

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. III.

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{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 15.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. A FLORAL DISPUTE SETTLED.

BY G. TABLEAU.

What's in a color, tell me, pray;
Is red the best, or is it gray?
Is't green, blue, yellow, black, or brown,
That outstrips all and takes the crown?
The Lily said: "Thy white, for euro?"
"No," sang Forget-me-not, "tis blue!"
"Thy pink," said blushing Rose, "I'll bot,"
"Not so!" "Us green," said Mignonette;
"Thy yellow," drawled the Buttercup;
And, nodding like a little top,
Lispet Tulip: "Oh, ridiculous!
A single color is too plain
For any but a country swain!"
Thus did the Flowers disagree,
Sitting in council near a tree,
And weighty reasons were produced,
Which would, I doubt not, have confused
A jury of the clearest kind,
Who sometimes seem a little blind.
The Flowers' debate was waxing warm,
And some began to fear that harm
Might close their council, when, oh joy!
A Rainbow in the heavens above
Appeared, and every Flower seems
To sip each color from its beams.
Then, after their ambrosial meal,
The Lily said: "My friends, I feel
That every color has been made
By our Creator, who has said
That I should wear this snowy white—
Who clothes some flowers in scarlet bright,
Some others blue, some brilliant gold;
And each has beauty to unfold.
Therefore, my friends, let us decide
No more to foster selfish pride;
But love our neighbors, black or white,
Provided they pursue the right."
The Flowers, all in ecstasy
Applauded her right merrily,
And from that time they did not conso
To live a life of joy and peace.

BUFFALO, N. Y., 1853.

Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS; OR, THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XII.

"Mere she alone,
In her maiden prime,
Like a brilliant sun,
With a perfect rhyme."—EASTMAN.
THE DREAM COTTAGE.

A pleasant little rectory it was, so snug and home-like it looked, embowered in trees, and grey, but not dilapidated with age.

There was a bijou of a garden, full of flowers, just now in their brilliant summer dress, and over the cottage, creeping vines grew luxuriantly, and, upon trellises, the fruit was ripening in the sun; and in the arbor, over which a grape-vine, more rich in foliage than in fruit, threw its green and tendril-like shade; the house dog was sleeping upon the floor, and in the porch, upon the soft lamb's wool mat, a tortoise shell out was dozing.

It was a very quiet scene, that summer afternoon, that quaint old cottage, a very picture of repose—a sort of sleepy hollow, for no signs of active life were to be seen. Rover and Tabby were asleep, the latter, though, with one eye half open, to watch intruding flies; and secure them from farther mischief, while an open-book in the rustic chair that stood in the porch, told that other occupants had been busy there.

A laboring man passed, with his shovel thrown across his shoulder, and with his boy at his side.

"Wonderfully improved!" he said, as he looked over the top, and well cut hawthorn hedge. "Time was when the rector did not much mind his garden, and would, as soon have had an onion as a tulip in his borders; see, John," and he lifted the boy in his arms, that he might have a view—"them phloxes are gay as the queen's gown, and that are bed of Frenchman's darling" is good as macebay snuff; I can smell 'em here, and that great mass of red, yellow, scarlet and white flowers! My stars! if that ain't worth looking at! They say Miss Alice brought some of the seeds of them curious flowers from Ameriky. But I'd rather see her pretty face than the garden itself, fine as it is. I helped the gardener last spring, and if over there was a real born lady, she's one; there's no airs about her, but she walks this earth, as if her whole business was to make folks happy; and she takes to gardening like a duck to water. It does me good to see how handsome and healthy she grows; when she first came here, she was a puny, pale little thing, like a lily in the rain; but now her cheeks are bright as that damask rose there, and the way she sits upon her horse, and canters down the lane is a sight to see."

"Is she the one that came to see us when mother and the baby were so sick last winter, and you couldn't work for the rheumatism?"

"The same—one of God's blessed angels. She made our house quite another thing, and with her own white hands, too. She could make gruel equal to the good old rector's wife, that used to be so famous in my young days for her soups and knok-nocks; and then she could talk and pray—to my thinking—better than her uncle himself. It always seemed as if she had felt what it was to be poor, and tired, and ill-used herself, she would pray so from

the heart for those that were. God preserve her from all sorrow!" and with this prayer on his lips the laborer shouldered his shovel and walked away. Soon after, Alice herself appeared in the porch, dressed in white muslin, her dark brown hair falling in natural curls upon her white neck, and her form now rounded to almost womanly symmetry. The former paleness was gone, and her cheeks wore a rich, healthy hue, and her skin was a purer, clearer white. Exercise in the open air, careful training, and above all, intellectual culture had added new charms to our young friend, and we see her now, a beautiful, accomplished and well-educated woman. But her highest praise is that she retains the same sweet simplicity of heart as when we first saw her going for her quart of milk, across the fields, to farmer Sewall's kitchen.

"Ah! my darling—beginning to keep watch so early?" said a pleasant looking gentleman, in dressing gown and slippers, who came from the library. "Let me see," and he turned to consult an antiquated carved mahogany clock, that stood in the dining-room—"it is only three o'clock now, we dine at four, and the coach never comes from the station till at least an hour after that. By the way, we will order our dinner an hour later than usual; I wonder I was so careless."

"I took that liberty, unole, this morning; you sometimes call me 'the little house-keeper' in sport; I thought I would be so in earnest to-day."

"Right, my darling, and I suppose you ordered a good dinner—a little extra one perhaps, and may be you had a finger in the pie."

"Yes, unole, Mrs. Herring consulted me this morning, and after calling in the cook, we put our three wise heads together, and the result will be—"

"That your father, who cares no more for the luxuries of the table, than I for beer and cigars, will refuse to taste your fine cookery, and I, your unole James, will have the feast to myself, for you cannot eat for joy."

"Well, unole, we will take pleasure in seeing you eat."

"But why did you refuse my proposal to ride to-day, and meet your father when he alighted from the cars?"

"Oh, I had a fancy—a wish rather, to see him enter the garden gate, and go to meet him, as if I were a child again."

"Then you remember, do you, those days of your childhood, when your mother sat by this window, during the long summer hours, and watched you at your play in the porch and garden here, and when your father returned from his pupils, you would run to meet him, and he would prattle German to you, and refuse to answer your questions, unless put in that language?"

"I have dreamed about it, many, many times."

"Dream, you called it, did you? Ah, it was only living over again the past. Strange, with what distinctness the mind will retrace the scenes of other days. We speak of spirit as something intangible, evanescent, but it retains impressions like adamant."

"And blessed are those, whose parents, like mine, write holy lessons on the infant's heart."

"Yes, Alice, would that your sainted mother could have lived to be with us at this hour!"

Alice was silent, for this remark led her mind to the days of sorrow through which she had passed, and she lost herself in thought, and her unole became absorbed in his book, and neither heeded the lapse of time. The falling of the latch upon the garden gate, aroused Alice. Strange how slight a thing may wake the long silent chords of memory. It was a dream no more. Alice was a child again, and the welcome greeting given and responded to in German, aroused the rector, and rising, he took a hand of each, and the three walked to the cottage in company.

"And now for fatherland!" said Mr. Hoffman, one fine morning in early autumn, as they were taking their coffee in the cottage dining-room that opened upon the porch.

This journey to fatherland was to precede Alice's return to America. Notwithstanding all that Hoffman had suffered, he still clung to the old castle of his fathers, and felt that Alice had seen "little of Europe till she had seen the 'statly streets and princely mansions' of Vienna, or wandered along the banks of the Danube. Alice hardly shared his enthusiasm; she loved her quiet home in England with the Rector, and was willing even to return from America, if he wished, to spend her days in the cottage. But her five years of study were passed, and in all that time she had not forgotten Mapleton, and her heart yearned once more for her mother Sewall, and her sister Hannah. The correspondence had been regularly kept up between them, and as it may enlighten us a little more upon the village affairs of our country neighbors, we will do, as Alice often does, open the package of letters and read some of her American correspondence. "No. 1. From J. Sewall." This had crossed the water twice. It was Jerry's promised letter to Alice, and was written from Europe, before he knew of Alice's discovery of her father.

It is a long letter, full of little particulars of his voyage and of what he had seen in the old world, and it would seem as if he intended to continue them, and give Alice the whole history of his travels, but we look in vain for No. 2. "Here is a neatly written epistle from the minister's wife, sister Lizzie. This is of much later date, and looks quite fresh. We will read it."

"Mr. DEAR SISTER ALICE—My husband has gone to meeting this evening, and I am staying at home with Eddie. Only think, he is nine months old to-day, and has three teeth! I wish you could see him. He is very quiet and good, only most too play-

ful when Hannah is about; as soon as he hears her voice, he springs and puts out his little fat arms, and is all ready for a frolic. She plays with him a great deal, and when he tires she will sing him to sleep, and then she lays him in the cradle, and puts on her bonnet, saying: 'There! now I am glad I am not married with husband and babies to wait upon; and then runs out of the house. But Aly, I think she will be married, though she will not acknowledge that her heart is interested at all—but she has frequent letters from Dr. Wardwell, and he visits Aunt Betty frequently, and I do not think it is his interest in these ancient cousins alone that brings him here. But Hannah is very reserved, and there is some objection in her mind, or else the doctor is undecided, though my husband says this cannot be, for if ever a man worshipped a woman, the doctor does Hannah. He is much older than herself, but that is no serious objection if she loves him; she is noble-hearted, and learned, and good, but there is no true marriage without love. Remember that, Aly. We have heard through Jerry, that Mr. Schmidt has found you out in your new home, and report, he says, makes him a successful wooer. Do not forget your promise, Aly, to be married in the old farm-house. You remember that you and Hannah were to be married at the same time, if you were both so fortunate as to find lovers; little girls' fancy, but perhaps it will be realized. My husband will perform the service for you with pleasure, but we wish much to see little Alice Hoffman once again. I suppose you hear from Jerry oftener than we do. Only to think, he is in Vienna! They are constructing a railroad between that city and Graz, and have sent to America for engines, and Jerry has gone there with some constructed by Norris, of Philadelphia. When you see him again, he can talk German with you. He intends visiting us by next winter. You ask after Martha. She is living with mother now, and is very efficient help, and little Lattie is a sweet child, and much loved by all of us. It makes mother happy to have them with her. There, I must stop, for my husband has returned. Good night.

Your affectionate sister,
LIZZIE."

Letter number three was from Hannah:—"MY DEAR SISTER ALICE—It is with a sad heart I sent myself in our chamber to write you at this time. Never was there gloom like this in our house before. Johnnie, our precious little Johnnie, lies in the parlor, robed for the grave. He has gone to that home for which he longed so much; he was never well, you remember, and for some months he suffered with a distressing cough. We found him one evening last fall at his mother's grave. He was feeble, but had gone there, as was his habit, and probably faint. We brought him home, and laid him on his bed in mother's room. In the night he said to mother: 'Aunt, tell me about heaven and the holy angels, and I shall feel better. My heart beats very fast.' She talked with him about his mother, and he fell asleep with his head resting upon her bosom. He lay in that position a long time, and mother raised him gently to lay him back upon his pillow—there was something in his appearance that alarmed her; she laid her hand upon his heart—it had ceased to beat—Johnnie was with his mother. Mother says she does not mourn for the child, but for herself. He had lived with us much of the time since Mr. Spicer's failure in business, and his gentleness and piety made us love him warmly; but he was a sufferer, and would have been so had he lived. He often spoke of you; and Aly, dear, what a comfort it would be to have you with us now. I am lonely, and miss Lizzie and you exceedingly. Simon is in college, and comes home vacations only to make fun at me and give me plenty of sewing to do; but Aly, he is a fine scholar, (that between you and I, I would not tell him so. I think he will make a good public speaker, and he has grown quite handsome, too. Altogether, I am proud of him, but I have to tell him his faults, to be sure, that his vanity does not grow too fast. Mother counts the months before her Jerry will be at home; he will no doubt visit you before his return. And now, Aly, as I keep no secrets from you, I must tell you that I am a little disappointed, just a little, that you are going to marry Mr. Schmidt. Now, I have nothing against him; he is a gentleman, and, I think, loved you first for yourself alone, but I never have thought of you as his future wife—I had no prophetic vision of it, as mother says, but I shall like it very well when you are really united to him, only you must not marry till you come to Mapleton. Lizzie has written you, and told you of course about her husband and baby, and also of Martha and Lattie. The greatest change that has taken place in our village is the renovation of the old Woods' house. Your friend, Dr. Wardwell, it seems, had some claim upon it, and has fitted it up in very handsome style as a country house. The old ladies have a home there during life. They don't grieve any more about their lost factory stock, since he has been in the habit of visiting them. Aunt Polly is the same good, easy-going as ever, and Aunt Betty finds thorns where her sister sees only roses. Good bye, my sister; my heart is with you.

HANNAH.

P. S.—You say: 'tell me when you are to be married; and tell me truly, is Dr. Wardwell the happy man?' Mem.—'I do not know.'

These letters were precious to Alice, and often made her long to see again the dear, familiar faces of the farm-house. She had just come from their personal one day, when she was called from her room to see her friend, Mr. Schmidt.

Some two years before this time, Jerry and Schmidt were sitting together in their boarding-house at Liverpool, when letters from home were handed to Jerry. These letters contained news of the meeting between Mr. Hoffman and Alice, and of their departure for England.

"They will go directly to the residence of the unole, a few miles from Birkenhead."

"Birkenhead! Birkenhead!" said Schmidt, "why, Jerry, that is Birkenhead right across the Morsey ferry; the very place where we were going to-day to visit the wet and dry docks, now in process of construction."

"Add the unole—what is his name?"

"Sydney—Rev. Mark Sydney. Is n't it lucky, Jerry? Between you and I, the image of that girl has been in my heart ever since our meeting at Mapleton, and I have tried in vain to fall in love with other pretty faces since. I shall not go to the Continent with you next week, but remain here till they arrive. Pity you can't stay with me; but I suppose your engagements are imperative."

"Yes; my duty and my employer's interest call me away," said Jerry, as he rose and left the room. There was one letter which he could not open in his companion's presence; it bore a superscription in Alice's handwriting. Alone in his room, he opened it eagerly. "And now, Jerry," she concluded, after giving him an account of all that had taken place, "I am so glad that you are in Europe, for it will seem so like home to me when you come to my unole's, as you surely will often, I hope. I shall wait with great impatience for your first visit."

Jerry sighed. "Ah! Alice will forget the awkward Yankee boy, when settled in her new home. Oh, Aly! there is a great gulf between us now. I had indulged in aspirations of success for your sake—to win wealth and honor, that you might enjoy it with me," and for the first time in his life, Jerry's strong, hopeful heart, was full of sadness.

"Come, Jerry," said Schmidt, some hours afterwards, "all ready for Birkenhead!" and Jerry descended, wishing in his heart that Birkenhead Docks had never been built.

He left Liverpool in a few days for the Continent, and while there received frequent letters from Schmidt, in one of which the writer says—"Alice's beauty has improved since her residence in England, and her character develops finely. Her father and unole are very proud of her, and she is a devoted child to them. I am prospering; but should my suit be successful, Alice will not be married till her school education is completed—and once I heard her playfully remark, in answer to something which her unole said, 'But, unole, I promised Hannah that if I were ever married, it should be in the farm-house at Mapleton.' Her unole was not quite pleased; he belongs to one of the oldest families in England, and is proud of his descent; were it not that I can bring a pedigree to match his own in length, I should despair of success. Odd! is n't it, that the little girl which your mother saved from the drudgery of the kitchen should be such a difficult prize to gain?" Jerry threw the letter into the fire. From that time he was incessant in his devotion to his work; his mechanical genius won much praise for his employer, who without envy himself, delighted in developing the faculties of his young friend. He made some important improvements in steam engines, and became, also, in the course of five years, one of the best engineers on the Continent, and notwithstanding all the jealousy of the Austrian government towards foreigners, was employed there awhile.

We will leave him there and return to the Rectory. Alice is making preparations for her journey and the rector is grumbling a little that he is to be left alone.

"I hope our friend Schmidt will not leave England at present; he is fine company for a lonesome old bachelor, and seems to take quite a fancy to my Robins' nest here."

"Yes, he is good company; his father was an old friend of mine at the University; I had a note from him to-day saying that he would meet us in London and travel with us."

The rector mused a minute, his eye sparkled, and the corners of his mouth twitched a little, and then he broke forth into a merry laugh.

"What a vain old fellow I am!" said he, "it never entered my head before, that the young gentleman came here for any other purpose than to drink a glass of my sherry, and have a chat with me! Turn up here one of these days! Yes, yes, when I'm metamorphosed into a beautiful young girl, living with a crusty old bachelor!"

Alice made no remark, but retired to her room, and then busied herself in preparation for her departure.

Poor Alice! why do you turn away from the homage of all gentlemen who would approach you, with more than the mere common-place civilities of life? Why keep among your choicest treasures, yea, in the very beautiful jewel box, amid diamonds and rubies, a soiled, triple postmarked letter, not very handsomely written, not very elegantly composed, and moreover it is most five years old; it is yellow and worn, fit only for the housemaid to kindle the fire; it's too stiff even to use as curl paper for her frowsy hair. "Oh, Alice, do! it is but a boy's letter, and an American boy, too, written at the age of twenty—rather a verdant period—and there are stains upon it, great round, pale blot, as if it had been wet with tears. Tears! not very manly that, surely."

"But they were tears," says Alice, in a low, gentle voice, "shed over my own sorrows—tears of brotherly affection."

Strange that brotherly affection has been so parsimonious in its favors, for this letter has no companion.

And Alice thinks so too, and she weeps when she reads the letter, and so new tears fall upon it, and altogether, it is a most shabby looking affair, quite out of place in the jewel-box; better throw it aside, Alice, to be swept away with the rubbish. There are plenty of perfumed notes, on hot-pressed satin paper, tied up in packages, and left locked in the secretary in your room at the Rector's; do, pray, obalm one of those, if you wish to preserve a choice specimen from your correspondence, for there are plenty of dashing, off-hand billets from the young squire, at whose father's fine house you used to dine with the Rector. The young man has horses and hounds, and is the only heir to his father's large estate, all of which he desires to lay at your feet, if you will deign to be but mistress of them, himself thrown in with it.

But Alice is willful; it is the prerogative of her sex, and so Schmidt's elegant epistles, and the young squire's off hand effusions, are left in the old rectory,

and this soiled, stiffly-written, yellow document, is taken abroad to travel.

Alice and her father spent a year in travel, much to the young lady's interest and improvement.

"And now, my daughter," said Mr. Hoffman, "I have saved our old castle to the last. It is a rare old ruin, a relic of feudal times, and before we settle down to a quiet winter, we will visit it."

They did so, and spent some days in its vicinity. There were many remarkable legends connected with it, which her father repeated to her, and here, surrounded by records of other days, they lived only in the past, amid doughty knights, imprisoned damsels, giants and fairies. But they were somewhat rudely awakened from this dream of the past, one fine morning, by finding a group of engineers surveying a route for a railroad directly through the castle grounds! This was the *Present*, with a vengeance! And so thought Hoffman, who, stopping his horse, exclaimed—

"Shades of my forefathers, what sacrilege!"

Alice laughed, a gay, merry laugh, clear as the silvery tones of a child. She, too, reined in her horse, and paused.

"Why, father? I thought you were an advocate of progress!"

Then laughed the father, too.

"So I am, child, but I had forgotten it entirely; and now I do remember giving my consent to this survey some years ago. But see, they have recognized us. That is a noble-looking fellow on horse-back, who seems to be the superintendent of the group. He is coming to meet us; let me brush away the cobwebs of the past, and at least greet him with civility."

The stranger, who managed with ease and grace a noble, spirited black horse, approached them, and taking off his hat, bowed low to Alice, and begged pardon of the father for intruding on his premises, in his absence, but their orders were somewhat peremptory from the Emperor.

Mr. Hoffman received the apology as gracefully as it was offered, and the stranger, turning his horse, the three rode on together. Alice had not removed her veil, but, beneath that silky shade, the warm bright blood was tinging the soft cheeks with a deep crimson, and under that embroidered vest the heart was beating rapidly.

"My brother! Jerry!" she longed to say, but something held her back. He had not recognized her, but her quick eye detected him, even before he had spoken. Travel, intercourse with refined society, study, and his own talents, now properly appreciated, had wrought a marvelous change in him. He had the air and bearing of a gentleman; but the same goodness of heart that won the love of strangers and made him such a favorite at home, was expressed still in his countenance.

Alice was absent-minded, unfortunately so, just then, for the path was narrow and rough; her horse stumbled, and would have thrown her, had not Jerry, with great agility, seized the reins, and saved her from the fall. In the excitement of the moment, her veil was thrown aside.

Jerry was almost speechless with astonishment and admiration. Was the beautiful creature before him "little Alice," or was it a vision? He gazed at those deep blue eyes, and was convinced.

"Alice!"

"Jerry!" and she extended her hand, which he carried to his lips.

Mr. Hoffman turned at that instant; the color mounted to his forehead, and his eyes flashed.

"Father, this is Jerry."

That word was enough. Mr. Hoffman had already heard who Jerry was, for he spent some weeks in Mr. Sewall's family. He was off his horse in an instant, and embraced the young man with the warmth of a brother.

"And why did you not write to me during these long years, Jerry?"

"I did, many, many times, but the letters were never mailed. My courage failed me, when I learned the change in your prospects, there seemed such a wide difference between us."

CHAPTER XIII.

"How do you like our country?" said Mr. Hoffman to Jerry, whom he had brought half unwillingly to his own house, a sort of ancient castle, but modernized so as to have the comforts of modern civilization, united with reminiscences of a former age.

"I can answer you best in the language of a countryman of mine, who traveled in Southern Austria, some few years since: It is like our own New England.—The same green glades—the same spurs of old forest standing out upon the mountains—the same valleys, with gravel-bottomed brooks—the same spots of orchard-land, and cheeks of grain, and lines of tufted corn; the same loose boulders, lying in meadows—and the same peaks of gray granite, cropping loftily up—all make a home-like image."

"You are correct," said Mr. Hoffman, "though the scenery in this immediate vicinity is more picturesque and wild than any which New England can boast. We are midway between Vienna and Graz."

"Wild enough," said Jerry, smiling, "most too much so for an engineer, as the break in your railroad testifies, for right across our path are mountains which cannot be graded."

"Ay, but I suppose you think if Yankees were here, they would tunnel them?"

Jerry smiled in reply.

"I hope at least they would not, in their love of progress, tear down the old castles to make stone walls," said Alice. "How picturesque they look on the peaks of the rocks and in the sides of the hills, their age made beautiful by the wreaths of ivy clinging to their rocky sides."

"Yes, but more beautiful than their mountains and castles are the gems of valleys between the mountains with their groups of gray-tatched houses, and flocks of goats and fields of grain."

"You love beautiful scenery so well," said Hoffman, "that I hope you will not refuse us your company to Gratz to-morrow. This is the pride of Styria, and nowhere perhaps in the world can a finer view be obtained than from the rocky summit in the centre of the city. It is three hundred feet high, and you can see from it the valley, of the river Mur flowing through a rich country dotted by cultivated fields and hamlets; beyond these an unpeopled theatre of wooded hills, and stretching in the distance far beyond these, the lofty, rugged and snow-covered mountains of Upper Styria and Carinthia."

"I hope you will go with us, Jerry, and we will tell father if it equals the view from old Sugar-Loaf. I remember when I went to the top of that mountain with you, I thought I had seen all the glory of the world."

Jerry consented to accompany them. "As an additional pleasure, we are hoping to meet our friend Schmidt there. He is a friend of yours, too, I believe?"

Jerry did not say "yes" in his heart, though the words he spoke expressed acquiescence in the statement.

"Alice has not seen Vienna yet," said Mr. Hoffman. "I resolved that she should not, until she had visited this ancient citadel of Gratz. We of this province are proud of this memorial of the past, and of the great Johannine, as it is called in honor of Prince John, who was its founder; but tomorrow we will see it."

Jerry was not disappointed in this visit to an ancient citadel, and the museum, of which Hoffman spoke, may well excite the pride of the inhabitants. There are thirteen rooms devoted to natural history, and in the botanical department there are specimens of fifteen thousand plants—then there are models of instruments and machines from all parts of the world; and so absorbed was Jerry, that even Schmidt's presence did not disturb him. But the plea of business was his excuse for not returning home with the party.

"But you will accompany us to Vienna next week?"

"Yes, I have promised Alice so to do; in the meantime I shall hasten on to Bruck, and complete my business at that station."

Two days passed and Jerry was at his inn or Gasthof in Bruck, where a note was handed to him, and the servant said—"There is a carriage waiting, and the postilion said if you choose he will take you at once." Jerry tore open the note and read:

"Come to me, my brother; my father is very ill and the physician gives me no hope of his recovery. ALICE."

It was the work of a moment for Jerry to prepare himself to leave, but as he sprang into the carriage, there was mingled with his sadness for Alice, a thrill of joy that she should think of him—that she should send for him at this hour! A short distance and they were at the station, and a few hours of rail travelling brought them to within a few miles of their destination. Mr. Hoffman's constitution had been undermined by his long confinement in prison, and his illness in our western country had increased his feebleness. He had struggled against it for his daughter's sake, but the excitement of the last few weeks, and the recollections of early sufferings and disappointments, had been too much for him. He was attacked with sudden illness on his return from Gratz; but as he had so often rallied before, he was not alarmed; not so his physician. He saw the danger at once, and frankly told Hoffman that death was near. "It would be sweet," he replied, "but for my daughter—call her to me."

There had been perfect confidence between Alice and her father, and the latter thought there were no secrets of her heart unknown to him, but alas! in woman's heart there are sometimes secrets which she would fain hide from herself, and "down, down, down," she says to them till no mortal eye but her own can see them in their hidden depths.

"My daughter, let it not pain you that I must die. I have suffered too much to wish to live save for your happiness—be calm, my child, listen to me, and do not let this distress you; death is but fresher, more vigorous life. I had thought until yesterday that our friend, Mr. Schmidt, might take my place as your protector, and he had my consent to win your love if he could. He has not succeeded, and therefore his disappointment is bitter. I cannot blame you; I shall never fester your choice. But you are alone without a protector, and in case of my death you will at once go to your Uncle; but who will go with you?"

"My brother Jerry, father."

"Right—send to him immediately—I would see him before I die."

It was done, and before many hours Jerry stood with Alice by the side of the dying man, and Mr. Hoffman bade Alice leave the room and rest awhile. He then explained to Jerry all his business, and the necessary instructions to be given to the Rector with regard to Alice's inheritance. "I am sorry she cannot accept of Schmidt as a partner for life. He is noble and worthy, but God's will be done."

Jerry stood a moment in doubt and fear, but a sudden hope sprang up in his heart and gave him courage.

"Mr. Hoffman, will you give the same privilege of trying to win Alice that you have given your friend?"

The old man turned his eyes earnestly towards Jerry. "Yes—once, perhaps, I would not have said so, but how insignificant all earthly rank seems in the hour of death!" he stopped a minute—"Jerry, a new light breaks in upon me! I understand it all now, and wonder I did not read it before—call Alice."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Love is a heavenly feast, which none but the sincere and honest can partake. It is impossible for any dishonest man truly to love, as for a hypocrite to enter heaven.

He who forgets the fountain from which he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gambled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

He declares himself guilty who defends himself before accusation.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEAD!

BY L. M. TENNEY.

Who whom we loved so fondly, is dead!

Loth to believe the dread verdict, we stand

Something the curls on her regal young head—

Tenderly pressing her sweet cold hand;

Close her brown eyes, so unmindful of all—

Flowers, and birds, and pictures rare—

Or the setting sunbeams that lovingly fall,

Like fragments of gold, on her beautiful hair.

Sadly I think, as I gaze upon thee,

Lizzie Maclean, of our bright hours fled;

And the great question intrudes upon me,

"Do they still live, whom we weep for as dead?"

Out o'er Death's solemn and fathomless sea

Thought stretches wildly, like Noah's tired dove;

Can there float hither a leaf from Life's tree,

To prove that beyond are our treasures of love?

Thought returns weary, from o'er the dark wave—

Faint alone calms the weak throbbings of fear,

As, gliding the mists that envelope the grave,

The lights of the City Immortal appear;

Twilight has thou turned thy footsteps to-night—

Loth by no creed—determined by no code,

Thou'lt walk by the quenchless interior light,

Through the gateway of stars, to the throne of our God.

Once more I yield to the baptism of tears,

And kiss for the last time thy motionless clay;

I must take every step in the routine of years,

Though never forgetting thee, day after day;

Some day I shall come o'er the fathomless sea,

Shall join you at morn, at noon, or at even—

You'll remember me still, and be waiting for me,

Somewhere in the vastness and quiet of Heaven.

The Three Palmers.

A ROMANCE OF RICHARD OF THE LION HEART.

It was about the hour of noon on a fine autumn day, in the year 1193, that three men, whom their dresses and the white staves which they bore in their hands proclaimed to be palmers, entered the little village of Ginecia, which is situated about five miles from the city of Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even, for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three, was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of Herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow color, inclined to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror, than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had assumed, and to make an effort to tame down the expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he frequently answered by an obstreperous laugh, and lifting his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by calling a stave or two of some popular Provincial ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the palmers, as they traveled from town to town, namely, that, instead of soliciting alms, they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely, and even lavishly. The tall palmer, too, for so he was designated, took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion, they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginecia, instead of proceeding to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced, and placed upon the spit and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to; but the travelers produced their own flasks from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

"By my troth," said the palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, "Multon—Doyle—our labor has not been in vain. Holy palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which heaven has bestowed upon you."

"Reverend Father," said Doyle, in a tone of deprecation, but following, nevertheless, the example of good feeding which his tall brother had set him, "methinks that your conversation still savors too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not that, should it please heaven to restore you to all that you have lost, you will cherish as ardently as ever what the good curate of Neully called your three daughters—Pride, Avarice, and Lust."

"Nay, in verity, holy brother," replied the other, "I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops."

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigor.

"Multon, friend!" said the tall palmer, "we must be wary—we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he tries to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here, with hearty good cheer before us, and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir, another to the land we are hastening to, and then join me in the lay which we trold out yesternight."

While the palmers were thus plausibly cooed, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and, placing himself at its farthest extremity, leaned upon his harp, and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and, approaching the festive board, made a slight obeisance. The reverend trio started, as though they had seen a spectre.

"Ho!" said he who had answered to the name of Doyle, "tis the spy minstrel! What would ye

with us, man? We are palmers, with whose renowned characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "I know many a fytte to which your eyes, most holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you the exploits of good Christian knights in the holy land, of holy Peter, the hermit, of Geoffrey of Bouillon, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay," said the tall palmer, "prithce begone; we have our frugal meal to despatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble bed, that we may be stirring-bodemes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, "and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and, with a look of defiance, left the apartment.

Although the meal of the palmers was not quite as frugal, or their prayers and penance as exemplary as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travelers, however, were well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine-cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment, into very luxurious couches. The tall palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions, of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War, and tumult, and ignominy, and imprisonment, and triumph, and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city, amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands—warriors, and statesmen, and churchmen hailed him as their lord—a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles—a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon, and expressing penitence—and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows, and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm; but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream, and, starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. He lightly shook off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque, that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrank back, appalled at the gigantic strength of their opponent.

"Tis Diabolus," said one. "Tis he, or that other one whom we seek," returned another, "for no one else could have aimed a blow like that; but close round him, for we are surely not to be daunted by one naked man."

The odds against the tall palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men, stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gaudy net over them, by which they made them fast. The palmer, then, seeing that he was foiled in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of—postulation and remonstrance.

"How now, my masters," he said; "what mean ye? Are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are traveling on their way home from the Holy Land?"

"Nay, nay," said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; "they are no palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognize in this holy man, a person who has before bestowed his favors upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the palmer, "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of heaven, and of holy church, let us pass our way."

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers, but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering.

"Arise, my lord," he said; "once more behold this man, and say if the tale that I told thee is not true."

The Duke, for such he was, approached the palmer, and, each, by the glare of their torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"Tis Richard of England!" said the Duke; "the betrayer of the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad, of Montferat, the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! I keep on thy case of steel, and unfetter but one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau," said the Duke; "with his companions—My good Sir-Fulk Doyle, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit?"

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to God, and to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King," said Leopold; "if he may be called a king, whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a Duke. Away with him, and let the Knight and Baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginecia to Hagenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was thrown into a dungeon, and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfaction of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice.

With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England, there spread exaggerated rumors of the strength of his arm, and his personal prowess. Among those who listened most eagerly to these reports, was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The Prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which were due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the

well-known adventure of Blondel; the minstrel, disarmed in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavored to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous Prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their respective arms.

At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow, in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the Castle of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength.

The Prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result; in outward appearance the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had, as yet, withstood the blows of the mightiest, unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldst forbear this trial, thou mayst, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet, in token of that acknowledgment."

"Arthur of Austria," said Richard; "I came not here to prate, and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day, that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon, the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the Princess, "and provoke not this rash quarrel further; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee may, without discrediting himself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

"Peace, idle girl," said the Prince. "And now, King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed forever."

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed at Richard's head a blow, which those who beheld, accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received the shock with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

"Give me your hand, young sir," said Plantagenet; "now, fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength."

"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the Prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud Barons of England must not say that their King disdaineth to try his strength on the Almain Prince. Here stand I, ready to receive your blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the Empress; "the cold-blooded Englishman has murdered my boy!"—All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore it to animation.

"It is in vain—it is in vain!" said the Emperor. "Oh, heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son—my only hope."

The Empress gazed on the body sternly, and silently; then turning to her husband,—

"It is the finger of heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him, and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us."

"No, by our Lady," said the Emperor, "rather will I let him revile the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the castle, and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantine weakness."

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph on his imperial jailer, and followed his guards silently to his place of duration.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and reluctantly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink was provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull, heavy clank of the foot-steps of his jailer, as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

Oh, lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring, and, shortly afterwards, the jailer entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at his apparition, and, gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognized the Lady Margaretta.

"And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this, to chant the praises of your lady fair?" asked the Princess.

"The true knight," answered the King, "can always find leisure for such occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was."

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply, and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between

whom and him there were wide seas and lofty mountains, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margaretta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts, and that ever since he had beheld her on the morning of his trial of strength with Prince Arthur, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

"I come to free thee," said the lady; "I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or, better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. There, eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them."

"Tis now dead midnight," said the lady; "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle-gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend, and then we shall find three palmyres, for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted jailer, who dares not stay behind thee."

"Thanks, generous damsel," said the King. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their King. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" said a female voice, which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill-omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house."

"Peace, woman, peace!" said the Emperor; "let us see if our prisoner be safe. Ha!" he added, as, with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. "Behold the traitor, with that dishonored minion in his arms. Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince—the betrayer of my daughter!"

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms, in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their weapons, and exclaimed, "Save him—spare him!—back—back!" rushing between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the sword of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the up-lifted swords fell, one and all, to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sank at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! she's dead—she's dead!" shrieked the Empress. "Woe to our house, woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King; woe, woe to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye?"

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of death. At length his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice—

"The den of my Numidian lion is opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is, my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell, then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be an avenger."

The Empress caught her husband's arm, and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sank to the earth. In the meantime, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon, but, folding his arms, and with a smile of contempt on his features, he spared them the effort, by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eyes around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his immense size. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws, which seemed to be near two inches long; and while his right fore foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell, in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar, and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above, but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still, stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same Herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood, at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and, opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his myrmidons shrank back appalled; but what was their astonishment at seeing Richard, in his turn, become the assailant, and, rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat! For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat, his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground, and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

"God save King Richard!" burst from the lips of

every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of heaven fighting the cause of heaven's chosen servants."

"Amen!" said the Emperor; and while his aversion and fear from his malignity and cruelty reluctant consent to allow Richard to depart, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and with his two companions, who had acted the parts of his fellow palmer, arrived safely in England, on the 20th March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion*.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE VOICES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY CORA WILBUR.

They spake to me of Heaven: a little child,
I questioned eagerly, with wondering eyes,
With throbbing heart, and expectation wild,
Of the mysterious wisdom of the skies,
That home of souls, to which, in wanderings fraught
With joy and beauty, of my dream-life soared
In nightly vision; there, by angels taught
Soulless words, and sacred spells
Gathered around my being's inmost cells.

From the bright glimpses of the heavenly home,
From the loved teachings of the angel-band,
From the overhanging grandeur of night's dome
The melodies of ocean, sky and land;
I turned to question of mortality;
The wondrous secrets of futurity.

Alas! they cast the yell of doubt and fears
O'er my sunny heart, o'er God's fair earth
They quenched the spiritual joy that glows
Of bitterness and grief; the lonely heart
Gave back no tone of consolation—void
Of faith and love, was childhood's peace destroyed.

They spake to me of Vengeance, Anger, Wrath,
Marking the footprints in the Eternal's path,
They spake to me of thrones and kingly powers;
My child-heart longed for a sweet land of flowers.
They told me then, of regal pomp and might,
Enthroned mysteriously, of streets of gold,
Of earthly grandeur; and my heart grew cold,
Crouching, beneath the despot's rule, the frown
Of him who sat upon that great white throne!

But 'neath the starry dome, the moonlit sky,
Voices of truth and beauty made reply
To the soul-questions of a little child,
Trembling beneath those legends, weird and wild,
That superstition told of him above,
Whose name on earth, in heaven, is "endless Love!"

And from the misty leaves, the record dim
Of ages past, I turned; the exultant hymn
Of Truth and freedom, swelling from the soul
That heard the anthems of sweet praise outroll
From every living thing that sought the light,
The face of beauty, holiness, delight!

They spake to me of Heaven: in no more a child,
With bold and startling thoughts in heart and brain,
I heard the clamor of the world, and smiled,
In joy victorious, o'er the broken chain
Of creed and custom, trailing in the dust,
Beneath the footprints of the pure and just.

They called me mad and sinful; for I strove
In vindication of his endless love,
I saw no cloud upon my Father's face,
But playing angels guiding on the race,
By endless steps of progress, till they stand
Children of light amid the heavenly band.

I know that all the ties of earth live there;
Ennobled, sanctified, by use and prayer.
That still affection blossoms; love replies
To its twin-soul, beneath the mellow skies,
And happy homes of Heaven; that friendship twines
Her sacred garland 'mid the cottage vines.

And forest shades of that unfading world,
Upon whose fane the wings of peace lie furled.
I ask no more of Heaven: its glories rest
In faint reflection on this grateful breast.
By the deep joy that oft pervades my soul,
By the pulsing throbs of life that roll,
Deep-toned, significant, across my heart—
Bidding the haunting fears of earth depart;
By the low whispers of the "still small voice,"
That bids God's children "neither smile nor rejoice;
By daily revelations of his power,
In every leaf, and every bursting flower;
In angel messages from worlds on high,
I learn of Heaven—of immortality!

I doubt and fear no more; my loved ones wait,
Radiant, expectant, by the morning gate.
No pagantry of earth, no glittering throne
Uprears its mocking splendor, cockly thrown
Twixt hearts that love, in hush, unjust decree,
Volling from sight a doomed soul's misery.

No! Love Eternal! piloting arched speed
To uplift the fallen; an archangel's mood
Of joy and triumph, 'tis to count the suns
Formed of regenerated souls, that, won
From sin and ignorance, now sing the song
Of rapt thanksgiving 'mid the seraph throng.

I know of Heaven; I feel thee, spirit! high—
Thy myriad voices give their love's reply.
No more of words of earth, the words of yore,
Shall fether thought, or veil the spirit's shore.
PHILADELPHIA, June 25th, 1855.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH.

In a pleasant and quite chatty book that has recently made its appearance, called "Following the Drum," written by Mrs. Yick, the wife of an officer in our Army, she sketches a picture of rustic life in Vermont which we are tempted to quote as follows:

"To one whose life has been passed in the bustling, noisy din of a large city, where everybody that you meet in the crowded streets seems eagerly bent on the pursuit of some object that must be attained, if possible, before nightfall; where either hope, or disappointment, or harassing care is stamped on almost every face—there is a novel charm in a sudden change to rural life; a delicious serenity in the atmosphere of a country village, a repose in the calm movements of its inhabitants; the shaded unpaved streets; (cool in the heat of midsummer); the neat green court-yards, and nicely-trimmed flower-beds, (from which the smell of pinks, and daisies, and cottage roses seems to breathe out 'sweet simplicity,' that is almost incredible.

Few signs of life or animation are to be seen in those quiet cottage homes. Occasionally, perhaps, at the back door of the vine-shaded piazza, a placid old lady, seated in her low rocking-chair shelling peas, stopped for a moment by the sight of a humming-bird too daring in its demonstrations to the roses, or a stray fowl in the flower-beds. Those will be the events of the day to her, in her quiet, uneventful existence. We smile at its quaint simplicity, but perhaps a sigh of regret is mingled for a moment with our smile."

That is as charming as the original, if indeed it is not more so. We see the sleepy landscape right before us; we can almost feel the silence; the "old lady, seated in her rocking-chair shelling peas,"—the humming-bird around the rose,—the "stray fowl in the flower bed,"—we have it all here, and we cannot see a blade of grass or a leaf-frilled bough where we sit, either.

What delights there are, to be sure, in the contemplation of pictures of this sort! How gentle, yet enduring, is the satisfaction one gets from the quiet study of natural scenes like these! We all talk of cities and crowds,—of excursions and public manifestations,—of hurrahings and boisterous enjoyments,—and yet we come back to those little simplicities ever with a new relish.

The truth is, the heart is best satisfied with those pleasures that cost the least. They are the most abiding. And it is simply because in them the heart has been left to find its own happiness, instead of being stimulated up to something for which it never had an inclination.

Who is going to act upon our hints, and commence Studies of Nature during the present season?

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

A FACT.

My friend Tom was a coarse, yet good-natured sort of a fellow. He was a perfect genius in his way. He was not refined enough to "take" well among the ladies. No, no! to use the common phrase, Tom was no "lady's man." He respected women, and could love one—when he got ready. But Tom-always took his "own time" for everything; of course he would in love affairs.

The time at length came round, when Tom thought it best to look him up a wife. Hard times had begun to turn folks out of employment—particularly the female portion of the working class; and Tom thought it would be the best time to get married, for girls could not get work, and would not be so particular who they married—why, they would marry any one, rather than starve!—who would not? The times looked awful dubious for girls to pay their board, when they could not get anything to do. Thus mused my friend Tom.

As I have said before, he was a perfect genius in his way. He had some queer notions in his cranium about matters and things in general, and marriage in particular. Therefore, I was not at all surprised at what I am about to relate.

While sauntering across the Common, one morning, who should I meet but Tom, all shaved, and dressed up in the latest fashion of the day. He was the first to speak—

"Just going up to your boarding house, Ned, to get you to go to Manchester with me; for I am going to get married."

"Married!" said I, taken all aback at the suddenness of the thing.

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"Don't know, yet. Can tell when I get there."

I laughed in his face; but finding he was serious in what he had uttered, I at once put on a sober face, and told him I was ready to accompany him. I looked at my watch, and found it to be nearly car-time. Then drawing Tom's arm within my own, we "made tracks"—to use Tom's expression—for the depot, and arrived there just in time to get our tickets and seats in the early train for Manchester.

Upon arriving there, Tom inquired the way to a "factory boarding house." Arm in arm we went in search of the same. When there, Tom inquired of the boarding mistress, if there was any good-looking American girl boarding there who was out of employment. He was told that there were a half-dozen, and soon would be dozens.

"Well, send one of them to the door," said Tom. No matter, so that they are good-looking, which one it is."

I was about to ask him what in the deuce he was about, when the hall door was thrown open, and a pretty young girl, blushing up to her very eyes, came towards us.

"How do you do, Miss," said Tom, shaking hands with her, as if she were an old acquaintance. "Would you like to get married?" he added, still holding her by the hand.

The girl blushed now, with all her might, and hung her head, but said nothing.

"I say, Miss, will you marry me?"

"You are not in earnest, sir," the girl at length ventured to reply.

"Yes, I am. I again repeat what I have said before. Will you marry me?"

"When?"

"To-night."

"But I have nothing prepared."

"Yes you have; I'll take you just as you are. If you will become my wife, say 'yes'; if not, I shall marry one of the other girls, if they will have me. I have no time to lose; my business calls me home to-morrow, and I must have this marriage affair settled to-night. I came here expressly for a wife, and shall take her to Boston with me to-morrow. All is, if you are willing to be married to me, just say the word, and we will have the parson called in, and the marriage rites performed."

"Yes," spoke the girl, in a low tone.

Tom and I went for a clergyman, and in less than two hours from the time Tom saw his betrothed, he was married to her.

Several months have passed since then. I often look in upon Tom, to see if he "married in haste, and repents at his leisure," but have never, for once, found anything to prove that he has ever had occasion to regret his hasty marriage. I can't help saying, though, that I half envy him his happiness. He cannot now sympathize at all with poor, unhappy Ned, who "loves nobody, and nobody loves him." Yes, no one cares a straw for him, only to have a good time at his expense. Besides, he is always paying away lots of money, and getting—what he doesn't want. These are the joys of poor Ned. Hadn't he better go to Manchester and get him a wife, as Tom did?"

BEAUTIFUL.—The following lines are from the pen of G. D. Prentice:—"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in almighty torrents upon the human heart? We are born of a larger destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the stars will be set before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever."

FREE CONVENTION AT RUTLAND, VERMONT.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

ABREVIATED REPORT.

Resolutions of the Convention.

1. Resolved, That the authority of each individual soul is absolute and final, in deciding upon what is true or false in principle, and right or wrong in practice; therefore, the individual, the Church, or the State, that attempts to control the opinions or the practices of any man or woman, by authority or power outside of his or her own soul, is guilty of a flagrant wrong.

2. Resolved, That Slavery is a wrong which no power in the Universe can make right; therefore, any law, constitution, court or government, any church, priesthood, creed or bible, or any Christ or any God that, by silence or otherwise, authorizes man to enslave man, merits the scorn and contempt of mankind.

3. Resolved, That the phenomena of what is denominated Modern Spiritualism, have abundantly demonstrated the fact that an intelligent intercourse between embodied and disembodied human spirits, is both possible and actual. That the conviction of the possibility and actuality of spirit-intercourse, is opposed to all despotism, impurity and sensualism, and conduces to the inauguration of the only authority consistent with the human soul, or favorable to sound morality. That the present spiritual movement has done much to arrest the tide of popular skepticism, and the material and sensual tendencies of the Age, by giving the natural evidences of our immortality a clearer expression and a more demonstrative form.

Resolved, That it is always wrong and inexpedient for man to take life from another, whether by the sword, or war, and all preparations for war, are wrong, and inconsistent with the safety and best interests of individuals and of society.

5. Resolved, That the only true and natural marriage is an equal and loving union between one man and one woman, and the only true home is the isolated home, based upon this exclusive love.

6. Resolved, That the most sacred and important right of woman, is her right to decide for herself how often and under what circumstances she will cohabit with her husband, and be subjected to the cares and sufferings of Maternity; and man can commit no greater crime against woman, as a wife and mother, against his child, against society and against humanity, than to impose on her maternity those responsibilities and duties which she is not willing to accept and endure. Whereas, the assumed superiority of Man over Woman has held her in subjection and slavery and dependence on the sex and misery on the race; therefore, resolved, that immediate steps should be taken to remove that error and its consequences, and place Woman, politically, educationally, industrially and socially on perfect equality with Man.

7. Resolved, That natural justice, individual and social morality, the peace, material wealth and prosperity of Nations, the spirit of humanity, and the rights of all men, require that Tariffs be immediately and forever abolished, and that Governments in all their various departments be supported by direct taxation.

8. Resolved, That the earth, like the air and light, belong in common to all men, and women, and that no man or woman being is alike dependent. Each child, by virtue of its existence, has an equal and an inalienable right to as much of the earth's surface as is convenient for proper culture to support and perfect its development; and none has a right to any more, therefore, all enclosures for the purpose of private property in land for the purpose of speculation, and which prevent men and women from possessing any land without paying for it, are as unjust as would be laws compelling them to pay for air and light, and ought to be at once and forever repealed.

9. Whereas, The Jewish Sabbath is confessedly abolished by the authority of the Gospel Dispensation; and whereas, the same authority sets apart no other day to be similarly observed, therefore resolved, that all efforts of Churches and individuals to enforce a Christian Sabbath, such as of Divine appointment, is a flagrant violation of individual right, and must be observed in a dishonest disregard of the spirit and positive teachings of the New Testament.

10. Resolved, That nothing is true or right, and nothing is false or wrong, because it is sanctioned or condemned by the Bible; therefore, the Bible is powerless to prove any doctrine to be true, or any practice to be right, and it should never be quoted for that purpose.

11. Whereas, Man as a social being depends on his fellow man for the cultivation and development of his physical, mental and moral powers; and whereas, owing to the limitations and vicissitudes of life, he can accomplish but little for his own or future generations; therefore, resolved, that the duties of man before man and the time, talent and means spent, or for any other purpose is a contribution to human progress, and a subsidy to the moral law is the natural growth of a healthy condition of social life, and that a study of the nature of man and the relation he sustains to his fellow man, can alone give him the knowledge of the laws to govern him rightly. That no system or creed can be useful that does not lead to the removal of ignorance, poverty, vice and suffering, and promote freedom, intelligence and happiness. The character of man is formed for him by the combined powers of organization previous to birth, and influence after birth; therefore, resolved, that it is the highest duty of society to investigate and remove the causes which have a tendency to form inferior or vicious characters. That the time and devotion spent on religious service can confer no benefit on an indolent and independent power, and can therefore be no virtue.

SATURDAY.

Saturday forenoon, June 26th, about two hours were devoted to general discussion.

Dr. H. S. Brown, of Vermont, spoke on the subject: *The Science of Law*—introducing some new and interesting thoughts.

Mrs. Julia Branch, of New York, spoke as follows:

Mr. President—I wish to make a few remarks in regard to this resolution:

"That the only true and natural marriage, is an exclusive conjugal love between one man and one woman, and the only true home is the isolated home based upon this exclusive love."

Now, in my mind, this resolution means nothing, because it is incomprehensive. I am aware that I have chosen almost a forbidden subject; forbidden from the fact that any who can or dare look the marriage question in the face, candidly and openly denouncing the institution as the sole cause of woman's degradation and misery, are objects of suspicion, of scorn, and opprobrious epithets. We may ask of that, as we did formerly of the church—is it so sacred that it cannot be questioned? Is it so absolute in truth that it defies argument?

Lucy Stone said to me at the recent "Woman's Rights" Convention, held in New York, "The question must some day be discussed," said, "Why are you not willing that it should be discussed now, and here?" She did not think it a proper place; their platform was only free to certain subjects; we wish to have the rights of woman settled in regard to voting—then that will settle all other rights."

I asked, "How can she have the right to vote, when she has not even the right to her name or person in the marriage bonds?"

She says, "It is a mistaken idea that woman is obliged to give up her name, and take that of her husband, by the marriage ceremony. I have not given up mine. I call myself Lucy Stone, and no one can deprive me of that privilege."

How would it be with Mrs. Blackwell, if she had kept the fact of the marriage ceremony a secret, and gone to pass a few days at a hotel with Mr. Blackwell, signing herself Lucy Stone? Would they be permitted to occupy one room? What do you suppose would be the astonishment of the virtuous landlady at such a proceeding, and what would be his answer?

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, and every one else, knows that the act would be sufficient to denounce her in the eyes of society an infamous woman. The marriage ceremony is necessary to keep women virtuous and respectable, and all intercourse with men without its sacred and holy rites, renders her an outcast and a thing to be despised. Why is it? Is it because she is naturally wicked and vicious, that bonds are placed upon her? Has she no nature that may not be proscribed and estimated by man law makers? Has she no inborn rights that belong to herself? As she stands before the world now, she has none. She has not even the kind compliment that is paid to man in the constitution of our country, "that man is endowed with certain inalienable rights," and to this very marriage ceremony she is indebted for her wrongs, her aching heart, her chains, her slavery. Woman must strike the blow, if she would be free, and become the equal of man, with the same rights and privileges. You speak of her right to labor—her right to preach—her right to teach—her right to vote—and lastly, though not least, her right to get married; but do you say anything about her right to love who she will—when she will—and how she will?

Yes, here is a stipulation for her in this resolution. She is to have an isolated household, with an exclusive conjugal love. This is pretty in sentiment, and Moore beautifully expresses it in the *Fire Worshipers*:

"On in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little life had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
Were walled off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse should beat but ours."

And we might live and die alone.
Where the bright eyes of angels only
Would come around us to behold
This Paradise so pure and lovely."

But this will do for practical life, where men and women work from ten to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, to earn a daily subsistence. The working class is by far the larger class, and the isolated household is the worst place in the world for them. The man comes home tired and weary, to get a scanty meal, which is set on the table, amid crying children, and the sick, depending face of his wife; there is no social life. The exclusive conjugal love which bound the two together in the marriage ceremony, has long since settled into the mildest form of friendship; the enthusiasm, and ardor, and poetry, and sacredness, is forever destroyed by the daily familiarity of the isolated household.

Just as woman is isolated, and confined within a limited space, just so are her children narrow-minded, bigoted and selfish; just as she is free in her thoughts, her affections making her home wherever she chooses, just so will her offspring be broad and expansive in their ideas, noble, and great, and honorable in virtuous deeds, benevolent in heart, and tolerant of all things, however opposite to them, because they grasp the great fundamental truth, that all evil is but the perversion of good.

We live in an ideal life of hopes and aspirations, and forget the real and actual. We grow to anything but what we should be, in trying to discover the impossibilities in existence. We plant rank weeds, and cultivate them with as much nicety as we do beautiful flowers. We dive down into hidden lore, and live in the ages of the past, as though the present was too weak to bear the weight of our own thoughts. We crawl on our hands and knees in the childhood of knowledge, fearing to rise, lest the weight of our brains should topple us over. We live in dead men's graves, waiting for some angel to roll away the stone, and give us life and liberty. We make within ourselves possibilities or impossibilities, and judge through the medium of our souls.

Let us draw a picture of the isolated household, and one that comes under my own observation. Mark the woman with a care-worn face—long lines of grief have made deep furrows—her thin hand and shriveled figure—her weary, dejected air—her desponding tones, tell of something that must lie heavy at the heart. Listen! what are her griefs? Sure, never Christ, bearing the great heavy cross up to crucifixion, could feel the deep woe that presses against her soul.

We lay our hand gently upon her head, and comes with a sad sigh, "Ah me!" "tell us," we say. And she throws open the inmost recesses of her soul, and tells the story of her life, how she aspired to be great from childhood—how noble thoughts took possession of her—how she loved, and married the dear object of her love—how dear the first-born of her heart grew to her—how it died, and she clothed herself in the habiliments of woe—how she shut out the light of day in her own heart, and sat down alone in her home, without friends, or hope, or consolation; how other children came, but they did not fill the void; the black veil was drawn down forever between her and happiness, and pinned to the soul by the arrow of affliction; there was no sympathy in the world, and she longed to lie down in the grave, and rest. We brushed away the tears, and bid her hope. "Alone has died out," we speak of husband and children—they have no sympathy, and I am only a burden.

"Are you willing," I ventured to suggest, "to look for one moment into your own soul?"

"I have always tried to do right, but circumstances are against me. My husband has long since ceased to love me, although he presses the necessity of bearing children whenever he pleases; my children are perverse and wayward, and I don't know what to do with them. Some people go through the world always light-hearted and happy. I never saw an unhappy day until I was married."

"But of yourself," I said, "have you ever thought of a plan whereby you might be relieved from these troubles?"

"Oh, yes, of many; but I have no right to think or speak my sentiments, for I am married; if I do, my husband says it is better for me to attend to my domestic affairs, and he will do the thinking; he deprives me of female friends, because women love to gossip; of male friends, for the world might talk about it; besides, a mother ought always to be at home, taking care of her children; and I have nothing but death, for then I shall go where everything will be bright and happy, and my soul's longings will be satisfied."

I did not like to break in upon so much confidence in the future state, and left her. Now what is that woman's life? She has none. Is she what God intended she should be? No! no! thrice no. She was made fair and beautiful in childhood, and given those noble aspirations to cultivate in the garden of her soul, given as seeds for the dew and sunshine, to ripen into beautiful flowers.

What did she do with them? Sold them with herself, at sixteen, when she entered into the marriage contract, and thus bound down her soul forever. In her isolated household she threw away her life, and added to the already too many miserable children—thrust into the world half made up—children of chance—children of lust—abortions, who feel that they have no right to existence. Children of disease, whose tainted flesh and running sores, are a stigma and an everlasting reproach to the morals and purity of any community.

Lyons cursed his mother for his deformed foot, and there are thousands upon thousands who are cursing the sacred name of mother for their deformed mental and moral condition.

Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Rose, and others, go back to the mother's influence. I go back further, and say that it is the marriage institution that is at fault; it is the binding marriage ceremony which keeps women degraded in mental and moral slavery—far worse than our national blight—negro slavery.

She must demand her freedom; her right to receive the equal wages of man in payment for her labor; her right to have children when she will, and by whom. Woman is not depraved; she will never abuse one-right that is given to her, and she will never step aside from her own nature. If she desires to go to the ballot-box, it is because she knows there is a wrong somewhere, and she takes that way to right it. If she desires to become a lawyer, it is because there are laws to be redressed or made better. If she desires to preach, it is because she feels the woes and afflictions of humanity. If she desires rights, it is because she needs them.

I believe in the absolute freedom of the affections, and that it is woman's privilege to accept or refuse any love that comes to her, and when her love has died out, she is no longer a fit partner for the man who has taken her to his heart. She is living a lie to herself, her own nature, and to him. And so is man's relative position to woman, when his love has died out, and he continues to live with his wife upon any consideration, he strikes a blow to the morality of his nature, lives a life of deception, not only to her and society, but he is responsible for all the crimes that his children, born under those circumstances, are liable to commit.

A gentleman said to me some little time ago:—"My wife talks of rights, but she has none; I am her husband—if I do not like a thing, I say so, and I do not consider she has any liberty to dispute my will. But here is a difference: If I love a woman, and am not bound by the marriage ceremony, I should not think of disputing with her, for fear she would show me the door, as I could have no alternative but to go out of it, for her will is absolute. I have no claim upon her, and she is justified in all she does, so it is necessary that I guard myself and movements, in order to retain the love and respect of the woman I love."

What a pleasing prospect is this for the wife, who lives in her isolated household rearing her children and imagining her husband immaculate, and respecting her in the sacred office of wife and mother. Why should woman tame herself into calm submission, and be the slave, the toy, and the plaything of man?

What is marriage? Is it the linking together of two loving hearts in holy, sacred union? No; sel-

dom the case, when compared to the many thousands upon thousands of marriages of convenience. Women are bought and paid for, as the negro slave is. She is estimated as a thing of barter, for a man sits down and counts the cost of his intended wife, as he would if he thought of keeping a cow, a dog, or a pig, and he calculates to a penny, and accommodates himself to the thing bought.

Now what are the rights and privileges of the marriage institution? It gives us the privilege of being Mrs. Brown, instead of Miss Smith—that is an honor, and one we are, no doubt, very thankful for, for it saves us from the terrible stigma which falls to the lot of single women—old maids! It gives us the privilege of being supported—allows us the privilege of attending to domestic affairs—the privilege to see that dinner is served at the proper time—the privilege oftentimes to sit up alone to let him in from a delightful concert that he has enjoyed with Mr. Jones and his beautiful wife.

Then we have a right—and listen, women of the nineteenth century—the marriage contract gives you one right—one right that you have not perhaps hitherto valued. You have the right, by the marriage contract, to keep children.

It is not a privilege—it is not a God-given inheritance, but it is the law of wise men, who know very much better than you do, how to give you your right to be a mother.

Now, I say again, that resolution is more prohibitive, because it means nothing to me. Love is not dependent on reason, or judgment, or education, or mental requirements, or society, or control of any kind; it is an inspiration of the soul; it is a holy, sacred emanation from the most vital part of our natures—and to say when or where it shall be restricted, is a violation of our inborn rights.

I may have taken the extreme side of the question; but only offer my views as my own, and wish that the resolution may be either put in a more definite form, stating what conjugal love is, and how few or how many an isolated household is limited to; or, that a new resolution may be offered in its place. I have one that I think would bear more directly upon the marriage question, and will offer it or give it to the Business Committee for action. I do hope we may have something definite from some one, and that this platform is free enough to have the subject discussed. That which I wish to present as a substitute for this resolution, reads as follows:—

Resolved, That the slavery and degradation of woman proceeds from the institution of marriage; that by the marriage contract she loses the control of her name, her person, her property, her labor, her affection, her children, her freedom.

Mr. Clapp said he did not rise to discuss the marriage question, but to claim the right of every one in this day to freely discuss it. When a reform question is brought before the people, the Church and the State both say, "Hands off." A man may deprecate much what he will, and his reputation remains unsullied; but a woman cannot be breathed upon by the breath of wrongful lust, that does not wither and break her. No subject is too sacred for discussion. Why should we be afraid to discuss anything that is for the good and elevation of humanity. The time has been, when it was wrong to discuss the subject of any reform—slavery, temperance, peace, etc.

Mr. S. S. Foster moved an amendment to Resolution No. 6, so that it read as follows:

Resolved, That the only true and natural marriage is an exclusive conjugal love between one man and one woman, based upon principles of perfect an entire equality; and the only true home is the isolated home, based upon this exclusive love.

He said: "The whole creation groans in pain and suffering, from the violation of the marriage law. Woman suffers, but man is the sufferer, too—perhaps the greater of the two. The true marriage relation is the glory of this fallen world; but as it is, every man is a tyrant in his own family, and every family is a little plantation, and every wife is a slave breeder."

Mr. Joel Tiffany said that people do not understand the difference between free love and free lust. He occupied about twenty-five minutes in defining free love and free lust. His remarks were uttered with great beauty, producing a great effect upon the audience. Thus far, no discourse at the Convention has been listened to with more profound attention.

[Mr. T.'s address will appear in our next number.—Eds.]

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose said, that Mr. Tiffany had given a very beautiful picture of conjugal love. I agree with and accept it, for he does not agree to

It is not to be wondered at that the author of the "Infidels' Text Book" has fallen into this error, to some extent, although his book contains as little which would wound the churchman's feelings, as any we have seen. Its style is clear, sometimes rather sarcastic, its argument strong, its facts correctly stated, and every conceivable argument against the infallibility of the Bible used—but it takes the same side against the claims for the "Sacred Word."

the rock upon which the church has driven the whole, by insisting that man shall receive the whole Book as the word of God.

He will forget his partial wreck, and that he could not give credit for what is of good in the volume, while he passed judgment upon the absurdities with which man has charged his God. But all must remember that Truth is eternal, and whether it be in the Bible or the Infidel's Text Book, it will stand side by side with God, and nothing shall prevail against it. It may be stifled for awhile—the church may for a time smother the volcano of Man's Reason, but in time it will burst forth, and everything shall submit to its power. The Infidel (we do not like the term, but apply it in its received meaning) will not be able on the other hand to destroy what Truth there is in the Bible, for God planted it there. Man placed error by its side, and that, God will allow even "the Infidel" to pluck out by the roots. Let us read all sides presented to our view, and let us choose therefrom all the Truth and cherish it, letting God's best gift, Reason, be the criterion by which we judge of the good and the evil.

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Sabbath in Boston.

MRS. HENDERSON AT THE MELODEON.
On Sunday forenoon—the hour of service having been altered during the week—Mrs. Henderson spoke upon the advertised topic, "The Social, Civil and Religious Freedom of Man."

She said: It seems to us no light task to deal with the laws which govern nations, and those who make those laws. Though we sympathize with the spirit which induces you to celebrate the anniversary of your national freedom, yet if you could hear the groans coming from those who yet cover in bondage, you would feel with us that the mission of the friends of humanity is not yet accomplished, and that a great work is yet to be done. We wish to begin our discussion of this question, by viewing the slavery—as it exists in the social kingdom. This is the primary sphere of man's existence, wherein the habits of the young are formed—which shape their destiny through endless cycles of eternity. The young look forward with bright hopes to the future, their minds filled with noble aspirations of doing good to humanity. Yet chains are around the social relations of man. God has given to all men the same impulses and desires. Men to-day are bound down to crime and degradation; but if all mankind were free, we would not find crime and degradation thus blasting the souls of our brothers and God's children. But where can we find a greater tyranny than that theology which deprives God of his holy attributes, of wisdom and love, and replaces them with the low passions of the animal?

Men and women do not dare to be free—they are the willing slaves of dress, of custom, and of public opinion. Though you have declared yourselves free from the governments of the old world, yet you are slaves to customs, ideas and theologies brought across the water. You seek to adorn your children with all that is beautiful in morality and intellectual development, yet you check their very life-blood, because the laws of society are to be obeyed, and often the blood of their murder is on your hands. Men have formed themselves into castes, and sects, and thus they have been placed in opposition to each other.

If we were to define liberty accurately from our standpoint, we should say that it could not exist without justice and equality.

You cannot demand anything from your neighbor which you may not in turn give to him; so when you ask the earth for her treasures, be sure you do not rob your brother of his equal share.

We are not prepared to say what code of morals is right or wrong; but man has intellect and reason, and so he has a right to say what he will believe, and no other man has a right to utter an objection, provided he does his neighbors no injury.

When men have transgressed on the rights of their fellow-men, we see wars and bloodshed; the earth has been made one great field of battle. But if every man had his perfect freedom—if he had all that belonged to him—he would not have done his neighbor a single wrong.

Let every man be a law unto himself; and then, though there may not be the highest happiness, yet there will be a purer and a truer harmony existing between man and man.

You are too apt to say—"I am right—my neighbor is wrong; so I must proclaim about, make a majority, and so control him by my power." When, by political or religious proselytizing, men are placed in a minority, they become slaves to the mass, which is one step towards the sphere of the thief and the murderer. If man had received all that was his due, would he go out to grasp what was another's? If man had been allowed by society what God had given him, crime would never have sprung up in the human heart.

We will next consider the freedom of man in the civil and the political world. But the chemist might as well try to mix together oil and water, as to unite freedom with policy. Where there is policy there is always tyranny. We would not ask for the putting down of any party, but we would put down all that which consists of stratagem and policy, and thus make justice the great aim of all government.

We speak of man's inherent right to political liberty, as a right to form his own laws, and to be governed by men of his own choice.

In the religious world, mankind are divided into sects and parties, who believe that Jesus is God, and that the Bible is his plenary inspired word. You find that the spirit of the Puritans, who insisted on thinking and believing to suit themselves, yet denied the boon to others.

Men have reason and intellect, and they must be guided by them. While the civil world should be governed by strict justice, so should the religious world be governed by the religious freedom of our Father. When men are purely religious, they will be free indeed—the truth shall make them free.

In the social, blends the religious; and as you advance towards the spiritual, how are you confounded! How many dare go forth, regardless of the petty tyranny of popular opinion?

We cannot expect to see upon earth perfect justice—but when we hear of capital punishment, woman's rights, the abolition of slavery, though we cannot endorse all the radicalism of mankind, we would hasten all that may make man free—love, truth and liberty, will go hand in hand to release the slaves of the social, the civil and the religious world.

She then followed with an improvisation very appropriate to the subject, after which a few questions were asked and answered.

In the evening, Messrs. Whitcomb and Durall served as a Committee to select a subject for Mrs. Henderson's lecture. They reported the question, "Does the soul exist prior to its embodiment in matter?" She began by tracing the progress of matter from the mineral up through the vegetable to the animal kingdoms, and on to the spiritual in man. She argued that, though we cannot find the time when the particles which form the soul did not exist, yet it is impossible, recognizing the economy of this great law of progress, that the child of God should be incarnated in another human form, and thus be doomed to an endless chain of earth-life. Man, being subject to a power still higher than himself, cannot be a free moral agent, for the fact of his agency destroys his freedom. From man's progress in the past, she argued his onward and upward course in the future. After her lecture, she further explained her ground in answer to questions from the audience.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIO HALL,
Sunday Morning, July 4th.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

At an early hour, the spacious hall was filled with a brilliant audience, every countenance beaming with intelligence and love. The exercises commenced by singing the hymn, beginning:

"Oh, thou whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way."

PRAYER.

"Oh, thou Infinite Presence, who fillest all time and space with thyself, we would draw near unto thee and feel our own dependence. May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be always acceptable in thy sight, O God, our strength and our redeemer! We thank thee for all thy goodness unto us. We thank thee for the summer that is now with us. We thank thee for the harvest that comes for use and plenty. We thank thee for thy sacramental benediction of flowers wherewith thou adornest the streams and the land. We thank thee for those that are about our table, for whom it is sweet to toil. We thank thee for the familiar lives that are spared, through many trials, yet to do thy will. We thank thee for the many millions of people that have now gathered themselves from oppression and are free to think and act. We thank thee for industrious thought and toil. We thank thee for peace that exists among us—the nation's hands are not stained with the blood of another. We thank thee for our institutions—schools, that instruct and edify the people. We thank thee for the press that spreads intelligence all over the land. We thank thee for all good will and friendliness that is brought to light and life. We bless thee for all the truth which is incorporated in the church—for all the piety that exists in the world. We bless thee for the great men that went before us in times of peril and danger—that they sustained them in the dark days of trials; and that we are not found wanting in the day of trial, but thy hand supports us. We thank thee for the might and power of our nation, so strong that no nations of the earth dare to oppress this people. And while we thank thee may we remember and mourn over the wickedness that is still in the midst of us—that it has still such dominion over us. We mourn that while the doors of freedom are opened to few millions are in the bondage of sin. While we present our thanksgiving for the blessings we enjoy, we lament the suffering of those who are deprived of them—we ask for the power to break the chains of the oppression and let the oppressed go free. In our present condition may we live such humble and peaceful lives as thou hast given in thy example. And may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven. Amen.

[We do not publish Mr. Parker's lecture to-day, for the reason that it is on the subject of American Slavery. We have no desire to single out and combat one evil more than another, particularly when the combat shall affect the legal rights of our brethren. Our object in publishing the BANNER is to aid in the dissemination of Spiritualism; and much as we admire Mr. Parker—and we do certainly love him and his theology—we cannot take grounds which will contract the sphere of our usefulness. Mr. P.'s discourse was able, as are all his efforts.]

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM A VISITOR AT ONE OF OUR CIRCLES, CONFIRMING A MANIFESTATION.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 18, 1868.

DEAR BANNER—You may recollect that I was at one of your circles one afternoon in April, when you had a communication from a Dr. Dwight, of Portsmouth, N. H., and I asked some questions of the spirit, which were promptly answered, directing me to write to Rev. Charles Burroughs, of Portsmouth, N. H. On my arrival home, I wrote to him. I did not receive anything from him, and began to think that a deceiving spirit had used his name for a purpose.

I did not make the inquiries to gratify curiosity; but, as many have made the remark to me that the communications were not genuine, but spurious, written in your own sanctum by some ready and versatile writer. My attendance at your circle satisfied me of the genuineness of the communications.

But I received a letter from Rev. Mr. Burroughs, under the date of 16th June. He says:

"I received from you, on the 1st of May, a letter asking information about Dr. Dwight, of Portsmouth, N. H. It was not, till now, convenient for me to attend to your request, but hope that my delay will not be attended with any inconvenience to you."

After giving me Dr. Dwight's early history he says:

"After finishing his medical studies, he commenced a course of practice at Concord, New Hampshire. After a brief residence there, he went to Portsmouth, N. H., in the year 1798, and resided there in continued practice, till disabled by old age or infirmity. He had an extensive practice. He was a man of a most kind heart and gentlemanly manners, and was eminently respected and esteemed."

I wrote to Mr. B. simply asking him to give me some history of him, and he wrote me a long letter, giving me many particulars of his life, the number of his children, etc. If the old doctor could, next time he visits your circle, give some of the facts which Mr. Burroughs has written to me, it might convince some sceptical friends of the truth of spirit communications. I was an entire stranger to you all—to the medium and the several members of the circle, and probably shall never again meet with you all.

Some time since, I ascertained the facts in a communication which was given by a spirit who formerly lived in Johnson, in this State. It was substantiated by the post-master of the place.

The cause of Spiritualism is gaining ground everywhere in our mountain State. Miss Sprague has been doing a good work among the people. Our Convention next week bid's fair to be a complete success. I hope to see your paper represented there.

Fraternally yours,

SAMUEL B. NICHOLS.

SPIRITUALISM IN MICHIGAN.

Brother L. Whitford, Morse writes us from Ionia, Mich., that Spiritualism is gaining ground, and spreading beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. He says—"In this section of country, we have for some three or four years kept up, and still keep up, our regular weekly circles. They are interesting to our society, and also to the spectators, and vice versa to our opponents. Among some eight or ten different religious denominations, it would be strange if there was not some opposition, when Spiritualism has made such inroads into their churches. The manifestations at our circles are mostly written communications, purporting to emanate from the spirits of departed friends and acquaintances, the merits of which can be better expressed by some other pen."

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:—Original Poetry, by C. Tableau, (a gem!) Country Neighbors, continued; Poetry, by L. M. Tenney; The Three Palmers; A Romance of Richard of the Lion Heart; Poetry, by Cora Wilburn; A Short Courtship; The Rutland Convention; Editorials; Book Notices; Sunday Lectures; Spirit Messages; Correspondence, &c., &c.

"LIFE ETERNAL," Part Eighth, is unavoidably laid over this week, owing to the press of other matter. We are also obliged to postpone the publication of Mrs. HAZEN's mediumship, for the same reason. It will appear in our next number.

J. A. BALDWIN & Co., of Rutland, Vt., having purchased the entire interest in the news business there, are prepared to furnish the New York and Boston daily papers, magazines, pictorial weeklies, and, in fact, all the most prominent periodicals published in the United States—including, of course, the BANNER OF LIGHT. We cordially recommend this firm to public patronage.

We have received a Poem, entitled "Rights of Women," from the pen of Mrs. F. O. Ilyzer, the medium, with whose poetic productions our readers are somewhat familiar. It was sent in too late for publication this week, but will appear in our next issue.

We have the grape shot—an inch cast-iron ball—which was recently found on Main Street, Malden, where the horse railroad is in process of completion. It was undoubtedly thrown from a cannon by the British, at the battle of Bunker Hill.

ST. LOUIS TAKING A KNAPP—The famous Elder Knapp has just settled over a congregation at St. Louis.

Government is in possession of dispatches from Minister Forsyth, who, at latest accounts, was in correspondence with the Mexican government on subjects growing out of the tax on property of American citizens. The point for demanding his passports had not yet been reached.

What is called Christianity, with her forty thousand ministers in our land, is masked; it is false and prostituted. The church does not know what it means, or what it wants.

Embedded in the sidewalk, between Nos. 401 and 403 Washington street, in our city, over which thousands of pedestrians step every day, unheeding, is an antique-looking gravestone, bearing the following inscription:—

Here lies ye body
of JOSIAS BYLES,
Aged about 62 years.
Died March 17,
1707.

God's right and left hands are thus defined: Philosophically, science and nature. Theologically, good and evil. Poetically, sunbeams and showers.

FOREIGN.—The steamship City of Washington, from Liverpool 23d ult., has arrived, bringing four days later intelligence. The news is unimportant. The Light of Search is still discussed by the English press, and also attracts the attention of continental journalists, but there have been no new or definite proceedings in relation to the question.

PLAGIARISM.—Saint Paul, in one of his gospels, quotes the expression—"Evil communications corrupt good manners," from Menander, a Greek comic poet, who died some hundreds of years before Paul's birth.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS, printed at Buffalo, N. Y., by S. Albro & Co., is one of the best edited Spiritual papers we receive. It is doing a good work in our holy cause, and we hope it will go on with renewed energy. We shall continue to send the BANNER, as you request, friend Progress, and, in the meantime, hope to hear from you often.

The following "Epitaph on Theo. Cave, Esq., in the Chancel at Barrow upon Stowre," we copy from an old English work, published in 1797:—

Here in this Grave,
There lies a Cave;
We call it Cave a Grave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave;
Then, Reader, Judge, I crave,
Whether does Cave here lie in Grave,
Or Grave here lie in Cave?
If Cave and Grave here lie buried he,
Then, Reader, where is the Victory?
Go, Reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own Grave.

A gentleman who has traveled from Arkansas to Austin by land, says that he never in his life saw such abundant crops. He says the wheat crop exceeds anything ever known.

SHOW'S PAPERFINDER RAILWAY GUIDE, for July, is published and for sale at 22 Court Street.

Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man.

THE ADVICE OF A MURDERER.—James Powers, who was recently hung in Washington for the murder of Edward A. Lutz, and an affecting interview with his mother, sister and brother, a short time before his execution. His last words to his brother were, "Do as I tell you, and let liquor alone."

The Kennebec Journal, printed at Augusta, Me., says, Arrostook County embraces an area of one hundred and sixty-five townships of six miles square, as stated in the Legislature last winter. This is an area about as large as the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and to have this whole

monwealth of Massachusetts; and to have this whole region peopled with an intelligent, thriving, prosperous and happy people, is now one of the great enterprises which attracts attention and secures effort.

The people of Connecticut, and many of them, were considerably frightened on Tuesday night week, at eleven o'clock, by the shock of an earthquake, which awakened them by a noise resembling the discharge of cannon, the shaking of buildings, &c.

I fashion many a song;
They wander east and west—
I would that I might know
Where they make their nest—
Know the eyes that see them,
Know the hearts that beat,
When the rhyme is perfect,
And the thought is sweet.—T. B. ALDRICH.

THE UTAH ARMY.—St. Louis, July 2.—Our dispatches from Leavenworth to the 30th ult. by U. S. Express to Boonville, say that telegraphic advices have been received at Fort Leavenworth from Washington, announcing the departure of a special messenger with dispatches from Gen. Harney. On the receipt of these dispatches, which are understood to relate to the division of the columns now on the march, an express will be sent forward immediately to overtake the headquarters, which were last reported within forty miles of Fort Kearney.

A dispatch from St. Joseph, dated the 28th ult., by the U. S. Express to Boonville, says the Salt Lake mail arrived here to-day, bringing dates from Salt Lake City to the 12th inst. Gen. Johnston was to start for the city on the 13th with 3000 men in columns. The army will enter the Valley via Soda Springs on Bear River.

There was quite a diversity of opinion at Camp Scott as to what course the Mormons would pursue in regard to allowing the troops to enter the valley.

The report that the Mormons had removed their families to Provo is confirmed. It is not known whether Brigham Young accompanied the Mormons, or remained in the city. The Mormons have not gone either to Sonora or to the Russian possessions, as anticipated by the authorities at Washington, but would do so next spring if any but Mormons are placed there to govern them.

AMUSEMENTS.

The regular stock company of the Boston Museum closed their season on Monday, and are succeeded by "Buckley's Ethiopian Serenaders," and week after next, they will be followed by the "Keller Troupe." When the old company return, several new faces will appear to strive for the good wishes of the Museum patrons.—At the Melodeon, a new performance makes its appearance—a series of panoramic representations of views in Russia. It is introduced to a Boston audience by Mr. Charles Lehman, formerly with the Ravelle Troupe, and is unquestionably an exhibition of high order.—Chase and Bartholomew's Diorama still "draws" at the Melodeon.—The Profane Concert Enterprise, so successful last year, will be renewed next week at the Music Hall. The performances will be held on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings.—We are happy in recording Pilgrim's progress, in obtaining good actors for the National, which he will open in August. We have no doubt but that the moral standard of plays at this theatre—which have been proverbially low—will be elevated, while in his hands. He has engaged Miss Heron, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Chanfrau, Mr. Marshall, and other standard actors, to "star" during the coming season.

From the Boston Courier.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION.—A LETTER FROM MR. BENNOTT.

To the Editor of the Boston Courier:

I laid your paper down this morning with a feeling of regret and disappointment. I thought you must be luxuriating at Nahant, or yachting in the Rebecca, instead of attending to your paper, and maintaining that reputation for fearless impartiality which your friends rejoice in, and your opponents respect. Unless you publish a newspaper altogether for your personal amusement, your friends and the public have claims on you which, I am sorry to say, you have not met in your "report" of the Rutland Convention. This was a collection of over three thousand men and women of the first character and talent, from all parts of Vermont, and the neighboring States. They spent three whole days in discussing, with the utmost freedom, some of the most important subjects that can engage the attention of mankind. Such a gathering is at least as important as a convention of small politicians assembled to nominate one of their number to an office he is certain to disgrace. Gentlemen, where were your reporters? Where was the representative of the Courier? Nobody expects you to sympathize with many of the doctrines broached in that Convention. But we have a right to look to you for an able, impartial, correct and dignified report, worthy of yourselves and of the occasion. Had you such a report, and not an incorrect statement, interspersed with flippant remarks, and evidently compiled from irresponsible sources.

The "Report" speaks of a "Convention of Free Lovers." The Convention I attended was one of respectable and intelligent men and women, chiefly married, and fathers and mothers of families, assembled to discuss, in unexceptionable language, the important question of MARRIAGE. They spoke to the following resolution, among others:—

"Resolved, That the only true and natural marriage is an exclusive conjugal love between one man and one woman; and the only true home is the isolated home based on this exclusive love."

On this resolution several ladies spoke with great beauty, force and pathos. Several gentlemen also spoke on the same resolution, and one of them, Mr. Tiffany, made such remarks as these:—

"Free Love" is but another name for Free Lust. Marriage is too often founded on lust, instead of on love. Men marry wives that they may be of use to them. Women marry for the same reason, and calculates beforehand of what use a husband is to be to her. This marriage becomes a matter of bargain and sale. And this is the kind of marriage unfortunately too common. When a man finds in a woman all that his soul yearns for, and a woman finds in a man who is the full embodiment of all her desires, if that man and woman unite, they are truly married. But the sooner those who are wandering about seeking a boat that will fit, are caught and caged—the better. To break up the marriage relation is not the remedy for ill-assorted marriages. So long as man is gross, selfish and sensual, he must be restrained by law, otherwise we should have universal license." Only two persons out of three thousand expressed any different sentiment. And yet we are told that this was a "Free Lover's" Convention! Surely such "views" of such an assembly must have been taken through the bottom of a tumbler.

I attended the Convention at the request of its committee, to deliver a written address. The subject was the Influence of Woman on the Elevation of the Race. I spoke on Saturday evening to a very large audience. On that vast congregation of so-called "Free Lovers" heard and applauded the following language: "We are speaking of some of the consequences of making woman independent!"

"Next will follow the establishment of a true marriage. The freedom of woman will redress the greatest wrong of man. That wrong he now suffers in his relation of husband. Until he fills this relation in a true marriage with one wife, he is a male, not a man. This union is the most sacred of all human relations. There is no other so sacred. There is no other so permanent. There is no other so important both for this world and the world to come. It sweetens, exalts and purifies life—it fills with the light of hope and love the hollies eyes of death. Tampering, interfering, ignorantly meddling with this relation,

is the curse and error of reform. Blindly and rashly entering into it, stubbornly refusing to allow mistakes in it to be corrected, is the curse and error of society. In a free society the independent woman will see to it, that real marriage is the rule, and sham, or physical marriage, the unfortunate exception. In the present state of society, a true marriage is a most fortunate accident. Reformers are not the only ones who say so. Everybody, every day, laments the rash, unhappy coupling which constantly takes place. Everybody feels that under our present system, man grows, but woman decays. He has an elevated character. He has a forcible intellect. He marries. His wife is by nature as forcible and elevated as he. But he goes into the world—he learns—and his faculties grow in the conflict with his fellows. She remains at home. Her faculties, large enough to grasp the business of an empire, are forcibly arrested in the kitchen or the drawing room. She isn't a domestic drudge—but she is as well be one. She cannot follow her husband—it is indecent—it is improper—it is beyond her sphere—and so the victim of vast dwindle her soul in the Arabian tale, which filled the sea and sky, shrink into the vial of Solomon. Her endowments, naturally equal to his, become inferior. She is reduced to a secondary place in his mind, if not in his affections—and who is now injured? Why, the husband. He has a right to have one side of his soul as strong and noble as the other. Can't he find the education and exercise which alone can make it so. He dwindle to her stature as she dwindle to her circumstances, and if not, society, more cruel than the ancient Italian tyrant who bound together the living and the dead, first strikes his other self, and then binds him to the paralyzed object which he must always pity, but can never cure!"

Nay, Messrs. Editors, I ask you in all sincerity, if it is fair or decent to brand with the odious name of "Free Lovers," the people who applauded such sentiments, and condemned the contrary whenever they were uttered?

Your "Report" implies that I might have been in just when I advocated the expediency of permitting women to vote and to serve on juries. I am very much in earnest, I assure you, and I respectfully ask what possible objection can be made to the proposition? As a matter of abstract right and justice, I believe, the negative has been contemptuously abandoned by every thinker, and is now only maintained by the broken down constables and discharged policemen, who hang around our Court Houses, ready as jurors, to decide questions of liberty and property for their daily wages, and the prospect of a drink. As a matter of expediency, can any one hesitate, so far as juries are concerned, between a respectable lady who owns property and pays taxes, and the stuff of which our juries are notoriously made up? I mention the property qualification, not because I care about it or think it necessary, but because others do. Certainly, that gentleman who does not know several ladies to whose judgment and integrity he would be willing to submit almost any case that twelve jurors can be asked to determine. I never heard but one objection against it that was worthy of a serious answer, and that is that women themselves do not desire the right. I should prefer, however, to hear that from the women themselves. All I ask for is to give them the right. The exercise of it is wholly a personal matter, and can safely be left to the judgment of each individual woman. Those who do not want it will not use it; and those who do, will probably act in this, as in all other matters, with that propriety which is instinctive, and which needs no suggestion from any one. The Convention agreed in these ideas; and suffer me to say, gentlemen, that they did not comprise all who agreed in them. They have made more progress than you, perhaps, are aware of; and there are this day in Boston and its vicinity hundreds of ladies, some of whom you are proud and happy to know, who would vote and serve on juries tomorrow, to the great benefit and lasting improvement of the criminal and civil administration, if the law were wise enough to permit them. Surely we need not undertake to blink, to each other, what we universally admitted by every scholar and thinker whom we know. It is clearly and universally understood to be a question of time only, and the Boston Courier is not the paper to oppose any necessary, judicious and practical improvement, so universally agreed to, so eminently proper to be made—and about which the only real question is—Are we quite ready for it?

In conclusion, let me call your attention to one remarkable fact. Not one resolution was formally passed by the Convention. This ought, by itself, to show what it was called for. Nothing was adopted, not from want of harmony, but because the object of the Convention was discussion only. So that if there was any fanaticism in any of the Resolutions, or in any of the speeches, the Convention very wisely took no responsibility therefor. For my own part, I attended with one object only—to deliver an address; I accomplished that to the best of my ability. I remember there is anything in it unbecoming a scholar, or a man, is not for me to say. And I should not have undertaken to say anything about the Convention, if even common fairness had been used in reporting it.

GEN. BENNOTT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MANY READERS."—The magazine you speak of is not to be found in Boston. We have never seen it.

We have on the several spirit communications, given through various media, which appear as soon as our space permits.

OBITUARY.

Born into a higher life, in San Francisco, Cal., 2d ult., Liza Knox, aged two years four months, only child of Oscar and Ester Knox, and grandchild of Alfred Tubbs, Esq., late of the National House, Boston.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.—Mrs. F. O. HYZER, of Buffalo, will occupy the desk at the Melodeon next Sunday at 10:12 o'clock, A. M., and 8 P. M.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free.

Miss ROSA T. AMERY speaks in the trance state, at Salem, in Cambridgeport, on Sunday, 11th inst.; in Fall River, on Tuesday, 13th inst.; in Scituate, on Thursday, 15th inst.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak at City Hall, Newburyport, on Wednesday and Friday evenings, the 7th and 9th insts.

Bro. JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Franklin, N. H., Sunday, 11th inst.; Orange, Mass., 15th and 25th insts.

Louisa MOORE will lecture as follows:—In Bath, Me., Sunday, 11th inst.; Brunswick, Sunday, 15th inst. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture falls for want of useful arrangements. Mr. MOORE will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Guild Hall, Winthampt street. D. F. GORDON, regular speaker. Seats free.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, speaking by medium and others.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALER.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Bevil street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAPP, Sept.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 9 and 7 o'clock.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall—entrance, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday afternoon and evening; public circles for Ladies in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 6 cents.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

CHAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, FREE.—MRS. A. W. PRATT, of Chelsea, Chairvoynant, speaking every Sunday afternoon and evening; public circles for Ladies in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 6 cents.

HARMONIAL INSTITUTE, NO. 17 SOUTH MAIN ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Office hours—From 10 A. M. till 5 P. M. Private Teachers: From 3 till 6 P. M. exclusively for Ladies. Circles and Lectures. Sabbath Morning lectures at half-past 10 o'clock. 8m July 10

Hear the word of God preached."—*Werke*, II. 16.

Correspondence.

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY THE WRITER OF "ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER."

Messrs. Editors—Being a "constant reader" of the Banner, I may be pardoned the liberty of conveying to you such little items of my experience in Spiritualism, as are now pressing on my mind for utterance.

Of personal evidence or experience in spiritual matters, I have but little, indeed very little; but my other experiences, i. e., experience of the nature of evidence from friends and acquaintances, whose integrity I consider above suspicion, and whose minds I regard as being of too investigating a character to make me suspicious of their competence to give evidence. These experiences are, with my intuitive methods or habits of thought, enough to enable me to appreciate some of the beauties of Spiritualism.

It is nearly eight years since my first knowledge of Spiritualism, and though more ready from previous experiences to doubt than to believe, I easily found that it was not all a delusion.

About six years ago I had some conversation with an acquaintance—or, I would rather say, a friend—who then resided, or did business in Boston. The topic of conversation was Spiritualism, and, as very often happens, my enthusiastic youth was generally silenced by the conservative age of my friend, without my being able to enlist his interest in the subject, or his being able to quench my faith in it. Years passed, and circumstances made it agreeable for me to remove to another State, and from that time a correspondence was kept up between my friend and myself, in the course of which he informed me, from time to time, of various matters we were mutually interested in, and finally came a period during which our correspondence was suspended, by matters which prevented him from giving his attention to it. It was again renewed by a letter from my friend, who informed me of the death of a dear relative, which clearly explained why he had been so long silent.

I now turn back to the time while I was yet a citizen of Boston. Soon after I had satisfied myself of the fact of spiritual communication, I wrote to an old friend in the State of New York, a physician, who, not long before, had lost a son. In my letter I stated to him that I had been induced to investigate Spiritualism, and gave him some information as a key by which he might be able to investigate the subject, at the same time informing him that the evidence I had received would afford him no satisfaction, and that in order to understand it, and realize the truth of it, he must see and examine for himself.

After a few years had passed, I met him one day at a hotel, and in a long conversation with him, Spiritualism was the engrossing topic. He alluded to the letter I wrote him, and the contempt and ridicule with which previously he had viewed the whole subject—which, however, took a different light when he was informed he must get evidence for himself; and finally he detailed to me the particulars of an interview with a personating medium, through whom he received manifestations of the presence and identity of friends long departed, and some almost forgotten; and not the least remarkable was the impersonation of his own son, whose physical organization was very peculiar, being a congenital malformation of the spine, accompanied with a peculiar halting movement and a shuffling gait in walking—a peculiarity which was rendered by the medium to the very life, (and to a person who had once seen the original, it would appear almost an impossibility to imitate it.)

Suffice it to say—my old friend, the Doctor, assured me his doubts were all gone, and in their place was a firm, undying faith.

This conversation was instantly brought to my mind on reading the letter of my Boston friend relating to the death of his relative, and I felt most singularly impelled to write him about Spiritualism, for the first time in a long correspondence. I yielded to the impulse, and, singularly enough, I succeeded in awakening in his cautious and doubting mind a desire to know if Spiritualism embraced any truth. After a few more letters passed between us, he asked permission to publish extracts from my letters in the Banner—in which paper they have appeared from time to time, as "Answers to an Inquirer."

Without feeling that I am violating any confidence of his, I quote a portion of a letter received from him, bearing date, May 16, 1853, from which his present views may be very clearly guessed. I shall, however, be obliged to give blanks, instead of names of persons and locations, in order to avoid any possibility of making the parties interested more public than they would like to be.

"Now I wish to speak of —, who had accidentally heard Mrs. Hatch, but still a deep 'skeptic.' He had seen doubtful demonstrations—as he thought—but when he saw and heard Mrs. H., he was a little shaken; still, 'there is no truth in it.' I pursued him, however, to go again, and he 'thought it queer.' I took him to the house of a friend, whose daughter was a medium, and beyond suspicion of collusion; 'the table jumped,' 'the guitar by its side jumped to the top of the table,' in broad daylight, and when Mr. — (the father of the medium) offered to have the gas turned down, the table jumped up as if it would break. Now these were indisputable evidences of some unknown power, and he was, I think, convinced of it, but would not acknowledge Spiritualism; yet he was astonished. Well, he had in former times written prose for a paper in the country. He has power, and great will powers, and has stopped a room full of mediums, and a circle, and, by his will, has stopped all manifestations.

Well, again, while at his desk, in the midst of business, he would be impressed to write poetry, and you will see his first effort in —. He never wrote rhyme before, but all at once was prompted to, and you will see that he has written several pieces quite off hand, and displays a great power, &c.

I went with him a few days since, and there was a fair exhibition; but still, I was one too many! and the guardian spirit said that she (an old flame of his), wished to communicate with him, but alone, without me; but he said, 'go on,' that he 'wished her to go,' but 'no!' said the spirit; yet he repeated 'go on—let it out,' he would not believe that anything could be told that he would be unwilling to hear, but she would not. Well, I left, and he remained, and the next day he told me about it—that she told him all about secrets of his youthful time, and astonished him! and so minute and true, that he was obliged to confess her power. The medium, this completely staggered him; he followed it up, and I went again with him, elsewhere, but he was always in the mind of the medium, and I could get nothing of import, and I think one should be alone with the medium—indeed, I am satisfied, that with —, I could get nothing. They tell him to persevere, but keep back, and that he will be a powerful medium," &c.

Thus far I have written under the influence of an interior prompting, and near the close of the quotations is suggested to my mind to add, that the above is a very fair exposition of the manner in which spiritual truths (the facts of spiritual commu-

nion) are brought to the comprehension of skeptics and scoffers. (But pray tell me, who can reach the indifferent?—and how are they to be instructed?)

Before I close, I will add, that to-day a young man called on me for a slight operation in the mouth, and by mere accident his remarks turned upon theological matters, which called out a little "argument," in which the young man, as is generally the case, did most of the talking. I turned him off from a hobby by announcing that Spiritualism afforded me as much natural religion as my mind could digest. To which he replied, "Poh!"—to which I rejoined, "Your reply enables me to say that you have not investigated the matter," &c.

I succeeded in exciting his interest. He will consult Mansfield by letter, no doubt, and I presume will at least send for a specimen number of the Banner.

Very truly, yours,

PROF. GRIMES AND LIZZIE DOTEN.

Messrs. Editors—Some attention has been called, of late, to Professor Grimes, in connection with the case of Miss Elizabeth Doten.

Were Mr. Grimes less of a pretender, it would hardly be worth while to pay any attention to the matter alluded to, as both he and the other party would then be fully vindicated by the intrinsic merits of their respective positions or claims; but, unfortunately, he is a man who loves a gibe or jeer—and, perhaps, money also—full as well as he does the truth; and it may be that Miss Doten did not so maturely consider this fact as she would have done, had she been better informed and more absolutely self-possessed. It may therefore be advisable to speak with a view to rectifying some mistakes under which certain parties, and perhaps the public to some extent, may labor on the subject.

Mr. Grimes is not a man of science, neither is he a scientific lecturer, in any true sense of the word. His "Professor" is a bogus affair in toto. He admits himself to be a "lawyer" at home, and I "guess" that, when abroad, there is also as much of the lawyer about him as there is of anything else. There is, of course, some truth in the ideas he advances on phrenology as a science, and on the nervous system, and the influence of individuals over one another; but it embraces, in the main, nothing more than the simplest principles, which have been apparent to close, and even to common observers, for years; and then his mistakes and outright blunders and misrepresentations in matters of higher importance, are so gross and outrageous—are so apparent to candid and self-sustained minds of all classes—that nothing but bluster, aided by a magnetic or physical will on his own part, and a great deal of party prejudice in those around him, could ever gain him a serious or attentive hearing.

When Mr. Grimes was in this place, I took occasion to call him out in some of his more distinguishing characteristics. His statements in respect to Spiritualism were so broad, so bold, so false and contrary to whatever partial investigators knew to be the fact, and so insulting to persons whom even non-believers knew to be highly honorable and Christian, that many who had no interest in the spiritual movement, were about ready, by emphatic measures, to break up his career of abuse and detraction.

My own intuitions distinctly indicated to me that mischief would grow out of Mr. Grimes's psychological tampering with the nervous organizations of sensitive persons in this place. I warned certain individuals of this beforehand. He was ignorant enough to assure them that no harm could come of it. They were mentally blind enough to believe it; but my predictions came to pass to the very letter; and among several cases of spasmodic affection, among those who came within the sphere of his influence, one instance—that of a young girl—has excited the utmost sympathy in all directions. Taken several times in public—seized frequently at home, with a convulsed "possession," in which she was, for the time being, beyond the control of those around her—tearing her hair, &c. She has, even up to this very time, suffered under the direful effects, of which Mr. Grimes's influence was the first instrumentality.

If Mr. G., either in Plymouth or elsewhere, found fault with Spiritualism for its "possessional" elements—found fault with "mediums" for yielding themselves up to another will, and to an unconscious state—then he was false to the common practices of his own lecture system, for no one is more ready to tamper with the nervous organism of others, than he—no one more of a "possessional" spirit than he himself.

Miss "Lizzie Doten" has doubtless done well in affirming her right to her own "consciousness." The unconscious condition, whether induced by mortal or spirit, is that against which every true nature will protest; and that into which no true man will have any desire to introduce either himself or any other person. But if Miss Doten ever really said that even the "angel Gabriel" should not have the privilege of communicating through her; or even if she did not say any such thing, then let her be fully assured that the angel Gabriel, or any other spirit, can communicate more clearly and effectually in connection with her own conscious self-possession, other conditions being equal. This is one of the leading and distinguishing truths of what regulating spirits call the "Higher Unfolding," on the edge of which we are now standing, and into which all that is valuable in Spiritualism, or elsewhere, is to be absorbed, like the light of the planet in the full glow of the brilliant day.

D. J. MANDELL.

ATROL DERON, MASS.

LETTER FROM WARREN CHASE.

MILAN, OHIO, JUNE 21, 1853.

"And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love lit everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of the wintry rest."

Milan is one of the most beautiful towns of Ohio; but, for business purposes, unfortunately situated between the two railroads from Cleveland to Toledo, and about four miles from Norwalk station, on the southern of the two roads. It was once a place of much boat-building, and has a canal to let its boats down beside the Huron River, to the lake; but this business seems mostly closed, and its ship-yard, with the ruins of its burned shops, looks like the abandoned camp of an army. The village is made up mostly of beautiful residences, with a profusion of flowers and fruits, tastefully arranged around the dwellings, which are mostly hidden in retreats among the shade trees. The soil is on sandy loam, rightly adapted to strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, &c., and these, with garden vegetables, are abundant and early each year. The people are intelligent, liberal, and progressive—except a few aristocratic and bigoted church-members, who would, here, as elsewhere, set themselves up as better and holier

than their neighbors; but this aristocracy is too weak and poor to rule or give tone and feeling to the place. The Presbyterian—which is the "tip-top" church of the place,—has been grinding its organ for a long time, and begging of God and man to aid it to "revive," or retire, which it of course could not do, if it was not nearly or quite dead; but on summing up the answers to its prayers and efforts, they make a very little snow-ball here, but probably when rolled to New York, and reported in the Observer or Independent, may have considerable magnitude in cyphers, as I find that one convert and three naughts make one thousand in the papers. About all I can find in the effects of this revival, and the Lord's visit to his church here, is a Parsonage secured for the preacher, who, having learned his trade, and married his wife, had a still here to take care of God's book for the rest of his life, and seems much vexed and perplexed that his flock will sometimes stray over to the better feeding grounds of the spiritual pastures.

The Spiritualists have a speaker, (Mrs. Warner,) and a full and regular meeting, with good audiences here, and have moved forward during the religious efforts to arrest them, steadily gaining strength, and occasionally new converts. They have some of the best families and society in the place; and in such a place, with such a population, they cannot fail to swallow up all of the other societies in a few years, for intelligent people will not long feed on husks, when there is bread plenty at hand.

Yesterday I gave two lectures to very intelligent audiences, reading and taking for my text parts of Shelley's poems, one discourse on a portion of Queen Mab, and the other on the Sensitive Plant. What a Bible, and how beautiful is nature and her inspired poets, says a hearer. The people here can appreciate it, for they live in flowers. This place is like many in the West, in this respect. To-morrow I go.

WARREN CHASE.

BALTIMORE CIRCLE.—BISHOP WAINWRIGHT, OF NEW YORK.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. W.—]

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

That which is related here of Christ, might be said of every tried and tempted soul. When doubts arise, and trials oppress, and temptations allure, and you struggle on the verge of the abyss, angels come forth to your aid, bringing to you new strength, brighter thoughts, and better feelings.

Accustomed, as you are, to limit your thoughts to the narrow circle described by the external organs of sense, you see only the material surface of things, and do not readily recognize those wondrous agencies—those mysterious powers—those ever active, unslumbering influences, which move around you. In your thoughts and feelings, you have hitherto assented to the ancient *atheistic* formula, "Where nothing is seen, nothing exists,"—whereas a truer and more spiritual philosophy will demonstrate that the visible world exists only in virtue of that transcendental or spiritual world which hangs over and around it. Everywhere do the finite and known melt away into the infinite and unknown. Everywhere do the material and the seen tread on the shores of the spiritual and the unseen. There is a ministry all around you; angels of hope, of mercy, and of love. They are not often referred to the outward senses—you do not see the form or hear the voice distinctly—but they are here, everywhere, intent on accomplishing their ministry of love, powerful to rescue, sanctify and save. Their presence is revealed to the soul in the pure emotions of which you are conscious when you live in communion and sympathy with what is good and holy of the past time, and with the beautiful and virtuous of the present.

Robed in living splendor, we arise from our graves—I mean the pious dead. We speak from the fragrant biographies of the wise and good. We come to you in unnumbered thousands—we join you in the morning and in the evening devotions. There are hosts of angels around the righteous—around the earnest and tried spirits, imparting divine grace to the holy, and giving aid, strength and encouragement to those who, through temptations, are struggling to the serene heights.

The ministry of angels is recognized in all the life of Christ. In his forty days in the wilderness, an angel came and ministered unto him. There is, then, a ministry of angels appointed by God, and revealed in the Scriptures; and in the soul's truest experience is a ministry needed by human frailty and feebleness—a ministry beautiful, exalting, and comforting. There is not a theory revealed to the senses but which reposes on spiritual basis. There is no motion without mind.

Whole troops of angels are ascending and descending in your midst, as in the dream of the Patriarch in the old time. All around you, and ever, do the chorus of angels ascend, "Holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." Beautiful and genial is the influence of ministering spirits. How alive was our Saviour to these influences. How he loved to wander among the hills of Galilee; and the palm groves of Jericho;—on the lone mountain-top—in the quiet garden—away from the noisy echoes of men's voices, he bowed him down in solemn prayer, "and angels came and ministered unto him."

And so will they come to you, dear friends. Go forth with earnest, loving hearts, and commune with God through your guardian spirits. There is a divine contagion in all beautiful things. This is eminently true. You can not live in sympathetic communion with the beautiful and good, without becoming purer, and better, and wiser.

I trust there is no need for me to convince Christian men and Christian women, that spiritual influence is a reality. Christian faith implies all this, and he who denies it cannot be a Christian. There are spiritual influences at work all around you without cessation. This influence affects you, moves you, elevates and improves you, through the silent and impressive sympathy of nature.

Probably all of one half of your moral growth—one half, certainly, of whatever perfection you possess—may be attributed to that wonderful influence, scarcely recognized, because so uniform and quiet—whose nature, through her beauty, exercises over all men. No one can give themselves up to a communion with the beautiful, without feeling themselves wonderfully moved by a mysterious attraction, and hurried away, as it were, from the visible and material universe, towards some invisible centre—some divine sphere.

Your heart beats in sympathy with the soul of Nature. All that is particularly individual and selfish, vanishes, and the current of universal Being

sweeps through your soul, leaving you conscious of a purity, a beauty superior to yourself. From every mountain which inspires awe—from every valley which sleeps in beautiful serenity among the green hills; flowered, robed, and ribboned with meandering streams—from the silvery cadence of falling waters, outrush angels of Hope and Love, bearing on their wings the element of a true beauty—the exhalation condition of an Eternal Progress.

Who, when looking on what Nature has of the beautiful and sublime—who feels playing on their cheek the sweet summer's wind—does not feel their bosom swelling with mysterious emotions, as though some angel's wing had fanned their brow, or some new revelation, as yet indistinct and dim, had flashed upon their souls a revelation from invisible worlds. Without this superhuman influence, not a leaf could stir; not a flower could bloom; not a moss could grow; not a streamlet could utter its little song, nor the ocean speak its thunder music. The spiritual is incarnated everywhere and in everything. An angel is enthroned in every flower-cup; a spirit of beauty is concealed in all that is lovely and fair, and speaks to the spirit within, in words of infinite import. The beautiful faces of the seraphims smile upon you from every flower-enameled meadow—they sing to you from the top of every green tree. Cherubims ride upon every cloud, fringed with sunlight, or dark and heavy with thunder and storm. They repose upon the ocean's wave. Angels of mercy, they have followed you from your childhood with their persevering influence.

OUR CAUSE IN ILLINOIS.

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS, JUNE 21, 1853.

Messrs. Editors—Not having seen anything in your columns for some time from this part of the country, I am induced to think that a few words from here would not be uninteresting to your readers. I will begin by saying that Rockford,—which contains a population of about ten thousand,—is one of the most pleasant, as well as thriving towns in the West. When the light of Spiritualism began to dawn here, it found a few earnest minds prepared to receive it, through whom the cause has made much progress. Now, its adherents are numbered by the thousand, and meetings are held here regularly, three every Sunday, in one of the largest halls. The speakers are generally from our own community, though a warm welcome is always extended to those from a distance, who favor us with their presence. There are two trance mediums here, who have but few superiors in the ranks of public speakers,—Miss Isabella Scougall, and Miss Martha Hewlett. This last named young lady, I think, has been before referred to in your columns. The former has become developed during the past year, and, though having but a limited education, she will discourse most eloquently upon the most profound subjects.

The most subtle questions are answered through her with the most surpassing promptitude and ability; and, in this respect, she has but few superiors. Last Sunday I heard two beautiful discourses through these young ladies. The one in the afternoon, from Miss Hewlett, on the subject of Charity, was one of the ablest I ever listened to on this much lauded, but misunderstood and little practised Christian virtue. I regret that it was not reported, so that I could give you a synopsis of it.

The success of the cause here is more to be attributed to the progressive character of the people, and the mental freedom which prevails, than to any systematic efforts on the part of its friends to advance it—the attempts at organization for this purpose having been hitherto feeble and inefficient. The liberalizing tendencies of Spiritualism are, however, visible in a more or less degree among all the sects here, and reason and common sense are becoming more respected.

I should be doing injustice to one of the best healing mediums in the country, as well as to your readers, if I neglected to notice her in this connection. Though I have never seen her name in the papers, she is, nevertheless, widely known throughout the country, having patients in nearly every State in the Union. I refer to Mrs. Mary Bradbury, of this place. She was one of the first developed healing mediums, and has been acting as such for the last five or six years, and among the thousands whom she has examined, and for whom she has prescribed, she has never been known to have committed one mistake, either in the diagnosis of a case, or in its treatment. Like many other good mediums, she is not indebted to education for her remarkable success. Some of her more wonderful cases of cure, I may hereafter send you. There is a strong desire for "more light" all through this section of the country, and speaking and test mediums are in great demand. A. B.

THOUGHTS.

What is the cause of that financial crisis which has just passed over our land, and from which we have not yet recovered? What is the cause of all the difficulties which have ever affected the human race? What is the remedy? Or is there no remedy? Must these things necessarily exist? Was it the design of the Overruling Power that these things should be; that evil must exist? If so, then who shall say—that that Overruling Power is wise and good?

But is it so? With me, all who have investigated Nature's laws, declare that it is not. All evil, strife and discord result from the violation of fixed, unchangeable laws; and when we shall learn those laws and obey them, all these difficulties will disappear. And, friends, if we would obey the laws we know, much which now disturbs our peace would vanish; much would be done to elevate mankind and bring him nearer to his God.

Just turn your thoughts for one moment, my friends, to what would be accomplished, were that one law of love, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," implicitly obeyed. Can you conceive of any difficulties then occurring? I cannot, unless they be physical; and the occurrence of those would be caused by no other means than our ignorance of the laws which govern our organization.

For no one, knowing the law of infinite progression, would do that which would retard his progress upward, or lessen his happiness.

Ye clergymen, ministers of the gospel, would you not be doing a much greater service to mankind, if instead of disputing as to how they shall be saved from something—I have never yet learned what, but it cannot be from any merited punishment, for just as sure as a law is violated, just so sure does the punishment follow—you would teach them the laws which govern their physical organization, and which, if obeyed, would free them from disease, and make them physically, and consequently spiritually, as perfect as this earthly form will permit?

I say, consequently, because we do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." And we cannot expect a perfect spiritual man within an imperfect organization; if the brain is imperfect, we cannot expect perfect thoughts or actions.

Every species of the wild animals has its peculiar characteristics, and in every animal of the same species we find the same organization and the same brain. It is only in man, and in the brutes subservient to man, that we find activity of character.

From these facts I consider myself safe in assuming that, were the laws of nature strictly followed, in a few generations almost perfection would be obtained.

Come, then, my friends, both great and small,
In this good cause awake!
Forget all strife and lead a life
Of happiness and bliss.

C. SOUTHWORTH, 20.

A FRAGMENT.

Truth is a principle, eternal in its existence, and unchangeable in its nature. A truthful thought expressed, like a caged bird let loose, propels itself by virtue of its nature, in search of a resting-place; yet is never still. Like the majestic thunder which from mountain peak to peak sends forth its echoes, so a truth once uttered finds a response in some soul, for a moment kindling the latent fires of that spirit, and then, pluming its pinions, soars away in search of another, which shall respond to its electric touch. A truth, when received and cherished in the soul, is one step gained in progression's ladder towards Perfection, or God, who is the Great First Cause.

All truth cannot be acquired by man in any sphere, else there were more Deities than one, for at some far distant period, when man had acquired all truth and wisdom, he would be equal with the Father. This cannot be; and in this fact alone do we recognize the wisdom displayed in the economy of our Father. For what shall constitute the happiness of the human soul in the future, is that innate principle which ever seeks and demands more and higher forms of truth. Thus may the soul, though highly expanded, ever see in the distance new truths constantly tempting it onward! Like one searching for the earthly horizon, although he may travel on and on, he will find that it is but his relative position to the earth and atmosphere which constitutes the horizon.

Thus every truth attained bears but a relative position to one more exalted and comprehensive. It is this that constitutes the progressive destiny of every human soul. Where then, we ask, is that heaven of psalm-singing and indolence?

Where is that luxuriant and magnificent golden-templed city to be enjoyed by a favored few, which has been presented to the world as an object of faith? We answer: such a heaven would be as distasteful, wearisome and empty, as the bigotry and mythology from which the idea had its origin. Heaven is a condition, and not a locality. Then what is to constitute the heaven of every child of the Father, is that condition which shall call into active exercise the highest and purest faculties of that soul, and outwork itself in deeds of love and charity towards all of God's creatures, whether they be in the form, or have passed on to their spiritual spheres. It is that condition in which the spirit shall expand and grow, constantly receiving new and greater truths, and while receiving real happiness itself, ever keeping the hand of charity extended towards those below it in the scale of progression, inviting them to come up higher. Thus will the creature imitate the Creator, and show forth those Divine and Godlike attributes with which he is endowed.

In this view of the case how important becomes the earth sphere, as the primary school of the human soul! What a glorious inducement is here held out for every individual soul to strive and develop all its faculties to the highest possible degree, before it takes its departure from the earth life—that, when the messenger of change shall appear, it may not make the dread leap in the dark, but that from holy and pure communion with the Angel world, its faculties may be fully developed, its vision be clear and unclouded, that the freed soul shall hail with rapturous joy its transit to realms of perfect freedom, where it may roam over space illimitable, never seeking for heaven, but ever possessed of that harmonious development which shall constitute a heaven within itself.

H. R. W.

LECTURER WANTED.

Messrs. Editors—I wish you would direct some good lecturer this way. I will see that he gets a room and an audience, and some expense money, too. There has never been a laborer in the spiritual field in this part of the country. I have shown the Banner to many persons here, and they are pleased with it, but do not feel at liberty to subscribe for it. They say they are afraid they will embrace its doctrines, if they read it. Yours, as ever, very truly, B.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., June 16, 1853.

IN RESISTING NATURE, WE RESIST GOD.

"This life," says the Religionist, "which I derive from nature, shall not be my life; I will hate it, I will abhor it, I will banish it. I know a sinner, a freer, a higher life than this, and the written word bids me seek it. Hence I will kill this mortal, natural life within me; my soul shall have no participation in it; my soul shall mourn in its joys and rejoice in its sorrows; and I will get deliverance from it."

This is, and has been, the language of Christians. This covers the foundation of what is the professed religion of Christian churches. But is this the God-life? Is antagonism to nature friendship to God? Is not God the author of all nature, and of every gift that pertains to life? And do we not see God in his handiwork, in all nature? Can we not recognize His power in the tempest, as well as in the gentle sunlight; in the rugged rock, as in the fragrant rose? Is not God

"As full, as perfect in life man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns?"

Has not Christ taught us that the "Word was God?" And where can we find God save in his works? Is not man, with all his attributes, faculties, and propensities, too, the highest, noblest work of God? If so, then why shall we oppose God by contending with nature, through which we have His highest, holiest manifestations?

This doctrine, of ever warring with nature, may be, and doubtless is, necessary in a low condition of life; but it must fade away as the soul unfolds in the light of truth—as man comes into the kingdom of heaven; for the condition of the soul, which makes heaven, is childlike, not warlike; it is not the opposition of an imaginary evil, but a calm, holy, serene passiveness and submission to God's will manifest in all nature.

greater and more injurious than the bodily slavery of negroes in the South.

H. B. Storer, of New Haven, Ct., argued that Spiritualism was opposed to chattel and mental slavery as much as the anti-slavery party, but did not seek to remedy that evil alone, but all evils.

Miles Grant made some remarks endeavoring to annihilate Spiritualism by repeatedly affirming that "I believe in the Bible."

EVENING SESSION.

George Schmitt, Esq., a graduate from the office of the Hon. Rufus Choate, made his appearance on the platform. The subject of his lecture was the mission of woman, in reform. He first drew a vivid picture of human selfishness; then the powerful influence of woman in her true mission to correct the evils flowing from self-love. He said that the selfishness of the church had, by its narrow spirit, and feeble understanding, shut up the great river of the water of life in their poor, little orthodox pitcher, and had transformed the God of the universe into a jealous spy upon an omnipotent devil, and will not let a scholar draw a free breath in the church, lest the expansion should shake their rickety scaffolding of theology. The selfishness of the church sustains the meanness that coaxes out of babies' hands pennies, nominally to convert the distant heathen; makes doctors of divinity, men of large talents, who shut themselves out from a sinful, suffering world, and thank God that they are preserved from taking any interest in the great moral reform questions of the day, thus tolerating, by silent deeds, robbery, lust, and murder; men who, during a great money crisis, invite their fellow-men to come from cheating man on 'change, to cheat God in business men's prayer meetings.

Twenty years ago, a "Come-outer" from the church was a name to hoot at; now, notwithstanding the powerful efforts of divines to the contrary, come-outers hold conventions, where I see near three thousand intelligent people meet with hearts beating in one pulsation for the suffering of humanity. The mission of woman has done much to produce these heart-beatings of sympathy and compassion. Now three thousand ministers will subscribe their names to an anti-slavery or a temperance document. Twenty years ago, men like Nehemiah Adams were the rule. Now it is only exceptional clergymen who consistently take a *scholar's* view of these evils, and a *holy* view of God. The churches are even so liberalized and spiritualized, that old-fashioned *revivals* are possible only during a money crisis—while business is flat.

The selfishness of commerce has been sanctified by the church, which keeps a thousand girls down to the starving point; the consequence of which is petty theft, the support of houses of correction, and broods of unnumbered. This selfishness poisons the old woman's cup of tea; it poisons the laborer's rum, which needs no poisoning; poisons the sick man's medicine—yes, the little baby swallows the adulterated drug. These evils, by the noble efforts of woman, acting free in her mission, shall be stayed.

[We have only room to give the above abstract from this very able discourse, which occupied, in its entirety, over one hour.]

Mrs. Mary E. Davis, wife of Anrew Jackson Davis, on the subject of the influence of woman in the future, said:

The subject of woman's rights and woman's influence in the world claims our attention at the present time, it seems to me, more than any other subject.

Woman is thought to be inferior to man—this makes no difference. Whether she be inferior or superior, she has the same claim to right. It is better to have one fact than a great deal of speculation.

Twenty-two years ago a woman came from a foreign land with great disadvantages, which clustered around her. She presented the claim of woman's rights—that woman has spoken her day.

Another woman I know, who is the mother of eight children. Holding her babies in her arms, she has written thoughts in prose and poetry that have delighted the world with their beauty—that woman has spoken to you to-day.

With such noble women, working for the good of humanity—for the restoration of woman to justice—I say, with such noble workers, what can I say or do that they have not done and cannot do?

The subjects discussed here to-day are for the best good of dwarfed, degraded and deformed humanity. Remember that the remuneration denied woman for her labor, is tiggardly conduct; for by it woman is deprived of her beauty, love and humanity, and driven to crime, and degradation, and prostitution. Labor, all of you, and influence others to influence the human race for good, for happiness, for virtue. Let all be rescued from such damnable profanation of their holy nature. By this same system woman is driven into marriage, and the blessed union is sacrificed to this unholy god—mammon.

The basis of true marriage is love—only love. Marry for love, and love only, or you will consign yourselves to the basest condition of life.

Farmers send their sons to college, and their girls are sent off with a few shillings to factories, or to keep schools, or perhaps to go to school and work for their board, and do all manner of menial labor.

Woman, in law, is deprived of the right of her own person. The law grants the husband a right to the person of his wife; and from this line grown up the system of legal prostitution, to the gratification of lust. This turns the wife's love to loathing, creates disease, suffering of the mother, and details the same upon the child.—The laws of the office of matrimony should be regulated.

Mrs. Davis's address was quite long, and exceedingly smooth, logical, and effective.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnum presented resolutions, which embodied the idea that woman, by nature, from her advanced development in the love principle, was not only equal, but superior to man—was more potent and influential to advance the development of the race. She said that woman, while held in her present condition, can be no better than the chattel slave. All inharmonies that we experience is the result of the emancipation of woman's rights. Woman is now beginning to feel the restrained powers of her own nature in the civil and intellectual world; and her true position is beginning to be recognized, and without which there will always be disorder in society. The great work of education is now to incorporate into woman her just rights, and she will rise from her crushed, stagnant, undeveloped condition, and bring forth offspring corresponding to her own native position. I believe that to-day, woman, acting free in her own nature, can go forth, and in the *Five Points* in New York, she can make degraded human souls accept and practice her views.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, offered some excellent remarks on the sixth resolution. She spoke with eloquence, clearness, power, and beauty, in the defense of woman's rights, which our institutions and laws now deprive her of.

Mr. Evans, the good Shaker, made some well-timed remarks on the same resolution. He said that God was our Mother as well as our Father,

though the people did not so recognize him; but when they did, man and woman would be on a plane of perfect equality in all things, and be recognized as children of the same family.

SUNDAY FORENOON.

J. Morton offered, and made some remarks upon, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the truths taught by Jesus Christ, and his commands, open the kingdom of heaven to all mankind.

Mr. Tooley presented and read the seventh resolution on the subject of free trade, upon which he offered some excellent thoughts.

Mr. Robson, of England, said,—"A lie, is a lie, by whomsoever it is told; it is a lie, though it may be told by multitudes and nations, the same as if told alone by one person. What is right for one individual is right for another, for a nation, for the world. Exchange between nations should be upon the same principles as between two persons, who have a right to trade without the interference of another person. If it be right for one person to effect a free trade between himself and another man, then it is right for any number of men, for all men, to do the same. Taxes should be paid according to a man's ability to pay."

Mr. Joel Tiffany presented a resolution, that all reforms, to be successful, must be based on religion. On this subject he made some remarks in favor of present governments.

Mr. H. C. Wright said he did not agree exactly with the views of Mr. Tiffany; he could not mount and ride Joel Tiffany's nag. This government is all rotten, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and not to be trusted. He was glad that this question came up on this holy Sabbath; and all questions the discussion of which can benefit the human family, are most suitable and proper to discuss on Sunday.

Mr. Deeson, of Oregon, spoke from his heart, with most affecting words, of the evils of our government, the consequences of which he has sadly experienced on the western frontiers.

Mr. Curtis presented a resolution in opposition to that offered by Mr. Tiffany, which reads as follows, viz.: There is no religion that is worth anything, which is not based on reform.

Dr. Gardner said—As Spiritualism underlies every reform movement, he thought Spiritualists should have some time in the Convention allotted them, in order to give Mr. A. J. Davis an opportunity to speak, and moved that he should speak at two o'clock this p. m. This motion elicited much discussion.

Mrs. Rose re-affirmed that the time spent in the consideration of the subject of Spiritualism was spent to no purpose—she said she was a disbeliever of Spiritualism.

Mr. S. S. Foster, spoke of the great and paramount duty we owed to four millions in slavery. Our time should be given to the subject of slavery, not to spiritualism.

Mr. Davis said that this convention was a universal convocation of birds of every plumage. I rejoice in this convention, said he, that has invited all philanthropists, all true reformers, who have for their object the good and happiness of humanity. He said that he hoped the convention would not offer him a preference to speak, but would let him take his chance with others.

There was a universal desire manifested to hear Mr. Davis. Some in the congregation said that they would go fifty, and others a hundred miles, to hear him speak, if it was but five minutes. After further remarks from Dr. Gardner, Mr. Tooley, Mrs. Farnum, Mrs. Davis, and Mr. Foster, it was voted that at two o'clock p. m., Spiritualists should have the platform.

Mr. Tiffany asked: Is there any such thing as justice absolute? Is there any such thing as truth absolute? In all we do we should strive to become absolutely good, true, just and pure, and there shall be an expression of perfect love in the soul. I want love in my soul as deep as the love of God. I want that spirit in my soul that shall make me come to God and ask to be purged and purified, and made clean of my sins, and have the deep, earnest aspiration in my soul that shall favor its coming into rapport with angels, and communion with heaven.

Mr. Sprague said he claimed to be Dr. Tiffany's friend; he did not like his offering his resolution as a substitute for the one on trade. His is meaningless. He is the first man to find fault with anybody but himself.

Mr. J. W. H. Tooley spoke on the subject of education. He thought that the young should be educated with more respect to their individuality, and their affection and good sense should be appealed to for correction of faults—not the penalties that are usually resorted to for this purpose.

Elder Miles Grant said—I am here a friend to all present, and I differ but in kindness. I profess to be a reformer, and I profess to believe the Bible, and, if I do not believe as you do, I wish to express my thoughts in kindness. If Spiritualism covers all reforms, I wish to be a Spiritualist. I wish to find and receive true religion; and what is it? True and unfeigned religion is to visit the fatherless and widow, etc.

Mrs. Walker spoke on education, and offered some resolutions, which we were not able to obtain.

J. L. Otis, Professor of the State Normal School, N. H., spoke in a very able manner, defending strongly the ground of Bible Spiritualism. He spoke of the great advantages of education, and of a new and better basis, on which it must rest in the new dispensation of Spiritualism.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. A. J. Davis spoke on the subject of Spiritualism. He said:

I hope every one will experience that liberality of spirit which Spiritualism teaches.

He then read Resolution No. 3 on Spiritualism, and said:

It seems to be an undeniable historic fact that there have always been, at intervals, religious interior awakenings, whose internal influence has shown itself in external manifestations.

It is an undeniable historic fact that when an old dispensation is about to be taken from the stage, a new dispensation is discovered and introduced to take its place.

The operation of Spiritualism is a reality; it is of the laws of Nature and of God.

When Pythagoras felt the influence of an unseen power, it was not felt alone by him; it was made manifest through thousands at the same time. From the days of Confucius, to those of Theodore Parker, there has been made manifest this unseen reality of spirit-power. This truth harmonizes with all history of the past and present. When the personal appearance of Jesus is called up before us, we are not attracted from this truth. In his day were soundings and physical movements from unseen sources, and various manifestations were given to the people. This is a matter of history. Does not this history show the existence of spiritual beings? The ques-

tion is not what they said, but it is whether what is recorded of them is true. This record harmonizes with other history.

Martin Luther witnessed a flash of lightning, and at the same time felt a flash of thought in his soul that kindled the flames of reformation. John Wesley had in his house sounds and raps, and various physical spiritual manifestations. These manifestations are the same as was given to the shepherds in times of old.

Swedenborg testified to his internal experience, which is in harmony with all that went before him, recorded in history. All human history is alike; all is in favor of the idea; all is associated with mysterious manifestations of spirit-power.

In these days we have a certainty, by careful and scientific investigation, that these men of the past were not deceived. Wherever spirits have found a house and condition, in spite of all opposition, inharmonious, and union with the past, they have come to manifest the reality of their existence. All this is natural, in harmony with nature's laws, in keeping with those that regulate the Universe. Spiritualism is a great equalizing liberalizer, for it teaches us that the spirits of our friends after death are real, tangible and enduring. It restores to our bosoms the truth of human history by actual proof. The religion of the past had many errors, yet this argues not that it had not communion with the spirit-land.

Spiritualism is a source of great joy; it gives a living happiness; it destroys all ideas of a God of hate, of a fear of God, of hell, of dying, and of Mrs. Grundy. Under the teachings of Spiritualism the old conceptions of God are passing away, and new conceptions of God are given. It kills superstition in religion. Under the influence of Spiritualism the mythological personage of the devil is destroyed in the consciousness in the human soul. Under its influence hell has gone through a wonderful alteration. Now, in the churches, in five out of eight sermons preached, there is something of this new dispensation of love. Spiritualism discovers that death is but an incident; this is a great discovery. The discoveries of science are nothing compared with this discovery of Spiritualism—it has made more hearts beat with happiness than all the other discoveries of centuries. The despotism of opinion in state or church is banished by this discovery. Spiritualism is connected with no sect or scheme of religion. It rolls up the curtain between this and the glorious future. Until others have seen and heard what we have seen and heard, their negations amount to nothing. Spiritualism is ten years old, and it has more warm disciples than Christianity had after being taught five hundred years. This fact is worthy the consideration of all. No humbug has ever succeeded without effort. Spiritualism is brought forward by no exertion of men or women, but it comes like the waves of the sea. My belief in Spiritualism is the door of the various reforms for which this Convention has assembled. Spiritualists are the friends of women's rights, of education, abolition of prisons, the abolition of capital punishment, and the freedom of man from all bondage and all evil. Spiritualists are interested in the phenomena less than in the sentiment and principles which Spiritualism presents. Spiritualism teaches us that God is in the man—God is in the storm—God is in the flowers—God is in all the world. Spiritualism teaches us to love God—to love one another. It frees us from all shackles and prepares us to perform our true mission on earth.

Mrs. Gage read a short and very beautiful poem, written for the Convention, which will probably be published at some future time in the BANNER.

Mr. J. S. Loveland said:

It was I hope who said that "happiness is our being and our aim," and to secure that end "I hope springs eternal in the human breast." The various paths by which that ever-springing hope seeks to grasp life's longed-for end, constitute the numerous modes of reformatory effort. What is now most needed is the enunciation of the true philosophy of reform. Philosophy is method, including the basic principles, and also the means naturally springing therefrom; and hence, according therewith. There are two philosophies, or stand-points of reform. The theologic, or common, and the spiritualistic, or vital. The common method assumes that everything was made perfect at first. Its God is a great Mechanician—its philosophy also is mechanical. But men, wilfully and wickedly, have thrown the machine out of order—have made wicked institutions, which must be unmade—they have introduced incongruous parts into the great machine, and they must be torn out. Occupying this stand-point, the common methods of reform are fragmentary—partial. Their advocates see but a small segment of the circle of humanity. They are pre-eminently destructives. Their language is that of bitter invective and denunciation. They speak and act from the side brain, through the frontal, or intellectual. The result is, that wrath, strife, jealousy, and various other unamiable tempers are cultivated, and humanitarian well-being only very incidentally promoted; and this good is in spite of the methods—not a result of them.

The spiritualistic philosophy, on the other hand, avows that the absolute—the infinite, is the life force of the Universe—that all things grow—that all the manifestations of power and life in the Universe are the workings of the unbegotten life—the eternal God. Humanity life is a stream from the perennial spring of deific life. Human institutions are the crystallizations of human love and human thought in the several stages of that life's unfolding. They are the exponents of the humanitarian status at the epoch of their beginning. They are the rounds in the ladder of humanity's ascending progress. In another view, they are the branches of life's great tree, and mark the periods of its growth. Hence the true reformatory process is not to assail the somewhat crooked and imperfect branches, but feed the life of the tree—train and stimulate the highest and most beautiful shoots, so that as the earthly nature shall furnish the needful pabulum for the roots, the focal sunshine of spirit-love shall bathe the leaves in its own vitalizing atmosphere, and shed thereon the dew of its balmy breath. The result will be, that the overshadowed boughs will slowly die, and pruned away, will leave the tree more beautiful than before. This is the constructive philosophy—the constructiveness of life-evolution. Instead of destroying institutions by force, it absorbs the life thereof and incarnates it in a new and more beautiful form of use. Institutions should remain until their life has ascended into a higher form of use. To destroy them sooner, is to strike at the life of humanity itself.

Mr. Evans, the Shaker, said:

It has been supposed that Ann Lee is worshipped by the Shakers. This is not true. It has been supposed that Shakers condemn the institution of marriage, *per se*. This is not true. We believe in a divine marriage. We are called Shakers. Reformers are shaking the earth, governments, organizations, civil, political, and religious. We are more particularly interested in shaking the old, theological heaven. With the great majority of sentiment advanced here, I perfectly agree.

There is no merit in belief, or demerit in unbelief. Twenty years since, I have seen little children taken in trances, seeing visions, going into gardens, picking flowers, and talking and playing with one another, as if in a normal condition. I have seen all the manifestations, long since, of modern Spiritualism. I have seen things, too—things in Spiritualism—that, at the present, it would not be lawful to utter.

There have been in their midst spiritual manifestations so wonderful and extraordinary, that had they been made known to the world at the time, I doubt not that a knowledge of them by the civil and religious world would have been the cause of the demolition of our society. The spirits taught us that the time is immediately coming when men shall know one another as they are known—when the hearts of men shall be read without the need of words—and I have no stones to throw to unbelievers.

The human race has four planes to pass through—physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual. Those on their own peculiar plane can only be governed

by the influences of that plane. All souls will, sometime have an opportunity to come to each plane of progress.

Mrs. Rose was called to the platform to take the negative side of Spiritualism. She said:

The cause should be pointed out that has produced all the many evils in society. That every effect has a cause, is a truism; and while the cause remains, the effect must exist. To be just, I should have mentioned all the various, known actions; this I cannot do—there is not time. One of these great evils is slavery; this is not a cause, but an effect.

The hour of adjournment had now arrived, and we regret that she had not an opportunity to say what she evidently felt, in opposition to Spiritualism.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. Markham made a few remarks on the eighth resolution.

Mr. Miles Grant offered the following resolution, and commented upon it:

Resolved, That human spirits, purporting to come from the world of spirits, are demons, and their influence tends to infidelity, sensualism, and a rejection of the Bible.

I believe in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and I believe the Bible. We admit them to be spirits, but they are not the spirits of your departed friends. These spirits which communicate are fallen angels. The church has more to fear from Spiritualism than all the combined efforts of infidels in the world. All the teachings of Spiritualism are opposed to the commands of the Bible. Spiritualism is of deeper moment than any subject that agitates the world at the present time.

Mr. Sprague made some remarks in answer to Mr. Grant.

Mr. Tiffany gave a very clear and convincing argument, proving spiritualism to be true by the Bible.

On Saturday the Convention numbered about two thousand people. On Sunday, near three thousand.

A vote of thanks was offered the president, Rev. J. F. Walker, of Glens Falls, for his fidelity and impartiality in the performance of his duty. Also, to the *Troy Quartette Club*, or *Harmonists*, for their sweet songs, which had been listened to with so much satisfaction by all. Also, to the people of Rutland, who had tendered their thanks for the hospitable accommodations, and kind treatment, during the Convention. And more particularly should our thanks be offered to Mr. John Landon and Mr. Newman Weeks, for their efforts in instigating and carrying into operation the plans which had brought this Convention together. Adjourned *sine die*.

In conclusion, it cannot be denied, that in the men and women who have occupied the platform of this Convention, there has been an array of superior talent—intellectually, morally and religiously. But by the secular press, these men and women are stigmatized with ignominy.

A greater, a better and true man than any who edits a newspaper of the nineteenth century, has said: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely." The speakers of this Convention have been and are reviled, by the secular papers that have published only the ugliest part of their proceedings. The true character and purposes of this Convention have been perverted, and colored to suit the taste of those who oppose, and love to oppose, the efforts of men and women who fearlessly spend their efforts and lives to raise humanity to a higher, happier, and nobler condition. The efforts of this Convention have been unselfish, praiseworthy, and noble; and could the hearts of men be unveiled to-day, none would there be found beating warmer for human suffering than the hearts of the men and women who supported the platform of the Free Convention in Rutland. A. B. C.

Advertisements.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST,
NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
may 1.

B. O. & G. C. WILSON,
WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,
Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., near Rilly st., Boston, Mass.
Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Bark, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Bottles and Labels of every description; Syringes of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous liquors of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such an establishment.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. On Jan. 10.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortality, 5th Edition—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Immediate Duty of the North. Price, 12 cents. Also, Parker's two Sermons on Revivals, and one on Temperance, and Price, 8 cents each. Just published, and for sale by B. M. MARSH, No. 13 Bromfield street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale and retail. May 20.

DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE,
Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians,
Give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.
Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum,) BOSTON.
G. Guthrie, M. D. J. T. Gilman, M. D.
may 8.

OCTAVIUS KING,
ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
654 Washington street, Boston.
Give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.
Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum,) BOSTON.
G. Guthrie, M. D. J. T. Gilman, M. D.
may 8.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
NO. 92 BROADWAY, (UP STAIRS), BOSTON.
Hotels, Boarding-Houses, and Private Families, supplied with reliable help at short notice. L. F. LINCOLN.
Feb. 27—

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE,
Healing Medium and Electropathist,
No. 3 Kneeland Place.
Office Hours from 8 to 8 o'clock P. M.
23—Terms reasonable. June 5.

DRS. BROWN,
DENTAL SURGEONS,
No. 24 1/2 Winter Street, B. M. B. BUILDING, BOSTON.
Patients psychologized, or entranced, and operations performed without pain. Nov. 21

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS and SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, THE BANNER OF LIGHT, &c. STATIONERY and FANCY GOODS; No. 830 Race street, Philadelphia.
Subscribers served with Periodicals without extra charge. Binding in all its branches neatly executed.
GARR, GINGLARS, BILL-HEADS, &c., printed in plain or ornamental style. July 23

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 2, BEACH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, for the express purpose of treating all cases of disease by the SCOTT SYSTEM OF NATURAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursing, and all the comforts of a home.
He offers his professional services in all cases of disease, whether chronic or acute. The subscriber, having found

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies, very effective in his practice during the last twelve years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he is anxious to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus. In cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention.
J. C. WILSON, M. D., No. 25 Winter street, Boston.
July 2, 1877.

HALL'S BOSTON BRASS BAND.—Rehearsal Room, No. 10 Tremont Row, D. O. Hall, Leader and Director, 4 Winter place, Randolph Hall, 20 Lander, 3 South place. Applications made as above, or at White's Music Store, Tremont Temple.
June 5. D. C. HALL, Agent.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY. ADDRESS delivered before the late Convention in favor of extending to Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred.
FACTS, by Judge Edmonds, containing eight in the series. These Tracts furnish a simple and comprehensive statement of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Price per hundred, \$1.50, or 25 cents the series. Address to Geo. W. Curtis, 500 Broadway, New York.
DOCTOR PARKER'S SERMONS ON REVIVALS, &c. The demand for these remarkable discourses continues unabated. More than 20,000 have already been sold. Price for the three Discourses 25 cents, or \$20 per hundred.
Beside the above, the subscriber has a large assortment of Spiritual and Reform publications, and whatever points to the elevation of Humanity, independent of creeds, but recognizing Truth, come from whence it may. S. T. MUNSON, June 10. 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

EVENING CIRCLES IN NEW YORK.—Doctor G. A. REEDMAN will hold public circles at Munson's Rooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, on Thursday evenings, and J. B. COVART, ditto, on Tuesday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock P. M., and further notice, by advertisement. The subscriber is in negotiation, and will soon be able to announce his arrangements, with other distinguished mediums, so that the friends from abroad, as well as in the city, may be accommodated at a central point, day and evening. Applications of parties for private interviews with mediums, will be attended to. S. T. MUNSON, June 10. 5 Great Jones street, New York.

J. R. ORTON, M. D. G. A. REEDMAN, M. D.
DRS. ORTON AND REEDMAN,
Office, No. 82 Fourth Avenue, near corner of Tenth street, one block from Broadway, New York.
Dr. Reedman receives calls and gives sittings for tests, as heretofore. April 10, 1878.

ROSS & TOUBEY,
PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, AND GENERAL JOBBERS OF BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, &c.
No. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
Feb. 27—

ORAL DISCUSSION.—Just published, an Oral Discussion on Spiritualism, between S. B. BARTON and Doctor D. D. HAYMON, Esq. pp. 143. Price, 63 cents; paper, 38 cents. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, may 15. 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

WANTED—GOOD AND RELIABLE TEST MEDIUMS, with whom permanent and satisfactory arrangements will be made. An interview may be had by calling upon, or a line may be addressed to, S. T. MUNSON, April 24. 5 Great Jones st., N. Y.

BOARDING.
BOARDING AT MR. LEVY'S, 231 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, where Spiritualists can live with comfort and economy, with people of their own sentiments. June 10

MRS. HATCH'S DISCOURSES.—First Series, 372 pages 12mo., just published, and for sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street, N. Y. Agent for New York. April 24

MISS M. MUNSON,
Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,
AS REMOVED from No. 3 Winter street, and in connection with Mrs. J. J. Munson, take the house No. 18 La Grange place, which has just been thoroughly fitted up and furnished, and will be kept in a style to suit the most fastidious taste.

Mrs. J. J. Munson will continue to give sittings as heretofore, and visit patients at their homes, if desired. Appropriate remedies prepared in the house, at a furnished when required.
TERMS.—Communications, verbal or written, one hour, \$1; examination, \$1.00; by hour, \$2.00; half sent by mail, requiring written diagnosis, \$3.00. July 3.

V. MANSFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store.)

TERMS.—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay for postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum. Persons who wish a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter, or their money will be returned "in thirty days from its reception. Fee to be sent in this case, \$3.00.
Persons who wish to receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.
Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. Dec. 26.

MRS. H. A. LANGFORD—Through spirit directions, has changed her labors to the examination of, and prescriptions for, diseases. Hours of consultation from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Medicines prepared, through spirit directions, entirely by her.

Tuesdays and Fridays assigned for personal communications, as usual, by trance and writing.
Terms, one dollar per hour, in advance. Persons upon whom enclosing one dollar, Professor Hulse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full nativity of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence.
Hours of consultation from 9 to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 15—21 Aug. 21

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.—DR. W. T. OSBORN, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the laying on of hands, in connection with other most valuable remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incurable by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and powerful remedies. Persons desiring treatment can be accommodated. Terms for an examination at the office, one dollar—by letter, two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge street, Boston. Jan. 2.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HULSE may be found at his residence, No. 13 Osborn place, leading from Pleasant street, a few blocks from the city hall. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such accounts of their Past, Present and Future, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party, enclosing one DOLLAR, Professor Hulse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full nativity of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence.
Hours of consultation from 9 to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each lecture. 15—21 Aug. 21

MRS. M. A. LEXON, M. D., MIDWIFE AND LADIES' PHYSICIAN, No. 30