

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE
LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER IV.

"Men, wives and children, stars, cry out and run. As it were doom-day!"

"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

It was the hour of midnight, and the secret Council of Ten was in session. In his high chair of state sat the Doge, wearing the insignia of his dual rank and power. Around him were ranged the mysterious Ten.

Blue and dim burned the lights above their heads, throwing down but dull rays on the dark and sombre tapestry of the room, and imparting to the place a gloom and unearthly solemnity such as would chill the stoutest heart with a shudder of horror.

"Call in the prisoner!" commanded the Doge.

"Which one?" He who was put to the rack this morning?" inquired the attendant.

"The very same," answered the Doge. "Bring him in!"

Obedient to the order, the attendant opened a secret door that was sunk in the massive palace wall, and in another instant was gone.

His absence was somewhat prolonged, during the whole of which time the Council sat in their mysterious circle, rapt in profound silence.

Presently the door opened again, and the attendant appeared; but this time he was alone.

"Where is the prisoner?" demanded the Doge.

"He is not here," was the respectful reply.

"Where then?"

"Not yet in his dungeon cell."

"But where then? Where then?" repeated the Doge, somewhat impatiently.

"The dungeon keeper says he sent him hither more than an hour ago."

"By whose order, sir?"

"By that of myself, Sire, and the Council."

"No such order has been given," replied the Doge, in deep astonishment. "Bring hither the keeper at once!"

Each member of the Council instantly gazed into the face of the other, with an expression of deep wonder. They were all filled with astonishment.

A hidden spring in the wall was touched by the attendant, and on the instant a door few wide open. Confused and trembling, the luckless dungeon keeper was brought into the darkened and tomb-like room.

"Where is the prisoner Maroo?" demanded the Doge.

All eyes were fixed on him.

"I sent him hither full an hour ago," answered the crest-fallen jailer.

"By whose hands?" asked the Doge.

"By an attendant's."

"But did not the attendant give you his name?"

"He said it was Alphonso, and that he had orders from the Doge and Council to bring the prisoner at once before them. He bore iron manacles in his hands, and was careful to place them on the prisoner's wrists before he left the cell."

"And you let the prisoner go, then?" pursued the Doge.

"Yes, Sire; what should I have done?"

"Did the attendant give you the pass-word, as he ought to have done?"

"Every syllable correctly," replied the dungeon keeper.

"You have been duped!"

"Sire!"

"I say you have been deceived. Let us see. How was the so-called messenger dressed? Like that attendant yonder?"

"Precisely."

"Had he light eyes?"

"No, Sire; dark—very dark."

"Stoutly built?"

"On the contrary, very slightly."

"Do you not know who he was, then?" continued the Doge, excitedly.

"Indeed, Sire, I cannot imagine," answered the affrighted keeper.

"He was BANDOLO!"

"Bando?"

"The very same; the man for whom so large a reward has been offered by the State. Back to your duty, sir, and henceforth see that you are more watchful than ever. We may send for you again."

The dungeon keeper left the room in a tempest of astonishment, his heart the prey of a terrible conflict between fear and chagrin at his great disappointment.

It was at that same hour of the night, and while the proud Count Cesario was sitting in the council chamber of the dual palace, that two females, young in years and clad only in proper in-door apparel, were hurrying along the streets, now stealing beneath the shadows of lofty and frowning houses, now gliding noiselessly and with fingers on their lips within some darkened archedway or secret recess, and again hurrying on and at the top of their speed, to gain some point they had in prospect.

These two females were no other than Viola and her maid Juliet.

"Hush now, Juliet! Here we are, safely, at last!" finally burst from the lips of the beautiful Viola, in a half whisper.

They had reached the lowest door of the building, in whose upper room old Nancie was in the habit of dealing out her mystic prophecies.

In a moment more they were in her presence.

"Viola," exclaimed the old crone, at seeing the young girl enter the balcony at such a strange and fearful time of night, "how came you from home on such a night? Your father is with the Council, tonight."

"That is the very reason, dear nurse, I have chosen this hour to come and see you, answered Viola.

Old Nancie had for years been the faithful and devoted nurse of Viola, and to her had always been confided all the little secrets of the latter, even for a long time after they had been separated.

"Does anything go wrong with thee, my child?" asked Nancie, in a tone of affectionate sympathy.

The young girl threw herself into her old nurse's lap, and, laying her head upon her bosom, wept as if her heart would break.

"Why—why, what is the matter, child? What troubles this little, innocent heart so sorely? Tell me, Viola! Tell your dear, old nurse all!"

But Viola continued weeping violently, as if she would be neither consoled nor comforted.

Presently, after she had recovered in a measure from this outbreak of her grief, Nancie raised her head from her bosom, and with her kerchief wiped away the tears from her swollen eyes, and affectionately urged her to tell what it was that troubled her heart so much.

Juliet, the maid, would, perchance, have spoken, but she dared not forestall the words which she well knew were most properly spoken by the lips of her mistress.

At length, however, Viola found the syllables her heart so fondly desired, and she began:

"My dear Nancie, I am so wretched! I am miserable indeed!"

"You need never have told me of that, for any one could see it at a glance," responded the old soothsayer.

"But you must now tell me, Viola, what it is that makes you so wretched."

"My father is the cause of it, Nancie; my own father!"

"Your father?" exclaimed the nurse, in astonishment. "And how has he made you wretched?"

"He has made oath to me that I shall marry the young Count Ruberto. He has given me three days only in which to prepare my heart for the event, and the nuptials are to be made ready at once."

"But do you not love Ruberto?" inquired Nancie, dropping her voice.

"Love him? I hate him! I detest him! He is a villain and a spy!"

"Then you love some other, perhaps?"

The beautifully expressive eyes of Viola were cast down on the floor, as she stood silent, making no reply.

"Now tell me what it is, Viola. Tell me, my child," plead Nancie, in her old, affectionate manner.

The girl leaned forward her head and whispered a word in her old nurse's ear.

"Is it so?" astonishedly exclaimed the nurse.

Viola merely nodded in affirmation.

"What if you do not consent to marry the young Count Ruberto?" asked Nancie.

"Then I am to go to the convent. Father Petroni has been consulted already, and my father is immovable. He cannot be changed. What shall I do?"

For a few moments old Nancie gazed out over the open heavens, and silently contemplated the stars with which his blue and cloudless surface was thickly dotted, and instantly turning to Viola again, she said:

"It will not be so, my child."

"What will not be so?" eagerly asked Viola.

"You will not marry Count Ruberto."

"Upon that I am fully determined for myself," resolutely answered she.

"But Fate will interpose its hand to snatch thee from the threatened trouble," said Nancie. "I see it—I have read it already in the stars overhead. Fear nothing, my child; all will yet be well."

Embracing and fondly kissing her old nurse again, she started out the door and bade Juliet follow.

Half an hour afterwards, the well known form of Bando himself entered the chamber.

"You here, Bando?" said the old woman, greatly amazed.

"And why not here, Nancie?" asked he, in reply.

"Is there any single place in all proud Venice where I may not be? Tell me that, Nancie—tell me that!"

"No, none, Bando," replied she. "But are you not afraid?"

"Afraid! Of what? Who ever taught me fear? I know how to be prudent; but fearful, never!"

"You should be anxious about your life," said she.

"No. My life is in the hands of a higher power than man's. The same God watches over me ever, and the same Fate ever awaits me. I shall not die before my time; and I feel certain that my time is not yet. But what do you read to-night in the heavens, prophecies?"

Nancie looked out intently into the face of the heavens, and then said, turning around to him:

"There is much trouble about your path, Bando."

"I know that, well enough already," he replied.

"You enjoy the love of a fair and high-born lady," continued she, heedless of the interruption, "and

he is not permitted to return you the affection you crave."

"True, good Nancie, true!"

"She is to be married."

"What?"

"Her father is so haughty, he would spurn one like you from his threshold. He is a man of high rank and great power. He has taken an oath that she shall, within three days' time, consent to marry Count Ruberto, or else be banished from his house to a convent."

"Speak to me truly, Nancie."

"I tell you," answered she, "only what the silent voices of the stars utter to myself. You love a lady whom her father has sworn to marry, within a very brief period, to Ruberto; and if he is not able to effect that union with her consent, then—"

"She goes inside a convent?"

"You have said it, Bando."

"She shall not marry Ruberto!" exclaimed the young man, in a rising passion.

"Just as you will have it, so shall it be," said the crone, looking out into the sky.

"Is it only truth that you tell me?" he asked.

"Nothing more; it will all turn out even as I have told you."

Bando went out from the presence of the old woman in a state of great excitement, and in a few moments was in his gondola, that lay sleeping in the shadows of the high stone stairs. Plying his oar briskly, and guiding his slight craft only where the shadows fell the most darkly, he soon stopped in the rear of a magnificent garden, and, leaping from his boat, fastened it to the shore.

Taking a curiously wrought key from his pocket, he proceeded to unlock the gate with the same, and, swinging it back on its hinges, at once entered the garden.

He found his way, stealthily and cautiously, around the garden-walks, and at length came close to the mansion itself. It was one of the noblest of which even Venice could boast.

Stair upon stair he swiftly ascended, now proceeding guardedly along a colonnade, and now entering a secret doorway, and passing heedlessly on. A every place where he could catch a glimpse of the garden below, or of the unclouded sky above, he stopped and breathed afresh. His eyes expressed nothing but the very sternest resolution, and ever and anon his lip curled haughtily.

After an almost interminable series of windings and climbings, he finally reached the door of the room he would enter. Placing his hand without hesitation upon the fastenings, he opened the door and entered.

A light was burning dimly in the apartment, and its half-smothered and flickering rays shed a truly fearful gloom over the heavy tapestry and hangings that ornamented the walls and the windows. A magnificently furnished couch stood in the further part of the room and upon its soft and downy furniture was sleeping a human being.

Bando advanced on tiptoe toward the couch, and bent down to see if he could recognize the sleeper. The first hasty glance satisfied him, for immediately he erected himself to his upright posture, and stood with folded arms.

It was Count Ruberto that slept!

"Now has the fated hour arrived!" muttered Bando, half aloud. "How could I have stepped in to prevent its coming? How could I have given thee such a warning as thou wouldst have heeded? No—no; it was ordered that thou shouldst rush on thine own fate! It was ordered so!"

For a few moments, all was silent again. A gloom, as that of a tomb, pervaded the spacious apartment. He continued:

"Thou shalt not marry Viola, and here I swear it! She shall never become the bride of such an one as thou! Thou art but a coward, when awake—a traitor—a sneaking spy! It is for thee, and such as thee, to die violent deaths! The whole race of such merit nothing but violent deaths! And here it is, waiting at the bedside for thee!"

On a sudden the sleeper became restless; and, tossing on his couch, he murmured in low and broken accents:

"Within three days, Count Cesario! Ah—within three days! I will marry your daughter then!"

"Liar!" exclaimed Bando, the hot blood manning his cheeks; "thou shalt never marry Viola! I give thee my word!"

He placed his hand on his sword, and grasped the jeweled hilt of his dagger.

But the loud and unguarded tones in which he addressed his hated rival had the effect to rouse him from his slumber. Partially raising himself in his bed, he looked bewilderingly about him, and discovered to his amazement that his much feared rival, Bando, was at his side.

"What, ho!" shouted he, in his overpowering affright; "come, valet! come! Ho! help, ho! help!"

The words, however, had scarcely passed his lips, when he found himself suddenly held in the vice-like grasp of the powerful Bando, and thrust violently back again upon his couch.

Seizing now his dagger by the hilt, and drawing it from his belt, Bando exclaimed in a loud voice to his adversary:

"Death to all such villains!"—and plunged the blade into his heart.

Ruberto instantly stretched out his limbs passively in death, and his last breath left him. He was gone.

Without ever pausing to read the expression of the dead man's features, Bando (unconsciously) left his dagger in the body, and effected a hasty retreat.

Again he found his way down the windings of the noble mansion as before, and, arrived at the garden gate, he applied his secret key to the same; and it swung back on its hinges.

In a twinkling he was in his gondola again, plowing the gleaming water, and hugging to his heart the satisfaction of his revenge.

CHAPTER V.

"Go to! I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. To a nunnery: go!"

There was a great stir in Venice, next day. Rumor ran with lightning rapidity all about the city, that the young Count Ruberto had been found murdered in his own apartment at an early hour that morning, and that the dagger of Bando, bearing his own name upon its jeweled hilt, was found buried in his breast.

The faces of many turned pale with affright, and people began to ask each other anxiously whether they could feel assured of their own safety, even when they lay down in their beds at night. The dreaded name of Bando was on every tongue, and a feverish wish was expressed on all sides that so bold a robber might at length be brought to his merited punishment.

Presently proclamation was publicly made from the lofty marble stairs of the ducal palace, that any one who should either testify to any fact likely to bring Bando to the light, or who should himself capture and bring him before the Council, should receive double the reward previously offered for him. And it was further proclaimed, that if the person arresting him should chance to be an escaped criminal, or guilty of any misdemeanor toward the State, he should receive a full and free remission of all his crimes.

An offer so liberal could not fail to enlist the feelings of the entire body of common people—both those who would most need the reward, and those whose occupations would be most likely to throw them in the way of securing it.

On the wings of the wind the intelligence flew to all quarters of the proud city. Every tongue was busy over the enormous crimes of this bold robber, Bando, and every heart was secretly wishing that the glittering reward might become its own. Still, there was an undefinable mystery connected with his name, and all that he did was associated with the highest and most fascinating romance.

Viola was once again in the presence of her parent, now become fearfully stern, and her eyes were inflamed with long continued weeping.

"Count Ruberto is dead!" said her father. "He was found murdered this morning in his bed! And what is still more mysterious, he was murdered by Bando!"

"Father!" broke forth the astonished girl. "How do you know that?"

"His own stiletto was found in the Count's bosom. The name of Bando was wrought upon it. Is not that enough? I have my fears even of you, Viola."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you! I fear that you have made known to him my determination respecting your marriage with young Ruberto."

"Father! you do me wrong! I have not seen Bando!"

"That may be; he may nevertheless have been somewhere near, to pick up the pregnant words you may have idly dropped. There is no power to say what he does not hear. Where he is, no one knows. We have this day proclaimed the offer of a larger reward than before for him, but I fear greatly if any reward is large enough to secure him. He seems omnipresent. His very being is a sealed mystery to us all. He lets us into only enough of his conduct to make the remainder still more mysterious. But come, Viola!"

"What, my father?" asked the still weeping girl.

"I have said that you should make up your mind either to marry Ruberto, or no one. Ruberto is dead, as I have said. You shall therefore be put out of the power of any other one, at once."

"But what would you do, father?"

"To the convent, I say! The old monk Petroni shall keep you closely in his charge till you are thoroughly cured of this passion for Bando. Your union with him would disgrace my name forever. It shall not be, Viola! I swear it!"

Again the child fell to weeping violently, as if she would not be comforted.

"Therefore prepare yourself, Viola. To-morrow, at noon, you will leave this place for the convent."

Thus speaking, he turned and left his child alone, and still weeping.

It was now the middle of the afternoon. The sun had but just begun to sink gradually down to his western bed, and Viola was in the chamber of the old nurse, Nancie. She was not accompanied by Juliet, for she had come to take a last fond farewell of her dear old friend, and would have none overheard what might pass between them.

"My dear old nurse," sobbed Viola, throwing her arms affectionately about the neck of old Nancie; "I must leave you, perhaps, forever!"

And at this point she burst forth in a fresh fit of weeping.

"No, no, Viola! Do not talk thus, my child! Your fortune will surely change for the better. I know it will. Keep up a stout heart, my child; all will yet be well."

"But, Nancie, what hope can there be for me in the dismal walls of a convent? What hope is left to the wretched prisoner in the Pisoni dungeons, but to look forward wearily to his death? That is the only hope, too, I have left me!"

"You are disheartened, Viola. Your nerves are sadly out of tune."

"But, Nancie, to-morrow is the day on which I must go. My fate is upon me already; it has overtaken me. I feel its long, skinny fingers laying hold of me. Oh, I cannot endure it, Nancie, indeed, I cannot."

Thus did this lovely creature continue to lament her doom. She declared, again and yet again, that it would be a living death for her in the convent. She had but just begun to love the world, and the clouds in her sky were painted and glowing with the most beautiful colors. She had, in very truth, but just begun to realize some of the earliest and most charming dreams her heart had ever known. The first taste of the world's joys had given her a relish for them all, and it would surely be starvation to her heart to shut her up now, where she could never know them more.

When at last she took her departure, and embraced her kind-hearted old nurse, as she believed, for the last time, it had become quite dark, and the lights had begun to gleam and glimmer in the streets, and reflect themselves in the depths of the clear and gleaming water.

She found her way stealthily back to her father's mansion again, and to her chamber. And once arrived there, she burst forth in an agony of grief that seemed utterly uncontrollable.

The next day, exactly at the hour specified, she was summoned into the presence of her haughty father, with whom was seated the old Monk Petroni.

Viola reluctantly obeyed the summons, too well knowing it was not to be disregarded.

While the conference between her father and Petroni was going on, she did not once so much as raise her eyes to the face of the person into whose spiritual charge she was about to be committed, but kept gazing abstractedly upon the highly wrought and costly carpet that covered the floor.

In due time all the preliminaries were adjusted. Count Cesario took final leave of his daughter, Juliet, her devoted maid, and weeping by. The cortège was formed, and, stepping from the marble stairs on board the gondola provided, the young creature was borne away over the clear water toward a distant part of the city.

And by this single hasty act, the mansion of the proud and vindictive Count Cesario was left utterly desolate.

It will be remembered, that, after committing the fatal deed of the previous night, Bando at once took to his swift gondola and sailed silently away.

For miles he pursued his almost trackless course through the liquid-sheeted city, anxious, most of all, to escape notice and unfortunate detection. Occasionally he met with a lonely gondolier like himself, with whom he passed a careless word or two, and then he plied his oar with increased diligence and activity. Once he was suddenly set upon and pursued by a couple of strangers in a light craft; but he finally succeeded, by leading them through the darkest and most strangely intersected streets, in eluding them altogether.

He advanced, in good time, far out beyond all fear of pursuit or suspicion, even into the bosom of the broad and beautiful Adriatic. The night winds sang with a sad sweetness to his properly attuned heart, laden, as they were, with all the liquid melodies he had gathered on their wings from over the wide sea beyond. Softly shone the stars and the waning moon down upon him, as he sat thoughtfully and alone in his golden-beaked gondola on the face of the waters. Calmly breathed every influence from land and water at that midnight hour upon his breast, but a short time before so grievously torn.

As he drifted on, almost without purpose or pleasure, out over the dancing waters, he rested listlessly on his oar, and gave himself up to the control of his reflections and his dreams. About his finely shaped figure he wore his tunic of purple velvet. Upon his head sat jauntily his plumed cap, from beneath which shone a mass of most beautiful glossy hair upon his neck, and partially over his well-set shoulders. A sweet and sunny smile played over his faultless lips, betokening anything but the thoughts of a murderer within the breast of him to whom such a smile belonged. A pleasant fire kindled and flashed in his large and highly expressive eyes, and lit up all his features with a singular beauty.

Long and fondly he thought of Viola—her to whom his heart had long been wedded, and who already blest him with her own pure love in return. He thought not of himself as a murderer—a brigand—a robber—but only as the lover and preserver of the beautiful Viola. For her sake alone he lived; he thought and dreamed only of her, and for her he was willing to die. She reigned the perpetual queen of his loyal and devoted heart.

The waves spent their mimic power against the sides of his fragile craft, and in the heat and liquid flash of every one he saw and felt the powerless assaults of his sworn enemies, who were leagued to destroy him. The wind only sighed, or whistled gently in his ears, and so, he thought, also sighed and whistled even the loudest voices of those who were employed and combined to hunt him down.

Now, he turned himself fully around in his boat, and gazed back after the Imperial city—Venice, the queen of the seas, and the mistress of a hundred Isles. It lay silently sleeping in the vast sheen of the moonlight. The silver rays of the queen of night fell silent on turret and dome, balcony and spire, and it seemed already as if they glided the spans of a huge army, halting with the stillness of death, in their tracks.

How many hearts—wondered he within himself—were, at that very moment, beating in mortal fear of him, and his possible approach! He tried to think why it was he should have first been set on by the inquisitors and their spies, the slightest whispers from the lips of whom were instantaneous death to such as they held in suspicion. But, withal, his heart grew strong, and took increased courage from his thoughts; and he swore that he would remain to them, for a long time yet to come, as a secret and sealed mystery. He renewed his vows with himself to protect and defend the lovely Viola, against the suspicions, and calumny, and machinations of all. No one should interpose between himself and her, and still live. It should not be. And what—said he to himself—what is my work, that it should not be kept strictly and religiously?

Suddenly his ears were greeted with a low and suppressed whistle. It started him. But it was at once recognized by him; and applying to his lips the silver instrument he wore in his belt, he returned it most shrilly.

Immediately a boat sped across the light toward him. He gazed eagerly in the direction of it for a moment, and then at once reclined again at ease on his oar.

The strange craft came up alongside of his own, and a voice called him by name:

"Master! master! Is it you?"

It is I. It is Baudolo," answered he, in a tone of some pride.

"Then all is right," responded the voice.

The bark grazed with a dull and heavy sound against the side of his gondola, and in an instant he leaped lightly from his own boat into the other and the larger one. His gondola fell in tow.

A couple of sturdy and even rough-looking men sat within the newly come craft, wearing velvet and tasseled caps carelessly on their heads, whether on the sides or the crowns, and blue and tight-fitting jackets about their muscular chests. Their dark eyes half-raised, as they were, to the moon, that had begun to go down in the western sky, scowled and lowered with dread expression, and more than all seemed to betoken the character of the feelings within, that only awaited an opportunity for an outbreak. They answered Baudolo in a most respectful manner, whenever he addressed them, as if they gladly conceded to him his immense superiority.

Forthwith they bent to their oars, and their light craft shot like a twanging bow across the waves that rose to greet it on its merry pathway.

Steadily they thus pulled over the waters for a long time, during which scarcely a word was spoken. The rowers were conscious that they were but subjects, and that the newly-received guest was their master and king. The two strange boatmen were no other than Marco, the escaped prisoner, and Pietro, his companion, who, the reader will remember, was conversing with him upon the quay at the time of his unfortunate capture.

At length the prow of the boat grazed the shore, and Pietro, leaping from the same at the instant, made all secure at a rock close at hand.

The three traveled on in silence for a considerable distance. Baudolo was in a fit of deep abstraction, and his men knew it was not well to disturb his meditations by any of their inopportune remarks.

Finally they came to the base of a high and rocky cliff, that stood boldly out upon the plain, about which grew in great abundance tall and dense, boughed trees, that well-nigh concealed the same from view. The whole acclivity before them seemed of solid rock. Touching a hidden spring, a secret door in the side of the cliff opened wide and allowed them to enter. The door was of wood; but so roughly and raggedly was it wrought, and so ingeniously was it colored, that even the most observant eye would have failed to detect the deceit.

As soon as the door was closed tightly behind them, Marco instantly produced a lantern, and, as by magic, the whole interior of the vast entrance to the cavern was lighted up with extreme brilliancy. On they pushed, however, observing the same silence as before, and winding many times around the labyrinthine passages that stretched out before them. Suddenly they came to a stop, and Baudolo applied to his lips the silver whistle that hung from his belt, and sounded a shrill and clear alarm. Almost instantly a reply of the same kind was heard ringing among the arches of the cavern, and then another door flew open, disclosing a scene of brilliancy to the eye of the pen of no romancer could hope to do justice. It was fairy-land itself. Here was the interior of a larger cave, brilliantly lighted, around which sat ranged perhaps fifty men, every one clad in a bright scarlet tunic. The effect was truly wonderful. This peculiar dress appeared to be their uniform.

Though constructed by the master-hand of Nature alone, the cave seemed, in fact, to have been arranged after the most skillful rules of art. Huge pillars supported its glittering ceiling of rock and stone, that were ranged in regular rows along the sides of the interior, thus leaving the centre one open and unbroken area. The most beautiful and brilliant stalactites, looking as if they were cut by the cunning hand of an artist, shone refulgent from the walls and ceiling of the cave, and in the dazzling glare of their lights, were irradiated with a bewildering splendor. Long and slender spars of the purely white rock dropped down from the vaulted roof, reaching in many places to the half of the space to the floor. Ragged, yet regular edges of the rock protruded on all sides of the cave, in places to such an extent, and with such a regularity as to furnish deep and spacious recesses within the cave's side, into which two persons might easily withdraw themselves and wholly escape observation.

In the middle of this wonderful cavern tables were set, loaded with every luxury that art and wealth combined could supply. The goblets, the service of plates, the dishes, the salvers—all the table furniture was of the most splendid and costly character, highly wrought and ornamented, and polished until one's face was readily reflected in their bright surfaces. Every variety of wines and choice cordials and liqueurs was placed at hand, and the drinking-cups were all exquisitely chased and highly wrought. As Baudolo and his two attendants, Marco and Pietro, entered the cave, and the beautiful light burst on their vision, all the inhabitants of the place instantaneously sprang to their feet, and, swinging high their plumed caps above their heads, shouted forth at the top of their voices:

"Long live Baudolo! Long life to Baudolo!"

Their young and brave leader lifted his hand to his plumed cap, and at once bowed his head. Never did he look so handsome and so manly in their exultant sight before. A flush of true pride mantled his cheeks, and a curl of haughty resolution just played about his faultless lips. His physique was

perfect, a model of manly grace and proportion. His manners were, of all others, the most captivating to just such sturdy men as those upon whom his sparkling and gleaming eyes then gazed with such satisfaction.

Then he swung his cap above his head, and all joined in one loud and hearty hurrah. Again, and yet again, it was repeated, at the same signal, until they made the very welkin ring. The rocky roof was filled with loud echoes.

"Fill! fill high to-night!" called out the excited and truly loyal men, grasping their goblets; "we drink to our master! We drink to Baudolo, the scourge and the terror of proud Venice, and a sealed mystery to all her rulers!"

The goblets were all poured full, even to their glittering rims; and as the rich wine went round, and each one was on the point of pressing his lips to his cup, again went up that voice:

"We drink deep to Baudolo; to the terror of all Venice!" and they drained the goblets to their very dregs.

The clear and musical voice of Baudolo was now heard high over all.

"Now for our song! We will tell our experience afterwards. But, first of all, our song! Baudolo is with you all safely again. My men, sing and be merry! Sing till these solid rocks shall drink in your merry sounds!"

The handsome young page, Fedore—of whom mention has been made before—then approached his master, and, after saluting him personally with the utmost respectfulness, took a station near him on his right hand. This was an honor esteemed by him above all others. And then all broke forth together in this, their jubilee song:

"Sing, sing to-night!
For our hearts are light,
And the wine in the beaker is flashing;
Hurrah for the strife
Of a merry brigand's life,
On the land and the waters dashing!"

Sing, sing to-night!
We heed not the flight
Of time on his rustling pinions;
For we're robbers bold and free,
And none shall our masters be—
We will ever rule our own dominions!"

Sing, sing to-night!
Not a care shall e'er blight
The joy that we find in our roving!
Not a living one shall stand
Between our merry band
And the hearts we are ever loving!"

Then sing, sing to-night!
For our hearts are light,
And the wine in the beaker is flashing;
Then hurrah for the strife
Of a merry brigand's life—
On the land and the waters dashing!"

CHAPTER VI.

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil! and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape."

Venice had a gala-day at last, for the Doge was about to give his daughter in marriage to one of the noble and famous house of Contarini, and the populace were allowed a peculiar license in honor of the great and glad event.

The marriage was that of the high-born Marina with her lover.

The day and the hour for the celebration of the wedding festivities had come. In the high towers of San Marco and St. Paul the great bells sounded their most musical notes, throwing a new joy into the heart of the entire population. On the calm and almost holy air floated the sweetest melodies, and all faces were wreathed with the most glad smiles. It might with truth be said that care had been expelled, for the time, from the hearts of every one.

Of all the rest, the nobility regard with the most settled pride the preparations that are making for this glad event. They are secretly conscious that their order is to receive additional strength from this ceremony, and that its bands are to be consolidated yet more closely.

But what a feeling of irrepressible pride takes hold on every heart, as the queenly form of the prospective bride is beheld, walking from the palace door to that of the church, around which the thousands are crowded with such eagerness!—the thousands, too, whose hearts are all bound up in the well-being of Venice!

Never did a fair young bride look any fairer than she. Her beauty captivated all hearts alike. The priest, arrayed in ample folds of purest white, the insignia of his vocation, stands ready at the altar to receive and bless the bridal pair. The ceremony is performed with the usual accompaniments of impressiveness and solemnity, the youthful couple have received the profuse congratulations of their friends, and the vast church is once more vacated. Crowds collect everywhere. Long lines of gondolas, gaily decked out in the most brilliant colors, float and swim proudly through the hundred streets of gleaming water, in honor of the day. All was joy throughout Venice. Scarcely a human heart that was that day free, that was not likewise happy.

Across the Great Canal a huge bridge of boats had been built, and upon them the bride and her gallant husband rode on splendidly caparisoned chargers, a brilliant cavalcade bringing up the rear.

A few weeks thereafter, an excursion was planned for the bridal party on the adjacent waters. It was proposed to sail in a couple of boats to a certain point of land some miles distant, and, after celebrating a feast with songs and dances and light-hearted revelry, return again to Venice in their boats. The party was small and select, made up, as it was, from among only a few of the noble families whose friendship was most desirable to the happy bride.

A merry sail indeed they made of it across the dawning and glancing waters, out from Venice into the bay and sea beyond; and the sun shone upon them with a splendor rarely paralleled. No bride and groom could ever have looked or felt happier than these. Never were spirits of bridal party more gay and glad than theirs. The brilliantly colored scarfs they wore stretched themselves out, and idly fluttered in the fresh wind from the open sea, like streamers from some gaily-decked trireme, bound off on an excursion.

A long and pleasantly diversified sail brought them to the point of land toward which they had been directing their course, and disembarked amid the wildest laughter and the most general good-humor. Not a cloud shaded a single brow. Not a care gnawed at any heart. For the time, all were exceedingly happy.

The two boats were at length made fast, and then they set out on foot for a delightful grove some dis-

tance beyond, but which was plainly discernible from the point where they landed. This was finally reached, and then the preparations were commenced for the feast. All was confusion, but it was the happy confusion of pleasure. There was no room for heavy hearts in all the gleeful group.

They were now ranged about on the soft and velvety sward, attentive chiefly to the pleasures of the palate, and careless of what the next hour might bring. Close by his beautiful bride sat the happy bridegroom, conversing with her in tones of love and fondest devotion. Scarcely anything else was heard but the clatter of plates, the ring of goblets and glasses, and the frequent outbreak of merry and musical voices.

Presently all eyes are strained eagerly and anxiously forward, and the form of a young man appears in the distance approaching them.

A sudden tremor passes over the delicate figure of the bride, and the bridegroom whistles a few notes in her ear, and at once she becomes more calm.

The figure advances till it is close upon them. It is that of a young and handsome man, wearing a tunic of brilliant green, and a cap of purple velvet, bespangled with jewels and ornamented with a flowing white plume, upon his head. His leggings were made of the whitest kid, up and down whose seams were rows of brilliant and costly gems. He wore a shining leather belt about his slender and well-formed waist, in which was secured a long and slender dagger with a polished and highly-wrought silver hilt, and to which was also attached a sheath in which slept the shining blade of a sword. About his neck he wore a silver chain, to the end of which was suspended, and there allowed to fly freely, a little whistle of the same material.

He was so handsome, and his ways were so charming and so full of ready grace, that the female portion of the little company were delighted with him forthwith; albeit, they were not a little concerned to know what so fine looking a person could be doing alone upon these wilds.

He came up to the bridal party and respectfully bowed to them all; after which, he flung down his plumed cap upon the ground, and seated himself with an air of wonderful composure at the feet of the astonished bride.

No one spoke a word with him. No one there knew how he should be addressed. All preserved a significant, and a momentary silence.

Presently this strange young man took up a goblet that was at hand, and, pouring it full of the rich and rosy wine, raised it to his lips, saying, as he did so:

"I pledge thee and thy perpetual happiness, lovely bride, in this cup of sparkling wine!"

An act of such a character, and so gracefully done, too, no bride could refuse to acknowledge, particularly when accompanied with such an expression of sincerity and true feeling; therefore she raised her own flowing cup to her beautiful lips. As she did so, a smile flitted across the features of the young man, and at once he drained his own goblet to its very dregs.

Then, instantly rising, to his feet, he betook himself to the side of one of the gentlemen of the party, and sat down beside him.

Looking intently into his eyes for the space of at least a minute, yet saying nothing, he found that he had already sufficiently impressed him with terror, and then he thus spoke:

"You are Francesco?"

The other bowed his head mechanically, but made no reply.

"You have sworn to have the life of Baudolo," continued the young man, still gazing earnestly into his eyes.

The gentleman could not reply. All this passed in so low a tone, that not a syllable of it could be heard by the rest of the company. The stranger continued:

"Yes; I have heard of you. I know what you have given out. I know that you have sworn to have Baudolo's life. Baudolo is a brave man; and a generous; but you have denounced him as a coward and a villain. No matter for that, however; Baudolo is my friend."

The gentleman thus addressed started as if he had been struck.

"I have come to bring a message from him to you, this day," continued the stranger. "He bade me drink your health for him, and commanded that you should drink his also. You must obey him, or I cannot promise to answer for the result. Will you exchange goblets with me?"

The gentleman could not find it in his power to refuse, and so passed the stranger his own goblet, while he received his in return.

They lightly smote the rims of their glittering beakers together, and at once quaffed off the delicious wine. In a moment more, the stranger was at the feet of the lovely bride; and, lifting his jeweled cup from his head, he delivered with an air of great deference a little packet into her hands, which he particularly requested her not to open until he should be gone far out of sight.

Again saluting the bride and groom, and the bridal party in its turn, the youthful and handsome stranger replaced his cap upon his head, and in a moment was gone from their midst. There was not an eye in the entire party that did not closely follow him.

The beautiful bride, Marina, as soon as he was gone out of sight, proceeded to break the seal of the little packet which he had thus mysteriously placed in her hands, and to unfold it. She carefully drew forth what was within, all eyes intently fixed on her, and read aloud, though in a suppressed and deeply excited tone, as follows:

"FAIR LADY—You have most graciously entertained at your bridal party none other than Baudolo. Outlaw and bandit as he is called, he still delights to do honor to lordliness and beauty, even if they exist in the family of his greatest enemy, the Doge. May your path in the future be strewn with roses!"

The surprise and excitement that followed immediately upon the reading of this strange communication, may better be imagined than described. Every heart there beat the more rapidly, at the thought of him whom they had just entertained.

To what extent their wonder might have carried them, had nothing interposed to prevent, it is difficult to say. But while they were in the midst of the feeling, a wild shriek suddenly pierced their ears:

"Francesco! Francesco! Look to Francesco!"

All turned simultaneously toward him who had been honored with a conference with the daring Baudolo himself. He was lying in a helpless condition

upon the ground, his mouth wide open, his eyes staring, rolling about in their sockets, and his hands clutched frantically at the empty air. He was in the midst of most terrible convulsions.

The whole party ran in great haste to him, offering every kind of assistance and sympathy that humanity had it in its power to offer; but their kindly meant services were of no avail. The wretched man merely gasped and died.

Fear, such as rarely visits the hearts of men, then began to blanch the lips and cheeks of those whose faces were, but a short hour ago, wreathed with smiles and lit up with radiant sunshine. Then it was that they felt, above all things else, that the lawless and terrible brigand had truly been in their midst. One of their number, and he a young noble, had fallen a victim to the proud robber's stratagem.

With slow and heavy hearts the bridal party, but just now so full of happiness and gaiety, retraced their steps to the boats, that were still moored at the shore, deeply impressed with the fearful event that had occurred, and regarding it as the most wonderful event in their lives.

When they were safely stowed once more on board their boats, they found that a very high wind had risen, and already the waves were tumbling and tossing about in a wildness of tumult that appalled the hearts of the gentler sex among the party. But one thing, however, was left them to do; to remain on shore during that night would, it was thought, be their certain death at the hands of the organized band of freebooters, whose head and chieftain they knew Baudolo himself to be. They must go on, and allay their fears as the raging elements would most kindly permit them.

Already they had gone far out into the rough and chopping sea, and yet their hearts had become inspired with no more courage than before. The winds had begun to whistle more shrilly in their coracles, and the restless waves had grown more yeasty still. One of the light craft was separated by a great distance from the other, so that, in case of imminent danger, it would be impossible for either to pass even a hall to the other. The vessel in which the bride was chanced to be lagging far behind the other, and those on board had grown fearful and well-nigh desponding. Darkest clouds overhung the horizon, and a gloom almost unearthly settled down upon the broad bosom of the water.

Instantly the beautiful little craft pitched staggeringly into the watery gulf, and the young and helpless bride was cast headlong from her seat into the sea!

Up to this point their alarm had been so great as to prevent their noticing a little skiff that had been hovering close in their rear. In this skiff were seated a young man and a boy—the latter a mere stripling.

When these two discovered the sad accident that had occurred to the vessel just ahead, and saw likewise that in the present condition of the sea it would be impossible for those on board to turn back and rescue the drowning lady, the young man steered swiftly up to the spot where he saw her floating and wildly tossing about on the waves, and grasped her by her hair just as a huge wave would have disputed her possession with him. Those on board instantly threw up their hands heavenward, in gratitude for what they had beheld.

Immediately afterwards, the youthful rescuer, with his boy companion, bore down for the luckless vessel that had lost its treasure in the sea, and it was not a long time before he came alongside. He tenderly passed the lady whom he had just snatched from the jaws of the sea, over the side of his own skiff into her vessel, where she was received by many anxious hearts and with outstretched arms, of which those of her own despairing husband were the first and foremost.

As the little skiff would have turned as quickly as possible again to make its own port, across the sea in another direction, the bridegroom hailed the young man, who appeared to be his commander, and demanded at least to know whom he was to thank all his life for the preservation of his bride.

"Baudolo!" shouted the other across the water; "the outlaw and the brigand!" and in an instant he was out of their hearing, and looking like a mere speck upon the turbulent waters.

At the ducal palace, that night, there was great rejoicing, when all had reached home and safety again, and when the accident, that had nearly destroyed the happiness of the Doge forever, was made known. But no tongue or pen could portray a tithe or tithe of the excitement that pervaded the palace, when it was also reported that he who had rescued the high-born bride from an ocean grave was none other than Baudolo, the rebel. This last act of the outlaw fairly staggered the Doge in determining whether he ought not at once to forgive him all his crimes, and freely accept him again as a member of the State, and an inhabitant of the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME FACTS ABOUT TOBACCO, which those who use it will read and forget:

Rees' Cyclopaedia says a drop or two of the oil, placed on the tongue of a cat, produces convulsions and death in the space of a minute.

A college of physicians has said that not less than twenty thousand, in our land, annually die by the use of this poison.

Dr. Shaw names some eighty diseases, and says they may be attributed to tobacco.

Gov. Sullivan says: "My brother, Gen. Sullivan, used snuff, and his snuff lodged him prematurely in the grave."

Boerne, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco.

Dr. Twitohell believed that sudden deaths and tobacco, among men, were usually found together, and he sustained this opinion by an array of facts altogether conclusive.

Three young men formed a smoking club, and they all died within two years of the time they formed it. The doctor was asked what they died of. He said they were smoked to death.

A youth of sixteen fell dead, with a cigar in his mouth, in a dream-sleep. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said: "It was a mysterious act of God!" The minister, at the funeral, consoled the friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease," and said nothing about the cause of the disease. A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said, "Tobacco killed him." It deranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell!

War is all very well in its place and time, but usually it is better to deal with the sword than the gun-barrel, to drive the cart, than the carriage, to use the scythe ride than the Minie rifle.

A Yankee in Iowa has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

Written on visiting the Asylum of the Blind.

BY BELLA BURN.

The blind! the blind, are round me now,
A groping, melancholy throng;
With shades hung darkling on each brow,
And hearts which thrill to mournful song.
How yearn their souls for one sweet ray,
To flow along their spirit's lyres;
One arrow gleam of coming day
Would make for them celestial fires.

They pine to see the wandering sun
With golden scarf shut out the stars,
Or track the glittering orbs which run
Their fiery race o'er azure bars.
Thought strives in vain to spell their woes,
And fancy struggles to be free,
But nameless horrors round them close,
And all their radiant visions flee.

Earth hath no smiles for those who tread
In rayless gloom life's devious ways;
No holy beam or lightness shed,
Streams o'er them in the noon-tide rays;
But darkly sweep the wings of night
Through spirit chambers richly stored,
Nor sign, nor gleam of outward light
Shows where their fadeless wealth is poured.

There is no morn for those who dwell
In darkness through the circling years;
The shrouded soul, in dreary cell,
Broods pensive o'er its gathering fears,
And round its fringed windows spread,
A sable curtain shuts the view!
Lost is the deep expression shed
Of thought or genius struggling through.

The varied beams which charm the eye,
The flash of hope, the flash of pride,
Lights which in deep affection lie,
Within their sightless orbs have died,
And round their homes the fleeting hours,
With raven plumes, glide slowly by;
They bring no pearls when evening lowers,
At morn, no amber-curtained sky.

In vain the wavering moon beams flow
Adown the starry concave walls;
In vain the Summer sunset's glow
In softened radiance round them falls;
The ray that gilds the hoary hills
Cheers not the mansions of the blind;
The sunlight on the gurgling rills
Gives not its brightness to their mind.

The changing tints which Autumn flings,
In rich profusion o'er the field,
The frost-white pearls which Winter brings,
To them no beams of beauty yield;
They cannot see the waving woods,
The hisping pines, the knarled oak,
Or view the grandeur of the floods,
Which erst to man's free spirit spoke.

The star-eyed flowers of early Spring,
Which light the bowers where angels tread,
In vain their heavenly beauties bring,
Or glory round their pathway shed.
The high-wrought works, the gifts of God,
The ruby drop, the sparkling gem,
The very soil o'er which they've trod,
Have countless mysteries to them.

They cannot see the friends they love,
Whose kindly tones to music flow,
The nameless grace with which they move,
The witching smile, the cheek's warm glow.
Oh! it is mournful thus to bend
In darkness o'er life's solemn streams,
Nor see the shades that softly blend
Where beauty weaves her golden dreams.

Mournful to feel the wings of years
Beat idly round our spirit home,
Nor see th' alternate smiles and tears
Through which the chainless pinions come.
More mournful still to feel the jar
Of the great world, yet sit apart,
A sphereless orb, a shaking star,
That midnight folds within its heart.

What spectral guests must haunt the soul,
Thus trembling on its hermit throne!
What waves of suffering round it roll,
When passion wakes its deafening tone!
Oh! it is there in the wealth of mind
One gem enshrined and shut from sight,
Whose ray serene can cheer the blind
And bless them with its heavenly light!

Sweet Human Love! thou deathless lamp
Within our soul's sky-arches set,
When night hangs o'er us chill and damp,
Thy cheering radiance fingers yet;
And Naphtha-like, with fragrant blaze,
Thy light here to the blind is given;
Till soul, unbound, in transport strays
Along the ether vaults of heaven.

THE POWER OF BIRDS TO COMMUNICATE INFORMATION TO EACH OTHER.—All birds are either daily or nightly employed in seeking out their food, and some, being at times more fortunate than others, undoubtedly possess the power of communicating their success to their own fraternity. I have frequently observed three or four small birds in a newly sown field of oats, evidently local inhabitants; in a few days their numbers would be increased by hundreds of strangers from a distance. If one solitary jackdaw discovers your cherry tree, he will most assuredly introduce his acquaintances to the fruit. A rook will also, in some mysterious way, influence a large flock to share with him your early potatoes or corn, when once he discovers the desired treasure. The alarm note of the parent will instantly silence the noisy chirping of its young, and large birds, by a peculiar motion of the wing and manner of flight when high up in the air, and too distant to be heard, will signal danger to those upon the ground unconscious of the stealthy approach of the enemy. It is to their eyes, and not their nostrils, that they owe their safety upon such occasions, and it is a mistake to suppose that they either smell you or the powder from your gun.

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his head, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I wasn't, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like these sermons the best that jumbles the judgment and confounds the sense. Oh, sir, I never saw one that could come up to yours!" at that!

"Bill, I've been in real-estate a little lately," said John, "how much have you dipped in?"

"Bought a lot in the cemetery, and half an acre just north of it."

"Just north—what the deuce did you buy that for?"

"Going to live there."

"Yes, Bill, I want a home beyond the grave."

SPIRITUALISM—ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Jan. 19, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

It may be well for us to state that we intend to express what we conceive to be the truth; and that, in the utterance of these sentiments, we design no personality, but shall leave it to you to judge if the facts are correct or not; and if, sometimes, in the course of our remarks, we may seem severe, we have no excuse to offer but that which is implied in our sincerity of aim. Our subject on this occasion is a *True Exposition of Spiritualism—its Theory and Practice*.

On the occasion of this morning's discourse, we explained our views in reference to Christianity, the lofty truths it inculcates, and its inevitably high standard of morality; also, that there is, from some cause existing in all Christendom, at present, a lack of living faith in the immortality of the soul. Notwithstanding the acknowledged prominence of the purest virtue in the Christian scheme, still there is a want of pervading consciousness and abiding faith in man's eternal existence, which indicates a defect somewhere. Of this dearth of faith the Christian world itself has long been conscious; and to avert the evil consequences, various sects have arisen from time to time, each one, professing to embody a more acceptable form of Christianity, and higher evidences of immortality. But we do not refer to the morning discourse, further than to repeat, that, while we believe most distinctly in Christianity, as in theory the most saving, and in practice the most ennobling of all religions, yet there is an actual lack of faith in its divine authenticity, and in consequence, a lack of words to correspond. As in all Nature there is always an answer to every question, an antidote to every poison, a medicine for every disease, so, in the mental and spiritual worlds, there is a supply for every want.

The great cry of the nineteenth century, and even of previous ages, has been, "What evidence have we of the immortality of the soul? Christianity is beautiful and true, but we perceive not its miracles—they are not done to-day. Christ was crucified more than eighteen hundred years ago; his disciples have all disappeared; and to-day the Christian Church reveals a theory whose practice we acknowledge secures happiness; but how are we to know that the soul lives beyond the grave? We have a feeble hope of Christian salvation; we have the proffered remedy of an atonement, but all cannot avail themselves of it. What must be our evidence?"

From the world at large comes the response:—"There is no evidence! If a man dies, he shall not live again—all that makes the man is his physical organization—there is no life beyond the grave!" From all the schools of science we hear the assertion, direct or implied, that the great idea of Immortality has no certain foundation in Nature—the voice of Faith grows fainter, and a death pall seems to close up every avenue of assurance respecting that world "from which no traveler returns." Suddenly, in the midst of all this doubt there rises something which, at first, the Christian deems as a demoniacal imposition, and the Atheist derides as humbug, and every class in the community is united in deriding it. It is a faint voice, purporting to say, from the other world, "I am a departed spirit. I have lived upon your earth—have had a form like yours. That form was put off and buried, but my spirit survived and addresses you now." "Non-sense!" exclaims one. "Humbug!" shouts another. "Devils!" cries the Christian world. The mysterious accents grow louder and more distinct, and, at length, many voices are heard chiming in chorus, proclaiming to the world that they are not dead, but living, and can hold communion with friends on earth. Those who cried humbug, now say but little; those who shouted Devil, nothing at all; and the voice is still heard, letter by letter, word by word, sentence by sentence, until it has framed the grand Epic written for humanity to read. Now, what does that Poem seem to say?

The theory, or creed, of Spiritualism, is distinct and practical. It is, first, that the human soul is immortal—that it exists beyond the grave—that departed, intelligent spirits who have lived upon the earth, can hold communion with friends still in human form—that, to effect this, they adopt every means within their power, whether rapping, tipping, or writing—in the form of mental or material impulses—and seek, by a constant series of communications, to reveal the beauty, glory and certainty of the life beyond the grave. This statement involves no embarrassment—it is clear and distinct. The message comes to all alike, and is expressed in the same way to every individual—sometimes in words of beauty and power, sometimes of the utmost simplicity—it is always to the same effect. It says to the mother, who has just clothed her infant in the garments of the tomb, and laid it away in its tiny coffin, never to be seen again on earth, "Mother, I am not dead, but living!" and when night steals on, and that mother's heart grows faint beneath its load of grief, a soft light, like that of moonbeams, is seen in the room, and behold, the form of her child, saying, "Mother, I am not dead, but living!"

It comes to the gray, old man, tottering on the verge of the tomb, and says, in the name of long vanished companions, "We are not dead, but living!" The hosts of the departed throng around father, mother, brother, sister, wife, child, and all unite in the declaration, "We are not dead, but living, and can speak to you. We come with evidences of immortal life, with assurances that we love beyond the grave, that we guide your footsteps, guard you from danger, and relieve you from grief and care. We come to wipe away those tears of sorrow which hide heaven from your eyes; we bear messages of love, and real, tangible tokens of identity; we can tell of our departure, how we entered this stage of existence, what is our condition here; and when the portals of the grave shall have opened to receive their mortal coverings, your souls, too, beautiful and sweet, will step into our shining ranks renewed, young, divine!"

The theory of Spiritualism does more than this. If your loved ones are with you; if they can hover round you, bearing messages of love, and can express themselves through earthly mediums, does not this rob the grave of its terrors? If you can step from this life to another higher, better, purer, is not the grave the gate of happiness, instead of an abode of gloom? Is not death a messenger of light and joy, instead of an angel of darkness? All this Spiritualism reveals by facts too widely known to need repetition, if by numbers would allow of it—facts to which millions are ready to testify. If you require physical evidence, such as appeals to your senses, it is abundant and sufficient. If mental evidence, such as appeals to reason, that also is readily to be obtained. If you seek personal evidence, your friends are only waiting for you to ask, that they may gladly give that testimony, and demonstrate their identity in many ways. We will go further. Spiritualism proves what Infidels, Materialists and Atheists have so loudly and boastfully denied, that what is revealed in the Holy Record is true. They can no longer deny the evidence of their own senses, though they scoff at prophets and apostles. Not only, therefore, has Spiritualism opened the way of immortality, but it has rendered doubly certain the truth and divine origin of the Christian religion. The practical religion of Spiritualism, in its pure and intrinsic character, is as simple and beautiful as its theory. It is this: If God is the Father of the Universe—the creating Spirit of all things and of all mankind—the Saviour is all truth, embodied in Jesus of Nazareth; the highest and holiest mind which has visited and watched upon our earth. The true spiritual doctrine of immortality is exemplified in his life and teachings; and Spiritualism, while it comprehends and recognizes all truth, includes no creed not in accordance with morality and justice, and fully accepts, as its own, and standard, the doctrines of Christian religion and virtue, as ex-

pounded by Jesus himself. It believes in the revelations of the past by inspiration, because it teaches that inspiration is a law of Nature, a gift which is never withdrawn, and only requires faith like that of Christ and his disciples to render it a living and palpable fact. So much for its theory.

It will be acknowledged even by skeptics to be that which is most acceptable to humanity and best supplies their needs, by appealing most satisfactorily to both their reason and moral sense. For instance, it is not permitted by the creed of popular Christianity to believe that those who have departed this life can return, even to a consciousness of what their friends are doing, and we are told that, if they are not suffering, in waiting for the judgment day, they are in some far-off realm of light or darkness, where they do not notice our existence.

But what of this doctrine which tells you they have but laid aside the body as a worn-out garment, and entered upon a new life, in which they can and do return to watch over and protect the objects of their love; that the wandering child is shielded often by his spirit-mother; that many a kindly hand is extended from that invisible realm to save an erring mortal from downfall; that the father, whose declining years require a stay, has children who come from the other life to strengthen and encourage him; that the mother watches unseen over the cradle of her orphan babe, shields it from temptation and wrong, and guides it safe to manhood; that father and mother, brother and sister and friend are all waiting and anxious to greet those who will listen and receive their counsel? They profess no other purpose, have no higher object than to promote the happiness of those they loved on earth, and to perform the will of their Father in Heaven. Such is the theory announced by all spirits, and their desire, and such their business. It appeals to the religious, for its substantiates and proves that which Christianity has advocated for eighteen hundred years, viz: that man lives beyond the grave, and the fact of that existence it is no slight thing to have thus proved; its conditions, of happiness or misery, may be determined in the light of subsequent discoveries. But Spiritualism also teaches that the future happiness of the soul depends upon the conduct of the human being on earth, and his degree of moral elevation; that every act, whether of good or evil, brings so much of happiness or misery to the spirit in the hereafter; in other words, that you literally make your own spirit-life by your life on earth, and enter the other world in precisely the same state in which you left this. Of course, the road of progression is not shut to you, but you cannot at once be transformed from a demon to an angel, by acknowledging, and repenting, in terror, your evil life. There must be a gradual, conscious working out of the evil; and if that is not done here, it must be done hereafter.

Spiritualism corresponds, also, to the intellectual requirements of advanced humanity. Skeptics long ago found out that the Bible does not agree with the teachings of Nature. Many things related by Moses are impossible in the light of geology, and more than one geologist has turned his brain in striving to reconcile the two. It is now seen that the old record expresses only what was true to the children of Israel. Spiritualism also expresses the fact that mind can control matter through other agencies than those acknowledged by the external senses; and it proves also that intelligence can be manifested only from an intelligent source. If a table or chair can be made to talk intelligibly, it must be the instrument of some intelligent agent, consequently, we must admit an unseen power to be present; and if identity be proved, we must conclude it is a disembodied spirit—so that all which skeptics have heretofore deemed incongruous in connection with the claims of Christianity, is now made out clearly and distinctly by the testimony of our own senses and reason. Such are the theories of Spiritualism; to enumerate the facts on which they are predicated would tax your patience too far. Your journals are filled with them, and numerous publications have given evidence which leaves no room for doubt. Myriads now live in this abiding faith.

But we have now to call your attention to some facts of a different class. There is no doubt that the shaft which Spiritualism has sunk has struck the vein of that *floating population* in the United States and other countries, of which we have spoken in terms which are no less applicable to their mental and spiritual, than to their political status. They form a class who have never believed in anything, but are ready to adopt any form of belief, as occasion may require—from orthodox Christianity down to the latest "ism." They are the aids and reliance of the radical reformers—the destructives, who tear down old edifices indiscriminately and put up nothing in their stead. They consider themselves commissioned to reform the world. They deify Christianity and all other supports of law and order, recognized by society. They have been ready to seize upon every new doctrine—and it is not at all surprising that Spiritualism, which presents such an admirable cover for their designs, should have attracted many of these characters—and that in their hands it has become one of the most impossible and preposterous systems, both as to theory and practice, ever brought before the community. On the one hand, are susceptible minds who see in Spiritualism that which satisfies their affections and their reason; on the other are these rank social products, nourished by the moral miasms of every pestilential scheme which has ever floated for a while on the surface of society.

Thus it happens that we have, as advocates of so-called Spiritualism, all the off-scourings of society, in a new shape. We have the *discontented* apostles of Mormonism, Fourierism, and every other "reform" movement which nobody has cared to adopt; and when the world recognizes these as leaders in our ranks, it stands aghast and says, "Why! these are the old nuisances revived—this Spiritualism is but another name for that which leads to immorality and the tearing down of all that is dear and sacred in our institutions. It opposes Christianity, and even seeks to violate the sanctity of the freestone!" and we are sorry to state that the conduct of those in general who profess to be Spiritualists confirms this judgment, and society has but too good ground for complaint and apprehension. It must be so from what we have stated.

The class of persons who are satisfied with all existing organizations, both in Church and State, and repudiate all moral and religious restraints which prevent them from consummating their schemes of evil, are glad to seize hold of any theory, however beautiful, which can be perverted to their purposes, and no doctrine is sacred from their profane and polluting touch, unawed, as they are, by any conceptions of religious sanctity, and undeterred by any considerations of social welfare. What is the result? It is that the general tendencies of Spiritualism have been not to elevate but to degrade its disciples in the moral and social scale, to break down all barriers which have been considered essential in a well-ordered community, and destroy every altar and shrine to which their rites and sacrifices could not be dedicated. Each member of the class to which we refer seizes hold of Spiritualism with the same idea—that he or she is to be made the Saviour of humanity by its means; every broken-down politician, or expelled church-member, seeks to engrave upon it his own audacious speculations, and to make spirits responsible for what he dare not openly advocate in his own person. Thus spirits are made the scapegoats for all manner of profane and unwholesome practices, and are regarded as commanding the invasion of all that is most dear and sacred to humanity. No crime so abhorrent, no folly so preposterous, that it has not been thus, directly or indirectly, fastened upon us, through those pretended and self-constituted expounders of our faith. If you have any doubt of this, you have but to look abroad over the land.

In the first place, Spiritualists have generally the reputation of being impure, atheistical, everything, in short, that is improper and unseemly. There is usually some ground for opinions so widely spread. In the next place, it is burdened with a number of illiterate and plausible professors of more or less talent, who belong to that always numerous class of

persons that have never paid their debts, and who seek to gain the means of an easy livelihood by flogging upon the credulous and innocent, in the name of our holy belief, theories which have no more foundation in Spiritualism than this building has in the Atlantic Ocean. With these facts before us, we cannot be surprised that Spiritualism has been unpopular, that there has been an universal clamor against it, or that every society with any claim to morality has refused to admit its pretensions. It is not surprising that many, after becoming acquainted with it, in this aspect, should have withdrawn from all recognition of it, and refused to countenance a system which is ignominious to those who have advanced, and shame to those who have abused it. Nor is it all singular, that under such circumstances, Spiritualism should seem to wane and decline; that, like other evanescent doctrines, it has ceased to be a nine days' wonder, though, unlike others, it remains as a permanent warning to the world. With sorrow we say it—many are the families which have been desolated, from a mistaken idea that the theories of these self-appointed teachers of our faith are the genuine doctrines of Spiritualism. Many thousands are the hearts and minds which have been broken and overthrown through this fatal delusion. You may always view with distrust and suspicion that person, whether professing Spiritualism or anything else, who is loud and forward in the denunciation of all authority save his own. You may be sure that such an one wishes to impose on the credulity of his hearers, either to gratify his vanity, or to fill his pockets at their expense. You may always suspect that class of persons who avail themselves of any new doctrine in order to set at naught all the rules of decent society. All such, you may rest assured, have no good foundation for their theories, whether as classes or individuals. Turn away from them; for true Spiritualism refuses to be contaminated by their advocacy.

You may always doubt those who, having risen from an ignoble position, announce themselves as appointed ministers to reform the world, for, having never received Christianity, they do not understand the first principles of true reform; they would revolutionize, but not in the right direction, and they leave nothing to mark the track of their progress but infamy and ruin. You may always doubt those who, under the pretense of being interpreters and instruments of the angel-world, seek to work out, wherever they go, their own selfish and ignoble ends. It is in consequence of their proceedings that the truths which come from the invisible world are so widely regarded with distrust, that society turns from Spiritualism as from a pestilence; it is because its tendencies are seen not to be of an elevated moral character that the world is unwilling to be seduced by a beautiful theory into practices which lead to inevitable ruin. Money—which is everything when properly used—credit, which is sometimes as valuable—have been sacrificed at the dictum of a mediocrity who has been directed from the other world to say to some credulous person that he must part with his means to benefit mankind. Thousands, in good position, and of virtuous characters, have incurred the blame of having deprived themselves, or their kindred, of material comforts and support, in order to serve the selfish ends of some adviser of this stamp. Never believe that a good and wise spirit from the other world would ever counsel you thus to render those dependent on you or anybody else, unhappy. Remember that Spiritualism, in its true and holy sense, advocates all that is holy, all that is pure, and all that is sacred, and comes not to destroy, but to add to the happiness of Earth's children; and where over it is perverted and made an instrument of evil, it should be discountenanced by every lover of truth, no matter how the name of Spiritualism may suffer in consequence. It cannot suffer more than by tolerating the wrongs which are committed under the shelter of that name.

Further than this we might dwell on the practices of professed Spiritualists; but we have said enough to show that, while the doctrine presents the evidence of immortality, its abuse leads to such a perversion of what is good and true, that the Christian world cannot but condemn it, and none can tolerate it, save those who are willing to incur the brand placed on all who call themselves Spiritualists. There are those who occupy positions in which they cannot be thus assailed; and of these it is said, they are insane, or in their dotage; but all persons of sense, who value the esteem of their fellow-citizens, and would aid the cause of humanity, justice, Christianity, religion, and pure Spiritualism, will most surely enter their protest against anything which can, in any degree, give a coloring of truth to such reports, or confirm the sentence of condemnation passed by the popular tribunal, upon our cause and its advocates. We call upon you, in the name of all you hold most dear, and by the tenderest and holiest ties which bind you to humanity and the other world, to ignore, in theory, practice and support, anything at variance with what is just and good, and connection with this subject, and to avoid any person who appears in your midst, in the guise of a Spiritualist, and offers to you that which tends to overthrow the peace and happiness of any country, society or individual. We warn you, distrust those voices purporting to come from the other world, which advise you, in the name of your friends, as to personal matters, when they prompt you to any course which you know not to be right. Why, there are those who, not content with the evidences they receive of immortality, and the knowledge of the other life, seek to obtain, from this source, directions as to making money, or gratifying this or that petty caprice, or object of personal ambition; and oftentimes, forsooth, upon the authority of the spirit-world, some obscure person is stigmatized and consigned to ignominy!

Again, if there is any personal amour to be prosecuted, matrimonial alliance negotiated, or undiscovered treasure brought to light, the spirit-world must be appealed to to effect the object. Now, while it is very proper to seek the counsel of your spirit-friends on befitting subjects and occasions, it is not proper to try to pervert their high and holy offices to serve the purposes of mercenary gain, or of individual passion or ambition; and as surely as you attempt this, so surely will you receive for answer some communication not sincere and direct—some concoction of the medium's brain, which will lead you to speedy discomfiture, if not to certain ruin.

There are in Nature, high and undeveloped truths which no mortal can conceive of, and all these can be distinctly and clearly expressed by your friends in the higher life; if you will discriminate in your questions, there will be equal discrimination in the answers you will receive; and if you come to search deeply and in a sincere and religious spirit, you will not go away unimproved or dissatisfied. If you are Spiritualists, by no means allow yourselves to be deceived by any theory which is connected with practices which your reason and moral judgment tell you are not founded in right. If you are not yet Spiritualists, accept, as the result of your future investigations, only so much of the theory as commends itself to your judgment and calm discretion. With these safeguards, and with the consciousness that our theory is the most beautiful and sublime ever brought before the world, we may hope that, when these superficial miasmas have passed away, Spiritualism will be like a clear and placid lake, reflecting the myriad lights of heaven, and revealing in its depths unnumbered forms of beauty. Then shall the life on earth be rendered so consistent with the life of eternity, that the one shall seem to merge into the other.

Let your minds be disciplined to understand that no soul, save that of God himself, can be the judge or arbiter of your salvation; and that no spirit, however lofty, can instruct you, except in perfect agreement with principles you have already learned. Beware, lest you be led to tear the sacred garland, and drag the spotless garment in the dust, for as surely as a righteous being rules, those who do these things will have to suffer punishment.

Guineas and half guineas are very pleasant "mint drops" for a man to have, even if they are all due drops.

LIZZIE DOTEN AT LYONUM HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, January 26, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

DEATH AND ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The lectress offered up a prayer to "the great Author of all change, who has ever manifested his unchangeable nature through changeable instruments," that all might drink of the celestial springs that shall fill their natures and purify them forever.

Her text was: "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death." She said: Man cannot, in his material sphere, understand what death is. The theory may be presented, but he is left to speculate upon it and revolve it in his own mind; and he will never understand it till it has entered into his own experience. Every one must die in his own way, and have his own experiences, through death. There are some laws so general as to be presented freely to all. When we come to understand the facts and experiences of change, then we know what we have at best but believed before. In the midst of life we are continually in death. From the cradle to the grave, man goes through continued scenes of change. It is true that the body is always changing in life. The first day of infant life, the conflict begins, and the internal life begins to struggle with the external. It takes in nutriment, breathes in atmospheric air, and throws off its excreta, and it is like the progress of a god, in its unfolding through every fibre and nerve of its physical world-house; and as he unfolds from one state into another, the lower drops off and dies. As the poet has said:

"Life evermore is full of death.
Through earth and air and sky,
And that a rose may have its breath,
Some other thing must die."

That animal life may be sustained, the grass and flowers die, and in order that the human may grow, the animal must die; in order that the spiritual being may be introduced into different circumstances and a higher development and more favorable atmosphere, man himself must die. Man extracts the kernel of life, and throws away the shell; eats the fruit and throws away the rind. The question arises, is this, that lives after the mortal encasement is thrown away, dependent upon the chemical relations of the body? If it is, when the body dissolves, then, as an inevitable consequence, the body and spirit are alike mortal, and both must die.

The question has been asked, where the spirit resides, and some philosophers say they have found it—a little spot in the brain they have called the seat of consciousness. There are nerves of sensation running all through the being, but here they end. Thither all the messages of the external world are brought, and from thence are sent out all the currents of power. Yet there is unconscious action all up and down through the physical being, by the little nerves seemingly acting upon their own responsibility; so it is not for us to determine where is the residence of the soul.

There is a central power of consciousness in the spirit, and if man goes forth from his physical body, where does he go? and if he is mortal, to what laws is he subjected? All those laws are natural, but they transcend man's actual knowledge. Man trusts much to his senses, and is apt to believe only what he can touch with his finger, and see with his eye; to believe only what he can handle, and is palpable to his material senses. But are not heat, light, and the various gases, all material?

As the spirit inhabits the body, or parts of it, man asks how the spirit departs. Let us first find how the spirit passes into the body, and that by analogy. How do you kindle your fire? By light, combustible material, you will say. But it might lay till the Day of Judgment, unless fire was brought in contact with it; then again, how do you kindle the fire? You say, in this day of modern inventions, you have the friction match to aid you. Very well, lay the match with the combustible material, and there is no fire. You must make use of the power of friction, and apply it to your combustible material, and you have fire. Do you not see you had to make use of the power of friction before you could build the fire?

So, from the analogy, you ask where is the friction match of man's being? See, too, the savage, who has not your modern inventions to aid him; he rubs two pieces of wood together, and produces heat, and then fire. You perceive then, the spirit was hidden in the wood, and only waiting for the friction or the motion to bring it to the surface and into play. Now God is the great motive power of the universe, and we find motion the manifestation of the divine power. Nations, principalities and powers bow down before the divine mystery that God himself rubbed together the materials that produced the heat, fire and flame of Spirit. Now, the power has descended to humanity, and let us make it more clear, and see how the heart of the material universe was kindled up by Deity. Once, all the material of which you are composed, was invisible. Once, you were only thoughts in the mind of distinct human beings; even as all inventions are embodied thoughts. It was first a picture, an image on the brain, worked out in the laboratory of Deity, and going through all the line of being till at length it became through all the varied changes, a human being.

We have shown you how the soul is kindled by motion, and how it is kindled up through all his being. Now, how does the fire go out? When the fire is once kindled and burns, it is because there is an affinity between the fire and the fuel. There is a principle in the fuel to which the fire has been communicated, and the fire will continue to burn as long as there is any fuel to be consumed. Look at your common wood fires. What is left when heat and fire disappear? Only ashes. So the spirit fire in man burns, eats and devours all the animal strength given to sustain it, and then retreats, even as the fire lives in the wood so long as there is the element to feed the flame, but when that is exhausted, it leaves the wood, and it becomes ashes. So the spirit, when it has burnt its way through the forces of life, is born through the brain, which is the womb of life, into the spirit world.

When man dies, he dies from the extremities; the hands first grow cold, because they have no longer the proper kind of food for life to feed upon; life withdraws, till it heads in the bulbous root of man's existence, the head, and dies upward from thence into the world of spirits—from the highest state in mortal life to the lowest state in the spirit-world, and then onward in new creations to the feet of God, Oh, great and wondrous change! When we have beheld battle-fields strewn with the living and the dead, we have seen great hearts from the spirit-world, glorious spirits gently covering poor shattered brains from the relations of mortality. We

have watched them tenderly, and borne them with rejoicing to the glorious kingdom of God.

Now the old Gnostic idea was that sin belonged only to the flesh; and it has also been contended that the soul is material, and dies a physical death, and from the resurrection rises to share eternal bliss or sinks to be damned forever. We do not put to you this old idea as truth, yet there is a degree of truth, a partial truth in it. The thought of God is perfect, as much in one sphere of life as another—as much in the populous city as in the solitary home in the forest wilds. Whatever man does, he but works out through the mediumship of Deity. If man can do this in this world, how much more glorious shall be the idea when man shall be free from the association of those things of material life, which obscure his sight and obstruct his sense, and, surrounded by the presence of kindred spirits, he sees the light which does not, chaining solar system to system; and feels the kindling of another love, or the warmth of a new life, to exist forever and forever. Oh, man with your immortal progress forever with you, and rising till its beautiful and glorious summit is lost in the infinite, oh, if you could once understand the eternal mysteries and the serene beauties of the spirit-world, in all their fullness, you would be impatient to break the bonds which hold you, and spring forward at once into the eternal future. But, by infinite wisdom it is concealed from your view.

Man is prone to ask, if my soul has a material birth, and I have evolved it from my spiritual body, and have entered the spirit-world with all my idiosyncracies, individuality and sins, shall I, must I go into the presence of God and the pure-eyed angels? Oh, poor humanity, how limited is your vision. Is one thing imperfect, because it is not some other thing? Are not all things in man's existence necessary in their places, and shall not you, just as you are, with all your wickedness and deformity, occupy some important place in the eternal spiritual realm?

He who looks at the evil alone, will prove man a fit subject for eternal damnation; and he who sees good alone, will declare him already fit for the companionship of the angels. We must pass between these two extremes.

John Calvin taught that from the foundation of the world, some were predestined to eternal damnation, and some to eternal salvation, and this not because of their merit or demerit, but simply because it was God's good pleasure. This was his first tenet. The second was this—that Christ died a full and free redeemer of humanity, and from his death, the burden of sin shall be plucked to all humanity; yet, nevertheless, those elected to salvation, should be saved, and those fated to eternal punishment, should be damned. His third tenet was, that man was naturally thoroughly and entirely corrupt; all the goodness ever in his soul was killed by the fall of his first parents, and he can do no good thing, and think no good thought; and it is only by the whims of God that he is to be saved. His fourth tenet was, that by no exertion or desire on their part will men be saved from the wrath of Deity, if predestined to destruction, and by no deed of the flesh will they forfeit God's boon of eternal bliss, if foreordained to eternal bliss. Though a man may believe himself damned, yet some time he will be lifted to his estate of perfect bliss. The last of these links, in the chain of Calvinistic theology, which is worse than any of others in blasphemy against humanity, is, that though elected to be saved, men may continue in wickedness, and get their fill of iniquity, yet God will bring them to himself and to their inheritance of salvation in the end; while no amount of well-doing on the part of others can affect the immutable decrees of Deity, and prevent their damnation.

Man has accepted this doctrine in the past, because he has been worshipping a God made in his own image, or in the image of his own baser passions. Why did Calvin believe in the doctrine of predestination to eternal torment? Was it not in keeping with the spirit of the man who would cause another to be burned to death at the stake for disagreeing with him in matters of theology? Was he not a fitting instrument to teach of a God of vengeance—he who could sit calmly and witness the burning of Servetus the Catholic, and draw inspiration from that event to strengthen him in his course?

But why need humanity worship Calvin's God? It has served its purpose, and we will be free to say it has in the will of Deity had its use and performed its mission; and now let it be buried in the olden past, and buried so deep that the trump of resurrection shall never call it out again. Such was the Church of Calvin, and such its origin. Calvin borrowed it from the savages. The cannibal roasts his enemy and devours him—damns him as far as he is capable of it. The American Indian ties his enemy to the stake, burns him to ashes, and scatters them to the four winds of heaven. But it was left to Calvin to teach that the spirit of man was to be thrust down to hell-fire, and that the tortures the barbarian inflicts upon his enemy's body, God will inflict upon the soul of his enemies, yet with all the tortures added thereto, that an infinitude of mind and purpose could suggest.

John Calvin's religion was the idol of his sect. There have been other idols built, perhaps not so hideous and terrible, but yet only idols. Some men see something attractive in man, and declare he is not to be destroyed; so they build up a new idol. They declare the Almighty is a good God, and loves all his children, and will save them all—and thus far it is true. This creed is built upon the command of Jesus, to call God father. Now, of the followers of this creed, there are two sects—one termed Restitutians and the other, Universalists. Once, though in some respects synonymous, they were distinct, but now are merged together. It was the doctrine taught through the mediumship of Jesus, and by all the early fathers of the Church, and was preached with all their vigor and eloquence through three or four centuries, and was considered perfectly orthodox up to the time of the fifth general Council, in the year 553, and from that time was set aside, and became lost in the obscurity of the dark ages, when the clear face of God was no longer seen. At length the doctrine was revived again when the pressure was removed from humanity, and loving hearts and thinking brains dared to manifest themselves, and proclaim that the world was made for some good use, and humanity not made in vain; that God is a good being, and loves his children, and will bring them, all up to peace in the future.

John Murray believed in the universal atonement of Jesus Christ, but that some experienced sorrow and tribulation, because of hardness of heart; and unbelief, even after they have entered the celestial sphere. Winchester, another advocate of the Universalist doctrine, declared that he believed in a literal lake of fire and brimstone, and yet he declared that

the seventh page.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Prof. Clarence Butler, whom we have often alluded to before, as a finished orator and philosophical Spiritualist, is to speak in Lyceum Hall next Sabbath.

"PUTTING ON AIRS" IN JAPAN.—The papers say the widow of the late Toyoon of Japan runs a sewing machine—one of Wheeler & Wilson's manufacture, and is a marvel to her sex. These little machines bid fair to supplant the piano-forte as an aristocratic appendage in the East. Hurrah for Yankee civilization!

Two young men named House, of Rockford, have invented a sewing machine for making button-holes.—*Springfield (Ill.) Herald.*

Boston is considerably ahead of you, brothers. The same thing is in use in this city, the invention of Mr. Vogel, No. 168 Washington street.

ORD.—The Chicago *New Covenant* publishes a list of its delinquent subscribers. It is a noticeable fact that the one most in debt is a Mr. Reader, of Reading, Ill.

It is said that among the regiments made up of citizens of foreign birth, and marked by the characteristics of trans-Atlantic military dress and manners, none is more conspicuous in the army of the Potomac than the Garibaldi Guard, Colonel D'Utassy. Eleven distinct nationalities are represented on its roster, and as many languages are spoken in its camp; and, *mirabile dictu*, all comprehended by its linguistic colonel. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Norwegians, Greeks, Servians, Dutchmen, Armenians and Hungarians, mingle happily in its ranks, and hold daffy conversations in their several dialects, although all the commands of the Colonel, the general orders, and the Sabbath service are in English.

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy now," said he. "How the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers I'll hold it with anybody!"

Mrs. Partridge has a friend in the army. Being asked one day what his station was replied: "For two years he was lieutenant of the horse marines, and after that he was promoted to be captain of a squad of sapheads and minors."

There is a farmer in Putnam county, N. Y., who has a mile of children. His name is Furlong, and he has eight boys and girls.—Eight furlongs one mile?

Berdan's sharpshooters now encamped near Washington, numbering two thousand men, and splendid marksmen, are without guns! As yet they have only been able, despite the utmost exertions of the Colonel, to obtain fifty muskets for guard duty. Sharp's rifles were promised them by the President, and ordered by Gen. McClellan, but some trouble in the War Department has thus far prevented their getting them.

The French excel all nations in studied equivocation, but give us a Yankee for the unintentional kind. A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected Sir—I went yesterday to the fair at M—, I found several pigs of your species: there was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!"

Madame Jerome Bonaparte is still residing in Baltimore. It is said that she enjoys good health, and though verging upon fourscore years, has a hand as pretty, cheeks as plump, and skin as fair as a young girl of seventeen.

"Reassure yourself, dear Jones," said Brown, "Or, faith I'll feel ill-treated!" "Egad!" quoth Jones, "I'd rather stand and see my bill receipted."

The King of Prussia, in addressing the Ministry on New Year's day, said the year commenced with a serious aspect throughout the world, rendering it the duty of Prussians to be prepared for any eventualities.

A livery stable keeper named Spurr, would never let a horse go out without requesting the lads not to drive fast. One day a man called for a horse to attend a funeral. "Certainly," said Spurr; "but," he added, forgetting the solemn purpose for which the young man wanted the horse, "do not drive fast."

"Why, jested young man, old fellow," said the stable keeper, "I want you to understand that I shall keep up with the procession if it kills the horse." Spurr instantly retired to a stall and swooned among the straw.

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following story, which is certainly characteristic of the Yankee:

A story is told which I think you may make room for in your columns. When Douglas was in Bangor, during the last Presidential campaign, a lady from one of the adjoining towns, being a Douglas man (?) and wishing to gain his acquaintance, stepped up to him and says: "I am Mrs. F—, Mrs. C—, F—, the inventor of the Liver Invigorator." Won't you take a bottle?"—*Leviathan (Me.) Journal.*

An actress was being complimented in the green room upon the blackness of her hair.

"Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist.

"Dyed?" repeated the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty."

"No," said the lady; "but you know whom the gods love dye young?"

The talent of success is simply doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do—without a thought of fame. Fame never comes because it is craved.

Paris LeFollet, the Parisian fashion guide, tells us that January bonnets are worn composed of two colors. For instance, black velvet, trimmed with colored flowers or feathers. They are still made large, but not of the unbecoming shape recently worn, being rather flat instead of pointed at the top. Colored ribbons are no longer considered in good taste, having become so very common.

YANKEE LIQUORS.—When Beaufort was taken, (no journals record) They found but one white man—as drunk as a lord, And the fellow some mention in story may merit, As the only secessionist there who had any spirit; For the rest—save some poor contraband cotton pickers—Were so sobered by fright that they ran from their hickory!—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Would it be of any use to a man desirous of becoming a public speaker, to connect himself with a spoke factory?" Well spoken, brother Prentice.

A critic of Mr. G. V. Brooke's acting in "Othello," complains of the long pauses introduced, and says it is a common fault with him. Once while acting *Hamlet*, Mr. Brooke made a very long pause after the words "To be, or not to be," upon which an impatient occupant of the gallery vociferated to the tragedian, "Toes up for it, Brooke!"

Some slanderous bacchic says it is "much joy" when you first get married, but it is more *joy* after a year or so.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; a man is a fool to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

With True the pretty Quakeress, I fell in love; who would not? I gently pressed her for a kiss, But True thought 't was not prudent. What if by force I take it then? I whispered, still persistent. She sighed, "'t will be quite cruel, when You know I'm non-resistant."

Because poets have been called the irritable race nearly all irritable young men and women seem to think themselves poets.

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

Libertinism and Licentiousness.

In the last issue of the Rising Tide, published at Independence, Iowa, the editor thus quotes from the little book I have just published:

"Animal love, that starts into being a bud of immortality, is as true and as holy as the love of prayer and praise."

And upon which he comments as follows:

"This last quotation, in our opinion fully sanctions and sanctifies *libertinism* with all its results, and would, if fully carried out, transform the world into a vast house of ill-fame, with no restraint upon the licentiousness of its inmates."

Now, Mr. Daniels, in sincerity I will ask you, if you think that this reflection is generous? Do you honestly think that it is reasonable, just and fair? Because a man sees that God has done well in the production of creation, in making all things as they are, just right, is it necessary for that man to be a libertine? Is it necessary for a man, because he ceases to condemn and find fault with the causes that afflict and curse humanity, to walk upon the burning embers of libertinism and licentiousness? Every natural man has animal desires, and has he not also common sense given him to accompany these desires, and to be exercised with them? Has not every man some regard for the customs that contribute to a decent, respectable, civilized society? Is not animal love necessary for the production of our social happy homes; for the production of this vast human world; for the propagation and the continuation of the human species? And is it not God-given, true and holy?

Animal love is accompanied by other faculties that belong to humanity, and all these faculties are given in wisdom, for exercise. The excessive activity and exercise of one faculty over others, brings affliction upon its victim and causes others to make unpleasant reports, generally exaggerated and filled with blame and condemnation. Men are always liable to do what they condemn and blame in others. This excessive activity of one faculty over another causes affliction; causes pain and suffering, which no one loves. Any overaction, or illegality in the sexual demeanor, is an awful curse to this world's happiness and prosperity. So the conclusion is, that all who wander in the direction of licentiousness, or illegal sexual acts, are blind to consequences, for the reason that all love and seek happiness, but are driven by a force that is unseen, in which we may not doubt wisdom always exists. The curses and afflictions of our lives, I cannot doubt, are as good for us, in a spiritual sense, as are those things that we call blessings. I know not of one single thing on earth that causes the physical prosperity of men and mars their earthly happiness so much as illegality in sexual thoughts and actions behind the curtain of physical life, which is too general to define. But such is life—and God has made the world—and he has made it, too, as it is. And I am sworn in, from my own interior convictions, notwithstanding there is so much pain in it, to pronounce it good, and all that is in it right, and leave off fault-finding and condemnation.

In all that I have written upon the subject—"Whatever is, is Right," there is not to be found one single sentence that advocates libertinism, or illegal sexual intercourse. My liberalism, my reason, my love for physical prosperity; my desire for happiness here on earth, invite in the opposite direction. I cannot think that libertinism injures the immortal soul of man; but I am certain that it causes his earthly well-being. My love is too material to desire yet that my earthly well-being should be slaughtered by the suicidal knife of libertinism. But we know not how soon the powers of the unseen world may move us against the dictates of our common sense and reason. We do not guide ourselves, but we can pray that we may be guided in the paths of rectitude and peace on earth; and the paths of rectitude and peace on earth are not the paths of libertinism.

In all, too, that I have written upon the *all right* subject, I hope there is not to be found anything that deals condemnation and blame to any of the deeds done by humanity. What avails condemnation and blame? Humanity acts by the force of its own inherent, invisible power, the same as the earth revolves by its own inherent, invisible power of revolution, or as the vegetable world sends forth its tints of beauty in a thousand kinds and forms—all from the inherent nature of the germs that make these kinds and forms.

I think it is simply for the reason that I have not pronounced curses and calamities upon those who are reputed to be licentious, that I am called a "sanctifier," and a "sanctifier," of "libertinism."

There is too much proneness in all men, for one man to call another man a "bad." There is too much similarity in the secret thoughts and action of men, should they be revealed for one to cry out against another. Let humanity grow to leave off this talk about licentiousness, and the blame of it in others, and the curse of it has ceased. Let humanity learn the physical causes of licentiousness, and animal love will be used with discretion and common sense, the same as we use fire to warm us, not to burn us.

Animal love is as true and as holy to me as any thing, of earth, and its fruition is happiness, if accompanied with reason, decency, justice, common sense that were made to accompany it.

"For today, I know no better standard for the exercise of animal love, to go by, than human law. All deviation from this law, is liable to injure the

body and to make the aggressor unhappy. And thus I conclude that for our earthly happiness and for our earthly prosperity, (if it be in our power to do so) we cannot be too virtuous and law-abiding.

A. B. C.

Spiritualism in and around Boston.

At no period since the advent of our gospel from the other sphere, has its progress been firmer or broader in New England, and especially in and about Boston. Having spent several months in this section I have had a good opportunity to compare with former visits. Hundreds of mediums have been partially or fully developed, and many are doing good business in curing the sick or bringing messages to the souls of the doubting or mourning; many of them quietly and privately pursuing their course, but never having their names given to the public through the papers or by cards or bills of any kind. (Persons living in Charlestown will find one of these—healing—at 14 Walker street.) With permission, I could point out many, but as there are many excellent mediums whose cards can be found in or out of the papers, it is not necessary to notice those who prefer not to be advertised.

The success of Dr. Gardner, in keeping up meetings in Boston for several years, almost alone, so far as business was concerned, and the securing, also, through his efforts, of the excellent hall now used, and the inauguration, in these war times, of free meetings, which could never have been accomplished, even in times of peace and business prosperity, is evidence of my statement for the city. The success and steady increase of the BANNER in its circulation since the war broke out, is another. And the engagement of lecturers in several places near Boston, to the end of the year, is still another. Never have I had so many calls for my Banners as during the present fall and winter, and have already engaged the last three months of the year, and could engage the whole year and more if I had not Western demands on my time. In some places the war seemed for a time to slacken the interest, and the meetings were given up, but only to be re-opened and renewed with increased interest.

The bitter sweet opposition of sectarian organizations has lost much of its sharpness, and already many churches and families belonging to them are taking homoeopathic doses of several varieties, some being treated by mediums for disease, and careful to state they are not Spiritualists, and some getting messages from spirits, and careful to state they do not believe in Spiritualism; some taking the philosophy and religion, and some prebating it almost unconsciously, and still careful to often say they are not Spiritualists; the latter class are in danger of being salivated, and some preachers have already found their teeth loose on attempting to bite; the first are in danger of being cured by spirits, and depending on them for doctors, and the second of being drawn out of the churches and into Spiritualism before they are aware of it.

It is now evident that the churches must come either in their organic capacity, and admit spirits intercourse, or the members will be drawn out one after another till they are too weak to support preachers, and too few to keep up meetings, and give tone and character to society; if they come in their organic capacity, they will be able to maintain their social existence for a time, and keep up small exclusive and inclusive society, and still the spirits and many of us who *believe in and work for* the world, will be drawing them and the masses together till we force them to take down the barriers and admit every son and daughter of God or man, to full and equal membership, and make a brotherhood of the race and bind and blend the two spheres of life and being together, with the angels pulling us mortals up and out to higher and more spiritual life and condition, and a rational and spiritual religion preached by every preacher and accepted by every hearer. Then our work will be accomplished as pioneers and plough-shares to fit the fallow ground for the seed and harvest of the future.

Take courage, friends, the work goes bravely and briskly on, even in these times of national trouble, when clouds hang heavily over beloved country laden with the portentous events of a near and terrible trial for conservative and aristocratic institutions, and the concealed pride and bigoted arrogance of those who oppress the poor, rob the laborers, and turn the miserable and wretched offspring of sinful parents, (whose souls are saved by wealth and conversion) away into hell "with the nations that be forgotten God." As if it were a sin to forget, or to be born totally deprived, or to inherit a moral or physical disease, as most persons do in our "sin-sick" Christian society. Blessed be the spirits, for they come as Jesus did, to bless the poor and the suffering mortals who need it.

WARREN CHASE.

Boston January, 1862.

Married.

In Killingly, Conn., Jan. 17, 1862, by Elder George W. Greenleaf, NEHEMIAH J. WOOD, of Sterling, to MARY MARIA MACUMBER, of Killingly.

Obituary Notice.

On the evening of January 6, 1862, our honored friend, Mrs. N. O. PINKERTON, bade farewell to her friends and the earth-life, and departed, bound for a higher and better life in the eternal world, aged 53 years and a few days.

Many circumstances connected with the life and death of this superior woman, deserve to be brought before the minds of those who still sojourn as pilgrims in this changeful, varying sphere of life. She was possessed of a clear, logical mind, and was much given to the investigation of the most abstruse branches of theological and metaphysical inquiry. Possessed of an indomitable courage rarely seen in a woman, she never for a moment hesitated to avow her belief in any new truth. With an earnest purpose, and a soul yearning for truth, she traveled, again and again, the many and devious ways of popular theology, in search of a convincing proof of the soul's immortality; but, foot-sore and weary, she returned from her wanderings in those fields. They were a many labyrinth of darkness. She continued in the valley of doubt until about three years ago, when light from the eternal world broke in upon her soul. She was permitted to hold direct communication with the angel-world, and became an inspirational speaker, breathing words of light and hope to those who sat in the valley and shadow of death. Her pure, truthful soul was deeply interested in the elevation, renovation and purification of society. For the fallen and degraded of her race, her aspirations and petitions went up continually to the angel-world. For the emancipation of humanity from the bondage of vice she labored on all occasions when her feeble health would permit. For many years her body was frail, yet she lived to see the last of her children laid in the tomb, and at the time of her death, was a childless widow, but as it was always the case with the good and true, she had many warm and dear friends to cheer her in the decline of life. The disease which closed her mortal career, was a violent attack of inflammation of the lungs. Her sufferings were great, and continued through a period of four days, but were borne with the same fortitude that had always characterized her in meeting the worst and pain of human existence. The last day of her life, when it became apparent that she must soon set sail for the invisible world shore, she called her friends around her bed, took each one

by the hand, and gave them severally, her blessing and counsel. With a face radiant with light and hope, and joy, she avowed her continued belief in the doctrines she had been laboring to establish.

Oh, she exclaimed, "this is a glorious doctrine to die by, friends; continue in the good work—it will be a great thing if you can only free a few from the shackles of theological dogma." She bade the unstable to stand fast, and exclaimed in transports of rapture and delight, "This is the best day of my life; I hear the angels singing; I am happy, happy, happy! To the doubting she said, while her eyes shone with heavenly brightness, "Doubt no more—I know there is a blessed, glorious, eternal life." After she had taken leave of the many friends who stood beside her, she asked them to sing, and while tears choked their utterance, they sang—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above."

She clasped her hands for joy. In response to the sentiments of the hymn, "Oh, hinder me not, for I want to go home," "I'm going," "I am almost over the river," "The angels are pleased," were exclamations that fell from her dying lips. She retained her senses to the last moment, and breathed her life away as sweetly as an infant falling asleep in its mother's arms, without a struggle or a groan.

D. G. MENDENHALL.

American Steel Pens.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONNET HALL, TARKENT STREET, (opposite head of School street.)—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 2:45 and 7:15 o'clock, p. m. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Prof. Clarence Butler, Feb. 9; Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, Feb. 16, 23, and March 9; Prof. Clarence Butler, March 9; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, March 23 and 30; Miss Lizzie Dwyer, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Harding in May.

CONFERENCES HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings will be held on Wednesdays at 10:15 a. m. Conference meetings at 3 and 7:15 p. m. P. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening at 7:15 o'clock. The subject for next evening is: "Mediums."

CHALMERS HALL.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall and 7:15 o'clock, and evening services at 7:15 o'clock, p. m. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Mary A. Ricker, Feb. 9; Miss Emma Houston, Feb. 16, 23, and March 9; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 9; Miss Lizzie Dwyer, March 16, 23 and 30; Miss Emma Houston, April 6, 13, and 20; N. S. Bond, April 27.

MANLY.—Meetings held in Bassett's new Hall, Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Dwyer, March 2 and 9; F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday morning and afternoon, in Wall's Hall, 212 Broadway, during the winter months, from Dec. 1st to June, 1st, during February; Belle Beaugall, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday morning and afternoon, in the Congregational Church, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Belle Beaugall, during Feb.; W. K. Bond, for the three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sundays in April; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Macomber for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, in April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; and Emma Houston in June.

NEW YORK.—Lectures every Sunday at Rowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 2:15 and 7:15 p. m. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton, CHALMERS HALL, or speakers who wish to make appointments at the BANNER office, 158 Washington street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Morca Palace Library Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock a. m. and 7:15 p. m.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of

AMERICAN PEOPLE.

And the Early Melancholy Decline of Childhood & Youth, JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the above subject, the Cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption, Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden Cause of Failing Memory, Mental Depression, and all the most troubling and distressing diseases of the young. This is a most thrilling book, and is the result of thirty years' experience of the author in more than ten thousand cases of this class of physical malady. It has been written from most carefully and judiciously gathered facts, and appeals most powerfully to Parents, Guardians and to Youth, for it details timely aid to restore the already shattered bark, and a ladder to clear the shoal and rocks for childhood. Send two stamps and obtain this masterly effort. *Fail not to send and get this Book!*

Each case is scientifically determined, and the true plan of treatment adopted from analysis of the secretions of the kidneys from the blood, and from printed interrogatories, furnished each applicant. The Institution makes use of a powerful Microscope, and Philosophical Apparatus. Patients applying for interrogatories or advice, must inclose return stamp, to meet attention. The attending Physician will be consulted at the Institution, or by mail, at 10 a. m. to 9 p. m., of each day. Six days in the forenoon.

Address, DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, 95 Fifth-st., Troy, N. Y.

TO FEMALES...MRS. DOCTRINE STONE, The Matron of the Institution, who is thoroughly read and conversant with all the latest and most scientific and most powerful remedies of more modern origin, will devote exclusive attention to the treatment of this class of diseases peculiar to her sex. Among the many diseases daily met with, and which are the cause of much suffering, are: Chronic inflammation, ulceration and prolapsus of the womb. The Medicated Ascending Douche: a most important curative, for arousing the nervous force. Price, \$5. Females can consult Mrs. DOCTRINE STONE, confidentially, by letter or personally. Address, MRS. N. O. STONE, M. D., Matron to the Institution, Troy, N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

DR. AMMI BROWN gives special attention to preserving the teeth from decay or broken look, and are usually extracted, and to filling and regulating CHILDREN'S TEETH. ARTIFICIAL TEETH ON VULCANITE, which is superior to metal plate in cleanliness, durability and accurate fit, at about half the price of a well made set on gold. Pure Sulphur Ether used in extracting.

Feb. 8. 24 1/2 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

DR. H. L. BOWKER, Office No. 9 Hudson Street, Boston. Medical examinations free at the office, and at a private residence, a look at hair. Patients furnished with board and treatment. Feb. 8.

MR. COLOHESTER, OF NEW YORK, Test, Business and Proprietary of the "Early Physical Degeneracy of the American People," at his rooms 75 Beach street, opposite Edinboro's. Has the marvelous Phenomena of Spirit Writing on the body. Also, in connection, Dr. O. Conklin, the well known Healing Medium, of New York. Im Jan. 16.

W. L. JOHNSON AND M. W. PRAX, DENTISTS.

HAVE taken rooms at 175 Cornhill Street, Boston, where they are prepared to perform all operations in SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTISTRY.

Dr. J. makes the Surgical branch of Dentistry a specialty. In which he has had an experience of eighteen years. Being endowed with strong Magnetic and Healing powers, he is enabled to extract teeth, in many cases without pain. He also makes use of his Healing powers in the treatment of Nervous Diseases in all its forms. Jan. 25.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he has written a book, which contains the full directions for making, and successfully using, the remedy. Free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of Consumption that it does not cure. It cures the most chronic cases of Consumption, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, indigestion of the bowels, wasting away of the system. GRADDOCK & CO., Sep. 11. cowly 220 North Second st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence on the evenings at 7:15 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 5 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Central Court, Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELI AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—Nearly opposite the old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Author of "Whatever is, is Right," &c.

Now Ready; THE GREAT CONFLICT! OR, Cause and Cure of Secession.

By LEO MILLER, Esq., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.

Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$5.

All orders addressed to BELLA MARSH, 14 Broad-st., Boston, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, or ROSS & TUCKER, 121 Nassau street, New York, will be promptly supplied. Dec. 28.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, Ghosts and Ghost-Seeing. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

My EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Chastant. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis!

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind.

By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest confidence of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles.

There are to be found more than 300 Prescriptions for more than 100 forms of Disease.

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of *Indispensable Value for Family Reference*, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in the latest one Mr. Davis has written the whole new, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family.

It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are so much interested in its success, as they are in their own health and happiness. Here is the *Plain Road to Health!*

A handsome 12mo., of 439 pages. Price only \$1.

Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY;"

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Durdworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HARDING, by THE SPIRITS.

Price, 50 cents per hundred, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than stars 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—to more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BARNES or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Tuesday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "A Consolation in Unending Good." Samuel T. Jacobs, Oberlin, Mich.; Hannah Connelly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellwood; Wm. Stone, to his wife.

Thursday, Dec. 19.—Invocation: "The purport of the message from England." "Theodora Jackson." "Christine Perkins." "Joseph Wilkey." "Nelly Gleason."

Friday, Dec. 21.—Invocation: "The Celebration of Christmas." Dennis Wilkins; Rhoda Wilkins; George B. Moore, Cambridge, Indiana (printed in No. 15); Alice Maria Tucker, to his wife.

Thursday, Dec. 26.—Invocation: "Do the Spirits come at the call of mortals?" "Leland Chase." "Ricardo Hernandez." "Peter Sears." "Mary Ann Powers." "Harriet Sewell." "Capt. Israel Hall."

Monday, Dec. 30.—Invocation: "Is the Soul's Progression Endless?" William Watson; Elizabeth Perkins; Freddy Davis; Josiah Copeland.

Tuesday, Dec. 31.—Dr. Wm. Clark, Boston (printed in No. 16); Catherine Boyce, Princeton, N. J.; Charles P. Young, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Gould, Orleans, Mass.

Thursday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connelly, Manchester, N. H.

Monday, Jan. 6.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become his own master, and if so, when?" "Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers than for believers in Spiritual Manifestations?" Willie Jones, High Street, Boston; Florence S. Upton, Charleston, S. C.; Joseph Sullivan, Jewell, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous questions." Martha Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Hiram Kenney, to his wife in Boston; Polly Jones, to her son.

Thursday, Jan. 9.—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man." "What is it to be born again?" William Sherman Osgood (printed in No. 17); Benjamin Hancock, New York; Lizzy Nelson, New York; Charles Freeman, to his son; Sally Brown, to her children; To Clarence Williams.

Monday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: "Perfection." Richard S. Townsend, Manchester, England; Ellen Maria Sampson, New York City.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "Will the Spirit of man forever retain its present form or form?" Nancy Hagwood, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Kimball, Boston; Philip T. Monty, New Orleans.

Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." Thomas Jaskin, Second Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Solomon T. Ringe, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Pembroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Prattville, Ala.

Thursday, Jan. 23.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions." "Light." "Antonia Marshall, early birth." "N. Y. Lucy M. Pennington, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Olive Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; to Philip Sprague.

Invocation.

God of wisdom, God of power, and God of infinite mercy, we bless and adore thee for all the manifestations of thy most glorious self. We do not thank thee, oh, our heavenly Father, for those coruscations of light which are daily and hourly showered around us, but for those midnight shades, for that shadow over humanity, we thank thee. We believe that added to the darkest shade will be the brighter shade of glory. We thank thee for all conditions of men—for the drunkard, for the prostitute, for the dissolute, of every description—for the Christian, for the Heathen—all, all, scattered abroad over the face of the earth. While we thank thee for all, thou wilt accept our thanks. Oh, our Father, we feel that thou wilt not only receive our thanks, because of thy glory, but even if we descend into hell, should we be wrapped around with the darkest shadows of life, while those dark shades prevail, may we feel that thou art in the shadow. Thy glory is not more seen in the brightest cherub than in the hardest demon. Thy children here and elsewhere not only dwell in light and sunbeam, but also in darkness and gloom. There is no place where thou art not. Teach us, then, by the power of thy ministering angels, not to call anything unseen. Unto thee, most holy one, we offer thanks, not only now, but throughout eternity.

Progress of the Spirit.

Have the friends any question to ask us? We are now ready to hear such.

A visitor suggested as a question: "Is the progress of the spirit immediate, or is it by distinct degrees?"

There are many distinct degrees in life, both here and hereafter. One most distinct to you of earth, is the change called death. There are as many quite as distinct changes after death. The growth, the unfolding of the miniature God, is gradual—or unfolding of the miniature God, is gradual—or gradual as scarcely to be perceived. The dew falls silently and gradually—the earth drinks it in silently and gradually. The flowers unfold silently and gradually. So in all outward manifestations, man's unfolding is gradual. The minor degrees are small, very small, so much so that the outward senses cannot perceive them, yet they are distinct in themselves. The outward chains that enfold society, interlink with each other, and pass from one to the other. There is no going backward in nature, neither is there great strides forward. No evil-minded man to-day can become a saint to-morrow, nor can a saint to-day become evil-minded to-morrow. There cannot be despair to-day, and bliss to-morrow, nor the reverse. The great powers in the universe must be brought to the individual spirit. Therefore, we come to the conclusion that the unfolding of the spirit must be gradual.

Electricity as a Motive Power.

We have been requested to answer a question relative to electricity. This question is:

"Will electricity ever be used in the movement of large material substances?"

There is no element in, under, or above the earth, or in the celestial regions, that man cannot and will not make his servant. Man is endowed with wisdom, and he is the only portion of our Master's creation that is endowed with wisdom. In virtue of this, he will become a God in himself. So then, we are to suppose, sooner or later he will become so far acquainted with the electric element as to make it his servant, in every sense of the word. The past few years have unfolded much in the science of electricity. Man has already taken many steps in regard to making it his grand servant. Judging from the past, we know that he will make it a servant, to do his bidding and obey his commands, implicitly. At the present day there is but a small understanding of the element, compared with what there will be in the future. Will he use it in the movement of ponderous objects? Most certainly he will. Oh, our questioner, know you that in the compass of one drop of water, there is an electrical power, if rightly applied, sufficient to overthrow the Bunker Hill Monument. We speak that which we know. When man shall come to understand fully the nature of the element, he will not use it to do his will? Most certainly he will. As man unfolds his mind, the material in his nature recedes. Look back five hundred years, and you will scarce recognize the man of that day as belonging to your race.

Physical strength dies before the march of mind. Man makes the elements to serve him. As much as he requires certain conditions for his happiness, for his development, if not found in physical forces, he must look for them in the elements, and use them also. We look abroad over the land, and we see that we have everything keeping pace with the growth of the soul. Everything is improved upon. Machines

through our markets to take the place of strength. This and that will take the place of physical forces, and perform the labor man used to perform. But a few years ago the electric fluid was not understood at all. A Franklin found out a little of its nature, and, in a few experiments, sought to shake hands with it, and he found it ready to shake hands with him. In a few ages to come, man will not only shake hands with the universe, but fold it around him. This much, mortal, we know, and when you stand upon the shores of immortality, you will agree with us that electricity shall be your most valuable servant in the future.

Reuben Price.

Mr. Chairman, I haven't got much idea of what I ought to say here. I did n't have much of an education when I lived around here, and I do n't know much about your rules, but if you will tell me what they are, I'll try to observe them.

Well, my name was Reuben Price; I was born in Thetford, Vt., and was twenty-one years old when I died. I've been dead most seven years, and I haven't got any nearer Heaven than I was when I died. That puzzles me, and I do n't feel quite settled about it. I died in Johnson, Vt., of a fever, and a pretty hard one, too. I caught it down in Massachusetts, in Brighton. I came down with cattle, and somehow or another I got mixed up with it, went home sick, and never got over it. I have heard about this kind of thing—they used to have meetings in Washington, and I have heard of them around our place, but did n't know how big they were.

I have got a brother in the army, and I put him up to go. He was a little skeered about it, and thought he should be killed. But I thought I would put him up to do something for old America, had as she was. She's bad enough. I thought before I died, something ought to come to make her better, and it's come. I tell you what, Mr. Chairman, the Government is pretty rotten. Ask George Washington—he says this country is awful sick—awful, and God is going to cure her. And he is going to give her medicine that'll make her mighty sicker. That's the way the doctors do round here.

I can't tell all the strings I pulled to influence my brother. One thing—the times were pretty hard, he liked money pretty well, and I told him he would get good pay, save his money, pay up his mortgage, and not get shot. That's the way I got him off. If I was here and could make peace by anying the world, I would not say it. There is any amount of rascals about here, and you can't take care of them. God is going to take care of them, by having them nearer to him. I've seen Gen. Jackson—he's a shame of America, but yes, it is coming out all right.

But now, Mister, I want just to say to our folks that there are plenty of ways to get a chance of talking to me, but not here, and if I do n't do them any good, I won't do them any harm. That half-brother of mine—we did n't hitch well together, and I thought it was all his fault; but I find it was partly mine, and will own up my share. If I could, I would straighten up some things; so he must take what I would do in place of what I should. Folks had better go to meetings like these where they can find out bodies they can talk through. What do you ask for coming? Nothing? Well, that's easy enough. When you know what to do, it is easy to do right, ain't it? Well, I'll go now.

Patrik Smith.

I'm very much of like the woman who is coming for me. I've got myself here, and do n't know what I want. My name is Patrik Smith, born in Dunwall, Derby county, Ireland. I lived in New York ever since I come to this country. I do n't know at all what I died of. I lived in Meyer's Court, New York. I've got a brother in America, and I've got a sister, and I'd like very much to make myself known, or put them in the way I could talk to them. They were in New York. My sister married Mr. Connolly. I do n't know what they'll do. I'm afraid if they go to the praste, they'll not come to me at all. Have faith? I hear so much about faith, I do n't know what it is.

There are many things I'd like to talk about. Me mother is dead, and is where I am. Believe me? Why would I lie at all about it? I do n't know it is myself at all. Our father died before we left Ireland, and me mother was in good health. I want to say there's things in Ireland that wants looking after. She's been here three months. I want to talk to them in spite of praste or God himself. They know mother was left with a brother. He's looking after things, and it'll be a long time before he'll write and tell. He's looking out for himself. Be so kind as to say I'd like to say something to me brother and sister. I do n't want the praste to know. I suppose I'll have to make myself alive every time I come. Nobody'll treat them (the mediums) any other than I. I'd like to know how to go. Much obliged, sir.

Charles Pettes Anderson.

Halloo, Mister, my mother sent me here. She wants me to talk with my father. My name was Charles Anderson—Charles Pettes Anderson. Charles Pettes was my uncle's name. I was seven years old and lived in Georgetown, District of Columbia. Mother lived there, too, and father lives there now. Mother wants him to pay more attention to spiritual things, and less to material. She would speak, but can't, and so lets me. My mother died of consumption. She was sick when I died, and then she hurried off, too. My mother wants to talk with my father and Uncle Charles, I was named after. She sent my father two written communications through a gentleman in Washington, what is n't public. And my father said, "Humbly" because the gentleman knew about him. And so I came here where they do n't know us, and my mother tells me what to say. She's right here.

I'm a lady, now. Yes, I did know I should be changed. I've been here and see others changed, and knew I should be for a little while. My father is a politician and a speculator, my mother says. My Uncle Charles, too. No, sir, not speculator. Make good deal of money out of it. It's true it is true. My mother says I must thank the gentleman for writing, and must ask if I can come again. I know I shall succeed, because my mother never tries to do anything that she do n't do, and I only talk for her. She says she would tell me more, only because my magnetism does n't hold control. And so she only tells that's the most important. Tell my father, Aunt Mary Eliza, his sister, is here, and she wants to talk, too. Uncle Charles's little boy is here, too. He's little older than me. He died of fever, and he's here. He do n't care to talk, but I do—I like to. I shall come again, some time. I must go, now.

Maria Louisa Favor.

My beloved sister, Josephine—I have many times tried to come to you in this way, since I left you, but never could until to-day. And to-day, I come to warn you against some you associate with, who pretend to be your friends. Oh, my sister, I want you to come to the spirit land pure as an angel. But for this I have watched over you ever since I left. I would say more, but cannot in this public way.

From your spirit sister, MARIA LOUISA FAVOR.

Invocation.

Oh, Lord, our God, unseal thou the eyes of humanity, and unstop their ears—yea, do thou revivify and vitalize every sense, that men may know thee as thou art, the source of wisdom, and not as the vain demagogues and men of the world understand thee; and that they may see thee in thy true character; and unto thee shall be gathered the glorious harvest of wisdom, forever and forever.

What is a Miracle?

We propose to consider and briefly reply to a question propounded by one of the clergy of our city. Our friend sees fit to preface his question with the following declaration, that Spiritualists and mediums

generally believe and declare that Jesus of Nazareth was no more than a medium, performing only such acts as mediums of the nineteenth century are capable of doing, and no more than they can do.

Question.—"What is a miracle? and are the mediums of to-day, those who style themselves spirit mediums, capable of producing or working miracles such as were wrought out by the Jesus of the past?"

What we consider miracles to be. When justly defined, they are no more nor less than violations of Nature's laws, or infringements upon the Delty. Now pause, and let the questioner ask himself the question, if he can suppose an individual capable of infringing the natural laws? And again, what natural law is it? We can tell him it is God. Then natural law, and Delty, to us, are one and the same thing. Therefore, to violate law, we infringe upon Delty. So, then, we declare, there never was a miracle performed. There never was and there never can be an individual capable of violating Nature's law. No one is capable of such violation, and Delty cannot be violated. If so, where is the wisdom so much talked of as centered in Jehovah?

We do not pretend to deny the declaration in regard to spiritual mediums. We have ever taught and believe that Jesus of Nazareth was human as well as divine. He was as perfect a medium as ever existed; but that he ever performed a miracle, we deny. He was perfectly loyal to his God.

Are mediums capable of performing the miracles that Jesus performed? They are capable of performing just what he did. If we believe him, we must so conclude. These things may do, saith Jesus. Not only did this issue from his lips, but from all nature, coming down the ages step by step, and revealed to us of the present age.

We presume our good brother will ask if Jesus did not raise the dead. He never did, and never could. That would have been a violation of Nature's laws, an infringement upon Delty. Oh, our good brother, while you read our answer, and hold up your hands in holy horror at the conclusion at which we arrive, look at the light shed abroad and look at it with an unprejudiced eye. Carry not with you the teachings of your mystic theology, neither dwell in the regions of the dead past. Allow us to add, never read God by the light of your dead theology.

We behold, even now, light shed down upon our good brother. It will come unto him in the silent watches of the night, and reason will break through the prejudice that has so long surrounded him. When reason is heard, as appealed to, it will never be silenced. We feel that the springtime of your new life will ripen into a fruitful harvest, when you will return to Nature's God, and dwell no longer in dark and dead and good-for-nothing creeds.

Herr Schraddall.

I have but one son in this country. I come for to see what I may say to him. I've studied pretty much to come, but failed, because I have not studied enough. There be much to do to learn to come right. I was fifty-four years old when I take my departure from this world. I lived in St. Charles street, New Orleans. I was one instrument maker—make violins, guitars, and such like. My name was Herr Schraddall. My son Frederick lived some time in New York, some time in Boston, and other places. I was born in Heidelberg, Germany. I been here this eighteen years, most of the time in New Orleans. My son vas vat you call give concerta—music—musician. I have try to send some message to my son, but he no believe, because I did not tell where I lived and died. I looked round to find how I may come, and seen this place. I hope I make no mistake.

My son leaves me, and come this way, because I no give him money enough. He vas not with me when I died. I wish to talk to him—no give him money, but advice, with better, from the spirit world. I once have much money, but I lose him, and that bring me to this country. I should like to speak here no long but my son vill hear. I should like much to say to my son and hear since I bin here. But so little time given for each one, I wish to say vat comes first. I wish you very good day.

Elizabeth S. Mason.

The Psalmist says the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. But the children of the spirit-sphere are taught to differ with him. We are taught that the love of God is the beginning of wisdom. Surely if we love him, there can be no fear. True love of God is to love all we see, whether in the radiant sphere of affection, or in the gloom of darkness where the unhappy dwell. We are taught to love all things, because God made all things.

When I was on earth, I thought I was a Christian, and my friends believed I was a Christian. I was considered as a Christian according to the world's definition, but according to the true definition I was not. I was not a Christian, because I feared, and did not love. I hesitated not to say I hated this or that thing, and was governed by resentful feelings. I had been taught to believe that some classes were to be despised, and to pay more respect to those who were of a lofty character.

It is with feelings of fear and hope that I come to this world again. I fear I shall not be welcomed by those I loved best, but hope to be able to overcome any prejudice to my present views. We are taught in the spirit-sphere that we are able to overcome all things beneath us. Surely, fear is beneath us. I have a father—a dear father, on earth, but his spirit is wrapped around with fold after fold of what they call the Christian religion, and on his head is a mitre of Christian theology, through which the sun has never shed its light. But I have been taught to turn to earth to endeavor to induce him to cast off the Christian theology, and accept of the spirit of love and wisdom, which is the only true wedding garment. I am aware that strong prejudices exist with my father in regard to Spiritualism, and that he has not the smallest faith in its truth. I have faith in the promises through Nature, and so I hope to succeed.

Eight years ago I left my father and other dear friends on earth, and went alone to the spirit-world without one gleam of light. I had enough of what was called light on earth, but the valley of death was dark enough, and I knew not where I should land, or who would receive me. I had too much of the professing Christianity of the day, too much of fear which intermingled with my hope of happiness beyond the grave.

My disease was consumption, of which I was sick fourteen months. My name, Elizabeth S. Mason. I was, nineteen years of age. I will here relate a little incident of my life, which may prove to my beloved father that I still exist, and am capable of returning and communicating with him. Some three years before my death I was suddenly overwhelmed with the conviction that I was a great sinner, and needed a change of heart, in accordance with the Christian idea of such things. I was troubled with a terrible dread of death, and a fear of God, so terrible as at most to amount to insanity. I struggled with it for weeks, until it appeared I could bear it no longer, when my father perceiving my condition of mind, called me into his study, and inquired what troubled me. When I told him, he said, "my dear Elizabeth, nothing could give me so much pleasure as to learn of this fear, for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." He knelt down and prayed with me, and I tried to feel assured that my sins were forgiven, but a terrible marble of fear was on my heart, that I could not throw off to the last years of my life. No one but my father ever knew of this interview.

I return now freighted with bright flowers from the gardens of truth, and I have learned that the love of God is the beginning of wisdom. Under this view of truth, we may call ourselves Christians, and not till then. I wish to ask that my father will give me an interview, through some medium, and trust that it will be as pleasing to him as was that I have just related. Good day.

Herbert Langdon.

My name was Herbert Langdon; I was near seventeen years old when I died. I was born in Barnstable, Mass., and died in Chesapeake City, N. J. I do not know about talking in this way—have been dead short of a year. I say dead, for that's the way I believe it is generally understood here. My father was doing business in Montgomery, Alabama, when I died; but I understand he has given up and come this way since I left. My mother has been in the spirit-world since I was quite small. I have a sister older than me, and a brother. My sister is a half-sister. My father married twice. My brother was older than me. I say my father was married twice—he was married three times—my half-sister's mother, my own mother, and his present wife. The last belongs I do n't exactly know where.

I come here to-day, sir, to plead for my sister. I do n't know as you admit of such things. It is to my father I would communicate. In order to understand the state of affairs, my half-sister's mother left a little property that should have gone to my sister—that was the wish of her mother. She has never had it. She married against my father's wishes, and her husband has since absconded, gone to parts unknown. She is at present in a destitute condition, with two small children. Her mother feels unhappy about it, and I do myself, and as I was nearer to the earth than she was, I came here in relation to the matter. Her mother wants father to give Lucy what belongs to her, also his love and sympathy, as he ought to give. If he does this, he will be happier, and have more peace of mind than he has had for some time. I will say for the lady he calls his wife, if she wishes for happiness, here or hereafter, she must not interfere with our work.

I know my father will receive my letter, as he has spiritual friends who are well inclined toward him, and will see it. I shall watch it when it comes out. Good-day, sir.

Lizzy Porter.

Written: The angels take care of us, dear mother, so do n't cry about me and Eddy. Lizzy Porter.

Invocation.

O Father, the world and the church have taught us to fear thee; but the world and the church know thee not. Thou hast wrought the word love upon the tablet of our souls, and we feel inclined to love thee because we feel we have no do so, and that we should not approach thee except with feelings of love. Why should we fear that thou wilt not bless us? Why should we come unto thee with feelings of terror? We know that we should not. When we turn away from earth, and consult with the angel world, we begin to know thee as thou art, filled with divine love. Thou art not only ready and willing to save us from our sins, but we know that thou wilt save us. Though we wander for years in hell, we shall turn to thee when we see our offenses, and sorrow and misery shall pass away. At last, we shall all know this love, and rest in thy bosom. Our Father, should we ask thee to bless humanity? We answer No! But we should ask that all conditions of men may see thy love and hear thy voice—then will they be blessed. This much we ask for humanity, in the name of him who hath taught us to pray.

The Deluge.

Have the friends present any question to ask? If so, we are ready to hear and answer such. If not, we will proceed.

"Was there ever a universal deluge?"

A friend desires to know whether there ever was a universal deluge, such as we read of in the Bible. We have no faith in the biblical record of the deluge—none at all. For we perceive not only the improbability of such a thing, but the inconsistency, the unreasonableness of that which has been presented to the Christian world, and that which the Christian world has called good and accepted. The story is a wild one, born of a wild imagination, and one which had little knowledge of human nature, either in this material sphere, or that across the river death. But that there have been universal deluges of different kinds, we believe. Of these there are those of new thoughts, new opinions, new hopes. A new religion is now swallowing up an old one, and soon the old one will disappear, and that which was held sacred, will be known only in the halls of memory.

There may have been some grounds why this record in the book which you call the Holy Bible, should have been believed. But that there ever was such a deluge as there represented, we again declare, we do not believe, and should one from the spirit-sphere come here to-day, bringing such a fabulous story, not even the believers of that record would give credence to it. It is because it is one of the mysteries of the age, that the story is probable with many; the world is apt to believe in mysticism, folded in dark shadows, rather than in pure truth and simplicity. Jesus of Nazareth was rejected because of his simplicity. He did not come to this material sphere, or that across the river death, to kings and princes of the earth. It was said to them, if thou art the king of the Jews, why dost not represent yourself as such? Why come eating and drinking with publicans and sinners? Why art thou found walking in the simple garb of poverty, and why beg from door to door, if thou art a king? And yet he was a king, and Lord of Lords, in spirit. It would be better for the minds of the earth to receive that which is simple than that which is wrapped up in the mysteries—better, instead of believing that which the priests declare to be true, to believe that which your reason points out, to trust in the simple monitor which is found in the child, that king which all most acknowledge sooner or later. You will understand us to declare that we do not believe in the story you ask us concerning of.

James Rafferty.

I was told would I come here, I would speak with me folks. Me name was James Rafferty, twelve years old. They lived in Charlestown street, then in Sea street, and in Moon street, where I died. Me father and mother, three brothers and sister, I would like much to talk to. I had a bad cold in me heart, somewhere here. I stuff all up, had hard work to breathe some days, and at last found myself dying. The doctors called it congestion of the lungs. I have Dr. Welch. Be so kind as to let me come and speak with me, and I'll pay you some time.

Me mother can't read at all, me father can some. Should the praste know of it, he would tell them I was dead and gone. I can't rest at all; have been in me head all one time, and do n't know what I'll do. May I go down and see them a while? I want to tell them many things that I can't tell in the little time I have here. I do n't know myself what I'll do. I know me father and mother won't come here. They won't know of me coming. Printed? Will it be in the Herald? (It will be in the BANNER or LIGHT.) That is a Protestant paper, and they won't see it at all. If they do n't see it there, will you place it up in the Herald? They live in Moon street, just by the church—Rafferty is the name. Been here about two and a half years, high as I can count. All the time I've been about here. Sometimes I been to school for I died. I sold papers. Been to intermediate school, but did n't have much learning. May I go, Mister?

Jenny Bigelow.

I have found my mother, Mister, and I want to go and tell her. The folks let me come here and tell my mother. I have found her. My name's Jenny Bigelow—they called me so. Somebody found me on the street in the night, when Mr. Bigelow was something. Yes—Mayor, and they called me Jenny Bigelow. Since I have been away from the Orphan Asylum, I have found my mother, and want to tell her so. She is in Boston. Her name's Ryder—Frances Ryder. She is n't poor. I got another mother here, and she tell me to come back and tell her she did wrong, very wrong in abandoning me, and that she had better re-

pent before she comes here. I want to tell her so. My teacher here, said she called me Jenny Bigelow, because Mr. Bigelow was Mayor. My right name was Kempton. I should have had that name. I know my father, too. I can't speak to him because he has gone away to the war. Won't you please tell my mother that I want to speak with her. She often thinks of me, and wonders what has become of me. She does not know that I am dead. I want to tell her that it was very wrong in her to do as she did, and that God does not like it. Good by, Mister.

John M. Whittemore.

My dear friends—I did not enter the spirit-life unwarned and unready, as I have already informed you. Our father was with me during the engagement, and met me as I bade adieu to earth, and welcomed me here. JOHN M. WHITTEMORE, of Cambridge, Mass.

A Waif from Mrs. Townsend.

DEAR FRIENDS, everywhere, I want to telegraph to you through the BANNER, that still stands firm amidst the howling tempest of war hanging so fearfully over our once peaceful land, that I am still on this side "the river," and laboring as ever to cultivate within myself the elements that shall eventually unfold me into a true woman—image of that God-mother we see all around us, in Nature, a ministering angel; and to scatter, so far as my feeble efforts may, the seeds of peace, love and good will to that which may spring into growth, after the great ploughman, Truth, has prepared the soil to nourish them.

I know the clouds hang dark and heavy, the lightning flash, and the thunders roll; but those who have studied the science of Nature, and consequently put lightning-rods of confidence in God upon their mental, moral, and religious habitations, know but little fear, and look upon the contending elements with a feeling of sublimity and admiration, knowing that when the storm shall have passed by, the face of Nature will present the grand appearance of a new birth. Streams that have been as little muddy pools, will come leaping down the mountain side with their accumulation of rubbish, cleansing as they go. The little flowers that have lain beneath the dust until one loses sight of their very existence, stretch up their little arms, and with smiling faces seem to thank God for their baptism. The great machine of Nature has been cleansed, and runs anew. True, we see some places where the thunder-bolt descended, and even giant trees have been leveled to the ground. Some poorly framed buildings have lost their roofs, and others are blown entirely down.

But what do we? Mourn over these ruins? Not long, certainly, but go to work and cut up the trees for use, put on new and stronger roofs, build new and improved dwellings on the spot where the old ruins laid, meet each other on the way, and exclaim, "Splendid storm!" "Sublime work!" We are all well aware that when there are contrary winds, the storm presents a more fearful aspect; but our experience in observing such conflicts, has ever been to see the cool, determined North wind sweep away all clouds, and eventually leave the heavens and earth in smiling beauty.

These are natural laws, belonging to mind as to matter; and now, dear friends, do n't let us be children in this glorious conflict. Let us close the windows and doors while the storm lasts, and look out upon the scene calmly and quietly. Don't be alarmed, because the clouds obscure for a moment our glorious sun of Spiritualism from the whole world. It shines on, brightly as ever, and gives to all these clouds of blackness "a silver lining." Occasionally the clouds break, and then its radiant streams of light pour down in golden beauty, and thousands rush to warm themselves therein.

Let us be of good cheer, carrying over with us the sunny smiles of reflection from truth's great sun, to cheer the passer by. Let us entertain no fears as to the result. That God who has so plainly revealed himself in the preparations for this storm, knows what he is about, and as I earnestly believe, will bring freedom to all his children, red, black and white, as I believe in my own existence.

My little humble home is still at Taunton, where I stop to re-arrange my carpet-bag, as I journey on, and warm myself in the pure sunbeams of a husband's and sister's love. Wherever you are, my friends, my best wishes attend you in pursuance of the Right. M. S. TOWNSEND.

Stafford, Ct., Jan. 9, 1862.

A Test of Spiritualism.

Pearls.

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

SLEEP-LOVE.

Where is the maid with dark-brown tresses,
Ever with me in my dreams?
Sweetly her form my spirit blesses,
Gleams my heart in sunny gleams.

In my lone soul her voice is thrilling;
Like an angel's whispering;
Softly it cometh—passion stilling—
Dove like, "healing on its wing."

Darkly, and yet in love, are bending
Over me those angel eyes;
Love and sorrowing joy are blending
In their holy mysteries.

Clasp me within thine arms, my love, now;
Is it all a dream—a dream?
Angels gaze ye from above, now;
Ye my love's own sister seem.

[Augustine J. H. Duganne.]

In the statement of truth, clearness is intimately
connected with conciseness, as the lightning, which is
the brightest thing, is also the briefest.

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes when all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnets from the thorn.
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail! light serene; hail! sacred Sabbath morn.
The rooks float silent by in airy droves;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales, that lately sighed along the groves,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose.
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,
So stilled the day when the first morn arose.

Every sorrow we meet with is a billow on this world's
troublesome sea, which we must cross to bear us near-
er home.

HAVE FAITH.

Have faith—have courage—never fear,
The promise is in sight;
The lamp of Truth is shining clear,
To banish Error's night.

Though trials gather thick and fast,
And all the world be wrong,
Onward, still onward to the last,
And in the right be strong.

Violent friendship sometimes generates enmity, as
ice may be made by the chemical action of heat.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the full thundercloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.

Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel in all our distresses
Is the stent watchword of "Never give up!"

Better the world should know you as a sinner, than
God know you as a hypocrite.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

BY EDWARD D. FREELAND.

TO A. BEATTY, EVANSTON, ILL.

Your reference to an article of mine, published in
the BANNER of January 4th, 1862, entitled "The Of-
fice of Spiritualism," seems to call for a few words of
explanation from me; and I take the liberty of ad-
dressing to you a few sentences, which, however, I
believe will not be uninteresting to the general read-
ers of the BANNER.

You say, "I believe in a practical organization or
combination of individuals upon the broad platform
of Christ, as God's anointed king and head of the
church, both in heaven and upon the earth." If I
understand you correctly, your platform would ex-
clude all persons who did not regard Christ as pre-
scently—and in a sense created being—the chosen
and specially appointed of God, as king and head of
the church. This being so, I must say in all candor
that your platform is not broad enough for me.

Some of the best persons that I know—the gentlest
and most loving natures, the most ardent lovers of
humanity, those leading the most self-sacrificing
lives, those devoted to the regeneration of the world,
and the uplifting of its inhabitants from ignorance
and misery to knowledge and happiness—in short,
some of the best Christians do not believe Christ to
have been the son of God, in any other sense than
that we are all sons of God, and hold that Christ him-
self so taught; they do not believe that Christ was
"God's anointed king and head of the church," by
any special appointment, or in any other sense than
his own interior perception of his fitness for that of-
fice, at the time when he was upon the earth. They
hold that all good men, who feel the spirit of love
within them, are by this very feeling anointed and
consecrated as kings and leaders in the church, in
the same sense as Christ was in varying degrees.
My platform is broad enough to take upon it all such
persons.

Again, some of the best practical Christians—those
who follow closest Christ's precepts and example in
their daily lives—are what the world technically de-
nominates infidels; those who deny the special di-
vine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New
Testament. They believe that all truth is alike the
word of God, whether it comes through Jesus, Zoroas-
ter, Socrates, Bacon or David Hume; and that the
inspiration of the Hebrew and Christian sacred books
is of the same character as that which is daily speak-
ing to us through the mouths of men and women
among us, especially of that class called mediums,
possessing the power of a deeper insight into spiri-
tual laws than is prevalent among the mass. I can-
not reject such persons from full communion and fel-
lowship.

Still further, some of the noblest, grandest, and
most perfect men in their daily lives with whom I
come in contact, are what the theological world
would probably denominate Atheists—men and
women who do not believe in the existence of a per-
sonal or intelligent God, outside of created men, who
hold that the highest created intelligence is to-day,
and always, embodied in the human race upon earth,
and preëminently in some individual man; thus de-
nying altogether the God, the Father of theology,
and recognizing Christ's claim to Godship only be-

cause he was the highest created intelligence in the
Universe. This class of believers are mostly, as
far as my observation goes, persons of logical, sci-
entific, practical mental characteristics, possessing
little imagination and less intuition or religious
sentimentality. Their course of reasoning is sub-
stantially this.

The human mind, in its present development at
least is inadequate to the conception of the mystery
of the creation of the world or of its creator. All
that we can know is that we are here, and the laws
which pertain to our present state. How we came
here, who made us and created matter, it is impos-
sible for us to know. Three thousand years of in-
vestigation have brought us to-day to the same spot
from whence we started—mystery. It does not
solve the problem to assume that some being created
us whom we will call God, for when we ask who
created God, the same unanswerable dilemma presents
itself. The Christians ask with some show of plausi-
bility, to minds not deep: Could this world exist
without a Creator? Does it not bear evidence
of design, and therefore of an intelligent Creator?
To which is replied: Could this God possessing
such a stupendous mind as to be able to create this
world "exist without a Creator?" Does he not
"bear evidence of design and therefore of an intelli-
gent Creator?" You say this God had no creation
but existed from eternity. "This is no solution. It
is as easy for me to believe that matter possesses in
itself the inherent life-principle which it had from
eternity and gradually develops it, as to assume the
existence of a Being of whose existence I have no
proof, and to suppose that he created the life-prin-
ciple and its phenomenal embodiments. I take the
position in the first instance which you take in the
second. I cannot intellectually apprehend the cause
of being, which you denominate God; therefore I
say in the outset, that it is, to me, a mystery.

You are not satisfied with this, and attempt to
solve the mystery by the assumption of a First
Cause, about which you know nothing, and then, with
the natural tendency of the mind to give form an
attributes to an idea which is otherwise flimsy, you
invest your ideal with transcendental qualities, call
it God, and assume it as the Creator. But when I
ask you whence came God, you are driven to the
same position which I first took, and say—mystery.
The only difference between us, therefore, is an as-
sumption which you cannot prove, even to yourself.
I stopped short when I could intelligently go no fur-
ther, and confessed my ignorance. You, in the face
of your own Bible, which indicates that no one by
searching can find out God, attempt to do it, only to
be obliged to confess your ignorance and presumption
at the second step.

Such is, in substance, the statement of a large
class of good men and women in respect to the meth-
od in which they apprehend the mystery of exist-
ence. I take them on my platform. I see also that
the whole religion of Christendom is only one of the
great sects of the world. That Mahometanism,
Buddhism, Brahminism, and other great religious
sects make the same claim to a divine origin, and
support their claim with the same vigor as the
Christians. I cannot reject from my communion or
fellowship a good and sincere adherent of any of
these religions, though they ascribe to other person-
ages the divine nature, which you and other Chris-
tians claim for Christ.

Frankly, Brother Beatty, I have no confidence in
any organization, religious or political or otherwise,
which is only as broad as our individual perception of
particular manifestations of truth. I believe the day
is not far distant when the sympathy and coöperation
of all good men, upon a platform broad enough for
all good men to stand upon, without reference to the
particular method in which they apprehend truths,
intellectually, will be recognized as the true basis.
I believe it will ere long be considered as erroneous
to believe only those particular truths which we can
individually assent to, as it is now to believe only
those truths which our own eyes have seen. The fact
that good and wise men see and apprehend
truth in a different manner from what I do, and
see truths where I see none, is sufficient evidence to
me that there must be some basis of truth there, al-
though I cannot see it. The mistake which has been
made in the past by religious men, has been, not in
their affirmations, but in their negations.

Because I cannot see it, therefore it is not there.
Because the blind argument which has drenched
the past in blood, stopped the path of progress and
made religion a curse and a mockery. If you or any
other conscientious and intelligent human being see
truth where I do not, I believe there must be truth
there, because you do see it. All individuals are dif-
ferently constituted, outwardly and inwardly. We
all, therefore, catch different shades of truth. I am
ready to cooperate with all persons devoted to the
truth, no matter in what way they apprehend it, if
they will accord to me the same broad right. If you
believe in Christ as, in an especial manner, "God's
anointed king and head of the church," I am with
you. If Miss Emma Hardinge sees in the admission
of Christ as "God in person," a necessity for also
admitting "the doctrines of the fall of man, original
sin," etc., and consequently either denies Christ's
Godship, or admits it, I am with her; not because I
believe as she does, but, because if she believes, it
is sufficient evidence, to me, of some side of truth. If
conscientious infidel or atheist denies Christ's divini-
ty, or stops at the mystery of creation, without at-
tempting to penetrate beyond, I respect his belief.
I hold that there must be some reason in the nature of
things, for his thus apprehending that which may
seem so different to you and me, and can take him
with my hand, my heart and my intellect upon my
platform, without to quote from a forthcoming cate-
chism of a new church organization, "foolishly and
wickedly insisting that he shall apprehend the di-
vine essence in the same way" with myself.

I close this letter, though very reluctantly, having
much more to say, with the statement that the nar-
rowest basis upon which I can join, in religious or
other organization, is that which will include all
those who are earnestly and faithfully devoted to the
discovery of truth, and who conscientiously and sin-
cerely endeavor to live according to the principles of
truth, when known; without regard to the particu-
lar form in which truth may present itself to differ-
ent minds in any age, or in any country.

402 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Down East Bronx.—There is a district school
"not a thousand miles" from town, which has been
proverbially a hard school to manage. A few weeks
ago the boys undertook to drive a cow into the school
room at recess. The master, hearing the noise,
came out and inquired what they were trying to do.
"Why," replied a port fraction of a stripling, "we
noticed a rich crop of grass in your boots, and thought
it was a pity to have it wasted!"

IMPLEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ARTICLE FOUR.

REFORMATION.

The groundwork for all practical appliances of
this implement, is the process of human develop-
ment. Our native ignorance of the Art of Living
makes it necessary to learn as we live; then, to apply
this art and thus attain the superlative end of living,
we can only live as we learn. If, as finite beings
whose Creator and Teacher is Infinite, we can never
become too wise to learn, neither can we become too
worthy and happy to improve; and thus, if our edu-
cation is never to be finished, a conformity of outer
life to our inner growth of character, is, and always
will be, indispensable to our happiness. This is pre-
cisely what I mean, by REFORMATION, which makes a
play of all the sentimental faculties to the end of Con-
tinuement—the fourth and noblest implement of Hap-
piness.

Every adult person may look back on a course of
action, more or less comprehensive, as entirely un-
worthy to be repeated, however commendable for its
contemporaneous incentives and results. Rational
disapprobation, and even heartfelt regret, is no sin-
gular suggestion of memory. Habits of error, too,
will sometimes cling to us, in spite of all our efforts
to put them off. But who is happy in such a case? There
is no peace of mind except in the harmony of its
organic functions. And this desideratum is to be
realized only through a general subordination of
animal appetites to human sentiments—only by
making Reason and Conscience the law and order of life.

Many a man has unwittingly undermined his
physical constitution by contracting some vicious
habit; say a misuse of tobacco or rum, instigated
by the pernicious advice or insidious example of
associates. Year after year he chewed the quid of
morbid comfort, or smoked the pipe of ensnaring
ease, without a thought of cherishing a foe to his
peace. The habit grows, and a train of unforeseen
inconveniences suggests its repudiation; but no, it
"clings closer than a brother." Time flies, and
experience reveals at length the morbid effects of
the narcotic stimulus; but now the habit has be-
come tenacious. Surprised and exasperated by the
incontinent malversation of his ill chosen compan-
ion, the victim of delusion comes to himself and bids
his quondam comforter depart—says, "Begone, thou
treacherous miscreant!" when lo! this same deli-
cious habit, assuming the attitude of constabulary
dignity, promptly taps his shoulder and announces
instantly, "You are my prisoner." Now is the time
for action—now or never. Now the man will show
himself, or die. This is the hour that tries his soul.
See him struggle! Hear him pray! "O for the
might of Samson to break these withes!" O Del-
liah, how couldst thou be so cruel? Does he elude
her wiles? Victory is his name? Then who has
ever seen a happier man than he? One could al-
most wish to err as much for such a triumph. But
does he fall? Who then so vexed? who so mis-
led? See him slink away, like no meaner slave,
crouching to hid, his chain! Never will he own
himself again, nor hope to be a man, till he shuffles
off that chain—conquers the hateful habit—reforms.

Then the victor, alcohol: day after day, for
many rolling years, drank the exhilarating ber-
verage, with little or no apprehension of its inebri-
ating snare. All unconscious of the spell of "fam-
iliar spirits," blind to the consequences of his de-
lusive habit, he imbibed a slow poison, which stimu-
lated his nervous system to an unhealthy action.
This excited all his appetites to excess, scorched his
flesh with fever, filled all his bones with pain, and
thus turned a life of gratitude into one of disease,
derangement, cursing and bitterness. Now he has
come to his senses, and what shall he do? Directly
before him—exactly in the path of his error, so
blindly chosen for the boon of happy living, the
drunkard's grave yawns at his very feet. His soul
shudders, and recoils from the consequences of ad-
vancing another step. He has erred; he knows it
and feels it. What can he choose, but retreat, from
this pit of consternation and woe? If not despair,
what but reform?

But men may not err forever. What need of
Reformation has such as practice the Art of Living?
Verily, the same that an infant has to turn from its
habit of creeping to that of walking erect. The same
that any catechumen has for disregarding the bias
of authority, just in proportion as one comes to feel
the force of conviction. A child does not err in
clutching the apron-strings of maternal protection;
the boy ought to obey the word of his father and
follow the advice of his mother, until he is old enough
to govern himself. Young Christians are not to
blame for accepting the creed of their ancestors as
the Word of God, so long as they are incapable of
thinking and investigating for themselves. None
should be denied the poor privilege of hobbling to
Heaven on the crutches of conventional faith and
ecclesiastical worship, who has not learned, in a ra-
tional and moral sense, "to go alone." But how
foolish is the preaching of these antiquated saints,
when they warn their seniors against the danger of
walking without an artificial support, and by the
light of Reason rather than by faith. Is it any bet-
ter than the whimpering of a creeping urchin against
the experiment of literal walking, lest one fall? Certain
as the law of Progression, there is no form of
Truth, I mean no conception of it, which will fit
the soul for ever. As the body outgrows its raim-
ent, or a garment itself becomes threadbare and
tattered by long wearing, so the mind clothes itself
in a garb of opinion which suits for a while, but is
found at length too strait for ease and too imperfect
for satisfaction; and taste requires a change of ap-
parel, spiritual as well as material. "My Bible
leads to glory," shouts the sentimental religionist,
who seems not to be aware that in going thither his
heavenly leader will be left behind. We must let go
the past, and by looking back too wistfully, many
are turned into—worse than pillars of salt—statues
of custom, idolatry and bigotry. "Remember Lot's
wife," is good negative advice; but Crockett's word
of Progress is better for the work of Reformation.
We are all getting out of Sodom; and we must not
tarry in all the plains of complacency, but "go
ahead" to the mountains of Justice, Beauty and Har-
mony—the habitations of Science, Virtue and Bliss.

Some retrospect their earlier years with a melan-
choly wish to live them over again; either because
their feeble joys may have no second greeting, or
they regret the loss of opportunities unseasonably
discarded. This is unwise, since it tends only to
"vanity and vexation of spirit." Foolish mourner!
Do you not know that pleasures ever wane by re-
petition? and that childhood's goblet drained again

would taste insipid as your mother's milk? But
could you be a very child once more, and try the for-
tune of development, you think perchance you might
be more lucky in what now seems the drift of erring
obolus. Perhaps you would; I know you would, if
you had the prudent bias of life's experience; and
you have your wish, or what is more and better.
Life is yet before you; try again. Call it the Spring
of life; and now, as reason bids, sow the seeds of
Virtue, and make unending time the harvest of Self-
reform.

But this implement applies not alone to the order
of individual development. Each is so intimately al-
lied to All, that no self-reformer is likely to neglect
society. Hence the general work of youthful educa-
tion. Hence all the nurturing and governing agen-
cies of Church and State. Out of this spirit of self-
and social improvement, have sprung all the great
reformatory movements of the nineteenth century.
Some religious phase of the same natural impulse
inspired Waldo, Wickliffe, Cobham, Huss, Luther,
Weeley, Williams, Penn, Murray, Ballou, Channing,
Parker and others of their respective times, to enter
the arena of Ecclesiastical Reformation. One of its
political phases also stirred up the noble, generous
and otherwise pacific mind of Washington, to lead
the van of an army of patriots in the war of our
First Revolution by which a nation's independence
was achieved and a Republic Government estab-
lished. Need I say that both these departments of
social Reformation are nobly represented to-day, by
a host of willing workers who will not faint for ar-
dor, nor weary of their purpose, nor desist from their
constant labors, till Anarchy bites the dust, and
Bigotry dies of shame—till the prayer of Slavedom
is answered, and all civil debts are paid—till the
Broad Church of Christ is organized, and our na-
tional Capitol becomes a true Temple of Freedom?
Then shall the joyous acclamations of our many-
millioned people go up to the ears of angels, who,
from looking down with unspeakable interest on the
present "Crisis" of our complicated world, shall
turn to herald the tidings through all the spheres of
Heaven, that the American Union is "born again"—
that the Republican "E Pluribus Unum" has as-
sumed.

Here my pen touches the goal of the presently
terminating series of its mental indications—the
conclusion that everybody, in order to be happy, must
be a Worker, a Citizen, a Student and a Reformer.

What is Spiritualism?

The following communication was received on Sat-
urday evening, December 28th, from an elder brother
—a graduate of Yale College, Conn., who left the
earthly form about twenty years since. It was writ-
ten in seventy minutes by Mrs. Staats, medium, 83
Amity Street, New York, in reply to the question,
"What is Spiritualism?"

The obituary is the fac-simile of the author's
while in the rudimentary sphere. The essay was read
by the brother to whom it was addressed, to an audi-
ence at Lamartine Hall, New York, on Sunday, the
29th inst., and a copy was solicited by some of the
gentlemen for publication in the Boston "BANNER OF
LIGHT."

Gladly greeting, kindly welcoming the hour which
God has appointed for his agents to carry forward
more of the shining dew-drops of wisdom, I come,
obedient to that divine will which speaks in every
twinkling star as it silently rolls on, and scatters and
gathers from space light, more light. We know and
love their glad rays, and they become to you and us
familiar faces, ranged in the vast circle of friend-
ship and brotherhood. Oh, how sweet, how harmo-
nious are thy laws and how perfect that nature
which hath ordained all things to silently give thee
praise and adoration!

Your question, my brother, as I understand you,
is, "Spiritualism—what is it?" You may well ask,
would an abler hand than mine had hither come to
show to every mind what "Spiritualism" is; for
while we number thousands who accept the belief,
having had every sense convinced of the intercourse
and presence of the departed, we also discover thou-
sands who, under cover of the term, find refuge for
every evil of their nature—every passion of the
flesh; hence, Spiritualism and Spiritualism must be
defined, not as a mere canon of Faith, but shown to
be in their true sense as regarded by those whose
presence with you to-night has established it as a
sensible faith amongst men. I propose, my brother,
to regard it in three different parts, looking at it
through the lens which charity places before the
eyes of the honest searcher after truth.

1st. Spiritualism as a Science or occult law of the
mind.

2d. Spiritualism as a Philosophy.

3d. Spiritualism as a Religion.

1st. Spiritualism, regarded by the savans of this
free land as a science or occult law of the mind, be-
comes at once beyond the power of the masses to un-
derstand. They whose entire lives have been known
freedom and joyed none of the genuine light
which calls forth the sweetest flowers of the low val-
leys of life, have attempted a series of stereo-
typed rules, to do away with this brightest, best
gift of God; and with a vast amount of scientific
phraseology, have passed a verdict that Spiritualism
is a law of the mind yet unexplained; and being in
fact transcending the limits of old theology, have
presented with you to-night, a series of hypotheses,
(for God knows they cannot hide the rubbish of supersti-
tion in its dormant lair, the rubbish of superstition
and bigotry; or tracing scientifically, declared it
to have origin with the devil, or otherwise con-
tented themselves to apply the stern hand of that
justice which man meets out to man, when, with ill-
assumed authority he assumes them that all mir-
acles passed away with the days of Christ. Again,
a more liberal science declares Spiritualism, in its
various phenomena, to be the occult forces of the
mind working out an ultimatum, which will, in
God's good time we trust, render humanity at least
capable of thinking and investigating each for him-
self. So much for finite science, as connected with
Spiritualism.

2d. Regarded as a philosophy which explains all
past extraordinary and abstruse moral and natural
law, but few, who have come to be convinced of the
fact, existing with its believers, but are ready to
own it as the key which the cold mathematical mind
has brought to unlock the mysteries of his own being,
and by communion with himself, seeks no other nor
higher good.

Regarded as a speculative philosophy, it presents
at once the widest sea upon which the maddest fan-
tastic ever set sail. No theory too vague, no idea too
absurd, no opinion so empty, but a nail of peg may
obtrude on which to hang the tiny thread, out of
which the enthusiastic fanatic weaves pages of rhaps-
odies, filled with moonshine odes, &c.

Again, "Philosophy, the love of wisdom," finds
pleasure and rational enjoyment in gathering up one
by one the past and present; and with an eye clear
of prejudice, sees his sea of theory crystallizing into
fact, he no longer floats away to return from an
unprofitable voyage, but finds the store-house of his
mind rapidly filling up with treasures, which, in
spite of material surroundings, must become useful
to those who seek through Nature's wide domain,
for truth in every created thing. It is education
alone that separates and classifies these beautifully
combined elements of and in man; and while so-
called Spiritualism, or belief in spirit-communication,
may be regarded as merely a philosophy, known to
have existed as far back as Confucius, Mahomet
and Christ, so I venture I have ever been progress-
ing, even to this hour, when a nation, who boasts of

gigantic strides in arts and sciences, are in compar-
ative ignorance of every law of their spiritual being.
That Spiritualism is philosophy, no mind need
doubt, for he who understands the first laws con-
trolling the intercourse of spirits, cannot fail to be-
come the philosopher and free-thinker.

As a philosopher, it certainly establishes no law
which warrants the dictation of thought; but, under
existing circumstances, few there be, who, when con-
vinced of the presence of the departed, are not ready
to beg as did Themistocles, to be taught the art of
forgetfulness. It reaches afar back, makes the pre-
sent more earnest, and in many, very many discloses
glimpses of a future in which is beautifully unfolded
that secret law, which indeed belongs to the mind,
and teaches you so to live that you can call into full
play every gift, which an All-Wise Creator has be-
stowed upon man.

Again, as a philosophy, moral in its tendency, it
penetrates the mysticism which lurk in the pages
of the past; makes Milton, Dryden, Shelley, Bacon
and Rogers to stand before you, singing sublime
strains that ever before you feel, while the few dark
epochs which were wont to cling round Burns, Byron
and Moore, fade away before the laws of Imperial
mind, which this beautiful philosophy proves them
to have possessed. You see them before you, and
your interior vision, aided by this light, traces the
secret springs and hidden strings, which waited only
the touch of master-fingers above; and you no longer
ask, whence the plough-boy's talent? or, whither
cometh the divine inspiration which has swayed the
hearts of millions? and whose strains reverberate
from Scotia to every land where voices express the
philosophy of sound, and attraction tells its thrilling,
yet oft silent story—sympathy and love. Ay, my
brother, it is well to regard it as philosophy, and
better still, to know its extent.

When, when will those who fear it as a name only,
trace its footsteps, scientifically if they will, and
philosophically behold it without fearing they may
defame that temple which bigotry and fear have
created too falsely sacred for usefulness, too frail for
utility, too cold for a true life? When the fetters
shall have fallen, and the scales have come down
beneath the flow of light which comes redoubt and
beautiful, as consolation in an hour of affliction,
then one by one, will we open the doors, and pass
the pilgrim on and on to behold every science so
long down-trodden, fast remaining every relic of bar-
barism, and in its stead, placing the more perfect
forms of Charity, Faith, Hope, and the higher sister,
Love.

Again, regarded as a philosophy, weak man casts
aside fear, and proudly goes forward, deeming him-
self safe from the assaults of his church, his spiri-
tual teachers, (who, by the way, in these days seem
vastly more material than spiritual, inasmuch as
they preach a gospel of war instead of peace), and if
attacked, reply under cover of scientific research,
however all such search thus far has proven fatal;
and those who deny, are certainly unfair, not having
granted themselves either a philosophic nor scienti-
fic investigation. They readily concede and ac-
knowledge inspiration in the past; religiously be-
lieve God to work by the same laws as in the days
when the waters covered the face of the earth, yet
are ready to assert that all inspiration ceased when
the apostles closed, and in the first seven in the
present existing copy of the New Testament.

Now, my brother, is not this the shallow philosophy?
A burlesque on science and all the glories of humanity?
Can an honest man of common sense tell you to-day
that Shakespeare was not inspired? Will he, by
philosophy or any discovered science, explain to you
the secret of Washington's success against such
fearful odds? Will he, can he explain the laws
which brought to a Newton's so deemed dull brain,
the mighty solutions which have opened the courses
of the myriad rolls rolling through space? Hath he
discovered the fount whence a Mozart, a Weber and
Rousseau drew such strains of melody, such chords
of harmony? Then as a philosophy, it contains
cardinal points, reaching afar into every discovered
science, covering all the ground of man's deality,
his connection to all beneath him, disclosing the link
to all above.

3d. As a Religion, it interferes with every cord
that binds the soul's aspiration, and fills the heart
with gratitude and reverence to God. It will not say
a religion, but would be understood as saying, it ren-
ders man naturally devotional, charitable, humble,
honest, faithful and true, elevating his every thought,
purifying every passion, by the flame of truth, turn-
ing every discordant wire of his nature to ring out
melodies, sublimely silent, perchance, yet visible in
every note; setting the whole instrument to the key-
note of love, and attaining that enviable position
which Paul had so triumphantly reached, when, after
passing through all of revealed sciences and philoso-
phy, declares himself to be content, whosoever his
lot may be cast. And is not this religion? When
the heart becomes rid of those unpleasant guests
which make up their abode with fear, and feels every
cry of distress which the orphan utters; hears the
widow's sigh, and hastens to stay the throbbings of
guilt, by pointing to the loved one who lingers above
to lead to the fount where the sweet waters of for-
giveness flow, walking at all times conscious of the
presence of those whose now clear vision tells of the
blessed realities of immortality. Is not this religion?
And is it not spiritual beings who teach our spirits
to love God, and keep his commandments? If not,
then religion is but an empty sound, and the word;
only in the three letters which spell the word known
to us, thanks to his holy name, it is an entity—
truth full of philosophy, full of glorious science and
natural religion. Spiritualism, the soul's right of
search on highway and by way; wherever thought
warms in the bark of aspiration, guided by intuition,
consigned by wisdom to the port of love; universal,
catholic, and obedient to the compasses which truth
and justice poise in every honest heart, giving to
every mind its needs; proving the law of attraction
perfect in minutia and detail; questioning ever; an-
swering but to question again; ending only when
lines, which love and sympathy place about human-
ity, are spanned, and every inch given—a glorious
freedom—every man's mission understood, and the
mystery of his being ultimately explained.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E.
W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable
book. The author illustrates several chapters of the
teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original
manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical
bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the
Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven
and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Con-
sulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites,
Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in
large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at
the BANNER or LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents
When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Kenduskeag, Me., and vicinity,
will hold a series of Meetings in Kenduskeag Village,
on the 14th, 15th and 16th of February, commencing
Friday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and closing Sunday with
the afternoon services. Some of the best speakers will
be present on the occasion. A particular invitation is
hereby given to all speakers, and also to the friends in
general, who can make it convenient to meet with us.
Arrangements will be made to accommodate all that
will come.

CHESTER WILD, Secy.

J. O. TALBOT, Cor. Com.

V. S. PALMER, Secy.

Kenduskeag, Jan. 20, 1862.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hiram Tuttle, Esq., is one of the
best scientific books of the present age. Did the read-
ing public understand this fact fully, they would have
the work without delay. By reference to the present
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found
its way into Germany, been translated into