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PERDITA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

OR,

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A DANSEUSE.

BY EMMA HARDING.

CHAPTER VI.

Between me and my self-constituted guardian, Mr. Masters, no very cordial feelings had ever existed; he brought me to his house, as even my childish but singularly acute perceptions taught me, rather as an act of duty or satisfaction, or some unexplained impulse of his interior prompting, than from kindness to myself or my dead mother. The secret of these promptings I had never learned. His manners were cold and repulsive, even to his children; and to me, his self-imposed charge, absolutely awful. My poor mother's name, whose dying request alone could have induced this singular relation between us, had never once been mentioned, and my position in Mr. Masters's household had never, therefore, assumed the directness either of a mental or an adopted child.

After poor Flora's marriage and the conversation to which I was in part an auditor, which preceded it, Mr. Masters's repulsive feelings toward myself were obviously increased. I felt that he attributed the rebellion which she had manifested toward her hated union, not to her womanly promptings of nature revolting against such loathsome association, but to the influence which I was supposed to exercise over her. The poor girl had dragged me with her to bear protest against the sacrifice, and much as her determined tyrant affected to disregard her pleadings, he felt their force too keenly to endure that another should be witness to the degradation of his own cruelty unmasked. I felt, moreover, that the real affection which had existed between Flora and myself up to this hour, was viewed with jealous dislike both by her proud half-sister Augusta, and that father who was ever watchful not to elevate, but to subdue the individuality of the child, whose independence might thwart what he either sincerely believed, or affected to believe, was her best interest, to wit: a profitable sale in the legalized market of matrimony.

Now, as in Perdita Morand, independence born of early effort and bitter necessity was an element that no subsequent moral rack could crush out, every spark of this undesirable and unyielding evidence of a reasonable soul, exhibited by poor Flora was naturally enough traced to my pernicious influence and associations.

During many months after the marriage of my friend, my situation became daily more intolerable in the unequivocal tokens of Mr. Masters's and Augusta's dislike. The event I am about to narrate brought this state of things to its culminating point. It was on a certain sweet Summer evening, exactly three weeks prior to the day set apart for Mr. Horace Traverser to lead Miss Augusta Masters to the hyemal altar, that said Mr. Horace Traverser stood with me, Perdita Morand, in the deep embrasure of a large window, almost entirely shrouded by heavy damask and lace hangings. Mr. Traverser was very handsome, highly accomplished, the son of a European gentleman of broken fortunes but noble descent. By powerful American interest and marriage connections, Mr. Traverser had obtained a seat in Congress, and fair to distinguish himself highly by his intellectual attainments, and only needed the lever of wealth to place within the grasp of his matchless ambition the highest honors that place and fortune can confer.

To supply the last great desideratum, Miss Masters, an immensely rich heiress, had resolved to exchange a plain ungainly person for her very attractive form, a narrow envious mind for his splendid intellect—in a word, to barter a fine fortune for a fine man. Slandrous tongues had whispered that a proposal for the sale had originated with the enamored young lady, and that the ambitious father of the young man had extorted a consent from him by certain threats and promises, which ended in the ratification of the bargain; and so Mr. Traverser sat by Miss Masters's side, whilst Perdita Morand played, sang, talked, laughed, and amused the betrothed ones, and as the finale of the drama, Mr. Traverser stood at last by Perdita Morand's side in the shadow of Mr. Masters's window curtains, imploring the said Perdita to fly with him from hated bonds without delay.

Reader, I hated Augusta, and loved Horace. The one had leveled such shafts of insult against my dependent head, that she had made herself the one great bitterness of my life, against which I felt it lawful to level the worst feelings of my untutored nature. The other had attracted that human emotional nature which the world cultivates in girls by teaching them that the business of their lives is to attract men by a beautiful exterior, and won the tenderest place in my desolate soul by the cheering words of sympathy and love. A rapid, though secret understanding had taken place between us, which was now ending in a love scene, that I do not propose to indite upon the reader, conducted in those low but piercing tones which should never reach but one ear, when I suddenly beheld the thin, angular form of Augusta Masters stealing from the shadow of the opposite side of the window, and stealthily passing out of the apartment. Neither she nor Horace were in the least conscious of this, my observation. His back was turned toward her—her's, as she retreated, toward me, but I saw, and I knew ruin was before me. My lover's unequivocal expression of disgust for herself, and earnest pleadings that I would, on the ensuing evening, elope with him; my half promise that in the quiet of that night I would decide in favor of this daring expedient, all these

points had been discussed between us, and were just terminating in the parting salute as I beheld the apparition of the serpent-like audress of the whole scene glide from her ambush.

"Farewell, Horace—my resolve is fixed without the night's deliberation," were my parting words. "Be at your post—I will fly with you."

Mr. Masters was from home. I knew he could not return—at least I thought not, before the following week, and whatever Augusta could do alone, I (being now on my guard) believed I could successfully meet. When Mr. Traverser left, I retired to my chamber without attending the supper table, alleging in excuse a violent headache. Whilst I sat in my room revolving the chances of the desperate step to which I had pledged myself, Augusta entered with a tumbler half filled with water, in her hand. As a disciple of homeopathy, Miss Masters was our household physician, and, under other circumstances, I should not have been surprised to see her thus prompt in the exercise of one of her favorite hobbies, that of "doodling."

"Maria tells me you have one of your sick headaches, Perdita," said the lady, with her usual frozen accent. "You had better take some of this medicine at once—a teaspoonful—repeat the dose in an hour, and again in two hours, if you remain awake."

"Thank you," I replied, equally coldly, taking the glass and setting it down.

"Take it immediately," urged the physician, with unusual earnestness, "or you will certainly become worse."

"In a minute," I replied, abstractedly; but without moving, Augusta looked at me steadily, lingered, left the room, but returning instantly, added:

"I want you to be especially well to-morrow, Perdita, to go shopping with me, so pray take your medicine, I am sure of its effect."

"I have just eaten a peach," I replied. "I will wait for half an hour, lest, as you say, the acid of the fruit should destroy the effect of the homeopathy."

"That is well," said Augusta, musingly, "but be sure to take it the last thing before going to bed—it will be sufficient then."

She retired, and I busied myself for quite an hour in secret preparations for departure. Lest I should be interrupted, I locked the door, and thus it was that about an hour elapsed, when I heard the door tried and Augusta's voice exclaiming, "Perdita! it is I—let me in!"

Fearful of arousing her suspicions by suffering her to see my things scattered round the room, I replied: "I am just preparing for bed, excuse my opening the door."

"Have you taken your medicine yet?" she demanded.

"Not yet—I am just about to do so."

"Do not fail," were her parting words; "it will certainly cure you, it is infallible, and you must stop your usual headache. I want you to-morrow."

She was gone. I felt no surprise at this apparent interest; my martyrdom to sick headaches was a common occurrence. Augusta's remedies were generally effective in modifying if not curing them, and although I knew her usual dislike must now be deepened into hatred, I could account for this special interest on the supposition that if I had not the excuse of indisposition, she meant to send me away on some excuse on the morrow, or dispose of me in some manner which sickness would have interfered with. Aware that I should need all my energies on the morrow, and already beginning to sink beneath frequent sick headaches, I determined to take her remedy. Two or three times I approached the table for this purpose, and as often sank back in a chair afflicted with an unusual but deadly faintness; to dissipate this feeling I stretched out my hand for the glass, and was about to raise it to my lips, when a low whistle met my ear, and something touched me. I looked down and beheld Augusta's little dog that had crept into the room with her, and until now had nestled in a rug asleep on the hearth. The animal seemed under the influence of extreme terror, and pushed against my feet, as if he would have hidden from some unseen enemy.

I had been accustomed to fondle this little creature, but not choosing to detain him from his mistress, with whom he usually passed the night, I strove to drive him away, but he only clung the closer to my dress, whining in a most unusual and piteous manner.

I rose, purposing to open the door for his exit, the spoon and glass of medicine still in my hand; but whilst in the very act of rising, a lady stood between me and the lamp. She was there with the speed of my thought, and in the same instant I knew, I cannot say by what instinct or through what effect of consciousness, that I beheld the apparition of my mother. I have to this day the most vivid memory of my sensations; they were not those either of fear or surprise. I was spell-bound, and though held captive, in the half erect posture of one rising, I seemed to possess a keenness of observation I never experienced before, and but once have felt since. By this I perceived that the figure before me slowly raised its hand, withdrew the glass from mine, poured its contents slowly on the floor, dropped the tumbler on the ground, and then gradually (so gradually that it seemed as if I lived years in the process) melted into—nothingness; yes, it was all over—there was surely nothing there; now at last I was awake. If, indeed, I had been dreaming, or in a fit, no dim impression of one state or the other passed my mind. Yes, I was awake, and I thought I had been so a minute before; and that—surely it was no dream—my mother, whom I, as a child, had deemed in the prison torments of the condemned, (in later years, repulsed by so hideous a doctrine,) whom I had believed dead, or in other words annihilated—yes, my mother, in life had stood before me, and taken the glass from my hands.

The glass! aye, this was life, and material life, too. The very thought of this human appendage seemed to call me from my superhuman wanderings. The glass! what had become of it? At my feet it lay on the marble hearth-stone, but unbroken, whilst little Carlo was eagerly licking up the fluid which slowly streamed from the stone on to the matting.

I watched him like one in a passive waking dream, and by a strange psychological condition that seemed to possess me, in which everything appeared luminous and comprehensible, as if it had been all written down, I knew the little animal had seen the apparition ere I did. Agitated at its preternatural influence, the creature, frightened and feverish, gladly regaled himself with the spilt fluid. Yes, how plain it all seemed—even to the death agonies of the little dog, who, after lapping but twice of my night draught, rolled over in a few spasmodic convulsions, dead at my feet, the sacrifice, the substitute, the victim.

There was no surprise, no sorrow, no movement on my part. I knew it all, now. Doubtless I had dreamed—at least the world would have said so—dreamed I saw my mother's spirit, and the vision had, for a time, so illuminated or stultified (as the world would have said) my ideas, that all this pagan appeared played out before me for my own special amusement, and I was only a passive spectator; perhaps an insane, perhaps a still dreaming one.

It was a cold, dreamy dawning, when I once more bestirred myself to regain the equilibrium of human self-control, and then these thoughts came out distinct and clear before my now fully awakened senses. The dead animal—myself saved by a dream from his fate, and Augusta Masters a murderess!

CHAPTER VII.

It was deep in the night, when turning from the painful contemplation of the death (so strange and mysteriously solemn even in the animal, but, oh, so much more impressive when thrust by the hand of violence upon the sublime temple of an immortal spirit) that had clearly been the design in my case—that I threw myself on my bed in the hope of crowding out harassing thoughts with the determined effort to sleep. I was just on the hazy verge of dream-land, when I heard the door of an anteroom most cautiously opening, and a stealthy foot-fall within my chamber. I had looked one door, unadmitted of this second entrance.

With the slight pressure of even an unshod foot on my chamber floor, came in an instant the vivid memory of the poisoned draught, the importunity of the intended murderess for me to drink it, and the assurance that it was her step which was now stealing upon me. By an effort scarcely mortal, I controlled myself into a dreaming slumber, and in that semi-perceptive state that can send the watchful spirit through the closed eyelids, I felt, if I did not actually see her approach, bend over me, listen to the breathings that should have been stilled forever—A pause.

Al! she now perceives the little favorite's corpse, the fallen tumbler, the spilt contents, and the cause of my life, and its death. What need of more? The whole story is in the picture, and the consciousness of the whole failure is expressed in one long, deep-drawn sigh. "Tis the only sound that breaks that awful stillness. But what a tale it tells; astonishment, fear, rage, anguish, the anguish of a long life's hope, crowded into one mighty throw of the dice, lost, lost, lost! What will she do now? How uncertain she is! Will she kill me, strangle, smother, crush me? She has no weapon save those deadly eyes, fastened on me with a hatred so intensely keen, that their glare seemed to pierce me as I lay.

She comes at length, closer yet; she stoops above me; her hot breath is on my cheek. Oh, that I could cry out. I'd plead for mercy—I do not fear to die, but to be killed, choked, thrust out of life into the dark unknown, the awful night of utter hopeless darkness—I cannot endure the thought. Is there no help? I'll shriek to God in this dread moment, may be, the last of life. I know there is a God, and he alone can save me; still I spoke not, moved not. At length my bursting heart broke from my lips in low and piteous accents, murmuring: Lord, have mercy on me—her soul!" I was about to cry on God for aid, but with the prayer broke in the light upon me, proving clearly that she, not I, required God's mercy. Another moment's pause, and then I heard her stealthy foot retreating, the closing door, and all was still again.

With the early morning I was up. I breakfasted alone. Miss Masters was indisposed.

I inquired for Maria, our usual waitress. John replied, she had gone to the telegraph office for Miss Augusta.

"Do you know whom she telegraphed to, John?" I asked.

"I do not know, miss," he replied; "but I think it is to master, as Maria has gone to the Boston office."

I did not see anything of Augusta that day, the longest and saddest day I had ever known, since my poor mother's death. I did not wish to see her; it was enough for me to know and fear her. She had removed the little dead spaniel from my room, and the fallen glass, that was evident. She must have felt that her hideous deed had become manifest to me. What other conclusion could I draw from the dog's death—could she draw from my living still, and the poison spilt on the ground? On that dreadful restless day of fear! Night came at length, and with it the hour when I was to meet Horace.

"Thank God!" I murmured, when, entirely unopposed, and as I believed, unobserved by any of the silent household, I crossed the threshold for what I felt sure must be the last time.

Augusta had gone out in the carriage about five

o'clock, something intuitively whispered me, to meet her father, whom, in all probability, she had sent for by telegraph that morning.

This appeared to me a natural part of the programme, but the denouement I determined not to await.

Horace had informed Augusta he must go out of town this day; but subsequently had arranged with me at our curtain interview, to wait for me in a certain Park, and accompany my flight to love and liberty. I was uncertain how far the listening Augusta had become acquainted with our plans. It was enough for me to know that that house of evil intent was no longer a shelter for me. Mr. Masters would never be apprised by his daughter of her hideous intent, and, from me, the tale would never be believed; whatever he learned of me from her, would be merely to my discredit. In that house neither friendship, justice, nor even safety could be found. Horace or destruction, then, was my only choice.

"Horace, is that you?" I cried, as I reached the appointed place, springing forward, until arrested by the hand of a gentleman who stood by the side of a carriage in the place where I expected him, and the conveyance for flight to await me, and who, turning round by the light of a street lamp, revealed the pale, stern, sneering face of Mr. Masters.

"No, madam," he replied, "it is not the deluded young man whom you so vainly sought to entrap and lure away from his betrothed; it is that other deluded individual, who thought he had taken a friendless orphan to his bosom, and found he had cherished a viper. Enter that carriage, if you please, madam. I am now about to perform my last act of duty toward you."

"I cannot return with you, sir," I replied. "I cannot enter Miss Masters's house again."

"You need not flatter yourself that you will have the chance, madam," returned Mr. Masters, with a bitter sneer. "My house has been too much honored by your presence, already. For a few minutes, however, I require your company in that coach, and command you to enter it."

And at the end of about a quarter of an hour the coach set down its silent inmates at a large, gloomy, looking boarding-house, into which we were admitted, and instantly conducted to a dimly-lighted shabby upper chamber.

Arrived there, Mr. Masters thus addressed me: "Perdita Morand—My daughter has thoroughly acquainted me with that act of treachery toward herself, by which you have stamped a character whose innate depravity I have vainly sought to change. Recalled by her to-day, I have visited the gentleman whom you strove to inveigle, and informed him of that which it seems you were either ignorant or forgetful of, namely, that you were the illegitimate child of a French ballet-dancer—that your father, one of my early friends and college companions, having seen reason to shake off the connection so disgraceful to your mother,"—not to himself—Mr. Masters did not say that—"she on her death-bed implored my protection for my friend's disgraced offspring. In pity for that friend's feelings, should he ever come to hear of his child's desolation, I harbored you in my house, to be repaid with constant ingratitude, and the final blow of treachery aimed at my best beloved child. These little circumstances, Miss Morand, I thought proper to intimate to my daughter's intended husband—a gentleman of birth and standing, who, mistaking the artful child of the infamous ballet-dancer for a gentleman's adopted daughter, was foolish enough to while away a few hours in her society, and criminal enough to be willing to join her in retracing her mother's shameful footsteps. Made aware of your true character, and position by my candor, Miss Morand, and at once recalled to a sense of his own honor, as a gentleman, he places your disposal in my hands, and takes leave of the temptress in this letter."

Mechanically, I stretched forth my hand to receive the letter, which Mr. Masters gave me, who, passing to the door, once more addressed me:

"Your board and lodging is paid for one week in this house, madam. This night I shall send your trunks, and all I have bestowed upon you to this place; and in order that you may not have the excuse to sip, which it may be, your inherited nature demands, I will to-morrow register your name on Mrs. M—'s books, as candidate for the first vacant situation she can find you as a governess. The brilliant education I have given you will thus serve you as a maintenance through life. You call, with this certificate of excellent character from me, as if I were your late employer. You see, ungrateful girl, how tenderly I have provided for you. I now take leave of you forever. I will indict neither reproof nor yet chastisement upon you. My duty is done, and for the rest, I am contented to leave your punishment in the hands of God, who hath said of sinners: 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay,' &c."

Mr. Masters turned and left the room, and I was alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

With morning came the great question of life, "What next?"

"What shall I do for bread?—how earn my own livelihood? Two ways lay open to me, on the table of my temporary home. The first, the letter of my lover, generously offering me his protection, and all the immunities of wife, save the name, that he felt compelled in justice to the family of which he was the sole representative, to bestow on his equal in worldly standing; that although Augusta Masters might take his name and hand, his heart, etc., was wholly mine."

The first lesson that youth's bitter experience had taught me, was the urgent necessity of laboring for bread. The second, that the woman bereaved of character is the world's football, and must either

earn that bread through the channel of disgrace into which she had entered, steal it, fight for it with the world at fearful disadvantages, or die. This was the result of my life's observation on my poor mother's condition; and however strong might have been my attachment to the man whose letter lay open before me, however necessitous my own position, urging me to accept his offer, the cruelty of entailing upon offspring the false and degrading position which I had myself inherited, struck me so forcibly, that I felt more shame for my hapless mother on my own account, than even for her. "No," I cried, "if I am willing to wreak my own fortunes, perhaps my soul, for the bread I need, I dare not entail upon the innocent and hapless, whom my crime may oppose to the world's scorn, the result of my folly, the penalty of my sin." Oh, coward world! whilst the sins of the father are thus visited upon the children, how dare you, criminals of life, forget the doom you are thus willfully entailing upon the hapless unborn millions of the future?

My mother, in her lifetime, never suffered from the world half the ills she bequeathed to me, without place or name in the earth. I existed without a right to live, or a place ready for me. You may charge the world with cruelty, as you please; this determined warfare upon the wails whom criminal passions cast upon society, is the world's protest against the gross vice of sensuality, and if duly visited upon each criminal alike, upon the strong man as well as the weak woman, would justly compel sensualists into that decent and orderly monogamic marriage, that would secure society against the influx of these hapless, nameless, unclaimed, lost beings—these desolate children, with the heritage of passion inherent in their very being, and desperation, sin and abandonment their only claim upon human pity and toleration.

"I will not, dare not, for a short life's weal, if such even it were," I added, "create a creature as forlorn and outcast as myself. Father and mother, your penalty shall all be paid in me—and you, Mr. Masters, you offer to give the girl you have dismissed from your house for an offence that stamps her, in your eyes, with disgrace, offer to recommend her with the endorsement of an excellent character, every word of which you feel to be a lie, as the instructor of youth. I am to be such a governess as you have committed me to the charge of—; a thing to creep into the bosom of confiding youth, and taint it with the vice for which you expel me from your house." But what matters it? Any one who can teach a young girl how to rattle the notes of a piano, jabber execrable French, and pronounce hard words ending in "ologies," is good enough to instruct young ladies. Since the object of young lady teaching is only to procure a husband, why, the more unscrupulous the teacher, the better she is fitted for her task.

I thought I once saw the spirit of my dead mother, and that through such a sight, or such a fancy, if you will, reader, my life was saved from Augusta Masters's machinations. Whatever I saw, or fancied I saw, it is certain that from that hour I never dreamed of my mother as dead any longer, and the mode of reasoning I have above narrated, somehow or other, appeared to me to spring up in my mind, not as the result of my own judgment, but just as if some one prompted, or even spoke the words for me. Throughout these reflections I felt as if consulting my mother, as if conscious that I could please or displease her by the course I should adopt, and in some unaccountable way the loneliness of that council chamber appeared to me to be dispelled by a presence which recognized, prompted, and approved of all my decisions. These were eventually shaped into the following plan of action.

I started off with early morning, and invested a few spare dollars in a theatrical agency fee. I learned that my only friend, the poor old prompter, had disappeared from the scene of his early acquaintance with me. His name and fortune were too humble for the agent's attention, consequently I could learn nothing of him. Long neglectful of my old profession, I had not the experience necessary "to fly high" in it; I must content myself, then, with "general utility" at first, and thus I was registered, and most happily, as I deemed it, an opportunity was offered me; I entered instantly upon an engagement in a distant town before I could be subject to the pain of again beholding Mr. Masters, or encountering any of his odious emissaries. Behold me, then, with my scanty wardrobe partly sold to buy a few rudimentary necessities, and the rest contrived with an ingenuity I hardly dreamed I possessed, entering upon my new field of action.

Arrived at the town where I was to commence operations, I reflected upon my transit with amazement. I had never traveled alone in my life. I knew little of railways or travel ways at all. Of money I had scarcely enough to pay my fare, and did not dare launch out on hotel fare; a few apples and stale cakes was all I ventured to indulge in during sixteen hours' journey. I had often to change my mode of transit, and find out the way I was next to pursue, by inquiry. With an elegant appearance and pretty youthful face, I could not fail to attract much attention. My utter ignorance of the road, and the obvious want of care which appeared in my desolate condition, was not the least part of the cause which drew on me a constant and most distressing amount of notice. I often look back upon that journey, and ask whether a girl of seventeen so educated and surrounded could have made her way, even that far, unharmed, unless a cup from the fountain of inspiration and supernal strength had been let down to her.

"Allow me to carry that heavy bag," was uttered in a tone so kind and respectful, at one station where I landed, that I felt instantly prompted to do that which I had pertinaciously refused before. A gentleman of middle age, with a quiet but piercing expression of eye, and a rather prepossessing appear-

ance, was my assistant, and without more words carried my satchel into the dining-hall. On seeing the preparations for a meal, which I had not the means to pay for, I was about to retreat, when my new friend begged me in that courteous but almost commanding way, which to such a raw girl was irrefragable, "to be his guest at dinner," that I instantly took my seat by his side. For the rest of the journey my wants were cared for with all the intrusive delicacy that a gentleman, (evidently fearful of presuming, yet desirous of aiding the forlorn traveler) could bestow. Arrived at C—, my friend asked whether I expected any one to meet me.

"No," was my faint reply.

"Shall I order you a carriage, or are you going to a hotel?"

"I don't quite know," I stammered. "I believe I must go first to—the theatre."

My companion evinced neither the surprise nor yet the disgust I had expected, but simply remarking, "Very well, my back shall drop you there," assisted me to claim my baggage, and drove me off to the theatre.

The manager was not there. A prompter, professionally surlly to "general utilities," was, however, and from him I learned where I could be accommodated at a sort of boarding-house barrack, where the humbler members of the corps dramatique were "taken in and done for" to the extent of their limited means.

Dropped at this new sphere of repulsive, cold, inhospitality, my companion who had waited for me in the carriage, as if he actually belonged to me, now prepared to take leave of me, and after helping a sort of general boarding-house utility man to dispose of my baggage in my little four-story closet, by courtesy called "a hall chamber," he turned to me, saying kindly,

"You are to be a member of Mr. B—'s company, I find. I know him well, and shall sometimes have an opportunity of renewing this very agreeable acquaintance—meanwhile I have written my name and address in this envelope, and if there is any service I can render you, I beg you will command me."

I was alone. My first impulse, naturally, was to examine the envelop my friend had left. Neither name nor address was there, saving the name of an eminent bank director, inscribed on a twenty dollar bill, and the address of the bank which promised to pay the above sum to me, the bearer.

For six months I remained an attaché of Mr. B—'s company, and for six months served a bitter apprenticeship to American theatricals.

Few persons in this age, have duly estimated the value which the stage might be as an institution, and the disgrace which it is in its existing state. Susceptible of being the representative of the highest art in music, painting and poetry, capable of becoming the vehicle of, or teaching as high and exalted as the purest religion—able, by the power of satire, to lash the vices of the age, and by the power of sympathy, to excite its highest virtues, the stage might become a pictorial and artistic secular church—instead of which, it falls into the hands of speculators, whose only aim is to crowd their benches to the benefit of their pockets. The only means they use—to pander to popular taste. And as vice and vulgarity are generally the form that is found floating on the surface of popular taste, so theatrical managers usually direct their strongest efforts to represent their vile forms on the boards; and thus it is, that what should be and is, in its tendencies, an angel of warning—a noble mirror, which, held up to nature, should only reflect vice to prove its repulsive character—array vice in the sophisticated form of beauty, and stimulates instead of represses the basest passions of society.

In the conduct of the petty kingdom, too, hapless girls, endowed with the fatal gift of beauty, find what it is to bring their wares to market without the strong guard of principle.

Talent may succeed in carving its way to public favor, provided it can once insert the wedge of opportunity into the rock of human opinion. But beauty is sure of success, provided it is content to accept of that success for which beauty is marketable.

On the stage, as in the house, woman is displayed as an attraction. The parent makes the child attractive to hasten her off in marriage. The manager selects attractive performers to catch flies in the honeyed net of beauty; and as he judges of the world, so does he practice himself, being in very many cases, at least, (as I can speak from personal knowledge) a mere Sultan of an American Seraglio. If I speak of these things bitterly, it is in pure love for the noble drama, and hatred for the system by which it is defiled.

In such a condition, be sure, reader, that I, who would neither accept a protector in the obsequious tyrant of the Harum—the manager—nor yet lay myself out to attract one amongst the patrons of his theatre, did not fare very well. I was regarded as a fool "that missed her opportunities"—a woman who did not know "her mission."

There are many, many sweet, pure girls similarly situated on the stage—driven there to seek for an uncertain subsistence, either by the attraction which the profession of the drama intrinsically possesses, or for want of any other means in life but the hideous drudgery of the needle to support themselves, and like me, they suffered—everything that the back of humanity can bear without breaking.

Having no ambition to become the mistress of some dramatic power, I was doomed to toil in the humblest ranks; "go on," as it is termed, for messages, and in the most insignificant parts—attend every rehearsal, drudge along in every piece, and an indefinite variety of costumes, and receive no more remuneration than would just keep soul and body together; and even this in hard or unprosperous times would often be reduced to half, and sometimes less than that—till without thanks, kindness, or the gratification of one noble or intellectual aspiration, and that, too, with the internal capacity for filling the highest of those positions which I constantly saw usurped by bold but meretricious infamy.

Oh, what sore temptations did my fatal beauty then present; ease and competence, that patronage which would insure me the distinction my soul burned for—all this I could command with the manager's favor, or some great man's smile—and yet I did not fall. And if I did not, I solemnly avow it was because a something—I never can define what—sometimes assuming the actually defined shape of a human form, sometimes starting me with a tangible touch, but always with the effect of a marked presence, seemed to accompany me night and day, and no reason, no snare, no argument, nor any ridicule, could ever dispossess me of the impression that this something was my mother's spirit—that this life of penance and care was her bell, and that we should both, some bright and happy day, be reunited in Heaven, provided my poor suffering angel mother's mission could be well fulfilled in the salvation of her offspring—to save the child of her shame. Oh, might

not this grand effort redeem the guilty mother's soul? "I will be true to thee, as if thou wert on earth to advise me, mother—do just what thou wouldst have me do, as if thou wert here to tell me—and thou art. Oh, sitting shadow! gleaming 'on the parlor walls,' thou shape of glory! I see, know, feel thou art with me; and though I am cold and hungry, way-worn and heart-sick, I will endure unto the end, to save us (both—thou and me—oh, my mother!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light,
THE SOUL'S ASKINGS.

BY SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

They say the soul has askings that must not be supplied.

That 'tis a sin to cherish thoughts our fathers once denied;

The self-same food they lived upon must do for you and me,

And to go beyond their narrow bounds is vilest heresy.

They tell us God once gave his word to Adam's infant race,

And that he talked with mortals then, as brothers face to face;

They say he's now withdrawn, and left naught but his written will,

That every truthful, earnest thought, 'tis duty to keep still.

They say the soul's deep yearnings are fraught with sin and shame,

That they're a desecration on Religion's holy name;

That if we would secure God's smiles, they must all be suppressed,

That we should meekly kiss the shrine that once our fathers blessed.

They say the burning noonday's sun reveals no truths to men,

And that the stars are meaningless, that light night's diadem;

They say God does not breathe his word in every passing breeze,

And that the flowers tell naught for man, nor do the budding trees.

They tell us too, we're born in sin, and only fit for woe,

And that their "Holy Bible" tells all men need to know!

That o'er its "sacred" pages once our fathers bent the knee,

That 'tis a sacrilege to doubt its pure divinity!

Let those believe such things who will, they're dogmas of the past;

They've cursed our race in days gone by, but cannot longer last!

Our fathers' hallowed voices speak from out the silent tomb,

To dissipate the dreary night of theological gloom!

Young Science, though a stripling yet, with a master's skillful hand

Has touched the mystic veil that hides from us the spirit-land;

Has searched the rock-ribbed earth to find the records of our race,

And plucked rich truths from beaming stars that smile in Heaven's face.

The universe is full of truth, writ there for you and me,

That tells what Bibles never told, of man's great destiny;

From it we learn the soul's true needs, and bow before its shrine.

And list, while Science reads the truths writ by the hand of Time.

The inspirations of to-day are full of life and power,

And kiss our souls, like gentle dews; the fragrant, modest flower;

We do not need to love the past, nor make of it a king.

The heart's altar of the present will hold all that we can bring.

Prospect Mountain, July, 1861;

The Sea.

Long before we are face to face with the Sea, we can hear and imagine that terrible entity. At first, we hear only a dull, uniform, and distant moaning, which grows louder and louder still, until its majestic roar silences, or covers, all manner of sounds. Very soon we perceive that the roar is not monotonous, but has its alternating notes; its full, rich, mellow tones, and its round, deep, majestic bass. The pendulum of the clock oscillates less regularly than that alternating moan and roar of the Ocean in its grand unrest. And this latter, let me repeat it, has not the monotony of the pendulum, for in "what those wild waves are saying," we feel, or fancy that we feel, the thrilling intonations of life. And in fact, at high flood, when waves rear their crest upon waves, immense, electric, their mingles with the tumultuous roaring of the fiercely rushing waters, the sound of the shells and pebbles, and the thousand things animate as well as inanimate, that they carry with them in their shoreward rush. When the ebb comes, a soft murmur tells us that, together with the sands, the sea carries back into her depths all with which for a few brief hours the shore has been adorned or enriched.

And how many other voices has the mighty sea! Even when least agitated, how her wailings and deep drawn sighs contrast with the dull silence of the deserted shore, which seems to expect in mute terror, the threatening of that mighty mass which so recently loved it with a gentle and carressing waftlet. And will she not speedily fulfill her threat? I know not, and will not anticipate. I will not, just now, at least, speak of those terrible concerts, in which, haply, she ere long will take the principal part; of her duets with the rocks, or the basses, those muttered thunders which she utters in the deep caverns of the rocky shore, or of those strange, wild, weird, shrieking tones, in which we seem to recognize the "Help, spare, save, me!" of some tortured or fearfully imperiled humanity. No; let us, for the present, contemplate in her calmer moods; when she is strong, indeed, but not violent.—*Michael.*

Sometimes.

It is a sweet, sweet song, flowing to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and fills the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of the birds do when the summer morning comes out of the darkness and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful flowers and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in far-off strains, the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "sometime."

When the hills and valleys of time are all passed, when the war and the fever, the disappointments and the sorrows of life are over, then there is the place, and the rest appointed, of God. Oh, home-stand, over whose roof falls no shadow or even clouds, across whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; but upon the eternal hills, and standing with the spires and pinnacles of eternal beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor the sound of weeping—sometime.

To study what one does not love; that is, to content with ennui, weariness and disgust, for a good that we do not desire; to lavish the talent, that we feel is created for something else, in vain, on a subject where we fear that we cannot succeed, is to withdraw so much power from one where we could make progress.—*Richter.*

Spiritual Phenomena.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1861, by A. H. Davis, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

COMPENDIUM OF FACTS

ON SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA, EMBRACING AN AUTHENTIC RECORD OF ANCIENT AND MODERN THEORY AND PHENOMENA IN WITCHCRAFT, SOMNAMBULISM, CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHOMETRY, PHRENOLOGY, MESMERISM, SPIRIT-INTERCOURSE, ETC., TOGETHER WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF MEDIUMS, AND THE TESTIMONY OF THE PRESS AND NOTED MEN IN ALL AGES OF THE WORLD.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

For the last ten years my attention has been called to the investigation of the phenomena of our age, commonly called Spirit-Manifestations. And during my investigation, I have come to a firm and settled conviction that the phenomena which we witness are not new nor peculiar to the age in which we live, but have been witnessed in similar, or different phases in every age as far back in the past as history extends. And what we regard as new, is only a new order of conditions, adapted to the advanced intelligence of the present age.

There have been facts enough witnessed, and recorded, touching *Super-mundane Phenomena*, to overwhelm the world with the conviction of the truth of what is recorded. But these facts lack embodiment. They need to be classified and arranged in such a form as will enable the reader to compare the phenomena of one age with that of another, and I believe the time has come when those who seek only a record of facts, demand this classification; and without it much that has been witnessed will lose its convincing power upon the mind of the intelligent investigator.

There are several excellent treatises on the subject of Modern Spirit-Manifestations, but none embracing the peculiar features of the work I contemplate bringing before the public. It is not so much my aim to bring new facts before the reader, as to classify those which already exist, under their distinct and appropriate heads. I shall avail myself, however, of every means within my reach, to gain a knowledge of any and every new phenomenon that may come to light during the time consumed in the preparation of this work. I have already gathered a large body of facts on the subjects to be treated upon; and yet, if mediums and others who have unpublished facts upon any of the subjects noticed will furnish me with them, either by letter or otherwise, I shall deem it an act of great kindness. And all mediums are especially requested to give me as much of their experiences, as they deem proper.

In this work I shall aim to give no revelation of facts, unless authenticated by reliable testimony. Some of the very best phenomena that have been heretofore published, lose much of their force, by the suppression of names, dates and places. This I shall avoid as far as possible, and in closing up the record of facts, I shall devote one chapter to the witnesses, that the world may know who the men are that testify to the truth of the phenomena recorded.

In relation to the work I have undertaken, I design publishing in a condensed form, some of the Chapters in the BANNER OF LIGHT, that the reader may gain a knowledge of the plan and interest of the work; and if I succeed in awakening a sufficient interest, to warrant it, I shall revise and publish the whole in book form. And with this in view, I would say, in order to secure a prospect of future remuneration for the time and money I shall be forced to spend, I have secured a copyright under the title which heads this article; and no infringement upon the copyright will be allowed. With these remarks I will now proceed to my work.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT TESTIMONY.

PREVALENCE OF THE BELIEF IN SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA—CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE—THE ANCIENT JEWS—PLATO—SOCRATES—THE GREEKS AND ROMANS—CICERO—NOISES HEARD AFTER THE BATTLE OF MARATHON—JOSEPHUS'S TESTIMONY OF NOISES HEARD—PLINY'S TESTIMONY OF NOISES IN THE AIR—BRUTUS'S VISION—JULIAN'S VISIONS—ARISTOTLE'S BELIEF IN PROPHETIC DREAMS—TAUTUS'S PROPHECY—JEROME'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING DREAMS—JOSEPHUS'S TESTIMONY OF A REMARKABLE PROPHECY—JOSEPHUS'S BELIEF IN ULTRA-MUNDANE PHENOMENA—SIMONIDES'S DREAM—PREVALENCE OF THE BELIEF IN THE PROPHETIC NATURE OF DREAMS AMONG THE ANCIENTS—PREVALENCE OF THEIR BELIEF IN SPIRIT INTERCOURSE—HAUNTED HOUSE IN ATHENS—REMARKABLE VISION OF ST. AMBROSE—DR. MATHER'S TESTIMONY—MARCATUS'S APPARITION—MALANCTHON'S APPARITION—MANIFESTATIONS IN 1212.

"In the course of six thousand years, All nations have believed, that from the dead A visitant at intervals appears; And what is stranger, upon this strange head, Is, that whatever be the reason, years 'Gainst such belief, there's something stronger still In its behalf; let those deny who will."—*Dygon.*

The belief in super-mundane phenomena, or more properly speaking, in my view of the subject—in spirit-mundane intelligences over and around us, is coeval with the earliest history of the human family. No point in the early history of the races is more frequently alluded to, and no point better authenticated, and no point more overlooked in summing up the history of the past. That much which is recorded is the result of the "superstition" of the age in which it was said to have occurred, cannot be doubted. But the prevalence of the belief is evidence of the fact that such phenomena did actually exist. If there was only now and then an isolated case, we might have reason to doubt the existence of any phenomena. But not so. The phenomena recorded as having existed among the ancients, can be traced to every nation, and along down through every generation from the past to the present.

Confucius, a Chinese philosopher, who lived five hundred and fifty-one years B. C., says: "An ocean of invisible intelligence surrounds us everywhere." The Chinese history, which is believed by some to extend further back than the Mosac, bears ample testimony that the belief in the existence of super-mundane phenomena was prevalent among ancient nations, and extends to the present age.

When we come to the Mosac record, we find still greater evidence that this belief existed among the ancient Jews. The Bible is one continuous record of testimony. From Genesis to Revelations there is scarcely a chapter in which the great doctrine of super-mundane phenomena is not recognized as pertaining to their faith and creeds. Prophecy, dreams, visions, trances, and supernatural appearances, are familiar events, known to every Bible reader; and as I shall have occasion to refer to some of these in another place, I will not dwell upon them here.

That the nations which existed coeval with the Jews believed in super-mundane appearances, is evi-

dent from the testimony of most of their writers; and the testimony of these writers, on other subjects, is received as authentic and reliable. Plato, an Athenian philosopher, who lived four hundred years B. C., writes concerning Socrates, the greatest of the ancient philosophers, and who was put to death on the false charge of Atheism, "That he had a good genius, which constantly attended him, and admonished him if he were about to do anything that would prove ill to him or make him unhappy."

Socrates believed that he not only enjoyed the influence of Divine inspiration from the spirit-world, but that he also had power to impart it to others.

De Boismont, a French writer on the subject of hallucinations, in speaking of the ancient Greeks and Romans, says, "In reading the history of the appearances described by the Greeks and Romans, they will be found to vary according to the different doctrines professed by the learned men on this subject," thus testifying to the fact that the belief in supernatural phenomena existed in those nations.

Cicero, a Roman philosopher, who lived one hundred and seven years B. C., appeals to Atticus in confirmation of the fact of his having possessed the faculty of *divining* future events, which enabled him to predict the overthrow of the Roman Republic four hundred years before that event.

Pausanias relates that, for four hundred years after the battle of Marathon, the neighing of horses and the shock of arms were nightly heard; and that at the battle of Platea, a fearful cry, which the Athenians attributed to the god Pan, was heard, which so alarmed the Persians that they fled in dismay.

Josephus relates that shortly before the fast of Easter, on the 27th of May, there appeared in the air chariots filled with armed men. The same author also relates that on the day of Pentecost the priests being in the inner temple to celebrate divine service, heard a noise, and afterwards a voice which repeated several times: "Let us go out hence."

Pliny says that during the war of the Romans, the sound of arms and trumpets was heard, which seemed to come from the air. History also relates that Brutus, a Roman general, who lived forty-two years B. C., on the night before the battle of Philippi, saw an apparition in the form of a man, who entered his tent and forewarned him of the events of that day. It is also related that Julian, one of the most noted monarchs of the Roman Empire, and who was killed for turning anti-Christian, A. D. 363, a few days before his battle with the Persians, saw the genius of the Empire arrayed in all the insignia of mourning. And "a few nights before his death," says Ammianus Marcellinus, "a genius appeared to flee from him in consternation. It was the genius of the Empire; the image which everywhere met his sight, on his crown, on his standard, and probably, also, in his tent."

Aristotle, another Grecian philosopher, who lived B. C. 384, believed in prophetic dreams, as may be inferred from the following language, said to be his: "And that as to some persons prophecy occurs in dreams is not to be disbelieved."

Tacitus, one of the emperors of Rome, who lived A. D. 276, prophesied concerning the calamities which would desolate Europe, after the fall of Rome, in a work written more than five hundred years before the events came to pass. Jerome, of Prague, disciple of Huss, and a Protestant martyr, A. D. 1416, says, concerning dreams, that frequently in his dreams he felt himself flying over mountains, seas, &c.; and from his writings we infer that he believed in the prophetic nature of dreams. The following remarkable instance of prophecy, which occurred at the destruction of Jerusalem, I condense from the narrative of Josephus:

He relates that just before the fall of Jerusalem, a man whom he called Jesus, appeared in Jerusalem, crying, "A voice from the East! A voice from the West! A voice from the four winds! A voice against Jerusalem and the temple!" He ceased not to cry in this prophetic language, day nor night. He continued to cry "Woe to Jerusalem!" without intermission—and his voice became a sinner weak nor hoarse for seven years and five months. When Jerusalem was besieged his prediction was verified; and on that day he appeared on the walls, crying: "Woe to the city! woe to the temple! woe to the people! woe to myself!" when a stone thrown from one of the machines struck him to the earth, and his voice was silenced in death.

That Josephus believed in ultra-mundane, or perhaps more properly speaking, super-mundane phenomena, is evident from the following language quoted from his work: "I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, re-lenting people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers."

Cicero relates that "Simonides, having met with a dead body on the highway, of a man who was a stranger to him, had it interred. As he was about to embark, he dreamed that the man whom he had buried, appeared to him and informed him that if he persisted in embarking on his voyage, he would perish. This warning induced him to alter his mind, and it appeared; subsequently, the vessel was wrecked."

To a certain class of dreams the ancients attached considerable importance; and that they were often forewarned in dreams of great national calamities and personal danger, we find they sacredly maintained; and the history of different nations give us numerous examples of this kind. Speaking upon this point, an eminent writer says:

"The opinion that truth is sometimes presented to us during sleep, prevailed among all nations. The greatest men of antiquity had faith in it; among others, Alexandria, Scipio, the two Catos, and Brutus; none of whom were weak-minded men. The Old and New Testament furnishes us with numerous examples of dreams that have been realized."

The belief of the ancient nations in the immortality of the soul, and its intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth after it leaves the body, is also equally evident. The Jewish history is full and complete with this evidence. Adam heard a voice in the garden of Eden. Cain also heard a voice. Abraham saw three angels and conversed with them, and set food before them to eat. Balaam heard the voice of a spirit speaking through a dumb beast. Jacob saw an angel and wrestled with him. The same angels, or men, who appeared to Abraham, also appeared to Lot. Moses heard the voice of a spirit out of a burning bush. Hagar saw an angel in the wilderness. Saul saw Samuel, and recognized him. The men who cast the three worthies into the fiery furnace, saw the fourth in the form and likeness of the son of man. The king who caused Daniel to be cast into the den of lions, saw an angel with him, protecting him. Saul of Tarsus heard the voice of a spirit at noonday.

*War of the Jews; book VI, chap. 21.
*War of the Jews; book VI, chap. 81.
*Ant. book VIII, chap. 2.
*Cicero De Divin., lib. i, p. 77.

Stephen saw the heavens open and heard a voice. But I have not time, nor is it necessary in this connection, to record the numerous instances of prophetic dreams, trances, and supernatural appearances recorded in the Bible; but leaving Jewish history, I will barely allude to a few prominent instances noted in what is commonly called profane history, illustrating this belief among other nations.

Zoroaster, the great Persian teacher, who lived six hundred and thirty years before Christ, recognized the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and taught it to his pupils. Confucius, the Chinese law-giver, I have already alluded to. That Socrates believed in a future, conscious existence of the soul, and taught the doctrine to his pupils, is attested to by Plato. Plato also taught that when the soul left the body, it was taken by spirit friends and carried to an outer world, where it retained a conscious existence in spirit-life. The oracles, established by most of the ancient nations, points conclusively to their belief in intercourse and communion with departed spirits. And what the oracles were to the surrounding nations, the Ark of the Covenant was to the Jews. The Jews carried this table for the express purpose of obtaining intercourse from invisible spirits.

Leaving now the matter of belief, I will record a few instances more of what was thought by early historians to be super-mundane phenomena. Pliny relates an instance of a haunted house in Athens:

"There was a house in Athens said to be haunted by a spirit." Athenodorus, the philosopher, hired the house, determining to live in it, and to lay the spirits. At the approach of night he ordered his bed to be prepared, and a table, a pen and a lamp to be set by the side of his bed, and then dismissed his slave for the night. The early part of the night passed in quiet, but at length he heard the sound of chains. But instead of looking up to ascertain the cause of the noise, he pursued his studies more vigorously. The noise increased, until at length it was heard at his very door. Athenodorus then looked up and saw a spectre standing opposite to him, making signs with its finger. He also heard the clanking of chains. He begged the apparition to wait awhile, and continued his studies; but the spectre, clanking his chains again, renewed his signal. Athenodorus now arose, and taking his light, followed. The spectre advanced slowly, as though encumbered by heavy chains, and finally entered the courtyard of the house, and disappeared. The philosopher marked the spot, and the following day informed the magistrate of the events of the night, and desired that the spot should be searched, which was done, and resulted in the discovery of the skeleton of a man in chains. The bones were taken up and burned, and the house ever after remained undisturbed."

In the year 400, St. Ambrose was apprised of the death of St. Martin in the following manner: "The event occurred in the church of Milan during mass, and is a matter of authentic history."

"It was customary for the reader to present himself before the officiating priest with the book, and not to read the lesson until he was told by him to do so. Now it happened that on the Sunday in question, while standing before the altar, he fell asleep; and in his sleep he had a vision, which continued three hours; and after he awoke, he said to those who stood by him, and who were astonished at so singular an occurrence: 'Do not trouble. It has been a great blessing to me to sleep, since God has worked a great miracle. Know that my brother St. Martin has just died. I have assisted at his obsequies, and after the usual service, there only remained the capitulary to repeat, when you awoke me.'"

The attendants noted the time, and found that St. Martin died at the exact time that St. Ambrose declared that he assisted at his funeral obsequies.

Rev. Increase Mather, D. D., in his work on Special Providences, after relating several remarkable instances of spirit apparition, which he records as authentic, says:

"These examples show that the ghosts of dead men do sometimes appear, and for such causes as these mentioned; and there have been some in the world so desperate as to make solemn covenants with their living friends, to appear unto them after death; and sometimes, though not always, it has come to pass. It is a remarkable passage which Baronius relates concerning Marcellinus Ficinus and his great intimate, Michael Marcatius. These two having been warmly disputing about the immortality of the soul, entered into a solemn vow, that if there was truth in their notions about the future state, in another world, he which died first should appear to his surviving friend. Not long after this Ficinus died. One morning when Marcatius was intent upon his studies, he heard the voice of Ficinus, his friend, at the window, with a loud cry, saying: 'Michael, Michael! Vera, vera, unita. Oh, my friend Michael! these notions about the soul of man being immortal are true! They are true! Whereupon Marcatius opened his window and saw his friend Marcellinus, whom he called unto, but he vanished away.'"

It is also related by the same author concerning Melancthon, that while he and several other learned gentlemen were conversing together, a man with a grave countenance, entered the room and desired to speak to Melancthon. When alone, the man told Melancthon that within an hour officers would come to the house to arrest Gryneus, one of the company; and therefore required him to warn Gryneus to flee out of the city. Having so admonished Melancthon, the man vanished out of sight. Melancthon then returned to the company and related what he had seen and heard; and before Gryneus was fairly upon the Rhine, officers came to arrest him."

I think I have succeeded in showing that the belief in super-mundane phenomena prevailed among the nations of antiquity. I have now traced this belief to the sixteenth century. Many more examples might be cited, but the history of past ages is so much enshrouded in darkness, superstition and blind credulity, that I have chosen to select only such examples as I consider authentic and reliable. It is not our business to deal so much with the past as with the present; but the prevalence of the belief, which reaches away back into the obscure ages of antiquity, classifying as it does, every phase of phenomena, and not confined to any particular locality, but universally spread over the surface of the globe, in every section where man has had an existence, strengthens our belief in the super-mundane origin of what is witnessed in this age. The account given in the Bible, of ancient phenomena, is considered the most reliable; and I have but slightly touched upon that; but in my next chapter I shall take up the Miracles of the Bible and contrast them with modern supernatural or super-mundane manifestations. I will give one more example, selected from the thirteenth century, and that closes this chapter. This example, I think, was published in the Banner of Light some two or three years ago, to illustrate the fact that the manifestations of ancient times resemble those of our own time. The fact is related by Richter, and took place in the town of Epinal, France, in or about the year 1212. The author says: "A spirit appeared in the house of a burgess named Hugh de la Cour, and did a variety of

*De Boismont.

*Dr. Increase Mather was for sixty-two years pastor of the North Church, Boston, Mass., from May 27, 1664, to 1726.

*See Mather on Special Providences.

*Mather's Special Providences.

things in the presence of every one who chose to witness them. They could hear him speak, and so all that he performed, but could not see him. One day Hugh, having ordered his domestic to saddle his horse, and the valet being busy, deferred doing it, when the spirit did the work, to the great astonishment of all the household. Another time, Hugh desired to be bled, and told his daughter to get ready some bandages. Immediately the spirit went into another room, and fetched a new shirt, which he tore up into several bandages, presented them to the master of the house, and told him to choose the best."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, July 23d, 1861.

QUESTION.—When we are called on to state what are the evidences on which we rely as proofs that spirits communicate, what shall be our answer?

Rev. Mr. DAVIS.—To show the uncertainty of printed testimony, that the "letter killed, but the spirit giveth life," I have brought with me an old volume, in which you will find stated the conflicting opinions that have prevailed in modern times concerning the actual authorship of the first six books of the well-known work on the Elements of Geometry, which are commonly ascribed to Euclid. From this, it appears that the question is involved in considerable uncertainty. In connection with our subject, I would also direct your attention to the narrative of Peter's miraculous release from prison, which is given in Acts 12.

The statement here made, that the iron gate of the city opened "of its own accord," to allow of the Apostle's escape, we know cannot be literally true; but this does not at all invalidate the testimony which is here borne to the fact of spirit agency and communication; and especially where we are told that Peter's chains were taken off by the same supernatural means; a fact, which, by itself, is worth far more than all the performances of boys tied up in the dark. My objection to this latter class of manifestations, is that they serve no useful end. I would much rather see a broken limb set, or a heavy log lifted off a man's body, by spirit-power; as I know was actually done and attested by credible witnesses. I have no doubt that individuals are often enabled to relieve suffering, and save lives, through spirit-influence, which they know nothing about.

Mr. ADAMS read an essay of considerable length, which we do not here reproduce, as it was substantially the same with one read by him at a previous meeting; and printed in the BANNER of April 13.

Mrs. E. J. FENNER.—My answer to the question before us would be, that my belief that spirits communicate is founded, first, on evidence given by my natural senses; and secondly, on the uses such communication serves in ameliorating the condition of humanity. Spiritualism is adapted to the present age in not being a mere system of speculative religion. The dissensions among sects have had the effect of making Orthodox Christianity a sealed book to me. Even when a mere child, I had refused adherence to the doctrine of a Triune God, and rejected the proffered guidance of those who attributed my powers as healing medium and clairvoyant to a possession by the Holy Ghost, and who required me to cling to the hem of priestly garments, and not to exercise my gifts outside the pale of the visible Church. But I felt that I was not sent only for the advantage of the righteous, and after standing alone for many years, I hailed with joy the advent of a faith which promised to satisfy the most craving wants of humanity—and which taught the necessity of healing bodily infirmities before attempting to help the soul. In the former office my ministrations from early years had been most successful. At the age of nine, I was the means of restoring to health and comfort an aged mother whose whole right side had been paralyzed for seventeen months. A grandfather, too, whose hands were crippled and contracted, was relieved of his ailment, and lived to the age of one hundred and seven years, having walked seven miles two weeks before his death. I received my directions for healing from some near relative, or well-known departed physician. I have also been sent long distances by spirits to rescue families that were in danger of being burned up with their houses.

On one occasion, I was enabled to approach with safety a most vicious dog, who had bitten several persons, and subdued him by laying my hand on his head. And I have saved a lady who was on the point of committing suicide, while laboring under depression, consequent on attacks of epilepsy. My spiritual guides have preserved my own person from unforeseen danger, and in particular they impelled me to get off the cars of the New Haven Railroad, just before the terrible accident at Norwalk. My children share in these gifts, and have been protected and guarded by unseen powers. One daughter has been saved from a lunatic asylum; another has been lifted bodily and carried up stairs in the presence of witnesses, her hands and feet moving in time with the harmony of the invisible forces. The other day she was suffering from toothache, and being ignorant of the danger attending the use of chloroform, inhaled that remedy from a bottle she discovered in a drawer. She took just enough to produce exhilaration, and relieve the pain, after which the bottle was removed by the hands of angels, careful for her safety, and has never been recovered since.

I correspond freely and regularly with my friends by means of spiritual telegraphy—cables, for instance being formed, at the same hour, by my brother in California, and by myself, here; and we prefer this as cheaper and more speedy than transmission by mail. I am notified of the condition of patients and the remedies they require in the same way. In short, I am fearlessly any that the manifestations I enjoy are never of the frivolous order, but always useful and respectable. The spirit-pictures are now produced by simply rolling up the paper brought for the purpose, and throwing it under the sofa where I sit, and when the spirits give the signal, the picture is found with the paint wet upon the design.

Mr. PARTRIDGE.—At our last meeting, I stated the nature and sources of evidence, as I understood them. I said that evidence resides in the integrity of the human senses. Therefore, the question is, "Have those senses witnessed any manifestations which warrant the judgment in concluding that spirits communicate?" In answer to this, I advance the following points viz:

1st. These phenomena, being entirely novel and without analogy in this age, we must assign them to some cause which is consistent with their intrinsic character. If they bear the marks of human intellect, we must attribute them to a human source. Now, they always manifest human intelligence.

2d. The manifestations force always claims to be a human spirit.

3d. The spirit gives its real history, minutely, referring to events out of the minds of persons present, and such as offend, were never in their minds; and also to peculiarities and circumstances which irresistibly prove the disclosure true. Many of these were never known except by the communicating spirit, being things done and kept secret by him in the earth form. Thus a person having lost at his death considerable property, unknown to his heirs, his spirit has returned and informed them where the records and title deeds could be found, and thus the property has been recovered. It is easy to find persons who will avow to facts of this nature. (The Spiritual Telegraph contains such narratives, with names and dates, which can be verified by reference; and now is the time to verify them, instead of waiting until the living witnesses have passed away.)

4th. The spirits re-organize physical bodies, which are like our own, stand visibly before us, move and speak audibly, and are palpable to the touch; so as to convince us by three of our senses, that our friends are present. See the narrative of Dr. Gray's friend, who saw and conversed with his departed wife, as given by the Doctor in the Conference. This gentleman may be personally referred to.

5th. The spirits of the departed occupy our organs and use them as instruments as well as they can.

6th. Spirits heal the sick, as in instances already abundantly referred to by Mr. Adams and Mrs. Fenner. This is effected in various ways—by medicine, or the simple laying on of hands. Thus, in these different modes of manifestation we have three of our natural senses testifying to the fact that spirits communicate, and the cumulative force of this testimony is such that no one who has fairly examined it has yet been able to resist the conclusion. It may indeed be boldly said that no science known among men is predicated upon stronger grounds of evidence. This is my answer to the question before us; and here I can well afford to rest my case. I have no peculiar kind of evidence to offer. I rely in this matter on the same senses and judgment, in their normal state, that I use in the transaction of my daily affairs, and whose testimony as to every other question, is unhesitatingly accepted by the whole community.

Dr. HALLOCK.—It seems to me that the distinguishing characteristic of Spiritualism is embraced in this question. For, in the large sense, we do not assert any new truth, that is to say, the idea of immortality had previously existed among men, and Spiritualism only re-affirms it, the peculiarity of our doctrine residing in the method or basis of the affirmation. The world has long ago accepted the hope of a future life, has talked "about it and about it," but Protestants and Catholics alike have been entirely on the grounds of history and tradition; while the modern Spiritualist appeals to demonstrative evidence derived from the exercise of his senses. I am a Spiritualist, because I carry into the supra-mundane field of investigation the same senses and faculties which I employ in the pursuit of natural science; but in the result I arrive at there is nothing peculiar. Spiritualism can lay valid claim to only one new discovery, and this is traced historically to David Fox, who, in his cellar in Hydeville, inaugurated a new era in the history of the race, when he addressed the spirits as though they possessed physical organisms, and asked them, if human, to give their names by rap, as he repeated the alphabet, and the raps came accordingly. Here arose the point of distinction. In the case of Scriptural miracles, the works were attributed to some God or demon, but never to a brother mortal—the hope of immortality was based on Christ's resurrection, not on common occurrences—and it was not until twelve years ago, on the last day of March, 1848, that, under the light of a new dispensation, we were enabled to assign to these exceptional phenomena their true value. Then a broader philosophy was inaugurated, making religion one of the incarnate forces of nature, and placing it as far beyond the control of priestcraft and the stony and rigid formulas of tables of stone, as are the forces of steam and electricity. Spiritualism, indeed, has done for religion precisely what Watt and his engine did for steam. It has embodied and utilized a power previously wasted, misdirected, or unknown, and rendered it humbly subservient to the most urgent practical requirements of humanity at large.

N. B.—Mrs. FENNER has handed in the following correction of a sentence in her previous address which was mis-reported in the BANNER of the 20th inst.: "I said that I did not believe that spirits came for any other purpose than their good and our happiness. It is not necessary to get drunk and swear to prove their identity."

Tuesday Evening, July 30th, 1861.

QUESTION.—continued.

Dr. YOUNG.—I regret that so much of my knowledge of Spiritual phenomena has been obtained at second hand; for otherwise I would relate what had come under my own observation, and formed the groundwork of my faith. Yet I have witnessed some manifestations which I could only account for on the supposition that the intelligences concerned were those of departed spirits—and some which I could not explain, even in this way. I was present, for instance, when Mrs. —, (formerly Mrs. Brown, nee Fox) received a very convincing and accurate communication from her deceased husband; which was followed by a series of sounds, apparently proceeding from the table, along its whole length, and exactly resembling the rattling and groning of a vessel laboring in a storm, with all accompanying noises. How can a spirit produce such an imitation—how, as in this case, continue the agitation entirely to the tables? In order to satisfy myself that I was laboring under no illusion of one of my senses, I placed my hand on the table and distinctly felt its vibrations, although they did not correspond in intensity to the sounds above described. This manifestation, whatever its source, certainly gave me a profounder idea of a future state of existence than all the reasonings and precepts I have ever heard on the subject; and so I assert that the like phenomena, sufficiently authenticated, will bear a stronger testimony to posterity, than all the abstract theories and discussions contained in all our "Spiritual Telegraphs" and "Banners of Light." It is very important for Spiritualists, if they wish to place their doctrine on an immovable basis, and to convert the world, to be ready, whenever called on for evidence, with their appeals to actual phenomena; and no less important is it that they should secure the transmission to future ages of incontrovertible testimony respecting them; for, if they do not look to it, there may come a time when all these Spiritual occurrences which are passing under our daily observation will be wrapt in the same uncertainty with those of Scriptural ages. There is always a class of persons who seek to blot out the impartial record of actual facts of this nature, and substitute, for the use of posterity, some book containing a theory which shall serve their own ends by promoting the reign of priestly domination and intolerance.

Dr. HALLOCK described some very remarkable physical manifestations lately witnessed by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, and which will be fully related in that gentleman's forthcoming continuation of his work, entitled "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World." Facts of this nature underlie the experience of every one in this country who feels himself at heart a Spiritualist—and who has the least conception of what his faith has cost him. That faith rests not on theories and hypotheses. Up to the present day men have never lacked materials for a substantial belief in the life to come; but the danger is always that of their sliding off from this firm resting place of their own; and instead of erecting upon it a fitting superstructure, camping on ground already occupied—of their mixing those solid granitic facts with clay and rubbish which will not cohere. For Spiritualists to proceed thus, is for them to treat these great subjects as the present government is administering our political affairs—it is to go into battle on false issues, and mix things which do not belong together. Just as our politicians will never conduct us to victory until they come back to the principle which underlies the American idea, and go into the conflict with its eternal truth inscribed on their banners, so shall we as Spiritualists never remedy the feebleness which everywhere meets us when strength is needed, until we take our stand on that foundation of facts which the spiritual world has furnished for us, that we may project therefrom its own philosophy. A gentleman relates to us some very interesting manifestations, and he goes on to tell us that evil spirits have just as much to do with the struggles of humanity, as good spirits; that is to say, General Quattlebaum, late of South Carolina, exerts as great an influence in national affairs as General Washington! Superbially, it might seem so; but has not our dear friend, in this, really slid off from his firm foundation into the mud? For God, so to speak, reveals the Heavens—we see them in their own clear and undeniable manifestations; but not one of us denies the crazy, fantastic architecture of Devilism; and yet a professed Spiritualist can stand up in the midst of countless phenomena, proclaiming goodness, love, intelligence, science, philosophy, art, everything, more dear to the heart of this nineteenth century—and sufficing earnest faces with the glow of hope, never with the blush of shame; he can stand up, with not a single fact to support him, in all this avalanche of proofs, and say it is rational to suppose that the Devil plays a grand part in the drama of the Universe, as well as God! Such a doctrine tends to take the starch out of the backbone of every soldier engaged on our side in this conflict; for the blood of our fathers and brothers may be

shed in vain—in vain our banner floats over the Capitol—unless in the heart of the people, there exists a great principle of love for all humanity, and faith in its destinies. Without these—where, in the souls of men, are the garners in which to treasure up the fruits of victory, and preserve for future increase the sheaves of the harvest so painfully gathered in? As a matter of mere economy—as it respects the proper expenditure of force—every soldier among us who goes forth to battle against spiritual wickedness in high places, should see to it that his sword is forged entire from solid and well-tempered steel—the steel of facts; not cemented with the brittle paste of worn-out creeds. Depending on the latter, he but invites the attempts of the enemy; indeed, he is himself a traitor, the moment he introduces as a means of defence, what he holds in common with that enemy. We may not attempt to wield against our foe the weapons of ancient theology, for to him belongs its whole paucity, and it will serve him alone; all the great host of Christian authorities is arrayed on his side. The only power which can prevail against this resides in solid facts, and the arguments logically deduced from them. For instance, my friend, just referred to, says he saw a heavy piano, with four men on it, rise from the floor without visible agency. The amount of physical force exerted here, as in other similar cases, was sufficient to do considerable mischief—but has mischief ever been done? For myself, I have been an observer of these phenomena since 1851, and I have yet to see the first performance which indicates a spirit of revenge or malice as its author.

I have inquired through our periodicals with a view to elicit a solitary fact of such a character, and who has been dumb! Now, unless we advance the great American principle which I have stated, and are true to it throughout this political crisis, what must be our conclusion? We must get off of the only solid foundation—admit that the church requires—thus following the course taken by our present government, abandon the great principle that every man has eternal life, concede to slaveholders their "rights," and then will victory be possible? Not, as God liveth! So will it be with us as Spiritualists, in this great contest we are waging, if we abandon the firm ground of demonstrated reality, if we throw aside the divine Gospel of absolute fact. In this alone we can find the conditions of life and strength, and progression; in this resides the power which can save the nation. We must go back to first principles, and there must be born again within us the spirit of our forefathers, when they proclaimed through the mouth of old John Adams, "Liberty and Independence, now and forever!"

Mr. PARTRIDGE commenced by reading a letter addressed to the Conference:

BEVERLY, ILL., July, 1861.

Friends.—By reading your debates in Conference, I notice now and then a doubt expressed of the possibility of two spirits occupying the same organs of the same body at the same time. I will forbear to express an opinion in the case, and merely give you a statement of one of our alleged facts.

My wife became partially developed as a writing medium in 1855, the controlling influence purporting to be the spirit of an English doctor. One evening in June, 1855, asked for a medical prescription from the doctor, which was readily given, and the ingredients were as foreign to our minds as this letter is to your minds while I am writing it. One of the ingredients was a "bottle of Fowler's solution." Neither my wife nor myself had any previous knowledge of the existence of such a bottle. There were three drug stores in this village, and I supposed I could get them here, and making a remark to that effect, the medium immediately wrote that they were not kept in either of the drug stores here. I then asked where I could obtain them. The answer was, "In Chicago." "What part of the city?" "Grant's store." "Will you be kind enough to go to Chicago and see what they are kept, and inform me?" "Yes, I will go and see." After a lapse of five to ten minutes, the answer was given, "200 Lake street." We were ignorant of No. 200 Lake street. Neither of us knew anything whatever of Chicago.

In October following, I was in Chicago, and found, upon inquiry, that at the time of getting the communication there was a drug store kept at the place designated, also the said bottle was there likewise.

The medium always seems to be in her normal condition, whether writing or prescribing orally. She prescribes for diseases at any distance, and for persons she has never seen or previously heard from, and describes things and circumstances unknown, which subsequently prove to be correct, which sets aside all cavil about mind-reading. But what position the controlling influence occupies, I am unable to state, if not the organ speech, which she uses freely on all other subjects at the same time. My object in writing is to learn the objections to the theory of its being spirits permeating the whole or any portion of the medium they see fit, without crowding out the rightful owner of the tenement.

D. G. ESTELL.

He also communicated from Dr. Gray, who is absent from the city, the ensuing:

Reasons for believing that Spirits communicate with men:

I. Phenomena of a physical nature not referable to the unintelligent operation of the laws of physical relation, such as the moving of ponderable bodies independent of mechanical apparatus; the production of a great variety of peculiar sounds around our persons and in the air; the production of various sizes, shapes, degrees of brilliancy and duration of incandescence, entirely without the use of chemical apparatus or means of any kind known to mortals; and, lastly, the reproduction of living, moving, material bodies, exact effigies of those laid in the graves, through which temporary organizations the affections and intelligence of many deceased persons, with most wonderful exactness, have been portrayed or re-enacted, as they were done in the lifetime of the natural bodies of such deceased persons.

II. Phenomena of a mental nature not referable to earthly intelligence and volition—such as the designing and producing of the physical side of the phenomena above cited; the production of writings in various ancient and modern, known and unknown languages, wholly in favor of the mental capacity of those in whose presence they have been executed; the utterance of truthful prophecies and of narrations of events and mental facts transpiring, at the time of the recital, in distant places, and sometimes in countries separated from the narrator by broad oceans; the rehearsal of long forgotten events and of sayings not matters of record or of moment at the time of their origin; the improving of elaborate symbolic drawings and other pictures, by persons ignorant of the art of drawing, and wholly incapable of explaining the symbols they have drawn and combined; and, lastly, felicitous and accurate impersonations of parties long departed this life and wholly unknown to and unheard of by the personator.

III. The light which these phenomena throw upon the various religions, philosophies and sciences of our race, has been to my mind and heart a great making in favor of the belief in the real presence of human spirits with us, denizens of this world, all the way from the cradle to the tomb. All religions are sanctified by our philosophy of spiritual intercourse; all paradoxes in ethics and political economy are approached a harmonious solution in the pathway of a new but real psychology; and all unselfish receivers of this new philosophy are beginning to be reconciled to God by their apprehension, however faint it may and must be as yet, of the divine ministry of sins and sorrows, of ignorance and sufferings.

He then gave an account of some manifestations he had witnessed through Mr. Gordon at the house of Dr. Gray, several years ago. They included, in one evening, instances of each of the three classes enumerated by Dr. Gray, viz, the moving of ponderable bodies, the production of sounds, and the production of lights; but he had seen them all on many other occasions separately. At this exhibition, Mr. Gordon, while Mr. P.'s hands were resting on him, was lifted from the floor to the level of his head. He have often witnessed the physical organization of the human spirit. On one occasion a hand and arm were presented, and I saw them as distinct as you see mine. I could trace the arm, until, above the elbow, it became less and less dense, and at last tapered off into thin air. That hand, I grasped; it was as perfect, seemingly, as my own; and the hand took a pencil and wrote a communication, which I have among my papers.

During the early period of manifestations, at a sitting where Dr. Gray was present, we were in a small room, all having hold of hands, when a paper was heard to rattle, as if written on, and a pencil seemed to be rubbing over it. The paper was taken up and passed to the rear of the room, and came to my foot behind, and I found it on my foot. It bore a communication in Spanish—a language with which no one present was acquainted. The spirit directed us to send it to Dr. Gray's wife, and she would know

for whom it was intended. It was addressed to her brother, the late Dr. Hull, who was then living at Newburgh; and he read it and identified the author. As to a spirit-writing, I have witnessed the most striking manifestations of this class through Edward C. Fowler, several years ago. On one occasion, I was present when the spirit held a conversation with the late Prof. Bush, in Hebrew; the Professor being the only one there who understood that language. Communications were also translated by Prof. Bush in several other Oriental languages. At the second interview I ever had with spirits, I received a communication from a brother who had died in California too recently for us to have learnt the particulars. The spirit made a statement of his business affairs, and maintained the failure of a firm in California, to which the person belonged who held most of his property. I was incredulous about this, as that firm was then reputed to be worth hundreds of thousands—but the spirit assured us its statements would be confirmed by the next mail, and so they were, in every particular. Finally, spirit-pictures are now produced, representing all kinds of objects—sometimes through the hand of the medium, and sometimes without any contact with a mortal agent.

Mr. KIMBALL inquired if, notwithstanding all this array of testimony, Mr. Partridge never entertained a doubt as to the actuality of spirit-communication.

Mr. PARTRIDGE replied, very emphatically, that he never did.

Mr. RUFUS ELMER, after remarking on the close correspondence between the present spiritual manifestations and those recorded in all periods of sacred and profane history, and the additional grounds of belief thus furnished, said, "Gordon, the medium, has been at my house in Springfield, in all his glory, and the evidence I could bring as to the manifestations of all the different classes, which there took place, would be sufficient on a criminal trial, to hang any of you. A year and a half ago I passed a night in company with a friend at a so-called 'haunted house,' having always had a curiosity to investigate this kind of manifestations. The spirits made very loud noises, resembling the ripping and tearing of paper and cloth, the detaching and fall of the plaster from the ceiling, and finally took their departure, for that time, with a tramping on the roof, as if Old Clovenfoot intended to break through and appear among us. On attempting to hold a conversation by rappings, we found them ignorant of the A B C of the process, and when we had succeeded in teaching them, they refused to answer any questions but such as were frivolous, or as gave them an opportunity of asserting their diabolic disposition and connections."

A LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

I do not offer you the following article, Messrs. Editors, either as an evidence of spirit communication, or of Mr. J. V. Mansfield's capacity to be the medium of the same, deeming that your columns are already crowded with details of phenomena of a far more remarkable character; but I know there are many persons who will hail the name most prominent in this communication as that of a dearly remembered friend, one, too, to whom hundreds are indebted for holy teachings and spiritual light, and hence I offer you (chiefly for the benefit of that large class of your readers who follow their spirit mediums and lecturers with kind memories to their home of rest in the spheres), a communication from Rosa Amedy, obtained under the following circumstances.

During a recent visit to Bucksport, Maine, I met with a gentleman who, without laying any claim to be controlled by spirits ordinarily, felt at times an irresistible impulse to write; the result, however, was somewhat unsatisfactory, as he seemed to be unable to produce anything but whole pages of beautifully executed, but unintelligible characters.

As these sheets were regularly written, evidently differing from each other, and bore to our uninitiated eyes a remarkable resemblance to oriental writings, I carried away some portions of them, and recently enclosed them in a letter to my spirit father, requesting him to aid me in procuring their translation through some spirit capable of rendering us this service. I enclosed this letter in a blank envelope, sealed, posted, marked with private mementoes, &c., &c., all of which guards against the possibility of scrutiny was performed in the presence of several witnesses, concluding by enclosing the blank envelope and enclosures to Mr. Mansfield, with the request that he would try to obtain an answer "for a stranger," who had "charged me to send the enclosed to him."

In a word, all the usual or rather unusual means that are, or could be resorted to to insure Mr. Mansfield's obtaining the smallest clue to the enclosure, was resorted to, and the package was returned to me, as the aforesaid witnesses can testify, exactly as it went, only with the following answer—not from my father, but from one whose words of cheer have gladdened so many hearts, and whose words from her well earned home of peace and joy I now give to all who kindly remember sweet Rosa Amedy:

"My DEAR SISTER HARDINGE:—Pardon, pardon this seeming intrusion on your valuable time, coming as I do from my spirit abode unsolicited; but, in absence of your angel father, who is not present to respond to your queries, I have thought you would accept a few imperfect thoughts through this, our material Brother Mansfield, rather than this, your sealed note, should return to you without notice from any one. Dear sister, when I think how kind you were to heed my last dying request to speak to those of my friends who had been so kind to me, not only in health but sickness, and others who congregated to bid adieu to all that was mortal of Rosa—sister, I bless you, and ever while you tabernacle below, will I be to you a friend, if I am not permitted to be an adviser. Others surround you, my sister, continually, who are far more capable of advising you than I am; they are truly God-gifted spirits, and will not only advise you, but protect you wherever you go." (I had inquired anxiously of my father if he could offer me any fresh advice concerning my future course in reference to my work for outcast females.)

"Do not, my sister, feel the least discouraged in regard to your mission. You will yet live to accomplish your most anxious expectations, and for your mediumistic career, it is but just commenced." (In answer to another question concerning my mediumship.) "Your mission is in other climes than those you now live in; only be faithful, my sister, be faithful. I see you are to visit several of those places and people where I was about to go. Say to them, Rosa still lives, and they will all meet her again. Now as to those mystical figures, I am unable to decipher them" (the above named writings which I enclosed to my father are here alluded to) "nor am I able to find any one who can do so. One spirit told me he thought it was Japanese, another deemed it Arabic, yet both thought they evidenced imperfect control, and doubted if they were susceptible of good interpretation. Another spirit lately told me he thought it was Indian, as he had seen some of the Aborigines of Prince Edward's Island (later State of Maine) attempt to make similar characters. I exceedingly regret, my dear sister, that I cannot give you a more satisfactory account of them.

God bless you, angels guide and love you, is the sincere wish and prayer of your spirit-sister, ROSA T. ANDREWS."

A few short weeks since I stood by the side of the once beautifulasket that enshrined the writer of this gentle, tender letter. Some even in that house of light and spiritual knowledge looked on the lovely, moveless shrine as Rosa dead! While the minister whose profession it was to teach God's holy truth told the mourners Rosa lying there, was "dead," gone, "and that the lonely mother was now bereaved of her last remaining treasure."

These dreary, cheerless teachings fell from the lips of a venerable and evidently sincere man. I loved

and revered him for the obvious piety and truthfulness of the opinions he so sorrowfully expressed—but with the echo of this tender whisper still in my ears, with which Rosa a few hours before had herself solicited me "to speak for her," and with such living witnesses as even the simple lines here recorded written under circumstances that defy deception, how can I hesitate in rendering my solemn protest against the teachings of the churchmen of the day, on the state of the departed, and their relations to ourselves?—how cease to lament that they won search their own Scriptures, until they join in one triumphant shout to re-echo the text, "there shall be no more death," or turn back from the mighty plough the living witnesses against death are driving over this world of graves into which the Holy Spirit of life has never yet descended.

They talk still of Spiritualism "dying out," and they talk it in the face of every new witness, that the minutes of fleeting time are constantly sending to the land of light, only to join the loving, laboring host who in twice ten thousand ingenious ways are constantly manifesting their presence again in the world of forms. Mediums, though imperfectly developed and with influences constantly retarded by the interruption and pressure of worldly duties—mediums are multiplying in every section, and the perpetual evidences of a spirit power, permeating the daily walks of life that surround the home altars, are satisfying the hungry souls that used to be driven to the altars of the world for spiritual bread, but by no means justify the last resort of baffled antagonism in crying, "the fatal delusion is dying out."

The financial pressure of the times, no less than the absence from their accustomed place of "our brave and true," and the absorption of the public mind in the harrowing details of war, have lessened the attendance on many of our public gatherings; but neither killed them nor quenched the light they have brought.

In Bangor, Maine, a brave little band have struggled in the midst of dreadful incendiary calamities, loss and afflictions of many kinds, to rear up a house for the angels, and despite the "pressure of the times," my voice was permitted to ring in our own hall, with some of the kindest hearts responding in echo, and some of the most devoted souls lending to their speaker and the spirits a cup brimful of inspiration that ever gladdened my wandering way.

Bucksport, and yet more remote, Bradley, in the same State, are not only alive in Spiritual faith, but holding their own, and living like the ancient pilgrims of Chaucer, "marching on to glory, with bleeding feet and torn garments, but whole hearts and tongues, shouting 'onward, onward ever!'"

I write now from Oswego—my last point on the necessary halt, by which I propose to recruit over wearied nature, for a heavy winter's campaign—takes place in the sultry month of August; and yet, though compelled by sheer exhaustion, and in view of heavy toils to be accomplished, strength or weakness, notwithstanding, to pause.

I leave this section of country almost with the shame of a deserter from the white harvest field, where at least an hundred sickles would find constant employment, and in three spots only have I been able to sojourn, and dispense the bread of life—Adams, where I find the seed I was privileged to sow one year since, springing up with ready growth—Ellisville, a village adjacent, (also in Jefferson county) where reform is so fully the order of the day, that any speaker who goes there with less than forty horse power to lecture again and yet again and again, will stand a good chance of seeing eager crowds following him and asking for "yet more light." I spoke by appointment there one afternoon, and in the face of a sultry sun, brooding storms, and excessive fatigue, had to satisfy the anxious listeners with a second lecture the same day. The memory of that quiet village, with its pretty church, built in the truest spirit of reform, though still sectarianized by the name of Universalist, and the upturned faces of the solid mass of living beings that for a very long hour were fastened silently on me, together with the unmistakable magnetism of absorbing interest with which they endured that scorching meeting, haunts me now, like Paul's vision of the man in Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us." I speak last of my visit to Platon, Prince Edward county, in Canada, because I feel on that point most at a loss for words wherewith to appeal to my fellow laborers for aid in the work I was there privileged to commence.

It will be asked, What are there any Spiritualists in this remote section of stately, conservative Canada? I answer, yes, one—a man with neither the world's goods of fortune or station, but being more than recompensed for these deficiencies by the wealth of spiritual knowledge, and the unselfish resolve to make others as happy in its light as he is himself; this brave one sent for me, and we solitary two have opened up to the intelligence of the kind and shrewd Canadians a view of the blazing chariots and horsemen hitherto invisible, that they will never again forget.

They received me with kindness, courtesy and candor, flocked to hear me in masses, and have since tendered me such an invitation to return as would be irresistible to wealth or fame seekers, or any, in fact, but a spirit-medium bent on other business.

My dear spirit co-workers! once again, as in the case of my former visits to Montreal, I urge upon you the wide, unploughed fields of Canada as a fitting scene of pioneer labor. I cannot but think a fair recompense will follow a fairly planned system of action, but I can declare from absolute experience that those who yearn to pour out this glorious gospel on an affectionate, highly appreciative and candid audience, will find this in Platon and its surrounding villages, and though I can scarcely imagine any more desperate, even fatal field of operations for the humbug and imposture with which we are sometimes compelled to conflict in human opinion and actual fact, I again repeat, broad of life cast on these waters will surely be found again, and that without waiting to search for it on "Jordan's flood."

With yesterday's Sabbath my labors closed in Oswego. Ever kind and faithful to Spiritualism and Emma, the same appreciative throng greeted me this month that parted from me last year. Save and except the dear ones whose retreat behind the dazzling veil which renders them invisible to our sight, I find no visible evidences as yet of the decrease of modern Spiritualism or diminution in its ranks of supporters.

Once more reminding all who take an interest in the Magdalen and the world's most cruelly down-trodden, that my work in that direction, though suspended till next fall, is then to be renewed; that it is only single-handed because the double-hands are not outstretched to help me, and that by the courtesy of Mr. Bela Marsh, of 14 Bromfield street, Boston, I can still be reached even in my month's retirement by letter. I am, Messrs. Editors, yours for the truth, EMMA HARDINGE.

Oswego, N. Y., July 30, 1861.

Our Country.

That there are two distinct and widely different conditions of social life in our nation no one can deny, and it is equally certain that these are both leading features of American society. One has its centre and fountain in the Cotton States, the other in New England. In one, pride is the ruling element; in the other, skill. In New England, the person who has no skill is worthless. In the Cotton States, the person who has no pride is "trash." In the present contest we can see the effect of each. The vain boasting of the one side, the constant effort to excel in fitting out regiments in the other, and in every contest read the failure of pride to contend with skill, with any chance of success. With officers trained in the same army, educated at the same schools, the battles must be lost; for the weakness is in the army as well as in the cause.

Few persons have looked at the relative and organic differences of society in these two sections aside from slavery, but most writers and speakers have placed slavery in front, and drawn all the attention to it as the cause of all our troubles and national difficulties; but it has been magnified into undue proportions by the telescopic views taken of it from our eastern social elevations.

Much of the character of the feudal ages remains in the South in the monopoly of wealth and education, and the large amount of floating population independent, in poverty, below labor, in idleness, and ignorant of the first rudiments of science and literature. This is the proper element for lynching, for mobs, for rebellions, for guerrilla warfare, for political excitements and social or military revolutions, and the corrupt politicians and ambitious demagogues arouse them and collect them into mobs or armies to carry out their schemes. There is not, perhaps, a greater proportion of mob politicians or demagogues in the South than in the North; but the element is not here to work upon, and hence it requires some principle, some just cause which the people can all understand, to arouse them to military action, and then patriotism manifests itself, and the skill and energy are both engaged, ensuring success.

New York and Pennsylvania vary but little from New England in character of society, and these with New England, have given tone to the Western States, especially those without slavery, and to the business of large towns and cities along the border of slave States, as in St. Louis, Wheeling, Louisville, &c. The fundamental difference in society, North and South, lies in two features—education and industry—both of which are general, and almost universal in New England and the North, and both of which are neglected by the masses in the South.

Education without industry is ruining, by muscular imbecility, the sons and daughters of the rich, and the lack of both, with consequent dissipation, gambling and quarrelling, is the ruin of the lower classes who are now drawn into the armies to be destroyed by fighting against the spread of the very principles and practices which alone could save their posterity from the lowest barbarism and crime. Industry and education combined will lead any people to prosperity, to wealth, to peace, and happiness—and no nation can, with safety, neglect either, nor with safety confine them, or either of them, to one class. They must be general, and should be universal. We have been steadily approaching it in the North, and as they advanced, the war-spirit was dying out; and the South have mistaken this for incapacity to fight and inability to discipline; but our industry, education and skill enable us to start an army out of these States in a few weeks unequalled by any nation.

It is interesting to follow and watch the creeping and slow spread of these principles over the line, in to the borders of the "Dixie Land"—over Delaware, Maryland, Western Virginia, over the Ohio and along the north part of Kentucky and up the rivers and roads of Missouri, slowly crowding back the aristocracy and its chattelism, and civilizing the masses as it progresses, unfitting them for the present rebellion against the policy and government which has for many years been fostering a system of general education and industry which must ultimately destroy aristocracy and slavery—for neither of them can long survive where both these prevail. The land-grants to new States for education have already opened a free system in some of them superior to New England, establishing not only free common schools, but academies, and in several States, even, colleges free, or nearly so. And the sale of excellent land at a mere nominal price in tracts as large as forty acres, and the gifts in warrants of a vast amount, have stimulated industry, and thousands of the poor, even from the borders of slavery, have gone on to these new lands, become industrious, and often wealthy, and brought up their children to industry, and often in education also.

These are among the greatest blessings of our government, and form the brightest hopes of the world; and it is for the overthrow of these, or the arrest of them and preventing the further encroachments on slavery and aristocracy, that this rebellion is carried on, and it is of the highest importance to the nation, and especially to the South, that it be completely subdued, and the government fully maintained over all the States, and ultimately over this continent and its islands.

The time will come when the South will feel most thankful for the success of the North in this war, for she has the greatest interest in our success; for if she could succeed and set up a government, for herself, she could read her future history in Mexico's present condition.

—South Hartford, Vt.

Conjugal Love.

All the brightest dreams of life are tinted with the hues of a roseate love enfolding two conjugal souls in the bowers of Eden-beatitude. Yet few men and women, without a large heart-experience, can realize the nature of that conjugal love which is so divine in its aspirations and so radiant with beautiful colors coloring all the landscape of life. The dreams of inexperienced youth are seldom, if ever, realized, until after long years of trial. The discipline of sorrow, suffering, delay and suspense, is essential to test the heart's deepest, divinest affections, and develop the whole nature in preparation for the solemn and sublime relation of conjugal union, and the unutterable felicities of true conjugal love. This love is no plant of hot house growth, born and blooming in a summer day, but is like the overgreen of the mountain brow, rooted deep and strong amid the storms of winter as well as blossoming in the sunshine of spring and summer. Happy are they who, after having experienced the rugged realities of life, find their hearts still warm and fresh, and at last come in communion with their chosen ideal of wedded bliss!

U. C.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

To ADVERTISERS.—The BANNER OF LIGHT is the best "medium" in the United States you can communicate through with the public. It circulates widely, and is read by everybody—almost. Every cent you put out in this direction will return you dollars. Try it.

We can't print much war news. We don't want to do it. This cutting people up with cold lead and iron is an abominable practice. When will people become civilized enough to settle great questions some other way? There is another grave objection to it—it makes too many widows and old maids. Civilization, forsooth! We still live in a feudal age. Editors must take this war business in hand, and put a stop to it.

A. Harlow, M. D., of Chagrin Falls, O., who is a graduate of over twenty years experience in his profession, continues to treat diseases by letter, or otherwise, with increased success, we are credibly informed, through his Medical Dial, or Spiritoscope. The best of reference given, on application as above.

"ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAMP," No. 31, will appear in our forthcoming issue.

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters! Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease and loathsome ugliness.

More pleasure and information are derived through the single sense of sight than from all other senses.

When you tell your secret it is going; and so it will probably be kept—going.

The sword of the spirit, if properly tempered, can neither be broken nor blunted in the warfare of threescore years and ten.

Q.—What place should a man retire to in the decline of life? A.—Willow.

While self-love is the centrifugal force which throws man out, making him an individual world, divine love is the centripetal force which strives to round his course into an orbit of beauty and eternal harmony. The first is necessary to make him a man; but unless subordinated to the latter, he flies off in a tangent, and wanders in sunless, hopeless night.—A. E. Newton.

SUCRINE.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave live on.

The human soul, like the waters of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

A Washington dispatch to the Post says that the rebels at Manassas number 60,000, and that water is scarce there.

Scurrilous letter envelopes are not allowed to be transmitted through the mail.

The Kentucky State election, which took place on the 6th inst., has resulted in favor of the Union candidates.

David A. Neal, Esq., died at his residence in Salem, on Monday evening last. During the past twenty years he has been a prominent mover in the great railroad enterprises which have done so much for the prosperity of the North. The Eastern, Illinois Central, Michigan Central, Reading, and many other roads, have all felt the benefit of his energy and experience.

Massachusetts has great faith that General Banks will distinguish himself on the battle-field. He is a man of indomitable energy, and possesses great executive abilities.

HONORABLE.—The Traveller understands that a draft for the sum of five thousand dollars has been received in this city, within a few days, from a firm in Charleston, S. C., not to purchase new goods, but in payment of an old debt.

By an act of Congress, recently passed, the soldiers' pay is increased from eleven dollars to thirteen dollars per month, and the pay of non-commissioned officers is increased in proportion. To the late three months troops a bounty of thirty dollars per man is offered if they re-enlist for the war individually, forty dollars if they re-enlist by companies, and fifty dollars if they re-enlist by regiments.

"LEADED MATTER."—Four editors of prominent Southern journals were killed in the battle of Bull Run.

The literary societies of the University of Vermont have chosen J. W. May of Roxbury, Mass., orator for 1862, and James Russell Lowell of Cambridge, poet.

Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon-balls, should go straight to their mark.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Digby says the woods at Bull Run were a capital place for trees-on.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

SCRAP OF HISTORY.—During the revolutionary war, Gen. Lafayette, being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went as requested; but, instead of joining in the amusement, as might have been expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus: "Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—but my man has no shirt." This was irresistible. The ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore for the gallant defenders of their country.

The Cleveland Plaindealer says: "Some weeks since we solicited through a friend some statistics in the biography of Gen. McClellan, when he replied, 'Tell my friend Gray to wait till I can give him an excuse for referring to me.'"

Cheerfulness is the ever-singing oricket of the soul's hearth-stone.

A home without a girl in it, is only half-blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, a bower without a bird, and a bird without a song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters are like the roses in Sharon.

Whenever you meet a man—no matter whether he is a noted politician, poet, or philosopher—who has the appearance of thinking himself a great man, you may safely conclude that there is a great deal more for him to learn in this world. He has not taken the first step toward genuine wisdom, which is to have a realizing sense of our own ignorance.

An inspiring sight for a glazier; the early dawn when it breaks in the windows.

The organ in the Episcopal Church in Hampton, Va., was found to be out of order, on a recent Sabbath, whereupon a skillful private in a Massachusetts Regiment set to work and repaired it.

Persons requiring gas metres, are requested to apply to the National Anthem Committee.

HARD TIMES FOR NEWSPAPERS.—The present are trying times for newspapers. The Journal of Com-

merce says that its exchange list furnishes the names of seventy papers which have been discontinued within the past few months! Even the daily papers of New York, which many suppose are reaping a rich harvest, find retrenchment necessary. The Times has been reduced in size, and the Courier and Inquirer has been merged in the World. The loss of advertising patronage, resulting from the general prostration of business, is the principal cause of embarrassment among these papers.

If you have gone half crazy at not having your sweetheart as a wife, remember you might have gone the other half if you succeeded.

A company is about being formed in England to build boats by steam machinery, according to a patent of Matthew Thompson, an American engineer. It is said that a cutter thirty feet long can be completed in a few hours.

Why is a lover who has become offended with his sweetheart, like a child's toy? Because he is a cross beau (cross-bow).

"Why are members of the Massachusetts Medical Faculty called regular physicians?" inquired Digby of a quack doctor, yesterday. "It's because they're not allowed to get tipsy—that's all!" was the wit's response.

THE INNER SENSE.

Power and presence of the universe;
Spirit! who art the soul of natural things,
Our animal senses know thee not; we see
Colors and forms, beauty and grace; we hear
The harmony of earth, and air, and sky;
Delicious fragrances about us steal;
But they are sights, and sounds, and fragrances,
And only these. It is the inner sense,
The spiritual eye, the immaterial ear,
That find thee in the outer world; a part
Of all thy presence everywhere diffused.
Spirit of Nature! bath our human heart
Mysterious sympathies with thee, that thus
Mute things have sometimes voices to our thoughts,
And there be life-like aspects in the grass
And tongueless trees, and the old silent hills
Are eloquent as prophets? Are the dreams
That visit passionate minds the fabled shapes
Which haunt the field and wander in the woods?
Is Fancy but the whispering of Truth,
And Poetry the communing between
The soul of nature and the soul of man?

How TO GET RID OF FLIES.—To one pint of milk add a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about it in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method, kitchens, etc., may be kept clear of flies all summer without the danger attending poison.

A gentleman in the spring time of life, when walking with a lady, stumbled and fell. On his resuming his perpendicular, the lady remarked she "was sorry for his unfortunate faux pas." "I did not hurt my fore paws," said he, "I only barked my knees."

REFRESHING.—We enjoy two hearty feasts every week—feasts of fat things, rendered digestible by healthy seasonings from the pepper-box of reason, and made agreeable to all the appreciating faculties by good sense. On Tuesday afternoon, generally, the BANNER OF LIGHT comes, and we take it in hand as a suitable repast for a hungry soul. On Wednesday or Thursday, the HERALD OF PROGRESS is set before us in suitable time for dessert, and we do it ample justice in the reading if not in the "discussion," though we don't "swallow" Bro. Davis's prescriptions, they being incompatible with that state of perfect health which enables us to digest the other and more nutritive contents. With these two refreshing and invigorating repasts, weekly, for the spirit, and strawberries at sixpence a quart for the outer man, we are inclined to remain contented on this sublimity sphere yet a little longer.—Cleveland Sunbeam.

The crops of New England are, as a whole, very good thus far. The hay crop, one of the most important, is generally abundant, of good quality, and has, in many places, been well gathered.

The sign of a tobaccoist in Pittsburgh, Pa., contained a representation of three jovial fellows enjoying the comforts of the weed narcotic in three different modes, described in the following couplet:

"We three labor in a common cause—
One puff, one snuff, and one chew."

An officer in one of the Michigan regiments writing of the affair at Bull Run, says: "We left our water in the woods when we retreated. He is a colored boy, sixteen years old. The rebel cavalry caught upon him, and he shot an officer, mounted his horse, and is now with us."

Digby, meeting a lady on the common recently, sobbing bitterly, sympathizingly inquired the cause. "Oh, I have a cataract in my eye, sir, that's all." A cataract from the clouds at that moment put an end to the colloquy.

Forgive those rude but well-meaning spirits who have unintentionally wounded you, if only from the consideration that you must have often unconsciously wounded others.

What is the best line to lead a man with? Crinoline. What is the best line to lead a woman with? Masculine.

The French Emperor has come out with a decree favorable to free laborers in his empire's colonies, and against slavery and the slave trade, which is interpreted to mean well to the American Union party.

The Plainfield Gazette says that the man who would take a newspaper for a length of time, and send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

The causes of the Union defeat on the 21st ult.—Poor feeding and poor leading.

The perfumes of a thousand roses soon die, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after; a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach a sermon from the text—"Remember Lot's wife," but made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable Doctor replied that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone!"

A wag says of a woman: "To her virtues we give love, to her beauty our admiration, to her hoops the whole sidewalk."

A fish caught by the angler and a boy tossed by a bull, must dislike the idea of one individual's rising in the world upon another's hook.

Exchange of colors.—While General Butler is getting the blacks, the slaveholders are getting the blues.

Why is a hungry boy looking at pudding like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

We are happy, not according to what we have, but according to what we enjoy. What are halls to him around whom friends do not gather? What domains to him who has no future?—Dickens.

Da Chailu, in his last work of explorations in Central Africa says: "A chief in the interior con-

trary, having a great respect for me, of whom he had often heard, when I had made him my first visit, immediately ordered a slave to be killed for my dinner, and it was only with great difficulty I was able to convince him that I did not, in my own country, live on human flesh."

Lovejoy, member of Congress from Illinois, wanted to go to the war, but was rejected—the Governor probably thinking that Lovejoy could not have hate enough in him to be a fighting man.

The degeneracy of our times, especially in the matter of honesty and integrity of public affairs, is most easily marked. A gentleman in middle life furnishes to one of the papers the following incident in his boyish days:

Having occasion to write, he thought to supply himself with a sheet of letter paper from the desk of his grandfather, who at the time held an office under the Federal government.

"What are you doing there?" said the old gentleman.

"Getting a sheet of paper, sir."

"Put it back, sir, put it back; that paper belongs to the government of the United States!"

How exceedingly old-fashioned that sounds in these days of wholesale speculation, fraud, robbery and plunder! Well may we sigh for the return of "Auld Lang Syne."

It is not known at what season of the year our first parents were placed in Eden; but they went out in "the Fall."

True liberty, like true religion, is always aggressive or persecuted, but the attack is generally made upon it by the nation that is to be crushed.

At first the dissipated resort to wine to stimulate their wits, and in the end have to resort to their wits to procure their wine.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.

In the British House of Commons on the 26th, Sir C. Wood said the Government had evinced great anxiety to develop the resources of India as a cotton producing country, and he believed the result would be that ultimately England would be rendered independent of America for cotton. This year the supply of cotton from India will be about 300,000 bales more than ever before.

In the House of Commons on the 26th, Mr. Duxton called attention to the increase of the Cuban slave trade and supplementing the exertions of the naval force on the African coast by other measures, especially by the reappointment of a Consul at Mozambique.

The Paris papers were busily discussing Lord John Russell's speech against the annexation of the island of Sardinia to France. The Monitor continued silent upon the subject.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says it is rumored that there is a notion of trying England with a bait of Sicily for her concurrence in the annexation of the island of Sardinia to France whenever the proper moment comes; and probably a hint of the kind will soon be thrown out in some of the Paris journals.

The protest by the Italian people against the French occupation of Rome was receiving a vast number of signatures throughout Italy.

The Bourbon Central Committee has been discovered at Naples. Prince Montemiletto has been arrested, and it is rumored that the Duke Popoli and others of high rank are compromised. A Bourbon committee has also been discovered at Positano, the presiding officer of which and five accomplices had been arrested.

To Correspondents.

D. H. BARLOW, PHILADELPHIA.—Your communication is on file for publication.

A. M. R., New York.—Spirits as "Cultivators and Workers with Mankind," (No. 6.) will appear in our next issue.

H. S., LANCASTER, O.—We think Spiritualists of all others, should be liberal in their views. Sectarians will never investigate Spiritualism, so long as writers and speakers in our ranks are continually asserting "that they are a positive hindrance to human progress." Hence we decline printing your remarks.

"SOPHIE."—You shall be doubly welcome. Please to receive our heartfelt thanks for your kind wishes in behalf of the BANNER.

Notice.

The friends in Worcester, Mass., owing to the pressure of the war upon their pockets and hearts, have, through their Committee, released me from my engagement at that place for the last two Sundays of September, and other places in the vicinity of Boston can have one or both of them if applied for by the 3d of September by letter; at Lebanon, N. H., by Aug. 25; or Lowell, Mass., Sept. 1st.

WARREN CHASE.

Glover, Vt., Aug. 8th, 1861.

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.

NOTICE.

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

On Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 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 most reliable method of obtaining a correct diagnosis of their diseases, can do so by ingesting a lock of their hair, together with one dollar and a three-cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired.

25¢ Fee for Examinations, \$1.00 to be paid at the time. Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. Letters may be addressed to

D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

July 30. at No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

REMOVAL.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

AND

FURNISHERS,

HAVE REMOVED TO CHAMBERS NO. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, (New "Parker Building," a few doors south of Milk street, Boston.)

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Rheumatism, Coughs, Colds and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not at once take hold of and disengage. Night sweats, perspiration, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address

CHADDOCK & CO., July 30. at No. 225 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE MAGNIFYING objects 500 times, will be sent to any address on the receipt of 25 Cents and one red stamp. Five of different powers for \$1. Postage free. F. BOWEN, Box 315, Boston, Mass. July 30.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

SUITABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth, 344 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

D. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., Professor of Pittsburg, Pa., author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, and the treatment of the most difficult forms of humors, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the medical profession. All the medicines used are purely vegetable. No 226 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF DISEASE.

HOT AIR BATH,

Of Roman and English Origin, is now in successful operation at No. 12 Avon Place, Boston.

DR. L. TILTON.

MAY be consulted upon diseases of the skin, such as Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Eruptions of every kind. In hundreds of cases they cause Consumption, Asthma, Throat Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Female Diseases, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cough, Lung Difficulties, etc., etc.—in fact, most diseases originate from the impure, unhealthy action of the skin. The Hot Air Bath Remedies have found to be an extraordinary solvent on eruptive diseases, thoroughly convinced, also, that a proper treatment of the skin will tend to cure the internal diseases. Internally, we command our system to the consideration of the medicine. Persons residing at a distance, wishing to take medical advice, etc., may do so by forwarding in writing a description of the case.

Dr. T. will visit any part of the country for medical purposes. All consultations free. By letter enclose postage stamp for return mail. Office hours for consultation, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M.

D. L. TILTON, 12 Avon Place, Boston.

Aug. 17.

DAGUERRETYPE PICTURES

FOR

HEAD STONES.

EVERY person who has lost a beloved Child, Father or Mother, should send for one to adorn the Head Stone with the image of the departed one, for there is nothing more appropriate or tasteful than this. I am the only manufacturer of Daguerretype Cases for attaching the likeness of the deceased to head stones and monuments in this country. These cases are made of the finest materials, and are constructed of a texture corresponding well with the material used for monuments. The picture is secured from air or dampness by a metal screw box, which is nicely fixed in the back side of the case, the whole arrangement being securely fastened to the surface of the monument, the case making a very beautiful Ornament.

A beautiful tomb-stone is not completed until it contains the likeness of the one who lies beneath it. Those who have been called to commit treasures of household affections to the cold confines of the grave, will feel a deep interest in this invention, for how dear the privilege to gaze upon the features of the elements of the departed, and to visit their graves. Not only would such a likeness be of great value to the relatives of the deceased, in their visits to the graves of loved ones, but of mournful interest to friends and acquaintances of the deceased.

This case is so constructed that the exact picture of a departed friend can be so copied into it by any Daguerrean artist as to endure for years, unaltered by wind or storm, and also agreeable on visiting the cemetery to read a bright, life-like picture of departed friends consoling over their graves.

These Cases are securely packed, and warranted to reach their place of destination in safety.

PRICE TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Address the manufacturer, A. LEWIS BALDWIN, West Medford, Conn.

Send for a Circular. Town and County Rights for sale. 3w Aug. 17.

S. C. PRATT, M. D.

LATE ASSOCIATE OF T. H. GREENOUGH, M. D., OF LONDON.

No. 41 Tremont Street, Boston.

DR. PRATT gives particular attention to the rational treatment of the following Eczema Diseases, viz.—Gammering, Eczema, Athlete's Foot, Ringworm, Ringworm of the Eye and Ear, diseases of the Throat and Lungs, diseases of Women, and Scrofula in all its forms, including the positive cure of Cancer, Ulcers, Mole, etc., as advised by Ricord, of Paris, without pain or surgical operation.

RECEPTION ROOM, ROOM 10 A. M. TO 3 P. M. Aug. 17.

THE HEALING POWER.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

No. 292 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirits, through the medium of the *Banner*. It is 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 own life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *visita* beings. We believe the public should know the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive the *spirit* doctrine forthrightly in these columns that do not come with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE FOLLOWED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course.

Thursday, July 25.—Invocation: The Condition of those who suffer violent death; Leander T. Graham, New York; Anonymous; Maria Louisa Lockwood, St. Louis.

Friday, July 26.—Invocation: Success of Warfare; William Buck, Buckville, Ala.; Horace S. Williams, Albany, N. Y.; Mary Flynn, Cross street, Boston; John Gillespie, Tallor, Quincy, C. H. Briggs.

Saturday, July 27.—Lightfoot; David Roberts, Bangor.

Sunday, July 28.—"What will become of those who love not God and obey not His laws?" Wm. Chamberlain, Portland; Abraham Miller; Frances Amelia Lathrop, Richmond, Va.; George Kent.

Monday, Aug. 1.—Invocation: "Was the natural body of Jesus ever resurrected from the dead, and did his friends see him as a natural being after death?" Jack Woodbury, N. Y.

Tuesday, Aug. 2.—"What is the difference, if any, between the future condition of the spirit of a suicide and that of a soldier who dies by the hand of an enemy?" Francis L. Southern, Quincy; Peary, Portsmouth, N. H.; Samuel Sewall, Boston, editor, Gardner, Me.

Wednesday, Aug. 3.—Invocation: "Was not Jesus the only go. d and perfect man that ever lived upon earth?" Galusha, a slave, to M. ss. Israel Sheldon, Gaston, Ala.; Larkin Moore; Katy Zabens, Nashua, N. H.

Our Circles.

The circles at which the following communications are given, are held at the *BANNER OF LIGHT* OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, EVERY MONDAY, TUESDAY AND THURSDAY AFTERNOON, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in Heaven, and who deignest alms to take up thy abode in hell, honored be thy name. We will not ask thy kingdom may come for already it is with us. We will not ask thee to give us our daily bread, spiritual or material, for that also thou hast always bestowed upon us. Nor will we ask thee to forgive our trespasses even as we forgive those who trespass against us, for we know that each and every sin must and will bring certain punishment, and forgiveness can wipe out no sin. But, oh, our Father, we would draw nigh unto thee, thanking thee for that thou hast given us, and for that thou wilt give us in the future. As thou hast never forgotten us, we feel that thou canst never forget us, and therefore we extend our praises unto thee, knowing thou hearest and heedest. And, oh, our Mother, we will not ask thee to fold us in the arms of thy love, for we know thou hast never ceased to fold thy loving arms around every child of thine. Whether within or outside the bounds of Christianity, thy children thou hast not forgotten; and as our Father and our Mother, unto thee be endless praises spoken. July 16.

Astrology.

When last we were with you, we announced our intention to receive questions on any subject on which to base a few remarks at the opening of our circle, from any one here convened. We are now ready to receive a question, or subject, but will here state that the condition of our medium will oblige us to be exceedingly brief, and our friends will govern themselves accordingly.

[A visitor gave the subject, "Astrology."]

Astrology may be called the foundation of all the sciences. Astrology may also be called the index of all things found upon the material plane. Astrology is a mystery, and the world knows but little as to what it is. The ancients conceived it to be the foundation of their religion—out of this science grew all the religions of the past. Mortals know but little as to how much they are controlled, bound, held each in their respective spheres, by the different planets that people the Universe. When man shall more fully understand that science, or fully comprehend it, the race will seem as it were, lost upon the sea of non-freedom. They will be led to cry out, "What am I, since I am possessed—held in control by the worlds that swim in air?"

Each and every planet has its direct and positive influence upon each and every human form. The science of Astrology has much to do with modern Spiritualism—or this new religion, if we may so term it—much to do with it, we say, because the peculiar position of the planets of the nineteenth century have given tone, as it were, to this new thought—this new flood of thought, overwhelming and over-sweeping old religious creeds, and letting in new currents of thought, the effects of which shall never pass away.

Astrology is, at best, an infant with the races of man. The mighty minds of the past thought they understood the science, but they found they had scarcely taken the first step, and gazed only upon a single manifestation. The mighty minds of the present think their intellect infolds much of it, but they know very little. Who, among all who pretend to understand it, believe there is so much influence being exerted by or through the celestial orbs, upon minds dwelling in material forms? Though they may point out the position of the planets, and show their line of march, as connected with human birth, yet they see not the great chain and the many links that unite every soul in the Universe to every other soul. There is not one single thought floating in the atmosphere of earth, that is not felt by every soul in the Universe; and each and every atom is in perfect rapport with each and every soul, and physical form, also.

You have what you call your four seasons. They come and go in perfect obedience to law, and over observe a perfect obedience to the planets that march along the heavens; and they roll on ever in perfect obedience to the higher law. If this be so, we must suppose, yes, and come to a knowledge, also, that each and every form and change is brought about by the movements of the planets that surround your earth, and those changes and phases of the planets affect those who have passed beyond your mortal condition as well as those who dwell with you.

Astrology! what a mighty subject!—so mighty that the few brief remarks we have given you are not to one ten-thousandth degree fitted to touch upon a single point of the subject. But we leave it, hoping to resume it again when our medium shall be in better condition. July 15.

John McCarthy.

Faith, I don't see anybody at all I had here. Faith, I told if I came here, I'd see only those I knew. I came to speak to my child, and what'll I do? Faith, when I get here I see a woman for first time, and I's told I'd get into her. But I don't see anybody I know. I've been told things that ain't true, long enough. I've been told things all along, and they've deceived me.

I suppose it's Boston, I don't know. Then I suppose it's day and not night. I expected to meet somebody I knew. I want to talk to my child. My name's John McCarthy. I worked in Boston—was a mason's tender. The last man I worked for was Mr. Wallace. I've been gone, in all, I suppose, somewhere about eight years—as near as I can reckon time. I've been doing nothing at all since I died. I knew Mr. Bell, and Mr. Brown. We went away somewhere, and sometime before I died. I knew Mr. Pope. I lived in Fleet street. I don't know where's my wife at all. She left me before I died; she took to drinking pretty hard I don't want to speak of her, much. I've one boy—his name is John, like my own.

I hear about folks coming back to overthrow their religion. That's what I don't come back for at all. I want to speak with my child. It's always been a belief with some of the Irish, that the dead can come back sometimes, and then only to

those in high offices. It's about that I want to speak. I want to speak, too, of my boy's going home. He'll fare better there. I've been taking care of myself, and looking round, since I've been dead. One thing's sure; I have not been carrying a load! Faith, no need of it.

I have three little girls—Mary, Catherine and Monica. Sometimes I went to church in Moon street, but more in Franklin street. I don't remember the names of the priests at all. My boy John's old enough to know all about these things, and he's smart enough. It's most of all I want to tell him, to go home to the old country, and where he never was at all, and it would be of much advantage if he would understand it. I came from Glanmire county. My boy's heard a story about my leaving home. It's a bad one, and it troubles me much. There's no truth in it at all. There was some trouble between me and one of my brothers. He's in this country now, and he's told what's not true of me, since I've been away. I don't care who believes it, so long as my childer do n't. I tried to be honest while I lived here. I was not a drinking man, though sometimes I took a drop or two. I saw too much trouble coming from it, to drink much myself. If the old woman's all right, and has left her bad habits, I can't say but I should like to talk to her; but if she's no better than she used to be, I don't want to talk to her here or anywhere else.

Shall I tell you how I came to go? I suppose I made a strain across my stomach—I thought I did. I had much pain, and then had the rheumatism all through me. I then got took down with fever. Some said it was the small-pox, but it was n't that at all—it was a fever, and it took me off quick. I had not much money. I had enough to pay my expenses.

Faith, I'm puzzled to know what kind of a place I'm in. I's told to come here and tell the truth. Are you Catholics or Protestants here? Well, I suppose it's all right; I came for business, and not religion. I want them to go to somebody that's like this, that I may talk to them.

I'm thinking what I shall do to pay you. I've nothing now to pay you with, and perhaps I should n't want to give it to you, if I had; think I should, though. I'm glad it's free. How shall I get away? Is it dying I've got to do? Is there any medicine to take? Well, you may laugh; but I suppose all, whether Yankees or Irish, make some mistakes when they come. July 15.

Samuel D. Thompson.

I suppose, that I may be known, I must give some few incidents, if I may call them so, that belonged to my earthly life.

I was born in the town of Henniker, N. H. My name was Samuel D. Thompson. I was the youngest of three children—two sons and one daughter. Nothing of importance took place, that I remember, up to the time I was thirty-four years of age. At that time I got into bad company. Perhaps I ought not to say it, but I did what I ought not to have done, for which I was imprisoned in the Concord prison. I was there eighteen years ago. Just before I was so unfortunate as to get there—perhaps a year and a few months before that—I was married to one of the finest women that ever walked the earth.

At the time of my entering that place, I believe the person I shall call my son, was a few months old. My term of imprisonment was eighteen months. At my term of release, my wife refused to live with me, and right enough, too. She was influenced by her friends; and I met her but few times after that, previous to my leaving earth, and my child I never saw after I was imprisoned; but he lives on the earth to-day.

There is much of the weakness of the father imparted to the son, and I wish to give him strength to overcome those weaknesses, by giving him knowledge. Small as it may be, it may serve to keep him in a good condition, or prepare his spirit for a good condition after he leaves the body.

I have seen much of unhappiness since I came here. Perhaps it may be as well as I came by consumption, brought about, no doubt, by free use of strong drink, and exposure in consequence. I am going to tell the truth, however much I may be ashamed of the past. After I got out of my body, I for a time found it hard to get along. I found I had so cramped my faculties by ignorance, it was very hard for me to get along; and when I saw others coming back, it seemed as though there would be none to welcome me on the face of the earth—that I should find myself rejected—an outcast. But I have tried to do justice to myself, and let my duty to my son rise above all else. I have succeeded thus far and am here to-day.

She who was my wife, is passed on—gone beyond me. As high as I have been able to learn, my boy was brought up by my wife's relatives, who, no doubt, acted a wise and good part toward him, for which I thank them—all I can do.

When I last saw my boy, I remember distinctly one little circumstance which took place, which may be something like a proof to him that I do return. I had been down this way a few days before, and had purchased a little string of red coral, intermixed with gold beads. Just before I left the house for the last time, I tied that little string of beads around the baby's neck. I believe he has seen it, and been told that it was all that was left him by which to remember his father. This is of no account. I only give it to prove I'm the person I pretend to be.

I am here to ask that boy to let me talk to him. I can give him that strength to overcome temptation, which all poor mortals need. If I cannot put him in the way of making money, I can put him out of the way of being what his father was.

I could give the name of the place where my boy is, and his own, if there was no one whose peace of mind I had to consult but my own; but the boy has fine feelings, and I do not wish to make him unhappy. If I can do anything to make him happy, I feel that I ought to do it.

Oh, God, what a strange world this is!

Frances Elizabeth Prince.

Is this the place where letters are received and published?

Last night I manifested to some friends in Chicago, and I was told to come here and manifest within three days, and my friends would know that I came to them.

I am not always so and as now. When I am away from earth and earthly things, I feel happy and content; but as soon as I come in connection with earthly things, then I am sad, because of the manner of my leaving earth.

My name was Frances Elizabeth Prince. I was sixteen years of age, and was lost with the Lady Elgin. I have a dear, dear mother in Chicago, and a brother; and I think I would willingly renounce all my hopes of happiness and heaven, if I could bring Spiritualism to them, and have them know it is no who comes to them. It is so hard to write, and to make sounds, and spell out words and sentences; I wish I could talk to them, and have them feel it is me.

Oh, my mother said, "Go there within three days, and I'll believe it is my Frances." I hope I am not here for nothing. Will you date my letter, sir, and spell my name right? My mother's Christian name is Sally, or Sarah; I suppose it will be well to say either.

It is the fifteenth of July. Yes, last night I was there. Oh, I'm so glad I could come here to-day! I manifested by writing, and making sounds, too. July 15.

Invocation.

Oh God, as all things are permeated with prayer, we feel that our souls are constantly lifted unto thee the element, prayer. Oh, our Father, this hour we come before thee to thank thee for that thou hast bestowed upon us and upon all thy subjects, everywhere; but, oh God, more especially shall we thank thee in behalf of those this moment leaving their physical forms, casting off the garb of flesh, and entering the spirit-world. In their behalf we thank thee that thou hast given them strength—not such as is gathered from the dark elements of materiality, but from immortal spirits. We thank thee that they will soon, very soon, each and all, open their soul-faculties to the realities of spirit-life, and we thank thee that they will soon find the open

highway by which to return. We thank thee that thou hast prepared the few who are so suddenly snatched from their material covering, though it be through the dark cloud of sorrow.

Oh God, our Father and our Mother, though the American nation be in tears to-day, we feel that from out the very groans of the bereaved loved ones shall arise an aroma that shall ascend in fragrance to thee, and draw the mourners nearer to thee.

Shall we bless thee for war? Yes, for it is a part of thy manifestation of power. So we bless thee for each and every manifestation of life, whether it comes from darkness and hell, or from the celestial shores of wisdom; and for all things we thank thee, for all the mighty conditions of nature which constantly envelop the children of earth, for each and every sorrow and joy we bless thee; and oh, our Father, when darkness seems to settle around thy children, and thy hands seem to lay heavily upon them, may they see the light beyond, and rejoice because of the wisdom which thou hast poured out upon the sons and daughters of humanity. And we rejoice, oh our Father, that each and every child of thine shall be brought nearer and nearer to an understanding of the laws of nature and of material life, that they may enjoy the higher light within them, so that death and darkness shall no more rend asunder their hearts. July 22.

Knowledge of Future Life.

When the human spirit stands upon the line that divides the two spheres of existence, what would it not give in exchange for some knowledge—some positive knowledge of that land to which it must soon go? There is nothing you can conceive of that man would not give in order to enjoy the gift of one germ of knowledge regarding the future life, when he stands upon the verge of that you call eternity, but which is simply the entrance to another condition of life.

Now that this condition is before each and every one that lives, is it not well that all in the form should possess a positive certainty, as it were, in regard to their condition, as they stand on the verge of immortality? We say, as this condition is before all, is it not well all should provide themselves with that which all have occasion to use—the mighty lesson of life—knowledge of the great future to the spirit, and its condition in the body, and relationship to it?

"Oh, that I knew something of the world I am going to!" is the cry of all who pass from your sphere. There are not any wedded to old theories who would not give all their hopes for one certainty; and yet they have no knowledge—no positive knowledge of the higher life, because the past has left them unsatisfied; because their religion has given no knowledge. When in health, and possessed of the conditions necessary to gain a knowledge of that law, would it not be well to gain it, and not pass on to the valley of the shadow of death with fear and trembling?

This very hour we have witnessed what we shall call the transposition of many children of mortality to conditions of immortality. What a vast contrast was there between those who had some knowledge of spiritual existence, and those who had none! There were those who laid down the physical form with trembling and in dense darkness. Terrible indeed was their departure; dark indeed was their journey! But when the star of truth was given to the individual, to guide him over the stormy sea of death, what a joy spread through every avenue of the soul! What had been Hope, seemed changed into positive reality.

Oh, ye who dwell in mortal forms, see to it, that ye attend to the cultivation in your own souls of the knowledge which shall lead you like a good pilot over the deep and sometimes turbid waters of immortality; and give to the little ones entrusted to your keeping a knowledge of their relationship to the spheres material and spiritual, that will enable them to go forward without fear, with Faith for their mantle, and Hope for their shield. July 22.

News from the War.

It is our purpose, from time to time, to receive subjects upon which to speak to those present. We will here add that the physical condition of our medium is almost wholly devoid of that which is necessary to Spiritual control; but such as we have, we give unto you, and if there are any here who have any question they would like to ask, we are ready to answer it according to the capacity of the instrument through which we speak.

[This circle, our readers will observe, was held on the Monday following the great battle of Bull Run; and at the time of commencing the sitting—three o'clock—the news was coming in of the entire defeat of the Federal army, and of its inglorious retreat toward Washington, after the loss of between two and three thousand men. A visitor asked, "Can the spirits confirm the defeat of the Union army?" Our readers will see that the spirits' answer was gradually confirmed by the development of the facts.]

No, we do not. Your material means of receiving intelligence from a distance is as fallible as your Spiritual means. But men, when in an excited condition from any cause, are apt to give that which is not strictly correct. The news you tell us you have received, with regard to the defeat of the Union army, according to our knowledge, is incorrect. So far, the news is partially correct, because much, and more has been contemplated, but not carried into effect. You spoke of a defeat—a victory won over the Union party. That, to speak according to the phrase of your sphere, they have been "badly whipped," is too true; but that they have been more so than the opposition, is not so. This, time and your future reports will prove.

The Northern ranks will suffer more terribly than they have any conception of. There is that within the elements of the North that will tend to a partial destruction. Many, very many shall lose their physical bodies; but there shall be no defeat of the Union army! July 22.

Ralph Farnham.

I begin to see some things more clearly, now I have lost my old body, than I did before I lost it.

When peace was declared between America and Great Britain, it seems to me now that there was too much haste with the friends of the American nation—or, in other words, it seems to me the Americans thought too much of making peace with friends abroad, and not enough of things that would sooner or later make war in their midst. They hoped to offer a constitution and form of government to the people, that would stand for many centuries; but they had found that they left a hole here and there, that the devil could creep in through, and overthrow the whole temple they had erected. If they had been careful to obliterate slavery in the morning of the nation's life, there would have been no trouble to-day. But they let it rest for a more convenient season, as many nations have done in the past. For years they allowed slavery to exist. They said: "We will do away with it by and by." So it has been let alone, and slavery has been increasing all the time, and the nation has seen the evil of it, when it is almost too late, and now it has brought civil war among you.

Yes, I feel it to be true. If you had only attended to all these matters, from which you know trouble would come sometime or other, there would have been no difficulty to-day. This should be a warning to all not to defer present duty to some other day. If you have got evil in your midst, get rid of it now. Now is the accepted time to buy your salvation. It may not be bought so cheap by-and-by. Good God, see how dearly you are buying it now! See how much of your very best blood is being shed now, because you have put off doing your duty. This is what is making so much trouble in your midst. My very soul grows sick. I, who fought for the freedom of America—for a blessing and not a curse—I live to-day to see civil war, in consequence of little things not done in the morning of long ago.

I lived to see much of hard and much of smooth life when on this earth, and I bless God that I was so well cared for here. I was strongly bound to my old ideas of religion, and cannot seem to get rid of them now; yet there was always a something in my

soul that told me I did not know all I needed to of a future life. I always felt, too, as though there was something in the midst of nature that would be made plainer by-and-by. That something has proved to be the same spirit that walked the earth ages ago, and they called it Jesus Christ. I never knew if Spiritualism were true, but I always sought to know more of it. I sought knowledge not in the Bible alone, but everywhere, for God is everywhere. Oh, I do hope, and I do expect, too, that the people of this nation will be wise enough to settle this question without leaving any loop-holes, or any avenue through which the devil of discord may come; if not, they will only plant a seed to come up to their disgrace by-and-by. Putting off the labor of to-day for to-morrow will never do.

My name was Ralph Farnham. The poor old man who visited you a few months ago, now visits you without the old body which you said had served him so well. Bless God for the body; bless God for the spirit. July 22.

Anna Yulee.

Oh, dear! I am afraid I can't say what I promised to. I said I'd come here, and tell my name, and how old I was, and where I died, and who's my father and mother, and how many brothers and sisters I had.

My name was Anna Yulee. I was nine years old. I died in Florida—St. Augustine—last winter. My father is Robert Yulee. He lives there. My mother is Anna. I've got two sisters here, and a sister and brother on earth. To my father and mother, I want to say I can come. I did come once to my mother, at home. I died of water on the brain. Old Sam's here. He keeps me laughing. My father had eighteen slaves. Old Sam was one of them—a nigger. He wants me to learn him how to come here. I'd like to have somebody learn me.

My father do n't like the folks here where you are. My brother is fourteen years old. I promised to come here. They saw the paper once—do n't much, but said they would. My mother recognized me when I came. She was the medium. Good-by. July 22.

B. Lindsey.

My Son—We are most happy to meet you—perhaps more so than ever before; the reasons I will give you some time. Your father, B. LINDSEY. July 22.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT WHISPERS.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

I will wait for thee, my brother,
In the land where I have gone;
I will cheer thee on, my brother,
With my sweetest notes of song.

When thy brow is tired and weary,
And thy eyes with tears o'erflow;
When all things seem dark and dreary,
In thy earthly home below;

When the strange mysterious influence,
Steals upon thy passive brain,
Trust in God for that assurance,
That shall follow in its train.

Strive no longer to destroy it,
Give away to its control—
Light shall come from clouds of dark ness,
Peace shall gather round thy soul!

Analyze and find the treasure,
Bosomed in each passing thought—
Every thing shall fall its measure,
Nothing here shall come to naught.

Clouds may rise to hide thy vision,
Dim the light too bright for thee;
Storms break o'er thy sweet elysium,
Leaving ripples on life's sea.

Yet a calm both sweet and holy,
Soon shall gather round thy soul;
Love's own mantle shall enfold thee,
Waves of peace around thee roll.

Put thy trust in God, my brother,
Let truth ever be thy chart;
Charity for one another,
Maketh up the counterpart.

Thatchwood Cottage, 1861.

Correspondence.

Spiritualism in Newburyport.

Robert Sherman, Esq., of this city, has recently received a test from a spirit child, which I think worthy of publication. At a circle held in Roxbury in June, a spirit child announced herself as the daughter of R. Sherman, of Newburyport, giving her age, time of death, incidents of the funeral, &c. Also stating that when living in the earth life, she used to ask her mother, on going to bed, to leave the chamber door open so that the spirit boys and girls could come in and play with her, also telling of other incidents of her sickness and death.

Mr. E. L. Perkins, who was at the circle, wrote to Mr. Sherman to know whether the statements were true. Mr. Sherman answered him, confirming all that was written, but as an account of the child's death and funeral was published in the *BANNER* of May, 1860, it would not have been convincing to a skeptic, as all the matters given in the letter were published; but on comparing the letter with the paper, a discrepancy was found, which made the test conclusive. As above written, she used to ask her mother to "leave the door open;" in the published article it reads, to "dose the door to keep the spirit children out," which was an error of the correspondent. Mr. Sherman asked in the letter who the medium was, and whether she had ever been in Newburyport, and received for answer that the medium was Mrs. Alford, of North East-street, Roxbury, that she had never read the article published in the *BANNER*, and never was in Newburyport.

In the meantime the child communicated through her mother, telling her father that she gave more tests through Mrs. Alford than they had written. The father wrote another letter, asking if anything more was given than had been sent, and received from Mr. Perkins an answer, "that the communication was given in a child-like chatter, that facts deemed worthy of note by them would be written down, and the child in the meantime would talk of her dolls, of flowers, and her dresses; said she had a blue frock, was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them in a tumbler with green leaves, with a white flower in the centre, and that she had a large India-rubber doll, a small china doll, and a leather doll." These minutiae, which appear simple to strangers, were very satisfactory to the parents. The child did have a blue frock, the last she ever had, made while she was sick; the dolls were just as she spoke of; and in the case of the leather doll, it was a long while before it could be recalled—it was simply a piece of belting leather, cut in the form of a doll, given to her by a friend, of no value, but, as is quite common, was prized by the child more than an expensive one. It had entirely passed from remembrance.

Mr. Sherman and Mr. Perkins are perfect strangers, as well as the medium; but everything that came was perfectly correct. The correction of the published statement, as well as the case of the leather doll, I think can but be considered good tests, but not the less so are all the facts, when com-

ing from perfect strangers. The child was about six years of age; the dolls and dress I have seen, and I should like to have some skeptic give an explanation of how such intelligence could be given other than through spirit communion. The statement is so plain that I think it needs no comments of mine, and is one of the most conclusive testimonies I have ever met with of the truth of Spiritualism.

A lady of this city, a Mrs. Lench, committed suicide by hanging herself, in the city of Chelsea, some weeks since, while on a visit. A gentleman of this city, residing in the same house, who is not a Spiritualist, arose one morning about four o'clock. On going down stairs, he met Mrs. Lench in the entry; he accosted her with an exclamation of surprise, saying, "When did you come home? I did not know you were expected?" when she immediately vanished. During the day the news came that she hung herself at two o'clock on that morning, two hours before he saw her.

A young man, an Irishman, was recently drowned in this vicinity. A few nights before, he heard his name called. The lady with whom he lived as a waiting man, also heard the voice. He got up and went out to see what it meant, but could neither see nor hear anything; but the lady saw a man, who vanished in the air. The parties in the above cases are not Spiritualists, but they do not pretend to give any explanation. The Irishman became gloomy, not appearing like the same person, and was at last drowned in a small creek while bathing with others, and was himself a good swimmer.

It will be recollected that the popular newspapers of the day recently published a statement of the suicide of a lady of Amesbury, giving it as caused by Spiritualism, the following, published in the columns of the *Atlas* and *Dee* of June 14th, referring to the case, I think worthy of publishing, it being a just comment:

"Newspapers have recently published a statement of a woman in the vicinity of Newburyport who had committed suicide and Spiritualism was given as the cause. The lady I know, and so far from this being the case, the cause was the unwillingness of her friends to her being a Spiritualist, making her life a torment and every day a curse by their imprudent opposition, until at last she joined the Baptists. Joined the Baptists, I say, because during the past year a deacon and another member of the same Baptist church in the town where she lived hung themselves, and she did no more. I am no apologist for any absurdity of any class of persons, but it seems to me that this parading of every supposed case of spiritual suicide is drawing it rather too fine. Let every tub stand on its own bottom, and if a Baptist or any other credit commit an error or crime, let them be individually responsible. From the remotest antiquity people have acted from impulse rather than reason, which have in turn been charged on some unpopular belief of the day, which the intelligence of this day should discountenance."

But while the press is very eager to publish all the instances which in the remotest degree can be chargeable to Spiritualism, they are very chary of anything wherein the popular religions of the day are concerned. A man belonging to this city, a leader in the Church of the Second Advent, one who has not allowed a chance to go by when he could oppose "Spiritualism, and the vices to which it tended," descending upon the free-love tendency, &c., has recently eloped with a young girl nineteen years of age. He is between fifty and sixty, but not a single newspaper has had the honesty to show up the immorality of such practical second-adventism. The seducer leaves a wife and family, who were dependent upon him. How these guardians of the public interest would have gloried in publishing the whole affair, if either of the parties had been believers in Spiritualism! How they could have gloated over the particulars, publishing all the details with the gratification of a lion over his prey.

Oh, Consistency, you are a jewel truly, but not to be found in the popular newspapers. VERITAS. Newburyport, July 30, 1861.

Letter from Bro. George M. Jackson.

As thy star-gemmed folds wave on through the wars and revolutions of earth, dear BANNER, unheeding all in thy mission of peace and truth, permit me on those folds to indite a few lines to our many mutual friends both North and South, East and West.

Here on the noble St. Lawrence, in these sultry summer days, I have found the same true souls to welcome me that I have in the sunny South—the same in spirit, if not in person. And as I sail upon its broad, island-gemmed bosom, or with the deceitful snare entice the shining bass and huge muscullunge, I think of days long gone, though not forgotten, and others which are yet to come; for though we have met and have parted, I hope soon to meet many of you again—for know you not we are going to hold the grand council on old Ontario's shore? And there I'll meet you, not all perhaps, but many once again.

The first days of Summer found me in attendance at the annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress. It was a good meeting, and a great meeting—great, not alone in numbers, but in utterances of truth and reform. It was the thirteenth annual gathering, and that its years and its interest will increase, we know, for the great vanguard of humanity have scaled the ramparts of error, and upon the wall hung out our "Banner," and sounded the "Herald" notes of "Progress;" the grand army of

Orders solicited and filled with dispatch. Letters promptly answered.
August 3. 6m B. F. HEBARD,
Neponset, Mass.

Pearls.

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

A PSALM OF FREEDOM.

Still wave our streamer's glorious folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Though ten dim stars have turned to blood
On yonder field of blue.

It is our nation's judgment-day
That makes her stars to fall;
And all the dead start from their graves
At Freedom's trumpet-call.

Lo! on the thunders of the storm
She rides—an angel strong;
Now may the sword of reeking comes,
Now ends the slaver's wrong.

Lift up your heads, ye faithful ones,
For now your prayers prevail;
Ye faithful, hear the tramp of Doom,
And dread the iron hail!

God's last Messiah comes apace
In Freedom's awful name;
He parts the tribes to right and left,
To glory or to shame."

Then wave the streamer's gallant folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Till all the stars shine out again
On yonder field of blue.—(Rev. E. H. Sears.)

The beautiful sublimity of natural things of this world should make us restless for the attainment of the beauties of the world to come.

NELLIE WITH THE LOOK OF GOLD.

My Nellie's looks with age are gray,
That once with youth were golden,
Yet, smiling sweetly through decay—
More sweetly while she wears away—
She seems a bride, in flowers of May,
For robes of marriage folded.

"I know not how it is—but still,
When'er she comes to meet me,
My weary pulses leap and thrill—
A silent rapture stirs the will;
The life-cups of my bosom fill;
And more than Angela greet me.

Lost Youth is buried in the mold,
Where four score years are sleeping;
Our very balms are growing old;
But still my heart's a shepherd's fold,
Where Nellie, with the looks of gold,
Her true love's track is keeping.

Grow black, grow black! thou Winter drear!
Soft, as on blooming heather,
I'll journey to the vernal year,
With Nellie, still my path to cheer.
Till, hand in hand, without a tear,
We'll rise to Heaven together.

Pride is the first weed to grow in the human heart,
and the last to be eradicated.

REFLECTIONS.

Oh, Truth! if man thy way could find,
Not doomed to stray with error blind,
How much more kind his fate!
But wayward still, he seeks his bane,
Nor can of foul delusion gain
A knowledge till too late.

By sad experience slowly shown,
Thy way at times though plainly known,
Too late repays his care;
While in thy garb dark Error leads,
With best intent, to evil deeds,
The bigot to ensnare.

Is there a theme more highly fraught
With matter for our serious thought
Than this reflection sad,
That millions err in different ways,
Yet all their own impressions praise,
Deeming all others bad?

To man it seems no standard's given,
No scale of Truth hangs down from Heaven
Opinion to essay,
Yet called upon to act and think,
How are we then to shun the brink
O'er which so many stray?

The human soul, like the autumn leaves, should
brighten at the approach of death.

HOPES AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG.

Many boys and girls, who have no defects in their limbs or senses, think their everyday duties great hardships. They often say, "I can't!" and "Oh dear!" and "What shall I do?" They think they have very hard times, because they have studies to pursue or work to do. What foolish children! They do not know what hardships are. They ought to be ashamed to look in a glass, for their own images ought to cover them with confusion.

I might tell you of several boys and girls who had just grounds for complaining of hardship, but who, nevertheless, were cheerful, full of courage, and ingenious enough to win great victories amidst great difficulties. I will give you a sketch of

CESAR DUCORNET.

Fifty-one years ago there was born at Lisle, in France, at the dwelling of a poor shoemaker, a child which scarcely seemed a child. It had no arms. Its legs were little more than bony stalks, while it had but four toes on each tiny foot. Yet the good shoemaker and his wife loved this poor infant, and named it Cesar. Why they gave so helpless a child this high-sounding name, I cannot tell; they certainly could not have done so from any hope that he would ever become a soldier, like the mighty Roman who made it immortal. Yet Cesar they called him; and he proved himself more than worthy of his name.

Little Cesar, finding he had no arms, began very early to make good use of his feet. When he became old enough to think, he did not lie down and cry, "I can't do anything; I've got no arms!" Not he. He had too noble a spirit for that. But he began to do with his feet and toes what other boys did with their hands and fingers.

Thus, with his feet, Cesar threw the ball, out with a knife, drew lines on the floor with chalk, and even clipped figures from paper with his mother's scissors! And he did these things well, too—better than most boys of his age. Bravo, little Cesar!

One day Cesar was found with a pen between his toes, trying to write the alphabet on paper. This fact was named to an old writing master, who was so pleased with the boy's efforts that he offered to teach him to write without pay. The offer was accepted, and in one year the armless Cesar wrote better than any boy in the old writing master's school! Again I say, "Bravo, little Cesar!"

Having thus reached the head of the writing-class, Cesar tried—not his hand, but his foot, at drawing. Yes, at drawing! He covered his copy-books with sketches and designs, which were so striking as to attract the notice of an artist. The good artist was astonished. He got Cesar admitted into the Academy of Design. Will you believe it! In a few years

Cesar won the highest prizes in all the classes through which he passed. Then the people of Lisle cried—
"Bravo, Cesar Ducornet!" They were proud of the boy who painted without arms!

Cesar now adopted painting as his profession. He went to Paris, joined the Royal Academy, and won the second and third medals. His pictures and portraits were in great demand. Princes and noblemen became his patrons. His works were placed in churches and picture-galleries. Some of them were of great merit as well as of great size, and are still carefully preserved.

But how could he paint large pictures? I will permit a gentleman, who once visited him while he was at work, to tell you what he saw. He says:

"We shall never forget the impression we received upon entering his painting-room. There, extended upon an easel, stood a huge canvass, on which the image of the General was beginning to assume the semblance of life; and across the whole extent of the canvass ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon a wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever this apparition passed along the canvass he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvass, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to the trunk; and that his feet were wanting of a toe each. By one of his feet he held a palette—by the other, a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvelous! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupefied and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice, musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and inviting us to be seated. Then the apparition, gliding down the whole length of the scaffolding to the ground, advanced, or rather rolled, toward us, and, with a bound, established itself on the sofa at our side. It was thus that we found ourselves for the first time in the company of Cesar Ducornet, the historical painter.

In the course of the conversation that followed, this singular phenomenon exhibited as much joyous humor, so much frank cordiality, as won our affections completely. Forgetting everything else, we saw in him only a distinguished man, whose friendship we coveted, and, with unreflecting instinct, we held out our hand. Ducornet smiled sadly, with a look toward his armless shoulders."

Thus did this wonderful man conquer his difficulties. For thirty years he toiled on in this way, until his feet were struck with paralysis. Then his great heart broke, and on the 26th of April, 1836, Cesar Ducornet died in the arms of his father, and of a friend who had loved and served him with a father's affection.

See, my children, from this sketch, what wonders may be done, what hindrances overcome, what victories won, by industry, patience, cheerfulness, and perseverance. If any of you ever think your lot a hard one, remember Cesar Ducornet, and take courage.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6, 1861.

QUESTION:—Should Spiritualists organize for the development of truth?

JACOB ENSON.—Many Spiritualists are looking for some miraculous transitions in the affairs of life. There are many fathers and mothers in the spiritual Israel, who, like Simeon of old, desire and expect some especially divine embodiment in human form—an Israelite in thought, word, and deed, in whom there shall be no guile—that shall stand up among the people as a divine center, clothed with authority to teach the Christ, to unfold the word, and to whom all shall gravitate. What these friends expect to see in some one man, I expect to see in all men, and all the rest of mankind. I see, or think I see the Christ, the coming man, the unfolding world in the soul of the spiritual universe, coming to all men through the clouds of heaven. I believe each individually organized power or soul to be divine in its internal nature, each alike central and essential in the compound and complex organizations of the absolute being. All alike sons and heirs of immortality, each a teacher to reflect, to contribute, its part through the associate soul of the spiritual universe, to unfold and embody the word, the coming man, in the individual hearts and consciences of the race.

I do not expect to find any individual furnished with letters patent from the Court of Heaven, granting to him or his the exclusive right to teach, reform or organize. I do not believe that Spiritualism or true Religion can be taught, reformed, or organized by uninspired man. Spiritualism is, or has within it, the Christ, the teacher, the reformer, or coming man, which enlightens, reforms, and brings the individual organism through the processes of spiritualization into harmony with its interior self—a spiritual state or condition called the kingdom of heaven within, or an attained atonement of the loves and affections of the soul with all the rest of mankind. Believing that Spiritualism is, or has within it, the teacher, the reformer, fully prepared to unfold, to organize, and supply all our spiritual needs, and that there are conditions of being, associations, and influences calculated as means, to ends to unfold the word, spiritual capacities to see, hear, feel, and reflect the light of life, the word of God. Believing this, I think it is our duty, as well as privilege, to organize congenial associations calculated to induce those influences and condition of being which are in harmony with Christ. By doing so we may apprehend the kingdom within those United States of spiritual love and affection, and prepare ourselves as receptive instrumentalities to do the will and to obey the higher laws of God on earth.

The objections to the present religious organizations with their denominational authorities, creeds, and canons based upon the literal rendering of the so-called plenary inspirations of the past, cannot be urged against any organization or church Spiritualists can be satisfied with. The new wine, the gospel of peace, or fresh manifestation of the old adapted to our day and generation, which Spiritualism must necessarily unfold in all receptive souls, cannot be received by, controlled with, or contained within any church or dogmatic creed which exists in the literal world, or that can be invented by uninspired minds. It consumes all the theological swaddling-bands of infantile humanity as by fire. No ecclesiastical bottle or bag can stand the internal pressure of this spiritual Samson. The only safe way for the antediluvians and those of us that are still in the house of bondage, is to pause in our

career to consider—to contemplate the goods and uses of life, and ascertain if we are able to finish—if the house we had proposed to construct, was founded upon the rock.

THOS. CLARENCE BUTLER.—I am on the affirmative of this question. Organization is association, association is unity, unity is strength. I am unable to agree with my gifted friend, Dr. Child, that organization belongs only to the grosser forms of matter. I think all soul is organized; I think the Great Soul of the Universe is itself organized; because into whatever is created enters something of the character of the Creator; and thus an organized world necessitates, a priori, an organized producing cause. Again, we speak of the laws of God; sometimes we use the term "Supreme Law" as a synonym for "God." Well, Law is organized power, and could not possibly execute itself as a mere abstraction. It is written that "Order is Heaven's first law;" and it needs no argument to show that there can be no order unless there first be organization. Nor can we conceive of an abstract spiritual essence; God cannot be comprehended as Spirit; He can only be apprehended through His attributes, which are in themselves organisms. Without organization there can be no such thing as power; only anarchy and chaos. This is as true of separate individuals as of aggregations of men; in either case there must be an allotment of faculties, a distribution of functions, or the life both of the individual and of society would run into bitter and most hideous waste. If, then, the organization of man's forces makes the man, and the aggregation of individual forces constitutes the strength of society, and if each man, in society, (by reason of partaking of the associative strength of other men) is stronger than he would be could he shut himself out of society, it of inevitable consequence follows that greater specific results can be attained by the organization than the non-organization of Spiritualists. Organized error can only be uprooted by organized Truth; organized tyranny can only be destroyed by organized Liberty. Every soul that works must work in harness; and the harness is as essential as the soul; and earthly organizations are the coupling-links that bind spirit to matter, and by which that which we call spirit shall exalt that which we call matter; for as the steam-engine cannot stir the train unless it be attached to the cars, neither can man stir the world unless through the organizations of the world he be connected with the world. You cannot lift a man unless you take hold of him; you cannot elevate the world unless you take hold of the world.

But Spiritualists do organize. What are your circles, your conferences, your meetings for soul-growth, but organizations for the accomplishment of certain ends, for the achievement of certain benefits? Why do you come together? Because every soul demands the experience of every other soul that dwells in a similar religious atmosphere, and delights to hear the story of its struggle and of the processes of its growth. Like attracts like; also the leers of life would choke us with their strangling bitterness, if they were not sweetened with the sympathies of our fellows. And sympathy is associative; and common views are associative; and the nature of man is gregarious; and as all souls are swallowed up in God so they must blend together, else how is the unity of the race apparent? Two watchwords of Spiritualists are these: Liberty—Love. Why, then, shall there not be a more comprehensive and wide-embracing organization of their transcendent elements of power, based on Unity in essentials, Liberty in non-essentials, Charity in all things? "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Why, then, shall not you, who are "akin" in perception of one of the greatest discovered truths of existence, organize upon a broader scale, and employ the overplus of power which would result from such an economization of force (for organization and economization are one), in the further spread of those divine benignities which have crowned your own brows with blessedness, and touched your own hearts with the "peace that passeth all understanding?" For the horny hands of the whole world, grimed with mire, grope in the dark after God; why do you not organize yet further to tear down the black and bloody walls of superstition that imprison the human soul, thus letting in the ecstasy and the rapture which, "down from God's bosom silently" comes to strengthen, and bless, and cheer?

MR. WETTERBERG.—I said a week ago all I could say on this question, and I rise now as much because there is a lull in speaking, as to entertain you. Although I did not say amen with Mr. Tyrrel, and glory with Mr. Edson, at the eloquent words of Mr. Butler, I heartily subscribe to them; and if organization meant his view of organization, I, like him, would be on the affirmative; but I apprehend when the question was suggested for conference, it meant the organizing as other sects have done—that is, forming a code, or creed, embodying their particular belief, and those who so believed, formed a sect to which unbelievers were excluded with different degrees of strictness from the Broad Church to the Hard-shell Baptist. I am fully aware, with Mr. Butler, that man is gregarious and social in his nature, and further, that an undivided good is only half enjoyed. I believe union is strength, and no successful effort takes place without cooperation; but for all that, I cannot see how Spiritualists can organize—which means organize into a sect. They recognize no authority but truth, but they believe in no infallible incarnation of truth; they recognize individual sovereignty. How difficult, yes, how impossible to concrete articles of faith, so to speak, to suit the body, nominally, under that head. I doubt if human power could do it. When hardly any two think alike, and their dynamics eschewing all authority; and if anything could be so framed as to meet the whole of Spiritualism, it would take the life out of all the churches, leaving only the walls and those inside who are as uninspired as the walls; for I do not look upon Spiritualism as a religious belief, any more than I do chemistry. I look upon it as a discovery in mortality, or man's spiritual nature—a man can be a Spiritualist, and not be a religious man. I know many such. The facts of Spiritualism and its associations, are affecting all religious sects, elevating and liberalizing them. I think we can see its effect—we shall see it more and more; and that is one of the missions of Spiritualism, to galvanize all that is worth galvanizing; but meeting, combining together for the interchange of thoughts, for telling our experiences, of getting knowledge of one another, that is, organizing after Nature, or Nature's laws—congenial spirits filled with love for humanity and all good reforms, fraternizing for mutual encouragement and that strength which comes by co-operation—that I believe is right and advisable. That kind of organization must take place, because it is based on one of the laws of human nature.

MR. COLEMAN made the closing speech, having no reference to the question, and hardly to anything else but his desire to show his contempt of Spiritualists and what they say. This gentleman is not favorable to the harmonious philosophy, and uses every opportunity he has of saying so, and never fails of convincing a spiritual audience that he has no more conception or experimental knowledge of the subject than (using his own sacred and classic illustration) "Balaam's ass had of the Latin grammar," which, by the way, for the enlightenment of this learned defender of a faith never delivered to the saints, let me hint, that said ass knew as much as any ass or any man in the benighted age of Balaam, which was some centuries before such a thing had or could have taken form in the most prehistoric mind. I would advise our friend to fly nearer the soil—there is less danger. It is intimated that he is the gentleman from New York, or part of him, who visits this Conference and comments thereon. In his remarks he affected a fullness of thought struggling for expansion, but evidently unsystematized. Believing, with Emerson, probably, that as the mixtures of spiritual chemistry refuse to be analyzed—that the mixtures in his cerebrum might as well be conglomerated as stratified, for the appreciation of a spiritual audience, and in his case it was as well. The object he seemed to have in his mind was to use up the various speakers who had preceded him. It had no effect but self exhaustion. As he warmed up, raising his voice, losing in breadth what it gained in pitch, his attitude partaking of his enthusiasm, he said, "Yes, my friends, nine long years have I been seeking in this Reform Conference, and elsewhere, for light, and am no more progressed than I was nine long years ago. I will give all I am worth, and all I expect to be, to obtain one scintillation of evidence that the departed communicate, and with this harmonious philosophy, with all its assertions, iterated and reiterated in my hearing for nine long years, I am as much in the dark as ever, and I expect to remain so." [Several voices said, "that's so."] Here the speaker seemed exhausted, his tongue still speaking, though evidently from the momentum gained while his powerful mental engine was unhitched. The words, however, were incoherent, and without point. One of the sisters, as he sat down, wishing to give what relief she could, said the trouble with the brother is, "He is trying to comprehend trigonometry before he has made himself familiar with Dabul," and she might have added, there are some men who have no conception of music and poetry, and symphonies and epics to such are trash. Men are pretty much what their mothers made them.

These comments, called out by the attempted onslaught upon people at home on the subject, will apply to several others, who are ever made welcome at the Spiritual Conference, where the platform is free for all to express their views on any question, but not for disputation, but who year after year, or as our eloquent friend says, nine long years have been battering away at Spiritual philosophy and its associations. Either from love of discussion, or a fancied desire to get truth, repeating over and over again the same stale arguments, modified, perhaps, by the permutation of language, but not a new, and hardly an old idea, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that their arguments, if they can be called such, have been met and refuted till they have ceased to have any weight, and have become sickening by their monotony; and the sister's remark to this "dying gladiator" was an exhaustive answer to him and the others referred to on his plane. Don't meddle with trigonometry and conic sections, till you have mastered the first principles of mathematics.

W.

Spiritualism in St. Charles, Illinois.

Allow me to inform your many readers, dear BANNER, that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in Northern Illinois to the satisfaction of its many friends. In this place we have on an average about four lectures a week: Mr. and Mrs. Conley have just closed a course of lectures here, greatly to the satisfaction of the people.

Sister Frances Lord Bond has been lecturing here, and will return to deliver another course during the two last weeks in August. She is an accomplished speaker, and finds great favor with the people. From here she goes to Rockport to lecture four weeks.

Professor Stearns, also, has delivered a course of lectures here on Psychology, accompanied with demonstrations of the most convincing character. His powers as a Psychologist are very remarkable. I may write you further upon this subject.

We have had most convincing proofs of the powers of spirits to give ambrotype likenesses at the rooms of one of the artists in this town. But as further experimenting is to take place soon, I will defer particulars till after that time.

Professor Stearns has on exhibition one of Anderson's (the spirit artist's) best pictures. He will be here during our Annual Spiritual Festival in September. That will doubtless be one of the very best Festivals ever held by Spiritualists anywhere.

I remain fraternally thine,
S. S. JONES.

St. Charles, Illinois, July 20, 1861.

False Teachings.

"Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." A better reading would be, "Work out your salvation with joy and gladness." For what is working out one's salvation? If I read the teachings of Christ aright, it is the doing good to others in a humble and thankful spirit. And why should this working be done "with fear and trembling?" Why not with "joy and gladness?" PAUL PRY.

LAST WORDS OF MARION.—A life of Marion, by Maj. S. Horey, published in 1848, gives the author's account of the General's last words as follows:

"Ambitious demagogues will rise, and the people, through ignorance and the love of change, will follow them. Vast armies will be formed, and bloody battles fought. And after desolating their country with all the horrors of civil war, the guilty survivors will have to bend their necks to the iron yokes of some stern usurper, and like beasts of burden, to drag, unspiced, those galling chains which they have riveted upon themselves forever."

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The seventh yearly meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins will be held in a building erected for the purpose, in Tucker's Grove, one mile west of Kerr's Corners, Erie County, N. Y., on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, 1861, to commence on Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers we notice Philip D. Moore, of Newark, N. J., and C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Spiritual Convention.

The Third Annual Spiritual Convention of Ashuta County, was adjourned to meet at Geneva, on Saturday, August 31st, at 10 o'clock, and continue over Sunday, Sept. 1, 1861, at which time we expect Geo. M. Jackson and other speakers. Our speaker friends and others are cordially invited to attend.
GEO. W. SHEPARD, Committee of Correspondence.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The Joint Committee appointed by Conference of Spiritualists and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy, Mass., in October, 1860, and in Burgin, 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.

It is proposed to devote the first three days (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday) to the especial benefit of Lecturers and Teachers. The sessions will be held in Musio 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?

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.

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 Musio Hall.

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

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 Musio Hall, over Gordon & Purse's Store, on West First street, where the local Committee of Arrangements will direct them to places of entertainment.

A. E. NEWTON, Boston, Mass.
H. B. SEYMOUR, New Haven, Ct.
LEO MILLER, Hartford, Ct.
AMANDA M. SPENCE, New York.
A. W. SPRAGUE, Plymouth, Vt.
F. L. WADSWORTH, Maine.
M. S. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.

Eastern Committee.

S. C. COPPINBERY, Constantine, Mich.
B. J. W. TABOR, of Independence, Iowa.
J. T. ROUSE, Fremont, Ind.
BENJ. SCOTT, Rockford, Ill.
H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. M. STOWE, Vandalla, Mich.
G. W. HOLLISTON, New Berlin, Wis.

Western Committee.

P. S.—August 1.—The friends at Oswego having been obliged to make arrangements for an excursion somewhat different from those indicated above, the programme of the Conference will be modified to correspond with the following announcement:

Grand Pleasure Excursion to Canada,
AND TRIP UP THE RAY OF QUINTE TO THE LAKE
OF THE MOUNTAIN.

The Spiritualists of Oswego, having chartered two of the Northern Transportation Company's Lake or screw Steamers, will make an excursion across Lake Ontario, and up the Bay of Quinte to the Lake of the Mountain, on Thursday, August 15, 1861, leaving Oswego from foot of West Seneca street, at precisely half-past 7 o'clock A. M., returning the same night. It is proposed to land on Indian Point at the Gap, or entrance to the Bay of Quinte, where is located a magnificent Pine Grove, which point will be reached shortly after noon, and where the Picnic and exercises will be held, remaining there till about 5 o'clock P. M. Thence proceeding up the Bay of Quinte to the Lake of the Mountain. The Lake is elevated some 300 feet above the bay, about half a mile in length and nearly the same in width, and a most wonderful natural curiosity. It has no perceptible inlet, but discharges a large volume of water, which is used in propelling several mills of different kinds. It has been visited by many naturalists, but no satisfactory conclusions obtained regarding the source of its supply of water. The party will reach the Lake shortly after 6 P. M., remaining there about one hour, to witness one of the loveliest of sunset scenes, rivaling in grandeur an Italian sky. The extensive view of the bay and distant highlands for beauty is unexcelled.

At 7 1/2 P. M. the party will return homeward, reaching Oswego about midnight. The trip down the bay, with daylight view for the whole distance, is of the most interesting character, both banks abounding in beautiful and picturesque scenery, interspersed with several villages.

It is expected that a large company from Platon and the surrounding country will meet the excursionists at Indian Point, where suitable amusements will be provided. The United States Convention of Speakers are to be in session in Oswego at the time, and as that body will accompany the party, several excellent addresses may be expected at the Grove on Indian Point.

In case the weather should be unfavorable on Thursday, the 15th, arrangements are completed for a postponement to Saturday the 17th, at the same hour for starting.

Tickets for the trip, 50 cents; children 25 cents. To be had at Pool's Bookstore on Wednesday the 14th, and of the Committee, at the boats, Thursday morning.

Fruits and ice cream will be for sale on each boat. Families will need to provide themselves with all other refreshments. Music will be provided for each boat. To ensure passage, promptness in being at the boats is indispensable.

All are invited to participate.

By order of the Committee.

Vermont State Convention.

The Annual State Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, at South Royalton, Vt. We cordially invite all friends in and out of the State to meet with us at our annual "Feast among the Mountains." All mediums and speakers who can come are especially invited to be present and aid us with the many rich and valuable thoughts they may have in store. To all those who have attended our State Conventions, it would be needless to add, that we expect to have, as we always have had, a good and profitable season.

Arrangements will be made with the Vermont Central Railroad to carry passengers to the Convention for fare one way. All speakers will have a free entrance during the Convention. All who purchase Railroad tickets on the Vermont Central Road will please call for Convention tickets. Fare at hotels, eighty-four cents per day.

JOHN R. FOREST,
NEWMAN WEEKS,
NATHAN LAMB,
DR. H. H. NEWTON,
State Committee.

Spiritualist Picnic.

A Spiritualist Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Churchill's Grove (Camp Meeting Ground) near the Junction of the M. & P. DuC., W. & B. V. Railroads, fourteen miles west of Milwaukee, Wis., on Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1861.

Arrangements will be made (if possible) with the above mentioned Railroads for half fares to and from the ground. The cars arrive at the Junction from Watertown and Milwaukee at 9.45 A. M. from Madison at 10.30 A. M., and will leave the Junction at 5.30 o'clock P. M.

A general invitation is extended to everybody to come and hear the Truth.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend our Picnic.

Public lectures are especially invited to attend.

W. S. HAWKINS,
E. CANFIELD,
GEO. TUBBS,
W. D. HOLBROOK,
H. SPOHRMAN,
D. VAN KIRK.

Waukegan, July 21, 1861.

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, Kane 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.

Grove Meeting.

A two-days' Grove Meeting will be held at Gannett, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., August 17th and 18th. A general invitation is given.
E. O. VINCENT, Corresponding Sec'y.