathers both Greek and Latin. Besides receiving the word of God that the sons of God saw the women of earth that they were fair and took of them wives. Irenaeus also had the spiritual gift of expounding Scripture. In the clean and unclean animals of Moses, he finds the interior sense of saints and sinners. "To meditate day and night on the laws of God, is to chew the cud and be clean. But the unclean neither divide the hoof nor chew the cud." What then becomes of old "split-foot," or Satan? Old theologies take but very little heed of the harmonies, and Satan is transformed into an angel of light and permitted "to show the cud" of the saints because he shows a "double hoof." This holy father is equally happy in his gift of interpretation of other Scriptural passages.

St. Clemens, of Rome, adopted the heathen fable of the Phoenix as proof of the Christian resurrection. All the later fathers take it from him, of course, and refer us to the same bird, not only as really existing, but as created on purpose by God, to refute the incredulity of the Gentiles on the subject of this great article of our faith.

It was a universally received doctrine among the Christian Spiritualists "that there were a number of magicians, necromancers, or conjurers, both among the Gentiles and heretical Christians, who had each their particular demons, for their associates, perpetually attending on their persons, and obsequious to their commands, by whose help they could perform miracles, foretell future events, call up the souls of the dead, exhibit them to open view, and infuse into people whatever dreams or visions they thought fit." "All which," says Middleton, "is constantly affirmed by the primitive writers and apologists, and commonly applied by them to prove the immortality of the soul."

"Let the powers of necromancy," says Justin Martyr, "and the evolution of human souls, and of boys especially who have suffered violent deaths, and of those spirits whom the magicians call the inspirers of dreams, and the works which are performed by them in these arts, convince you that the souls of men exist after death."

Not what Jesus said brought life and immortality to light, but what was manifest through the mediums, magicians, or wise men as representatives of a "Thus saith the Lord," and otherwise called prophets or men of God, and more or less present with all people or nations in all religions and in all ages of the world, with no exclusive claims for Jew or Christian. Lactantius, one of the aforesaid Christian teachers, speaking of certain philosophers who held that the soul perished with the body, says, "they durst not have declared such an opinion in the presence of any magician, or if they had done it, he would have confuted them upon the spot by sensible experiments, by calling up souls from the

dead, and rendering them visible to human eyes, and making them speak and foretell future events."

It is recorded of Simon Magus, that he confessed of performing his miracles by the help of a diabolical soul. Irenaeus, Clemens, of Alexandria, and Tertullian charge the worst kind of demonism upon heretic Christians, while angels of the Lord minister to themselves. The various sects of our own day have not made much broader the mantle of charity, but deem that outside of their own darling creeds, the devil has all, while the Lord possesses them. By their fruits, however, they may be known, and not by crying, "Lord! Lord!"

Father Cyrian affirms that the demons "commonly lay lurking within the statues of the Heathen Deities; inspired the breasts of the soothsayers, animated the fibres of entrails of victims, directed the flight of birds, and the chances of lots—involving falsehood with truth, and themselves sometimes deceived," harrasing mortals that they might be "filled and fatted by the steams of altars and burnt sacrifices."

In nothing does this differ from the Spiritualism of old Jewry as the stone Gods set up and covenanted with, as at Bethel, and at other places on Jewry ground, the ambiguous givings out, the "dark sayings" and "the riddles" of the wise men, prophets, or men of God, bears witness. Jehovah spoke by the soothsayer Balaam, who divided by blood and paunch which ascended in burnt offering as "a sweet smelling savor to the Lord." The Lord deputed a raven with cold pieces to feed Elijah; and the dove was sacred as

"—bird of swiftest wing,
That bears ambrosia to th' ethereal king."

and was also sacred in Palestine, and medium for the Holy Ghost to declare that "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Indeed, we defy it to be shown that there is not a common relationship in the religions or Spiritualisms of all peoples, and of all ages.

The spiritual experience of the early Christians was that which shows itself to be rather probable in the present day that "the souls of those who had been put to a violent death were generally thought to be the most malevolent and revengeful, and ready to perpetrate the same acts of violence on others, which they themselves had injuriously suffered." Hence capital punishment is not the way to be rid of an undevoted soul, but the rather to set him at liberty to lead others into temptation, though priest and church give Scripture for the deed.

C. B. P.
NOTE.—Thank you, Mr. Editor, for the Poughkeepsie letter (April 14), which you sent me. Thanks, also, for the previous letter from friend Locans, of Wisconsin. Our Poughkeepsie friend thinks that I appear in a somewhat questionable shape, in not giving more minute references in my "Glimpses." The names of authors with their language, in their very words quoted, I have supposed sufficient for the sketches. I shall be happy to correct any misquotations which he or others may find. I doubt very much that any can be found, as I have spent a great deal of time and care in making the collections. There have been some errors of type which may have constituted "the letter that killeth," but I am prepared to show, if need be, that I have on every occasion, quoted my authors in word, in spirit, and in truth.

C. B. P.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

BY A. R. CHILD, M. D.

"When earthly temples crumble and dissolve,
We see the soul's reality."

The little child that builds a cob-house, when he builds it, does not think how soon it will be stumbled into ruins. The man who builds a costly palace, when he builds it, does not think how soon the work of his hands will fall to dust again. In the efforts made to accumulate riches, there is but little if any thought that riches have wings and fly away. In the indomitable perseverance for to grasp fame, there is no capacity to see that fame is but a shadow of earthly things that spiritual light drives away. In our constant emulative effort made to be better than others are, there is no thought that better and worse are not spiritual attributes; that they only belong to things that dissolve and crumble to dust; that all emulation is a failure.

Before these futile, yet lawful efforts of our lives there is a curtain wisely held, that keeps the coming failure of each from our view. In these efforts we are led with the feeling of certain success. This feeling stimulates and makes us ambitious while we work; it keeps us industrious in our missions of existence. There is a success in all things, but the success comes not as we supposed in outward things; where we looked for success, to our disappointment and grief, failures always come. All successes, successes that are worthy of the name, are above our present knowledge. The spirit of the little child is coming on to manhood; in the spirit's growth lies the child's success, not in its efforts; not in the house his little hands make out of cobs. A man tries hard to lay up stores of wealth for future use; his efforts are ever a failure in the object sought—for in wealth there is no success; riches, when obtained, are like sand-banks hanging over deep running streams, that time will wash away. These efforts are the effect of the growing soul, where the success is not yet seen but will sometime be revealed. Fame is never a success—when grasped, it is gone. Success is never found here, but it will be found in the real soul that is growing while it tries to be famous in trashy things. Emulation has been lauded and cherished, while it is only an effort for that which fails—an effort for selfish ends. The effort is never rewarded with success in the direction of its expectations—in the soul alone that is unseen, there is success.

In all the pursuits of our earthly existence, there is an object of success in view, which success, when reached, is but a failure. The success seems promising and enduring, and stimulates our efforts, which produce our industry; but our real success is never in the thing we think it is. Like as the story runs; a man once dug his farm all over to find a hidden pot of gold. The gold he did not find, but his success was greater; for his farm was well prepared for a rich harvest by his digging. Gold is not so good to eat as potatoes and corn; gold is not so good to wear as flax and wool. His farm produced these things, and the product was better than the pot of gold. He learned and practiced this useful lesson. The gold diggers success in the object of his search was a failure; but his success in the objects he saw not, and sought not, was great, and was well adapted to his future welfare. As blindly do we all work for real successes as did the gold digger. And as certain shall we fail in the success of any earthly thing, as did the gold digger fail in finding the pot of gold. But there is for us all a success for every effort in life, more useful, more real, and more abid-

ing than was the gold digger's unlooked for and unexpected success. But all our successes are unseen, unlooked for, and yet unappreciated. They all shall come in a way we know not and think not of.

It has been thought that a "rich man," is sound when he has large disencumbered investments and heavy deposits; that he is respectable when he lives in a good house, well furnished, wears good clothes and eats the best quality of food; that he is religious when he observes and obeys the ordinances of the church; that he is virtuous when he walks uprightly before the eyes of other men; that he is great when he rules over other men; that he is holy when he appears to act against the natural demands of the sensuous world, and claims to live without any contamination by earthly things. So far as a man approaches the attainment of these things, so far he is called successful in life.

Do riches add to the real dignity, the real glory of a man? Man is said to be the noblest work of God; and it is said that a man is "ruined," when he loses all his riches. Do riches lay the corner-stone, which if torn away, undermines and causes to fall in ruins the noblest work of God's own hand? Is the glory of man, over defaced by breaking his childish grasp of what is really no more his than it is another man's—the trash and dust called riches? Riches add nothing to, and they can take nothing from a man's real success in life.

A failure in a business that promises or possesses riches, is but an incident that shall give evidence of a man's better nature, whereby his eyes are opened to see clearer the realities of existence; his heart is made more naked to sympathize with and feel the wants of the suffering and the afflicted, and he recognizes the decent level of all men, whereon stands a crucified Christ—I mean only the crucifixion of earthly glory. He feels the airs of distinction going out of his bones and muscles, and finds himself becoming a useful member of society; in consequence of a failure, he goes to work, and by honest labor earns the bread he eats and the clothes he wears. Yes, here he finds a development of common sense—a success in a failure. The muscles that hold money are enfeebled, and the muscles that give are strengthened, whereby he that was once rich has learned to do to others as he would have others do to him. Here is a failure of success in the attainment and in the holding of this favorite toy of all men, called riches—wherein, when grasped, has fled. The success is not here. But there is a success that lies not in the possession of wealth; which success is greater, which success is enduring. The success is in the development of the soul that comes not of, but with the efforts and the conflicts that are incident to the pursuits for riches. By a failure in business a man is developed in his manhood—not "ruined."

From observations taken in the actual experiences of life, it appears palpably evident that all the retinue of respectable living is but a handmaid of riches; that the Christian religion, as it stands before the world now, in its externals, in its pomp and popularity, is chiefly but an aid to riches; and virtue, morals, justice, and honor in professions, are but pretences. Flattering notes of hand that raise the means to add to our possessions and riches, and the airs of holiness cap this superstructure of nothingness that we in our spirit babyhood have cried for, have longed for, have toiled for, have lived for, and have with regrets and sorrow found our success in the attainment of, but a failure at last. And now we find that to grasp and hold this phantom, riches, and all its retinue of earthly glories; is not the success of life. But there is an unseen success that shall triumph over every failure and endure every disappointment, every sorrow, every tear, all the misfortunes of our earthly existence.

GROVE MEETING AT HASTINGS, N. Y., HELD JUNE 29TH AND 30TH, 1861.

At 2 o'clock, P. M., of the 29th, the meeting was called to order, and the call published in the BANNER OF LIGHT and other papers, was read by A. H. Morse, when, on motion, Geo. M. Jackson, of Prattburgh, N. Y., was unanimously elected President of the Convention. Whereupon he took the chair, with a brief and stirring address, saying that he felt that to be called upon to preside at a meeting like this, which had convened for the great purposes of the elucidation of truth, and the advancement of Spiritual progress, was to occupy a far, higher position, than any office in the gift of any government on earth. For this, he understood, was a free platform, where all shades of opinion are to be tolerated—where those of all sects, and no sects, are entitled to a fair and candid hearing.

The following officers were then unanimously chosen:

Miss E. C. Tallmadge, of Manlius, N. Y., Vice President.

A. B. Prescott, of Brewerton, N. Y., Secretary.

Alex. G. Donnelly, of Bannettsburgh, N. Y., Assistant Secretary.

Business Committee—Ada Clute, A. H. Morse, E. C. Devendorf, of Hastings; Jessie Oboate, of Auburn; J. S. Smith, M. D., A. B. Prescott, of Brewerton.

During the absence of the Business Committee, the time was profitably used by various persons, when the Chairman of the Committee reported a series of Resolutions, and, after their acceptance for discussion, proceeded to support them. He was followed by E. Case, of Mich., in a forcible and racy speech in defence of the resolution relative to woman, and in reference to the question of expediency. Sophia L. Chappel followed in one of her soul-stirring efforts. After which W. Woolson, of North Scitoba, spoke, entranced, in one of his most agreeable moods, causing a spirit of pleasing mirthfulness to control the entire audience.

After singing by the excellent choir in attendance, and a few remarks from the President, the meeting adjourned to meet in the hall at 8 o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION—8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Convention was called to order by the President, in a few, well-timed remarks, and after singing by the choir, W. Woolson proceeded to address the audience in his usual happy style. The subject chosen on which to speak by his controlling spirit, was, "The Horrors of a False Religion."

The closing hour was occupied by Rev. E. Case, of Mich., in speaking upon the "Beauties of Natural Religion." After which the choir favored the audience with one of their harmonious strains, and the Convention was pronounced adjourned to meet in the Grove, on the ensuing day, at 9 o'clock A. M.

[The evening session is well attended, the hall being more than comfortably filled, and much interest is manifested by the audience. Dr. L. E. Barnard, of Ohio, has this evening arrived, and is announced as a speaker for the morning session.—REFOURTH.]

SECOND DAY.—JUNE 30, 9 A. M.

Meeting called to order by the President, by a

brief speech, and the order of business was then announced as follows:

The first hour and a half is devoted to a Conference, each speaker limited to ten minutes each.

A motion was at this time made, that when this Conference adjourned, it do so subject to the call of a Committee, to be appointed by the President. The motion being seconded, unanimously prevailed, and the following persons were named by the President, to constitute such Committee:

A. H. Morse, Hastings; Cyrus Allen, Colosse; Perry Allen, Parish; J. H. Gurley, Sand Banks; Garret Sonus, West Monroe; O. Barnes, Clay; L. Hakes, Cicero; Eliza Fralick, Phoenix; F. Alvord, Mexico; J. L. Woolson, Syracuse; Eliza Coan, Colosse; Volney Douglass, Pulaski; J. L. Poole, Oswego; A. B. Prescott, Brewerton; Mrs. — Newcomb, Baldwinsville; Miss E. C. Tallmadge, Manlius; W. Woolson, North Scitoba.

After music by the choir, the time was occupied until the hour of ten o'clock, in a general Conference, by Friends Dickinson, of Constantia; J. Clute, of Hastings; Miss E. C. Tallmadge, of Manlius; L. Barker, of Schenectady.

The hour for opening the regular exercises of the session having now arrived, the President read the beautiful poem by Gerald Massey, commencing as follows:

"I have worshiped in Nature's Cathedral,
This glorious Sabbath in Spring;
In the temple of the living God,
Where for choir the wild birds sing."

After music by the choir, Alex. G. Donnelly, of Souley Co., N. Y., being called to the stand, said he felt ever ready to speak in defence of the great principles of absolute truth. He believed that the true Spiritualist is connected with that radical element, which is ever above the wrongs of the age, which calls nations into being, changes history, inaugurates and consolidates new eras in the social, religious and political worlds; which is ever ready to act upon the exigencies of the times, for the amelioration of the condition of man, and to effect the immediate destinies of his country. Truth, said he, is conformity to that law of things, to that method by which they are and act, the inward-pulses of their nature, the structural motions of their primeval essence; for the everlasting judgment of nature has gone out against all liars. Whatever your hand touches do to or undo, whatever your brain silently fancies, or your creative genius bears forth to expression, whether you plan a poem, or a battle, shape the scheme of a statue, a picture, a bargain, or a state, be true, or fail, obey the law, or reap ruin and confusion. God and Nature will bless no hollow pretence, will adopt and sanctify no sham. The strength of our country's renowned champion, the great Washington, lay in that single element of sincerity, our right, everlasting honesty, which marked him from his childhood to his death-bed. Deeper than this, in the character of our world's reformer, this element of absolute integrity, this incarnation of Divine Truth, wrought a strength to do, and dare, and bear, which arose to such sublimity of greatness, that the vassal ages but make broader his renown, and they who blot out the bright names of other heroes, add newer glories to his name, as they go chained to his triumphal chariot. The truly great man is ever above the blind conversation of his time, for in all the revolutions of the world of mind, great men are as much their results as their creators. And I believe when the dark clouds of War have passed away, it will have paved the way for a great, new-born era of universal freedom; for the blushing morn of Liberty will yet dawn on Southern skies, and the recording hand of Time, with pen dipped in the light of inspired truth, will chronicle the fact of universal liberty upon the grateful hearts of nations yet unborn.

This young and gifted speaker was followed by L. E. Barnard, who laid a very broad foundation in the Positive Sciences, thence advancing to the laws of psychological organization, the analogies and relations of the connecting mediums of the physical and mental universes, and endeavored to demonstrate the substantiality of the spiritual "strata" termed spheres, and the inevitable ever-existing communications between departed and embodied minds. He claimed to illustrate his subject from all departments of nature, speaking with a force and familiarity with the principles of science, which only those who hear him can appreciate.

At the request of a number of persons, the speaker continued his remarks for some time past the hour of adjournment.

During this session we were made glad by the appearance of the Fay Boys—H. Melville, of New York notoriety, and William M., from the West.

After a few remarks from the President, the meeting adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at 2 o'clock, and L. E. Barnard continued his remarks at further length, when having taken his seat, and a song from the choir being sung, H. Melville Fay, of Akron, Ohio, gave utterance to the following remarks:

As we glance at the horoscope of ages, and take into consideration what has been, and what is the scale of a world's development, we find ourselves in the past blushing with degraded shame.

The memory cells of our mind tingle with disgust, the kaleidoscope of our vision marks "ruin, desolation and woe." We see the frailty of mankind, their blind weaknesses and inexpedient measures traced on the map of ages, in a living history of blood and shame. And the effects of these weaknesses are seen even at the present day, as viewed in the living monuments of tyrannical despotism, rotten institutions, and depraved manhood and womanhood. All these measures, and all these traditional hotbeds of error, were born in the womb of the dark ages, were nurtured in tears, in revolution and crime, until, like the sweeping and blasting sirocco, they have scourged the plains of human rights, and buried their glorious principles beneath the sands of annihilated ambition. But thanks to the progress of the present age, they will soon be lost from sight. The world cannot afford for the good of its own soul longer to let such individuals with scorpion sting assail their fireside homes. And thus will all be buried deep in ruins of chaotic darkness. No hand would dare desecrate the name of truth and right by freeing from this dungeon of despair, the frailties of a world. No man would dare again let loose upon humanity the whirlwind of crime, the product of a million centuries. But there would it lie entombed through many long eras of festering depravity, as long as the eternity of eternities, and only equalled in its flight of age, by the deathless ambition of an immortal soul.

Mr. Fay gave notice of a series of public circles, given for physical manifestations, to be held for three evening in the village of Hastings, through the mediumship of William Fay and himself. The choir gave one of their harmonious songs, and with a

few remarks from the President, the Convention adjourned to meet at the hall at 8 o'clock P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Meeting opened by the President, and singing by the choir, after which Mr. E. Case favored the audience with one of his Spiritual songs, with guitar accompaniment; and then followed with a discourse elevated in its character, harmonizing in its tendency, and in its results calculated to awaken the growth and development of truth.

H. Melville Fay now introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, as a Convention, assembled to provide ways, means, and conditions for the advancement of truth, and the amelioration of all wrong and error, do most heartily approve of the mission as a principle of good, of the mission as one of human redemption, of the mission as an angel guarded truth now in progress, by the noble efforts of our sister in reform, Emma Harding; and it is our wish for its prosperity and success.

Resolved, That the report of this Convention be forwarded for publication to the BANNER OF LIGHT and Herald of Progress, and also be handed to the local papers for insertion in their columns.

Resolutions accepted.

The following resolutions were offered by A. G. Donnelly and adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That, as a Convention, we tender our hearty thanks to the officers of this meeting for the impartial manner in which they have discharged their various duties during its several sessions.

Resolved, That as speakers and friends, who have attended this Convention, we return our thanks to the noble friends in Hastings, who have so generously opened their hearts and homes for their reception.

After which Mr. Fay read the poem by Charles Mackay, entitled "Eternal Justice," and followed by a brief address.

The Rev. Mr. Case then sang a song, accompanied by instrumental music, entitled, "What shall be my angel name?"

G. M. Jackson then made the closing remarks as follows: Friends of truth, brothers and sisters of a common humanity, I am now called upon to discharge the last duty I owe you as presiding officer of the Convention.

Our meeting has been a harmonious one. As we met in fraternal love, so we now shall separate. And it seems to me that no person who has attended the various sessions of this Convention can deny that the teachings of Spiritualism are good. Nor can they, without denying to God the character of such a Creator and Father as can be truly loved and worshipped by true and loyal souls—loyal to truth and humanity. We may weave ever so fine spun theories of spirits and spirit spheres, or frame in our imagination a genuine Orthodoxy heaven, with its personal God seated on its Golden Throne, and its small population of angel inhabitants; but at the last, we must come to earth again, and learn this greatest of all lessons:

"Learn to live it all ye can,
The holiest of all lessons,
The brotherhood of man."

And especially does the truth-seeker find, in all the great reform movements of the day, great truths, and a wide field in which to act.

Let no narrow creed contract our powers,
For the boundless universe of man is ours,

and there is more true religion in one genuine emotion of human sympathy toward a fellow being in distress, than can be found in all the prayers and offerings, all the tithes and fastings, which have insulted the Creator since the days of Moses. We should give our aid to the cause of Human Freedom, not freedom for the black man or woman alone, but freedom to the white man or woman as well—freedom from all the galling chains of the past—freedom from that tyrant, custom—from mental slavery—and from ecclesiastical authority, whether derived from Bibles, Korans, or creeds. Amid all this discord and strife, in the political, theological, and social spheres, we know that right must come uppermost, and ever will justice be done. Then, too, will the fiery star of sectarianism set forever in an eternal night, nevermore to torment mankind by its malignant rays.

I have been pleased to notice the happy combination of thought, in the many eloquent speeches to which you have listened with apparent interest.

Our brother Barnard has presented to us a rich feast, gathered with much thought from the bosom of Mother Nature, that kind hearted old nurse, ever ready to present all her children the evidences of their progressive nature, in the present life not alone, but in the future, too, as well.

Our brother, E. Case, has presented to us evidences, gathered from the history of the past, and the facts of to-day, of an intercourse between the summer land and the present state of man's existence, which have been presented in that fervid manner which characterizes the inspired teacher of the present era.

The voices of our sister Sophia L. Chappel has been heard blending in silvery accents, adding to the harmonies of the occasion, as she has proclaimed the glories of a higher life, and a holier love, to many a grateful heart.

And in the discourse of this morning, given by our young brother, Alex. G. Donnelly, on the divine nature of truth, we have additional evidences of the fact that the Bible of truth to man is not yet closed, but is ever open at all times and in all climes to the seeker for higher truth.

To the scientific and historic evidences presented, we added the facts of to-day, in argument and by manifestation, by H. Melville Fay.

As we bid these friends farewell, who, from a distance, have attended this Convention, cheering us by their voice and presence; may you, as you go to your distant homes, say that in obedience to the call which brought you here, we have made "two days progress in the right."

I am requested by the committee of arrangements, to express their thanks to those speakers who responded to the published call. They thank you for your attendance, and as you go to your fields of labor in the great harvest of Humanity, may this Convention be one of the green oases which occasionally spring up in the life and labor of the pioneer reform speaker. In the coming years of toil and tears, as perchance we may meet again at gatherings similar to these, let us make this Convention a date in our lives and history.

Friends, as I now close this Convention, I know that our assembling has not been in vain. And I know also that our parting cannot be long, for though we may not meet here again, we all soon shall meet in the glorious summer land of the aspiring soul.

And, therefore, in accordance with the published call of this Convention, I declare it adjourned to meet the last Saturday and Sunday in June, 1863. Farewell.

A. B. PRESOTT, Sec.

A. G. DONNELLY, Asst. Sec.

The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to clothe things.

WAVE NEWS.

Since the valorous attempt of Charleston chivalry to starve the garrison at Sumter, the ambition of news tellers seems to have been to ascertain by actual trial who should excel in the manufacture of stories that might create a sensation in two ways, first by an astounding announcement, second by its contradiction. To such an extent has this effort been carried, that the public have lost all confidence in telegraphic dispatches, and prefer to wait the regular mode of correspondence.

Whoever reads of a battle fought, invariably places a large interrogation point upon it, and tucks it away in his vest pocket for future reference. This unreliable condition of news dispatches has been brought about by the people themselves, and therefore if it incommodes them, and calls out some very powerful invectives this hot weather, there is no one to blame but their own dear precious selves. They wanted news; they must have it; and the morning papers that did not contain a long array of job printing type, set out like an old lady's cap with ribbons, with a plentiful supply of interrogation and exclamation points, rules and dashes, was at once voted by the breakfast table critics as dull and tame, and not up to the spirit of the times. Oftentimes the body of the article which these flaming capitals heralded, was less than a length of the size of the head. But what of that. It was headed in good shape, and the motto of the paper seemed to be—"No matter whether right or not, go ahead." And it has been no uncommon thing to find at the bottom of the column the bitter pill of contradiction to be swallowed by the voracious reader who had so keenly relished the sweet morsel at the top.

Such matters, however, soon regulate themselves, and step after step has been taken by the authorities at Washington to restrict the special correspondents and news agents in their vocation, until this week the result is seen in the New York papers, which are without their customary column and a half of speculations by Washington correspondents. Perhaps the satisfaction of knowing that the main portion of the news from the South will now be divested of imaginative speculations, and confined to authentic facts from authorized sources, will be considered by respectable journalists and the public as more than a compensatory relief. The real news and live facts will be furnished to the agents of the Associated Press by official authority.

Col. Cowdin turned Slave-Catcher.

The redoubtable Colonel of the First Massachusetts Regiment, seems to be winning an unenviable notoriety, not only for his unsoldier-like blunders and ignorance of the most trivial military matters, but for a deed more reprehensible than all else, and which native ignorance and stupidity can hardly excuse. We let the correspondent of the Boston Traveller tell the story in his own way:

The members of the Massachusetts First have been considerably stirred up by an occurrence which has taken place within a few hours. It seems that last Wednesday or Thursday, a slave called "Wisdom," ran away from his master, living in or near Georgetown, on account of having been beaten and otherwise ill-treated. It was said that his master was a mounted secessionist, and even slave-driver, and the slave described a saddle, bridle and pistol, which belonged to him, and was kept in the parlor of his residence, in readiness for action, should the Government forces be compelled to evacuate Washington.

Whether true or not, such was the slave's testimony, and he was immediately taken into the camp and employed by the wagoners about their horses, &c., they sharing their rations with him, and giving him a lodging by night.

On Sunday July 7, the man pretending to be his master came into the camp inquiring for his slave. He was sent to various parts of the camp on such fool's errands as he deserved. While he was gone the slave was hurried first into the woods, and then into the empty aqueduct of the Washington water works, and there hidden until his claimant returned home discouraged. Monday morning, however, bright and early he was back again, still without papers, and the wagoners unfortunately being all away, he got track and sight of the fugitive he sought. When the poor fellow heard the voice of his master, he trembled like a frightened hare, and could hardly move, so extreme was his terror.

Capt. Snow, of Sumerville, was the officer of the day, and a request was made to him that the slave might be given up and remanded to bondage. But on various pretexts, the Captain delayed action, like the true and noble-hearted man he is, hoping that the slave might again be smuggled out of the way. His master, however, went at once to the Colonel, and stated his case, and the Colonel, without papers, or any legal action, whatever, without testimony even, save that of the slave and his owner informally given, and therefore not to be legally received, commanded Captain Snow, as he himself confessed in presence of the Captain and the Chaplain, W. H. Oudworth, to deliver up the slave to his master. From this order there was of course no appeal. The slave was given up, trembling with terror, and is now in bonds. What punishment he has suffered, or will suffer can only be conjectured.

An Army crossing a River.

The sight of a large body of armed men, with wagons and camp equipage, fording a river, ought to be as picturesque as any other one imaginable. The music, the bayonets, the order in disorder, the shouts and cries and laughter, the lights and shadows over and around the moving mass, all go to impart a strange life and animation to such a scene, and to make it well worth beholding, even under circumstances otherwise full of painful reflection. A letter in the N. Y. World, written from Martinsburg, Va., furnishes the following account of the march of Gen. Patterson's column across the Potomac into Virginia. It is full of picturesque and lively suggestions:

"No picnic party ever wended its way to the woods with greater delight than was exhibited by our own valiant warriors as they pushed down to the river side. The fording occupied about seven hours. Three regiments of bare-legged men were constantly to be seen; one just emerged from the water and turning up for the march, another struggling like school boys in the stream, and a third standing with impatient readiness for their turn to come. Some forgot, and rolled up only one stocking leg; others stripped off all but shoes and trousers. Glittering bayonets were pressed into service as supports for shoes, pan-alongs, jackets, boots, tin cups, haversacks, newspapers, pot pups and terrified kittens, and the picture presented by such an odd array of soldiers' legs in straggling squads, in close order, and all bobbing up and down as their carrier's foot-hold was momentarily lost and regained, the picture, I repeat, was grotesquely awkward. The men ridiculed one another's outlandish appearance, cheered as they plunged into the clear stream, and raised an echoing chorus of miscellaneous songs. 'Dixie,' 'Carry me back to Old Virginia,' 'Gay and Happy,' 'Bully for Major Anderson,' the 'Star Spangled Banner,' 'Red, White and Blue,' and as many more were sung wildly in Pennsylvania Dutch, American slang, and ever richly melodious accent. Music for the million by the ten thousand was the order of the day, added to which there was occasional music by the band. The train wagons experienced but little difficulty in riding over the hard bed of the river, save one or two of which got a little below the ford proper and narrowly missed being capsized."

MARY O'CONNOR, THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

An' shure I was tould to come here to your honor, To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat; He's gone for a sojer to Mister O'Conner. Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat, An' what'll you tell him? It ought to be a lay For such as your honor to spake wid the pen, And say I'm all right, and that mavourneen Daisy (The baby your honor) is better agen;

For whin he went off, it's so sick was the childer, She niver held up her blue eyes to his face, And whin I'd be crying, he'd look but the wilder, And say would I wish for the country's disgrace?

So he left her in danger, and me sorely greeting, And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy, O! it's often I dreme of the great drums a beating, And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money, For the rint, and the doctor's bill, due in a week; Well surely there's tears on your eyelashes, honey, Ah! faith I've no right wid such freedom to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give you trouble; I'll find some one willin'—oh, what can it be? What's that in the newspaper folded up double? Yer honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.

What! Patrick O'Conner?—no, no, it's some other; Dead! dead!—no not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by; Dead! dead! why the kins on the cheek of his mother—It has n't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I crazy? Shot dead!—oh, for love of sweet heaven say no; An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Daisy? O! how will I live, and O! where I will I go?

The room is so dark—I'm not seein' your honor; I think—I'll go home—and a sob quick and dry Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Conner, But never a tear-drop welled up to her eye.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde of 8 La Grange Place, will be absent from the city until the first of September, at which time she will again resume her sittings for the public.

Confederate bonds are bringing ten cents on a dollar in New Orleans.

The Charleston Mercury says there are intelligent men in Washington, who believe the present troubles in this country, in Europe, and in Asia, foreshadow the coming of Christ. One of these approached a politician the other day, and told him that our national troubles would soon be quieted.

"By whom?" inquired the politician.
"By no less a person than Jehovah."
"Ah, indeed. But who is G. H. Hoyer? Is he a Northern or a Southern man?"

There is not a regiment in the Volunteer service of the United States, that has not enough printers in it to stock an office of a Daily Newspaper and Job Department. Wherever our forces halt, there the printers stack their muskets, and seize the "stick," to announce to their brethren at home, the advance of the grand army of liberty.

It is generally understood that Gen. Scott will shortly take the field, in Virginia, in his carriage. He is too feeble now to go in the saddle.

A man in St. Louis, out of love to the benighted men of the South, takes all the Northern papers he can get, puts them into bottles with a little flag in the cork, and sends them down the river, to be picked up and read by the rebels below. He calls this his floating telegraph.

It strikes us that the position of Southern Custom House officers must be very arduous just now, with such a plenty of nothing to do. The old Salem Custom House, described by Hawthorne, would be the busiest scene in the world by comparison.

The most absurd thing of even this time of rumors is the report that Gen. Butler is "disloyal"! The General is as true to the cause as Massachusetts herself. The very faults of his character are such as would not allow him to be a traitor.

Dr. Chalmers was a notoriously poor penman. They say when his father received his weekly or fortnightly letter from his distinguished son, he carefully looked it up. By the time a little store had accumulated, his son came to pay him a visit, and then he broke all the seals, and got the writer of the letters to read them.

The secession flag taken from John Tyler's house, has been presented to the New York Historical Society, by Gen. Dix.

Tradesmen often lose their custom as field sportsmen do their fingers—by high obarges.

At midnight the blue sky bends over us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance.

The two most precious things now enclosed in hoops, are girls and kegs of powder—danger of blowing up from both—keep the sparks away from them.

If you have no pegasus, put up with a common horse. Poets are born not made.

The great master of even a single instrument of music is indeed a wizard. He chains us in the slavery of delight, and is the only despot that rules over willing captives.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, whose death was announced by the last steamer, was thirty-nine years old at his death. He ascended the throne in 1839. The empire was in a disturbed condition, and his reign would have been short but for the intervention of England and Germany. Since the treaties of 1840 and 1841, the Sultan has been but an instrument in the hands of others. He had the good sense, however, to follow the advice of so liberal a minister as Reschid Pacha, in authorizing many important reforms. His conduct, also, toward the Hungarian refugees, will be remembered to his honor. His death had been expected for some time.

CHEATING BY CONTRACT.—A letter from Georgetown Heights, in the Journal, says Gov. Andrew was there on the 4th, making examination of wagon, clothing, &c. He adds, that "The unanimous opinion of all present was, that Massachusetts got shamefully humbugged."

In the Senate July 6th, Mr. Chandler of Michigan gave notice that he should introduce a bill to "confiscate the property of all Governors of States, members of Legislatures, Judges of Courts and military officers above the rank of Lieutenant, who take up arms against the United States and abet treason, and all such persons are forever disqualified from holding any office of honor or emolument or trust in the government; such property to be applied to restore to Union men in the rebel States any loss they may have suffered."

Why is Mrs. Lincoln like Lazarus? Because she sleeps in Abraham's bosom.

The following anecdote is told of Mr. Spurgeon, the English revivalist: "An elderly minister from the country called upon him, congratulated him upon his success, and mildly rebuked him for his eccentricities. Mr. Spurgeon took three-pence from his pocket, and said: 'Dr. B.—, the other day I was so annoyed by an organ-grinder, that I gave the man three-pence to go away. Now, will you take the same sum, or shall I make it sixpence?'"

MR. FAY'S MEDIUMSHIP.

[We give room below to a letter from Mr. Fay, and also to one from an old subscriber in Ohio, who has known Mr. Fay for several years. As to Mr. Fay's reliability, our readers must judge for themselves. We have never seen him, and know of him only by hearsay. Those who sit in his circles, if endowed with a fair share of acuteness, if they take perfectly proper means so to do, can easily detect any attempt at collusion on his part. He behaves singularly in writing such a rambling, pointless epistle as the one he has sent us, at such a time as this, when he would be consulting his own interest much more by answering the objections brought against him; but we print this in order that he may have a hearing in his own way. Again, Mr. Fay has given rise to much dissatisfaction among those who were his friends heretofore, by his neglect to attend to his engagements in the East—a neglect that above all things he should avoid while resting under the auspices of dishonesty, if those suspicions are unfounded.—Eos.]

Letter from H. Melville Fay.

Amid all the surging tide of inward thought and outward expression that comes to us from the field of agitated experiences in the great reform movements of to-day, we find a variety of circumstances, combinations of ideas, and statements of experiences, which, in their results, are calculated to awaken either the frown of a critical world, or its enduring love. As there are always two sides to a question, and as the question is always answered with an affirmative and negative by the parties on both sides, so, therefore, the issue will be not the hearsay of one or both, but the positive facts elicited from the arguments of each.

I do not wish Dr. Spence to take this letter as a personal one to himself. It is not so, nor even a reply to his last; for it is the product of my own adolescent brain, and whatever I may say hold me responsible for. As the public are well aware of the difference of opinion that exists between Dr. Spence and myself, it would be useless to argue upon his individual exceptions, and still further useless to wage a war of words against all of the Doctor's opinions, as, no matter what was said—I know his nature well—he would still retain them, and thus it might only result in a prolonged discussion, tiresome to the public, and uninteresting to the world. As for myself, the public know my position in this matter, as represented in my defense in reply to Dr. Spence's first article—the famous exposé; and my position taken in that defense, I shall always adhere to; for it is a position of uncontrovertible facts, and facts are all that a physical medium like myself has to do with.

There can be found by any man or set of men nothing but facts; the eternal sledge-hammers of reason can only be found by a natural method of sincere investigation, instead of by the forced and unphilosophical theory of a prejudiced conception. I claim that facts are the only evidences whereby we can judge physical manifestations, and as the only evidences, therefore the only judges to give a decision upon this or any other case of a similar nature; for I do not wish to bolster up my mediumship now that it has been assailed by personal assumptions, unless those assumptions are based upon facts which will live long as the flight of time itself.

I know the Dr. will tenaciously, most tenaciously, cling to his side of the castle wall, for he has crossed the drawbridge of opposition, and his mind, of course, naturally parties to the surroundings of that life of opposition where he is centered; but it is left for the public and the world to slowly lift the scales from the Dr.'s eyes, and show him that he has done no wrong, if he has only lived up to his highest convictions of right, but that he has been contending against the angels when he knew it not, and simply made a great mistake, as many eminent men in the world before.

Yours fraternally,
H. MELVILLE FAY.

Phenix, N. Y., July 4th, 1861.

Is H. Melville Fay Reliable?

Considerable interest is now manifested in the Eastern country, concerning the manifestations of spirits, through H. Melville Fay, of Ohio. Ask a resident of Akron, (Mr. Fay's native town) what he thinks of Fay as a medium, and the answer will be, "He is a humbug."

I now affirm, that Mr. Fay has been repeatedly detected in his humbugging operations. I not only gather this from hearsay, but from actual observation. I have known Mr. Fay to be detected, at least, a dozen times. For the benefit of inquirers, and to give the observations of Mr. Spence a better color, I will give a minute description of some of Mr. Fay's Spiritual manifestations, which have come under my observation.

The first time that I ever attended one of Mr. Fay's Circles was at the residence of Mr. John Boardman, Middlebury, Ohio. For some unknown reason, I suspected Mr. Fay, as soon as operations commenced, and being of an investigating disposition, I set about detecting him. I procured a long, hard piece of wood, and in the darkness, reached to the ceiling and commenced a gentle rapping. (It must be remembered that Mr. Fay's manifestations are all conducted in the dark.) At first he took but little notice of it, but he soon began to think (in all probability) that there was a genuine spirit at work, it being unconnected with himself.

Speaking through the horn was immediately commenced for the purpose of describing the spirit, whose rappings were becoming more distinct. Says the speaker, "That spirit is the spirit of a person who died in California—(the name was also given, but I have forgotten it), and he is a man of middle age; light hair, blue eyes, and rather tall." In fact, a minute description was given of this remarkable spirit. Orders were then given through the horn for the spirit to give three heavy raps. I accordingly rapped three times; other orders were given, and assiduously obeyed. Now the point in this case is, that Mr. Fay was the speaker; otherwise, a different description would have been given of the originator of the raps.

At a circle held at the residence of Mr. Camp of the same place, I observed the following: The circle being completed, and every member thereof in a satisfactory position, the ropes began to twist, and the horn to talk. Communication after communication was had, reported spirit after spirit had tied and untied Mr. Fay, when S. P. Leland asked the following question:

"Mr. Fay, do the spirits speak through your organism, in speaking through the horn, or do they speak independent of it?"

Says Mr. Fay: "I have nothing to do with it, whatever; the horn does not come near me." No more questions were asked on that point, but the following shortly after occurred. While a great speech was being uttered through the horn, and when the speaker was in his glory, a young lady rushed forward, and by the sense of feeling found the horn situated—where? In the air? No! It was found at Mr. Fay's lips! The medium then got angry, and would not proceed until the young lady was sent from the room.

I could enumerate several other ways in which Mr. Fay has been detected, but I will say no more concerning it unless requested to do so. I now stand ready to prove what I have charged, and a hundred times more if need be. It is conceded here on all hands, that Mr. Fay is an assiduous humbug, and is ready and willing to do anything to make his intricate humbugging popular. NORMAN H. BARBER.

Middlebury, Ohio, 1861.

A Blessing on the Soldier.

The following incident which accidentally came to my knowledge this week, dear BANNER, tells its own story, though doubtless but one of many occurring throughout the Northern States. It is so replete with patriotic significance and encouragement, that I deem it worthy of public note. The lines, written in a beautiful feminine hand, were snugly tucked away in a corner of one of the pockets, and no one, I think, on reading the evidently sincere heartfelt prayer of the writer, but will feel to respond an earnest Amen! *Melrose, July 2, 1861.*

God bless thee! soldier-son,
What'er thy name may be;
God give thee strength and hope,
To make our nation free—
Free from the rebel ones
Who dare our laws invade!
This is the wish of her,
Who hath thy garment made. S. E. L.

To Correspondents.

"CLEVEYS DURAND."—Please call and see us at your earliest convenience, or let us know where you can be addressed.

W. O. B. CHICAGO.—Your communication has never reached us, or it would have been published. Please do not think that your non-representation in our columns is our fault.

G. W. D., WILLIAMTIC.—Your criticism of Fay's mediumship was received prior even to Prof. Spence's first letter, in which he gave his testimony in favor of Mr. Fay's integrity. No injustice was intended you, by our not publishing it, but it got lost owing to the changes we have made in our establishment.

National Conference of Spiritualists.

The Joint Committee appointed by Conferences of Spiritualist and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy, Mass., in October, 1860, and in Sturgis, Mich., in April, 1861, hereby cordially invite their co-laborers in all parts of the country to meet them in a National Conference, to be held in the City of Oswego, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, August 13th, 1861, and continuing over the following Sunday.

The leading objects of this Conference will be the same as those of its more local predecessors—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform, and thus the securing of greater unity of heart and purpose, and higher fitness for the work devolving upon us as Spiritual Teachers.

The nature of this work is believed to be comprehensively indicated in the following language, from the Call of the late Conference at Worcester, Mass.:—

"The present agitated state of the public mind in relation to Social and Political Institutions, as well as to Religious and Theological Ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history of no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be Spiritual Teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a New Age of Wisdom and of Harmony—to the inauguration of both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization. Anything less than these will fail to meet the demand of the time, and the promise of the opening Era."

It is proposed to devote the first three days (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday) to the special benefit of Lecturers and Teachers. The sessions will be held in Music Hall, West First street, and will be spent partly in informal conversation for the promotion of acquaintance, and partly in consideration of the following question:

What are the special demands of the Age upon us as Spiritual Teachers, and how can we best become fitted to meet those demands?

Friday (should the weather prove favorable) will be appropriated to a Steamboat Excursion upon Lake Ontario, and a public Grove Meeting, to be held, probably, on one of the famed "Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence.

The remaining days, Saturday and Sunday, will be devoted to Public Speaking in Music Hall. The claims of Spiritualism, and its practical application to Human Improvement, will furnish an ample field for remark in these public meetings, and all speakers will be invited freely to express their views, so far as time and proper rules of order will admit.

As many Lecturers from a distance will be unable to arrive on the first day, it is understood that no important business will be transacted before Wednesday. To prevent misapprehension, let it be understood that this Conference is not called for the purpose of forming a National Association, nor to take any action which shall be in any way binding upon the general body of Spiritualists; yet the question of Organization, and every other relating to the general interests of the Movement, will be open for consideration, within reasonable limits.

Speakers who may desire to address the Conference at length on any specific topic within the general scope of its purposes, are requested to apprise the committee in advance, in order that a suitable time may be assigned them.

That there may be no disappointment, it should be understood that public gatherings of this kind are not suitable occasions for exhibiting the phenomena of Spiritualism—attempts to do this usually ending in confusion and dissatisfaction. Let none, therefore, come determined to witness "spirit manifestations," but rather let all endeavor to manifest the spirit of charity, toleration, and earnest devotion to practical truth and human good.

The time for wonder and barren speculation has passed. The hour for ACTION is at hand! The friends in Oswego have generously offered to entertain all Lecturers, and as many others as possible, free of charge during the Conference. Strangers attending the Conference will report themselves at Music Hall, over Gordon & Purse's Store, on West First street, where the local Committee of Arrangements will direct them to places of entertainment.

Further particulars relative to the proposed Excursion will be announced as soon as arranged.

A. E. NEWTON, Boston, Mass.
H. B. SPURGEON, New Haven, Ct.
L. O. MILES, Hartford, Ct.
AMANDA M. SPURGEON, New York.
A. W. SPRAGUE, Plymouth, Vt.
F. L. WADSWORTH, Maine.
M. B. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.

Eastern Committee.
S. C. COFFINBERRY, Constantine, Mich.
S. J. V. TADON, of Independence, Iowa.
J. T. ROUSE, Fremont, Ind.
BESSIE SPOONER, Rockford, Ill.
M. F. M. BOWEN, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. M. STOWE, Vandalia, Mich.
G. W. HOLLISTON, New Berlin, Wis.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove and Church on the east side of the river in St. Charles, Grove county (Illinois), thirty-six miles west of Chicago, on Friday (Saturday, and Sunday, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons will be at liberty to express their sincere thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum require, each alone being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends in the village and adjacent towns and country will provide picnic refreshments.

A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society,
St. Charles, July 6, 1861.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and at 8 and 11 1/2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman.

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: "Has there ever been any inspiration that essentially differs from the inspiration of this age?"

A meeting is held every Tuesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

New York.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., 8 P. M., 11 1/2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. Speakers engaged—Mrs. F. O. Lynde, Spring August; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, during Oct.; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged—R. P. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GROUPEMAN.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

New Bedford.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged—Charles A. Hayden, July 21 and 28; Miss DeForest, August 4; J. B. Loveland, Aug. 11; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 23 and Sept. 1; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougall, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d; Warren Chase, Dec. 20.

Foxboro.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1/2 and 6 1/2 P. M.

LEONARD, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Leonard hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

PUTNAM, Conn.—Engagements are made as follows:—Mrs. Mary Macomber, four Sundays in July.

PORTLAND, Me.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures, afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Bowen during September; Miss Laura DeForest during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sabbaths in December; G. B. Stebbins, during January, 1862; Belle Scougall, during February.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged—Laura E. DeForest in July; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, the first two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougall in Nov.; Leo Miller in Dec.

AOROSTIC.

Kindly, from her thousand haunts,
In the forest and the field
Nature offers herbs and plants,
Grateful remedies they yield,
So that sickness may be eased.

By the babbling waterpools,
On the mountain's topmost towers,
Trailing in the shaded nooks,
All through summer's shining hours;
Native herbs this truth have taught:
In the climate where 'tis caught
Cure for sickness should be sought.

Mineral drugs, the wise man says,
Eat the human life away;
Do not trust their fatal power
In the sickness smitten hour.
Can you doubt the power that lies
In Botanic remedies?
Now, ere health has spread its wings,
Ere disease leaves fatal stings,
Seek a remedy at KING'S,
No. 334 Washington street, Boston. 34 July 16.

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.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE
Dr. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the N. Y. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by 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.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has removed his office to NO. 2 HAYWARD PLACE, where he will be happy to attend to all professional calls.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays,
MRS. CONANT will be at his rooms for the purpose of making

Clairvoyant Examinations of Diseases.
Persons residing at a distance, who wish to avail themselves of the only reliable method of obtaining a correct diagnosis of their diseases, can do so by enclosing a lock of their hair, together with one dollar and a three-cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired.

25¢ Fees for Examinations \$1.00 to be paid at the time. Offices hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M.
Letters may be addressed to,
D. A. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
July 20. 11 No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

EIGHT LECTURES

BY

EMMA HARDINGE.

BY numerous solicitations of the friends of progress I propose to publish the Second Series of Miss Emma Hardinge's lectures within a short time. Said lectures were delivered here during the month of February last. And the various parties having the first series of Miss Hardinge's lectures for sale on consignment are respectfully requested to remit the amount money due up to the present time, thereby assisting me pecuniarily in publishing the Second Series. Further, all parties who desire a consignment of the Second Series are requested to immediately notify me respecting the number they can probably sell.

Each copy will contain a splendid photograph of Miss Hardinge.

Retail price, bound in cloth, 75 cents. A liberal discount allowed to the trade. Address
W. C. BRUSON,
Box 3340, Chicago, Ill.

July 20. 11
A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE
MAGNIFYING OBJECTS 500 TIMES, will be sent to any address on the receipt of 25 cents and one rod stamp. Five of different powers for \$1. Postage free. F. B

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than simple beings. 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—or 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 also?

Wednesday, June 12.—Invocation; Man's Power over Circumstances; Horace Sherman, N. Y.; Andrew J. Forbes. Thursday, June 13.—Invocation; Alexander Carson; Samuel Leonard; Maria Parker; Ben Holmes. Saturday, June 14.—Invocation; Unrest; Lydia Ferguson; John B. Spencer; Adelle Severance. Monday, July 2.—Invocation; Dr. Benjamin Sanborn, Northampton, N. H.; Eliab Grimes, San Francisco; Ann McGraw, New Orleans; Yankee Sullivan.

Invocation.

Oh, our Father, while millions of thy children are this day wrapped in sorrow, may they not forget that thou art God and infinitely good. May they learn to know, oh our Father, that thy fingers of love are forever playing upon the lyre strings of all nature, and that harmony—eternal harmony—forever exists in thy universe.

May thy children know also that each tear coming down the cheeks of humanity is remembered and hallowed by thee; and, oh, as each tear is born of deep sorrow, may they feel it to be the harbinger of some unborn joy. We thank thee that in this glorious age of light, thy children are beginning to understand thee as they should—that they are beginning to feel thou art of infinite goodness, and that thy love forever quickens them; that though the waves of sorrow forever roll over them, thy smile is upon them.

Our Father, shall we ask thee to send especial blessings unto the American nation? As she sits bathed in tears of sorrow, and with dark clouds about her, shall we ask thee to bless her? Oh, God, we know thou wilt not forsake her; we know the dark night is but the beginning of joy. Shall we ask thee to bless those for whom their kindred have been ruthlessly torn? Shall we ask thee not to forget them? Oh, no; for we know they are thy children, partakers of thy love; and we know thy love never sleeps—never forgets its Creator. But we will ask thy children who are bowed beneath the yoke of sorrow, to look up to thee; to know that, though the night be ever so long, the morning shall surely come, and they will find that thou art good.

Oh, Father, shall we ask thee to bless those who are arrayed against our beloved country? No, for they are thy children as we are; and we feel that though they stand as our enemies to-day, in the great eternity they shall stand as brothers to us. We feel that their disunion is but temporary, external. In the internal and the eternal they are with us. They, too, walk in sorrow; they, too, shed tears of blood. May they feel that thou art their Father, their God. While all is darkness around, may they feel that their future shall bring forth peace. And while they war with us, may they feel that the antagonistic elements are only in external life. They feel that the great eternal controls them, and that thus far they may go, and no further.

And while they ask thee to be with them in their dealings with their enemies, may they not fail to ask thee to bless their enemies. "We ask not that thou wilt fold our enemies to thy bosom, for we know that from all sorrows thou wilt bring out peace—peace such as the American nation has never known, when the spiritual light now in the distance shall penetrate every soul, and all shall return to their thanksgiving, forever and ever. June 6.

Nature.

The human race have ever been sending forth the desire to know how much of the beauty of earth lies in the spirit life, and how much of external beauty lives after external forms have passed away. And yet the desire, the wish, the call have remained unanswered. Echo only has told a story and echo alone answers because man has heretofore set forth his desire in the external, not turning within. In the internal all is real, because all is real in Nature. But when man sends forth a call to the external, he remains unsatisfied.

All things that have their starting point in Nature, or are based and founded upon it, are immortal—subject to a great variety of changes, yet never lost. And though subject to changes, yet they always retain their identity—their peculiarity. They never lose anything, but that which seems to pass from them is merged into something higher. The old manifestation is worked into a new one, but not lost. However minute the atom may be, that has its foundation in Nature, it has an immortal life—it must outlive the things of time, and go beyond your present externalized sense and life. Therefore, all things material are immortal. They do not pass away with the external form, or the manifestations of life necessary to them in their material form. What would the spiritualization of things be to you in the material body? You could not enjoy them. The wise architect knew this, and therefore he gave a crude form to every atom, that we might comprehend and learn of all things also.

When the beautiful sentiment of the forest lies dead in the external before you, when his leaves are lost and his limbs decayed, there seems to you to be nothing of him. Do you suppose he is entirely gone? God might as well not have created him. But you may say he has lived his appointed mission, and is dead. But nothing can ever die; the externalized part may pass into external decay, but the life, the element, remains the same, only it has gathered to itself something more beautiful. Therefore the tree lives after it has done with the body you could see. If all these things given to you in the external life are necessary to your comfort here below us, the same forms in a more purified, glorified state are necessary to the spirit after it has lost the external. And Nature ever teaches us that the spirit of man is capable of providing itself with all things necessary to its unfoldment. The spirit is just as capable of possessing itself of all things necessary for its peace, after death.

How much of the beauties of earth am I to possess after this existence, has been asked on my own death-bed. Oh, had the question been turned within, the answer would have come. Now he too often had promised to cast his question out in the space beyond, instead of within. Nothing has answered my soul satisfactorily, says the inquirer. It is because you have asked of nothing, and nothing could not give you something.

Oh, naturalist, there is a scheme to be worked out, the ultimate of which is within. And the time is coming when the philosophers of earth who have been reaching outside for knowledge, will learn to look within, and then they shall build a mansion not based upon sand, but upon the eternal rock of ages.

Nature! who can wash out one particle of her dear self? The scheme would be incomplete with one atom washed out. None of it shall ye lose, oh student of Nature, for Nature is God, and each and every portion of his natural body is eternal. June 5.

Stephen S. Dike.

I suppose I don't really understand what you require. My name was Stephen S. Dike. I am a native of Yarmouth, N. S. About eight months ago, I started to go on board the ship Orion, lying off the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I got drowned. I was in my forty-first year. I was seaman. My body was not got until some months after I lost it, and then it was not carried to my home. My folks do not know anything about coming back, but I want to come back. I believe the folks in the world are the most dead. I think we are more alive where we live than you are. I feel as though it was my folks

who are dead. They cannot hear me, but I can hear them. I can see them, but they cannot see me. I know where they are; they don't know where I am. I feel they are in their graves—deep graves, these bodies are. I believe that is what I mean by the second coming of Christ—that they who were in their graves should come forth, and should bear the spirit. I was a Christian. I professed religion something like a year before I died. Circumstances made me a Christian—not a follower of the English Church, as my folks were, but a Baptist. I was brought to that way of thinking by the death of a little fellow who died on board ship with me. His folks let him go to sea on account of his health. I stood over him while he was sick. His mother was a Christian, and she gave him a Bible, and he used to read in it, and got me to read in it, after he was too sick. I used to think a good deal of the passage where it said the voice of the angel shall penetrate into the grave, and the bodies should come forth. I believe it is the bodies that are the graves; that the angels are the voice of Christ, and these bodies are hearing the call through these graves. I want these friends of mine should come forth out of their graves, and let me speak to them.

I've got a dear old mother at home, I suppose. She has been in this grave upwards of sixty years. I believe she is sixty-eight or sixty-nine years old. Now do you suppose the crust is so thick I can't break through? I'll hallow loud enough, at any rate. I'm used to speaking loud, and I believe I can use power enough to make her come forth to meet me. She knows I'm gone—she do not know anything about how I can come back. Let me see her; I'll let her know. Oh, I have the string of the latch now. My dear old mother has said a good many times that she'd give the world to know where my father left certain papers of his when he died, that he brought with him from his home in Newcastles, England. I know where the papers can be found, and if my dear old mother will let me talk to her half an hour, I'll tell her. She's in good health; can come up here, if she must, but I think there are mediums right there I can use. I want any of them who read my letter to send it to her.

There was a mystery about those papers. My mother had an idea that he was married before he married her, and she had an idea that the papers would tell her of my father's early life. I have always been told that woman's curiosity was large. Well, she can know what she wants to; if she will throw aside this prejudice about Spiritualism, and come right out and meet me, she'll know.

I have never lived at home since I was quite small. After I had got home from long voyages, I'd generally go home and see the folks, but never lived there.

Ans.—When you see a tree loaded with beautiful fruit, you say, how beautiful is that fruit! Well, this is the food of the spirit. To feel these things are beautiful, is to eat them with us.

Ans.—Spirits tell me who have drank, that it has gathered such surroundings for the spirit, that they do not lose it when they leave the body, and they tell me they come back and attach themselves to those in the form who drink, and they seem to enjoy it. How much would the body enjoy liquor after the spirit had gone? This body is not needed at all. The spirit is the only real part.

I was one of those who wanted to see all there was, and I had no money to travel with, so I went to sea, and became a sailor. I remember all I saw.

Ans.—I'll tell you what the clothing of the spirit is. My word to me is the clothing of your thought. The spirit, after it has left the body, has a sort of a garment that corresponds with the feelings. If very happy, it is a sort of drapery very beautiful; but if not happy, the garment is sort of misty and hazy; it looks like one moving on the sea-shore in a foggy day. If you surround yourselves with good acts here, all these things go to make up the quality of your clothing. If you are satisfied with it, it is good. It is a sort of atmosphere going out from the body, fitting closely to it. Sometimes spirits appear to be clothed in garments such as they were here. Well, there are forms of memory, but they are not the clothes of the spirit, as seen by us. We are continually losing a part of your clothing, as we become better.

Ans.—Suppose you were hungry and loved peaches, and I should set a beautiful peach before you. Before you touched the peach, you'd wish you had one. Now that thought, wish, or desire, would satisfy the spirit as much as the fruit would satisfy your body, if you masticated it. You have a spirit within the body. The thought, the desire for food, is the spirit of the hunger your body feels. Well, that desire of the spirit satisfies itself as much as the food would satisfy your body. There is nothing in spirit that decays. The spirit of the peach you cannot have while here, but the spirit of the peach is for the spirit when freed from the body. The peach in spirit-life is never made less by the desire of the spirit to have it. Oh, this is so beautiful a study, it will delight you. I want my mother to know that all this talk here is but answers to questions from people around me. I want her to furnish me with means to talk with her, as I talk with the people here. June 5.

Laura Kings.

My name was Laura Kings. I was thirteen years old. I died at Pittsfield, where I was at school. My parents live at Bangor, State of Maine. It is three years since I died. I have never spoken off before. I have had fear of speaking—always thought I might not be able to make myself known.

I died of typhus fever, in the month of September. I was an only daughter. My mother has been very sorrowful since I left her. They fear she will be insane. I don't think my father need have any fear about her becoming acquainted with Spiritualism. I do not think he need fear letting me communicate with her, for if there is any tendency to insanity I can do much to clear it away.

When I went away she thought I was gone from her forever. She had many plans laid for me, and she was hardly able to bear it. My mother was not a Christian, and had no real belief in anything, but what you see here. I think she has no belief in these things, because the church has failed to offer her anything satisfactory to her soul. They could not make the idea of harmony with her soul, and so she did not become a Christian. As it is, her not having a hope of meeting me again—that unites her to fill her station in life. If I can get her to know we shall meet again, and that she will be as much in my company as before death, that is all that will be necessary to drive away her insanity. There are many Spiritual remedies physicians know nothing about. I know they deal too much with the body, and too little with the spirit.

My mother often says, if there is a God, she does not see his wisdom or justice in removing me from earth, just as I had begun to shine on earth. Instead of my light being blown out, it has only been renewed; it has only gathered more brilliancy. And she will see it so when she believes. I want her to know I am not dead, but that I live more in reality than in the body.

I attended school at the Institute. I wish my dear mother would come to this place so I can speak with her as I do now—or, if not, go to some place where I can come. But she must not think we can come under any and all conditions, nor must she think we are infallible, for we are not; and our means of communicating are very fallible, and often fail us when we want them most. I wish to communicate with my father, but his mind has received so many of what he calls truths in reference to the future state, that I fear I might not be so well able to communicate with him as with my mother. That very infidelity that some look upon with so much scorn, is the very principle we can come on.

I am losing my control of the body I hold. They told me I would be able to use so much of the vital forces of the medium, and then must leave; but I did not understand it, though I see it is the case with me. June 5.

Orrin Barker.

I'll be darned if this is not the queerest place I was ever in. I guess I ain't in heaven, earth or hell. My name is Orrin Barker. I'll be darned! I lived in Norwich, Ct. I was born in Vermont. By thunder! this is a queer place. By golly! I was a farmer. By thunder! what you got me rigged up in this way for? I've got folks at home, but I

should be ashamed to go in this rig. They said it was a body I could use, but I didn't think I was to be rigged up in this way.

I died in 1868. Seeing as I didn't see the folks when I died, I'd like to go down there. I had the small pox—that's the reason I didn't see them. By golly! my sister Sukey would n't know me. Tell her I came in petticoats, and it was the best I could do. She is home in Norwich, I suppose. I got an old aunt there that she is with; they live together. I got a brother round these parts, somewhere in Massachusetts. His name is Thomas. He learned a trade when he was here, something on pianofortes.

About the place. I'm willing he should have part of my portion, but I want my sister to have the biggest part. He did n't do just right; he went off and left all the work for us to see to. He did n't like farming very well, but was always up to the house looting, when he was at home.

When father died, we sold our place in Vermont, and came down to Norwich. When he died it was divided between my aunt and my sister and brother. He lost what he had, and we sold the place and came to Boston and lost it; we bought the new place. I'm willing he should have the smallest part.

He'd better keep clear of the small pox; it's the darnedest disease in the world. Nobody comes to see you, and when people who take care of you come, you feel so like swearing you drive them off. I felt mean when I got over here, for I swore so much I didn't know who would claim me, God or the devil. I saw my mother once; she died before father, when I was little. The old man died about nine years ago, and we have been round considerable.

I have no wife or children, but if I'd stayed here a while longer I should have had a wife. She married since, and her name is Bell. Her name was Martha Hutchings; she came from Vermont. After she came down from Vermont, she went to Hartford and learned to make cigars. I don't like to say I'd like to talk to her, 'cause she has got somebody else. I'd like to talk to her, but I don't want to get her into a scrape.

If Tom is anywhere round, and would like to talk with me, I'd like to.

Well, I guess I'll be trotting. I do n't take this rig off with me. I'm kind of glad there ain't any of my folks here, 'cause I'd be ashamed.

June 11.

Charlotte Ann Peavey.

I've a mother in Haverhill, Mass. I wish to say things to her that I do n't wish to say here. I have been dead seven months. Three days ago it was seven months.

I was eighteen years old; when I was in my fifteenth year, I left my mother and went to Lowell to work in the mill—the Massachusetts spinning room. I stayed there little more than a year, and then came to Boston. From here I went to New York, and from there came to Boston.

I have n't seen my mother but twice since I left home; I don't know as I want to see her now, but sometimes I think I want to. She was a Christian, and a good woman, but every one of her children turned out poorly. She had three. My brother lives with you, I suppose; my sister died before I did. He was dissipated, and went to sea. If I could say anything to comfort my mother, I should like to; but I can't. I am not happy where I am. I am sorry I ever left home. My mother said I should be, and I have been a thousand times. I wish my mother knew something about this coming back, but she do n't. Sometimes I'd like to talk to her, and then I'm afraid she will reproach me, and then I do n't want to. Oh dear, mister, I do n't know what I want. My brother better go home and be steady, and take care of mother.

I know about Spiritualism. I went by the name of Percival here. My name was Charlotte Ann Peavey. I should like to; but I can't. I am not happy where I am. I am sorry I ever left home. My mother said I should be, and I have been a thousand times. I wish my mother knew something about this coming back, but she do n't. Sometimes I'd like to talk to her, and then I'm afraid she will reproach me, and then I do n't want to. Oh dear, mister, I do n't know what I want. My brother better go home and be steady, and take care of mother.

Those folks where I was better reform and shut that bar up. Tell old Mother Ingalls the devil is waiting here to give her the best seat, too. She's one of the kind to sell you a glass of liquor to get you drunk, and then kick you out of doors.

June 11.

Louisa Robertson.

Oh how I pity such, whom unfortunate circumstances are made exiles from home and friends; but we are told they are necessary in the formation of the great panorama of life.

I have a mother who will be ready to receive her child; I feel sure I shall be welcome and I have no fear of returning when your poor unfortunate sister feels as strong repugnance to meeting that mother. It is because society has blinded her eyes; 'tis because society has made her look more hideous than she really is. But the God of nature will open her eyes, and teach her that she is His child.

I was born in the town of South Hadley, Mass. I was twenty-four years old when I died. My disease was consumption. I died at my brother's residence, in Chicago. My mother was with me. She has a partial belief in the Spiritual communion. I promised her when dying, that if I could return I would do so, and give her some test by which she would know the truth of Spiritualism.

I told my friends the night before I died in the morning, that I could hear voices singing. They were so sweet they seemed to be heavenly; I was not mistaken, they were friends come to welcome me to my spirit-home.

My father has been in the spirit-world near nineteen years. He died of fever. Say to my mother of my brother that I have seen him often, and he expresses a desire to communicate, but says he has never found an opportunity to do so. I have also met with a little sister who passed away in infancy; perhaps it may be well to say she never lived at all here. I will surprise my dear mother by telling her she has another link in the chain between spirit-life more beautiful than all the rest. My mother does not suppose the little one exists, but she does, and is crowned with more joy and beauty than any of us here. I am able to give her much knowledge of earth, while she gives me much of spirit-life. I can give my mother much to instruct and amuse her. I am far more happy than I expected to be; all my wild dreams are more than realized, but not in the sense I supposed them to be, for I had no great knowledge of spirit life. We can have little knowledge of it here, and that religion gives us is so imperfect that no one could ever recognize it. June 11.

A Reporter's Experience.

Mr. Russell, The London Times's correspondent, now in this country, was sent years ago to Ireland to report O'Connell's speeches during the repeal agitation. The following is told as the result of his mission:

One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but in his official manner informed the assembled audience that "until that gentleman was provided with all writin' conveniences, he would n't spake a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began and were completed; Russell was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan.

"Quite ready."

"Now are you sure you're entirely ready?"

"I am certain, sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said, "Now, upon my conscience, I won't begin the speech until the London gentleman is entirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention, and the reporter's pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the inexpressible horror of the present editor of The Army and Navy Gazette, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY MOTHER'S SPIRIT.

BY O. G. MEAD.

Pale moon! let fall thy soft cool light
Upon my blanched and saddened brow.
For visions pure and strangely bright,
Are floating round my spirit now.

As now, I've sat for many an hour,
Entranced beneath thy virgin smiles,
Until some strange, unearthly power,
To distant worlds my soul beguiles.

I've roamed amid the starry throng,
And converse held with beings fair;
I've caught their notes of harp and song,
While floating on the balmy air.

Oh, too, I've sighed for pleasures past,
When hope and fancy wandered free,
Ere sorrow in my path had cast
Its signet of mortality.

But I would sing another song,
Before thou leavest thy starry throne,
For time doth swiftly flow along,
And upon its tide am borne.

I sing of one whose image dead,
Is shrouded upon my memory;
Whose angel voice I often hear,
In the low wind's soft melody.

I hear the sighing of the breeze,
The murmuring of the rippling rills,
While zephyrs play among the trees,
And all the air with music thrills.

The wind all burdened with perfume,
As if an angel's feet had pressed
The fragrance from the rose's bloom,
O'ercharged with sweetness, sinks to rest.

It seems a fairy hour indeed,
For spirits bright to wander forth
And scatter flowers o'er the mead
Of life, unyielding such a growth.

And now, as gently falls the light,
So softly do I feel her near,
While poised on silken pinions bright,
She kisses from my cheek a tear.

That had escaped thy crystal pool,
Now gently with her waving wings
She fans my feverish temples cool,
And softly to my spirit sings.

She sings of that bright world above,
Where tender ties are severed never—
Where with the objects of our love,
In happiness we dwell forever.

She softly whispers words of peace,
In language that can ne'er be spoken;
And thus anew of future bliss,
Is left within my heart a token.

June 15, 1861.

IMMORTALITY—DR. SPENCER'S VIEWS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

SIR—Will you do me the favor, and Prof. Spencer the justice, to print the accompanying note I have just received from him? Also, permit me to explain, that Prof. Spencer is quite mistaken in supposing I had special reference to him in the passage he quotes. I stated what I understood was "the theory of some Spiritualists," not "some one," and I deduced from it what I deemed certain probable conclusions, without intimating that anybody else had deduced the same.

In fact, at the time that article was written (upwards of a year ago), I knew scarce anything of Prof. Spencer's peculiar views on the subject in question, his own elaborate expositions not having then been published. I had learned that he had questioned the natural immortality of all human beings; but on what grounds, I was not aware, and hence I purposely refrained from attempting to state his opinions, lest I should mis-state them.

If any reader of the article referred to has so misapprehended my meaning as to do injustice to the Professor's views, I trust this explanation, with his own explicit declarations, will suffice for correction.

The fact that Prof. Spencer, while pursuing a totally independent course of investigation, should have reached conclusions so nearly identical with those which have forced themselves upon my own mind, is at least an interesting one.

Respectfully,
Boston, July 10, 1861.

A. E. NEWTON.

Mr. Newton:—The doctrine of the non-immortality of some human beings has met the fate of all other truths that have overturned and revolutionized men's fixed and stereotyped thoughts and opinions. It has been abused, ridiculed, sneered at, spit upon, misrepresented and misunderstood by nearly every one that has approached it, while not a few have stood at a respectful distance from it and made faces at it, and poured out their indignation upon it in the bitterest epithets that could be used. A brief season of rest has been given to the subject, during which passion and prejudice have had time to cool down, while reason and philosophy have to some extent gained the ascendancy. Spiritualists, therefore, are in a better condition to investigate the subject in a calm, philosophic spirit than they were when it was first presented through the columns of the BANNER. For this reason I am much pleased to see that a call from one of your correspondents has induced you to give your views upon the subject, and that a kindred subject is now under discussion before the Boston Conference.

Your well known calmness and moderation is a sure guarantee that those who differ from you will be treated with civility and respect; but some portions of your article induce me to caution you against a species of injustice which is much more injurious in its effects upon those who differ from you than the bitterest words of condemnation or abuse. I refer to the neglect to ascertain the real opinions of those whose opinions you publicly criticize. Such a neglect is manifest in your article, and, as a consequence, I am under the necessity of assuring you that you have misrepresented (unintentionally, of course) my views upon the subject referred to.

You say, "It has been the favorite theory of some Spiritualists, if I do not misunderstand them, that all spirit is an ultimate or product of matter; hence that man's spirit (if he has one) must be developed in and from his material body. If this be so, then, it would seem to follow that in case the physical body is destroyed before reaching a certain stage of maturity, no spirit is ultimately—no fruit is produced, as in the case of a bud blasted in the blossom. Hence no immortality and no future life can be anticipated for children who die young, nor for certain infantile races of men." These conclusions seem unavoidable, provided the premises be correct, that all spirit is the product of matter. This materialistic axiom is attributed (with what truth I know not) to Mr. A. J. Davis, &c.

The lines which I have italicized in the above quotation were intended, of course, to express your con-

ceptions of the process of reasoning by which some one (you do not say who) has endeavored to prove that children and all who die prematurely are not immortal. That some one must be myself, as no one else has ever contended for the non-immortality of such cases; nor has any one ever argued the point in the manner you have represented, or in anything like that manner, except myself.

The important point in which you unintentionally misrepresented me, is this: I do not assume the position that all spirit is the ultimate or product of matter. That proposition may be proved to be true, or it may be proved to be false, and yet the argument which I employed will remain untouched. I do not pretend to know the origin of either spirit or matter; but I have assumed that they have both existed, and will continue to exist forever.

I do not wish to put you to the trouble of reading what I have published on the question of non-immortality; still I have been so often and so persistently misrepresented by others that you cannot rely upon hearsay evidence as to what my opinions are; and, therefore, if you should again have occasion to criticize them, it would be but an act of justice to your readers and to myself if you would ascertain for yourself what my opinions really are. To this end I would refer you to the BANNER of 1860, of the following dates, namely: March 31st, April 14th, June 23d, Aug. 25th, and Dec. 15. You will find from a perusal of those articles that, making due allowance for your questioning way of expressing your opinions, we do not differ from each other as much as you have perhaps supposed.

Using the word soul to mean the same as spirit-body, and the term spirit to mean principle, or power which manifests itself through the spirit-body, I maintain, 1st. That a destruction of the soul necessarily destroys that individualization of spirit which manifests itself through the soul. 2d. That in some cases the soul perishes immediately upon the death of the body. 3d. That in other cases the soul may survive the death of the body for days, weeks, months and years, and yet eventually perish; 4th. That in other cases the soul survives the death of the body and lives forever. Yours truly,
New York, June 18, 1861. PATYON SPENCER.

THE BRIER-WOOD PIPE.

BY CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

Ha! hully for me, again, when my turn for picket is over,
And now, a smoke, as I lie, with the moonlight,
out in the clover.

My pipe, it's only a knot from the root of the brier-wood tree,
But it turns my heart to the Northward—Harry gave it to me.

And I'm but a rough, at best, bred up to the row and the riot;
But a softness comes over my heart, when all are asleep and quiet.

For, many a time, in the night, strange things appear to my eye
As the breath from my brier-wood pipe sails up between me and the sky.

Last night, a beautiful spirit arose with the wisping smoke;
O! I shook, but my heart felt good, as it spread out its hands and spoke.

Saying: "I am the soul of the brier; we grew at the root of a tree
Where lovers would come in the twilight, two ever; for company.

Where lovers would come in the morning—ever but two together;
When the flowers were full in their blow, the birds in their song and feather.

Where lovers would come in the noon time, loitering—never but two,
Looking in each others' eyes, like the pigeons that kiss and coo.

And O! the honeyed words that came when the lips were parted,
And the passion that glowed in eyes, and the lightning looks that darted!

Enough: Love dwells in the pipe—so ever it glows with fire!
I am the soul of the bush, and spirits call me "Sweet Brier."

That's what the brier-wood said, as nigh as my tongue can tell,
And the words went straight to my heart, like the stroke of the fire-bell!

To-night I lie in the clover, watching the blossomy smoke;
I'm glad the boys are asleep, for I ain't in the humor to joke.

I lie in the huffy clover: between me and the moon,
The smoke from my pipe arises; my heart will be quiet, soon.

Pearls.

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

A PRAYER.

Guide me, Father! God of mercy!
On the way:
Never from thy holy guidance
Let me stray!
Give that meat of joy or sorrow
Pleaseth thee,
Whatsoever thy will ordaineth
Best for me.
In the shadow and the darkness
Be my star;
In the light, best radiance dazzle,
Go not far!
Make me patient, kind and gentle,
Day by day;
Teach me how to live more nearly
As I pray.

Tears are the magic blossoms of the heart at parting,
smiles at meeting. Sometimes they bloom at once;
then joy is sorrow and sorrow is joy.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

A dew-drip, falling on the ocean wave,
Exclaimed in fear—"I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth—as it had feared—to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O, unbelieving!—So it came to gleam,
Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.—[Trench.

No man ever professed to condemn women till he was
conscious of their contempt.

DEATH OF TIME.

Sunset, like Sunrise, may illumine the dale,
The Western Gate be as the Orient bright,
Life's latest drop like diamond spark exhale,
Into the glorious sphere that hath no night!
So, full of joy, I strike the tuncful spell,
O, Last Moon of the Year, to bid thee sweet farewell!
—[Mrs. Sigourney.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 9, 1861.

QUESTION:—Has there ever been any inspiration, that
essentially differs from the inspiration of this age?

MR. EDSON.—God breathes into man the breath of
life, and he becomes a living soul. The Almighty
enlightens his understanding, and he becomes a
quickened spirit. I have thought that the human
soul, in its essential, its spiritual part, was a reproduction
of the divine—the production of its interior
self, the producer; that this was done through re-
ceptive instrumentalities, in such a manner as to
create individual responsibilities, capacitated to en-
joy without multiplying the godhead, increasing
spirit, or creating matter; that inspiration and the
change called death were the means through which
it was performed; that there is a sense in which
God lives, moves, and has his being in every living
thing. Man seems to be a true being. When
harmoniously developed, he is the spiritual temple
of the living God. It is with the spiritual as with
the literal or Jewish temple—each has its outer, its
inner, and inmost courts, or holiest of the holy.
The one is beautifully expressive of the other. The
construction, furniture, and service of the Jewish or
literal temple, was not the result of blind chance,
finite invention or design; it was the work of di-
vinely inspired artists and artisans. Probably they
did not perceive or comprehend the truths or prin-
ciples expressed in the model made, any better than
we perceive or comprehend the finger of God in the
spiritual phenomena of our day. It was then with
the Jewish the literal temple, as it is now with the
spiritual, the transcendental temple. God is the
maker and builder thereof; he is all in all; he in-
spires each and all in their different spheres of
good and use. Each artist and artisan will receive
his meat in due season. The Bible prophets spoke
as they were moved; theirs was the day of types
and shadows. The prophets that are to be will
speak as they perceive, in accordance with their de-
gree of spiritual enlightenment, for the coming is
to be the day of spiritual realities. The truths of the
past will be understood; we shall know there is a
spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Al-
mighty giveth him understanding. Spiritual under-
standing—the result of inspiration—is dependent
upon spiritual activities. It is not a subject or
thing to be taught; it is a condition of the soul, to
be felt and known by experience. Individual ex-
periences upon this subject would be interesting and
profitable. The spiritual minded, loving soul, who
lives in the interior department of his being (the
temple of the living God) may be inspired from the
Almighty, the inmost of the within, the holiest of
the holy. He may commune with the cherubims and
seraphims at the altar of eternal life. The quick-
ened spirit, the resurrected Christ, may stand forth
within him, constituting an open door, the way or
well of life (the result of animal sacrifices), of
which, if a man drink, he will never die. He that
would come unto God, or be inspired, must believe
that he is the rewarder of all those who diligently
seek and serve him in spirit and in truth.

MR. KAULBACK.—Inspiration leads us to the an-
cient view of the subject. It has always been con-
sidered that the Jews were elected for one specific
end—to receive the inspired thoughts God had for
the good of mankind. That idea does not corre-
spond or harmonize with other departments of the
divine plan, where all nations look to the All-wise.
The Jews were the fountain of inspiration. Theology
says their theology goes for it; but the Romans
were no less inspired, and the same of them. The
ologian goes to the Jewish fount; the scholar all over
the world to the Greek and Roman. From the Jews
came the New Testament dispensation, manifesting
a deep regard for the welfare of man, irrespective
of the accident of birth. The Jew was for himself;
out of him grew Christianity for the world. But
how much the world is indebted for the inspiration
of Rome, the birth-place of the jurisprudence of the
world! Newton may be as inspired as Paul; any
discovery of a law or nature or what tends to human
benefit must be inspiration, must be divine, must
come from God. The only difference in inspiration
is man's receptivity—it is God's mode of leading
the race to higher conditions.

MR. WETTERBERG.—Everybody knows the lexico-
grapher's definition of the word; to this subject or word,
a deeper import attaches itself. There is a definition
equally superficial to the word man, viz., a male of
the human species, or Plato's definition—a two legged
animal without feathers. But in the height and
depth of humanity there is more of the image of

God than is conveyed in that definition. It has been
said great men stand like solitary towers in the
city of God and secret passages running deep be-
neath external nature gave their thoughts intren-
ched with higher intelligences which strengthen
and console them, and of which the laborers on the
surface, or the males of the human species, or the
two legged animals without feathers referred to, do
not dream. So of inspiration, there is the lexico-
grapher's definition; but there is the hidden meaning
developed by the stand-point you take; or your in-
herent comprehensibility. I am inclined to pass over
the whole inclined plane of the degrees of inspiration,
and speak of its ultimate significance as being the
highest and noblest thoughts that have illuminated
the world. No age, or race, can claim the principle, or
essence, or development of it exclusively; it belongs
to every age and to every race; all have it, and it is
the extended finger point, or index in the direction
of progress and elevation and civilization. It is in-
herent in the soul of man, like animal heat in the
human body. We see it manifested all through hu-
man history, ancient and modern, barbarous and civ-
ilized; like the ninth wave in the ocean, we see men
now, and then having this ground swell in them, or
an illuminating force, which has made them more or
less marked; and many who have lived in times of
darkness and superstition astonish us with their
depth of thought, and their profound intuitions. It is
not confined to sacred or profane, to Jewish or Gen-
tile, to Heathen or Christian channels, but all over
the world and all through the ages, making us feel
that if Mary the virgin had not conceived—if Paul
had not been blinded by the light when going to Da-
mascus—if Juno had not eaten the lettuce—if the
North wind had not sunk the Persian fleet—if Aris-
totle, Plato and Socrates had come into the world
still-born, we should still have had Christianity and
philosophy and revelation. The germ of inspiration
in the race would have had its effect, and the world
grown in age and wisdom; it was in the race, and
like disease in the body it will in time come to the
surface; if driven away from the face, it will find
some other spot to ooze out, or to externalize itself.
Certain zones, or climates, or soils, or races are more
blessed than others in this respect; and some ages
are more peculiarly ages of inspiration; the mild
climate of the Mediterranean and Egypt and the fer-
tile spots of Southern Asia appear to have been the
selected localities for the best of ancient inspiration;
and now the colder or more temperate latitudes of
Central Europe and our Northern States appear on
the van in this respect. Nature in its bounty pro-
duced the blessing first, and the energy of man after-
wards and which has achieved a higher civilization
and a corresponding inspiration than was possible
with the earlier material that built the Parthenon, the
pyramids, the Chinese wall and the splendors of
Babylon and Palmyra. All nations claim their poets,
their prophets, their philosophers and their seers, and
inspiration is the bright star "Sirius" that attracts
the magnet where the inherent power of human ad-
vancement lies; and the world to day is no more in-
debted to Jeremiah and Ezekiel, than to Lycurgus
and Pythagoras; no more to Moses than to Minoes;
no more to Sampson and Gideon than to Thebes and
Hercules—no more to the destruction of Jerusalem
and Babylon than of Troy and Carthage.

The high elevated and illuminated thoughts of
poets, prophets and philosophers of all times, seem
to have been the outbirth coming out of what
was enfolded in the race, and seems also to have
been the inspiration needed by the mass, and the se-
lections of inspirational thoughts taken from what
has come down to us, are worthy of immortality for
their truth. Sublimity and beauty neither sacred
nor profane, can claim absolute superiority, and the
internal evidence of all, show either the paternity of
a higher intelligence or of a latent power within,
capable of an action superior to its normal condi-
tion. And whatever inspired Job, or David, or Dan-
iel, be it God, angels, or the abnormal action of a
latent power, inspired Peter the hermit, Loyola the
jesuit, and Luther the reformer; and that which in-
spired Jesus and John and Peter and Paul, inspired
Wesley and Whitfield, and Theodor Parker, and in-
spired today Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward
Beecher, and causes some faint scintillations of light
from the luminaries of this room, though perhaps
the thoughts or sparks are not sufficiently luminous
to ensure the speakers as yet, a permanent foothold
on the pedestal of inspiration. [Mr. W. for illus-
tration, quoted from the sacred writings of the Per-
sians and Hindus, and from the Koran, which we
leave out for want of room.] I think the science or
principle whence these thoughts through different
channels, have come, is one and the same; it may be
God—it may be spirits, it may be the latent power
made active by circumstances. I am inclined to at-
tribute it to the latter, combined, perhaps, with the
circumstances of influence—but one must be attuned
to those influences, whatever they are, or the Eolian
harp of inspiration will discourse no music.

MR. THAYER.—Inspiration which we are accus-
tomed to call holy and divine, and which the Bible
represents, is not confined to the Bible, but we have
it now; but in my judgment there is a difference,
and there was more of it, and it was more appreciated
in the ancient times than now, as a record of the facts
will show. I doubt, if in later times we could find
one who was so full of it as many of whom we read,
in ancient times; like Daniel who prayed three
times a day with a cruel death staring him in the
face, yet he did so, with his window open. And the
three young men we read of. Where would you find
three young men now, who at the risk of being cast
into a fiery furnace, would have been as firm as
these, in their faith in God? Inspiration is less
by which men and women are made more or less
sympathetic and loving toward one another. In
other words, better, and have a greater trust in God.
What but inspiration in its best sense, could have
induced the self-sacrifice which the early Christians
manifested; they had no large houses with bright
door plates on their doors as we have, on what we
could read the names of Paul, John, Jesus. No; they
were without homes, and traveled about doing good,
and teaching the elevating doctrine of Christianity,
which is love to our fellow-men.

MR. DUNKE thought there was no inspiration,
properly so called, in the world. We had authority
for believing that it existed down to the time of the
Apostles, but we had no authority to show that it
had ever been felt since. The cause of its absence
was contained in the sorrowful fact that we had
not, in any approximate degree, learned or lived out
the lessons given to us by the Master; but as soon
mankind should have attained the standard set up
by the great Teacher, we should have another influx
of inspiration from heaven to lead us still further
upward and onward in our career of light and glory.

PROF. BUTLER.—I think the Conference has as-
sumed the shape of a conversation upon inspiration
instead of inspiration. One of the speakers defined
inspiration to be "a cropping out of the latent spir-

ituallity of the soul;" and all of them have spoken
of it as an upward and heavenward yearning. This
is wide of the mark. Inspiration is an *inbreathing*,
an *influx*; aspiration is an "outcropping," an *efflux*;
and it is this latter of which they have discoursed.
But I am not surprised that it eludes your definition
and baffles your analysis; I should be astonished if
it did not. Because, before you can define the na-
ture of inspiration, you must define the nature and
character of its source; you must, in short, tell us
whom or what God is—a work which none of you
will undertake. Perhaps it is clearer to call inspira-
tion the life of the soul, and aspiration the outgrowth
of the life of the soul. But this does not help us in
the least; it is terminology; that is all. It cannot
be defined. It cannot be analyzed. You must first
define that which you would dissect; but the pent
up essence within us, striving with divine rage to
lift itself to its divine level, cannot be fastened. We
are encompassed by it as by the impalpable ether;
but we can in no wise understand it. It shifts, it
grows, it increases; it by so much transcends our
power to grasp it, as that which we shall one day
become transcends that which we at present are.
We do not comprehend it, but we are compre-
hended by it; that is the difference.

With regard to the opinion of Mr. Burke, who
will not admit the existence of inspiration in the
absence of competent authority to prove it as such,
I must call his attention to its insufficiency, by say-
ing that his method would set up the creature as
judge over the Creator. For all religious author-
ity bases its pretensions upon inspiration, and only
claims to exorcise the former as a prerogative of the
latter; whereas, by his mode, inspiration having
first created authority, shall next become dependent
for existence upon the favor of that which, without
itself, could never have been.

Touching his other view, I think it is quite likely
that, instead of needing no further inspiration until
we have learned the lesson of the master, we shall
not compass their full significance and beauty until
the inspiration or aspiration within us shall have
larger and fuller play. For though I grant that the
teachings of Jesus may be a chart of perfect safety,
still it is true that a man may have a very correct
map of the road in his pocket, and yet fall into the
ditch, because he has no light by which to examine
it.

There is as much of inspiration in the world as
there ever was; and so long as the Infinite Father
is above humanity, and seeks to raise humanity
nearer to himself, there will continue to be. Let us
not be discouraged; we are not less dear to God
than were the Israelites; and the boundless love of
heaven is sublimely impartial. The race of the
prophets is not extinct. Every lofty poem written—
every true painting that grows from under the
artist's pencil—every pure statue that is shaped into
symmetry out of marble—every wise word spoken—
every heroic deed performed—aye, every tear of un-
rest and every sob of sorrow—is evidence enough to
me that the inspiration of the divinity is still stir-
ring within us, and that the whole world is slowly
climbing up out of lonely hell, nearer and nearer to
the high enthroned heavens. The voices from Para-
dise knock at the doors of all hearts; only let us
open the chambers of our souls, and they shall pre-
sently become the shrines of all holy visitants. Only
let us be true, simple, and single of life and pur-
pose; not desecrating our natures with the littleness
of artifice, fashion, and covetousness, and the time
is not far off when we shall float and bathe in the
inspirations of the Almighty, as the birds float and
bathe in the warmth and blue of the blessed sum-
mer air.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, June 25th, 1861.

QUESTION.—To what extent do communications partake
of the idiosyncrasies of the mediums?

MR. ODELL related a case of long-standing rhu-
matism in the arm, and which had taken place very
suddenly during the sitting of a circle. He spoke of
some cases of disease successfully treated by Dr. J.
N. Newton.

DR. BERTHOLET objected to the term *idiosyncrasies*
as used in the statement of the question. It was
strictly a medical term, and applied to persons re-
markable for a constitutional inability to receive
certain impressions, or in whom such impressions
are depraved, or perverted. For instance, some in-
dividuals cannot partake of certain ordinary articles
of diet; others are very unpleasantly affected by the
perfume of particular flowers, such as the rose;
others, again, entertain a strong antipathy to the
company of a cat. He thought that like constitu-
tional peculiarities are observed in the spheres of
morals and literature. Some people cannot endure
certain ideas, which are quite harmless to the ge-
nerality, and some are unaccountably averse to as-
sociation with certain other individuals. So, also,
some appear peculiarly adapted to particular forms
of religious worship.

DR. YOUNG.—This question is like asking what
influence has an instrument (as a piano, or violin),
upon the tune played. It is evident that the music
does not originate with the instrument which is
necessary in order to make it audible; but it is the
musician that creates the melody. So in the case of
an honest medium, in the genuine medium-condition,
if it be granted that he is expressing thoughts he is
not aware of himself, it is unsafe to declare that
those thoughts come from him in any sense, even
though they might happen to resemble the results of
his conscious mental processes. Such an unwar-
ranted supposition merely leaves us in a trackless
wilderness, instead of putting us in the road to cer-
tainty. This method of getting over the phenomena
of Spiritualism, by guess-work, destroys all their reli-
ability. Before Spiritualism had arisen, Alexis, the
celebrated French clairvoyant, gave a strange inquirer
unexpected information of his son's dangerous ill-
ness, which was found to be perfectly correct. Re-
cently, a gentleman calling upon Mrs. Scriber in
this city was told, through her, by the spirit of his
wife, that his children, at his home in Dutchess Co.,
had taken out his horse, contrary to his directions,
driven it, and then carefully rubbed it down and re-
turned it to the stable, in order to prevent his de-
tecting the fact. He had not expected from them
such an act of disobedience, but he subsequently in-
formed Mrs. S. that the account had proved true in
the minutest particulars. Now, although these two
facts were differently accounted for at the time of
their occurrence, they must, evidently be referred to
the same source, and that is, either the agency of
departed spirits, or some unknown, but entirely
natural, normal cause. It is not allowable to place
them in different categories. I do not think the
mind of the medium has any influence on the phe-
nomena, where they are honestly produced; nor do

I believe that a medium can, unconsciously to him-
self, and to them, adopt and reproduce the idiosyn-
crasies of the circle, or audience. Such a notion is contrary
to all the analogies of Nature.

DR. BERTHOLET.—About twelve years ago, perhaps
rendered morbidly anxious by repeated domestic
afflictions, I became very uneasy respecting the wel-
fare of my son, who was traveling, and who had not
kept me apprised of his condition, as I had enjoined
him to do. At last, I applied for information to a
friendly medium; but she, being apprehensive lest her
exalted sympathies might interfere with the perform-
ance of her function, in this case, advised me to call
on a stranger at a distance. I did so; and, at first,
she could discern nothing, but feared my son was
very sick. But, the next time, she declared she saw
a letter with a white envelope, and nothing more.
Now, I myself never use white envelopes, but always
buff, and so she said that, if I had not sent such a
letter, I should soon receive one. Sure enough, it
came by the next mail, and relieved my anxiety, by
giving me the desired information.

MR. COLES.—I believe the communications vary,
according to the capacity of the medium. I judge
so, by analogy, from the phenomena of mesmerism,
which show that one subject is more sensitive to the
operation of the mesmerizer, than another, owing to
a difference in cerebral organization; and, from the
same cause, spiritual communications may be mod-
ified without any dishonesty on the part of the me-
dium. The best musician cannot fully manifest his
powers on an imperfect instrument. But, that the
medium's mind should be impressed by the sur-
rounding circle, I hold to be impossible, as is proved
by such instances as the following, which I witnessed
last Friday week, at Mrs. Scriber's. On this occa-
sion, Mrs. Scriber, being entranced, mounted on a
chair, reached out at something above, and, after other
forcible manifestations, would have fallen, had she
not been supported, and laid down with her face to
the floor. Being asked if this was not a personation
of Col. Ellsworth, she instantly started up, and com-
menced an animated address, saying in answer to a
question, as to whether he had remained long uncon-
scious, after being shot, "No! you see how quick I
rose!" During the discourse, an alarm of fire, near
by, was heard and Mrs. Scriber's daughter rushed
in with the intelligence that the premises in the rear
were all in flames; which much agitated the circle,
until, having prevailed on them to remain, I sent
out and found that we were in no danger, and that
the disaster was much exaggerated. During all this
time, the medium, totally unconscious of the distur-
bance, calmly continued her address—thus proving,
beyond dispute, that no rapport existed between her-
self and the circle; and when she recovered from the
trance she was found to be entirely ignorant of the
excitement which had prevailed. This shows that
the spirit controls the intellect and perceptions of the
medium, as fully as the mesmerizer controls those of
his subject—and we know that he does so absolutely,
and without any interpolation or transfer of state.

DR. YOUNG did not think that musical instru-
ments had been happily mentioned in illustration,
by the preceding speaker. A violin, even if broken,
gives the best expression possible, under such cir-
cumstances; but it is yet to be proved that the me-
dium has anything whatever to do with the expres-
sions and communications through mediums,
which could not have been imparted by the
audience, or by the medium's own mind, and there-
fore, must be from another source, viz.: disembodied
spirits—whom ought to be no more a matter of
doubt than the separate intelligence of a person who
sends me a telegraphic message from Buffalo, and
whom, perhaps, I do not know, personally. To be
sure, they may be lying spirits, devils, or the very
Father of evil himself—that is another question;
but that they are intelligences outside of Humanity,
is as clear as A B C; and is the truth which will
give rise to new sciences of man.

MR. COLES thought the phenomena of awaking
from a spiritual trance and from a mesmeric sleep,
were respectively analogous, and that spirits have
the mediums as completely under their control, as
mesmerizers their subjects. The spelling of a writ-
ten communication is that of the medium, on the
same principle which causes liquid to take the shape
of the vessel containing it.

MRS. FRENCH.—When the controlling spirit is
stronger than any mind in the circle, the communi-
cation will be entirely from the former; but when
otherwise, I think the ideas of the more positive
mind will modify or be substituted for it. I have
known instances where this has occurred to very
good mediums. But I do not believe in the transfer
of minds. We should regard the messages that
come to us, in the light of their intrinsic value.
For myself, I am convinced that every word and
thought that reaches us from the other side, has a
beneficent application to some requirement of the
recipient; and that spiritual communications, on
the whole, are designed to give us greater happi-
ness in this life, and prepare us for the enjoyment
of immortality hereafter; and this they have done,
and are doing, for thousands of human souls. And
there never was a spirit that uttered the same senti-
ments before as after it had left the form; nor one
that did not come back prepared to upset its own
individuality more successfully and effectively for
good. Were this not so, these manifestations would
not be permitted. In the earlier years of Spiritu-
alism, the communications, like newly-issued bank-
notes, passed current, and were accepted without
hesitation; and we revered the truth we discovered,
and doubted not we had a reason for our faith, until
the counterfeit and demoniac manifestations crept
in, and it began to be said by Swedenborgians, and
other prejudiced sectaries, that the whole had an
infernal origin. This is not the way to treat those
who have gone to the other side! Concede to them
what is right, and we shall have no more perplexity
from psychology, or mesmerism, or theories of inter-
polation. If we had continued as truly spiritual in
our motives and feelings, our investigations would
now result in even more convincing evidence than
we used to obtain in those earlier and better days of
Spiritualism, during the innocent infancy of our
faith. When I contrast that period with the pres-
ent, I am compelled to declare myself no longer a
Spiritualist—not because I have ceased to love my
fellow-creatures, or am not as willing as ever to
spend and be spent in their service; but when you sub-
stitute for the subject of my profoundest convictions
and the source of my highest happiness, theories of

pseudo-religion, and polluting doctrines of free-love,
I prefer to stand aloof from such associations, while
clinging resolutely to true Spiritualism—to those
blessed teachings of humility and brotherly love,
which I hold dear as my hopes of immortality.

MR. PANTRY was sorry to hear some of the op-
inions just expressed by Mrs. French, and thought she
would be inclined to modify them on reflection.
Spiritualists, as is well known, differ in many minor
subjects, but he did not think the great body of them
would at all coincide with the disparaging views she
had thought fit to adopt.

How is the spirit modified by the instrument
through which it acts? I think there is, in the
whole universe, no such thing as material existence
without spirit. Spirit is everywhere, without excep-
tion, and what we call dead matter is so only rela-
tively to the degree in which it is able to manifest
spirit. Hence, everywhere, each particle of matter
is, in its own degree, alive and active, the degree of
activity varying in accordance with the great diver-
sity of particles, but we may say that the same es-
sential spirit manifests itself in all. The manifesta-
tion of spirit in stages depends on the nature of the
material instrument through which it acts. The
manifestation of spirit in a rock, for instance, pro-
ceeds thus: First, its structure is broken down—dis-
integrated—by the different elements of which it is
composed entering into new relations of affinity;
and this process affords the conditions for vegetable
and animal life, in their order—in all which suc-
cessive forms the same spirit is constantly manifested,
from the inert mineral, up to the highest grade of
conscious intelligence. No spirit, in any stage, can
be active, save by affinity with the matter through
which it acts. As an instance—we are constantly
improving our soil, so that it is capable of produ-
cing better fruit—that is, the fruit progresses, be-
cause the improvement in the soil is constantly
bringing a higher degree of spirit in contact with it.
So the spirit in each of us manifests itself as well
as it can in its present bodily envelope. But each
of us knows that his spirit aspires after a higher
degree of manifestation than it can yet attain—that
its desires are always above the capability of the
flesh, which it is, therefore, striving to bring up and
progress.

If, as the experience of many of you will attest,
there is any truth in this idea, which may be ex-
pressed by saying that the medium through which
the human spirit acts on the earth-plane determines,
in a great degree, its action; then it is almost a ne-
cessary inference that the quality of the medium
through which that spirit acts, after its departure
will equally determine the quality of its expressions.
Hence, it must sometimes fail to express itself ade-
quately, through a poor instrument; and there is
reason to believe that the fact of a spirit's coming
through a medium morally or intellectually inferior
to the grade of organization which it formerly in-
habited, must operate to *tone down* its expressions to
the plane of that medium. I appeal to all Spiritual-
ists, whether their experience does not confirm this
idea? Has not each of us, sometimes, in communi-
cating with a particular spirit, through one medium,
been more strongly impressed with a sense of its
identity, than when communicating through another?
and yet has he not, even through the latter,
caught glimpses which were not to be mistaken?

Every form and mode of existence is divine; and,
on the great, broad plane, I cannot recognize any
sphere or state, as high or low; for all are equally
valuable for the progress of the universe. My phi-
losophy pivots on the upward road of eternal pro-
gression; while accounting for the great diversity of
manifestations from one and the same spirit. A
spirit could no more spell a communication correct-
ly through a medium who was a bad speller than it
could play well on a piano out of tune; but it might
reason very soundly, for all that. The same essen-
tial spirit passes through all stages of manifestation,
from the rock up to the human being—so that the
lowest degree of humanity may be said to be impris-
oned in the mountains; and this whole earth is des-
tined to ultimate in the spirit of man. The opera-
tions of a disembodied spirit more nearly resemble
those of our own minds, than anything else we know
of; and, therefore, the production of a spirit-picture,
through a medium, is just as instantaneous as the
conception of the subject in the mind of the propo-
ser; but the mechanical execution of the picture
(whether the hand or pencil of the medium be used
or not) will be modified, more or less, by the graphic
powers of the medium.

MR. ADAMS.—There are certain analogies in na-
ture which will help us to determine this question.
We find, there, that the media for influences do qual-
ify those influences; as in the case of the sunbeam,
passing through different strata in the atmosphere,
and of water taking up soluble substances. Metals,
too, are media for magnetism and electricity, and
qualify those forces differently; and in some metals
they exist in larger quantities than in others. The
noblest metals, also, are better conductors; and this
illustrates the idea of a difference among human
mediums. This difference undoubtedly exists, just
as the same musician will express the same musical
theme differently, according as his instrument is the
piano, melodeon, guitar, or accordion; and so the
various temperaments and susceptibilities of the
mediums, at the present day, modify the spirit-influ-
ences and communications received through them.
But these modifications are more the result of the
imperfect development of mediums, than of anything
else. The instruments, in their cases, are poor, and
consequently the music must be poor, also. There
is not enough of the religious element in our mo-
dern Spiritualism, and it will be a root out of the
ground, without form or comeliness, until you lift it
from the miserable quagmire in which it has sunk,
into the purer and more sublimated region where
bright spirits dwell. Compare the spiritual writ-
tings of our day with the Scriptures, and where,
among the former, can you find more than the fee-
blest dilution of that fulness, sublimity, majesty,
splendor of diction and dramatic power, by which
the latter are so eminently characterized, and which
stamp them as the oracles of Divinity? Until we
know there are spirits that can inspire us, we shall
be in the state of those early Christian disciples,
who, being asked if they had received the Holy
Ghost, replied they had never even heard of such an
influence. But what difficulty had the apostles on
the day of Pentecost, in understanding and *speaking*
the messages of that spirit? In like manner, the
feeblest and most unlettered medium among us,
when he shall have received the divine Christ, will
speak with other tongues, as the spirit shall give
him utterance. We can come into that rapport only
through earnest prayer and lofty aspirations, and a
life of corresponding purity; and through these we
shall be gifted with a power which shall be above
doubt or cavil, and by which our lives will be as
jewels, all radiant and sparkling in the glowing
light of inspiration—of heaven itself.