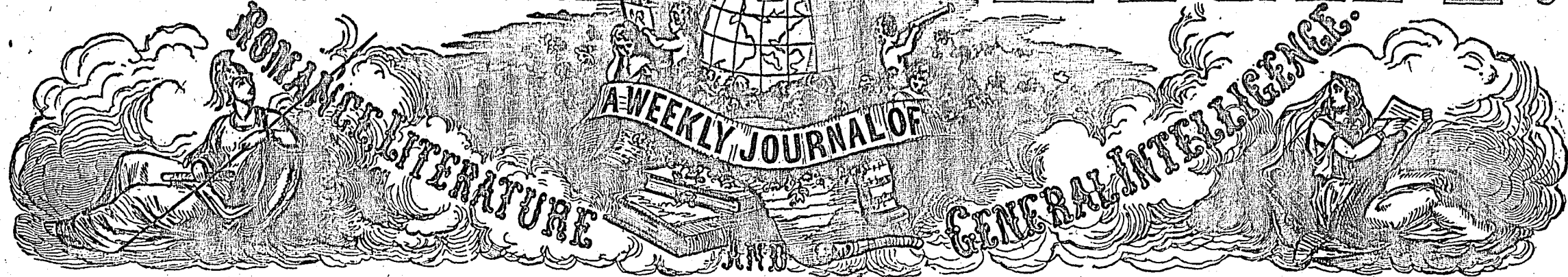


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BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

NO. 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.
WHISPER LOW.

BY G. G. MEAD.

When the gushing tear-drops flow,
Burning from the melting eye,
And the heart o'ercome with woe,
Upward swells with sorrow's sigh,
Kindly soothe the bosom's throes,
And the fountain gently dry—
Whisper low.

When the bright and healthful glow
From the cheek and brow has fled;
When the tears refuse to flow,
And the heart seems cold and dead;
Would you kindness then bestow—
Would you raise the drooping head—
Whisper low.

If your heart with passion glow,
And you long the tale to tell;
If you silent burn to know
How to wield love's magic spell,
Go where blushing roses grow,
And to her you love so well—
Whisper low.

Go where gentle waters flow,
In the calm, secluded vale,
When the stars of evening glow,
And the moon is shining pale;
There your vows with fervor pour
To the loved one, fair and frail,
Whisper low.

Whispers in the ear, you know,
Speak of feelings strong and deep,
As the winds of winter blow
With a wild and wailing sweep.
Then to rouse the heart from woe,
Or from love's ecstatic sleep—
Whisper low.

St. Louis, April, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF
MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Leaning on my arm, Lady Eugenia descended the stairs, and entered the ante-chamber. On seeing Richard, she retained the hand he extended, and inquired if he had had an explanation with Sir Wilford.

"A most complete understanding now exists, Lady Eugenia."

"Then you know my right to love you. I shall not be utterly desolate since I still have his son." The next moment she had passed into the chamber, and we were alone.

"Dear Judith," said Richard, "what a strange experience this is! My whole life has been strange, however; but henceforth I shall no more feel the effects of hidden causes, and it may be that the future will recompense me for the past."

"I believe so—but explain this mysterious relationship; how impossible to realize you are not Angus Murray's child, and my cousin Richmond. The old days at Morton come to mind, and it almost seems as if we were boy and girl again, and the years since then a dream. I half expect to wake and find your head in my lap, as when we lounged away the evenings in the deep, moonlighted oriel of the library."

"How you used to spoil me," Richard replied, his eyes wearing the look of happy retrospection; and to think those hours will come again—oh, Judith, I am too blessed."

And he seated himself on a divan at my feet, placing my hands on his head, while he buried his face in the folds of my dress.

"After all, Richmond—for I must call you so sometimes—I am glad you are not any relation to me. You will seem more wholly my husband when I remember that you are only that."

"You were to have been mine before this, but it is better that this revelation should come before marriage, that I might never doubt the fullness of a love which cares not to look beyond the dear one for its excuse."

Just at this moment Lady Eugenia summoned us into the chamber. Sir Wilford was much changed, and rested heavily against the supporting pillows. Dr. Gray sat by the further side of the bed, while Lady Eugenia occupied a seat at the head, pale, and with marks of recent tears on her face. Richard and I took the outstretched hands of the dying man, who said, huskily:

"I have now made my peace with all whom I have wronged, and I find dying far pleasanter than living has been. Only a brief good-by, and all is over. I never thought to leave mourners, but instead of the lonely death-bed I have always pictured, I am surrounded by love and tenderness. Of you, Judith, I have nothing to request, save your acceptance of my prayers for your future happiness. I have that knowledge of your heart and mind, that renders any advice or directions which I can give, presumptuous, and any requirements useless. You will do all that is kind and wise, for you have borne your trials in that spirit. May you for many years repeat the pleasantest days of your life with Richard at Morton, and be spared to cherish and comfort him, till dutiful children shall soothe your dying moments, as you have mine."

After a short silence, he continued:

"Richard, may you long be spared to glory in so true a wife. May prosperity enable you to forgive the father who cursed you with existence, since the ban is removed while youth and buoyancy yet remain. I know your generous feelings, the devotion you would offer if my life could be spared; but since

that cannot be, transfer it, for my sake, to Lady Eugenia, who will amply recompense your kindness. Think of me sometimes—be warned of my mistakes, yet remember me as tenderly as possible, and if it be permitted to departed spirits, I will support you in all trials and dangers."

Lady Eugenia wiped his damp forehead, and, clasping her hand, he said:

"There is no need for further speech between us, dear friend. In this last hour we have cleared away all doubts and injuries. Would that we had done so before; but thank Heaven, we are at peace before I leave you, Eugenia."

Tears rushed to her eyes, and she hid her face on Sir Wilford's breast, while he feebly held her to his heart.

Richard was standing beside me, and I felt his arm tremble as I leaned on it for support. The next moment the encircling arm slid from Lady Eugenia, and its owner sunk more heavily against the pillows. She looked up, startled at the sunken features, and exclaimed,

"Wilford—speak to me."

A faint smile was all the answer.

"Oh! this is death!" she cried; "must I lose you? Wilford—can nothing save you?"

"You must be calm, Lady Eugenia," remonstrated Dr. Gray, coming forward with the only plea that would have weight at the time with her, "for the sake of us all—we suffer in witnessing your distress."

May I never again see such piteous, dumb agony as looked out from her beautiful eyes, and hovered around her parted lips.

Sir Wilford was now past any outward token of recognition. The film gathered over his lustrous vision, and the manly chest scarcely fluttered; he gazed as if spell-bound. Suddenly a low, quivering sigh, a statue-like repose—

"Sir Wilford has left us," said the doctor softly, glancing from the now inanimate form to the watch which he held; then stepping forward, he hastily added, "Lady Eugenia allow me to conduct you from the chamber for a short time."

These words were too late to prevent what he foresaw—they fell on unconscious ears. Before applying restoratives, her ladyship was carried to her own room, where I remained till the sense of her bereavement returned; then, amid the succeeding paroxysm of grief, I softly stole away.

CHAPTER XI.

A week had passed since Sir Wilford's death, and the agitation caused by the eventful period of his illness had subsided sufficiently to allow some return to our old routine of calmness, especially as the strange episode was hidden from public knowledge, with the exception of my inheriting Sir Wilford's fortune.

"Judith," said Lady Eugenia, coming into my room just before dinner one day with a note in her hand, "I have invited Richard to dine with us, as I wish to settle some matters between you, and Mrs. Berkely will not be at home till late. But before he comes I wish to understand your mind fully, for you know, my dear, you have both agreed to regard me as a mother."

"I am but too happy, Lady Eugenia, to have you take so much interest in me," I replied, "and will certainly give all my thoughts to your inspection."

"Then let me ask you delay your marriage, which was to have occurred long before this? You do not answer, but I know the reason. It is a needless delicacy, for much as I prize your society in this first period of mourning, when there is no other human being to whom I can speak freely with the consciousness of being understood, yet I greatly wish to see you and Richard united. My sorrow is not of that kind which is comforted by sacrifice, and I desire you will not refuse an immediate union."

I could only press the hand I held as token of my gratitude for this constant care and generosity toward me.

When we entered the drawing-room, Richard was already there, and never had I felt so proud of my love before. There was a subdued air and filial tenderness in his manner to Lady Eugenia that recalled his bearing toward his mother, and so identified him with old times, that I lived in the past, rather than the present, all that evening.

"Richard," said her ladyship, when we had settled ourselves for a long conversation in the soft summer twilight, "where do you intend spending the honeymoon?"

"I should expect, the very walls of Morton to cry out against me if I went elsewhere," he replied, "and I know it is Judith's wish to go there."

"And when are you going?—the loveliest season is fast passing."

"Judith must decide that."

"She authorizes me to appoint the third day from this," replied Lady Eugenia, making a sign for me not to interpose; and I must leave for Morton directly after the ceremony."

"If you are lonely at any time, there will always be a place in our hearts and home for you," said Richard.

"I anticipate great comfort in visiting you, and some months hence will do so—if you are not away, at Christmas, perhaps."

Thus building plans for the future, we were unaware of the lateness of the hour, till Mrs. Berkely returned, and Richard departed.

On learning the agreement for a quiet wedding, Mrs. Berkely declared that every occasion was eagerly sought to outrage her feelings. She had thought it was bad enough to have me marry a commoner, but had hoped to get that overlooked by judicious display at the nuptials. Now she dared say, instead of moire, lace, orange flowers, bridal cortege and breakfast, I would go to some poky little church, heathenishly early in the morning, looking raw and

frozen, where a snuffling old rector would mumble over the service, while I stood in a quaker travelling dress—conducting the whole affair as if I were very much ashamed of myself, and hoped to hush all remembrance as quickly as possible.

It was out of the question not to be amused at her injured vehemence, but Lady Eugenia replied with a smile that I was going to wear white, and be married by special license in her drawing-room.

Oh! then I was not really going to conduct so scandalously as she had feared—had I any objections to a few guests?

I answered that most decidedly I had.

"Well, I shan't waste any more words with you," rejoined the widow, "only I must say that if I were young and handsome, and as proud of a man as you are of Captain Yarrington, I should make some little display."

"Poor Jennie!" said Lady Eugenia, soothingly, "ever since she cheated herself out of pomp and show by that trip to Gretna with the elegant Augustus Berkely, she has asked to thrust her wasted opportunity on others."

Blushing and laughing, the subject of this sketch acknowledged it was useless for one to contend against two, and left us to enjoy our victory in quiet.

Engrossed as we were with preparations, the appointed time came swiftly round, and with only those who were nearest to my heart about me, I made the great change of my life, and I could not but believe that henceforth a brighter, clearer path was before me.

"Dear Judith," whispered Lady Eugenia, as she bade me God speed on my journey to Morton, "I can not say some things that you ought to know, but in this letter you will find a full explanation of what will enable you to understand me without prejudice to those who are mentioned in its pages. I know it would be hard for Richard to tell you these facts, yet he thinks you should be acquainted with them, and I am thankful it is in my power to relieve him. Good-by, dear child, and may you be as happy as my heart desires."

Mrs. Berkely, too, bade me farewell with tears in her eyes, and as I whirled away from the square, I realized more fully than ever that my life was changed, and that I was dependent henceforth on the being beside me.

CHAPTER XII.

It would be difficult to say whether joy or surprise predominated at Morton Manor, when it was clearly understood that two such pieces of good fortune had occurred as the return of the heir, and my humble self as his wife. The only drawbacks in their opinion, were, that the name of Murray was gone, and that the wedding had not taken place at the village church with the customary celebration.

Again I sat in the dim old library, the honey-suckle tossing its clusters through the windows in a perfect frolicsome luxuriance. Richard gathered some sprays and twined them in my hair, their fragrance mingling with the song of birds, and the fresh morning breeze that stirred the quivering aspens, until the floor was one checker of flickering light and shadow.

"There," said my husband gayly, "you look like a Flora—a rural queen. Ah, Judith! fate is fate, and when we think we have slyly given her the slip, we discover we are blinded by the very meshes she has just thrown triumphantly around us. There was no need, dear, to strive so hard to escape being mistress of Morton—it was a clear case of 'Love's Labor Lost.'"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, startled by a peculiar significance in his voice.

"Judith, never hope to hide your generous deeds from me; by meaning is, that the Manor is yours as much as if you had accepted it when first offered by another; but love, not law, has restored your right."

"Richard! I was it you whose face I saw that night when I watched with aunt?"

"Yes. Your letter summoning me, if I would see my mother alive, nearly crazed me. I feared I should arrive too late, and how slow my progress home seemed. The late train left me at the nearest station not far from midnight, and despairing of finding any conveyance in that desolate spot, I set out on foot for the Manor, in the furious storm. As I walked up the avenue, the light in my mother's room reassured me. Just as I was on the point of rousing some one to admit me, you opened a window, and before I could speak, were gone. A strange impulse seized me—a desire to witness my mother for a few minutes unseen. I also dreaded to disturb her by loudly announcing my arrival, as I must do to arrest the attention of servants. The old elm that shaded the window would aid my wish, and I quickly mounted to its lower limbs, which commanded a view of the sick room. No words can describe the shock I experienced at the spectacle. Since my correspondence with mother had ceased, I had no means of hearing from Morton. Intuitively I comprehended the austere change in her life by the utter absence of attendants save yourself, and a nameless air of severity surrounding every object, which I was certain did not proceed from poverty, unless self-imposed. Even as I looked, those cruel words were spoken, which convinced me that there was no relenting toward me. I could not invoke a curse by discovering myself, and I was constrained to hear what made me heart-sick."

"In speechless agony I witnessed all. It seemed some impossible dream, and my sensibilities were partially benumbed. I was in a bewildered stupor until awakened by your singular movements. With feverish eagerness I saw you take the will from the desk again, and destroy it. As you rose, you caught sight of my haggard face, and wishing above all things to avoid recognition, I hastily ascended a

few branches, so that when you reached the window, there was no token of my neighborhood."

"Oh, Richard!" I exclaimed, relieved to learn that it was he who held my secret; "yet the whole figure was unlike you before or since our meeting as strangers."

"Very true. But I was haggard from fatigue and grief. My person was neglected, and the wind had disheveled my hair, which I then wore long."

"I thought you an apparition, for, as I always reasoned, you were more like an old-time cavalier in appearance, than anything more modern."

"Yes, my large travelling cloak and Hungarian hat were un-English, but not peculiar at that time in Europe."

"And it was you, also, in the picture-gallery. Why were you there by stealth? Why did you not make your return public?"

"Because I was wretched. My only object in coming was defeated, and I would not have taken the Manor against my mother's expressed wishes for any consideration. I determined that if you would not accept it from me, I would never see it again, but will it to you myself, so that you would not evade ownership. Yet I could not at once quit the old place, or still the craving to see you. Sometimes the impulse was almost irresistible to declare my presence, and receive the sympathy which I was so much in need of; but after obtaining the silence of that family group of portraits, I dared not trust my self-control longer, but left the place immediately."

"But you came once more—in the room where I slept the night after."

"I do not understand you, Judith."

"Who could it be?" I exclaimed, and related the circumstances of the stranger's visit.

"Sir Wilford, of course; the miniature you saw on that man's neck was in his possession at the time of our misunderstanding; and in the papers he gave me, as proof of his statements concerning me, you shall find some allusion to the adventure. Would you like to see them?"

"I have not asked any solution of the mystery that has surrounded you heretofore; but since you desire I should understand it, I am happy to receive your confidence."

"Here, then, you shall sit and read the full account; I will bring you the papers, and then leave them to tell their own story."

So saying, he went from the room, and presently returned with a Journal and letters, which, having placed before me with the words, "Recollect, Judith, the memory of the dead is sacred," he stepped on to the lawn through the French window, and I was at liberty to read undisturbed.

A note in Sir Wilford's handwriting, to Richard, stated that having received a letter from Mrs. Murray a short time before her death, in which she requested he would obtain possession of manuscripts too important for careless eyes to see, he had, knowing the location of the room where they were, taken the quietest method to procure them.

I opened the Journal; it was my aunt's, and dated far back, before the existence of Richard or myself. The first record was at the beginning of Christmas holidays at Morton, when the gayety which so suited her then was maintained. Among the guests were the names of Sir Wilford and Lady Eugenia Meredith, strangers, but invited with their hostess, who was a neighbor and intimate friend of my aunt's. It was doubtless during this visit that Sir Wilford learned the plan of the house sufficiently to enter and collect the evidences of Richard's parentage after her death.

Nothing of special interest occurred until the autumn following. Then came the season of my aunt's appearance in fashionable life, as an acknowledged beauty and wit, and the frank confessions of her pleasure in this adulation had a singular effect on me—the pages yellow with age, the characters mostly long since deceased, and the brilliant image conjured up by description and recorded compliment, now but a handful of dust, as it were, in Morton churchyard!

Extracts from the diary will explain better than I can the course of events resulting so strangely and unhappily.

Oct. 2.— Again I meet with Sir Wilford. Lady Eugenia, he tells me, is ill. How lovely she is, and so charming, yet her husband displays little pride in mentioning her. I fancy they are not very well content; but, then, any symptom of affection is considered vulgar among fashionable people; one would think every married couple were endeavoring to demonstrate their exceeding indifference and even personal dislike to each other. Poor Mr. Murray! he does not take kindly to this custom, and indeed it is ridiculous.

Oct. 5.—Notwithstanding my fling at the affectations of high life, I must confess their convenience, and since I have availed myself of them, must acknowledge my obligations. How much I was indebted to Sir Wilford's careful attention to-day, during our excursion to Richmond, for my pleasure in the trip. Now if I were orthodox to wait on one's wife and nobody else, I should have been forlorn enough, and should continue so till his return from the business trip to Morton. But really, so many contend for a place in my service, that I am better supplied than ever, as my husband's grave manner keeps them at a distance generally. To be sure, Sir Wilford is rather more privileged, for, as Angus says, "He is a person whose character we know," and while Lady Eugenia is unable to join us, is at liberty to make himself useful.

Oct. 9.—It is truly said, "Let no man be certain of anything but uncertainty." I would not have believed I would do such a thing as waltz in public; not that I imagine it is any worse for me to do so than for others; but Mr. Murray is so averse to "such exhibitions," as he calls them, that the dance has been "taboo" to me.

Indeed, scarce know how it all happened. But every one was taking part, and when I replied to Sir Wilford's invitation, that my husband thought it objectionable and immoral, he said with that peculiar manner of his, so irritating and yet overwhelming—

"For heaven's sake, my dear lady, speak low; your social reputation would be ruined if you were to be overheard. Morality is punishable with ostracism here, and, indeed, I cannot wonder it is so, if that graceful exercise is without its pale. Look, how beautifully those circling figures wave to and fro, and can you resist that bewitching *Deux Temps*?"

Just at that instant the band struck up one of the most inspiring strains, and it would have taught a savage of itself. I knew that I waltzed finely, that my companion was accounted equal to a foreigner in the exercise, vanity tempted me, and my senses were bewitched by the exhilaration of the time, place and circumstances. Doubtless Sir Wilford saw my hesitation, for I continued standing, and the first I knew, his arm was around my waist, and we were in the circle; it was impossible to retreat now, and in a few rounds all reluctance disappeared.

I was conscious of murmurs of admiration as we flew past groups of spectators, and Sir Wilford was congratulating me on my independence when I discovered we were the only couple left on the floor.

"Let us go!" I whispered, terrified, to my partner;

"I cannot, indeed I cannot continue."

Instantly Sir Wilford led me to a little nook apart from the crowded rooms, and quite deserted; I was in a strange state of mind—I sank into a seat, and after struggling vainly to conquer my nervous agitation, burst into tears!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Baby Culture.

A mother who has evidently acquired experience in this most important science, writes as follows, from New Haven to the American Agriculturist:

"How are the most of babies treated? Are they not smothered in blankets, kept in warm rooms, and cool fresh air avoided as if it were a pestilence? Do they not worry and cry for this very want?—and then does n't nurse come to helpless mamma and insist that the little creature is hungry, though nursed but a short time before? Then, hungry or not, its cries are stifled with food it does not need, bona fide pain comes, diseases often follow in dire succession, and mother and nurse are well worn out before many days with such a worrying child. Who would not worry under such treatment? Babies appreciate oxygen thoroughly, and there would not be so many 'terrible infants,' were there more of it in sleeping and living apartments."

Well, to be practical, and "give my experience," which consists, at the present time, of as healthy specimens of boys and girls as ever made parents' hearts brim full of thankfulness, I have pursued from their birth undeviating regularity in sleep, food and out-door life—nothing but downright rain preventing the latter. Mothers tell me, "Oh, it's a very good way, if you can only carry it out; but—I can't." Well, if children are not worth self-denial; if they are not better than calls, or company, or visiting, then they must go to the servants; but to those warm mother hearts which made light of all fatigue and care for the sake of the baby—who accept the sweet task committed to their hands by a Heavenly Father, how much better to have the key of sunny faces and joyous tripping laughter, than wry faces and shrieks "that make night hideous." If a child is born healthy, all it needs to thrive is the carrying out of simple, natural laws. For the first few weeks, every two hours is often enough for nursing, after that once in three. It will then be regularly hungry and regularly satisfied; if it cries, you will know it is not hungry, and its stomach will never be overloaded.

Let it sleep in a crib by your side—never with you; then sleep is longer, sweeter, more refreshing. Never wake a child—no, not to show it to the Queen of England. Wrap it well, all but the face, and take it daily into the purest air you can find. Let its baths be not decidedly cold water, and before nursing, and then another nice nap will follow. As it grows a few months older, keep it out of doors half the time, and in summer its best naps will be under the broad roof of heaven; and in winter don't stop for cold, but wrapped up like a perfect mummy, out with baby, and if you want to see the little one's cheeks take on the rose, let it feel the splendid tonic in a sharp north-wester; and it will smile at the snow flakes as they softly melt on its velvet cheeks, and grow daily so strong and fat and happy, that the little life will be one continual hymn of praises to God for its own existence.

The observance of regular hours for the morning and afternoon naps, and laying the child in its crib wide awake, when the time comes, is of the greatest importance. It all turns on commencing right, and then there's no trouble. How infinitely better to lay a laughing, playing creature, with a good night kiss, to sleep its healthful sleep, than the common rocking and hushing so often repeated, and in vain—or the watching by the bedside, or the leaving of a light to go to sleep by. Never reward a child for crying by giving the article desired; wait till it stops. Teach it to amuse itself often, and not require some one to be constantly shaking a rattle, or tapping a window, but lay it on a bed or floor with a plaything; a slipp'ry is an unfailing amusement when all other objects fail. Lastly, always endeavor to have a serene, pleasant face when you nurse your child. Chameleon like, it is taking hues to its soul that color and shape it for life and eternity."

It is glorious for a man to endear himself to his country; to perform noble services to the community; to be the object of praise, veneration and love; but it is odious and detestable to be the object of public fear and execration.

LAW OF THE DESPAIRING.

BY CORA COLEMAN.

Wildly blow the breezes
With a wailing sound;
Downward plash the raindrops
On the thrifty ground;
Lightnings flash from cloud-land,
Through the deepening gloom;
Elements in discord
Minute thunders boom.

So my soul is troubled
By the ill of life;
So my life is darkened
By tempestuous strife;
But no transient lightnings
Flit before my eye,
No auroral gleamings
E'er illumine the sky.

Darkness drear, unfathomed,
Gathers all around;
No emotions startle
In their depths profound;
Lotus-wreaths encircle
All of joy and grief,
That the past did bring me,
In its season brief.

Mem'ry never gladdens
With its treasured store;
Hope long since departed
To some brighter shore;
Lethian waves flow o'er me,
Sink me in the tide,
Vultures hover near me,
Mocking fiends deride.

Is there then a haven
Where the world-sick heart,
With its cares o'erladen,
Sees them all depart?
In the bright empyrean,
We have oft been told,
We shall find an Aiden,
Paved with burnished gold;

Where the pure in spirit
With bright pinions soar,
Careless for his brother,
Sent to Eblis' shore;
Where wild exorcutions
In his ear will pour,
Mingled with the mournful—
"Lo!—forevermore."

If the ties that bind us
In this earthly sphere,
To those friends we love most,
Must be severed here;
Then, through all Heaven's arches,
Wailing would resound
For the lost but loved ones,
Never to be found.

Spartan, Wis., May 4th, 1861.

Original Essays.

SPIRITS, AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCER.

ARTICLE TWO.

Is the work of cultivating man's human and divine nature so difficult, and does it involve such a profound knowledge of man's inner nature and of all the forces and influences which can affect it, that man himself is incompetent to perform it, and that therefore interior wisdom must undertake it?

To my mind, it is evident that the wisdom of the earth is not yet competent, knowingly and judiciously, to cultivate man's interior nature. Man is not even a competent cultivator of the human body; and his cultivation of the human mind is, to a great extent, mere guess-work—a blind experiment in the dark, with hardly a single well-established, clearly defined principle to guide him. Human physiology and hygiene are still in their infancy, and the science of mind is still conjectural—still a matter of research and discussion at every point. Such being the state of the world's knowledge of the human body and mind, and such being the incompetency of man, with his present science, to be a judicious and reliable cultivator of either mind or body, what shall we say of the world's knowledge of man's interior nature—of his life and loves—of the laws that govern their growth—of the conditions that are favorable, or unfavorable to their healthy action? What can the world's science tell us of that wonderful metamorphosis by which human life and love ultimately become divine life and love?

In this department of man's nature we hardly know what is health, and what is disease; what is normal, and what is abnormal. Indeed, it is rarely suspected even that diseased action may exist there, as well as in the body, or in the mind. Now, it is evident that the intelligence which does not know what is healthful and what is diseased action of man's life and loves—which does not know how to change life and love from an abnormal to a normal state—which knows nothing of the natural metamorphosis of life and love, cannot be a judicious, reliable cultivator of life and love.

Let any one suppose that I am mistaken, I will call for the world's science and skill in the cultivation of man's interior nature. Here is the miser, wedded to his gold and silver. How much of his love of gold and silver is healthy, and how much is the result of diseased action? How much that would be healthful in another, is an evidence of disease in him; or how much that would indicate disease in another, is healthful in him? If he is really diseased, how shall he be cured? If he is in health, how shall that health be preserved until the natural transition takes place, and his love of gold and silver are metamorphosed into a higher love? The world's wisdom says to the miser, under all circumstances, indiscriminately, whether of health or disease, "You must not love gold and silver." But he has been told that, over and over again; still he loves them. The world has preached against avarice from the foundation of the world; and still avarice reigns in the affections of as many as ever. Again the world's wisdom says to the miser, "To set your heart upon gold and silver, is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." How often and how long has that remedy been tried? Yet the miser still clings to his gold and silver, and believing himself on the road to perdition, perhaps, more parts with enough to purchase favor at his journey's end—he does not change in his love, therefore, but only makes a speculation.

But here comes the lustful man. Who can cure him, and how? But first tell me how much of lust is the result of healthy action, and how much is indicative of disease. Who is it that can penetrate this department of mystery, and as the members of the human family pass, one by one, before him, say to this one, "Yes, I see clearly; you are in health;" and to another, "Yes, I see clearly; you are diseased;" and thus reading each one, as clearly as the watchmaker would a watch, decide, with un-

erring certainty, what to do and what not to do in each particular case? The wisdom of the world says to lust, just as it says to avarice, "You must not do so; it is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." And this is said to lust, in all of its states, whether of disease or of health. The remedy has been tried for centuries; yet man's lust has not abated one jot or tittle.

But here comes the revengeful man, and the jealous man, and the ambitious man, and men of wrath, cunning, deceit, and men of all shades and degrees of selfishness, and of all the different types of human love and affection. What can the wisdom of the world do for them? The wisdom of the world says to them all, as it said to lust and to avarice, "You must not do so; it is wicked, wrong, sinful, worthy of everlasting punishment." Then what does the wisdom of the world amount to? For all human states, whether of health, or of disease, it administers the same remedy—a panacea, indeed, if it is capable of removing disease from the diseased, of giving additional health to the healthy, and of promoting the sublime metamorphosis of the human nature into the divine nature. But the remedy is impotent. It has been tried, and has failed; for the world is still human in all of its loves and affections, as much so as it was centuries ago; and the divine natures of men and women yet slumber in the germinal state, as much as when Christ first announced and represented the divinity in man.

Then we need help from interior wisdom. We are getting it; but it is coming in ways that conflict with the world's wisdom; and, of course, turns upon the very army of workers that are sent to us by interior wisdom, and that are guided by interior wisdom to do for the world what the world is evidently incapable of doing for itself. I stand before the combined wisdom of the world, and ask it to take my case, and make of me all it is possible in the nature of things to make of me—to unfold all that is yet latent and germinal in me to the fullness of all its innate possibilities. The world's wisdom is compelled to confess its ignorance and its impotence, in the presence of such large demands; and it says to me, "How can I do that? I know not the germinal possibilities of the humblest plant, or of the most inferior animal; then how should I know the germinal possibilities of man's human and divine natures? I do not know the infallible science even of vegetable and animal hygiene; how then can I know the infallible science of human and divine hygiene? I cannot, with absolute certainty, take even a grain of wheat safely through all its phases of growth, and without the possibility of failure, keep its vegetable life, at all times, up to its highest standard; still less can I take man safely and unerringly through all the phases of his development, giving each its fullest and highest expression, and ultimating in the matured divine nature." I turn, then, from the outer world to the interior; and with a confidence that there is a wisdom there which understands my case, and is competent to do all for me that can be done, I resign myself trustfully to it, willing that it shall do with me as in its judgment seems best.

But it may be asked, "Is it necessary that either men, or spirits should interfere with, or take any particular care of, man's human and divine natures? Will not these natures fare just as well, in the long run, to be left in the keeping of God, or of the principles of nature, without any especial care or cultivation from finite intelligences?"

This question we will consider in our next communication to the BANNER.

PROBLEM.

Can a medium infallibly identify a communicating spirit?

ANSWER.—Empirically speaking, sometimes *Yes*, and sometimes *No*. To decide the problem rationally, we must find out the law or laws that govern the case.

That it is possible for atoms and beings of all kinds to identify or find out other atoms and beings—and that this faculty or power is infallible within, and only within certain limits—is proved by all our knowledge of the entities of the mineral, vegetable and animal planes. There is not one exception to this rule within the whole circle of human experience; consequently, we have no right to assume that exceptions *beyond* that range, or anywhere, are either actual or possible.

But though the knowing power is universally possessed, no one finite being or entity possesses it in an unlimited degree; nor does an organism possess it in the same degree at all times. Thus a crystal in solution, or excited by heat or friction, is more discriminative than the same apparent substance in a solid or an unexcited state. The attractive and discriminating power of a tree is more lively and potent in summer than in winter. The power of scent in a dog is not always equally perfect. And, if we advance in the scale of being up to the spirit plane, the elements of mutability become still more numerous and complex.

I think I see one law, however, underlying and controlling the identifying faculty in all its phases and manifestations, viz., the Law of Use. The greater and truer the use, the more complete and reliable the faculty in all cases; and so great is the use of the discriminating power among the elements of air and water, that if atoms of oxygen could not discriminate between hydrogen and nitrogen, and vice versa, we should have, instead of air and water, only their elements in chaos, and vegetable and animal life would be wholly precluded from our planet—a catastrophe which is only prevented by endowing every atom of the three elements with the power of knowing and thus combining with the others infallibly; and we see accordingly that they never make a mistake—nor can they ever, so long as the Law of Use continues the highest law. Or, to take an illustration from a higher plane: if man could not distinguish his own and other beings' characteristics—could not tell his friend, or his wife, or his child, "from a side of sole-leather"—there could be no such thing as human intercourse, or human procreation, or human existence; wherefore, to admit that human beings really do exist, is to admit that they possess a power which, under the Law of Use, is indispensable to man's existence.

Now as every law is co-extensive with the plane it governs, as the law of gravitation extends to all matter, and the laws of geometry to all surfaces, it follows that the Law of Use must extend to every part of the moral and spiritual planes, as well as to the planes below them. Consequently, that when a true and holy use requires that a communicating spirit should be known to his medium, or to the person addressed through the medium, then will such use be certainly consummated, in spite of all inferior powers. That when the use is only frivolous, or conjectural, the spirit may fail to make itself truly known, or the medium may easily be mistaken as to its personality. And that the degree of certainty or reliability, in all such matters,

will depend partly upon the importance of certainty to the recipient mind, and partly upon the diligence and fairness with which the recipient shall seek the truth—certainty being of no real use to those who are too lazy to seek it, or too stupid to value it, or too irrational to seek it in a rational way.

LA-100-100.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS AT NATICK, CONTINUED.—JONAH COMES FORTH.—NINEVAH SHAKEN.—BEDLAM LET LOOSE, AND THE SPIRITS COMMANDED TO EXHIBIT THEIR POWER.—THE SHEPHERD SMITTEN, AND THE FLOCK SCATTERED.—NOTE: MANIFESTATION WITNESSED BY MY WIFE AT MR. FELTON'S HOTEL, MILFORD, MASS.—ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO EXHIBIT IN SCHOOLHOUSE HALL, NATICK.—JONAH AND HIS FAMILIAR SPIRITS.—JONAH COMES NEAR BEING INCARCERATED IN THE WHALE'S BELLY BY A CIVIL OFFICER.

The conduct of the Jonah—noticed in my last Chapter—in his connection with the Davenport Boys at Natick, is beneath notice; and I should not notice him, were it not that the opponents of Spiritualism here, flatter themselves that a death-blow was given by him; and that the reader may see whether under the circumstances, the demonstrations were, or were not a failure. He had a great deal to say about conditions; as though no conditions were necessary. And that if spirits could manifest themselves at all, they could do so under all every condition that might happen. And he knew, too, full well, that his strength lay in promoting discord and confusion; and for this I never saw a man better adapted.

Notwithstanding the conditions on which the Boys consented to come to Natick were violated at the outset, yet they consented to go on. A committee of two was chosen to tie them. Both had been sailors, and they had the privilege of tying them just as they pleased. They commenced their work. The cord used was small, terse, and about as large as a pipe-stem. Soon after they began to tie them, Mr. Rand discovered that they were daubing the rope with paint. He considered this under the circumstance an insult, and said the paint must be removed, or he should not proceed.

Although it was understood by Mr. Rand and the Boys that this was to be a circle only of friends, yet Mr. Bly and his clique had managed to select the committee. No one objected to having the boys tied as thoroughly as possible; but every one had a right to expect that they would be treated with common decency.

After some words, the paint was removed and the Boys were tied—the committee declared, as thoroughly as it was in their power to tie them. The Boys were seated on a bench punctured with holes, at a distance of three or four feet apart. Their hands were tied behind them, and the cord was wound around their arms several times, fastening them firmly behind them. Their legs were also tied together; and to complete the whole, the rope was passed through the holes, and thus they were made fast to the bench.

The committee being satisfied that they had tied them as firmly as it was in their power to tie them, others were asked to come forward to the box, and see for themselves the condition of the Boys and the box.

Musical instruments hung in different positions around the box out of the reach of the Boys. Everything being ready—to the satisfaction of the committee—the door was now closed. Mr. Rand holding a match in one hand, and the hand of another gentleman with the other, extinguished the light. Almost instantaneously after the light was extinguished, the musical instruments were heard being played upon. Soon after a grum voice was also heard, coming out from the box, saying: "Light! light!"

Mr. Rand now lighted the lamp. The box was examined, and the Boys were found securely tied just as they had been left. Again the light was extinguished, and immediately we heard the rattling of the ropes inside of the box. In about fifteen minutes more, we heard the same grum voice calling out: "Open the door!"

The lamp was again lighted, and the door was opened, and the Boys were found free. I say "in about fifteen minutes"—I think the time was noted by some one in the audience—and stated to be between fifteen and twenty minutes. And I think it was also stated that they were tied with about fifteen feet of cord.

In response to a remark from Mr. Rand, that the manifestations for some cause did not proceed as he should like, the ghost of Jonah appeared, rising up in the audience, and a voice was heard proceeding out of the whale's belly, saying:

"The reason is obvious—A Jonah is here!"

At the mention of Jonah, Ninevah began to quake! Bedlam was let loose—and "confusion ran riot!"

I was never in so noisy a gathering of any kind. Jonah and his kindred spirits came to promote confusion, and to break up the circle, and they succeeded. Some called for Bly, and some for the Davenport Boys. And the rabble demanded that the spirits should go on. Another suggested that Jonah himself should go into the box and be tied. Ira, the eldest of the Boys, stepping out on to the platform, holding in his hand a piece of cord about three feet in length, proposed to tie the Jonah with that, so fast that he would never get away without aid. But Jonah was too wise to submit to his tying that night.

After a good deal of angry discussion, the meeting broke up. The shepherd was smitten, and the sheep scattered. The cry of humbug was raised louder than ever. And I am sorry to be under the necessity of recording it, the Spiritualists in this place, with a very few exceptions indeed, joined in the cry. And there were those, too, that joined in this cry, who know—if they had been influenced as they claim that they have—that under the conditions made in that circle, it was unreasonable to look for anything like a satisfactory manifestation from spirits. These must acknowledge one of two things, viz: That they have never experienced what they claim, and have themselves been humbugging community, or else they had no right to expect any successful manifestation from spirits, through the mediumship of the Davenport Boys, under any conditions that were afforded them, while they stopped in Natick. I saw nothing while they were here to convince me that they were trying to deceive others or practicing upon the credulity of community.

The manifestations, as far as they went—as the reader cannot fail to see—were not a failure. If there was any failure at all, it was in the spirits (as they claimed) refusing to go on in that noisy rabble. I am not advocating the cause of Mr. Rand nor the

Boys. I do not know where any of them are; neither have they any knowledge of my intentions in writing this. I am simply aiming to relate facts as they have passed under my observation, desiring to do justice to all.

After the meeting, that evening, the Boys were treated with marked neglect; and even, in a few instances, received open insult. Mr. Rand seemed to feel bad. He said he knew the boys were true, and he hoped to have an opportunity to satisfy the people of Natick of that fact, by reliable tests, which he and others had witnessed.

Although it was apparent to myself and others, that any further attempt to hold a meeting in this place would not be likely to result in good, yet Mr. Rand determined to try it again. Accordingly, the next morning he gave public notice for an exhibition in the school-house hall that evening. In the forenoon he also gave a private exhibition at the Spiritualist's hall. The room was well filled, and the Boys were tied, if possible, tighter than on the evening previous. One of the gentlemen who tied them, on this occasion, had also been a sailor. He said he tied Ira as securely as it was possible for him to be tied. So tight was he tied, around the wrist, that a deep dent was made in the skin, the size of the cord, which remained hours afterward. I saw it twenty-four hours after, and asked Ira why he submitted to be tied in that manner?

"I wanted them to be satisfied!" was his reply.

But they were not satisfied. And I doubt whether any amount of testimony, or phenomena, would have satisfied some of them. As soon as they were tied, others were asked to examine the condition of the box. Before the door was fairly closed, the instruments in the box were played upon. The door was again opened, and the Boys were found tied just as the committee had left them. The door was closed again; and in thirty minutes or less it was re-opened, and the boys were free.

The cord was thoroughly examined, to see that it had not been cut; but it was found to be in the same condition that it was before the Boys were tied.

At the commencement of the exhibition that evening, Mr. Rand stated that the order would be changed, and that the Boys would be tied by the spirits. But Jonah was in the hall; as also his "familiar spirits." No sooner were the lights extinguished, than there was confusion all over the hall. A voice from the box called for light. A light was produced, and Mr. Rand stepping upon the stage, requested the audience to keep quiet and let the manifestations proceed.

Three times he made this request. Was the request unreasonable? Let those who profess to understand the conditions of spirit manifestations, and who so freely denounced the Davenport Boys as humbugs, simply because they failed to satisfy their most unreasonable demands that evening, answer this question. There were those present, it is true, who did all in their power to maintain order.

Around Jonah, his familiar spirits had gathered; and repeatedly he was requested to keep quiet; but it was of no avail. As soon as the lights were out, all kinds of noises were heard. Peppermints, nuts, and other things were thrown upon the stage. After lighting the lamp for the third time, Mr. Rand announced that there would be no further attempt to exhibit that evening.

Jonah now appeared to the audience in a visible form. A gentleman present, who was anxious that the manifestations should proceed, tried to quiet him; but he immediately put himself in an attitude for a fight. But as it happened, police officers had been engaged, and were present, (but of course could not act when the lights were out). One of them stepping up to Jonah, requested him to take his seat, and keep quiet. But his response was:

"Who are you?"

The officer, putting his hand upon him, replied: "You take your seat, sir, and keep quiet, or else you will find out who I am! You will have to go with me to the lock-up!"

Jonah, finding himself in the hand of an officer, was glad to take his seat. He did not exactly relish being the second time incarcerated in the whale's belly.

I have given, in as impartial a manner as possible, the circumstances—which it is boasted here have been the overthrow of Spiritualism—as they passed under my observation. It is true, we have not held regular meetings since; but there are those here who, in my opinion, are as firm in the belief of spirit manifestations as ever, and would be glad to see the work progressing in this place, and are as ready as ever to receive the evidence of the future existence of the Immortal Spirit. Whether, under all the circumstances, the demonstrations through the mediumship of the Davenport Boys, were, or were not a failure, the reader must be his own judge.

In this connection, I have refrained from expressing my opinion of the genuineness of the manifestations witnessed through the mediumship of these Boys; but in some future article I may give you some testimony from reliable sources that will be hard to contradict or disprove. I will say, however, I have seen nothing to convince me that they are not true.

The Sunday following, my wife was present at a sitting in the parlor of Mr. Felton's Hotel, in Milford, Mass. She says: "There were present about twenty individuals. Among the number was Mr. Felton and family, the committee who tied them in the Town Hall, Milford, the Saturday evening previous; and also, Mr. Berry, who tied Ira on the occasion alluded to above. The Boys were placed in the box, and also the rope. The door was shut and locked, and the lights were put out. In about ten minutes, at the longest, a voice inside called, 'Light! light!'"

A light was then produced, and the door was opened, and the boys were found—Mr. Berry and the committee who tied them in Milford say—tied as securely as they tied them. It takes the committee usually about three-fourths of an hour to tie them; but in this instance they were tied in ten minutes, or less. The lights were again extinguished, and immediately different musical instruments were played upon inside the box, and different tunes were also played. A hand was also plainly seen coming out from the box. As soon as the music ceased, the box was again opened, and the boys were found as they were left—securely tied."

Is Christ on Earth?

I have some misgivings, Messrs. Editors, whether I should relate to you, for publication, what I witnessed at a seance with Mrs. Kirkham on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th of March, and yet I do not know why I should withhold it.

I had been addressed by two of my family, and then by an unknown voice, who intimated that he had been many years in spirit-life, and had come to earth to infuse into the hearts of Spiritualists a more Christ-like feeling, and denounced those who treated the Bible as an ordinary book, as "false teachers," &c. After him the countenance of the medium assumed a wonderful repose—the exhortation to a higher life that followed, was uttered in a low, but distinct voice; and then, I did not doubt the love of my heavenly Father, but in my agony of mind, I prayed: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, but not my will, but thine, be done."

I asked, Do you speak in the first person? No

answer was given, but the voice repeated, I prayed to my Heavenly Father—"Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me; but not mine, but thy will be done." And when on the cross, I prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And then was personated the crucifixion—the arms extended, the head at first thrown back, and the countenance exhibiting intense agony. Gradually, it lost its painful expression—the head fell upon one side, and life was apparently extinct. The personation lasted two or three minutes, and during it, a voice came to me from another part of the room, subdued, but clear and distinct—"Christ is present."

I have no comments to make, except, that during the personation, the medium seemed to have lost her identity; she did not appear like herself, and was weakened several days by the personation.

PAUL PAX.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I sent it to my friend, through whose wife "Revelations," and "Further Revelations from the Spirit-World" were made, and the following are extracts from the circle to whom it was submitted.

"My friend, Christ's spirit comes to every one who seeks him in the right way." "If the circle your friend speaks of, was in that frame of mind, that the Saviour could sympathize with, he no doubt was there."

We do not mean to say that Christ was present in the room, but that the circle was in harmony, he would send down his influence, and if the peculiar kind of manifestation was needed to meet the plane of the circle, there was no reason why the scene on the cross should not have been enacted."

Inebriety and Total Abstinence.

In reply to my friend and brother, "Paul Pry," I would say, that I fully comprehend his answer to my note on his article headed, "Inebriety and Total Abstinence;" and that I may not have entirely understood his meaning, or the extent to which he intended his opinion to apply in said article; but permit me to say that, from the kindness so manifest in the answer in question, I am now fully of the opinion that it did not find its way to your press through the "printer's devil," or any other devil; but, whether right or wrong, it was the offspring of pure thought and intention on his part, and published for a supposed good end, on the part of the editor. So let it rest, and hope for good results. But permit me to say, that I have seen, felt, and associated so much and long with the article called rum, (I mean all that will cause drunkenness) that I am most sensitive when I see it, or its effects, treated lightly, or a name given it less than the one given by Cassio, viz., "Devil"; for, from much experience in all its phases, I can but look on it and its effects, as an instrument and end, not one whit less terrible than even a Calvinistic Devil, or a Spiritualist's Hell, both of which are supremely bad in themselves, and should be avoided, if possible, and dreaded either in approach, progress or end. For one moment contemplate the fate of him, who has literally wallowed through the course of rum in earth-life, to be haunted and beset by its *entailed* curse in the spirit-world. Can the human mind fix itself on a more terrible fate here, or anticipate a more excruciating fate or hell hereafter?—from both of which may the infinite mind deliver us! Rum and its results is a subject to which my mind has been called into active service, and against which I have thrown all my powers for the last five months, and I cannot look on it as anything less than the greatest curse that does or can inflict or affect the human race.

Where would the human race have not stood, or to what height not have arrived in the scale of intellectual advancement and physical endurance; had it not been for rum, and its concomitant or kindred associates? With a mind free to act, and a will to acquire greatness; with no motive to step aside, or allurements to detain; with an eye single, and steadfastly fixed on intellectual and physical advancement; with a mind to grasp, and memory to retain all that can improve—I say where would not the human race have stood, or to what height not have arrived, in the order of God's intellectual or physical creation, had his progress not been retarded, and his aspirations frustrated and wrongly directed by the intoxicating cup? All, or nearly all, have been more or less influenced by its allurements. All, or nearly all, have shared in its poison; its footfalls may be traced from the diadem of the palace to the rags and want of the destitute hovel; its ruin may be traced from the loftiest philosophical mind, to the lowest and least appreciated of human intelligence. Its venom has entered the avenues and arteries of most all associated humanity, and dimmed, if not destroyed, the brightest of intellects. The strongest form has shrunk beneath its pressure; and the faintest figure shivered in contact with its touch. All, yea all, have shared in its curse, and stood agnost at its power over the human body and mind. Now, if all this be true, (and I fully believe it) have not the well wishers of our race reason to condemn it and its use in the strongest terms? In fact, I would ask brother "Pry," can language be found sufficiently strong to meet the necessity of the case?—and should not all means be used to effect a cure? I will not pretend to defend the self-righteous, neither the moderate drinker, in their Pharisaical condemnation of the drunkard; but the subject is so vast, and the means to be used so diversified, we should tread lightly, and condemn with caution, when we come in contact with, and administer to those who are striving to cure the infectious disease.

Pardon me for the length of this letter; but I feel that I could not say less, and have my say on the subject. In all reforms I am with you.

Yours respectfully,

New York City.

JOHN D. CUTZ.

Intelligence is Free Agency.

I desire to impart a thought, which has been suggested by reading the discussion from week to week of the Boston Spiritual Conference, on the question of Fate and Free Agency. I would suggest that man stands, in principle, in the elements; and of course he stands thus undeveloped, awaiting unfoldment. The Almighty cause, will, and power elements, move forward the mass of elementary principles, to their grand destination, irresistibly; and as intelligence is his only element of freedom, being light to see by, &c., the man-principle is alone intelligence, when it is carried out to its ultimate. Therefore man, though circumscribed in the process of his unfolding and development, is set free to exercise his cause, will, and power elements, (for man is an element throughout his whole being,) just in proportion to the amount of intelligence he can exercise. Consequently I would ask this question, What is intelligence but cause, will and power, combined in one element?

Man, know thyself—learn the laws of thy being. When this lesson is accomplished, thou wilt then know who governs the universe. JOHN R. ROBINSON.

Dundee, Ill.

own history, it is not possible to deny the fact that the religious and traditional evidences point to the races and language lands of Cashmere and Tibet, the high plains of Central Asia, as the cradle—as the primeval Paradise of the human race. That there is, from the lowest up to the highest variety, one regular gradation of improvement, without any sharply defined line of abrupt separation, or any anatomical or physiologic differences, which could lay the foundation of a new species in any other branch of zoology. The average duration of life—the progress of physical development—the vital functions and periodical changes of the constitution, are the same in all races, and under the same climatic conditions. They have approximated the same feelings and aversions, and the same susceptibility to improvement in their social and religious condition, and are by nature one and the same species; and any other view of the subject would be contrary to truth—to the laws of Nature—at variance with the best interests of society, and would impede the progress of that universal brotherhood toward which mankind seem ultimately tending.

Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

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A SHORT SERMON.

FROM D. H. HAMILTON, LEWISTON, ME.

Text.—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—Luke xxiii: 34.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in the great field of Theological Reform!—Suffer a word from one who feels himself under the most solemn obligations, when he attempts to teach others, to give valid reasons for the position which he takes, and the faith which he holds—and who believes, also, that no truth is too good, nor too much in advance of the times, to be told, if it can be backed up by good proof, or be shown to be in harmony with all other known truth.

I have just been reading, with deep earnestness and care, Bro. Newton's Tract No. 4—"Evil: its Source and Remedy." In this tract I find some most excellent suggestions. Still, I cannot help feeling and saying, too, with all deference to our good brother, that free-willism hath beclouded his otherwise most pungent and penetrating conceptions. His God is not quite big enough to suit me. He does not hardly fill the universe, nor does he fill up the measure of my text—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He indeed says, that "the only potency which can inspire and energize men and women to a true life, is love." This is a beautiful, truthful, noble saying; but where, O where, is that effectual, all-conquering love to be found, but in the hearts of those who sincerely accept, and deeply feel, the weight of the last clauses of Christ's all-loving prayer on the cross, "for they know not what they do?" "Father, forgive them," is cold, stolid, worthless, without the rest. And my heart says, dear elder-brother, Jesus! I thank thee for the last clause! That conquers all prejudices against all men, and makes us lift as heartily to elevate the murderer, the hypocrite, the prostitute, the libertine, the selfish and the self-willed, as it does those whose spiritual nature has the ascendancy over the animal in these directions. But the moment we give up to the idea that he who has done us wrong, "knew or might have known better," just that moment we get offended, impatient, pharisaical; or else become distrustful, desponding, or denunciatory. Then love must take its flight, for there is no room left for it. The injunction, "Judge not," then belongs to us.

Bro. Newton seems heartily to endorse this sentiment of Pope:

"Yet gave me, in this dark estate, to see the good from ill,
And binding nature fast in fate, left free the human will."

This, to me, is just like saying, left free the middle wheel. Hence, my reason is not satisfied with some of his positions, deductions and inferences. To me, both Pope and Newton do not tell the whole truth in this matter, but Jesus does; and the truth may be made more clear to some minds by expressing it thus:—

The vilest man is but one's self,
If born and bred as he;
And if his vices do not enslave,
U, what but fate makes free him?

What folly, then, to curse him;
Who's not the spiritual will
To magnetize the animal man,
And force it to be still!

In that tract, Bro. N. asks, "Do all men at all times do the best they know or might know?" Now, it seems to me, that he might just as well have asked, "Do all men at all times know all that they do know?" He says, as proof that they do not sometimes do as well as they might, that he must confess that he has done wrong when he actually knew better. Now, I hate to question the veracity of one who has so good a reputation as Bro. N., and so much more influence with the spiritual public than myself; but I must say that he was mistaken; he sort of knew better, but he did not know it strong enough to give him a decision for the right. Knowledge enough to move the will and control it, is all the knowledge that is worth a farthing. That knowledge which has the power only to stir up consciousness sufficiently to give a few faint twinges, and then allows the mere love of pleasure, because it is agreeable, to overpower regard for right and give animal will the reins, is not worthy to be called knowledge; it is ignorance, or, at most, but a base counterfeit. Knowledge is power, the world over, inside and out.

True knowledge results in the perception and love of us, and the result of all use is individual happiness. The very love of and right to pursue happiness, accredited by all men to all mankind, is proof that all are seeking it the best they know or might know, till circumstances, to which all must succumb, shall develop in us a sufficiency of knowledge or wisdom to kill the ignorant devil who leads us astray. What can be plainer than that man is what he is, by virtue of his inherent tendencies, and the circumstances of his life which modify those tendencies? The operation of these two forces has produced his every act all the way through—all his tears and all his groans, all his smiles and all his frowns, all his pleasures and all his pains, all his ups and all his downs, all his rights and all his wrongs; and they must ever continue their action upon him; pushing him thither and drawing him hither, until, like the pebble upon the stony beach, he is well rounded and thoroughly polished. Then the great Architect—the great Master-builder—will set him as a precious stone in the crown of his rejoicing.

These two forces, I perceive, are what keep me all the time on the alert; and they have so far opened the eyes of my understanding, that I can see that God is all and in all—the Alpha and the Omega—the beginning and the end. "By the grace of God I am what I am." I have sought for praise and naught for blame, nor in the eyes of Wisdom has any other human being. My constitution and my experience have taught me to say from the heart, "Thy will be done," and, further, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." So I must still say, as I have often said within the last three years:

Nothing but ignorance makes men sin;
Wisdom would not allow it;
Never did man one foolish act,
Who's wise enough to show it.

Would foolish bargains e'er be made
By any selfish man,
Who had the power to see the end,
When laying out his plan?

Will not all men then seek the right,
Nor sin another day?
When they shall clearly see that none
But righteous actions pay?

When man shall see his happiness
In duty's honest claim,
He'll do the right most willingly,
Though Devil be his name.

Now, then, dear friends, don't look for much,
Where little has been given;
Nor spurn that brother who's too weak
To trust with you to heaven.

But take him by the hand, and say,
I'll help you, weaker brother;
The bruised reed I will not break,
The smoking flax not smother.

Bro. Newton says that "the Universe in its general constitution, and when viewed as a whole, is right and good; yet when viewed in its degrees, and relatively to our individual states and acts, it presents both higher and lower, both right and wrong, both good and evil. Let us instead of trying to persuade ourselves that there are no such distinctions, seek to overcome evil by growing strong in good. Blessed is he that overcometh."

This paragraph, found on the last page of the tract, I most heartily subscribe to. The great doctrine of progression, (without which Spiritualism is a heartless, lifeless, spiritless thing) is founded on the grand truth therein so clearly expressed. No well balanced mind, it seems to me, will try to persuade itself that there are no such distinctions. They exist in the very nature and relation of things. But does renunciation of the lower, and adhesion to the higher, depend upon man's inherent free-will power? Or, does it depend upon those causes, exterior and anterior to man, which combine to move the will? But has man no power of choice? Really none; seemingly so. Man's choice is always determined by the amount of real knowledge which he possesses; and that knowledge depends upon his original constitution and his life experiences; and these again depend upon circumstances which a God could not prevent or alter, and be true to himself. Let me illustrate this sentiment in rhyme:

It seems, says one, that I am free
To walk, or sit, or stand,
Or do what'er I please to choose,
Without the least command.

It seems, too, that the earth stands still,
And that the sun rolls round,
But wider, broader views, declare,
That theory is unsound.

Man's just as free as water is,
On a descending plane;
Or as the seed, which being sown,
Is free to yield again.

Man's but a link in Nature's chain—
A bud on Nature's tree;
A passenger on Nature's main—
Then how can he be free?

"Father, forgive them," Jesus says,
"They know not what they do!"
Now tell me, O I ye stronger ones,
He prayed for none but you.

COMMENTS, BY A. E. NEWTON.

The foregoing seems to be more of a Criticism than a "Sermon," albeit it is preceded by a very good text. In Bro. Hamilton, however, I am happy to recognize a friendly critic, thoroughly in earnest in the pursuit of truth, and bold in the avowal, when he thinks he has found it. Nevertheless, he seems to me to possess that ardent temperament and intense activity of mind which are wont to lead to hasty and immature conclusions. A more deliberate review of the whole question will probably modify these criticisms, by showing him that he has not fully understood the positions criticised, and has looked too exclusively at one side of the truth, to the neglect of an equally palpable other side. The latter is a common fault with us all, when receding from an overstrained educational belief in a partial truth. Like the pendulum, we almost necessarily swing to the opposite extreme.

Bro. H. thinks my perceptions are "beclouded by free-willism." I think his are obscured by fatalism. As to free-will, I would give it no greater scope than it actually has in each individual's consciousness. For, notwithstanding all our friend's arguments, in prose and in rhyme, every person knows, from hourly experience, that he has some power of choice, and that he can and does use this power for his own elevation or degradation. Even Bro. Hamilton himself, before the close of his "sermon," endorses this "most heartily," without seeming to be aware of it. He subscribes to the exhortation, "Let us seek to overcome evil," etc. What is the use of such an exhortation, if men have no power of choice in the case? In the same way all fatalists are constantly and intuitively contradicting their own theory. This is because their consciousness contradicts their intellects. Intellect sees only the fatalistic side of truth; while consciousness testifies to the freedom side. The true philosopher, instead of ruling the one or the other witness out of court, as men commonly do, (or try to) will listen to both, and seek to harmonize their testimony by a higher analysis. The difference is between two modes of perception, as between sight and touch. Consciousness, being the more intimate, has the greater power over us, and is the safer practical guide.

That the power of choice is not absolute, but bounded by constitution and circumstances, is equally true; yet experience proves that the more the will is exercised on the side of right, the more control it obtains over both constitutional proclivities and outside circumstances—all eventually the redeemed man, whose will has become one with the Father's, triumphs over all adverse things, and becomes superior to circumstances, or "has all things under his feet." Yet such an one can choose only the right. So perfect freedom rounds up at last into complete necessity.

What degree of this power of choice any person outside of myself possesses, I have no means of determining; hence I am not the judge of any but myself; or rather it is the God within all who judges all.

Bro. Hamilton thinks my "God is not big enough" for him. Very well; I have all the God there is, and if Bro. Hamilton is not satisfied, I do not believe he will help matters by trying to make another! It is plain that the overruling Power and Wisdom who governs this world, does not "forgive" wrong-doing, in any such sense as to excuse the wrong-doer from suffering the proper physical penalty, whether ignorant or willful. And, furthermore, it is a matter of common experience, that he who does wrong knowingly, suffers more severely—"is beaten with more stripes"—than he who sins ignorantly. That is, he has the stripes of inward conscience, in addition to those of outward pain.

But Bro. Hamilton will have it that no one does wrong knowingly, and that I am mistaken in confessing my own folly in this respect. There's no use of arguing that question! But he immediately changes his ground by adding that such knowledge "was not worth a farthing," because it did not amount to wisdom. Granted: there is a long distance between

knowledge and wisdom. The one is a mere intellectual perception of right or truth—the other is the hearty love of them, which comes only of the complete ascendancy of the spiritual over the animal in us.

The effort to strain the words of Jesus's dying prayer for his murderers, into an endorsement of the "ignorance" theory, seems to me more worthy of a word-twisting sectarian than of a truth-seeker. It is altogether probable that the Roman soldiers who crucified Jesus in obedience to their superiors, were quite ignorant of the wrong done him; but it by no means follows that nobody else did wrong knowingly! Will your common sense allow you to suppose that the trumped-up witnesses who perjured themselves at the trial of the Nazarene, did not know they were lying? or that Peter when he swore he knew not the man, really thought he was telling the truth? Nonsense, Bro. Hamilton! This text-twisting is too small business for you and me.

But this theory of "ignorance" is necessary to the exercise of love and charity, is it? Ah! Bro. Hamilton, divine charity is no such cheap virtue as you make it! It is easy enough to pity, to forgive, and to love those poor unfortunates who don't know any better than they do. But there is a nobler and more difficult grace than this—that of loving and determining to save even those who sin willfully. They who "get offended, impatient and pharisaical" toward this class, have not yet risen to the experience of divine charity. They are yet in the trammels of self-love and self-righteousness. When they realize that themselves have been equally in the mire, they will find no room for pharisaism or impatience. There is no real kindness in telling a man he is in health, when he is in fact under the power of a loathsome disease. There is no true charity in calling a man merely ignorant, when he is a conscious sinner against the light within him. True charity, seeing every soul's high possibilities, yearns to raise every one to its highest estate, and is deterred by no loathsomeness and disheartened by no degrees of crime. But its first work is to make the man sensible of his disease, that he may seek health—to make the soul aware of its degradation, that it may aspire to rise. In this it differs totally from that stultifying sentimentalism, which, assuming the name of "charity," pats everybody blandly on the shoulder and says, "Oh, you're just as good as you can be—your faults, if you have any, are only the result of ignorance!" Everybody knows, in his inmost soul, that this is a delusion and a lie!

There, reader, you have both "sermon" and comments. Judge for yourself which has the most practical truth.

Spiritual Beliefs.

Mrs. Stowe, in her story entitled "The Pearl of Orr's Island," gives her readers the following speculations concerning the growth from the "natural" to the "spiritual," and the actual existence of beings who were born spiritual, unconscious seers, to whom the purer truths of spiritual instruction are open:—

"There may, perhaps, come a time when the saucy boy, who now steps so superbly and predominates so proudly, in virtue of his physical strength and daring, will learn to tremble at the golden measuring rod held in the hand of a woman. 'Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural.' Moses is the type of the first unreflecting stage of development, in which are only the outcrochings of active faculties—the aspirations that tend toward manly accomplishments. Seldom do we meet sensitiveness of conscience or discriminating reflections as indigenous growth of a very vigorous, physical development. Your true, healthy boy has the breezy, hearty virtues of a Newfoundland dog—the wild freedom of life of the young race colt. Sentiment, sensibility, delicate perceptions, spiritual aspirations, are plants of later growth. But there are—both of men and women—beings born into this world, in whom from childhood the spiritual and the reflective predominate over the physical. In relation to other human beings, they seem to be organized much as birds are in relation to other animals. They are the artists, the poets, the unconscious seers, to whom the purer truths of spiritual instruction are open. Surveying man merely as an animal, these sensitively organized beings, with their feeble physical powers, are imperfect specimens of life. Looking from the spiritual side, they seem to have a noble strength—a divine force. The types of this latter class are more commonly among women than among men.

Multitudes of them pass away in earlier years, and leave behind in many hearts the anxious wonder why they came so early, only to mock the love they kindled. They who live to maturity are the priests and priestesses of the spiritual life, ordained of God to keep the balance between the rude but absolute necessities of physical life and the higher sphere to which that must at length give place."

New Publications.

THE SOLDIER'S GUIDE. A complete Manual and Drill Book, for use of all Volunteers, Militia and the Home Guard. Revised, Corrected and adapted wholly to the Discipline and Drill in the United States Army, of the Soldier and Volunteer at the present time, in conformity with orders of Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott. By an Officer in the United States Army. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 1861.

This is truly a timely publication. It is a pamphlet of sixty-three pages, and is devoted exclusively to the rules of the drill; but in this speciality it is thorough, and thus recommends itself to the men for whom it was compiled. The price is only twenty-five cents, which places it at the command of all. Many young men out of employment may do well as agents for this work, as a liberal percentage is allowed by the publishers.

THE PARTISAN LEADER: a novel by Beverly Tucker, of Va. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

This volume was secretly printed by the celebrated "Duff Green" at Washington, in the year 1836, for circulation in the Southern States, and among Disunionists, but immediately suppressed by the enemies of the National Union. It is in one elegant volume, price fifty cents. This astonishing work, in the garb of a brilliant and fascinating work of fiction, was secretly printed in 1836, with a fictitious imprint, and date of 1855, purporting to be an historical novel, detailing the events which had taken place during the previous twenty years. In it are depicted, with unerring and prophetic accuracy, the whole of the present Disunion Conspiracy, narrating the very events which are this day transpiring throughout the United States of America.

Notices of Meetings.

There will be a Grove Meeting at Brushy Prairie, Indiana, on Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 17th. The friends have fitted up a beautiful Grove, and a general good time is anticipated. The following speakers are engaged, viz., J. T. Rouse, S. C. Coffinberry and S. PHELPS LELAND. Other speakers will doubtless be in attendance. Friends from a distance will be provided with places to stop.

There will also be a Grove meeting at South Kirtland, Ohio, Saturday and Sunday, June 22nd and 23rd. Several speakers are engaged. The friends have a fine Grove, and will do all in their power to render the meeting pleasant and profitable. A large attendance is expected.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

OFFICE, 3 1/2 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON.

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TARIFFS.

A respected correspondent has undertaken to demonstrate, in a communication recently published in our columns, that it is, in fact, quite consistent with the true theory of our Government, that it (government) should interpose its authority, whenever it saw fit, to raise the wages of the laborer to a high standard, and to maintain them there; arguing, further, that if such wages are not protected, as by the establishment of high tariffs, the laborers who formerly received them will be certain to offer their labor in competition with others, thus bringing down all wages to a low standard, and incapacitating all sides—from buying even those imports which would be admitted at a low rate of duty under the operation of what is styled "free trade" laws. This catastrophe, he thinks, ought to be sufficiently serious in its prospect to induce us all to accept the "protective theories" that have produced such warm discussions, and to abandon the larger theory respecting this Government of ours, that it was not established to make or unmake fortunes for any men or class of men in the land, but simply to say to all parties like this:—There, now, we will keep the peace for and between you, and that is all we will do; you are at perfect liberty to better your own conditions in the best way you can, provided only you do not interfere with the personal rights or liberty of others!"

We will not stop here to discuss the policy or im policy, the propriety or impropriety, of high tariff laws, or laws made for what is called the "protection" of any special branch of industry in our midst; for that was not the object of these few words, nor indeed was it the original intent of the article to whose spirit our correspondent takes exception. What we chiefly desire now, as then, is to maintain that this Government of ours was organized solely for the benefit of the many; and it is but an ingenious and sophistical twisting of the point in hand, to claim that "the many" have articles to sell as well as to buy, and therefore they ought to be gratified with the sight of profitable markets for their productions, ready made to their hand. Common sense tells us that we are all consumers, rather than producers, in the view and meaning of the political economist and legislator; and it certainly is "class legislation" of the most open kind, that seeks to provide markets for manufacturers of any sort, more than the unimpeded laws of supply and demand naturally create.

The one good thing about our system of government, and the one under whose silent operation we have reached our present degree of material prosperity, is, that it has proceeded on the "hands off" principle, from the beginning. The old European systems have proved hardly more than machines for the ingenious oppression of the masses, for generation after generation, in consequence of exercising their "prerogative" of interference, now on behalf of religion, and now on behalf of trade; and we have as yet but imperfectly learned the lesson which long years of grinding experience, as borne in their sad history, have taught us, if we believe that a free Government like ours has any right whatever to meddle either with the conscience or the business of the individual. That is the very rock on which other governments have split; it will not do for us to run upon it now.

Besides, though we may all wish to get as high wages for our labor as possible, deeming two dollars a day far better and more respectable than twenty cents, we have no claim on Government to furnish us with aid to obtain that amount. Government does not make and unmake us, but just the contrary. We are not indebted to government, but exactly the reverse. If, perchance, wages for the industrious laborer have hitherto ruled high in this favored land, it is in no sense attributable to the providence and fostering care of the Government, but to causes entirely distinct, outside of Government, and purely accidental. All the tariffs in Christendom could not have kept up wages as they have ruled in this country in the past, and at the same time developed the resources and actual wealth of the country as they have been developed. It is a crude theory, no matter with what amount of ingenuity, or skill, or statistical lumber it has been defended and supported, that to the General Government we must look, or have any right to look, for help, in keeping up a factitious standard for wages, when all that Government can really be said to have to do with it, is, that it merely removes all obstructions, as between man and man, so that all can go about the business of bettering their material condition as quick as they choose, and enjoy their earnings in peace afterwards. A different theory, like the "protective" theory, at once concedes powers and prerogatives to the General Government, such as any close corporation would not dare to assert, even in a smaller way, except under shelter of authority that was unquestionable, if not unbounded.

But what is the great basis of our social welfare, in this country? Manifestly nothing more nor less than AGRICULTURE. Upon that we are to rely. It is that which has brought us all along thus far. All our work in that field, or are at liberty to, for there is land enough for Europe itself on our vast prairies, and yet more to spare. Shall Government presume to interfere for manufacturers, any more than for workers in the soil? Has it any right to keep up wages, by its interference, for the worker in the mill, while it declines to perform the same favor for the toiler on the farm? We know the old argument well enough, with these questions are wont to be answered—that, by raising the wages of operatives in mills, Government likewise raises the market value of the products of the farm. But has Gov-

ernment, as we understand this Government, any right to do either? Has it anything to do about the matter? Does not its care for the citizen cease with protecting him from foreign aggression, and keeping the peace, like an efficient police officer at home? True, we may wish to have the wages of the laborer as high as they can be fairly charged; yet whether they be high or low, Government manifestly has no concern in the matter, and was instituted for no purpose of the sort, either. Our Government has no business meddling with the natural laws of demand and supply, and travels out of its limited province when it does so meddle.

The plea for "protection" by Government to this or that sort of business, might just as consistently be brought up for protection to this or that religious creed. The true doctrine of this Continent is, let the people think, speak, write, buy and sell as they please, and as cheap or dear as they please. They have agreed to tax themselves on imports, at the several ports of entry, sufficiently to defray the yearly cost of working the Government machinery, and that is all; if this should incidentally happen to help or hinder any particular branch of productive industry, it is all the same; but the incident is not to be mistaken for the design. All the material prosperity of the people is in the hands of the people; and we are but going backward to the old systems, instead of putting continued faith in our own new experiment, if we declare that this Government was established to help any particular class of persons up, or to put any other class of persons down. Its sole object was to keep off the hands of all outside meddlers, while the industrious millions went to work and bettered their conditions as fast as they could, and in the freest and least restricted way. Any theory other than this smacks of centralization, and is open to all the criticisms which the Governments of Europe have been assailed by the tongue and pen of liberal men for centuries.

Shall we halt, and finally go back? Or, shall we still call out—"hands off!"—and go forward?

England's View.

Considerable interest has been aroused as to the course of England, by telegraphic reports of Lord John Russell's speech on our war and blockade. According to it, the privateers fitted out under Jeff. Davis's letters of marque, were to be treated as instruments of "belligerents." The construction put by many upon the term "belligerents," as applied to the Southern States by Lord John, led to the belief that the privateers would not be treated as pirates by England. If the South was to be recognized as belligerents to the United States Government, English ports would be open to them in which to dispose of their prizes, said some.

In opposition to this view, however, it will be well to consider that during the "Peace Congress" in Europe some five years since, England, with other European powers, declared privateering to be piracy. The question opened by the telegraphic reports, was a momentous one to the United States government, and to all of us, for it involved complications which might terminate in an open rupture between Great Britain and the United States, and a friendly status between the Confederate States and the former.

Another question was opened in England, naturally enough, when it was not known what efforts the Federal Government were making to enforce their blockade. Lord John was reported to have said, that in order to be recognized, the blockade must be effective. On that point there can be no dispute, as the government have purchased a number of vessels as an increase of our small navy; and are in treaty for a still larger force, so that the blockade will be effective.

In the verbatim report of Lord John Russell's speech, we do not find any such remark as that which has been the occasion of so much speculation. His allusion to the matter is as follows:—

They heard the other day that orders had been given for the issue of letters of marque to privateers, and it appeared from what they had heard to-day, that there was to be a blockade of the different ports. The honorable gentleman seemed anxious to know what were the provisions of the law of nations upon this subject—some of the questions involved in it were so new and so important that he had felt it his duty to ask the opinion of the law-officers of the Crown, with a view to guide the instructions which her Majesty's government might give to our Minister in America, and to the officers of her Majesty's naval squadron in those seas. Her Majesty's government felt very deeply that it was their duty to use every possible means to avoid taking any part in the lamentable contest that was now raging in America, and nothing but the imperative duty of protecting British interests in case of their being attacked, would at all justify them in any way in interfering. They had not been involved in any way, either by giving advice in that unhappy contest, or in any other way, and, for Heaven's sake, let them, if possible, keep out of it. With this view, they had wished to obtain the best advice, in order that her Majesty's government might communicate the best instructions to their agents.

Preparations.

From Montgomery, we learn that the Confederate Congress in secret session, were making arrangements for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and for putting the South in a state of complete defence. It is boasted that they have ordnance, small arms and ammunition to employ in the field one hundred and fifty thousand men for one year's campaign. Now this is not much, after all, considering the numbers being raised and equipped by the Northern States. Ohio alone calls out one hundred thousand as a reserve, in addition to the requisitions of the President; and one branch of the Pennsylvania Legislature has passed the bill raising the two million loan, and calling out fifteen regiments beyond the number called for by the President's proclamation, making a total of fifty-five regiments.

The preparations of the Government at Washington are most vigorous and extensive. It is sending out agents to Europe to purchase a number of modern gunboats of light draught to complete the blockade. It had already purchased the Southern lines of steamers and all others, with the exception of Vanderbilt's and the Havre line.

Roman Mothers.

The ancient Romans were well aware of the fact that a hardy race must be born of healthy mothers, and consequently, any usage or practice which was likely to affect injuriously the health of women, was viewed by the State with suspicion. The muscles were systematically educated. Frequent bathing was required by law. Large bath houses were established, which were places of common resort. For several centuries of the best ages of Rome, it was a criminal offence for a Roman mother to drink intoxicating liquors. The consequence was that the Romans were noted for their endurance and strength. Had we the same regimen, with our superior science and Christian morality, we should astonish the world by our physical strength and health.

Nothing to Think of.

It strikes many people with astonishment in these latter times, as well it may, that men do not as yet come up before the people who promise to be equal to the present emergency, just as they always have in past crises in the affairs of nations. In the old Revolution, we had a distinct class of men, educated and developed expressly for the work required to be done; but now, the public heart is beginning to feel the numbing influence of a sort of paralysis, at the thought that we are all drifting upon rocks and shoals, with no pilot to call upon who is competent to help us safely out of our great dangers. We call on our politicians, but it is utterly in vain; we look around for help to our noted men of society, of business, of affairs, and they are just as sure to fail us. All appear to be struck dumb with affright. None seem to know what to make out of the present state of things, or what can possibly be their drift, or what is truly their meaning. Such a condition of affairs is as inexplicable as it is possible to imagine.

And yet there is a ready solution for all this. The present generation of men, who are recognized as the men of the time, were bred and educated to believe, first, that money was the highest standard of merit and worth, or, second, that political success was; and between these two stools all our so-called "leading men" of the present day are pretty likely to come to the ground. The fault, therefore, is in the popular standard of education. Unless a man was rich, or a successful politician, he was not worth talking about; and now when both wealth and politics are likely to be counted out of us as of no use, when money has taken wings and politics are all at sea, the old precedents and forms being cast aside, it follows as a matter of course that the men who have been developed agreeably to these false standards, must utterly fail us in this crisis now. Hence, we are to look elsewhere for the men of the future. Nature has been kindly keeping them out of sight hitherto; but the time is close at hand when they must, per force, emerge from their charmed obscurity, and carry on the work which the others have already carried about as far as they can.

The May Anniversaries.

About holding the usual Anniversaries in New York, which have been deferred for the present year, the *New York Herald* says:—"Apart from the decline of the religious zeal which used thus to manifest itself, the anniversaries have this year to contend with the popular excitement occasioned by the momentous events now transpiring throughout the country. It is impossible that a large community of people like our own can withdraw their attention from the seat of war, to quietly listen to reports of tract societies, and such like, even if they had the means and the will to contribute to the support of such institutions. But the popular pulse is as much affected as the popular mind just now—so the prospects of a large crop of charitable funds are very small. This is an unfortunate circumstance for the various societies interested, as the diminution of enthusiasm and contributions this year cannot fail to make people more indifferent to the cause in the future. That the real interests of humanity, religion and civilization, will suffer in consequence, is, however, by no means probable. When the anniversaries shall have sunk altogether into a mere matter of history, few will deplore the loss."

Mrs. Mary Macomber.

A gentleman who listened to Mrs. Macomber's lecture last Sunday evening, remarked, that "she must be a scholar of no ordinary attainments." We doubt not that many who have listened to the deep and clear strains of eloquence that have been poured forth from her lips, have the same impressions; while the facts are the reverse. Mrs. Macomber is a child of humble birth; has never had the advantages of a scholar, and is almost destitute of any earthly education. She has not been to school since she was seven years old. From that age she worked in a factory till two years since, when she was developed a medium for trance-speaking; and up to the present time she has given no attention to books, lectures, to any external education whatever, which means are thought to be indispensable for scholarship.

Now, we ask, where does the intelligence given forth in Mrs. Macomber's lectures come from? We claim, that it comes direct from departed intelligences. If it does not, let the learned and the wise men of the age solve the problem.

Western Virginia.

The recent demonstrations to the west of the Blue Ridge, in Western Virginia, designed to erect another State on the soil of "old Virginia," to be named "New Virginia," tend to throw a new element into the complications of present affairs, and to make it still more problematical where we shall all come out in the end. Wedged in between the Blue Ridge and Kentucky on the east and west, "New Virginia," if established as a free State, will hold a large power and exert a wide influence in favor of the profits of free labor along the line of the border slave States. And this movement is most likely to work out just the result, viz., of emancipation, which has been fought and fought for, both in Virginia and Kentucky, these many years. Nothing comes but brings along with it its own peculiar good. So with this new movement in the thirty odd counties west of the Blue Ridge. It seems highly probable that it will provoke and produce a stir among the border States, in good time, that will bring about a new set of economical views, and therefore their release from the incubus, and loss of unprofitable slave labor.

Fallen Women.

We learn that the movement in London for the reformation of fallen women, has been attended with remarkable results. Similar means have been adopted in other large cities of Great Britain, with success. In Glasgow, over two hundred have been received in the Refuge and provided with employment, mainly through the efforts of a single lady, who devoted herself to this work; and many more have applied, but have been rejected, for want of means for their support. Of one hundred and sixty-three who had been received in twelve months, only twenty had relapsed, and nearly all had returned of their own accord, bitterly repenting their weakness, and desiring further opportunity of reforming. As the most insidious means were adopted to lure them back to vice, the successions were encouragingly limited. In Dublin, too, a similar movement has been inaugurated, and a very considerable number have embraced the opportunity of abandoning their evil course.

Lectures at Allston Hall.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak at Allston Hall next Sabbath, the 26th inst., after noon and evening, and these will be the last lectures of the season before the Spiritualists of Boston.

Odd Fellowship and Necessity.

One of the virtues of this noble Order is shown by the following extract from a letter from Capt. Sampson, of the Washington Light Guard, of Boston, now in the Federal service, to his brothers of Tromont Lodge, in this city:

"It may be interesting to you to know that my colleague, Brother Dike, commander of the Stoneham Light Infantry—Company L of this Regiment—who was badly wounded during the affray at Ballimore, was taken to their homes, hospitably entertained, and kindly cared for, by members of our noble Order, notwithstanding the fact that they were Secessionists."

The Varieties of the Races.

This week we resume the publication of Dr. Lawton's lectures. The third of the series, with the above caption, is on the third page of the present number of the Banner. It exhibits great study on the part of the Doctor, and gives facts such as have taken nearly a lifetime to collate. By all means, read it.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

There has been a religious war, almost, in Newfoundland. At the legislative election on the 2d inst. a liberal mob in Harbor Grace showed itself very illiberal toward Protestants, demolishing their property, destroying a newspaper, and driving the editor—a Yankee—to take refuge in the garrison. It was only when threatened with artillery practice that the rioters dispersed. In another town, two men were killed and six wounded, by a political mob; the election was forced, and regularly elected candidates retired under threats of violence. The trouble seems to have arisen from a difference of opinion between the Bishop and the people. In St. Johns, the Reform party was completely overawed by the mob, and liberals were elected without remonstrance. Rum and riot were rampant in the city.

The \$10,000,000 loan bills have passed both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature.

LITTLE DOLLIE DUTTON.—This little "Queen of the Fairies" will commence her lectures in Boston next Thursday evening, May 23d, at Mercantile Hall, No. 16 Summer street. She is accompanied by a corps of performers, who give a pleasing variety of her entertainments.

S. PHELPS LELAND will speak at Sturgis, Mich., June 9th; at Brushy Prairie, Ind., June 16th and 18th; at South Kirkland, Ohio, June 22d and 23d; at Adrian, Mich., July 21st and 28th. Friends in the East, desiring his services on Sundays, will please write soon. Address Cleveland, Ohio.

There is philosophy in the remark, that every man has in his own life, follies enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own mind, trouble enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

Henry Ward Beecher sends a son to the war as Second Lieutenant of one of the companies of the "Brooklyn Phalanx."

David H. Todd, of Kentucky, brother-in-law of President Lincoln, has received an appointment as First Lieutenant in the Confederate army.

We understand Rev. John Pierpont has tendered his services to the Governor of this State as Chaplain to one of the Massachusetts Regiments. We hope Governor Andrew will commission him for this duty. He is the man for the place.

A young lady in Brandon, Ct., says if any young man who wishes to "embrace an opportunity" will come to Brandon he may do better.

SURVIVE AT CHILSEA.—Mrs. M. Leach, sixty years of age, and belonging in Newburyport, hung herself on Thursday morning at the residence of Mr. S. Jones, Chelsea, where she was visiting. The act is attributed to intense grief consequent upon learning that her son, who resides in New Orleans, had joined the rebel army.

The wife of a rich proprietor, residing at Cannstadt, in Wurttemberg, has just been safely delivered of four boys, who, with the mother, are doing well.

An exchange says that "an extraordinary case of absence of mind occurred on Saturday morning. A neighbor stepped into our reportorial sanctum on that day, and asked us—not to receive some mark of his 'distinguished consideration,' no—but whether we could change a five-dollar bill! With our realizing sense that there is not so much change in this blessed world, the request was a cruel one; but we forgave the trespasser, if he can forgive himself."

A sedentary life spent in idleness, withers both body and mind at the same time. A private letter received at New York from the South, says:—"The Northerners need have no expectations in regard to the bones of Washington. We will see they are not desecrated by the touch of abolition hands; they are our sacred inheritance."

"War is murder set to music." [Investigator, please comment.]

A real lady never gossips. She is too thoughtful, too amiable, too modest, too wise to gossip. Gossiping women are not womanly ladies.

We once heard an Englishman give his hostler orders as follows:—"Early, take the arse off the horse, slip the alter hover is ead, hand give in some ay hand some hosts."

Madame de Puisieux says: "Curiosity has ruined more young girls than love;" and Rochester remarks, that "daughters who wish to know too much about love, seldom lose time in wishing to practice it."

There is now but little doubt that Jeff. Davis will get his desert before he takes that dinner at the White House in Washington.

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought," that he was tied up, labelled and sent off on a "train of ideas."

The Brownsville (Texas) Sentinel says that large bodies of Mexicans are garrisoning the frontier towns. There is now no doubt that the Lone Star State will soon have lively times in looking after our Government troops, various tribes of merciless Indians, and predatory bands of Mexican soldiers.

Fire Low!—The Massachusetts soldiers, who fired at the Baltimore mob, aimed a little too high, and many of their shots went over the heads of the miscreants, or else five times the number killed would have bitten the dust from their bullets. Let this be remembered by all other Northern soldiers. Fire low! Put the lead right into the hearts of the traitors!

If a young lady was entering a convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of regret would you call it? An unavailing, (a nun-a-vailing!) regret.

It is stated that 19,000 men are now organizing in this State, and anxious to be called into service.

To indulge our unrestrained and irrational appetites, is a kind of license which is mean and degrading; and it is always attended by repentance.

Anatomists say that a man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says Digby, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill I contracted in 1854—I ain't the man."

One of the meanest things we have heard of in the present crisis, is reported by members of our beloved Boston Light Artillery. On board the steam transport De Soto, the government stores were sold by the steward to the soldiers at the rate of twenty-five cents for a cup of tea, fifteen cents apiece for lemons, six cents for a glass of water, and other things in proportion.

Jo Cose thinks, when the forces of the Union are all mustered, they will be ready to give the upstart rebels a thorough peppering.

The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stone egg at him, bawled out: "Sir, your motion is out of order!"

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

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

The naturalist, Cuvier, so tradition saith, Descended to the infernal regions after death, And, straying in that dismal place, A demon meets him face to face, Commands him to kneel down before his feet, Or at a mouthful he would Cuvier eat.

The naturalist, nothing daunted, stands quite firm, And answers back the demon in his turn: "Horns! cloven-feet! graminivorous! you me eat? My friend, though I'm a stranger in this place, You can't fool me, after I've seen your face."

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

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

Prince Alfred of England was expected to arrive at Halifax on the 20th inst. It is Her Majesty's expressed wish that he shall not be recognized publicly as a member of the Royal Family, but simply as a midshipman, traveling for observation and pleasure.

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

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

Seven or eight men were buried by a land slide at the tunnel on the Vermont and Canada Railroad, on the 15th inst. One is dead, the others were rescued.

Hon. John Milton Earle, Indian Commissioner, states in his last report that the whole number of Indians in this State is 1610, there being 775 males, 829 females, and 378 families. The number of those between the ages of 5 and 21 is 732. The oldest person on the list is Thomas James, one of the Christians of the tribe, whose age is 83; and the oldest woman is Mehtable Ames, one of the Gay Head tribe, who is 80 years old. What a small remnant of the powerful nation who, two hundred years ago, were the terror of the then scanty white population of the Province.

Mr. J. V. Mansfield has reduced his rates to one dollar for a communication, and gives his services to the poor on Saturdays, free of charge. This is a move in the right direction, and will be hailed with joy by many whose means are limited.

MARRIED. At Charlestown, Mass., May 15th, by the Rev. Mr. Bartol, Hon. R. T. TALMADGE, of Andover, and Wrentham, to Mrs. CLEMENTINE S. MOORE, of Cornwall, New York.

OBITUARY NOTICES. Passed to spirit-life, from Byron, Michigan, March 15th 1861, EMMA RICE, aged 18 years. This true, generous-hearted child of nature, and lover of her truths, beauties and harmonies, was a medium through whom Heaven's angels descended to minister relief wherever phony lent her rule, and sickness breathed her spell of pain. In all the vicissitudes of an earthly life, she stood forth a living epistle of virtue, benevolence and charity. Her affable manner and courteous bearing won the regard and admiration of all who came in contact with her. She heartily encouraged and defended the progressive truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, and her sympathies and activities were always with those who were in the van of every reform designed to inaugurate a heaven below. A highly intelligent and self-taught nature gave her a strong hold on a large circle of friends and relatives, who will recall with pride and satisfaction her exemplary life and endeavor to emulate it. She has left sorrowing parents, and a kind and affectionate companion. While the hopes of future happiness have been thus early blasted, we deeply sympathize with him in this sudden bereavement. As he has been made to realize that earthly pleasures are but momentary, may his remaining life here be a triumph of his who has gone before, who had love and devotion sufficient to endure with fortitude the severest affliction. While the many sorrowing friends are deeply moved by this and unexpected bereavement, there is joy mingled with the grief, as some of mourning, and all are united in the belief of spirit communion and immortality. What to the parents we would say we know that with her it will be, to brothers and sisters, and all allied by consanguinity, as your sister still lives; so that you may, in your struggle through life in this sphere, feel her presence as a source of strength and consolation, and whilst holding sweet communion with her loving spirit, you will behold her as she is, and feel her presence in the midst of you. May the consolations of the angel-world soothe, comfort and cheer her large circle of mourning friends, and make us worthy her loving ministrations. E. L. BATES.

At North Shapleigh, April 28th, 1861, A. V. STREVEN, aged 53 years.

Dermatology. We consider it to be the duty of journalists to take notice of that which most interests the public, and if there is any physiological subject that interests the young, the middle-aged and the old, it is the diseases of the scalp and their constant evils—loss of hair and premature greyness.

The question asked is, what will remedy the evil? Certainly not the numerous hair ointments and pomades which the quackery of the day does not understand the nature of Capillary Diseases. In fact there seems to be a general lack of knowledge respecting the hair and its diseases. Even our best physicians know very little about the matter, simply because it forms no part of their education. There is not, as far as we know, in any standard medical work, to exceed a page, in reference to capillary diseases.

Now in order to treat successfully diseases of the head, loss of hair and premature whitening, a physician should thoroughly understand their nature and pathology—make a specialty of their treatment. Dr. Perry claims to have made the treatment of said diseases a specialty. In proof of his claims he has written a scientific work on the hair and its diseases. We are told that it is the only book of its kind ever published in this country. It contains about two hundred pages, embracing much valuable information. The Doctor shows a familiarity with the subject which could only be acquired by years of patient research and practical experience. As to the philosophy and success of his system, he has reliable certificates from physicians and others in every city where he has practiced. Those who are interested can read the advertisement in another column.—*Traveler*.

J. V. Mansfield.

We call the attention of our readers to his advertisement. It will be seen that he has reduced his terms to one dollar and on Saturdays nothing to the poor. A good move. Who will not test Spiritualism now that any one can do it for one dollar? Or are there those who have so little interest in the future that any knowledge of a hereafter is not deemed indispensable? May 23.

Brown's Bronchial Troches. Cannot be spoken of too highly. We have used them and received great benefit from them. They were recommended to us by one of our best physicians. Try them, reader, if you are suffering from any of the complaints for which they are recommended.—*Concord Standard*.

Home for Outcast Women.

Any benevolent persons who are willing to contribute furniture, bedding, linen, stock or stores, for the home or garden, to aid in forming a small experimental home for the above unfortunate class of persons, to be commenced immediately, are respectfully invited to call on, or write to, Miss Emma Harding, at 18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Persons of the above character, sincerely desirous of reforming and becoming inmates of a home where kindness and industry prevail, can apply as above. 81 May 18.

Reform Bookstore at Chicago.

By a reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that a depository for Spiritual and Reform books is about to be opened at Chicago, Ill. We congratulate the friends of Progress of the Northwest on their prospect for increased facilities in procuring liberal works. Mr. Brown is the Publisher of the Free Hall. Speakers and others who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

With Mr. Brown's Reform Bookstore at Chicago, and Mrs. H. E. Brown's at Cleveland, parties at a distance from both Boston and New York Publishers will be able to procure new works without the risk of sending long distances by mail.—*Herald of Progress*.

Meeting of Friends of Progress.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress will be held at Cottage Grove, Union Co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of June, 1861. It will be held in the Free Hall. Speakers and others who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

For particulars, address OWEN J. THOMAS, Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Ind. May 18.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Schuyler County, N. Y., will hold their first annual meeting at Reynoldsville on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of May. Reynoldsville is situated on the stage route from Hiles to Watkins. All the friends in this section are invited to attend. Good speakers will be present, and free expressions on all reform questions will find an open platform.

A. G. DONNELLY, A. BERNHART, S. GARDNER, Committee of Arrangements.

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.

SPIRITUAL AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH-WESTERN

HARMONICAL BOOK DEPOSITORY,

Located at Chicago, Ill.

THE friends of Reform and Progress throughout the North, have long been in need of an establishment like the above, where their desire for knowledge of all the important topics of the age can be gratified. Consequently, by the earnest solicitations of friends and advocates of Liberalism and Progress in the West, a Reform Bookstore has been opened on the corner of Monroe street and Post office Avenue, Chicago, Ill., where a general assortment of Liberal, Reform, and Spiritual Publications, can be purchased at Eastern prices. The books that are advertised in the *Herald of Progress* and *Banner of Light* can be obtained in Chicago, at prices same as quoted in these papers. Orders from the country solicited.

Authors and Publishers of the various Liberal and Spiritual Books will find it to their interest to correspond and send a specimen copy of their publications, with trade prices, as soon as issued from the press. Address W. C. BRUSON, Publisher, Box 2640, Chicago, Ill.

May 18 24

DR. A. N. SHERMAN.

Eclectic Physician and Healing Medium.

WHOSE almost miraculous cures are proverbial through all the Northern, Eastern and Middle States, may be consulted at

NO. 354 TREMONT STREET, (between Pleasant street and the railroad bridge.) A long course of study, perfected by an experience of twelve years, has enabled him to acquire a power of renewing the vitality of the human system, and restoring it to its normal condition. His diagnosis is universally admitted to be correct, and made, if desirable, without any previous information.

Sprains, dislocations, fractures, displacements and cases of rickets, and all other diseases of the bones, are treated with great success. Please call or send for a circular. Heals cured in one minute by simple application of hands. 14c May 25.

J. W. BRACKETT,

MANUFACTURER OF

PIANINOS, \$140.

\$175.

Piano-Fortes, Pedalers and Pianos with Organ Pedals attached, for Organists.

The subscriber would call special attention to his Piano, it being a very small piano, constructed on entirely new principles, unsurpassed in power and quality of tone, and possessing a freedom and purity never before attained. Every instrument warranted. J. W. BRACKETT, 18 Avery street, Boston. May 25.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

MR. MANSFIELD, of Boston, No. 10 Avon Place, Medium of the world of spirits. Confirmed by thousands of actual, written tests. Friends who departed this life in various parts of the world, return and communicate through him by letters—being (as far as he can learn) the only one who can do so. He is able to communicate with the absent loved one, or acquire information of any kind, from any spirit, he charges one dollar for a communication, and on Saturdays, nothing to the poor. Hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. May 25.

OTAVIUS KING, Eclectic and Botanical Druggist, No. 654 Washington street, Boston, has always on hand every variety of Medicinal Drugs, Herbs, &c., selected with great care; pressed and put up by himself, and warranted pure, and of superior quality. Also, Dr. Clark's celebrated medicines; Beech's, Thompson's, concentrated, and most of the compounds of the world. He is also a Liberal discount made to Physicians and Healing Mediums. May 25.

MISS W. FERGUSON, M. D., graduate of the University of Philadelphia, Clairvoyant Physician, and Healing Medium. Office hours from 9 a. m. till 2 p. m.; and from 2 till 6 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 11 till 6. Office No. 2 Pine Street Church, 633 Washington street, Boston. 4c May 25.

PLEASANT BOARD ON FAVORABLE TERMS.—A man and wife, of two or three single gentlemen, may obtain board, with pleasant rooms, on favorable terms, at No. 75 (formerly 83) Beane street, near the Worcester Depot. Also transient boarders accommodated. 2c May 25.

DR. H. SAMPSON, Electro-Magnetic Physician and Healing Medium, from Providence, R. I., has taken rooms at No. 87 Kneeland street, for the treatment of Diseases of Females in all forms. 4c May 25.

NEW BOOKS.

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM: Being a Debate held at Detroit, Mich., between A. B. Whiting, the well-known Trance Speaker and Pastor Rev. Joseph Jones, celebrated Western divine of the Methodist Church. Said Debate was reported verbatim by C. C. Flint, of the Chicago Democrat, and makes a neat pamphlet of nearly 100 pages. Sent free to any address on receipt of forty cents, or four dollars per dozen. Also a work on "Religion and Morality," being a Criticism on the Characters of all the noted Bible men of Gen. Early Church Fathers, &c., with a Defense of Spiritualism, by A. B. Whiting. This book contains historical information that cannot be found in any other volume, or in the English language. Sent free for thirty cents or three dollars per dozen. Address A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. May 18.

BUY THE BEST.

SNOW'S PENN will be sent to the readers of the *Banner*, by mail, postage paid, at the regular gross price, two or three circulars, as ordered. Address F. B. SNOW, Hartford, Conn. Superintendents Snow's Pen Company. N. B.—Mediums and Lecturers will be supplied with the latest price send for a circular. May 25.

SPIRITSCOOPERS.

W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Indiana, is manufacturing the Spiritoscope or DIAT, and is prepared to ship them to any part of America, at \$2 each. They are neatly constructed, and well packed in boxes, ready for delivery. Address, enclosing \$2, to W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Ind. May 18.

THE REVEALER.

Being an account of the Twenty-one Days' Entrancement of Abraham P. Pierce, Spirit Medium, at Belfast, Maine, together with a Sketch of his Life. Sent free to any address on receipt of forty cents, or four dollars per dozen. A new supply of this highly interesting work is just received and for sale by B. A. MAUSU, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 2c May 18.

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MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES.

DR. ALFRED O. HALL, M. D., Professor of Physiology, author of the *New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle*, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of human weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is a rare and valuable treatise, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct 1.

OPENING BATTERIES ON THE ENEMY.

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

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

The location they have selected must be eminently suited to the wants and tastes of all who desire to seek health and pleasure in retirement, away from the noise of war, the glitter of fashion, and the strife of business. While the country around Lancaster is fertile and beautiful, the soil is rich and fertile, the climate is pure and healthy, the scenery is picturesque, and the views are grand. The location is well adapted to the treatment of diseases, and the patients and the accommodations required.

Doctors Britton and Lyon have Rooms for the reception of patients directly opposite the Orthodox Church on Main street, Lancaster Centre. Persons from abroad who desire to place themselves under treatment can be accommodated with board at reasonable prices, and the means of the

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than wandering beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

May 10th.—Search the Scriptures; Olive Sprague; H. T. Forbes; Louisa C. Marshall; Eliza West; J. W. Lyon.

May 11th.—High and Low of Life; Joseph Hill, Brainard; Wm. S. Cotton, New York.

May 14th.—The Love of Money; Caroline Everett; Susan Wavory; Chas. W. Burgess; Chas. Todd; Stephen Gerald.

May 17th.—Invocation; Robt. Morrison; Elkanah Frost.

Our Circle.

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

The Uses of War.

There never was a time in the history of the human race when the minds of men were possessed of power by which they might fight for their individual rights as at the present time. To-day every mind incased in human, capable of thinking for itself, and demanding that which is necessary for its sustenance, of its God, is rising up in its own superiority, claiming to be God of all beneath it. The races are fast growing beyond any general rule or law, as we shall term it. They are fast forgetting the old and walking into the new. Is it strange, then, that your very atmosphere is pregnant with war? We think not. The seeds of war are sown in individual minds, and are springing up to bear honor and glory to yourselves, which is to the honor and glory of God. There is not a race human that is not to-day casting off their old garments. There is not an individual mind willing to bow before any other mind. This is because the law of change and progress, is beckoning them onward, and they cannot stay where they are if they would.

Darkness and death, moral and political, seem to hang over your nation. As far as mortal comprehension goes, this seems to be the case; but there never was a time when the star of glory was shining brighter than at this hour—when man lived nearer to his God than at the present hour.

You think you are at enmity with those who suppose they are at enmity with you; but in reality it is not so. The God within you is rising up to assert his rights, as is the God of those who oppose you; but there is in reality no enmity between you. Though your mortal minds cannot see this, it is so, and they who are spiritually watching you cannot ask a blessing on one portion more than another, for they see that the result is to be individual right, individual supremacy, individual freedom. Death in the physical sets the spirit free; but you have been taught to look upon it with horror. Bigotry, blindness and superstition have taught you to look upon death as the terrible tyrant. But when the change which is upon you tells you that death is but the messenger to set you free, what a change shall be wrought! When man knows himself, he knows all else with whom he deals. To comprehend one's individual kingdom, is to comprehend the vast kingdom of nature, for within these mortal tabernacles is concentrated all that ever was or will be.

War is the greatest blessing the law of progress can bring upon you, for it scatters and withers all that you have need to be rid of, but do not know how to be.

This beautiful American Republic has long been shrouded in individual error, and this very contest is but to teach you what you are—to give you that knowledge of individual life which peace and quiet could never give you. So, then, instead of invoking the aid of spirit intelligences to bring you peace, pray them to bring you war, until you shall learn to know self and to appreciate liberty, or to understand it.

The golden rule has been heard of and talked of, but has never been practiced. "Do ye unto others even as ye would they should do to you." How many can say they do this? Not one. If you understand perfectly your own needs, that which is necessary for your own unfoldment, spiritually and physically, you will know those of your brother, and understanding this, you will render to him that which is due him.

The North says we cannot countenance Southern slavery; but at the same time the North folds her arms and countenances Northern slavery. Now if she understood herself, would she not bid her cleansing commence at her own hearthstone, at the very door of her spiritual temple? But it is because she does not understand herself, that she reaches out her hands to free the slaves of the South.

And again, did the South understand herself, would she hold in bondage the poor African? No. Wisdom would never tolerate it. It is ignorance that holds the lash. It is ignorance that bids them go forth at your command. It is ignorance that says, "I am stronger, and therefore will control you." It is ignorance that looks down upon the African, and says, "I am better than you."

Oh, it is Wisdom that bids man do right, and he cannot learn wisdom save by experience. He must cut off the right arm, he must pluck out the right eye, ere he can learn wisdom. And war, such as exists in your midst, shall pluck out your right eye, shall cut off your right arm, yea, shall wreck you, that you may learn wisdom.

And who rideth on the storm which has burst around you? God! that mighty Intelligence, that will not forget you, nor at any time forget the poor slave in his chains. You think the slave has no friend. What greater friend can he have than God? And is not God with the master? Yes, surely he is; and the great God is but working through the master to benefit the slave.

Then pray that the storm may rage—that the winds howl, the ocean of discontent roll over every one of you, until you shall be able to rise up in the majesty of your power, crying, "I will do henceforth and forever to others as I wish others to do to me."

Then there shall be no need of your going to war, of doing those things that speak so largely of death and of desolation.

May 7.

Clara J. Webber.

I suppose there are a good many degrees of freedom. I judge so from my own condition. The gentleman spoke of death being a messenger sent to free the spirit. I cannot think it is always so, for I have been as much bound since death as before. I never dared to come back to speak, because I was ashamed to tell that which was necessary to be told in order to prove myself. People are so wrapped up in a false religion, that they are not ready to receive any but those who can boast of being born on Beacon street, and being buried beneath the walls of some church.

But I believe everybody has a right to throw off the chains that bind them as soon as they can, and nobody has the right to hinder them.

Three years ago I died on North street, in the most miserable place God or man ever thought of. I thought, when I died, I was surrounded by devils; but it seems it was only my clouded vision that made me see them so. I had been taught in childhood that God or the angels only held communion with such as were like them, and therefore I thought I could not hold communion with such.

My father and mother were professing Christians. My mother died when I was young. My father died when I was sixteen, and at his death we found we were worth nothing, and must seek a living in the world as best we could. I was the youngest of a family of three. There were two sisters older than I. They went out into the world with more knowledge than I had, and so they were better enabled to

contend with its influences than I was. I had not been scarce outside of the town I was born in; I had read much, and was called a good scholar, and yet I had no knowledge of the world; and I came to this modern Babylon, all unsophisticated. I had no idea men and women were false—were what I found them to be. On first coming here, I made application for work as seamstress, and at last found a situation in one of our fashionable hotels. It was my business to take care of the bed linen, curtains, and whatever might be handed to me. I had been here a few weeks, when it seemed hard for me to be shut up within brick walls, when I had been used to freedom. But at last I got well satisfied, until one day a gentleman looked into my room and said I looked too pretty to be doing there. He found out I was an orphan, and had no friends. I thought he was one of the sons of God, though I had not much faith in the Christian religion. I thought the world far better than I found it to be.

This gentleman induced me to leave the situation. He said I would do better to take music lessons, and fit myself for some better position than seamstress in a hotel. He had all his plans laid, and I was led on step by step, because I knew so little of the world. At last, I, who had lived a child of purity for nearly eighteen years, was hurled from that pedestal down to the lowest hell mortals can conceive of, by what I had always attributed to religion—for religion makes your society, and society turns out your prostitutes. If religion had been of a different class—that which has been taught here this afternoon, instead of that taught by your churches, I should not have been here. But no matter, Three years ago I died in North street. If I should tell you half I suffered there, you would say it was a fable.

My two sisters are married and respectable; they are living now respected. I do not know that they ever knew me I did, when I died, or how; for after I found myself so fearfully fallen, as I did, I kept away. I said, "I do not want to see them," and so I changed my name. I do not want to come back to them, for I may wake their souls to unhappiness. But there is one I wish to watch over—that's my child—yes, mine! ushered into this world mid all the moral darkness it could be possible to close around a human being. Yet it is mine, and I want to watch over it. I don't know how long I am to remain in this unhappy condition, and I have said I didn't care, for I have almost learned to curse God, that he ever gave me existence here.

That child is three years old; and as I have learned something of spiritual things here, I know a child born under such conditions must partake of those conditions. I know there is a shadow over it, and I cursed myself for having given it birth; but no matter. It is too young for me to talk to, but not too young for me to influence. It was transferred from North street to some institution where poor children are received, and it was adopted by one every way worthy of the charge! But I know there is a shadow over that poor child's life, and they may suffer and cast her off, unless a mother can speak to them, and give them knowledge which will enable them to guide her through the dark path.

I know there is evil in the world, and that all is not right here. Some sin willfully, and some in ignorance. I sinned ignorantly; I know of others who sinned willfully—so I can say all is not right.

I was born in the outskirts of Thomaston. My right name was Clara Jane Webber. I was known here by the name of Helen Endicott. My object is sometime to speak to the friends who have my child. They live in Worcester. I have been told they are familiar with this spiritual theory.

If my sisters have any desire to commune with me, I shall desire to do so; if they have none, I am sure I have not; and if there are any who associated with me in the last few months of my life, who would like to have me talk to them, I shall be happy to do so. But if the one of whom I have spoken wishes to speak with me, I tell him, as I told him before, "he'd better seek an audience with the devil."

The world thinks it gets rid of its unhappy spirits when they are dead; but it forgets the spirit world is here, and that these unhappy spirits are with you, influencing you, and to that influence you may attribute the moral evils you have among you. For every North street you have here, there is one in spirit life; and when you say it is best for such as I to leave earth, do not forget that they are with you, for they find it much harder to do right than when here. When you send your criminals to the spirit land, when their last gasp is upon the gibbet, do not think they are gone from you, and can harm you no more. Oh, you are mistaken, for you only introduce them to a new life, and make them your enemies—not only the enemies of those who send them to us, but of all humanity, for they are ignorant. So you better keep them with you, in their bodies—for while in them you can approach them better to work out their reformation. The spirit finds it much more difficult to do well, or grow perfect here, than on earth.

May 7.

Mrs. Wing.

It is a good thing to know that you have done right all your life, but there are few who know it. Many get as far as they believe, but few get so far as to know they do right.

Did you ever know old Mother Wing? Did you ever know any good of her? Did not—that's natural. Do you know where she is? Dead—no, she ain't, by a great sight. She is here. I've seen more of life since I've been tramping round in other folks' clothes, than I ever saw in the seventy years of my life. There is more devilry in your churches than I ever saw on earth.

Well, I've got children here. I had the name of being a perfect devil. The folks that said it, were wise in their own conceits—they thought themselves so mighty good, that nobody else could be good. Do you know how many times I got hauled up before the Court? Well, there ain't one of them, from officers down to the judge, that was n't worse than I was.

Well, my children are good children, and that proves one thing—that good can come from evil. Do you suppose my children will care to hear from me? I come here to say I ain't in hell. Happy? Yes, I'm just as happy as I can be; but there are folks who can be happier than I can be. I ain't in heaven, neither; but am right round here, and my children must not think I was as bad as I was made out to be. Some day I'm coming back to tell the truth about those who put me down; and it's only out of pity for these folks, I don't tell about them here.

May 7.

Thomas Fitzgerald.

It is hard for me speak here, for I am scarcely free from my own body. I made a vow to come here, as soon as possible after death. I died this morning, between five and six, at Montgomery street, New York. My name is Thomas Fitzgerald. I am twenty-six years of age. My disease was consumption. I left a wife and one child. All is well with me, and my highest conceptions of Spiritualism realized.

May 7.

Emma.

My dear father—do all the good you can, and do not mind what any one says to you, and the buds and blossoms of spirit-life will watch over you.

May 7.

Your Emma.

The Criminal.

A great deal has been said and done in reference to the best manner of disposing of your criminals. State, church and individuals have talked and acted upon this one thing, but all have made a great mistake in dealing with the criminal.

How shall we protect ourselves from the evil influences that surround us in consequence of being surrounded by criminals? Is a question that has been rife for ages past, among you. Nations have risen up in their strength and power, and have crushed out the one life of the criminal, but the one only. The animal form they kill, but the spirit they cannot harm. Now State and church and individuals forget that criminals stand outside of all law as pertaining to this earth. Yes, they not only stand outside of civil and moral law, but religious and spiritual law. They do not recognize either rule, and you may be sure they do not, from the fact that they trespass upon the law.

The church at one time says, Let us demonstrate with, and pray for our criminals. This is good so far as it extends, but it does not extend far enough. When the church prays with and for the criminal, they strive to enforce their own religious opinions upon the criminal, and as he stands aside from their religious law, he will not, he cannot accept any part of it. It may be offered in honesty and kindness, yet he rejects it, for it is not what his soul demands.

Civil authority says we must protect society from the criminal, either by the gibbet or the walls of the prison house; we must confine the body and spirit as far as we can, or we must sever the connection between the two, that we may rid society of the evil.

When civil law passes such judgment upon the criminal, he passes into the second life with feelings all rebellious to Christianity and morality, as found among you. He protests against it from the moment you thrust him uncalled for into the spirit-world, for you but meet him with a spirit of retaliation. You seek to do away with the evil of the criminal by presenting a greater ill, and you never know one evil to cast out another—you never know one sin to crush out another—it can never be.

Yet we know society must be protected, and the cry comes up, "How shall we protect ourselves?" We have devised several ways to raise the criminal and do away with crime; but, alas! criminals still exist, crime walks among us, and prison houses are still filled; death is still called upon to avenge us. Why is this so?

It is because you have never touched the criminal; because you have sought to bring him under a law he cannot obey. As he is a criminal, he stands outside of all your law, and if he does, you may strive in vain to thrust your laws upon him, not only here, but in the higher state of life. You may point us to cases where the criminal has been brought under law, civil, moral and religious. There are exceptions to every rule, and you will find them to the rule we give you. But this is not the case with the vast number of criminals among you. After you have severed the connection between spirit and mortal, have you crushed his power? No; but you have but pushed it behind the screen, and invested it with ten-fold power; and, believe us, it will return and avenge itself upon humanity.

So, then, we argue against capital punishment! Yes, because it floods your cities and quiet valleys with demons. As the spirit-world has ever been closely allied to the natural, it is possible at all times for disembodied spirits to find forms through which they can work to your ill. Now if this be the case, how much better that you wait until the great Sovereign calls them to himself.

You may say that you are instruments in the hands of Jehovah to call them home. We do not believe He needs you as such. All nature tells us he needs none of your aid to call his children home. Does he need your aid in bringing around the seasons, in causing the trees to bud? No. Jehovah has a proper time and means to bring about all changes in nature, and we contend He has no need of you to bring about any change in life.

When the criminal finds himself closed in by prison walls, what is he thinking of, think you? Does he think, "If I get my liberty I will do better?" No. He thinks, perhaps, "If I get out I will never get here again. I will double and triple my power on humanity, and elude the myrmidons of the law." So then you have sought to punish him for his crime, but you sought in the wrong way. You have said, we will consign him to solitary imprisonment, that he may repent of his sins. But thoughts like those we have spoken feed his soul all the time. And do they bring about reformation? No; but they plant within the soul seeds to spring up for his damnation, and yours also. You indict upon yourselves terrible evil, and do likewise to the criminal.

But what shall you do to protect yourselves? The cry has gone forth freighting every breeze, and still you are in ignorance, and why? Because you have ever sought to force your own opinions there. Instead of giving the criminal a religion fitted for his soul, you have given him one his soul cannot feed upon. What does he care for your Bible? He reverts it as much as you do your daily newspapers; perhaps not so much. What does he care for your prayers? He says, "You have closed the doors of wealth and competence to me, and I prefer the crumbs falling from the arch fiend's table," and he gets them.

It is easy to reform your criminal. Confuse them, if you please; but do it with the spirit of justice and of love. Seek to inform the criminal, not only as to your law, but his own also. Let him study the God of nature. Long prayers never did avail much. You may pray throughout eternity for God to send you something that is unnatural, and you will never get it. You may seek to change the criminal to your mode of thinking, but unless there is a foundation on which to build a temple like your own, you never can build it. You can never free yourselves from the evils in your midst, by placing upon him the yoke of your civil or religious law that sets so lightly upon your shoulders. O, then, give the criminal a chance to reform, according to the dictates of his own soul, his own law. There is a spring within the soul of the criminal, however dead, that you may touch; and if you touch it, it will vibrate throughout eternity. But forget not that your criminal stands outside your moral and religious law, as well as your civil; and seek to elevate him by his own law. Forget not that every criminal has a law of his own by which he may be elevated, and these evils shall flee away before the dawning of a higher law, the law of the individual.

Eighteen years ago I hung upon the scaffold. I went out with a more terrible feeling of hatred than I had ever known. I lay down with a mantle dark and more strong than I ever had before, and for sixteen years after I left my mortal body, I lost no opportunity to influence any mortal body I could influence for evil. Many a night, when your city has been aroused at the cry of fire and murder, I claim to have stood foremost there. Had the prayers of the righteous answered me? Was I without God? No; though he slumbered for a time, the spring was there, waiting to be touched, that my God might be called forth to walk the earth for good.

Two years ago, I found myself growing weary of my course of action. I perceived there was more beauty to be gained by doing good, more peace by doing good than evil. I said, I have been revenged. I have caused many of earth's children to groan in sorrow. I have wrapped many a soul in tears—heart tears, too; and one came to me then, and touched the secret spring in my soul, and I beheld myself a God. I had not only the God-principle within me, but I was a God. Knowledge, then, has made me free. Knowledge has turned my steps from evil to a better path. Knowledge, then, has stayed my hand upon the children of earth. Knowledge, then, give to the criminal, and you shall no longer be obliged to build your prisons and your gibbets, wherewith to protect yourselves from the acts of the criminal. May 3.

Charlie Jackman.

I want to see my mother. She lives up town—in Boston. Her name is Jackman. I'm five years old. My name is Charlie. My father sells clothes, long of Mr. Merrill. I've been dead ever so long—since 1860. I've talked once before. I said I'd come here, but I don't know anybody here. I had the cramp. I went out playing and caught cold. They buried me in a box, all fixed with flowers, and my mother cries 'cause she did n't keep me in, so I need n't get cold.

I'd like to have my father bring me home. I've talked to my Uncle Moses before. My mother is in Worcester street, and I want to go up there. My father never seen me talk since I went away. I said I'd come here next time I came. Want you give me some other kind of clothes when I come here? I've got lots at home. I'm most six years old now, and am bigger. Want you bring my mother here? She don't know mediums.

I don't live as I used to. I live where it is n't cold, and you do n't get cold and die.

As—No, sir. I don't go to school. I gets told everything without going. Folks here give you everything you want.

Want you see my father, and then come and tell me?

[Somebody suggested that the party he spoke to could not go where he was.]

You can leave your body in a box, and they'll let you in here. I did so, and they let me in. As—I see children, and flowers, and we play here, and we don't have to have our coats put on when we go out, and we don't take cold here. We don't have to take medicine here, neither. Do I have to take medicine here to go home? Do I have to have the doctor? Well, I'll go home, now, then. May 9.

Margaret Floyd.

Our spirit home would be desolate indeed without the presence of little children; and yet it is better, far better, that they remain on earth until matured—better for them that we lose our pleasure.

I have been in the spirit world two years. My name was Margaret Floyd. Before my marriage I lived in the city of Boston—some time in Charlestown. After marriage, I moved to Troy, New York State; I left two little children, very young, and so great has been the attraction there, that I find myself at times almost unable to appreciate the glories of my new home. I left them in the care of a kind and indulgent father; but he is a father, not a mother, and oh how much of tenderness a mother feels when separated at the change of death from the little ones she loves! How much stronger is the tie of love! The mother feels she has left them on the sea of materialism; she sees clairvoyantly many dark scenes they must pass through, for she sees in the system of the child certain causes which will bring about certain effects, and she knows they are as sure to come as the cause exists.

Oh, ye mothers, who are still living in the company of your little ones on earth, prize your material bodies, and take care of them—if not for your own sake, for the sake of the little ones you have given you by God. You may have opportunity to watch over them, if you stand on spirit shores; but you may not always be able to grasp them with material arms, which perchance can alone shield them from the blasts of mortality. I wore out my body before its time. My friends often told me I should see the time when I should be sorry that I did not take more care of the body. God knows I've seen the time when I have wished that I had taken better care of the old body I thought so lightly of. I return to-day to tell my friends that I regret I did not take more care of it, and learn its needs. I am sorry I cut myself off so soon from rendering those cares my little ones need. Yet it is useless to mourn for that, which cannot be helped.

But God says, "Know that when I lay my hand of affliction upon you, I do it that you may learn your spiritual needs." I am happy at times in my new life, though I find it differs from what I expected. My religious staff broke at death. I leaned upon it during the hours of mortal existence, but at death it broke, and I had no staff left. Oh, then, I said, "Father, wherever thou art, show me my wants." Then there came to me those whom I had known years before, and told me that I had clung so strongly to my religious belief, that I was permitted to carry it to the confines of the tomb, but that there it broke, as must all such. So much, and no more, are all Religious worth. May 9.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MRS. W. A. D., OF BALTIMORE.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

Dear lady, will you deign to hear,

My homage through this rustic rhyme,

Although I cannot reach, I fear,

The hidden treasures of the mine

Where brightest diamonds glow?

Thou who hast scanned the heavenly shore,

And heard the bright celestial choir,

And greeted friends, who're gone before,

Will scarcely hear my humble lyre

When tuned on earth below.

Though fortune with her flattering smiles,

Hath strawn thy pathway o'er with flowers,

Thou heeded not her siren wiles,

But hast reserved thy nobler powers

For greater, better things.

Material strength thou cannot boast,

In stature small like jewels rare,

But spiritually thou art a host,

That soars above the tinsel'd glare

That fashion ever brings.

Pride has estranged some early friends,

And keenly thou hast felt the smart,

But angel converse makes amends,

And pours upon thy bruised heart

The joys of heavenly bliss.

Thy ear now opens to distress,

Thou quickly hearest the silent sigh,

Thy liberal hand comes forth to bless,

And hush the orphan's wailing cry

In its dark loneliness.

Thy feet oft tread in lowly ways,

To soothe the woes of hidden grief,

That lies concealed from public gaze,

Too sensitive to seek relief

From vaunting charity.

Thou fingerest round the bed of pain,

That flies before thy magic touch,

Thy kindly zeal doth never wane,

No sacrifice appears too much

When calls humanity.

Oh! thou art privileged to stand

Upon the outer verge of earth,

And gather rubies from the strand

Of crystal streams of heavenly birth,

A favor valued much.

Then rich indeed with this great dower,

The healing currents outward flow,

And pain gives way to spirit power,

And the aged smile to know

The virtue of thy touch.

And in thy own domestic sphere

Thy kindly ways are seen and felt,

Where love and truth an altar rear

A shrine where virtue ever kneels,

A beauteous sister band.

Long may thy presence light thy home,

And be who bears thee company,

And when thy race and duty's done,

May angels light thee through the way

That leads to Eden's land.

And when thou gain'st the other shore,

And lavest in youth's eternal font,

And on the fragrant zephyr soar,

High o'er the loftiest, flowery mount

Within the vales supernatural—

Pearls.

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

THE AMERICAN INSIGN.

One morn, when orient beams were bright,
Just rising on the wakened world,
I saw our flag of glorious light
Its roll of beauty wave unfurled.
High blazed in air the flaming fold
And starry azure to the breeze,
Triumphant as o'er fields of old
And victor on the conquered seas.
Reflexed thus in morning's rays,
Methought that standard still should sweep,
Pour on old lands a new-born day,
And freight with freedom all the deep.

But soon, descending on the morn,
Some lurid cloud embattled flew,
Rent the wild skies, by thunders torn,
And all its gathered deluge threw;
Still, as in battle's fiery front,
I saw my country's flag unrolled
Meet the dread storm's impetuous brunt,
And fling the tempest from its fold.
And thus, methought, though factions rage,
That glorious standard still shall wave,
Hope of the world, through age on age,
And only sink in Freedom's grave!

(George Lunt.)

Sincerity of heart is the first of virtues. Nothing is
so indispensable in the commerce of society as sin-
cerity.

HYMN OF TRUST.

O, Lord Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near!
Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!
When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O, Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near! —[Holmes.]

The first and noblest office of wisdom, is to examine
ourselves, and regulate our sentiments and actions by
the laws of nature and morals.

A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

These times strike moneyed worldlings with dismay;
Even rich men, brave by nature, taunt the air
With words of apprehension and despair;
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray—
Men unto whom sufficient for the day—
And minds not stunted nor untillied are given—
Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven—
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue, and the faculties within
Are vital—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death!

[Wordsworth, 1803.]

It is good to soften, by pleasing recreations, the rig-
id expression of countenance which a severity of reflec-
tion has a tendency to produce.

A Scene.

There is a story told by one of the Seventh Regi-
ment, that no one can listen to without tears and a
glow of pride in our New England soldiers. He says:
"While encamped in Maryland, I wandered off one
day and came to a farm house, where I saw a party
of those Massachusetts fellows—well, no, they were
Rhode Island boys, but it's all the same—talking
with a woman who was greatly frightened. They
tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They
asked for food, and she cried, 'O, take all I have,
take everything, but spare my sick husband.' 'O,
d—n it,' said one of the men, 'we ain't going to
hurt you; we want something to eat.' But the wo-
man persisted in being frightened in spite of all ef-
forts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she
had on the table. 'But,' said the lieutenant, 'when
she saw this company stand about the table with
bared heads, and a tall, gaunt man raise his hand
and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread be-
fore them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of
sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears,
but bid them wait, and in a few moments had made
them hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied
their canteens of the muddy water they contained,
and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment in-
creased when they insisted upon paying her.' The
lieutenant tells this with great expression. Said he,
'Their asking a blessing took me by surprise, and
when I saw this I felt that our country was safe
with such men to fight for it.'"

The Civil War.

Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London
Times, now in New York, writes to that journal as
follows:

"The die is cast, and civil war now exists in this
country. Without cause the Gulf States have rushed
into the rebellion, and must now suffer the conse-
quences of their act; for the States that remain
loyal to the Union, are now unanimous in the de-
termination that the Government shall be supported,
and that this wicked treason, which, without provo-
cation, has essayed to overturn one of the few free
governments of the earth, and establish in its place
a military despotism, ruled by an irresponsible oli-
garchy, whose freedom of speech and thought should
be suppressed, and only African slavery recognized as
a Divine institution, shall be put down at what-
ever cost of treasure and life. The contest will
have but one result, whether it be reached at the end
of five years or fifty."

Let there be no misapprehension in Europe on
this point, nor upon the merits of the issue that is
made. The line that divides the two combatants is
a plain one. On the one side stand the supporters
of constitutional government—those who favor the
preservation of free institutions—those who dread a
military despotism—those who believe in the noble
principles of Anglo-Saxon freedom, that have made
England what it is; and on the other side are those
who prefer a military government, founded on
treachery and conspiracy—those who would suppress
the press and all the noble results that flow from its
freedom—those who regard African slavery as a Di-
vine institution, to be fostered by the government at
the expense of every other branch of industry in
the State. In this contest, I frankly confess, that I
am with the government of the United States."

SCOLDING.—If laughter begets fat, it is no less true
that scolding is the parent of meagreness. Who-
ever savs a plump termagant? The virago is scrag-
gy—scragginess is the badge of all her tribe. It
would seem that the attrition of a fierce, exacting
temper gives sharpness to the human frame as in-
evitably as a gritty grindstone puts a wiry edge on a
broad-axe.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1861.

SUBJECT.—"What influence does War exert on human
progress?"

JOHN WETHERSDEE, Jr., Chairman.

Rev. Mr. THAYER.—My views vary from those of
many present, and honestly so. My idea of war is
that it retards rather than promotes the progress of
the race—the progress of the mass of the people. It
may be for the benefit of the few, but never of the
masses. Those who become familiar to scenes of
war and carnage, become insensible to the finer
feelings of their natures. Man has an animal nature,
and he has a spiritual or moral nature which dis-
tinguishes him from the animal alone. In order to
go into a war he must lay aside his moral nature,
and rely wholly upon his animal nature.

Mrs. COOLEY.—I am far from being a non-resistant,
though I profess to be a follower of Jesus, and would
return good for evil; but when I am assailed, I am
ready to defend myself, and my life if need be, and
every drop of my blood should be spent, rather than
have the stars and stripes torn from our country;
it is the land in which the ashes of my parents have
mouldered, and I want my children to enjoy the
privilege of a free conscience.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—In relation to the present war, I
should say it would be for the advancement of the
race, and the elevation of our nation. The doctrine
of non-resistance gives us no hope of redress for any
wrong, or retaliation for insult. If we tamely sub-
mit, and claim the principles of non-resistance as
our guide, we have nothing to hope for. This very
war has inspired every son and daughter so that they
will never be caught asleep again, as they have been.
This war will teach every man to be prepared for
either war or peace, as the wise virgins, with their
lamps trimmed.

Mr. WETHERSDEE.—If the question was whether war
was an evil, there would be but one side to the ques-
tion; but the question is, the influence of war. I
think the result of war has been for the world's good.
Any person who has read history enough, must know
that the history of the world is a history of war;
and the time was when there was more warfare than
there is now, and in the past, wars were plentiful and
more sanguinary. War produces agitation—or, in
fact, agitation is war. War must come out in some
form, and does the race good by driving out a worse
state of affairs. I defy you to find a single war which
has not been an improvement to the human race.
The war of extermination of the Indian race waged
by our fathers, made way for the present civilization,
and the war of the Revolution was one of the noblest
events that ever happened, so far as its example sig-
nifies anything. Take any war, and you'll find the
result has come down to war in some good way or
other. The thirty year's war in England did much
to elevate the human race, for the contest was between
Rome and Reason; and had not that war been carried
on, we should all be Catholics now. By war, the
lance is put in, the impurity flows out, and the cor-
poration is better for it.

Dr. GARDNER.—In taking Nature for our guide,
we see that all advances made by a disturbance,
going down to the cause of things—not only with man,
alone, but in every kingdom of Nature. Wars are
thus a part of the necessary process of natural
growth. I look upon war as an evil, which is merely
an antidote for worse evils. The passions of the hu-
man soul must find vent, or expression, or discharge
themselves in poisonous eruptions. All agree that
slavery is the foundation of the present war, and out of
the war, great good will come, both to the oppressors
and the oppressed; and the punishment will be
equal to the crime, both to the North and South.
By the wrong the South has done the negroes, they
are rendered incapable of treating others honorably.
But from the present struggle will grow up a better
state of society, both North and South. A physician
often has to put a patient through nearly all the ag-
onies of death, in order to save his life; so it is with
great national diseases. The condition is inevita-
ble to the state in which we have been living; and
the disease is so deep seated, and so dangerous, that
the remedy should be applied at once. Even though
it took a million lives to-day, to crush the rebellion,
better so, than two million in a year hence.

Mr. THAYER thought the Revolutionary fathers did
not take a step in advance, by their struggle for a
"nominal independence," as he styled it; for they
kept in bondage others whose bondage for an hour
has been called worse than a thousand years of that
our fathers endured.

Dr. SHERMAN.—I may have misunderstood the
subject of discussion, but from the nature of the re-
marks, I should suppose it was slavery and its ef-
fects, instead of war, and its effects upon the pro-
gress of the race. With the exception of the remarks
made by Mr. Cushman, and yourself, Mr. Chairman,
the burden of all that I have heard this evening has
been upon the former subject. I despise duplicity,
whether it be in the ranks of Spiritualists or in the
sanctity of the church. If the meetings of the
former are to be prostituted to such irrelevant sub-
jects, I shall stand as much in dread of them, as I
do the meetings of the latter, where their pulpits
are desecrated by the subject of politics, and false
charges against Spiritualists. That this is a war
against slavery, as has been assumed, I most un-
quivocally deny. It is a war, so far as the South
are concerned, against our common country, perhaps
incited more or less by the real or supposed treach-
ery or fanaticism of abolitionists. And on the part
of the North, it is against our common enemy,
traitors to our National government, rebels against
our country's laws, and aggressors upon public and
our private rights. Against these, we war with all
our energies. Much as war is to be regretted, in such
a war my whole soul responds to the call. My son is
already in the scene of conflict, and if need be, I
am ready to follow. But while I am ready to resist
aggression to the last, I shall ever be the last to
practice it. The effect of war upon the progress of
nations, is much a matter of opinion. When in-
fidelity waged its barbarous and bloody wars upon
Christianity, and subdued their enemies, they felt
themselves justly in the ascendancy, and that all
the effect of elevating them so much higher in the scale
of human progress. But when Christianity in turn,
supplanted them by a still more barbarous, revenge-
ful, and bloodthirsty war, they congratulated them-
selves with similar reflections.

War, in the abstract, has often been but an
inglorious and ignoble combat, yet not without
the most brilliant exceptions—among which, we
might cite that of 1776, where victory perched
upon our standard, and those stars and stripes that
now decorate your room, waved for the first time
over the "land of the free, and the home of the
brave." Its effects have been to elevate our nation
in the scale of being, and bring us nearer the per-
fection of our maker, God. No nation upon the face
of the globe can compete with us in the arts and
sciences, and still our motto is "Excelsior." On
these brow victory will repose in the present con-
flict, it does not require a prophet to predict. The
progress of the nation, since the war of '76, has
been too rapid, now to be shorn of her laurels, to
allow her banner to be tarnished, or her honor to be
sacrificed. Were it possible for your sons, your
brothers, or your sires to fail, we have still among
us Spartan mothers and daughters enough who
would rush to the field and crush the traitors' power
beneath their feet, and secure to posterity the blood
bought privileges so richly inherited from our fathers.

LIZZIE DORRIS.—The one who does not have faith
in the progress of the world, must believe that crea-
tion has slipped out of the hands of the Almighty.
The fact of a thing's existence is its own reason for
existing. War has always existed in some way or
other; and every war is a war which carries civi-
lization still higher. One of the most fruitful causes
of war has been Christianity. Sanguinary and ter-
rible have been the wars of Religion. Christ knew
such would be the result of his teachings, for he
said, "I come not to bring peace, but a sword." No
matter how pure his principles were, we have seen
the result of his teachings upon others. We hear
much said about the Saviour of the world—altogether
too much. It is time we should go to work and see

If we have not some little merit in ourselves, and
not borrow it all from him. I have got tired hear-
ing that Jew, that Hebrew placed before me so con-
stantly as our Saviour and guide. I respect him—
believe he was noble and true; I reverence and ad-
mire him; but at the same time I recognize in hu-
manity something noble outside of him. It matters
little whether Christ did so and so, so long as there
is a Christ-spirit in the human soul, which God sanc-
tifies and hallow, because of its presence in the hu-
man soul. War is an evil, which brings upon us
disasters and pains at which the heart mourns; but
we should not look only at the little point of time
over which we are traveling, but looking back into
the dim past, run our gaze over the triding present
into the grand future. Doing this, we shall find war
has been a benefit to the race, and a cause for the
ultimation of limitless good.

Next week the Conference will consider the sub-
ject: "What effect does the premature death of the
body have upon the soul or spirit in the world of
spirits?"

WAR ITEMS.

The well informed Washington correspon-
dent of the Philadelphia Press, "Occasional," looks
for warm work in Virginia before many days. He
says:—"The Disunion leaders are rapidly concen-
trating their forces in Virginia, particularly about
Richmond and Harper's Ferry. Within the last
few days they claim to be able to capture Fortress
Monroe, though upon what grounds I cannot antici-
pate. Do not be surprised if within a few days you
hear of an advance upon Harper's Ferry, Alexandria
and Richmond, on the part of the Government. The
vigorous blockade of all the ports of the seceded
States, extending from Pensacola to Norfolk and
Richmond, and their utter exclusion from all the
advantages of railroad connection with the produc-
ing or free States, will compel them to make a short
campaign, and hence our first conflict will be a des-
perate one on both sides."

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a
circular to all the Collectors, Surveyors and other
officers of the Customs, precisely similar to that re-
cently addressed to those on the Northern and North
Western waters in relation to commerce with the
insurrectionary States, with the following addition:
Among the prohibited supplies are coals and tele-
graph apparatus of all kinds.

The assurances that the administration is
vigorously prosecuting its measures against the in-
surrectionary States, have a substantial basis. All
the members of the Cabinet, together with the Presi-
dent, are animated by a common principle in fur-
thering plans for consummating the Government
policy.

Earthworks are to be erected all along the
Railroads from the north through Maryland to
Washington, which is now completely encircled with
encampments, controlling all the Railways.

A Hartford paper states that the mills in
Roxbury and Stafford, Ct., are busy working extra
hours in filling orders for military cloths.

Gov. Letcher has issued his proclamation
prohibiting the exportation from Virginia of any
flour, grain, beef, pork, or other provisions.

The arms reported as having arrived at New
Orleans were 50,000; instead of 250,000 stand, as
stated by the papers.

Gov. Andrew says in his Message, "Let us
never—under any conceivable circumstances of
provocation or indignation—forget that the right of
free discussion of all public questions is guaranteed
to every individual on Massachusetts soil, by the
settled conviction of her people, by the habits of her
successive generations, and by express provisions of
her constitution. And let us therefore never seek to
repress the criticisms of a minority, however small,
upon the character and conduct of any adminis-
tration, whether State or National."

"This morning," says the Herald of the
16th, "there was an outbreak of patriotic indig-
nation against Sylvester Lakin, blacksmith and wheel-
wright, at 393 Broad street, opposite Prentice's
wharf. It was alleged that Mr. Lakin had uttered
obnoxious sentiments, and a crowd of three hundred
or more gathered about his place and demanded that
he should display the American flag. Lakin va-
nished the ranch, and a neighbor procured a flag
and put it up, assisted by Mrs. Lakin. This saved
the building from being torn down, and appeased
the crowd, and order was restored." Suppose the
people read the Governor's Message again; or is this
the French Revolution repeated?

The official account of the affray at St. Louis
shows that the troops were outrageously treated by
the mob as they marched through the streets, and
that they did not fire until they had been repeatedly
fired upon. The first man whom they shot had fired
three barrels of a revolver at them, and was about
to fire the fourth at an officer, when he was killed
by the soldiers.

The New Orleans Delta says that the cost of
maintaining the Southern army at Fort Pickens is
\$10,000 per day; also, that the time for taking the
old seat of Government at Washington, without a
desperate battle, is evidently gone by.

The government has appointed B. F. Butler
of Massachusetts, a Major General of the U. S.
Army.

The Maine Regiment, which arrived here on
Wednesday, en route for the seat of war, are a stal-
wart set of men. They were enthusiastically cheered
as they passed through our streets.

It is said that the First Mass. Regiment will
be accepted for three years, although Gov. Andrew
has not yet officially designated the regiment for
active service. It is expected that an officer of the
regular army will soon be here to muster into ser-
vice the five regiments called for from this State,
and probably this regiment will be the first taken.
The companies will have to be recruited up to the
full number of 101 men each, and this can be done
in a very short time. Equipments can be had at
short notice, and the regiment has already over 700
new rifled muskets.

Upwards of a thousand men are now em-
ployed at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard.

The Union Defence Committee of New York
have received the assent of the President and Sec-
retary of War to forward the fourteen regiments now
ready for service, and the necessary orders will be
transmitted immediately without regard to Albany
officials.

Advices from Fortress Monroe state that on
Monday a band of Secessionists had Hampton sent a
deputation to Col. Dimmick, commanding the sole
possession of the road leading across the Dyke which
has been lately under guard of the garrison.

Col. Dimmick's reply was, that he would give the
rebels just ten minutes to disperse. Two companies
of Massachusetts troops were then ordered forward,
and cannon were placed so as to sweep the entire
distance. The Colonel, with watch in hand, waited
for the expiration of the time, when not a rebel was
to be seen. Two hundred Massachusetts troops then

took possession of the Dyke and bridge, and will
treat all rebels in the same way hereafter.

Pennsylvania proposes to furnish fifty-five
regiments for the war; she appropriates three mil-
lions. This is liberal and devotedly patriotic.

A number of Scotch merchants doing busi-
ness in this country have offered to the Govern-
ment regiments of their countrymen.

The Washington correspondent of the N. Y.
Journal of Commerce, who is a Secessionist, express-
es the belief that the demands of the Southern army
of their leaders, will compel the leaders to march
them upon Washington; that though Virginia will
be unwilling to do this, yet at the command of the
Rebel Congress she will be forced to submit to the
measure.

The Wisconsin Legislature convened in extra
session on the 16th. Governor Randall's Message
recommends six regiments, in addition to the one
waiting orders, to be put in camp and equipped by
the State; also an appropriation of a million dollars
for war purposes.

The first regiment of Michigan volunteers,
and three companies from Pennsylvania, in all, 1100
men, arrived at Baltimore on the 16th. They marched
through the city and took the cars for Washing-
ton. They are fully equipped, have fine bands, and
made a splendid appearance. They received cheers
and other tokens of admiration.

The Bangor Union says a letter received in
that city from a ship master in New Orleans, dated
May 4th, states that the fast steamer Calhoun had
been armed and fitted out as a privateer with a crew
of picked men, and was then only waiting for her
commission, which was hourly expected. There were
twenty ships there that might become prizes, unless
they could get away before the Calhoun got her com-
mission. Strange to say, the Calhoun is commanded
by a native of Portland, Maine.

The Louisville Journal says of the war:
"Whatever suffering this war may bring upon the
people of Kentucky, they must endure patiently,
bearing all the while in mind, that their hardships,
however great, weigh but as a feather in comparison
with what they would have to suffer if they were to
mingle in the strife, rendering their State the scene
of its desolating ravages."

INDIVIDUALITY OR ORGANIZATION?

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine:

Sir—In your letter of the 21st January, you made
a remark or two, which I desire to notice. You say
you have a "strong belief that the subject is now so
widely and deeply spread, that it is becoming a power
which will have great results, and at no long day,
although there is no organization," and you think
"there must be something wanting in the literature of
Spiritualism, that its organs should be so short-
lived."

When the reality of spiritual intercourse began to
dawn upon me, I at once said, if this is true, it
must be for all mankind, and not for any particular
people; and if it comes with us in America, it must
and will show itself elsewhere. Its end and aim
must be universal, and its manifestations and in-
strumentalities will be seen everywhere; and it will
not be right to attempt to give it any form—Chris-
tian, Mahometan, or Buddhist—that would make it
unacceptable to any. Still I thought that concen-
trated action would be serviceable—and it was at-
tempted, but in vain. Over and over again, here
and elsewhere in the United States, efforts at or-
ganization have been made—and some of them in a
spirit of wisdom and freedom that removed all rea-
sonable objection here among us—but every such
effort has failed. So with the Press and every effort
to get up a periodical devoted to the subject, almost
all have failed; though some of them have been con-
ducted with ability far superior to that displayed on
many of the successful periodicals of the day.

To what shall we ascribe these cognate failures?
Surely not to a falling off in the number of believers
—for we are increasing marvelously every day,
until we are counted, in this country alone, by mil-
lions. Not to any diminution in the interest which
the subject excites, for we behold that interest con-
stantly augmenting, and men of character, educa-
tion, and ability, enrolling themselves in our ranks.
Not to fear of the world's condemnation of it, for we
have survived that in its severest form, and lived to
see our belief tolerated, and in many localities ac-
tually popular. In the meantime, the cause is mov-
ing on and spreading throughout the whole earth.
My own observation alone tells me this, besides in-
formation from others. Men have been to see me
from the four quarters of the earth, of different na-
tions and languages. Letters come to me from Eu-
rope, Asia, Africa and America. I hear of manifes-
tations among the Indians on the Rocky Mountains,
the slaves at the South, the Arabs in Northern Africa
—the natives of the isles of the Pacific. I have
heard of my own publications being found on the
Himalaya Mountains, in Japan, and among the
whalers in the North Seas. I behold Spiritualism
in the churches—Catholic and Protestant—and that
so strongly existing there, that the priesthood have
been obliged to recognize and tolerate it, and some
even to use it. The pulpit has stilled its denunciations,
and the Press has learned to acknowledge its
reality; and now, day by day, numbers are added of
those who shall be saved. And yet no organization
of our adherents can be successful, no concentration
of our power be permitted? If this movement had
been of a human device, the human means of or-
ganization and concentration would long since have
been in full operation. But if it is Divine in its
origin, it needs no such mortal appliances, but each
soul shall move in its own orbit around the great
centre of the system—forming part, indeed, of a har-
monious whole, but preserving its own independent
individuality to the end.

I have often, within the last six or seven years,
reasoned with the spirits with whom I have been in
communion, in regard to the plan of their operations
—have well understood what it was, and have, from
time to time been instructed wherein I could aid in
the work. Evils which afflicted the past and re-
tarded the progress of truth in the olden time, they
were determined now to avoid. Man's proneness to
worship objects palpable to the senses, rather than
the invisible Creator of a boundless Universe, should
no longer be indulged with the opportunity of deify-
ing the instrument rather than the Divine influ-
ence. This movement was not, therefore, confined
to one instrument, but was confided to many, and
they of every conceivable grade of society, so as to
render the worshipping of them too absurd to be
thought of for a moment. It has therefore been a
cardinal principle with the spirits to let no one
man have an undue prominence over his fellow;
and we have none such, and are not to have. No
Mahomet, or Luther, or Wesley, is to be found in our
ranks to interpose their imperfections between us
and a direct reception by the Truth from the
same source whence they claimed to obtain it. No
one man shall stand in our midst like Moses, cloth-
ing his commands with the formula: "Thus said
the Lord." But each shall work out his own sal-
vation: to each shall be accorded the liberty of
doing so in his own way; and each shall be taught
to worship the Lord God and none other.

There was another evil which the spirits were de-
termined to avoid, and that was one which would
surely flow from organization. In every organiza-
tion there must be some minds to lead, guide, and
govern—and hence would arise inevitably an oli-
garchy among us. So it would be with any publi-
cation well grounded and permanently established: its
controlling mind would surely lead, guide, and gov-
ern the masses. There is such a proneness in man
to save himself the trouble of thinking for himself,
such a disposition to indulge a mental indolence, by

accepting a faith ready made for him, that the de-
signing in all ages have taken the advantage to en-
slave and blight him. Hence the churches, which
have done such immense good in speeding man up-
ward, have been shorn of much of their power and
their usefulness to advance him still further; and
from this cause the Church now has become, as the
Jewish Church became 1800 years ago, an instru-
ment rather of man's retardation, than of his ad-
vancement. Had this matter in which we are en-
gaged been of human origin, it would have been
easy to have formed a hierarchy among us. There
are enough among us who could be tempted with the
prospect of power; and the constant demand we
hear for something certain, definite, reliable, from
the spirits, shows us that there are enough ready to
yield to the temptation of having somebody to think
for them. And I know of nothing short of Divine
wisdom that could have prevented these elements, so
rife as they are among us, from producing the same
results which have been seen since the world began,
trapping from the same causes. I confess that when
these designs were revealed to me, I could hardly
conceive it possible to escape the consequences which
the whole history of the race seemed to declare were
inevitable; and I have watched the movement with
great interest to see if the purpose would be carried
out. I think now, from the success which has at-
tended the effort thus far, that it can. God grant
that it may! For there is no tyranny so degrading
as that of mind over mind—no bondage so destruc-
tive to human progress, as the mental. Your own
poet has nobly said:

No is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.
And when any human device, be the pretence what
it may, stands in the way of the advent of the truth
to each mind, according to its own capacity to re-
ceive it, its direct tendency is to enslave, and to re-
tard, if not to debase the immortal spirit of God
that is within us. The High and Holy Ones who
are dealing with us now see this, and seeing, they
are determined to avoid. Hence all seems chaos in
our ranks; yet we are moving forward with a har-
mony of action that is marvellous in its existence
and in its results. While the untrained mind can
behold in the firmament, nought but wild confusion
of the stars, the astronomer can see, pervading it
all, that order which is Heaven's first law. So we,
who look beneath the surface of this movement, can
see a scheme—a plan wisely devised and steadily
executed.

Organized public meetings are rare among us; but
private circles, "where two or three are gathered
together in His name," are everywhere. In this
city, amid our 40,000 or 50,000 Spiritualists, it is
hard work to keep up a weekly meeting of 400 or
500; yet private circles are numerous, and every day.
To keep up a periodical devoted chiefly to our
cause is very difficult, yet almost all the newspapers
are open to us, and the general literature of the day
and the arts and sciences are replete with the prin-
ciples which Spiritualism teaches. The pulpits are
ostensibly closed to us, but they are nevertheless
pouring out our doctrines to their people and vitaliz-
ing Christianity under our unseen but pervading
influence. Everywhere throughout the whole earth
the manifestations of the spirit presence are of the
same general character. The variations are slight,
but the agreement in characteristics is found every-
where. This is true both of the physical and men-
tal manifestations, and it is frequently found that
where they show themselves for the first time, and to
those who have never witnessed or heard of them
before, they are of the same general character, and
demonstrate their origin in one general pur-
pose. The truths taught by the manifestations have
the same general character everywhere. Varied as
they must be, and as they are, by the character and
temperament of the spirit communicating and the mortal
holding the communion, they yet all agree in the main
features of the teachings. The two great features
are to show to man how intimately, in his mortal
life, he is connected with the spirit-world, and to re-
veal to him what is that world into which all are
yet to be ushered. And on these points will be found
everywhere a substantial agreement of revelation,
be the discord in the teaching on science, philosophy,
or doctrine, what it may.

There is, then, in this movement, concentration of
action, though not of our handiwork—there is or-
ganization, though not of mortal fashioning; and we
can well afford to dispense with any of our own
contrivances. Let it not, however, be understood
that there is nothing for us to do—nothing in which
we can act in concert with each other. There is in-
deed much for all of us to do, both singly and to-
gether. But the first great work which each has to
accomplish is with himself; for until each has inter-
woven into himself, as part of his very being, the great
truths now being revealed to him from beyond the
grave, he is not fitted to participate in the mighty
movement which is stirring up the human soul
from its deepest depths. The revelation addresses it-
self to the senses; but it will not do to treat it mere-
ly as matter of curiosity or sensuous gratification—
it addresses the understanding; but it will not do to
deal with it merely as a philosophy. It speaks to the
heart, and there is but one response that is plant-
ed on the heart—and that is devotion. It is the
Spirit of God communing with its offspring—of
righteousness and the judgment to come—and that
is religion. Everywhere, in every form and in every
language, it is uttering the same sentiments—telling
us of the future, and teaching us how to meet it.
No mere human concert could have done as much in
attaining this end as has been already accomplished
in the last decade; and who is there that will not
say of the work, surely,

The hand that made it is Divine?
Truly yours,
—London Spiritual Magazine.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALISTON HALL, BUNSTADT PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are
given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.45, and 4.35
o'clock in the evening. Lizzie Doten will speak next Sat-
urday.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD