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FITZ ADAMS STORY.

The next whose fortune 't was a tale to tell
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved
Well.
And after thinking wondered why they did,
For half he seemed to let them, half he hid.
And wrapped him so in humor, merriment,
'T was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;
But once divined, you took him to your heart,
While he appeared to bear with you as part
Of life's impertinence, and once a year
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear,
Or rather something sweetly shy and leath,
Withdrawn eyes fully shown, and mixed of both.
A cynic? Not precisely; one who thrust
Against a heart too prone to love and trust,
Who so despised false sentiment he knew
Scarcely in himself to part the false and true,
And strove to life, by roughening o'er the skin,
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.
Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;
On a small patrimony and larger pride,
He lived untroubled on the Other Side
(So he called Europe), only coming West
To give his old world appetite new zest.
A radical in thought, he scoffed at
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray,
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw
In what he longed to love, some vulgar flaw,
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.
His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,
And thought himself the type of common sense,
Milk-maid women, not from cross or whim,
But that his mother shared too much in him,
And he half felt that what in them was grace
Made the unlucky weakness with which he was
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,
But sauntered through the world as through a
show.
A critic fine in his haphazard way,
A sort of mild La Bruyere on half-pay,
For comic weaknesses he had an eye
Keen as an acid for an alkali.
Yet you could feel, through his sardonic tone,
He loved them all, unless they were his own.
You might have called him, with his humorous
twist,
A kind of human entomologist:
As these bring home from every walk they take,
Their bat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,
So he filled all the lining of his head
With characters impaled and ticketed,
And had a cabinet behind his eyes
For all they caught of mortal oddities.
He might have been a poet—many worse—
But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,
Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes
The young world's infallible of ruder times.
Bitter in words, but kinder in deed,
He satirized himself the first of all,
In men and their affairs could find no law,
And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.

Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,
With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,
And thus began: "I give you all my word,
I think this mock-December about to pass
In our bleak clime as under double glass?
The moral east-wind of New-England life
Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife;
These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,
Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;
Had we stayed Puritans! They had some heat
(Though whence derived, I have my own conceit),
But you have long ago raked up their fires;
Where they had faith, you've ten shams-Gothic
spires.
Why more exiles? Try your native vines,
And in some thousand leaves you may have vines;
Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,
And want traditions of ancestral bins
That saved for evenings round the polished board
Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's board;
Without a Past, you lack that southern wall
O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl;
Still they're your only hope; no midnight oil
Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;
Manure them with mud and prune them; 't won't be
France.

Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.
You have one story-teller worth a score.
Of dead Boccaccio, nay, add twenty more.
A hawthorn asking spring's most southern breath,
And him you're freezing pretty well to death.
However, since you say so, I will tease
My memory to a story by degrees,
Though you will cry, 'Enough! I'm well-nigh sure,
Ere I have dreamed through half my overture.
Stories were good for men who had no books,
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks
In lonely towers, to which the fowls brought
His father's box of chess and tawdry thought,
With here and there a fancy fit to see
Wrought to quaint grace in golden slag;
The morning newspaper has spelt his trade,
(For better or for worse, I leave unsaid),
And stories now, to suit a public nice,
Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.

"All tourists know Shebang County; there
The summer idlers take their yearly share,
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,
As 't were Italian opera, or play,
Encores the sunrise (if they're out of bed),
And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:
These have I seen—All things are good to see—
And wondered much at their complacency;
This world's great show, that took in getting up
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tin-
gling force
They glance approvingly as things of course,
Say, 'That's a grand rock! This a pretty fall!'
Not thinking, 'Are we worthy?' What if all
The scornful landscape should turn round and
say,
'This is a fool, and that a poplinsay?'
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless brinks,
Or how the Sun would sneeze the chattering crowd,
If some fine day he seemed to think aloud.

"I, who love Nature much as sinners can,
Love her where she most grandeur shows—in
man;
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud, and sun,
River and sea, and glows when day is done;
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and molds in
just
The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.
The naturalist's year by year retire,
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more
Than city-fests, where every man's a bore
To every other man, must seek it where
The steamer's throb and railway's iron glare
Have not yet started with their punctual stir
The shy, wood-wandering brood of Character.
There is a village, once the county town,
Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily
down,
Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,
And the one tavern reeked with 'radio cheer;
Chickadees nest, now Jethro bright,
Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.

*The greater part of this poem was written many years ago,
to form part of a larger one to be called "The Roaming"
made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic.

The railway ruined it, the natives say,
That passed unwisely fifteen miles away,
And made a drain to which, with steady ooze,
Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade, and news.
The railway saved it, so at least think those
Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.
Of course the Turkish stayed, but the host
Thought not of blissing more than did the host.
Of which light-bug the fading signboard creaks,
Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'

"If in life's journey you should ever find
An inn medicinal for body and mind,
As sure to be some drowsy-looking house
Where easy landlady has a bustling spouse:
He, if he likes you, will not long forego
Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low.
That, since the War we used to call the 'Last',
Has dozed and held its long-syne memories fast;
From him exhales that Indian-summer air
Of lazy, lazy welcome everywhere,
While with her toll the napery is white,
The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,
Salt dry as sand, and a bread that seems as though
'T were rather sea-foam baked than vulgar dough.

"In our swift country, houses trim and white
Are pitched like tents, the looting of a night;
Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high,
Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry.
While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,
Refusing friendship with the upstairs roof.
Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell
That toward the south with sweet concessions fell,
It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be
An aboriginal as rock or tree.
It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood;
As by the pen that rather fades than burns
The smouldering grandam pods and knits by
turns.
Happy, although her newest nests were old
Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;
If paint it e'er had known, it knew no more
Than yellow lichens splattered thickly o'er
That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,
Which the slow breath of wind and weather leaves.
The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,
And vassal lean-to gathered thickly round,
Patched on, as sirs or sons had felt the need,
Like chance growths sprouting from the old roof's
seed.

Just as about a yellow-pine-tree spring
Its rough-barked darlings in a dill ring.
But the great chimney was the central thought
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,
For 'tis not styles far-fetched from Greece or
Rome,
But just the Preside, that can make a home:
None of your spindling things of modern style,
Like pins stuck through to stay the carl-built pile.
It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonair,
Its warm breath whitening in the October air,
While on its front a heart in outline showed
The place it filled in that serene abode.

"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,
Ezra sat listless by the open door,
One chair careened him at an angle meet,
Another nuzzled his hugely-slippered feet;
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.
'Are you the landlady?' 'Wah! I guess I be.'
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.
He was a stoutish man, and through the breast
Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;
Breasted really as a wind-foreboding morn.
Clean-shaven he was, save where a hedge of gray
Upon his branny throat leaned every way
About an Adam's apple that beneath
Bulged like a bowlder from a fuzzy heath.
'Can I have lodging here?' once more I said.
He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,
'You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I
s'pose.

Across a bridge where a big swamp-oak grows?
It don't grow neither; it's been dead ten year,
Nor th' ain't a 'fin' creature, fur nor near,
Oat tell me killed its body in a mill race.
'T was horers, there's a sech heaps on 'em about;
You did n't chance to run agin' my son.
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?
He'd ought to be back more 'n an hour ago
An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Shol
There he comes now. 'Say, Obed, wut ye got?
(He'll hev some upland plover like as not.)
Wal, them's a real nice uns an 'l' eat A I,
Er I can stop their bein' over-done;
Nothin' rises me, (I pledge my fasin' word),
Like cookin' out the nature of a bird;
(Obed, you pick 'em out of sight an' sound,
You 'ma'n don't love no feathers cluttrin'
round.)
Jes' scare 'em with the coals; that's my idee.'
Then, turning suddenly about on me,
'Wal, Square, I guess so. Oallitate to stay?
I'll ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that it's her to say.'

"Well, there I lingered all October through,
In that sweet atmosphere of hazy blue,
So leisurely, so soothing, so forgiving,
That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-
ing;
I watched the landscape, erst so granite plumb,
Bloom like the south side of a ripening plum,
And each rock-maps on the hillside make
His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;
The very stone walls drizzling up the hills
Seemed touched, and waved in their roundhead
wills.

Ahl there's a deal of sugar in the sun!
Tap me in Indian-summer, I should run
A juice to make rock-candy of—but then
We get such weather scarce one year in ten.
"There was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;
Each looked as it had scuttled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look wildest that its legs were bare,
While the black-ash with its horse-hair plait
Gloomed like the bier for Comford's funeral.
Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,
Mistress and Mistress W. in their youth;
New England worth, a sort of pill,
Half wild-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic cholera on the face.

Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last, two simulators you might see,
Each with its urn and daffily-weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago,
More faded than their lines of worsted woe;
One paper docket the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were
wise.
And bushed apparatus in fading green
Added its shiver to the franklin chain.

"When first arrived, I chilled a half-hour there,
Nor dared delovew with use a single chair,
For weeks in no—yet flying pains could find
One thing alone imprisoned there had power

To hold me in the place that one half-hour—
A scotchman this, a helm-armoured shield,
Three griffins argent on a sable field;
A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These old traditions with a broken wing;
This relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These old traditions with a broken wing;
This relic of the shipwrecked past was here,
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,
These old traditions with a broken wing;

He glanced a moment, and his features took
The flitting sweetness of that in ward look
I hinted as before; but, scarcely seen,
It shrank for shelter 'neath his landlord's mien,
And, ruffling his black pipe of ashes clear,
He went on with a self-derived sneer:
'No doubt we make a part of God's design,
And break the forest-path for feet divine;
To furnish foothold for this grand provision
In good—and yet to be the mere transition—
That, you will say, is also good, though I
Scarcely like to feed the o're By-and-by;
My skull has somehow never closed the suture
That seems to bind yours firmly with the future,
So you excuse me if I in sometimes fail
To tie the past's warm ribbon on my brain;
I'm quite aware 't is not in fashion here,
But then your northeast winds are so severe!

"But to my story; though 't is truly naught
But a few hints in Memory's sketchbook caught,
And which may claim a value on the score
Of calling back some scenery now no more.
Shall I confess? The tavern's only Lar
Seemed (he not shocked!) its homely-featured
bar.
Here snatched a fire of beechen logs, that bred
Strange fancies in its others golden-red,
And, nursed the loggerhead whose hissing dip,
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip
Which made from mouth to mouth its genial
round.

Nor left one nature wholly winter-bound;
Henceforth the thinking call all mellow-ripe
For Uncle Reuben's talk-extinguished pipe;
Henceforth the heat of fire and in-door sun,
That would forth many a shout of rustic fun,
Here Ezra ruled as king by right divine;
No other face had such a wholesome shine,
No laugh like his so full of honest cheer;
Above the rest it crowded like Chanticleer;
No eye like his to value horse or cow,
Or gauge the contents of a stack or mow.
He could foretell the weather at a word,
He knew the haunt of every beast and bird,
Or where a two-pound trout was sure to lie
Waiting the flutter of his homemade fly.
Nay, once in autumn breeze, he had the luck
To drop at fair-play range a ten-tinged buck.
Of sportsman true he favored every whim,
But never cockney found a guide in him.
A natural man, with all his instincts fresh,
Not buzzing helplessly in Reflection's mesh,
Firm on its feet stood his broad-shouldered mind,
As bluffly honest as a northwest wind;
Head-headed and soft-hearted, you'd scarce meet
No blarney master, but a man made fly.
Generous by birth, and ill at saying 'No',
Yet in a bargain he was all men's foe,
Would yield no inch of vantage in a trade,
And give away ere nightfall all he made.

"In this one room his dame you never saw,
Where reigned by custom old a sala law;
Here countless lolled he on his throne of oak,
And every tongue was unfiled if he spoke;
Due mirth he loved, yet was his away severe;
No blue-eyes velvet got his stanger here;
Measure was hisness who would more,
Must buy his ruin at the Deacon's store;
None but his lodgers after ten could stay,
Nor after nine on eves of Sabbath-day.
He had his favorites and his pensioners,
The same that gypsy Nature owns for hers—
Loose-ended souls, whose skills bring scanty gold,
And whom the poor-house catches when they're
old;

Rule country-minstrels, men who doctor kine,
Or graft, and out of cions ten, save nine;
Craftures of money they, but never meant
To keep step with the civic regiment.
These Ezra welcomed, feeling in his mind
Perhaps some motions of the vagrant kind;
These paid no money, yet for them he drew
Special Jamaica from a tap they knew,
And, for their feelings, chalked behind the door
With solemn face a visionary score.
This warmed the one-eyed siddler to his task,
Perched in the corner on an empty cask,
By whose shrill art ran an under, some boor
Like a little bottle-shiny on the floor;
This thawed to life in Uncle Reuben's throat
A torpid shal of jest and anecdote.
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts
away.

"'T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben's
lips,
In dribbling monologue 'twixt whiffs and sips,
The story I no longer care to tell;
The hare conversed the serious common—well,
From Nature only do I love to part;
Whether she send a satyr or a saint;
To me Sincerity's the one thing good,
Sollied though she be and lost to maidenhood.
Quompegan is a town some ten miles south
From Jethro, at Nagumoot river-mouth—
A seaport town, and makes its title good,
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wood.
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the store,
The richest man for everything done of shore;
In little less than everything dealt he,
From meeting-house to a chest of tin,
So dextrous therewithal a flint to skin,
He could make profit on a single pin;
In business strict, to bring the balance true,
He had been known to cut a fig in two
And change a board-nail for a shingle-nail.
All that he had he ready held for sale—
His house, his tomb, what e'er the law allows,
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.
His one and only son to go and live,
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.
His store looked righteous, should the Parson
come,
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,
And eased Ma'am Conscience, if she e'er would
scoff.

By christening it with water ere he sold.
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,
And one white neckcloth all the week-days
through,
On Monday, like, by Saturday as dun
As the wind homeward by the prodigal son;
His carlocks gray, striped with a foxy brown,
Were braided up to hide a desert crown;
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore;
In summer-time a banyan loose he wore;
His trousers short, through many a season true,
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue;
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.
A deacon he, you saw it in each limb,
And well he knew to deacon-off a limb.
Or lead the choir through all his wandering woe
With voice that gathered unison in his nose,
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,

As if with him 't were winter all the year.
At his paw-head he sat with decorous pains,
In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,
Or, with closed eyes and heaven-abstracted air,
Could plan a new investment in long prayer;
A pious man and thrifty too, he made
The palms and prophetic partners in his trade,
And in his orthodox straitened more
As it entered the business at his store;
He honored Moses, but when gain he planned,
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sledging good,
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;
He paid in groceries and New England rum,
Making two profits with a conscience clear,
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear,
With his own mete-and-measuring every load,
Each somehow had diminished on the road;
An honest cord in Jethro still would fall
By a good foot upon the Deacon's scale,
And, more to abate the price, his gimlet eye
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could
spy.

Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.
'While the first snow was mealy under feet
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan
street;
Two coils of oak weighed down the grinding sled,
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead;
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue
As the coarse frock that swarming near his knee
Behind his head for shelter waled he.
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,
Now stamped the stiffened cowhide of his feet
Hushed as a ghost's; his armlet scarce could hold
The walfish whiptock slippery bright with cold.
What wonder if the tavern as he past,
He looked and lounged and stayed his benches at
last.

Who patient stood and velled themselves in steam
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?
'Before the fire, in want of thought profound,
There sat a brother-townsman weather-bound;
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged
pools.
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,
Could snare a poor horse for a better one—
't was 't a horse-stepper always in his stall;
Liked far and near, and dreaded therewithal.
To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how'd ye do?'
Then, his eyes twinkling such swift gleams as run
Along the levelled barrel of a gun
Brought to his shoulder by a man you know
Would bring his game down, he continued, 'So,
I s'pose you're hauling wood? But you're too
late!

The Deacon's old, Old Splitfoot could n't wait;
He made a bee-line last night in the storm
To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.
'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train
Young lumps as missionaries; hopes to gain
That way a contract that he has in view
For fireproof plithforks of a pattern new.
If must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,
To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;
His soul, to start with, was n't worth a carrot.
And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at.

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,
And, looking at the other half in doubt,
Took off his fox-skin cap to scratch his head,
Drooped it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's
dead?'
'Jes' so; he's dead and tother d' that follows
With folks that never love a thing but dollars;
He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,
And ever since there's been a row Down There;
The minute the old chap arrived, you see,
Comes the Boss-died to him, and says he,
'What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;
We calculate to make folks useful here.'
'Well,' says old Bitters, 'I expect I can
Scale a fair load of wood with my ear-man.'
'Wood we don't deal in; but perhaps you'll
suit.

Because we buy our brimstone by the foot;
Here, take this measuring-rod as smooth as sin,
And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;
You'll not want business, for we need a lot
To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;
At firing up they're barely half as sly
As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;
At first we have to let the draught on stronger,
But, heat 'em through, they seem to hold it longer.

"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon
A teamster come whistling an ex-palatin tune.
A likelier chap you wot n't ask to see,
No different, but his limp, from you or me—
'No different, Perez! Don't your memory fail?
Why were in thunder were his horns and tail?'
'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes;
Such things are scarce as queues and topboots
here;
'T would spoil their usefulness to look too queer.
If you could always keep 'em when they come,
They'd get no purchase on you: now he come,
On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,
Jingling the red-hot coppers in his pocket,
And close behind, 't was gold-dust, you'd ha'
sworn.
A load of sulphur yellow than seed-corn—
To see it wasted as it is Down There,
Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair!
'Hold on!' says Bitters, 'stop right where you
be;
You can't go in without a pass from me.'
'All right,' says 'other, 'only stop round smart,
Must be home by noon-time with the cart.'
Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,
Then with a scrap of paper on his hat
Pretends to cipher. 'By the public staff
That lead scarce rises twelve foot and a half.'
'There's fourteen foot and over,' says the driver,
'Worth twenty dollars, if it's worth a silver—
Good four-proof brimstone, that'll make 'em
quiver.

I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;
After we measure it, we always lay
Some on to allow for settling on the way;
Imp and full-grown, I've carted sulphur here,
And given fair satisfaction, thirty year.'
With that they fell to quarrelling so loud
That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,
And before long the Boss, who heard the row,
Comes elbowing in with 'What's to pay here
now?'
Both parties heard the measuring-rod he takes,
And of the load a careful survey makes.
'Since I have boxed the business here,' says he,
'No fairer load was ever seen by me';
Then, turning to the Deacon, 'You mean us,
None of your old Quompegan tricks with us!
They won't do here; we're plain old-fashioned
folks,
And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.
I know this teamster, and his pa before him,
And the hard-working Mrs. D. that bore him;
He would n't sell his conscience with a lie,
Though he might get the custom-house thereby;
Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue
And clap him into furnace ninety-two,

And try this brimstone on him; if he's bright,
He'll find the measure honest before night.
He is n't worth his fuel, and I'll bet
The pariah poor-house has to take him yet!"

"This is my tale, heard twenty years ago
From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,
Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom
That makes a rose's calyx of a room.
I could not give his language, wherethrough ran
The gamy flavor of the bookless man
Who shapes a word before the fancy cools,
As lonely Crusoe had to forge his tools.
I liked the tale, 't was like so many told;
By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouvres bold;
Nor were the horrors much unlike to theirs,
Mon unsophisticate, rude-nerved as bears.
Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,
The landlords of the hospitable mind;
Good Warriner of Springfield was the last.
An Inn is now a vision of the past;
One yet-surviving host my mind recalls—
You'll find him if you go to Tranton Falls."
—Atlantic Monthly.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS."

BY J. M. DECKERT.

To H. S. Chapman:
DEAR SIR—I see in the BANNER OF LIGHT
for March 21 a reply from you to Dr. Child on
the Ten Commandments. There is one idea sug-
gested to my mind by your reply that I wish to
put upon paper, as it refers me back again to
doubts, and the origin of those doubts, which are
now many years old. I quote the following as
constituting the portion relevant to the foregoing
remark:

"The Ten Commandments are, I believe, a
special divine revelation; such a revelation as it
did not please God to give any other people save
the Hebrews; and among other things in proof, I
put in as main evidence of this, that on the score
of good morals and good life they are unexcep-
tionable, and contain within themselves the theory
of a perfect life."

You seem to think it "of no moment to inquire
whether these Commandments were personally
delivered by a personal God, or were delivered
by angels, or were the invention of Moses, since
their divinity must be sought for not in the man-
ner of their coming, but in the substance with
which they come."

I beg your pardon, but I think it is of some mo-
ment to inquire in what manner and by what
means such revelations are derived. If you re-
ceive a vulgar satire, containing in its composi-
tion a single spiritual or poetical gem, of surpass-
ing sweetness, purity, or grandeur, would you
deem a claim to special revelation for the whole
satire well founded because of this single episode?

If the Commandments are a special revelation,
they derive a special evidence from the affirm-
ation of Moses. If what precedes and succeeds the
Commandments is often so objectionable and
devilish as to be at war with the injunctions of
the same medium, as ascribed by him to the same
authority, is supported by the same "Thus saith
the Lord," then what? One is perfect morality,
the other perfectly hellish! One commands itself
to our highest comprehension of absolute right,
the other conflicts with even our lowest concep-
tion of common justice, common duty, and com-
mon sense.

Let us contrast the two, and then see if it is any
marvel that so strange a jumble of morality and
crime, of virtue and vice, of honor and shame, of
divinity and horrid cruelty, should ensnare the
inquiring mind in doubt, or plunge it at once into
a stubborn and unyielding skepticism.
"Thou shalt not kill." Thou shalt not commit
adultery. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
goods." These constitute the *negatives*, that purify
all the social and civil relations of man. What
examples did God set his chosen people of his ap-
preciation of these high duties? (According to
Moses the medium) Was not chattel slavery
established by the same august authority? "If a
man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod,
and he die under his hand, he shall surely be
punished. Notwithstanding if he continue a day
or two, he shall not be punished for he is his own
property." "Brotherly bondmen and bondmaids, which
thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are
about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and
bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the
strangers that do sojourn among ye; of them shall
ye buy, and of their families that are with you,
which they begat in your land; and they shall be
your possession, and ye shall take them as an in-
heritance for your children after you, to inherit
them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen
forever."

"Ye shall not eat anything that dieth of itself;
thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is within
thy gates that he may eat it, or thou mayest sell it
unto an alien." [This is loving thy neighbor as thy-
self, probably.] "And Moses said unto them,
'Have ye saved all the women alive? Behold
these caused the children of Israel to commit
trespass, &c. Now therefore kill every male
among the little ones, and every woman that
hath known man by lying with him. But all the
women children that have not known man by ly-
ing with him, keep alive for yourselves.'" (?) This
was one of the consequences of a war which
Moses declared against Midian, sending against
the nation twelve thousand men, who slew every
male in Midian, including five kings, burnt all
their cities, and carried away all the women and
children, and live stock, and all without losing a
man! This live stock consisted of six hundred
and seventy-five thousand sheep, seventy-two
thousand head of cattle, sixty-one thousand asses,
and thirty-two thousand females of all ages, that
had not known man by lying with him. Brother
Chapman, only God could do so very improbable
a thing; but what kind of "Ten Commandments"
is it that sanctions such practices? And what
was the fate of those thirty-two thousand virgins
among a people who were under a terrible law
against adultery? Can you wonder that some
people will doubt the divine origin of the Bible,
when they find even the Ten Commandments
sanctioned between revolting disclosures of lust,
rapine, and fleshly cruelty? And does it not
become our bounden duty to inquire into the
source of that inspiration that thus enjoins the
highest duties, and not only permits but com-
mands these most revolting violations of all our
conceptions of the rights of humanity?
"I remember what Amalek did," some scores
of years previous, said God to Moses. "Now go and
smite him utterly," for a sin committed in a
previous generation, (probably). Here was a white-
skin slayer of a nation for a crime committed
by their ancestors. I beg pardon. There was an
exception in the massacre—all the "females who
had not known man by lying with him." These
did not exhaust the subject.

Written for the Banner of Light.

RELIGION.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Oh Nature! mistress divine! I bow
In adoration to the God of Love,
And praise Him for the wealth thou dost bestow.
I gaze on vernal fields; on hills of snow;
On changing skies; on sunshine; shadows dim;
On the great ocean as its waters flow;
And, praise-inspired, to the All-Perfect One
My soul uplifts her longing eyes—and lo!
Beligion lives for me apart from sin and show.

Oh not alone in temples reared of stone;
In Ritualistic codes or cramping creeds;
In pedant lore; oh not in these alone
Is sweet Religion found; but in the deeds
That spring within the soul from Love's pure
seeds!
The God who made the Christian made the
Turk,
His voice in singing streams and thunder-tones;
In still small whispers heard in field and kirk,
Inspires mankind with Love, Religion's sacred
work.

The hills are prophets—preachers of the Word
That fell from God's own lips ere man was
born.
The listening flowers, by gentlest zephyrs stirred,
Breathe inspiration from the roseate Morn;
And prayer and praise from lips untaught, to
earn,
Ascend like incense from the verdurous sod.
How peaceful—pure—the oracles upborne,
Of Nature's hallowed worshippers, to God,
Compared with man's when kneeling 'neath the
Bible's rod!

Wherever man is true, his inner thought
Finds fullest utterance; Religion hence
Is more to him than creeds with errors fraught.
The lip obedient to the heart speaks sense,
And God is worshipped free from mere pretence.
In field, in closet, or in costly lane,
Wherever man may pray, he can dispense
With forms or rites his soul may hold as vain,
And feel the blessed power of true Religion's
reign.

6 Sidney Terrace, Grove Road, Victoria Park, E.
London, March 16, 1867.

Correspondence.

Matters in Hartford, Conn.

During the month of February I lectured before the good people of Putnam, Conn., with whom I first commenced my work as a speaker something less than two years ago. Although strenuous efforts were being made by the churches to get up a revival, never was I greeted with such large and attentive audiences while with them before. The efforts of our theological friends to awaken an interest were crowned with success, the only trouble being it was manifested in the wrong direction to suit them.

The Lyceum here is prospering finely. We held a lecture for its benefit, which proved to be a complete success. Notwithstanding the weather was stormy both evenings it was held, the hall was well filled, and we realized two hundred and sixty dollars net profit from the proceeds. There is a lively interest manifested here, and Putnam bids fair to become, once more, as it has been, a stronghold of Spiritualism.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen delivered one week evening lecture here this month to a full house. I was not present, but I am informed that the people were very much pleased, and that the impression made by her was most favorable. The independence she manifested in wearing the healthy and becoming reform dress is worthy of commendation. It would be a good idea, it seems to me, if other of our lady speakers would follow her example, so as not only to preach reform but act it.

This month I have been lecturing and organizing a Lyceum in the city of Hartford. The interest in Spiritualism I found at a low ebb, and the prospect of success rather gloomy. They have had no meetings for a number of years. But notwithstanding the bad prospects and the fact that the first Sunday I was present, the independent and becoming reform dress is worthy of commendation. It would be a good idea, it seems to me, if other of our lady speakers would follow her example, so as not only to preach reform but act it.

During the evening week Von Vleck exhibited his exposition of the physical manifestations, but with poor success.

Elder Grant, the Adventist, was also in town lecturing against Spiritualism.

But the only effect of Von Vleck's expositions and Grant's exhortations were to make the people anxious to see and hear for themselves, and learn, if possible, the truth or falsity of their statements. As good fortune would have it, Mr. Charles Foster, the great test medium, came to town, and excellent opportunity is afforded the people for investigation; and they are improving it, and many are being converted to a belief in spirit communion through his remarkable medium powers.

Arrangements were made with Elder Grant to hold a discussion with that staunch defender of the truth and destroyer of error, A. T. Foss. The discussion commenced Tuesday evening, March 12th, and continued four evenings. Question, as proposed by Elder Grant: "Resolved, that man is wholly mortal." Grant of course having the affirmative.

American Hall was filled to overflowing with anxious and interested listeners. Grant admitted all the various phenomena of spirit-manifestations, as they are termed, but contended that they were produced by a class of beings called demons, created by God for the express purpose of deceiving the people and leading them astray, especially in these latter days. Foss said that this was a libel upon God's government, and was certainly contrary to the common dictates of reason and the facts in the case. Grant quoted largely from the Bible to sustain his position. Foss impeached his evidence by proving the doubtful origin of the Bible, and also its glaring contradictions of itself, as well as the revelations of science.

The interest in the discussion continued through the four evenings without apparent diminution. The spiritual philosophy was ably presented and defended by Bro. Foss, while the Advent doctrine suffered terribly from his well directed blows, and, to use an Advent term, annihilating attacks.

Elder Grant sustained himself very well indeed, considering his position, and as a test medium, and his whole heart in the work. The other officers and leaders are deeply interested and will do their duty. Mr. Oliver Markham is Chairman of the Society Committee. The Society and Lyceum are now in good working order, and will probably continue regular sessions during the coming year.

Thus by our own efforts and the assistance of the angel-world the work goes on. That which is designed to weaken us only makes us stronger. So Von Vleck, Grant, and others, who have been their work to perform, and are all unconsciously, perhaps, aiding to unfold and develop the truth.

A. E. CARPENTER.

Putnam, Conn., March 21, 1867.

Another correspondent says:—
Hartford is awakening from her long slumber, and is throwing off the lethargy that has bound her down for the last five years. A. B. Carpenter, of Putnam, Conn., has lectured here for the last three Sundays, and established a Children's Lyceum,

also a conference. Mr. Carpenter is a faithful, zealous worker in the cause of humanity and truth. Through his efforts an interest in the great cause of Spiritualism has been created, and the dry bones of Old Theology are shaking and rattling in their whitewashed tombs.

The past week a discussion was held here between A. T. Foss and Elder Grant, which I am informed has awakened great interest; but being absent at the time, I can say nothing further concerning it.

Next Sabbath we expect a lecture from Mr. Amos Hunt, of New Haven, an excellent trance speaker, as well as a healing medium. There are many believers in and but few workers for the cause in Hartford. DANIEL NORTON.

Hartford, March 21st, 1867.

Closing up the Winter's Campaign.

To-morrow closes my engagement in this part of the Master's vineyard. For three months I have faithfully discharged the duties devolving upon me as a teacher and medium. During that time I have delivered fifty lectures, held nineteen public and twenty-six private sances, visited fifteen sick persons, and delivered one funeral discourse. I have also written one hundred and ten letters and eight newspaper articles, and traveled thirty-five hundred miles, besides small talk or private conversation.

THE WINTER OF STORM.

The months of January, February and March have been preeminently months of storm, and will in the future be known as the cold, stormy winter. We have had only five fair Sundays this winter. One ocean and three lakes of water have been poured out on the surface of the devoted West and South. In fact, all this section of Uncle Sam's domain has been made Baptist by immersion. My diary shows that for forty days there flowed between the Suspension Bridge towers a body of water fifty feet deep and seventeen hundred feet wide, at a speed of seven and a half miles an hour, and this alone in the Ohio river at Cincinnati.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

There is a healthy element of Spiritualism here, and many earnest, honest men and women—workers in the field, who bravely stand up for the truth. Our Lyceum is doing well, and the Liberator, under the excellent management of our able sister, H. F. M. Brown, is a helper indeed to the Lyceum.

MARCH 25TH, 27TH, 28TH.

I spent these days at the capital of Indiana, a city of—according to my informant—forty thousand people. It contains many very fine private residences as well as public buildings. I lectured three evenings, and gave one afternoon sance, at which some very fine tests were given. There are here a few earnest, true Spiritualists who love the truth and are willing to work for the cause. At the head of these stand Jacob Eldridge, Copeland, Kling, and their good ladies. The healing element is represented here by those excellent healers and mediums, Drs. Kling, Candee, Nelson and Eldridge—the two last named are ladies. Progression, radicalism and the truth have an able and eloquent defender in Dr. Bland, editor of the North Western Arguer, a monthly magazine of agriculture, horticulture, home and domestic economy, and literature. The doctor is assisted in the editorial department by Mrs. M. Cora Bland, as faithful a woman and true a Spiritualist as ever breathed. Let every Spiritualist take the Doctor's paper.

THE BLIND ASYLUM.

Is located here, under the management of a blind man, W. A. Churchman, A. M. I spent two hours most pleasantly with him. He is a true man, noble in all his thoughts. He is the author of the plan of the building and grounds over which he presides. He is a reformer of the first water. There are a hundred pupils here, learning to read, being educated through the sense of feeling, and it was wonderful to see how rapidly they could read. May the Infinite Father bless the effort, and may the people sustain it with the almighty dollar.

SEANCES.

March 25th.—Gave a sance in Cincinnati, in the library of the Catholic Institute, Mozart Hall. Two hundred people were present, members of the first families in the city. I was ably assisted by the wonderful seer and medium, Miss Lizzie Kelzer, who named on this occasion, as well as described, fourteen persons from the spirit-land, all of whom were identified with them. These spirits mentioned, and associated with them, with whom they were associated when in the form, over thirty persons, all of whom were identified.

I gave thirty-three incidents—facts of life and spirit descriptions—some of them occurring in Germany, in England, at sea, and in every part of the United States; of these three were not identified. To give you an idea of what these were like, I will narrate one given by Miss Kelzer: "There is a man here who says he has a niece in the house by the name of Mary Stokes; that he was a doctor, and that his name was Samuel, her Uncle Samuel, and that he died in California three years ago." The question was asked: "Is Miss Stokes present?" If so, please answer. A lady stood up and said, "I am the woman named, and the communication is true."

One spirit-communication given through me is this: "By this lady there stands a spirit who says: 'Remember my last word: Guard well our child.' He then lays his hand on this child's head and says: 'Mine own, and says to you, my man: 'Care well for this, our little one,' with much more of deep interest to the lady."

The lady answered: "All that has been said is true. The man was my husband and the child's father. The time of his death is correct, and the words given were spoken by him."

Thus have I briefly described one of the many sances that I am holding through the country. Miss Kelzer has been before the public with me four times, and on each occasion has given an average of twelve communications which were verified.

My diary states that I have given over five hundred tests, facts, readings of character and spirit-communications during the last three months. Such is Spiritualism through my mediumship.

Fraternally thine for the truth,

E. V. WILSON.

Louisville, Ky., March 30, 1867.

Notes by the Wayside.

When last we greeted the readers of the BANNER we had halted in our pilgrimage at Fond du Lac, Wis., a very thriving young city whose population is now about fifteen thousand, having doubled in the last five years, and it is constantly increasing as business enlarges in variety and extent. There we found our cause revived, in a good degree, by the efficient labors of Miss Elvira Wheelock, a talented young lady of Janesville, who is winning laurels thus early in her career. We remained six weeks, giving twelve lectures to good audiences, that were well attended, and with intelligent management on the part of Spiritualists in maintaining public meetings to agitate the public mind, there must be ere long a large accession to their numbers. There are whole-souled workers there who are willing to toil and sacrifice something for the truth's sake, and these are the indispensable for the success of our cause everywhere. We often wonder at the apathy and penuriousness of some who are professed believers in Spiritualism. Alas! how that is easily superior to all other religions, and yet yet much for its propagation, as do church members for the support of their cherished ideal! Why this indifference? Haven't we principle enough to actuate us to labor for truth and humanity's sake, without the fear of the devil and hell,

as incentives to duty? Verily we need the devotion of Saul and the old martyrs, to fire our hearts with zeal and infuse that love into our souls that shall cause us to "Seek first the kingdom of God," by laboring for the good of others, even at the expense of personal sacrifice, which every human soul must make ere it can gain entrance therein!

At the close of our engagement at Fond du Lac, we started en route for home among the Green Mountains, stopping at Milwaukee to attend the Wisconsin Festival, which was a very happy and successful affair, doing credit to all concerned. Bro. Wadsworth gave a very appropriate opening address, congratulating the friends for carrying on so successfully the work he had started. While witnessing those beautiful exhibitions, we were constrained to exclaim, verily these lyceums are the strong arm of our cause, to revolutionize our educational institutions, and lay broad and deep the foundations for the great church of humanity, in which all nations and races shall gather in fraternal union to "worship in spirit and in truth" the Universal Father. We were warmly welcomed by brother and sister B. S. Severance, who labored efficiently for the world at large and the good of our cause in that vicinity.

We made a "flying visit" to Bro. Charles Hayden and our brothers of the Spiritual Republic, in Chicago, all of whom we found in excellent spirits, working with eminent success in their various capacities. Bro. J. S. Loveland was in the "editorial sanctum," having just returned from the "theologic battle" with a learned (2) champion of Orthodoxy, whom Bro. L. had of course, vanquished and left in worse plight than was Don Quixote after his famous encounter with the wind-mills. We caution all who are not Titans to beware of encountering Bro. L.

We stopped once more at Sturgis, Mich., where we heard two excellent lectures from Bro. E. Whipple, whose erudition and practical knowledge, as well as affability of manner and high moral worth, have given him extensive notoriety in the West. The good workers there the better for our spiritual and intellectual progress.

After a fatiguing journey of about twelve hundred miles, we were safely landed among our native hills to greet the loved ones at home, and enjoy for a brief season a respite from the arduous itinerant labors of our mission. Who but a wanderer knows how to enjoy home and all its pleasures? Profoundly as we love domestic bliss and the quiet seclusion of one consecrated spot, we must say with a great philanthropist, "Our home is the world, our brethren the human race." We love to labor for the truth, and with angels to sustain and cheer us we go forth, resolved to "work while the day lasteth," and perform the best we can the humble part assigned us in life's great drama. Whither we went our way next depends upon the call for help. Hoping soon to resume the good work, we "bide our time."

Brandon, Vt. DEAN CLARK.

Galesburg, Ill.

Since the organization of the Friends of Progress here in January last, we have been doing a good work. We soon fitted up a neat little hall, and commenced holding regular meetings. Bro. W. F. Jamieson, of Chicago, was our first lecturer, but his stay with us was too short, being only two or three days. He was both entertaining and instructive, a lecturer, and both "funny" and useful as a medium.

During March, Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., was our preacher, clairvoyant, and chief medium; and in all these capacities she has given great satisfaction.

We have had from one to three circle sittings per week, the last half-dozen in public. These have generally been successful.

We have been trying to get the clergy here to induce their brother at Monmouth, Alex. Young, D. D., and come out in defense of themselves, but in vain. They all acknowledge themselves defeated already. They say that all public debates concerning the origin of the Bible invariably increase the number of infidels, and never increase the number of believers.

We are getting up a reform library here. There is a great demand for reformatory reading. We have engaged Dr. Dunn, of Rockford, Ill., for May; and Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Babcock's Gap, Ill., for July. E. SUMMERS.

Note from J. G. Fish.

Will you give space, dear BANNER, for the following brief notice of my transfer of the East Jersey Normal Institute to the hands of Mr. James Warren, the proprietor of the Institute building, by whom the school will in future be continued, under the professorships of the most competent teachers in all the branches of a thorough English and Classical education? Who the new principal will be is not yet fully known. The primary and music departments will be conducted by the present teacher, Miss Helen F. Marsh, of Worcester, Mass., who has been in the school, as teacher of music, since its opening, and whose ability in Music, Drawing, Painting, both as artist and teacher, I cannot say too much in commendation. I hope and trust the new principal will be alike competent. Mr. Warren is making arrangements for the accommodation of a large number of students, and the school may be considered permanent. The place is most delightful as a summer resort, being only thirty miles from New York, and reached by boat "Sea Bird" from New York, and stage from Rock Bank, New Jersey. The institution can and should be made successful, but my will will not permit me to remain in connection with it. I will, immediately the lecture field, and again place my name on the list of those soliciting calls from societies and communities where the truths of the spiritual philosophy are called for, but hope so soon as I can make arrangements to occupy a specified territory, where I can follow up blow with blow, truth with truth and effort with effort. I can see some permanent results crown my feeble labors. Address me Red Bank, Monmouth County, New Jersey. J. G. FISH.

Spiritualism at Johnson's Creek, N. Y.

Spiritualism in this place has been quite prosperous for many years past, especially for the last three years. We held meetings regularly every Sunday during that time. We have been extremely fortunate in employing such gifted speakers as J. M. Peebles, Warren Chase, J. W. Weaver, Lyman C. Howe, Warren Clark, Charles Havens, Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, and others. All true and noble laborers in the spiritual vineyard. With such gifted laborers, our glorious cause must move forward, and superstition and error must give way on every hand. We are anxious to employ the best speakers in our cause, and therefore request those coming from the East or from the West to give us a call, and we will satisfy them for their labors. Johnson's Creek is about four miles north of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y. Those wishing to call on us will take the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad and leave the cars at Gasport, and take the stage for our place, and call on our president, James M. Chaplin, who is always ready to welcome all loyal and true Spiritualists laboring for the advancement of our glorious cause. M. J.

Organization at Belvidere, Ill.

The Spiritualists of Belvidere and vicinity have finally organized, forming for themselves one of the most liberal institutions, one, I think, no liberal mind can object to. It admits of no taxation of its members, but depends wholly on donations and subscriptions, to carry out the objects of the Society.

There already appears to be a new and greater interest felt amongst the members, manifest in the form of sociables. We have money subscribed sufficient to pay some good speaker for three months.

The Society organized under the laws of Illinois, taking the name of the "First Spiritual Society of Belvidere, Ill.," and selected officers as follows: Charles E. Dean, President; Mrs. M. O. Bidwell, Charles Gorman, and E. P. Low, Vice-Presidents; Simon Lovett, Hiram Bidwell, M. J. Dean, Henry R. Willard, Fanny Williams, Mary J. Low and E. J. Sherman, the Board of Trustees; James Morse, Treasurer; D. G. Estell, Secretary; Miss Anna L. Dean and Mrs. Lydia Dean, Assistant Secretaries. D. G. ESTELL, Corresponding Sec'y.

"If there is anybody under the banister of the heaven that I have in utter experience," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slandering, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calumny upon honest folks."

Written for the Banner of Light.

A CALL FOR THE ANGELS.

BY MRS. MARY D. MERRIAM.

Oh come when I am weary,
Ye bright angels throng!
Come, when life seems dreary,
And cheer me with a song.

Come, when the harp is lightly
Tuned to your accord;
Come when Nature brightly
Is breathing praise to God.

Come, when on tossing pillow
We long for rest in vain;
Come, when on ocean's billow
We sigh for home again.

When hope with fearless beauty
Calls forth the soul to heaven;
Or when in painful duty
We yield the loved ones given.

In sorrow, or in gladness,
Come from the happy spheres,
And dissipate life's sadness,
And wipe away our tears.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

THE COMING CONFLICT.

Organized organized organized would be the startled cry of millions who are now looking upon this subject with indifference, or actually opposing it, could they see the conflict that is surely coming upon us—a conflict that will try the souls of the men and women of this nineteenth century as gold is tried in the fire. People may flatter themselves that the idea is but the mirage of disordered minds, that full of cowardice, are always imagining scenes of terror and bloodshed; but if coming events ever cast their shadows before, they do now.

Friends of the new philosophy, of the new religion, you may console yourselves with the idea that you may "sleep on and take your rest;" but "the scathing of the lightning, At the rolling of the thunder, It will wake you when it cometh;" and God grant that you who are now taking your ease may not learn, when too late, "That the calm of sunshine Was not given for sleeping."

Like those to whom Jesus spoke, the masses of to-day can discern the face of the sky, but not the signs of the times; and when the rumbling thunder of the coming conflict has already died away on the air. How few really believed that the agitation of the slavery question would result as it did? True, the slaveholder threatened, and lukewarm friends of liberty deprecated agitation, but the people generally cared for none of these things, and, of course, feared not. Meanwhile, the contest went on. In spite of churches, Bible infallibility, the cry of infidel, etc., the idea continued to gain ground that human slavery was incompatible with the spirit of liberty. This idea the South refused to meet, and lured to political chains; but falling in this they resorted to arms, and the result is before the world. While the agitation was going on that ended in the climax of war, many a Northern man was loud in praise of Southern chivalry and generosity; but Libby, Andersonville and Belle Isle gave us the mature fruit of the tree of chivalry nourished by the soil of slavery, and this generation shall not pass away till it is demonstrated that the fruit of theologic dogmas is equally bitter.

That we pass from Christianity to-day is not desiring of the name. I do not intend to say that there are no Christians in the churches, but I do say those who are such, are the most of them, in the same position that the negro was before the war, bound theologically, as they were politically; while those who hold the reins of power, are the engineers, the brakemen, the conductors of the car of Churchdom, and are determined to rule or ruin.

The morning star of fading, is becoming merged in the light of the rising star of liberty, of righteousness, the beams of which are lighting up the dark corners of sin and ignorance; and when those who have so long reigned and riotous see that all other means fail, they will strive to quench that light in blood.

The issue is not doubtful, but the struggle must come; it cannot be evaded only by abject submission; we must conquer or be conquered, and which will we do? We certainly

* Shall not permit the hosts of night To shroud the hosts of crime."

SAVING TO LOSE.

What Jesus said in reference to life, is emphatically true at this time in reference to property. "He that would save his life shall lose it." So said the voice of truth eighteen hundred years ago, and he who is convinced of the truths of Spiritualism, and having the means, refuses to give liberally to the spread of those truths lest he should suffer in purse, shall lose pecuniarily more than he will save; such is the utterance of this age. When the struggle comes, the wealth he loves so well will be swept from him; and this, not as a punishment for withholding it, but because, in the hour of need, things must be so, and so by the action of a law that God himself could not set aside if he would.

Think of the millions spent in the recent war! Our anti-slavery friends did nobly in scattering the seeds of truth; seeds whose rapid growth our opponents sought to drown in blood, but failed. Yes, the workers in this cause did nobly, but there were drones in the hive; men of means, who, while they said "God speed," did not dip very deeply into their pockets to make their prayers effectual. These, many of them, when the hour of trial came gave frost, and largely, and were taxed freely, largely, both in purse and heart. Now who does not see that a tithe of the money spent as cure, would have done wonders as prevention. I will venture to say, that one thousand dollars of that which was thus spent, had it been judiciously applied in spreading light among the people ten or fifteen years before, every thousand thus applied would have saved in the end at least one hundred thousand in money and one hundred lives, from the fact that we should not have had so many enemies in the rear to contend with. Large interest that, for the privilege of keeping one's money in one's pocket.

Now these things happened, came to pass in the order of progress just when the lesson taught, the example given, can be made of incalculable value to us if we will. It is a lesson that he who rummages may read. In the light of the above, I would say to every Spiritualist, every liberal minded person, if you have wealth and wish to save it, let it, if you want it to be the largest interest, if you would make the most of it in the end, then spend it freely, generously now, in scattering light among the people.

A FEW FACTS.

In order to make the above more practical, allow me to give a few facts in reference to Western itinerating. Not that I would complain. Far from it. The friends are kind, and seem willing to do all they can. In almost any place here, where a room can be had, the people will come out, and they will listen attentively; they are hungry; the fields are white for the harvest. Yes, the harvest is abundant, but who will care for the reapers? Or rather, the fields are ready for the sowing, but who will care for those who sow? Who will supply the "needful" for themselves, and those dependent upon them?

"Why," says one, "if the people are really hungry, they will pay; surely there need be no trouble about that." Let us see. I went to one place, gave a lecture to a full house, and took up a collection of one dollar and forty-five cents! It was not because they were dissatisfied that the collection was so small, for the request for more lectures was almost unanimous. In passing through another place, we stopped, at the earnest request of the people, and gave two lectures to full houses, the landlord keeping me free of charge in order to induce me to stay, and took up a collection of one dollar and sixty cents. (I had just paid out four dollars stage fare.) Went to another place and gave two lectures; large hall well filled. One gentleman—his wife being a Spiritualist—paid for the hall; a Spiritualist living about two miles

from town took me there, and paid my fare back in the stage, and I received beside three dollars and seventy cents. One man, a bachelor, calling himself a warm Spiritualist, no one to care for but himself, gave me twenty-five cents, all in silver. Went twenty-five miles in another direction, gave a lecture to a crowded audience. It was the first one of the kind ever given in the place, and the people seemed deeply interested; one gentleman paid for the use of the hall, and I received two dollars and seventy cents; had I gone by stage my fare there and back would have been five dollars, for stage fare is ten cents per mile here, and railroad fare nearly six cents per mile.

Now with audiences of equal size in the itinerating field in Northern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and New York, I have generally received, on an average, from two to four times as much as the above, as a voluntary contribution; while the cost of traveling is much less.

"What," says one, "are Western people so stingy?" No, it is not that. "Where then does the difficulty lie?" It is the almost impatient response that greets me.

I will tell you. People in the East pay for their own preaching, while here in Minnesota, in almost every place I go, I find from but to four ministers of the different sects settled as missionaries—paid in part or entirely by Eastern Societies. This being the case, the people being accustomed to hearing without paying, when one comes to them with the gospel of the angels and is obliged to ask for money the first thing, the effect is bad. It repels the hearer and almost crushes the speaker. They will be willing to pay in time; that is, after they have heard enough to know that it is really what they need; but the sowers must live by sowing; they cannot wait for the ripening harvest.

Remember, it is of places where there are but one or two, or possibly a half dozen of our faith, and these poor; it is of such places and not of organized societies that I am speaking. Were I to spend my time in speaking to such, I would go East again, but in the itinerating field I had rather stay here and do twice the work for the same pay, for I can do more good here. Feeble as I am, but no one to care for but myself, I could do a work in the itinerating field here in Minnesota, that would produce an abundant harvest in the future. Why, had I the strength to do so, I had almost said that I could speak to full houses seven nights out of six, for the people here have not been frightened by the reckless radicalism that has more zeal for the advocacy of Spiritualism than knowledge of its principles. But a word to the wise is sufficient, and with a single pebble in another direction I will rest awhile.

PUSH.

I do want to say one word about societies, and perhaps the following extract from a private letter, often by me, will help to illustrate my meaning. After telling of going several miles by stage, speaking twice, and getting next to nothing as compensation, she says:

"I am surprised at the coldness of our 'spiritual brethren,' for the advancement of the cause, I had been told that they had a society here, and so they have, but the members are so absorbed in their own selfishness, that they forget others. They are so very anxious to hold the office of President or Trustee of their society, that in case they are disappointed, they will neither give anything toward the cause, nor treat the speakers who may chance to come among them with the common courtesies of life. Is this Spiritualism? If it is, then from I deliver me."

Societies are often weak; are not able to do much, but when they do move, why, it must be on a large scale. They will make a tremendous effort, send for some one that is noted, have a feast, and then storm the city. This means the public appetite and their own will. Ordinary food will not relish, but a grand thing. It has a big look, anyhow, but that is not the point I am after.

I have sometimes seen the word PUSH printed in large letters upon a door leading to some office, or some public room, and upon pushing, it would open before me. I have found, however, that unless fastened open, it was sure to swing back again.

Now pioneers in any field must have a great deal of the push element, if they would have doors of usefulness open before them. But societies like the above, no matter how hungry they may be, are tempted to excuse themselves from paying an itinerant who comes among them, by saying, "We did not send for them." So it seems that our speakers must, like Jonah's gourd, grow to the height of popularity in a night, and then fold their hands and wait for calls, or they must push their way through doors, and then they must close again, because not fastened open, but sustaining hands. No wonder the writer of the above closes by saying, "I am tired out. Work! work! and where is the reward? Not in the earth-life. I have given up looking for it. Oh, rest! rest! I hope to find it in the Summer-Land; it comes not here!"

Tests through Mr. Foster.

Having noticed a communication from Mr. Dixon in the BANNER OF LIGHT of March 16, giving an account of a sance held at his house with Mr. C. H. Foster, and being one of the party then present, and thinking some other manifestations of as much interest as the one in regard to Mr. Bellamy, I will relate as much as I can remember with accuracy.

Mrs. S., of Portland, inquired of Mr. Foster whether he could inform her of a brother from whom she had not heard in many years. Mr. F. said, "My mind goes to California, and he is in the spirit-land." Mrs. S. could not say whether it was true or not, but would like to know for fact whether he was living or dead. This was before the sance, and soon after making the inquiry she was obliged to leave; but before she left, she wrote the name of her brother on a piece of paper, which she folded and handed to Mrs. D., to be given to Mr. Foster. When a convenient time presented itself Mrs. D. gave it to Mr. F. as it was handed to her, and Mr. F. did not open the paper at all, but remarked "that it was the name of that lady's brother who had left the company, and that he was dead."

In the evening at the sance, he commenced by asking if there were spirits present, and if so, would they rap, which was instantly done in all parts of the room. He then asked if they would move the table, and the large extension table was twisted about in such a manner that the various leaves had to be replaced.

All expressed themselves satisfied with those manifestations, and Mr. F. then proceeded to write under the table. He laid a paper flat on his hand, and on top of it a pencil, then placed his hand under the table with another person's hand under his to see that he did not move, and the names of various friends from the spirit-land were written thereon in a plain manner, but in a way that the paper must be held to the light or before a mirror to have the writing appear as writing naturally does.

Mr. F. then remarked that the initials of a friend of Mr. B., spoken of by Mr. Dixon, would appear on his arm. He bared his arm, and "A. B." were

Hotels for the Rich and Refuges for the Poor—The "Pride" of St. Louis, and the Shame of St. Louis.

On Monday evening, April 1st, the citizens of St. Louis were called together on the same evening to hold two public meetings, one at the call of a multitude of the citizens, amongst whom were some of the most prominent men of St. Louis, to listen to a second address from Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on the condition of the outcast women of the city; and the other to consider how best the wealth and enterprise of the people could be enlisted in the project of rebuilding the Lindell Hotel, which was destroyed by fire on the Saturday night previous. The following, clipped from the columns of the Democrat, gives an account of the opening of both meetings:

"Mrs. Hardinge's Lecture—A Crowded Hall—An Eloquent Effort."

The upper hall of the Philharmonic was densely crowded last night to hear the lady, who is known, not only as able lecturer on Spiritualism, but has also gained a high reputation as a passionate advocate of those improvements which, by placing woman in a higher position, would rescue many from the dreary path of infamy. The hall was crowded in the strongest sense of the term; nowhere could the sharpest eye detect a vacant seat, or even an inattentive face. The rows of heads were all turned upon a central object—the lady whose eloquence and whose rhetoric were being employed in so noble a cause. A selection of the music, to the great contentment of the operative in music. At length, at eight o'clock precisely, Emma Hardinge rose to speak, and to hold enthralled her audience for two hours.

The Loss of the Lindell Hotel—Public Meeting—The Hotel to be Rebuilt—Great Enthusiasm.

The feeling of poignant and melancholy regret experienced by all classes of citizens in the destruction of that pride of our city, the Lindell Hotel, found ample expression throughout the day yesterday and culminated last evening in a large assembly of the citizens of St. Louis, at the rooms of the board of Public Schools.

As Mrs. Hardinge's speech on this occasion was more than ordinarily ably misinterpreted, it will be necessary here to reiterate the business part of the statement she made.

Mrs. H. said that many hundreds, it was feared some thousands, of unfortunate outcasts dwelt in St. Louis, scores of whom were eager for the opportunity of reform. Many had applied in person to herself for aid in this direction, and it was known to the police that hundreds of these unhappy girls were in the constant practice of committing petty crimes in order to obtain even the temporary shelter of a prison to save them from the streets; that hundreds more were annually perishing of this wretched life, with no human hand outstretched to save them, and that if any place of shelter could be offered them, she (Mrs. H.) would engage in one week to fill it with at least a hundred young helpless creatures, languishing in the dreadful life of sin, which society condemned them for lack of means to reform, whilst hundreds more would be waiting without the gates for their turn to enter.

Mrs. Hardinge, after a long and passionately eloquent appeal in their behalf, concluded by imploring aid for "the Western Female Guardian Society," who were in possession of a house for the refuge of these unhappy girls, but lacked the means to furnish and provide for its noble Roman Catholic institution, the great city of St. Louis did not afford one single place of refuge for the outcast woman who was willing to reform, and she must either better herself in her own den of infamy, a prison, or a suicide's grave.

Mrs. Hardinge said she had recently sent five hundred dollars, a bequest left to her for the benefit of poor outcasts, to the Boston Home in Kneeland street, but finding the money had not yet been placed in that institution, she had withdrawn it, and would now bestow it on the St. Louis Western Female Guardian Society, "provided only by the collections of the night and subscriptions from the audience, the sum could be doubled before to-morrow night."

Thus much for one side of the picture of the public meetings held in St. Louis on the night of April 1st. At the second meeting, namely, the one for providing a refuge for the rich in the rebuilding of the Lindell Hotel, there were many speeches made, of which the following is a good specimen:

"Mr. How.—Gentlemen, I hardly need explain to you the object of this meeting. A calamity has come over the city that we love so well, and it is to repair that, as far as lies in our power, that we have met here to-night. I know the citizens of St. Louis so well, that I do not believe they will quietly sit down, and allow the Lindell Hotel, which has been the ornament of our city, to be destroyed, without some effort to erect in its place an edifice at least as beautiful as that which has now gone down. I feel sure that the citizens of St. Louis will come, as they always have come to the rescue. I have been connected with many movements of this sort, but never before have I seen in a primary movement so large a gathering as is here assembled to-night. You but well reflect the feeling of every citizen in coming; here from one part of the city to the other the feeling is one of mingled regret and a determination, as far as every one can, put their hands to the wheel, or rather to their pockets, and bring forth what is necessary to restore that which has been the pride and ornament of our city. So general is the feeling that I have been somewhat amused—if I could be amused on occasions of this kind—at the expressions which have been made in reference to this matter. To-night, at a barber shop where I sat to be shaved, the subject was discussed, and one black barber says, 'I will give five dollars to have the Lindell Hotel rebuilt; and another says, 'I can give as much as that—I will give fifty cents,' and so it is all through the city. Nothing remains but for you to resolve that the Lindell Hotel shall be restored, and it will be done."

Mr. January said: I offer this resolution: Resolved, That the chairman be requested to appoint committees of three in each ward of the city, to solicit subscriptions to rebuild the Lindell Hotel, and that they be requested to report at an adjourned meeting to be held this week.

Mr. WINTER.—That is too far off.

Mr. JAKUB.—In offering this resolution, I beg to say that we mourn to-night a greater calamity than has befallen this city since 1840. The destruction of the Lindell Hotel involves no personal loss; it involves a loss to the whole city, to the whole State, and to the whole country. This day we mourn that loss, and this day in London and in every city on the continent, we have sympathizers just as sincere as we have in this city. They sympathize with us to-day. Suppose to-morrow the news goes over the cable that the Lindell Hotel is to be rebuilt in all its splendor, what an advertisement that will be for the city of St. Louis. I move, sir, that it shall be done. [Great cheering.] I am willing to devote my whole life and soul to it [renewed cheers]—not from any individual interest, sir, but for the interest of the whole city of St. Louis, [loud applause] for the interest of the State, and the credit of the West, [great cheering.] I hope the resolution will pass.

Now let us look at the results. Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for hundreds of miserable victims of that false, hypocritical and cowardly state of society which "suffers the male sinner to go free, and, though he may be old, rich and educated, with no excuse for his vice, utterly absolves him from all share of penalty, and yet brands with the doom of Cain the young, ignorant and undisciplined girl, whose very age and position makes her wholly irresponsible for crime at all." Mrs. Hardinge pleaded for a shelter for those "who must either starve or starve"—implied as never before brought before, but one poor place of

refuge for those who had no help, no help, no home "but the prison or the grave."

Messrs. Allen, How, and the REV. DR. ELLIOT, minister of the Gospel of Christ and the Magdalen, pleaded for a place of luxury for those whose wealth can find them shelter anywhere; for another immense caravansary in a city already overstocked with splendid hotels, whose size and magnificence already eats them up; the "solid" and the "reverend" men of the city, pleaded for yet another great, men, overwhelming edifice, into which nothing less than overwhelming wealth could enter—only one more, larger than ever, richer than ever, prouder than ever, where the rich man afflicted with a plethora of wealth may have a chance to go and squander in riot and luxury the excess which he can scarcely else get rid of; and in order to set the example of mercy and compassion to the rich, the Rev. Dr. ELLIOT headed the compassionate list with a subscription of five thousand dollars!

Surely that subscription of five thousand dollars by a Christian divine for the rebuilding of a magnificent hotel for very rich people, is an investment in the Bank of Heaven, of which his reverence may hope to reap a large interest when he stands at the tribunal of the Lord in the land where hotels for the rich and asylums for the poor are built out of "the deeds done in the body." Won't that five thousand dollars shine grandly out in his reverence's "mansion not made with hands"? And the result was that at the memorable meeting of the citizens of St. Louis, convened for the purpose of rebuilding a hotel for the very rich, a subscription of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars was raised on the spot; and at the meeting convened by Emma Hardinge for the purpose of opening even the poorest and most humble shelter for the outcast, three hundred dollars were raised on the spot, and the five hundred dollars which Mrs. Hardinge offered to give to the Home, provided only it could be doubled in twenty-four hours, remains still in her hands after four days of patient waiting, and probably will have to go back to the already existing institution in Boston, unless Mrs. Hardinge is contented to wait until the reverend ministers of Christianity in St. Louis find time to spare from building hotels for the rich, to study their Bibles, and especially those parts that refer to "Dives and Lazarus," "the widow's mite," "the good Samaritan," "the woman taken in adultery," and the charge with which Mrs. Hardinge, in her ignorance of what Christianity meant, thought it would secure the success of her plea, by urging to a Christian community, namely, "Feed my sheep." "Feed my lambs."

P. S.—Before mailing this letter, we learn the additional item that the one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars subscription for the rebuilding of the Lindell Hotel, the pride of the city, is doubled. Mrs. Hardinge's five hundred dollars for opening a refuge for the shame of the city is still waiting—waiting till the rich man's house is built, or the Christian ministers of St. Louis "get religion."

ONE OF THE INFIDELS IN "CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

Matters in Chelsea.

As Spiritualists of old Winnisimmet, we wish to let our light shine before the world and not be regarded as having fallen from our high estate in the investigation of spiritual truths, and therefore we send you a small wail of our progress on the great ocean of life.

The golden bowl is not yet broken in our midst, but on the contrary is being filled to repletion with the nectar which strengthens, and invigorates, and encourages us to pursue our humanitarian course in behalf of the children of earth. Thank God and the living intelligences who have crossed the river, that the day of independence has come, and men and women dare to be, to do and say as the light of heaven and earth shall give them power, and are learning that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

For the month of March we sat under inspiration from on high, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, who is truly a noble and fearless champion of our philosophy, and held large and intelligent audiences spell-bound by the exhibition of her magnetic powers in logically demonstrating the facts and phenomena of spiritual communion. Her improvised poems elicited much worthy commendation, and were universally acknowledged to be a great proof of spirit-power, as the subjects were given by the audience and therefore precluded any chance for preparation. May loving angels guard and protect our sister and fit her for a long life of usefulness in making the way from the cradle to the grave smooth, and giving mankind a right idea of true religion. She speaks for us again the last two Sundays in June.

Last Sabbath we had Dr. P. B. Randolph, who infused new life into us by his practical remarks. He is an argumentative, plain, candid lecturer, and by those who love the truth for truth's sake is admired.

Our Lyceum "still lives," and pursues the even tenor of its way, doing its work silently but surely. Love, happiness and pleasure beam from the sparkling eyes of the children, while officers and teachers are green at their post to cheer and encourage.

Mr. I. P. Greenleaf speaks for us through May, and Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith the last two Sabbaths in this month. JOHN H. CRANDON.

Chelsea, April 8, 1867.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 120 Tremont street, have just issued the "Dexter Polka," composed and dedicated to W. Dexter Smith, Jr., by Ed. N. Catlin; "Artemus Ward," a poetical tribute by W. D. Smith, Jr., music by Jean Foster; "The Little Wanderer," by Jean Foster.

Our friends J. A. Butterfield & Co., music publishers, 22 West Washington street, Indianapolis, Ind., have sent us the following musical compositions: "Zulena, or a Dream of the Southland," words by W. H. Venable, music by W. T. Porter; "The Old Boat" song, or duet and chorus, words by Mrs. O. S. Malleon, music by J. W. Suffer; "This world has a thousand misadventures," a ballad, music by E. Tucker; "Waiting to-night," words by Orlando, music by G. G. Blackmer; "Minnie Wayne," song and chorus, by J. Hamilton, music by Blackmer; "It is not always May," words by Longfellow, music by Lucy E. Stoddard; "Sweet home where we know dwell," song and chorus by H. O. Tibbitts; "Wearing of the Blue," by H. E. Church. Mr. J. A. Butterfield composed the music for the following pieces, "Nina May," by Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin; "The Queen of the Cottage," song and chorus, by Henry Hitchcock; "We have been friends," by Irene Boynton; "Ever Dreaming," song and chorus, by Irene Boynton; "Lena," song and chorus, by Henry Hitchcock.

Vm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, N. Y., have just published a patriotic song by A. H. Beers, entitled "Ye sons of Columbia, rekindle the fire; or, the dew drop from the clouds," music by E. G. Spinning.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

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LUTHER COLBY. EDITOR. LEWIS D. WILSON. ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and identity. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous life in the human mind, it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

Church Discipline.

If people want to know and see for themselves that allegiance to creeds is set up by the ecclesiastical bodies as superior to loyalty to conscience and the statute law, they have but to read the following proofs, among many, of the bigotry and relentless tyranny of a certain Church in Athol, whose doings have of late come under our notice.

It appears that Mr. Leander C. Spooner, of Athol, a member of the Evangelical Church of that place, received a notice from the Church authorities, last October, in which were instituted charges against him, to which he was required to make answer. These charges were, 1st, that he refused to walk with the Church according to his covenant with the same, by absconding himself from public worship, from stated Church meetings, and from the Communion; 2d, that he neglects family and secret prayer, by his own confession; 3d, that he avows his disbelief in the great and fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, as embraced in the creed of the Church.

On the 5th of January, of the present year, he put in his answer, according to notice. It was in writing, and this was its substance: He sent the Church a book, containing one hundred and forty-four contradictions found in the Bible, asking for an explanation of the same before he could wholly rely on the Bible as coming from a Being who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"; that the church edifice has been enlarged, and at the time of its re-dedication the Pastor lectured on the Church articles of faith, in the course of which he told his hearers that the same had been altered within ten years of its organization; that there is no provision for altering these articles of faith, and a person cannot be held to support what he does not subscribe to, and hence that act of alteration relieved him and every other member from all obligations to the Church, and leaves him at liberty to accept or reject it as he may choose, because it makes it a thing to which he has never subscribed; that the Statutes forbid any person's administering an oath, affirmation, or obligation, not required by law, and imposes a penalty on any one who allows it to be done, and makes the act itself null and void. From these considerations, Mr. Spooner argued in his answer to the Church that they are at liberty to leave at any time, and that the Church cannot properly call them to account for their conduct. He insists that a Church is restrained from arranging a man in public for his religious sentiments, and that the act is a breach of authority on the part of that body.

On the 11th of January, Mr. Spooner received his reply from the Church. It read thus: "Your defence was read to the Church to-day, still the complaint was sustained in full meeting, no one dissenting; and the vote of excommunication was passed. The result is what might be expected, but does not alter the merits of the case, as no one can convince himself by looking at the Laws passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, 1834; and at the pamphlet entitled 'Self-Contradiction of the Bible,' containing one hundred and forty-four propositions, and published by 'A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal street, New York.'"

How much sorrow is herein expressed over what, according to this Church creed, it thinks the everlasting loss of this "one sheep who has gone astray!" If the Church rejoices over gathering one soul in, ought it not to mourn over his final loss? But it is neither joy nor grief; it is proselyting, and partisanship. How can a man grow, with such tyrannical little restraints upon him as this? Who will not be glad to see these fetters of bigotry all broken, that RELIGION, rather than Creed, may live in the hearts of all the people?

"Fitz Adam's Story."

No reader of the BANNER need have his or her attention directed to the poem with the above name, published on the first page of this number. It is taken from the Atlantic Monthly for January, and no doubt belongs to Professor Lowell. It is quaint, witty, ironical, humorous and natural enough to be a production from the same pen with "Homer Wilbur" and the fulmable sketches of American authors. The cream of the story is in the character of Deacon Bitters, the keeper of a little Down East grocery and rum-store, who had a way, in his busy lifetime, of measuring cord-wood and always making it come out short; like the other rum-selling deacon who, once on a time, confessed with a boast that his thumb had coined four thousand dollars for him, as he always put it into even his gill measures when drawing spirits. The Deacon dies and goes to "hell," and the point of the narrative is to be found there. He is set to measuring brimstone, but makes it fall short, true to his habit. The teamster who hauls it rebels; a row is raised; and the Devil comes along and looks into it. Finding out what it is all about, he takes the rod and measures the load himself, and tells his men to take the cheating Deacon and put him into "furnace ninety-two" and pile in the brimstone till he confesses that the cord is a full one. The narrative is exquisite, as well as the main points of it. The scenery, incidents, characters and by-play will won't be overlooked by the appreciative reader. We have not enjoyed a piece of verse so much in a long while. The Congregationalist newspaper of this city, attacks it, and the other Orthodox organs follow suit. That is the only way they know how to "puff" so, choice a thing, and it is a most effective way, too.

Uncle Sam Expanding.

The Senate has ratified the treaty by which Russia cedes what is known as the Russian American possessions to the United States, for the sum of \$7,200,000. Russian America comprises that portion of the American continent lying North of latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes North, and West of longitude 141 degrees West, with islands adjacent, together with a narrow belt of rocky coast and a number of islands lying between latitude 54 40 and 60 North. The area of the entire is estimated at 371,875 square miles.

The Passion for Giving.

For all we are denounced as being so material in this age of money and aoid things, history will be put to her trumpets to discover anything like a parallel to the individual and associated giving which has become one of the belongings of the time. We do not refer wholly to what is given in charity, but quite as much to what passes as an outright gift, satisfying the one who bestows it as much as the one who receives it. Mr. Peabody has made our time illustrious in this way; it does not seem possible that any should come after him who could inculcate a nobler or more impressive example on the minds of his or any succeeding generation. The astonishing results secured in so little time by the Sanitary Commission, while the war was in progress, and disclosed to our people the possibilities, unheard and undreamed of till that time, of associations for the purpose of doing good by the active agency of giving.

We might all of us by this time be convinced of the superior happiness enjoyed by the free giver, without waiting for further examples. It is as true as any profound truth can be, that the gift blesses him who bestows it as well as him who receives; oftentimes much more so, since beneficence is a superior feeling in every respect to gratitude. Even when a gift is received without apparent thankfulness, we contend that the loss to the giver is supplied abundantly in the purer and more exalted reflection that this is nearer the divine attribute itself, since the All Father gives his sunshine and his showers to the grateful and the ungrateful alike, to the "just and the unjust." Would that making gifts might become a fashion, if it cannot become popular as a principle; its good effects would cover up many an unworthy motive in those who follow it.

Then, too, giving must react by a natural process of association, upon the work of accumulation. When we feel that we are saving, sacrificing and denying ourselves for the sake of compassing some noble end, such as endowing an institution, bestowing a needed charity, and performing a public service, or assisting virtue in its unequal struggle, it cannot be otherwise than that we feel a consciousness of an elevation of motive in our work, and an assurance in secret that nothing we do but operates to our own expansion and improvement permanently. The act of self sacrifice, however steadily repeated, is the one which surely tests character, and strengthens and enlarges it, as any that can be followed by social beings. What we do for ourselves, has its beginning and end with ourselves, and is therefore at best substantially selfish; what we do for others, and make a personal sacrifice in order to do, is wholly outside of all selfish thoughts, and therefore ennobling and elevating, and in this way the soul feeds on better fruits than grow anywhere on the groveling bushes of selfish considerations.

Everybody gives something, either living or dying. It has come to be expected of them now. Wills are made with more margin to them, the family not uniformly except that everything should be kept in the close quarters of relationship. Benevolence has fairly grown to be a custom. The age, after all, is a better one than its predecessors. It is the habit to speak of it as the very worst kind, because the pursuit of riches is so unceasing and engrossing. But the fact proves, on careful scrutiny, to be far different from what is sought to be made the general impression. Gifts and endowments are as thick on all sides of us as they never were before, and they are to grow thicker still. Our modern charities, too, are intelligent, scientific as well as one-eyed benevolence. They have a scope and comprehensiveness that should make us glad to live in the age they illustrate.

Lies About the Indians.

For some time past stories have been industriously bruited about the country, saying that a Colonel in command of one of the United States forts in the far West had been surrounded by the Indians in his defenses, his command slaughtered, and himself driven to the savages, to prevent her suffering worse and more than death before that was visited upon her. Any quantity of indignation was stirred over the subject, and it was universally assumed as the most horrid of massacres. It was thought awful beyond description that a man should be driven to the desperate alternative of shooting his own wife, rather than see her delivered over to the Indians.

But it is generally safe to wait until even the most exciting stories are verified. Time enough has elapsed in this case to prove or disprove the tale, and it turns out that no such massacre has occurred, that the fort in question has not been besieged by them, that no intelligence of such a slaughter has come to the knowledge of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and that this loud cry is only got up by men who have selfish motives underneath. The New York Herald says of the rumor that it is believed among the Western men in Washington to be but another cry of "Wolf" from "a few needy traders with a dusty, worn-out stock of goods to dispose of to the troops." Most of the Indian Wars are got up on the same pretext, and with similar intents. They have from the first disgraced our civilization.

No Mention Made.

It was a very small, and so a very characteristic thing in the publisher of the Vermont Standard, of Woodstock, Vt., to make no syllable of mention of the burning of the Spiritualists' Hall at the time of the recent fire in that beautiful town. Possibly he may think nobody would thus ever know there was a Spiritualist in the place, much less three hundred of them, when reading an account of the fire in the journals of the country. What more thoroughly shows up the *irreligious religion* of such men and presses, that sit on the church steps and bark for ecclesiasticism in return for the bones that are flung to them, is the singular fact in the present case that the publisher of the Standard was himself the landlord who loaned "Union Hall" to the Spiritualists of Woodstock, and had his own office on the floor below. It would be a broad face, if it were not full of malicious meanness. A landlord, who is shrewd enough to punctually collect his rent for three years, not to know it when his tenement has been burned flat! His subscribers would no doubt be very glad to have him equally forgetful. All the other losses were mentioned in his paper, and of course in others, but that of the Spiritualists. This was simply that the friends of our Religion in other parts of the country might not be apprised of their great loss. But how little they think that in no other way could such men excite to increased sympathy and offers of aid.

Morcanville Hall Meetings.

The theme of Miss Doten's discourse, Sunday afternoon, April 7th, was "The Radical: a monthly magazine, devoted to religion," published by Adams & Co., 21 Broadfield street. She closed her remarks with a fine original poem, entitled, "Press On." She speaks in the same hall next Sunday afternoon.

Shame! Shame!

A communication appears in a recent issue of the Haverhill, Mass., Publisher, signed by two physicians of that town, describing the awful condition of some little children, belonging to the widow of a soldier, who was unable to care for her little family, and so consented to place them in the charge of the "Little Wanderers' Home," in Boston. After some time she succeeded in procuring her pension money, and came up from Haverhill to Boston to take away two of them, thinking she could now care for them herself. It took much time and patience for her to see her children after calling for them, and when at last she was brought into the room where they were she fainted away. Their condition shocked her beyond the power of her nervous system to endure. The children were finally taken away with her, and carried to Haverhill, where they are now to be seen at the corner of Winter and Hale streets. The mother's name is Mrs. Hoyt. The "Publisher" says she "appears like an honest and reliable woman," and that the Haverhill physicians, in their public statement of the case, "do not exaggerate the pitiable condition of the little returned wanderers."

The fact, according to the physicians' statement, simply is, these children were being slowly starved to death! The mother gave them a light taste of food on getting them home, and they went into fits the same night! The physicians of Haverhill invite their fellow-citizens to go and see these children for themselves; "and if each and every one"—say they—"is not filled with virtuous indignation at the sight of these emaciated, squallid, filthy little innocents, covered with vermin and all uncleanness, we are greatly mistaken in our fellow-townsmen." Somebody is responsible for such nameless inhumanity? Let us say no more of the horrors of Andersonville and Libby, with these cases here at our own door. We have heretofore spoken kind and encouraging words for this "Little Wanderers' Home," confiding in the representations made us by certain persons whose charitable inclinations are not to be questioned; but we take all back, and have nothing but the language of indignant condemnation for any institution, which, under the guise of charity, further the grossest barbarism. We have no further words for this affair at this moment, but shall watch anxiously to learn the result of a thorough and impartial examination of the management of the "Home."

Mistakes by Mortals Corrected by Spirits.

On March 18th, a spirit-message was given at our Public Circle, purporting to come from "Dr. Edward Brett, of Bretsville;" at least our reporter so understood, but she was mistaken, as the sequel will show. But in this instance it is well that the reporter did mistake, although the majority of such mistakes are not so readily rectified, and hence many of the published spirit-messages lose their value as tests.

The message under consideration was put in type the first of last week for this issue of the BANNER; but, previous to putting the forms to press, we sent a proof-sheet to Mrs. Conant, when a spirit seized her hand and erased the name of "Brett," substituting that of *Breck*. The word "Bretsville" was also changed to *Brecksville*. Two days after our forms with the message corrected had gone to press, we received the following letter:

MESSRS. EDITORS—I see by the BANNER of April 6th, that you have a message from one Dr. Edward Brett, of Bretsville, Ohio.

Now that may be all right, but last evening, at a circle, we were informed that there was a mistake by the reporter, and that it was intended to read Dr. Edward Breck, of Brecksville, Ohio, and requested me to so inform you.

I will here say that I know of no such place as Bretville, in our State of Ohio, but I do know of such a place as Brecksville—it is the next town north of Richfield; and I will say further, that I was last Thanksgiving day at the funeral of Dr. Edward Breck.

Yours for truth,
Richfield, Summit Co., O. S. S. CLARE.

The War Aspect in Europe.

The latest cable dispatches give the version of the new trouble which has arisen in European affairs: It is now known that the Emperor Napoleon, desiring the possession of Luxembourg indispensable to the military security of the French frontier, not long since commenced negotiations with the King of the Belgians for the purchase of the Grand Duchy and its incorporation with the French Empire. But as the Fortress of Luxembourg, which is held by the strongest fortifications in Europe, was one of a Prussian garrison, and the Prussian Government, backed by the whole of Germany, firmly objects to the transfer of the Duchy to France, King Leopold has withdrawn from any further negotiations on the subject. The French Emperor insists that his proposition shall be carried out and a treaty completed. The national pride of France has been deeply wounded, and a wild anti-Prussian feeling prevails. Meanwhile, while the dispute is pending, both Prussia and France are making military preparations.

This threatening state of affairs is the cause of the financial panic which now exists in London, Paris and all the principal commercial centres of Europe.

Cable dispatches also state that the Spanish Government refuses to yield to the demands made by England for indemnity and satisfaction in the case of the steamer Tornado; and that the Sultan of Turkey threatens to declare war against Greece on account of insurrectionary troubles on the Turkish frontier.

Certainly things have a squally look on the other side of the Atlantic.

Music for Spiritualists.

Dr. John P. Ordway, a practicing physician in this city, whose musical productions about ten years ago were so very popular, among which were "Mother dear" and "Twinkling Stars," is again employing his leisure moments in giving expression to his musical talents, much to the gratification of the music loving public. Some of his new pieces are particularly adapted to the Spiritualists, for public meetings as well as private circles. Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued the Doctor's latest composition, entitled "Come, darling, come to the spirit-land!" with song and chorus. It is sufficient to say it is quite equal to any of his previous efforts. This piece is dedicated to Dr. Gardner, and was sung by his choir at Miss Doten's meeting last Sunday. We commend it to the notice of others in other spiritual meetings. There is a great need of such music clothing spiritualistic sentiments, and we hope Dr. Ordway may in some measure fill the void.

The Work Goes Bravely On.

We learn that a society of Spiritualists has been formed in East Boston, and that Temperance Hall is secured in which to hold meetings. Speakers engaged will be announced hereafter.

Read Mr. Finney's address in this issue of the BANNER.

[illegible]

J. M. FEEBLES.....EDITOR.

Price 50 cents; postage free. For sale at this Office, also at
our Branch Office, 54 Broadway, New York. April 12.