

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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### THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

"Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come; wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home."

On that self-same evening—when Bandolo and his companion were making preparations to leave the cavern for Viola's rescue, and Viola herself was bewailing her sad fate in the most lamentable strains, lo! in the utter darkness that enshrouded her—the old monk had entered the mansion of Count Cesario, and was engaged in close and confidential conversation with him.

"This is what I have come expressly to tell you," said he; "that Viola will be carried away much sooner than I had counted on."

"Sooner?"

The father was taken by surprise. "I have learned," continued the monk, "that a safe escort can be obtained on this very night; and she can go on with that without any further delay, and so be forever out of the reach of Bandolo. I do not hear of such favorable opportunities often, and therefore desire to make the most of them."

"This Bandolo!" exclaimed the count. "But for him, all this might have been avoided."

As he thought of the unknown bandit, it seemed to him as if he rose up before his steps at every turn, haunting him continually. If he ever ventured to give free rein to his fancy, a fleeting thought of this terrible bandit, as mysterious as death, threw a cloud of fear over all. Whenever his heart indulged itself in the usual play of its emotions, he was incensed to find that every feeling was poisoned by the presence of Bandolo, in its very centre. In fact, this most mysterious and incomprehensible of all bandits and robbers existed as a perpetual vision before his troubled sight. He seemed almost to confuse and blur his vision. No wonder that the count both dreaded and hated him and his very name. There was no gift within his disposal, with which he would not readily have parted for the sake of removing him from the face of the earth forever.

"Viola can go to-night," returned the monk, "if such be your pleasure, Sir Count."

"My pleasure shall be altogether yours," said the unnatural parent. "I confide altogether in your management."

"You do me honor," said the monk, affecting modesty.

"I respect your services and reverence your station," returned Cesario.

"Which I trust I do not dishonor."

"Far be the thought from me, that I should ever utter it, that you are not worthy of your station, Father Petroni! We all know better than that!" exclaimed the count.

"Very well, then. All shall be accomplished on this very night," said the monk. "Shall I be the bearer of any message—of a last farewell to your daughter, Sir Count?"

"No; not a syllable shall she get from me! I am as a stranger to her henceforth. Speak not to her of me at all!"

"It shall be so," answered the ever obsequious monk. "But is there any wish on your part that matters shall be so arranged, Sir Count, as that you may recover her at any future time?"

"Not one; no, nothing of the kind. Let her take the veil, and henceforth there shall be no such thing as an outer world to her forever!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the monk, with an appearance of piety.

"I have spoken it," added the count, as if to clench his foolish resolution.

Let us return to Bandolo.

After he and his page left their little craft, they proceeded, as we have seen, to the chamber occupied by old Nancie. We left them standing in a listening attitude before her door.

Having satisfied himself that no other person than the fortune-teller was in the apartment, he tapped gently on the door, and then went in, followed by his companion, obediently to the usual summons.

"Bandolo!" broke forth the old woman, the moment she fully recognized him.

She was unable to conceal her great astonishment to find him within the city.

"Yes, Nancie, it is I," said he, coolly.

"But how is it that you are here in Venice, to-night? You are throwing your life away!"

"I came in my own boat to the stairs on the quay, and thence I came up to you on foot," answered he.

"No time this to joke, one would think," drily remarked Nancie.

"And why not?"

"All Venice is up in arms about you!"

"But am not I armed, too?"

"You against a whole city?"

"Why not? Whose spirit is the greater?" he asked.

"But," said the old woman, "let us waste no time. What is your errand, Bandolo, here to-night? It is not myself that would have it known you ever visit this place, let me tell you."

"No more would I, either. But to my business."

"Yes; be quick! I tremble all over, already."

"Ah, fear nothing from this, good Nancie! Harm never yet came nigh the person of Bandolo. His life is a charmed life. His enemies have not the power to hurt him."

With this, he proceeded to disrobe himself of his outer garment, and there he stood before her, with a simple tunic of bright scarlet upon him. As he made this discovery to her, his handsome face flushed with deep excitement, and his dark eyes rolled wildly in his head. Even she, beset as she was with her fears, felt that he was a very model of manly grace and beauty.

"Now tell me what is your errand," she interrupted, still uneasy about his being there in her apartment.

"I wish you to tell me all you at present know of Viola," said he.

She started.

"Of Viola?"

"I must know every syllable this night. It is not often now that I dare venture my life in Venice; and now that I am here, I must needs perform all that is to be done by me. So speak on."

"Viola is at the convent."

"That I have heard, Nancie."

"This very night she is to start for Verona."

"What! Do you tell me truth?"

"It is even as I say. She will leave the convent secretly this night, on her way to the prison where her life is to be passed. The old monk is her guard. He will take good care that nothing stands in the way of her going."

Bandolo stood still in astonishment. It was out of his power, for some moments, to utter a word, so confounded was he at what he had just heard.

Recovering, at length, in some degree from the stunning effect of the announcement, he said:

"Is there no help for her?"

"I know of none," was the soothsayer's melancholy reply.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Can it be that this right arm, so strong, so active, so willing, has power to do nothing to shield her from her fate?"

Nancie, tell me! I would know of a truth."

Nancie paused a moment in thought, and then replied:

"I can tell you, Bandolo, that all depends at last upon yourself."

"Thank God!" involuntarily exclaimed he. "Then is she safe! Lend me a garment, good Nancie. Give me a dress of pure white, the garment worn by a female, that I may visit the convent at this very hour, and see what may be done."

"Fortunately I have one such here," said the woman. "It happens to be one that was left here by Viola's maid, Juliet."

The face of Fedore was crimson, at this speech. He never was more sensibly confounded. Yet Bandolo seemed to notice nothing of the kind.

Nancie brought out the desired dress, and proceeded to adjust it upon the figure of the bandit.

But for its length, a better fit could not have been found for him.

Once equipped, he waited for no further explanations; but bidding Nancie good night, and, for the sake of prudence and consistency, thrusting his own dagger into the belt of his page, he went off to the room and down the stairs in great haste, followed by his faithful companion.

On they went—master and man—till they came to the stairs at whose foot their little barge was fastened, and, leaping into it, they pushed away into the still water. Bandolo, however, was too prudent to touch the oars himself, but left all to Fedore.

They had glided along quietly and without interruption through several streets, and passed rows and lines and groups of gondollers, hurrying and scurrying this way and that, when they were suddenly challenged by a gruff voice proceeding from a boat that shot out of the shadows directly toward them.

"Who goes there?" demanded the voice.

No reply from Fedore.

"But tell who you are!" repeated the voice.

"No enemy to Venice; I can assure you," answered the soft voice of the page.

"What is your name, then?"

No answer to this.

"Then I shall find out what I can for myself," said the voice. And immediately the other boat drew alongside.

"Ah! a female with you, eh?" ejaculated he, in surprise, as he detected the two persons sitting together.

"Yes; but not for such as you to insult, or to stimulate!" Fedore replied threateningly, and in a sterner tone, at the same time laying his hand upon the hilt of his dagger.

"I am mistaken," said the stranger, a little cowed by the boy's resolute demeanor. "You may pass."

"So I shall!" retorted Fedore. "But it would be well for you to know what you are about, before you challenge people in that way!"

The interruption was but for a moment, and the stranger separated from them and turned away.

It was a laborious and steady tug at the oar that finally brought them to the outer grounds of the old convent wall. A very pale and sickly-looking moon hung in the sky, across whose disk a few shifting and thin clouds occasionally straggled. At the point where they approached it, the convent was located on the bank of a hill, that looked very much like a ridge, and the declivity to the water seemed quite sudden and precipitous. A sort of drainway, or sewer, evidently a passage for superfluous water from the higher grounds, was bored through this wall in one particular place, and it had once evidently been carefully protected against ingress from without by a row of iron palings. It would not have been suspected by any one, however, that there was any necessity for this, since the directness of the descent from the wall to the water seemed to be a sufficient guarantee of defence against almost any attack likely to be made in that quarter.

Bandolo set to work to clamber up this rugged steep, leaving Fedore in the boat alone, but from whose belt he had taken the precaution to remove his own dagger.

Reaching the summit at last, much tired and out of breath, he sat himself down a moment or two to rest; and he then began to look about him, by such insufficient light as the pale moon afforded, to try and discover the most efficient mode of scaling the wall. He was still clothed in his female attire, and fears crossed his mind that he might be discovered, and that an alarm might be raised if he should be discovered in that costume upon the top of the wall. While thus considering what was best to be done, by good fortune he espied the gully the water had formed in its impetuous course from the upper grounds. Comprehending in an instant that the water must first have come through some channel already prepared for it, before it could have been collected in force sufficient to wear so deep a ravine by its flood, he turned and looked to find, if he could, the place whence it usually started.

At the very first glance he discovered it all! There was the fortunate drain, or sewer, dug completely through the base of the wall! What could he have asked more?

He bent himself down to examine it, but found, to his dismay, that it was protected at its entrance by a row of upright iron posts, or bars, small enough, to be sure, yet sufficiently large and strong to resist any attempts of his weak arms to break them through.

For all that, however, he was in no way discouraged. Stopping down, he grasped the dull iron bars with both hands, and shook them as if he were enraged at the existence of this sole barrier to the accomplishment of his wishes. Luckily enough, one of them had rusted quite through, from the effects of the constant flow of water against them—and it at once gave way before his exertions. He thanked heaven, in his heart, for this last encouragement of his hope, and at once crawled through the aperture.

Now he found himself within the grounds of the convent. There was not so much as a foot to be heard stepping about, nor a form to be seen moving before or behind him. Cautiously he proceeded, and directed his steps to the little chapel in the garden, which was the first object he espied.

The door was already open, for the inmates of the convent had passed through but a short time before, and carelessly left it ajar.

He passed hastily in, his heart wildly palpitating between doubt and fear, and, stealing up to the little altar, at once secreted himself behind the veil that was placed there. Perhaps—thought he—Viola may herself come in here, this evening, to say her devotions by herself, or chant her saddest hymns; and then—then all will be safe. What a joy!

What an inspiring thought!

But a brief time had he lain concealed in that place, when he thought he heard a footstep near the door. He listened with all attentiveness, and soon satisfied himself that some one was approaching. Perhaps it was only some one come to look up the chapel; and then what was to be done? But ere he could give way greatly to his fears, the footstep was heard upon the stairs, and finally upon the stone floor of the chapel itself.

It seemed to him like the tread of a man, yet he dared not peer forth from the place of his secretion to see, for fear he might be detected. But his suspense was not doomed to be lasting. Instantly the person placed the little lantern which he bore with him upon the floor, and began thoughtfully to pace the room.

"Viola!" said the person, soliloquizingly.

In his place of concealment, Bandolo could not have been more struck with wonder, had a bullet at that moment passed through him. He was instantly satisfied in his mind that this person was none other than the wicked and hypocritical old monk, Petroni!

"Viola," continued the monk, still pacing to and fro on the stone floor, "it is now for me to determine what thy fate shall be. Thou art now my prisoner. What shall I do next? That is what I must determine soon; it is exactly what I have come here now to determine."

Viola! thy proud father thinks that thou wilt be out of the reach of this robber, Bandolo; and so do I think myself. But it shall not—it ought not to be so by shutting thee up closely within the walls of a distant nunnery. Thou shouldst be free as air. Thou shouldst be a bride, happy and gay—and not a nun. Such a life was never meant for thee; it was never created for such as thou!

But what shall I do, Viola? Here art thou now, in my own power. If I sent thee to Verona—as I am along I have had no serious thought of doing—then I must in time be known here in the convent that thou art not dead; and where, then, goes my power? If I suffer thee to remain here, then wilt thou be obliged to starve in this lower dungeon; for I cannot secrete food for thee a great while in such a

place, and human life, at best, cannot long be extended there. But what am I to do? I am sorely troubled to know. I am in a quandary. I am in a strange perplexity. Would to heaven I had never known thee! And still—who would not fall down on his knees and thank heaven that he has been permitted to look, if but once, within those eyes? Here is the door to thy present dungeon cell. I stand this very moment with my feet upon it. Viola, if I should open this double trap-door and tell thee that thou canst once more be free, if thou wilt but escape with me to a strange and distant place!—oh, would that I could feel assured of it! Would that some one could remove all doubts! But I will first raise the door and see. Yet do I dread it."

The monk leaned over and lifted a large, square stone from its position in the floor. Beneath this was an iron door, to which was fastened a ring of the same material. It was looked securely by a bolt, and to remove that bolt by a single turn of the key he held in his hand was but the work of a second. But before he lifted the iron door, he called out:

"Viola! Viola!"

A very faint and feeble response from far below fell on his ear.

Bandolo heard that response too, in the place of his concealment!

"She is alive still! Thank God, she yet lives!" said the monk to himself, aloud.

All the blood in the heart of Bandolo was at once set in turbulent motion, on his hearing this single response from the lips of the prisoner girl. So sufficed, so distant, and so exhausted did it sound, that he leaped out at once from his hiding-place upon the floor, and, springing with the ferocity of a tiger on the monk, with a single vigorous and well-directed blow he felled him senseless to the floor.

It was scarce an instant's work for him to raise the heavy iron door upon its hinges, and call out:

"Viola! Viola!"

It was a very, very faint answer she gave him, but still he could distinctly make out that it came from her.

"It is Bandolo! It is I!" he exclaimed.

"Bandolo! Oh, my saviour!" came up a faint voice from far below.

The young man was nearly insane with impatience.

"Reach me up your hand, Viola!" he cried.

"Bandolo!" was all the reply he heard.

He reached his own hand far down, and all around, in the darkness, groping aimlessly about from point to point; but no hand was extended to grasp it, that he could feel.

"She is dying!" cried he, in a frenzy. "That devil of a monk!"

He dashed wildly about over the floor. What, in truth, was now to be done?

#### CHAPTER X.

"Why I descend into this bed of death, is partly to behold my lady's face."

"Thou detestable man! thou womb of death! Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open!"

Like others in a similar ill condition, Bandolo did, and thought of doing, just everything but what he ought to do, in order to discover the condition Viola was in; and it was not until some time had elapsed that it occurred to him at last that there stood the lantern of the prostrate monk before him, at a little distance on the floor.

Seizing it with all imaginable haste, he sprang forward again to the mouth of the cave, and let it down as far as his extended arm would permit. It shone out in the dense darkness like a twinkling star through the rifts of a cloud. It had scarce power enough to penetrate a gloom so awful.

Still holding it down, he twice called the name of Viola, and received barely the sound of his own name, faintly, in reply. The very feeble tone in which it was uttered led him to believe that the girl was exhausted—perhaps, at that most critical moment, dying!

His quick eye was attracted to the rope that depended from the ceiling, by which the chapel bell was wont to be tolled by the hands of the scorian. It lay coiled on the floor near him.

To descend by that, however, would but sound an untimely alarm by which he would be discovered to them all. It took him but a twinkling, therefore, to sever the same as far up from the floor of the chapel as he could reach, then he proceeded to fasten one end to the iron ring in the trap-door, that now lay flat upon the floor. Trusting himself to this rope alone, and taking the lantern in his hand, he managed with great labor to reach the bottom of the dismal and sepulchral cavern in safety.

The moment his limbs touched the cold and damp floor of solid stone, they almost refused to support him. He trembled, from his terror, like a very child. A cold and deathly sweat stood in huge drops on his brow. His hands were as moist as if they had been plunged in the water.

Groping his way about, with his lantern thrust all the time before him, he discovered the body of Viola stretched out, like that of a dead person, in the further corner. He held the light close to her face, and recognized those much loved features once more. A calm and gentle smile stole over them, speaking more loudly than words the depth and strength of her passion for him who had proved himself, at so critical a time, her preserver.

He thought, just as that moment, of the monk whom he had left lying senseless on the chapel floor. Should his consciousness suddenly return to him,

before he could re-ascend the rope, all would then be lost! No doubt the priestly wretch would take advantage of the opportunity to consummate his revenge by shutting down the door again, and he would thus secure an immortality of renown—even in the face of his vices—by being known as the captor of the outlaw, Bandolo.

The thought lent him fresh courage and strength. With a great exertion he succeeded in lifting the helpless girl to the middle of the cave, and then he proceeded to tie the end of the rope tightly about her, beneath her arms. He waited not for words, or gentle and affectionate expressions; what would they help him then? There could be enough of them at another time. He must act now, and act with decision.

Having thus secured his treasure, he climbed up the rope once more as fast as he could go, taking the borrowed lantern of the monk along with him. Once safely landed on the floor, he set down the lantern and commenced drawing up his precious load after him. It cost a hard effort, but her form began to rise slowly, until at last it came in sight. Either the new motion, or the rays from the lantern shining full in her face, had the effect to waken her, for at that moment she opened her languishing eyes.

Bandolo could have cried for joy.

When he had got her in safety to the surface, and had laid her gently upon the hard stone floor, without uttering a syllable he rose and approached the still prostrate body of the monk. The knave was insensible, yet still breathing. Taking the key from his pocket, that was made to fit in the lock of the iron trap-door, he dragged the senseless body to the brink of the aperture, and cast him in!

He leaned his head over the hole, and heard the dull, dead sound of his fall upon the bottom of the cave, and the deep groan of agony that escaped him from the sudden shock! It was quite enough. Bandolo was satisfied. Yet to make everything complete, he shut down the iron door, and, with the key he had stolen, securely locked it. Then he over-laid the huge square stone again, and sat himself down by the side of the nearly dead Viola.

In the interim, the fresh upper air had the effect to revive her. When he called her by name again, she at once recognized him, just as she used to do when he came near her, and begged him to explain all: how he came thence, and how he happened to discover her in her place of confinement. But he considered it no fit time or place in which to narrate his story, and so he frankly told her; and he likewise assured her that the sooner they were beyond the limits of the convent walls the safer it would be for them both. She was very soon able to rise to her feet, and, with his help, to walk to the door of the chapel.

Passing out through this, Bandolo slowly and cautiously conducted her along the least frequented parts of the garden, until he had finally reached the place through which they were to effect their final exodus. It was a work of little more than patience for them both to crawl out through this; after which they sat down and rested themselves within the shadow of the wall. They both wore white garments, though these were, in places, sorrowfully soiled now; and they looked like a pair of devoted sisters from the convent, met there to converse on matters pertaining strictly to their religious comfort. The faithful page, Fedore, as Bandolo could see at a glance, still sat waiting in patient anxiety in his little skiff below.

He would not permit Viola to begin and weary herself with putting questions; so Bandolo commenced his narrative himself, and gave up to her every single circumstance that had led him to his search for her in this dreary and forbidding place, not omitting to rehearse the tumult of joy with which he greeted the final success of his plans for her emancipation. When he came to tell her how that it was the deliberate intention of Petroni to either send her away to Verona, or to fly himself with her that night, her blood froze in her veins from very horror. Over and over again did she repeat—her thanks to Bandolo for having saved her from a fate a thousand times worse than death itself. She was at a loss for language in which to convey the passionate meaning of her gratitude.

The narration on both sides occupied some time, and then they started to their feet.

"Where now?" solicited Bandolo; "having rescued thee from the very jaws of death, where shall I take thee next? It shall be wherever thou wilt, Viola, even to the ends of the earth; nay, even to thine own home again!"

"Bandolo!" hesitatingly exclaimed the maiden, still very feeble in voice; "how can I tell? How can I make up my determination?"

"Thou shouldst go with me," said he; "only that I am an outlaw now, and would never consent that such a name should ever disgrace thee in the eyes of the world, Viola."

"But where then, Bandolo? It must be somewhere. I do not know what to say."

"My cave on yonder shore over the sea is a fairy grotto; yet it shall never be tenanted even by angels like thee. It conceals a band of brave men, loyal to my word and name; it is fit to hold three-score brave hearts, such as would stand ever to defend thee and thine—but never to hold such as thou, Viola!"

"But you must tell me where, then, Bandolo?" again repeated the perplexed maiden. Now that she had got her liberty once more, it was something of a question what she should do with it.

"To the house of your father, Viola!" answered he, decisively.



"Back to my father, Bando! He would send me off at once to a place even worse than this dreadful place!"

"Then he should most assuredly feel the stroke of my swift vengeance!"

"Bando! Bando!"

"Forgive me, Viola! my darling, forgive me! but I cannot keep back my hot words when my feelings are so fierce. My lips know not how to refuse the promptings of my heart—much less, to lie to them! Yes, Viola, you shall go back at once to your father, and tell him the whole. Will you do as I say?"

"My dear heart," answered the poor, affrighted child, "you know me too well; you know that I will do just as you think is best."

"Very well, Viola; then it only remains for me to say that in this disguise will I accompany thee there. We will be rowed in yonder skiff up to your father's garden stairs. My faithful page, Fedore, is even now waiting for us."

He took her lily hand in his, and assisted her down the declivity into the little boat. Neither of them spoke a word, except that Bando gave orders at the start for Fedore to row them to the place determined on. Once more the bark was skimming over the still water. How great a change, and how sudden an one to the released Viola!

They arrived at the garden stairs in due time, and the mansion of the haughty count loomed high before them. Viola's young heart beat tumultuously at the thought of being so near her father's home again. Oh, if he could but have taken his child back to his heart!

"Now," said Bando, as he set her safely on shore, "must I bid thee a long and sad farewell. It is hard, but all trials have a better side to them."

"But what shall I tell my father?" inquired the anxious girl. "How shall I appease him?"

"Tell him all, just as it has occurred," was Bando's ready and decisive answer.

"And if he be displeased?"

"Then leave the rest to me."

That brief phrase contained a volume.

"But if I should not be able to see thee when I most need thy help?"

"Do not fear, my pretty Viola. I shall be very near thee, when I am thought far, far away. Everything reaches me. I will guard thee devotedly. Farewell!"

He impressed upon her hand a fervid kiss, and in another moment was in his skiff again, and gliding over the water.

Viola at once found her own former apartment. It had been gloomy and tenantless for a long time. The instant she entered it, which she did with the utmost caution, upon whom should her eyes fall but the person of her devoted maid, Juliet!

"Viola! Viola! my Viola!" she exclaimed, as she rushed with outstretched arms frantically toward her.

Maid and mistress held each other in a long and loving embrace. The scene was a deeply touching one. Each wept profusely over the joy of the unexpected reunion. Juliet loved Viola to very distraction, and scarce a day had passed since her absence, when she did not go and sit down in her mistress's chamber, and there bewail the irreparable loss that had overwhelmed her.

It did not occupy Viola long in telling Juliet all that had happened to her since she was carried away from home; everything concerning the convent, the monk Petroni, his enticing her into the subterranean cavern, her imprisonment, and her final and fortunate rescue. And from these she naturally fell into a high commendation of Bando and all his noble qualities.

Count Cesario returned to his mansion at a very late hour, that evening. His brow was wreathed with satisfied pride. Both the Council of Ten and the Grand Council had unitedly held a protracted meeting, for the purpose of electing a new Doge to the vacant chair. The result of their choice had but just been made known.

They had made choice of Count Cesario.

When he entered his house, therefore, it was under the inspiration of an entirely new class of feelings. No man ever congratulated himself on his good fortune more heartily.

Hardly had he seated himself, when he summoned the maid, Juliet, into his presence, to perform some trifling service for him. The girl obeyed the summons without the least hesitation, and stood before him.

The first words that passed her lips were these:

"Viola has returned!"

"Viola—returned?" repeated the newly elected Doge, thunderstruck at what he heard.

"Yes; she is in her chamber, even now."

"Viola!"

"Yes, Sir Count."

"Viola! Summon her at once! Let me see if this be true—what it all means."

Juliet went on the errand. The astonished parent paced the apartment in the greatest perplexity. This was a very dark cloud that had suddenly come over his prospects.

It was not a long time before the little maid returned, bringing Viola along with her. The latter came forward to the middle of the floor, and there stood still.

"My father!" exclaimed she, in a voice of undisguised affection.

"Why are you here, again?" he demanded, in his most haughty style.

"Wouldst thou prefer, then," she answered, "that thy daughter should be under the care of such a man as the monk Petroni?"

"Would I prefer? What is that to you? Did I not place you in his keeping? Does he know you are here again? How came you back here, tonight?"

"You did put me in his charge; but how cruelly has he not abused his trust!"

"He has certainly been remiss, or you could never have escaped as you have."

"Yes; but never more, I think, will he escape. He is where no human power will ever reach him."

"Why not?"

"Father, I cannot tell you that; yet there is very much to come to light."

"How was it that you effected your escape?"

"I will tell you that, presently. First, tell me if he was authorized by you to drag me to a cold and damp subterranean dungeon, and in such a place bury me—me, your own flesh and blood, in its horrid silence and gloom?"

"Did he do that?" asked the count, starting, to hear such a charge brought against the monk.

"Tell me next, if it was you who gave him directions to starve me by slow degrees, in such an awful place?"

"Never—never!"

"Then why was it attempted. I demand to know!"

"Did he attempt it, Viola? Did he undertake any such thing as that?"

"Yes, and more. Petroni is a villain! A cold-blooded villain. He full well understood that I had discovered it at length, and that I had it in my power to expose him. At one time he even dared to propose a *disgraceful flight with him*! and I spurned him from my presence for it! I threatened to denounce him openly, before the world. And then it was he sought to bury the dread secret by burying me along with it!"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the count, excitedly, "is it so?"

"It is even as I have told you, father; every word of it. And now he can have a chance to repent of his crimes, without being destroyed. There is no one near him to hinder his uttering prayers for himself. Even at this moment, he is getting his just punishment."

The count became silent with his reflections. Then after a time, he suddenly looked up, and asked:

"How did you effect your escape, Viola?"

"I dare not tell you," said she.

"Why not?"

"Because you would be loth to believe me, if I told you."

"No. Tell me the whole. I will believe every word you say."

"I will tell you, then." She leaned forward as she spoke, and answered almost in a whisper:

"Bando released me!"

The count was thunderstruck.

"It is this Bando everywhere!" said he, turning pale with mingled astonishment and affright.

"At least," continued Viola, "he has often been near me, to protect me."

Now the secret, the dreadful weight of the secret, was lifted from her heart, she felt greatly relieved. At length she had made a clean breast of it to her father.

He hesitated a few moments.

"You still love him, then, I suppose?" he asked her.

"Would you have me despise him—my preserver?" was her ready answer.

"I did not ask that. But I suppose you still continue to love him?"

Viola only cast her eyes down confusedly to the floor.

"It is enough," he exclaimed. "I am now persuaded."

"Should I be less than a brute, did I not feel at least gratitude for what services he has done me?"

"No; you would not," rejoined he; "I confess it. But let the feeling, then, be limited with gratitude. That is enough to return to him."

The girl ventured to this remark no reply. She kept her thoughts to herself.

At length her father spoke again, and this time with an air of much solemnity:

"Viola, do you not know that this Bando is an open enemy to the State?"

"But is not rather the State an enemy to him?" asked she.

"Has he not already murdered one Doge, by his own confession?"

"But did he not himself save the life of that Doge's daughter, when all who were with her, even her own husband, had left her to perish in the boiling sea? Answer me that."

"Did he not likewise leave his dagger in the heart of the young Count Roberto—the same whom I had destined for a bridegroom for thee?"

"But whom I despised for a paltry coward!" she added, at once.

"But still, my daughter, this very Bando, brave and bold as he is, must some day come to a terrible punishment for his crimes. A very long time he cannot hope to escape it. Would you, then, have it said in Venice that you loved this criminal and outlaw, whose right hand is already red with blood?"

"I should care nothing for that, father, for his good and generous actions have already outweighed those that are thought evil. The people may yet come to consider him a hero, as indeed he is."

"There is still another thing for you to know, Viola. It is closely connected with this."

"What is that, father?"

"I am the Doge elect of Venice."

She stood speechless with wonder.

"I have it even now within my power to offer a pardon to this same Bando, if he should in the future perform some action that proved him worthy to have his many crimes remitted."

"And would you, in any possible event, refuse to extend his public pardon, father?"

"My child, you must not press me with such inquiries. I tell you of my power. But stop a moment and think: how would it sound abroad, if it were said that the daughter of the Doge of Venice was enamored of the dreaded Bando, the greatest of all the many mysteries of Venice? Think of that, Viola!"

"He is every way worthy of that love."

"So I doubt not you think yourself, Viola. Yet I do not know as yet what I am to do."

"Be just, father."

"As Doge, I am expected to perform my duty in seeking to bring this robber to punishment. Yet, as the daughter of the Doge, I bid you not to dare, on the peril of your life itself, whisper either that you love him, or that you are loved by him in turn! Remember that! And now, Viola, go back to your chamber again, and there seclude yourself rigidly. On the day after the next, I am to put on the dual bonnet before the people, and wear the dual ring. Till then await only my pleasure."

The moment he signified that he was through, Viola started for her own apartment, led by her devoted Juliet.

As for the count, he continued to pace the floor to and fro, plunged in a sea of perplexity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

One of the zealous chaplains of the army of the Potomac called on a colonel noted for his profanity, in order to talk about the religious interests of his men. He was politely received and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army."

"I think so," replied the colonel. "Do you think you pay sufficient attention to the religious instructions of your men?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the colonel. "A lively interest has been awakened in the regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have already been baptized."

"This was a real regiment!" "Is that so, 'pon honor?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir."

"Sergeant," said the colonel to an attending orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d—d if I'll be outdone in any respect!"

The chaplain took note of the interview and withdrew.

## LEGEND OF THE INDIAN CORN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Long, Owawa in his wigwam,  
Sat and smoked the dreamy peace-pipe,  
Glowing more enapt and solemn  
As the blue clouds rose above him.

More than other child of forest,  
He, the lonely, grand and awful,  
Sought with patience and with relish,  
As the others sought the red-deer.  
By the cascade fished the hunters;  
But Owawa sat in silence,  
Musing on the flood of waters,  
Saying that their sullen murmur  
Was the voice of his forefathers.  
Then the warriors, home returning, loaded,  
While Owawa stalked behind, unloaded,  
Laughed until the forest laughed in answer.

Owawa loved a dark, lithe maiden—  
Lella. They were children grown together,  
Like two trees that stand together  
Till they interweave their branches;  
But Owawa grew so sullen  
As he reached from youth to manhood,  
As he grasped the plume and arrow,  
Grew so reckless and so mystic,  
Lella feared and learned to shun him;  
And her people—gray-haired chieftains,  
Said he must desert their wigwam;  
She in tears gave him their council;  
Told him that she feared his grandeur;  
Feared with such to hold communion;  
For Montou, the bad and ugly,  
Had possessed and would destroy him.

In the forest, sad they parted,  
Forest moaning with the March wind,  
The two hearts, like lakelets, frozen  
Till no life was felt, no red-blood flowing.  
Wild she sought her father's wigwam;  
He too sought the deer-skin shelter,  
There to drown unuttered sorrow  
In the dreamy pipe of sleep.

When he was in clouds enveloped,  
He was seized with sudden frenzy,  
And rushed forth into the forest;  
Rushed into the howling forest,  
For the growling breath of winter  
Lingered in the solemn forest.  
But he felt not stinging March winds,  
From the cold and hidden north.  
He was wrapped in heavenly dreaming,  
"Neath a giant plume which chanted  
Solemn anthems; and a Spirit  
From the heavens, like a white gull  
In the midst of cloudy ocean,  
Brought to him, beneath the pine tree,  
A leaf-enveloped clod of earth:  
"Take it," said he, "oh, Owawa,  
Spirit-father heard thy crying,  
Heard thy fervent prayers and wallings,  
And has sent me here in answer.  
Plant in earth, and tend the plantlet,  
Keep away the worm and red-deer,  
Keep away the weeds and grasses,  
Give it water, let the sunshine  
Every morning bathe its leaflets;  
Let the dew make shining berries,  
And the moon-sun drink the berries;  
And thy children, Lella's children,  
Shall your name forever reverence,  
And thy woe-graves often visit,  
Scattering wild-flowers o'er thy twin graves."

Owawa, rose and home ran swiftly,  
Safe the Spirit-gift he carried.  
When the Spring-days warm and sunny,  
Broke in silver on the forest,  
Of the rude and tangled wild-wood,  
Of the grass and ugly rag-weeds,  
Owawa cleared a spot of wood-land,  
Fenced it round with brush of alder,  
That the stealthy moose and red-deer  
Should not spoil the tender plantlet.  
Then the moistened clod he planted,  
Made a wigwam in the clearing,  
That he might be ever watchful.

Soon a leaflet, spire-like, upward  
Sprang above the soft, dark earth—  
Then another, and another,  
Fast it grew, and faster, faster,  
While Owawa watched with patience,  
Made the dark ground soft and weedless,  
And in drought, from river moistened.

In the Autumn came together  
All the tribe in solemn council—  
Council on the fool Owawa—  
He possessed by Montou ugly,  
And had laid no store for winter,  
And must starve in the cold winter.  
But, when they had met, he showed them  
The plant he so long had nourished;  
Waved its winds its yellow tassels,  
Waved its mass of dark-green leaves,  
And low bent the husk-clad ear.  
Then he stripped the husk with strong hand,  
And beheld an ear of yellow,  
Of more value than if golden.  
Then the Council mated with wonder,  
Sat in silence, for a moment,  
Which they broke in wilder rapture,  
Crying, "Lo! Montoulin, spirit-grain!"

Then he shelled the golden kernels—  
For each one a golden grain—  
Told them how to plant and grow it.

Lella sat with eyes of water,  
Sat in silence like a lily  
Which the dew has froze and jeweled:  
Came Owawa, spoke he softly—  
"Shall we have a deer-skin wigwam  
On the banks of yonder river,  
Where the birds enchant the forest?"

Bathed in tears she rose and followed—  
And the tribe stood and looked after,  
Long they spoke of their wise Chieftain,  
Owawa, the good and noble.

Walnut Grove, Ohio.

LONG NOSE.—It was Napoleon who said: "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

WOMAN AND KISSING.—Among the ancient matrons and virgins the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of the opinion that kissing first began between kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces tasted wine. Cato was an old coot for kissing is better than wine any day.—*Ladies' Own Journal.*

Chesterfield having been informed by his physician that he was dying by inches, congratulated himself that he was not as tall as Sir Thomas Robinson.

## Original Essay.

### ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

All along the regions of the Nile, Bruce found the old theologies still prevailing, with but very little or no advance upon the earlier ages. Upon every hand, he found a mixture of Persia, Egypt, Jewry, Arabia, Greece and Rome. The more exclusive Biblical civilization, apart from scientific knowledge, has not improved the people. Like the more exclusive barbarism and "Lord theology," as the *Tribune* aptly terms it, which prevails along the dark plane of the "sum of all villainies,"—the "peculiar institution" for delicate ears—the "curse of Ham," and supported by Moses, Christ, and the Apostles as per Deo Lord, Raphael, Van Dyke, and many other very luminous pillars whose light may be supposed to equal that witnessed by Herodotus as emitted from pillars in some of the ancient temples. Our modern pillars of the church, also, shine *lucis a non lucendo*, and are also our *flammaria moria mundi*, of Mammon, Slavery and falsehood, which, in the New Jerusalem, they have set up.

For slavery, "Ham" is the scapegoat to relieve what little remains of the seared conscience submerged in the pit of our churches. There has been rather an oblique progression from the legend of old Jewry:

"From the successive title long and dark,  
Drawn from the musty rolls of Noah's ark,"

for we have increased the curse, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold, by throwing in Christ and the Apostles to make full Scripture measure. Azazel, the scapegoat of old Jewry, has been translated God, Devil, Goat, and otherwise. In Bruce's day, a camel was sometimes taken and cursed till heavy laden with the maledictions and sins of the people, and then slain as an atoning sacrifice. The camel, like Azazel, was addressed as God or Demon. "They upbraided the camel with everything that had been said or done. The camel had killed men, he had threatened to set the town on fire." This was the Arabian counterpart of the earlier Jewish atonement, and constituted a part of the blood theology which has become a mystery of godliness in the varnished theology of modern times. The camel was pelted with all manner of damnable imprecations for the space of half a day, and when the measure of his iniquity appeared full, "each man thrust him through with a lance," and thus his atoning blood washed away the sins of the people. The Mahometans, as well as the Christians, have adopted the Persian Devil into their theology. One of Bruce's men saw a ghost, which of course must be either God or the Devil. The Seer had immediate recourse to the Koran for protection, the same as our simple believers would run to the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible." Bruce's man adjoined the ghost with "*Dimilia Sheriat rejem*. In the name of God keep the Devil far from me."

As between the Jewish, Christian and Mahometan religions, in Abyssinia, old Jewry is rather dominant there as well as in the Orthodox churches of America. The Abyssinians in several respects "deserve strictly the Levitical law." "The inside of the church is in several divisions, according as it is prescribed by the law of Moses. You are barefooted whenever you enter the church, and, if barefooted, you may go through every part of it, if you have any curiosity, provided you are pure—that is, have not been concerned with women for twenty-four hours before, or touched carrion or dead bodies."

It will be recollected that when David, the "man after God's own heart," fled from the wrath of Saul to Nob, he framed an oblique message—in other words leaving truth on the shady side, he sought bread from Ahimelech the priest. The priest replied that "there is no common bread, but only hallowed bread for such as have kept themselves from women." David declared that he had maintained a three days' abstinence. "So the priest gave him hallowed bread." It would appear, however, that the general life of the "man after God's own heart" would not entitle him to a superabundance of hallowed bread.

There are other "Jewish disqualifications" in the Christian church of Abyssinia. Their saints are taken from both Old and New Testaments. Among the heroes are—"There is St. Pontius Pilate and his wife—St. Balaam and his Ass—St. Samson and his jawbone," &c. One very pious scene "represents Pharaoh plunging into the Red Sea with many guns and pistols swimming around him." Guns and pistols in the days of Pharaoh require some stretch of faith; but no matter: old theology stands not on the order of events, but rather upon the basis of the ancient father—"Credo, quia impossibile," for in old theology, the more impossible to reason, the more probable to faith.

Similar, too, to old Jewry are other phases of Spiritualism in Abyssinia. We find in Bruce that one medium, prophet, or seer, claimed "St. Michael the archangel" as the inspiring Spirit or God. The medium claimed to see this spirit face to face, to converse with him, and to be directed by him. The spirit appears to have been somewhat a "God of battles," and told the prophet "the issue and the consequences of the measures he was then taking. Our author supposes 'the compiler of the Old Testament to have been Esdras after the captivity,' and finds that Sirs Sir, or Dog Star, held interchangeable relations with the Nile. Bruce, also, became familiar with those 'pillars of cloud' which were so notable in their performance 'before the camp of Israel,' turning their dark side to Pharaoh, and their bright side to old Jewry.

Upon the first appearance of the Dog-Star, there are bullock sacrifices upon the altar of this tutelary Genius of the Nile. To the Demon of the Nile, the Abyssinians pray as 'to the spirit residing in the river, whom they call the everlasting God, Light of the world, Eye of the world, God of peace, their Saviour, and Father of the Universe.' This spirit, who is sometimes seen, is declared by the Abyssinian clergy to be 'God, the Father of mankind'—so, too, our Christian clergy declare the same of the tutelary Genius of old Israel. Says our author, 'When I shewed our landlord the Dog Star (Sirius) he knew it perfectly, saying it was Sir, it was the Star of the river, the messenger or Star of the convocation of the tribes, or of the feast.'

The Abyssinians claim to live like our Christian Orthodox 'under a double dispensation, the law of Moses and the law of Christ,' and when a notable was charged with living too much in the manner of 'the man after God's own heart,' in regard to women, he said the Abyssinians were *Bent-Israel*, as

indeed they call themselves, that is, children of Israel; and that in every age the Patriarchs had acted as he did, and were not less beloved of God." He thus gave Scripture for various misdoings quite equal to our modern defenders of the "Twin relics of barbarism," as Brigham Young a wall of defence for the one, and many of our clergy and church the bulwark of the other. Our Biblical landmarks are not the proper *Dii Termini* of progressive civilization.

An Abyssinian tribe "has great abhorrence of fish, which they not only refrain from eating, but cannot bear the sight of, for the reason that Jonah the prophet, (from whom they boast they were descended) was swallowed by a whale." This is no more absurd than Western Orthodoxy, which swallowed the whale itself as a part of the Word. There was "a famous hermitage, and around it a number of huts inhabited by monks. These, and their brethren of Magiensa, are capital performers in all disorders of the spirit; all prophets and diviners, keeping up the State of riot, anarchy and tumult, by their fanatical inventions and pretended visions." It is from this domain of disorderly mysteries, that have proceeded all the more enlightened religions. Camp and revival meetings are sometimes swayed as by "a mighty rushing wind," and we think there is a basis of reality beyond "fanatical inventions and pretended visions." There are many grades of Spiritualism or religion, and all take their hue from the status of civilization in which they appear.

Bruce, on one occasion, being in a strait, and Moses the prophets, and the apostles being so distant as not to be immediately available, had to seek a sign from Heaven to prove himself a genuine man of God—knowing that an eclipse of the Moon was at hand, he predicted that on a certain day the Moon should refuse to give her light. Like our Adventist friends, the Abyssinians had but very little light in the ways of rational causation, and if the prediction should come to pass, it was a clear case of the fierce wrath of the Lord. Here it must be confessed, that the natural man, with his astronomical knowledge, was superior to the spiritual man in his ignorance.

The sign from heaven came to pass as prophesied. *Et cetera* it was supposed would follow—such as the sun turning to blood, and the stars falling from heaven. "The women began to howl as they do on all melancholy occasions of misfortune, or death;" though it does not appear that they put on their "ascension robes," as have our Biblical receivers of the old traditions." As if flesh and blood, and calico robes, could inherit the kingdom of heaven. Our 19th century civilization is not yet clear of the robing of old Jewry, though we laugh at this Scotch man of God, when he gets up a miracle in Abyssinia. Having carried his point, and knowing that the eclipse would soon pass off, he promises the divine favor accordingly, and thus heaven is gracious with the returning light of her countenance.

We have already alluded to the cloudy pillars which Moses used as a manifestation of the Lord for the children of Israel. Bruce says of these *flammaria columna mundi*: "The same appearance of moving pillars of sand presented themselves to us this day in form and disposition like those we had seen at Waadi Halboul, only they appeared to be more in number and less in size. They came several in a direction close upon us; that is, I believe, within less than two miles. They began immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun. His rays shining through them for near an hour, gave them the appearance of pillars of fire. Our people now became desperate. The Greeks shrieked out, and said it was the day of judgment. Ishmael pronounced it to be hell, and the Turcoros declared that the world was on fire." What a godsend all this would prove to our Second Adventists, could they only come down with such a manifestation upon the hard shells of New England. In 1849, when the world was destroyed as per contrast with Mr. Miller, and the elect were expecting every minute to go up in their newly prepared calico robes, on one dark night a marsh in our neighborhood was set on fire, and wonderfully lighting the heavens, even men, otherwise sensible, supposed that the day of consummation of all things had now certainly arrived, and were listening to hear the sound of Gabriel's Trump, which had been promised again and again in the "By-and-By."

But alas, how small the farthing candle of a burning marsh, to inaugurate the great and notable day of the Lord, compared with those angels of fire that camp about the deserts of the Nile, turning the Sun, as he shone through them, into blood, and God himself was present in the "consuming fire." Here, to a dark and superstitious people, was the visible presence of the Almighty, or the Demons, with all hell broke loose, "in color like the purple part of the rainbow," as they move hither and thither upon the burning marsh.

There is still found in the regions of the Nile, the Bird, sacred to Isis, which was supposed to conceive without male, and by the overshadowing of the South wind, in the same way that the Virgin Mary was supposed to have conceived by the Holy Ghost. The early Christian Fathers, Tertullian, Origen, Basil and Ambrosius, rely much upon the airy conception of the Egyptian Bird as a proof, of the Virgin Mary's conception without human means, but by the Holy Ghost, equivalent to the South wind, dove-like brooding of the Egyptian Bird. We ourselves have ever been rather partial to the South wind balmy breathing of the Holy Spirit. Doubtless it was this wind that blew the "Sabaean odors from the egypty shore of Araby the blest;" and also the same "sweet South that breathed upon a bank of violets" to the musk of the spheres, and so wrought responsive to the fine-tune of Shakespeare's soul. To breathe upon, and to receive the Holy Ghost, are interchangeable terms; and when the bland South wind, and the breath of angels, sweep the harp of a thousand strings, then the strain fills the recipient like "the exquisite faint music of a dream." Solah.

It will be recollected that in Old Jewry, Saul put the Lord's priests to death in the land of Nob, and then had recourse to the Woman of Endor to get the Word of the Lord Samuel, who had himself, while in the flesh, been a Seer, or wizard of the Lord. The priests or wizards of Abyssinia sometimes experience the fate of the Nobites. On one occasion, says Russell, in his "Nubia and Abyssinia," after an unsuccessful battle, "the first act was to put to death the whole race of Necromancers, and even to destroy the village where they dwelt." The



The Shegans fled, exclaiming that "the spirits of hell had come against them, and were too strong for them." "To the last they had no fear of man or his inventions; but, astounded by the power and novelty of the means employed to destroy them, they came to the hopeless conclusion, that a supernatural agency of the most malignant kind had conspired with their mortal foes to complete their subjugation."

It must be confessed it was rather an astounding manifestation of the spirit for the Shegans to profit withal, when a bomb fell among them, and they gathered around it to watch its curious pranks, and to hearken unto the word of the Lord, who scattered them in the explosion like seven thunders uttering their voices. "Such spirits of hell struck more terror to the souls of the Shegans, than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers."

The Abyssinian monarchs still retain the ancient mode of addressing their people common to the ancient Assyrians, the Medes, Persians and Hebrews. "Hear what the king says," or "Thus saith the Lord." From immemorial time any eminent personage in the East was Lord, God, Judge or King. See Jones and other writers upon the East. Even Western civilization is not yet free of its Lords, Bishops and Popes. What are Gods to one people are abominations to another in the rites of religion, whether of sacred animals, sacred wood, or altar stones, sacred stars, men of God and seers, sacred priests, sacred church, sacred Pops. In Ethiopia, on festive occasions, bullocks are slaughtered at the gates as in old time in Jewry. "Deep drinking then commences," says Russell, in which the ladies and gentlemen indulge to a degree, which, to an European, appears altogether incredible; and would appear to be sanctified from Moses, when he says, "And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen or for sheep, or for wine or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat it there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thine household." It would seem, from Josephus, that it was at one of these lusty eating and drinking bouts, when Jacob was rather far gone in his cups, that Laban succeeded in doing Jacob with "tender-eyed Leah," instead of the "beautiful and well-favored Rachel."

No wonder, if Jacob was thus often in his cups, that Leah had to seek unto the Lucian qualities of mandrakes, as set forth in the Word. In Ethiopia, besides these marrying festivals, there are the christenings, in which "during the whole ceremony the priest swings to and fro a brass vase, in which there is frankincense burning as a sweet smelling savor to the Lord." The godfather then takes the child, and with a basin of water for the occasion, says, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The child is then anointed in the name of the same sacred triad, and other superstitious practices are resorted to in the firm belief of the magic of a name, such as clipping a child's ear in the name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to save it from death.

There are manifestations of the spirit in Abyssinia which very much grieve the Europeans, such as the transformations, akin to the *Loup garou* of France. In the East, it is hyenas and not wolves that appear to be interchangeable along the boundaries of the two worlds. The workers in iron and pottery are distinguished for their mediumistic power of transformations. These Budas, as they are called, are known "from other classes by a peculiarly formed gold ring worn by the whole race," and which kind of ring Mr. Pearce "declares he has frequently seen in the ears of hyenas that have been shot, caught in traps, or speared by himself; but in what way these ornaments came to be so strangely applied, he declares, after taking considerable pains to investigate, he had been utterly unable to discover."

"Mr. Coffin relates a story respecting one of these Budas, the circumstances of which fell under his own observation. It happened that among his servants he had hired an individual of this gifted class, who, one evening when it was perfectly light, came to request leave of absence till the next morning. His petition was instantly granted, and the young man withdrew; but scarcely had the master turned round to his other servants, when some of them called out, pointing in the direction the Buda had taken, 'Look! look! he is turning himself into a hyena!' Mr. Coffin immediately looked round, and though he certainly did not witness the transformation, the youth had vanished, and he saw a large hyena running off at the distance of about a hundred paces. This happened in an open plain, where there was not a bush or tree to intercept the view." Reference is then made by Russell to the same order of phenomena as prevailing among the ancient Greeks and Romans, "with respect to men turning themselves into wolves," with the comments of doubting Pliny, who, like doubting Thomas, could not believe though one should rise from the dead. But then we must remember that Thomas had been taught that Moses and the prophets were enough without an upheaval from the dead; and hence wished to see and judge for himself of this new phase of being, of transformation of death unto life, so contrary to the lesson that if Moses and the prophets could not suffice neither could one who should return from the dead. These transformations, resurrection, apparitions, &c., and their key and solution in the sciences of Mesmerism and Spiritualism, though they are stumbling-blocks to material formulas, or they become the frightful Ogres, Devils and Gods of all superstitions with which priest and church and Sunday school prostrate the uprightness of the un-grown mind.

The magnetism of the spirit world maintains interrelations with this. The spirit in the flesh holds certain magnetic relations to the sphere of other minds in which he moves. The spirit out of the flesh does no less, and may be in rapport to influence the soul in, as well as the soul out of the body. The Abyssinians have their spiritual possessions as well as Jesus and the Apostles, and often in the low and undeveloped character, which the old formulas suppose to be altogether evil, or totally depraved. But this comes of the ignorance of not knowing how to receive and to treat them. The law of kindness, in this direction, is sooner or later omnipotent, and what was a demon and downward tending, becomes an angel in the upward progression. There are those who denounce, as of the Devil, the abnormal manifestations of the spirit in camp and revival meetings, where "jerks," trances, and the "saying power," which sometimes are of such fantastic character as to cause even the angels to weep. But, doubtless, there is many an unfleshed spirit present on such occasions, who is helped along by even the dim light of the old farthing candles. It is to be expected that "spirits in prison" will sometimes appear rather rough in their struggles to get out

and may sometimes roughly handle their ways and means in the flesh, alike on Hebrew, Heathen and Christian ground.

In Ethiopia, there is "a certain kind of evil spirit, which cannot be expelled in any other way than by music and dancing." This is somewhat like that evil spirit of the Lord, who obsessed Saul, and whom the sweet psalmist of Israel charmed by music. The Ethiopians, thinking to improve upon the method of the "man after God's own heart," seek unto another way to claim the familiar spirit, by sending for a "priest who reads the gospel of St. John and drenches the sufferer with cold water for the space of seven days—an application that very often proves fatal." It must be confessed that this cold baptism "for the space of seven days" is rather a harsh application of the hydropathic, or cold water cure; for, though the devils took to sea in the wine of old time, they appear not to have been so partial to the modern fresh water application. A more effectual remedy is found to consist in a band of trumpeters, drummers and fiddlers, a full supply of liquor, and an assemblage of juvenile personages to enjoy these means of hilarity. Did David fall to charm "the evil spirit from God" who possessed Saul, because the cornet, flute, sabbat, dulcimer and harp, were not garnished by "a full supply of liquor?" *Quin sabb.*

A damsel, whom Satan had bound three months with this disorder, had her voice so much affected as not to be understood by her nearest relations. A book or a priest threw her into great agony, during which a torrent of tears like blood mingled with water, flowed from her eyes, sweating, as it were, great drops of blood. The book and the priest appear to have suggested to the demon the reading of St. John and the seven days' drenching with cold water, which would give the devil fits to no good purpose, and was not the proper way to treat a spirit in prison. In this direction has been the mistake of Christendom. Spirits in prison, undeveloped, and struggling to be rid of their torment, and in their blind fury, like their undeveloped brethren in the flesh, seek at every hazard a change of scene. In their darkness, they most feel the need of sympathy and aid, and when they ask of us bread, we should not give them a stone. All Christendom, Romanist and Protestant, have utterly mistook in their ignorance the ways of righteousness in their treatment of the spirits in prison; for they have supposed them to be the fallen angels and separate creations, and have failed to discover in them the unfleshed men and women, who, unenlightened, had left their bodies in death, and now struggle back to get possession and to influence the spirits of the incarnate. The first work of Jesus in his spiritual resurrection, was to descend into hell, and to "preach to the spirits in prison," to elevate them, and to show them a more excellent way, for Jesus himself, as represented by the Apostles, was in the fullest light as to the proper treatment of the spirit-world; for in his exorcisms, he appears not to have risen above the conceptions of the age, and did not teach to forgive the unfleshed spirits, not only seven times seven, or seventy times seven, nor to pray for such as despitely used us, nor to overcome their evil with good, nor to love them in their enmity; but all this, done unto the least of the unfleshed spirits, is as beautiful as if done to spirits in the flesh. By his hastening into hell to deliver such, on his resurrection from the body, shows how readily he was open to the reception of the higher light, and as ready to exclaim to the spirits in prison, or in hell, as to those darkly im-mersed, in the flesh: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Almost anything is better for the reclamation of obsessing spirits than the dark and stupid warfare of the priesthood and its church. We must open the vista of hope to those who have the more darkly missed the way, if we would save them, and none of us are so good as not to be in need of this saving grace. It is not in classifying and treating unfortunate souls as exclusively and externally damned, that our own salvation is secured, but rather to know that we are all brothers and sisters in the God in whom we all live, and move, and have our being, and the more we can do for this universal harmony, the more is our own commonwealth of heaven enlarged. We may dispense with the "full supply of liquor," even for the lost tribes; but music, even of the more undeveloped cast, has considerable potency as a charm for the suffering spirit, as was apparent in the piping of David to charm "the evil spirit of the Lord, who came upon Saul," and set him to prophesying. "A merry heart doeth good, like a medicine," and had "Old King Cole, that jolly old son," come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, "with his pipers three," we do not doubt that David had been more successful in effectually laying "the evil spirit from God." As soon as the pipers commenced for the Abyssinian possessed damsel, "she began to dance and to jump about, and at last, as the music and noise of the singers increased, she often sprang three feet from the ground. When the band slackened, she appeared quite out of temper, but when it became louder, she smiled and was delighted. During this violent exercise she never showed the least symptom of being tired, though the musicians were thoroughly exhausted; and whenever they stopped to take a little rest, she manifested signs of the utmost discontent and impatience."

"Next day, according to the prescribed method in the cure, she was taken to the market-place. When the crowd had assembled, and the music was ready, she advanced into the centre, where she began to dance and continued to exert herself throughout the whole day. As the sun went down, she made a start with such swiftness that the fastest runner could not keep pace with her, and when at the distance of about two hundred yards, she fell to the ground on a sudden as if she had been shot. Soon afterward a young man fired a matchlock over her body, and struck her on the back with the side of his large knife, and asked her name, to which she answered as when in the possession of her senses; a sure proof that the cure was accomplished, for during this maddened state she had never answered to their Christian names. She was now taken up in a very weak condition, and carried home, and a priest came and baptized her again, as if she had just come into the world, or assumed a new nature."

The previous baptism had no efficacy as a charm or prevention of the possession, neither had the reading of the gospel any potency in exorcism; but if music be an auxiliary to "the spirit of God," in casting out devils, "then the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." The Abyssinian musicians, sitting in the market-place, could not complain, saying: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced." C. H. P.

If a rattlesnake strikes at and misses you, you had better recoil before he has time to

## HYMN TO THE MOON.

BY MRS. IDA JONES.

Fair star of night! in mildness drest  
And meek sublimity and calm;  
Thou wakest within my heaving breast  
A wondrous joy—so sweet and warm  
In solemn night's lone hour and still  
Thou comest to watch our deep repose.  
And cast thy sweet and soothing spell  
O'er hearts oppressed with griefs and woes.

I fain would learn, fair watch of thee,  
If thou art a port for spirits blest—  
If thou'rt a land where all are free,  
And weary mortals find a rest!  
If spirits freed from earthly clay  
In union meet with those afar,  
And with them soar through space away,  
From moon to sun—to distant star—

Till far above, to worlds unknown,  
Where thought itself can never fly,  
They stand before the Eternal Throne,  
The central sun of all the sky?  
Art thou the place where first repose  
Earth's happy spirits on their way  
To that bright world where ever flows  
The wondrous light of Perfect Day?

## THE CRISIS—OR, THE DEAD-LOCK OF THE REPUBLIC.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening (Feb. 2, 1862).

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Our only apology, (if any be necessary,) for addressing you on this subject, is to refer you to our discussions on successive Sabbath evenings, since the 6th of October last, in which we tried, honestly, though not without incurring hostile criticism, to present to you careful and well-digested disquisitions on the causes and progress of the present war. We expressed our views of African Slavery; and we call special attention to the fact that, in speaking of the policy of Great Britain toward the country, at a time when a peace and final settlement of our difficulties with that power was confidently anticipated, we foreshadowed less favorable results which are now clearly seen to be impending. As to France, we cautioned you against placing any reliance on her fancied "affinities" with this nation; and here also our apprehensions have been borne out by subsequent events. Our purpose was to tell you what we considered to be the truth; and to-night, therefore, we shall call your attention to certain important facts connected with your existing difficulties. We do not wish to aid in building up any party—to advocate any special creed, theory, or institution. As Heaven is our witness, we wish only to lay before you, before the nation, our view of what is true, leaving you to draw your own deductions, and to consider the situation for yourselves.

Our subject is the Crisis, or Dead-LOCK of the Republic, analytically. That the nation is in a crisis, the result of which your most profound statesmen, your bravest warriors, your ablest and ablest politicians cannot pretend to foresee—and that there is a dead-lock somewhere, which baffles your philosophers and philanthropists, cannot be denied. We do not pretend to supernatural knowledge, but, standing above all the strife of parties and opinions, we take a more clear and comprehensive view of national affairs than those who are engaged in them. It is necessary to call attention, in the first place, to some points in the history of the country, which have been, for the most part, overlooked. The question of Slavery, on which we are to touch this night, has exercised a strong controlling influence, but not in the direction usually supposed, and even those who have rightly understood it, have failed to appreciate the weight of the argument implied. While your States were still Colonies of Great Britain, there existed in the South a class of inhabitants called Cavaliers. About the time when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, you remember that at Jamestown, in Virginia, was landed a cargo of convicts, of comparatively small value in itself, but containing the germ of a force, which, when the opposing elements of population should meet, was destined to disturb the future of the whole country, and shake the repose of the civilized world.

When the Constitution of the United States was formed, Slavery had already become a legalized institution in all the thirteen Colonies, and the effect of the important concessions made concerning it, in order to reconcile the diversity of state-interests, was not fully understood, even by the framers. It is not to be doubted that, when the Puritans of the North, even those who called themselves abolitionists, were called upon to legislate concerning a Union entailing this institution permanently on the nation, they shrank from openly conceding the point. The term Slave, and Slavery, do not appear in the Constitution; but their spirit was fully embodied and support was given to an institution against which the Puritan element was destined to revolt.

It was a favorite theory of Mr. Calhoun—whose clearness of mental vision was as undeniable as his personal honesty—that the United States formed, not a Nation, but a Confederacy. In what light are we to view the Constitution? Were there not sectional differences at the beginning? Were not the Southern States desirous to be independent of the others, and did they unite their strength from any other motive than to establish themselves against the foreign and domestic foes of their common liberty? Did the Southern States dream of the vast resources which lay undeveloped in their rice and cotton-fields and did the North think the influence they gain by slave representation to last, in half a century, every State of the North would have rejected slave-labor in the interests of her commerce and manufactures, and that the differences between the two sections would become such as almost to preclude unanimity of action?

By no means. The first motive to Union was the instinct of self-preservation, the next, the desire to establish self-protection of Government, which should insure peace, prosperity and happiness to future generations. But by the Constitution, there were reserved to various States, certain contiguous Territories respectively appertaining to them, among which the most important belonged to Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, forming, at present, the States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Kentucky. These were admitted into the Union, under the express condition that slavery should not be interfered with in them. The Puritan element had to make yet another concession. It was another favorite maxim of Mr. Calhoun, that the Union was kept together only by the "cohesive power of public plunder,"—meaning not merely the plunder of Government, but the plunder of the people, and the influence and control which arise from the possession of office. Remove these to day from the North, and there would be no Union here; they have been removed from the South, and the old Union is dissolved. Can this be doubted? However unpatriotically this sentiment above quoted may seem to reflect on the beauty and purity of democratic Government, it was deliberately adopted as the guiding rule of Southern statesmen even previous to this day, and it has been exemplified in every stamp-act, paper-money and editorial which has since been put forth in the interests of the South.

Will it be denied that they have engrained it as the cardinal principle of their political action, and have proceeded on it during all the period of material progress and improvement at the North? The struggle in connection with slavery has not really arisen from regarding it as a curse to humanity, but from this secret direction of the power to which it has given origin. It is well remembered by you that slaves are represented in Congress in the ratio of three to five as compared with the white population. The precedent furnished by the admission of the new Southern States as Slave States was not lost sight of when the vast Western frontiers, applied in their turn. The ordinance of 1789 forbidding involuntary servitude in all that territory except in punishment of crime, though sharply contested, was, finally, in 1807, decided to apply to what are now the Northwestern States. We see how this question has since been agitated in the long Missouri case, in the struggle for the annexation of Texas and in the disturbance of the Kansas frontier. Gentlemen, we tell you plainly that when the descendants of the Puritans met the slave power with its slave representation on the floor of Congress, they shrank from the concession we tell you that when they were forced to admit slavery into certain territories, their blood boiled, and when you that when it was sought to be introduced into the territories without limit, they took up the sword, resolved never to lay

it down until they, or slavery, should be exterminated. Of the Northern representatives in Congress, each of these different views, was elected under different circumstances, and represented the votes of intelligent white men, of independent and diverse opinions; while the members from the South, on the other hand, representatives, in part, of whites, in part, of negroes, expressed the will, not of a thinking population, but of a compact body of slaveholders. The North has fought this latter influence, and while willing to recognize slave representation, where it originally existed, they were not willing to should be indefinitely extended, and they were right.

Out of the voting population of the North, not one in a hundred but clearly understands what he is voting for, and hence a single election may express fifty different views. The Union, while we have three hundred and one such ballots, and all Southern votes represent but one view; and it is this concentration of power bestowed by slave-representation which has caused the North to yield to the advance of slavery; for, with the majority inevitably so gained, the South has always been able to control the Government by electing, as their candidates, if not Southern men, Northern men of Southern principles.

But when the North elected the Executive upon a platform openly at variance with the cherished principles of the opposite section, the latter did simply what they had always threatened and been ready for—they seceded from the Union. Now, while we do not say that slavery is not the immediate cause of the disruption, we will show that it has not operated as such in the direction usually assigned to it, and that Southern statesmen and politicians have had this catastrophe in view ever since the Union was organized, and have contemplated it, as a probable contingency, ever since slavery became an element in their political power. The South, it is true, has had no alternative but the existence of slavery, or the existence of no South at all. The true position of the South in this Union has been that of an appendage—an agricultural waste, producing nothing but cotton, rice, sugar, politicians and tobacco—while the North has been developed into a manufacturing power, by means of the widely-diffused intelligence of her people, by means of her schools, her churches, her colleges, her merchants, tradesmen and mechanics, have been content to represent their own sections and parties in Congress, the South has been wide awake in politics, aware that, aside from that, she possessed no inherent source of power. By one splitting of the Northern arm she could have been crushed—slavery and all; but the Southern politicians early perceived and availed themselves of their only advantage. Her leading sons have been trained from infancy in the art and science of political management, which they have carried out in Congress, and which have elevated so many of them to the Presidential seat, while the North has sent to Washington whatever superficial demagogue happened to come upon the surface. Southern politicians understood well the meaning and purpose of their efforts. From the days of Calhoun, if not before, they have perceived it to be their duty and interest to represent the South, and not the Union—to consult the welfare of the Southern people, and not the welfare of the United States. They knew that if the Northern element of freedom were allowed to gain the upper hand, they and their institutions would be swept into oblivion. Finding slavery entailed upon them, they have made it the means of raising them to power, and of increasing their influence, and finally that slavery is wrong, they knew that if the Northern element of freedom were allowed to gain the upper hand, they and their institutions would be swept into oblivion. Finding slavery entailed upon them, they have made it the means of raising them to power, and of increasing their influence, and finally that slavery is wrong, they knew that if the Northern element of freedom were allowed to gain the upper hand, they and their institutions would be swept into oblivion.

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Finding slavery entailed upon them, they have made it the means of raising them to power,



## THE GOOD OF SUFFERING.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M. D.

What is the use of suffering? I asked a good Christian woman this question, and she answered, "We all know what the use of suffering is—it works out for us an eternal and exceeding weight of glory." Then I asked, what is the cause of suffering? And she answered, "Sin." Then I said, "Would you not say that the cause which produces an eternal and exceeding weight of glory, is good?" and she answered, "Yes. No. I do not know." Thus stands this problem called sin and its consequent suffering before the world to-day. People are beginning to question, and ask whether there is, or is not, a spiritual good flowing from all acts called sinful, and the answer is, Yes; no; I do not know. If suffering is good for us in a spiritual sense, then it must be paradoxical and illogical to call the cause that produces it less than good. And the cause of suffering may, almost without exception be traced to acts, somewhere, in somebody, that are called sinful. No one will deny that suffering damages our physical well-being—but the question does not rest here. Our thoughts and our affections are resting on the spiritual, and now with us, the question reaches there. The soul, with those who are led to consider this problem, holds a paramount importance over their physical being, that is ever suffering, changing, and falling away. And thus we are led to ask, how does suffering affect the soul? For one, I must answer, that suffering has no effect upon the soul. Suffering is only an attribute of the physical world and its affections. Suffering is one of death's weapons, the effect of which is to separate the soul and body. Death is only an agent of life, belonging alone to the physical world, and suffering is the result of its slow and certain work.

Every pain we feel bears evidence of progress; of our change from the physical to the spiritual; and pain is not the cause of progress, but the consequence. Sin is not a cause of the soul's progression but a result. The soul throbs with a new pulsation of development, and in consequence, some earthly affection is to be torn and severed to give place to the exercise of a new spiritual development. And this tearing and severing of an earthly affection from our being, is suffering, the cause of which is sin, and which sin is a minister to us for this end by the kind and loving hand of wisdom, through the agency of death. So as my good Christian friend truly said, suffering works out for us "an eternal and exceeding weight of glory."

All that tends to damage and destroy our physical well-being, is a cause, proximate or remote, of suffering and pain, and every sinful act makes contributions to this end. These sinful acts are wisely and justly dealt out to men and women by the powers of the unseen world, for a purpose, for an end, and the purpose and end of which is the soul's freedom, which freedom is never too early, is never too late, but is always in time and place, ever under the guidance of the All-seeing eye of that power and wisdom that created, and still sustains all things. Suffering is caused by the cutting asunder of an earthly ligature that holds us down to the ground, and this is a demand of the soul's development that comes before, not after the pain, that is caused thereby.

It is natural for every one to avoid suffering; no one would suffer pain if it could be averted. And how natural it is for us to do sinful deeds that make and oblige us to suffer, which deeds we are sorry for. Why do we do them? A blind fatality holds us, we do them because we cannot help what we do. We think we can live without sin, but sages and philosophers cannot prove that we do; ministers who work all the time to keep themselves and others from sinning, cannot tell us who is free from sin. There is in humanity an inclination to sin, and humanity obeys this inclination with vision blinded to the consequences, which are sufferings.

The soul's development is paramount to all else that belongs to our existence, and this development is the development of our spiritual tabernacle, in which is our "far more eternal and exceeding weight of glory." Our earthly tabernacles grow tired, faint and emaciated from suffering. This is of necessity, because our spiritual development commands our thoughts and affections. So those who have suffered most, have the mightiest developments of soul, which developments have produced these sufferings, for the end that the spirit may be detached from the physical body and its affections, and rise above conflict and suffering sooner.

There will be a time in the journeyings of every immortal soul, when it will be seen that suffering has been necessary, and has served a purpose—the same as every track a traveler makes is a necessary effect of, and has served the purpose of his journey. When this shall be, all will be thankful for suffering, for suffering will then be counted as only the footsteps of the soul's progress that are left behind in the muddy roads of earth. Then shall all be led to see that the physical couriers of sin are but "spiritual blessings, for which gratitude will be added to thanksgiving, and the wisdom and goodness of God will be proclaimed in chanting, "Whatever is, is Right."

## HOSPITAL, CAMP M'KIM.

Amid the shifting and drifting scenes of this dramatic life, this morning I find myself seated at the drug dispensing table of my son, (Hospital Steward), with scales and bottles before me and the air impregnated with the odor of medicine; but the fire brightly burning, and the birds singing in the trees that stand out in the snow, the bark of dogs and hum of the establishment make up a complete act in the moving scene of my life.

About fifty patients are now in the Hospital, belonging to the Michigan Sixth, with waters and runners; under the care of my son, some slowly rising from typhoid, some coughing up from bad colds, some limping with rheumatism, and some with diseases they are ashamed of, but none with battle wounds; and yet no regiment is more eager for a field of battle and glory than the Michigan Sixth, and few could do more service in one. One poor little fellow was discharged yesterday by assistant-surgeon Death, and leaving his delicate body, which never was made for a soldier, returned to his home near Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he ought to have stayed, in school or a garden, and let ten of the robust sons of that region come in his stead. But ambition, poverty, and patriotism all combined and brought him here, where he did his duty nobly and honestly till he was yesterday honorably discharged; but whether he will be cordially met at home, or recognized at all, is a question of religion and prej-

dice. To-day his body will be buried in this foreign land, to him, and soon only the record will be found of the poor, pale soldier boy who died on the 9th.

Baltimore has greatly changed since my last visit one year ago, before the attack on the Massachusetts soldiers, and before the masked passage of the President through the city, before the undercurrent of secession had made its attempt to destroy the evidences of civilization by burning bridges, tearing up railroads, breaking down telegraphs, stopping the mails and presses, &c. That undercurrent rose to the surface, with its muddy water, for a short time last spring; but soon the pressure of law and order, from within and without the city and the State, overcame, subdued, and silenced into a low murmur the groans and growls of secession and rebellion.

So Baltimore is again a city of order and quiet, but there is little security except from the presence and power of the soldiers of other States, for there is, and long has been, a large amount of material for mobs and riots in the city. If three or four thousand of them were in the rebel ranks, they could be more easily disposed of than in any other way. In fact, if the rioters, and loafers, and rowdies of all our great cities, were under Jeff Davis, and all honest or loyal men and friends of law and order on the other side, as most of them are, it would be a more direct and complete issue and result.

Last Sunday I met a host of old friends in Philadelphia, and as Sister Laura De Foroe did not arrive to fill her engagement, I took her place in the morning at Sanson Street Hall, and filled my engagement at Phenix Street Church, in the afternoon. A Mr. Fay, who is giving good satisfaction there, both as a test medium and a speaker, filled her place in the evening, giving the bread of life to a very large audience.

Our energetic and devoted friend, Dr. H. T. Child, is preparing another little work from a spirit released body come to a tragic end, which promises to be equally interesting and useful with that of Dr. Ackley. He has also a large and scientific work in the hands of the publisher, waiting better times to appear among the current literature of the new era. The friends in Philadelphia seem earnest and hopeful as ever. To-day I go to Washington, and return to lecture here on Sunday, and then try the mountain route to Cincinnati, and shall report to you from the West for a few months. WARREN CHASE.

Baltimore, Md., February 6, 1862.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.  
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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ISAAC B. RICH,

Publisher for the Proprietors.

## A PLEA FOR CHARITY.

We have been recently inquired of by a devoted friend to liberal and harmonious principles, relative to a certain individual well known in the ranks of Spiritual-lecturers, as how, for instance, he stood in the esteem of the community, what we thought about him ourselves, and if there might be any truth in the stories in circulation derogatory to his character prior to some particular time mentioned in the inquiry. This is, in truth, but one of many letters which we receive, and for some time have been receiving, of the same tenor and purport, and we therefore take the present occasion to reply to them all as we think they should be met—in the temper which we think it becomes all progressive and developing persons to treat these and similar matters.

When a person asks us, even for the purpose of being informed for his own advantage, if we can say whether certain reports, concerning another person are well or ill-founded, he puts us a question which he has no moral right, without qualification, to ask, nor we to answer. For how knows he that, even if he estimates that third person by the light of some wrong action of his in the past, that latter is yet amenable to such an estimate? Who is able to satisfy him that the accused party has undergone no change—that he is still in his heart the same man he was when these charges were first brought against him; that a man, however faulty or bad must needs be always so, and can never improve even under the divinest influences that are brought to bear upon him? Or, on the other side, how can his accuser declare, that he has all the while been of the same mind himself—that he judges just as carefully and conscientiously as he did—that he is to-day the moral superior of the suspected person of yesterday? All this, it is obvious, implies no possible change, or chance of change, in the heart and conduct of the unfortunate faulty one, and an equal positiveness, or on the other side, of the accuser that he still acts up to the same high moral standard himself. And, as between the two, who can judge but the omniscient God, who can discern but He who possesses the All-seeing eye?

It is preposterous—nay more, it is criminal, for one person to assume that another, who once happened to be in the wrong, is of necessity in the wrong always afterwards. If so, then what is to become of all our human and humane professions of progress and spiritual development? Where go all our doctrines of advancement and reform? What do all our teachings and inculcations about charity and forgiveness and love amount to? Manifestly, to just nothing. We surrender in a breath every

point that has been gained after so long struggling, and, for the sake of indulging our inclinations to prejudice and hatred, turn our backs upon all our fondest hopes and desires. If a man chanced to be a bad man last year, does it follow that he is necessarily of the same stripe this? May he not have been placed in unfortunate conditions then, which are entirely removed and done away with now? May he not have been strongly tempted, or violently driven by necessity then, and be so much more fortunately situated now, as not even to feel its constraint and goading influences?

How, we would like to know, is a person ever to receive encouragement to reform and reconstruct his life, if he is to be hounded down all the while for sins which he once committed—even as every soul of us all commits sin—but which he has repented of and turned his back on, long ago? Will you demand that a person shall go about in a begging and pitiful attitude, making needless confession of past sins, fallings and peccadilloes, sitting on the stool of false humility in every public place, and whining and drivelling the rest of his days away, because he would simply be glad to secure the good will of men who, at best, are no whit better than himself? Henry Ward Beecher said with perfect manliness and truth, in a published sermon of not many months ago, that no man could be expected to be everlastingly on the penitent stool. If he has once erred, and afterwards repented, and gone and done better, thus furnishing both inward and outward proof of his reformation—that is sufficient. What more is to be gained to others by hearing his means and groans indefinitely extended? or what spiritual advantage is to accrue to himself by keeping up a practice that speedily wastes his spiritual forces and renders all the hoped for results of repentance absolutely useless? Thus, we might all of us combine to make no more than a cry-baby sort of a world of it, doing no service either for others or ourselves.

Nor have we, or any other persons, a right to pass judgment upon the nature of another, on account of delinquencies in his past which may have not the most distant connection with his present character. We should be apt to wrong him by so doing, and assume for ourselves, at the same time, vastly more and greater prerogatives than we have any right to do. How can it be expected that we should be able exactly to say that the person we judge is properly measured by the standard we set up? How do we know that we can exactly hit his present case; that we do not miss a single figure in our hasty estimate of his present moral condition, that we drop not a single syllable to his prejudice; that, above all, we do not cut off a single coveted opportunity for him to develop himself spiritually and socially, just as he would prefer?

Charity—blessed, life-imparting charity!—is the one possession which we should all chiefly desire. There is more need of our having this, a thousand times, than to have even the most faithful reports from others of the character and standing of past delinquents. If half the pains were taken to cultivate this which we see taken to gather up reports and rumors and insinuations respecting others, we should very soon make a new world of it altogether. The general trouble arises just at this point. If we could make up our minds to pity and forgive others, because of their ignorance and prejudice, instead of denouncing and calumniating them on account of their malice and universal wickedness, how much better we should become at heart ourselves, and how much sooner would they be led to change their course by seeing and catching our own spirit! This sweet, blessed, healing Charity is what our world stands so much in need of to-day. If there were more of it, how soon would we behold universal sunshine! What a contagious influence would touch the hearts of all men who are not reached by it now, and how rapidly would not converts be made under the power of a divinity which they could no longer resist! We beg each one of our readers to go and try the experiment at once.

## The French Emperor.

Late reports from Europe make it appear as if the astute Emperor of the French had nearly come to the determination, at one time, to announce in public his intention to raise the blockade of our Southern harbors, and likewise of notifying his new ally—England—of the same thing at the same time. Also, that in case England declined to join herself, even by her moral influence, with him in such an enterprise, he would go about the rash experiment on his own account. It is further given out that Earl Russell, as well perhaps as the London Times, threw cold water on the project in advance, begging a continuance of patience and forbearance, in the hope that the American question would soon solve itself. Upon which urgent representation, the Emperor is said to have forbore, and made nothing more than a very general, non-committal speech to the assembled chambers, by the tenor of which he leaves the matter entirely open for future developments or complications.

Probably before the time when these proposed arrangements are ready to be carried out, news will have gone abroad of even more, and perhaps more brilliant, victories than the ones at Mill Springs, Fort Henry, and the most brilliant one at Roanoke Island, whereby foreign governments will be led to pause even longer than they now propose, and await results which cannot, to our own thinking, be now very far distant in the future. We at least way he may best meet and counteract the troubles occasioned by this blockade of ours, in his own dominions, is no doubt true enough; but it must be a bolder than a common mind that stops not at a rash step like this of forcibly breaking our blockade, and thereby precipitating the entire civilized world in bloody war, in order to gain a doubtful means of amelioration for his own people. Napoleon has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most astute and comprehensive statesmen of Europe, if not, indeed, the first of all who at present figure in politics; but he must have suddenly changed his plans and principles without sufficient reason, or even become demented in a great degree, if he is ready, as has been reported, to give the go-by to all the points of his policy, and fatally embroil himself, and secure, so far as he can, the perpetual power, whole and unbroken, of his standing rival and foe across the channel.

## Notice.

Our friends in New York will find the BANNER for sale at the office of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, 274 Canal street.

## The Newspaper Press.

Well may the press and the people of the country open their eyes in astonishment, when they come to see that it is the intention of the Committee of Ways and Means in Congress to lay a heavy, if not a crushing tax upon newspapers. The plain and immediate effect of this measure will be to throw the business of publishing newspapers into the hands of a few capitalists, and out of the circulation of ordinary and cheap newspapers, altogether. The people will of course suffer from this measure, since it will almost entirely put an end to competition in publishing, and throw the business into the hands of a few persons or corporations. What effect it will have on the free and unrestricted dissemination of intelligence among the masses, any reader can see for himself, without the trouble of being told.

No greater mistake than the levying of a tax upon knowledge could well be made. It hits the reading interest exactly where it is most sensitive and tender. It is a tax—and a very heavy one too—upon one of the commonest necessities of the human family. It goes direct to the fountain of all material wealth, and seeks to dry it up by a single order. The ancient fable respecting the goose that laid the golden egg, will apply with unmeasured force and point to this Congressional scheme of national impoverishment. Only popular ignorance and degradation can come out of it, as they invariably do whenever it is sought by the Government to cut off the sources and supply of intelligence.

Why a tax should be levied on the manufacture of newspapers any more than on the manufacture of hats, of boots and shoes, or any other articles of equal, or even smaller necessity, it perplexes us greatly to understand. In fact, all taxation upon the press should be kept clear off, even if articles such as we have named are brought into the list first. As well talk about taxing the children who attend our public schools, so much per head for the privileges they have hitherto enjoyed with such freedom. As well tax water, air, light through the windows, or any of those free gifts of Heaven which we have been educated to consider blessings which make life endurable on any terms, and which we have had for the asking.

This system of taxing knowledge, and the instrument by which it is obtained and disseminated, has been perseveringly, not to say obstinately, tried in England, and at last abandoned. In our own day, and within a few years, too, we have seen the government of that nation relinquishing its hold on the press of the country, a single step at a time, until at last newspapers there are issued without the burden of any tax whatever, and are as free as light, and air, and water. This result, fought for by the press and reading public for so many years, was the subject of innumerable congratulations on the part of the people, and is not likely to be disturbed by any subsequent parliamentary legislation. And yet we are about to start experiments where the English Government has left off! Could there be folly more preposterous? Was ever legislature more demented than the one that proposes a measure so entirely at variance with all the instincts of progress and civilization? It would appear as if we were trying as hard as possible to go backwards, instead of forwards, and that we were deliberately stretching forth our hands to set back the hands on the dial by a hundred years.

We protest, therefore, both on our own behalf and of our thousands of readers, against the passage of a law which will certainly ruin to the newspapers, per press, and general degradation through the land. Destroy the press, as this tax-bill proposes to do, and what we style the Union will hardly be worth preserving. We need give ourselves no further trouble to fight for our glorious inheritance, if they are to be accompanied with restrictions of so suicidal a nature as this. In the language of another, this measure, if passed, "will prove a death-blow to newspaper enterprise in the country, and deprive the people of the advantages of a cheap and free press. It will fetter and crush out every newspaper not owned by heavy capitalists, and will tend to the building up of a monopoly in the newspaper business, dangerous alike to the liberties and interests of the people."

## Mrs. Lincoln's Ball.

We are no fault-finders ourselves, and do not believe in carping, or anything of the sort; but it would be nothing out of the way at all for us to say what a great many others have said, and Republican journals of the highest respectability among them, that the late display, extravagance and frivolity at the White House, at the very moment, too, when it was officially given out that not a dollar was left in the Treasury, was reprehensible in every view from which it was to be looked at. The wife of the President did not, certainly, keep before her eyes the commendable and patriotic example of the wife of Washington, who used to carry her knitting with her when she went out to pass an evening, in those trying times when our beloved country was struggling with the throes of national birth; that she might thus set a good example to the ladies of all the officers in camp. The taste of this late display is the most of a point we should venture to make; of its innate patriotism and spirit of self-denial, we prefer to say nothing. It would seem to be pretty clear, however, if we may judge from the comments the affair has so generally called forth, that no such experiment will again be attempted during the passage of the war. We should hope so, at any rate.

## Review Spiritie.

We have received this excellent monthly journal, published in Paris, devoted to psychological science, and the promulgation of the following subjects that fill its pages, viz: "Recital of material manifestations of the spiritie, apparitions, evocations, also all the news relating to Spiritualism. The power of spirits upon the things of the visible and the invisible world, upon sciences, morality, the immortality of the soul, the nature of man and his future. The history of Spiritualism in ancient times; its rapports with magnetism and somnambulism; explanation of legends and popular beliefs; the mythology of all people, &c."

The number before us contains an essay on "Fallen Angels," "The publicity of Spiritual communications," "The Control of Spirit-power," "The Supernatural," by Guitot; "Poetry from beyond the tomb," "Spiritualism in its simplest form," "Revelation from beyond the tomb," "Testimony in favor of Spiritualism," "A letter from Dr. Marché," "Our young friends who are familiar with the French language, will be interested in a perusal of this magazine."

## Death of S. B. Brittan, Jr.

The universal joy that came with the announcement of the brilliant victory by the Federal troops at Fort Henry last week, was not unmingled with sorrow and pain to many of us. Simultaneous almost with the thrilling news that the Star Spangled Banner was again floating over the soil of Tennessee, came the news of the death of our young friend, S. B. Brittan, Jr. Only a couple of months ago we announced the appointment of this young man, son of our esteemed correspondent, to the position of master's mate, under Captain Porter, of the gunboat Essex, and since then we published a portion of a private letter from him, while the flotilla were awaiting orders at Cairo. The telegraphic despatch from Cincinnati, under date of February 7, announcing the victory, contains the following paragraph:

"The Essex was badly crippled when about half through the fight, and crowding steadily against the enemy. A ball went into her side forward port through her heavy bulkhead, and squarely through one of her boilers, the escaping steam scalding and killing several of the crew. Capt. Porter, his Aide, S. B. Brittan, Jr., and Paymaster Lewis, were standing in a direct line of the balls passing. Mr. Brittan being in the centre of the group. A shot struck Mr. Brittan on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction."

Further despatches inform us that by the same casualty, both Captain Porter and Paymaster Lewis were badly scalded. In a late number of the New York Times under the heading of "A Young Hero," we find the following merited editorial tribute:

"Samuel Byron Brittan, Capt. W. D. Porter's Aid, who was justly killed on board the United States gunboat Essex, by a shot from the enemy on the occasion of the capture of Fort Henry, was the eldest living son of Prof. S. B. Brittan, for some years connected with the Periodical Press of this city. On the fall of Sumter, young Brittan manifested an intense desire to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, insisting that he could better go than those who had family responsibilities; but his father was unwilling, owing to his son's extreme youth, and the latter yielded to parental advice. Subsequently the situation of Master's Mate was offered him by Capt. Porter, of the Essex, and with the consent of his parents it was accepted. But a few days since, his gallant conduct and efficient services were the subject of honorable mention in Capt. Porter's official despatch regarding the action at Lucas Bend."

Mr. Brittan was a brave, sincere and high minded young man, of prepossessing person and manners, and was alike admired and loved by a large circle of friends in New York and New England, who will sincerely lament the sudden and tragic termination of a life so full of promise. He was less than seven years of age; but his fine physical and mental development, and his manly bearing, led strangers to suppose that he had numbered more years, and that his rare gifts had been matured by a longer experience. He leaves father, mother, two brothers and three sisters to cherish his memory. His career was short, and his young life was a pure and willing offering on the altar of his country."

## Lyceum Hall, Sunday, Feb. 9.

Prof. Butler, whose eloquence and accomplishments as a lecturer are too well known for comments, spoke to packed houses on Sunday afternoon and evening. The profound attention which was evinced by the audience during his lectures, of one hour each, is unmistakable evidence of their merits and adaptiveness to the wants of Boston people. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to present a full report of these discourses; but causes beyond our control prevent us from so doing.

Mrs. L. P. Rand gave another of her soul-stirring readings on this occasion.

As indicated by the large meetings at this hall for the few last Sundays, Spiritualism in Boston was never before so wide awake.

We have several reports of Sunday lectures on hand, which we have been obliged to defer. The one on the "ATONEMENT," by Miss Doten, appears in this issue.

## The Creed-Churches on the Wane.

"A much esteemed Doctor of Divinity preached on Sunday afternoon to a congregation of seventeen persons, seven of whom were paid for attending, namely, the sexton, organ blower, organist, and quartette choir. Strange to say, that among the actual worshippers, there were seven men to three women."—Boston Paper.

We were pleased to notice, on the Sabbath alluded to, a full attendance at the Spiritual meeting at Lyceum Hall. The above paragraph taken in connection with the remark of the Transcript a few days since, that "at least fifteen churches in this city, belonging to as many different sects, could be spared, and the attendants find ample accommodations in the remaining churches," would seem to indicate a falling off from the creed-churches to a somewhat damaging extent. Well, good people, there is room for you all in the Spiritual ranks. Let Truth and Progress be your watchword, and you will be able to discern with a clearer sight the soul-sustaining truths of immortal life.

## A New Reform Journal.

We have received the prospectus of a new paper soon to be published in Cleveland, Ohio, under the editorial management of Francis Barry, and known as The New Republic, a weekly journal, devoted to Governmental and all other reforms. Among its list of contributors are Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lita H. Barney, Dr. A. Brooke, Belle Bush, Emma Hardinge, Joseph Highton, J. M. Langston, S. P. Leland, J. S. Loveland, Orson S. Murray, C. M. Overton, John Patterson, George Roberts, J. M. Sterling, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Mary A. Titton, J. H. W. Tooley, Milo A. Townsend, Cora Wilburn, and many other of the best writers.

The New Republic promises to be well printed, on a large sheet (24 by 36 inches) of good paper, at one dollar a year; six months, fifty cents. Its publication is guaranteed. It has our best wishes, for it will if properly conducted, fill a void in American literature that has long existed.

## Spiritualism Generally.

Spiritualism was never before this time so generally manifest in the affections of the people as it is at the present time. Is it not scorned and rejected by the *vox populi* now as it has been in the few past years. All denominations of religion now recognize a beauty and goodness in it. It is only cried against by the few, whose bigotry holds the preponderance. Thousands and tens of thousands love the thoughts of immortality presented by Spiritualism, and the heavenly communications of spirits, in silent, unspoken admiration; and the time is not far distant when men will not be ashamed, in fear, but will be pleased, in a mighty conquest of light and love, to proclaim what they hold dear, and boldly speak in grateful measure of their admiration of the beautiful revelations of the spiritual world. Yes, that day now dawns upon us when a man shall be pleased to say, "I am a Spiritualist," and ashamed to say, "I am not a Spiritualist."



## New Publications.

**THE FUGITIVE WIFE.** By Warren Chase, author of "The Life Line of the Lone One." Boston: Bela Marsh.

This handsome little volume contains a review, criticism, and commentary on Marriage, Adultery, Divorce, Polygamy, Monogamy, Celibacy, Free Love, Shakerism, Communism, and Socialism—altogether with Poems and some Sketches of real life, as witnessed by the author during his travels of many years, and proposed legal remedies for domestic troubles. Mr. Chase is a man of broad and strong understanding, hence he handles whatever subject he approaches with common sense, and makes the most effectual appeals to the mass of the people. The present little brochure of his is a nut packed full with meat, and will meet with a warm welcome in hearts that have suffered from the many causes which he proceeds so humanely to discuss. Those who have heard Mr. Chase in the lecture room—and who has not?—as well as the tens of thousands who have read his writings in the columns of the *BANNER* and other progressive papers, will know pretty nearly what is the tone and spirit with which he treats the interesting question he has herein raised. There are other pieces between these covers than sober and serious discussions of a most momentous social topic: he has skillfully and lovingly impressed the inspirations of other pens into the service which he seeks to perform for the race, and deems that the light and readable sketch of life, as he has himself seen it, is not ineffectual in helping on wholesome ideas with the popular mind. We can only add that this little volume is but the fruit of a labor of love with the generous author, whose highest desires will be gratified if he finds that it is abroad and doing good work for suffering humanity. Few who fling at the idea of treating this marriage question seriously, but would be greatly benefited and enlightened by reading the pages of this little book. We wish it abundant success on its mission.

**THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE,** and *Forester's Boys and Girls' Magazine.* William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic) Editor. Boston: Galen James & Co. The February number of this capital little monthly for young folks, is on our table. It is filled with excellent and sprightly reading, and pretty pictures, and must be in demand with children everywhere. The very name of its editor is a pledge of its merit and usefulness. Only \$1 a year; or much cheaper to clubs.

**THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR MARCH.**—The third number of this new Boston Monthly has been issued. It contains articles from Richard B. Kimball, Hon. G. P. Disney, A. Oakley Hall, Henry P. Leland, Bayard Taylor, Edward S. Rand, Jr., A. M. Griswold, C. G. Leland, and others. Specially noticeable articles in the present number are "Southern Aids to the North," by the editor, "Jonathan Edwards and the Old Clergy," by Rev. W. Atkinson; "One of my Predecessors," by Bayard Taylor; "The Late Lord Chancellor Campbell," and a "Sketch of John L. Motley," by Della L. Cotton. The Editor's table is prepared with glorious taste and loaded down with rich things.

## Reflection always required.

Though the times be indeed stirring, it is no reason why they should tempt or force men to abstain from those habits of reflection which are so necessary for the filling up of the character and assisting it on its career of development. In fact, the more profound and general the stir, the greater need there is of thought; for actions are but thoughts put in practice, and can have no worthy meaning unless they are well considered beforehand. It is not any more patriotic to be mad with enthusiasm, than it is to be cool, collected and thoughtful, though there seem to be many who think otherwise. Invariably, the man of reflection, if his habit happens to be happily tempered with action, is the most effective and reliable man of action, too. He can be depended upon for his judgment in a time of extreme danger, since it has been his practice to exercise that judgment about the very matters which he is now called upon to decide. Let none of us, then, give way to the excitements of the hour, whatever they may be; for he is not most true to his own gifts who permits them to be swallowed up in temporary and fleeting issues, instead of employing them to ride the whirlwind and control the storm.

## Lecturers.

**R. F. Richardson,** the blind pilgrim, through the agency of the angel-world, has become a public trance-speaker, and will answer calls to lecture anywhere in Vermont. For the present, address care of Dr. C. E. Grier, Franklin, Vermont.

**Mrs. M. S. Townsend** will speak in New Bedford February 28th.

**Leo Miller** will lecture in Blanchard Hall, East Stoughton, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, February 25th and 26th. Seats free.

**A. H. Davis** will answer calls to lecture on Spiritual Phenomena, Evidence of Future Life, and other subjects intimately connected. Address, Natick, Mass.

## Mr. Mansfield's

Powers as a medium for answering sealed letters are unabated. We have evidence almost daily of the reliability of these messages. Besides, we are in receipt from time to time of letters from various parts of the country attesting the truth of the manifestations through him, which we have not room to print. We therefore cordially recommend him to all those who have a sincere desire to communicate with their loved ones who have passed to spirit-life.

## To Traveling Agents.

Agents remitting us two dollars for one year's subscription to the *BANNER*, or one dollar for six months' subscription, will be entitled to twelve and a half per cent. commission. We cannot afford to allow commission on club subscribers, as it leaves us no margin for profit. Our friends, who wish to act as our agents, will please bear this in mind. By so doing, they help along the Good Cause.

## Convention at Horseheads, N. Y.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial invitation to all spiritual lecturers, mediums, believers, reformers and inquirers, to assemble in Conference at Union Hall, Horseheads, N. Y., on Friday, at 10 A. M., March 14, 1862, and continue a series of meetings on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th. Accommodations will be provided for all speakers, and as many others as possible; and the hotels will keep visitors at 75 cents per day. A small door fee will be taken in the evenings, to help needy speakers who may favor the Convention with desirable services. The platform will be open for free discussion in harmony with such rules as the Convention may adopt.

HARRISON WELLS,  
N. P. TALKER,  
D. L. WATKINS.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

At this time of our country's trouble, it is peculiarly appropriate to read the work entitled "TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS," through Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham." It is a royal octavo volume, of four hundred and fifty-nine pages, and is one of the most interesting books we have perused for a long time. For a brief synopsis of contents, and the price, see advertisement another column.

"THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH," by Andrew Jackson Davis, is having a great run. We have a full supply. All orders by mail promptly filled.

A father was recently showing his little daughter the rebuses in the Student and Schoolmate, when she artlessly exclaimed:—"Papa, I like the *Banner* little Willie gives me, best."

Mr. M. A. Hunter, of Rochester, N. Y., is authorized to act as our agent in the towns he may visit in that State.

Martin Luther's wedding-ring is on exhibition at Ball, Black & Co.'s, New York—a heavy gold ring, with ecclesiastical emblems, well-preserved, authenticated, and dated on the wedding-day, June 25, 1525.

**EMANCIPATION IN DELAWARE.**—A proposition is to be introduced into the Legislature of Delaware to abolish slavery. According to this proposition, all slaves over thirty-five are to be free in ninety days; all under thirty-five are to be free on reaching that age; all born after this bill becomes a law, to be free as soon as they become of age, and slavery to cease entirely, January 1st, 1872. These provisions are to be made conditional upon the agreement of the General Government to pay the State \$300,000 in ten annual installments, to be used as a fund for compensating the present owners. This will be about \$500 for each slave.

## THE LESSON OF THE DEW.

The dew when day is done  
Should teach me how thy Spirit's dew can bless;  
By the pure rising sun,  
Remind me of the Sun of Righteousness.  
By every way-side flower,  
By every fountain rippling in its glee,  
By every dew and hour,  
Draw me, oh Father, nearer still to thee.

[Mary Anne Browne.]

The London News boldly denounces the projects for recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and says it is time that the voice of the country should be heard against it in unmistakable tones.

He that to avoid a greater sin, will yield to a lesser, ten thousand to one but God, in justice, will leave that soul to fall into a greater. If we commit one sin to avoid another, it is just as we should avoid neither, we having not law nor power in our own hands to keep off sin as we please; and we, by yielding to the less do tempt the tempter to tempt us to the great.

A farming friend of *Jo Cose*, last summer took offense at *Jo* because he raised the biggest beets. *Jo* consoled himself by saying that it was no more than he might expect, to have his acquaintance out by such a raider. That was pretty sharp for *Jo*.

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in a time of scarcity? Because she ought to be husbanded.

A SCREW LOOSE IN THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE.—We have been seriously annoyed of late by having our letters sent to the Dead Letter Office, Washington, and subsequently returned to the writers. If Uncle Sam was n't in a tight place, we might institute a suit against him for damages.

He is a contemptible fellow that sneaks through life on tip-toe, with his ears at the key-hole of everybody's business.

**PLEASANT NEWS FOR ITS READERS.**—The Christian Freeman says:—"Our friends in Brighton are alive and well."

Why is it impossible for a person who lies, to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Some one speaks of November and December as being rightly named, since they are indeed the emblems of the dying year.

No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it is good policy, are not honest.

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a man met a farmer of the neighborhood, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh, yes," said the farmer, "he is dead, but ah he no doubt 't' wife'll carry on 't' business, and mak it as profitable as ever it was."

We hear of stealing a kiss. But why should a lady charge a gentleman with stealing what she did not have until he gave it to her—the gift being the very thing she calls theft?

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

**M. A. H. ROCHSTER, N. Y.**—We have received the \$3, sent on the 10th inst. Also \$2, Mr. Olney's subscription.

**Dr. S. W. H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—The spirit communications have been received; but their extreme length precludes the possibility of printing them for some time to come.

**G. S., "The Age of Virtue," Thirteenth Paper,** has been received.

**Mrs. A. C. S. BLOTT, Wis.**—Much obliged for your contributions.

**W. S. W., GREENVILLE, ILL.**—Your inquiries will be answered by us editorially in due time. Many of our readers stand upon the same platform as yourself in regard to the matter to which you refer.

"TWELFTH STREET," PHILADELPHIA.—Your story is very acceptable. Filed for publication.

**Dr. E. B. F., New York.**—Your suggestion has been acted upon. Thank you cordially for the interest you take in the welfare of the *BANNER*.

**H. C. P., WASHINGTON, D. C.**—Certainly.

## The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by B. 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 Angels, Consulting God, Progression, Selfish Love and Anger, 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.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND LET IN MORE LIGHT  
(DYING WORDS OF GOD.)

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
"Twas a dying man's last cry,  
As his feet drew near to those mansions bright,  
The home of the blest on high.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Lift the curtains from the soul,  
That Truth may shine in with its radiance bright,  
And exert its mild control.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Let error and gloom flee away,  
And souls which were shrouded in mystery's night  
Rejoice in the glorious day.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Spread the banner of freedom wide,  
Unloose the fetters which are given so tight,  
That us from the future divide.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
For "the day star" doth arise  
To scatter the darkness which broods o'er the land,  
And clear the film from our eyes.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Yes, even the beams that come  
More radiant than morn's effulgence bright  
From Heaven, our Spirit-home!

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Lo! those who have gone before,  
To those realms where day is eternal, bright,  
Return to the earth once more,

To cheer our hearts with their whispers of love,  
And lead us on to the goal  
Where they wait for us in the kingdom above,  
The home of the franchised soul!

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
On the written page to shine,  
Where the Father reveals the depth and height,  
And breadth of His love divine.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
That "he who runneth may read,"  
And over a pathway with sunshine bright,  
The soul to its home may speed.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
Till over the earth shall resound  
The notes of joy that at length the dark night  
With the morning's beam is crowned.

"Open the shutters and let in more light!"  
The future's dark veil upraise,  
That all who may catch the glorious sight,  
Its blessed truths may embrace.

So shall the dark fetters which bind the soul  
To this world of care and gloom,  
Be loosed, and glorious day arise  
From the portals of the tomb!

And the darkling wave whose fierce billows roll  
Tween us and the better shore,  
Shall shine with a beam serene and full  
As the angels pilot us o'er!

## To Mediums and Others.

In publishing my articles on *SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA*, when I come to the manifestations of the nineteenth century, I wish to give, as far as possible, new facts, gathered from the experience of mediums, and observation of others—facts which are reliable, with names, dates, and, as far as practicable, reliable witnesses. If, therefore, MEDIUMS will give me what they have experienced, and others what they have witnessed (by writing to me at Natick, Mass.) under the following heads, viz: Somnambulism, Visions, Trances, Clairvoyance, Impressions and Inspirations, IDENTIFYING SPIRITS, Spirit Light, Spirit Touch, Spirit Voice and Music, Seeing Spirits, Spirit Writing and Drawing, Raised Letters on the arm, or other parts of the body, Psychometrical Readings, Healing the Sick, Lost Property found, &c., &c., they will confer a favor on me, and I believe, aid in establishing the great and glorious truth in the minds of the doubtful on earth, that the spirits of the departed are still with us.

Natick, Mass., Jan. 27, 1862. A. H. DAVIS.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.  
The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to keep the *BANNER* on a foundation of solidity and respectability.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the *BANNER* is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and either anonymously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

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Publishers who insert the above prospectus three times, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to our paper one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the advertisement marked.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**LYONHALL, THAMES STREET.** (opposite head of School Street.) Regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and service will commence at 8 and 10 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged: Rev. Adin Ballou Feb. 23; Prof. Clarence Butler, March 9; Mrs. Anna Davis Smith, March 23 & 30; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 30 and 27; Miss Emma Harding in May.

**CONVENTOR HALL, No. 14 BOWDOIN STREET, BOSTON.**—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M. Conference meetings at 8 and 11-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7-10 o'clock. The subject for next evening is: "Sin—What is it?"

**CHARLESTOWN.**—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall at 8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Miss Emma Harding, Feb. 23 and March 9; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 9; Miss Lizzie Doten, March 16, 23 and 30; Miss Emma Harding, April 6, 13 and 20; N. S. Greenleaf April 27.

**MARLBOROUGH.**—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten, March 8 and 9; N. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

**LOWELL.**—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—R. J. Finney, Esq., during February; Belle Sougall, during March.

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

**FOULMADEN.**—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Congress Street, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8-10 and 7-9 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Belle Sougall, during Feb.; E. R. Poley for the three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, last Sabbath in April; Mrs. A. Fannie Davis Smith for May; Mrs. M. M. Wood for June.

**PROVIDENCE.**—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Wood in Feb.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, in April; Frank L. Wadsworth in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in June.

**NEW YORK.**—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 39th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10-12 A. M. 3 P. M. 7-10 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

**NEWPORT.**—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, morning and evening.

**MILWAUKEE, WIS.**—Lectures every Sunday at Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee street, commencing at 9-12 and 7-10 P. M. Lecturers desiring engagements please address Albert Morton, 1001 Wisconsin St.

**LOUIS, MO.**—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10-12 o'clock A. M. and 7-10 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.

TWELVE MESSAGES  
FROM THE SPIRIT OF  
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,  
THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, MEDIUM,  
TO  
JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

**CONTENTS:** Message I.—The Fact and Mode of Spirit Telegraphy. II.—His Last of Earth and First of Heaven. III.—The Reconciliation. IV.—Addresses and Scenes in the Spheres. V.—Spirits. VI.—Temple of Peace and Good-Will. VII.—Napoleon. VIII.—Home of the Just made Perfect. IX.—Washington. X.—Peter Whitney. XI.—Closing Scene of the Reception Meeting. XII.—Sphere of Prejudice and Error.

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Feb. 22.

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## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was claimed by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, who in a condition called the *Trance*. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

**Our Circles.**—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner* or *Light* Office, No. 153 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:

**Thursday, Jan. 2.**—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connolly, Manchester, N. H.; Monday, Jan. 5.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become law unto himself—and if so, when?" Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers than for believers in Spiritual manifestations? Willie Downs, High Street, Boston; Florence S. Upton, Charleston, S. C.; Joseph Billings, Jeweller, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

**Tuesday, Jan. 7.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous questions: Maria Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Eliza Keeney, to his wife in Boston; Polly Jennings, Rye, N. H.

**Thursday, Jan. 9.**—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man?" "What is to be born again?" William Sherman Osgood (died in No. 17); Benjamin Bancroft, New York; Lizette Delton, New York; Charles Beaman, to his son; Sally Brown, to her children; To Clarence Williams.

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

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

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

**Tuesday, Jan. 21.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: "Light." Antonio Murrell, sailor, York, N. Y.; Lucy M. Pendleton, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Olive Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuel Sprague to Philo Sprague.

**Monday, Feb. 3.**—Invocation: "The Rights of the Sovereign States under the Constitution." Questions and Answers: Richard Dart, Worcester, Mass.; Charlotte Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; Isaac McPherson, Charleston, S. C.

**Tuesday, Feb. 4.**—Invocation: "Immortality among Spiritualists." Hereditary transmission of Spiritual Diseases: Julia Folsom, New York; Thomas West, to his wife in Hancock, Ohio; Joseph H. Folsom, Baltimore, Md.

**Thursday, Feb. 6.**—Invocation: "Magnetism and Electricity." Alexander McDonald, Philadelphia; Stephen Gwinn, Hamilton, C. W.; Louise Durand, actress, New Orleans; A. Jane Root; Laura S. Morcer.

### Invocation.

Oh Lord, our God, the whole earth is full of thy glory; the rushing wind, the foaming ocean, the rippling breeze, the cutting air, the little flower, the hideous reptile—all, all, are pregnant with prayer. Thanksgiving rises unto thee continually; no less the hideous reptile than the beautiful flower pray unto thee, because in thine infinite wisdom thou hast implanted prayer in all the works of thy hand. Therefore it is that we pray unto thee. Need we thank thee for our lives—for the past—the eternal future? Thou seest an eternal count of thanksgiving within us; and we need not any we thank thee, for thou wilt know what lieth within us. Should we ask thee to bless the millions who are scattered about the earth, dwelling in the abodes of darkness—shall we ask thee to bless them? Nay! nay! there is in them a germ which will come forth at a proper time. We will not ask thee to turn aside thine arrangements, but wait the time, with submission, bowing to thy most holy will. Dec. 26.

### Questions and Answers.

Do the friends present desire to ask counsel, if so, we are ready to hear any question, and answer as best we may.

**Ques.**—Do the spirits hear the call of mortals? When they come near do they come as to hear distinctly?

**Ans.**—That depends entirely upon the condition of the person, spiritually and materially. If the spirit is in rapport, he will hear, without doubt. As you pass on through the temple of knowledge, gathering gem after gem of wisdom, you may find enough for all—none will be found wanting. That mystery and doubt shall in the future be unfolded—shall be a reality—a perfect flower of knowledge.

**Q.**—May I state the cause of this question? I have asked this, because those who wish to call upon their spirit-friends, wish to call upon them themselves, that they may get an answer to their communications better.

**A.**—You are right, my friend.

There are a few moments longer, if the friends wish to speak with us. Dec. 26.

### Kneeland Chase.

Mr. Chairman, I have been here before. Is it allowable to return again? [Yes.] I suppose you will remember the name of Kneeland Chase on the list of your communicants. I was in Deering, N. H., murdered a year ago last May. There has been much said about my death, in the papers, and parties have been implicated who know nothing about it. I have been requested to come here again, and make a full statement of the affair. Mr. Chairman, it is a bad place to travel over, and I should not have come here to-day, were it not for this business. You recollect I told you I knew who murdered me. Charity prevented me from exposing the person, and I now come here to exonerate those who have had nothing to do with sending me to the spirit-world. They were my best friends. If I had been sober, I should not have been murdered.

On the day I was murdered, I had been out of town, and returning home, went to the barn to put up my horse, and while there I was struck a blow on my head, which knocked me down, senseless. When I came to myself, I was struck another blow, and I knew nothing more until I found myself a spirit and saw my body on the barn floor. I saw, too, the man who murdered me. I recollect at the time I wished to have the parts of my body buried, together; now I don't care, and would as soon have a part of it buried here and the other in the West Indies.

One of the questions I have been called upon to answer, is, whether my wife murdered me. That is a pretty pointed question to ask, is it not? Mr. Chairman, and there are those who won't be satisfied unless I answer it. I'll say, plainly, No! she did not murder me. I will say this, though, that she was not sorry, and was glad to get rid of me. I don't blame her for it; I now see different from what I did.

Another question I am called upon to answer is, was my wife in the habit of taking intoxicating drinks? Yes, she was. It is also asked, will you do all you can to bring the culprits to justice? Yes, but there are different kinds of justice. Do you ever see the person who murdered you? Yes, and I continue to see him, because I can't help it. He shakes of me constantly, sends out his magnetism after me, and I seem to be chained to him, in consequence of it. Strange philosophy, but it is the true law of our being. I am impressed with his thoughts, and don't like it, but I can't help it. Conscience is at work there very liberally, and in working in the murderer, it works also on me. This don't seem to be just, but they tell me it is natural. I have made many inquiries about it since I have been here. I have got rid of my desire for rum by my friends taking me to mediums, and by this means I have got rid of much of hell. I have lost all desire for liquor.

**Ques.**—Have you had any since you have been there?

**Ans.**—They don't sell it here.

**Q.**—Have you had any through a medium?

**A.**—No! no! I don't want it, but there are many who do. I have cast out all desire of it from me.

I am come now to make a request. Mr. Chairman,

can I do so? I want to say to the individual who murdered me—and he reads your paper, come forward, and make a clean breast of the matter, and take the justice which earthly tribunals award for such deeds, or repent of it and cease to think of me. He chains me to him, and has held me so long enough. Isn't that right, Mr. Chairman? Shall I go? Dec. 26.

### Ricardo Hernandez.

To speak, I come. My son, he live in city New York. I have been dead one year. I have one son in New York. I want my son go home; to speak so, I come. My son name Carlos; my name Ricardo Hernandez, live in Matanzas, island Cuba. One year ago I die. I like to speak, if I could, to my son; but I want to have him go home; that me say. [Will you have him go to a medium in New York?] St. Seigneure. [Like this medium?] Benorita—like Seigneure, if I could. He gives, Benorita, I takes. Yes, me understand you to say if I can now speak, he take that for speak, and go home to Matanzas. My business, my place suffer—you understand? Good day. Dec. 26.

### Peter Sears.

I was down to a fine lady's house a few nights ago, and told her I was once owned by her father. His name was Sears. This fine lady said if I would come here and tell my name and some other things to prove myself true, she would believe the heavens were opened and blessings were descending. I was poor old negro; I have been dead thirty-two years, and was sixty-nine years old. This I told her, and that I was owned by her father, and sold to him by Capt. Cook. I can only tell just the same as at her house. I think she would do well to think more of things in heaven, and less of things on earth than she does.

I have been told she does not believe much in spiritual things. I would say to this fine lady, as a good one did to the young man a long time ago. "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor." I told her so, and I have come to say the same here, and that it would be better for her to provide for the many destitute whom she sees around her own door.

They used to call me Peter Sears—old Peter, generally. Oh lady, the poor negro may teach you something of heaven; and I am here, gentlemen, to answer the call of that fine lady, and will ask that the God of the negro will bless her. I don't know the day, but I said I would come within seven or eight days. Dec. 26.

### Mary Ann Powers.

I have a mother living in Liverpool, England. Is there a hope of my being able to speak to her? I died in Philadelphia, 10th of September. My name was Mary Ann Powers. I married Capt. James Powers, a native of Philadelphia, and left my home in England, three years ago. I am anxious to go home to speak to my mother; she is now seventy years old, and soon will come to spirit-life. She knows nothing of this life. I wish to speak to her, and said I would come to her and tell her of it, if I could. She lived in Kendall street, No. 29. Her name is Polly Corlies.

My father died in my youth. I have two brothers, one in Manchester, and the other in America—in California. I have no sisters.

The doctor said I died of water in the heart case; they said this, but it was from the accumulation of fat around the heart. My age was thirty-six. In my last letter to my mother, I said, "I have all the appearance of health, but I am at times quite sick. I have a pressure at my stomach—so I thought—I don't know what it is, but I will consult a physician." This I wrote. I consulted a physician, but not until after death, because I died soon after. Can I leave? Dec. 26.

### Harriet Sewall.

I was ten years old; was the daughter of Captain Horace T. Sewall, of St. Augustine, Florida. Harriet is my name. I died of dropsy on the brain. My mother has just come here, a few days ago; she's at peace, and wishes to talk with my father. My father has thought of my coming here, but hoped I never would, because he hoped I was at rest, and with the angels. My father would like to believe, but he's afraid to. I wanted to come here. I was born in Boston, and I want to talk with my father, because my mother does, too. Horace T. Sewall, St. Augustine, Florida. The letter is from Harriet. Good by. Dec. 26.

### Captain Israel Hall.

Written: My Son—You may seek long without being able to find what you seek for, but in time you will. You say, "Come, and tell my name and where I reside, and your name and when you died and where, and I will believe." My name, Israel Hall, yours Charles K. Hall, a resident in St. Charles street, New Orleans, La. I died on the island of St. Domingo, in the year 1831, of fever. Given on the 26th day of December, 1881, by Capt. Israel Hall. Dec. 26.

### Invocation.

Through the unrighteousness of the self-righteous, oh most Holy One, we have been deprived in past years of the belief in the ministrations of unseen throngs of spirits, who are now known to have descended unto the plane of earth. Shall we ask thee to come hither to aid us in the relief of suffering humanity—to hold the mirror up to each mortal, that we may see as we are seen, and know as we are known? Oh ye countless throng of spirits, whose mission is to wait upon humanity, we need not ask this of ye. As the highway is now opened between the two worlds, ye must come at our call, ye must come around us, when that call is made upon you. Rejoice ye in the millions that are given into your charge—the suffering millions who have need of your aid; and unto the Father shall rise praise out of truth, because of your ministrations. Dec. 26.

### Soul-Progression.

We are now ready to hear any question or questions that may be propounded to us.

The following written question was submitted: "You teach that soul-progress is endless. Is it, then, a circular existence—for, in mathematics, nothing but a circle can be endless. If so, it is a circle, and it is extended that we have not repeated, or shall not have to repeat existence? In fine, please give us your idea of the Oriental doctrine of transmigration, as you can view it in the light of spiritual unfoldings."

The soul of man, the human man, progresses throughout eternity. We do not believe that the soul ever takes a step backward, but that it goes onward, onward, forever and forever going onward. The old Pythagorean, as heard and probably received by a class of ancients, is not without some truth, is not without some natural foundation. The ancients received the hypothesis through less difficulties than men at the present day, because less surrounded with material conditions. They were more in rapport with Nature, and thus with Nature's God. The present age is almost artificial, unnatural, as seen from a clearer earthly standpoint. However artificial or irrational the nature that clusters around the soul, that soul ever remains the same in point of purity or elements. It is not affected by any trifling conditions. We may compare the soul of man to a spiral staircase, which has for its base, Deity, a child, and at its apex, Deity in manhood. Now this soul comes from Deity, and must return again to Deity. It is but a spark from the infinite fountain of wisdom.

And again, the soul may be compared to a circle, something without beginning or ending, an eternity of itself. Was the soul of man ever created? We think not. Can you, oh our questioner, conceive of a time when God was not—when Infinite Wisdom, by which we live and move and have our being, was created? If so, you can conceive of the time when the soul was created. You have ever existed in spirit just as perfect in the beginning as you ever

will be. Endless, forever endless, is the great highway of life. When you have attained to the highest point of wisdom, you will see something higher. The outward will in future grow more beautiful; the higher and higher the soul ascends, the outward will unfold, and only change for that still more beautiful, while the soul remains evermore the same. You cannot trespass upon the smallest point of progression. You hear it said that we may trespass upon a law of Nature. We know that we cannot do it. The call is ever onward, and we cannot pass backward if we would. Can you recall one second of time, as you understand it, or bring back the past unto the present? No, you certainly cannot. The eternal here is no past or future, but an eternal present. Now, then, if it is so, the soul of man is a circle. We believe this. It was never created, and will never cease to live. It will never pass out of its orbit in life. The spirit-matter is held in its proper position, in the same manner precisely as are the planets in the solar system; none can interfere with any other—all is eternal harmony. As the soul throws out light into external matter, then the external form becomes wiser, better able to define itself to surrounding objects.

Oh our questioner, you need not fear that you will ever enter a lower degree of life or mentality. Wisdom hath planned for all, and you must come up higher and higher; the same law prevails throughout the universe, and you cannot trespass upon it. However much you have been taught that the soul of man is depraved, and will be plunged into hell for its sins, you cannot destroy it. The Deity in you is a propelling power—a force which keeps you in your proper place—and when you are required to advance a step, all that is external must obey the demand. Dec. 30.

### William Watson.

I have a wife, two sons and a daughter; I am sometimes very anxious to open a communication with them. They say we must give some incidents in our earth-life by which we may be known. It is not always pleasant to make such statements. I am asked to give this knowledge, that I may be better recognized by my friends. If there is no other way, we must avail ourselves of that way.

In the year 1841, I was in the Concord State Prison. My name was William Watson; I was sentenced for five years, and served three; my crime was forgery. I have not much to say to plead my innocence, or my ignorance of the demands of law, which I have violated. But I was called here to give the truth. Therefore I may give it. My friends, some of them, suppose I was innocent; never would believe in my guilt. Well, I was guilty, and I suppose I was justly punished, and I was guilty of crime greater than forgery—I was a murderer. Yes, I was a murderer! Though I did not commit the murder with my own hands, I knew who did it, and assisted in it, and I never was suspected by any one on earth. But my conscience knew all about it.

I have never seen the time I was very sorry for the forgery. No! I did it, and I was compelled to do it, and I meant to make it all right. But murder was another and altogether a different matter. It has clung to me ever since. I have never been able to free myself from it.

I have been dead since 1848. I died at sea with consumption, so they said; it was not that; it was not that—it was from a guilty conscience. Why, I would rather the whole world should have known I committed the murder, and been punished for it, than to have been obliged to live and carry the guilt about me. It was too large a burden to bear. I was consumed daily by it, and was glad to get free and out of the world; and when I found how things were here, I should have been glad to have escaped into another. To better my condition, I must get rid of myself. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to confess, so as to obtain some relief. Well, so much I have thrown off. I was pardoned out of prison for my quiet behavior and general good appearance.

I should like to talk with my children, who are old enough now to understand me—they were not when I left—and my wife, too. They will be unwilling to believe in my crime, and it may shorten their days, but they will some time know it, and by my confession I feel better. [To a questioner where it was, he replied, after considerable hesitation:] I don't want to tell. [Was it the Manchester murder you refer to?] I can't tell, and you must not ask me. If I ever think it my duty to come back and tell, I will.

They tell me here you may ask the spirits of talking with folks; the way is now open, and if after reading my confession, my wife and children will be glad to talk with me just as I am, they will seek out some medium, and I will talk with them. There are mediums in New Hampshire, and their friends or connections read this paper. I could not bear it any longer, and if I had stayed away longer, I should have stayed in hell. Suppose you should receive five hundred dollars to go to some person, and bear him a message, and you call him out as requested, and that he be dead as your position, precisely. Would you lose his life? That is the question, precisely. Isn't that murder? I don't see it done, but I am concerned in its being done, and know that it was. Don't the past! That is a poor way to come into, isn't it?

You may hear from me again. You have my name—William Watson. I will say here, I was born in Groton, N. H. I don't want anybody else to bear my sins. [They can't do it, can they?] They sometimes do the same as bear them—don't you know it?

### Elizabeth Perkins.

Heaven help the weak, who are all weakness, and aid them to gird themselves with strength! This should be the prayer that should humbly ascend from humanity to the great Infinite Spirit.

In the year 1837, I left the earth; my spirit was set free by consumption. I was sick eleven months—passed to the new life, Aug. 6, 1837. My name was Elizabeth Perkins. I lived in Boston—South Boston; my age was twenty-two; I left a father who was a physician, a mother, two sisters and three brothers. Some of that dear throng have said to me, "Elizabeth, if you will return and give us the time and manner of your death, with such other things as are known only to us, we will believe in the freedom of the spirit to return."

The night on which my spirit passed from earth, I said to the watchers: "Why is the room so full? Why are there so many persons here?" They replied: "Elizabeth, there are only ourselves here." I again said: "There are twenty or thirty present—why are these strangers here?" They answered again that I was mistaken, and that I wandered. The truth was, that my spirit then had a glimpse into the other world, and saw about me numerous spirits.

These watchers now live near the gate of the new city, and both of them will soon enter in. If I can succeed in drawing aside the dark veil now before them, I shall consider myself more than paid for their kindness to me. They earnestly desire to know more of the new philosophy—new to them. Let them question their own souls, let them consult their memory of those words of which I have spoken—these last words. Again they thought I wandered. Oh, dear friends, the earth and spirit-world are linked together by golden links, and you shall no longer walk in darkness and death. Dec. 30.

### Freddy Davis.

I want you to show me home, Mister. [Where is your home?] Folks said you'd tell me. Well, I can tell you I do. My name is Freddy Davis, nine years old. No, I don't. I live in New York—I don't live in Boston. I want to see my mother. They said you'd show me to her. [We can't do that.] They told me lies, then. [You probably misunderstood them.] No, I didn't. Did I tell you who I was? I lived in 69th street, New York; don't 'member the house. I come here since the spring; 'fore the Fourth of July come; I was sick—and had a sore throat, and died. No, not much sick—not much sick,

only a little while; then I took something out of a wine glass, and died; I could not breathe after that. I want you to take me to my mother, so I can talk; all the boys here said you could; I want my clothes to wear, when I come; boys don't want to be women—I don't. I want to tell her something about father, and my father's father, my grandfather, too; and the boys said if I come here you'd take me home. I want in New York to one of these things—folks—and they said come here; they are close by my mother, and why don't they come? They are mean—they are; I want to jest say a little, and I sha'n't hurt anybody. "Write?" Well, you'll write to my mother, and tell her that Freddy wants to come, and that I ain't dead, and I want to say something about my father. I've a good deal to tell her. When I come, I want my clothes; the boys said I could get 'em; why don't I have 'em. You'll write to my father, too; he keeps a billiard hall, in Light street; they play cards there, too. If I could go down there first, he'd take me home.

Tell my mother I ain't dead, won't you, like as she thinks I am. I can talk and think and see. My body was, that ain't me; if everybody says so, they do n't know much; they say folks are dead, when they ain't. My throat's sore, Mister, and I don't want to come here again. Will you give me a drink, so I can go? I did when I went before. Do you give me a doctor? Give me a drink, or a doctor, or something; I don't want to stay now. Can I go? I got a middle name, Mister—it's Polver. I was named for my mother's brother. Good by.

If you tell me stories, if my father should catch you, he'd lick you—he will; he said he'd lick the doctor, because he would not save me, and if you told stories, he'd lick you. I didn't go to school; I had a private teacher, a young lady in the house. I'm going. Dec. 30.

### Josiah Copeland.

Written: Lucinda—There is a great gulf between us; when you have strength to cross the river of religious error, I shall meet you with all the knowledge of the spirit-aphere, it may be fit for you to have. JOSIAH COPELAND, who died in Chagres, in 1851, of fever. Dec. 30.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou spirit of Truth, thou who art manifested through every degree of life from highest heaven to lowest hell, we ask thee much of thee—that thou wilt unseal the eyes of the blind, and knock still louder at the hearts of humanity, that they may know their birthright to immortality is sealed with the hand of creation. We ask no future blessing—no future benefit; and we know, oh spirit of Truth, thou must give that we ask, for everywhere in the vast volume of Nature, thou hast written in thine own hand, "Ask and ye shall receive; demand, and I, the spirit of Truth, will answer that demand." Therefore, we ask of thee that thou wilt live in the souls of men at this hour, and through all the hours that follow in the long line of eternity. Dec. 31.

### Catharine Boyce.

I died of consumption, in Princeton, Nova Scotia, two months ago. I said I would come, but if I did know it was so hard, I would not have promised. My name is Catharine Boyce. I was thirty-two years old. I've a brother here in this city; and if I could only convince him that the departed may return, I'd be so happy. His name is Stephen Boyce. He is a sail-maker by trade, and works here in this city. I never was here but once, and that was the year before I died. I came to see a doctor here, but he didn't do me any good.

The folks at home thought something about spirits coming, and they wish to be convinced of the truth about it, and I wish to be the first, if I can, to come to them with that knowledge. I believed before I died. I was n't a stranger to it, at all, though I was mainly alone in my belief. I tried to prove it to them pretty hard, sometimes. I promised if I came back, I would give them a test to prove myself to them. It was this. I was to tell them the name of my grandmother. I thought nobody could know that name, and if I could come back and give that name, they would believe. Prudence Campbell was the name. Her father was a Scotchman, but went to the Province when quite young, I believe.

Now I want the folks to set a time, and let me come. There's a medium there that I can control, if they will let me come to her.

I do not want to stay longer; it is not very pleasant to me. My sisters are Sarah, Matilda and Mary. Stephen and William are here. John is there, I suppose—he is a sailor, and a wild boy—not always to be found where we expect to find him. I can go there again, and I hope I sha'n't have to say, as Jesus Christ did, that my friends have no faith. Faith! that's what I want. I hope those I come to will have enough faith to receive me. Dec. 31.

### Charles P. Young.

I'm a green one at this business. It's new to me to be dressed up in this way. I feel a little odd. My name was Charles P. Young. I was nineteen years old; died of typhus fever. I belonged in Augusta, Maine. I died, I suppose, in San Francisco, Cal. I was there with my uncle—my uncle Nathaniel. Excuse me, sir, if I don't talk just right; I don't know how to talk in this way. I have been here only about as long as I can recollect, six or eight weeks. I feel pretty happy where I am, and don't have much to trouble me—simply a sort of wish to come back and tell folks know about this place. I do not know that it's any different from earth, only as far as religious things are concerned. You don't have to work here, and ain't sick. But there's one thing: my mother had better not hug to her religion so closely, for she'll find it a weak craft to sail to heaven—that's that's all about it. I find those who are a little skeptical on earth are a good deal better off here. Now my mother is a good woman, but she is a Baptist, and sees everything that is in Baptist as against the church, and so bound to destruction. Now I ain't in hell, but on the earth, and all right. I guess she'd think so if she could see me.

My Uncle Nathaniel has heard something about this coming back business; I suppose he don't expect to hear from me, though. If he'd be kind enough to send a document to my mother, and will do what's right, I will do as much for him in return. My mother's religion is what bothers me most. I know she is honest in it, and she'll be disappointed. Well, tell her I'll meet her here; and if she'll let me come to her before she dies, I'll give her half enough to walk on the water with, as somebody did the Bible speaks of.

They have queer ideas of religion here. Nobody seems to believe anything here. I was one of those unfortunate ones who done most anything—had no trade. I was n't temperate. I never drank half-a-dozen glasses of liquor in my life. Remember, I was only nineteen years old when I died. What's your charge, Mister? Well, that's cheap enough. I'll come again when I get a chance. Dec. 31.

### Thomas Gould.

I am afraid I sha'n't be able to speak. Perhaps I'd better write? I am Thomas Gould, of Orleans, Mass. I have only been a free spirit, a few months, and I have not yet learned how to control a foreign body well. But I have a father, mother, wife, sister, and many other dear relatives and friends that I am very anxious to commune with. My dear father has sometimes tried hard to prevent myself to him, but I have been successful only once—I believe I was once. He thinks something of this new religion, or what you may see fit to call it. I know nothing of it except a very little I heard spoken of. I once believed in the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; I believed that through him I was to be saved, if I saved at all. I cannot say that my religion has not been good for anything to me. On the contrary, it has been everything to me. It carried the without fear into the spirit-world. I have full confidence in my rel,

gion—that that, I believed, was bestowed upon me by God; and if it has carried me thus far, I have confidence it will carry me clear to the Celestial City. What will more than that for me? When we get to the door of spirit-life, we are confused, and without religion, I feel that we must enter it as a stranger; so I say my religion has served me well. The cross of Christ is a bridge which carries many spirits safe to the spirit land.

If my dear friends who remain on earth are willing to receive such truth as I can bring them, I am ready to respond to their call; but if they desire to receive higher, I would counsel them in the name of Jesus Christ to seek for truth, and when they have found it, to apply it to their own spiritual good.

I have once communicated with one of my sisters, and I feel to thank God that I am a disembodied spirit; for as I am, I can more powerfully aid in lifting the heavy cloud that has settled upon her. She, too, must thank God that I have gone on before her. To my dear wife, I would say this much—trust in God. He has promised to care for the widow and the fatherless, not only in the Bible, but throughout all nature, and he will not fail. He will care for you and watch over you as is right, for who is better able to guide and watch over you than our kind heavenly father? To my parents, the greatest gift I can ask of heaven, is the light of faith and of reliance on God to be shed around you as you cross the river of death. All is well with me. I am happy, and satisfied with the will of God, for I believe he doeth all things well. Dec. 31.

### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### THERE'S A FOUNTAIN NEVER DRY.

BY JOHN M. KERRY.

There's a fountain never dry,  
Pure as diamonds in the sky—  
Where the angel spirits come from their pleasant home  
above,

And drink of its pure waters,  
With earth's fair sons and daughters,  
And it flows with music ever, from each heart that's full  
of love.

Each friendly smile that comes  
From the face of dearest ones,  
Sends the fountain stream of love through the bosom to  
the soul;

And we feel life has a treasure  
That no mortal mind can measure  
As we travel on the road that is leading to our goal.

Each word that's kindly spoken  
To the erring is a token  
Of the heaven one can gain, who receives and asks for  
more;

Each step in life grows brighter,  
And our worldly sorrows lighter—  
Ever drawing from the fountain, as we tread its bound-  
less shore.

As we look in years gone by,







## Pearls.

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

### THE SPIRIT-CHILD.

Lullaby, lullaby, Spirit-Child!  
Over the waste and waters wild,  
You come. You conquered, you have my heart;  
All of revenge will soon depart.  
Away, away, it cannot stay—  
The sorrows of solitude where I stray  
Are all around me, come to bid good-bye;  
Silence, solitude, fare ye well,  
Farewell!

How are the lullabies answering me!  
From the field, the locust, and elm tree,  
They come; a shout is on the hill;  
The waters are answering: we fill  
The tears full, but they cannot stay.  
All are gone to the mists, and gray  
They curl over you, and seem to say:  
Sorrow and solitude, farewell,  
Farewell!

Farewell!—(G. L. Burnside.)

This world is not a mere field of flowery delights and  
luxurious enjoyments; its duties are onerous, its ex-  
periences often sad.

### A BURIAL AT SUNSET.

We laid her down to summer rest;  
Soft dews of healing o'er her fell;  
The eyes that loved her watched her well,  
As sank that sunset down the west.

Did no strange thrill our pulses stir?  
Whispered no fear with chilling breath?  
Nor felt we that the angel death,  
Silent and awful, watched with her!

Stately and calm above us then  
The gates were opened; straight, we knew,  
Our friend was passing softly through;  
Yet came she back to us again.

While those afar, who loved her best,  
Were saying, "Lo, the Spirit saith,  
To those in Christ there is no death!"  
She sank as sunset down the west!

Patience is sometimes courage in repose; and he is  
the greatest hero who can suffer most silently.

### SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS.

Good Mr. Kindheart delighteth to bring  
Joy to those seldom made glad.  
That's why these children forlorn did go,  
Happy at last in their bed on the snow;  
And happy to their well clad.

Cheerily ring, with their ding-a-ding,  
The bells on the bonny gray,  
And merrily ho! they shout as they go,  
Those boys and girls from Poverty Row!  
Hurrah, for the holiday!—(Katie Gray.)

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy  
than happiness makes them good.

### THE ATONEMENT.

A Lecture by Miss Lizlie Doten, at Lyceum Hall,  
Sunday Evening, Jan. 10th, 1862.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

We present the following report of the interesting  
lecture upon "The Vicarious Atonement," given  
through the mediumship of Miss Doten on the above  
date.

For Christ himself also suffered for sin, the just  
for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God; being  
put to death in the flesh, but quickened in spirit."

The Scriptures say that God is love. All along  
down the centuries it has been repeated from gen-  
eration to generation, swelling upward like the cho-  
ral songs of the cherubim before the throne. God  
is love! It rings out now from human hearts; and  
even the most skeptical, at times, are filled with an  
indefinable sense of Divinity, feel that there is a  
God, and that he is Love. And all animate and in-  
animate nature testifies to His wisdom and love, so  
clearly, that when man allows his reason and his  
divine intuitions to speak, he never questions or  
doubts that supreme benevolence.

Who, then, says that God is not love, or ascribes  
to Him those characteristics and qualities that teach  
men to fear Him, to forget that perfect love which  
casteth out all fear—to endeavor to appease the  
wrath of an angry Deity—to see God as a reflection  
of their own selfish natures, and cringe before Him  
as if He were a tyrant? What is it that has thus  
perverted the true conceptions and intuitions of  
mankind? It is theology! That theology given by  
man, which declares the fall of the entire race from  
perfect purity to total innate depravity through the  
transgression of its first parents in Eden, and that  
this was foreordained of Deity—who, nevertheless,  
elected some favorite mortals to be saved unto him-  
self from the foundation of the world, not by faith  
or works on their own part, but by the power of the  
Holy Ghost working in their hearts; and then, "the  
perseverance of the saints,"—that, having once set  
their faces toward the New Jerusalem, God will up-  
hold and sustain His elect, so that they shall never  
fall from grace, but ultimately be brought into a  
heaven of purity and happiness.

Now, God created man, and all that was, and pro-  
nounced all things very good. Could he be liable to  
such an oversight as not to perceive that there were  
certain combinations in the character or the mind of  
man which would lead him to disobey his Lord, in his  
thirst for wisdom and for immortality and progres-  
sion? also that there were two opposing powers, the  
positive and negative, the good and evil, in the uni-  
verse, and that he was to be sustained, to preserve  
his equilibrium, by the composition of these two forces,  
and could only know good by his perception of evil?  
Doubtless, God perceived it; but the theologians did  
not. It was the Deity himself, and not the tempta-  
tion of Satan, who, by the desire of knowledge he  
had implanted in the human heart, caused the wo-  
man to partake of the tree of knowledge. Thank God  
that it was so for the human race has ascended,  
gradually, but continually, ever since that time.

Innocence is ignorance and non-development; but  
virtue comes from wrestling and struggling with the  
strong things of this universe, meeting all the varied  
experiences of humanity, failing and rising again.  
As said one of your philosophers: "The strength of  
a true soul is measured, not by its capability of al-  
ways keeping its equilibrium, but by its power of  
springing back again into the clear atmosphere when  
it has once fallen."

But yet, the world perceives its condition, and says,  
"Since the race is in this state; since our tenden-  
cies are toward evil; since we are in ignorance and  
darkness, it is necessary that there should be some

plan of salvation whereby we may free ourselves  
from this low or lost condition;" and it is the effort  
of humanity, to so far enter into the councils of  
Deity that they may rest assured of their salvation.  
All the while professing to believe him a God of love,  
they yet doubt of it, fearing His justice or His judg-  
ments.

It is necessary that there should be an atonement  
for what you term sin. And continually do the in-  
nocent suffer for the guilty; inasmuch as we all are  
portions of universal being, so the sin and evil of one  
heart passes on and leaves its scar and its burden of  
sorrow upon another heart. The Christian plan of  
salvation has been the innocent suffering for the  
guilty, once for all, and the eternal remission of sins  
for all those who accept that sacrifice.

Paul, in his figurative language upon this topic,  
appealed directly to the human hearts and the intel-  
lectual perceptions of his day, through their preju-  
dices and superstitions. But the Christian church,  
so far removed from that Jewish dispensation, should  
have had the scales removed from their eyes ere this,  
and not been instructed by that old Moslem philoso-  
phy. It should have learned, in this day, that it is  
not the shedding of blood that provides for the remis-  
sion of sins, but the pure expressions of man's own  
soul, his consciousness of right—that he can be his  
own saviour, and work out his own salvation in him-  
self.

Why does the Church still cling to this Jewish  
idea of an atoning sacrifice? Ah, when they re-  
nounce it, then they have a work to do for them-  
selves; and it is far easier for a man to stand up  
like a hypocrite before God, and declare himself to  
be the lowest and the vilest of sinners, to pray for  
grace until he kindles up an intellectual insanity,  
than to apply himself to thinking right and acting  
well, to doing his duty before God and man, to puri-  
fying his own soul, gradually, through suffering in  
himself for his own sins, not putting them upon the  
shoulders of another, or expecting to be saved through  
the merits of that other.

In the fifth century there was an old monk who,  
in his strict adherence to reason and common sense,  
declared that man is not responsible for the sins of  
his first parents, and that they, being mortal, would  
have died whether they had eaten of the forbidden  
fruit or not; also, that all divine grace is given unto  
man according to his merits or his capacity for re-  
ception. And the Pelagians stood their ground for  
a long time. Yet their master lived, in a certain sense,  
before his time; his common sense could not prevail  
over the torpor and blindness of men's minds. Pe-  
lagius taught for future generations, who will take  
up his theology and rejoice in it, in so much as they  
feel their own strength and divinity.

What a multitude of inconsistencies, such as would  
not be accepted in any outside system or science, the  
so-called theology covers. An angry and inappre-  
ciable God, determined to destroy the whole world  
in his wrath, because, forsooth, the Devil had got  
the advantage of Him, like a treacherous child when his  
playthings do not please him!

Nevertheless, he so loved the world, that He be-  
came incarnate as a human being, in Jesus of Na-  
zareth—so supposed, because he presented such a  
pure life, and taught those axiomatic truths which  
lie at the root of all religion—and perished for the  
race which he had determined to destroy forever.  
Or, regarding Christ as the "Son of God," with the  
attributes of the Father; it would appear that he  
had more love in his heart for his brothers and sis-  
ters in the human race than the Father Himself, and  
therefore said unto the Almighty, "Oh let me perish  
for the sins of the world; let me be the atoning  
lamb;" and the blood-thirsty tyrant of the universe  
so far forgot his Fatherhood that He would allow his  
son to be sacrificed, ay, and to exceed Him in love  
and virtue. No wonder that the Christian world,  
accepting this dogma, worships Jesus as God.

But this enormous inconsistency cannot always  
prevail. The heart of humanity struggles against it.  
It matters not how great may be "the mys-  
teries of Godliness;" still you all turn away in doubt  
and despair. And some rebellious souls, in their  
loneliness, when no human ear can hear their words,  
determine to curse God and die; it may be that they  
are not elected unto salvation—then why not speak  
out the fierce words that are surging like a volcano  
to their lips? Others—likewise true and noble and  
sincere souls, have bowed their heads and clasped  
their hands, stifling the commencement of this plan  
of rebellion of their human nature against this plan  
of salvation, against such judgments without mercy,  
and determined to submit; yet they have crowded  
down in their souls the crowning glory of their en-  
tire being, the reason with which God has endowed them.

In all of this strange, anomalous theology, there  
is something which fastens upon the convictions  
of men. Jesus, weeping in Gethsemane, agonizing  
upon the cross, did suffer for the guilt of the world;  
but only as all the true and good suffer in their pas-  
sage through life—pure and sensitive souls, whose  
missions of enlightenment and mercy the world  
comprehends not, and so raises its hand against them.  
The plan of salvation is still necessary for  
human kind. Let us speak from our own knowledge  
and experience of the life and the mission of Christ.  
He did indeed come to save the world from sin—to  
suffer, the innocent for the guilty. He was one of  
those exalted natures, the saviors given, from time  
to time, by the spiritual spheres; a bright example  
to reform men's lives and teach them to walk along  
the living line of inspiration, fitting them to pass  
from this to a higher being, as welcome messengers,  
not of discord, but of peace and beatitude. Through  
him the human race was taught the true and eternal  
salvation—not to trust to the merits of his blood,  
not to cast their sins upon him, but to live accord-  
ing to his life and his perceptions of truth, in har-  
mony with all mankind and the angel-world; to be-  
lieve in God, as an ever-present power in the heart,  
as a Father; One to whom man can join himself  
and live in His inspirations and through His love.  
He also taught man that he is not bound by his re-  
lations to the flesh; that the spiritual ever trans-  
cends the material nature; inasmuch as he suffered  
the death of the cross, but rose triumphant o'er that  
power which has held man in the bondage of terror  
from the beginning of the world till now, because he  
understands not the mystery of death.

It is said that the sting of death is sin. But if  
Jesus was God, and knew no sin, then he does not  
know how to understand the woes of poor suffering  
humanity, trembling before that awful change from  
certainty to an uncertainty. But he was mortal, born  
of a mortal father and mother, though inheriting  
enough of that divine life from the angel world to say  
truly, "God is my Father, and I and the Father are one."  
He knew what sorrow and temptation are, even while

he overcame them by the superiority of his heavenly  
nature. He was limited in his spiritual perceptions.  
His wisdom was not infinite; he did not claim to be  
God, or to rise above the altitude of the highest hu-  
manity; and he had won every step of his toilsome  
and perilous way. In a degree pure and perfect in  
himself, his soul was grieved day by day with that  
sin and selfishness he saw constantly around him.

How many of you have suffered, and for the sins  
of others, have shed bitter tears of sorrow, and had  
heavy burdens imposed upon you? But there is a  
compensating power in the universe; there is a  
heaven of joy to repay those souls who thus suffer  
and grieve; the balance is struck even, and there is  
reparation somewhere for all these wrongs of hu-  
manity.

There is a vicarious atonement going on in every  
good and pure heart, and every suffering child of  
God; and through such hearts and such beings the  
reparation comes. There is just so much evil in the  
universe, and he who has overcome evil in himself  
has overcome it in another person. Thus did Jesus  
suffer and overcome and atone for humanity; and in  
no other way. Every man is to live not only for  
others, but for himself; and he who lives truly for  
the God within him, lives for all humanity; and he  
who dies for himself, with divine aspirations and  
clear perception of his higher destiny, dies for all  
the world, and leaves his psychological influence,  
which shall run and be glorified long after the mem-  
ory of his individuality has passed from the midst of  
men.

### ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

PROGRESS—THE AIRY-HEADED—MOCK POPULARITY—  
DAMAGED REPUTATIONS—MRS. GRUNDY IN DISTRESS—  
HEROES WANTED—"THEY SAY"—ALONE, ALONE!  
CASTING OUT DEVILS—HARMONIC BAND—"OUR CAUSE"  
—CRITICISMS—NO LEADERS, NO IDOLS—PROSPERITY—  
ONWARD.

Spiritualism quickens the divinity of the human  
soul, with influences so potent and permeating, few,  
if any, once coming under its angel wings and feel-  
ing its celestial inspiration, can ever go back beneath  
the beggarly elements of the world. In my late  
travels I am constantly asked as to whether the in-  
terest in Spiritualism is increasing or otherwise,  
and whether there are as many believers now as  
heretofore. Since my last Etchings for the BANNER,  
every place I have visited, with two or three minor  
exceptions, gave evidence of deepening and widening  
interest. Thoughtful and inquiring hearers, gov-  
erned by more than curiosity, are now flocking out  
from every department of society, receiving the word  
of eternal life with glad hearts and hope-beaming  
eyes. I now find where several meetings are held  
one night after another, the interest as well as audi-  
ence, increases, and at the close there is a call for  
still more. Perhaps the public test examinations I  
am in the habit of giving in connection with my  
lectures, may add somewhat toward arresting the at-  
tention of skeptics, but the people seem to manifest  
an interest deeper than that which attaches to any  
particular lecturer or medium. Hitherto, a certain  
few believers have been rather too prone to set up a  
sort of idiosyncrasy for certain favorite labors, to the  
exclusion of others equally useful and efficient; and  
some laborers themselves have been weak and con-  
fused enough to put on airs in consequence of the  
adulations they have received. Our prayer in behalf  
of all such specimens of the top-headed infatuations,  
is the prayer of the old minister in behalf of a young  
man who was in the act of being ordained, "Prick  
him, O Lord! prick him, and let out a little of his  
vanity, that he may walk before thee and thy peo-  
ple, like a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ."  
Amen!

The spiritual public is now making new demands  
on lecturers and mediums. The people want labor-  
ers who have something more than reputation or no-  
toriousness. To be popular, has been a serious dam-  
nation of men and women; and they, as well as the  
people, have been made wiser and stronger by ex-  
posing some of their popularity. Those who have at-  
tempted to build up Spiritualism on the reputation  
of certain speakers, have been sorely punished to  
find out that but few, if any, of our most efficient  
speakers are now left with any but the most misera-  
ble sort of reputation, if popular prejudice is to be  
taken as judge. This throws us back on our own  
personal responsibility, and on eternal principles,  
instead of leaving us at the mercy of any class of  
fallible mortals. It is all folly to say our cause can  
be really injured or ruined by the course of certain  
individuals; the fault is more likely to be in the  
community where these individuals are misjudged,  
and in those who are over-sensitive, or weak in faith  
and firmness. Where Spiritualists have real char-  
acter and independence, you never hear them whine  
about how they have been injured by the bad rep-  
utation of others. An end must come to all this old  
conventional twaddle. If speakers, mediums or pri-  
vate believers are assailed and their reputations se-  
verely handled, let us be sure we understand their  
motives. In nine cases out of ten, we shall find  
they have been governed by the principles now un-  
folding from the angel world. They dare practice  
these principles, and as they preach them, and for-  
get that they are frequently damned by the course  
of these very individuals who are calling for the truths  
involved. Oh, they are beautiful sentiments, in the  
abstract; but when applied to the home, to conjugal  
relations, to business, parties, sects and societies,  
then they are too radical, disreputable, alarming!  
What will the public say? Oh dear! Oh, don't!  
Now, if Spiritualism amounts to anything prac-  
tical, it must be made radical in its applications; or  
in other words, it must strike at and reach to the  
very roots of evil and error, no matter how revolu-  
tionary or unpopular or alarming the results may be.  
"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."  
A heavenly state of things is about being inaugu-  
rated, and we unto those who cling to the old, false,  
worldly, "Flee from the wrath to come;" it is  
coming fast. The war of civil, social, and religious  
elements is at hand. We want warriors and heroes,  
not only on Southern battle-fields, but in our homes,  
our churches, every department of society, and in our  
lecture rooms. Give us men and women who dare  
stand on public platforms and confess the truth, and  
send it home to the hearts of their hearers. Give us  
those who, opening their souls to the influences of ce-  
lestial light, liberty and love, dare be true to what  
they receive, and speak and act accordingly. I find  
a nucleus of such souls wherever I go, and these souls  
are now among the most active in advancing the spiri-  
tual reform. Wherever I find a timid, time-serving  
policy, a disposition to regard what "they say," and  
to whine about how "the cause has been injured;"  
there I find a corresponding amount of lukewarm-  
ness. Croakers and grumblers who go around with  
doleful faces, complaining about other folks, are just  
the ones who usually do the most mischief. If spiri-  
tualists want to damage their own reputations and  
damn themselves, all they have to do is to go around  
whining like clocked dogs. Out upon such cowardice  
and pusillanimity! Who is hurt? Hold up your head,  
man! Dash away your tears, woman!

Jefferson county, N. Y., with Watertown as centre,  
opens a large, promising field, with no public local  
laborers, at present. I held a series of small, select  
meetings, in Watertown, sustained by a few earnest,  
intelligent, devoted friends. There are enough be-  
lievers in the place and vicinity, to sustain regular  
meetings, but the time for united action has not yet  
come. At Brownville, four miles west, I held four  
meetings; at Lafargeville, sixteen miles north, the same  
number, large, enthusiastic audiences gladly re-  
ceiving the word of truth, and several able friends  
manifesting a desire for meetings one quarter of the  
time. At Ellensburg and Henderson, in the same  
counties, we found good openings, cordial friends,  
and earnest hearers. A proposition was made for  
the writer to locate at Watertown, and fill up his

time in that place and vicinity; and a more genial  
people can seldom be found. Our ex-reverend brother,  
now Dr. E. H. Holbrook, dentist, at Watertown, would  
add to the attractions of such a location. Five years  
ago, he threw off ecclesiastical shackles, and came  
out a free man. While thus practicing the dental gospel  
in all its branches, he likewise preached and pros-  
perous the spiritual gospel, without compromising with  
friend or foe, and his warm, fraternal heart, his  
clear mind and progressive spirit, render his hospi-  
table home and companionship like an oasis to all  
congenial souls.

It is not often that men and women find souls who  
are truly genial and free in the exercise of fraternal  
sympathy. The masses of us are shut up in our  
selves, cold, frozen, and afraid of each other. And  
why? It is owing to the damnable dogmas of human  
depravity, preached and practiced; as though we  
were all cold, guilty, suspicious, skulking culprits,  
ready to skin each other, and ought to be on the look-  
out. There has been little or no true confidence be-  
tween men and women. We have prated about  
Christian love, but where have we found it? Alas,  
we have all been too much alone—alone as Jesus was  
in Gethsemane—with none, not even our best friends,  
to stand by us in crisis hours of trial, and al-  
low us to open our souls in genial confidence  
and communion. Nothing but a genuine Spiritualism  
can reach these social needs of our nature. Let us  
open our spirits to the influences of divine and an-  
geloic love, and when our souls become filled, then we  
shall go to our friends and neighbors, or whoever  
comes in our pathway; and sending out the influences  
of fraternal responses will be called forth from all  
with whom we come in contact.

In Port Ontario, Oswego Co., two evening meetings  
were largely attended, and deep interest awakened.  
An excitable brother, at the close of our first meet-  
ing, grew very inflammatory, and aimed at me all  
the curses of orthodoxy. I was not only a son of  
Satan, but the very Devil. I told the brother he was  
under the influence of a very bad spirit, but if he  
would come the next night, he would feel better.  
He came, and gave good heed to our message. After  
I had concluded my test examination, he arose, stat-  
ing that he had seven devils in him; and if I claim-  
ed to have anything like apostolical powers, he  
wanted me to try them on him, and cast out six of  
the demons, and he would retain the seventh for his  
own personal use. I joined the audience in appre-  
ciating the joke, and then remarked that I had never  
advertised to perform any such cures before public  
audiences; but if he was diseased in a diabolical di-  
rection, and wished to consult me in private, I  
would make a clairvoyant examination of his case,  
and minister to his aid. The man mellowed down at  
once, and promised to call on me during my next  
visit; then turning on some boisterous and skepti-  
cal boys and young men in the house, he poured  
down on their guilty heads, all the curses which, the  
night before, he had hurled at me, lavishing compli-  
ments which more than counterbalanced the curses  
of the previous evening.

At Hastings, the residence of our inspirational  
friend, Mrs. S. S. Chappell, four profitable public  
meetings were enjoyed, and we found an unusual de-  
gree of progressive spirit among a select few who  
stood out on the true, free, pure, spiritual plane of  
fraternity, regardless of the slanders of foes and the  
workings of timid, conservative friends. Conferences  
are held every other Sunday, and brothers and sis-  
ters, feeling the baptism of angel-life, communicate  
freely. We never felt a better harmony than we  
found here, where a few months ago much of the un-  
happy and discordant seemed to reign. Much is  
due to the untiring labors of Mrs. Chappell, whose  
social and spiritual mission is yet destined to be-  
come broad and useful. Several weeks ago, a popu-  
lar, liberal clergyman residing in the neighborhood,  
visited this little Hastings band, and before he left,  
he was brought under spiritual influence, and his  
name will soon be seen enrolled among our most ef-  
ficient spiritual warriors.

At Cicero, a good audience greeted us, and we so-  
laced with our good mediumistic Bro. L. Hakes,  
who does a good work as examiner and healer. At  
Bridgeport, we had two good meetings under the pa-  
tronage of Mrs. Kate Dunham. Then a brief trip to  
Auburn, still the Post-office address of the writer,  
but where Spiritualism lies comparatively silent,  
having been killed, annihilated for the fourth or  
fifth time during the last thirteen years, though, in  
all probability, there are more believers there now  
than ever before. How far the Spiritual Clarion had  
a voice in bringing about the present state of things  
in Auburn, its managers are not prepared to say. It  
was a pity, however, if Spiritualists ever undertook  
to shuffle off all their responsibilities on others, with-  
out those others ever consenting to assume such re-  
sponsibilities, but on the other hand, distinctly dis-  
claiming them, and denying all leadership; then,  
when those others chose to take their own conven-  
iences of duty as their guide, regardless of corrupt  
popular prejudice, and all sham reputation for "the  
cause," undertake to damn them, as though "the  
cause" rested on them alone, and not on principle,  
and on the character of the people.

Alluding to the Clarion, reminds me of the fraternal  
courtesy the Banner has ever shown it, and the de-  
cided cool manner another contemporary has shown  
the spiritual press. The circular announcing the  
suspension of the Clarion, was sent the Banner, and  
was freely published. It was sent to another con-  
temporary, and the editor, coolly advised us to print  
an extra and send it to our subscribers, the cost of  
which, with postage, would have been about \$30!  
This same contemporary, in alluding to the two spiri-  
tual papers which had been suspended since the war  
began, says their circulation did not exceed 500 each.  
The Clarion and the Sunbeam were the two  
papers. We are not certain as to the circulation of  
Brother Griswold's Sunbeam, but we are quite sure it  
was over one thousand; but we are certain that our  
two bona fide subscribers were over seven hundred!  
So much for the courtesy and the figures of a jour-  
nal which appeals to Spiritualists for patronage,  
and at the same time calls Spiritualism only a minor  
wing of the said journal's peculiar "philosophy,"  
and a journal which has the Yankee, mercantile  
way of winding up numerous answers to correspond-  
ents with advertisements of certain books on sale  
at the office of said journal—one dollar or so apiece!

By the way, a friend recently asked us, how  
much of the "harmonical" there was in a "philoso-  
phy" which can find no "harmony" between the  
Christianity of ages and the celestial gospel of to-  
day? We shook our heads, very little. Genuine  
Spiritualism seeks to find some truth at the bottom  
of all the false forms which Christianity has as-  
sumed, ignoring nothing as totally evil or erroneous.  
Giant strides, some modern philosophers have made,  
in assuming that they alone are about the first born  
gods of the ages. I make no charges, nor do I ask  
any pardon for these criticisms, for they are given  
in none but the most fraternal spirit, and are in ac-  
cordance with sentiments I have heard in various  
localities. No man in this age stands higher in the  
esteem of the writer and thousands of others, than  
Andrew Jackson Davis, in spite of the idolatry shown  
him by certain of his one-sided devotees. Gentle as a  
child, genial in all social and fraternal relations,  
harmonious in his manhood, calm, wise and dignified  
in his philosophy, deeply penetrating in vision, a  
prodigy in the manifestation of intuitional powers,  
adequate to grapple with the mightiest problems of  
the age and unfold the sciences of life and nature—  
nevertheless, we are to remember that no man in the  
ranks of modern progress, should be put forward by  
his misguided friends as either Pope or Messiah.

I passed Syracuse, with only a call on Dr. H.  
Hoyt, the eminent surgeon and physician, a man  
who has devoted most of his life in rendering himself  
useful and perfect in his profession, and has at last  
attained a position demanding the unbounded confi-  
dence of all who need medical or surgical aid. I saw  
him perform a difficult surgical operation, and never  
witnessed such complete skill and dexterity. Dr.  
H., for years, was a rigid materialist, but is now  
equally rigid in the faith and philosophy of immor-  
tal life. He has subjected modern phenomena to

the most thorough scrutiny, and bases them on  
laws and principles which admit of no doubt in re-  
gard to Spiritualism.

I held two good meetings at Pompey Hill, and  
found good old friends and good signs of progress,  
one evening at Preble, where S. P. Kelsey still  
stands nearly alone; four meetings and very large  
audiences at Centre, Lisle, where the staunch, de-  
voted, intelligent friends have a good hall of their  
own. Stopping over night at Binghamton, I co-oper-  
ated with the friends in making arrangements for  
the convention which will be duly noticed. Two  
nights in Oswego, where old friends stand firm and  
hopeful for the future. At Webb's Mills, on short  
notice, two lectures were given to appreciating audi-  
ences, an unabating zeal manifested by the few able  
pioneers long standing out in the front of the battle.

I am arranging for a series of meetings in the  
Commercial College rooms of Prof. N. Caldwell,  
Elmira. The Professor has an eminently successful  
institution for the education of clerks and teachers,  
and liberal young men and young women will find  
him just the man needed to see them through a  
most thorough and practical course of penmanship,  
book-keeping, etc.

I close this paper with assurances to the readers  
of the BANNER that the work of Spiritual Progress  
never gave better promise than it now gives in these  
sections of the Empire State lately visited by  
U. CLARK.

### From Fort Huron.

DEAR BANNER.—I have just returned home from a  
lecturing tour, and finding a few moments to spare,  
I propose to employ them in writing.

The good cause is flourishing wherever I have  
been. I visited Drayton Plains a few weeks ago, in  
company with brother O. L. Sutliff, of Ohio. We oc-  
cupied the house on Sunday afternoon, and attended  
a Methodist meeting at the same place in the eve-  
ning. At the conclusion of the sermon, the minister  
invited all serious minded persons to stop to class  
meeting, and the spiritual portion of the audience,  
feeling somewhat serious, concluded that the invita-  
tion extended to them. We finally kept our seats  
while the sinners and worldly left the room. The  
exercises of the evening soon commenced, the class  
leader leading off by telling his experience, which  
amounted to quite an interesting anecdote. He was  
followed by different brothers and sisters, who told  
how good their religion was, and just when and  
where they received it. At length the class leader  
approached your correspondent, and placing his hand  
upon his head, asked him if he had the love of Jesus  
shed abroad in his soul. I arose upon my feet, and a  
spirit took control of my organism and spoke at  
some length upon the character and mission of Jesus.  
The audience appeared to be well pleased with the  
remarks. The minister, too, condescended to sanction  
what was said, until the spirit took occasion to say:  
"This is the Spiritualistic idea of the man Christ Jesus."  
When I what a change! Not a groan was uttered  
after that. They were evidently taken by surprise.  
I being a stranger in the place, the class leader un-  
doubtedly mistook me for a Methodist.

Brother Sutliff made some very appropriate re-  
marks on the occasion in his usual pleasant manner,  
and the evening passed off very agreeably.

Yours in the good cause, SAMUEL D. PAGE.

Feb. 5, 1862.

### Obituary Notices.

Died in Boston, Jan. 27, 1862, MISS GARRIE A.  
MERRILL, adopted daughter of Mrs. M. Kibby, aged 18  
years and 8 months.

She has gone to the land of bright spirits to dwell.  
She has gone from the friends who have loved her so  
well.

She is safe now at last in that home of the blest,  
Where, after life's tumult, we all shall find rest.

Though anxiously waiting the moment to see  
When the spirit would break from its prison bonds free,  
When the dread moment came every doubt was restored,  
And their hearts must rebel at the will of the Lord.

In the days of dark anguish which sometimes would  
come.

She'd murmur so softly, "Ah, would I were home!  
There I'd see my best Saviour, my own mother's friend,  
And stay with them in peace till eternity's end."

How kind is the Lord! Of my own mother's death,  
How best I have been in my mother on earth;  
A father in heaven to guard me with care,  
A mother on earth and an own mother there.

"Oh, meet me, dear parents," she murmured so low,  
"When at last you find rest from your sojourn below,  
O think not of me with sad tears in your eyes,  
I only go first to my home in the skies."

Where I'll be when the last of your life-struggle's o'er,  
To welcome you first to that glorified shore.  
B. E. K.

Died, in Syracuse, N. Y., Saturday, Feb. 8, 1862,  
ALANSON THOMP, aged 64 years.

In the morning, in his usual health, he remarked that  
he felt unusually well; in the afternoon, without pre-  
monition, he left us. His death is supposed to have  
been occasioned by some organic disease of the heart.  
Varying a good man has fallen—a husband, brother,  
friend and citizen; his loss is universally and deeply  
felt. His strict integrity of character and life and his  
willingness to aid and counsel, endeared him to all  
hearts; no one could be more universally missed, and  
it seems as if now he was most needed. He was a  
Christian in life, believing the principles and teach-  
ings of true Spiritualism; a glad and willing listen-  
er to the angel messengers, he, in his daily life and  
every act, showed to the world that he indeed pos-  
sessed a truth. We mourn his loss. His genial smile and  
cheerful greetings no longer gladden our hearts, but  
what is our loss in his eternal gain. Ever a friend to  
all things good and progressive upon earth, he has en-  
gaged in a new work with far more glorious oppor-  
tunities. But we who are left with so glorious a faith,  
feel that he is not lost to us; our friend can come to  
us again, and cheer us on our earth-journey, with mes-  
sages of love. To his heart-broken companion he  
will come before, and will prepare a place for him  
in the land of rest. I will come to you in the  
hours of day and